

**FEAR & LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS**

by

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**BLACK SCREEN**

A desert wind moans sadly. From somewhere within the wind comes the tinkly, syrupy-sweet sounds of the Lennon Sisters singing "My Favorite Things." A series of sepia images of anti-war protests from the mid-sixties appear one after another on the screen.

In the violently scrawled style of Ralph Steadman, the title FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS splashes onto the screen. A beat, and then it runs down and off revealing:

TITLE: "He who makes a beast of himself  
Gets rid of the pain  
Of being a man."  
Dr. Johnson

The VOICE OF HUNTER S. THOMPSON -- a.k.a. RAOUL DUKE:

**DUKE (V/O)**

We were somewhere around Barstow on  
the edge of the desert when the  
drugs began to take hold.

**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!**

A red Chevy convertible -- THE RED SHARK -- wipes the black screen.

**EXT. ON THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS - DAY**

**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!**

THE RED SHARK races down the desert highway at a hundred miles an hour. THE STONES' "Sympathy For the Devil" blares.

**AT THE WHEEL**

**STRANGELY STILL AND TENSE, RAOUL DUKE DRIVES -- SKELETAL, BEER IN HAND -- STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD.**

**BESIDE HIM, FACE TURNED TO THE SUN, EYES CLOSED BEHIND WRAPAROUND SPANISH SUNGLASSES, IS HIS SWARTHY AND UNNERVINGLY**

**UNPREDICTABLE ATTORNEY, DR. GONZO.**

The music pounds DUKE stares straight ahead. GONZO froths up a can of beer - uses it as shaving foam.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I remember saying something like:  
"I feel a bit lightheaded. Maybe  
you should drive..."

GONZO starts shaving.

2.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Suddenly there was a terrible roar  
all around us and the sky was full  
of what looked like huge bats, all  
swooping and screeching and diving  
around the car...

Close on DUKE -- shadows flutter across his face. The  
reflections of bats swirl within his eyes. We push in close  
to one eye ball -- SCREECHING SWIRLING BAT-LIKE SHAPES!

**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!**

**DUKE (V/O)**

... and a voice was screaming: Holy  
Jesus! What are these goddamn  
animals?

**CUT TO WIDE SHOT OF CAR -**

DUKE, eyes rigid, flails at the air. No bats anywhere.  
GONZO casually looks over...

**GONZO**

What are you yelling about?

DUCK SCREECHES to the side of the road. The sudden wrench  
makes GONZO nick his face with his razor.

**DUKE**

Never mind. It's your turn to drive.

**DUKE (V/O)**

No point mentioning these bats. I  
thought. The poor bastard will see  
them soon enough.

DUKE hops out of the car, keeping an eye out for bats, frantically opens the trunk to reveal what looks like A MOBILE POLICE NARCOTICS LAB. DUKE desperately rifles through the impressive stash.

**DUKE (V/O)**

We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughs... Also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of beer, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.

3.

DUKE, eyes darting madly as he hears what sounds like the SHRIEKS OF BATS returning, grabs an assortment along with another six-pack of beer - slams the trunk shut and dives back into the car.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Not that we needed all that for the trip, but once you get locked into a serious drug collection, the tendency is to push it as far as you can.

THE RED SHARK RACES INTO THE DISTANCE... on the ground, weakly flapping is a SEMI-SQUASHED, SLOWLY DYING ANIMAL... A **BAT?**

**EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS - DAY**

**IN THE RED SHARK**

GONZO grips the wheel - stares maniacally down the road - a lousy driver.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The only thing that really worried me was the ether. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible and depraved than a man in the depths of an ether binge. And I knew we'd get into that rotten stuff pretty soon.

The radio news wars with "SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" on a tape recorder.

**RADIO NEWS**

An overdose of heroin was listed as the official cause of death for pretty 19 year old Diane Hanby whose body was found stuffed in a refrigerator last week...

GONZO changes the station - "ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE, SWEET JESUS, ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE" vies with "SYMPATHY"... He sings along - washes a couple of pills back with a new beer. The RED SHARK fishtails.

**GONZO**

"One toke over the line, sweet Jesus."

4.

**DUKE**

(muttering to himself)  
One toke. You poor fool. Wait till you see those goddamn bats.

**UP AHEAD - AT THE SIDE OF THE DESERTED ROAD**

A LONE HITCHHIKER spots them, jumps up and sticks out a thumb. The RED SHARK roars past. Then, fifty yards down the road...

**GONZO**

Let's give that boy a lift.

GONZO wrenches the wheel - THE RED SHARK swerves to the side of the road.

**DUKE**

We can't stop here - this is bat country!

GONZO JAMS THE CAR INTO REVERSE AND ROCKETS BACKWARDS. The HITCHHIKER races to the car. A poor OKIE KID with a big grin.

**HITCHHIKER**

Hot damn! I never rode in a convertible before!

Then the big grin freezes on the OKIE KID's face at the sight of: DUKE and GONZO looking out at him with HYPER-

NORMAL, shit-eating SMILES.

**DUKE**

Is that right? Well, I guess  
you're about ready, eh?

The HITCHHIKER hesitates.

**GONZO**

We're your friends. We're not like  
the others.

**DUKE**

(hissing sharply)  
No more of that talk or I'll put  
the leeches on you.

DUKE turns back to the HITCHHIKER - smiles reassuringly.

**EXT. EVEN FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS - DAY**

The HITCHHIKER sits nervously in the back seat as the RED  
SHARK screams down the road.

5.

GONZO sings along to the tape player.

The HITCHHIKER's eyes go to the door - considers jumping out  
and taking his chances.

DUKE, sweating bullets, STARES AT THE HITCHHIKER in the rear  
view mirror.

**DUKE (V/O)**

How long could we maintain, I  
wondered. How long before one of  
us starts raving and jabbering at  
this boy? What will he think then?  
This same lonely desert was the  
last known home of the Manson family.

The HITCHHIKER's eyes notice a thin line of blood trickling  
down GONZO's neck.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Would he make that grim connection  
when my attorney starts screaming  
about bats and huge manta rays  
coming down on the car?

DUKE's mouth moves intermittently - sometimes in sync with the words, sometimes not.

**DUKE (V/O)**

If so - well, we'll just have to cut his head off and bury him somewhere. Because it goes without saying that we can't turn him loose. He'd report us at once to some kind of outback Nazi law enforcement agency, and they'll run us down like dogs...

**DUKE**

(out loud to himself)  
Jesus! Did I say that?

**DUKE (V/O)**

Or just think it? Was I talking?  
Did they hear me?

**GONZO**

(reassuringly to HITCHHIKER)  
It's okay. He's admiring the shape of your skull.

DUKE gives the HITCHHIKER a FINE BIG GRIN and the HITCHHIKER giggles nervously.

6.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Maybe I better have a chat with this boy I thought. Perhaps if I explain things, he'll rest easy...

**DUKE**

(roaring over the road noise)  
**THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNDERSTAND --**

The HITCHHIKER stares at him, not blinking.

**DUKE**

(yells)  
**CAN YOU HEAR ME?**

The HITCHHIKER nods -- giggles -- terrified. DUKE climbs into the back seat.

**DUKE**

That's good. Because I want you to have all the background. This is a very ominous assignment -- with overtones of extreme personal danger. I'm a Doctor of Journalism! This is important, goddamnit! This is a true story!...

(WHACKS the BACK OF  
**THE DRIVER'S SEAT**  
with his fist)

The CAR SWERVES SICKENINGLY, then straightens out.

**GONZO**

(screams)  
Keep your hands off my fucking neck!

The HITCHHIKER makes a sudden lunge for freedom. DUKE GRABS  
**HIM BACK DOWN.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

Our vibrations were getting nasty -- but why? Was there no communication in this car? Had we deteriorated to the level of dumb beasts?

The HITCHHIKER STRUGGLES IN PANIC.

7.

**DUKE**

(to HITCHHIKER)  
I want you to understand that this man at the wheel is my attorney! He's not just some dingbat I found on the Strip. He's a foreigner. I think he's probably Samoan. But it doesn't matter, does it? Are you prejudiced?

**HITCHHIKER**

Hell, no!

**DUKE**

I didn't think so. Because in spite of his race, this man is extremely valuable to me. Hell, I forgot all about this beer. You want one?

(HITCHHIKER shakes  
his head)  
How about some ether?

**HITCHHIKER**

What?

**DUKE**

Never mind. Let's get right to the  
heart of this thing. Twenty-four  
hours ago we were sitting in the  
Pogo Lounge of the Beverly Wills  
Hotel...

**INT. THE BEVERLY WILLS HOTEL POGO LOUNGE 1971 - DAY**

A uniformed DWARF, carries a shockingly PINK TELEPHONE  
through the glittering, tranquil POGO LOUNGE CROWD. They  
are the ELOI. HENDRIX AFROS and DROOPING MUSTACHES and BELL  
BOTTOMS and LOVE BEADS and BELLS. ACTRESSES sip Singapore  
Slings and PROMOTERS sip ACTRESSES in this MONIED, SANITISED  
**VERSION OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION YEARS.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

... in the patio section, of  
course, drinking Singapore Slings  
with mescal on the side, hiding  
from the brutish realities of this  
foul year of Our Lord, 1971.

The DWARF reaches DUKE -- T-shirt, levis, sneakers and  
shades. GONZO -- white rayon bellbottoms and a khaki tank  
top undershirt. They are in the middle of a serious  
conversation.

8.

**DUKE**

I'm telling you, the Salazar story  
is getting too complicated. The  
weasels have started closing in.

The DWARF sneers.

**DWARF**

Perhaps this is the call you've  
been waiting for all this time,  
sir...

DUKE lifts the receiver -- listens...



**DUKE**

Uh-huh... Uh-huh... Uh-huh...

DUKE hangs up the PHONE with the DEAD-PAN EXPRESSION OF A **MOVIE SPY**.

**DWARF**

That was headquarters. They want me to go to Las Vegas at once and make contact with a Portuguese photographer named Lacerda. He'll have the details. All I have to do is check into my sound proof suite and he'll seek me out.

GONZO, says nothing for a moment, then POUNDS the table!

**GONZO**

God hell! I think I see the pattern! This one sounds like real trouble! You're going to need plenty of legal advice before this thing is over. As your attorney I must advise you that you'll need a very fast car with no top and after that, the cocaine. And then the tape recorder, for special music, and some Acapulco shirts...

(GONZO tucks his khaki undershirt into his white bellbottoms -- he means business!)

This blows my weekend, because naturally I'll have to go with you -- and we'll have to arm ourselves.

9.

**DUKE**

Why not? If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing right.

DUKE and GONZO are up and off. The DWARF chases after them with the (very large) check in his hand.

They sweep out through the Lounge door, unaware of it swinging back into the face of the pursuing DWARF.

**DUKE**

I tell you, my man. This is the American Dream in action! We'd be fools not to ride this strange torpedo all the way to the end.

**GONZO**

Indeed. We must do it. What kind of story is this?

**EXT. BEVERLY WILLS HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY**

DUKE and GONZO emerge.

**DUKE**

The Mint 400! The richest off-road race for motorcycles and dune-buggies in the history of organized sport!

(handing parking  
ticket to Valet)

-- a fantastic spectacle in honor of some fatback grossero who owns the luxurious Mint Hotel in the heart of downtown Vegas... at least that's what the press release says.

Their car arrives -- rusted out, smashed door panels. They jump in.

**DUKE**

We're going to have to drum it up on our own. Pure Gonzo Journalism.

And they're off in a cloud of black exhaust as the nose-bleeding DWARF stumbles out with the unpaid bill in his hand.

**EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DAY**

The PINTO races through shot.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Getting hold of the drugs and shirts had been no problem...

10.

**EXT. POLYNESIAN BAR - DAY**

The PINTO skids to a halt outside Polynesian bar, the back window full of Hawaiian shirts.

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

... but the car and tape recorder  
were not easy things to round up at  
6:30 on a Friday afternoon in  
Hollywood.

**INT. POLYNESIAN BAR - DAY**

TORN YELLOW PAGES with dealer's ads ticked off lie in a pile  
as GONZO yells into a PAYPHONE. DUKE carries over four  
Singapore Slings.

**GONZO**

O.K., O.K., yes. Hang onto it.  
We'll be there in thirty minutes.

(to DUKE -- hand over  
the PHONE)

I finally located a car with  
adequate horsepower and the proper  
coloring.

(into PHONE)

What?! OF COURSE the gentleman has  
a major credit card! Do you  
realize who the fuck you're talking  
to?

**DUKE**

Don't take any guff from these  
swine.

(GONZO slams the  
phone down)

Now we need a sound store with the  
finest equipment. Nothing dinky.  
One of those new Belgian Heliowatts  
with a voice-activated shotgun  
mike, for picking up conversations  
in oncoming cars.

**GONZO**

We won't make the nut unless we  
have unlimited credit.

**DUKE**

We will. You Samoans are all the  
same. You have no faith in the  
essential decency of the white  
man's culture.

**EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DUSK**

The PINTO races down street.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The store was closed, but the  
salesman said he would wait, if we  
hurried...

**EXT. SUNSET BLVD - TRAFFIC JAM - DUSK**

They're stuck in a traffic jam -- clouds of exhaust. **DUKE  
BANGS ON THE HORN IN FURY.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

But we were delayed en route when a  
Stingray in front of us killed a  
pedestrian.

Directly in front of them: BLOODY CARNAGE -- a covered  
corpse is loaded into an ambulance by PARAMEDICS.

**EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - NIGHT**

**DUKE (V/O)**

We had trouble, again, at the car  
rental agency.

Behind the wheel of the RED SHARK: DUKE grins with  
satisfaction -- checking it out. A nervous AGENT holds out  
a clipboard. DUKE signs without looking at the rental papers.

**AGENT**

Say... uh... you fellas are going  
to be careful with this car, aren't  
you?

**DUKE**

Of course.

DUKE throws the car into reverse -- roars backwards past the  
gas pumps to where GONZO is unloading their rusted out car.

**AGENT**

Well, good god! You just backed  
over that two foot concrete abutment  
and you didn't even slow down!  
Forty-five in reverse! And you  
barely missed the pump!

**DUKE**

No harm done. I always test the  
transmission that way. The rear

end. For stress factors.

12.

GONZO transfers boxes of new sound equipment and a large box of rum and ice into the RED SHARK.

**AGENT**

Say. Are you fellows drinking?

**DUKE**

Not me. We're responsible people.

He JAMS the car into LOW GEAR and lurches into traffic. The AGENT runs into the street and helplessly watches them go.

**GONZO**

There's another worrier. He's probably all cranked up on speed.

**EXT. RUNDOWN BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

STRANGE AND MAGICAL. In the moonlight: the silhouetted figures of DUKE and GONZO as they pack the RED SHARK.

**DUKE (V/O)**

We spent the rest of that night rounding up materials and packing the car. Then we ate some mescaline and went swimming.

The surf crashes in the distance...

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

DUKE cries out as he dives into the ocean. He lets himself float up through the silvery bubbles...

**DUKE AND GONZO FLOAT BEATIFICALLY IN THE GLOWING, SHIMMERING MOONLIT SURF.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

Our trip was different. It was to be a classic affirmation of everything right and true in the national character; a gross, physical salute to the fantastic possibilities of life in this country. But only for those with true grit...

**EXT. AND EVEN FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS - DAY**

DUKE's intense face.

**DUKE**

...and we're chock full of that!

13.

**GONZO**

Damn right!

**DUKE**

My attorney understands this concept, despite his racial handicap. But do you?!

The HITCHHIKER nods -- giggles -- petrified.

**DUKE (V/O)**

He said he understood, but I could see in his eyes that he didn't. He was lying to me.

**GONZO**

My heart!

GONZO clutches his heart. The car veers off the road and screeches to a halt. He slumps over the wheel.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**

Where's the medicine?

**DUKE**

The medicine? Yes, it's right here.

DUKE spills out 4 AMYL CAPSULES from a tin.

**DUKE**

Don't worry, this man has a bad heart... Angina Pectoris. But we have a cure for it.

DUKE and GONZO break 2 AMYLS apiece -- INHALE DEEPLY. GONZO falls back on the seat, staring straight up at the sun. The HITCHHIKER looks petrified.

**GONZO**

(suddenly flailing  
his naked arms at the sky)  
Turn up the fucking music! My

heart feels like an alligator!  
Volume! Clarity! Bass! We must  
have bass! What's wrong with us?  
Are you goddamn old ladies?

**DUKE**

(turns up music to  
full volume)  
You scurvy shyster bastard! Watch  
your language! You're talking to a  
Doctor of Journalism!

14.

**GONZO**

(laughing uncontrollably)  
What the fuck are we doing out here?  
Somebody call the police! We need  
help!

**DUKE**

(to HITCHHIKER)  
Pay no attention to this swine. He  
can't handle the medicine.  
(he begins laughing)

**GONZO**

(to the HITCHHIKER)  
The truth is we're going to Vegas  
to croak a scag baron named Savage  
Henry. I've known him for years  
but he ripped us off -- and you  
know what that means, right?

GONZO pulls out a .357 Magnum -- waves it around.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**

Savage Henry has cashed his check!  
We're going to rip his lungs out!

**DUKE**

And eat them! That bastard won't  
get away with this! What's going  
on in this country when a scum  
sucker like that can get away with  
sandbagging a Doctor of Journalism?

