BOOGIE NIGHTS

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY
EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

CAMERA holds on this PACKED disco on Van Nuys Blvd.

TITLE CARD: "San Fernando Valley, 1977"

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

From the Seville steps, JACK HORNER (50s) and AMBER WAVES (early 30s). CAMERA follows them (this is one continous 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
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 greet 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 rollerkates, ROLLERGIRL (aged 18). She always, always wears rollerkates. 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 Diggier.)
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:
INT. BACKROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

JACK
Hey.

DIRK
Hey.

JACK
How ya doin'?

DIRK
Fine.

JACK
How old are you?

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

JACK
No, no, no. Not like that. How long have you worked here?

DIRK
A month.

JACK
Maurice give you a job here?

DIRK
Yeah.

JACK
How much he pay you?

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

JACK
He's a friend of mine --

DIRK
Well you'll have to ask him.

JACK
You live around here, Canoga - Reseda?

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

JACK
How do you get here?
DIRK
I take the bus.

JACK
So what do you wanna do?

DIRK
What?

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

DIRK
I don't want to.

JACK
. . . ok . . .

DIRK
So . . . you want five or ten?

JACK
. . . what . . . ?

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

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

DIRK
Yeah.

JACK
Have you done it tonight?

DIRK
Couple times.

JACK
And you can do it again?

DIRK
If you want, if you got ten bucks. BEAT. Jack extends his hand.

JACK
I'm Jack.

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

DIRK
Really?

JACK
I make adult films. Erotic pictures.

BEAT, THEN;

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

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

DIRK
Yeah . . . .

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

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

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

DIRK

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.

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

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

They pass Little Bill who walks to his old Station Wagon, rips a parking ticket off the windshield and gets behind the wheel.

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

CUT TO:

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

Jack and Amber enter the house. It resembles the Jungle Room at Graceland. He heads for the kitchen, she makes a drink...

JACK
You want somethin' to eat? I'm gonna make some eggs.

AMBER
I'm goin' to sleep.
JACK
Goodnight, honey-tits. Sleep beautiful.

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER
Tom . . . hi . . . yeah. I know it's late, but . . .
(beat)
Yeah. Is Andy there? Is he . . . ? I'd like to say hello, I'd like to say hello to my son and that's all.
(beat)
Lemme tell you something, Tom. Lemme tell you something you don't know; I know a lawyer, you understand? You might think I don't but I do and I'll take you to court . . .
(beat)
No . . . please don't, Tom, Tom, Tom --

Dial tone from the phone. She hangs up.

INT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

LITTLE BILL
What the fuck are you doing?

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

BIG STUD
Will you close the door?

LITTLE BILL
Will I close the door? You're fucking my wife, asshole.
BIG STUD
Relax, little man.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Just get out, Bill. Fucking sleep on the couch.
(to Big Stud)
Keep going, Big Stud.

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

CUT TO:

9 INT. DIRK'S PARENTS HOUSE/TORRANCE - NIGHT
Dirk enters quietly, walks a hallway and goes into his room.

CUT TO:

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

DIRK
That's right.

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

11 OMITTED

12 OMITTED

13 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING
Dirk eats breakfast. His MOTHER (mid 40s) stands, washing a dish. His FATHER (50s) enters, dressed in suite. He crosses the kitchen

INSERT, CU

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

FATHER
Good morning.

MOTHER
. . . Jesus. Please, okay? Shave if you're gonna do that, it scratches my face.
Father takes a seat at the breakfast table, looks to Dirk.

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

DIRK
Yeah.

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

DIRK
. . . yeah . . .

They eat in silence.

DIRK
I've gotta get to work.

MOTHER
. . . at a car wash . . .

DIRK
What?

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

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A crowded high school geometry classroom. In the back of the class, sitting at a desk is Rollergirl. A TEACHER walks about, handing out the final exam. Rollergirl looks it over; a lot of questions, diagrams and generally confusing material. She looks across the room;

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

She looks away, they continue their gestures and giggling. Other students notice and smile.
CAMERA ARRIVES CU. ON ROLLERGIRL. She stands up, heads for the door -- the teacher calls after her -- but she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPER-DUPER STEREO SHOP - DAY

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

BUCK
-- so basically you're gettin' twice the base, cause of the TK421 modification we got in this system here.

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

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

CUSTOMER
It's the price --

BUCK
I have this unit at home.

CUSTOMER
... really ... ?

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

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

BUCK
Hear that bass? It kicks and turns and curls up in your belly, makes you wanna freaky-deaky, right?
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

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
Oohhh-baby, baby, baby.

DIRK
I'll do it --

SHERYL LYNN
Promise?

DIRK
That's it.

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

DICK (OC)
What?

SHERYL LYNN
You're so beautiful.

DICK (OC)
Yeah . . .

SHERYL LYNN
Do you know how good you are at doing this, Eddie? Having sex . . . fucking me . . . making love to me?
Dirk looks down. BEAT.

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

SHERYL LYNN
That's right.

DIRK
Everyone is blessed with One Special Thing.

Dirk kneels down to her;

DIRK
I want you to know: I plan on being a star. A big, bright shining star. That's what I want and it's what I'm gonna get.

SHERYL LYNN
I know.

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

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

ANGLE, JACK'S BOOTH

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

CUT TO:

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

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

THE KITCHEN

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

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - LATER

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

JACK
Hey. Eddie.

DIRK
Hello. Jack?

JACK
Yeah. You wanna ride?

DIRK
I'm goin' pretty far.

ROLLERGIRL
You remember me? Couple hours ago?

DIRK
Yeah . . . I remember you.

AMBER
Come with us, sweetie.

DIRK
Okay.

Dirk gets in the backseat of the car with Rollergirl.

INT. CANDY'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - LATER

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

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

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

AMBER
Have you seen Jack's house?

CAMERA HOLDS ON AMBER. She watches Dirk.

DIRK (OC)
No.

JACK (OC)
He'll see it.

ROLLERGIRL (OC)
He'll see it.

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

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

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

AMBER
Uhhh-ohhh . . . here we go --

JACK
-- Alright, yeah, I need the big dick, and the big tits -- that GETS them in the theater.
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.

DIRK
If you don't have dreams you have nightmares.

HOLD. Amber, Jack and Rollergirl look at Dirk.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA DOES A 180 AROUND THE MAIN PART OF THE HOUSE, LANDS THE ANGLE WITH DIRK. He's sitting on a couch, hands folded across his lap. OC we hear Jack, Rollergirl and Amber moving about and talking.
JACK (OC)
Did you want a Fresca, Eddie?

DIRK
No thanks.

JACK
You're sure . . . ?

ROLLERGIRL (OC)
. . . you're out of limes, Jack.

JACK (OC)
Check in the studio fridge . . .

AMBER (OC)
I'm going to bed.

JACK (OC)
Good night, honey.

AMBER (OC)
Good night, Jackie. Don't stay up too late. Good night, Eddie. I'm glad you came by.

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

AMBER
You're great.

DIRK
Thank you.

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

JACK
She's the best, Eddie. A mother. A real and wonderful mother to all those who need love.

DIRK (OC)
She's really nice.

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

DIRK (OC)
. . . yeah . . . ?

JACK
What do you think of Rollergirl?

DIRK (OC)
She's . . . she's really great . . .
JACK
Would you like to get it on with her?

DIRK (OC)
Have sex?

JACK
Yeah.

DIRK (OC)
Yeah, I'd love to. I mean, yes. She's .
    . . she's really foxy.

JACK
Bet your ass she is --

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

ROLLERGIRL
You're officially out of limes, Jack.

JACK
I'll get you some more tomorrow. Come over here a minute. Sit next to Eddie on the couch there.

ROLLERGIRL
Here We Go! Are We Gonna Fuck?

JACK
Yes you are.

ROLLERGIRL
Oh, wait, wait, wait, then.

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

ROLLERGIRL
You ready?

DIRK
Are you?

ROLLERGIRL
Ohhh-yeah.

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

DIRK
Are you gonna take your skates off?

ROLLERGIRL
I don't take my skates off.
DIRK
Okay.

ROLLERGIRL
Don't fucking come in me.

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

ROLLERGIRL
Fuck you, Jack.

JACK
Towards her tits, then.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - LATER
Dirk enters quietly, walks down the hallway, passing the kitchen. His MOTHER is there, looking at him. HOLD, THEN;

DIRK
Hi.

MOTHER
Where were you?

DIRK
Nowhere.

MOTHER
Shut up. Shut up. Where were you?

Dirk walks down the hall towards his room.

MOTHER
You see that little slut girl you see? Sheryl? Sheryl Lynn?

DIRK
Don't say that.

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

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

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

DIRK (OC)
Maybe I will.

MOTHER (OC)
Oh yeah? Yeah, what are you gonna do?

DIRK (OC)
I dunno, I'll do something.

27 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

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

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

MOTHER
Go ahead. Go ahead and fuck that little GIRL.
Dirk heads for his room, Mother follows.

INT. DIRK'S BEDROOM - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

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

MOTHER
What do you think you're doing?

DIRK
I'm getting my stuff --

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

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

MOTHER
None of this stuff is yours. This:

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

MOTHER (OC)
If you're gonna leave, you leave with what you've got: Nothing. Y'see . . . you treat me like this and this is what you get. That's fair. Huh? You wanna live that way? Fuck that little whore. I've taken care of you all your miserable fucking life . . . .

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

MOTHER (OC)
. . . you pay for it . . . you owe me for all the shit I've done for you in your life . . . . you little fucker . . . you understand? Think you're gonna be this? Huh? These god damn posters -- you're not gonna be this -- you're gonna be shit . . . because you're stupid.

DIRK
I'm not stupid.

MOTHER
Yes you are.

DIRK
Why are you so mean to me? You're my mother . . .
MOTHER
Not by choice.

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

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

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

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

DIRK
Don't be mean to me.

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

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

DIRK
AND YOU DON'T BE MEAN, AND YOU DON'T TALK TO ME . . . . NO.

CUT TO:

29  EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - MORNING

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

CUT TO:

30  OMITTED

31  OMITTED

32  OMITTED

33  INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack, Amber, Roller girl, 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:

EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON - LATER

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

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

COLONEL
You look great, honey.

