HAIR

Screenplay by

Colin Higgins

Based on the Broadway hit by

Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot

FIRST DRAFT
(FOR OFFICIAL EYES ONLY)
September 20, 1974

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE TRIBE

CLAUDE..... A long haired, blue-eyed son of America.
SHEILA..... A pretty heroine (also plays JONES' daughter).
BERGER..... A wild-haired extrovert with a high level of consciousness. The hero's best friend.
JEANIE..... A pregnant feminist in love with Claude.
WOOF..... A gay, cuddly teddy bear.
HUD..... A together black guy (also plays George Washington Carver).
DIONNE..... A together black girl (also plays Abraham Lincoln and JONES' secretary).
CRISSY..... A teeny-bopper romantic. Loves the classics.
RON..... A great voice with an "observer" personality.
SUZANNE..... A non-white (but non-black) beauty who sings great.
PETER..... A white tribe member (also plays the priest).
YOSHI..... An oriental tribe member.
JOE..... A black tribe member.
JOHN..... A black tribe member.

Plus other tribe members drawn from a variety of ages, sexes, and racial origins.

THE OUTSIDERS

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.... Father of his country.
MARTHA WASHINGTON..... His wife.
PROTESTANT MINISTER..... A man of the cloth.
MRS. APPLEFORD..... Claude's history teacher.
GEN. ANDREW JACKSON..... The Victor of New Orleans.
GEN. GEORGE CUSTER..... The Golden Boy of the Golden West.
GEN. ROBERT E. LEE..... Old Faithful (on "Old Crow").
GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT..... A three-foot-tall midget with Presidential pretensions.
LIL..... A whore.
FRENCHIE..... A French whore.
PETE..... A bartender.
PIERPONT MORGAN CARNEGIE JONES... A black industrialist, cut-throat capitalist, and millionaire.
THE ADMIRAL..... His aide.
HENRY..... A snotty little kid.
ADOLF HITLER..... An up-and-coming soldier.
GEN. TEDDY ROOSEVELT..... A loud idiot with Presidential pretensions.
GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR.... A winner.
GEN. WESTMORELAND..... A loser.
THE INDIAN

Plus some singing slaves, office workers, and lots and lots of soldiers from a variety of countries, periods and racial origins.

THE SONGS

AQUARIUS

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE

MANCHESTER ENGLAND

AIR

COLORED SPADE

SODOMY

HAIR

DON'T PUT IT DOWN

MY CONVICTION

I GOT LIFE

DEAD END

ELECTRIC BLUES

FRANK MILLS

DONNA

WHERE DO I GO

ABIE BABY

BLACK BOYS/WHITE BOYS

EASY TO BE HARD

THE BED

WALKING IN SPACE

RIPPED OPEN

PRISONERS IN NIGGERTOWN

EYES LOOK YOUR LAST

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN

FLESH FAILURES

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

EXT. THE COSMOS

The vastness of the universe... The eerie, hallowed sounds of space... Jupiter against a background of stars. We PAN SLOWLY RIGHT... More blackness, more stars. We HEAR the faint, rhythmic BLEEPING of a RADIO SIGNAL. We LOOK OUT at the void. The BLEEP GETS LOUDER and we NOTICE something very small moving in the distance. We MOVE TOWARDS it. The speck becomes larger and clearer. The SIGNAL GETS LOUDER. We SEE that it is a space capsule, the man-made Pioneer 10, looking very alone and fragile as it carries out its mission in this incredible void. We COME IN CLOSER, TRAVEL ALONGSIDE it. The MUSIC begins to assert itself, as we TRACK into the gold engraving on the side of the capsule till it FILLS THE SCREEN. CHORDS PLAY. We GO IN FURTHER, MOVING across the engraving till the naked figures of the man and woman are CENTER SCREEN. As the MUSIC BUILDS the figures gradually begin to take on distinctive features. Flesh tones, eye and hair color appear. The DRAWINGS SLOWLY DISSOLVE INTO a nude CLAUDE and SHEILA standing in identical positions against a b.g. of white clouds. A GLOW like the northern lights APPEARS behind them as the AQUARIUS INTRO BEGINS. Claude and Sheila turn inward to each other and the CAMERA MOVES BETWEEN them attracted by the soft rainbow-colored circle of lights that streams out across the billowing clouds. RON appears and begins to sing in a clear pure voice.

RON
WHEN THE MOON IS IN THE SEVENTH
HOUSE
AND JUPITER ALIGNS WITH MARS
THEN PEACE WILL GUIDE THE PLANETS
AND LOVE WILL STEER THE STARS.

Six more members of the TRIBE join him and they move off into the maze of the Labyrinth. (NOTE: The Labyrinth is the main playing area, a black limbo with various levels and possibilities for projections.)

TRIBE
THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE
AGE OF AQUARIUS
THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

As the song continues we PICK UP various members of the Tribe including all the principals. They sing as they gradually make their way towards the center of the Labyrinth.

MEN
HARMONY AND UNDERSTANDING

WOMEN
SYMPATHY AND TRUST ABOUNDING

MEN
NO MORE FALSEHOODS OR DERISIONS

WOMEN
GOLDEN LIVING DREAMS OF VISIONS
MYSTIC CRYSTAL REVELATION

MEN
AND THE MIND'S TRUE LIBERATION

ALL
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS

The Tribe has now reached the center and they dance about as the song continues.

RON
WHEN THE MOON IS IN THE SEVENTH
HOUSE
AND JUPITER ALIGNS WITH MARS
THEN PEACE WILL GUIDE THE PLANETS

ALL
AND LOVE WILL STEER THE STARS

THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE
OF AQUARIUS
THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS

The song ends with the Tribe spread out in a long line, all with hands raised and all looking up at the stars. We PAN UP till the galaxy FILLS THE SCREEN and then through a SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES we ZERO IN on one star.

EXT. THE WORLD - DAY

The star becomes brighter and brighter.

The blackness around it turns to blue and the star itself begins to turn into a yellow sphere. MUSIC BEGINS and as we PULL BACK we realize this star is our own sun, rising in all its dazzling beauty to herald the dawn of a new day.

SHEILA'S VOICE
GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
THE EARTH SAYS HELLO

As we CONTINUE PULLING BACK, trees and a hill ENTER THE PICTURE -- a country landscape at sunrise.

SHEILA'S VOICE (CONT'D)
YOU TWINKLE ABOVE US
WE TWINKLE BELOW

We CONTINUE PULLING BACK GOING IN A WINDOW with lace curtains framing it on either side. And even FURTHER BACK to FIND a face alongside the window -- the face of Sheila singing. As we CONTINUE FURTHER on our PULL BACK we SEE that we are LOOKING INTO a MIRROR, the same mirror that Sheila is looking into to see the sunrise out the window.

INT. SHEILA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sheila is sitting up in her bed.

SHEILA
GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
YOU LEAD US ALONG

She looks down at the sleeping figure on her right beneath the tie-dye cover.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
MY LOVE AND ME
AS WE SING OUR
EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG

Her "love" appears from under the covers. It is Claude. He smiles and they sing together.

SHEILA & CLAUDE
GLIDDY GLUP GLOOPY
NIBBY NABBY NOOPY
LA LA LA -- LO LO
SABBA SIBBA SABBA
NOOBY ABA NABA
LEE LEE -- LO LO

TOOBY OOBY WALA
NOOBY ABA NABA
EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG.

Claude hops out of the bed and begins his deep breathing exercises. Sheila continues singing.

SHEILA
GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
THE EARTH SAYS HELLO
YOU TWINKLE ABOVE US
WE TWINKLE BELOW

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
YOU LEAD US ALONG

She looks down to her left and we SEE there is another sleeping figure lying beside her in the floor-level king size bed.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
MY LOVE AND ME
AS WE SING OUR
EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG

Her second "love" appears. It is BERGER and he joins her in the song.

SHEILA & BERGER
GLIDDY GLUP GLOOPY
NIBBY NABBY NOOPY
LA LA LA LO LO

They are joined on the bed by Claude.

THE TRIO
SABBA SIBBY SABBA
NOOBY ABA NABA
LEE LEE LO LO

TOOBY OOBY WALA
NOOBY ABA NABA
EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG

They get off the bed. Sheila sings and the boys join in the harmonizing.

SHEILA
SINGING A SONG
HUMMING A SONG
SINGING A SONG
LOVING A SONG
LAUGHING A SONG
SINGING A SONG

SING THE SONG
SONG THE SING
SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

A PART of the PICTURE ON the SCREEN is OPENED LIKE A WINDOW and an irate NEIGHBOR sticks her head out.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN
Shut up down there! We're trying to get some sleep.

The window slams shut. Berger meanwhile has shinnied up a pole acting like the captain of a ship. The MUSIC CONTINUES underneath.

BERGER
Behold, he said with a wave toward the harbor, see the promised land. The mountains, and the prairies and the amber waves of grain.

SHEILA
(with the same spirit of make believe)
The White Man are our brothers and we welcome them with gifts of corn and the pipe of peace.

The SAME WINDOW-LIKE EFFECT happens ON the OPPOSITE SIDE OF the SCREEN. A MAN sticks his head out.

NEIGHBOR MAN
Shut up down there! We're trying to sleep.

He closes the window with a bang. Claude looks out at the gorgeous daybreak and comes to a powerful inner conviction.

CLAUDE
Today is my day. I can feel it.

SHEILA
Look at the moon, look at the moon,
look at the moon, look at the moon,
look at the moon, look at the
moon...

Sheila begins singing again while Berger goes outside to greet his little white dog, “Nigger Jim,” and Claude scrambles up a cliff by the seashore.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
SINGING A SONG
HUMMING A SONG
SINGING A SONG
LOVING A SONG
LAUGHING A SONG
SINGING A SONG

SING THE SONG
SONG THE SING
SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG.

At the end of the song Claude, having reached the peak of the cliff, does a glorious dive down into the water below.

INT. THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Berger enters and waves morning greetings to members of the Tribe. His little dog runs happily at his side. WOOF sees Berger and immediately his face lights up with love, admiration and total devotion.

WOOF
Hey, Berger! Hello, Nigger Jim.

NIGGER JIM
Woof! Woof!

ANOTHER ANGLE

We SEE HUD CLOSE BY hanging upside down from a parallel bar.

HUD
Say, who are you callin’ Jim?

BERGER
Hud! What are you doing?

HUD
I’m trying to straighten my hair.
What do you think I’m doing?

BERGER
(laughing)
Hang in there, baby.

Hud gracefully swings himself down.

HUD
No need to, brother. I’m hung.

DIONNE
(sarcastically)
Tell it like it is, sugar.

She sashays by and gives Hud a naughty wink. He follows her.

WOOF
Hey, Berger. I got some new seeds.
You want to help me plant them?

BERGER
Sure, Woof. What you got?

They walk off. Suddenly the water begins to froth about in the rock bound pool nearby. All the Tribe members around it stop and stare.

HUD
What’s that?

And out of the water, as if shot from an undersea cannon, springs Claude, landing safely on the shore.