GONZO cracks ANOTHER AMYL.

The HITCHHIKER SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE CAR, DOWN THE TRUNK LID,

**AND FLEES.**

**HITCHHIKER**

Thanks for the ride. Thanks a lot.  
I like you guys. Don't worry about  
me.

**DUKE**

(yells)  
Wait a minute! Come back and have  
a beer!

The HITCHHIKER RUNS from car.

**15.**

**GONZO**

Good riddance. That boy made me  
nervous. Did you see his eyes?  
(laughing)  
Jesus, this is good medicine.

DUKE glances back at the running HITCHHIKER.

**DUKE**

(suddenly clambering  
into the front seat)  
Move over!! We have to get out of  
California before that kid finds a  
cop!

**DUKE GUNS THE RED SHARK -- TAKES OFF DOWN THE ROAD...**

**EXT. UNBELIEVABLY FAR DOWN THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS - DAY**

THE RED SHARK races -- DUKE at the wheel -- straight ahead  
driving.

**DUKE (V/O)**

It was absolutely imperative that  
we get to the Mint Hotel before the  
deadline for press registration.  
Otherwise, we might have to pay for  
our suite.

GONZO wrestles with a shaker of COCAINE. The top comes off  
and the powder swirls away on the wind.

**GONZO**

Oh, Jesus! Did you see what god  
just did to us?



**DUKE**

God didn't do that! You did it!  
You're a fucking narcotics agent,  
that was our cocaine, you pig!

**GONZO**

(waving his .357  
Magnum at Duke)  
You better be careful. Plenty of  
vultures out here. They'll pick  
your bones clean before morning.

**DUKE**

You whore!

GONZO tears up a BLOTTER OF ACID.

16.

**GONZO**

Here -- chew this. It's your half  
of the acid.

DUKE takes his half -- chews it.

**DUKE**

How long do I have?

**GONZO**

Maybe thirty more minutes. As your  
attorney, I advise you to drive at  
top speed. It'll be a goddamn  
miracle if we can get there before  
you turn into a wild animal. Are  
you ready for that? Checking into  
a Vegas hotel under a phony name  
with intent to commit capital fraud  
and a head full of acid.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Thirty minutes. It was going to be  
very close.

The RED SHARK screams along the highway past a billboard:  
**"DON'T GAMBLE WITH MARIJUANA! \ IN NEVADA: POSSESSION - 20  
YEARS; SALE - LIFE!!"**

**EXT. LAS VEGAS MINT HOTEL - DUSK**

The RED SHARK pulls up outside the MINT. A great banner

spanning the street announces the MINT 400.

DUKE can feel the drug surging up inside him. Clutching a buckled beer can, sweat pouring, he stares fixedly at the TICKET the ATTENDANT gives him.

**DUKE**

I need this, right?

**ATTENDANT**

I'll remember your face.

DUKE stares -- losing it...

**DUKE (V/O)**

There is no way of explaining the terror I felt.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

DUKE waits in line at the front desk -- RIGID WITH PENT UP ENERGY. GONZO's ahead of him -- muscling in -- trying to queue jump and failing.

17.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I was pouring sweat. My blood is too thick for Nevada. I've never been able to properly explain myself in this climate.

A COUPLE move off and DUKE jerks forward -- stops -- eyes fixed on the stony FEMALE RESERVATIONS CLERK.

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

Be quiet, be calm... name, rank, and press affiliation, nothing else...

DUKE moves ANOTHER RIGID STEP CLOSER to the desk -- the tension almost snapping him in two. GONZO's FLAPPING AROUND -- absolutely no success.

Something catches DUKE's eye... He REMAINS ROOTED -- his eyes turning to the VEGETAL PAISLEY PATTERNS ON THE CARPET **WHICH ARE SHIFTING -- UNDULATING. THE CARPET PATTERNS ARE INEXORABLY CREEPING UP THE WALLS...**

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

...ignore this terrible drug,

pretend it's not happening...

The LAST PEOPLE leave -- with A FINAL, STIFF MOVE, DUKE comes face to face with the RESERVATIONS CLERK... AND **EXPLODES!**

**DUKE**

HI THERE. MY NAME... AH, RAOUL DUKE... ON... ON THAT LIST, THAT'S FOR SURE. FREE LUNCH, FINAL WISDOM, TOTAL COVERAGE... WHY NOT? I HAVE MY ATTORNEY WITH ME, AND I REALIZE OF COURSE...

As DUKE stares at her, BABBLING, her FACE BEGINS TO MORPH. He tries to stop it happening by TALKING FASTER.

**DUKE**

... THAT HIS NAME IS NOT ON THE LIST, BUT WE MUST HAVE THAT SUITE. YES. JUST CHECK THE LIST AND YOU'LL SEE. DON'T WORRY. WHAT'S THE SCORE HERE? WHAT'S NEXT?

DUKE sags -- grips the desk -- WHITE KNUCKLES.

18.

**RESERVATIONS CLERK**

(hands him an envelope)  
Your suite's not ready yet. But there's somebody looking for you.

Her face is CHANGING -- SWELLING -- PULSING...

**DUKE**

(shouts)  
**NO! WHY? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING YET!**

The FACE OF THE RESERVATIONS CLERK TURNS GREEN & GROWS FANGS. DEADLY POISON! DUKE LUNGES BACK at GONZO, who GRIPS his arm intensely -- REACHES OUT to take the ENVELOPE.

**GONZO**

I can handle this. This man has a bad heart, but I have plenty of medicine. My name is Dr. Gonzo. Prepare our suite at once. We'll be in the bar.

GONZO manoeuvres DUKE away from the desk. DUKE looks back -- the RESERVATIONS CLERKS is now a MORAY EEL -- green jowls and fangs.

**INT. NAUTICAL BAR - DAY**

The bar -- OILY PEOPLE -- quiet music -- nautical theme. DUKE and GONZO at the bar, a marlin spike hanging on the wall behind them. DUKE has turned to stone...

**GONZO**

(to the bartender)

Two Cuba Libres with beer and mescal on the side.

(opens the envelope)

Who's Lacerda, he's waiting for us in a room on the twelfth floor?

**DUKE**

Lacerda?

**DUKE (V/O)**

I couldn't remember. The name rang a bell, but I couldn't concentrate. Terrible things were happening all around us...

DUKE is staring -- RAPT -- TERRIFIED. BLOOD FLOWS FREELY onto the floor. DUKE keeps his voice low.

**19.**

**DUKE**

Order some golf shoes. Otherwise, we'll never get out of this place alive. It's impossible to walk in this muck -- no footing at all...

DUKE looks up -- GONZO has disappeared.

DUKE looks around him -- the entire room has TRANSFORMED into a ROOM FILLED WITH REPTILES IN CLOTHES, DRINKING AND **GNAWING AT ONE ANOTHER.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

I was right in the middle of a fucking reptile zoo. And somebody was giving booze to these goddamn things! It won't be long before they tear us to shreds!

**GONZO IS SUDDENLY BACK -- AT DUKE'S SHOULDER.**

**GONZO**

If you think we're in trouble now  
wait until you see what's happening  
in the elevators.

GONZO removes his sunshades and we see he's been crying...  
as he speaks he seems to be floating. Duke struggles to  
keep him in his line of vision.

**GONZO**

I just went upstairs to see this  
man Lacerda. I told him I knew  
what he was up to...

(GONZO rallies --  
turns fierce)

He says he's a photographer! But  
when I mentioned Savage Henry he  
freaked! He knows we're onto him!

**DUKE**

But what about our room? And the  
golf shoes?

A GROUP OF REPTILES AT A TABLE ACROSS THE ROOM stares at  
them, BLOOD DRIPPING FROM THEIR FANGS.

**DUKE (CONT'D)**

(grabbing GONZO  
trying to hold him still)

Holy shit! Look at that bunch over  
there! They've spotted us!

20.

Cut to wider shot -- DUKE is holding on to a man standing  
next to him at the bar. The room has returned to normality.  
GONZO is sitting in his original position.

**GONZO**

(downs his drink --  
gets up)

That's the press table. Where you  
have to sign in for our credentials.  
Shit, let's get it over with. You  
handle that, and I'll check on the  
room.

**DUKE**

No, no. Don't leave me!

Black screen.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - DUSK**

A TELEVISION shows the NIGHTLY NEWS. A BUDDHIST MONK, protesting the war, sets himself on fire. A very nervous BELL BOY is laying out GONZO's order. A marlin spike is on the floor next to DUKE.

**BELL BOY**

Four club sandwiches, four shrimp cocktails.

**DUKE**

There's a big... machine in the sky... some kind of electric snake...

DUKE is curled by the window -- MESMERIZED by an unseen neon sign outside the window. His eyes fill with a million colored lights.

**BELL BOY**

... a quart of rum...

**DUKE**

... coming straight at us.

**GONZO**

Shoot it.

**DUKE**

Not yet. I want to study its habits.

**BELL BOY**

... and nine fresh grapefruit.

21.

**GONZO**

Vitamin C. We'll need all we can get.

GONZO sees the BELL BOY out the door -- turns and lays into **DUKE**.

**GONZO**

Look, you've got to stop this talk about snakes and leeches and lizards and that stuff. It's making me sick!

DUKE stares -- hears the drone of B52 BOMBERS...

On TV: The LAOS INVASION -- A SERIES OF HORRIFYING  
**DISASTERS -- EXPLOSIONS AND TWISTED WRECKAGE.**

Newsreel footage of MAI LAI MASSACRE and the LIEUTENANT  
CALLEY court-martial.

**DUKE**

What are you talking about?

**GONZO**

You bastard! They'll never let us  
back in that place. I leave you  
alone for three minutes and you  
start waving that goddamn marlin  
spike around -- yelling about  
reptiles! You scared the shit out  
of those people! They were ready  
to call the cops. Hell, the only  
reason they gave us press passes  
was to get you out of there...

A knock at the door. DUKE and GONZO break out in a sweat.

**DUKE**

Oh my God! Who's that?!

GONZO STICKS HIS GUN IN HIS WAISTBAND -- opens the door to  
LACERDA -- BOUNCING WITH PUPPY DOG ENTHUSIASM. GONZO stares  
at a man he instantly hates -- watches him with deep  
suspicion.

**LACERDA**

Duke? I'm Lacerda your photographer.  
Got your press passes? Good, good.  
Too bad you missed the bikes  
checking in. My, what a sight!

DUKE watches the B-52S DROP THEIR BOMB LOADS.

**22.**

Looking down to the thick, patterned carpet, DUKE sees the  
BOMBS EXPLODE like vicious flowers.

DUKE looks up: LACERDA is a war photographer -- bruised,  
filthy and blood spattered. LACERDA approaches him --  
talking a foreign language.

**LACERDA**

Husquavarnas. Yamahas. Kawaskis.  
Maicos. Pursang. Swedish Fireballs.  
Couple of Triumphs, here and there  
a CZ. All very fast. What a race  
it's gonna be.

DUKE screws up his eyes -- WILLS NORMALITY BACK. LACERDA is  
now just a keen photographer.L

**LACERDA**

Well, we start at dawn. Get a good  
night's sleep. I know I will.

And with a cheerful wave, he's gone. DUKE is in shock.

**DUKE**

(weakly)  
That's good...

**GONZO**

I think he's lying to us. I could  
see it in his eyes.

**DUKE**

(even weaker)  
They'll probably have a big net for  
us when we show up.

DUKE's attention returns to the devastation on the TV...

**GONZO**

Turn that shit off!

GONZO kills the TV.

Black screen.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Never lose sight of the primary  
responsibility. Cover the story.  
But what was the story? Nobody had  
bothered to say.

23.

**EXT. DESERT - DAWN**

Against A BIG ORANGE SUN, on a concrete slab, MEN FIRE  
SHOTGUNS into the dawn sky. Clay pigeons shatter. The Mint  
Gun Club.



Next to them, MOTORCYCLES REV -- preparing for the MINT 400 RACE: A hundred BIKERS, MECHANICS and assorted MOTORSPORT TYPES milling around in the pit area; taping headlights, topping off oil in the forks, last minute bolt tightening.

DUKE wanders through.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The racers were ready at dawn.  
Very tense. But the race didn't  
start until nine so we had three  
long hours to kill.

A sign by a long trestle table: "KOFFEE & DONUTS." DUKE walks past -- ignoring the SMILING LADY behind the stall.

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

Those of us who had been up all  
night were in no mood for coffee  
and donuts. We wanted strong drink.  
We were, after all, the Absolute  
Cream of the National Sporting  
Press and we were gathered here, in  
Las Vegas, for a very special  
assignment. And when it comes to  
things like this you don't fool  
around.

**INT. RACE BAR TENT - DAY**

A real pit of iniquity. Slot Machines. Crap tables. Smoke. Drunken shouting. The absolute cream of the NATIONAL SPORTING PRESS.

DUKE is at the bar, engaged in drunken conversation with a LIFE REPORTER...showing him his notebook.

**DUKE**

See..."Kill the body and the head  
will die"... the Frazier/Ali fight...

**MAGAZINE REPORTER**

A proper end to the 60's... Ali  
beaten by a human hamburger!

**DUKE**

And both Kennedy's murdered by  
mutants.

A SHOUT goes up from outside. The sound of engines revving.

**REPORTER**

That's it! They're starting!

In a sudden rush the PRESS CROWD make for the door taking DUKE with them.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

MOTORCYCLES REV -- tension builds...

A flag goes down. The CROWD cheers. The MOTORCYCLES ROAR AWAY. A great cloud of dust goes up -- obscuring the RACERS as they disappear into the desert...

A moment...

**REPORTER**

Well, that's that. They'll be back in an hour or so. Let's go back to the bar.

The CROWD turns and streams back into the tent.

**INT. RACE BAR TENT - DAY**

DUKE heads for the bar along with the REST. It's packed. Drinks are ordered.

A shout from outside the tent goes up:

**VOICE OFF**

Group 2!

The CROWD rushes for the door. DUKE gets swept along.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

MOTORCYCLES REV. A flag goes down. The CROWD cheers. The MOTORCYCLES ROAR AWAY. Another great cloud of dust goes up...

The CROWD head back for the bar.

**INT. RACE BAR TENT - DAY**

The CROWD surge back to the bar.

**VOICE OFF**

Group 3!

This time DUKE fights his way free of the CROWD.

25.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There was something like 190 more bikes waiting to start. They were due to go off 10 at a time every 2 minutes.

DUKE hits the bar.

**DUKE**

Beer!

A middle-aged HOODLUM in a T-shirt booms up to the bar.

**HOODLUM**

God damn! What day is this -- Saturday?

**DUKE**

More like Sunday.

**HOODLUM**

Hah! That's a bitch, ain't it? Last night I was home in Long Beach and somebody said they were runnin' the Mint 400 today, so I says to my old lady, "Man, I'm goin'." So she gives me a lot of crap about it, so I start slappin' her around, and the next thing you know two guys I never seen before are beating me stupid.

**VOICE OFF**

Group 4!

Outside, another batch of motorcycles roar away -- kicking up more clouds of dust.

**HOODLUM**

Then they gave me ten bucks, put me on a bus, and when I woke up here I was in downtown Vegas, and for a minute all I could think was, "O Jesus, who's divorcing me this time?" But then I remembered, by God! I was here for the Mint 400. And, man, I tell you, it's wonderful

to be here. Just wonderful to be here with you people.

A silence. A MAGAZINE REPORTER lunges across the bar -- grabs the BARTENDER.

26.

**MAGAZINE REPORTER**

Senzaman wassyneeds!

**DUKE**

(smacks the bar with his palm)  
Hell yes! Bring us ten!

**VOICE OFF**

Group 5!

**MAGAZINE REPORTER**

(screams)  
I'll back it!  
(slides off his stool to the floor)

Outside, motorcycles roar away. The dust cloud billows into the tent -- getting denser.

**MAGAZINE REPORTER (CONT'D)**

(on the floor)  
This is a magic moment in sport!  
It may never come again! I once did the Triple Crown, but it was nothing like this.

A FROG-EYED WOMAN claws at the MAGAZINE REPORTER, tries to haul him up.

**FROG-EYED WOMAN**

Please stand up! You're a correspondent for a major national magazine who's name we can't get clearance for! Please! You'd be a very handsome man if you'd just stand up!

**MAGAZINE REPORTER**

Listen, madam. I'm damn near intolerably handsome down here where I am. You'd go crazy if I

stood up!

A feverishly eager LACERDA appears out of the dust cloud, 3 cameras slung round his neck.

**LACERDA**

Club soda, please.

**FROG-EYED WOMAN**

(to MAGAZINE REPORTER)

Please! I love Life!

27.

**LACERDA**

(to DUKE)

Man, it's great out there!

**DUKE**

Lunatics.

LACERDA grins.

**VOICE OFF**

Group 6!

**LACERDA**

Meet you outside!

LACERDA downs his drink -- hurries out through the crowd and out into the cloud of dust.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

Nothing. Except for a THICK CLOUD OF DUST.

Barely visible, a motorcycle comes speeding into the pits. The RIDER staggers off his bike. The PIT CREW gas it up and sends it back with a FRESH RIDER.

DUKE watches him disappear back into the dust cloud.

**DUKE (V/O)**

By 10 they were spread out all over the course. It was no longer a race, now it was an Endurance Contest. The idea of trying to "cover this race" in any conventional press sense was absurd.