LADY FRIEND
Is there gonna be coke at this party, Colonel?

COLONEL
Yes.

Jack is right there to greet the Colonel.

JACK
Colonel, hello and welcome!
COLONEL
Hello, Jack. This is my Lady Friend.

JACK
Hello, darling.

LADY FRIEND
Do you have coke at this party?

JACK
Well, I'm sure we can find you some.

COLONEL
Find her some coke, Jack.

JACK
We will, we will. Thanks for coming by.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

AMBER
Uh-huh.

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

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

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

AMBER
. . . you wanna be in a movie?
MAURICE
Please. Tell him I won't be bad.
Please.

AMBER
I'll see what I can do.

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

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

BUCK
Lemme tell you something.

BECKY
He was obviously pissed about the music.

BUCK
What's wrong with it, y'know?

BECKY
Look, Buck: The cowboy look ended about six years ago --

BUCK
-- it's comin' back.

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

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

BECKY
I'm just saying and it seems like your boss at the stereo store is saying the same thing --

BUCK
-- what, what?

BECKY
Get a new look.

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

BECKY
The look I've got is just fine.
BUCK
What's your look?

BECKY
Chocolate Love, Baby.

BUCK
Yeah, right.

OC we hear the new song start to play.

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

Becky leaves. CAMERA moves away to find:

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

LADY FRIEND
Excuse me . . . ?

YOUNG STUD
Yes?

LADY FRIEND
May I please join in?

YOUNG STUD
Most certainly.

CUT TO:

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

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

LITTLE BILL
Just don't embarrass me, alright?

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Fuck you, Bill.

LITTLE BILL
I work with these people, alright?
These are my coworkers, so just --

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Bite it.

LITTLE BILL
Don't make me do something.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Ohhh . . . I'm so scared.
She moves away. Rollergirl passes and takes a SNAPSHOT.

CU. THE POLAROID - DEVELOPED

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

ROLLERGIRL
What's wrong, Little Bill?

LITTLE BILL
Nothing. How are you, Rollergirl?

ROLLERGIRL
I'm fine.

LITTLE BILL
Is Jack around?

ROLLERGIRL
He's in the house.

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

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - THAT MOMENT

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

JACK
The idea is this: Amber is a director of porno films and she's down on her luck. She hasn't had a hit in a year. She's desperate. Her landlord is threatening to kick her out, so she's desperate for a big dick hit, right?

COLONEL
Yes. Good dilemma.

JACK
Yes. So she calls up all the agencies in town and says: "Send over your best actors, I'm casting a porno picture." Well, the story goes and develops with Amber auditioning various men and women ... the whole thing wraps up with the Landlord, I'd like to get Jeremy if he's still in town to play the part -- he comes in -- the landlord says: You better pay rent or you're through. Well, Amber does one helluva suck job, ass fuck, come in the face, sort of thing and fade out - the end.
COLONEL
That's great.

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

COLONEL
What films has he done?

JACK
This would be his first.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

REED
Do a cannonball.

DIRK
No, no. Watch this Jacknife.

Dirk runs and jumps --

DIRK
JACKNIFE.

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

CUT TO:

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.

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

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

LITTLE BILL
How you doin', Rocky?

ROCKY
Good, good, what's wrong?

LITTLE BILL
Nothin'. Nothin' at all.

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

LITTLE BILL
Yeah. You're on.

ROCKY
Is it here?

LITTLE BILL
Yeah, it's gonna be here, but it's a simple one . . .
CAMERA picks up with the Lady Friend and the Young Stud with the coke . . . ZOOM after them down a long hallway towards a BEDROOM door. They close the door in the CAMERA'S FACE.  

**CUT TO:**

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

Maurice and Buck are talking;

```
MAURICE
Hey, hey, hey, my point is this:

BUCK
What?

MAURICE
You know what I say?

BUCK
What-What?

MAURICE
Wear What You Dig.
```

The PHONE RINGS. Maurice picks up the phone.

```
MAURICE
Hello?
(beat)
I'm sorry . . . I can't hear you that well . . . say again . . . ? Maggie?
(to Buck)
Is there a Maggie here?

BUCK
I don't know a Maggie.

MAURICE
(into phone)
I think you might have the wrong number . . . . Your mother? I'm sorry . . . wait . . . just . . . wait . . .
```

Maurice sets the phone down, looks to Buck.

```
MAURICE
Watch that a minute . . . .
```

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

```
MAURICE
(calls out)
Is there a Maggie here?
```
No one at the pool area responds so he walks back inside to the phone. Buck is still watching it closely.

MAURICE
(into phone)
I'm sorry . . . there's no Maggie here.
Okay . . . okay . . . no problem . . .
Bye.

BUCK
What was it?

MAURICE
Some kid lookin' for his mother.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/JACK'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

LITTLE BILL
. . . the fuck are you doing?

She looks up at him, smiles.

WATCHER #1
What does it look like they're doing?

LITTLE BILL
That's my wife.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Shut up, Bill.

WATCHER #2
Yeah, shut up, Bill.

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

KURT LONGJOHN
Little Bill.
LITTLE BILL
Hey. Kurt. What's up?

KURT LONGJOHN
What's wrong with you?

LITTLE BILL
Ah . . . my fuckin' wife, man, she's over there . . . she's got some idiot's dick in her, people standing around watching -- it's a fuckin' embarrassment.

KURT LONGJOHN
Yeah. Yeah. I know. Anyway, listen:

LITTLE BILL
-- yeah.

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

LITTLE BILL
Right.

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

LITTLE BILL
Jack wants a minimal-thing --

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

LITTLE BILL
I understand.

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

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

KURT LONGJOHN
OK . . . fine . . . I was just saying . . .
LITTLE BILL
I understand --

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

LITTLE BILL
Can we talk about this later?

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

LITTLE BILL
Well, no, yeah . . . I mean . . .

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

LITTLE BILL
Kurt.

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

Little Bill looks at him. HOLD.

LITTLE BILL
Are you givin' me shit, Kurt?

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

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

KURT LONGJOHN
OK. No big deal. Sorry.

LITTLE BILL
Alright?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

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

REVERSE ANGLE: On the floor of the room, the Colonel's LADY FRIEND is lying naked. She's passed out and she has blood pouring from her nose. The YOUNG STUD is naked, holding her in his arms. He looks up at the men who just entered.

YOUNG STUD
I think she's sick.

COLONEL
What the fuck is this?

YOUNG STUD
I didn't do anything.

JACK
Is she breathing?

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

COLONEL
Duh. Do you think so, smarty?

LIMO DRIVER
She's definitely overdosing.

COLONEL
Oh . . . what the fuck . . . .

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

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

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

LIMO DRIVER
Okay.

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

LIMO DRIVER
Gotcha.

COLONEL
Make sure no one sees the limo.

LIMO DRIVER
Got it.

COLONEL
Young Stud, I want you to help my driver Johnny here get her in the car.

The Young Stud starts to cry hysterically.

COLONEL
(to Jack)
What the fuck is this?
(to Young Stud)
Hey . . . hey . . . pal . . . get a grip, man.

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

COLONEL
What?

YOUNG STUD
I . . . I . . . I . . . .

COLONEL
Spit it out.

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

COLONEL
Well maybe that means you oughta think about getting some new shit, what do you think?
YOUNG STUD
Yes, sir.

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

The Lady Friend starts to go into CONVULSIONS.

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

YOUNG STUD
Please don't die!

LIMO DRIVER
C'mon, pal.

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

JACK
Close call.

COLONEL
Yes.

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY - THAT MOMENT

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

SCOTTY J.
Hey Reed.

REED
Hey -- Scotty, how are you?

SCOTTY J.
Y'know, y'know.
(re: Dirk)
Who's this?

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

DIRK
Nice to meet you.
SCOTTY J.
You too. Are you gonna be working?

DIRK
Maybe.

REED
Probably.

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

JACK (OC)
EDDIE! EDDIE! Come over here a minute.

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

DIRK
Excuse me.

SCOTTY J.
Yeah, okay.

DIRK
Nice to meet you.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE ON SCOTTY J.

REED (OC)
You wanna take a seat, Scotty?

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

REED (OC)
Yeah.

SCOTTY J.
Thank you. It gets a little hard mingling around . . . y'know . . . talking to people and stuff . . . it's sort of -- That kid Eddie is really good looking, huh?

ANGLE, JACK, THE COLONEL AND DIRK.

Dirk approaches and the Colonel smiles. They shake hands.

JACK
This young man is interested in the business.
COLONEL
Well, you're in good hands if you get involved with Jack, here.

DIRK
Oh yeah?

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

DIRK
My name . . . yeah . . . ?

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

DIRK
Right.

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

DIRK
Well, great. Great.

COLONEL
I look forward to seeing you in action. Jack says you've got a great big cock.

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

COLONEL
Can I see it?

DIRK
Really?

COLONEL
Please.

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

COLONEL
Thank you, Eddie.

DIRK
No problem.
Dirk exits. The Colonel turns to Jack;

COLONEL
Jesus Christ. Jesus Lord in Heaven.

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

. .

CUT TO:

INT. POOL - THAT MOMENT

CAMERA MOVES IN AS DIRK LANDS IN THE WATER, FLOATS TO THE BOTTOM, THEN

PUSHES OFF, TOWARDS THE SURFACE. TIME LAPSE TO NIGHT.

CUT TO:

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

The party is coming to a close and people are trying to get in their cars and get out of the driveway. CAMERA hangs with Little Bill and his Wife.

LITTLE BILL
Thanks for fucking up this party for me. I appreciate it.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Oh Fuck Off. Will You?

LITTLE BILL
You Fuck Off.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
Yeah, right.

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

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

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

YOUNG STUD
I wasn't.

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

YOUNG STUD
Nothing?
LIMO DRIVER
Nothing is absolutely right, Young Stud.

YOUNG STUD
Thank you for your help.

LIMO DRIVER
No problem.

The Colonel and Jack approach. The Colonel now has another young lady friend, picked up from the party.

COLONEL
You ready, Johnny?

LIMO DRIVER
Yes, sir.

COLONEL
How you doin', pal?

YOUNG STUD
I'm okay, sir.

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

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

COLONEL
I didn't hear that.

YOUNG STUD
What?

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

YOUNG STUD
I get you.