HUD (CONT’D)
It’s Claude!

JEANIE, a long-haired, ballsy little chick, obviously pregnant looks up at the sound of the name and smiles with love-sick eyes.

JEANIE
Claude.

She walks over to the others who have gathered around Claude, AD LIBBING greetings as he dries his hair with a towel.

CLAUDE
(enthusiastically)
Listen, everyone... Today is my day. Something great is going to happen.

HUD
What's that, man?

CLAUDE
I'm not sure exactly. But I'm going looking for it. It's my quest. Like King Arthur and El Dorado and the Treasure of the Sierra Madres.

JEANIE
(the skeptic)
Movies, movies, movies.

CLAUDE
(seriously)
Jeanie, this is my destiny. My life! I'm gonna find some answers and I'm gonna sail home a hero to Manchester, England, England.

JEANIE
Claude, you've never been outside of Philadelphia.

Claude smiles and throws away the towel. MUSIC COMES IN.

CLAUDE
This is my dream.

JEANIE
I'll say it is.

CLAUDE
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I'M A GENIUS, GENIUS
I BELIEVE IN GAWD
AND I BELIEVE THAT GAWD
BELIEVES IN CLAUDE
THAT'S ME
THAT'S ME

JEANIE
CLAUDE HOOPER BUKOWSKI
FINDS THAT IT'S GROOVY
TO HIDE IN A MOVIE
PRETENDS HE'S FELLINI
AND ANTONIONI
AND ALSO HIS COUNTRYMAN ROMAN
POLANSKI
ALL ROLLED INTO ONE
ONE CLAUDE HOOPER BUKOWSKI

CLAUDE
NOW THAT I'VE DROPPED OUT
WHY IS LIFE DREARY DREARY
ANSWER MY WEARY QUERY
TIMOTHY LEARY DEARIE

ALL
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I'M A GENIUS, GENIUS
I BELIEVE IN GAWD
AND I BELIEVE THAT GAWD
BELIEVES IN CLAUDE

CLAUDE
THAT'S ME
THAT'S ME
THAT'S ME
THAT'S ME.

TRIBE
THAT'S HE
THAT'S HE
THAT'S HE

BLACKOUT.

INT. ANOTHER AREA OF THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Jeanie is seated talking with a quiet, angel-faced young girl called CRISSY.

JEANIE
Claude is the dumbest, looniest, stupidest, freaked-out, mixed-up, psychedelic son of America that ever breathed air... And I'm crazy about him. What am I going to do, Crissy? He doesn't even know I exist?

CRISSY
Maybe you could tell him.

JEANIE
No. He's in love with Sheila. And Sheila is in love with Berger.
(MORE)

JEANIE (CONT'D)
And Berger is in love with nobody -- and everybody. He’s weird.

CRISSY
(she sighs)
Love moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Jeanie looks at Crissy for a beat, then glances down at her protruding tummy.

JEANIE
Tell me about it. A one night stand under the pier at Coney Island.
(she pats her belly lovingly)
But don’t you worry, Icarus. I’m going to find you a father.
(she stands up and takes hold of a red balloon)
See you later, Crissy. We’re going for a walk in the park.

CRISSY
Where did you get that?

JEANIE
You like it? I bought it for Icarus. When he pops out he’s not going to be deprived of anything.

She walks off with the balloon floating over her head. MUSIC IN.

EXT. AMERICA - DAY

A HIGH SHOT of one of the canyons of Wall Street. We COME IN CLOSER and SEE Jeanie, her long blue gown stretching over her pregnant tummy, as she walks with her balloon, determinedly through the filth and smog of the city. She sniffs about and in her forthright way begins to sing out loud -- much to the surprise of the real-life people around her.

JEANIE
WELCOME SULPHUR DIOXIDE
HELLO CARBON MONOXIDE
THE AIR THE AIR
IS EVERYWHERE

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP.

Jeanie continues her walk to Broadway, turns at 42nd Street, and around the corner to the Picasso Square in Chicago. The people in the street (SHOT FROM HIDDEN CAMERAS) look at her and react -- some frown, some smile, somes tare. She blithely walks on, singing away.

JEANIE (CONT'D)
BLESS YOU ALCOHOL BLOOD STREAM
SAVE ME NICOTINE LUNG STEAM
INCENSE INCENSE
IS IN THE AIR

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP
CATACLYSMIC ECTOPLASM
FALLOUT ATOMIC ORGASM

Jeanie crosses a downtown street, waits for a San Francisco cable car to cross and keeps on trucking -- and singing.

JEANIE (CONT'D)
VAPOR AND FUME
AT THE STONE OF MY TOMB
BREATHING LIKE
A SULLEN PERFUME
EATING AT THE STONE OF MY TOMB

She passes under the Los Angeles freeway system and continues on through the surprised lunchtime crowds at Union Square -- the one tiny island of greenery we have seen amongst all the asphalt and billboards and buildings.

JEANIE (CONT'D)
WELCOME SULPHUR DIOXIDE
HELLO CARBON MONOXIDE

THE AIR THE AIR
IS EVERYWHERE

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP
(a cough)
DEEP
(another cough)
DEEP DE-DEEP.

Some more coughs.

Jeanie has found a park bench under a tree and sits, her song finished, her little stroll over. A couple of people around her cough and return to their daily pursuits.

We PULL BACK HIGH ABOVE her and SEE the distant view -- a typical smoggy day.

INT. CLAUDE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The interior of a colonial American living room, circa 1950, very much like the one used by Ozzie and Harriet. In fact, a framed photo of Ozzie and Harriet sits on the mantelpiece next to the pewter mugs. Claude is standing next to the spinning wheel.

CLAUDE
Think of it, mum... Manchester, England.

MARTHA WASHINGTON sits in a rocking chair in the manner of Whistler's mother. She puts away the patch-work quality she has been working on and turns to Claude with maternal concern.

MARTHA
Oh, Claude. Yesterday it was Barcelona!... When are you going to settle down and stop this dreaming?

CLAUDE
Mum, I can feel it. Today is my day.

MARTHA
Claude, why don't you get a haircut. Look at you. It's hanging over your collar. People are beginning to talk.

CLAUDE
Mother...

MARTHA
And another thing, why weren't you in church last Sunday. I tell you, people notice these things.

She stops and listens. The SOUND of HOOF BEATS are approaching outside. Martha quickly straightens herself.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
That must be your father. Lick back your hair, stand up straight, and don't say anything about the war.

The front door opens and GEORGE WASHINGTON enters. He slams it shut and takes off his hat, wiping the copious sweat from his brow.

GEORGE
Holy shit! If this is spring, summer is going to be a bitch!

MARTHA
Hello, George. Had a hard day at the front?

GEORGE
Hard day? No ammunition! No shoes for the men! No money from Congress! And to top it off -- Lafayette is laid up with the clap!

Martha turns pale and sits down. George walks over to the bar and sees Claude.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well, what are you doing here? Got a job yet?

CLAUDE
No, sir.

George goes over to the bar and starts mixing himself an Old Fashioned.

GEORGE
It doesn't surprise me. Who'd hire you? A college drop out. A long haired beatnik. When I think of the advantages you've had, how your mother and I scrimped and saved. We gave you everything, the cowboy suit, the Red Ryder B-B gun... Christ, Martha! Who's been at the cherries?

He holds up a small jar with nothing but maraschino syrup inside.

MARTHA
Well, I don't know, George, but if you remember...

GEORGE
Last night this jar was at least half full.

MARTHA
No, George, if you recall...

GEORGE
I distinctly remember looking at this jar and seeing it full of cherries.

MARTHA
No, George...

GEORGE
Are you calling me a liar!!!

There is a pause. Martha takes a jar.

MARTHA
I'll get some from the kitchen.

She exits.

GEORGE
I sometimes wonder why I put up with that woman. There's plenty of gals around who'd give your old Dad a tumble. Young ones, too. With big boobs. Like that little seamstress, Betsy Ross. Let me tell you Valley Forge would have been a mighty cold winter if it weren't for the intertwining of Miss Betsy... That reminds me...

He goes to his saddle-bags and pulls out the first American flag -- thirteen stars and thirteen stripes all neatly sewn in red, white and blue. Washington shows it proudly to Claude.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What do you think of this?...
(pointing to the various colors)
Betsy's sheets, Betsy's stockings, and Betsy's hot to trot scarlet knickers. My, how that little lady can stitch.

Martha enters from the kitchen.

MARTHA
Here are your cherries, George...
Is that a new saddle blanket?

GEORGE
(as to a child)
Martha. This is a flag. This is our new flag for the United States of America.

MARTHA
Ohhh.
(she feels it)
Nice stitching. Betsy Ross?

GEORGE
As a matter of fact it was Miss Ross who out of patriotic...
(he glances out the window)
Holy Christ! There's a nigger in the woodpile!

George grabs his rifle and goes to the front door.

MARTHA
Oh, that must be Carver, George. He's the new...

GEORGE
Martha, stand back. I saw him first.
(he throws open the door)
You, there! Come in here.

Hud enters and George closes the door behind him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Now, tell me, boy... who are you?

MUSIC IN:

HUD
I'M A COLORED SPADE, A NIGRA, A BLACK NIGGER,
A JUNGLE BUNNY, JIGABOO, COON, PICKANINNY, MAU MAU,
UNCLE TOM, AUNT JEMIMA, LITTLE
(MORE)

HUD (CONT'D)
BLACK SAMBO,
COTTON PICKER, SWAMP GUINEA, JUNK MAN, SHOE SHINE BOY,
ELEVATOR OPERATOR, TABLE CLEANER AT HORN AND HARDARTS,
SLAVE, VOODOO, ZOMBIE, UBANGI-LIPPED,
FLAT-NOSED TAP DANCER, RESIDENT OF HARLEM,
AND PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES OF LOVE
PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES OF LOVE.
SHEEEET...

Hud dances about for a moment while George confers with Martha.

GEORGE
Well, I'll say one thing, the boy's got rhythm.

MARTHA
He's going to help in the kitchen, George. What is it, Carver, that you cook so well?

Hud sings again. As he does so, half-a-dozen slaves from the house and fields enter from the kitchen and act as chorus for the rest of his song.

HUD
WATERMELON, HOMINY GRITS, AND SHORTNIN' BREAD,
ALLIGATOR RIBS, SOME PIG TAILS,

SLAVES
SO YOU SAY

HUD
SOME BLACK EYED PEAS,

SLAVES
SO YOU SAY

HUD
SOME CHITTLINS,

SLAVES
SO YOU SAY

HUD
SOME COLLARD GREENS

SLAVES
SO YOU SAY

HUD
AND IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT
THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GIT YOU
BOOOOOOOOOOO!
YEAH, BOOOOOOOOO!
SO YOU SAY.

MARTHA
Oh, that was lovely, everyone. Now back to work. Everybody back to work. Carver, why don't you shell us some peanuts for supper.

Hud and the slaves exit through the kitchen door. George sighs.