A HORN HONKS. A shiny BLACK BRONCO with DRIVER. LACERDA

hangs out of the window.

**LACERDA**

It's great, isn't it?! Jump in!

DUKE gets into the Bronco and they head into the DUST CLOUD.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

**IN THE BRONCO.**

DUKE hangs on with his beer. Nothing all around but the HUGE IMPENETRABLE CLOUD OF DUST. LACERDA snaps madly away at nothing at all!

28.

**LACERDA**

I'll just keep trying different  
combos of film and lenses till I  
find one that works in this dust!

The SOUND OF MOTORCYCLES RACING...

We hear music and voices singing:

**BATTLE HYMN**

"...As we go marching on  
When I reach my final campground,  
in  
that land beyond the sun,  
And the Great Commander asks me..."  
[What did he ask you, Rusty?]  
"Did you fight or did you run?"

A moment later, the Bronco races out of the dust. DUKE coughs, chokes, drinks beer.

**BATTLE HYMN**

(continuing)  
[And what did you tell them,  
Rusty?]  
"We responded to their rifle fire  
with everything we had..."

The sound of gun shots...

A DUNE BUGGY races toward them, loaded down with THREE RETIRED PETTY OFFICERS, DRUNK AS HELL. The radio blares:  
**"THE BATTLE HYMN OF LIEUTENANT CALLEY."**

The dune buggy is COVERED WITH OMINOUS SYMBOLS: SCREAMING EAGLES CARRYING AMERICAN FLAGS IN THEIR CLAWS. A slant-eyed Snake being chopped to bits by a buzz-saw made of stars and stripes. A MACHINE GUN MOUNT on the passenger side. They yell over the roaring engines.

**DUNE BUGGY DRIVER**

Where's the damn race?

**DUKE**

Beats me. We're just good patriotic Americans like yourself.

DUKE gives DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2 A NICE BIG GRIN. In response, the PASSENGER #2 narrows his eyes -- tightens his grip on an automatic weapon.

**DUNE BUGGY DRIVER**

(suspiciously)

What outfit you fellas with?

29.

**DUKE**

The sporting press. We're friendlies. Hired geeks.

The DRIVER and DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2 exchange looks.

**DUKE**

If you want a good chase, you should get after that skunk from CBS News up ahead in the black jeep. He's the man responsible for that book, THE SELLING OF THE PENTAGON.

**DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #1**

**HOT DAMN!**

**DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2**

A black jeep, you say?

And they ROAR away.

**DUKE**

Take me back to the pits.

**LACERDA**

No, no -- we have to go on. We need total coverage.

DUKE gets out of the Bronco.

**DUKE**

You're fired.

After a moment's hesitation, LACERDA and the BRONCO driver roar away leaving DUKE alone in the cloud of dust.

**DUKE (V/O)**

It was time. I felt, for an Agonizing Reappraisal of the whole scene. The race was definitely under way. I had witnessed the start; I was sure of that much. But what now?

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS - NIGHT**

**MUSIC PUMPS OUT. CRUISING IN THE RED SHARK IN VEGAS. THE SKY SWIRLS WITH MILLIONS OF NEON LIGHTS CHASING EACH OTHER IN BAROQUE PATTERNS ACROSS GIGANTIC HOTEL SIGNS. PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT SHOWS TO LURE AND DERANGE THE INNOCENT. CITY OF LOST SOULS.**

30.

**DUKE**

Turn up the radio! Turn up the tape machine! Roll the windows down. Let's taste this cool desert wind! Aaah, yes! This is what it's all about!

DUKE, beer in hand, drives -- a big smile for the world. GONZO scans The Vegas Visitor.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Total control now. Tooling along the main drag on a Saturday night in Vegas, two good old boys in a fire apple red convertible... stoned, ripped, twisted... Good people!

**GONZO**

How about "Nickel Nick's Slot Arcade?" "Hot Slots," that sounds heavy. Twenty-nine cent hotdogs...

**DUKE**

Look, what are we doing here? Are



we here to entertain ourselves, or  
to do the job?

**GONZO**

To do the job, of course. Here we  
go... a Crab Louie and quart of  
muscatel for twenty dollars!

The Shark hits a bump.

**GONZO**

As your attorney I advise you to  
drive over to the Tropicana and  
pick up on Guy Lombardo. He's in  
the Blue Room with his Royal  
Canadians.

They hit another bump.

**DUKE**

Why?

**GONZO**

Why what?

CUT to wide shot. They are DRIVING AROUND IN CIRCLES in a  
large casino parking lot, bumping over the dividers.

**31.**

**DUKE**

Why should I pay out my hard-earned  
dollars to watch a fucking corpse.  
I don't know about you, but in my  
line of business it's important to  
be Hep.

**EXT. DESERT ROOM HOTEL - NIGHT**

**TWO BIG SCREAMING FACES.**

**DOORMAN #1**

What the hell are you doing?!

**DOORMAN #2**

You can't park here!

**DUKE**

Why not? Is this not a reasonable  
place to park?

Reveal the RED SHARK parked on the sidewalk in front of the Desert Inn. TWO DOORMEN loom over the car hood. The MARQUEE says: TONIGHT. DEBBIE REYNOLDS.

GONZO leaps from the car, waving a five-dollar bill at the **DOORMAN**.

**GONZO**

We want this car parked! We drove all the way from L.A. for this show. We're friends of Debbie's.

A pause, then... the DOORMAN pockets the bill, hands them a parking stub. DUKE and GONZO hurry into the hotel.

**INT. DESERT FROM HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

DUKE and GONZO walk through the lobby. Black, mirrored, sleek, classy.

**DUKE**

Holy shit! They almost had us there! That was quick thinking.

**GONZO**

What do you expect? I'm your attorney. You owe me five bucks. I want it now.

DUKE shrugs and hands over the \$5.

32.

**DUKE (V/O)**

This was Bob Hope's turf. Frank Sinatra's. Spiro Agnew's. It seemed inappropriate to be haggling about nickel/dime bribes for the parking lot attendant.

A WINE-COLORED TUXEDO stops them at the entrance to the ballroom.

**WINE-COLORED TUXEDO**

Sorry, full house.

**GONZO**

Goddamnit, we drove all the way from L.A.

**WINE-COLORED TUXEDO**

I said there are no seats left...  
at any price.

**GONZO**

Fuck seats! We're old friends of  
Debbie's. I used to romp with her.

GONZO and the WINE-COLORED TUXEDO get into an ugly arm-  
waving negotiation.

**DUKE (V/O)**

After a lot of bad noise, he let us  
in for nothing provided we would  
stand quietly at the back and not  
smoke.

As DUKE and GONZO disappear through the door we can hear the  
orchestra blasting out a HIGHLY BLANDIZED "SGT. PEPPER'S  
**LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND.**"

A beat.

The door flies open and BOUNCERS manhandle DUKE and GONZO  
out. Despite the rough treatment they're both SCREECHING  
**WITH LAUGHTER.**

**GONZO**

Jesus creeping shit!

**DUKE**

(tears streaming)  
Did the mescaline just kick in? Or  
was that Debbie Reynolds in a  
silver Afro wig?!

33.

**GONZO**

(in hysteria)  
We wandered into a fucking time  
capsule!

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS - NIGHT**

DUKE DRIVES FAST into the night. They're both LAUGHING  
**HYSTERICALLY.**

**DUKE**

(in hysteria)  
We wandered into a fucking time  
capsule!

THEN... GONZO finds a TINY TEAR IN HIS JACKET...

**GONZO**

What's this?...

GONZO is instantly MOROSE.

**GONZO**

That scum...

GONZO twists round in the car -- SCREAMS back into the night.

**GONZO**

SCUM! I know where you live! I'll  
find you and burn down your fucking  
house!

**EXT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS - NIGHT**

A hundred foot high neon clown: BAZOOKO CIRCUS.

The RED SHARK pulls up beneath the sign.

**DUKE**

This is the place. They'll never  
fuck with us here.

**GONZO**

Where's the ether? This mescaline  
isn't working.

**EXT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS CASINO - NIGHT**

Into the GLARING, CHASING LIGHTS of the entrance canopy  
steps DUKE in EC/U holding a KLEENEX SOAKED IN ETHER TO HIS  
**NOSE.**

34.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Ah, devil ether. It makes you  
behave like the village drunkard in  
some early Irish novel... total  
loss of all basic motor skills;  
blurred vision, no balance, numb  
tongue --

(throws away kleenex)

The mind recoils in horror, unable  
to communicate with the spinal  
column. Which is interesting,

because you can actually watch  
yourself behaving in this terrible  
way, but you can't control it.

DUKE and GONZO approach the entrance with elaborate care-  
taking one step at a time -- trying to keep ahead of the drug.

**DUKE (V/O)**

You approach the turnstiles and  
know that when you get there, you  
have to give the man two dollars or  
he won't let you inside... but when  
you get there, everything goes wrong.

**THE ETHER KICKS IN:**

DUKE and GONZO BOUNCE off the walls, CRASH into OLD LADIES,  
GIGGLE HELPLESSLY as they try to pay -- HANDS FLAPPING  
CRAZILY, unable to get money out of their pockets.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Some angry Rotarian shoves you and  
you think: What's happening here?  
What's going on? Then you hear  
yourself mumbling.

**DUKE**

(mumbling)

Dogs fucked the Pope, no fault of  
mine. Watch out!... Why money? My  
name is Brinks; I was born... Born?

**GONZO**

Get sheep over side... women and  
children to armored car... orders  
from Captain Zeep.

The ATTENDANTS indulgently escort them through the TURNSTILES.

35.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Ether is the perfect drug for Las  
Vegas. In this town they love a  
drunk. Fresh meat. So they put us  
through the turnstiles and turned  
us loose inside.

**INT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS CASINO - NIGHT**

Flames shoot up from below the casino. Above, a HIGH WIRE

ACT with FOUR MUZZLED WOLVERINES, SIX NYMPHET SISTERS FROM SAN DIEGO, TWO SILVER PAINTED POLACK BROTHERS, and THREE **KOREAN KITTENS.**

The WOLVERINE chases a NYMPHET through the air. TWO POLACKS swing at it from opposite sides and they are instantly locked in a death battle.

All plummet to the nets suspended over the GAMBLING TABLES and SLOT MACHINES. No one looks up. The GAMBLERS REMAIN **INTENT ON THE SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL, THE TURN OF THE CARD, THE ROLL OF A DICE.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

Bazooko Circus is what the whole  
hep world would be doing Saturday  
night if the Nazis had won the war.  
This was the Sixth Reich.

Something causes DUKE to look down. A dwarf carrying drinks on a tray is tugging DUKE's pants leg trying to get him to move out of the way.

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

A drug person can learn to cope  
with things like seeing their dead  
grandmother crawling up their leg  
with a knife in her teeth but,  
nobody should be asked to handle  
this trip.

GONZO and DUKE go upstairs walking past funhouse booths. One of them is manned by an orangutan in costume. A FAIRGROUND BARKER grabs DUKE.

**FAIRGROUND BARKER**

Stand in front of this fantastic  
machine, my friend. For just 99  
cents your likeness will appear 200  
hundred feet tall on a screen above  
downtown Las Vegas.

On a TV monitor a 200 FOOT HIGH DRUNKARD looms over the Las Vegas skyline screaming OBSCENITIES.

36.

**FAIRGROUND BARKER**

99 cents more for a voice message.  
Say whatever you want, fella.  
They'll hear you, don't worry about

that. Remember, you'll be 200 feet tall!

**ANOTHER BARKER**

Step right up! Shoot the pasties off the nipples of this ten-foot bull-dyke and win a cotton candy goat!

**INT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS REVOLVING MERRY-GO-ROUND BAR - NIGHT**

DUKE and GONZO sit on the revolving platform. GONZO stares -- glassy eyed -- coming apart.

**GONZO**

I hate to say this, but this place is getting to me. I think I'm getting The Fear.

**DUKE**

Nonsense. We came here to find the American Dream, and now we're right in the vortex you want to quit. You must realize that we've found the Main Nerve.

**GONZO**

That's what gives me The Fear.

**DUKE**

Look over there. Two women fucking a Polar Bear.

**GONZO**

Please, don't tell me those things... Not now.

(signals the waitress  
for two Wild Turkeys)

This is my last drink. How much money can you lend me?

**DUKE**

Not much. Why?

**GONZO**

I have to go.

**DUKE**

GO?

**GONZO**

Yes. Leave the country. Tonight.

**DUKE**

Calm down. You'll be straight in a few hours.

**GONZO**

No. This is serious. One more hour in this town and I'll kill somebody!

**DUKE**

OK. I'll lend you some money. Let's go outside and see how much we have left.

**GONZO**

Can we make it?

**DUKE**

That depends on how many people we fuck with between here and the door.

**GONZO**

I want to leave fast.

**DUKE**

OK. Lets pay this bill and get up very slowly. It's going to be a long walk.

(signals waitress who comes over)

**GONZO**

(suddenly to waitress)

Do they pay you to screw that bear?

**WAITRESS**

What?

**DUKE**

He's just kidding.

(to GONZO)

Come on, Doc -- lets go downstairs and gamble.

GONZO trembles with fear -- walks to the edge of the turntable.



**GONZO**

When does this thing stop?

38.

**DUKE**

It won't stop. It's not ever going to stop.

DUKE carefully steps off the turntable.

GONZO, eyes staring blindly ahead, squinting in fear and confusion, rooted to the spot, is carried away.

**DUKE**

Don't move you'll come around.

DUKE reaches out to grab GONZO, who jumps back -- keeps going around.

The BARTENDER narrows his eyes at them.

DUKE steps onto the merry-go-round -- hurries round the bar -- approaching GONZO from the blind side and shoves GONZO from behind. GONZO goes down with a hellish scream. DUKE approaches him with his hands in the air. Smiling.

**DUKE**

You fell. Let's go.

GONZO refuses to move and stands tense, fists clenched, looking for somebody to hit...an old woman perhaps?

**DUKE (CONT'D)**

OK. You stay here and go to jail. I'm leaving.

DUKE walks fast towards the stairs. GONZO catches up with him.

**GONZO**

Did you see that? Some sonofabitch kicked me in the back.

**DUKE**

Probably the bartender. He wanted to stomp you for what you said to the waitress.

**GONZO**

Good God! Let's get out of here!

Where's the elevator?

**DUKE**

(turning him in the  
opposite direction)

Don't go near that elevator.  
That's just what they want us to  
do... trap us in a steel box and  
take us down to the basement.

39.

**EXT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS CASINO - NIGHT**

DUKE and GONZO stumble out of the entrance.

**DUKE**

Don't run. They'd like any excuse  
to shoot us.

**GONZO**

(in an extended fall)  
You drive! I think there's  
something wrong with me.

**INT. MINT HOTEL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEIR SUITE - NIGHT**

**DUKE AND GONZO RUN MADLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR... DUKE TAKING  
CARE NOT TO STEP ON THE PATTERNED PART OF THE CARPET.**

GONZO STRUGGLES with the key in the lock.

**GONZO**

Those bastards have changed the  
lock on us. They probably searched  
the room. Jesus, we're finished!

The door SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN. DUKE AND GONZO fall inside.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

**GONZO**

Bolt everything! Use all chains!

DUKE locks the door. The suite is crowded with ROOM SERVICE  
GOODIES. DUKE turns to see GONZO staring at two hotel room  
keys. EVERYTHING STOPS.

**GONZO**

Where did this one come from?

DUKE snatches a key.

**DUKE**

That's Lacerda's room.

GONZO smiles a slow smile...

**GONZO**

Yeah... I thought we might need it...

**DUKE**

What for?

GONZO snatches the key back.

**40.**

**GONZO**

Let's go up there and blast him out of bed with the fire hose.

**DUKE**

No, we should leave the poor bastard alone. I get the feeling that he's avoiding us for some reason.

**GONZO**

Don't kid yourself. That Portuguese son of a bitch is dangerous. He's watching us like a hawk.

**DUKE**

He told me he was turning in early...

GONZO utters an anguished cry -- slaps the wall with both hands.

**GONZO**

That dirty bastard! I knew it!  
He's got hold of my woman!

**DUKE**

(laughing)

That little blonde groupie with the film crew? You think he sodomized her?

**GONZO**

That's right, laugh about it! You goddamn honkies are all the same!

GONZO SLASHES A GRAPEFRUIT with a HUGE RAZOR SHARP HUNTING KNIFE. DUKE blanches.

**DUKE**

Where'd you get that knife?

**GONZO SLICES THE GRAPEFRUIT -- MANIACAL.**

**GONZO**

Room service sent it up. I wanted something to cut the limes.

**GONZO SLICES THE GRAPEFRUIT -- INTO EIGHTHS!**

**DUKE**

What limes?

**GONZO SLICES -- SIXTEENTHS!**

41.

**GONZO**

They didn't have any. They don't grow in the desert.

**SLICE! SLICE! SLICE!**

**GONZO**

That dirty toad bastard! I knew I should have taken him out when I had the chance. Now he has her.

**SLICE! SLICE! SLICE! GONZO SLASHES INSANELY!**

DUKE watches -- straight-faced.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I remember the girl. We'd had a problem with her in the elevator a few hours earlier: my attention had made a fool of himself.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

An elevator door opens to reveal the SMILING FACES OF LACERDA, THE BLONDE TV REPORTER AND HER CREW.