COLONEL
Now go home. Sleep it off. The Young Stud exits.

JACK
Thanks for coming, Colonel.
COLONEL
Great party, Jack. The Colonel and the new Lady Friend get in the car.

CUT TO:

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

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

REED
. . . you wanna hear a poem I wrote?

DIRK
Yeah.

REED
Okay. Um . . . "I love you. You love me. Going down the Sugar Tree. We'll go down the Sugar Tree. And see Lots of Bees. Playing. Playing. The bees won't sting. 'Cause you love me."

DIRK
That's fucking great, man.

Jack approaches in a bath robe, holding a towel.

JACK
Howdy-boys.

DIRK/REED
Hey, Jack.

Jack removes his robe and climbs in the Jacuzzi.

JACK
Good party?

DIRK
It was great.

JACK
Good. You had a good time then?

DIRK
Excellent time. Thank you.

JACK
What this place is for, right?

REED
Right.
JACK
Ahhhh . . . this feels good. Bubbles.
Turn those bubbles higher, Reed.

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

JACK
Yeah?

DIRK
I was wondering if you had any ideas.

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

DIRK
Well . . . my idea was . . . y'know . . .
I want a name . . . I want it so it can cut glass . . . y'know . . . razor sharp.

JACK
Tell me.

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

FLASH ON:

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

DIRK DIGGER

DIRK (OC)
It says, "Dirk Diggler." The NEON SIGN FLAShes, BUZZES, THEN BURSTS INTO AN ELECTRIC FLAME.

BACK TO:

EXT. JACUZZI - THAT MOMENT

Back to Reed and Jack. They look at Dirk.

JACK
Heaven sent you here to this place, Dirk Diggler. You've been blessed.
Dirk smiles. Reed smiles. Jack looks up and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S GARAGE/FILM STUDIO - DAY

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

Jack is sipping coffee, conferring with Kurt about lighting.

JACK
How close?

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

JACK
Okay, but not too long, Kurt, right? Remember, there are shadows in real life.

Little Bill approaches.

LITTLE BILL
You wanna go over this?

JACK
Yeah. Let's . . .

LITTLE BILL
(reading from script)
Okay. Set up is . . . here we go: 1.) Amber talking to Becky about auditions. They make the phone call to the agency to send over some actors. 2.) Enter Reed to audition for Amber. They go at it. Becky just watches. C.) Becky goes to the bathroom to jack-off and is interrupted by Amber. They get into it. E.) Enter Dirk --

(looks up)
Who's Dirk Diggler?

JACK
The kid, Eddie, from the club.

LITTLE BILL
Good name. Anyway: 4.) Dirk enters.
Meets with Becky. They go at it --
JACK
I wanna change that -- that should be Amber. Dirk should be auditioning with Amber.

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

JACK
Becky, honey --

BECKY
What?

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

BECKY
I'm shaving my bush --

JACK
Now?

BECKY
It only takes two seconds, Jack.

JACK
Fine, fine.

Jack continues to get everyone ready.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

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

SCOTTY J.

DIRK
Hi.

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

INT. GARAGE/FILM SET

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

JACK
Ready, champ?

DIRK
Let's do this.

They walk through the scene with Amber.

JACK
So we know the scene, we know the thing. You're gonna start outside the set, through that door, I'll call your name and action, that'll be your cue . . . come through the door, straight to the desk, right here, boom, you and Amber do the scene --
DIRK
Do we go straight into having sex?

JACK
Is that alright?

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

JACK
Amber?

AMBER
Good.

JACK
So we'll just go straight through.

DIRK
Okay.

KURT LONGJOHN
Are we doing a rehearsal?

JACK
Eddie, you want a rehearsal?

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

JACK
Great.

DIRK
Jack?

JACK
Yeah?

DIRK
. . . can you . . . um . . . will you call me Dirk Diggler from now on?

JACK
Yes. I'm sorry, yeah, yes.

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

AMBER
Do you want to practice your lines with me?

DIRK
I know it.
AMBER
You look great, honey.

DIRK
Does he want me to keep going until I come?

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

DIRK
Where should I come?

AMBER
Where do you want?

DIRK
Wherever you tell me.

AMBER
Come on my tits if you can, okay? Just pull it out and do it on my stomach and tits if you can.

DIRK
Yeah.

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

AMBER
Are you alright, honey?

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

AMBER
Okay.

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

JACK (OC)
and . . . action, Dirk.

CAMERA blends to SLOW MOTION (30fps) and follows Dirk through the door and into the set -- lights flare into CAMERA/DIRK and we focus in on Amber, seated behind a desk. CAMERA blends back to 24fps.
KURT LONGJOHN'S 16mm CAMERA POV: Dirk enters. A light shines straight at him. He walks into a two shot with Amber at the desk. BEAT, THEN:

AMBER
Hello. Are you John?

DIRK
Yes, ma'am.

AMBER
Your agency recommends you very highly.

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

AMBER
What special skills do you have?

DIRK
Well, I spent three years in the Marines. I just got back from a tour of duty.

AMBER
You're kidding?

DIRK
No I'm not. It got really hard being surrounded by guys all day.

AMBER
When was the last time you had a woman?

DIRK
A long time.

AMBER
That's terrible.

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

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

DIRK
Really?
AMBER
Why don't you take your pants off? It's important that I get an idea of your size.

DIRK
No problem.

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

JACK AND THE REST OF THE CREW

Kurt Longjohn takes his eye away from the viewfinder for a moment. Rocky frowns slightly. Scotty J. is in shock. Reed and Becky smile.

Amber looks from Dirk's cock to his face.

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

16MM CAMERA'S POV:

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

AMBER
This is a giant cock.

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

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

JACK
Guys . . .

DIRK
Is everything cool?

JACK
Hang in there, everything's cool, I just wanna change the angle -- You're doin' great. Amber looks to Dirk. They hold still;

AMBER
You're doin' so good, Dirk.

DIRK
Does it feel good?
Amber smiles. Jack and Kurt have set up a new angle;

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

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

CU. DIRK AND AMBER
they're face to face. Following in sotto:

AMBER
You're amazing.

DIRK
You feel good, Amber.

AMBER
Are you ready to come?

DIRK
Yes.

AMBER
Come in me.

DIRK
What?

AMBER
Don't worry, I'm fixed. I want 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:

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

The entire cast and crew together.

ECU - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES POP

ECU - ROLLERGIRL'S CAMERA.

she snaps POLAROIDS

ECU - DEVELOPED PICTURES

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

CUT TO:

INT. RESEDA SHOE STORE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

OVERHEAD ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE.

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:
ANGLE, MAURICE

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE, BECKY

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INSIDE THE DJ BOOTH. A couple young girls surround the DJ, who is a BLACK MIDGET, wearing headphones, dancing and doing coke with the girls. He sets up another RECORD on the turntable. CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK ON THE RECORD, NEW MUSIC CUE.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MOTEL ROOM FILM SET - ANOTHER DAY

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

JACK
What we can do is make it all one thing, right? You can go from being on top -- below and then move and shift to the side -- pump away there for a while, then --

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

DIRK
If she . . . Rollergirl . . . if you wrap your leg around . . . other one . . . your left leg . . . right . . . up around my neck. And over. Good. We can go right into Doggy Style.

KURT LONGJOHN
Is the movement of the waterbed a problem?

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

CUT TO:

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

BURN TO:
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:

INT. STUDIO CITY HAIR SALON - DAY

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

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

THREE-WAY SPLIT TO:

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

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

FOUR WAY SPLIT TO:

INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dirk is disco dancing with Rollergirl and Becky and Reed.

JACK (VO)
... but it's Diggler that remains the standout in this film. It's easy to predict, after only two films, that's Diggler's suck-cess can only grow and grow and grow --
END FOUR WAY SPLIT, STAYING WITH DIRK DANCING IN THE CLUB. Dirk, Reed, Rollergirl, Buck, Maurice and Becky begin doing a DANCE NUMBER. (Complete w/choreographed moves, etc.)

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

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

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

    AMBER
    Please let me talk to him, Tom. Please.
    I just want to say hello and that's all
    -- I'm not. I'm completely sober. I'm
    not -- Tom -- Tom -- Tom --

    Dial tone from the phone, she hangs up --

    AMBER
    I don't know what to do now.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB/BACKROOM - DAY

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

    MAURICE (VO)
    Dear brothers: I'm sending you a
    picture --

CUT TO:

67 INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED

69 INT. KARATE STUDIO - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (MUSIC OVER INTO RADIO)

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

BUCK

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

AMBER

Really?

BUCK

That's a fact.

AMBER

So what's wrong with this radio?

BUCK

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

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN:

Reed, Dirk and Jack are huddled, speaking intensely;

JACK

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

JACK
Tell me.

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

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

JACK
I like that.

DIRK
Reed could play my partner.

JACK
I like this a lot.

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

JACK
I know it. I know it.

REED
We should do this.

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

DIRK
Right, right.

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

JACK
Now: What's this guy's name? This character? Do you know?

DIRK
His name is Brock Landers.

REED
His partner's name is Chest Rockwell.

JACK
... those are great names.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. ALADDIN HOTEL/CASINO - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

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

AMBER. She's about to open an envelope.

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

The Audience Applauds wildly. Dirk, dressed in a jean outfit, makes his way to the stage and accepts the award from Jessie. He turns to the crowd.
DIRK
Wow. I dunno what to say . . . I guess.
Wow. I guess the only thing I can say, is that I promise to keep rocking and
rolling and to keep making better
films. It seems we make these movies .
. . and sometimes . . . they're
considered filthy or something by some
people . . . but I don't think that's true. These films we make can be better
. . . they can help . . . they really
can, I mean it. We can always do better
-- and I'll keep trying if you keep
trying so let's keep ROCKING AND
ROLLING.

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

JESSIE
You're hot.

Amber, in the audience, sees the kiss and frowns. Dirk raises the
award high above his head and does a karate move -- 76

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

TITLE CARD READS: "1978"

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

JESSIE
Shot of Tequila, straight up.

MAURICE
Yes, ma'am.

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

DIRK
You alone?

JESSIE
Yeah. Just visiting L.A. Some people
told me the food in here was really
good.
DIRK
Good. No, it's not good. It's probably the BEST place to eat in Los Angeles. It's excellent.