GEORGE
I know you hold with some very liberal views, Martha, but do you really think it is a good idea to let the house niggers mix with the field niggers?

CLAUDE
Sir, equality is one of the rights of men. All men...

GEORGE
Don't give me any of that Tom Paine shit! If you are a man, show me your gun.

He snorts contemptuously. Martha interrupts.

MARTHA
Now, let's not have another argument. Just because Claude hasn't yet joined the Army doesn't mean that...

GEORGE
The Army! I wouldn't have him in the Army. Look at his hair. Why, I'd take that... that kitchen boy before I'd take him.

CLAUDE
Well, why don't you?

GEORGE
Because, Mister Know-it-all, Mister College-Educated, Mister Smart-ass, he is a bird of a different feather... and we don't take Jim Crows in the Continental Army.

CLAUDE
The British are taking them.

GEORGE
(totally taken aback)
Since when?

CLAUDE
Since last week. They've signed up a whole company.

George reacts to this news with rising anger.

GEORGE
Holy shit! Those fuckers will stop at nothing. All right! If that's the way they want to play it. If that's the picture, then the gentleman's agreement is off!

He goes to the hall and begins buckling on his sword.

MARTHA
Now, don't upset yourself.

GEORGE
And they had the gall to call me uncivilized for the surprise massacre of their troops on Christmas morn.

MARTHA
George, please, calm down. Remember what the dentist said.

GEORGE
First they used the savages. Then they hired the Hessians. Okay! Okay! If they've got niggers, we'll get niggers.

He takes his hat and opens the door.

MARTHA
But, George, supper...

GEORGE
Martha, I cannot allow us to develop a nigger gap!

He exits, slamming the door behind him. Martha looks over at Claude.

EXT. THE OUTDOORS - DAY

Claude walks alone across some rolling grasslands. He stops. On the top of a nearby hill a young Indian, strong and assured, sits proudly on his horse. He looks at Claude. Claude looks back at him. For a moment they stare at each other. Then the Indian kicks his steed and gallops across the land. Claude watches him until he disappears over the horizon.

INT. THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Claude enters and is joined by Berger, Woof and others.

BERGER
Hey, Claudio, why so down? I thought this was your day for cosmic revelation -- who’s got the Maltese Falcon?

CLAUDE
I’ve just been home. It’s taken the edge off the morning.

WOOF
Same old story, huh?

CLAUDE
Yeah. Cut your hair, get a job, go to church.

WOOF
I used to go to church. I’d go to confession and get three Hail Mary’s for one dirty thought.

PETER, one of the tribe members, is seated at a green felt card table. He wears a berretta and a stole and has piles of red, white and blue chips before him. Woof sits opposite.

PETER
How many times?

WOOF
Eh, five.

PETER
(counting out the red chips)
Five dirty thoughts, that's fifteen Hail Mary's.

He passes them over to Woof.

WOOF
And three lies.

PETER
Three lies at two Hail Mary's a piece. That's six Hail Mary's.

WOOF
Actually, it was four lies.

PETER
Well, then I'll make it three Hail Mary's and two Our Father's. How's that?

He pushes the chips over. Woof looks at his cards.

WOOF
And I'll give you three oaths and a eating meat on Friday.

PETER
How many times?

WOOF
Twice... two hot dogs.

PETER
Okay and I'll take back five of those Hail Mary's and make it ten Our Father's.

WOOF
And I'll raise you a Lord's name in vain and another dirty thought.

PETER
And I'll give you two more Our Father's and thirty-five Hail Mary's... You want to cash in some of those Hail Mary's for a rosary?

WOOF
(looking at his cards)
No. I'll stay.

PETER
Okay. Is that it?

WOOF
And three dirty actions.

PETER
Three dirty actions! You'll have to be a little more specific.

WOOF
Well, two self abuse...

PETER
Self abuse! Now we're getting into rosaries.

WOOF
(laying down all his cards)
...And a cock-sucking.

PETER
A cock-sucking! Holy shit, game's off!

He racks back all the chips.

INT. THE LABYRINTH AS A CHURCH - DAY

A PROTESTANT MINISTER stands in a pulpit giving a sermon.

MINISTER
Dear brethren, man cannot serve two masters -- God and money. He must choose between the coin of the realm and the heavenly riches stored in the coffers on high...

His voice trails off as the MUSIC BEGINS. We...

CUT TO:

WOOF AND THE TRIBE

dressed in choir robes standing in the choir stalls.

WOOF
SODOMY
FELLATIO
CUNNILINGUS
PEDERASTY

FATHER,
WHY DO THESE WORDS
SOUND SO NASTY.
MASTURBATION
CAN BE FUN
JOIN THE HOLY ORGY
KAMA SUTRA EVERYONE.

At the end of the song we...

CUT TO:

BACK TO THE MINISTER

in the pulpit.

MINISTER
And so, dear brethren, let us close our eyes and turn our thoughts to God and will the ushers please take up the collection.

INT. THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Jeanie enters from her walk.

JEANIE
Hold it right there, brother.

The Minister and the pulpit freeze and disappear. Jeanie turns to Claude.

JEANIE (CONT'D)
What's this about cutting your hair? Cutting your hair is symbolic capitulation to establishment authoritarianism. Today the barber shop, tomorrow the rat race. Didn't you learn anything in school?

CLAUDE
Sure, I learned all about history from Mrs. Appleford, a kindly little schoolmarm out on the prairie.

HUD
I learned to play football. It was a terrific education. Violent, competitive, and all that counts is results, man... Success!

BERGER
‘There are only winners, and losers’... so I chose loser and became a winner.

DIONNE
I learned how to cram for exams and cheat on exams and grade everybody on a scale of one to ten. It’s been real helpful to me in coping with my interpersonal relationships on a non-personal basis.

WOOF
I didn’t learn anything at school. I wanted to learn the difference between fucking and making love and they taught me how to spell Mississippi.

A trap door opens in the floor and MRS. APPLEFORD, “a kindly little schoolmarm from the prairie,” pops up.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Language, everybody, please! Or we will all have to go to the Principal’s office and wash out our mouths with soap.

PETER
Who’s that?

CLAUDE
That’s my history teacher, Mrs. Appleford.

MRS. APPLEFORD
How are you, Claude? And George Berger, my, how you’ve grown.

BERGER
Hello, Mrs. Appleford.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Oh, please. Now you’re all grown up, you must call me by my first name, Eleanor.

CLAUDE
Eleanor?

MRS. APPLEFORD
That's right. The same as our dear President's wife. Oh, hello, Jeanie. I see you've gotten married.
(to Woof)
Is this your husband?

WOOF
No, I'm gay.

MRS. APPLEFORD
(not understanding the meaning)
Really? Well, I'm feeling rather happy myself. It's so nice to see you all again. But there is one question I would like to ask if I may?

CLAUDE
Sure, go ahead.

MRS. APPLEFORD
I daresay this sounds a bit foolish, me being a visitor from another generation, so to speak, but... well... I just don't understand about your... your...

She gestures vaguely.

The Tribe doesn't know what she is referring to. They look at their clothes, their hands, their shoes; they look up, down and around but they just can't figure out what she wants to know about.

MRS. APPLEFORD (CONT'D)
(finally, verbalizing it)
...your... hair.

THE TRIBE
Ahhhhhhh.

BERGER
What don't you understand, Mrs. Appleford... Eleanor?

MRS. APPLEFORD
Well...

She gestures again.

CLAUDE
It's so... long?...

DIONNE
Fuzzy?...

HUD
Freaky?...

MRS. APPLEFORD
Yes, but what I really want to know is...
(to Berger)
Oh, George, you were always one of the best students, all I'd like to know is... why?

BERGER
Why?

MRS. APPLEFORD
Yes, why?

Berger turns to the Tribe and grabs hold of a hand mike. MUSIC IN. He sings.

BERGER
SHE ASKS ME WHY...
I'M JUST A HAIRY GUY
I'M HAIRY NOON AND NIGHT
HAIR THAT'S A FRIGHT
I'M HAIRY HIGH AND LOW
DON'T ASK ME WHY -- DON'T KNOW
IT'S NOT FOR LACK OF BREAD
LIKE MY DADDY SAID.

CLAUDE & BERGER
DARLIN'...
GIVE ME A HEAD WITH HAIR
LONG BEAUTIFUL HAIR
SHINING GLEAMING STEAMING
FLAXEN WAXEN

CLAUDE, BERGER & TRIBE
GIVE ME DOWN TO THERE HAIR
SHOULDER-LENGTH OR LONGER
HERE BABY
THERE MAMA
EVERYWHERE DADDY DADDY

TRIBE
HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR

CLAUDE & BERGER
LET IT FLY IN THE BREEZE
AND GET CAUGHT IN THE TREES
GIVE A HOME TO THE FLEAS
IN MY HAIR
A HOME FOR FLEAS
A HIVE FOR BEES
A NEST FOR BIRDS
THERE AIN'T NO WORDS
FOR THE BEAUTY THE SPLENDOR
THE WONDER OF MY

TRIBE
HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR

Mrs. Appleford joins in with the Tribe dancing.

CLAUDE & BERGER
I WANT IT LONG STRAIGHT CURLY FUZZY
SNAGGY SHAGGY RATTY MATTY
OILY GREASY FLEECY
SHINING GLEAMING STEAMING
FLAXEN WAXEN
KNOTTED POLKADOTTED
TWISTED BEADED BRAIDED
POWDERED FLOWERED AND CONFETTIED
BANGLED TANGLED SPANGLED AND
SPAGHETTIED

Mrs. Appleford starts raising the Stars and Stripes up a convenient flagpole. Berger stops short and for a moment stands at attention.

BERGER
OH SAY CAN YOU SEE MY EYES
IF YOU CAN
THEN MY HAIR'S TOO SHORT

CLAUDE
DOWN TO HERE

BERGER
DOWN TO THERE

CLAUDE
DOWN TO THERE

CLAUDE & BERGER
DOWN TO WHERE
IT STOPS BY ITSELF

All the members of the Tribe stop and, led by Mrs. Appleford, they put their right hand over their hearts as they used to do at the Pledge of Allegiance, so very long ago.

TRIBE
DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO
DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO

CLAUDE & BERGER
THEY'LL BE GA GA AT THE GO-GO
WHEN THEY SEE ME IN MY TOGA
MY TOGA MADE OF BLOND BRILLIANTINED
BIBLICAL HAIR
MY HAIR LIKE JESUS WORE IT
HALLELUJAH I ADORE IT
HALLELUJAH MARY LOVED HER SON
WHY DON'T MY MOTHER LOVE ME

TRIBE
HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON rides in on a beautiful white Tennessee walking horse, stops short, and shouts out in a fine strong voice.

JACKSON
Hey, you all! Stop that shouting! If you want to make a noise, make a noise for liberty and join me for the Battle of New Orleans.

SUZANNE
Who’s that?

MRS. APPLEFORD
Why, it’s General Andrew Jackson. Hello, General.

JACKSON
Hello, ma’am. Well, Claude... You weren’t man enough for the Revolutionary War. Let’s see if you can make it to the War of 1812.