DUKE and GONZO stagger in.

LACERDA drops his smile. He's standing beside the BLONDE TV

REPORTER. A trembling GONZO moonily turns his eyes onto her.

**BLONDE TV REPORTER**

(to Gonzo)

You must be a rider. What class are you in?

**GONZO**

Class? What the fuck do you mean?

**BLONDE TV REPORTER**

What do you ride? We're filming the race for a TV series -- maybe we can use you.

**GONZO**

Use me?

**DUKE (V/O)**

Mother of God, I thought. Here it comes.

GONZO is TREMBLING BADLY. There's a moment of uncomfortable silence.

42.

**GONZO**

(suddenly shouting)

I ride the BIG ONES! The really BIG fuckers!

GONZO shows his teeth to LACERDA. DUKE laughs trying to defuse the scene.

**DUKE**

The Vincent Black Shadow. We're with the Factory Team.

**TV CAMERAMAN**

Bullshit.

GONZO stills -- becomes dangerous -- zeros in on the TV CAMERAMAN -- groin to groin...

**GONZO**

Wait a minute, pardon me lady, but I think there's some kind of ignorant chicken-sucker in this car who needs his face cut open. You cheap honky faggots! Which one of

you wants to get cut?!

**DEAD SILENCE.**

Ding! The elevator door opens, but nobody moves. The door closes.

Next floor. Ding! The door opens again. A middle-aged couple start to get in. Change their minds. The door closes.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

DUKE and GONZO run down the corridor. GONZO LAUGHS WILDLY.

**GONZO**

Spooked! They were spooked! Like rats in a death cage!

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - DAY**

DUKE and GONZO CRASH into their hotel suite -- BOLT THE DOOR. GONZO stops laughing.

**GONZO**

Goddamn. It's serious now. That girl understood. She fell in love with me.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**43.**

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

SLICE! SLICE! SLICE! GONZO with the BIG HUNTING KNIFE -- sliced grapefruit segments everywhere.

**GONZO**

Let's go up there and castrate that fucker!

GONZO pauses -- A MAD THOUGHT -- turns to DUKE.

**GONZO**

(squinting suspiciously)  
Have you made a deal with him? Did you put him on to her?

**DUKE**

(backing slowly  
towards the door)

Look you better put that blade away  
and get your head straight. I have  
to put the car in the lot.

**DUKE (V/O)**

One of the things you learn, after  
years of dealing with drug people,  
is that you can turn your back on a  
person, but never turn your back on  
a drug. Especially when it's  
waving a razor-sharp hunting knife  
in your eyes.

**INT. CASINO/LOBBY MINT HOTEL**

The MAGAZINE REPORTER is on the telephone.

**MAGAZINE REPORTER**

Las Vegas at dawn. The racers are  
still asleep, the dust is still on  
the desert, fifty thousand dollars  
in prize money, slumbers darkly in  
the office safe at Del Webb's  
fabulous Mint Hotel...

DUKE walks past the REPORTER -- into THE CASINO, THE SAD,  
MEAGRE CROWDS AROUND THE CRAP TABLES. No joy. DUKE watches.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Who are these people? These faces!  
Where do they come from? They look  
like caricatures of used car  
dealers from Dallas.

**(MORE)**

**44.**

**DUKE (V/O; CONT'D)**

And, sweet Jesus, there are a hell  
of a lot of them at four-thirty on  
a Monday morning. Still humping  
the American dream, that vision of  
the big winner somehow emerging  
from the last minute predawn chaos  
of a stale Vegas casino.

DUKE stops at the Money Wheel, puts down a two dollar bill  
on a number, the wheel turns, he loses.

**DUKE**

You bastards!

**DUKE (V/O)**

No. Calm down. Learn to ENJOY  
losing.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE walks back into the room. We hear the LOUD STRAINS OF  
**THREE DOG NIGHT'S "JOY TO THE WORLD."**

He walks to the bathroom and opens the door.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Submerged in green water, GONZO WALLOWS in the steaming tub. Soap labels and grapefruit rinds float on the surface. A large empty pack of Neutrogena soap lies on the floor. The shower is on -- the tub overflowing. THE TAPE RECORDER PLAYS, from where it's plugged into the razor socket over the sink.

DUKE turns off the shower -- notices a HUGE HUNK OF CHEWED  
**UP WHITE BLOTTER.**

**DUKE**

You ate ALL THIS ACID?

No answer.

**DUKE**

(turning down the volume)  
You evil son of a bitch. You  
better hope there's some Thorazine  
in that bag, because if there's  
not, you're in bad trouble.

**GONZO**

Music! Turn it up. Put that tape  
on.

**45.**

**DUKE**

What tape?

**GONZO**

Jefferson Airplane. "White Rabbit."  
I want a rising sound.

**DUKE**

You're doomed. I'm leaving here in



two hours and then they're going to come up here and beat the mortal shit out of you with big saps. Right there in that tub.

**GONZO**

I dig my own graves. Green water and the White Rabbit. Put it on.

**DUKE**

OK. But do me one last favor, will you. Can you give me two hours? That's all I ask -- just two hours to sleep before tomorrow. I suspect it's going to be a very difficult day.

He switches on the tape. "WHITE RABBIT" begins to build.

**GONZO**

(coolly)

Of course, I'm your attorney, I'll give you all the time you need, at my normal rates: \$45 an hour -- but you'll be wanting a cushion, so, why don't you just lay one of those \$100 bills down there beside the radio, and fuck off?

**DUKE**

How about a check?

**GONZO**

Whatever's right.

DUKE moves the radio as far from the tub as he can and leaves, closing the door behind him.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE goes across to the sofa and crashes -- exhausted. Suddenly a great ripping and crashing noise in the bathroom.

**GONZO (V/O)**

Help! You bastard! I need help!

**46.**

DUKE JUMPS up -- crosses to the bathroom door, muttering.

**DUKE**

Shit, he's killing himself!

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

DUKE RUSHES IN. GONZO flails -- trying to reach the radio with the shower curtain pole which he has ripped from its mounts.

**GONZO**

(snarling)

I want that fucking radio!

**DUKE GRABS THE RADIO.**

**DUKE**

Don't touch it! Get back in that tub!

**GONZO**

Back the tape up. I need it again! Let it roll! Just as high as the fucker can go! And when it comes to that fantastic note where the rabbit bites its own head off, I want you to **THROW THAT FUCKING RADIO INTO THE TUB WITH ME!**

DUKE stares down at GONZO.

**DUKE**

Not me. It would blast you through the wall -- stone dead in ten seconds and they'd make me explain it!

**GONZO**

BULLSHIT! Don't make me use this.

**HIS ARM LASHES OUT OF THE WATER, HOLDING THE KNIFE.**

**DUKE**

Jesus.

**GONZO**

Do it! I want to get HIGHER!

DUKE considers this. He's had enough.

**DUKE**

Okay. You're right. This is probably the only solution.

(holds the PLUGGED IN TAPE/RADIO over the tub)

Let me make sure I have it all lined up. You want me to throw this thing into the tub when "WHITE RABBIT" peaks. Is that it?

GONZO falls back into the water, smiling gratefully.

**GONZO**

Fuck yes. I was beginning to think I was going to have to go out and get one of the goddamn maids to do it.

**DUKE**

Are you ready?

He switches "WHITE RABBIT" back on. GONZO HOWLS AND MOANS AND THRASHES TO THE MUSIC, straining to get over the top.

Meanwhile, DUKE picks up a grapefruit from the sink -- a good two-pounder, he gets a grip on it... and when "WHITE RABBIT" peaks... HE HURLS IT INTO THE TUB LIKE A CANNONBALL.

**GONZO SCREAMS CRAZILY, THRASHING AND CHURNING -- CAUSING A TIDAL WAVE.**

**DUKE JERKS THE RADIO CABLE OUT OF THE SOCKET -- SLAMS OUT OF THE BATHROOM.**

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE slumps onto the sofa.

**SILENCE.**

GONZO RIPS OPEN THE BATHROOM DOOR, his eyes unfocused. HE WAVES THE RAZOR SHARP BLADE out in front of him -- LUNGES at DUKE. **DUKE WHIPS OUT A CAN OF MACE.**

**DUKE**

**MACE! YOU WANT THIS?**

GONZO stops -- hisses.

**GONZO**

You bastard! You'd do that, wouldn't you?

**DUKE**

(laughs)

Why worry? You'll like it. Nothing in the world like a Mace high. Forty-five minutes on your knees with the dry heaves...

**GONZO**

You cheap honky sonofabitch...

**DUKE**

Why not? Hell, just a minute ago, you were asking me to kill you! And now you want to kill me! What I should do, goddamnit, is call the police!

**GONZO**

The cops?

**DUKE**

There's no choice. I wouldn't dare go to sleep with you wandering around with a head full of acid and wanting to slice me up with that goddamn knife!

**GONZO**

(mumbles)

Who said anything about slicing you up? I just wanted to carve a little Z on your forehead. Nothing serious.

GONZO shrugs and reaches for a cigarette on top of the TV set.

**DUKE**

(menaces him with the MACE)

Get back in that tub. Eat some reds and try to calm down. Smoke some grass, shoot some smack -- shit, do whatever you have to do, but let me get some rest.

GONZO turns toward the bathroom -- suddenly sad.

**GONZO**

Hell, yes. You really need some sleep. You have to work. Goddamn.

What a bummer. Try to rest. Don't  
let me keep you up.

49.

GONZO shuffles back into the bathroom. DUKE wedges a chair  
up against the bathroom doorknob and puts the mace can next  
to the clock.

DUKE turns on the TV. WHITE NOISE FILLS THE ROOM. He  
collapses onto the sofa and lights up his lightbulb as pipe.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Ignore the nightmare in the bathroom.  
Just another ugly refugee from the  
Love Generation.

The WHITE NOISE snow storm on the TV is reflected in his  
face. The camera pulls back revealing THE ENTIRE WALL  
**BEHIND HIM TO BE SWIRLING WITH THE FIZZING SNOWSTORM PATTERN.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

My attorney had never been able to  
accept the notion -- often espoused  
by former drug abusers -- that you  
can get a lot higher without drugs  
than with them. And neither have  
I, for that matter.

The pattern on the wall changes to A 60'S VISCOUS OIL  
LIGHTSHOW PATTERN. With DUKE still sitting in the  
foreground, the projected image widens to reveal the interior  
of A HAIGHT ASHBURY DANCE HALL full of DANCING PROTO-HIPPIES.

**INT. MATRIX CLUB - NIGHT**

A slightly YOUNGER DUKE moves through the throng. All the  
action is in a DREAMLIKE SLOW-MOTION.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I recall one night in the Matrix.  
There I was -- a victim of the Drug  
Explosion. A natural street freak,  
just eating whatever came by.

A ROAD-PERSON with a big pack on his back is shouting. The  
sound of his voice, like his movements, is in slow-motion.

**ROAD-PERSON**

Anybody want some L...S...D...? I  
got all the makin's right here.

All I need is a place to cook.

The camera pushes right into the ROAD-PERSON's mouth.

**INT. MATRIX MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Still in slow motion, the YOUNGER DUKE is trying to eat a HUGE SPANSULE OF ACID. With difficulty.

50.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I decided to eat only half at first.  
Good thinking. But I spilled the  
rest on the sleeve of my red  
Pendleton shirt.

DUKE stares at his sleeve, uncertain what to do. C/U of the door to the men's room as a MUSICIAN enters speaking in slow-motion.

**MUSICIAN**

What's the trouble?

**DUKE**

(also in slow-motion)  
Well, all this white stuff on my  
sleeve is LSD.

The MUSICIAN approaches and looks down at DUKE'S arm. A long pause.

Cut back to tight shot of door as it opens and a very clean-cut, PREPPY, STOCKBROKER TYPE enters. He freezes in horror. We cut to his POV. DUKE is standing in the middle of the men's room with the MUSICIAN hunkered down at his side... sucking on his sleeve. A very gross tableau. The STOCKBROKER slowly eases out of the room.

**DUKE (V/O)**

With a bit of luck his life was  
ruined -- forever thinking that  
just behind some narrow door in all  
his favorite bars, men in red  
Pendleton shirts are getting  
incredible kicks from things he'll  
never know.

**INT. A BAR - YEARS LATER - NIGHT**

The STOCKBROKER LOOKING CONSIDERABLY OLDER sits looking

lost, confused, a nervous wreck. The image flares out in a TV white noise snowstorm.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE sits staring at the TV.

51.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Strange memories on this nervous night in Las Vegas.

(he gets up, pours himself a drink)

Has it been five years? Six? It seems like a lifetime -- the kind of peak that never comes again. San Francisco in the middle sixties was a very special time and place to be a part of. But no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant.

DUKE throws open the curtains. Light streams in.

**EXT. 1965 STOCK FOOTAGE**

We are in SAN FRANCISCO. IMAGES OF THE TIME FLOOD IN.

**DUKE (V/O)**

THERE WAS MADNESS IN ANY DIRECTION, AT ANY HOUR... YOU COULD STRIKE SPARKS ANYWHERE. THERE WAS A FANTASTIC UNIVERSAL SENSE THAT WHATEVER WE WERE DOING WAS RIGHT, THAT WE WERE WINNING. AND THAT, I THINK, WAS THE HANDLE -- THAT SENSE OF INEVITABLE VICTORY OVER THE FORCES OF OLD AND EVIL. NOT IN ANY MEAN OR MILITARY SENSE; WE DIDN'T NEED THAT. OUR ENERGY WOULD SIMPLY prevail. We had all the momentum; we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave...

**DUKE'S FACE IS SUFFUSED WITH A SADNESS AND SERENITY WE HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

So now, less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas and look west, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high water mark -- that place where the wave finally broke and rolled back.

52.

The memories dissolve into the night skyline of Vegas. Suddenly towering over the casinos is a 200 foot high Nazi shouting "WOODSTOCK ÜBER ALLES!"

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE closes the curtain. The room is in darkness again.

**INT. MINT HOTEL SUITE - DAWN**

A harsh door buzzer. DUKE jerks awake. Alone. Looking like shit. Around him is the wreckage of their stay.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The decision to flee came suddenly. Or maybe not.

DUKE opens the door to a BELL BOY with a trolley load of fruit, drinks and flowers... and a smile.

**BELL BOY**

Room service!

The BELL BOY wheels the trolley across the room -- already stacked with EVEN MORE BOXES OF GOODIES.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Maybe I'd planned it all along -- subconsciously waiting for the right moment. The bill was a factor, I think. Because I had no money to pay for it.

DUKE slams the door -- starts FRANTICALLY PACKING.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Our room service tabs had been running somewhere between \$29 and \$36 per hour, for forty-eight



consecutive hours. Incredible.  
How could it happen?

DUKE sees the DISCARDED WRAPPINGS OF EXPENSIVE, HAND TOOLED LUGGAGE. A sudden thought. He rushes to GONZO's room -- empty. His plastic briefcase remains on the bed...

**DUKE (V/O)**

But by the time I asked this question, there was no one around to answer.

DUKE opens the briefcase -- finds the .357 MAGNUM inside.

53.

**DUKE (V/O)**

My attorney was gone. He must have sensed trouble.

**QUICK CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY**

GONZO WAVES GOODBYE as he boards an airplane with a set of brand-new fine cowhide luggage.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Panic.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOTEL SUITE - DAY**

DUKE emerges with his bag and Gonzo's plastic briefcase -- leaves the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door -- checks both ways, then hurries away down the corridor.

**DUKE (V/O)**

It crept up my spine like first rising vibes of an acid frenzy. All these horrible realities began to dawn on me.

**INT. MINT HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY**

An anxiety ridden DUKE watches the floor numbers as the elevator descends. He searches his pockets...

**DUKE (V/O)**

Here I was, alone in Las Vegas, with this goddamned incredibly expensive car, completely twisted

on drugs, no cash, no story for the magazine. And on top of everything else I had a gigantic goddamn hotel bill to deal with.

DUKE finds a last crumpled \$5 bill.

The door opens. A SECURITY GUARD enters with an OLD LADY IN **HANDCUFFS**.

DUKE hides the bill -- crams back into the corner. Doors close.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I didn't even know who had won the race. Maybe nobody.

54.

**INT. MINT HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

DUKE hurries out of the elevator -- eyes on a hovering MANAGER. Past the curious look of the reception CLERK.

**DUKE**

(muttering to himself)  
How would Horatio Alger have handled this situation?

**EXT. MINT HOTEL - DAY**

Motoring, DUKE gives his \$5 bill to the HOTEL FRONT DOORMAN with a smile. The DOORMAN blows a frantic whistle and waves at the CAR BOY.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Stay calm. Stay calm. I'm a relatively respectable citizen -- a multiple felon, perhaps, but certainly not dangerous.

The CAR BOY pulls up with a screech. DUKE jumps in. The back seat is stacked with bars of Neutrogena, piles of Mint 400 t-shirts, boxes of grapefruit.

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

Luckily, I had taken the soap and grapefruit and other luggage out to the car a few hours earlier. Now it was only a matter of slipping the noose...

DUKE shifts into drive. Deliverance!

**CLERK'S VOICE**

**MR. DUKE!**

DUKE freezes.

**CLERK'S VOICE**

Mr. Duke! We've been looking for you!

**DUKE (V/O)**

The game was up! They had me.