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK
You said you were hungry --

JESSIE
Starving.

DIRK
Well, go ahead and feast.

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

JESSIE
Ohhh. It's true --

DIRK
What?

JESSIE
You're Brock Landers --

CUT TO:

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

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

TITLE READS: DIRK DIGGLER as BROCK LANDERS

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

TITLE READS: REED ROTHCHILD as CHEST ROCKWELL

Finally, over a WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF VENTURA BLVD;
"BROCK LANDERS: ANGELS LIVE IN MY TOWN"

MATCH CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

THE KITCHEN

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

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

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

Rollergirl stops arguing with Maurice;

ROLLGERGIRL
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 --
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:

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

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

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

REED
Just another day.

DIRK
That's right.

REED
C'mon, Brock. Let's go out and get some of that Saturday Night Beaver --

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

MATCH CUT TO:
INT. JACK'S HOUSE - EDITING ROOM - DAY

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

JACK
This is the best work I've ever done.

KURT LONGJOHN
It's a real film, Jack.

JACK
It feels good.

KURT LONGJOHN
You made it fly.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ALADDIN BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

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


DIRK
Thank you.

FREEZE FRAME ON DIRK. End Sequence "B"

WIPE TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA starts on a huge banner strung across the house. It reads:
"Goodbye 70's -- Hello 80's"

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

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

BECKY
. . . right, right . . .

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

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

JEROME
My name's Jerome.

BECKY
I'm Becky.

JEROME
Nice to meet 'ya, Becky.

BECKY
What do you do?

JEROME
I'm in the auto industry.

BECKY
Really?

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

BECKY
That's great.

JEROME
You've got a nice smile, Becky.

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

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

CAMERA hangs with Dirk and Jessie St. Vincent.

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

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

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

DIRK
Yes. Yes. Yes.

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

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

JESSIE
I know, I know.

DIRK
But then . . . I think . . .

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

DIRK
It is. It's the best. I mean, look: I couldn't be happier than where I am today, right now, at this moment.

JESSIE
You are so fucking awesome, Dirk.
DIRK
Who says you don't have a tight pussy?

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

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

SCOTTY J.
So I was all, "What's your problem?"
And he was all, "Nothing." So I was
like . . . really . . . y'know . . . I
was fuckin' pissed, Amber. So then I
was all, like, "What are you gonna do?"
Y'know? And he was all, like acting
tough, y'know, with his friends around
and stuff. So I was just all . . . like . . . "Forget it." And I walked away.

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

AMBER
Excuse me, Scotty.

CUT TO:

88 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

FLOYD
The Colonel!

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

FLOYD
How are you? You look happy.

COLONEL
I'm fine.

FLOYD
Meet Boys: Tommy and Pete. Meet Girls:
Angie and Cyndi.
TOMMY/PETE/ANGIE/CYNDI

Hi.

COLONEL
Hello. Happy New Year.

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

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

FLOYD
Let's do it.

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

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

The Colonel and Floyd walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

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

DIRK
Hey, Amber.

AMBER
What are you talking about out here?

DIRK
Nothin'.

AMBER
Do you wanna come with me for a little while?

DIRK
Where?

AMBER
A surprise, surprise, surprise.

DIRK
Let's go.
They excuse themselves from Jessie and walk off into the house. Jessie looks across the party and sees Buck.

CAMERA moves away, towards him -- He's sitting alone, wearing a new-style, Commodores look. A few beats later -- Jessie enters frame.

JESSIE
Hey, Buck.

BUCK
Hey, Jessie, how ya doin'?

JESSIE
You sitting alone?

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

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

REED
Todd Parker.

TODD
Rockin' Reed Rothchild.

REED
You made it --

TODD
Yeah . . . yeah. This is an amazing party. Fuckin' chicks everywhere.

REED
You bet.

TODD
I wouldn't mind havin' some of that action over there --

Todd points out a BIKINI PARTY GIRL.

REED
Want me to introduce you?

TODD
Sure. Introduce her to my lap.

REED
You got off work?
TODD
I don't dance Sunday nights. Who's Corvette is that out in the driveway?

REED
It's Dirk's.

TODD
That car is jammin' -- Nosed, Racked, Dual Camms, Ten Coats of Hand Gloss, Candy Apple Red Laquer -- WHOA.

CUT TO:

90A  EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT

Buck and Jessie St. Vincent sitting/talking.

BUCK
I'm pretty happy with it . . .

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

BUCK
It's sort of original, I think.

JESSIE
Right.

BUCK
What were we talking about before?

JESSIE
Um . . . oil painting . . . ?

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

JESSIE
Oh! Oh! "Sunsets."

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

JESSIE
Sunrises are better.

BUCK
Exactly.
JESSIE
I thought I was the only one who thought that.

BUCK
I think that.

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

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

JESSIE
No.

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

JESSIE
Really?

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

JESSIE
That's a fucking great idea.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, Floyd Gondolli and the Colonel sitting.

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

JACK
I know 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

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	hing 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, waitaminute . . . fuckin' hell . . . how much time left?

SCOTTY J.
Six minutes . . .
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

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

DIRK
Oh.

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

SCOTTY J.
(to himself)
I love you, Dirk.

CUT TO:

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

Jack calls out to the crowd of Party People.

JACK
WE GOT TWO MINUTES, PEOPLE! TWO MINUTES!

CUT TO:

95 INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

CAMERA follows Little Bill as he walks the hallway to a closed bathroom door. He opens it.
OVER LITTLE BILL'S SHOULDER, INSIDE THE BATHROOM

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

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE
You should be taking notes, Little Bill.

ANOTHER YOUNG STUD
This is a fresh cunt, pal.

Little Bill stands a moment, then closes the door. CAMERA LEADS him as he walks back through the party . . . outside to the pool area and into the driveway for his Station Wagon. He takes the keys from his pocket, unlocks the passenger side door, reaches into the glove compartment and takes out a .38 REVOLVER and AMMUNITION.

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

People begin counting off to the New Year --

PARTY PEOPLE
10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . .

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

PARTY PEOPLE
. . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2
. . . 1 . . .

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

PARTY PEOPLE (OC)
. . . HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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

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

LITTLE BILL . . . .

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

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

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

. . . LITTLE BILL TURNS AROUND, FACES THE PARTY PEOPLE AND SHOVES THE REVOLVER IN HIS MOUTH AND PULLS THE TRIGGER . . .
BLOOD AND BRAINS SHOOT OUT THE BACK OF HIS SKULL AND HE COLLAPSES, FALLING OUT OF FRAME.

TITLE CARD READS:

"80s"

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE VOICE:

AMBER (OC)

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

CUT TO:

Sequence "C"

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

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

DIRK

Violence . . . ? No, what? I mean, if there's something in this series of movies that's like action or violence or whatever -- that's the movie. Y'know? Look: I'm not saying that these movies are for the whole family, but they've gotalotta action and sometimes the characters are women who are -- say -- spies or drug smugglers or working for some organization that my character is trying to . . . defeat. We've made twenty of these films in the past um . . . 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:

INT. BROCK LANDERS BEDROOM SET - NIGHT - 16MM FILM CLIP

Dirk is in his underwear, asleep in bed. An actress named KC SUNSHINE plays in the scene with him as an Indian woman, wrapped in a sheet. She enters, holding a knife, coming towards Dirk . .
AMBER (VO)
If Brock Landers is slick with a gun, he does so only in the vein of good and right. Brock protects the values of the American ideal and fights for causes that instill pride in a society where morals are hard to come by --

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

DIRK
WHO SENT YOU?

KC SUNSHINE
GET THE FUCK OFF ME, ASSHOLE.

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

KC SUNSHINE
FUCK OFF.

Dirk SMACKS her then starts to KISS her breasts softly.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT - 16mm FILM CLIP
In the scene, Dirk ha

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!

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:

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - DUSK - DOCU. FOOTAGE

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

AMBER (OC)
For Dirk Diggler, the future is something to look forward to, not to fear . . . He is a creative man of many interests . . . film, poetry, karate, music and dance . . .
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)

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

AMBER
It's my poem to you.

DIRK
It's great. It's so great, Amber.
You're a director now. Shit. Have you showed Jack?

AMBER
Just you. I wanted to show you first.

DIRK
It's so fuckin' good. Really.
(beat)
Maybe you might want to think about cutting that part when Jack says that thing about -- y'know --

AMBER
Blocking the sex --

DIRK
-- yeah.

CUT TO:

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

Dirk and Amber walk out and into the living room, CAMERA SWINGS 180 OVER TO: Jack and Reed, sitting at the kitchen counter;

JACK
How was it?

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

JACK
He slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

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

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

JACK
I believe you.

COLONEL
I told her not to do so much coke, but she wouldn't listen, she just kept doing it and doing it like she was a vacuum. Like she had a vacuum in her nose or something . . . . . . next thing I know . . . she's got blood coming from her nose and . . . jesus . . . her, jesus --

JACK
What?

COLONEL
It was coming out her ass, Jack.

JACK
Okay. It's gonna be okay. Just relax. The bail is a hundred thousand dollars. I don't have that kind of cash --

COLONEL
-- I don't have any money left.

JACK
What do you mean? Nothing?

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

JACK
Well . . . what . . . how?

COLONEL
I spent it . . . I spent it.

JACK
The films . . . or . . . I mean?
COLONEL
I spent it, alright? This shit gets expensive. Between you shooting film, the coke, the limos, the houses. It goes, alright? I spent it.

JACK
Alright, okay. Don't worry.

COLONEL
I can't have this happen to me. I'm a good man, right?

JACK
Yes you are.

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

JACK
Right. You know; you've done nothing wrong. I mean, look; You were just there, right? You didn't . . . I mean . . . you didn't do anything.

COLONEL
They found something in my house, Jack.

JACK
What?

COLONEL
. . . something . . .

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

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

JACK
Jesus Christ, Colonel.

COLONEL
You look at me like I'm an asshole, now.
JACK
... I ... I don't ... ?

COLONEL
I'm going to jail for a long time.

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

COLONEL
Are you promising me?

Jack doesn't answer.

COLONEL
Take it back, Jack. Don't promise me anything. You can't help me. I'm done. I'm going to jail. I've done wrong and I'm going to jail for a long, long time.

