

"BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS"

Screenplay

by

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from an

Original Story and Treatment

by

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"BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS"

FADE IN

1

EXT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT (USING DAY-FOR-NIGHT TECHNIQUE)

The TITLES are superimposed over the opening SHOT.

From a high vantage point a helicopter-mounted camera hovers some distance out to sea. A stretch of a half-mile or so of beachfront is visible in the distance. The sea is calm tonight; the sky is clear. The only light comes from an uncertain moon. As the camera slowly moves toward shore and descends, it becomes clear that one rambling beachfront home is the center of attention. The home is quite isolated from others along the beach; it is set by itself in the midst of considerable foliage and a large grounds area. The camera systematically explores the layout. There is a large main house, a smaller garden house separate from the main dwelling, and a parking area. Although the house faces on the beach, there may also be a swimming pool-patio area.

In the stillness, underlined by brooding and eerie music, the estate assumes a menacing quality. As the camera begins to fill its frame with the house proper, an ear-splitting SCREAM rends the air, and a frenzied figure bursts out of a patio door. It is pursued by another figure brandishing what appears to be a samurai-style sword. It glints in the moonlight. The pursued figure runs toward the beach, closely followed by the sword-carrier.

CUT ON ACTION to a LOW ANGLE stationary position. The pursued figure stumbles and falls, and the other figure looms over it. The camera sees a bizarrely-dressed, disheveled, unrecognizable assassin. Grasping his sword by the hilt, he plunges it down several times into the abdomen and chest of his victim. There are horrendous screams and death gurgles. Leaving the sword embedded upright in the chest, the assassin runs catlike back into the beachfront home. The lifeless body of his victim is motionless at the edge of the sea.

Using SUBJECTIVE CAMERA, the audience runs with the assassin, seeing everything now from his P.O.V. Carefully and quietly the camera enters the house.

2

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The interior is essentially illuminated by moonlight, but a source light comes as a shaft from the hallway or bedroom. The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA moves across the room, approaches a desk, and shows the hand of the assassin extend from bottom frame, open a drawer and extract a Luger pistol. The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA moves out of the

Cont.

2 Cont.

living room, down the hallway and into a moonlit bedroom. The bed holds a woman, sprawled in disarray, with the illusion of total nudity. It is impossible to clearly discern who the slumbering figure is. Carefully, the SUBJECTIVE camera mounts or straddles the figure, which begins to stir from a deep, drug-influenced sleep. In EXTREME CLOSEUP, showing only the muzzle and several square inches of flesh, the muzzle slowly traces its course up the entire length of the figure, passing through the valley between the breasts (but in such XCU that the nipple area is not revealed).

Reaching the mouth, the muzzle is gently pressed between the lips of the slowly-stirring figure. The lips respond and form a vague, nearly inaudible word. The muzzle now gently enters the mouth, which instinctively reacts to its phallic-like action until nearly the entire muzzle is consumed, slowly and provocatively.

Now, gently, the muzzle guides the mouth and face to a position looking straight up. Finally the cold steel makes an impression. The lips arrest their action; the mouth begins to retch; the eyes snap open; they reflect terror; the camera holds for a moment of dramatic impact. All of the foregoing is photographed with a MACRO lens in XCU in order to conceal the identity of the victim, as well as for dramatic impact.

SMASH CUT to a CLOSEUP of a huge, terrified, distorted female face screaming in horror.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. SENIOR PROM - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of the ecstatic face of a hard-rock singer, which becomes visible as her head moves to block spotlights behind or to the side of her. KELLY MacNAMARA is a wild thing with long, untamed hair and a ripe body. She is in the midst of a driving song.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT establishing KELLY as the lead singer and guitarist in a rock trio. The other girls are PETRONELLA DANFORTH (everybody calls her "Pet"), a stunningly beautiful black drummer; and CASEY ANDERSON, on rhythm guitar, who combines great physical beauty with an unshakable aura of innocence.

An ESTABLISHING SHOT reveals the location as a Senior Prom. A banner over the stage of a high school gym announces the fact. It is a typically awkward prom;

Cont.

3 Cont.

SHOTS from various angles show the boys miserable in their rented tuxedos and the girls grim in their strapless gowns.

CUT to a series of shots as the TRIO continues its song. It seems out of place here. It is simply too good, too hard-driving and sensual. And that is largely because of KELLY MacNAMARA's singing style. Her voice implies a frank sexuality and inexhaustible reserves of energy; she could be a Janis Joplin but she is still too young, too fresh. Like the other girls, she looks to be a year or two either side of 19. But her voice sounds older, and as she pivots along the imaginary balance line of her guitar, it becomes clear she's into a moment of truth on stage. The girls are right behind her, forcing the beat, pushing it.

SHOTS, some from the stage looking down at the audience, others from floor level, show the couples as they stop dancing and cluster around the stage. They sway together, clapping, awakened for the moment from their lethargy.

CUT to a CLOSEUP PAN SHOT, right to left, showing first an overweight mother and then two weatherbeaten fathers. They are chaperones at the Prom.

MOTHER (P.T.A. type)

(offended; turns to husband)

A disgrace. Absolutely disgusting.

HUSBAND

(nods solemnly; turns to the man next to him. His eyes are on the stage, his voice reflective)

I'd like to cut that.

PAN SHOT concludes with the other man, eyes also on stage, pursing his lips as he nods in agreement.

CUT to MEDIUM SHOT on stage. The set is over and the TRIO is securing its instruments in preparation for a break. KELLY is sweating but exhilarated; PET and CASEY look tired. A high school SCIENCE TEACHER wheels a portable audio-visual-aid cart onto stage. It has a stereo set on it, and a stack of records on the shelf below. He unplugs one of the TRIO's electric guitars and plugs in the stereo. He looks 50ish and square.

4

CLOSEUP - SCIENCE TEACHER

TEACHER (Paul Lynde type)

(holds record to
read label)

Great, girls! Of course, rock-and-
roll isn't my poison, but...

(places record on
stereo, looks out
over audience)

Time for a change of pace, eh? Remem-
ber when I was young. The fast tunes
were okay, but there was nothing like
a slow one to snuggle to...

CUT to SHOT of the TRIO prepared to leave the stage as
the TEACHER starts the record. It is a slow melody by
Mantovani. Showing exasperation, KELLY puffs out her
cheeks and lets off steam as PET smiles in sympathy.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - SCHOOL PARKING LOT

The TRIO piles into the large, muddy car: KELLY in back,
PET and CASEY in front. The group's name is painted on
the doors: "The Kelly Affair."

INT. CAR - NIGHT

KELLY

(sprawled in back seat)

Now I know what was bugging those
kids. Poisoned by Mantovani.

PET

(looks over back
seat)

...who makes Lawrence Welk sound like
Jimi Hendrix.

The back door opens and KELLY is joined by HARRIS ALLSWORTH,
the group's manager. He holds a white envelope.

HARRIS

(holding it up)

Blood money. Three hundred bucks.

HARRIS slips the envelope into his pocket. He's about
the same age as the girls, maybe slightly older. He wears
bell-bottoms, long hair, rimless gold-tinted shades. He
leans forward over the seat and automatically turns on
the car radio. Then he slips a flat gold case out of

Cont.

5 Cont.

his pocket, extracts a joint, lights it, and passes it to KELLY. She takes a deep drag and holds her breath as she passes it up to PET.

KELLY
(finally exhaling)
One more high school hop and I
split.

HARRIS
(reasonably)
It's bread, Kelly.

KELLY
(eyes closed, head
back against seat
in exasperation -
almost speaking to
herself)
And you know what else it is? It's
the frebe circuit. You can't even
breathe in there...Right Guard and
Feminique!

CASEY laughs. From her position behind the wheel she leans forward and tunes the car radio to a Top 40 station. It plays an instrumental rock-blues that will continue during the scene. CUT to PET who begins talking as she passes the joint to CASEY.

PET
Don't laugh, Casey. Now dig this
-- it's your Senior Prom night and
you got the curse.

They all laugh, sharing an easy camaraderie. The joint is passed from CASEY back to HARRIS, who inhales and passes it again to KELLY.

CUT to a relatively CLOSE SHOT in the back seat where KELLY is curled up close to HARRIS. She reaches out, takes the joint, inhales, reaches it up to HARRIS, and snuggles closer.

KELLY
(beginning to
feel the pot's
first effects)
I don't know. Like maybe all you
need is love.
(giggles)

Cont.

5 Cont.1

CUT to PET who looks back over the seat and tactfully assesses the situation.

PET
(now looks toward
CASEY)
Come on, Casey, let's split.

HARRIS
(nuzzles Kelly)
We still got time.

PET
I think I'll go back in anyway.
(wants to leave them
alone; jocular)
The principal's gonna hit me with
a couple caps of acid.
(to CASEY)
You coming?

CASEY
I'm with you, baby.

CASEY, the quiet one, has the joint again by now. She takes a last drag, exhales, and turns to pass it back to HARRIS. In this position she looks at the couple in the back seat, as HARRIS reaches for the joint while fondly nuzzling KELLY. CASEY, curiously, seems both fascinated and repelled by their intimacy. The GIRLS leave.

CUT to KELLY and HARRIS, still snuggled together in a corner of the big back seat. HARRIS kisses her gently on the forehead and passes her the joint. She takes one last drag. HARRIS holds out the slim gold box and she carefully stubs out the end inside it. Then KELLY tilts her head up and kisses HARRIS on the lips. He delicately trails his fingers in the near area of her breast. Scooting into a slightly different position, she traces the seam of his bell-bottoms.

CUT to an angle taking in the two-thirds of the seat farthest away from the camera. HARRIS slides KELLY down into the classic back-seat position. CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY's face over HARRIS' shoulder. Pull it back slightly to show HARRIS occupied in the usual sequence of make-out operations; he has his arm beneath her and is trying single-handedly to undo her bra snap.

HARRIS
(making a joke of it)
They ought to design these things
like pop-top cans.

Cont.

5 Cont.2

KELLY

(softly)

Harris?

HARRIS

(preoccupied)

Edge up a little, will ya?

KELLY

(scoots up; as HARRIS
finally undoes her bra
catch)

Harris? Are you trying to make love
to me?

(beat)

The SHOT looks over HARRIS's shoulder from about the level of the top of the front seat. KELLY is now flat on her back on the seat, and HARRIS is on his side, his back toward us, trying not to fall off the seat. His right hand was underneath her, but now he brings it around to the front, works it under her loosened bra, and begins to caress her breast, not too obviously, and out of frame.

HARRIS

(still preoccupied)

Hell, no.

He brings his free hand out from beneath the blouse, trying to unbutton it.

KELLY

(not turned on by
his clumsiness)

Then what are you trying to do?

HARRIS

(having freed a few
buttons; still pre-
occupied)

Trying not to.

KELLY

(intercepts his hand
with her own; softly)

Well if you want to make love, then
let's make love.

HARRIS

(halts all operations)

Here?

Cont.

5 Cont.3

KELLY

(tauntingly)

Where else? In there on the stage?

The camera moves in slowly to limit the image to an EXTREME CLOSEUP of KELLY's face, framed by part of HARRIS's profile.

HARRIS

(taken aback)

Kee-ris, Kelly -- make it in a car in a high school parking lot?

CUT TO:

6

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

And to a new angle also showing their heads in CLOSEUP, so that it would appear they are still in the car.

KELLY

(entirely new, voluptuous tone of voice)

Why not?

The camera slowly draws back, revealing that they are in a bed and that HARRIS is making love to her. As the scene deepens, the location can be identified as a motel room.

There is another double bed in the room, with PET and CASEY asleep in it. Like many rock groups on their way up, this one has communal living practices. There is no implication of lesbianism; each girl is on her own side of the bed and apparently in deep slumber.

This scene will occasionally use voice-over dialogue, during a low-key lovemaking sequence between HARRIS and KELLY. Their bodies move slowly on the bed, partially concealed by a sheet, primarily in CLOSEUP. The dialogue has continued without interruption or obvious change in sound quality from the car seat to the motel bed: a smooth segue.

HARRIS

(in the throes of amour)

Well, you just can't that's all. You can get busted, and slapped in the Iron Hotel.

(beat)

Or you can waste yourself on the driveshaft.

Cont.

6 Cont.

KELLY

(her words are strong,
but her voice is soft
and appropriate for
love)

Harris -- you're so damned straight.
It's the whole scene I'm fed up
with. I've had it with the Senior
Proms of this world.

HARRIS

(making love; a
throwaway line)

Kelly, you're stoned.

CUT to CLOSEUP of KELLY, who has her fingers twined in
his hair and is gently pulling at his earlobe with her
teeth.

KELLY

(whispers directly
into his ear)

So maybe I'm stoned. Harris --
tomorrow morning...we split for
the Coast.

HARRIS

(twists to run his
lips across hers, and
brushes her lips as
he speaks; continues
lovemaking)

There's gotta be ten thousand
groups hanging around L.A., looking
for a gig. Man, we'd get crushed!

KELLY pushes her lips up against HARRIS's to stop him
from talking. CUT to a head-on shot of the two of them,
as with a playful growl she rolls completely over in
bed so she is on top. Her face is framed by her long
hair as she looks down at him.

KELLY

(plaintively)

Harris?

It becomes apparent that HARRIS is approaching climax.
But he is determined to continue the conversation. His
breathing grows deeper, and his sentences are broken.

Cont.

6 Cont.1

HARRIS

Here at least we're eating -- we
get a lot of good--jobs--Kelly--I
mean--out there-- We oughta hang in...

But now his time has come, and he pulls her tightly down on top of him. Still with the head-on CLOSE SHOT, KELLY thrusts her head back, her eyes tightly closed, and the camera moves in to just her face as she says one word the way she would say it, each syllable drawn from the soul, if she were having an orgasm and didn't want to to awaken anyone else in the room.

KELLY

(it is a question
to HARRIS)

Cal...i...for...nia?

(she collapses at
his side. After a
suitable interval:)

Harris. Tomorrow we split.

His answer is a half-audible mumble. CUT to a shot with KELLY in the f.g. and HARRIS, his back to the camera, in the b.g. KELLY's wide-open eyes and the restless expression on her face indicate she is dissatisfied with HARRIS's attitude -- and apparently his love-making as well. Now she rolls onto her side, facing the camera. Her eyes look straight ahead at something she sees only in her mind. She rolls onto her back again, still unsettled, and brushes a strand of hair away from her face. Then, quietly, so as not to wake anyone, she gets out of bed.

CUT to MEDIUM SHOT, following KELLY as she gets out of bed and walks toward the motel window. She is strongly framed in the backlight, which outlines her total nudity.

CUT to her face, illuminated by the moonlight, as she looks out the window. Now that same song -- the one from the car radio -- begins again. It has the far-away, tinny sound of a signal from a distant station; it comes from another room in the motel. KELLY turns half away from the window and looks back at the bed where HARRIS is sleeping. CUT to show the two beds in the room, then back to the CLOSE SHOT of KELLY. She views the slumbering, satisfied HARRIS with mixed emotions; once again her body has been employed without thought for her sensual well-being. Indifferently, her gaze falls upon CASEY and PET -- both unaware of the intimacies of the preceding moments. Then KELLY's gaze returns to HARRIS.

Cont.

6 Cont.2

Curious TRANSITIONAL MUSIC begins to develop, as the far-away melody gives way to an exaggerated organ rendition, religious in nature.

A distorted VISUAL MONTAGE envelops the events of the night: The senior prom, the activities in the car, the crude attempt at love-making by HARRIS. KELLY's face, now tear-streaked, illustrates her sexual dissatisfaction.

Discordant dialogue and rock music (minor in key, quasi-religious in impact) are VOICE OVER. The emotional face and rim-lighted nude body of KELLY are INTERCUT with the lifeless body of the slumbering HARRIS. Concurrently with these visual effects, the sound track registers the sonorous tones -- almost inaudible at first -- of a sanctimonious preacher's voice. It takes some time, reciting platitudes, before individual words can be distinguished.

PREACHER (v.o.)

(an inadequate but
well-intentioned funeral
sermon; this part not
yet fully audible)

...time in the life of every family
when a tragic event such as this
brings us all closer to the funda-
mental meaning of life. For what
is life, my friends? A brief spark,
a few brief years, a quick passage
on this planet Earth. And if we
know so little about our own planet --
this valley of shadow -- then think
how much less we know about the great,
mysterious universe ruled by one whose
merciful and yet terrible majesty
caused us to be created.

(the last few words or
so have been slightly
more audible, still
with the rock-organ
theme)

And so, we gather here today as we
have gathered before, our busy lives
interrupted by the reminder that all
our earthly concerns are but grains
of sand, compared with the tremendous
and awe-inspiring journey which the
departed now undertakes. For she
goes to lands we cannot guess, to
spheres beyond our mortal realm,
there to sit in the company of the
Almighty forevermore...

Cont.

PREACHER (Cont.)

(and now the words are
fully audible; the
voice pauses and then
strikes a note of
finality)

The members of the family may now
rise and pay their final respects to
the departed.

During the final audible lines, there is a TRANSITION from the motel room to the austerity of a small country church. KELLY and HARRIS are the focal points. KELLY's visual transformation evolves from back-lighted nudity to way-out mod attire. The body of HARRIS, in a similar photographic transition, now becomes the form (contained in a drab casket) of KELLY'S MOTHER. The relative positions of the figures remain unchanged as the motel room becomes a church. The transformation becomes complete just as the preacher asks the family to step forward.

INT. SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The roof of the church is angled almost surrealistically. This effect is heightened by KELLY's costume: She wears a dress made out of the Union Jack, and enormous round shades. Also incongruously, the religious music on the organ develops into a strong rock song.

KELLY is the only member of the family, and just as alone as during her reverie in the motel room. Behind her, the motel room window has been replaced by one of stained glass. KELLY approaches the casket at the foot of the altar, and the shot reveals an empty pulpit -- not even the preacher is in the church. As KELLY moves, there is a CUT on action to accomplish the costume change. Now KELLY's face is impassive, reflecting the similar quality in her mother's. CUT to the MOTHER's face: It is, in fact, KELLY's -- but suitably aged and grayed to form a deathly pallor.

The rock music continues on the organ, the tempo increasing but the volume fading somewhat so that it provides an incongruous background for the flat, emotionless voice of KELLY'S MOTHER. CUTS alternate between the faces of the MOTHER and daughter as KELLY learns of her past.

The following narration by the MOTHER is intended only to give a notion of the MOTHER's story, and the style in which she will tell it. The prose will be re-written in cooperation with the musical consultant, to achieve a passage that is half-lyrical, half in tempo with the rock music, yet strangely apart from it: the meeting of life and death, the past and the present.

Cont.

6 Cont.4

MOTHER (v.o.)

You aren't alone, you know.

Not alone.

Not all alone.

I was a member once

of a family...

a good family...

wealthy...

New England...

stuck-up...

that type family.

Until you came along, Kelly.

No, before then.

Happened before,

when I got pregnant.

My first mistake,

according to them.

The second --

your father.

(half chuckles,

hollowly)

That Boston Irishman,

at sea half the time...

half at sea all of the time...

My family didn't approve.

Didn't like him.

Not their type.

It's your family now.

They disowned me.

Didn't approve

of the big, brawny bog-trotter.

Remember him?

A little, you do.

Died when you were five.

Even then

I let the relatives

stew in their juice.

I could have contacted them.

Never did.

Never wanted to.

Too proud, I guess.

You got that much from me.

But that's in the past.

All in the past now.

I'll be gone by morning.

So listen good, Kelly.

I'll tell you a secret...

You're not alone.

There's one left.

One left from that big old family.

She's your aunt, though

You've never met her.

Cont.

6 Cont.5

MOTHER (Cont.)

Lives in California.
Inherited the family fortune,
whatever was left.
Part of it should be yours,
by rights.
One left...your aunt...California...Anne Welles.

During this monologue the camera angles have gradually revealed the bizarre nature of the scene. KELLY's costume, the empty pulpit, the exaggerated architecture of the church -- all create a surrealistic effect. As the MOTHER's voice nears the end of its story, SHOTS of KELLY's face evolve a transition from the death-mask KELLY to the emotionless KELLY to the moved and sorrowful KELLY to the animated KELLY. These SHOTS alternate with the SHOTS of the bizarre church interior. The TRANSITION is in tempo with the building force of the rock music on the organ, which swells up again.

SMASH TRANSITION TO:

7 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - DAY

MATCH CUT the sorrowful KELLY to the joyous KELLY, singing. She is looking straight ahead out the windshield of the speeding auto, taking the TRIO to California. The organ music, not missing a beat, segues into a boisterous, fully instrumented version of the same melody. The music apparently comes from the car radio, and the TRIO sings over it. Everyone is happy but the pensive HARRIS.

The car INTERIORS alternate with travelogue-type RUN-BYS, representing the changing terrain of the country. The vocal continues throughout the travel sequence. Visuals clearly establish the fact that the Lincoln is crossing the United States. At the end of the sequence, the car comes down off a freeway ramp and pulls into the parking lot of a motel. HARRIS reaches over to snap off the radio, and realistic sound returns.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY OR EARLY EVENING

The HOTEL MANAGER, a dour, sour, unpleasant-looking little man, stands behind his counter as if it were his last bulwark against the customers of this world. He looks up suspiciously as HARRIS enters the garish motel lobby, and then looks at the TRIO of girls in the Lincoln parked just outside.

Cont.

8 Cont.

MANAGER

(hostile)

Help you?

HARRIS

(enters the shot,
leans against the
counter matter-of-
factly)

We'd like a room.

HARRIS accidentally brushes over a display box of
Diners Club applications. The MANAGER takes infinite
care in restoring the display before he replies.

MANAGER

(sees himself as a witty
fellow; sarcastically)

A room?

(referring to the girls)

One room?

HARRIS

(evenly)

With two double beds.

The MANAGER's eyes travel past HARRIS to the three girls
outside, and then warily back again.

MANAGER

(insinuating)

Let you have two double rooms with
a bath -- a door in between.

HARRIS

(evenly)

We'd just as soon settle for the
one room.

MANAGER

(pushes a registration
form and a pen across
the counter)

Just sign in, son.

(reads upside-
down)

What's your form of payment --
credit card or cash?

HARRIS

Cash. How much you need?

Cont.

8 Cont.1

MANAGER

(crafty)

Depends on how many will occupy
the room.

The MANAGER aims a significant gaze at the car outside.

HARRIS

(beginning to
lose patience)

Four, altogether.

MANAGER

(nods at the car)

That them?

HARRIS

(a shade defiantly,
takes the pen and
writes some more)

Yes, sir. We have Miss MacNamara...
and Miss Danforth...and Miss Anderson.

MANAGER

(his voice dry
and neutral)

Sixteen dollars even money. Pay
in advance.

(looks over keys
hanging on a board)

Give you room 132. Nice double,
overlooks the parking lot.

HARRIS counts money out of his billfold, accepts a
receipt and the key, and exits the lobby.

CUT to the MANAGER following him across the lobby and
looking out the window for a closer view of the TRIO.
His expression is lecherous.

Cont.

8 Cont.2

CUT to a shot with KELLY in f.g., seen through the window on her side of the frnt seat. HARRIS, in b.g., leans to look through the window on the driver's side.

HARRIS

Well, we've got walls. Now all we need is your long-lost Aunt What's-Her-Name.

KELLY

Anne Welles. Her name is Anne Welles.

SMASH CUT TO:

9

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - ANNE WELLES

ANNE doesn't look much older than that winter afternoon she rejected LYON BURKE's proposal of marriage (in "Valley of the Dolls"). After the unhappy affair with LYON, she had determined to go back to Lawrenceville and begin a new life in the family's rambling colonial home. But that was difficult, after four years in the big city, and the house became lonely -- especially after Aunt Amy died. Now ANNE has moved to Hollywood, a continent away from LYON, and used part of her inheritance to open a successful advertising agency specializing in hip young fashions.

The camera holds the CLOSEUP of ANNE long enough to establish the character, then CUTS to show ANNE as the focal point of an area of controlled bedlam: a modern commercial photographic studio. A large northern skylight roofs over part of the room. The walls are mostly flat white, with splashes of bright basic colors here and there. Long rolls of colorful seamless paper fall down along one wall, and there are large wardrobes holding many different outfits. The studio is jammed with lighting equipment, cameras, dressing rooms, props, people. A plethora of photographic gear is in evidence: a Saltzman 8x10 view camera on an X-ray stand, several stand-mounted umbrellaed strobe lights, a variety of Rolleiflex and Leica-type cameras, batteries of lenses, and related equipment. A doorway leads to a darkroom.

In addition to ANNE WELLES, the busy studio contains several other characters. The PHOTOGRAPHER is a young man in the tradition of David Hemmings (in "Blow Up"). He is flip and demonstrative with the small motorized Nikon he is using to photograph an emotionally-involved young model in diaphanous pajamas. The camera seems to

Cont.

9 Cont.

be an extension of his body. RONNIE (Z-MAN) BARZELL is the 20-year-old tycoon of the rock music business. He dresses in way-out, exhibitionist fashions illustrating the Unisex look. His hair is long and curly. He is tall, very slender, effete. His manner is animated and hyper-tense; he likes to be the center of attention. PORTER HALL is a 40ish George MacCready type. Conservatively dressed and with a snobbish air, he contrasts sharply with the young people around him. ROXANNE, a 26-year-old stunner, dresses in bizarre fashions of her own creation. She is a famous fashion designer for the young in-crowd, and her fashions are being photographed today. She is a bisexual with a preference for females. The ART DIRECTOR is a waspish chatterbox of a homosexual, garbed in a velvet suit, ruffled shirt, patent leather shoes. Others in the studio include THREE MODELS, all young and attractive, one a Negro; PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT, a young, Levi'd Negro; TWO PROP MEN, one a Mexican-American; a LAB MAN, 30ish, wears glasses; a MAKEUP MAN; and ANNE'S ASSISTANT, a super-efficient, attractive young Japanese girl with long hair.

ANNE WELLES is in complete control of this bedlam. She is a regal young woman, dressed efficiently in a suit that does little to hide her trim figure. Her hair is piled up casually. She is not at all distracted by the antics of the PHOTOGRAPHER, who is spiritedly using a motor-driven 35mm camera to photograph one of the models. He straddles her, shouting instructions as she tosses about; they seem to make symbolic love through the medium of the camera. His actions are a parody of the photography scene in "Blow Up." But they take place largely in the background, as ANNE WELLES remains the center of attention. As she hurries toward the PHOTOGRAPHER, she is intercepted by her ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

(holding out a telephone
on a long extension cord)

Long distance, Miss Welles.

ANNE

(distractedly)

Hello? Hello? Who? Quantas?

No, operator -- Quant. Quant.

(she spells it
in irritation)

Q-u-a-n-t. In London. Yes. That's
correct. As quickly as possible.
Yes.

ANNE hangs up the telephone with one hand, and her
ASSISTANT carries it away. Almost simultaneously, she

Cont.

9 Cont.1

uses her other hand to inspect still-dripping 8x10 color transparencies; she holds them up to the skylight while they're still in the developer hangers. During this and most of her subsequent activities, we follow her rather closely with CLOSE and MEDIUM SHOTS; the other characters ENTER the frame for their encounters with her.

ANNE

(handing the transparencies back to the LAB MAN)

This batch has a little more snap than the last one. Run the rest at the same ASA.

LAB MAN

(hurries away; there must be a deadline)

Check!

ANNE

(looking around distractedly)

Aren't we ready for Cynthia yet?

CUT to an angle holding ANNE in f.g. and establishing the ART DIRECTOR in the b.g, frantically adjusting a costume on one of the MODELS.

ART DIRECTOR

(faggot)

Anne, dear, I've simply got to have your attention for half a sec. The bodice is still wrong. Entirely wrong.

(camera follows ANNE toward ART DIRECTOR)

Now I ask you.

(he indicates the model's bosom with one hand)

Doesn't she look like a cow? I mean she might possibly do for Playboy, but --

ANNE

(busy; interrupts)

Gordon sweetest, you must reconcile yourself to the fact that Cynthia's not a boy.

Cont.

9 Cont.2

ANNE (Cont.)

(to the model,
with sympathy)

Take off your bra, dear. That'll
flatten you some. And we'll take
up the slack with clothespins.

CUT to REVERSE ANGLE, holding the model in the f.g., as
she lowers her dress and unhooks her bra. Part of the
curve of the MODEL's breast is visible momentarily.
ANNE, close in b.g., reacts with an admiring glance. It
is not sexually motivated; just one healthy woman admiring
another. As the MODEL removes her bra, ANNE helpfully
holds it in one hand, so the MODEL's hands will be free
to rearrange her dress. Then ANNE is distracted by her
assistant, who brings her a telegram.

ANNE

(reading it in a
fast, half-audible
mumble)

Regret to inform you change in
sequence of color plates on November
press run makes it imperative we
have transparencies no later than...

(the last word is
read loudly and
with surprise)Thursday?(this changes every-
thing; with hardly
even a glance at the
bra-less Cynthia, now
back in her dress,
ANNE offers the bra
to the ART DIRECTOR)

Gordon, have her put it back on.

The ART DIRECTOR looks annoyed, but ANNE has no time for
him.

CUT to angle with ART DIRECTOR now joining MODEL in f.g.
They exchange a look; he of exasperation, she of triumph.
In b.g., ANNE scribbles a reply on the back of the telegram
as her ASSISTANT waits. In f.g., model puts her bra back
on -- turning her back somewhat obviously on the ART
DIRECTOR, who indicates by his reaction that he couldn't
care less. As the MODEL bends over to shake herself into
the bra, there is a glimpse of flesh.

Cont.

9 Cont.3

ANNE

(to her ASSISTANT)

Betty, get this reply out as quickly as you can.

(as the ASSISTANT hurries away, ANNE turns back to the MODEL)

What are they trying to do to us, Cynthia? There's a conspiracy to make us look like men.

(glance at the ART DIRECTOR)

Some men...

The ART DIRECTOR is ostentatiously looking into the distance, but when ANNE speaks he turns to her immediately; it's obvious he was alert.

ANNE

Gordon, she looks exactly the same with or without the bra.

(ART DIRECTOR looks at MODEL in distaste)

You'll simply have to grind your teeth and be brave.

Here as elsewhere in her dealings with people, ANNE employs a cool, mildly sarcastic, amused tone. It underlines her efficiency even when she's distracted, as now. Without waiting for the ART DIRECTOR's reply, she turns away to other tasks waiting her decision.

CUT to ANNE in f.g. again, turning to see, as the camera does, PORTER HALL waiting against the wall with a sheaf of papers under his arm. PORTER has been visible in the b.g. of some of the preceding shots, scrutinizing the occasional nudity with scarcely-concealed lechery. As ANNE turns toward him, his eyes are on the BLACK MODEL, who has just scampered half-nude into a dressing room. As the camera follows ANNE toward PORTER, the ART DIRECTOR passes quickly through the shot in the b.g., half-pulling the hapless MODEL (Cynthia) toward the posing area.

ANNE

Porter, tear your eyes away from the jerseys long enough to explain this contract to me.

PORTER starts to attention; camera follows ANNE into a MEDIUM SHOT with him. He clears his throat, embarrassed.

Cont.

9 Cont.4

PORTER

We simply can't get three years,
Anne. I've talked to them every
day this week and they won't budge.
They'll go two and a half and the
editor herself tells me that's
final.

As PORTER talks, ANNE's eyes scan the studio. They seem
to settle on something. PORTER continues v.o. as there
is a CUT to KELLY, shyly slipping through the studio door
and standing with her back against the wall. CUT back
to ANNE and PORTER, as PORTER concludes his speech. ANNE,
her attention caught for a moment by KELLY, turns back to
PORTER.

ANNE

Then tell them I won't sign.