**DUKE**

(to himself)

Well, why not? Many fine books have been written in prison.

55.

Resigned, DUKE turns off the ignition. A young CLERK arrives breathlessly with a smile and a **YELLOW LETTER IN HIS HAND**.

**CLERK**

Sir?

(thrusts out a TELEGRAM)

This telegram came for you. Actually, it isn't for you. It's for somebody named Thompson, but it says 'care of Raoul Duke'. does that make sense?

**DUKE**

(barely able to speak)

Yes... It makes sense.

DUKE stuffs the telegram into his top pocket.

The CLERK peers into the car -- sees part of the enormous stash inside.

**CLERK**

I checked the register for this man Thompson. We don't show him but I figured he might be part of your team.

**DUKE**

He is. Don't worry, I'll get it to him.

He fires up the engine -- eases the RED SHARK into low gear.

SECURITY GUARDS are looking across -- sharing a quiet word or two.

**CLERK**

What confused us was Dr. Gonzo's signature on the telegram from Los Angeles. When we knew he was right here in the hotel.

**DUKE**

You did the right thing. Never try to understand a press message. About half the time we use codes -- especially with Dr. Gonzo.

**CLERK**

Tell me. When will the doctor be awake?

56.

**DUKE**

(tenses)

Awake? What do you mean?

DUKE's eyes are on the SECURITY GUARDS -- moving closer.

**CLERK**

(uncomfortably)

Well... the manager, Mr. Heem, would like to meet him. Nothing unusual. Mr. Heem likes to meet all our large accounts... put them on a personal basis... just a chat and a handshake, you understand.

**DUKE**

Of course. But if I were you, I'd leave the Doctor alone until after he's eaten breakfast. He's a very crude man.

DUKE edges the car forward, but is stopped by the CLERK.

**CLERK**

But he will be available? Perhaps

later this morning?

**DUKE**

Look. That telegram was all scrambled. It was actually from Thompson, not to him. Western Union must have gotten the names reversed. I have to get going. I have to get out to the track.

**CLERK**

There's no hurry! The race is over!

**DUKE**

(taking off)

Not for me.

He waves the CLERK off the car -- roars away.

**CLERK**

Let's have lunch!

**DUKE**

Righto!

**EXT. ROAD OUT OF VEGAS - DAY**

DUKE drives the RED SHARK out of Vegas.

57.

A "YOU ARE LEAVING LAS VEGAS" sign flashes past.

Bob Dylan plays: "Memphis Blues Again -- "Aaww, Mama, can this really be the end...?"

A sign: LOS ANGELES -- 400 miles.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Jesus, bad waves of paranoia, madness, fear and loathing -- intolerable vibrations in this place. Get out! The weasels were closing in. I could smell the ugly brutes. Flee!

DUKE drives fast.

**DUKE**

Do me one last favor Lord: just give me five more high-speed hours

before you bring the hammer down;  
just let me get rid of this goddamn  
car and off of this horrible desert.

A sign flashes "YOU CAN RUN BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE."

A patrol car pulls out behind him, lights flashing.

**DUKE (CONT'D)**

You evil bastard! This is your  
work! You'd better take care of  
me, Lord... because if you don't  
you're going to have me on your  
hands.

The patrol car screams after the RED SHARK.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Few people understand the psychology  
of dealing with a Highway Traffic  
Cop. Your normal speeder will  
panic and immediately pull over to  
the side. This is wrong.

DUKE floors the gas pedal.

**DUKE (V/O)**

It arouses contempt in the cop heart.

**THE SPEEDOMETER CLIMBS STEADILY.**

58.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Make the bastard chase you. He  
will follow. But he won't know  
what to make of your blinker signal  
that says you're about to turn right.

DUKE signals right. The RED SHARK screams at 120 mph.

**DUKE (V/O)**

This is to let him know you're  
looking for a proper place to pull  
off and talk.

**AN EXIT OFF RAMP: MAX SPEED 25.**

DUKE hits the brakes. The COP brakes.

**DUKE (V/O)**

It will take him a moment to realize that he is about to make 180 degree turn at speed... but you will be ready for it, braced for the G's and the fast heel toe work.

The patrol car spins and fishtails crazily out of control.

**EXT. SCENIC PICNIC AREA - DAY**

The patrol car comes skidding around the corner. DUKE stands beside the RED SHARK, completely relaxed and smiling.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN gets out of the car, screaming.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

Just what the FUCK did you think you were doing?!

DUKE smiles.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

May I see your license.

**DUKE**

Of course, officer.

DUKE reaches for it. And BOTH MEN look down at a beer can -- which DUKE had, somehow, forgotten was in his hand.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I knew I was fucked.

The COP relaxes -- actually smiles... He reaches out for DUKE's wallet, then holds out his other hand for the beer.

59.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

Could I have that, please?

**DUKE**

Why not? It was getting warm anyway.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN takes it, pours out the beer -- glances in the back seat of the RED SHARK. Amongst the bars of soap... A case of warm beer. DUKE smiles back at him.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

You realize...

**DUKE**

Yeah. I know. I'm guilty. I understand that. I knew it was a crime but I did it anyway. Shit, why argue? I'm a fucking criminal.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

That's a strange attitude.

He looks at DUKE thoughtfully.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

You know -- I get the feeling you could use a nap. There's a rest area up ahead. Why don't you pull over and sleep a few hours?

**DUKE**

A nap won't help. I've been awake for too long -- three or four nights. I can't even remember. If I go to sleep now, I'm dead for twenty hours.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN smiles.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

Okay. Here's how it is. What goes into my book, as of noon, is that I apprehended you... for driving too fast, and advised you to proceed no further than the next rest area... your stated destination, right? Where you plan to take a long nap. Do I make myself clear?

**DUKE**

How far is Baker? I was hoping to stop there for lunch.

60.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

Not my jurisdiction. The city limits are two point two miles beyond the rest area. Can you make it that far?

**DUKE**

I'll try. I've been wanting to go to Baker for a long time. I've



heard a lot about it.

The PATROLMAN holds the door for DUKE who gets in.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**

Excellent seafood. With a mind like yours, you'll probably want to try the land-crab. Try the Majestic Diner.

The PATROLMAN slams the door shut.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

DUKE drives away -- teeth gritted.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I felt raped. The Pig had done me on all fronts, and now he was going off to chuckle about it -- on the west side of town, waiting for me to make a run for L.A.

DUKE drives past the rest area to an intersection where he signals to turn right into Baker. As he approaches the turn he sees the HITCHHIKER! As DUKE slows to make the turn their eyes meet. DUKE is about to wave -- but the HITCHHIKER drops his thumb.

**DUKE**

Great Jesus, it's him.

DUKE, spooked, SPINS THE RED SHARK round -- ROARS BACK THE WAY HE CAME.

**EXT. BAKER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

DUKE on the public phone booth -- screaming.

**DUKE**

They've nailed me! I'm trapped in some stinking desert crossroads called Baker. I don't have much time. The fuckers are closing in. They'll hunt me down like a beast!

61.

**INT. GONZO'S OFFICE - DAY**

GONZO sits surrounded by legal papers and law books. Mexican

Day of the Dead masks hang from the walls -- flame-red demons.

**GONZO**

Who? You sound a little paranoid.

**EXT. BAKER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

DUKE screams -- sweat pouring.

**DUKE**

You bastard! I need a lawyer  
immediately!

**INT. GONZO'S OFFICE - DAY**

**GONZO**

What are you doing in Baker?  
Didn't you get my telegram?

**EXT. BAKER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

**DUKE**

What? Fuck telegrams. I'm in  
trouble. You worthless bastard.  
I'll cripple your ass for this!  
All that shit in the car is yours!  
You understand that? When I finish  
testifying out here you'll be  
disbarred!

**INT. GONZO'S OFFICE - DAY**

**GONZO**

You're supposed to be in Vegas. We  
have a suite at the Flamingo. I  
was just about to leave for the  
airport.

**INT. BAKER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

DUKE pulls out the telegram from his top pocket.

**GONZO'S VOICE**

You brainless scumbag! You're  
supposed to be covering the National  
District Attorney's conference! I  
made all the reservations... rented  
a white Cadillac convertible... the  
whole thing is arranged! What the  
hell are you doing out there in the  
middle of the fucking desert?

DUKE stares at the telegram.

**DUKE**

Never mind. It's all a big joke.  
I'm actually sitting beside the  
pool at the Flamingo. I'm talking  
from a portable phone. Some dwarf  
brought it out from the casino. I  
have total credit! Can you grasp  
that?

(shouts)

Don't come anywhere near this place!  
Foreigners aren't welcome here!

DUKE, breathing heavily, hangs up phone.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

C/U of .357 Magnum cylinder being spun.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Well. This is how the world works.

C/U An IGUANA basks in the sun.

**DUKE (V/O)**

All energy flows according to the  
whims of the Great Magnet.

C/U Barrel of the gun. It fires. An explosion of desert  
dirt.

**DUKE (V/O)**

What a fool I was to defy Him.

The IGUANA sits unfazed.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Never cross the Great Magnet. I  
understood this now...  
(another blast from  
the gun)  
... and with understanding came a  
sense of almost terminal relief.

DUKE stands alone in the vast desert firing at nothing, the  
thuds of the explosions echo away.

**EXT. ROAD INTO VEGAS - DAY**

The RED SHARK driving back towards Las Vegas.

63.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I had to get rid of The Shark. Too many people might recognize it... ..especially the Vegas Police.  
(tight C/U of DUKE)  
Luckily, my credit card was still technically valid.

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL:**

DUKE, now driving a white Cadillac Coupe de Ville -- **THE WHITE WHALE.**

DUKE pushes buttons -- lowers the top.

**DUKE (V/O)**

This was a superior machine -- ten grand worth of gimmicks and high price special effects. The rear windows leapt up with a touch like frogs in a dynamited pond. The dashboard was full of esoteric lights and dials and meters that I would never understand.

**EXT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

**A GIANT SIGN: THE FLAMINGO WELCOMES THE NATIONAL DA'S CONFERENCE ON NARCOTICS & DANGEROUS DRUGS.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

If the Pigs were gathering in Vegas, I felt the Drug Culture should be represented as well... and there was a certain bent appeal in the notion of running a savage burn on one Las Vegas hotel and then just wheeling across town and checking into another.

The WHITE WHALE turns into a VIP parking slot, immediately attended by impressed MINIONS.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Me and a thousand ranking cops from all over America. Why not? Move

confidently into their midst.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON**

DUKE enters -- old Levis, grubby sneakers, 10 peso Acapulco shirt coming apart at the seams, 3 day growth, eyes hidden behind mirror shades. He heads for the check-in line.

64.

**DUKE (V/O)**

My arrival was badly timed.

THE PLACE IS FULL OF COPS. 200 of them, on vacation, all dressed in cut price Vegas casuals: plaid Bermuda shorts, Arnie Palmer golf shirts, and rubberized beach sandals.

Ahead of DUKE -- A POLICE CHIEF argues with the DESK CLERK. The POLICE CHIEF'S AGNEW STYLE WIFE stands to the side, weeping. The POLICE CHIEF'S FRIENDS stand uneasily around.

**POLICE CHIEF**

What do you mean I'm too late to register? I'm a police chief. From Michigan. Look, fella, I told you.

(waves a POSTCARD)

I have a postcard here that says I have reservations in this hotel.

**CLERK**

(prissily)

I'm sorry, sir. You're on the "late list." Your reservations were transferred to the... ah... Moonlight Motel, which is out on Paradise Boulevard...

**POLICE CHIEF**

I've already paid for my goddamn room!

**CLERK**

It's actually a very fine place of lodging and only sixteen blocks from here, with its own pool and...

**POLICE CHIEF**

You dirty little faggot! Call the manager! I'm tired of listening to this dogshit!

FRIENDS restrain the POLICE CHIEF.

**CLERK**

(solicitously)

I'm so sorry, sir. May I call you  
a cab?

The POLICE CHIEF's screamed insults fade away...

**DUKE (V/O)**

Of course, I could hear what the  
Clerk was really saying...

65.

**CLERK**

**(IN DUKE'S IMAGINATION)**

Listen, you fuzzy little shithead --  
I've been fucked around, in my  
time, by a fairly good cross-  
section of mean-tempered rule-crazy  
cops and now it's MY turn. "Fuck  
you, officer, I'm in charge here,  
and I'm telling you we don't have  
room for you."

DUKE steps to the desk, around the raging POLICE CHIEF.

**DUKE**

Say. I hate to interrupt, but I  
wonder if maybe I could just sort  
of slide through and get out of  
your way. Name's Raoul Duke --  
Raoul Duke. My attorney made the  
reservation.

DUKE snaps a credit card down onto the counter. EVERYONE  
goes silent. The POLICE CHIEF GROUP stares at him like he  
was some kid of water rat crawling up to the desk. The  
CLERK hits the bell for the BELLBOY.

**CLERK**

Certainly, Mr. Duke!

**DUKE**

My bags are out there in that white  
Cadillac convertible. Can you have  
someone drive it around to the room?

ALL EYES turn to the gleaming WHITE WHALE.

**DUKE**

Oh, and could I get a quart of Wild Turkey, two fifths of Baccardi, and a night's worth of ice delivered to my room, please?

**CLERK**

Don't worry about a thing, sir.  
Just enjoy your stay.

**DUKE**

Well, thank you.

DUKE gives the POLICE CHIEF a polite smile -- crosses to the elevator -- turns to face the GAWPING COPS -- pops a can of beer and toasts them. The doors close.

66.

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUITE - DAY**

DUKE rams the key home -- swings the door open.

**DUKE**

Ah, home at last!

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - AFTERNOON**

DUKE enters. The door hits something with a thud.

A 16-year-old GIRL with the aura of an angry Pit Bull.

GONZO stands in the bathroom doorway -- stark naked with a drug-addled grin on his face.

**DUKE**

You degenerate pig!

**GONZO**

It can't be helped. This is Lucy.  
(laughing distractedly)  
You know--like "Lucy In The Sky  
With Diamonds."

LUCY eyes DUKE venomously.

**GONZO**

Lucy! Lucy, be cool, goddamnit!  
Remember what happened at the  
airport! No more of that, okay?

LUCY keeps her eyes on DUKE. GONZO idles over and puts his arm round her shoulder.

**GONZO**

Lucy... this is my client. This is Mr. Duke, the famous journalist. He's paying for this suite, Lucy. He's on our side.

DUKE flops onto the sofa.

**GONZO**

Mr. Duke is my friend. He loves artists.

DUKE notices for the first time that the room is full of artwork. Maybe 40 or 50 portraits, some in oil, some in charcoal, all more or less the same size and same face.

**GONZO**

Lucy paints portraits of Barbra Streisand.

67.

**LUCY**

I drew these from TV.

**GONZO**

Fantastic. She came all the way down here from Montana just to give these portraits to Barbra. We're going over to the Americana Hotel tonight to meet her backstage...

DUKE's voice rises above GONZO.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I desperately needed peace, rest, sanctuary. I hadn't counted on this. Finding my attorney on acid and locked into some kind of preternatural courtship.

**DUKE**

Well, I guess they brought the car round by now. LET'S GET THE STUFF  
**OUT OF THE TRUNK.**

DUKE fixes GONZO hard.



**GONZO**

Absolutely, LET'S GET THE STUFF.  
(to LUCY)  
Now, we'll be right back. Don't  
answer the phone if it rings.

**LUCY**

(makes one-fingered  
Jesus freak sign)  
God bless.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUITE - DAY**

DUKE collars GONZO -- serious.

**DUKE**

WELL? What are your plans?

**GONZO**

Plans?

**DUKE**

Lucy.

68.

**GONZO**

(struggling to focus)  
Shit. I met her on the plane and I  
had all that acid.  
(he shrugs)  
You know, those little blue barrels.  
I gave her a cap before I realized...  
she's a religious freak... Jesus,  
she's never even had a drink.

**DUKE**

Well... It'll probably work out.  
We can keep her loaded and peddle  
her ass at the drug convention.

GONZO stares uneasily at DUKE.

**GONZO**

Listen, she's running away from  
home for something like the fifth  
time in six months. It's terrible.

**DUKE**

She's perfect for this gig. These

cops will go fifty bucks a head to beat her into submission and then gang fuck her. We can set her up in one of these back street motels, hang pictures of Jesus all over the room, then turn these pigs loose on her... Hell she's strong; she'll hold her own.

GONZO's face twitches badly.

**GONZO**

Jesus Christ. I knew you were sick but I never expected to hear you actually say that kind of stuff.

**DUKE**

It's straight economics. This girl is a god-send. Shit, she can make us a grand a day.

**GONZO**

NO! Stop talking like that.

**DUKE**

I figure she can do about four at a time. Christ, if we keep her full of acid that's more like two grand a day. Maybe three.

69.

**GONZO**

You filthy bastard. I should cave your fucking head in.

**DUKE**

In a few hours, she'll probably be sane enough to work herself into a towering Jesus-based rage at the hazy recollection of being seduced by some kind of cruel Samoan who fed her liquor and LSD, dragged her to a Vegas hotel room and savagely penetrated every orifice in her body with his throbbing, uncircumcised member.

GONZO starts crying.

**GONZO**

NO! I felt sorry for the girl, I wanted to help her!