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

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

JACK
What?

COLONEL
Answer me, am I your friend?

JACK
Yes.

COLONEL
So remember that I'm your friend and listen to what I tell you now: Give in, Jack. You've gotta give. For you, for your business and your livelihood -- accept the future. Don't fight it, because you can't win. Look for the new blood, go to Floyd Gondolli, go to video, give up your battle -- the filmmaking is over, Jack.

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

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

JACK
Well there we go.

KURT LONGJOHN
Yeah.

ROCKY
Lot of stuff on there to learn.

JACK
That's it.

KURT LONGJOHN
No turning back now.

JACK
The future.

KURT LONGJOHN
That's right.

ROCKY
The quality is, uh --

JACK
It's not what we're used to.

KURT LONGJOHN
We can make it work, I think.

ROCKY
It's . . . potential . . .

KURT LONGJOHN
Yes.

JACK
You can't beat the price.

KURT LONGJOHN
No you can't.

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

KURT LONGJOHN
I'm scared.
ROCKY
Me too.

JACK
It's gonna make us rich.

KURT LONGJOHN
Yep.

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

REVERSE ANGLE: A new VIDEO CAMERA is sitting on the table in front of them. This is the thing they've been discussing.

KURT LONGJOHN
We can still tell good stories, Jack.

JACK
No. It's about jacking off now, Kurt.
No more stories . . . that's over.

CUT TO:

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

BECKY looks into CAMERA;

BECKY
I do.

JEROME looks into CAMERA;

JEROME
I do too.

CU - BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOT

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

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

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

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

JEROME
It's gonna be a great opportunity to run the store my way. Y'know.
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 nods his head, picks up his sunglasses from the table and walks off across the dance floor. Jack turns back to Johnny Doe;

JACK
He's pretty tired, Johnny. He's also shy. Anyway: What I'm saying to you is this: It costs money, you got ten, fifteen people standing around, and that's just to make sure the lighting is right --

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

JACK'S POV: Dirk meets up with Todd Parker and they walk out the door. 40fps
Jack turns back to Johnny Doe. Continue a bit with party stuff/etc. Jack has his dance w/Becky.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

Rollergirl moves past and CAMERA follows her into --

CUT TO:

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

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

ROLLERGIRL
This stuff burns.

DIRK
It's crystal.

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

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

ROLLERGIRL
You don't have to be mean about it.

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

CUT TO:

114 INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

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

MAURICE
Hey . . . Rollergirl . . . hey.
ROLLERGIRL
What's wrong?

MAURICE
Where?

ROLLERGIRL
With you?

MAURICE
Me? -- Nothing -- Why?

ROLLERGIRL
You look like a wreck.

MAURICE
Shit no, I'm cool as a cucumber.

Rollergirl takes off her clothes and gets into her BIKINI.

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

MAURICE
Yeah.

ROLLERGIRL
What you always wanted.

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

BEAT.

MAURICE
Rollergirl?

ROLLERGIRL
What?

MAURICE
My dick is really small.

ROLLERGIRL
What?

MAURICE
My dick . . . it's small.

ROLLERGIRL
How small?

MAURICE
Really small.
ROLLERGIRL
Well . . . uh . . . so?

MAURICE
So I can't do this.

ROLLERGIRL
Can you get a boner?

MAURICE
I don't think so.

ROLLERGIRL
Well . . .

MAURICE
Please. Can you help me?

ROLLERGIRL
How?

MAURICE
I dunno.

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

MAURICE
. . . right . . . right . . .

ROLLERGIRL
Just go for it, man.

MAURICE
What do you mean?

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

MAURICE
I guess.

ROLLERGIRL
Be a man about it.

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

MAURICE
Right.

ROLLERGIRL
C'mon.

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

ROLLERGIRL
Okay . . . I'll be out there.

She exits. HOLD with Maurice a moment.

CUT TO:

115 OMITTED

116 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT

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

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

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

DIRK
C'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . I'm a star. I'm a star, I'm a rock and roll star. And My Cock Can Get Hard. C'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . I'm a star.
I'm a star, I'm a star, I'm a star.

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

DIRK
-- what the fuck --

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

DIRK
WHAT? WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IS THAT?

JACK
Just leave, Dirk. Leave RIGHT NOW.

DIRK
My cock is READY. YOU WANNA SEE? HUH? YOU WANNA SEE MY BIG FUCKIN' COCK?

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

DIRK
FUCK THIS, FUCK THIS, FUCK YOU. FUCK ALL OF YOU. YOU'RE NOT MY BOSSES. NO ONE IS THE KING OF ME.

Dirk runs away, gets behind the wheel of his Corvette and tears off, bleeding all the way -- Reed, Jack, Amber, Scotty, Johnny Doe and the rest of the crew watch him go.

FADE OUT.

118 OMITTED

CUT TO:

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

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

ENGINEER
Okay . . . Dirk, you ready?
DIRK
I was born ready, man.

ENGINEER

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

DIRK
YOU GOT THE TOUCH . . . YOU GOT THE POWER. YEEEEAAAHHHH. AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE, YOU NEVER WALK, YOU NEVER RUN, YOU'RE A WINNER.

CUT TO:

120 INT. RECORDING BOOTH - LATER
Dirk, Reed and the Engineer are mixing. The song PLAYS.

DIRK
Is the bass taking away from the vocals?

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

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

CUT TO:

121 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER
Dirk is singing. Reed is playing guitar on a BALLAD called, "FEEL THE HEAT." CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THEM.

DIRK
THE HEAT WILL ROCK YOU, THE HEAT WILL ROLL YOU BABY DON'T YOU KNOW MY HEAT WILL MOVE YOU IN YOUR SOUL C'MON, C'MON, C'MON LOVE ME TODAY, LOVE ME TOMORROW ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, YOU FEEL MY BEAT

REED/DIRK
FEEL, FEEL, FEEL . . . MY HEAT.
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:

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:
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:

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

\begin{center}
\begin{verbatim}
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 --
\end{verbatim}
\end{center}

DISSOLVE TO:

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.

\begin{center}
\begin{verbatim}
BANK WORKER
Mr. Swope?

BUCK
Yeah, that's me. Hello.

BANK WORKER
You have a copy of your loan application?
\end{verbatim}
\end{center}
BUCK
Yes I do.

BANK WORKER
Good. You wanna follow me?

CUT TO:

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

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

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

ROLLGERGIRL
Oh, oh. I wanna do that.

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

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

AMBER
What?

ROLLGERGIRL
I was gonna see about taking the GED. Do you know what that is?

AMBER
For High School, to graduate?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

    TODD
    I'm back.

    DIRK
    Perfect timing.

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

CUT TO:

129  INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - DAY

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

    MAURICE (VO)
    Dear brothers: Here's an example of me with women in Los Angeles. I sleep with women here all the time . . .

CUT TO:

130  INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY

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

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE BROTHERS.

    BROTHER #1
    (in Spanish, sub-titled)
    Oh my God --

    BROTHER #2
    (in Spanish, sub-titled)
    -- it's so . . . so . . . it looks like a peanut.

CUT TO:

131  INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY - CONTINUED

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON BUCK. He's speaking to the BANK WORKER.
BUCK
That's what Buck's Super Stereo World is all about -- the customer. People wanna know what they're getting into technically and I have the specific technical hi-fi background to answer any technical question that someone might have -- I've been into sound equipment for long enough to know what a guy wants when he walks right in the door -- and that's the personal touch that Buck's Super Stereo World is gonna have --

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER
I miss my two sons -- my little Andrew and my Dirk -- I miss them both so much. I always felt like Dirk was my baby, my new baby. Don't you miss Dirk?

ROLLGERGIRL
Yeah.

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

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

AMBER
Yes, honey. Yes.

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

CUT TO:

133 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

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

DIRK
C'mon, man, c'mon, c'mon, alright --
MANAGER
I can't let you take the tapes until the bill is paid in full.

DIRK
That makes a lot of sense.

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

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

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

DIRK
OK: Wait a minute -- have you heard my tape? Huh? Have you heard it? I'm guaranteed to get a record deal because my stuff is so good. Once that happens, I'll pay you --

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

DIRK
A catch-what?

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER
I don't wanna do this anymore, honey. I can't. I just can't.

ROLLGERL
What?

AMBER
Have fun now, let's keep going and going and going tonight -- because it's over. There's too many things --
OKAY. OKAY.

AMBER
Let's go walk.

ROLLERO GIRL
I don't wanna leave the room.

AMBER
Me either. OHHHHHHH. I love you, honey.

ROLLERO GIRL
I love you, Mom.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

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

BUCK
. . . why . . . ?

BANK WORKER
. . . Mr. Swope: You're a pornographer. And this bank is not in business to support pornography --

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

BANK WORKER
I'm sorry.

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

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

BANK WORKER
. . . I'm sorry . . .

BUCK
Well this is not fair --

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

BUCK
I'm an actor.

BANK WORKER
Please. Now I'm sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 INT. HORNER PRODUCTIONS - VAN NUYS - DAY
CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows Jack around his new OFFICES. Posters of
his films with Johnny Doe, Amber, Roller girl, 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:
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

SPLIT-SCREEN;

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

BECKY
I think Jerome is gonna kill me, Dirk. Please. Please come and help me.
DIRK
Well . . . where are you, I don't know where you are --

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

DIRK
Tell me where you are.

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

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

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

BECKY
Please don't do anything to me, Jerome. Please. Please. I ask.

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

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

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

BECKY
. . . I liked it . . .

JEROME
Do you like big dicks?

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

SAY IT.

BECKY

Yes.

Jerome LEANS DOWN AND PUNCHES BECKY IN THE FACE. HOLD. He catches his breath and walks out of the kitchen. Becky, crouched in a corner, bleeding from her nose and mouth, reaches for a large FRYING PAN on the floor --

CUT TO:

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

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

REED

Where you goin'?

DIRK

Gotta go kick some ass, man.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

141 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUED

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

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

BECKY

DON'T -- YOU -- EVER -- TOUCH -- ME.

She runs out the door --

CUT TO:

142 EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - EVENING - THAT MOMENT

Becky runs from the house and off down the street. HOLD.
INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk is driving quickly through Laurel Canyon and trying to do a few things; 1) He's trying to light a cigarette with matches, 2) He's trying to find a cassette tape to play and 3) He's trying to brush his hair in the rearview mirror . . .