CLAUDE
I don’t think so, sir. I’ve got to go look for Sheila.

JACKSON
Suit yourself. But the rifle is your destiny, my boy. Mark my words, one day you'll fight. One day we'll all meet again.
(preparing to go)
Good-bye, ma'am.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Good-bye, General Jackson.

JACKSON
Call me 'Stonewall.'

MRS. APPLEFORD
With a name like that you should run for President.

JACKSON
That's not a bad idea. I could expand the frontiers, give this country some living space. That old flag could use some more stars.

Berger, Woof and Hud are taking the Stars and Stripes down from the flagpole. They look over at Jackson with suspicion.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Yes, I suppose so. Though I wish they would have kept them all in a circle.

Berger, Woof, and Hud are horrified at these "revisionist" sentiments. MUSIC IN: They sing out in hot retaliation to a hoe-down, country rhythm.

BERGER, HUD & WOOF
DON'T PUT IT DOWN
BEST ONE AROUND
CRAZY FOR THE RED BLUE AND WHITE
CRAZY FOR THE RED BLUE AND WHITE

BERGER
YOU LOOK AT ME

HUD
WHAT DO YOU SEE

TRIO
CRAZY FOR THE WHITE RED AND BLUE
CRAZY FOR THE WHITE RED AND BLUE

BERGER
'CAUSE I LOOK DIFFERENT
YOU THINK I'M SUBVERSIVE

TRIO
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED
MY HEART BEATS TRUE
FOR THE RED WHITE AND BLUE
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED

WOOF
AND YELLOW FRINGE

TRIO
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE RED AND
YELLOW.

Jackson and Mrs. Appleford have been standing rather open-mouthed at this short demonstration of old-time, patriotic fervor. He clears his throat and prepares to go.

JACKSON
Yes... well... good-bye.
(he turns his horse around)
Farewell, my children. As long as you live never forget my score in the battle today.

MRS. APPLEFORD
(taking it from her purse)
'Americans: eight dead, thirteen wounded. Redcoats: over twenty-five hundred dead and untold thousands wounded!' Hooray!

JACKSON
(as excited as his prancing gelding)
Ha! Ha! You hear that! Why that's over two hundred and fifty of theirs for every one of ours. How about that! One to Two-Fifty! One to two-five-zero-plus! Ahhha! I throw down my gauntlet to you sons of America. One to two-five-zero plus! Beat that when you fight the Cong!
(his horse rears up and he gallops away)
Hi-Ho, Silver!

Jackson rides off.

MRS. APPLEFORD
I always loved that man.

BERGER
I always liked the idea he fought the Battle of New Orleans two weeks after the peace was signed.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Wasn't that a funny little quirk of history?

THE TRIBE
(together)
Yeah! One to two-five-zero plus!

Everyone laughs. Mrs. Appleford wipes a tear from her eye.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Well, kids, I think you've all turned out just wonderfully. You are the brightest and the best and remember... I am your friend.

CLAUDE
Good-bye, Mrs. Appleford. I'm gonna find Sheila.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Good-bye, Claude.

Claude exits. Mrs. Appleford turns to the others and smiles warmly.

MRS. APPLEFORD (CONT'D)
You know, kids, I wish every mum dad would make a speech to their teenagers and say, kids, be free, be whoever you are, do whatever you want to do, just as long as you don't hurt anyone. And as for your...

She makes her vague gesture and then takes a little tune whistle out of her purse.

JEANIE
She's gonna sing.

Mrs. Appleford blows the tuner, hums the note, and begins to sing. MUSIC IN.

MRS. APPLEFORD
I WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY
THAT IT IS MY CONVICTION
THAT LONGER HAIR
AND OTHER FLAMBOYANT AFFECTATIONS
OF APPEARANCE ARE NOTHING MORE
THAN THE MALE EMERGENCE
FROM HIS DRAB CAMOUFLAGE
INTO THE GAUDY PLUMAGE
WHICH IS THE BIRTHRIGHT OF HIS SEX

THERE IS A PECULIAR NOTION
THAT ELEGANT PLUMAGE
AND FINE FEATHERS
ARE NOT PROPER FOR THE MAN
WHEN ACTUALLY
THAT IS THE WAY THINGS ARE
IN MOST SPECIES.

The Tribe is too dumb-struck to applaud. She puts away her whistle and waves to them.

MRS. APPLEFORD (CONT'D)
Good-bye, kids.

She turns TOWARD THE CAMERA to open her umbrella. Looking up INTO THE LENS, she confides to the audience.

MRS. APPLEFORD (CONT'D)
I don't understand this movie at all.

She holds her umbrella up over her head, gives a little jump and flies off like Mary Poppins. The Tribe shake themselves from their surprise in time to shout and wave good-bye.

TRIBE
Good-bye, Mrs. Appleford. Good-bye.
Good-bye.

She circles above them then flies off into the distance.

EXT. THE OUTDOORS - DAY

Claude walks along a wooded path by himself just listening to the BIRDS in the trees. He stops. The Indian rides out of the trees and halts his horse in the middle of the dirt road. Claude looks at the Indian, who returns his look, in an open friendly manner. The Indian begins to make sign language. Claude doesn't understand. The Indian beckons Claude to come with him. Claude shrugs and tries to explain through signs that he can't, that he is looking for Sheila.

The Indian stares at him sadly, then turns and rides into the woods as quietly as he came.

INT. LABYRINTH - DAY

Sheila, seated on a hillside, is reading a newspaper. Claude comes up to her.

CLAUDE
Sheila, the strangest thing just happened, I saw an Indian back there, who...

SHEILA
Claude, you really must stop this day dreaming. Look at this... the world is starving and farmers are dumping milk into sewers. The country can’t go on like this... we can’t keep tolerating this stupidity. Police are hassling prostitutes, and busting pot smokers, while John Q. Public is being ripped off! Our prison system is medieval, our courts are crammed and crowded, the wealth is controlled by a small percentage. The planet can not survive this blind mismanagement...

CLAUDE
I love you, Sheila.

Sheila is too involved in what she is saying to even hear what Claude is talking about.

SHEILA
Most human beings realize only five to fifteen percent of their potential. That is a tragic waste...

CLAUDE
Do you love me?

SHEILA
If people would just look around them. There is so much to do, and so little time. Ralph Nader can’t do it all alone. We are on the cusp of a...

CLAUDE
You love Berger, don't ya?

SHEILA
Huh?...

CLAUDE
Why him and not me?

SHEILA
Claude, please...

CLAUDE
What can I do to make you love me? I'll do anything...

SHEILA
Claude, when are you going to grow up and take some responsibility for yourself? Travel, join a kibbutz, join a cause, join a library, but get involved.

CLAUDE
Will that change your feelings about me?

SHEILA
(getting up)
I want you to change your feelings about <u>you</u>.

CLAUDE
Where are you going?

SHEILA
I've got to find Berger.

She exits. Claude jumps up and shouts after her.

CLAUDE
Sheila... wait! You're right! I'm going to do it... I'm going to do exactly what you said...
(sits down)
But how?

YOSHI, a Japanese member of the Tribe, is up on the top of a tall tower. He shouts out like a town crier.

YOSHI
Go west, young man! Go west!

With that, Yoshi grabs a rope and swings like Tarzan across the set. He lets go and falls into a large hole, landing with a loud crash. Berger enters and looks down the hole.

CLAUDE
(ignoring the incident)
Sheila is looking for you.

BERGER
Everybody's looking.

CLAUDE
(jumping up)
Well, I'm going to find it! Damn it! I'm sick of waiting. The morning is practically over. I've got a destiny to fulfill. Yes sir... I'm going west.

The Tribe enters from all sides, gathering around him.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
I'm going to blaze a trail from here to Kansas. I'm going to tame Colorado, conquer Wyoming and make it to California or bust!

TRIBE
Yipee!

CLAUDE
And I ain't comin' back until I can hold my head up high and claim that little woman for my own!

TRIBE
Yipee!

BERGER
That's the spirit of Seventy-Six, baby. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

MUSIC IN.

CLAUDE
I GOT LIFE, MOTHER
I GOT LAUGHS, SISTER
I GOT FREEDOM, BROTHER
I GOT GOOD TIMES, MAN

I GOT CRAZY WAYS, DAUGHTER
I GOT MILLION-DOLLAR CHARM, COUSIN
I GOT HEADACHES AND TOOTHACHES
AND BAD TIMES TOO
LIKE YOU.

I GOT MY HAIR
I GOT MY HEAD
I GOT MY BRAINS
I GOT MY EARS

I GOT MY EYES
I GOT MY NOSE
I GOT MY MOUTH
I GOT MY TEETH

I GOT MY TONGUE
I GOT MY CHIN
I GOT MY NECK
I GOT MY TITS

I GOT MY HEART
I GOT MY SOUL
I GOT MY BACK
I GOT MY ASS

I GOT MY ARMS
I GOT MY HANDS
I GOT MY FINGERS
GOT MY LEGS

I GOT MY FEET
I GOT MY TOES
I GOT MY LIVER
GOT MY BLOOD.

Claude joins in the dancing. The Tribe gives him a coonskin hat, a buckskin jacket, and a Davy Crockett rifle.

CLAUDE & THE TRIBE
I GOT LIFE, MOTHER
I GOT LAUGHS, SISTER
I GOT FREEDOM, BROTHER
I GOT GOOD TIMES, MAN

I GOT CRAZY WAYS, DAUGHTER
I GOT MILLION-DOLLAR CHARM, COUSIN
I GOT HEADACHES AND TOOTHACHES
AND BAD TIMES TOO
LIKE YOU.

I GOT MY HAIR
I GOT MY HEAD
I GOT MY BRAINS
I GOT MY EARS

I GOT MY EYES
I GOT MY NOSE
I GOT MY MOUTH
I GOT MY TEETH

I GOT MY TONGUE
I GOT MY CHIN
I GOT MY NECK
I GOT MY TITS

I GOT MY HEART
I GOT MY SOUL
I GOT MY BACK
I GOT MY ASS

I GOT MY ARMS
I GOT MY HANDS
I GOT MY FINGERS
GOT MY LEGS

I GOT MY FEET
I GOT MY TOES
I GOT MY LIVER
I GOT MY BLOOD

I GOT MY GUTS
I GOT MUSCLES
I GOT LIFE LIFE LIFE
LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE.

BERGER
That’s the voice of America
talking.

CLAUDE
AND I'M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND
THE WORLD, BROTHER
AND I'M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND
THE WORLD, SISTER
AND I'M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND
THE WORLD, MOTHER
SO EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT I GOT

TRIBE
Ah-men
AMEN

Claude sets off with his musket and powder-horn, waving good-bye to the Tribe. FROM A HIGH RIDGE, we SEE the Indian, silently observing the whole scene. Some of us notice, he now carries a rifle in his hand.