**DUKE**

You'll go straight to the gas chamber. And even if you manage to beat that, they'll send you back to Nevada for Rape and Consensual Sodomy. She's got to go.

Pause.

**GONZO**

Shit, it doesn't pay to try to help somebody these days.

A silence.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The only alternative was to take her out to the desert and feed her remains to the lizards. But, it seemed a bit heavy for the thing we were trying to protect: My attorney.

**GONZO**

We have to cut her loose. She's got two hundred dollars. And we can always call the cops up there in Montana, where she lives, and turn her in.

**DUKE**

What?... What kind of goddamn monster are you?

70.

**GONZO**

It just occurred to me, that she has no witnesses. Anything that she says about us is completely worthless.

**DUKE**

Us?

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - SUNSET**

DUKE is speaking into the phone in hushed tones.

**DUKE**

Hotel Americana? I need a reservation. For my niece. Listen, I need her treated very gently. She's an artist, and might seem a trifle highstrung...

In the background GONZO helps LUCY and her paintings out the door.

**GONZO**

Okay, Lucy, it's time to go meet Barbra...

**DUKE (V/O)**

I felt like a Nazi, but it had to be done.

**EXT. ON THE STREETS - A CAB STAND - DUSK**

The WHITE WHALE pulls up -- DUKE at the wheel. GONZO helps LUCY and her paintings from the car.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Lucy was a potentially fatal millstone on both our necks. There was absolutely no choice but to cut her adrift and hope her memory was fucked.

GONZO unrolls a couple of bills -- pays off a CAB DRIVER -- waves to LUCY in the back with her paintings. She's starting to come down...

GONZO gets back in the WHITE WHALE and slaps his hands together as if washing his hands of the situation.

**GONZO**

Well that's that. Take off slowly. Don't attract attention.

71.

They pull out into traffic.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS - DUSK**

**GONZO**

I gave the cabbie an extra ten bucks to make sure she gets there safe. Also, I told him I'd be

there myself in an hour, and if she wasn't, I'd come back out here and rip his lungs out.

**DUKE**

That's good. You can't be subtle in this town.

**GONZO**

As your attorney, I advise you to tell me where you put the goddamn mescaline.

**DUKE**

Maybe we should take it easy tonight.

**GONZO**

Right. Let's find a good seafood restaurant and eat some red salmon. I feel a powerful lust for red salmon...

The electric WHITE WHALE heads off down the Strip. The sun's going down behind the scrub hills, a good Kristofferson tune croaks on the radio in the warm dusk.

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING**

GONZO throws up in the toilet bowl.

In the background, DUKE opens curtains. Daylight blinds him.

**DUKE**

Come on, we're going to be late.

GONZO looks up at his sick reflection -- wipes his mouth with a towel.

**GONZO**

This goddamn mescaline. Why the fuck can't they make it a little less pure? Maybe mix it up with Roloids or something.

72.

**INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY**

**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**

(crackling and booming over the

lousy sound system)  
On behalf of the prosecuting  
attorneys of this county, I welcome  
you to the Third National DA's  
Conference on Narcotics and  
Dangerous Drugs.

The EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR -- well groomed, GOP businessman  
type -- speaks from the podium. A banner behind him reads:  
NATIONAL DA'S CONVENTION 1971. "If You Don't Know, Come To  
Learn... If You Know, Come To Teach."

**A BIG MIXED CROWD: TOP LEVEL STRAIGHT COPS, UNDERCOVER NARCS  
AND OTHER TWILIGHT TYPES** -- beards, mustaches and super-Mod  
dress. Just because you're a cop, doesn't mean you can't be  
WITH IT! However, for every URBAN-HIPSTER there are around  
**20 REDNECKS.**

A dozen big, low-fidelity speakers mounted on steel poles  
distort and feed back the EXECUTIVE's voice through the room.

At the back, under a loudspeaker, sits DUKE -- \$40 FBI  
wingtips, a Pat Boone madras sportcoat, and an official name  
tag: RAOUL DUKE, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, L.A.

GONZO sits beside him. His name tag: DR. GONZO. EXPERT,  
CRIMINAL DRUG ANALYSIS. He's nervous -- close to the edge.

**GONZO**

(lowers his voice)

I saw these bastards in Easy Rider,  
but I didn't believe they were real.  
Not like this. Not hundreds of them!

**DUKE**

They're actually nice people when  
you get to know them.

**GONZO**

Man, I know these people in my  
goddamn blood!

**DUKE**

Don't mention that word around here.  
You'll get them excited.

**GONZO**

This is a fucking nightmare.

**DUKE**

Right. Sure as hell some dope-dealing bomb freak is going to recognize you and put the word out that you're partying with a thousand cops.

**COP IN BACK**

**SSSSHHH!**

DR. BLUMQUIST -- a "drug expert" -- takes the stage.

**DR. BLUMQUIST**

We must come to terms with the Drug Culture in the country... country... country...

The sound systems echoes.

**DR. BLUMQUIST (CONT'D)**

The reefer butt is called a "roach," because it resembles a cockroach... cockroach... cockroach...

**GONZO**

(whispers)

What the fuck are these people talking about? You'd have to be crazy on acid to think a joint looked like a goddamn cockroach!

**DUKE (V/O)**

It was clear that we had stumbled into a prehistoric gathering.

**DR. BLUMQUIST**

Now, there are four states of being in the cannabis, or marijuana, society: Cool, Groovy, Hip, and Square. The square is seldom if ever cool. He is not "with it," that is, he doesn't know "what's happening." But if he manages to figure it out, he moves up a notch to "hip."

DUKE and GONZO listen in disbelief.

**DR. BLUMQUIST (CONT'D)**

And if he can bring himself to approve of what is happening, he becomes "groovy." After that, with

much luck and perseverance, he can rise to the rank of "cool." A cool guy... cool guy... cool guy...

74.

**COP IN BACK**

Dr. Bloomquist, do you think the anthropologist, Margaret Mead's strange behavior of late might possibly be explained by a private marijuana addiction?

**DR. BLUMQUIST**

I really don't know, but at her age, if she did smoke grass, she'd have one hell of a trip!

Roars of laughter.

**GONZO**

I know a hell of a lot better ways to waste my time than listening to this bullshit.

He stands, knocking the ashtray off his chair arm, and plunges down the aisle to the door.

**COP IN BACK**

Down in front!

**GONZO**

Fuck you! I have to get out! I don't belong here!

**COP IN BACK**

Good riddance!

He stumbles from the room. DUKE turns his attention back to the stage.

The lights go down. A black & white film -- REEFER MADNESS! -- illustrates his now evangelical talk.

**FILM NARRATOR**

**KNOW YOUR DOPE FIEND! YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!** You will not be able to see his eyes because of Tea-Shades, but his knuckles will be white from inner tension...



DUKE turns his attention to a 340 pound TEXAN POLICE CHIEF who necks with his 290 pound WIFE beside him.

**FILM NARRATOR**

... and his pants will be crusted with semen from constantly jacking off when he can't find a rape victim...

75.

DUKE gazes at the TEXAN and his WIFE. -- Feigning sickness, he gets up, hand over mouth.

**DUKE**

Pardon me, I feel sick.

**FILM NARRATOR**

He will stagger and babble when questioned. He will not respect your badge. The Dope Fiend fears nothing. He will attack, for no reason, with every weapon at his command -- including yours...

DUKE heads for the exit.

**DUKE**

Sorry, sick... Beg pardon! Feeling sick...

**FILM NARRATOR**

BEWARE. Any officer apprehending a suspected marijuana addict should use all necessary force immediately. One stitch in time [on him] will usually save nine on you.

**DUKE CRASHES OUT THROUGH THE DOOR.**

**INT. CASINO BAR - DAY**

DUKE sees GONZO at the bar -- talking to a SPORTY LOOKING COP about 40 whose name tag identifies him as a DISTRICT ATTORNEY FROM GEORGIA.

**DA**

I'm a whiskey man myself. We don't have much trouble from drugs where I come from...

**GONZO**

You will. One of these nights  
you'll wake up and find a junkie  
tearing your bedroom apart.

**DA**

Naw!

**GONZO**

They'll climb right into your  
bedroom and sit on your chest with  
big Bowie knives. They might even  
sit on your wife's chest. Put the  
blade right down on her throat.

76.

**DA**

Not down in my parts.

DUKE joins them.

**DUKE**

(to WAITRESS)

Rum and ice, please.

**DA**

(looks at DUKE'S NAME TAG)

You're another one of these  
California boys. Your friend  
here's been tellin' us about dope  
fiends.

**DUKE**

They're everywhere. Nobody's safe.  
And sure as hell not in the South.  
They like warm weather... You'd  
never believe it. In L.A. it's out  
of control. First it was drugs,  
now it's witchcraft.

**DA**

Witchcraft? Shit, you can't mean it!

The BARTENDER cleans his glasses, one ear straining for the  
conversation.

**GONZO**

Read the newspapers.

**DUKE**

Man, you don't know trouble until you have to face down a bunch of these addicts gone crazy for human sacrifice!

**DA**

Naw! That's science fiction stuff!

**DUKE**

Not where we operate.

**GONZO**

Hell, in Malibu alone, these goddamn Satan worshippers kill six or eight people every day. All they want is the blood. They'll take people right off the street if they have to.

77.

**DUKE**

Just the other day we had a case where they grabbed a girl right out of a McDonald's hamburger stand. She was a waitress, about sixteen years old... with a lot of people watching, too!

The BARTENDER keeps cleaning the same glass -- more and more furiously.

**DA**

What happened? What did they do to her?

**GONZO**

Do? Jesus Christ, man. They chopped her goddamn head off right there in the parking lot! Then they cut all kinds of holes in her head and sucked out the blood!

**DA**

(DA ad-libs a summation of the crime)  
And nobody did anything?

**DUKE**

What could they do? The guy that took the head was about six-seven,

and maybe three-hundred pounds. He was packing two Lugers, and the others had M-16s.

**GONZO**

They just ran back out into Death Valley -- you know, where Manson turned up...

**DUKE**

Like big lizards.

**GONZO**

... and every one of them stacked naked...

**DA**

Naked!?

**DUKE**

Naked.

78.

**GONZO**

Yeh, naked!... except for the weapons.

**DUKE**

They were all veterans.

**DA**

Veterans?!?!?

Agog with the horrors of the story, the BARTENDER polishes the glass -- faster and faster...

**GONZO**

Yeh. The big guy used to be a major in the Marines.

**DA**

A major!

**GONZO**

We know where he lives, but we can't get near the house.

**DA**

Naw! Not a major.

**GONZO**

He wanted the pineal gland.

**DA**

Really?

**GONZO**

That's how he got so big. When he quit the Marines he was just a little guy.

**DUKE**

Usually, it's whole families. During the night. Most of them don't even wake up until they feel their heads going -- and then, of course, it's too late.

The glass smashes in the BARTENDER's hand.

**DUKE (CONT'D)**

Happens every day.

DUKE turns to a WAITRESS with a warm smile.

79.

**DUKE (CONT'D)**

Three more rums. Plenty of ice. Maybe a handful of lime chunks.

**WAITRESS**

Are you guys with the police convention upstairs?

**DA**

We sure are, Miss.

**WAITRESS**

I thought so. I never heard that kind of talk around here before. Jesus Christ! How do you guys stand that kind of work?

**GONZO**

(grinning)

We like it. It's groovy.

The WAITRESS stares -- sickened -- at GONZO.

**DUKE**

What's wrong with you? Hell,  
somebody has to do it.

**GONZO**

Hurry up with those drinks. We're  
thirsty. Only two rums. Make mine  
a Bloody Mary.

**DA**

(whacks his fist on  
the bar)

Hell, I really hate to hear this.  
Because everything that happens in  
California seems to get down our  
way, sooner or later. Mostly  
Atlanta. But that was back when  
the goddamn bastards were peaceful.  
All we had to do was to keep 'em  
under surveillance. They didn't  
roam around much... But now Jesus,  
it seems nobody's safe.

**GONZO**

(with a conspiratorial  
nod)

You're going to need to take the  
bull by the horns -- go to the mat  
with this scum.

80.

**DA**

What do you mean by that?

**GONZO**

You know what I mean. We've done  
it before and we can damn well do  
it again!

**DUKE**

Cut their goddamn heads off. Every  
one of them. That's what we're  
doing in California.

**DA**

(stupefied)

**WHAT?**

**GONZO**

Sure. It's all on the Q.T., but  
everybody who matters is with us

all the way down the line.

**DUKE**

We keep it quiet. It's not the kind of thing you'd want to talk about upstairs. Not with the press around.

**DA**

(recovering slightly)  
Hell, no. We'd never hear the goddamn end of it.

**DUKE**

Dobermans don't talk.

**DA**

What?

**GONZO**

Sometimes it's easier to just rip out the backstraps.

**DUKE**

They'll fight like hell if you try to take the head without the dogs.

**DA**

God almighty!  
(muttering in a daze)  
I don't think I should tell my wife about this. She'd never understand. You know how women are.

**81.**

DUKE gives the DA a brotherly slap on the back.

**DUKE**

Just be thankful your heart is young and strong.

DUKE and GONZO leave the stunned DA -- staring into the swirling ice in drink.

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - DAY**

DUKE and GONZO fall into the suite in fits of laughter.

GONZO feels the nausea rise suddenly -- heads for the bathroom. Immediate sounds of retching.

The phone message light is blinking. DUKE opens a beer, picks up the phone.

**DUKE**

What's the message? My light is blinking.

**CLERK (V/O)**

Ah, yes. Mr. Duke? You have one message: "Call Lucy at the Americana Hotel, room 1600."

**DUKE**

Holy shit!

DUKE slams the phone down. GONZO emerges from the bathroom -- looking like death.

**DUKE**

Lucy called.

GONZO sags visibly -- like an animal taking a bullet.

**GONZO**

What?

The telephone rings. DUKE answers.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY**

A worried CLERK speaks in to the phone.

**CLERK**

Mr. Duke? Hello, Mr. Duke, I'm sorry we were cut off a moment ago... I thought I should call again, because I was wondering...

82.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - DAY**

**DUKE**

**WHAT?**

(hand over the PHONE)

What was that crazy bitch said to him?

(screams)

There's a war on, man! People are being killed!



**CLERK (V/O)**

Killed?

**DUKE**

**IN VIETNAM! ON THE GODDAMN  
TELEVISION!**

**CLERK (V/O)**

Oh... yes... yes... This terrible  
war. When will it end?

**DUKE**

Tell me. What do you want?

In the background GONZO is upturning a sofa to retrieve his  
stash from the lining.

**CLERK (V/O)**

The woman who left that message for  
you sounded very disturbed. I  
think she was crying...

**DUKE**

Crying? Why was she crying?

**CLERK (V/O)**

Well, uh. She didn't say Mr. Duke.  
But since I know you're here with  
the Police Convention...

**DUKE**

Look, you want to be gentle with  
that woman if she ever calls again.  
We're watching her very carefully...  
this woman has been into laudanum.  
It's a controlled experiment, but I  
suspect we'll need your cooperation  
before this thing is over.

**CLERK (V/O)**

(hesitantly)

Well, certainly... We're always  
happy to cooperate with the police...

83.

**DUKE**

Don't worry. You're protected.  
Just treat this poor woman like  
you'd treat any other human being

in trouble.

**CLERK (V/O)**

What? Ah... yes, yes, I see what you mean... Yes... so, you'll be responsible then?

**DUKE**

Of course. And now I have to get back to the news. Send up some ice.

He hangs up. GONZO zaps TV channels -- commercials.

**GONZO**

Good work. They'll treat us like goddamn lepers after that.

**DUKE**

(slowly, carefully)  
Lucy is looking for you.

**GONZO**

(laughing)  
No, she's looking for you.

**DUKE**

Me?

**GONZO**

She really flipped over you. The only way I could get rid of her was by saying you were taking me out to the desert for a showdown -- that you wanted me out of the way so you could have her all to yourself.  
(laughing again)  
I guess she figures you won. That phone message wasn't for me, was it?

A look of stunned realization from DUKE...

**INT. FANTASY COURT ROOM - DAY**

LUCY is on the witness stand.

**LUCY**

Yessir, those two men in the dock are the ones who gave me the LSD and took me to the hotel.

A doomed DUKE and GONZO await their fate.

**LUCY**

I don't know for sure what they  
done to me, but I remember it was  
horrible.

**JUDGE**

Twenty years... and Double  
Castration!

The JUDGE bangs his gavel.

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - DAY**

DUKE is madly stuffing his suitcase.

**GONZO**

Wait! You can't leave me alone in  
this snake pit. This room is in my  
name.

DUKE KEEPS PACKING. GONZO is looking worried.

**GONZO**

OK, goddamnit!... Look... I'll call  
her. I'll get her off our backs.  
You're right. She's my problem.

**DUKE**

It's gone too far.

**GONZO**

Relax. Let me handle this.  
(dials the PHONE,  
snaps angrily at DUKE)  
You'd make a piss-poor lawyer.  
...Room 1600, please.  
(to DUKE)  
As your attorney, I advise you not  
to worry.  
(nods towards bathroom)  
Take a hit out of that little brown  
bottle in my shaving kit.

DUKE goes in the bathroom. He finds a little bottle -- a  
label: "DRINK ME."

**DUKE**

What is this?

**GONZO**

You won't need much. Just a little tiny taste, that stuff makes pure mescaline seem like ginger-beer. Adrenochrome.