PORTER

(displeased)

Anne, as your attorney, if you'll
permit me to explain --

But a shriek -- loud and enraged -- fills the air. CUT
to the ART DIRECTOR and the MODEL (Cynthia) standing near
an endless roll of backdrop paper. The PHOTOGRAPHER and
his ASSISTANT stand aside, amused. ANNE hurries toward
the disturbance.

MODEL

(sobbing)

This lousy fruit devastated my
makeup.

(as ANNE arrives,

MODEL indicates

ART DIRECTOR)

He slapped me for no reason at
all, Miss Welles.

ANNE gently takes MODEL's chin in her hand. CUT to CLOSEUP
of MODEL's face; indeed, one elaborate false eyelash is
askew.

ANNE

(as she studies the
damage, calls accus-
ingly)

Gordon?

CUT on action to a shot of all three as ART DIRECTOR
turns petulantly toward camera.

Cont.

9 Cont.5

ART DIRECTOR

What she did to me I wouldn't want
to put into words.

ANNE

(attention in the
studio is focused
on the scene)

People! We've got two hours to
finish this session and get the
negatives to Air Dispatch. Now
if you'll just try to get your-
selves organized...

ANNE takes the MODEL and steers her toward the makeup
table -- again glancing curiously at the silent KELLY
in b.g.

ANNE

(to MAKEUP person)

Patch that up as fast as you can.

(to BLACK MODEL)

Francine? Over here please, darling.

The BLACK MODEL emerges from the dressing room, attired
in a belted leather pants-suit with bell bottoms and a
flared collar. ANNE takes her arm and leads her toward
the posing area. Like her other activities, this one
is done quickly; the scene must move at nearly breakneck
pace.

As ANNE and the PHOTOGRAPHER pose the BLACK MODEL against
a backdrop, CUT to KELLY, still silently waiting by the
door, still wide-eyed by this frantic world.

CUT back to ANNE and her group again, in time to catch
her at the end of another puzzled glance toward KELLY.
Apparently strangers rarely find their way into modeling
sessions. Now ANNE inspects a silk signature scarf around
the BLACK MODEL's neck.

ANNE

It's a bit wilted. Let's get a dupe.
(calls out)

Roxanne! Another scarf on the double!

(calls in another
direction)

Jose? Where's that stop sign? All
of the props should be in place when
the model is ready.

The PROP MAN hurries toward the posing area with a large
city stop sign. It is red.

Cont.

9 Cont.6

ANNE

Not the red one with black, Jose!
The yellow one.

(as the PROP MAN
hurries away)

Roxanne? Where's Roxanne?

ROXANNE, who has been visible in the b.g. of several scenes (adjusting clothes, assisting with costume changes), hurries forward.

ANNE

Roxanne, this is yours. Do you like this collar this way, or down?

ROXANNE

(overlaps ANNE,
adjusts collar)

It looks better up, but you lose the detail of the hair...

PHOTOGRAPHER

(matter-of-fact)

Not the way I'll photograph it.

ROXANNE

Think so? Okay. But hold it until I get a dupe scarf.

She smiles at the BLACK MODEL and says something softly to her; ROXANNE's attitude is one of physical attraction to the girl. The BLACK MODEL smiles and says something inaudible to ROXANNE. Then ROXANNE turns to stand by ANNE's side, regarding the pose.

ANNE

(aside; half-kidding)

Save that for after hours, Roxy.

(louder)

Now where is the stop sign? And the scarf, Roxanne?

ROXANNE, snapped out of her reverie, hurries to get the scarf. As the PROP MAN hustles forward with the stop sign, RONNIE (Z-MAN) PARZELL, waiting in the b.g. for his opportunity, steps forward.

RONNIE

Anne, I can see how busy you are --

ANNE

(absorbed in correct-
ing the MODEL's stance)

Now crack from the waist. No, that won't do with the belt... Sorry
Ronnie -- what is it?

Cont.

9 Cont.7

RONNIE

I can see how busy you are. The album covers can wait until tomorrow.

ANNE

(pauses; pushes back a strand of hair)

They'll have to, won't they? Ronnie, you're a lifesaver. Can we talk about it at your party tonight?

RONNIE

(palms outstretched)

Always at your disposal.

ANNE takes his hands, squeezes them, gives RONNIE a peck on the cheek. As RONNIE walks toward the door, ANNE follows his progress and once again curiously notes KELLY. She is in the b.g. of the shot following RONNIE a few steps away from ANNE. But ANNE is interrupted.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Anne, let's shoot her with the Leica. You lose the whole candid feel with the Saltzman.

ANNE

Push it a couple of stops in the soup and you can force-develop it. We need the detail for the cover prints.

(to PHOTOG's ASSISTANT)

Fred? Whip the Saltzman over here, will you please? And we'll need three ASCORS.

(to PHOTOGRAPHER again)

Edward, when you get down to just the pants, use the wide-field Ecktar. The distortion will bring out the flare of the cuffs...

With quick editing, the session now builds in tempo. ANNE remains in complete command. INTERCUT shots of KELLY, following ANNE's moves, as the PHOTOGRAPHER shouts instructions at his models, as the MAKEUP person and ART DIRECTOR knife in and out of shots, the PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT works to keep cameras and holders loaded, the PROP MAN shifts the backgrounds, the MODELS change costumes, and PORTER HALL's lecherous eyes miss nothing.

Cont.

9 Cont.8

ANNE

(to the BLACK MODEL,
standing back to
judge perspective)
...emphasize your left hip...now arch
your back...lift your chin...now look
down your nose...aristocratic,
that's it...relax your hands...shake
them...thrust out your pelvis... No!
-- that's too much! ...right...better
...good!

ROXANNE darts forward to adjust the costume.

ROXANNE

(excitedly)
Hold it! The waist isn't smooth...

ROXANNE makes adjustments in a functional manner, but at the same time it is evident she's sensually involved in the operation. She is jarred out of her reverie by ANNE.

ANNE

(smilingly)
Roxanne...
(ROXANNE finishes
and returns to her
position beside
ANNE, who contributes
a pleasantly sarcastic
aside)
Trying to cop a feel, Roxanne?
(smiles, turns to
the PHOTOGRAPHER)
Okay, Edward? Let's start shooting.

The PHOTOGRAPHER gives her a fed-up look, tempered by the fact that she's the boss and really does know what she's talking about.

INTERCUT from time to time with KELLY, a witness to this extravaganza, as the PHOTOGRAPHER goes into his act. His ASSISTANT, Fred, flips him 8x10 holders, cocks the compound shutters, opens the lens for focus, stopping down, and so forth. ANNE supervises, exorting for greater effort.

ANNE

(with mounting
enthusiasm)
Now, then...hold it, Judith...look
more contemptuous...widen your stance...
point your left foot...a little more
emphasis on your right hip...wild!

Cont.

9 Cont.9

ANNE (Cont.)

(to PHOTOGRAPHER)

Swing with the Saltzman, Edward.

(to MODEL again)

Just a little more...a little more...

you're getting it, Judith!...there!

There! That's the one.

(general announcement)

Okay, that's a wrap.

ANNE is finally reminded of the patiently-waiting PORTER HALL. As she wraps the session, he comes toward her.

PORTER

Anne, I've got to have some time with you...

ANNE

Porter, can we discuss it at dinner?

She puts her arm in his, walks him toward the door. Camera follows.

ANNE

That will give you another opportunity to talk to Vogue. It has to be three years, you know. It really does.

As the two approach the door, the photography session continues full-tilt in b.g. ANNE can finally no longer ignore KELLY. Pausing just short of the door, her arm still in PORTER's, ANNE says sympathetically:

ANNE

Just a second, Porter.

(to KELLY)

Poor dear, you've been waiting half an hour. I'm sorry we've been in such a rush, but -- what can we do for you?

KELLY

(abashed for once)

It's all right...I could come back tomorrow...

ANNE

(warmly; perhaps she sees something remotely familiar in KELLY's face)

Out with it. We're not half as frantic as we seem.

CUT to CLOSE SHOT of KELLY.

KELLY

(after short pause; very clearly)
Miss Welles...I am your niece.

Cont.

9 Cont.10

CUT to angle including ANNE, PORTER and KELLY -- but also revealing that the bedlam continues in the b.g. But suddenly ANNE WELLES is no longer the harried agency director, but a woman drawn back to memories two decades old. When she speaks, it is with confusion and wonder.

ANNE

Then...you must be...

KELLY

I'm Katherine's daughter. My name is Kelly.

After a pause long enough to absorb this, ANNE folds KELLY in her arms. PORTER is forgotten; he looks after them, somewhat peeved, as ANNE now puts an arm around KELLY's shoulders and walks her toward a sofa near the wall. In b.g., the ART DIRECTOR scurries frantically toward ANNE.

ART DIRECTOR

Anne! Anne! I'm simply in a rage...

But he is ignored by the two women.

CUT TO:

10

INT. ANNE WELLES' APARTMENT - EVENING OR NIGHT

It is a spacious and expensive apartment in a new high rise. We see the living and dining areas, a balcony overlooking the city, and a door leading to a kitchen. The living room is decorated tastefully, combining Anne's basic femininity with concessions to current fashions in art. There are four or five modern paintings, including a Wyeth, an Ivan Albright, a sprightly Peter Max lithograph. The furniture is neither frilly or masculine. The colors are deep and warm. There is a wall of books, broken up by magazine display racks. Some of the shelves bear small items of antique or native art. There are several framed magazine and record album covers. The dining area opens off the living room, giving the effect of luxurious use of open space. On this pleasant summer evening, the floor-to-ceiling glass doors have been left open, and the dining table overlooks the lights of the city.

KELLY is seated at the table with ANNE and PORTER. The tablecloth is a pale blue, the china is white with a blue pattern, and there is a silver candlestick in the center of the table. The main course has nearly been finished; a MAID is just now refilling everyone's glass with wine.

Cont.

10 Cont.

The scene at the table is shot with an eye for reactions -- usually PORTER's. Apparently a conversation about family history is already well underway.

KELLY

Of course I never knew Aunt Amy. It was her death, more than anything else, that depressed mother so much...

ANNE

(philosophical)

Still, it was a blessing in a way. She was so ill, for so long...

KELLY

I went through the same thing with Mom and I knew exactly what you mean.

The MAID has been clearing away the dishes; now she serves everyone salad, then leaves.

KELLY

Weird...I mean, getting salad after you've eaten.

PORTER

(condescendingly)

In certain circles it is very common for the salad to follow the main course.

KELLY

(undaunted; already developing a dislike for him)

Got any thousand island?

ANNE

(nods; rings for MAID)

Kelly, how did your mother learn about Aunt Amy's death? You know, we hadn't had an address in twenty years...

KELLY

Mom was too proud to ever contact you, I guess -- or maybe it was the old man's Irish rubbing off. But she always subscribed to the Lawrenceville paper, and...

Cont.

10 Cont.1

ANNE

(to the MAID - overlap)
Thousand island, please.

The MAID fetches it from the sideboard and, at ANNE's indication, places it near KELLY. KELLY continues talking as she pours it on her salad.

KELLY

And so, keeping up with the paper like she did, she read all about Aunt Amy's death...and about you and...ah...

(a glance at PORTER)

well, about you and Lyon Burke and (she hurries on)

about the inheritance and everything.

PORTER

(drily - turning to

KELLY with concern)

What inheritance was that?

ANNE

(with a curious,
irritated glance
at PORTER)

Aunt Amy's, of course. The Welles millions. Well, that's an exaggeration -- but the Welles thousands, if you will. I was the last of the line after my older sister, your mother, disappeared. Unfortunately we were never really close. I was fourteen years younger than she, and now that you have come along, Kelly, part of it should be yours, of course.

PORTER

(displeased; sets
down his salad fork)

Anne, you know full well there was no provision in the will...

KELLY

(holds out bottle
to PORTER)

Thousand island?

PORTER

(icily)

No thank you.

Cont.

10 Cont.2

ANNE

Porter dear, you're a lawyer. You should know better than anyone that wills are scraps of paper. I think I can guess what changes Aunt Amy would have made in her will -- if she had ever known Kelly.

PORTER

I am a lawyer, yes. And I can advise you, Anne, that the changes Aunt Amy "would" or "might" have made, have no validity in law. No court in the land --

ANNE

(places her hand
on PORTER's arm -
overlapping him)

Porter, of course I know all that.

PORTER, obviously displeased, says nothing.

ANNE

(turns to KELLY,
who pauses with a
forkful of salad
halfway to her
mouth)

Kelly...there was nearly a million dollars. This isn't the time or the place to talk about it, but since Porter's made such a point...

PORTER

(warningly)

Anne...

ANNE

(hurries on, defiant)

I can't see any reason why, say, a third of it shouldn't be yours. After those damned taxes, naturally.

ANNE has used a casual tone of voice, but the effect at the table is the opposite. PORTER borders on apoplexy, and KELLY is stunned. Finally she speaks.

KELLY

(slowly)

A third of a million dollars?

Cont.

10 Cont.3

ANNE

(warm, serious)

It's really only fair. The two of us are the only survivors, Kelly. And there's no reason you should pay for the sins of your mother --

(hurriedly correcting herself)

sins, it seems to me, that were really committed by the rest of the family.

KELLY

It's a big idea to get used to...

ANNE

Don't strain yourself. I'll have Porter draw up the papers.

She exchanges a pointed look with PORTER at this. There is a silence now; nobody knows quite what to say -- certainly not KELLY or PORTER.

ANNE

(sensing it; speaks again, quickly)

I have a marvelous idea -- let's celebrate! Ronnie Barzell's throwing a party tonight and we're all invited.

KELLY

Ronnie Barzell? You mean Z-Man Barzell?

PORTER

(sarcastic)

The one, the only, the original.

KELLY

(hesitantly - ignoring PORTER)

I don't know if I should say anything or not -- but, Anne, I've got these friends in a rock group and it would mean so much to us to meet Z-Man. Can I invite them?

Cont.

10 Cont.4

ANNE
(sipping coffee;
cool, as always)
Don't tell me you're a Groupie.

KELLY
The other way around. It's my group.

PORTER
(regains his use of
speech)
Now let me be sure I fully under-
stand this. You are a rock and
roll singer?

KELLY
(a polite but unmis-
takable sarcasm)
Why? Is that a no-no?

PORTER
Young lady...

ANNE interrupts him, standing and ringing for the maid.

ANNE
(amused, perhaps)
Porter, you have an unending capac-
ity for counterfeit astonishment.
(to KELLY)
Of course you can invite your friends,
Kelly. There's a phone in the living
room. And let's get moving.

CUT to KELLY in the living room, on the telephone. Frame
her in f.g. In b.g. PORTER and ANNE are in an animated
conversation. Both KELLY on the telephone and the debate
between PORTER and ANNE will be recorded separately, then
overlapped.

KELLY
Room one thirty-two, please...
(pause)
Harris?

HARRIS (v.o.)
(on telephone)
Yeah, baby.

KELLY
You won't believe this, but we're
invited to a party at Z-Man Barzell's
place.

Cont.

10 Cont.5

KELLY (Cont.)

(beat)

Tonight. Yeah.

(beat)

Of course it's on the level. Get Casey and Pet and meet me there. Later.

(beat)

Well what time does any party start? When you get there.

Meanwhile PORTER and ANNE are having their conversation in the dining area.

PORTER

(a fierce whisper)

Anne, have you taken leave of your senses? Some anonymous hippie rock and roll singer drops in out of the clear blue sky, and you...you...

ANNE

(breaks in when he's at a loss for words)

You seem determined to destroy a pleasant evening, Porter. If it's impossible for you to enjoy yourself (very cool) you may be excused.

PORTER

(another fierce whisper)

But, Anne...it's my duty to tell you these things! This...creature... that's the only word that comes to mind...this creature marches in without a cent to her name and a highly dubious pedigree, and without a moment's thought you rashly, and, I must say, recklessly, dispose of a third of your...

Cont.

10 Cont.6

ANNE
(overlaps "dispose")
Porter, leave it to me.
(ironically)
I think I'm more...objective.

PORTER
(placatingly)
Anne...

ANNE
(sharply)
We're late already.

The last speech may be v.o. in TRANSITION to RONNIE
(Z-MAN) BARZELL's party.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Z-MAN's rambling mansion is set in the center of spacious grounds on the Pacific Ocean. It commands a magnificent view. It is reached by a twisting private road, and its grounds provide it with considerable privacy. In addition to the main house there is a garden house and a garage large enough for several cars. The main house is built on several levels, to conform to the slope of the beach, and its interior is decorated in a bewildering variety of styles reflecting Z-MAN's changing tastes and flamboyant personality. The living room has walls nearly covered with Pop, Op and Action art. There are several exotic metal sculptures in the room, including some that move. In lieu of camp posters, there are large and unusual paintings of facial details; half of one wall is covered by an enormous blow-up of Theda Bara's eyes, for example, and famous portions of other anatomies are displayed in the same style. Side by side with the modern items are antique art objects: Oriental, African, Mexican. There is a Chinese gong near the front door and a large jeweled samurai sword over the fireplace.

The living room itself is on three levels. The newly-arrived guest, entering by the front door, finds himself on a balcony running along the uphill side of the living room and leading to other rooms of the house. By walking down a few steps he is on the main level. Sunken into the floor at one end of the room is an area lined with overstuffed furniture, facing a decorative fireplace (shielded by an Oriental plaque). The far wall of the living room is made entirely of glass, and looks out over

Cont.

11 Cont.

the ocean. The patio area is a few steps down from the main level of the living room, and the swimming pool is a few steps still further downhill. So the arriving guest has the impression he is looking down over a crowded and colorful area that slopes away from him.

It is particularly crowded this evening. Among the guests at the party will be several characters already introduced: KELLY, PET, CASEY, HARRIS, ANNE, PORTER, RONNIE and ROXANNE. Among the new characters at the party there will be: VANESSA, a cool, young, tall Negro femme fatale who serves as Ronnie's date. There is a regal quality about her; she could be a fashion model. She wears a brightly-colored African costume that reaches to the floor. EMERSON THORNE, who works as a waiter at the party, is a young black law student, working at nights to pay his tuition. He is good-looking, slightly built, of average height. His gold-rimmed glasses match his expression, which is usually amused. LANCE ROCKE is a conventionally handsome young actor, usually out of work. His real occupation is an escort and stud service for rich young ladies. ASHLEY FAMOUS, at 26, is the nation's best-selling author of sex novels. She is a raven-haired beauty with a lush figure and a predatory air. Among the minor characters at the party are a BLONDE, who is LANCE's "date" for the evening; a WHITE-HAIRED GENTLEMAN in a corner; THE WHY, a typical looking and sounding rock group; two GAY YOUNG MEN; a COUPLE in a bathtub; and assorted extras.

CLOSE SHOT - KELLY, entering with ANNE and PORTER, pausing a moment in the doorway to absorb the scene. CUT to an ESTABLISHING SHOT, or more, identifying some of the guests at the party and showing a melee of activity. The rock group is playing, and people are dancing wherever there's room. Some of the guests have apparently already had too much to drink; there's a girl whose shoulder strap keeps slipping; some people are perched on the backs of furniture; others sit cross-legged on the floor. This sort of activity continues in b.g. during all the subsequent shots at the party. The style during the party scene will alternate short vignettes and one-liners with slightly longer scenes establishing relationships among the major characters.

CUT to a P.O.V. from the front door of RONNIE's house. VANESSA and RONNIE are both part of an animated group not far away; VANESSA sights the arriving KELLY, ANNE and PORTER and hurries to greet them.

VANESSA

(arms outstretched)

Anne! Porter! How are you?

Ronnie -- see who's here.

Cont.

11 Cont.1

RONNIE disengages himself from the group and bustles toward the door, nodding to half a dozen friends along the way. He shakes PORTER's hand and simultaneously accepts a kiss on the cheek from ANNE, while at the same time sizing up KELLY and beginning a conversation with her. He always seems to do two things at once.

RONNIE

(to KELLY)

So okay, I'll say it. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

ANNE

(interrupts)

You saw her at my studio this afternoon, Ronnie. This is my niece, Kelly MacNamara.

RONNIE

(embraces KELLY
and examines her)

Every inch as ugly as you are,
Anne. Must run in the family.
Like you to meet Vanessa -- my
escort and bodyguard for the
evening...

VANESSA

(extends her hand)

A pleasure...

RONNIE

(to KELLY)

Come on, I'll show you the dump.
Groovy crowd tonight. What can
I get you -- juice or grass?

KELLY, with a quick look at PORTER HALL and ANNE WELLES, decides she doesn't know them well enough to blow pot right here and now.

KELLY

Just something like a vodka and
tonic...

SECONDARY b.g. ACTION involves VANESSA, ANNE and PORTER.

VANESSA

(wraps PORTER and ANNE
in her arms, showbiz style)

Come with me... I want you to meet
the most divine clairvoyant...

Cont.

11 Cont.2

She leads them away as RONNIE simultaneously leads KELLY away by the arm.

TRUCKING SHOT: Their tour is a way for the camera to survey the party. On the patio the rock band continues to play. RONNIE and KELLY wind their way through half a dozen couples dancing in the living room and spilling over onto the patio. Most of them are young but there are a few older swingers. Everyone is dressed in the costume of youth: hair, beads, shades, many different styles of outfits (some of them see-through).

Cont.

11. Cont.2

CUT to three or four skinny-dippers casually paddling in the illuminated pool. One of them, a girl, hikes herself up on the edge of the pool as she waves and shouts.

GIRL

(exuberant)

Z-Man! The water's great!

RONNIE

Groovy, baby.

KELLY, trying not to stare, looks instead at the rock group. THE WHY is in b.g. as she speaks.

KELLY

(to RONNIE)

I've been to a lot of parties where they danced to records by The Why. But this is the first time The Why was ever at the party.

RONNIE

Why not?

KELLY

(with a drink in her hand and a low-cut dress, she is provocative but looks no older)

Puns are plastic, Mr. Barzell.

RONNIE

(laughing)

She calls me plastic and Mister in the same sentence.

KELLY

(loosening up)

So okay, Z-Man, how much you shelling out? I hear their minimum gig is four thou.

RONNIE

(proprietary)

I get them for free. They're mine.

RONNIE slips a gold case from his pocket and once again offers KELLY pot.

Cont.

11 Cont.3

RONNIE

(teasingly)

Here -- have some grass. Aunt Anne
won't see you...

KELLY

(looks around,
grooving)

In a scene like this you get a
contact high.

RONNIE shrugs, smiles, indulges himself with a joint.
He holds it rather grandly as he circulates through the
crowd, nodding to friends on every side.

Another TRUCKING SHOT leads RONNIE as he continues his
tour. He and KELLY pass close to two obviously GAY YOUNG
MEN, overhearing their conversation in passing.

FIRST GAY YOUNG MAN

Good? I'm telling you, he knew
stunts and grunts unknown to --

The rest is lost in party noise; the SECOND GAY YOUNG MAN
claps his hands in delight. As RONNIE continues to get
high, the camera singles out several interesting-looking
guests, hearing snatches of their dialogue. In some, but
not all, of these shots, RONNIE and KELLY sail past in
the b.g.

YOUNG ACTOR

(muscular, conceited)

...so anxious to get out of bed I
stepped on her face...

HIPPIE TYPE

(to hippie girl friend)

...really blew the old man's mind.
He said he'd kill me if he ever found
grass in the house again...

MATRON

(disbelieving)

...she claims it's better after the
change...

YOUNG ROGUE

(man-about-town)

...in the back seat with his pants
off. Told the fuzz he was investi-
gating vice conditions...

Cont.

11 Cont.4

The camera rejoins RONNIE and KELLY, who re-enter the living room. Just beyond them, in an open area of the floor, eight or ten couples have formed parallel lines and are doing a vaguely coordinated dance to the pounding music.

CUT to a trucking shot again, as RONNIE grandly leads KELLY down the middle of the rows of dancers. He is high now, and feeling great. He takes his time, like a king receiving the accolades of his subjects. The dancers spontaneously begin a bump-and-grind, so that RONNIE and KELLY are framed by two rows of pelvises, male and female, which seem to thrust at her in rhythm. RONNIE responds by leading KELLY in an exaggerated minuet, which copies in ever-so-genteel fashion the grinding pelvises.

RONNIE

(grand Bela Lugosi
accent)

Welcome to Transylvania, my lady.
Here you will find loyal subjects
eager to do your bidding -- no
matter how bizarre.

KELLY

(enters the spirit)

Oh, King --

RONNIE

(quickly corrects
her)

Count. I am a Count. There is no
king in Transylvania...

And all this time, KELLY and RONNIE continue to dance down the middle of the line; it is a sort of spontaneous ceremony. Now RONNIE grandly blows kisses to right and left, and KELLY discovers that she has been elevated for the evening from the rank of guest to Countess. A little hesitantly, she joins in the spirit, blowing a kiss or two herself. RONNIE ecstatically applauds, and the applause segues into a burlesque of a Spanish boot-stomping dance. And then, as they whirl so that RONNIE is momentarily behind KELLY, he places his hands on her hips and they undulate toward the end of the parallel rows of dancers.

CUT to CLOSE SHOT, KELLY in f.g., RONNIE's face leering a quarter inch from her ear.

Cont..

11 Cont.5

RONNIE

(lyrical Lugosi accent)

Come with me now to the mountain-
top. I know of a little castle there...

KELLY

Count, I do fear ravishing.

RONNIE

(more Lugosi)

Fear not, my juicy morsel. For
it is not your body I crave -- but
your blood!

SMASH CUT to EXTREME CLOSEUP as RONNIE pretends to sink his teeth into KELLY's neck. SMASH CUT to his thumb, simultaneously goosing her. SMASH CUT to another angle in MEDIUM SHOT, as KELLY screams with shock and delight. She hurtles forward as if shot from a cannon, and nearly upsets a tray of drinks being maneuvered by EMERSON THORNE. As EMERSON sways to maintain his balance, RONNIE pirouettes to the rescue, balancing the tray with one hand and using the other to remove three drinks: one for KELLY, one for EMERSON, one for himself.

CUT to the three of them, all amused; EMERSON is a waiter this evening, but (as will develop) he is also a groovy cat with a life of his own. He enters into the spirit as RONNIE, having saved the tray of drinks and the situation, now proposes a toast.

RONNIE

(Lugosi)

To blood! By the goblet-full!

(they drink; RONNIE
declaims poetically)

Too bad they're not Bloody Marys --
But life is not a bowl of cherries.

(his face reflects
good-humored disgust
at the lousy rhyme)

EMERSON

(somewhat sarcastically)

You're a poet.

RONNIE

(utterly abandoned
to his Lugosi role)

Oh yes I am, my friend; yes indeed
I am. Did I eat the liver of
Edgar Allen Poe for nothing?

Cont.

11 Cont.6

KELLY bursts into laughter, which exaggerates RONNIE's pretense of great seriousness.

RONNIE
(Transylvanian
accent again)
You laugh? You laugh, my friend?
Ah, yes, it is easy to laugh, hard
to cry; we pursue the elusive butterfly of happiness through the dark
watches of the night --
(runs out of breath
and loses train of
thought)
-- and, to be brief, fail we or
succeed we, what matters it? Or,
to be briefer still...
(takes KELLY by the
arm, as a conspirator;
this line is straight)
let's split.

CUT TO:

12 TRUCKING SHOT

as KELLY is half-pulled by RONNIE along the hallway/
balcony on the uphill side of the living room. In b.g.
we see the party continuing in unrestrained merriment;
perhaps someone is even atop a chair back, directing the
dancers below. RONNIE leads the exhilarated KELLY by
one hand; she is breathless and laughing. A swinging
door behind them cuts out some -- but not all -- of the
party noise.

RONNIE
(straight for
the moment)
That's my scene -- and it freaks
me out.

KELLY
(still exhilarated)
It's a stone gas, man.

Cont.

12 Cont.

RONNIE

(says the first part
straight)

A stone gas? A stone gas? What
means it these words, my pliant
Countess? Pray, we must make
haste. My time is not my own...

(mysteriously; back
in the Lugosi accent)

...before the clock strikes twelve,
I must be back at Forest Lawn...
for breakfast...

KELLY

(plays along)

And what time is it now, excellency?

RONNIE

(John Caradine)

Never mind. There will be time...
there will be time...let us away then,
you and I, whilst the evening is
spread out against the velvet sky...and,
to be brief, I know a cozy little
dungeon where just the two of us
could curl up with the chains...
and the spiders...

They have been walking -- creeping in B-movie fashion,
really -- along the hallway, as if expecting to meet a
ghost. On the last line RONNIE throws open a door lead-
ing off the hallway.

SMASH CUT TO:

13

A YOUNG COUPLE

on the bed, lunging in the throes of amour. CUT immediately
back to RONNIE and KELLY in the hallway as RONNIE slams
the door without going out of character.

RONNIE

Alas! No vacancy in the dungeon.
Never mind; 'tis of little matter.
Delighted to see my hostages in
such happy daliance.

This last speech is partially VOICE OVER. On the words
"my prisoners," there is a CUT to a pitch-black screen.
On the words "themselves," the screen comes alive as
a door opens, framing RONNIE and KELLY in the light

Cont.

13 Cont.

from the hallway. RONNIE quickly -- still talking -- flips on the lights. Against the bedroom wall, right next to the door, the two GAY YOUNG MEN are discovered in a warm embrace.

FIRST GAY YOUNG MAN

(reply to RONNIE's
overheard last line)

Well you're certainly not helping
the situation any, I must say.

SECOND GAY YOUNG MAN

(adjusting his clothing,
patting his hair)

What is this, the Grey Line tour?

RONNIE sweeps into the room, KELLY still trailing. He makes exaggerated sweeps of his hand in the direction of the door.

RONNIE

(Lugosi)

Out! Out! Count Dracula relishes
an audience...

(smacks lips)

...only one at a time!

The two GAY YOUNG MEN leave, hand in hand, in b.g. as KELLY looks around.

KELLY

This looks like...

RONNIE

The Master's Bedroom.

It is an elaborately decorated room, in clashing bright colors such as purple and green. There is an enormous bed, covered with a canopy, and large Japanese wood carvings on the walls. The effect is extreme and bizarre.

RONNIE leads the way across the room, camera following he and KELLY, as he throws open another door.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BATHROOM

framing KELLY and RONNIE in the door, as RONNIE continues in a haughty Count Dracula tone.

Cont.

14 Cont.

RONNIE

(switching on light)

And this...is the Master's bath.

The CAMERA ANGLE now widens to include not only the two in the doorway, but also a very large sunken whirlpool bath in the bathroom floor. In the center of the bathtub, cozily entwined in perhaps 18 inches of water, are two long-haired youths, a boy and a girl, who are apparently making love.

RONNIE

(casually looks down,
notices, ignores them,
leads KELLY past them)

Follow me, my dear; let me show you
one of my preoccupations.

KELLY

(as she passes the
bath, looks down)

Ooh! Sorry to disturb you...

MAN IN TUB

It's cool, baby.

(resumes love-making)

The bathroom is as elaborate as the rest of Z-MAN's pad. On the other side of the whirlpool bath, on the side of the house facing the ocean, is an enclosed greenhouse, tiny but well kept, filled with a profusion of tropical plants. A glass wall permits a view over the ocean. PAN from the plants to KELLY and RONNIE.

KELLY

I've heard of trees growing in
Brooklyn -- but ferns in the john --
class!

RONNIE

The idea came to me one evening in
a vision. Every morning I luxuriate
in my bubbling bath -- surveying
the Pacific Ocean beneath me.

There is the sound of more splashing from the tub, and
low noises of endearment from the couple.

KELLY

(to RONNIE, trying
to ignore the COUPLE)

Hey, I dig; you're on an ego trip. That
explains the view -- but what about
the ferns?

Cont.

14. Cont.1

There is continued splashing from the tub.

RONNIE

Ummm...let's call them tropical varieties. They thrive on the humidity. And they never let me forget...

(his Lugosi accent again)

that all Los Angeles...is a jungle!