EXT. THE WILD WEST MONTAGE

In a QUICK SERIES OF SPLIT SCREENS, we SEE Claude having various adventures in the western wilderness. Among them are:

Paddling a birch bark canoe,
Trapping beaver,
Climbing a mountain peak,
Wrestling a bear,
Shooting buffalo,
Keel-boating on a river,
Scouting for the railroads,
Shooting more buffalo,
Panning for gold,
Riding shotgun on a stagecoach,
Herding cattle,
Target practicing with his six-shooter,
And playing a plaintive guitar by a lonely campfire against a starry sky.

INT. A TYPICAL WESTERN SALOON - DAY

Claude, dressed like Wild Bill Hickok, very self-assured sits behind a large pile of chips. The three other gentlemen at the table are slightly reminiscent of the Mad Tea Party in Alice in Wonderland. GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER, sits at Claude's right with a little sign stuck in his Seventh Cavalry hat: "In this style, 10/6" To his right, sits the very regal and very drunk, GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. He is fastidiously pouring himself shots of gin from the elaborate Chinese tea service before him. The fourth man at the table is GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, a three foot midget, who sits on several telephone books and is completely passed out with his forehead slammed down on the table. Claude and Custer hold cards.

CLAUDE
Well it looks like you and I, Custer. I'll call.

CUSTER
Three jacks.

CLAUDE
Four aces.

CUSTER
That clears me out, Buffalo Claude. Looks like Lady Luck has smiled on you again.

CLAUDE
(raking the chips into his hat)
I was always good with cards. Matter of fact when I was a kid I kind of wanted to be a magician.

CUSTER
What are you going to do with all your winnings?

CLAUDE
Well, I thought I'd go on back East... got some unfinished business back there.

CUSTER
You givin' up on huntin' buffalo?

CLAUDE
Well, Custer, there ain't that many around anymore... they're in kinda short supply.

CUSTER
You mean they are extinct.

CLAUDE
Oh, not all together. I heard there was a couple in the San Diego zoo. And some up in the Bronx...

CUSTER
No question but that was a tidy job. You know I got the same problem with the Injuns.

CLAUDE
Indians, huh?

CUSTER
Yeah, damn pesky redskins are on the warpath again. This time I think we'll just have to waste 'em.

CLAUDE
I had an experience with an Indian once... strange...

CUSTER
Let me tell ya, there are only two kinds of Injuns... numbskulls and savages. And neither one of them dead is worth a plug nickel in a pig's eye from a horse's ass.

Lee joins in the conversation.

LEE
The Mexicans were no...
(burp)
...were no bet... no bet... the Mexicans are no prize... the Mexicans are the pits!

CUSTER
Robert... don't you think you've had enough of that stuff?

LEE
A gentleman, sir, takes his tea... a gentleman, sir, without his teapot...
(to Claude)
Did you ever fuck a Mexican?

CLAUDE
No, sir.

LEE
Ever fuck an Indian?

CLAUDE
No, sir.

LEE
Ever fuck a buffalo?

CLAUDE
I don't think I understand you, sir.

Grant pops his head up off the table and speaks in his high, lisping voice.

GRANT
The only thing wrong with fucking a buffalo is you have to run around the front to kiss her.

Grant's head falls back onto the table. Lee pours himself another cup of gin.

LEE
Grant is asleep again.

CUSTER
(fingering one of Grant's cigar butts)
Forty bucks a lid he pays for this stuff. What this country needs is a good five cent number.

LEE
What time is it?

CLAUDE
(looking at his pocket watch)
Hmm! Time to call it a night.
(rising and shaking hands)
Well, gentlemen, it's been a pleasure. Good luck with the Indians, Custer.

CUSTER
It'll be a massacre.

CLAUDE
Lee... you brew a strong pot of tea.

Grant pops up again.

GRANT
Fifty-four forty or fight.

Grant's head slams down with a bang. The others ignore him.

LEE
Thank you, son. I hope to see you again some time.

GRANT
(up again)
Tippecanoe and Tyler too!

Down again.

CLAUDE
Tell Grant...

GRANT
(popping up)
I am not a crook!

Claude leaves the table and walks over to the two whores, LIL and FRENCHIE, as Lee hums in the b.g., "A very merry un-birthday, to me, to me." The girls are very upset at Claude's departure.

FRENCHIE
(tearfully)
Lil and I are going to miss ya, Claude.

CLAUDE
Me, too.

He smiles and with a gallant sweep of his arm dumps all his winnings on the bar for the girls. They begin to sob.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
See ya, Frenchie.

Claude walks towards the swinging doors. PETE, the bartender, goes out with him.

EXT. A WESTERN STREET - DAY

Claude goes to his horse, a beautifully saddled Palomino.

PETE
Well, Marshal, you can be proud of what you've done out here. You made this town a nice little community where decent folk can come and live a decent life. We're all goin' miss ya.

CLAUDE
(mounting)
Thank you, Pete.

Claude pauses to look up and down the western street. It is a-bustle with buildings, new construction and commerce.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
You know when I first came out to this territory you couldn't see a fence, you couldn't see a building.

PETE
(excitedly)
Well that’s progress!

CLAUDE
(with a prideful wink)
And that’s what it’s all about.

He turns his Palomino and rides out of town passing a sweaty crew covering the street with asphalt. Western MUSIC BEGINS ON the TRACK and an O.S. chorus sings as Claude rides blissfully across industrialized America.

EXT. AMERICA - DAY

CHORUS OF THE TRIBE
DEAD END
DON’T WALK
KEEP OUT
RED LIGHT
RED LIGHT

STEEP CLIFF
BEWARE
MAD DOG
BLIND MAN
BLIND MAN

He rides across long desert highways and through the billboards and lights of downtown Las Vegas.

CHORUS
(continuing)
WARNING LAND MINE
HIGH VOLTAGE LINE
DON'T MAKE A PASS
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

DETOUR
HANDS OFF
KEEP OUT
DEAD END
DEAD END

SHARP CURVE
STEEP HILL
DANGER
ONE-WAY
ONE-WAY

EMERGENCY
EXIT
ONLY
ONLY

Claude rides across the oil fields of Texas, past the strip minings of Pennsylvania and alongside a chemical plant in the Alleghenies which spews its polluted waste into a river. FROM A VANTAGE POINT we SEE the Indian looking at him sadly.

DIONNE	TRIBE
DEAD END	DEAD END
DON'T WALK	
KEEP OUT	
RED LIGHT	KEEP OUT
RED LIGHT	KEEP OUT
STEEP CLIFF	STOP SIGN
BEWARE	
MAD DOG	
BLIND MAN	TURN OFF
BLIND MAN	TURN OFF

CHORUS
WARNING LAND MINE
HIGH VOLTAGE LINE
DON'T MAKE A PASS
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Claude rides by the New Jersey oil refineries with the skyline of Manhattan in the distance. He crosses the Hudson, rides downtown past confused and sometimes angry New York cab drivers, and parks his horse in front of the Empire State Building. He goes inside, takes the elevator up.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

DIONNE	TRIBE
DETOUR	DETOUR
HANDS OFF	
KEEP OUT	
DEAD END	DO NOT
DEAD END.	ENTER

CHORUS
WARNING MARKERS HIDDEN
LOITERING FORBIDDEN
ALL TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT
CLAUDE LOVES SHEILA
HE'S GONNA WANT HER HOT

Claude steps off the elevator and walks past a long line of desks filled with female stenographers. People recognize his cool determination and step out of his way. He walks up to Sheila's desk, grabs her wrist, and pulls her along after him in that rough, tough way John Wayne treats Maureen O'Hara. Sheila, acting her role as the all-American girl, is actually rather pleased with Claude's manly resolve and goes along with him as he strides down the halls to the executive offices.

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF POWER - DAY

DIONNE	TRIBE
WET PAINT	HANDS OFF
HANDS OFF	
KEEP OUT	
DEAD END	DEAD END
DEAD END	DEAD END
	MEN WORKING
DEAD END	
	MEN WORKING
DEAD END	
	NO STANDING
DEAD END	
	NO PARKING
DEAD END	

Claude and Sheila burst into the President's private office.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

It is a large room decorated in 1930's Art Deco with an enormous view high above the Manhattan skyline. The President's secretary, played by Dionne, finishes the song by singing it directly to Claude.

DIONNE
NO SMOKING
DEAD END
NO JOKING
DEAD END

DEAD END
MY FRIEND

CLAUDE
I wanna speak to the president.

Dionne goes to the washroom door.

DIONNE
Your daughter is here to see you, Mr. Jones.

PIERPONT MORGAN CARNEGIE JONES, the famous black industrialist, comes out of the washroom, wiping his hands on a towel. He sits at his desk, Dionne sits alongside.

CLAUDE
Are you Pierpont Morgan Carnegie Jones?

JONES
That’s right. My friends call me ‘Rocky.’

CLAUDE
You the peanut oil tycoon?

JONES
That’s right. What can I do for you?

CLAUDE
I wanna marry your daughter.

SHEILA
Isn’t he marvelous, daddy? So forceful.

JONES
So you want to marry the boss’s daughter?

CLAUDE
Yes, sir.

JONES
And I suppose you want a cushy job at the top?

CLAUDE
No, sir. I don't want any favors. I'm willing to work myself up from the bottom. But I'm warning you... I've got my eye on your seat.

JONES
(impressed)
Sit down, son...

Claude sits. Sheila stands proudly behind him.

JONES (CONT'D)
So, you want to make a million dollars?

CLAUDE
Doesn't everyone?

JONES
Sure they do. That's how the system works -- greed!... And get them before they get you.

A VICE PRESIDENT enters. He is white (but has a black heart).

JONES (CONT'D)
What is it, admiral?

VICE PRESIDENT
A man out here wants to see you, sir. Says his name is George Washington Carver.

JONES
George Washington who?

Hud enters, grey-haired, bent over and looking like Uncle Tom (the original).

HUD
Carver.

JONES
George Washington Carver, you old son of a gun! How are you?

He shakes Hud's hand and leads him over to a chair. The Vice President exits.

JONES (CONT'D)
Sheila, come over here and say hello.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)
This is George Washington Carver, the man who discovered the peanut, the man who made this whole industry possible.
(to Carver)
You must feel real proud, boy. You're a credit to your people.

HUD
I never made a nickel.

JONES
Well, you can't put a patent on a peanut.

HUD
But it was my work, my sweat, my toil.

JONES
What are you, a pinko?

HUD
All my life I've struggled to get ahead, to pull myself up by my bootstraps, to be a success.

CLAUDE
But you are a success, a big success.

HUD
(slowly)
Son, I discovered one hundred and fifty-six uses for the peanut and yet folks still just want to eat 'em out of the shell.

He dies.

CLAUDE
(very concerned)
Sir, he's dead.

JONES
Dead? Oh, tough shit!

Jones pulls a lever and Carver's chair flips backwards, flinging the lifeless body out the open window and down into the streets two-hundred and fifty stories below. Jones calmly closes the window and sits back down at his desk. He smiles at the somewhat dumbfounded Claude.

JONES (CONT'D)
(to Sheila)
So this is going to be your lucky young man.

SHEILA
Yes, Daddy. He's proved himself.