DUKE stares wonderingly at the bottle.

**DUKE**

Adrenochrome...

**GONZO**

(into PHONE)

Hi, Lucy? Yeah, it's me. I got your message...what? Hell, no, I taught the bastard a lesson he'll never forget... what? No, not dead, but he won't be bothering anybody for a while. Yeah. I left him out there, I stomped him, then pulled all his teeth out...

**DUKE (V/O)**

I remember thinking, "Jesus, what a terrible thing to lay on somebody with a head full of acid."

DUKE dips a match head into the brown bottle -- studies it -- TASTES IT -- NOTHING -- TASTES SOME MORE...

**GONZO**

(to PHONE)

But here's the problem. That bastard cashed a bad check downstairs and gave you as a reference. They'll be looking for both of you. Yeah, I know, but you can't judge a book by its cover, Lucy. Some people are just basically rotten... Anyway, the last thing you want to do is call this hotel again; they'll trace the call and put you straight behind bars... no, I'm moving to the Tropicana right away. I have to go, they've got the phone tapped. Yeah, I know, it was horrible, but it's all over now... OH MY GOD!  
**THEY'RE KICKING THE DOOR DOWN!**

(throws the PHONE  
down; shouts)  
No! Get away from me! I'm innocent!  
It was Duke! I swear to God!  
**(MORE)**

86.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**  
(stomps the PHONE; moans)  
No, I don't know where she is.  
You'll never catch Lucy! She's  
gone! I swear, I don't know where  
she is! **DON'T PUT THAT THING ON ME!**  
(slams the PHONE down)

GONZO sits back in his chair... watching MISSION IMPOSSIBLE.

**GONZO**  
Well. That's that. She's probably  
stuffing herself down the  
incinerator about now. That's the  
last we should be hearing from Lucy.  
(fumbling with the  
hash pipe)  
Where's the opium?

DUKE stares at the back of GONZO's neck. **SOMETHING VERY  
STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO HIM...**

**DUKE (V/O)**  
I remember slumping on the bed, his  
performance had given me a bad jolt.  
For a moment I thought his mind had  
snapped -- that he actually believed  
he was being attacked by invisible  
enemies. But the room was quiet  
again.

**DUKE CLUTCHES THE BROWN BOTTLE.**

**DUKE**  
Where'd you get this?

**GONZO**  
Never mind, it's absolutely pure.

**DUKE**  
Jesus... what kind of monster  
client have you picked up this time?

There's only one source for this stuff -- the adrenaline gland from a living human body!

GONZO turns to smile at DUKE.

87.

**GONZO**

I know, but the guy didn't have any cash to pay me. He's one of these Satanism freaks. He offered me human blood -- said it would take me higher than I've ever been in my life.

(laughs -- struts  
round DUKE -- eyes  
bright with expectation)

I thought he was kidding, so I told him I'd just as soon have an ounce or so of pure adrenochrome -- or maybe just a fresh adrenaline gland to chew on.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I could already feel the stuff working on me -- the first wave felt like a combination of mescaline and methedrine -- maybe I should take a swim, I thought...

DUKE sees that GONZO is TOYING WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE...

**GONZO**

Yeah, they nailed this guy for child molesting. He swore he didn't do it. "Why should I fuck with children?" he says. "They're too small." Christ, werewolf is entitled to legal counsel. I didn't dare turn the creep down. He might have picked up a letter opener and gone after my pineal gland!

**GONZO JABS WITH THE RAZOR BRIGHT KNIFE. DUKE'S BODY IS GOING RIGID -- HE SPEAKS THROUGH GRITTED TEETH.**

**DUKE**

Why not? We should get some of that. Just eat a big handful and

see what happens.

**GONZO**

Some of what?

**DUKE**

(spitting words)

Extract of pineal!

88.

**GONZO**

**(STARING AT DUKE WITH  
A STRANGE SMILE)**

Sure. That's a good idea. One whiff of that shit would turn you into something out of a goddamn medical encyclopedia.

**GONZO GROWS HORNS -- HIS FACE BECOMES A MEXICAN DEMON MASK.**

**GONZO**

Man, your head would swell up like a watermelon, you'd probably gain about a hundred pounds in two hours...

**A CLOVEN HOOF BURSTS THROUGH GONZO'S SHOE.**

**DUKE**

Right!

**GONZO**

... grow claws... bleeding warts.

**GONZO'S CHEST EXPANDS -- BONY RIBS BURSTING HIS SHIRT.**

**DUKE**

Yes!

**GONZO**

... then you'd notice about six huge hairy tits swelling up on your back...

**A TAIL LASHES, HOOFS STRIKE THE FLOOR. GONZO TOWERS -- A FLAME RED DEMON!**

**DUKE**

Fantastic!

DUKE is now so wire that his hands are CLAWING UNCONTROLLABLY at the bedspread, JERKING IT RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER HIM. His heels are dug into the mattress with both KNEES LOCKED, **EYEBALLS SWELLING.**

**GONZO-DEMON LOOMS AGAINST THE CEILING.**

**GONZO**

you'd go blind... your body would turn to wax... they'd have to put you in a wheelbarrow and...

GONZO'S VOICE FADES AWAY -- DUKE'S frenzied gaze reveals **GONZO REVERTED TO NORMAL HUMAN SHAPE AND SIZE.**

89.

**GONZO**

Man I'll try about anything; but I'd never touch a pineal gland.

**DUKE**

FINISH THE FUCKING STORY! What happened?! What about the glands?

GONZO, a small smile on his lips, backs away warily... towards the TV -- NOW A HUNDRED FEET AWAY IN THE DISTANCE...

**GONZO**

Jesus, that stuff got right on top of you, didn't it.

VEINS stand out on DUKE's forehead. He is purplish-red. OVER THE TOP! Too late, he realizes he is NEAR DEATH!

**DUKE**

Maybe you could just... shove me into the pool, or something...

GONZO shakes his head disgustedly.

**GONZO**

If I put you in the pool right now, you'd sink like a goddamn stone. You took too much. Jesus, look at your face, you're about to explode.

GONZO sits back down... watching the TV.

**GONZO**

Don't try and fight it, or you'll



get brain bubbles. Strokes,  
aneurysms. You'll just wither up  
and die.

**DUKE FALLS TO THE GROUND, WRITHING, CATATONIC, SINKING INTO  
PARALYSIS.**

**AND THE SOUND, SUDDENLY AND STRANGELY, OF THE VOICE OF  
RICHARD NIXON AND HIS DISTORTED FACE ON THE TV SCREEN.**

**NIXON**

Sacrifice... sacrifice...  
sacrifice...

**DUKE PASSES OUT.**

**BLACK SCREEN**

90.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

Darkness. Insanely, somewhere NILSSON plays -- "Put the  
lime in the coconut and mix em all up..."

**DUKE (V/O)**

What kind of rat-bastard psychotic  
would play that song -- right now,  
at this moment?

DUKE opens his eyes and the hotel suite rushes in. He lies,  
awkwardly twisted -- unable to move. He could have been  
there days -- months.

**DUKE (V/O)**

When I came to the general back  
alley ambiance of the suite was so  
rotten, so incredibly foul. How  
long had I been lying there? Hours?  
Days? Months? All these signs of  
violence. What had happened?

DUKE moves his eyes -- taking in his surroundings: Like THE  
SIGHT OF SOME DISASTROUS ZOOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT involving  
whisky and gorillas. Blue and red Christmas tree lights  
replace lightbulbs, used towels hanging everywhere,  
pornographic pictures ripped out of a magazine are plastered  
on a shattered mirror.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There was evidence in this room of

excessive consumption of almost every type of drug known to civilized man since 1544 AD.

DUKE manages to move -- stiffly gets to his bare feet -- HOBBLING ROUND THE TRASHED ROOM like a newly risen ape.

**DUKE (V/O)**

But what kind of addict would need all these coconut husks and crushed honeydew rinds? Would the presence of junkies account for all these uneaten french fries? These puddles of glazed ketchup on the bureau? Maybe so, but then why all this booze? And these crude pornographic photos smeared with mustard that had dried to a hard yellow crust...

DUKE peers into Gonzo's room -- HIS BED LIKE A BURNED OUT RAT'S NEST -- blackened springs and wires.

91.

**DUKE (V/O)**

These were not the hoof prints of your normal god-fearing junkie. It was too savage, too aggressive.

**QUICK FLASHBACK:**

**GONZO SMASHES THE TEN FOOT MIRROR WITH A HAMMER:**

**BACK IN THE ROOM:**

DUKE stares at the smashed mirror.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Grim memories and bad flashbacks.

In the bathroom, DUKE'S unlaced boots CRUSH BROKEN GLASS IN VOMIT AND GRAPEFRUIT RINDS.

DUKE unzips and pisses. THERE IN THE TOILET BOWL IS THE MAGNUM .357!

**DUKE (V/O)**

Something ugly had happened. I was sure of it...

DUKE stares at the golden stream SPLASHING ON THE GUN.

The SOUNDS OF VOMITING come from a closet near the front door.

DUKE looks into the room. He sees GONZO's ass sticking out of the closet. He opens his mouth to speak when, **IN THE SMASHED MIRROR HE SEES THE FRAGMENTED REFLECTION OF HIMSELF...** sleeping on the sofa.

The ominous SOUND OF A KEY TURNING in the room lock.

A hellish scream wakes up the SLEEPING DUKE. He sees GONZO grappling naked with the maid -- gun to her head. GONZO is muffling her screams with an ice bag.

**MAID**

Please... please... I'm only the maid. I didn't mean nothin!...

**DUKE**

(jumps up from the bed, flashing his press badge)

**YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**

92.

**GONZO**

(to DUKE)

She must have used a pass key. I was polishing my shoes in the closet when I noticed her sneaking in--so I took her.

DUKE shakes his head.

**DUKE**

(barks at the MAID)

What made you do it? Who paid you off?

**MAID**

Nobody. I'm the maid!

**GONZO**

You're lying! You were after the evidence. Who put you up to this -- the manager?

**MAID**

I don't know what you're talking

about!

**GONZO**

Bullshit! You're just as much a part of it as they are!

**MAID**

Part of what?

**DUKE**

The dope ring. You must know what's going on in this hotel. Why do you think we're here?

**MAID**

(blubbering)

I know you're cops, but I thought you were just here for that convention. I swear! All I wanted to do was clean up the room. I don't know anything about dope!

GONZO laughs.

**GONZO**

Come on, baby don't try to tell us you never heard of the Grange Gorman.

93.

**MAID**

No! No! I swear to Jesus I never heard of that stuff!

**DUKE**

Maybe she's telling the truth. Maybe she's not part of it.

**MAID**

No! I swear I'm not!

**GONZO**

(long pause)

In that case, maybe she can help.

**MAID**

Yes! I'll help you all you need! I hate dope!

**DUKE**

So do we, lady.

**GONZO**

(helping her up)  
I think we should put her on the payroll. See what she comes up with.

**DUKE**

Do you think you can handle it?

**MAID**

What?

**GONZO**

One phone call every day. Just tell us what you've seen. Don't worry if it doesn't add up, that's our problem.

GONZO hustles the MAID to the door.

**MAID**

You'd pay me for that?

**DUKE**

You're damn right. But the first time you say anything about this, to anybody -- you'll go straight to prison for the rest of your life. What's your name?

**MAID**

Alice. Just ring Linen Service and ask for Alice.

94.

**GONZO**

Alright, Alice... you'll be contacted by Inspector Rock. Arthur Rock. He'll be posing as a politician.

**DUKE**

Inspector Rock will pay you. In cash. A thousand dollars on the ninth of every month.

**MAID**

Oh Lord! I'd do just about anything for that!

**GONZO**

You and a lot of other people.

**DUKE**

The password is: "One Hand Washes  
The Other." The minute you hear  
that, you say "I fear nothing."

**MAID**

I fear nothing.

She repeats the password several times while they listen to  
make sure she has it right.

**GONZO**

Oh, and don't bother to make up the  
room. That way we won't have to  
risk another of these little  
incidents, will we?

**MAID**

Whatever you say, gentlemen. I  
can't tell you how sorry I am about  
what happened...

**GONZO**

Don't worry, it's all over now.  
Thank God for the decent people.

She smiles, repeating to herself "One Hand Washes The Other"  
as GONZO hangs the DO NOT DISTURB sign and shuts the door.

**CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT.**

A grimy tape runs through a grunged-up portable tape recorder.

**GONZO ON TAPE**

... Thank God for the decent people.

95.

DUKE sits in the middle of the wrecked suite with his  
mangled tape recorder in front of him.

**DUKE (V/O)**

Memories of that night are extremely  
hazy...

DUKE fast forwards through the tape -- SEARCHING: "Awwww,  
mama... can this really...be the end...?"

**EXT. SAFEWAY SUPERMARKET - DAY**

The WHITE WHALE waits -- gleaming -- beautiful.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There is a definite obligation,  
when you boom around Vegas in a  
white Coupe de Ville, to maintain a  
certain style.

DUKE and GONZO burst out of the supermarket riding a shopping  
basket loaded with COCONUTS, GRAPEFRUIT and TEQUILA. They  
send DEFEATED SHOPPERS sprawling.

The trolley collides into the WHITE WHALE. SHOPPERS gather  
at the supermarket entrance to watch -- baskets loaded with  
junk, SCREAMING KIDS and EMPTY WALLETS.

DUKE switches on the music: JUMPING JACK FLASH. He selects  
a coconut -- ceremonially balances it on the hood. GONZO  
pulls out a silver claw-hammer. A sly look at the gathering  
CROWD... then he smashes the hammer down on the coconut!

A GASP from the surly SHOPPERS.

DUKE places another coconut. SMASH! Milk and white meat  
flies everywhere.

**SHOPPER #1**

Hey! Is that your car?

**DUKE**

Sure is.

SMASH! Coconut fragments fly.

**DUKE**

Any of you folks want the milk?  
We're after the meat. This is  
honest coconut essence. Real meat.

**SMASH!**

96.

**SHOPPER #2**

Meat, hell! Look what you're doing  
to that car!

**GONZO**

Fuck the car. They should make

these things with a goddamn FM radio.

**SMASH!**

**DUKE**

Yeh... This foreign made crap -- is sucking our dollar balance dry!

**SHOPPER #3**

Someone should stop them!

**SMASH!**

**DUKE**

You poor fools don't understand, do you? This car is the property of the World Bank! That money goes to **ITALY!**

**SHOPPER #3**

Somebody should call the police!

**GONZO**

Police? Are you people crazy?

GONZO confronts the CROWD, hammer in one hand, a coconut in the other.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**

You folks every heard of ole Patrick Henry? Know what he said?!

Silence -- the CROWD uncomprehending of this STONE DEGENERATE.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**

**(ROARS)**

**GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!**

GONZO brings the hammer down on the hood. CLANG!

A gasp from the CROWD. Getting ugly.

**GONZO (CONT'D)**

In Samoa we LOVE THE CONSTITUTION!

**SHOPPER #3**

Bullshit.

97.

The CROWD move in.



**SHOPPER #1**

Call the goddamn police!

**GONZO SWINGS THE HAMMER. CLANG!**

**SHOPPER #4**

Look what they've done to that  
beautiful car!

DUKE jumps in behind the wheel.

**DUKE**

This crowd is not rational. They  
can't relate to us. Let's go!

A final CLANG! GONZO jumps in.

DUKE floors the accelerator -- screams at the CROWD.

**DUKE**

You people voted for Hubert Humphrey!  
You killed Jesus!

They swerve round and through the CROWD.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The crowd broke ranks. Nobody  
wants to be run over by a Coupe de  
Ville.

**INT. HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE - NIGHT**

**DUKE FAST-FORWARDS... PLAYS THE TAPE...**

**VOICE ON TAPE**

You found the American Dream? In  
this town?

**DUKE ON TAPE**

We're sitting on the main nerve  
right now...

**INT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS REVOLVING MERRY-GO-ROUND BAR - NIGHT**

DUKE and GONZO (wearing a single black glove) talk  
conspiratorially to a 3RD MAN. A PLACID ORANGUTAN in a bow  
tie sits next to him. THE BAR IS REVOLVING FASTER THAN  
**NORMAL. DUKE IS INSANELY TALKATIVE -- WIRED!**

**DUKE**

The manager told me a story about the owner of this place...about how he always wanted to run away and join the circus when he was a kid. Well, now the bastard has his own circus, and a license to steal, too.

**3RD MAN**

You're right -- he's the model.

**DUKE**

Absolutely! Pure Horatio Alger... Say...

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE playing the tape.

**DUKE ON TAPE**

... how much do you think he'd take for the ape?

DUKE fast-forwards again -- searching... TRAFFIC NOISES.  
**SCREECH OF BRAKES.**

**VOICE ON TAPE**

Holy God!...

**A TERRIBLE GRINDING NOISE.**

**EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - NIGHT**

**RENTAL AGENT**

Holy God!, how did this happen?

**DUKE**

They beat the shit out of it.

**RENTAL AGENT**

The top's completely jammed!

The CAR RENTAL AGENT wrestles with the trashed car.

**DUKE**

Yeah, something's wrong with the motor...

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

**DUKE ON TAPE**

... The generator light's been on red ever since I drove the thing into Lake Mead on a water test...

99.

**A HUGE SPLASH...**

The tape's gone too far.