KELLY

And how does the big brutal Jungle Creature keep his flowers watered?

CUT to another angle, showing the couple in the bathtub shift position, sending a tidal wave of water flowing across the floor. As he answers her RONNIE fastidiously lifts one foot out of the way and leads KELLY toward dry land.

RONNIE

(sounds effeminate; faking fag delivery)

They growl and I splash back at them.

CUT BACK TO:

15

LIVING ROOM ENTRANCE

VANESSA is welcoming a newly-arrived group: PET, CASEY and HARRIS.

HARRIS

You must be Kelly's friends!

(calls)

Anne?

ANNE

Kelly's friends! We've heard so much about you. I'm Anne Welles, Kelly's aunt...

CUT to PET and CASEY in f.g., as HARRIS, in b.g., begins the preliminaries of introduction.

PET

(aside to CASEY)

You can bet your fanny if I had a long-lost Aunt Anne in Hollywood she'd turn out to be a "Sally" chick.

This line segues into the introductions, all around.

Cont.

15 Cont.

ANNE

May I offer to lead an expedition
to the bar?

PET and CASEY accept, but HARRIS prefers to remain in his
vantage point.

HARRIS

Thanks, I'll take a rain check.
(at large)
Anyone here seen Kelly?

As ANNE leads PET and CASEY away in b.g., HARRIS' words
attract the attention of ASHLEY FAMOUS, who is standing
nearby. She drifts toward him coolly and smiles.

ASHLEY

You don't drink?

HARRIS

(automatically)
Not tobacco, no.

ASHLEY

(finds this amusing)
Then perhaps you'd care to sample
some...ah, alcohol?

She places her hand lightly on HARRIS' arm, almost in
a kidding way; looks soulfully into his eyes, almost
in a daring way.

HARRIS

(after a moment's
reflection)

Later.

He strides away, leaving ASHELY looking bemusedly after
him.

ASHLEY

(softly)
Yeah. Later.

CUT to the bar where ANNE is just turning to hand drinks
to PET and CASEY.

ANNE

(jokes)
Two vodka martinis...

Cont.

15 Cont.1

ANNE (Cont.)

(distributes them,
turns back to pick
up her own)

I feel as if I'm contributing to
the delinquency...but I suppose
liquor is considered square these
days.

PET

(after a sip)

Same as grass. Depends on how
you use it, and when, and where.

She smiles and is joined by ANNE and CASEY.

ANNE

I imagine you'd like to meet some
of the more interesting specimens
here.

PET

Groovy.

CASEY

(hangs back)

I'll hang on here. We'd better
not abandon Harris. I'll catch
up later.

She looks around, but at the moment he is not in sight.
Standing next to her at the bar, PORTER HALL has listened
silently during the conversation. He affects an aloof
air as he leans on the bar, but his eyes are drawn like
magnets to CASEY's bodice. As ANNE and PET leave, CASEY
turns back toward the party and can't help noticing
PORTER's direct gaze. She tries to ignore it but finally
a rather embarrassed smile is forced out of her. Just
to be saying something, she finally speaks.

CASEY

(trying to be
friendly)

Quite a blast, right? Like a gas.

PORTER

(condescending)

Quite. I make it a point not to
miss Ronnie's parties. They're
better than the zoo.

Cont.

15 Cont.2

CASEY

(rebuffed)

You putting people down for having
a good time?

PORTER

(painful superiority)

Quite the contrary, my dear.

(the oil in his

voice flows)

But I must confess that this --

(waves his hand)

is hardly my idea of a civilized
good time.

CASEY

(looks him over)

I guess you're the, ah, evening's
representative of civilization?

PORTER

(ignores the sarcasm

in her voice)

Let me introduce myself. Porter Hall.

CASEY

Casey Anderson.

She is trying to be pleasant, and even makes a little
pantomime with her hand to indicate she can't shake
because she's holding a martini.

PORTER

(chuckles)

No relation to Senator K. C. Anderson,
needless to say?

CASEY

My old man.

PORTER

(taken aback)

How interesting...

(looks her over)

He must be highly...amused...that
his daughter is a hippie.

CASEY

We communicate by Western Union,
in words we both understand.

Cont.

15 Cont.3

CASEY (Cont.)

(slightly miffed)

Besides...if I were a hippie, I'd hardly be at this party. I'm in a rock group.

PORTER

And that's your...uniform.

CASEY

(looks fixedly
at his suit)

And that's yours.

PORTER

(put down; haughty
again)

At least it is not a uniform worn
by...creeps!

(offensive leer)

So the Senator's daughter is a
rock-and-roll singer. I thought
that all died out with, ah, Elvis
Presley. Do you and your...friends
...just sort of shack up in a
Volkswagen camper? Or aren't things
that cozy?

His obnoxious tone was meant to wound her, and it does. CASEY throws him a withering, hateful look, and stalks off angrily without replying. He looks after her with his insufferable arrogance still intact. And then CUT to ROXANNE, apparently standing nearby, who has overheard part of the conversation and follows CASEY with an intriguing look.

16 A SERIES OF VERY QUICK CUTS

to show conversations in progress all over the party. The guests continue to cavort in the b.g., but the SHOTS are mostly CLOSEUP and are concerned not only with the lines of dialogue but also with capturing specific, individual expressions on interesting faces.

CUT to TWO WOMEN standing close together and apparently looking at a third woman. They are both young and attractive, but bitchy in tone.

Cont.

16 Cont.

FIRST WOMAN

To get the contract in the first place, she had to go on a crash diet. She went to this place in Switzerland -- you know, where they give you shots made out of the urine of pregnant women?

SECOND WOMAN

What did it do for her?

FIRST WOMAN

Filled her full of piss.

The last word is obscured by party noise.

CUT to a couple standing on the living room balcony, holding cocktails. She is dressed mannishly in a tweed suit; he looks a shady swishy in flowered trousers and a flowing silk shirt.

WOMAN

(psycholanalyst's
tone of voice)

Honestly, now, don't you feel you've lost your manhood?

MAN

(considers)

No, why? Found it?

CUT to a MAN WITH GLASSES. He looks terribly serious.

MAN WITH GLASSES

I tried Scientology. Got rid of all my engrams. I'm clear, and I'm still screwed up.

CUT to the man he is talking to: a Hare Krishna disciple. He has all the hair shaved off his head except for a tuft for a topknot. He wears a flowing white robe.

DISCIPLE

We start where they leave off.

He clicks together two tiny finger cymbals. Immediately CUT to an earnest MAN with a folded newspaper in his hand. He slaps it against his open palm as he talks excitedly to a woman.

Cont.

16 Cont.1

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

Millions of words about organically-grown vegetables. A medical advice column every day! And now one breath about chiropracty.

CUT to the bar. LANCE ROCKE sits on a stool, bored, sipping a martini. His date, a BLONDE, has one of her arms loosely linked through his. She is talking to a distinguished-looking GENTLEMAN with white hair; drilling into him with shrill self-confidence.

BLONDE

Don't tell me, I'll tell you. You're Gemini. That's why you're stuck in this corner when you'd like to be out there bare-ass in the pool. You're of two minds about everything. Including me! Don't try to deny it! You'll smile to my face and give me the finger the second my back is turned. No wonder you have difficulty establishing personal relationships. You're nauseatingly talented, of course, but you can't get organized to do anything. Now -- do I or don't I know everything there is to know about you?

GENTLEMAN

(quiet, polite)
I'm Acquarius, actually. A Scorpio, of all people, should have known that.

BLONDE

(crestfallen)
Oh...

LANCE

(bored, cynical)
I guess this just isn't your age.

CUT to a rotund, florid DRUNK telling the punch line of a joke.

ROTUND DRUNK

...so anyway, he drank the bottle of Fresca, and you know what?

VOICE

(o.s.)
No, what?

Cont.

16 Cont.2

ROTUND DRUNK

He snowed in his pants!
 ("pants" is obscured
 by party noise)

The ROTUND DRUNK dissolves in laughter, which is apparently not shared by his victim.

CUT to the BARTENDER, sharing a confidence with another man.

BARTENDER

(sotto voce)

Know what he uses for underarm
 deodorant?

(pause)

Raid!

He nods, apparently serious. CUT to a SHRILL WOMAN in the midst of a story.

SHRILL WOMAN

...so then my husband said, well!
 If you're going home with her, then
I'm...

CUT to LANCE ROCKE with his BLONDE again. She has one of the GAY YOUNG MEN cornered.

BLONDE

(almost aggressively)

You're a Moon Child!

GAY YOUNG MAN

And you're a bitch!

He whirls on his line and stalks away. LANCE, who is beginning to find his escort service wearisome, tries to lead the BLONDE out of the battle arena. The camera leads them with a trucking shot as an attractive woman passes LANCE. He turns to look, and the BLONDE grabs his ear and yanks him around to attention.

CUT to another face, of a DISSIPATED SWINGER.

DISSIPATED SWINGER

(almost with a leer)

...completely freaked me out. And
 then Tony says, well then why don't
 you come over to my place. I've got
 a wading pool full of mayonnaise...

CUT to a BORED WOMAN.

Cont.

16 Cont.3

BORED WOMAN

Well needless to say, by that time,
I, for one, was ready to roll over
and go to sleep.

CUT to a COUPLE -- the same long-haired boy and girl who
were making love in the bathtub.

BOY

(surveying party)

What a freak show. Let's make it
again in the bathtub.

GIRL

(examines her fingers)

My skin is all wrinkled.

CUT to a LOW ANGLE SHOT showing, in the f.g., a shapely
woman's leg. It is garbed in black mesh stockings and
high-heel shoes, and is up on a low piece of furniture.
A pair of hands -- the girl's -- are engaged in pulling
up the stockings to mid-thigh. In b.g., two YOUNG HIPPIE
TYPES watch this operation with extreme interest.

PAN UP, keeping the HIPPIE TYPES in b.g., until the f.g.
is dominated by an enormous pair of boobs.

HIPPIE TYPE

(to his friend)

Plastics, Benjamin -- plastics.

CUT TO:

17

ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

looking out across the patio and pool toward the ocean.
CASEY is swimming toward the steps. She exits the water
wearing a skimpy bikini, and she begins to towel her
body. She still looks disturbed from her encounter
with PORTER HALL. ROXANNE, nearby, observes her.
She wears one of her own creations, a pant-suit made
of black satin which looks like latex and clings to
her skin as she moves. The contrast to CASEY's near
nudity is startling.

As the noise of the party gradually fades, CUT to a
CLOSER SHOT, holding CASEY in f.g. as ROXANNE speaks
behind her. Voice over to LIVE DIALOGUE.

Cont.

17 Cont.

ROXANNE

(amused, understanding)

I couldn't help eavesdropping on
your little run-in with Porter Hall.

CASEY

(disturbed, hardly
recognizes ROXANNE)

He's such a middle-aged freak.

She turns as she speaks. ROXANNE smiles.

ROXANNE

The two go together more often than
not.

CASEY

(smiles as she under-
stands ROXANNE's mean-
ing and cheers up some)

Men...

ROXANNE

Yeah. Like ninety-nine percent.

CASEY

(amused)

Is it really that high?

ROXANNE

(sounds like a political
commentator; puts her on)

Of course you have to allow for a
statistical variation in the demo-
graphic sample...

CASEY laughs and sips her drink. She looks at the party
going on inside.

CASEY

(can't believe it)

You know...one week ago tonight we
were playing at a hick senior prom
(she gets the right
satiric inflection
into the next words)
in a little mining town in the East.

ROXANNE

Yes...Ronnie mentioned something
about a rock group.

Cont.

17 Cont.1

CASEY

Z-Man?

ROXANNE

(nods)

He has his eye on you. He's everywhere.

(drily)

Like Santa Claus.

(smiles wryly)

Poor old Ronnie. He's so young to be poor old Ronnie...

CASEY

Think so?

ROXANNE

Know so.

(pause)

But...you'll find that out soon enough.
C'est la vie and all that crap.

CASEY smiles.

ROXANNE

Listen...come over to the studio sometime.. I'd like to design something for you. No charge.

CASEY

(flattered, pleased)

I don't believe it.

ROXANNE

I mean it. I specialize in designing young things, and I make all my bread from these rich old cows who want you to dress them like kids. I like to design for a good figure occasionally just to stay in practice...

She smiles and CASEY for once accepts the compliment without self-consciousness.

CUT TO:

18

LIVING ROOM

The party is still in boisterous progress. A DOLLY SHOT re-establishes several of our characters before arriving at its destination. They are seen to be talking, but the sound track presents VOICE OVER dialogue of other conversations at the party, heard just in snatches.

Cont.

18 Cont.

The DOLLY SHOT shows PET and CASEY talking with ANNE: Z-MAN whispering compromising suggestions into the ear of the smiling VANESSA; the two GAY YOUNG MEN engaged in conversation with the BLONDE, while LANCE looks bored; HARRIS, in a corner, still without KELLY, being subjected to an apparently heated harrangue from PORTER; other guests dancing, and so forth.

The VOICE OVER dialogue includes such wild lines as the following:

FIRST VOICE (male)

...went at me like a barracuda...

SECOND VOICE (male)

...thirty-six positions, including four known only to the emperor...

THIRD VOICE (female)

...I nearly choked...

FOURTH VOICE (male)

...you mean you're not on the Pill?

FIFTH VOICE (female)

...another one of Z-Man's specialties...

SIXTH VOICE (male)

...so I just mushed in there...

The DOLLY SHOT arrives eventually at a view across the sunken area in front of the fireplace. HARRIS, apparently making his escape from PORTER, has just wandered into this area. ASHLEY beckons him, and pats the overstuffed sofa in invitation. HARRIS sits down next to her.

CUT TO:

19 CLOSER SHOT

ASHLEY's figure is attractively displayed in party pajamas, and she has one of those rare, husky voices. HARRIS wears bell-bottoms, beads, sandals. Both already have drinks. As HARRIS sits, ASHLEY scoots closer to him. She is sideways on the couch, and now she rests her forearm on his shoulder.

ASHLEY

(smiles warmly)

We meet again. Come into my den,
said the spider etcetera.

Cont.

19 Cont.

HARRIS

I was looking for somebody.

ASHLEY

(pretends jealousy)

Anybody I know?

HARRIS

(amused, putting
her slightly on)

Where do you get this "anybody I know"
business? Out of those sex novels
you write?

ASHLEY

You mean my --

(pause)

controversial best sellers?

HARRIS

(nods)

Ashley Famous... I read one of your
books.

(slyly)

The one about the teenage incest
triangle.

ASHLEY shrugs and smiles a so-what-can-you-do-about-it
smile. She toys playfully with HARRIS' ear.

ASHLEY

(toying)

You'll have to help me on the
research for the next one...

She leans over and nips his ear lightly with her teeth.

HARRIS

So...you an ear freak?

ASHLEY

(seductively)

Name some more.

Cont.

19 Cont.1

HARRIS

All right then, how about a toe
freak? I need it, I like it, I
gotta have it.

(beat; expansive)

A beautiful chick kissing me between
the toes.

(ASHLEY

(drily; looks at
his feet)

People who wear sandals must not
get many volunteers.

HARRIS

I can change.

ASHLEY

(suggestively)

Into something more comfortable?

HARRIS

That sounds vaguely obscene...

ASHLEY

(interrupts)

You're a groovy boy. I'd like to
strap you on sometime.

HARRIS

(finishes)

...and if there's anything I can't
stand, it's vagueness.

HARRIS holds up his empty glass, takes ASHLEY's, and
stands up. Holding her glass, he raises his eyebrows.

ASHLEY

A deathly dry gin martini.

CUT TO:

20

ANOTHER ANGLE

as HARRIS ascends from the sunken fireplace area to the
crowded main level of the living room. Although he
ostensibly is after refills on the drinks, he is in fact
looking for KELLY.

CUT to a LONG SHOT showing HARRIS moving somewhat aim-
lessly through the crowded room, still obviously looking
for someone.

CUT TO:

21

MED. SHOT

showing HARRIS back in his original vantage point near the doorway. He puts down his two empty glasses and turns to VANESSA and EMERSON, who are standing together nearby.

VANESSA

(to EMERSON)

But I thought we had another case case of Scotch.

HARRIS

(to VANESSA;
interrupting)

Pardon me. You haven't seen Kelly anywhere, have you? Kelly MacNamara?

VANESSA

She was wandering around with Z-Man. She may be out by the pool...

As HARRIS wanders in the direction of the pool, EMERSON and VANESSA continue a conversation.

VANESSA

Get yourself in gear, baby. People are dying of thirst.

EMERSON

If I move any faster, I'll be a blur of light, like Spiderman.

VANESSA

Here all this time I thought you were the Incredible Hulk.

(smiles sympathetically)

You've been studying too hard for the bar exam.

EMERSON

Baby, when I'm the black Perry Mason, I'm gonna buy a house like this to keep my dogs in...

As EMERSON smilingly leaves for the kitchen, HARRIS returns to the same point, still searching. He begins to walk toward the swinging door separating the balcony proper from the hallway connecting to the rest of the house.

CUT TO:

22

A POINT IN THE HALLWAY

where KELLY and RONNIE are escaping the party noise. She leans against the wall; he has his hands braced against the wall on either side of her, rather walling her in. They are not kissing, but it is a position from which one could easily kiss. They are in f.g. as the door in b.g. opens, revealing HARRIS. He pauses a second, then walks forward.

HARRIS

(making a joke, but
obviously disturbed)

I seem to be interrupting something...

RONNIE

(looks up)

Only a little makeout session between
Count Dracula and Mary Wolstonecraft
Shelley, here...

KELLY

(quickly)

Z-Man...uh, Ronnie Barzell...I'd
like you to meet Harris Allsworth,
my

(pauses briefly)

...manager.

HARRIS belatedly responds to RONNIE's offered handshake.

RONNIE

Manager, eh?

(significant pause)

Any friend of Mary Wolstonecraft Shelly
is a friend of mine.

(another pause)

Manager? The Blue Cross group?

HARRIS

(obviously irritated,
but tries to laugh
it off)

The Kelly Affair.

RONNIE

(mock surprise
to KELLY)

You mean...you're -- the Kelly?
Little did I suspect I was in the
Presence!

KELLY, uncomfortable, looks from one to another, saying
nothing.

Cont.

22 Cont.

RONNIE

(businesslike)

Still, that name won't do, you know.
The Kelly Affair.

(thoughtful pause)

The Kelly Affair. Won't do. Won't do.

(looks at HARRIS)

It's awfully Nineteen Fifties.

I mean, you might as well call them
the Crew Cuts...

HARRIS

(contained anger)

Kelly, I'm ready to leave.

RONNIE

(gushing)

Leave? Oh, no-no-no-no-no! Not
now, when midnight approaches and
the feast of blood is spread on
the banquet table of life. Blood.
Blood!

(his voice rises
manically)

Blood, my friends! We will drink
from the goblet!

(goes into old
gospel tune)

We will drink from the goblet!

Drink from the goblet!

We will drink from the goblet of blood!

He throws an arm around KELLY's shoulders and half-leads, half-pulls her back through the swinging doors toward the party. KELLY is ill-at-ease, but just as embarrassed by HARRIS' lack of cool as by RONNIE's rudeness. In fact, when you get right down to it, it is sometimes better to be rude than uncool.

CUT TO:

23

LONG SHOT - ACROSS LIVING ROOM

toward the balcony door as RONNIE emerges with KELLY. He has started a chant, which his friends quickly pick up.

RONNIE

Blood! Blood! Blood!

(turns to the silent,
angry, glowering

HARRIS)

Don't you just love sing-alongs?

Cont.

23 Cont.

HARRIS shows by his facial expression that he is simultaneously outraged and humiliated. Before he can respond, RONNIE is bouncing down the stairs and through the living room toward the rock group on the patio. He has KELLY by the hand. He leaps onto the rock group's platform, waving to attract VANESSA's attention by the door.

RONNIE

(uses pantomime
and exaggerated lip
movements to convey
his message)

Vanessa! The gong!

CUT to VANESSA as she sounds the large Oriental gong near the doorway. The guests gradually become silent.

RONNIE

(ceremoniously)

Ladies and gentlemen, an announcement if you please! There is a new rock group in the house!

(cheers, applause)

Their name -- The Kelly Affair!

Well, even their best friends

don't like their name. Still --

(laughter; he preens
himself and makes a
joke of his conceit)

as the Teen Tycoon of Rock, I'd
like to hear them and maybe you
would too. The Kelly Affair!

CUT to PET and CASEY sitting on the floor for the announcement. They go into a show of obligatory reluctance, and then stand up. ROXANNE, standing behind them, sends CASEY forward with an affectionate push.

CUT to a P.O.V. in the middle of THE WHY, as the TRIO nervously consults about the arrangement.

KELLY

(in conclusion)

Key of C, right?

Cont.

23 Cont.1

The two GAY YOUNG MEN are chuckling together. The ROTUND DRUNK is snapping his fingers for a drink. A swimmer does a loud belly-flop into the pool.

KELLY turns to give instructions to the band and then leads the TRIO into a driving hard-rock song. KELLY's earthy delivery -- with PET and CASEY right behind her -- dramatically gains the audience's attention.

As they sing, CUT to REACTION SHOTS of ANNE (pleased), PORTER (not pleased), and such others as EMERSON (holding a tray and listening), ASHLEY, ROXANNE, and of course Z-MAN BARZELL. To one side, HARRIS wears a stony expression. Include CUT of LANCE ROCKE so completely engrossed by KELLY's beauty that even his "date" can't distract him.

As the song ends RONNIE hurries forward and grabs the mike.

RONNIE

An announcement! Ladies and gentlemen, an announcement! I'm so excited by what I've heard -- so thrilled -- that I intend to sign this group immediately to a personal management contract. Within six months -- mark my words! -- they'll be one of the biggest groups in the country!

As RONNIE's guests supply loyal applause, CUT to an excluded and smouldering HARRIS, left out of the spotlight.

CUT TO:

PET

bemused and happy. As RONNIE continues to enthuse in the b.g., PET wanders away, not quite caring where she's going. She passes in front of the swinging door to the kitchen just as EMERSON is coming through. The door bounces back and an entire tray full of glasses crashes to the floor. Recovering quickly, PET tentatively pulls open the swinging door and gingerly peeks around it to see what damage she's caused. The opening door reveals EMERSON looking at the mess.

EMERSON

(amused, shocked
exasperation)

Perfect timing.

PET

(sorry)

I was looking for the john.

24 Cont.

EMERSON

(likes her looks;
decides not to
be mad)

Z-Man Barzell is a very rich cat,
but he doesn't have a john in his
kitchen.

PET

(senses his mood;
kids him slightly)

Well then maybe I was looking for
a sandwich.

EMERSON

(wringing booze out
of his coat)

Baby, this ain't no welfare line.

PET

Then what are you standing in it
for?

EMERSON

Getting my thing together.

PET

You putting me on?

EMERSON

Right on! Unmasked again. He
poses as a busboy, but in real
life...he's Emerson Thorne, ambi-
tious young law student, who studies
by day and

(a note of radio
soap-opera menace
creeps into his
voice)

waits...by...night.

PET feels an easy communication with EMERSON. Casually
taking him by the arm, she walks him out of the kitchen
area and toward the pool. We lead them with a trucking
shot as they approach the fence overlooking the city.

PET

(high, like every-
one else by now)

Why do you do me like you do do do...

Cont.

24 Cont.1

PET (Cont.)

(smiles, stretches
up and kisses EMERSON
on the lips)

I was going to say something smartass,
but all of a sudden -- you know what?

EMERSON

No, what?

PET

Suddenly I knew you weren't putting me on, and that you were Emerson Thorne -- man, what a straight name! -- and that you were an ambitious young law student and all that crap.

EMERSON

And what about that kiss and all that crap?

PET

(from her tone of
voice she means it
as an intimacy)

More where it came from, Emerson Thorne.

CUT TO:

25

MAIN PARTY

discovering RONNIE (Z-MAN) BARZELL with his arms around CASEY and KELLY, while HARRIS (somehow excluded from the celebration) stands to one side. RONNIE, exuberant as always, is still gushing about his plans for the TRIO.

RONNIE

We ought to seriously think about a new name. All the good ones are freaky, like Spooky Tooth and Three Dog Night, and Earth Mother and the All-Night Newsboys. But I'll put someone on it. One of my men. One of my faithful minions... we'll change it tomorrow.

Cont.

25 Cont.

RONNIE (Cont.)

(declaims)

...tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow...

(dramatically)

you'll be superstars!

His voice, gradually becoming VOICE OVER, leads into the music of the next scene.

CUT TO:

26

MONTAGE

designed to tell two stories: the TRIO's rise to the top, and the dethroning of HARRIS by RONNIE. Because the montage will concentrate only on these characters, no others will be featured (except for subordinate MUSICIANS and TECHNICIANS in b.g.)

Visually, everything else in the montage will be subordinate to the TRIO; even the activities of RONNIE and HARRIS will be peripheral.

Details of the montage will be arrived at in consultation between the director, the cinematographer and the musical director; but essentially it will employ rapid cuts, musical segues and pantomime action and dialogue with music always over. It will, in fact, be a musical number with the lyrics supplying the "dialogue." This will even be the case in the confrontations between HARRIS and RONNIE, as the former gradually loses his influence and is shoved out of center stage by Z-MAN's superior expertise.

The rise of the TRIO will be illustrated visually by their clothes and sound; the better dressed they are, and the more impressive they sound musically, the happier Z-MAN BARZELL will look and the more disconsolately HARRIS will act. Some of the pantomime action might include Z-MAN forcefully overruling a suggestion by HARRIS; Z-MAN effortlessly swinging his weight and influence around; Z-MAN explaining a technical problem while SOUND MEN listen respectfully; Z-MAN indicating, by a glance or a smile, that he rather enjoys replacing HARRIS. KELLY might occasionally try to offer solace and understanding to HARRIS, but she knows enough to take advantage of Z-MAN's compulsive enthusiasm. CASEY and PET also go along with Z-MAN; success changes personalities, no matter what the circumstances. The TRIO accepts what seems to be in their best interests, even if they momentarily regret that HARRIS's pride is bruised.

Cont.

26 Cont.

The montage will be entirely photographed inside a recording studio complex, and an array of recording equipment will be used. Z-MAN BARZELL will emerge as a consummate technician of record production. He will supervise as TECHNICIANS obtain the proper sound mix, record voices and instruments one at a time, and try again and again to achieve the proper balance among sound channels. As a result of this work, the quality and nature of the sound on the sound track will be heard to improve during the montage, illustrating the way in which records are electronically perfected in the studio. The first music in the montage will consist simply of the TRIO and their instruments. Then it will grow more complex as other instruments are added, as well as multiple tracks, echo chambers, sound effects and so on, until at the end of the montage the result will resemble Phil Spector's "Wall of Sound"-- in other words, a fully-produced rock recording.

The costumes, as mentioned earlier, will also reflect changing circumstances. The clothing of the TRIO will become more spectacular from shot to shot, indicating they've been supplied with extensive contemporary wardrobes. In contrast, HARRIS remains about the same in faded Levis, sandals and so forth, so that as the montage continues he looks comparatively more drab. Z-MAN BARZELL, on the other hand, will glitter in an array of fantastic, exhibitionistic costumes. The wilder he is garbed, the more strongly his character will emerge. Some of his costumes will be merely fashionable; others will frankly be designed for effect.

At the end of the montage, as the fully-produced record is booming out of the sound track, one final event will be detailed: the changing of the group's name from "The Kelly Affair" to something hip like "The Agnew Sanitarium." The transition will be effected with these optical effects:

--The screen will be filled with a smooth, blank white surface. A hand will forcefully enter the frame, holding a huge rubber stamp. As the stamp is withdrawn, the words "The Agnew Sanitarium" will be revealed in bld black stencil type on the white surface.

--As the camera pulls back, it reveals that the letters are on the side of Pet's big bass drum.

--Then, using optical effects, the camera as it continues to pull back reveals that the drum, with its lettering, is part of a photograph on the jacket of

Cont.

26 Cont.1

an lp record. The album's cover photograph shows the TRIO in a spirited stage performance, their frenzied action spectacularly frozen. The album title, trademark, etc., are seen.

--And then the freeze-frame develops to action -- the wild, throbbing action of the group (still performing the same song without missing a beat) on the stage of a small rock nightclub like the Troubador.

CUT ON ACTION to KELLY, PET and CASEY, spotlighted as they near the climax of their number. INTERCUT this with REACTION SHOTS of interesting facial types in the audience, and follow it with wild applause: The Agnew Sanitarium is a hit! As the three GIRLS bounce off stage --

CUT TO:

27 CRAMPED BACKSTAGE AREA

where the TRIO is greeted by Z-MAN BARZELL and other friends such as ANNE, the ill-at-ease PORTER, ROXANNE (who embraces CASEY perhaps too warmly), ASHLEY, LANCE ROCKE (with a voluptuous BRUNETTE on his arm), and, of course, HARRIS -- who is present but moping in b.g. The backstage scene is fairly cool; there isn't any popping of champagne corks and the whole Gold Diggers bit. Instead, everyone is pleased and relieved that the debut went off all right. There is a feeling of friendship and shared accomplishment. Shared, that is, by everyone but HARRIS.

The dialogue during this moment of celebration is rushed and confused; the various characters all seem to talk at once. But a few voices stand out.

RONNIE

(to all the girls)

You have reached the unreachable star!
Beat the unbeatable foe! The Times and
the Free Press critics have both paid homage.

ROXANNE

(embracing CASEY)

I'm just so proud...
(pulls away, looks
in her eyes, smiles)

Cont.

27 Cont.

ANNE

(the ill-at-ease
PORTER on her arm;
to PET)

To think my niece has such groovy
friends...

(KELLY joins group)

Kelly, it was wonderful! Didn't
you just love it, Porter?

PORTER nods insincerely; says nothing. In the midst of
this bedlam Z-MAN now works his way around the crowd to
KELLY again. He sweeps her into his arms and whirls her
about. The camera gets glimpses of the happy TRIO, their
FRIENDS, the still-isolated HARRIS, and a last shot of
ASHLEY. She is also somewhat aloof from the group, but
smiling; soon she will leave unnoticed. As KELLY regains
her feet after RONNIE's whirl, she sees over Z-MAN's
shoulder someone leaning quietly against the wall: HARRIS.
He has his hands in his pockets and a hurt expression on
his face. Even his clothes -- the same old Levis -- set
him apart from the crowd.

Z-MAN bubbles away to deliver more congratulations. His
voice continues to be heard, in b.g., as KELLY is left
standing, alone for the moment, face to face with HARRIS.

RONNIE

(as he whirls KELLY
around)

Forsooth, my pliant countess. Your
melodious voice surpasses even the
haunting pipes of Circe.

KELLY

We owe everything to you.

HARRIS overhears.

RONNIE

(hurrying from one
to another)

Ah, beauteous Pet. A triumph.
You were a thunderstorm.

PET

Oh wow. I love the way you go,
man.

RONNIE

Casey, Casey, mistress fair. Your
stringed assault has left my ears
fiercely vibrating. Majestic.

Cont.

27 Cont.1

CASEY

Z-Man. This is the happiest moment
of my life!

RONNIE

(racing on)

Anne. Did you hear? Did you hear
the wondrous miracle wrought by my
muses?

ANNE

You've done it again, Ronnie.

RONNIE

Again and again. Ah, Porter.
Methinks this brew is not for
your more delicate sensibilities.
Courage, Camille.

PORTER just nods agreement and waves at Z-MAN.

RONNIE

Do my senses fail me? The infamous
Ashley Famous; the high priestess
of carnality. 'Tis she who does
not often grace our simple gatherings.

ASHLEY

Congratulations, Ronnie. They were
groovy.