JONES
Sit down, son. What's your name?

Claude, still not over the Carver incident, manages to pull himself together and sit beside Sheila.

CLAUDE
Claude, sir. Claude Hooper Bukowski.

JONES
Bukowski?... Are you a Polack?

CLAUDE
Polish.

JONES
Oh?... So, that's how it is...
(he begins to pace about)
Don't get me wrong. I got nothing against Polacks. Some of my best friends are Polacks. I'm just not sure I want my daughter to marry one.

SHEILA
Daddy!

JONES
All right, Sheila, I know I'm kind of conservative, an old-fashioned capitalist and everything... but have you thought about the consequences? This marriage may be all right for you, but is it really fair to the children?...

He stares at Claude and Sheila who are looking like the essence of WASP America.

JONES (CONT'D)
Think about it.

SHEILA
Daddy, of all people I thought you...

JONES
Now wait a minute, Sheila, you are talking about my grandchildren and if there is one thing I value above all else in this fair country it is the family...

The Vice President enters.

JONES (CONT'D)
What is it, admiral?

VICE PRESIDENT
Money time, sir.

JONES
(jumping for joy)
Money time! Hot dog!

He presses a button on his desk and a large Plexiglas tub rolls out from a hidden chamber in the wall. It is full of money and Jones wastes no time in taking off his shoes and jacket and diving into it. MUSIC IN. He throws it up in the air and splashes about in it just like Uncle Scrooge (the duck).

JONES (CONT'D)
What a joy it is to dive in my money like a porpoise, burrow through it like a gopher, toss it up and let it hit me on the head. Such music!

SHEILA
Isn't he cute?

Claude is turned off by this display but Sheila and Dionne like the two Andrew Sisters smile at him approvingly and sing.

SHEILA & DIONNE
TELL ME WHO DO YOU LOVE MAN?
TELL ME WHAT MAN?
TELL ME WHAT'S IT YOU LOVE, MAN?

JONES
(listening to the jingling coins)
AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY.

SHEILA & DIONNE
TELL ME WHAT'S IT THAT MOVES YOU?
TELL ME WHAT'S IT THAT GROOVES YOU?

JONES
(flipping a packet of bills)
AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY...

The door bangs open and Hud enters as himself dressed in his regular clothes.

HUD
BUT OLD SONGS LEAVE YOU DEAD
WE SELL OUR SOULS FOR BREAD.

The ENTIRE SET COLLAPSES like a giant curtain revealing a whirling kaleidoscopic abstract of neon lights, colorful plastic tubing, strobes, and flashing bulbs. The Tribe comes forward and everyone sings and dances except Claude who is obviously becoming more and more disenchanted with this whole set-up.

TRIBE
WE'RE ALL ENCASED IN SONIC ARMOR
BELTIN' IT OUT THROUGH CHROME GRENADES
MILES AND MILES OF MEDUSAN CORD
THE ELECTRONIC SONIC BOOM

IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING BABY
IT'S WHERE IT'S AT DADDY

THEY CHAIN YA AND BRAINWASH YA
WHEN YOU LEAST SUSPECT IT
THEY FEED YA MASS MEDIA
THE AGE IS ELECTRIC

GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES

JONES
OLD FASHIONED MELODY
OLD FASHIONED MELODY

OLD FASHIONED MELODY

TRIBE (CONT'D)
THWUMP RACKETY WHOMP ROCK
FOLK ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES
ELECTRONS EXPLODIN' RACKETY CLACK
WHOMP PLUGGED IN TURNED ON

TRIBE (CONT'D)
RACKETY SHWUMP WHOOP ROCK
FOLK ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES
THWUMP RACKETY CLACK
WHOOMP WHUMP POOF

AGHHHHHHH

Jones sails off in his bin. The dance becomes more wild, the singing more strident, the colored effects more spectacular. Claude backs up further and further from the group.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
WE'RE ALL ENCASED IN SONIC ARMOR
BELTIN' IT OUT THROUGH CHROME
GRENADES
MILES AND MILES OF MEDUSAN CORD
THE ELECTRONIC SONIC BOOM

IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING BABY
IT'S WHERE IT'S AT DADDY

THEY CHAIN YA AND BRAINWASH YA
WHEN YOU LEAST SUSPECT IT
THEY FEED YA MASS MEDIA
THE AGE IS ELECTRIC

GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES
GET THE ELECTRIC BLUES...

The SOUNDS and SIGHTS BUILD AND BUILD. Claude stands watching it transfixed as if it were on a giant movie screen. He steps out of the screen which begins to spin, faster and faster till it suddenly explodes and Claude is left standing in the labyrinth -- himself again, and alone.

INT. THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Claude walks amidst the labyrinth. He comes across Crissy, sitting rather pensively by herself.

CLAUDE
Hello, Crissy.

CRISSY
Hello, Claude. Are you looking for Sheila?

CLAUDE
Yes. I can't seem to find her.

CRISSY
(with a sigh)
I know how it is.
(MORE)

CRISSY (CONT'D)
There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love -- the first fluttering of its silken wings -- the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.

Claude is a little taken aback. He looks at Crissy. She explains.

CRISSY (CONT'D)
Longfellow... 1807 to 1882.

CLAUDE
See ya around, Crissy.

CRISSY
Bye.

Claude walks away and into a kind of surreal, wildly colorful garden.

EXT. THE LABYRINTH AS WONDERLAND - DAY

He passes by a field with a cow peacefully grazing and stops alongside a giant mushroom upon which is seated Berger looking like a caterpillar and smoking an elaborate hookah. He looks down at Claude.

BERGER
Who are <u>you</u>?

CLAUDE
I beg your pardon.

BERGER
Who are you?

CLAUDE
I hardly know, sir, just at present. At least I know who I was when I got up this morning but I've gone through several changes since then.

He sits down against a tree.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
It's very confusing.

BERGER
It isn't!

CLAUDE
Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet but wait until you turn into a butterfly, and you will some day, you know, then I should think you'll feel a little queer, won't you?

BERGER
Not a bit.

CLAUDE
Well, perhaps <u>your</u> feelings may be different. All I know is, it would feel very queer to me.

BERGER
You? Who are <u>you</u>?

CLAUDE
Stop it, Berger. Give me a toke on that thing.

Berger jumps down, losing his costume in the process, and sits alongside Claude. He offers Claude one of the hoses on the hookah and takes the other for himself.

BERGER
Like some mushroom.

CLAUDE
(taking it)
Thanks. I'll keep it for later.

They commence to puff contentedly together. Berger's little dog comes and sits in his lap. Claude looks around.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Where are we?

BERGER
I don't know, Toto, but I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.

CLAUDE
Can't you ever give a straight answer to a straight question?

BERGER
Sure. And I can give a crooked answer to a crooked question.

CLAUDE
You’re a fool.

BERGER
I know.

A long pause as they puff away. But Claude has something on his mind.

CLAUDE
Look, Berger. You’re my best friend, right?

BERGER
Right.

CLAUDE
I love Sheila.

BERGER
And I love you.

CLAUDE
And I love you.

BERGER
And I love Sheila.

CLAUDE
...You know, you’re getting very hard to talk to.

BERGER
Well, talk to a plant, talk to a cow.

CLAUDE
What do I have in common with a plant?

The COW sticks his head up over the fence.

THE COW
Hey, boy! I eat the plant and you eat me. So don’t give me that ‘nothing-in-common’ bullshit.

The Cow goes back to eating. CLaude looks over at Berger.

CLAUDE
They’re very sensitive.

BERGER
They’re getting fed up.

Claude takes another toke and becomes very pensive.

CLAUDE
You want to know what I would really like to be?

BERGER
Yes.

CLAUDE
Invisible.

BERGER
What?

CLAUDE
I want to be the invisible man -- float around and slip into people's minds and see what they're thinking. I'd go into the Kremlin and the White House and kick ass till all the world's problems were solved and everybody was happy.

BERGER
You're a magician.

CLAUDE
That's right! I could do anything, go anywhere. I could perform miracles. That's the only thing I'd really like to do on this earth.

He takes another toke.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
What do you want to do?

BERGER
(simply)
Nothing... And everything.

CLAUDE
I'm sorry I asked... Look, there's Crissy.

BERGER
What's her problem?

CLAUDE
You mean you haven't heard?

INT. THE LABYRINTH - DAY

Crissy is sitting by herself where we saw her before. THe MUSIC BEGINS and she sings with a purity of feeling half to herself and half to the audience.

CRISSY
I MET A BOY CALLED FRANK MILLS
ON SEPTEMBER TWELFTH RIGHT HERE
IN FRONT OF THE WAVERLY
BUT UNFORTUNATELY I LOST HIS
ADDRESS

HE WAS LAST SEEN WITH HIS FRIEND,
A DRUMMER,
HE RESEMBLES GEORGE HARRISON OF THE
BEATLES
BUT HE WEARS HIS HAIR
TIED IN A SMALL BOW AT THE BACK

I LOVE HIM
BUT IT EMBARRASSES ME
TO WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH HIM
HE LIVES IN BROOKLYN SOMEWHERE
AND WEARS THIS WHITE CRASH HELMET

HE HAS GOLDEN CHAINS ON HIS LEATHER
JACKET
AND ON THE BACK ARE WRITTEN THE
NAMES
MARY AND MOM AND HELL'S ANGELS

I WOULD GRATEFULLY APPRECIATE IT
IF YOU SEE HIM TELL HIM
I'M IN THE PARK WITH MY GIRLFRIEND
AND PLEASE

TELL HIM ANGELA AND I
DON'T WANT THE TWO DOLLARS BACK...
JUST HIM.

EXT. THE LABYRINTH AS WONDERLAND - DAY

We CUT BACK to Claude and Berger smoking beneath the tree. They are enjoying the calm and relaxation. Claude sighs.

CLAUDE
I wonder how this is all going to
end.

BERGER
(thoughtfully)
Like everything else...

He takes a toke and looks up at the sky.

BERGER (CONT'D)
What time is it?

CLAUDE
(looking at his wrist watch)
Christ! It's three o'clock already.

He jumps up suddenly, very enthused and energetic.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Look at it... the sun is going down, the summer is almost over, and I haven't even begun to find my destiny.

BERGER
(getting up)
Hey, man, take it easy.

CLAUDE
I can't take it easy. I've got to find something -- love, glory, meaning...

BERGER
Then let go! By letting go it all gets done. The world is won by those who let it go.

CLAUDE
Riddles! Riddles! I need answers.

BERGER
So you think you can go out and find it?

CLAUDE
I've got to look.

BERGER
For what?
(imitating Claude)
...My love, my spirit, my Madonna!

MUSIC IN.

BERGER (CONT'D)
OH, EVERYBODY'S LOOKIN' FOR DONNA TIME
SHE IS A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA
OH OH OH
LOOKIN' FOR MY DONNA

JUST GOT BACK FROM LOOKIN' FOR DONNA
SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHEDELIC URCHIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA
OH OH OH
LOOKIN' FOR MY DONNA.