**DUKE**

No, no. Shit...

DUKE races the tape BACKWARDS... Then, SIRENS HOWL.

**DUKE ON TAPE**

Where's the ape? I'm ready to write a check.

**INT. BAZOOKO CIRCUS BAR - NIGHT**

DUKE is standing in the middle of A SEMI-DESTROYED BAZOOKO CIRCUS REVOLVING BAR. Mirrors are broken. People are recovering from some kind of battle. THE BAR SPINS MADLY. **DUKE IS INSANELY WIRED.**

**3RD MAN**

Forget it, he just attacked an old man... he took a bite out of the bartender's head! The cops took the ape away.

**DUKE**

Goddamnit! What's the bail? I want that ape! I've already reserved two first-class seats on the plane.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There was every reason to believe that we had been heading for trouble, that we'd pushed our luck a bit far...

**INT. WHITE WHALE ON THE STREETS OF LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

GONZO SCREAMS ABUSE out of the window at a Ford alongside the VOMIT STREAKED WHITE WHALE. **DUKE MAKES A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT TO STAY ON THE ROAD.**

**GONZO**

Hey there! You folks want to buy  
some heroin?

In the Ford: TWO COUPLES -- MIDDLE-AGED AMERICAN FACES  
FROZEN IN SHOCK -- stare straight ahead. GONZO leans out --  
close to them.

100.

**GONZO**

Hey, honkies! Goddamnit, I'm  
serious. I want to sell you some  
pure fucking smack!

No reaction.

**GONZO**

Cheap heroin! This is the real  
stuff! You won't get hooked. I  
just got back from Vietnam! This  
is scag, folks. Pure scag!

The lights change. The Ford bolts. DUKE keeps pace with  
them.

**GONZO**

Shoot! Fuck! Scag! Blood!  
Heroin! Rape! Cheap! Communist!  
Jab it right in your fucking  
eyeballs!

The MAN IN THE BACK SEAT suddenly loses control -- enraged,  
lunges against the glass, trying to get at GONZO.

**MAN IN CAR**

You dirty bastards! Pull over and  
I'll kill you! God damn you! You  
bastards!

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

**BACK IN THE SUITE:**

The tapes runs:

**MAN IN CAR ON TAPE**

You dirty bastards!

An ugly squeal of brakes.

**GONZO ON TAPE**

Shit, he was trying to bite me! I  
shoulda maced the fucker!

DUKE fast forwards the tape. The TAPE MANGLES -- the sounds  
ski to a halt...

DUKE grabs the nearest tool -- uses it to hook out the tape,  
then realizes... IT'S GONZO'S RAZOR-SHARP FOLDING KNIFE... A  
**CHILLING MOMENT...**

DUKE turns the knife over... THERE'S A DRIED CRIMSON SPOT ON  
**THE BLADE... OR IS IT DRIED MASHED POTATOES?**

101.

**READ ON TO FIND OUT!**

**DUKE**

(remembering)

Back door beauty!

**DUKE (V/O)**

The mentality of Las Vegas is so  
grossly atavistic that a really  
massive crime often slips by  
unrecognized.

**DUKE SCRAPS A LITTLE OF THE CRUST -- TASTES IT...**

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

The possibility of physical and  
mental collapse is very real... No  
sympathy for the devil; keep that  
in mind. Buy the ticket, take the  
ride...

**HE HEARS THE SOUNDS OF SOMEONE BEHIND BEATEN UP...**

**VOICE OFF**

Shit! Faggot! Bastard!

**EXT. NORTH STAR COFFEE LOUNGE - NIGHT**

WHACK! SHADOWY FIGURES beat up a MAN -- give him A GOOD  
KICKING. **BRUTAL AND UGLY.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

North Vegas is where you go when  
you've fucked up once too often on  
The Strip and when you're not even  
welcome in the cut-rate Downtown

places.

PAN to reveal a seedy diner -- THE NORTH STAR CAFE in the background. Through the window -- DUKE and GONZO sit at the counter.

**INT. NORTH STAR COFFEE LOUNGE - NIGHT**

**DUKE (V/O)**

The North Star Coffee Lounge seemed like a fairly safe haven from our storms. No hassles, no talk. Just a place to rest and regroup. I wasn't even hungry.

GONZO stuffs a hamburger down PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE BEATING going on outside the window. Duke reads a newspaper.

102.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There was nothing in the atmosphere of the North Star to put me on my guard...

**GONZO**

(to WAITRESS)

Two glasses of ice water with ice.

The WAITRESS brings the ice water.

**DUKE (V/O)**

She looked like a burnt out caricature of Jane Russell. She was definitely in charge here...

GONZO gulps down his glass of water and hands her a napkin.

**DUKE (V/O)**

He did it very casually, but I knew that our peace was about to be shattered.

**DUKE**

What was that?

GONZO shrugs.

The WAITRESS stands at the end of the counter with her back to them while she ponders the napkin... She turns.

**WAITRESS**

What is this?

**GONZO**

A napkin.

THE WAITRESS slams the napkin down on the counter.

**WAITRESS**

Don't give me that bullshit! I know what it means! You goddamn fat pimp bastard.

**GONZO**

That's the name of a horse I used to own. What's wrong with you?

**WAITRESS**

You sonofabitch! I take a lot of shit in this place, but I sure as hell don't have to take it off a **SPIC PIMP!**

103.

**GONZO GOES VERY VERY STILL AT THIS...**

**DUKE (V/O)**

Jesus. I thought, what's happening?

DUKE picks up the napkin. On it is printed in careful red letters: "BACK DOOR BEAUTY?"

**DUKE (V/O CONT'D)**

The question mark was emphasized.

**WAITRESS**

(screams)

Pay your bill and get the hell out!  
You want me to call the cops?

**GONZO**

Spic pimp?

GONZO's hand goes inside his shirt. He **PULLS OUT THE RAZOR-SHARP HUNTING KNIFE.**

GONZO **KEEPS HIS EYES ON THE WAITRESS.** He walks about six feet down the aisle and lifts the receiver of the pay phone. He **SLICES IT OFF,** then brings the receiver back to his stool and sits down.

**DUKE (V/O)**

I was stupid with shock -- not knowing whether to run or start laughing.

**GONZO**

(casual)

How much is the lemon meringue pie?

**DUKE (V/O)**

Her eyes were turgid with fear, but her brain was functioning on some basic motor survival level.

**WAITRESS**

(blurting -- on automatic)

Thirty-five cents!

**GONZO**

(laughing)

I mean the whole pie.

The WAITRESS MOANS. GONZO places a \$5 BILL on the counter.

**GONZO**

Let's say five dollars. Okay?

**104.**

GONZO walks round the counter TAKING THE PIE OUT OF THE DISPLAY CASE.

**DUKE (V/O)**

The sight of the blade had triggered bad memories. The glazed look in her eyes said her throat had been cut. She was still in the grip of paralysis when we left.

**DUKE IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT.**

GONZO urges him out the door. The camera retreats with them.

The WAITRESS STANDS THERE -- PETRIFIED. Alone in a lousy bar at night.

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

DUKE's face as he stares at the knife -- remembering...



**GONZO (V/O)**

Drive! Drive! Drive! We have  
fifteen fucking minutes to get me  
on that plane!

**EXT. ROAD ON OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - DAY**

The WHITE WHALE, looking like shit -- it's TOP HALF UP,  
**TORN, SLAPPING IN THE WIND -- ROARS THROUGH AN INTERSECTION**  
as the light turns red.

**DR. GONZO FRANTICALLY PAWS OVER A MAP.**

DUKE drives -- SILENT AND FURIOUS -- sick to his stomach  
with the PSYCHOTIC GONZO.

**GONZO**

What are you doing? You were  
supposed to turn back there!

**DUKE (V/O)**

We had abused every rule that Vegas  
lived by -- burning the locals,  
abusing the tourists, terrifying  
the help. The only chance now, I  
felt, was the possibility that we'd  
gone to such excess that nobody in  
the position to bring the hammer  
down on us could possibility  
believe it.

DUKE suddenly SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

105.

**GONZO**

Jesus Christ!!!

There, crossing the road in front of them, is LUCY -- her  
paintings under her arm -- looking lost. SHE LOOKS UP WITH  
**A VAGUE SENSE OF RECOGNITION...**

DUKE throws the car into a SKIDDING REVERSE TURN AND ROARS  
**OFF.**

**EXT. DESERT ROAD OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS - DAY**

**THE WHITE WHALE TEARS DOWN THE DESERTED FREEWAY. GONZO**  
looks wildly around.

**GONZO**

Goddamnit! We're lost! What are we doing out here on this godforsaken road?

GONZO sees that THEY'RE RUNNING PARALLEL WITH THE AIRPORT **RUNWAY**.

**GONZO**

The airport is over there!

**DUKE**

Never missed a plane yet.

DUKE HITS THE BRAKES and wrenches the wheel -- takes the WHALE down into the grassy freeway divider. WHEELS CHURNING, HE MAKES IT UP THE OPPOSITE BANK, nose of the car straight up, then BOUNCES ONTO THE FREEWAY and keeps going right OVER A FENCE, dragging it through a cactus field and onto the **RUNWAY**.

GONZO is FROZEN WITH FEAR -- GRIPPING THE DASHBOARD. He throws a worried look at DUKE.

**DUKE**

I'll drop you right next to the plane.

They SPEED UNDER A PARKED AIRPLANE, SHOUTING ABOVE THE JET **ENGINE SCREAM**.

**GONZO**

No! I can't get out! They'll crucify me. I'll have to take the blame!

106.

**DUKE**

(irritatedly)

Ridiculous! Just say you were hitchhiking to the airport and I picked you up. You never saw me before. Shit, this town is full of white Cadillac convertibles. I plan to go through there so fast that nobody will even glimpse the goddamn license plate. You ready?

**GONZO**

Why not? But for Christ's sake, just do it fast!

**EXT. AT THE AIRPLANE - DAY**

DUKE SCREECHES UP in front of the DESERT AIR 727. GONZO  
**JUMPS OUT -- HEADS FOR THE PLANE.**

DUKE watches him go -- RELENTS.

**DUKE**

Hey!

GONZO stops -- turns.

**DUKE**

Don't take any guff from those  
swine. Remember, if you have any  
trouble you can always send a  
telegram to the Right People.

**GONZO**

Yeah... Explaining my Position.  
Some asshole wrote a poem about  
that once...

GONZO pauses.

**GONZO**

Probably good advice, if you have  
shit for brains.

GONZO turns and RACES TOWARDS THE STEPS JUST AS HE IS ABOUT  
**TO ENTER THE PLANE HE PAUSES AND LOOKS BACK...SMILES...AND  
LEANS FORWARD AND VOMITS.**

**DUKE (V/O)**

There he goes -- one of God's own  
prototypes -- a high powered mutant  
of some kind never even considered  
for mass production. Too weird to  
live and too rare to die.

107.

DUKE watches for a second then ROARS AWAY. PULL BACK WITH  
**THE WHITE SHARK -- LEAVING THE AIRPLANE FAR BEHIND.**

**INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE/APOCALYPSE - NIGHT**

On the TV an airplane soars thru the sky. Pull back to find  
DUKE barricaded in GONZO'S BEDROOM. He is typing on his  
typewriter.

**DUKE**

We are all wired into a survival trip now. No more of the speed that fueled that 60's. That was the fatal flaw in Tim Leary's trip. He crashed around America selling "consciousness expansion" without ever giving a thought to the grim meat-hook realities that were lying in wait for all the people who took him seriously...

DUKE records like A WAR CORRESPONDENT. The CAMERA slowly rises -- DUKE alone in the room with the TV SPEWING OUT **IMAGES OF WARS AND CIVIL UNREST OF THE 90'S.**

**DUKE**

All those pathetically eager acid freaks who thought they could buy Peace and Understanding for three bucks a hit. But their loss and failure is ours too. What Leary took down with him was the central illusion of a whole life-style that he helped create...

**RISING HIGHER -- THE WALLS OF THE ROOM APPEAR TO BE 20 TO 30 FEET HIGH. DUKE SEEMS TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL... THE CAMERA RISES UP THROUGH BROKEN TIMBERS...**

**DUKE**

... a generation of permanent cripples, failed seekers, who never understood the essential old-mystic fallacy of the Acid Culture: the desperate assumption that somebody... or at least some force -- is tending the light at the end of the tunnel.

**HIGHER STILL -- DUKE ALONE IN THE ROOM -- AN ISOLATED BOX SURROUNDED BY THE TWISTED METAL AND RUBBLE AND SMASHED NEON SIGNS OF THE DEAD CITY -- A BLASTED LANDSCAPE WITHOUT LIGHT -- SHARDS OF A CIVILIZATION.**

108.

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY**

A BURNING FLARED-OUT SUN. The camera pans down to DUKE

DRIVING THE WRECKED WHALE. A piece of the fence flies out of the back seat as he takes a bump.

**DUKE (V/O)**

There was only one road back to L.A. US Interstate 15, just a flat-out high speed burn through Baker and Barstow and Berdoo, then on to the Hollywood Freeway straight into frantic oblivion: safety, obscurity, just another freak in the Freak Kingdom.

DUKE sees THE HARDWARE BARN, A RUSTIC OLD FARM BUILDING facing the road with a single gas pump outside and a neon sign that flashes beer.

**DUKE**

Ahhh. Wonderful.

DUKE PULLS OFF THE ROAD and parks. Gets out and walks in.

**INT. HARDWARE BARN - BAKER, CALIFORNIA - DAY**

DUKE enters the DARK, CLUTTERED INTERIOR. Scattered all about the store are BITS OF AMERICANA... OLD BARRELS, WAGON **WHEELS, WOODEN YOKES. A STUFFED HORSE HANGS FROM THE** RAFTERS. The sunlight shafts through high windows. AN OLD MAN is repairing an iron pot-bellied stove near the wooden bar. A NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING... ONLY REAL.

**PROPRIETOR**

What'll you have?

DUKE can't quite believe this place -- too good to be true.

**DUKE**

(doubtfully)  
Ballantine Ale...?

THE PROPRIETOR serves the ale up ice cold. DUKE SMILES AND **RELAXES.**

**DUKE**

Hard to find it served like this anymore.

As he drinks, DUKE toys with a rack of key chains -- **LITTLE AMERICAN ICONS... A REMINGTON COWBOY, A BUGS BUNNY, A TWEETY PIE, BETTY BOOP, A BASEBALL PLAYER.** The logo on the rack reads: AMERICAN DREAM KEY RINGS.

**PROPRIETOR**

Where ya comin' from, young man?

**DUKE**

Las Vegas.

**PROPRIETOR**

A great town, that Vegas. I bet you had good luck there. You're the type.

**DUKE**

I know. I'm a triple Scorpio.

**PROPRIETOR**

(trustingly)

That's a fine combination. You can't lose.

A LOVELY GIRL appears. Seeing DUKE, she smiles. CAN THIS REALLY BE HIS LUCKY DAY? She approaches him... and...  
**KISSES THE PROPRIETOR.**

**DUKE**

(caught off guard... muttering)

Oh, my God!...

**PROPRIETOR**

(not understanding)

This is my granddaughter...

**DUKE**

(recovering)

Don't worry...

(leans forward in confidence)

... and I'm actually the District Attorney from Ignoto County.

(winks)

Just another good American like yourself.

**A MOMENT. THE PROPRIETOR'S SMILE DISAPPEARS.**

Wordlessly the PROPRIETOR and his GRANDDAUGHTER go to the back of the store -- GET ON WITH THEIR WORK -- IGNORING DUKE.

**WHO FEELS ASHAMED.**

DUKE puts some money down on the bar and SLOWLY LEAVES.

**EXT. HARDWARE BARN - DAY**

A CHASTENED DUKE approaches the vomit streaked WHITE WHALE.  
Gets in -- sits there -- deflated -- miserable...

110.

A state bus draws up across from the Hardware Barn.

Somberly, DUKE watches as TWO YOUNG MARINES with duffel bags  
step off -- chatting like TRUE BROTHERS...

DUKE switches on the ignition. Something rolls off the  
trembling dash... DUKE catches it...

**ONE SINGLE BEAUTIFUL AMYL CAPSULE...**

**DUKE CRACKS THE AMYL -- INHALES. THE RUSH MAKES HIM GASP --  
TEETH BARED LIKE A MADMAN.**

**DUKE  
HOLY SHIT!!!**

DUKE GUNS THE ENGINE with a laugh -- leans out -- YELLS AT  
THE MARINES.

**DUKE  
GOD'S MERCY ON YOU SWINE!**

**DUKE ROARS AWAY. AN AMERICAN FLAG FLIES UP FROM THE DEBRIS  
IN THE BACK SEAT, MADLY UNFURLING ITSELF AS IT SNAGS ON THE  
CONVERTIBLE-TOP FRAME OF THE TRASHED WHITE WHALE!**

**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!**

The TWO MARINES look after him CONFUSED.

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY**

DUKE drives fast -- TEETH GRITTED IN FROZEN ECSTASY!!

**DUKE CRANKS UP THE TAPE RECORDER.**

**DUKE (V/O)**  
My heart was filled with joy. I  
felt like a monster reincarnation  
of Horatio Alger... a man on the  
move... and just sick enough to be  
totally confident.

The WHITE WHALE WIPES THE SCREEN BLACK.

**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!**

**END**