CU. DIRK

The cigarette falls from his mouth and he leans down, OUT OF FRAME to pick it up . . . . the car starts drifting towards a TELEPHONE POLE that is fifteen yards ahead . . . Dirk gets the cigarette, comes up INTO FRAME, looks ahead and blinks;

Dirk's Corvette SLAMS INTO THE TELEPHONE POLE.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON DIRK, BEHIND THE WHEEL. He shakes his head, looks around in a daze. A PEDESTRIAN runs over;

PEDESTRIAN
You alright, pal?

DIRK
My fuckin' car, my car . . . my Corvette.

PEDESTRIAN
Holy shit, you slammed right into this - -

Dirk puts the car in reverse and backs away.

PEDESTRIAN
I don't think you should drive this car.

DIRK
Fuck you.

Dirk drives off with the front of the Corvette SHREDDING along the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERSFIELD DENNY'S - NIGHT (LATER)

Becky is sitting at the counter. A few seats over from her is an older man, MR. BROWN (late 60s). He wears an old gray suit,

MR. BROWN
Are you alright, ma'am?

BECKY
What?
MR. BROWN
Are you going to be alright? You seem...
..you've been sitting there. A while now. And I want to know if you're going to be alright.

HOLD. Becky looks down.

MR. BROWN
Do you want to order something? A bowl of soup?

BECKY
My friend was supposed to come here and get me, but he hasn't come.

MR. BROWN
Yes. Well, why don't you let me buy you some soup while you wait for your friend?

BECKY
No. No. I'm not hungry.

MR. BROWN
Please. Please. I want to help you. This is not...this is something...
..you see, an act of kindness, I'm trying to do something good...to help you...for no other reason...
.. other than...just to help.

Mr. Brown reaches into his pocket, takes out a quarter and places it on the counter in front of Becky.

MR. BROWN
Why don't you try calling your friend?

BEAT. Becky looks at the quarter. CAMERA HOLDS ON QUARTER.

MR. BROWN (OC)
Use the quarter, young lady.

CUT TO:

145 INT. DIRK'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dirk rants and raves, verging on tears, circling the car. Scotty, Reed and Todd are now home and looking at the damage;

REED
How fast were you going?

DIRK
Fuck, I dunno. Ninety.
SCOTTY J.
Ninety miles an hour?

DIRK
Shit, yeah. I'm lucky I'm not dead.

TODD
This is a lot of damage.

REED
At least it's driveable.

DIRK
It's nove driveable, look at it.

OC we hear the PHONE RINGING. Scotty moves to get it.

DIRK
Just let it ring, we gotta deal with this --

REED
At least it still works, Dirk.

DIRK
You can't just drive a Corvette down the street looking like that, Reed. C'mon, man. Be reasonable.

REED
How you gonna pay for it?

DIRK
-- I'll find a way to pay for it. This is top priority, Reed. My car has got to get fixed.

TODD
It could be like two/three thousand dollars worth of damage, Dirk.

DIRK
So?

TODD
I dunno.

DIRK
We gotta get those fuckin' demo tapes, too. I mean it . . . let's go kick that guy's ass or something . . . if we could get those demo tapes, then we get the record deal, then the Vette gets fixed.
You cannot drive a Corvette down the street looking like this, you just can't.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Becky is sitting in a booth across from the Mr. Brown. She's crying.

BECKY
I don't know where to go. I don't have anywhere to go, I can't get anywhere.

MR. BROWN
It's alright. It's alright, young lady.

BECKY
I'm so sorry to make you hear this.

MR. BROWN
I want to help you.

BECKY
No, I can't.

MR. BROWN
You need help. You need someplace to sleep and to wash. I want to help you.

BECKY
You're a nice man.

BEAT.

End Sequence "D" CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "Six Months Later"
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.

156 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE COURT BUILDING - DAY - LATER
Amber leans against a wall, crying her eyes out. HOLD.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "Sunday, December 11, 1983"

157 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - MOVING
CAMERA'S POV is a CAMCORDER operated by KURT LONGJOHN. JACK, dressed in a tuxedo, sits in the back of the limo with ROLLERGIRL, who's wearing a full-length fur coat, lingerie underneath.

JACK (INTO CAMERA)
Okay, okay, okay. Welcome to the experiment. This is Jack Horner, coming to you from the inside of a limousine that at this moment is heading West down Ventura Blvd. I have with me -- a little princess in the world of adult film -- the lovely Miss Rollergirl.

ROLLERGIRL
Hello, hello, howdy.

JACK
Are you ready to do what we're gonna do?

ROLLERGIRL
Ready, ready. Ready like Freddy.

JACK
We are On The Lookout. That's what we'll call this -- On The Lookout. We're just gonna drive on down Ventura, heading west, like I said -- and see what we find. Maybe we find some new, young stud who wants to take a shot and get hot and heavy with Rollergirl back here in the limo -- and we'll capture it on video. This is a first, ladies and gentleman. A first in porn history. Who knows what could happen . . . ?
Maybe we come across some guy, maybe some girl? See if they'd like to get soft and sticky?

CUT TO:
Establishing shot of a crap motel in Studio City. Dirk's DAMAGED CORVETTE is parked out front with a U-HALL connected.

CUT TO:

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

REED
We have to sell your car.

DIRK
I will not do it, Reed.

REED
What else is there to do, Dirk? Huh? We have nothing left.

DIRK
I worked way too fucking hard for that car . . . what am I supposed to do . . . ?

REED
It solves all our problems.

DIRK
I will not sell my Corvette: Simple as that. Where the fuck is Todd? Where are my jeans?

SCOTTY J.
What are you looking for?

DIRK
My jeans --

SCOTTY J.
The cool ones with the thing?
DIRK
All my jeans are cool, Scotty.

SCOTTY
Sorry.

Todd enters and holds up an ENVELOPE.

TODD
Got it.

DIRK
Where the fuck have you been?

TODD
Getting some shit . . .

Dirk notices that Todd is wearing the JEANS he was looking for.

DIRK
What the fuck is that?

TODD
What?

DIRK
Those are my jeans, Todd. I've been looking for those.

TODD
You said I could borrow them.

DIRK
I never said that.

TODD
I thought you did.

SCOTTY J.
Can I come with you, Dirk?

DIRK
Give me my fuckin' jeans back, Todd. Seriously.

TODD
Sorry.

Todd gets out of the jeans and gives them over to Dirk, who puts them on as Reed and Scotty look on;

REED
Dirk, please -- we gotta deal with this money situation.
DIRK
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

SCOTTY J.
Where are you goin', Dirk?

DIRK
Goin' out.

SCOTTY J.
Can I go with you?

Dirk is out the door.

CUT TO:

160 INT. LIMO - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The limo is pulled over and Jack is speaking through the window to some YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT, wearing a backpack. (This kid is one of the boys who was making sexual gestures to Rollergirl earlier in the movie).

JACK
What do you say?

COLLEGE KID
I dunno -- you mean it.

JACK
Anything you wanna do -- you do it. Do you see this young lady here?

COLLEGE KID
Yeah.

JACK
You like what you see?

COLLEGE KID
Sure.

JACK
Then get in here and do what you want.

The College Kid gets in the car, sits next to Rollergirl, who nods hello. She may or may not recognize him. Jack gets in the seat opposite (behind the CAMERA).

JACK
You a student?

COLLEGE KID
Um . . . um . . . yeah.
JACK
Oh, great. Where do you go to school?

COLLEGE KID
Um . . . uh . . . do I have to say?

JACK
No, no. Anyway. How'd you like to go round with Rollergirl? Have you seen her film work?

COLLEGE KID
. . . yeah . . . yeah I have.
(to Rollergirl)
We watch your films in my frat house. I go to CSUN. The fuckin' guys are never gonna believe this --

JACK
Alright . . . fantastic cool . . .

COLLEGE KID
I think we met once before, actually.

ROLLENGIRL
Really?

BEAT.

COLLEGE KID
I know you . . . we went to school together. We went to high school together. . . . you're Brandy, right?

Brandy's your name. Rollergirl looks caught. Jack looks surprised to hear this . . .

CUT TO:

161 EXT. STUDIO CITY/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Dirk is standing in an alleyway. HEADLIGHTS FLOAT ACROSS A WALL, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF DIRK. A small Toyota drives up and stops next to Dirk. A FIGURE inside the car speaks;

FIGURE
Hello.

DIRK
Hey.

FIGURE
Are you waiting for someone?
DIRK
... yeah. I'm waiting for someone.
I'm not sure if they're gonna show up
though.

FIGURE
You wanna wait in the car?

BEAT. Dirk gets into the Toyota. It drives about fifty yards down
the alley and makes a turn into --

CUT TO:

162 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT
The Toyota with Dirk pulls around and parks.

CUT TO:

163 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT
CAMERA holds a profile 2-shot on Dirk in the f.g. and the driver
in the b.g. The driver is a young SURFER kid in his late 20s.

SURFER
I'm Joe.

DIRK
Dirk.

(beat)
Do you know who I am?

SURFER
... No ...

DIRK
My name is Dirk Diggler.

SURFER
No ... I mean ... you're a guy ...
. I'm helping you out . . .

DIRK
Yeah.

SURFER
So ... what do you want to do?

DIRK
I'm ... it's what you want.

SURFER
... I wanna watch you. I mean, I'm
not gay. I just wanna. Maybe you can
jerk off a little and I can watch.
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:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

The limo is moving now. Jack is sitting behind the CAMERA. The LIGHT held above the Camcorder SHINES brightly on them.

Rollergirl and the College Kid struggle in the seat. He has some trouble removing his pants and she tries to help a little, but it's pretty obvious she's not enjoying this. Jack tries to coach them from the sidelines;

JACK
Alright, there, pal; make it look good, make it sexy -- don't just ram your way up and in there --

The College Kid doesn't respond.

JACK
Hey, hey, hey . . . take it slow and make it kinky, kid. C'mon. Think of Miss Lovely Rollergirl as a beautiful instrument that you need to play . . . c'mon now . . . slow down . . . Pretend you're just a wonderful stud, pretend you're a wonderful stud that's just ready to melt her pussy . . . hey, kid . . . ? Are you listening to me? Hey -- hey --

COLLEGE KID
Just let me do my thing, man.