The Tribe enters, dancing.

BERGER (CONT'D)
HAVE YOU SEEN
MY SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD TATTOOED WOMAN
HEARD A STORY
SHE GOT BUSTED FOR HER BEAUTY
OH OH OH OH
OH OH

BERGER & TRIBE
ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA

I’VE BEEN TO INDIA
AND SAW THE YOGA LIGHT
IN SOUTH AMERICA
THE INDIAN SMOKE GLOWS BRIGHT
I’M REINCARNATED AND SO ARE WE ALL
AND IN THIS LIFETIME
WE’LL RISE BEFORE WE FALL

ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA

AND I’M GONNA SHOW HER LIFE ON
EARTH
CAN BE SWEET
GONNA LAY MY MUTATED HEAD AT HER
FEET
AND I’M GONNA LOVE HER MAKE LOVE TO
HER
TILL THE SKY TURNS BROWN
I’M EVOLVING
I’M EVOLVING
THROUGH THE DRUGS THAT YOU PUT DOWN

ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MADONNA
LOOKIN’ FOR MADONNA
LOOKIN’ FOR MADONNA

The Tribe dances off. Berger picks up some dirt and places it in Claude’s hand.

BERGER
MADONNA!

MUSIC OUT. Berger smiles, grabs his knapsack on a pole, throws it over his shoulder and exits with his little dog barking happily at his heels. Claude disgustedly throws the dirt away and dusts his hands. He shouts after Berger.

CLAUDE
Very funny, Huckleberry!

EXT. THE OUTDOORS - DAY

Claude walks along a path towards a pleasant glade. On a nearby hill he sees the Indian and waves to him. The Indian apparently doesn't see him and, before Claude can shout, the Indian rides off.

CLAUDE
Hey! No, don't go. Wait! I want to talk... to... you...

It's no use. The Indian has gone. Claude turns disconsolately and continues his solitary walk. MUSIC IN. The sun sets by the end of the song.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE CHILDREN?
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE GULLS?

WHERE IS THE SOMETHING
WHERE IS THE SOMEONE
THAT TELLS ME WHY
I LIVE AND DIE?

WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE CHILDREN?
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THEIR SMILES?

IS THERE AN ANSWER
IN THEIR SWEET FACES
THAT TELLS ME WHY
I LIVE AND DIE?

FOLLOW THE WIND SONG
FOLLOW THE THUNDER
FOLLOW THE NEON IN YOUNG LOVERS'
EYES?
DOWN TO THE GUTTER
UP TO THE GLITTER
INTO THE CITY WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HEARTBEAT?
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HAND?

WHERE WILL THEY LEAD ME
AND WILL I EVER
DISCOVER WHY I LIVE AND DIE?

CHORUS (O.S.)
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE CHILDREN?
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THEIR SMILES?

IS THERE AN ANSWER
IN THEIR SWEET FACES
THAT TELLS ME WHY
I LIVE AND DIE?

CLAUDE & TRIBAL CHORUS
FOLLOW THE WIND SONG
FOLLOW THE THUNDER
FOLLOW THE NEON IN YOUNG LOVERS'
EYES?
DOWN TO THE GUTTER
UP TO THE GLITTER
INTO THE CITY WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

CLAUDE
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HEARTBEAT?
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HAND?

WHERE WILL THEY LEAD ME
AND WILL I EVER
DISCOVER WHY I LIVE AND DIE?

TRIBE
WHY

CLAUDE
I LIVE AND DIE

TRIBE
WHY

CLAUDE
WHY DO I LIVE?
WHY DO I DIE?
TELL ME WHERE DO I GO?
TELL ME WHY?
TELL ME WHERE?
TELL ME WHY?
TELL ME WHERE?
TELL ME WHY?

MUSIC OUT.

INT. THE LABYRINTH AS GYM - NIGHT

The Labyrinth is arranged to suggest a Lincoln's Birthday dance in a high school gymnasium. A few party streamers hang from the walls. ALso a framed picture of Abraham Lincoln with a big "Feb. 12" hand-glittered underneath it. The Tribe stands around sipping wine from Dixie cups. Jeanie is talking to Sheila.

JEANIE
Have you seen Claude around?

SHEILA
Not since this morning.

JEANIE
The poor baby, he's so confused.

SHEILA
Sooner or later he'll have to face reality.

JEANIE
(with a sigh)
Oh, Sheila, you just don't understand. Come on, Icarus, I'll get you some cake.

In ANOTHER AREA, Woof comes over to Peter.

WOOF
Hey, Peter, you want to sleep with me tonight?

PETER
We slept together last night.

WOOF
Yeah, but I fell asleep.

PETER
Why don't you ask Jeanie?

Jeanie walks by.

JEANIE
Ask me what?

WOOF
Would you like to sleep with me tonight?

JEANIE
(very matronly)
Woof. I am a woman with a first child on the way. What is it you think you can offer me?

WOOF
...Twins?

In ANOTHER AREA, Berger and Hud walk over to the punch bowl under the picture of Lincoln. Sheila meets them there.

BERGER
Hi, Sheila.

SHEILA
Hi, guys.
(to Berger)
Could I talk to you after the party?

BERGER
Sure. What is it you...?

SHEILA
Heck, I'll give it to you now.

She gives him a pretty leather choker decorated with little beads and shells. Berger is delighted with it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You like it? Let me put it on.

She begins to fasten it around his neck.

BERGER
Wow, it's beautiful.

SHEILA
I made it myself.

HUD
(playfully)
Hey, lady, don't put no chains on that man. Don't you know what day we're celebrating?

SHEILA
Lincoln's Birthday.

HUD
That's right! The Great Emancipator who come down from De Lord to set us colored folks free.
(MORE)

HUD (CONT'D)
'Course, I don't know how we came to be chained in the first place, but that don't matter, 'cause he done set us free.

JOE
(a black guy)
Hallelujah, brother!

BERGER
You sure you're ready for it?

HUD
I think so. I think so. It's gonna take some time but we're gonna get organized and make some pro-gress and then we're gonna get a slice of that American pie.

JOHN
(another black guy)
Right on, baby!

JOE
Tell it like it is, Reverend!

MUSIC IN. Hud, Joe and John form a black trio and begin to shuffle and sing.

TRIO
YES, I'S FINISHED ON Y'ALL'S FARM LANDS
WITH YO' BOLL WEEVILS AND ALL
PLUCKIN' Y'ALL'S CHICKENS
FRYIN' MOTHER'S OATS IN GREASE
I'S FREE NOW,
THANKS TO YO' MASSA LINCOLN
EMANCIPATOR OF THE SLAVE.

YES, I'S FINISHED ON Y'ALL'S FARM LANDS
WITH YO' BOLL WEEVILS AND ALL
PLUCKIN' Y'ALL'S CHICKENS
FRYIN' MOTHER'S OATS IN GREASE
I'S FREE NOW,
THANKS TO YO' MASSA LINCOLN
EMANCIPATOR OF THE SLAVE
YEAH YEAH YEAH
EMANCI-MOTHER-FUCKIN'-PATOR OF THE SLAVE
YEAH YEAH YEAH
EMANCI-MOTHER-FUCKIN'-PATOR OF THE SLAVE.

JOE
Hey, brother, lookee there.

Everyone looks over to where he is pointing. Dionne, dressed as Abraham Lincoln in top hat and beard, walks in on five-foot-high stilts under her trousers. She towers over the Tribe as she makes her way to the stage. The black trio immediately go into a differential back-up group supplying the "Be-do-wop-wop" as she grabs a mike and begins to sing.

DIONNE
Four score... I said, four score and seven years ago... Oh, sock it to 'em, baby, you're sounding better all the time... our forefathers... I mean all our forefathers, brought forth upon this here continent... a new nation..
(to the Trio)
Oh, come on and stroke me, Stokely... conceived, conceived like we all was... in liberty... and dedicated to the one I love... I mean, dedicated to the proposition that all men... honey, I told you, all men... are created... equal.

TRIO
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ABIE BABY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
YEAH

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ABIE BABY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

PETER
BANG.

DIONNE
Shit, I ain't dying yet. Come over here, white boy. Say, you're kinda cute. You an actor? Well, why don't you come up and see me sometime. You think you can come up. Or do you want me to go down...

Dionne and Peter go off as she continues chattering. The Trio shake their heads in disgust.

JOHN
Did you evah?

HUD
Nevah!

They take their coats off and throw them on the ground. Jeanie is standing with Sheila and Suzanne.

JEANIE
They’re gonna take off their shirts.

The Trio are stripping to dance about and show their muscles. They strut about as the MUSIC CONTINUES.

TRIO
I’VE GOT, BABY...
I’VE GOT, BABY...
I’VE GOT, BABY...

Sheila, Suzanne and Jeanie form a girls’ trio and ogle at the black boys’ style.

GIRLS’ TRIO
BLACK BOYS ARE DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATE FLAVORED LOVE

LICORICE LIPS LIKE CANDY
KEEP MY COCOA HANDY

I HAVE SUCH A SWEET TOOTH
WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE.

SUZANNE
ONCE I TRIED A DIET
OF QUIET REST, NO SWEETS,
BUT I WENT NEARLY CRAZY
AND I WENT CLEARLY CRAZY
BECAUSE I REALLY CRAVED FOR
MY CHOCOLATE FLAVORED TREATS.

GIRLS’ TRIO
BLACK BOYS ARE NUTRITIOUS
BLACK BOYS FILL ME UP

BLACK BOYS ARE SO DAMN YUMMY
THEY SATISFY MY TUMMY

I HAVE SUCH A SWEET TOOTH
WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE

BLACK BLACK BLACK BLACK BLACK BLACK
BLACK BLACK
BLACK BOYS.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS from the white girls' Trio across the hall to the improvised stage where Dionne and two black girls, dressed a la "The Supremes" are beginning to sing.

"SUPREMES" TRIO
WHITE BOYS ARE SO PRETTY
SKIN AS SMOOTH AS MILK
WHITE BOYS ARE SO PRETTY
HAIR LIKE CHINESE SILK

WHITE BOYS GIVE ME GOOSE BUMPS
WHITE BOYS GIVE ME CHILLS
WHEN THEY TOUCH MY SHOULDER
THAT'S THE TOUCH THAT KILLS.

DIONNE
WELL, MY MUMMA CALLS 'EM LILIES
BUT I CALL 'EM PICCADILLIES
MY DADDY TOLD ME STAY AWAY
BUT I SAY COME ON OUT AND PLAY-AY-
AY-AY.

"SUPREMES" TRIO
WHITE BOYS ARE SO GROOVY
WHITE BOYS ARE SO TOUGH
EVERY TIME THEY'RE NEAR ME
JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH

WHITE BOYS ARE SO PRETTY
WHITE BOYS ARE SO SWEET
WHITE BOYS DRIVE ME CRAZY
DRIVE ME INDISCREET

WHITE BOYS ARE SO SEXY
LEGS SO LONG AND LEAN
LOVE THOSE SPRAYED-ON TROUSERS
LOVE THE LOVE MACHINE

DIONNE
MY BROTHER CALLS 'EM RUBBLE
THEY'RE MY KIND OF TROUBLE
MY DADDY TOLD ME NO NO NO
BUT I SAY WHITE BOYS GO GO GO GO.