As this continues behind them, KELLY and HARRIS face
each other silently. KELLY, flushed with happiness,
seems to be waiting for HARRIS to make the first move.
But he does not. At this point either QUICK FLASHBACKS
or simply reverberating v.o. VOICES remind them of how
far -- and quickly -- the TRIO has come, and how completely
it has left HARRIS behind. Some VOICES might include:

HARRIS (v.o.)

...but there must be a thousand
groups...

(or)

...who do we know in L.A.?

KELLY (v.o.)

...Harris -- tomorrow morning...
we split for the Coast...

Some FLASHBACK images might include scenes from the
motel room or the Senior Prom and the car outside.

Cont.

27 Cont.2

But neither HARRIS nor KELLY says anything out loud, and the gulf between them grows deep. It appears, however, that KELLY is about to take the initiative. She takes a step toward HARRIS -- but just then she's snatched back into the thick of things by Z-MAN.

CUT TO:

28 HARRIS' P.O.V.

as Z-MAN takes KELLY by the arm and propels her toward the dressing room. She looks back at HARRIS as she goes.

RONNIE

Make haste, my supple countess; the
last flight to Shangri-La leaves
within the hour.

CUT to a REACTION SHOT of HARRIS, and then CUT back to his P.O.V., showing RONNIE BARZELL looking back at him for a moment.

RONNIE

(false, empty
heartiness)

Does not the moment amuse you, Kracow?
Hasten, ere the portcullis bars your
entrance to Elsinore.

CUT again to a REACTION SHOT of the resentful HARRIS, and then CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY's face -- thoughtful for a moment. Then

CUT TO:

29

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

as the expression gradually fades and KELLY is caught up in the bustle of happiness. PET and CASEY are already in various stages of undress. Some nudity is visible as the TRIO removes their stage outfits and changes into party clothes that are just as wild and colorful. The GIRLS continuously jostle into each other as they change. It is impractical to suggest specific action during the following dialogue, but generally all three GIRLS remove their outer garments, change brassieres, remove stockings, remove makeup, apply new makeup, trade off cold cream, tissue, sponges and other dressing room paraphernalia, and look for missing shoes, rings, etc. They bump into each other constantly in the cramped quarters. They help each other zip up the backs of dresses. They laugh and kid in an easy camaraderie. PET applies CASEY's eye make-up. And so forth.

CASEY

Pet, where's Emerson?

PET

(smiles proudly)

Like cramming for bar exams.

KELLY

When you gonna shack up with him, man?

PET

(fake exasperation,
as if she'd been
denied too long)

Soon as he can move me into the law library.

(to KELLY)

Here, let me unzip that.

She unzips a pesky zipper.

Cont.

29 Cont.

KELLY
(back over her
shoulder to PET)
Another party at Z-Man's tonight...

PET
(meditative
anticipation)
Yeah...

CASEY
(the quiet one;
doesn't like parties)
What else is new? -- like every night.

KELLY's zipper undone, she slips out of her dress and looks at herself searchingly in the mirror. CUT to a CLOSEUP in the mirror as she pulls down her lower eyelid, lets it snap up, pulls it down again -- in an attempt to examine her eye makeup. She finally abandons the operation in exasperation.

KELLY
(looking at the
others in the
mirror)
Anybody got any grass?

PET
(bends over to look
over KELLY's shoulder
into KELLY's face in
mirror - catching her
eye in conspirator's
fashion).
I scored this afternoon. The cat
swore up and down it was Acapulco Gold
-- so if we're lucky maybe it's at
least pot.

KELLY
(kidding)
So we get an oregano high...
(pauses, thinks)
But I thought you were with Emerson
all afternoon.

PET
I was.

Cont.

29 Cont.1

KELLY

And I thought he was at the law
library all afternoon.

PET

He was.

KELLY

(wheels around
to face PET)

So like when did you score, man?

PET

(delighted with
her cunning)

Emerson slipped me a graduate
student's pass, and I went back
in the stacks to do some advanced
research in the rare book collection,
and who should I run into but my
score?

KELLY

(heartfelt admiration)

Cool! That's putting it together.

By now PET and CASEY are more or less dressed, and they
leave the dressing room. KELLY, who got a later start,
finishes stuffing makeup and gear into her bag. When
she looks up she sees HARRIS leaning against the door-
sill. Once again there is a silence. Has HARRIS at
last come to say something? They look at each other
for several beats, and KELLY finally decides to play it
cool.

KELLY

Hi, baby. Coming to the party?

HARRIS

(knows, asks anyway)

What party?

KELLY

Everybody's splitting for the
Z-Man's.

HARRIS

(bitter, cynical)

Everybody?

Cont.

29 Cont.2

KELLY

You bugged, man?

HARRIS

Yeah.

KELLY

(not making it
easy)

What's the matter, baby? Things
happened tonight.

HARRIS

Sure...

KELLY

So?

HARRIS

So where do I fit in, Kelly?

KELLY

(packing her bag,
looks up)

I don't dig.

HARRIS

(quietly angry)

There once was a time -- maybe you
remember -- when I was a manager,
and not the next thing to a goddamned
Groupie.

KELLY occupies herself with her bag. She understands exactly what he means, of course, but she isn't prepared to enter into this sort of conversation. When she does speak, her voice sounds kind but the effect is cruel.

KELLY

Come along to the Z-Man's. Do
you good.

HARRIS looks at her without saying anything, and we have the feeling this is the moment of their final split. He turns and walks away. KELLY's face reveals that she's moved, but she chooses not to go after him. Instead, she gathers up her gear and leaves the room alone.

CUT TO:

30

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

There are still a few stragglers in the backstage area, including LANCE and his voluptuous BRUNETTE. And RONNIE, who is waiting impatiently.

RONNIE

Let's move it out, Kelly!

KELLY

Right there!

As she walks toward the stage door, she is interrupted.

LANCE

(arm around the
BRUNETTE's waist)

It was a groove tonight, Miss MacNamara.
You really turned on.

KELLY

(puzzled for a moment)

Do I know you? Oh, yeah -- you
were at Z-Man's. Now don't tell
me your name...you're...you're...

LANCE

Lance. Lance Rocke.

KELLY

Coming to the Z-Man's tonight, Lance?

LANCE

(looks at the
BRUNETTE)

I don't know. How do you feel, Miriam?
Feel like a party?

BRUNETTE

(jealously regarding
KELLY)

Not really, Lance. It sounds divine,
but -- it's past my bedtime.

LANCE

(looks at KELLY, then
at the BRUNETTE. Some-
thing clicks)

That's a shame, sweetheart. You'll
miss a good time. You're positive,
now?

Cont.

30 Cont.

BRUNETTE
(looking forward to
a first-class lay)
Sure as sure can be.

LANCE
(deliberately
misinterpreting)
Right-o. Well, at least let me
call a cab for you.

The BRUNETTE's face fills with fury, but what can she say? She stalks off as LANCE shrugs and presents his arm for KELLY to take. And KELLY, despite herself, smiles at the scene.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

KELLY and LANCE pile into Z-MAN's waiting limousine, driven by the German chauffeur, OTTO. HARRIS still lingers outside the club, and KELLY takes care not to notice him. But someone else does notice HARRIS. It is ASHLEY FAMOUS, who met him at the first party.

CUT to a P.O.V. in the back seat of ASHLEY's Rolls-Royce. Her head and shoulders frame the left side of the screen; through the windshield, ahead on the sidewalk, HARRIS is visible. He has his hands in his pockets and is dejectedly walking down the sidewalk as Z-MAN's limo pulls away. ASHLEY slips the car into gear and quietly guides the big Rolls up to a point on the curbing opposite HARRIS. As he looks over toward her, CUT to a shot looking past her and out the side window at HARRIS. He moves toward the car and leans over to look in the window. It slides down electrically.

ASHLEY
Going my way?

HARRIS
(approaches window,
looks in, braces
hands on car roof)
I'm skipping the party tonight,
Ashley. I'm going home and crash.

CUT to a REVERSE SHOT of ASHLEY looking at HARRIS.

ASHLEY
I'm skipping the party, too. Get
in -- unless you have a ride.

Cont.

31 Cont.

CUT to a shot that frames HARRIS in the window of the Rolls.

HARRIS

Don't put yourself out, Ashley.
I can hitch.

ASHLEY (o.s.) pushes a button and the little door-lock knob automatically pops up almost under HARRIS's nose. HARRIS starts, looks at the knob, and with a shrug and what intends to be a good-natured smile, he gets into the car.

As ASHLEY drives, HARRIS looks at her from his vantage point -- he's braced against the door sideways. She is especially attractive tonight, dressed expensively in clothes that fall somewhere between Vogue and Rolling Stone. Her lustrous hair frames her face and full mouth, and she is a young, seductive femme fatale. From the way she guides the big automobile, she seems fully in command, efficient, dominant, a strong and desirable woman. It is fairly clear, from the cut of her blouse, the movement of the car and the shape of her neckline, that she has risen to the occasion tonight by not wearing a bra. She wears a medallion around her neck which falls between her breasts, pressing the thin fabric against them. They jog nicely (in an INSERT SHOT) when the car crosses the railroad tracks. None of this is lost on HARRIS.

But HARRIS is lost in thought when the car arrives in front of his place. CUT to the street in front of an apartment hotel of some sort. ASHLEY slides the big Rolls over to the curb and switches off the ignition. (The subsequent car scenes will be shot on a sound stage with a cutaway car.)

ASHLEY

So here we are.

HARRIS

(snaps back)

What? Oh. Thanks a lot,
Ashley...

He searches for the doorknob on the unfamiliar car.

ASHLEY

(mockingly)

Don't I even deserve a goodnight
kiss?

Cont.

31 Cont.1

HARRIS pauses and looks across at her. In the half light of the street lamps, she looks alert and provocative. She smiles slightly. But she doesn't move, and she still faces straight ahead with her hands on the steering wheel.

CUT to a medium shot showing both of them as HARRIS slides over in the seat. He has to kneel on the seat to get the correct angle at ASHLEY's mouth. She doesn't make it easy for him to kiss her (and this is oddly arousing). HARRIS looks almost like a worshipper to a pagan god as he kneels in the seat and bends forward (but carefully not using his hands) while kissing ASHLEY. It is a routine kiss, made strangely embarrassing by the way HARRIS has to deliver it.

After he kisses her, he sits back on his haunches with his legs doubled beneath him. Neither of them makes an immediate move, but there's something in the air. Finally ASHLEY turns sideways in the seat (still in the MED. SHOT) and leans forward to kiss him. His hands are braced on his knees, and as she leans forward her breasts rest their weight on his arms. Without quite seeming to, HARRIS stiffens his arms slightly so that they press against her breasts. All of this is shown in one unbroken shot, to establish that neither of them uses their hands for the time being, and that the only points of contact so far are their lips, and her breasts against his arms.

Now ASHLEY leans back against the door on the driver's side, so that her breasts are outlined through the thin material of her blouse. The effect is striking, and inspires HARRIS to reach out and pull ASHLEY's arm, gently but firmly, in an attempt to move her out from behind the wheel. ASHLEY comes toward him more easily than HARRIS expected, with the result that her voluptuous body crushes against him and even bends him backwards. They drink from each other's lips. HARRIS, as he begins to grope for key portions of her anatomy, arrives at an inevitable question.

HARRIS

(whispers)

Let's go inside.

ASHLEY

(delays her answer
as long as possible,
hungrily sucking at
his mouth)

What's wrong with the Rolls?

HARRIS

(incredulous look)

Not when my springs are handy.

31 Cont.2

ASHLEY (Cont.)

(she takes his hand
and appears to place
it on her breast, out
of frame. Tonguing
his ear, she whispers
passionately)

I want you right here.

HARRIS senses from the urgency of ASHLEY's voice that it would be futile to try to change her mind. As ASHLEY continues to lick inside his ear, he switches to another tack.

HARRIS

Wild! That's all I need -- juggled
as a Vag-Lewd in a Rolls Royce yet.

ASHLEY

(continues to press
her voluptuous body
against his)

What's the matter, stud -- no
guts?

HARRIS

(plaintive; no way out)
At least we could park in the
driveway.

ASHLEY literally gurgles her acceptance of the idea. Smashing back over to the driver's position, she all but peels away from the curbing; SMASH CUT to a shot taken from the middle of the lawn, so that the camera swings through an arc to follow the Rolls as it lurches forward from a standing start, turns sharply into the driveway and (CUT ON ACTION to the interior) brakes to a head-snapping halt. NOTE: If possible a mirror will be mounted in the ceiling over the back seat.

CUT to a LOW ANGLE as the force of the stop propels ASHLEY forward. As she bounces back, she pulls the emergency brake. Her splendid legs are in f.g.; in b.g. HARRIS keenly studies the operation. ASHLEY uses all the leggy grace she can muster to slither over the front seat and into the back. HARRIS moves her head to follow her progress. CUT to ASHLEY, established in a provocative position in the back seat.

ASHLEY

Now it's your move...
(she unzips her
mini-skirt)

Cont.

31 Cont.3

CUT to ASHLEY's P.O.V. in the back seat. From the movements of HARRIS' head and shoulders, it is evident he's removing his pants in the front seat. As he then begins to clamber over the seat toward her, CUT ON ACTION (to avoid excess nudity) and show just a flash of HARRIS' backside as he half-falls into the back seat.

In the subsequent love scene, excessive exposure will be controlled with low key lighting, careful attention to camera angle, judicious direction and clever cutting. The camera will seem to reveal a great deal more than it actually does. The dialogue provides an audible counterpoint to their love-making, suggesting by its rhythm a great deal that the camera will not show.

In the early stages of their love-making, there is v.o. heavy breathing, intimate little sounds, soft moans, half-heard whispered words of endearment. The CAMERA slowly traces the two bodies in EXTREME CLOSEUP -- always remembering, of course, that the two people are fully dressed from the waist up.

ASHLEY
(after a while)
Isn't that nice, Harris?

HARRIS
(softly, miles away)
Yeah...

ASHLEY
(warm breathing)
Please tell me how nice it is...
(pause, breathing)
I like to hear how nice it is...

HARRIS
Uh!...Uh!...Groovy.

ASHLEY
(talking almost
to herself)
Please tell me it's soooo nice...
(pause; heavy,
sensuous breathing)
That's what I love to hear...

And all the time their bodies are moving in rhythm. For the remainder of the scene, their dialogue -- ASHLEY's in particular -- will actually be said in rhythm with their body movements.

Cont.

31 Cont.4

HARRIS
(softly but
passionately)
Ashley...

ASHLEY
(in his ear)
Oh Harris...is it good, Harris?
Say it's good. Please say it's good.

CUT, almost subliminally, to a flash of two bodies, LANCE and KELLY, tossing in a bed. They are making love, but the CUT is too fast for them to be identified. Immediately CUT back to the Rolls Royce (and the dialogue from the Rolls continues v.o. even during the CUT).

HARRIS
(rhythmic breathing)
It's my...it's my first time...in
a Rolls...

This continues v.o. during another CUT of the couple in bed. This CUT is held just long enough to establish the other couple as KELLY and LANCE, in the throes of love. Then CUT immediately back again.

ASHLEY
(heavy breathing,
her body rhythmically
moving)
My poor...little baby..his first
time...

Another FLASH CUT of the other couple.

HARRIS
First time...in a Rolls...

ASHLEY
...his first time...in a Rolls...

A slightly longer FLASH CUT of the other couple. And now, for the balance of this scene, a quick-cutting editing rhythm is established, back and forth, between the two couples. The editing is in rhythm with the physical movements of love-making, and all dialogue is also in rhythm. Even when the other couple is shown, the dialogue continues voice over and is always ASHLEY and HARRIS.

Cont.

31 Cont.5

ASHLEY

(heavy breathing;
approaching orgasm)

...there's nothing...like a Rolls...
Harris...nothing...like a Rolls...
nothing...nothing...nothing...
nothing like a Rolls...nothing...
nothing...not even a Bentley...
not even a Bentley...Bentley...
Bentley...not even a Bentley...
not even a Bentley...Bentley...
Bentley...is like a Rolls...Rolls
...Rolls!

With the last several words, still cutting in rhythm, both couples achieve orgasm. ASHLEY's voice remains at all times soft and breathless, even during the urgency of the last words. Toward the end of her speech, as her voice continues v.o., the cutting rhythm is such that the duration of each cut equals the length of each word. With ASHLEY's last "Rolls," KELLY and LANCE are on the screen, and the camera remains in bed with them.

CUT TO:

32 INT. LANCE'S ROOM - NIGHT, APPROACHING DAWN

Exhausted by their passion, LANCE and KELLY relax slightly, still kissing and caressing each other in liquid fulfillment. They are in a bed lighted faintly by moonlight. Their nudity has been established, particularly in the preceding quick cuts, but it is controlled by use of lighting and camera angles. They do not speak immediately, but as their passion gradually wanes it is KELLY who speaks.

KELLY

(chuckles throatily
and snuggles close)

I needed that. I had a bad scene
with Harris tonight...

LANCE

The Whisco Kid?

KELLY

(loyally, and with
a fleeting sad
expression)

Please don't knock Harris. He's
great in a lot of ways. It's only
when --

Cont.

32 Cont.

LANCE

(easily; too easily)

So let's drop the subject.

He plants a moist and sensual kiss on her mouth, which she returns. During the preceding dialogue, the CAMERA ANGLES have limited the field of vision essentially to the bed. Now the dawn's early light begins to filter into the room.

CUT to a CLOSE SHOT of KELLY, warmly returning LANCE's post-coital caresses, and then, with a happy sigh, falling back with her head on the pillow. LANCE relaxes too, stretching luxuriously, perhaps looking forward to another hour or two of sleep now.

As KELLY's eyes slowly examine LANCE's room, CUT to a P.O.V. shot exploring it. It is apparently a cheap rented room, furnished by the landlady from second-hand furniture and Goodwill Industries bargains. Unmatched and battered pieces of furniture line the walls: an old-fashioned dresser with a cracked mirror, a few cane-bottom chairs, an old Navy trunk, a worn-out sofa, and so on. LANCE's soiled laundry (knit shirts, socks, trousers, some underwear, dress shirts) is draped over almost any horizontal surface. Newspapers and magazines are scattered on the floor. There are a few scuzzy pictures tacked on the walls -- including even a yellowed newspaper-page-size poster of a baseball hero -- and LANCE's self-image is suggested by posters of Brando and James Dean, both on motorcycles. Such posters haven't been "in" for some time, but that's the idea. There are also a few pictures supplied by the landlady: Washington crossing the Delaware, a red barn in a rural scene, even a big Blue Boy that LANCE may not know is camp. On the dresser at the foot of the bed, there's a 17 inch black-and-white Muntz TV.

KELLY

(completes examination)

God, what a dump. What do they stick you for here?

LANCE

(opens one eye)

Six-o.

(grandly)

It's a place to keep my...

(pause)

wardrobe.

Cont.

32 Cont.1

KELLY looks around at the dishevelment, hardly concerned with his answer, then sticks him.

KELLY

Who was that Miriam babe?

LANCE

Miriam Harrisburg? The capital of Pennsylvania was named after her ancestors.

KELLY

(half enviously)

God, she was stacked. What were they, forty-fours?

LANCE

(smugly)

In round numbers.

KELLY

What do you use me for? A boy?

LANCE

(rolls toward her,
kisses her cheek)

That's what she wants me to use her for.

KELLY thinks; giggles at the implication.

KELLY

Where'd she get her bread?

LANCE

Chemicals, cosmetics, oil. She's the last of the clan -- the heiress. Now dig this -- her brother was massaged to death in a Turkish bath.

LANCE massages her body.

KELLY

(ignores LANCE's line)

Where'd you meet her?

LANCE

(gesturing)

Ad in the L.A. Free Press.

KELLY

Yours?

Cont.

32 Cont.2

LANCE

Hers. Built brunette, mid-20s,
desires...

KELLY

(interrupts)
Athletic stud?

LANCE

(playing grab-ass)
You oughta know, baby!

They wrestle for holds, in fun. Finally both roll over in bed again, spread-eagled. As they do so, LANCE makes one playful grab for KELLY's breast, and she playfully pulls up the sheet to cover it (thus limiting the nudity without seeming to).

LANCE

So what about this Welles chick?

KELLY

Anne Welles? My long lost aunt!
(smiles)

LANCE

(insinuating)
Auntie Anne. Good-looking lady.
Nice. Firm. Pneumatic.

KELLY

Aunt Anne?
(jealous)
She'd flip-out to hear that.

She sits up in bed once again and this time seriously sets about brushing her long, lustrous hair, momentarily beset with the suggestion of jealousy. LANCE watches KELLY fingering her hair.

KELLY

(hits a snag)
I'm thinking of cutting my hair.

LANCE

(arrests her)
Don't.

KELLY

Why not?

Cont.

32 Cont.3

LANCE

I want to love you for more than
just your bankroll.

KELLY

(in f.g. so the
interesting expres-
sion on her face
is visible)

What do you mean by that?

LANCE

The millions. The Welles millions.

KELLY

You know a lot about me -- for a
casual acquaintance.

LANCE

There aren't any secrets at Z-Man's.

KELLY

I gently suggested to Aunt Anne
that the millions could go screw.

LANCE

Oh wow! You what? A tactical error.
(then seriously)
Why are you only getting a third, Kel?

KELLY

(stops brushing)
A third?

LANCE

(cold, objective)
You ought to be getting half.

KELLY

(defensive)
Why should I get anything at all?

LANCE

You earned it, getting shafted all
your life while your rich relations
were balling it up in Lawrenceville.

KELLY

(still looking away
from him)
You know a lot about my family.

Cont.

32 Cont.4

LANCE

Like I say, not many secrets at Z-Man's. Take some free advice. Porter Hall wants to sink his lunch hooks into that dough. He's screwing you, not Anne Welles. Do yourself a favor. Take the bread and split. You deserve it. One half!

SMASH CUT TO:

33

INT. ANNE WELLES OFFICE - MORNING

Where a conversation is underway between ANNE and PORTER.

The office corresponds to ANNE's taste as already exhibited in her studio and apartment. It is large and roomy, dominated by a desk that's (neatly) covered with paper, letters, photographs, page proofs, magazine tear sheets, scripts and correspondence. There's a large, carpeted open area in the center of the office, and a grouping of furniture -- a sofa, chairs, a coffee table -- at the other end. One wall has many books, magazines, framed awards and plaques. The skylight from the adjacent studio extends part-way overhead. There's a large work table under it, where ANNE and her assistants do drafting and lay-out work. It has an architect's lamp, jars filled with pencils and brushes, and an assortment of artist's supplies.

The SMASH CUT shows us PORTER's face in CLOSEUP -- very angry.

PORTER

(losing his cool)

...so maybe she is. And on the other hand, maybe she's some tramp who picked up the Lawrenceville paper and got a bright idea.

CUT to ANNE in MEDIUM SHOT, behind her desk. PORTER is leaning on it with both hands. He is also in frame.

ANNE

(exasperated, bored)

Porter, I don't even want to listen to this.

PORTER

(another of his long speeches; reaction shots show ANNE is bored)

You'll listen to me now, or you'll listen to someone else -- too late. I promise you, Anne, there's something fishy about this entire business. Kelly MacNamara -- or whatever her name is -- arrives in town with

(CUTAWAY shows ANNE doodling on her pad)

a carload of long-haired, foul-smelling, bug-infested hippies. She checks into a motel, and the next thing we know you're offering her a third of a million dollars out of the kindness of your heart. Well it's a generous gesture, Anne -- but I'm warning you, it's a reckless one.

33 Cont.

ANNE

Porter, get a grip on yourself.
You're strutting up and down like
an antsy rooster.

PORTER

(blustering)

I hate to say this, Anne, but as
your adviser, to say nothing of
your admirer, I must. You've forced
me into it, with what -- I have no
doubt -- are the best of intentions
on your part. I've made certain
enquiries through an agency associated
with my office.

He pauses for dramatic effect; ANNE takes a mirror from
her purse and inspects her makeup. Undaunted, he proceeds.

PORTER

(slowly, coldly)

That girl Kelly MacNamara is a --
tramp! She was living in a single
room with three other individuals.
One of them was male, and the other
two --

(falters as he
thinks ahead)

well, the other two were female.

(that sounded lame;
he regains speed)

God only knows what they were up
to in there. And, furthermore, my
agent would not be the least...bit...
surprised to learn that all four
of them habitually smoke marijuana
cigarettes!

(leans on her desk,
head thrust forward
for emphasis)

Reefers!

ANNE

(secretly amused;
loves to needle him)

Porter, you're a dear.

(reaches out to pat
his hand, but he
stand erect)

But you really shouldn't let your-
self get so exercised.

Cont.

33 Cont.1

ANNE (Cont.)

(replaces makeup and
mirror in purse)

Besides -- if Kelly does turn on --

Anne's line is interrupted by the door buzzer and a voice comes over the intercom.

INTERCOM

Kelly MacNamara, Miss Welles.

ANNE

(depressing button)

Send her in.

(stands up, moves
from behind desk)

Now try to contain yourself, Porter.

CUT to the door as KELLY enters and is surprised to find PORTER already there. KELLY wears her hair down, beads, sandals, a casual hopsack dress.

KELLY

Sorry, I'll come back later.

ANNE

(cool)

Come in, Kelly. Porter's all steamed
up...

(making an excuse)

Too much partying.

KELLY laughs. This is absolutely the last straw for PORTER, who wheels on KELLY and verbally assaults her.

PORTER

Now you listen to me, you -- you --
hippie! I don't know where you
came from or who you are, but if
you do not voluntarily withdraw
your morbid interest in Miss Welles'
affairs, I shall be forced to...to...

REACTION SHOTS show ANNE displeased at this outburst, and KELLY confused at first and then, figuring out the situation, interrupting him when he pauses for words. KELLY walks toward him, deliberately pulling her long hair forward so that it frames her face and falls down her shoulders.

Cont.

33 Cont.2

KELLY

I doubt if you'd recognize a hippie, man. I'm a capitalist, baby. I'm working for my living -- not sucking off somebody else.

PORTER

You scabby bitch!

KELLY slaps him with great energy and delight. She ducks easily when he tries, twice, to swing at her.

KELLY

(dancing gleefully
out of reach)

Missed...and missed again, you mothering bastard!

ANNE, horrified, moves quickly to separate the two and re-establish order.

ANNE

Kelly, stand over there behind my desk. Porter -- sit down in that chair! Now!

Cont.

33 Cont.3

Her tone commands obedience.

PORTER

(sits down grimly)

You won't get a penny, Miss Kelly MacNamara. Not a single penny. I promise you.

ANNE

(in the middle)

Porter, shut up. You're making a fool of yourself.

PORTER

(on his feet again)

Look at her -- the tramp!
She's nothing but a whore, Anne.
She has the morals of -- of -- of
an Alley cat! Look at that filthy,
stringy hair hanging down her back.
(grimaces in fastidious
disgust)

KELLY

(tosses her shining
hair)

Up yours, ratso!

During this exchange, the camera has CUT sharply back and forth between CLOSEUPS of the antagonists. Now it shows all three characters. And as the scene continues, there are CUTS in SLOW MOTION from KELLY's memory, showing her making love to LANCE, combing her hair, and then -- incongruously -- standing beside her mother's coffin. This last CUT fades into a SLOW MOTION CUT of her making love with LANCE again.

PORTER

(v.o. whenever camera
isn't on him)

Not one penny! It's not her money!
Even if she is who she claims to be.
Her interest is morbid. It's - it's -
it's obscene! Her behavior is dis-
gusting. She...she...she...

KELLY

(as the images end)

I'll take half a million dollars.
(she speaks calmly now)

Cont.

33 Cont.4

PORTER

What?!

KELLY

(very quiet, calm,
determined)Half a million dollars and not a
penny less, and that(she speaks almost
to herself)

...is that.

ANNE

(softly)

Half, Kelly?

CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY. There are a few beats of silence, as it occurs to KELLY that her enemy may be PORTER but that the money, after all, is ANNE's. But it is too late to back down. And now, instead of anger, she is somehow sad and very self-possessed.

KELLY

It's got to be, Anne. It's got
to be. My mother...

(pauses, goes on)

my mother never wanted it, or said
she didn't...but she should have
had it, and now...(close to tears, but
damned if she'll cry;
finishes strongly)well, that's just the way it's got
to be.

CUT to ANNE in CLOSEUP. Her expression indicates that perhaps she does understand.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. SUNNY PASTORAL SCENE - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

There are only two figures in the wide, free landscape: PET and EMERSON. Apparently EMERSON has left his law books for at least one day in the country. There is a song -- perhaps a folk ballad -- softly v.o. during the first part of the scene, until the dialogue begins.

In a series of scenes CUT softly into one another:

--EMERSON plucks a dandelion for PET,
who rubs it under his nose to see if
he likes butter.

Cont.

34 Cont.

-- PET takes a blade of wild grass and holds it between taut thumbs to make a bird cry. And over the sound track music there is a loud, comical, goose-like

SQUAWK!

and PET and EMERSON break up with laughter; maybe she didn't know she still had the knack.

-- EMERSON picks up a forked stick and wanders off with it until it starts bobbing over an area of tall grass in a meadow. He waves in triumph. PET skips over to see what he's divined -- and the stick is bobbind over an old rusty faucet.

-- The two of them lean seriously on a fence and gaze into the soulful eyes of a large cow. Unexpectedly, it moos loudly -- and the city kids recoil.

-- In EXTREME CLOSEUP we see a busy ant-hill, with ants hurrying in and out. The background is indistinct until the FOCUS shifts and we see PET's face an inch from the ant-hill; she's flat on her stomach.

After this series of CUTS (others will suggest themselves), CUT to a LONG SHOT establishing them underneath a big shade tree in a meadow near a field of tall wheat grass.

CUT to a CLOSER SHOT. Apparently they've already eaten; PET is packing picnic supplies back into the hamper and the angle of EMERSON's tilted head indicates he's drinking the last drop in his can of beer. PET completes her job, takes a yellow legal tablet out of the hamper, and reads from it.

PET

Precedent for defendant waiving jury trial for private hearing in chambers, in a case involving national security?

EMERSON

(rattles it off)

Talbott versus United States Government, Supreme Court decision 1917, amended 1941 in the case of the Government, plaintiff, versus Consolidated Industries and individual defendant Robert F. Zonka.

Cont.

34 Cont.1

PET

Prejudice of jury alleged in civil
rights case involving alien national...

EMERSON

(interrupts)

Enough, enough. Tomorrow I'll
study it. Tomorrow and tomorrow
and tomorrow...

PET

You sound like Z-Man.

EMERSON

(diving for her,
scoops her in his arms,
rolls her over in the
grass)

And he sounds like Will Shakespeare
and I feel like ba-rooom!

(this last noise is
produced by EMERSON
sensually growling
as he embraces PET)

CUT to a GROUND LEVEL CLOSE SHOT, so that their heads
are toward camera. The camera smoothly PANS left at
their speed as they roll over and over in the grass.
Finally PET winds up on top. She straddles him, sitting
up on her haunches, and then darts her head down for a
quick peck at EMERSON's nose. Then she pulls back again
before he can respond properly. With a friendly chuckle
(or whatever seems appropriate), EMERSON uses his knees
to somersault her over him, and then springs around
(pivoting on one hand like a wrestler -- but playfully,
of course) so that now he's on top. Now he pins her
shoulders to the ground and indulges himself in a warm,
prolonged kiss. PET embraces him with her hands and
now the camera PANS RIGHT as they roll over a few more
times before EMERSON, still on top, sits up on his
haunches and crosses his arms.

CUT to an ANGLE down over his shoulders toward her on
the ground.

EMERSON

She loves me...she loves me not...

PET

What do you think this is -- Tammy
and the Lawyer? If I don't dig you,
how come I'm making it with you?

Cont.

34 Cont.2

CUT to a LOW ANGLE SHOT, roughly PET's P.O.V., aimed up at EMERSON who looms over her.