JACK

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 CHARSES out of the limo TACKLING the College Kid to the Ground. He starts to BEAT the shit out of him . . .

CUT TO:

165 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - THAT MOMENT

Dirk zips his pants open. The Surfer kid's eyes watch closely. Dirk pulls out his cock and the Surfer kid looks surprised, speaks sotto;

SURFER
. . . holy shit . . . that's nice . . .
that's . . . big . . .

Dirk nods, looks down.
SURFER
Why don't you jerk it a little, get it hard? I wanna see it get hard.

Dirk's hand touches his cock and he starts to masturbate a little. The Surfer kid watches. CAMERA BEGINS A PAINFULLY SLOW ZOOM INTO PROFILE XCU.

ON DIRK.

SURFER
. . . maybe . . . do it harder . . .

Dirk does it harder and faster.

SURFER
Get your hand wet.

DIRK
. . . be quiet . . .

Dirk tries to do it faster and harder.

SURFER
. . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon...

Dirk tries harder and faster but only gets more frustrated. He verges on tears, looks to the Surfer Kid.

DIRK
I can't . . . I can't get it hard . . .
I can't. I'm sorry --

SUDDENLY:

A PICK-UP TRUCK carrying THREE PUNK KIDS SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES IN FRONT OF DIRK IN THE TOYOTA. Dirk looks up in shock, turns his head to the Surfer Kid who says;

SURFER
You shouldn't do this sort of thing, faggot.

Surfer PUNCHES Dirk in the face . . .

CUT TO:

166 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Jack continues to BEAT the College Kid and yell at him;

JACK
YOU HAVE SOME FUCKING RESPECT. YOU LITTLE PRICK. YOU HAVE SOME GODDAMN RESPECT FOR THAT GIRL. SHE'S A STAR, A WONDERFUL CHILD AND A STAR.
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

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 STREET, MOMENT LATER.

The WHITE LIMO drives PAST CAMERA LFT. HOLD, THEN; BUCK'S CAR
enters in CAMERA RT. And we PICK UP AND PAN with it into --

CUT TO:

168 EXT. DONUT SHOP/VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT

Buck's car pulls up and parks in front of the donut shop. CAMERA
DOLLIES IN CLOSE. Jessie is in the passenger seat, Buck leaves the
gine 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:

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Buck enters and looks at some donuts, helped by the DONUT BOY
behind the counter. A MIDDLE AGED MAN in a camouflage baseball hat
sits in the corner eating a donut and some coffee, reading 'Guns
and Ammo.'

DONUT BOY
Can I help you?

BUCK
Yeah . . . I'm gonna get a dozen . . .

The Donut Boy gets a box and Buck starts to point out;

BUCK
Lemme get two bear claws . . . apple
fritter . . . Two chocolate . . . two
sprinkles . . . gimme some of those
glazed . . . how many is that?

At that moment a PUERTO RICAN KID walks in, pulls a REVOLVER from
his pocket and points at the Donut Boy.

PUERTO RICAN KID
Empty the safe. Behind the soda
machine.

BUCK
Jesus Christ.

The Puerto Rican Kid SWINGS HIS AIM at Buck.
PUERTO RICAN KID
Don't talk . . . shut the fuck up . . .
(aims back at Donut Boy)
Okay . . . empty the safe . . .

Donut Boy starts to empty the safe, putting the money in a paper sack . . . Buck is frozen . . .

The MIDDLE AGED MAN in the corner reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an extremely BIG GUN . . .

The Middle Aged Man SHOOTS the Puerto Rican Kid in the BACK . . .

. . . the Puerto Rican Kid turns and returns FIRE, hitting the Middle Aged Man with a bullet in the FACE . . .

. . . The Middle Aged Man gets another wild SHOT off before he expires and that bullet hits the Donut Boy in the CHEST...

So: The Donut Boy is dead, The Puerto Rican Kid falls to the floor dead and the Middle Aged Man is face down dead in his donut and coffee . . .

Blood is ALL OVER Buck . . . he stands for a long moment...

CU. THE BAG OF MONEY ON THE FLOOR

CU. BUCK

He looks at it. SLOW ZOOM IN. BEAT.

Buck leans down, picks up the BAG FULL OF MONEY and walks out of the donut shop.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "One Last Thing"

INT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reed, Todd and Dirk sit around a table. Dirk is bandaged. Scotty J. is mingling around the background. CAMERA DOES A SLOW 360 AROUND THE TABLE.

TODD
Alright. I think this could be the thing. Something to help us score a little extra cash. I think if we decide to do this, we gotta be one hundred percent.

REED
I agree.
TODD
This guy's name is Rahad Jackson. He's got more money than God and twice as much coke, crack and smack. He'll buy just about anything anybody wants to sell him. He just likes people hanging out at his house and partying.

DIRK
How do you know him?

TODD
He used to come into Party Boys once in a while. Mutrix introduced me --

DIRK
And how would we do it, exactly? I mean, how would it all go down?

TODD
It's like this: I call him up, tell him I got half a key of quality stuff.

REED
Do you have his phone number?

TODD
Yeah. So we call him up, give him the price.

DIRK
How much?

TODD
Half a key for like . . . five thousand bucks. Split it three ways --

DIRK
That's enough to get my Vette fixed.

TODD
That's right. So we set up the deal, dump half a kilo of baking soda in a bag and walk over to his house -- BOOM. Right there -- this could be a nifty bit o' hustle-bustle.

REED
Do you have his address?

TODD
Fuckin', Reed, yeah I have his address, c'mon.

DIRK
What if he tests it out?
TODD
He won't.

DIRK
How do you know?

TODD
I know he won't. I'm positive. Believe me.

REED
It's a pretty good idea.

DIRK
I think we should go for it.

Scotty J. comes over to the table.

SCOTTY J.
You guys should be careful with this.

DIRK
Scotty?

SCOTTY J.
What?

DIRK
Just . . . y'know . . . mind yer own business.

SCOTTY J.
Sorry.

ECU - Baking soda poured in a plastic bag.

ECU - The plastic bag wrapped in a brown paper sack.

ECU - Dirk's car keys grabbed off the table.

CUT TO:

171 OMITTED

172 EXT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Corvette pulls up in front of a tacky one-story house in the hills of Studio City. The Corvette stops and CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK. Dirk, Reed, Todd sit in the parked car. In sotto;

DIRK
Okay.

TODD
You guys ready for this?
TODD
Dirk?

DIRK
Me? Yeah . . . yeah, I'm ready. I was born ready.

TODD
Alright.

Todd takes out a .45 AUTOMATIC PISTOL and loads a cartridge.

DIRK
What the fuck is that?

TODD
It's a big gun.

DIRK
I know, but why?

TODD
Just in case, just in case. Let's go.

They pile out of the damaged Corvette and walk up. CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows them.

REED
I'm nervous.

TODD
It'll be okay.

REED
Let's get in and out, in and out.

TODD
Not too quick -- that looks suspicious. Lemme do the talking --

They arrive and ring the doorbell.

CUT TO:

173 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

A really big fat black BODYGUARD comes to the door and opens up:

BODYGUARD
Hello. Come on in.

The bodyguard leads them down a hall and into a tacky and spacious, sunken LIVING ROOM.
They're greeted by a man in a silk robe, slightly open to show some bikini briefs and a thin sheen of sweat covering his body: RAHAD JACKSON (late 40s).

Off in a corner of the room, a YOUNG ASIAN KID is casually throwing some FIRECRACKERS around. Rahad is DANCING around by himself to NIGHT RANGER, "SISTER CHRISTIAN." He spots the men;

RAHAD
Hello, friends. Which one is Todd?

TODD
That's me. We met before at the club --

RAHAD
Oh, yeah. Come on in here.

TODD
These are my friends Dirk and Reed.

RAHAD
Great to meet you. You guys want something to drink -- or a pill -- or some coke -- or some dope?

DIRK/REED/TODD
No thank you, thanks, no.

RAHAD
So what do we have, we have, something, yeah?

TODD
Here it is . . . half a key . . . it's really good, if you wanna test it out --

RAHAD
Oh, wait a minute, I love this part:
(sings along)
"SISTER CHRISTIAN, THERE'S SO MUCH IN LIFE, DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE . . . IT'S TRUE!"
(to Dirk)
This song is so amazing. Anyway: What's the price?

TODD
We were thinking five thousand.

RAHAD
That's good. No problem, cool, cool.

The Bodyguard brings over a PAPER BAG FULL OF CASH and hands the bag to Todd in exchange for the PAPER BAG FULL OF BAKING SODA.
Reed watches the Bodyguard take the bag and notices something. REED'S POV: a SHOULDER HOLSTER holds a .45 Automatic Pistol. Rahad does an air guitar solo to the Night Ranger song . . . he walks across the room, picks up a COKE PIPE and looks to the guys;

RAHAD
You wanna play baseball?

DIRK/REED/TODD
No thank you.

Rahad strokes the pipe while dancing. Dirk looks across to an open bedroom door.

DIRK'S POV: Through the crack in the door, we can see a bloody, battered YOUNG BLACK WOMAN in a silk robe . . . she's followed by another YOUNG WHITE GIRL in nothing.

RAHAD (OC)
Check this out --

He takes out a nickel plated REVOLVER and loads a single bullet, spins the chamber and puts it to his head and sings;

RAHAD
SISTER CHRISTIAN -- OH THE TIME HAS COME . . . AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY . . . OK . . .

He pulls the trigger . . . Click . . . he smiles and casually speaks;

RAHAD
I put a mix tape together of all my favorite songs . . . This is song number three . . . I love putting mix tapes together, you know . . . if you buy an album or tape or something, those guys put the songs in their order and they try and say how you should listen to the songs, but I don't like that. I don't like to be told what to listen to, when to listen to or anything . . .

The Night Ranger song FADES OUT . . . BEAT . . . Rahad smiles at the Asian Kid who's casually throwing some firecrackers around.

RAHAD
(to Dirk/Reed/Todd)
He's Chinese . . . he loves to set off firecrackers . . .