EMERSON

(slowly, deeply,
slyly)

Because I'm the ballsiest cat you
ever did meet!

CUT to the ANGLE down over EMERSON's shoulder at PET.

PET

(pretends surprise)

You guessed it!

But as she speaks it occurs to her she means it -- and she slowly, provocatively reaches up to begin unbuttoning EMERSON's shirt. Another SONG begins.

In TRANSITION, CUTAWAYS are employed to ease the audience into a change of scene. A LONG SHOT shows a field of tall wheat, blowing gracefully in the wind. Other LONG SHOTS show the same field. Then CUT to a shot at about knee level, showing PET and EMERSON (obscured for the most part by the wheat), embracing in the throes of love. They are photographed in ULTRA SLOW MOTION, rendering their love-making with ballet-like beauty. CUT from one ULTRA SLOW MOTION shot to another, showing the couple from many different points of view, always with the wheat waving in the wind. Some of the angles are EXTREME CLOSEUPS, so that it is difficult to see what parts of the human body are being shown.

When they reach their climax of voluptuous fulfillment, there is a SMASH CUT to PET, her face in CLOSEUP as it reflects the ultimate pleasure. Her mouth opens in SLOW MOTION, and if we could hear her we would hear a joyous cry of ecstasy. But instead, as she writhes, open-mouthed, there is another voice instead, voice-over, giving the eerie impression it comes from PET. But it is the rasping, nasal voice of another female.

SECRETARY (v.o.)

Mr. Fruchtmann has given many young
actresses their first opportunity.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BELLEVUE FILM STUDIOS - RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE

And CUT to the face that belongs to the voice.
Fruchtman's SECRETARY is an unpleasant-looking woman with hard features and flashy blonde hair, probably dyed. She chews gum and rules over an enormous, plush waiting room with deep-pile rugs and elaborate furnishings. The room is outside the inner sanctum of MAURICE FRUCHTMAN, chief of production at Bellevue Film Studios. Its physical dimensions seems to dwarf CASEY, who is sitting in one of the chairs.

She is dressed in mod clothes, but nothing extreme; indeed, she looks very feminine as she waits quietly, her legs crossed, holding her pocketbook in her lap. She wears her hair up. (This scene will be played straight, with no obvious attempt at comedy.)

CASEY

(replying to the
SECRETARY's v.o.
line)

I only hope I live up to his expectations.

SECRETARY

(sizes her up from
head to toe)

You will. How'd ja meet him, anyway?

CASEY

(smiles self-consciously)
It was like that old Lana Turner story. Mr. Fruchtman introduced himself at a Thrifty Drugstore on Sunset...well, he said I had great potential.

SECRETARY

And then he gave you his card?

CASEY

(surprised she
guessed)

Right.

SECRETARY

And now you're here for the audition.

CASEY

(a little nervously)
At first I didn't think I'd come,
but my friends...

Cont.

35 Cont.

SECRETARY

(while she talks,
she licks and stamps
envelopes)

Well, you're a lucky girl. Mr. Fruchtman
is a very important man. Right now
he's personally producing half a
dozen pictures as well as supervising
Bellevue's entire production.

CASEY

(apologetically)

I'm not an actress. I'm a singer --
in a rock group.

SECRETARY

(reassures her)

That's all right; Mr. Fruchtman
won't mind. He likes talent
(pauses)

wherever he finds it.

A metallic voice on the intercom asks the SECRETARY to
send CASEY in:

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Miss Bindle -- you may send
Miss Anderson in now.

As CASEY gets to her feet, the SECRETARY indicates
FRUCHTMAN's door with a nod of her head. Large letters
on a frosted glass background read:

BELLEVUE STUDIOS

Maurice Fruchtman
Chief of Production

CUT to a CLOSEUP of CASEY as, opening the door, she gets
her first glimpse of FRUCHTMAN's luxurious office.

It is enormous in size, and expensively furnished. There
are rows of books (in matched sets, possibly never read),
and a wall display of the awards his films have won. In
addition to several high-backed leather chairs, there is
a large, voluptuous couch. Somehow the softness of the
overstuffed couch contrasts with the austerity of the
chairs, which look like antiques. Tall floor-to-ceiling
windows line one wall of the room. In the midst of this
splendor it is difficult for a moment to spot FRUCHTMAN
himself. He squats behind a huge desk: a grossly fat,
pig-eyed, toad-like creature.

Cont.

35 Cont.1

The previous CLOSEUP of CASEY has her strongly back-lighted, to emphasize her appearance as a lamb led to slaughter. Now CUT to a SHOT of FRUCHTMAN from CASEY's P.O.V. He is immediately on his feet, groaning with exertion, hurrying around the expanse of desk as fast as his bulk will move. As he walks, he pats his forehead and wipes the back of his neck with a handkerchief; he perspires constantly.

CUT to a SHOT of FRUCHTMAN, showing his bulk moving toward CASEY in f.g. Then CUT to a REVERSE SHOT midway in his first speech. As she starts to seat herself in a straight chair, he interrupts her.

FRUCHTMAN

(with an oily voice)

Ah yes, Miss Anderson! How pleased I am to see you.

(wheezing for breath,
he pauses near the
couch)

Have a seat right here on the couch --
you'll be more comfortable.

As CASEY tentatively approaches, he wipes his right hand with the handkerchief in his left, and then extends his hand to CASEY. She shakes it.

As she begins to sit down, CUT to INSERT showing her furtively wiping her palm on her skirt; his hand is clammy.

CASEY

(sits nervously in
center of couch)

I'm afraid I'm late...

FRUCHTMAN

(close beside her;
oily friendliness
in his voice)

No-no-no! Not at all. Just relax
and we'll have a friendly chat...

He produces a five-dollar, foot-long cigar and carefully lights it, talking between puffs.

FRUCHTMAN

It's so important...to feel...you
really know someone...you know...
before discussing things...

(gets cigar lighted)
like business.

Cont.

35 Cont.2

FRUCHTMAN laboriously gets to his feet and begins to pace importantly up and down in front of couch, the cigar as prop.

FRUCHTMAN

Yes, my dear, it was a lucky day for you, if I do say so myself --

He pauses in front of her, puffs, emphasizes words; CASEY reacts delicately to cigar smoke.

FRUCHTMAN

--when I spotted you.

(continues pacing)

You're a great beauty.

(mops his forehead

and back of his neck)

An exquisite jewel. A diadem in the brow of Nature...if I may be permitted

(depreciating chuckle)

my little flight of poesy. Ah, yes...

(nostalgically)

I wanted to be a poet once. I realize that may seem strange to you...that a man of

(gestures around

office grandly)

these creature comforts once sought the austerity of the poet's life.

(pauses, poses)

And yet, my dear, depend upon it: there's a touch of the poet in all great producers.

REACTION SHOTS of CASEY during this speech show her by turns to be uneasy, bored, amused, slightly impressed, certainly unsure of how to react. She smooths her skirt, pats her hair into place as FRUCHTMAN forges ahead.

FRUCHTMAN

We may have traded our pens for cameras, but, like poets, we still hold our allegiance to beauty -- and to truth, of course.

(pauses, sits down next

to her, his rehearsed

speech completed)

Yes, I've been a worshipper in the temple of beauty for many years.

A judge of beauty -- a connoisseur, you might say.

Cont.

35 Cont.3

FRUCHTMAN

Yes, a young lady such as yourself
might very well become a star.

(stands up and
marches toward
his desk)

Yes, perhaps one of the greatest
stars of all time.

He sits behind his desk. Another REACTION SHOT of CASEY
shows her frankly confused by his verbal display. She
doesn't know what to expect, of course, but perhaps she
didn't quite expect a FRUCHTMAN.

CASEY

Groovy!

(flustered)

I mean, that's very flattering,
sir. Of course, in all honesty --
I've never acted before.

FRUCHTMAN

(a wave of his
cigar hand)

My dear, if I may call you my dear,
take my word for it. I have an
infallible eye for talent.

(depresses button
on his intercom)

Miss Bindle?

(to CASEY)

I normally can't afford the luxury
of personal interest in young
hopefuls...

SECRETARY (v.o.)

(on intercom, futzied -
interrupting)

Yes, Mr. Fruchtman?

FRUCHTMAN

(to intercom)

Please bring in that scene -- you
know the one?

Cont.

35 Cont.4

SECRETARY (v.o.)

Number six or number eleven?

FRUCHTMAN

(struck by inspiration)

Today...today, I think number five!

Two copies, please.

He turns and beams at CASEY. As the SECRETARY hurries in with the script, CASEY's face undergoes an interesting change. Previously in the scene, she has been merely uneasy and impressed -- and somewhat confused by FRUCHTMAN's portentous speech-making. But now CASEY begins to suspect that something may be afoot. And as a girl with a marvelous face and figure -- and a distaste for sex, insofar as she's familiar with it -- she has probably been in situations like this before. From now on she plays the scene with a growing distrust of FRUCHTMAN's motives.

FRUCHTMAN pages through two copies of the mimeographed script, and then chugs around his desk again, heading for the couch. CUT to CASEY, apprehensive. CUT to FRUCHTMAN, handing her one copy of the script and then sitting down next to her.

FRUCHTMAN

(mopping his neck again,
short of breath)

Hot in here...air conditioning going
full blast, but if I may take off my
coat, and...

(removes his coat and
tosses it at a chair)

Now, my dear. This scene is some-
times used in lieu of a screen test...
(businesslike)

Permit me to describe the premise.
A young and virile Soviet commissar
negotiates with a voluptuous engineer
from an anonymous Iron Curtain nation.
He is reserved and proper -- partic-
ularly since a hidden camera records
the scene for the Masters of the
Kremlin. But under the guise of
discussing a shipment of wheat, she
wantonly attempts to seduce him...

(pauses; looks at
her lecherously;
his voice insinuating)

Understand?

Cont.

35 Cont.5

As CASEY pages through her script, it becomes clear she is increasingly suspicious. Body movements on the couch during the following dialogue all have the consistent theme of FRUCHTMAN's advance and CASEY's retreat.

CASEY

But I haven't had an opportunity to rehearse...

FRUCHTMAN

No matter, my dear. Bellevue has long been a leader in the techniques of improvisation. We crave the spontaneity so often lost in scripted cinema...

(looks pointedly at her script)

If you'll just begin at the top, my pretty.

CASEY

(nervously reading)

Surely, commissar, we can advance no further with this matter if you insist upon maintaining your curiously aloof manner.

FRUCHTMAN

(heavy Russian accent; moving closer on cue)

My obligation is to the proletariat! Are you trying to compromise me, Comrade Karloff?

CASEY

(leans away from him)

Certainly not! As an engineer, I am concerned only with the wheat. But as a woman...

FRUCHTMAN edges closer to CASEY, who edges away from him.

FRUCHTMAN

(interrupting)

I am concerned with you only as an engineer.

CASEY

Do you find me...unattractive?

35 Cont.6

FRUCHTMAN

(his hand steals
upon her knee)

Perhaps. At another time, in another
land, I would find you...most desir-
ous. But under the present conditions...

He shrugs. CASEY, eyes still on the script, tries to
push his hand off her knee.

CASEY

I take that as a personal insult!

FRUCHTMAN throws a hammy arm over her shoulders. She
squirms to get away. Her speech continues.

CASEY

Never before has a man treated me
so coldly, commissar!

FRUCHTMAN now has one knee up on the couch and is apply-
ing pressure toward the horizontal.

FRUCHTMAN

(speaks, breathing
heavily, as he throws
his script away on
"sing")

Somewhere, my love, there will be
songs to sing...

CASEY

Mr. Fruchtman! You dropped your
script!

FRUCHTMAN

(trying to caress her)
Never mind! I know it by heart!

CASEY

Mr. Fruchtman!
(tries to escape)
Please!

FRUCHTMAN

(half atop her,
panting heavily)
Maurice! Just call me Maury!

CASEY

(tries to twist free,
half falls off couch)
Please! Leave me alone!

Cont.

35 Cont.7

They fall on the carpet, FRUCHTMAN on top, and wrestle on the floor. FRUCHTMAN grapples for holds.

FRUCHTMAN

(panting heavily)

So lovely...so little and sweet...
so lithe...angry loins...alabaster
bosoms...wanton...mensch...childlike
...supple...carnal...vibrant...
yielding...tochkus...capacious...
nubile...zofitic...

Some of the words are garbled. CASEY is speaking at the same time.

CASEY

Oh...can't breathe...Mr. Fruchtman!
Commissar! Maury! You're crushing
me...please...my dress...leave me
alone...let me go!

INTERCUT the SECRETARY, listening with cynical amusement on the intercom.

CASEY somehow struggles to her knees. FRUCHTMAN, on the floor, grabs desperately and gets a handful of her blouse.

CASEY

(screams)

Commissar! I mean Mr. Fruchtman!
Please! Please act like a gentleman...

FRUCHTMAN

(panting; entreatingly)

My dear, please...be reasonable...

CASEY

Unhand me!

She pulls away and with a tremendous rip her mini-dress is pulled off, leaving her dressed only in panties. In horror, she reels back against the wall, her crossed arms partially covering her charms.

CASEY

(screams)

You pig! You filthy pig!

FRUCHTMAN is left flat on the floor. The hand that clutches her dress falls limply back to the carpet. He slowly pulls it toward him, regarding the crumpled

Cont.

35 Cont.8

material in front of his face. He is an exhausted, pathetic, blubbering mass of flesh on the floor, the antithesis of all that is manly.

FRUCHTMAN

(sadly sobs to himself)

So little...so young, so beautiful
...tender...so sweet...lovely...
soft...

CUT to a CLOSEUP of CASEY, her face mirroring the emotional trauma of the scene. Her dislike for men is hardened, at this moment, into hatred. CASEY sobs.

Over the labored breathing and sobs of FRUCHTMAN, a telephone rings loudly and insistently.

CUT TO:

36 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - ABOUT NOON

The noise of the telephone awakens KELLY. She and LANCE are asleep in her bed, although it's late morning.

Cont.

36 Cont.

The CUT from FRUCHTMAN's office is to a LONG SHOT showing the two figures on the bed as the telephone rings. The SHOT establishes KELLY's apartment. It is large and attractive, one enormous and cluttered room. The decorating scheme is consistently close to the floor; there are low-slung canvas chairs, low couches, mattresses on the floor (some of them apparently beds, most of them doubling as sofas). All the mattresses are covered with bright, attractive fabrics of an American Indian or Oriental appearance. Most of one wall is occupied with an enormous blow-up of the TRIO. There's a jumble of other decorating items, probably picked up by KELLY from time to time: antique tasseled lamps, old bronze pipe-holder stands, paintings, maps. Tiffany lamps, flags and so on.

The apartment is such a large room that it possibly occupies an entire floor. Steps lead down from the landing level into the room. A kitchen and dining alcove is separated from the living area by a picnic table (labeled "Property Los Angeles Park District"). The effect is not one of cheapness, but rather as if KELLY found this enormous room and decorated it to reflect her own offbeat tastes.

As the telephone RINGS again, CUT from the original LONG SHOT to a CLOSEUP of the telephone in f.g., with KELLY sleeping on her side facing it, and LANCE somewhat out of focus beyond her. As KELLY reaches out a sleepy hand to pick it up...

CUT to PORTER HALL using a telephone at his desk.

PORTER

Kelly? I mean, Miss MacNamara?
Good morning! Porter Hall, Miss --

CUT back to KELLY, who slams down the receiver (easy to do, because the telephone is on the floor next to the mattress). As KELLY does this, CUT to a low-level shot of LANCE, asleep. The noise of the receiver causes his eyes to snap open. In b.g., KELLY snuggles close again, ready to go back to sleep.

LANCE

(sleep in his voice)
Who was it?

KELLY

(half asleep again)
Porter Hall.

Cont.

36 Cont.1

As LANCE registers this information, the telephone rings again. In b.g. KELLY picks it up and is about to slam it down when LANCE rolls over and tightly grabs her wrist.

CUT to KELLY in f.g., LANCE behind her holding the phone. He tightly covers the mouthpiece.

LANCE
(through clenched
teeth)
See what the Ace has to say.

KELLY
(reluctantly)
Hello?

PORTER (v.o.)
Miss MacNamara? Porter Hall again.
We were cut off...

KELLY
(yawns)
You always call people before
noon?

PORTER (v.o.)
(clears his throat;
presses on)
I'm terribly sorry about that
scene in Anne's office yesterday.
(CUT to PORTER)
Terribly sorry. I...well, I lost
control of myself... Certainly I
never remotely intended to give
the impression...I'm afraid I must
have left you with.

As PORTER drones on, INTERCUT KELLY and LANCE kissing
and caressing -- while LANCE also listens to PORTER's
voice.

PORTER (v.o.)
But...Kelly...if I may call you
Kelly...there are so many things,
I can't help feeling, that we ought
to have in common -- so many shared
friendships, for example -- that I --
well, I'd very much appreciate it
if we could have a drink perhaps,
ahem, sometime this afternoon and
discuss them...

Cont.

36 Cont.2

KELLY is about to suggest he drop dead, but LANCE again covers the mouthpiece and, as he unmistakably and erotically caresses her in an intimate (o.s.) area, he whispers in her ear.

LANCE

Have the drink.

KELLY's face reflects her awakened and aroused state.

KELLY

(into telephone)

All right then, Mister Hall.

PORTER (v.o.)

Excellent, Kelly. I'm so happy to hear that. Where shall we meet?

As he talks, LANCE is moistly kissing her. Now, covering the receiver again, he continues to direct the scene.

LANCE

Tell him O'Rourke's.

KELLY grins mischievously; it is the one bar above all others that PORTER would detest. She talks into the phone, her voice somewhat muffled because she is half-kissing LANCE at the same time.

PORTER

(futz v.o.)

O'Rourke's?

KELLY

Yes. Near City College.

PORTER

(futz v.o.)

Fine. Ah...what time?

KELLY

(glances at her bedside clock; it reads noon)

I'll be there at...three o'clock.

See you then. 'Bye...

KELLY exchanges an aroused look with LANCE during this last passage of dialogue. CUT to PORTER writing down the address and saying goodbye, and then CUT back to KELLY as she hangs up with one hand and uses the other to pull herself closer to LANCE.

Cont.

36 Cont.3

LANCE
(as they embrace)
The mother's up to something.
Here's your chance to shaft him.

KELLY
(nibbling on his ear)
Think so?

LANCE
(eyes closed in
delight)
Yeah.

KELLY purrs and shifts closer to him as he speaks with
lecherous intent:

LANCE
I'll be out of your pad at three
this afternoon, just in case you
need it for anything...

KELLY
(still nibbling)
Why do I do everything you tell me?

LANCE
(continues the
foreplay of love)
Why do you?

KELLY
(mounts the smug
LANCE and buries her
face between his
shoulder and neck)
Because I can't help myself; you've
made me a whore.

As she says this, CUT to a CLOSEUP of LANCE's face and
the back of KELLY's head. Her tone of voice indicates
she doesn't mean seriously what she has said; his facial
expression, however, seems to agree with it. And he
seems to be visualizing half a million dollars.

CUT TO:

37

INT. O'ROURKE'S PUB - MID-AFTERNOON

O'Rourke's is a semi-Bohemian bar frequented by young customers. The dress style ranges from beatnik to hippie, but no one looks more out of place than PORTER HALL in his business suit. The atmosphere is compounded of old wood, a mahogany bar, dust, smoke, juke box music. At three in the afternoon, perhaps half a dozen early drinkers are scattered at the bar and business is slow.

But not slow enough for PORTER. He hates being forced into exposure to strange young people wearing long hair, felt hats and beads. The juke box is playing the sort of rock music he detests. LANCE advised KELLY well in suggesting a place where PORTER would feel uncomfortable.

CUT in TRANSITION to the clock above the bar -- reading three o'clock -- and then down in a SHOT establishing the nature of the bar.

Then CUT to PORTER and KELLY in a corner booth, as a waitress takes their order.

WAITRESS

(hard look at KELLY)

Got any I.D.?

KELLY

I'm only having a 7-Up.

PORTER

(for the moment
playing the genial
businessman)

Very dry Smirnoff martini for me,
please.

(looks around in
distaste)

Make it a double.

As the WAITRESS walks away, she shouts the order loudly to the BARTENDER:

WAITRESS

(o.s.)

7-Up and a Vodka martini.

PORTER

(reacts in pain to
this, but more con-
cerned with his purpose)

Kelly, I'm so pleased you agreed to
meet me. That scene in the office --
well, I've already told you how per-
fectly dreadful

Cont.

37 Cont.

PORTER (Cont.)

(places his hand on
hers as he talks;
she draws hers away)

I feel about it. I made certain
allegations that I can only deeply
apologize for. Indeed, it's a
measure

(as PORTER continues
to drone on, CUT to
a REACTION SHOT of
KELLY, her attention
fading)

of your character, of your maturity,
that you even agreed to meet me
here today...

As PORTER continues talking v.o., CUT to a melodramatic
scene KELLY is visualizing subconsciously. In SLOW
MOTION, LANCE, his nose high in the air, dressed in a
bathrobe, threatens to leave KELLY. Tear-streaked, her
hair disheveled, down on her knees on the floor, KELLY
throws her arms desperately around his thighs and presses
her cheek against his leg. She is obviously pleading
that he not leave, but LANCE, detached and godlike,
strangely graceful in SLOW MOTION, begins to walk toward
the door. He drags the abandoned KELLY across the floor
with him. Meanwhile, PORTER drones VOICE OVER.

PORTER (v.o.)

...Of course, we've had our misunder-
standings. But who hasn't? I believe
now they're calling it the Generation
Gap. In my day they called it some-
thing else. I can remember when
my father raised the dickens over me.

(chuckles in self-
appreciation)

Oh, I was a devil then. I came home
wearing a pinch-back suit, and he
thought I'd gone the way of Oscar
Wilde...

(chuckles again)

And I remember my father telling me
how his father beat the tar out of
him for using the word "swell" in
the presence of a lady...

(PORTER's v.o. seems
to indicate he notice's
KELLY's inattention)

Wouldn't you like something stronger,
my dear?

Cont.

37 Cont.1

These words coincide with the last moments of KELLY's daydreams. CUT to her face as she snaps back to attention.

KELLY

What? Oh...yes, but they don't serve it in bars.

PORTER

(doesn't understand her reference)

Well, perhaps it's just as well. In any event, I didn't ask you to meet me today simply to apologize -- although that was certainly uppermost in my thoughts.

(as he talks, KELLY gets up and goes to the nearby jukebox. He has to raise his voice and half-lean out of the booth to talk to her)

I also wanted to discuss with you this little, ah, financial misunderstanding we've become emeshed in. Now as Miss Welles' adviser.....

(KELLY glances at him curiously, then resumes her deep study of the juke box tunes)

...I naturally have her well-being always first at heart. And, in short, I want to suggest a business arrangement with you. An arrangement...

(as he removes a folded legal document from his breast pocket, KELLY looks over and her anger begins to flare)

...of the greatest benefit to all concerned. I've taken the liberty of drawing up this understanding, by which in return for the handsome consideration of \$50,000 cash immediately, you agree to, ah, discontinue, or should I say, ah, no longer press...

PORTER's confusion is understandable; he has lost his audience. As his intention grew clear, KELLY whirled away and now she is halfway to the door.

Cont.

37 Cont.2

PORTER

(stands to his feet)

Kelly! Please let me finish!

KELLY

(halfway to the
door; whirls)You are finished, you cheap swindler!You and Anne Welles and your -- your --
(spits it out)documents!

The scene has now attracted the attention of the hippie types lounging at the bar. They turn and watch in amusement, adding to PORTER's unease. And he is horrified by the thought that KELLY now implicates ANNE in his scheme.

PORTER

(hurries after her
entreatingly)

Kelly -- wait! I assure you Anne Welles had absolutely no knowledge of this. None! Naturally, myself, acting as her --

KELLY

(scornfully cuts
him short)

Congratulations! I didn't think you had the balls to go sneaking behind her back.

KELLY turns to leave, and PORTER scurries after her, spilling his martini in his haste. The bar regulars dig the scene.

PORTER

Kelly, I implore you...

But suddenly KELLY changes her tactics in mid-stream; a woman's prerogative. She stops, turns, sees the dark martini stain all over the front of his coat and pants, and pretends to be soft and solicitous.

KELLY

Oh, poor Porter, you've wet yourself.
And it's all my fault.

(calls to BARTENDER)

McHugh -- throw me a bar rag! A
clean one.

Cont.

37 Cont.3

McHUGH
(tosses a convenient
rag)
-- comin' at you.

KELLY catches the rag in mid-air and begins to wipe vigorously at PORTER's coat and pants. The regulars at the bar form an enthusiastic audience. PORTER is completely humiliated. KELLY pretends to make up.

KELLY
(softly, kindly)
Porter -- sometimes I lose my
temper, too. It was my fault,
bringing you here...
(finishes the
cleaning job)
Tell you what.
(voice suggestive)
Let's go to my place. We can talk
some more about your...understand-
ing. Perhaps I was too hasty...

PORTER's face has run through a variety of emotions in the past few minutes. But now, with KELLY's sudden change of tack, he begins to hope there may be a way to salvage the situation after all. Hearing a note of warmth in her voice, he even begins to convince himself KELLY is interested in him as -- a man? A lover? Hope springs eternal.

CUT TO:

38

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

And CUT ON ACTION to KELLY inspecting the stain on PORTER's coat and hanging it in a window of her apartment.

KELLY
There -- that'll dry in no time.
(looks longingly
at his pants)
I guess you'll have to keep your
pants on, though...

CUT to PORTER, who unconsciously reaches to check his belt buckle and fly.

Cont,

38 Cont.

KELLY

Just have a seat on the sofa.

As KELLY busies herself in the kitchen area, PORTER looks around the room and sees nothing he would recognize as a sofa. He finally chooses one of the mattresses and awkwardly seats himself on it, leaning back against the wall. He looks uncomfortable, and surreptitiously pulls the sticky material of his wet pants away from his leg -- just as KELLY hops in from the kitchen alcove and lands, in a jump, beside him on the couch. She holds a curiously carved little box. She takes a cigarette from it, lights it, inhales, passes it to PORTER.

KELLY

(exhaling luxuriously)

Want some?

PORTER

(in horror)

What is it?

KELLY

(fake shock)

You mean you don't know what it is?

PORTER

(snaps)

Of course I know what it is.

He takes the joint and awkwardly draws on it, obviously holding the smoke in his mouth.

KELLY

(cross-legged,
facing him)

Don't waste it, Porter. Inhale.

Draw it way down deep inside....

She sucks in her stomach and presses it with her hand, causing her breasts to thrust out prominently. PORTER latches and tries again. This time he inhales. They pass the joint back and forth a few times, as PORTER wavers between uneasiness and desire. Finally, awkwardly, PORTER puts his arm around KELLY. To his surprise, she cuddles close to him and kisses him warmly. His facade cracks; he's clay in her hands.

KELLY

(after kissing him)

Oh, Porter...

Cont.

38 Cont.1

PORTER
(confused, aroused)
Kelly...

KELLY, in CLOSEUP, takes the skin of his cheeks between her thumbs and forefingers and tweaks.

KELLY
(tweaking)
You're so cute...

Awkwardly, PORTER kisses her again. CUT to a shot showing them both sitting on the mattress, side by side, KELLY in f.g., as PORTER now snakes his arm over her shoulder and mechanically, unobtrusively, awkwardly, cups her breast in his hand. His hand moves like the clamp on a piece of earth-moving machinery. He doesn't caress her breast -- he just clamps it. And as KELLY apparently doesn't even notice, he unclamps it. This action is played out of frame for the most part.

KELLY
(sighs, gets to
her feet)
I think I'll change into something
more comfortable.
(leans over, twitches
his moustache)
Hang cool, teddy bear.

PORTER watches as she goes into the bathroom, and then he looks with distaste at the joint in his hand. He stubs it out in an ashtray. Off screen, sound over, there is the slap of bare feet against the floor. PORTER looks up. CUT to his P.O.V. just as he catches a flash -- a glimpse -- of the apparently nude KELLY skipping out of the bathroom and under the sheets of her bed.

KELLY
(makes herself
comfortable)
Why don't you lose your laundry,
Porter?
(stunned, he makes
no reply. She speaks,
more softly)
Por...ter?

His lust outmaneuvers his better judgment. He stands up self-consciously and walks toward KELLY's bed. She is on her back, her hands behind her head, so that her breasts are thrust up under the sheet.

Cont.

38 Cont.2

KELLY

(sensuously)

I love to watch men undress...

Nervously, but in haste, PORTER removes his tie, suspenders, shirt, pants, and socks held up by elastic garter belts. He crawls into bed wearing his T-shirt and boxer-type shorts.

KELLY

Porter, you're the most unromantic man I know. Wearing your underwear to bed!

PORTER

(croaks)

Well, I---

KELLY

Here, let me finish the job.

She reaches under the sheets to remove his underwear; she is graceful, but this is never an easy operation horizontally. First she removes the T-Shirt, with his help. Then -- full length shot -- the boxer shorts are next. The sheets move in such a way as to provide a ghostly white outline of the operation. PORTER's knees stick up -- two bony mountains -- as he braces his weight on his feet and shoulders to hoist his mid-section as KELLY tries to work the shorts off.

CUT from this operation to a CLOSEUP of PORTER, who looks more distracted than he should. He is obviously extremely aroused. He is breathing heavily; his brow is sweaty; steam is metaphorically jetting from his ears.

KELLY

(still struggling)

Let me just pull this here...and unsnap this here...boxer shorts, Porter, really...and here...scoot up a little, Porter, got lead in your...there!

CUT to the two of them in bed, the ungainly operation still in progress. Then CUT to PORTER again, unmistakably approaching the point of orgasm -- to his horror.

PORTER

(desperate croak)

Kelly...

Cont.

38 Cont.3

KELLY
(in triumph)
There!
(PORTER's face
reflects ecstasy,
rage and disappoint-
ment as he achieves
orgasm in spite of
himself)
...Yes, Porter?

PORTER
(stonily, shamefully)
Never mind.

CUT to PORTER on his side in f.g., facing the bed-level camera. KELLY is behind him, up on one elbow so her face is visible about her shoulder.

KELLY
(rubbing it in)
Porter? We can still talk,
Porter.
(no answer; and now
KELLY's voice unmis-
takably reveals the
triumph and revenge
she feels -- and PORTER
discovers it was all a
set-up)
Don't worry, Porter. If you don't
tell Aunt Anne --
(one beat pause)
I won't.

CUT to CLOSEUP of PORTER HALL's facial expression. In
TRANSITION,

CUT TO:

39 INT. RONNIE BARZELL'S PAD - NIGHT

And to an EXTREME CLOSEUP of a spinning phonograph record. The sound is of The Agnew Sanitarium singing.

CUT to RONNIE (Z-MAN) BARZELL, who has apparently just dropped the needle on the record. He turns away from his elaborate stereo set, toward a party that is once again in progress at his place. It is much like the first one, only not quite so large. Also, the guests indicate by their dress and behavior that they're more

Cont.

39 Cont.

of an "in" group this time; RONNIE's "special" friends. While the guests at the first party looked like rather well-off, swinging mod types, some of the guests at this one look way out. There are also the straight types, of course, but there are TWO HIPPIE TYPES who wander in and out of scenes looking completely stoned; maybe they're on trips. There are also various MEN and WOMEN who indicate by their specific styles of dress and behavior that they're not merely gay or lesbian, but into some of the weirder forms of perversion. One WOMAN wears a leather costume with high heels, lots of buckles and chains, a high steel neck collar, and so on. A MAN flits around in a costume that might simply be the gown of a Buddhist sect -- or perhaps, for him, it doubles as a dress. Pot is well in evidence at this party; unlike the first one, there is no attempt to conceal it.

Among the characters at this party, as the scene begins, there are KELLY, dancing with LANCE; PET (but not EMERSON); HARRIS, with ASHLEY; ANNE WELLES, with PORTER HALL; and of course RONNIE BARZELL. There is a new guest this time: RANDY BLACK, the tall, muscular Negro who is heavyweight champion of New York and California. CASEY is not present.

As RONNIE whirls away from the stereo, he makes another of his speeches.

RONNIE

A toast! A toast, my friends, to
The Agnew Sanitarium, long may
they reign. And to their first
golden record!

He turns and raises his glass in the direction of the stereo. Several other guests do likewise. Others begin to dance. A series of ESTABLISHING SHOTS, LONG SHOTS elaborated by CLOSEUPS, explores the party and establishes several of the more bizarre or unusual guests.

CUT to a group consisting of PET, ANNE and PORTER. The WOMAN in the leather-and-chains sadomasochistic costume walks past in front of them. PORTER follows her with his eyes.

PORTER

(aside to PET and
ANNE)

Now he's inviting Hell's Angels
to his parties. What'll be next?
Truck drivers and longshoremen?

Cont.

39 Cont.1

PET
(putting him on)
You mean really rough trade?

PORTER
(at sea)
What?

PET
Never mind.

PET and ANNE both reflect secret amusement. Now ANNE engages PORTER's attention and points out KELLY and LANCE dancing in b.g.

ANNE
I hope Kelly knows what she's getting into. Lance Rocke is no Prince Valiant.

PORTER
(means more than
he drily says)
They deserve each other.

CUT to another angle near the same spot. RONNIE has approached and engaged PET in conversation as ANNE and PORTER continue theirs.

RONNIE
Where's Emerson, pussycat?

PET
Bar exams. As usual.

RONNIE's eyes dart every which way; he's always hyper-tense. As he looks, he talks.

RONNIE
That's gratitude for you...I promote him to waiter and he decides to be a lawyer instead. No ambition...
(PET smiles at his kidding)
Still, some good came of it. Some good in everything. He met you. I take credit, of course...full credit.
(sings under his breath to her)
Matchmaker...matchmaker...

Cont.

39 Cont.2

RONNIE (Cont.)

(conspiratorial whisper
in her ear)Marriages arranged...confidential
introductions...reliable...sympathetic...(as he continues his
eyes see something
fascinating in b.g.
beyond her)Z-Man your friendly neighborhood
marriage broker...(keeps his head at
her eye level, turns
her head with one
finger on her chin)This should be...fascinating! See
that cat who just came in? The
one in the Brooks Brothers suit?

As PET turns to look toward the doorway, CUT to show a handsome, well-dressed man in his mid-30s pause inside the doorway. He has a cute little BLONDE creature on his arm.

PET (v.o.)

(to RONNIE)

He looks straight for this crowd.
Who is he?

RONNIE (v.o.)

(talks low - just
for PET)

His name is Lyon Burke. Anne was in love with him for years. He proposed to her once, but it was the wrong moment for both of them. She doesn't even know he's in Hollywood...

CUT to RONNIE, framing it so that the back or profile of the unaware ANNE is also in the picture. RONNIE turns away from PET and calls out grandly.

RONNIE

Welcome to Xanadu, Lyon Burke!

ANNE, hearing the name, turns quickly. Her eyes search and almost immediately are captured by the sight of LYON on the stairs.

CUT to LYON, who turns as he hears his name -- and sees ANNE as soon as he sees RONNIE. He freezes for a moment.

Cont.

39 Cont.3

Then, regaining his composure, he walks directly toward her. CUT to a SHOT showing them coming together. She extends her hand and he takes it.

LYON

Hello, Anne. What a surprise...

ANNE

Hello, Lyon.

She says nothing more for three or four beats; she just looks in his eyes, as old memories return. Belatedly she becomes aware that PORTER is waiting to be introduced.

ANNE

(eyes never leave
LYON's face)

Oh! Lyon Burke, I'd like you to
meet Porter Hall.

PORTER

(soberly, extending
his hand)

Glad to meet you, Burke. Heard a
lot about you.

LYON

(shaking PORTER's
hand; his eyes fixed
on ANNE's face)

Anne...Porter...let me introduce
Kathy Page...

As ANNE shakes KATHY's hand, her eyes remain firmly fixed on LYON's. It is clear that three years have left their love intact; indeed, they are overwhelmed to meet each other and hardly notice the others. As the introductions are completed, LYON and ANNE turn and walk away, oblivious to their surroundings. PORTER and KATHY, nonplussed, look after them.

Finally PORTER rises to the occasion, but not with entirely good grace.

PORTER

(to KATHY, with
false heartiness)

Well, we seem to be interrupting
a reunion. May I escort you to
the bar, Miss Page?

CUT to LYON and ANNE, walking as if by prearrangement onto the patio.

Cont.

39 Cont.4

LYON

Dinner tomorrow?

ANNE

Of course.

They pause at the edge of the patio, half-concealed in shadow. ANNE, with a half-muffled sob, suddenly turns to LYON, and they embrace and share a passionate kiss. After a few moments ANNE turns her cheek against his chest.

ANNE

It's been three years...

LYON

That doesn't matter. I'm still in love with you, Anne. I always have been. I've changed, you know... I'm no longer the guy who swore he'd never get married....

ANNE

I heard you were engaged.

LYON

(pulls her away,
holds her by the
upper arms, looks
at her fondly)

Yes, now that you mention it, I suppose I am engaged...or sort of engaged...

(smiles)

or should I say I was engaged.

(seriously)

I only seriously proposed marriage once in my life, though, Anne...

(pause)

and the offer still stands.

CUT TO:

40 INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - PORTER

at the bar, officiously supplying KATHY with a drink and picking up a fresh martini for himself. As they walk away together, somewhat aimlessly, the camera stays at the bar. RANDY BLACK is leaning casually and confidently against it. He is dressed in a tight-fitting pair of white Levis and that's all: no shoes, no shirt. He has a towel slung over his shoulder; perhaps he just came from the pool.

Cont.

40 Cont.

Addressing the group is a tall, stacked BRUNETTE with red lips and an extravagant bosom, with an ESCORT. There are also one or two other ADMIRERS close by, but there appears to be a lull in the conversation. RANDY holds a drink in one hand, is braced by both elbows against the edge of the bar, looks out over the room, and is very cool. As he casually turns to watch PORTER and KATHY walk away, he spots LANCE. So that he looks away from the BRUNETTE as she speaks.

BRUNETTE

(gushing)

The Z-Man really has a spread. I heard it cost half a million...

RANDY

(preoccupied; puts her down)

Is that all?

BRUNETTE

Well, that's a lot of bread to me.

RANDY

(ignores her; interrupts with a shout across the room)

Hey, Rocky, baby! Get your ass over here and have a drink on me.

(aside to BARTENDER behind him)

Double Johnny Walker on the rocks for my man here.

BARTENDER

Red label or black?

RANDY

(tone indicates the answer is obvious)

Black.

(he puts an easy arm around the shoulder of the arriving LANCE: KELLY stands nearby)

Lance, how you been doing, baby? You still balling that rich chick -- the one with knockers out to here?

(demonstrates with his hands, and the BRUNETTE sighs and looks into the distance)

Here's another one for you, case you ever run out.

Cont.

40 Cont.1

LANCE
(takes his drink
from bartender;
drinks deeply)
Goddammit, Randy, I haven't seen
you in six months. How the hell
you been?

RANDY
(easy, relaxed)
Making it, baby; getting it together.

LANCE
You won the heavyweight championship
since the last time I saw you. Con-
gratulations!

RANDY
(shaking LANCE's
proffered hand)
Thanks, baby.

KELLY
(gives up waiting to
be introduced; joins
the conversation)
Who'd you have to defeat? Cassius Clay?

RANDY
You mean old Mohammed Ali? I
didn't even fight him.

KELLY
(confused, gets in
deeper)
But...I thought he was the heavy-
weight champion...

RANDY
(doesn't like the
direction of the
conversation)
Baby, do I look like the kind of
cat that would hit a minister?

During this conversation RONNIE wanders over to the group.
He has PET on his arm. LANCE, belatedly remembering his
manners, introduces both PET and KELLY to RANDY.

Cont.

40 Cont.2

LANCE

Petronella Danforth...Kelly MacNamara
...like you to meet Randy Black.

RONNIE

(bubbling to RANDY,
arms around PET
and KELLY)

Two thirds of my latest creation,
champ. The Agnew Sanitarium minus
one.

KELLY

(aside to PET)

Where is Casey?

PET

(shakes her head)

I called her but she passed.
Sounded stoned...

During this private exchange, RANDY's eyes have been on
PET. Now he interrupts.

RANDY

What you doing here all alone, baby?
Making a last stand?

Two o.s. DANCERS, perhaps off balance, delightedly SHRIEK
in unison. That gives PET a moment to prepare her line.

PET

Don't worry about me. I got a real
nice old man.

RANDY

If you got an old man, where is your
old man now?

PET

He's studying for a bar exam, if
that makes any difference to you.
(there's just a hint
of flirtation in
her reply)

RANDY

(cool, easy)

Well that changes everything.

He slips an arm around PET, leads her to dance area.

Cont.

40 Cont.3

RANDY

He a brother?

PET

Right on!

RANDY

Then it's my duty to get you out here on the dance floor and keep you all nice and easy for him...

PET, pleased despite herself by the champ's attention, flashes a smile back at KELLY. The preceding dialogue, by the way, will not sound right unless it is done with obvious good humor on all sides.

During the preceding scenes, the rock music of The Agnew Sanitarium has continued in the b.g.

41 EXT. RONNIE'S LAWN AND BEACH - NIGHT

The music is softer here. The CUT is to a secluded area on the beach, some distance from the b.g. house. Strategically placed shrubs block the view from the patio. On a blanket behind these bushes we find HARRIS and ASHLEY, both dressed in swim-wear. HARRIS has obviously had too much to drink. ASHLEY passes him a half-smoked joint.

CUT to a full-length view. HARRIS moves to lie flat on his back, his head resting on his hands. ASHLEY is on one elbow at his side. She takes a last deep drag on the joint, flips it away, exhales. Then, as her hand moves unmistakably in the direction of his crotch, the CAMERA closes in to a SHOT framing only their torsos, so that her hand is out of frame.

HARRIS

(sitting up)

Ashley, we're on the goddam sand.

ASHLEY

(very cool; her hand still busy)

So?

HARRIS

So somebody could step on us!

ASHLEY

That would be a gas, Harris. Don't you see how kinky that would be?

Cont.

41 Cont.

HARRIS

(blase)

In a phone booth...on a billiard
table...swinging from a chandelier
...standing up in a canoe...

ASHLEY

Poor little Harris...

(her o.s. movements
continue)

There's more to life than the classic
position.

HARRIS

(disturbed, distracted,
drunk, stoned)

The classic position was good enough
for the Greeks.

ASHLEY

(softly, tauntingly)

But it wasn't good enough for the
Greeks, poor baby.

HARRIS

Cool it, Ashley. Let's make it in
a bed for a change...that'd be
kinda freaky.

ASHLEY

(an edge in her
voice)

Harris -- I can't wait.

HARRIS

What do you mean you can't wait?
Of course you can wait.

ASHLEY

(coldly, efficiently)

Harris, I want you right here. Right
now. Like an animal!

HARRIS

(soft sarcasm)

Frank Buck...bring 'em back alive.

He turns away from her.

ASHLEY

Harris, you're so square.

Cont.

41 Cont.1

ASHLEY (Cont.)

(needling laugh)

You kids are supposed to be swingers.
I think it would be a gas to make
love on the beach! What does sex
amount to anyway -- without a sense
of guilt? That's what Norman Mailer
says. Take away the guilt and who'd
ever want to get laid?

HARRIS

(angry)

Well then why the hell don't you
lay Norman Mailer!

ASHLEY

(even angrier; roughly
rolls on top of him;
speaks with quiet
strength)

Shut up and give it to me! Now!

But after several moments of futile thrashing it is
obvious that HARRIS is incapable of giving her anything.

ASHLEY

(unfulfilled)

Harris, you're drunk.

HARRIS

And I'm stoned. Two out of three.
(his voice seems to
beg forgiveness and
make excuses)

ASHLEY

(lashes at him
like a viper)

You're drunk and you're stoned and
the worst of it is -- you're a
lousy lay. You'll never get into
one of my books, sweetheart, unless
maybe as a hairdresser.

HARRIS

(cut to the core;
stares like a ham-
ster at a snake)

What...do...you...mean?

Cont.

41 Cont.2

ASHLEY

(briskly sits up,
adjusts herself)

It's kinder to tell you now, Harris.

(stands up, looks
down at him with
finely calculated
scorn)

Maybe it's not too late for you
to find some nice tender boy...

ASHLEY coolly walks back to rejoin the party. She is seen in LONG SHOT from HARRIS' P.O.V. As she approaches the house, she passes a stereotyped PRETTY BOY. They pass, but her steps slow, and almost on cue they turn back toward each other. She smiles at him; his back is to the camera, but apparently he suggests something. With a pointed and vindictive glance back at HARRIS, ASHLEY places her arm through his, and they walk together toward the parking area. She casually rests her head on his shoulder.

CUT to a CLOSEUP of HARRIS' anguished face. Then

CUT TO:

42

INT. RONNIE'S PLACE - PARTY IN PROGRESS

KELLY and LANCE are sprawled on a sofa, affectionately mauling each other.

HARRIS

(drunken, angry)

Get the hell off of my girl!

The first three words are v.o. as KELLY and LANCE make out. Then CUT on "hell" or "off" to a LOW ANGLE SHOT showing the angry HARRIS looming over them. He tries to pull LANCE away from KELLY.

LANCE

(swings easily to his
feet; in control)

Your girl? She dropped you the
first chance she got.

HARRIS is so blinded by fury that he's not overly concerned with the Queensbury Rules. His first punch is wildly thrown and LANCE ducks it easily. HARRIS tumbles over the couch that KELLY is still lying on.

Cont.

42 Cont.

KELLY

(angry exclamation)

Harris!

HARRIS

(thick tongued; hard
to understand)

Goddammit!

Embarrassed, he pulls himself to his feet and makes another pass at LANCE, who cleverly sticks him with a left jab in the face. This temporarily staggers HARRIS. Then an uneven match develops, as LANCE humbles HARRIS with quick footwork and sharp punches. The key witness is KELLY, at first sexually provoked by the two gladiators fighting for her favors, then turning to concern over the battering HARRIS is getting. HARRIS begins to leak some blood. RANDY, the heavyweight champ, enjoys the proceedings immensely. He serves as a combination of referee and cornerman for his friend LANCE. A circle of partygoers forms around the two men, and RANDY LYON, running the show, shouts light-hearted instructions.

RANDY

(in a fight stance,
dancing back and
forth, enjoying
himself)

Stick him...not too fast, play with
him, Lance baby...he's wide open...
sucker punch him...feint, feint...
that's it...now measure him...slip
his punch...counterpunch...belt him
coming in there, baby...nail him,
Lance baby...now you got him...care-
ful...easy...stick him again...
cool him, baby...beautiful!

LANCE dances easily just outside HARRIS' drunken lunges. HARRIS swings two or three more times, missing each time, and finally loses his balance and falls. LANCE skips closer, pulls him to his feet and lands a sharp jab on HARRIS' jaw. HARRIS swings and misses again. His lip is bleeding. LANCE, still holding him erect, hits him twice more before the horrified KELLY can come between them and stop the fight.

KELLY

(emotional)

Lance! Stop it! Can't you see
he's drunk?

Cont.

42 Cont.1

LANCE

(breathy)

Yeah, I noticed that.

He hits HARRIS again.

KELLY

(throws herself on
HARRIS to protect
him with her body)

Lance -- for God sakes! Cool
it!

LANCE

(with cruel dedication)

I'll cut him to pieces.

HARRIS

(weaving and battered)

Kelly, get out of the way. I can
fight my own fights.

RANDY

(at LANCE's side;
needling)

All you need's a little training...

HARRIS takes a swing at RANDY, but the heavyweight easily
catches HARRIS's fist in mid-air, and holds it in his
powerful clamp, so that HARRIS is partially raised from
the ground.

RANDY

(pulls HARRIS' face
close to his own)

Don't you think you better cut out?
You stepped out of your class, champ.

RANDY lets go of HARRIS' hand, and HARRIS staggers off
balance to his knees. From that position, he slowly
looks around. There is complete quiet in the room.
The circle of guests are staring at him. KELLY is sobbing
uncontrollably. Without saying another word, HARRIS
climbs to his feet and staggers toward the door.

CUT to ANNE WELLES standing with PORTER HALL, LYON BURKE
and KATHY PAGE. They watch HARRIS leave.

ANNE

Porter, someone should drive him
home. He's in no condition to
handle a car.

Cont.

42 Cont.2

PORTER

Leave him alone. Do him good. Shows
you what happens when these damn
hippies when they run into bigger hippies.

ANNE, LYON and KATHY look at him in disagreement.

ANNE

Porter, you're such a complete ass.

PORTER, without being obvious, looks from ANNE to LYON
in reaction to her comment.

CUT to the couch where KELLY is discovered in tears. PET
is comforting her, rocking her back and forth, crooning
the same words softly over and over.

PET

Honey...it's all right...it's all
right...it's all right, honey...
all right...it's all right...

Through her sobs, KELLY pours out uncontrollable grief,
a stream of words.

KELLY

It's my fault...it would have
never happened if I...oh, Pet!
How could...

(sobs, gulps)

how could Lance do that? And why...

(sobs again; PET

dabs at her eyes
with Kleenex)

why did I...oh!

(another burst
of sobs)

I just stood there...Hold me,
Pet...

(shaken with
sobs)

I just stood there while he...
beat him.

CUT to an angle showing LANCE approaching, somewhat
sheepishly, with RANDY in b.g.

Cont.

42 Cont,2

LANCE
(sits next to KELLY)
Kelly...I'm sorry it had to work
out this way... ..

KELLY
(savagely)
Get the hell away from me!
(shouts through
her tears)
Couldn't you see he was drunk!
I never want to see you again!

She springs to her feet and rushes toward the door.
CUT to RANDY and LANCE.

RANDY
You better go after her, man.

LANCE
(bitterly)
Let her go.

RANDY
How's she getting home?

LANCE
It's her car.

CUT to a CLOSEUP of PORTER HALL, still in the same group,
as he looks up and sees KELLY rushing headlong toward
him. He misreads the situation and moves quickly to
intercept her. He is rather inebriated by this time of
night, and clutches still another martini. Standing
directly in her path, he grips her sharply by one arm,
and shakes her -- insensitive as always to her feelings.

PORTER
(fiercely)
Now, look, you -- not one word!

He thrusts his face close to hers and glares at her.
It takes the distraught KELLY a moment to recall what
he must be referring to. As realization dawns, she
unexpectedly spits in his face. PORTER recoils and
reaches for his handkerchief as ANNE (in b.g. talking
to LYON) turns to see the scene.

ANNE
Porter! What have you done to
Kelly?

Cont.

42 Cont.3

PORTER
(livid with rage,
mops his face)
The whore! She spit in my face.

KELLY promptly slaps him -- hard. True to his colors, PORTER winds up to slap her, but LYON BURKE moves in with firm authority and restrains PORTER's arm. KELLY, meanwhile, has been fumbling in her shoulder bag. She extracts a folded legal document and throws it on the floor.

LYON
Hold it! Hold it!

KELLY
Keep your lousy fifty grand, lover!

Without waiting for an answer, KELLY charges out the door. PORTER stands motionless, a condemned prisoner in the dock. After a moment LYON stoops to pick up the document. He opens it, scans the first few lines, hands it to ANNE. It takes her only seconds to extract its meaning. Then she folds it neatly and puts it in her purse. PORTER stands motionless.

LYON
This concerns you, Anne.

ANNE
(quietly, coldly,
to PORTER)
Get out.

PORTER leaves.

CUT to PET, watching this scene from across the room. There are a few tears on her face as well; she was deeply upset by what happened to HARRIS, and is still distraught from her attempts to comfort KELLY. RANDY BLACK quietly and kindly puts an arm around her shoulders.

PET
(looks up at him,
smiles gratefully,
blows her nose)
I'm so worried about Harris...and Kelly.

RANDY
(reassuringly)
Let's go outside and get some air.

The room is filled with silence as they walk toward the patio; the two scenes have effectively ended the party. As they walk the big BRUNETTE and her escort approach RANDY from the other side. They fawn on him drunkenly.

Cont.

42 Cont.4

ESCORT

How about joining us for a drink,
Randy, baby?

RANDY

(brusque)

Get lost. I'm talking to the
sister here.

The SHOT follows them until they pass, with hardly a
notice, RONNIE and LANCE standing together. Then the
SHOT stays with RONNIE and LANCE as they walk out of it.

RONNIE

(still looking in
direction of door)

Really a fine performance, Lance.
Superb. A nice little party, and
you chop up the chick's boy friend.

LANCE

Where does everybody get this 'boy
friend' crap? The broad's been
sleeping with me...

RONNIE

(enigmatic smile)

Knowing you, I'm sure she has.
Have you run an audit on her books
yet -- or are you still screwing
on faith?

LANCE

(annoyed)

I don't like that tone of voice,
Barzell.

RONNIE

(tauntingly)

Don't like it? But why not, sweet-
heart? And when we used to be so
close! I still say it's a shame
you've gotten into this...new line
of work. But -- listen! I'm alone
tonight, and it would appear that
you are too, so just for old time's
sake, why don't the two of us...

LANCE socks RONNIE in the jaw. The Z-MAN, as always,
keeps his cool. He presses a handkerchief to his lips
and smiles mockingly at LANCE.

Cont.

42 Cont.5

RONNIE

This really isn't your night --
is it, pussycat?

CUT to a CLOSEUP of Z-MAN's taunting face. In TRANSITION,

CUT TO:

43

EXT. TAXICAB OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The CUT is to HARRIS' inebriated and battered face. He lurches forward. CUT to establish the interior of the taxi; he has lunched when the cab stopped. He gets out and thrusts bills through the window at the DRIVER (a typical-looking type). Then he walks unsteadily into the lobby of the building, and searches with difficulty until he finds the name CASEY ANDERSON in the directory, and pushes her button.

CUT TO:

44

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is neater and more conventional than KELLY's, but just as cheerfully informal. It is a studio-type apartment, with a couch that converts into a bed.

CASEY, dressed in a bright granny gown, is asleep or passed out in the corner of a sofa. The TV Late Show drones on, unnoticed.

As the doorbell rings loudly, CUT to a SHOT dominated in the f.g. by a CLOSEUP of pill bottles, some spilled on the table, a half-empty tumbler, and a bottle of vodka. CASEY is out of focus in the b.g. As the doorbell rings again, the focus shifts to bring the b.g. into focus, and CASEY dazedly awakens. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes, gets up and walks unsteadily toward the door; she's obviously under the influence of drugs and booze.

When she opens the door, she has difficulty recognizing HARRIS at first.

HARRIS

(he looks terrible)

Can I come in?

CASEY

Oh, yeah, sure. Sure, come on in.

Her speech already indicates she's stoned. She slowly closes the door and leans against it, dreamily watching

Cont.

44 Cont.

as HARRIS walks into the room. He doesn't answer her question. Instead, he switches off the droning TV set and stands with his hands in his pockets, looking out the window.

Despite her dazed condition, CASEY looks attractive. The granny gown is of a daring style, with a high slit on either side and a low-cut neckline. It displays her figure to advantage. She looks petulant at being ignored by HARRIS, and after awhile she walks to the table and pours herself a quarter-full tumbler of vodka.

CASEY
 (still half asleep;
 rambling nonsense)
 You turn off the TV? What for?
 (fumbles with cubes
 from an ice bucket)
 I was watching this guy on Johnny
 Carson...funny guy...
 (laughs sleepily)
 had a dog...little dog...no, two
 little dog...two little dogs...
 (happy she got
 it right)
 comedian...talked about...dogs...
 then the dogs...two little dogs...
 one had a white ring around his
 eye...hell, I can't remember what
 happened. Something about...

HARRIS doesn't answer, and she walks over to him, finally noticing his beaten condition; her voice becomes more awake.

CASEY
Hey! What happened to you?

HARRIS walks past her, not answering. He switches off the TV set and stands with his hands in his pockets, looking out the window. CASEY collapses again on the sofa. Both play this scene drunk and/or stoned, but they basically try to communicate through the fog.

CASEY
 (after a pause, slurs
 her words slightly)
 So okay, the silent bit. I'm stoned,
 Harris, but tell me your story any-
 way.

Cont.

44 Cont.1

HARRIS

(still with his
back to her)

I don't know why I came here.

(feeling sorry for
himself, starts to
leave)

I guess it was a mistake.

CASEY

(stops him)

Not with me, Harris. Old friends,
remember?

HARRIS

(bitterly)

Sometimes when I strain my memory
I just barely can.

CASEY

(exasperated)

Cut the crap. What is this -- an
act?

(more softly;

pauses; guessing)

Oh, Harris... Kelly?

HARRIS walks back to the sofa and pours himself a drink
before sitting down.

CASEY

Pour me one too. I'm comin' down.
Want a red-jacket, baby?

She picks up pill from table, flips it in her hand.

HARRIS hardly seems to notice. He slouches down at one
end of the sofa, his back braced against the arm, his feet
up in the seat, and CASEY scoots to the same position at
the other end of the sofa, so they face each other. She
tickles his exposed toes with her bare feet.

HARRIS

God damn it, Casey!

CASEY

(quickly withdraws
her toes)

Uptight city. You sure I can't give
you something? You wanna smoke?

HARRIS

Won't help.

He drinks and then retreats into the corner of the sofa
almost as if it were a womb, drawing his arms and legs
up in front of him as a shield.

Cont.

44 Cont.2

HARRIS
(after a pause; his
voice revealing he has
decided to talk)

Casey?

CASEY

Here.

HARRIS
Ashley called me a faggot.

CASEY's face reflects her concern as she senses the
seriousness of his mood.

CASEY
Harris, that's a lotta crap!

HARRIS
(slowly, with cynicism)
I don't know.

CASEY
(reprovingly)
Harris...

HARRIS
(his voice hopes
to invite sympathy)
I don't know. I just don't know.

He is talking really to himself. CASEY reaches behind
her to the table and gets a bottle of the pills. She
extends her hand to HARRIS.

CASEY
Harris, that's a bad place to have
your head in.
(shakes her hand,
offering the bottle)
Take a downer, baby and get your
mind straight in the morning.

He doesn't respond.

CASEY
Juice -- that's a bad trip.

HARRIS
What are you, my mother?

Cont.

44 Cont.3

CASEY

(easy, trying to talk
him out of his mood)

Your friend. Casey. Me.

She takes a pill or two from the bottle and washes it
down with vodka.

HARRIS

I don't mean to dump on you, Casey...

(pauses, drinks)

I don't know. You get mixed up with
these people and two weeks later
you're a freaking alcoholic...

CASEY

(resigned)

And I'm a pill freak and you're a
juice freak and everybody's a freak
somehow, baby. What you need is
grass or a downer or something.

She was dazed to begin with, but now her words make sense
but they're filtered through a haze and her face indicates
she's stoned.

HARRIS

Casey, all I wanna do is rap.

CASEY

Then rap. I'm here. What's this
faggot business?

HARRIS

(more obviously
drunk now)

She said I'm a lousy lay.

CASEY

So how many chicks you balled, you
gotta take that from her?

HARRIS

(hardly listening)

She said I'm queer.

CASEY

So you got juiced and couldn't
make it. So big deal.

HARRIS

It didn't stop there. I went into
the house and made a bigger ass
of myself.

Cont.

44 Cont.4

CASEY scoots to the other side of the sofa and puts an arm around HARRIS and holds a pill up.

CASEY

Medicine.

Hardly conscious of what he's doing, HARRIS swallows the pill. He is left with CASEY, stoned, in his arms, and out of remembered affection and desperation he gently caresses her shoulder.

HARRIS

Casey. Look...I...ah...

CASEY

(stoned)

Don't talk so much, Harris. Like here you are, and here I am, and screw 'em all.

HARRIS only has to move his head a few inches to bury his face in her neck. It's hard to tell whether he intends this as an erotic gesture; she arches her neck, almost as a mother responding to a child's affection.

HARRIS

(whispers into her neck)

Casey?

CASEY

Here, baby. Right here.

HARRIS

Casey...can I...sleep with you tonight?

CASEY

(drugged)

Sure, baby. I got all the room in the world.

CUT TO:

45

INT. PET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PET's apartment is somewhere between KELLY's and CASEY's. Not as kooky as the one or as neat as the other. It is a studio apartment with a bar counter and stools. RANDY is on his back in bed, and PET is half-resting on him with her cheek on his chest. Apparently they've just finished making love.

RANDY

(glances down at her)

Still uptight?

PET

Kelly...and Harris...they're my friends...

RANDY

You're a bleeder. What you need is an old man who's always handy. That's all any chick needs.

CUT TO:

46

INT. HALLWAY OF PET'S BUILDING - NIGHT

CUT to an elevator door opening. EMERSON emerges. He looks tired. He has a pencil behind his ear and several law books and a yellow legal pad under his arm. As he walks across the hall to PET's door, he fumbles in his pocket for the key. He yawns. He opens the door, walks in, and dumps his books on the table with an audible thump.

CUT on SOUND to the bedroom where PET sits bolt upright in bed, aghast. She pulls the sheet up in front of her, staring as if hypnotized at the door. After a moment EMERSON opens it and enters. He stands for a second, perceiving two bodies in the bed. Then he turns on the light and continues to look silently at the couple.

RANDY

This your old man?

PET

(shocked; all the love and grief in the world are in her voice)

Emerson...you were gonna study tonight...

EMERSON stares dumbfoundedly, not believing his eyes.

PET

(repeating herself - wide-eyed)

But you said you were studying tonight.

Cont.

46 Cont.

EMERSON says nothing; his expression tells the story. He switches off the light and leaves, closing the door behind him. PET's face mirrors the emotion welling up inside her as she awakens to the fact that her world has come crashing down upon her.

RANDY

I guess he didn't take it too well.

PET

(in grief)

Get out! Get out of here!

She flails at RANDY with her tiny fists. RANDY, annoyed, swings to the side of the bed and pulls on his pants. They are still all he's wearing. In b.g. PET collapses on the pillow, weeping.

RANDY

(stands up, looks
down at her)

All you want's a little action,
and every time there's a hassle...
(shrugs, leaves)

CUT to the street outside PET's apartment building. EMERSON was apparently too upset to wait for the elevator; he took the stairs. The SHOT shows him reaching the lobby and pushing out through the glass doors just as the elevator opens behind him as RANDY steps out. RANDY looks at EMERSON's back with contempt. The SHOT follows RANDY as he walks, taking his time, toward his big maroon Imperial, which is illegally parked in front of the building. As he gets into it,

CUT to a SHOT showing his way down the driveway blocked by the oblivious EMERSON, walking in the middle of the road. RANDY honks repeatedly and sticks his head out of the window.

RANDY

Get your ass out of the way, man!

EMERSON turns around and sees that the car is driven by the man he found in PET's bed. He continues to stand there, dazed but defiant, as the enraged RANDY honks again and again.

CUT to PET, upstairs, leaving her bed and going to her balcony, where she can look down to the scene below. Her face suddenly reflects horror.

Cont.

46 Cont.1

At street level, RANDY floors the accelerator and EMERSON is thrown stomach-down onto the hood of the big car. Trying to shake him loose, RANDY steers the car sharply from side to side, and it lays rubber as it fishtails down the driveway.

From a P.O.V. inside the car, over RANDY's shoulder, EMERSON's face is visible through the windshield, as he desperately holds onto the windshield wipers, the rear view mirror -- anything.