REO SPEEDWAGON, "CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING," begins to play.
RAHAD
I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANY LONGER
AND YET I'M STILL AFRAID TO LET IT
FLOW. WHAT STARTED OUT AS FRIENDSHIP
HAS GROWN STRONGER -- I ONLY WISH I HAD
THE STRENGTH TO LET IT SHOW --

DIRK
Well . . . I think maybe . . . we
ter 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

Reed and Dirk make a dash for the Corvette -- they're steps away when a SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS INTO THE PASSENGER'S SIDE DOOR --
Reed heads away from the car -- makes a run diagonally across the street for shelter behind some SHRUBS and TREES -- (he gets lost from CAMERA)

Dirk gets around to the driver's side of the Corvette, shielded and crouched -- he opens the door and starts to get in --

ANOTHER SHOT BLOWS THE PASSENGER'S SIDE WINDOW OUT.

GLASS SPRAYS IN HIS EYES AND HIS HAND SLIPS DOWN, RELEASING THE EMERGENCY BRAKE OF THE CAR -- WHICH BEGINS TO ROLL DOWN THE STREET-

Dirk stumbles back from the car. He looks to the house:

Rahad is about to FIRE the shotgun again . . .

. . . he looks down the street: the Corvette is ROLLING away and picking up speed as it goes down the hill --

Dirk gets on his feet and makes a run for the car, Rahad FIRES . . .

. . . . Dirk catches up with the car, hops in -- gets the key in the ignition and starts it up, peels off down the street --

CUT TO:

175 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk pulls around and stops a moment. He looks around -- he looks back in his rearview mirror.

DIRK
Fuck -- Fuck -- Fuck.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. STREET NEARBY - THAT MOMENT

Reed is running FULL-SPEED down a residential street, in and out of backyards and over fences, dodging attack dogs, etc.

CUT TO:

177 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

RAHAD storms around his house, the SHOTGUN in his hand. The two battered YOUNG WOMEN are shaking and shivering in a corner --

RAHAD
What the fuck . . . what the fuck . . .
what the fuck.
Rahad rants and raves incoherently, sets down the shotgun for a moment to take a hit from his crack pipe. A DISCO song is playing LOUDLY and Rahad is dancing. HOLD, THEN:

ANGLE, A WALL IN THE HOUSE

a red flash hits the wall . . . then a blue flash hits the wall.

ANGLE, RAHAD

he looks at the wall and sees the red-blue flash.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON RAHAD. He smiles.

More RED-BLUE FLASHES hit the house and the SOUNDS of POLICE ACTION start to BUILD . . .

RAHAD

It's coming down, coming down.

. . . RAHAD PICKS UP THE SHOTGUN, SMASHES THE WINDOW AND FIRES OFF A SHOT TOWARDS THE OC POLICE ACTION . . .

. . . OC POLICE FIRE BACK ABOUT ONE MILLION BULLETS THAT RIP INTO RAHAD, SENDING HIM BACK, STUMBLING ACROSS THE HOUSE, FURTHER AND FURTHER . . . BULLETS RIP INTO THE TWO GIRLS, KILLING THEM.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, STRAIGHT DOWN:

Rahad's dead body falls next to Todd's dead body . . . a BEAT later, the Asian Kid finally falls over, face down next to them . . .

QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:

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

HOLD CU. ON DIRK. He's driving fast. Paranoid and freaked. The car starts to sputter . . . slows . . . Dirk panics when he sees the gas tank . . . ECU. The Gas Tank Display. The orange needle is on, "E."

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "Fourteen Miles Later"
181 EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - DAWN (LATER)

Dirk's car is out of gas. He pushes the car off the main boulevard and down a side street.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. SIDE STREET - THAT MOMENT

Dirk pushes his car down a small cul-de-sac, hops in and pulls the emergency brake.

He looks around a moment. HOLD. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON HIS FACE. He looks at the street signs.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, INTERSECTION.

Dirk walks to the middle of the intersection and looks up at the signposts. It reads, "Troost Street."

He walks down this street, looking at the houses. He walks a full two blocks down, stops, looks: He's standing in front of his PARENTS HOUSE. It looks just the same.

A young PAPERBOY rides past and throws the paper, hitting Dirk in the head. He hesitates, then walks up the steps;

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON THE DOOR, LANDS IN A CU. OVER HIS SHOULDER. He knocks. Moments later . . . the door opens; A young woman in a bathrobe with a BABY on her hip opens the door. This is SHERYL LYNN, who we met earlier.

SHERYL LYNN

Yes?

DIRK

. . . hello.

SHERYL LYNN

Can I help you?

BEAT.

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie . . . ? Eddie.

Dirk hesitates a moment, then recognizes Sheryl Lynn.

DIRK

. . . what are you doing here? Where's my mother?

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie . . . I can't believe it . . .
DIRK
. . . I'm looking for my mother . . .
I'm looking for my father and mother.

SHERYL LYNN
Eddie, honey . . . my God . . . you just . . .

DIRK
Why are you in this house? I don't want to see you, I want my mother.

SHERYL LYNN
I live here now. With my husband.

DIRK
Where's my mom?

SHERYL LYNN
You should come in --

BEAT. HOLD CU. ON DIRK.

DIRK
No . . . no. Jesus Christ, I know what you're gonna say --

SHERYL LYNN
Eddie, I can tell you what happened, just let me tell you inside here --

DIRK
Just tell me. Just tell me.

SHERYL LYNN
They passed . . . last May --

The baby starts to cry. Dirk doesn't move;

DIRK
. . . how . . . ?

SHERYL LYNN
Eddie, come inside right now, please.

DIRK
YOU TELL ME, LADY.

SHERYL LYNN
There was no way to find you, to get in touch with you. To tell you all these things --

DIRK
TELL ME RIGHT NOW, YOU.
SHERYL LYNN
Eddie, it was out of the blue and there was a man and he was speeding and he was drunk and they didn't--

CUT TO:

183 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

A little Station Wagon enters the intersection with the right of way but is IMMEDIATELY AND POWERFULLY CRUNCHED by a SPEEDING MALIBU that barrels into the intersection.

The STATION WAGON is THROWN fifty yards away. A HORN blows...

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE STATION WAGON. Dirk's MOTHER and FATHER are SOAKED IN BLOOD.

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE SPEEDING MALIBU. Half in/half through the windshield of this car is JOHNNY DOE.

QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:

184 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Back to the scene. HOLD ON DIRK.

SHERYL LYNN
It was just some drunk kid, Eddie.

DIRK
-- why do you live here?

SHERYL LYNN
My husband and I bought this house.

DIRK
Why? Why did you do that?

SHERYL LYNN
Eddie, please--

DIRK
This is my house. THIS IS MY HOUSE. What the fuck? What the fuck are you doing here? I don't want to see you, I need to see my mother. I want my mother.

CUT TO:

185 INT. SHERYL LYNN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA HOLDS IN THE KITCHEN. Sheryl Lynn makes breakfast with the baby on her hip. Her HUSBAND sits nearby in his bathrobe, watching the situation and keeping quiet.
Dirk is on the phone in the living room. WE HEAR ONLY MUFFLED BITS FROM HIS CONVERSATION.

DIRK
(into phone)
... Scotty. It's Dirk ... yeah ...
... yeah ... lemme talk to him ... Reed ... yeah. Yeah.
(beat)
Are you sure ...? Yeah, okay ... in a little ...

Dirk hangs up, looks at Sheryl Lynn and her husband.

SHERYL LYNN
Is everything alright?

Dirk nods. She sets him up with a cup of coffee.

SHERYL LYNN
You made something of yourself, Eddie.

She smiles, nods, points to the living room.

SHERYL LYNN
I have all of your tapes ... I've seen all of your films ... I knew you'd do something special with it ...

Dirk looks and sees that she has a collection of about 100 videotapes on a shelf ... the Husband looks a little depressed ... the Baby cries ...

DOLLY IN A LITTLE ON DIRK

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MORNING (LATER)

CAMERA holds on the hallway that looks towards the front door. It opens slowly and Dirk steps inside. He takes his sunglasses off and stands a moment.

OC we hear some noises coming from the kitchen. Sounds of someone cooking something. The SOUND from the television.

A few moments pass and Jack enters the HALLWAY and FRAME. Jack and Dirk stand a moment, looking at each other in silence. Dirk looks down, fiddles with his sunglasses, loses it;

DIRK
Can you please help me?

HOLD.

CUT TO:
187 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk has broken down in Jack's arms. Jack hugs him and pets his head. AMBER enters, brings Dirk a glass of water and sits next to them on the couch.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN SLOW.

    JACK
    It's alright, boy. It's alright.

FADE OUT.

188 EXT. DOORWAY - DAY "SEQUENCE "E" CAMERA HOLDS ON A DOORWAY.

Buck steps out, dressed in a BREAK DANCER outfit, looks INTO CAMERA:

    BUCK
    Did I hear somebody say DEALS?

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK TO REVEAL the store front of "BUCK'S SUPER COOL STEREO STORE," with a huge banner that reads, "Grand Opening."

    BUCK
    This weekend and this weekend only
    Buck's Super Cool Stereo World is
    making Super-Cool Deals on ALL name
    brands.

REVERSE ANGLE: AMBER and KURT LONGJOHN are standing next to a VIDEO CAMERA, filming a COMMERCIAL for Buck's store.

    BUCK
    We're open, we're ready -- all you need
    to do is walk over, get down and come
    inside us --

    AMBER
    Cut. Excellent.

CUT TO:

189 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON ROLLERGIRL. She's sitting at a desk, deep in the middle of taking the GED test. She starts to drift, looking out the window . . . then back to the test.

CUT TO:
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:

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:

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:

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.
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"

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:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Dirk is sitting in a jean costume, script in front of him for the new film, working on the lines. He's cleaned up a bit, hair slicked back. He looks in the mirror;

DIRK
I've been around this block twice
looking for something . . . a clue.
I've been looking for clues and
something led me back here . . . yeah .
. . so here I am.
(beat)
Coulda been me who was at Ringo's place
when the shit went down . . .
(beat)
Hey . . . I know how it is . . . cause
I been there . . . we've all done bad
things . . . . We all have those guilty
feelings in our hearts . . . you wanna
take your brain out of your head and
wash it and scrub it and make it clean
. . . well no.
(beat)
But I'm gonna help you settle this ...
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