Then, in a series of quick CUTS, the scene develops rapidly. PET, witnessing this from above, screams and turns to race out of the apartment. RANDY brakes the car to a screeching halt. PET races, half-falling, down the stairs. RANDY angrily gets out of his car. EMERSON, still on the hood, is dazed and unable to orient himself. RANDY looms over him. PET reaches ground level and races out of the door of the apartment building, still screaming emotionally. RANDY bodily lifts the dazed EMERSON off the hood and heaves him into the shrubbery at the side of the drive. And then he peels the big car out of there just as PET arrives to find a bruised and shaken EMERSON.

PET

Oh my God! Emerson! Oh my God! I'm
such a fool...I didn't mean it! I love you.

EMERSON is still dazed and unable to speak; the wind has been knocked out of him. PET cradles him in her arms, rocking him back and forth just as she had comforted KELLY earlier that evening. Her grief is total.

47

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

And a TRANSITION from PET's sobbing face to CASEY's stirring one. The sobbing provides a sound overlap. Still half asleep, CASEY is in the studio bed with HARRIS. She softly stirs, awakening, cuddling closer to HARRIS, almost like an insecure child. She caresses him, unaware of his identity, and their faces are close together on the pillow. Slowly she opens her eyes. His face seems to swim in and out of focus until she suddenly realizes who she is looking at. Her eyes snap open and her face reflects the shocking realization.

CASEY

(enraged; near
hysterics)

You bastard! You dirty, lousy
bastard!

Cont.

47 Cont.

She starts to flail at HARRIS with her tiny fists. Reeling under the blows, he is confused at first, before an instinct for self-preservation takes over.

HARRIS

(doesn't understand why
she's there, and acting
this way)

Casey?

(it registers)

Casey!

CASEY

(hot; near tears)

At least you remember me.

HARRIS

(confused)

What the hell are you talking about?

He tries to ward off some of her blows, and control her tantrum somehow. He attempts to restrain her flailing arms.

CASEY

(sobbing now)

Did you enjoy yourself?

HARRIS

(more awake)

How'd I

(beat)

wind up here?

CASEY

(bitterly, through
tears; she has
stopped hitting him
and weeps in earnest)

No place left to hide, ace -- not
even under a rock. You came in
out of the cold. Blew your cork.
And crashed.

HARRIS

(finally understands;
a look of horror)

Oh my God...

And now the full memory of the preceding night returns.

HARRIS

Casey, for God's sake, I didn't mean
to...

Cont.

47 Cont.1

CASEY
(interrupts, overlapping the word "didn't")
Get out.

HARRIS
(desperate)
Casey!

CASEY
Get the hell out!

She draws the sheets around herself with a shudder of disgust. As HARRIS gets out of bed, the camera alludes to his nudity but it is covered in CLOSEUP. Pulling on his pants, he tries to explain, but is badly shaken.

HARRIS
Casey, I didn't mean...like I was drunk, Casey...

CASEY
Shut up. I don't want to hear it. Get out!

She is filled with repugnance toward HARRIS and all men. She buries her face in the pillow and continues to sob. Miserable and broken, HARRIS leaves as quickly as he can.

48 EXT. OUTSIDE CASEY'S APARTMENT - COLD, GREY EARLY MORNING

HARRIS passes a telephone booth. He hesitates, and then fishes a dime out of his pocket and dials a number.

CUT to KELLY, answering the telephone beside her bed.

KELLY
(sleepy voice)
Hello? Hello?
(jiggles receiver)
Hello?

CUT to HARRIS, biting his lip. He starts to talk and finds his throat dry. The words won't come. Finally he hears a click as KELLY hangs up. He hails a cab and gets in.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

HARRIS
(crushed, indifferent)
Suit yourself.

CUT to an INSERT showing the DRIVER's hand slamming down the meter flag.

TRANSITION:

49

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

CUT from the taxi meter to a technicians's hand hitting a switch on recording equipment. This is the first shot of a MONTAGE illustrating the TRIO's continued rise to the top, and the simultaneous disintegration of HARRIS. Details of the MONTAGE will be arranged between the director and the lyricist and composer, but essentially it will be done in the form of a satirical musical comedy number.

In this MONTAGE the central figure is HARRIS. Specific images will suggest themselves, showing HARRIS dropping out and hitting bottom. His disintegration will be shown only in CLOSEUP "supered" over the action.

In contrast, The Agnew Sanitarium steadily forges toward super-stardom. Their songs provide an "audible montage" behind SHOTS of them rehearsing, taping numbers, occupying the recording studio with familiarity. And, always, RONNIE BARZELL is in evidence: supervising, rehearsing, demanding, leading, goading. Z-MAN's splendid clothes are in dramatic contrast with HARRIS' shabbiness.

Of the three GIRLS, KELLY is the most visible. At times the MONTAGE almost seems to reflect HARRIS' thoughts of her, and the features of LANCE ROCKE swim in and out of focus like a bad dream.

The final image of the MONTAGE is a display in a record store window: the new hit album of the TRIO. INTERCUT the gaunt HARRIS, the smug Z-MAN and the nauseating hallucination of LANCE, as the desperate HARRIS smashes the image with a brick hurled into the window.

TRANSITION:

50

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EVENING

The shattered pattern of light in the breaking window overlaps a momentarily scrambled television screen image. As it resolves itself, it reveals a late-night television talk show, already in progress. The TRIO are guests; the HOST is of the Johnny Carson or Joey Bishop variety. Laughter in progress indicates something funny has just been said. The TV screen CUTS to a CLOSEUP of KELLY.

CUT on ACTION to KELLY in CLOSEUP, leaving the TV optical effect.

KELLY

(amused, finishing
a statement)

But -- seriously, without the great
Z-Man Barzell, where would we be today?

Cont.

50 Cont.

HOST

Without Z-Man, where would anyone
be? Sometimes I think he's secretly
the president...

As the audience greets this with typical TV audience
laughter (even though it's not particularly funny),
CUT to the smug Z-MAN in the wings. Then back to the
HOST.

HOST

(ingratiatingly)
Gonna do a song for us now?

KELLY

Sure. One from our new album?

As the TRIO skips past him on their way to center stage,
the HOST holds up the album so the TV cameras can get a
shot of it.

HOST

And this is it..."Jacuzzi Pump,"
by the Agnew Sanitarium. It's one
hell of a side... I had a chance
to preview it backstage before the
show began...and it's a tribute not
only to these great girls but to
Z-Man Barzell, who produced it.
I give you The Agnew Sanitarium.

SMASH XCU CUT of HARRIS, his seedy countenance looking
down camera. Framing is so tight it does not reveal his
specific location.

CUT directly into a hard-rock number, INTERCUT with
audience reaction, and then hold on a head-on SHOT of
the TRIO. Their song began voice-over during the HOST's
last words.

As they continue to sing, the camera begins to move
straight up vertically, still pointed straight ahead.
It moves up and up into the flyway above the stage.
It sees ropes, props, backdrops, lights, cables, cat-
walks -- and then the shoes, pants, shirt and face of
HARRIS ALLSWORTH. He looks completely wasted, as if he
hadn't shaved in days. His clothes are torn and dirty.
There is only a moment to register this, because just
as the camera discovers him he leaps away from his perch.

Cont.

50 Cont.1

CUT ON ACTION as the camera abruptly pivots to look straight down as he falls to the stage.

SMASH CUT to a view of the full stage as his body lands with a sickening thud directly in front of the GIRLS. As the HOST, in b.g., leaps to his feet in horror, CUT to the control booth where the body is visible on the monitor screen.

RONNIE

(in booth)

Cut! Cut! What in the hell was that?

CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY's horrified face.

KELLY

(screams)

It's Harris!

The HOST, technicians, cameramen and sound men cluster around the body. From the b.g. audience comes loud horrified WALLA. There are shouts for an ambulance, for a doctor, for help. Tumult breaks out.

CUT to KELLY as she turns, stunned, weeping, and buries her face against PET's shoulder. CUT to an angle holding them in b.g. as CASEY (who has a private reason for horror) approaches the prostrate body as if hypnotized. She bends over, slowly reaches out a shaking hand to touch HARRIS' arm, and suddenly shouts.

CASEY

He's alive! He's alive! He's still breathing! He's alive! Oh, thank God!

TRANSITION:

51 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY. The three GIRLS are huddled together in a shaken, emotional conversation. EMERSON, ANNE and LYON are tactfully in the close b.g.

KELLY

(in the middle of her speech)

I've been so full of crap -- right from the beginning!

Cont.

51 Cont.

KELLY (Cont.)

(crying and on the
verge of hysterics)

So stupid! It wasn't enough for
me to mess up my own life.. I had
to screw up Harris, too.

PET

(comforting)

Kelly, it's no use to blame yourself.
Everyone's guilty -- guilty of being
alive. Look what I did to Emerson --
didn't mean to, but I did.

(turns to look at
EMERSON who is just
out of earshot)

What you got to think about now
is how to start from here...

KELLY begins to cry, and is inconsolable. ANNE WELLES
approaches her now, LYON BURKE close behind. ANNE hugs
KELLY close to her, to comfort her, and speaks softly
into her ear.

ANNE

Kelly, dearest -- it's a very sad
time, but at least he's alive. How
important that is! Sometimes you
realize too late

(a loving look
at LYON BURKE)

how much people really mean to you.
At least now there's still another chance...

KELLY

(blurts out)

I don't give a damn what you say --
it's still my fault! It's always
been 'Kelly first.' I've been so
selfish, so self-centered. I've
never been in love with anybody --
not Harris -- not that bastard
Lance -- nobody but me.

She cannot finish. Tears run down her cheeks. PET and
ANNE comfort her, ANNE searching in her purse for a
Kleenex. All this time CASEY has remained nearby but
silent.

CASEY

Kelly, they're right. Don't blame
yourself. What happened to Harris
happened after you were with him,
and it happened for a lot of reasons
you don't know anything about.

Cont.

51 Cont.1

CASEY's tone of voice causes KELLY to stop crying for a second. She looks up sharply.

KELLY

(a flash of resentment)

What the hell do you know about it?

CASEY

(the bombshell)

I'm pregnant with his child.

KELLY

(stunned)

His child?

The stunned silence is broken when the DOCTOR enters the waiting room. CUT to show the group clustering around him as he removes his rubber gloves.

DOCTOR

(looks around)

You are Mr. Allsworth's friends?

I'm Doctor Scholl.

(they nod)

He is alive. Regrettably, we have discovered traumatic shock to the spinal column, resulting in massive nerve disfunction.

KELLY

(technical terms

mean nothing)

But...will...

DOCTOR

Will he live? Yes, there is no doubt about that. Naturally, we hope for some improvement in his condition. But it's nearly certain he will never walk again.

CASEY

(unbelieving)

No!

DOCTOR

That's an unavoidable conclusion, unfortunately.

(his detached tone
masks emotion)

However, in a very small percentage of these cases -- perhaps one or two in a thousand -- there is spontaneous repair of the damaged tissue. But keep in mind it is extremely rare; in nine years, I regret to say, I've never seen it.

51 Cont.2

DOCTOR (Cont.)

(looks around at
the group)

Still, it isn't the end of the world
for him, you know. They're doing
marvelous things in rehabilitation.
With proper motivation and training,
there's every reason to believe the
patient can adjust to a useful and
rewarding life as a paraplegic.

These, finally, are the words that bring home the full
extent of the tragedy -- because they so unmistakably
portray the future shape of HARRIS' life. The camera
PANS from PET, her face showing grief and dismay, to
KELLY, tears streaming down her cheeks, to CASEY, who
looks stunned, stoned and unbelieving. As the camera
HOLDS on CASEY's face, there is dialogue voice over.

ROXANNE (v.o.)

I think I know what's the matter,
but tell me anyway. It'll do you
good, Casey..

CUT TO:

52 INT. ROXANNE'S STUDIO - MORNING

of the next day. ROXANNE holds the shaken CASEY tenderly.

CASEY

I...I had to come to someone...

ROXANNE

(sincere)

And you came to me. I can't tell
you how wonderful that makes me feel.
If there's anything I can do -- any-
thing at all -- I'll do it, for you.

CASEY

(regains some
composure)

Roxanne...

(tries to laugh,
but it is nervous)

...it's...it's...well, it's such
a silly thing in this day and age...
but -- I'm pregnant.

ROXANNE's face reflects conflicting emotions.

Cont.

52 Cont.

ROXANNE

How long?

CASEY

About...about two months.

ROXANNE

Are you absolutely certain? You know, Casey, sometimes a girl's overdue...

CASEY

(tonelessly)

The lab report came yesterday.

ROXANNE

It's still not the end of the world. You have one of the more common Hollywood...problems; there are specialists who can help you.

CASEY

(overlapping "can")

Oh, no, Roxanne, you don't understand. I don't want an abortion. I want this baby.

(ROXANNE's face masks displeasure; CASEY hurries on, unsure of herself as always)

You see...it's only that...the child belongs to Harris.

ROXANNE

(this is a surprise even to her)

To Harris?

CASEY

It's a long story, Roxanne...but, yes, it is Harris's.

ROXANNE

I don't want to pry, but -- how can you be sure?

CASEY

(smiles ruefully)

Oh, it's easy enough to be sure, all right. I've never much liked making love...it's so...so...physical and disgusting. There was a boy back East...well, he didn't amount to anything. None of them did. All the boys were after me, but they were like animals. And whenever I...did it...it was so messy and

Cont.

52 Cont.

CASEY (Cont.)

(beat)

unclean

(beat)

and I never felt good. And then,
out here

(remembering FRUCHTMAN)

it's been even worse. Dirty old
men and clumsy boys.

ROXANNE

But...Harris?

CASEY

He's been the only one for months.
Harris dropped by one night...he
was drunk and I was stoned and...
well, you figure it out.

ROXANNE

(slowly)

And you're determined to have the
baby?

CASEY

(more insecure

than ever)

I...think so. After what happened
last night...it may be the only
child Harris will ever conceive...

ROXANNE

And you feel loyalty toward a man...

(she pronounces the
word with distaste)

who raped you while you were in a
state of unconsciousness?

CASEY

(smiles)

Crazy -- but, yes, in a funny way,
yes I do.

ROXANNE

Casey, you came to me for advice, and
I'll give you some. Don't destroy
your life. Someday a man will come
along you'll want to marry. How old
are you, anyway? Nineteen? And this...
child...will change the shape of your
life. It will destroy that wonderful,
wild, free spirit. It's the child of
a man you never loved, conceived in a
moment you can't even remember. Casey
...it ought to be so much more than
that.

Cont.

52 Cont.2

CASEY

(bitterly)

It ought to be. That's easy to say.

ROXANNE

And there are your parents to think about. Your father. How would it affect his career in the Senate?

CASEY

I've thought about that, but...

ROXANNE

(firmly)

Does Harris know about the child?

CASEY

No. Pet and Kelly do...

ROXANNE

One thing's certain. They aren't going to volunteer the information to him. Not now. So, Casey, it's only your problem...

CASEY

But...the baby...

TRANSITION:

53

INT. SHABBY DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

The NURSE is large, muscular and masculine. She rules over a room decorated like a waiting room, although possibly it is in a private home somewhere.

ROXANNE and CASEY are sitting next to each other on a couch, and ROXANNE is holding CASEY's hands in her own and comforting her. The NURSE leaves the office, returns, and clears her throat.

NURSE

(deep, unsympathetic voice)

The doctor is ready.

Exchanging a look, ROXANNE and CASEY stand up. The NURSE slowly begins to lead the way toward an inner door. CASEY walks unsteadily; she is in an emotional turmoil.

Cont.

53 Cont.

ROXANNE

(calmly)

Don't worry, Casey; I'm right behind you.

CASEY

(little girl's voice)

Roxanne...couldn't I just have one of my dolls?

ROXANNE

(kindly but firmly)

Not before the operation. It could be terribly dangerous for you.

The NURSE, efficient and cold, leads CASEY to the operating room. She holds open the door and announces CASEY.

NURSE

(voice devoid of any warmth or sympathy)

Miss Anderson, this is Doctor Downs.

He is red-faced, nervous, furtive; a man about 44 years old. He is engaged in arranging his tools on a table by the wall, and when he turns at her announcement, he says nothing; he simply smiles, cruelly.

In f.g. the operating table is framed. CASEY's attention is caught immediately by the cruel steel stirrups used to elevate and spread the patient's legs. ZOOM at one stirrup. OVERLAP a horrendous scream from CASEY. QUICK CUT to her tortured face.

TRANSITION:

54

INT. PET'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A toaster is just popping up a slice of toast, and the toaster's sound punctuates CASEY's scream.

CUT to show the breakfast bar in PET's apartment. PET and EMERSON are seated on stools eating the hearty breakfast she's prepared.

Cont.

54 Cont.

PET

I've still got some pancake batter left.

EMERSON

No-o-o m'am!

(pats his stomach,
full and satisfied)

Why don't you have one?

PET is drinking a milkshake-like breakfast drink. She looks at it in resignation.

PET

You trying to talk me off my diet?
(looks at him
curiously)

What are you waiting for? You'll be late for class. You expecting company or something?

EMERSON

(smiles)

Not company. Roses.

PET

(delighted)

Roses?

EMERSON

It is our anniversary. We've been engaged exactly one week.

PET

(confesses)

I didn't think you'd remember...

EMERSON

(as the doorbell
rings)

That'll be them now.

EMERSON goes to the door and opens it. RANDY BLACK is standing outside, leaning casually against the doorjamb. As always, he is easy and relaxed.

RANDY

(insolent)

Well, well...the buckaroo. Is the lady of the house in?

EMERSON looks at him without speaking. His face reflects dislike, contempt and a shade of fear.

Cont.

54 Cont.1

RANDY

(after a silence,
continues)

I was hoping I'd find you here,
to personally thank you for those
thirty days in the bucket.

EMERSON

(trying to reason)

Don't make a hassle, man. Who needs
it?

RANDY

I never needed it, baby. But you
fixed me up all...the...same.

PET

(o.s.)

Who is it, Emerson? The delivery
boy?

RANDY pushes past EMERSON and walks through the doorway.

RANDY

Right on! And what was it you
wanted delivered, m'am?

CUT to PET, slowly rising from the breakfast table,
shocked to find RANDY in her apartment. The situation
is delicate and dangerous, but she tries to treat it
lightly.

PET

Randy!

(recovers from surprise;
trying to cool it)

What the hell you doing here?

RANDY

(easy, expansive)

Just making a little house call.
My last one got sidetracked by
assault and battery...

PET

(apprehensive)

Randy...please don't cause any
trouble.

Cont.

54 Cont.2

RANDY

(laughs, approaches
breakfast table,
helps himself to a
piece of toast)

Trouble?

(laughs again)

You got any jam?

PET

(standing her ground)

Randy, please go. Now.

EMERSON approaches slowly.

RANDY

No jam at all?

He crunches on the toast, chews, swallows. EMERSON
steps forward.

EMERSON

(determination in
his voice)

Man, you'd better leave.....

RANDY

(a mean edge in his
voice when he speaks
to EMERSON)

Don't you bother about me. I'll
just fix me a little snack here.

(picks up a carton
of milk and drinks
from it; some runs
down his chin; then
he smiles)

I'm used to it. I don't have a
chick to fix breakfast for me, so
I just fix a little snack of my own.

He turns very easily toward PET and, taking one hand,
holds her not too tightly by the shoulder. She tries
to move out from under his hand. EMERSON takes a step
forward.

PET

(to EMERSON; eyes
on RANDY)

Emerson -- let me handle this.

Cont.

54 Cont.3

RANDY

Now, that's real cool advice.

He puts his other hand on PET's other shoulder and begins to approach her. Never taking her eyes from his face, she begins to back away until she is against the wall, and he pins her there.

RANDY

Since you're in charge here,
where do you suggest we start?

PET's eyes look desperately for an avenue of escape. EMERSON can no longer stand by. He approaches RANDY from behind and tries to pull one big shoulder away. The shoulder only moves slightly.

EMERSON

Get the hell out of here!

RANDY hardly seems to notice. Still holding PET by one shoulder, he deliberately begins to caress her cheek with the other hand. Suddenly PET darts under his arm and out of the breakfast area. She stands near EMERSON as RANDY -- never hurrying, always taking his time -- turns around.

RANDY

I just don't understand your change
of mood, lady. The last time I was
up here you were in a whole different
bag...

EMERSON's face reflects blazing anger. He moves forward, but PET tries to stop him.

RANDY

(continues his
goadings)

Yes, m'am. I remember that night
so clearly. It was sooo good...so
gooooood.

EMERSON hurtles forward at RANDY. But even from the beginning it is a totally unequal fight. He tries to land a blow, but RANDY needs only one arm to savagely hurl EMERSON aside so that he lands against the breakfast table and it collapses under him on the floor. PET screams. RANDY moves forward toward her. She runs from him in the living room. He keeps coming. She tries to dodge him. He blocks the way to the door. The dazed EMERSON pulls himself to his feet and picks up a chair. RANDY moves to corner PET. She screams

Cont.

54 Cont.4

again and tries to escape but he grabs her. He forces her into a corner and is roughly handling her when EMERSON breaks the chair across his back.

With an angry cry, RANDY throws PET aside and turns to face EMERSON. EMERSON stands his ground. RANDY grabs him by one shoulder. EMERSON lands a heavy blow in RANDY's stomach. RANDY lets loose with one tremendous left against EMERSON's jaw, and he collapses semi-conscious on the floor. CUT to PET with her first few words.

PET

(her voice cold
and hard)

You touch him and I'll cut you,
man!

RANDY turns. PET stands behind him with a butcher knife she has taken from the kitchen. Her voice is cool, but she is obviously on the brink of hysterics. RANDY does not want to provoke a fight, but on the other hand he is not at all frightened of her. He realizes she will not attack him unless he moves toward her or EMERSON. So, as always, his speech is relaxed and easy.

RANDY

(looks at knife)

Ain't that just the luck? And here
I am without a good cut man in my
corner.

(looks at knife and
then up at PET;
begins backing
toward door)

Yes, sir, I could sure use old
Dan Florio right now...

PET never lets her eyes leave his. The blade quivers in her hand. EMERSON stirs on the floor. RANDY, still playing the scene partially for his own amusement, continues to back slowly toward the door.

RANDY

Yes, sir...without the cut man I
might get a little slice...just a
little one under the eye, don't
mean anything...and they'd stop the
fight...don't seem reasonable, some-
how. Just a little cut. Just a
little one...

Cont.

54 Cont.5

As he reaches the doorway and begins to pass through it, he glances quickly behind him and sees, there, the flower delivery boy with a dozen long-stemmed roses in a bouquet. He can't believe his eyes; darts another glance. The delivery boy is fascinated by the scene through the door. Wordlessly, RANDY reaches behind him, takes the bouquet, and drops it just inside the door on the floor -- with an exaggerated bow to PET. His motion as he tosses the flowers is almost like lobbing a bowling ball.

RANDY

(smiling)

I'm throwin' in the towel.

TRANSITION:

55

INT. CASEY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

And from the roses, scattered on the floor, to a SHOT which slowly PANS from a bouquet of spring and summer flowers -- a wildlife assortment -- to CASEY's face. There is a soft melody coming from a bedside radio, and the next CUT is to a view of the bedroom. CASEY is sitting up in bed, dressed in a ruffled pastel gown. She's holding a saucer in one hand and sipping from a teacup with another.

ROXANNE enters the room, takes the empty teacup and places it on the table. Then she sits down on the side of the bed and tenderly caresses CASEY's cheek.

ROXANNE

And how's the patient this morning?
You look a little pale...

CASEY

(smiles gratefully)

I feel fine, Roxanne, honestly I do. The patient has recovered.

ROXANNE

You're sure? You're not weak, or dizzy?

CASEY

Fit as a fiddle.

ROXANNE

Well, it has been four days. Tell you what... I've got a notion a day in the country would do us both good...

CUT TO:

56

EXT. COUNTRY SCENE - DAY

To hills and clouds and a deep blue sky, and then to ROXANNE sitting beneath a tree. CASEY is lying on the ground with her head in ROXANNE's lap, while ROXANNE toys with her hair.

CASEY
(very softly)
Listen...

ROXANNE
(does)
I don't hear a thing...

CASEY
(smiles like a child)
I know. Isn't it wonderful?

She has a dandelion and she twirls it in the air above her eyes.

ROXANNE
Often I come out here alone. When things pile up at the studio I just say the hell with it and lock up. And I come out here...and sit...and...well, just sit, and think.

CUT to an angle looking down over ROXANNE's shoulder toward CASEY's head in her lap. CASEY looks directly up into ROXANNE's eyes.

CASEY
(softly)
Roxanne...you've been so kind. I don't know who else would have been so wonderful.

ROXANNE
You're embarrassing me.

And then, even to ROXANNE's astonishment, CASEY suddenly sits up and kisses her warmly and deeply. Hold this until the end of the kiss, then CUT to a CLOSE TWO SHOT as CASEY looks very seriously into ROXANNE's eyes.

CASEY
(says it almost
as a question)
Roxanne? I love you?
(pause)
I need you very much.

Cont.

56 Cont.

After absorbing this for a second, ROXANNE kisses CASEY tenderly. They pull apart a few inches and ROXANNE smiles into CASEY's wondering, wide eyes. ROXANNE pushes a few strands of hair back from CASEY's forehead, tenderly. They are in love.

TRANSITION:

57 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

HARRIS and KELLY sit on opposite sides of a table, playing chess. There are a couple of bottles of pop beside the board. HARRIS, dressed in a terrycloth robe, is in a wheelchair. He studies the position carefully.

HARRIS

(finally looks up
at KELLY)

Checkmate. There's no way I can
move.

KELLY

(starts rearranging
the pieces)

Want another game?

HARRIS

Not right now. Maybe after a while.

KELLY

How do you feel today?

HARRIS

Okay, I guess. Maybe a little better.

KELLY

Is all the stiffness gone?

HARRIS

Pretty much so. Look, Kelly, don't
feel you have to sit here and keep
me company. You must have a thousand
things to do.

This line seemed to be coming since the beginning of the scene; there is a slight bit of natural awkwardness between KELLY and HARRIS, as is only natural after what went before. But now KELLY does break the ice.

Cont.

57 Cont.

KELLY

(very seriously)

I don't have anything to do that's more important than this, Harris. Dig. You're racing through life, full speed ahead, not giving a damn, and then something makes you stop short. And then it occurs to you that people are what count.

(pauses)

You're important to me, Harris.

HARRIS is deeply moved. He wheels his chair back slightly from the table and turns it to look out the window. KELLY reaches out her hand and silently places it over his on top of the table.

58

INT. EXTRAVAGANT BEDROOM - TIME INDEFINITE, MAYBE DAY
(FOR SCENE, REDRESS Z-MAN'S BEDROOM)

LANCE ROCKE is on his back in bed, hands under his head, staring straight up. Next to him, asleep, is a most unattractive bloated middle-aged WOMAN. From the looks of the bedroom, she is wealthy. LANCE looks over at her. She breathes loudly, her throat rasping. His face registers disgust at both his bloated bedmate and himself. He looks up again. His eyes light on the bedside phone. He looks over at her again, and seems to reach a decision. He sits on the side of the bed, sheets concealing his nudity, picks up the phone, dials, speaks softly. In the background, she has a raspy throat snore, and is dead to the world.

LANCE

Hi. This is Lance Rocke. Listen... if that arrangement you suggested is still open...I'm available.

CUT TO:

59

INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The Z-MAN is on the telephone.

RONNIE

(purring; lisping)

Swell, Lance. Very good. Tell you what. Why don't you hie over to my place about nine o'clock tonight?

CUT to LANCE in bedroom. He listens to phone. As he is about to answer, he is interrupted by a snort of the bloated WOMAN. He turns to her in disgust, his decision made for him.

Cont.

59 Cont.

RONNIE
(v.o., futzed)
Lance? Lance?

LANCE
(looks at broad,
says slowly)
Nooooo....way.

RONNIE
(v.o.; futzed)
Lance? You there?

LANCE
Check. See you tonight.

RONNIE
(hangs up, dials
another number)
Hello -- Roxanne?

ROXANNE
(v.o., futzed)
Yes?

RONNIE
Ronnie. Why don't you bring your
little girl and drop over about nine
o'clock tonight.

ROXANNE
(v.o., futzed)
What's the occasion?

RONNIE
I feel in the mood for one of my
special private parties. Know what
I mean? Good.

CUT TO:

60

INT. KELLY'S PAD - LATE AFTERNOON, EARLY EVENING

And to LYON, just finishing giving ANNE a great big kiss. There are whistles and applause.

CUT to an angle showing that a small, informal little celebration is in progress. LYON and ANNE are on one of the sofas, and as they finish kissing they turn back, somewhat self-consciously, to smile at their audience. The audience consists of two other couples: PET and EMERSON, and KELLY and HARRIS. Everyone has drinks -- cans of beer for the men, something mixed for the ladies.

LYON

(finishing an earlier
statement with the
self-congratulatory
air of such stories)

And so, since I'd already proposed
to her once, I figured it was just
a waste of time and good speech-
making to...

ANNE

(interrupts)

Lyon!

She smiles despite herself.

Cont.

60 Cont.

LYON

(like all engaged
men, a little fool-
ish sometimes)

And strictly as an afterthought,
it occurred to me that, besides, I
loved her.

Everyone smiles politely.

KELLY

(pretends resentment)

My generation fights the sex revolu-
tion and you get married.

Amid general laughter, ANNE and LYON get up to leave.

PET

Sure you won't stay for dinner with
the rest of us? We can send out to
the Colonel...

LYON

No, thanks. I'd ordinarily say
yes, but tonight...

(smiles at ANNE)

calls for champagne and candlelight...

CUT TO:

61

INT. RONNIE PAD - TEN P.M.

And to a candle burning on a table in front of his fire-
place. The room is generally dimly lit, but four charac-
ters are visible: RONNIE, LANCE, ROXANNE and CASEY.
They are all holding glasses of wine, as RONNIE proposes
another of his toasts.

RONNIE

A toast! A toast, my friends...

(pauses to think
of one)

To our health and cheer, and
happiness! May we regain it!

They all drink and follow RONNIE's lead in tossing their
glasses into the fireplace, which burns brightly, casting
an eerie glow.

And now RONNIE goes into another of his uninhibited
flights of fancy. Words tumble upon words, with little
regard for reason; to RONNIE, the important thing is to

Cont.

61 Cont.

maintain his elaborate fancy. His voice climbs high and then sinks low; he engages in wild dramatics and then barely seems to whisper. At one moment he creeps; at the next he dances around the room in a ghostly ballet.

The little GROUP is huddled in the firelight. The rest of it is dark, although light from the moonlight and from various external sources does give the room a certain ghostly pattern of light and shadow. During this scene the camera CUTS or DOLLIES to explore the room -- somehow so ominous -- and to establish the small group in the candlelight. CLOSEUPS accentuate the bones and hollows in the faces of the characters -- who are lit from below by the flickering candlelight.

Everyone is dressed more or less conventionally except RONNIE. For the evening he is wearing some sort of velvet suit with enormous, voluminous sleeves. He wears flared pants. He carries an antique cane that reaches to shoulder level, and which he frequently poses with. And there is a dashing, slouchy velvet hat on his head -- so that he looks like some sort of Elizabethan dandy.

RONNIE

(ceremonious medieval
English accent with
John Caradine horror
movie overtones)

And now, my friends...we are gathered here tonight to engage in ancient ceremonies. To evoke the ghosts of orgies past. To pay homage to those who have passed this way but once...

(dramatic pause)

...for they shall not come this way again.

(bangs his cane
on floor)

Wine!

(pours more wine
into four fresh
glasses)

Like mead, it gives us courage.
Like dry sack, it brings us heart
and strength...

(pause)

...for the ceremonies ahead! Flesh
to flesh and bone to bone, we fight
our own crusades.

Cont.

61 Cont.1

RONNIE (Cont.)

(begins flitting
about the little
circle as the others
watch him with assor-
ted reactions)

Yes, I'll make a speech or two the
likes of which you've seldom heard...
I'll call out for us to punish the
evil Mordred...

(places a hand on
LANCE's shoulder)

...for he is illegitimate, an...
schemes to seize the throne. We'll
move to shame the shameless queen...

(hand on ROXANNE's
shoulder)

...for she casts spells and...
(peers probingly
into her eyes)

...speaks in the language of spiders.
And we'll cherish, we'll ravish, the
little page boy...

(fond hand on
CASEY's shoulder)

...for we are but men and, as men,
we are but weak.

And now RONNIE begins to swoop around the room, in
widening circles. REACTION SHOTS show the others drink-
ing wine and watching silently -- Z-MAN is not to be
disturbed now. LANCE looks chagrined; ROXANNE amused;
CASEY wide-eyed.

RONNIE

Double, double, toil and trouble...

(leaps to the top of
a table or sofa and
points down dramat-
ically at the group --
especially LANCE)

For if there is such a thing as a
tarbubble...you are that thing!

And with this he springs toward the door and uses his
cane to strike the gong loudly.

RONNIE

Otto! Let the ritual begin!

Almost immediately a Von Stroheim-type BUTLER enters the
room. He is dressed entirely in black and carries four large

Cont,

61 Cont.2

cardboard boxes. He places them on the table and stands back, his face illuminated in the candlelight, as from out of frame RONNIE's long cane slowly descends from the top of the screen and rests upon his shoulder.

CUT to an angle sighting down the long length of the cane and of RONNIE's arm -- outstretched toward the BUTLER's face.

RONNIE

Well done, faithful vassal. Pray be excused. We have no further need of your services this night.

BUTLER

Jawohl, mein herr!

The BUTLER leaves. RONNIE opens the boxes. Each one contains a costume, but to achieve the maximum effect in a moment, the nature of the costume is not revealed as he passes them out.

RONNIE

One for the queen, so haughty and serene...

(hands ROXANNE a flowing Batman-type silk costume with a cape)

...one, too, for you, little page...

(CASEY gets a Boy Wonder-type costume)

...and a brutal one for the jungle denizen...

(LANCE gets a leopard-skin loincloth)

...and the best one of all for me!
(he has a Superwoman costume)

CASEY

(holding her costume, looks at ROXANNE)

I don't understand...what's this for?

RONNIE

(effusive)

To sheathe your supple body, my dear. Raiment for the court.

(chuckles deprecatingly)

Pray -- let the jesters begin.

CASEY still looks uncertainly at ROXANNE.

Cont.

61 Cont.3

ROXANNE

(smiles)

Come with me, Casey. We'll change
in the bedroom...

She leads her down the hallway. LANCE remains with Z-MAN.

LANCE

(half under his
breath)

The things I do for bread.

RONNIE

(picking up)

Not gold! Friendship! Affection!
The strong mutual bond of the round
table!

(zooms close to him
and holds up his arms
so that the long
sleeves throw his face
in shadow)

We are the spirits of the dead...
creatures treading the River Styx.
We seek our few paltry pleasures
that we may not weep.

LANCE

(despite himself, he
grins at Z-MAN's
extravagance)

So okay already...I pledge my
fealty. Now you satisfied?

RONNIE pats LANCE on the shoulder (it's actually more
of a shove) and urges him on to change.

RONNIE

I accept your fealty and do nobly
return it, and beseech thou gettest
thine ass in gear and

(drops into tone
of exaggerated
sensuality)

...garb your angry loins!

RONNIE has a smug look on his face as LANCE disappears
to change.

CUT to inside the bedroom where ROXANNE and CASEY are
changing. Both of them are more or less into their

Cont.

61 Cont.4

super-hero costumes; ROXANNE seems to be carrying it off and reassuring CASEY. There is a knock at the door and she goes to open it.

Framed in the door, RONNIE now wears his Superwoman costume. It doesn't look like any real superhero, but it looks a little like all of them. It features tight-fitting leotards, high boots with wide tops, a big "W" on the chest, and a bodice that seems to cover an adequate bosom. There's also a cape, a Lone Ranger-style mask, a tight head-covering. RONNIE wears earrings and has makeup on; the disguise is effective.

RONNIE

(as ROXANNE opens
door -- says dra-
matically)

It is I -- Superwoman!

ROXANNE

(amused)

Z-Man, you're something else...

RONNIE

(fiercely)

Not Z-Man -- Superwoman. You must be serious. It bodes nothing unless you're serious. Come now, let us seek Jungle Lad.

CASEY and ROXANNE follow him down the hallway to the living room where LANCE waits somewhat self-consciously dressed in his loincloth. Even CASEY has to smile at his appearance, although LANCE doesn't seem to be enjoying himself at all.

RONNIE

Marvelous, Jungle Lad, simply marvelous. It displays you to such magnificent advantage...

LANCE

To each his own...

RONNIE

Oh no-no-no-no-no! Never talk like that, Jungle Lad! Growl when you speak -- and pant!

CASEY

(turns to ROXANNE,
frightened)

Roxanne...I don't feel right... something's the matter...

Cont.

61 Cont.5

RONNIE

Only the wine, my dear, going to
your head and taking those wicked
little herbs with it...

CASEY

What?

RONNIE

(somewhat short with
her; wants the games
to begin)

An ancient potion by Merlin the
Magician, Boy Wonder...just add
one part peyote. It's used in
all the best rituals.

CASEY turns to ROXANNE, who throws a protective cape
around her.

ROXANNE

(aside to CASEY)

It's just a small dose, Casey. You
know how Z-Man is...

RONNIE gives her a withering gaze.

ROXANNE

Er...I mean, Superwoman....

(aside to CASEY)

Don't worry...I'll take care of you.

As CASEY looks at her uncertainly, CUT to a series of
scenes showing the evening's ritual underway. The char-
acters move in and out of the uncertain lighting, which
gives an eerie tone to the activities. Music underlines
the action but should not be obviously psychedelic. The
purpose here is not to portray an acid trip, and not to
use subjective opticals to give the cliché LSD effect,
but to look at the characters objectively and to produce
a mood of horror and depravity.

Some of the scenes follow; others will suggest themselves.

--Z-MAN imperiously strides through
the living room, followed by LANCE,
on all fours, scurrying at his heels.

--CASEY, frightened and dizzy, finds
a door locked.

Cont.

61 Cont.6

--ROXANNE, lolling on a couch, stares into the flame of a candle she holds in her hand. CASEY, still frightened, enters the frame tentatively. ROXANNE guides her to the couch and places a protective arm around her. CASEY huddles close for support as ROXANNE, strangely detached, continues to look into the flame.

--Z-MAN rides on LANCE's shoulders, giving orders:

RONNIE

Stride on, Jungle Lad!
We seek the City of Gold!

--CASEY, now seeming less frightened and more under the influence of the drug, looks into an empty wine glass. CUT to shoot up through the bottom of the glass; in b.g. is a part of her face, distorted. In f.g. are wet little leaves of the herb, stuck to the bottom of the glass.

--LANCE swings from a chandelier, flying through the air toward Z-MAN's bed. Z-MAN, still dressed, lies on his back in it. At the instant that LANCE lands, on all fours, straddling Z-MAN,

--CUT ON ACTION and MATCH CUT to ROXANNE in the identical position over CASEY.

From this angle, ROXANNE's flowing cape falls down on both sides of her, enclosing both herself and CASEY in a silk tent. Only their heads are visible.

CASEY

(whispers softly)

Roxanne...?

ROXANNE

Sssh.

She kisses CASEY tenderly.

CASEY

Roxanne...you will take care of me,
won't you?

Cont.

61 Cont.7

ROXANNE

Always and forever, darling Casey.

CUT to an angle, as she moves, that now reveals that CASEY is undressed and that all ROXANNE wears is the flowing cape. Their mutual nudity is established, but exposure is controlled not only by lighting and camera, but also by the voluminous silk cape. This will heighten the erotic effect of the subsequent love-making between two women; the cool softness of the cape moves with them, and the sound of silk-on-silk and silk-on-skin merges with their whispered endearments, their progressively more passionate breathing, and the music under the scene.

The camera traces their love-making mostly in CLOSEUP; LONG SHOTS of their full-length bodies must be carefully controlled to avoid offense. Sometimes the camera seems to examine only a few square inches of skin. Sometimes only lips, or eyes, or hair are visible. Sometimes, from the side, their breasts are seen pressed against each other. And certain movements are exaggerated because the silk cape reflects them. The WOMEN remain head-to-head during the scene, as in "Vixen;" the alternative position would be offensive and inappropriate to this film.

As they make love, they talk to each other in breathy, erotic whispers.

ROXANNE

Oh Casey -- my darling Casey ---

CASEY

Roxanne? I'm frightened... Ronnie seems so different tonight...so bizarre...

ROXANNE

Ronnie has his little games...you know...

(kisses her,
caresses her)

but they are apart from you and me.

Overcome by emotion, she embraces CASEY warmly.

CASEY

You're so soft, Roxanne. You're so gentle. You make me feel so good...you're not like a man -- Oh, it's so different... So much better ---

Cont.

61 Cont.8

ROXANNE

Only women can really understand...

CASEY

How can I make you feel good, Roxanne?

ROXANNE

Don't even think about that. Let your body take over. All I want to do is give you pleasure.

(a soft note of fierceness)

I want to give you more pleasure than any man ever could...

CASEY

(emotional)

Love me, Roxanne -- please love me deeply -- so completely -- so fully -- so totally --

CASEY's words are smothered by a voluptuous kiss. As their love-making continues, INTERCUT with RONNIE and LANCE, elsewhere in the big house. It is too dark to locate them for sure; a dim light barely defines their features. They still wear their costumes. LANCE is pretty obviously bombed, both on peyote and on booze. They are close together, RONNIE the aggressor, LANCE the passive and even disoriented partner.

LANCE

(voice sodden with
dope and drink)

Z-Man?

RONNIE

(slaps him playfully)

Jungle Lad?

LANCE

I mean, Superwoman? Where the hell's my damn booze?

Z-MAN slaps him again.

LANCE

I mean, mead? Where's my mead?

RONNIE

You've had enough of the elixier of love, Jungle Lad.

Cont.

61 Cont.9

RONNIE (Cont.)

(kisses him)

Is it not sufficient just to be
here, locked in embrace...

(kisses him again;

LANCE is too stoned
to respond)

in the arms of she who is every
man's dream?

The dialogue is interrupted by RONNIE's hungry, searching
mouth on LANCE's. LANCE instinctively rejects it.

RONNIE

Who are you to reject Superwoman?
Why do you react so strangely in
the embrace of the embodiment of
carnal desire?

RONNIE kisses him again, but LANCE is out of it. LANCE's
behavior drives the drugged RONNIE out of his gourd.

RONNIE

(shrieks)

I feel scorned...I am rejected...
I, who have never before been
spurned...Superwoman, the erotic
nocturnal visitor in a million
dreams...and you...you varlet!
You serf! You bugging knave!
How dare you cast aside my alabas-
ter charms, my capacious love, my
undying troth? Yes, I vow it, ere
this night does wane, you will drink
the black sperm of my vengeance!

But LANCE is nearly out of the picture. He seems only
half-conscious. RONNIE stubbornly tries once again to
inspire an erotic response, but without success. With
a mutter of disgust he releases LANCE, who half-slumps
into a position of sleep.

CUT to a CLOSEUP of a black look on RONNIE's face. He
is angry and in a vicious mood.

CUT to later the same night. The camera explores curtains
in the breeze, and a darkened bedroom, and eventually
arrives at the wide-open eyes of CASEY. She looks at the
still-sleeping ROXANNE, and then very quietly slips out
of bed. Something about her manner indicates she is still
disoriented by the effects of the peyote; she doesn't
stumble but she seems remote and distracted.

Cont.

61 Cont.10

INTERCUT the shadowy Z-MAN, his countenance dripping with revengeful hate, as he securely ties the floundering, drugged, drunken, stoned LANCE's hands behind his back.

RONNIE

(talking maniacally
to himself as he
ties the hands)

With these stout cords...I'll bind
your knotty muscles, churl. I'll
bring an end to your insolence, to
this reckless disregard of your
queen...

LANCE groans.

RONNIE

What? You attempt to speak? You
growl? You moan? Your thickened
tongue tries even now to beg mercy...
but too late, too late. Revengeful
pride now pricks my passion, and
the night rushes headlong to its
inevitable conclusion...

(laughs weirdly)

Jungle Lad...

(voice rises to
fever pitch as he
cinches the last knot)

You've swung on your last vine!

CUT back to CASEY. Her movements resemble a search; she wants to find out why she is in this strange place. The bedroom is dark, but the full moon seems to outline her nude body. She moves slowly, in profile, until her toe feels something strange. It is ROXANNE's cape, carelessly thrown on the floor. She stoops, in silhouette, her breasts outlined, as she picks up the cape and throws it around her shoulders. Thus her nudity is established beneath the cape as she slowly -- almost in a trance -- walks through a floor-to-ceiling glass door to the patio.

CUT to outside RONNIE's house as she walks softly, ghost-like, through the night until she comes opposite one of the patio windows looking into the living room. As she looks in, she sees that LANCE and Z-MAN are apparently still playing their strange games. In CLOSEUP, CASEY's eyes and expression indicate she is still high on peyote, and not fully in control of her condition. The scene that follows has a subtle in-and-out-of-focus effect, in a way explaining why CASEY does not go to the aid of LANCE.

Cont.

61 Cont.10-A

CUT to her P.O.V. as she looks into the living room.
 LANCE kneels on the floor in front of Z-MAN. His hands
 are tightly bound, and in turn they are tied to his feet;
 he is in a helpless position.

RONNIE

(laughs maniacally;
 all of his subsequent
 dialogue is in deliber-
 ately hyperbolic comic-
 book style)

How now, Jungle Lad? Why so helpless
 and why so frail? Where is your much-
 vaunted muscular prowess?

LANCE

(frightened; speech
 sodden but regaining
 composure)

Come on, Ronnie; screw this scene.
 Let's get down to the nitty-gritty.
 I wanna pay the piper and split...
 I'll swing with the old broads any
 day...

RONNIE

(vicious, angry,
 no longer joking)

Growl, vassal! You spoil Superwoman's
 sport when you whine and succor me.
 Jungle Lad should be silent and mighty,
 not a groveling ant creeping across
 the malodorous moat!

(chuckles)

And, besides, methinks you miss the
 point...

(softly, caressingly)

You are doing what I want. Exactly
 what I demand, serf! At last, the
 king of the jungle comes under the
 imperious rule of she who is uncon-
 querable -- Superwoman!

(toward the end his
 voice became shrill;
 now he tosses his cape
 as he strides away,
 turning his back)

How it excites me -- your legendary
 strength rendered impotent, as you
 grovel before the greatest super-
 hero of all time.

Cont.

61 Cont.11

RONNIE (Cont.)

(a change of tone
indicates a crack in
his drug-induced fantasy)

Methinks...you remind me...of certain
things...

RONNIE's speech is overlapped by scattered comments from
LANCE, who struggles to free himself. The cords are cut-
ting into his wrists, and he is somewhat more sober now,
more aware of the situation. RONNIE whirls back.

RONNIE

Don't move, you churl! Don't move
a single muscle of that finely-
fleshed body!

LANCE

(fed up, angry)

Aw, come on...for God's sake,
Ronnie...these cords are killing
me...my wrists...they're cutting
my wrists...I've had enough...
you're out of your gourd...

RONNIE strides over to the fireplace and takes down the
enormous jeweled Japanese samurai sword. It is so large
he must hold it in both hands, and the blade makes a nasty
twanging sound as it bends and rebounds. RONNIE maniacally
whirls it in vast circles around his head, and it makes a
blood-curdling whistling noise as it flies through the air.

RONNIE

(a fiendish intonation)

The vorpal blade goes snicker-snack!

(laughs maniacally)

Ah, yes, Jungle Lad -- meet my friend
Excaliber! Mightiest sword of all --

(rising urgency
in his voice)

Forged by Wodin, the god of time;
legendary blade of King Arthur;
hurled into the lake, it sprang
forth again, shining and pure!
And now...now it is wielded by she
who will eclipse all their deeds...
Arthur and Lancelot and even mighty
Coeur-de-Lion...Superwoman!

Cont.

61 Cont.12

Midway in RONNIE's speech, CUT to LANCE desperately struggling. RONNIE's description of the sword overlaps the action as LANCE throws himself on his side. Although bound head and foot, he tries somehow to move his elbows and knees to drag himself across the carpet.

LANCE
(while struggling, and
during RONNIE's speech)
Ronnie!
(moves a few inches)
Easy!
(in a burst of energy,
tries to struggle loose)
Careful with that goddamn thing!
(breathing heavily
with exertion)

RONNIE raises the sword straight up over his head and strides toward the helpless LANCE.

RONNIE
Prepare to die!

CUT to a low-angle SHOT as he looms over LANCE and ceremoniously holds the sword on high.

LANCE
(screaming, recoiling
from the horrible
sight)
No! Aaaaah! No! Ronnie!
(pleading, as Z-MAN
relishes his help-
lessness)
God! Ronnie, please!

As this continues, CUT to CASEY outside the window. The scene seems to swim in and out of focus; she extends a hand to steady herself. Perhaps these horrible things are happening only in her imagination.

Cont.

61 Cont.12

CUT back to a CLOSEUP of Z-MAN, emotions flickering across his face. It is hard not to notice how effete he appears; the effect is heightened by the Superwoman costume. A widow's peak formed by his head-covering comes down the middle of his forehead almost to his nose. His curly hair escapes from the helmet to frame his face. His earrings and lipstick complete the transformation. His strange, haunted eyes seem to hint at unthinkable things.

LANCE

(terrified, groveling)

Ronnie! Z-Man! Listen to me! I'll do any-thing. Anything you want me to do! ANYTHING!
Can you hear me? It's not a game, Z-Man!

CUT again to the low-angle SHOT, the helpless LANCE still in f.g., the imperious Z-MAN still towering above him, the sword glittering above his head. But now, as LANCE continues to scream, Z-MAN slowly lowers the sword and points it into the rug, one hand on the hilt as if it were his cane.

RONNIE

(bizarre laughter;
out of his gourd)

Z-Man? Who is Z-Man? There is no
Z-Man, varlet! And, indeed, it is
not a game we play...

(dramatic pause)

I AM SUPERWOMAN!

With his free hand he rips off the front of his costume, and -- breasts are visible! The SHOT is held long enough to establish this (because the audience should not feel tricked or cheated). Then CUT as he reaches up and rips off his mask and head-covering, so that his curls frame the face made up like a woman -- and LANCE realizes with shock that RONNIE BARZELL is a transvestite -- a woman masquerading as a man.

SMASH CUT to LANCE's face, filled with horror and disbelief. SMASH CUT to the LOW ANGLE SHOT as Z-MAN raises the sword. SMASH CUT to a P.O.V. in three-quarters profile at chest level. Z-MAN's breasts curve up as "he" lifts "his" arms. CUT to CASEY's confusion and terror. SMASH CUT to the giant sword descending as LANCE's last preternatural gurgling scream is abruptly cut short.

The actual meeting of the sword and flesh is blocked by Z-MAN's body. As LANCE's lifeless form tumbles to the floor, CUT to CASEY again, still outside the window. She is still in the grip of peyote but the scene she has

Cont.

61 Cont.13-A

witnessed has somehow impressed upon her the desperate need to seek help. She recoils in terror and runs toward the garden house.

CUT back to the living room where Z-MAN's Teutonic BUTLER stands in an opening to the room, drawn by the screams. His face shows he is equally stunned by the dead body and by the sight of his employer as a woman.

Z-MAN sees him and with a weird cry runs toward him, brandishing the sword. The BUTLER turns and flees.

CUT to the beach outside the house as Z-MAN pursues the BUTLER, finally overtakes him and kills him with the sword, plunging it again and again. This is a replay of the mysterious scenes at the film's beginning. However, this time the events are shown in a more detailed fashion, and it is possible to identify the characters.

CUT to CASEY, near the garden house, horrified as she hears the BUTLER's screams. CUT to her P.O.V. in LONG SHOT, showing the two eerie figures outlined on the moonlit lawn. CUT to CASEY as she successfully chokes back a scream.

CUT to a closer SHOT of Z-MAN turning from her lifeless prey and returning to the house to complete her orgasm of carnage.

CUT to CASEY slipping into the guest house. Inside, CASEY feels her way in the dark -- a light would be suicide.

CUT back to the candlelit living room as Z-MAN enters it in her ripped Superwoman costume. She goes to a desk in the room and extracts a Luger (this is the same INSERT used in the prologue). Now Z-MAN is followed by the camera as she moves down the lighted hallway and into the guest bedroom where the drugged ROXANNE still sleeps.

The bedroom is illuminated only by moonlight. ROXANNE sleeps in disarray, half-naked, semi-revealed in the uncertain light. The following scene follows the scene at the film's beginning, but the camera now reveals the identity of the participants.

With a quick look, Z-MAN notices the absence of CASEY.

RONNIE

(very soft, absorbed)

So...without the Boy Wonder, my sylph-like friend?

Cont.

61 Cont.14

ROXANNE stirs and sighs. Creeping toward the bed, Z-MAN satanically drinks in the semi-nude form of her victim, and grips the Luger in her fist. Z-MAN mounts or straddles ROXANNE very gently. She stirs but does not awaken. Perhaps, subconsciously, she thinks of CASEY.

ROXANNE

(whispers in her sleep)

Casey?

CUT to the face of Z-MAN, twisted by a sardonic smile. Now CUT to Z-MAN's P.O.V. as she brings the Luger up the svelte body of the sleeping ROXANNE, tracing a path toward her mouth. The Luger barrel slowly, gently, finally reaches the area of ROXANNE's mouth. As a surgeon probes an incision, Z-MAN presses the phallic-like gun muzzle into ROXANNE's parted lips. Her response is sensuous; she begins to caress the barrel's hardness with her lips, until nearly all the barrel is consumed. Then, gently, Z-MAN exerts a pressure to bring ROXANNE's face upright. This seems to bring her to her senses; at last, through her drug-heavy sleep, she tastes cold steel in her mouth. Her lips halt their caressing action; she begins to retch; her eyes snap open; they focus; a scream is choked back by the muzzle; SMASH CUT to Z-MAN's face looming above in the half-light; SMASH CUT to ROXANNE's full realization of the situation; SMASH CUT to Z-MAN's tightening trigger finger (during the sound of a choked-back, desperate scream), and then as there is the sound of a loud explosion, SMASH CUT with the noise over to CASEY.

CASEY has found a telephone in the garden house, and she is frantically dialing a number. CUT to Z-MAN climbing off the deathbed of her third victim. CUT to CASEY in CLOSEUP.

CASEY

(on telephone)

Kelly? Kelly, for God's sake help me! I'm at Ronnie's place and he's gone berserk --- he's killing everyone!

(she is sobbing and hysterical)

CUT to Z-MAN, whose eyes dart around the bedroom and suddenly spot a lighted button on the extension telephone. It shines brightly in the darkness. Z-MAN reaches the telephone in two steps, picks up the receiver -- and punches the extension button.

Cont.

61 Cont.15

CUT ON ACTION to the sound of the click in CASEY's ear. She hears Z-MAN's heavy, sensuous breathing.

CASEY

(screams)

Kelly! He hears me!

CUT to a scene of pandemonium at KELLY's apartment. The two couples are still there; the TV set is on and apparently they were watching the late movie. As KELLY puts down the receiver, the expressions on the faces of PET, EMERSON and HARRIS indicate they have gathered some idea of the emergency.

CUT to CASEY as she slams down the receiver and looks out into the sinister night. She has become the mouse in a deadly game of hide-and-seek, on the grounds of an isolated mansion that the catlike Z-MAN knows intimately.

CUT to Z-MAN stealthily padding into the living room and wetting her fingers before snuffing out the candles -- darkness is better for the hunt.

CUT to KELLY's apartment, where KELLY and PET race through the kitchen. KELLY carries HARRIS' wheelchair, and EMERSON carries HARRIS.

INTERCUT, while holding this SHOT, FLASHES of CASEY in the guest house, and Z-MAN silently approaching its exterior.

Then hold as CASEY slips out a low window of the guest house and runs unnoticed across the lawn toward the main house. The cape flies out behind her body, illuminated faintly in the moonlight.

CUT to Z-MAN, now inside the guest house, her attention again attracted by the flashing button on an extension telephone.

CUT to CASEY in the main house, on the telephone.

CASEY

Operator -- give me the police!

RONNIE (v.o.)

(voice crackling over
the telephone)

Why call the police, Boy Wonder?

Why do you turn away from Superwoman

-- greatest law enforcer of them all?

Cont.

61 Cont.16

CASEY screams and drops the telephone like a hot potato. She collapses in terror on the floor, and awkwardly crawls into the well beneath the desk.

CUT to a big car fishtailing up the difficult hill road; it's the Lincoln. The car almost goes over the edge as it screams around a tight curve.

CUT to Z-MAN, slipping back into the main house. From Z-MAN's P.O.V., the outline of CASEY's form beneath the desk is silhouetted against the window behind it.

CUT to the car sliding into Z-MAN's parking area.

CUT to a CLOSEUP of CASEY, beneath the desk, her eyes darting in the darkness, looking straight at the camera. Hold this three or four beats. Then, ever so silently and slowly, the face of Z-MAN appears behind CASEY. Z-MAN gently extends the Luger until the cold steel of the muzzle touches the back of CASEY's neck. She screams.

CUT to the parking lot. The scream and the explosion of the gun are overlapped as PET, EMERSON and KELLY pile out of the car and race toward the house. EMERSON takes the back entrance. HARRIS is left in the car.

CUT to Z-MAN in CLOSEUP, turning her head to listen.

CUT to EMERSON, bursting through the kitchen door of the house and pausing while his eyes adjust to the dark.

CUT to KELLY and PET cautiously coming in the front way, as the echoes of the gunshot still reverberate.

Now there is a shadowy and confused episode in the living room; apparently EMERSON has entered from the kitchen entrance as PET and KELLY come in the front door. Their bodies are dimly silhouetted against the open door for a second as Z-MAN moves in shadows to get behind them. EMERSON, however, is behind him. There is a brief, violent struggle, made more difficult by the fact that in the darkness it is impossible to distinguish friend from enemy. Suddenly a gun discharges.

CUT to PET as the gunshot slams her up against a wall. There are muffled shouts and screams from the others as the fight continues.

CUT to the parking area where the second gunshot has provided HARRIS with a desperate motivation. Half-falling, half-pulling himself, he crawls out of the car and pulls the wheelchair after him.

Cont.

61 Cont.17

CUT to inside the house where the fight continues with confusion and brutality.

CUT to HARRIS pulling himself up into his wheelchair; he fears the gunshot was aimed at KELLY.

CUT back to the living room where three figures have now gained their feet and are involved in a violent struggle for possession of the gun.

CUT to just outside the front door. HARRIS approaches it in his wheelchair, just as the savage struggle pours out of the doorway. Z-MAN, EMERSON and KELLY tumble in a mass onto the wheelchair. It is hurtled backwards and overturns. The chair and the four characters are confused in a vicious struggle.

SMASH CUT to an angle of the struggle photographed through a rapidly spinning wheel, the spokes flashing in the moonlight. Through the wheel, the center of attention is the Luger, still in Z-MAN's hand. EMERSON desperately forces the hand back until the tip of the muzzle brushes against the spinning wheel, causing an unexpected and weird ratcheting sound, a counterpoint to the struggle.

CUT to another angle, as Z-MAN and EMERSON both tumble over. The gun explodes, and Z-MAN is dead.

Now there is silence.

CUT to a MEDIUM or LONG SHOT, gaining distance on the participants in the struggle. EMERSON slowly disengages himself from the dead Z-MAN. He stands and helps KELLY to her feet. Their figures are silhouetted against the sky-glow of the city. HARRIS, dazed, stirs on the ground.

CUT to a SHOT of Z-MAN, dead, the woman's identity revealed in the ripped costume.

CUT to EMERSON looking down in disbelief at the figure.

EMERSON

My God...

CUT to a CLOSEUP of KELLY who says nothing but whose face reflects shock, relief -- and disbelief at the sight of Z-MAN.

CUT to a MEDIUM SHOT as PET, her arm and shoulder dripping blood, slowly walks out of the open doorway of the house. KELLY and EMERSON turn to look at her. They are still too much in shock to think of offering aid.

Cont.

61 Cont.18

CUT to a CLOSEUP of PET, holding her shoulder.

PET

(stunned, disbelieving)

She's dead.

REACTION SHOTS of KELLY and EMERSON, then back to PET.

PET

Casey. She'd dead. He killed her.

(pauses)

And there's another body in the
living room. I don't even know who
it is...the head's missing!

There is another silence, broken only when KELLY finally
begins to cry; the tension is releasing itself. EMERSON
goes to PET. There are several beats of silence before
HARRIS' tentative, wondering voice is heard.

HARRIS

Kelly...?

KELLY

(had half-forgotten
him; rushes to him
and kneels)

Harris! Are you hurt?

HARRIS

(softly, unbelieving)

Kelly...my leg...I can feel my leg...
my toes...I can move my toes, Kelly...

HARRIS reaches up a tentative hand, and KELLY helps him
to his feet.

CUT to a SHOT showing PET and EMERSON in f.g., EMERSON
supporting the wounded PET. In b.g., silhouetted on
the lawn, KELLY very cautiously helps HARRIS to his feet.
One leg still seems without feeling. With great difficulty
but with determination, HARRIS braces himself on KELLY's
shoulder. KELLY begins to cry.

KELLY

Harris...oh, Harris! You can walk!

And now this SHOT becomes a helicopter or crane shot,
slowly pulling away and up as KELLY and HARRIS turn care-
fully and begin to move, slowly, across the several yards
of lawn between the wheelchair and PET and EMERSON.
Behind them, crumpled on the lawn, Z-MAN's body lies.

Cont.

61 Cont.19

As this helicopter SHOT establishes a physical and emotional distance, music will help in the TRANSITION to the next scene.

CUT TO:

62 EPILOGUE
EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CITY HALL - DAY

It is a busy Saturday afternoon. The sound of traffic noise and the steady procession of cars along the street still further reinforce a mood of normality. A deep, kindly voice is heard voice over; and during the course of the speech CUT to the face of a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (the Ed Begley type) and his wife (a sweet old lady who acts as the witness).

JUSTICE

Well, Edna, we're traveled down a long road together and we've been a lot of places and we've seen a lot of things...

(chuckles, turns to
beam at the camera)

but they say there's a first time for everything, and...

CUT to begin a PAN SHOT of THREE COUPLES.

JUSTICE

...this is certainly my first triple ceremony!

(clears his throat
loudly)

Dearly beloved...

The PAN SHOT that begins at the end of his speech shows, from left to right, LYON BURKE, ANNE WELLES, EMERSON, PET (with her shoulder bandaged and her arm in a sling), KELLY, and HARRIS (erect on crutches). The GIRLS wear new dresses and wedding veils; the MEN wear dark suits.

With the word "beloved," CUT back to the JUSTICE, whose eyes lift from the book. He sees something over the shoulders of the people facing him. He hands the book to his wife.

JUSTICE

Just a second, folks...

Cont.

62 Cont.

He walks toward a window behind them. CUT to look over their shoulders (although they do not turn). In the window an unshaven, unkempt figure of a man is framed: PORTER HALL. What brought him to City Hall is unclear, but now he is looking into the JUSTICE's office. His condition is so decayed that the JUSTICE evidently takes him for a tramp. He draws the shade on the window, and then returns to the group, loudly clearing his throat again.

All the characters are in the frame as he resumes his place.

JUSTICE

Now let us begin...

FADE OUT

THE END