The whole Tribe joins in the dance.

TRIBE
WHITE BOYS ARE SO LOVELY
BEAUTIFUL AS GIRLS
LOVE TO RUN MY FINGERS
AND TOES THROUGH ALL THEIR CURLS
GIVE ME A TALL, A LEAN, A SEXY, A
SWEET,
A PRETTY, JUICY
WHITE BOY
BLACK BOY

WHITE BOYS

BLACK BOYS

WHITE BOYS.

Everyone runs into the center of the floor, holding up over their heads either a black or white card.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
MIXED MEDIA!

The Tribe flips their cards like a football game and we SEE FROM ABOVE that they all go together to form a large photograph of Abraham Lincoln. The SONG ENDS. Lincoln winks.

BLACKOUT.

INT. THE LABYRINTH AS WONDERLAND - NIGHT

At some distance away Grant and Jackson stand observing the festivities from behind some rocks.

GRANT
(disgustedly)
I swear those kids will drive me to drinkin' if they don't quit praisin' that hot shot Lincoln... I mean, I was President, too.

JACKSON
So was I.
(sings)
WE FIRED OUR GUNS AND THE BRITISH
KEPT A-COMING.
WE FIRED ONCE MORE AND THEY BEGAN
TO RUN...

With an arrow through his cowboy hat instead of the 10/6 sign Custer is nearby talking to Claude. He gestures for the others to shut up.

CUSTER
Hey, keep it down over there.
(to Claude)
Listen, Claude, this is the big one, the dream you have been waiting for. It's your manifest destiny. State against state, brother against brother. You can't miss out on Gettysburg.

Grant and Jackson walk on over.

GRANT
Come on, boy, make up your mind. Some causes are worth fighting for, aren't they? Some wars are justified?

CLAUDE
Yes, I believe that, sir.

GRANT
Well, then, don't you want to hang Jeff Davis from a sour apple tree?

JACKSON
And kick the pants off the Kaiser?

CUSTER
And get a Gook for the Gipper?

CLAUDE
I thought this war was to free the slaves?

GRANT
It is! It is! I read that book, what's it called, 'Uncle Tom's Black Beauty' -- well, we're fighting for her, too. But that's not all.

JACKSON
Remember the Alamo?

CLAUDE
Eh...

CUSTER
Remember the Maine?

CLAUDE
Eh...

GRANT
Remember Pearl Harbor?

CLAUDE
Eh, isn't that a Chinese restaurant?

GRANT
It's the Yellow Peril, boy! Don't you know while we are sleeping, two-thirds of the world is plotting to do us in? Don't you think this country is worth protecting?

CLAUDE
Yes, sir, but is war the only way?

GRANT
They started it, didn't they? They called us all those dirty names. Who started first throwing bottles? It's tit-for-tat, boy. 'Course with Hiroshima we got a little more tat.

CLAUDE
But I thought we were fighting the greys?

JACKSON
Look, we fought the redcoats, the redskins, and the reds. Then it's the greys, the yellows, and the black pajamas. They're all the same. It's called the Domino Theory.

CUSTER
It's really a question of the most good. Everybody wants peace...

JACKSON
Absolutely.

GRANT
Peace, yes.

CUSTER
And we all know war is hell...

GRANT
I told that to Sherman myself.

CUSTER
But if you want peace you have to be ready to fight for it. Isn't that sensible?

CLAUDE
Yes.

GRANT
Damn right! No one is going to reduce us to a second-rate power.

CUSTER
(with great sincerity)
But all that aside, this war is about God and motherhood. It's so as she can pray to Him to protect you... and guide you... despite the rockets' red glare... the bombs bursting in air... and your father, your father so proud of his son, his little Yankee Doodle, who can go out and do things he can no longer get it up to do... And, of course, it's for your nation, your country, land that you love... From the redwood forests to the Gulf stream waters, this land was made for you and me... and your children... Indeed, if all that I have said so far means nothing to you, think of the children... Fight this war to end all wars, fight so as these children won't have to fight, fight for peace. Make this world safe for democracy so as children everywhere can live at home... where the buffalo roam... and there is liberty and justice for all.

GRANT
What do you say, boy? Will you join us on the field of glory tomorrow?

CLAUDE
(very moved by the speech)
I'll be there, sir. Thank you.

The three smile proudly at him, slapping his back, shaking his hand and saluting. They mount their horses and ride off.

JACKSON
Hi-ho, Silver!

CUSTER
Get ‘em up, Trigger!

GRANT
I am not a crook!

Claude watches them go. He looks at his long blonde hair and makes a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABYRINTH AS GYM - NIGHT

The gym is empty. The party is over. A few streamers hang down from the ceiling. A few potato chips and raw vegetables are left around the punch bowl. Berger enters and looks around and sees Woof sitting forlornly by himself on a hill gazing out at the great panorama of stars.

BERGER
Hey, Woof, what are you doing out here?

WOOF
Looking at the stars... I was wondering what it would be like to be a shepherd... kind of lonely, huh?

BERGER
With all those stars for company! A lot of them are old friends.

WOOF
(his last chance)
Berger, will you sleep with me tonight? We could sleep in the tree house.

BERGER
Sure.
(pointing at the stars)
I’ll ask Orion and Sirius and Pleiades. We’ll have an orgy.

WOOF
(eagerly jumping up)
Great! I’ll get my stuff.

He runs off and meets Sheila coming in.

WOOF (CONT'D)
Hi, Sheila. Berger and I are going to have an orgy. You can come if you like.

He exits. Berger comes down to Sheila.

SHEILA
What was that?

BERGER
We're sleeping in the tree house. Want to join us?

SHEILA
But, Berger, I thought tonight we could get together alone -- just the two of us. That's what you said.

BERGER
Did I?

SHEILA
That's why I waited for you.

BERGER
Gee, I'm sorry. I don't remember.

SHEILA
(with tearful eyes)
You keep doing this to me. Why? I mean, I love you. That's a commitment from me -- and not an easy one. I don't want to change you, but surely I deserve some consideration.

BERGER
(placating)
Sheila...

SHEILA
No, wait. I don't think I'm being unreasonable. I give to you. Why can't you give to me? My heart is full of love for you. Yet you feel so very little for me.

BERGER
Sheila, I love you... But I try not to have love in my heart so much as to be in the heart of love.

SHEILA
Don’t give me riddles! I’m hurting!

BERGER
(getting angry in spite of himself)
You and Claude are just the same -- you don’t want to love, you want to possess, to hold on, to cling to. You give me presents and I give you riddles.
(unfastening the beaded choker she gave him)
You’re right. It’s not a fair exchange -- but it’s not meant to be.

In trying to get the choker off quickly, he breaks it and the beads and shells fall and roll all over the floor. He is immediately contrite but Sheila accepts the necklace he is handing out to her.

BERGER (CONT’D)
I’m sorry.

He turns around and exits. Sheila bends down and picks up the few beads and shells. MUSIC IN. She stands up and walks over to where she can see the stars.

SHEILA
HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO HEARTLESS
HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO CRUEL
EASY TO BE HARD
EASY TO BE COLD

HOW CAN PEOPLE HAVE NO FEELINGS
HOW CAN THEY IGNORE THEIR FRIENDS
EASY TO BE PROUD
EASY TO SAY NO

ESPECIALLY PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT STRANGERS
WHO CARE ABOUT EVIL AND SOCIAL INJUSTICE
DO YOU ONLY CARE ABOUT THE BLEEDING CROWD
HOW ABOUT A NEEDING FRIEND
I NEED A FRIEND.

Claude enters. He stands in the shadows listening to Sheila.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO HEARTLESS
YOU KNOW I'M HUNG UP ON YOU
EASY TO GIVE IN
EASY TO HELP OUT

ESPECIALLY PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT
STRANGERS
WHO SAY THEY CARE ABOUT SOCIAL
INJUSTICE
DO YOU ONLY CARE ABOUT THE BLEEDING
CROWD
HOW ABOUT A NEEDING FRIEND
I NEED A FRIEND

HOW CAN PEOPLE HAVE NO FEELINGS
HOW CAN THEY IGNORE THEIR FRIENDS

Sheila sees Claude but continues singing, trying to smile through her tears at the irony of what she is saying.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
EASY TO BE HARD
EASY TO BE COLD
EASY TO BE PROUD
EASY TO SAY NO.

She comes over to Claude.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
That must sound funny coming from me.

CLAUDE
No... I need a friend.

They fall into each other's arms. Sheila hugs him very tightly. Then she pulls back.

SHEILA
Claude, you've cut your hair!

CLAUDE
I'm going in the Army tomorrow.

SHEILA
Oh, Claude, do you really think you're doing the right thing?

CLAUDE
I think so. I knew I had to make some decision today. And I've made it.

(MORE)

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
You were right, Sheila, a man has to take responsibility for himself.

SHEILA
Yes, but...

CLAUDE
(smiling)
I'll be okay.

He picks up a carrot off the punch bowl table.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Have a carrot.

SHEILA
No, thanks.

CLAUDE
Wait...
(taking from his pocket the piece of mushroom Berger gave him)
Have a mushroom.

SHEILA
(knowingly)
Will you join me?

CLAUDE
I'd love to.

SHEILA
We ought to eat it in bed.

CLAUDE
Good. I like beds.

SHEILA
Why's that?

CLAUDE
They're so adaptable.

MUSIC IN.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
YOU CAN LIE IN BED
YOU CAN LAY IN BED
YOU CAN DIE IN BED
YOU CAN PRAY IN BED

YOU CAN LIVE IN BED
YOU CAN LAUGH IN BED
YOU CAN GIVE YOUR HEART
OR BREAK YOUR HEART IN HALF IN BED

YOU CAN PLEASE IN BED
YOU CAN SQUEEZE IN BED
YOU CAN TEASE IN BED
YOU CAN FREEZE IN BED
YOU CAN SNEEZE IN BED
CATCH THE FLEAS IN BED
ALL OF THESE

CLAUDE & SHEILA
PLUS EAT CRACKERS AND CHEESE IN BED.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As they sing, Claude and Sheila turn down the bed covers and begin to get undressed.

CLAUDE & SHEILA
OH THE BED IS A THING
OF FEATHER AND SPRING
OF WIRE AND WOOD
INVENTION SO GOOD

CLAUDE
OH THE BED COMES COMPLETE
WITH PILLOW AND SHEET
WITH BLANKET ELECTRIC
(he squirts his mouth with Binaca)
AND BREATH ANTISEPTIC

SHEILA
LET THERE BE SHEETS
LET THERE BE BEDS
FOAM RUBBER PILLOWS
UNDER OUR HEADS

They hop into bed with their underwear on and get under the covers.

CLAUDE
LET THERE BE SIGHS
FILLING THE ROOM

Sheila throws out her bra and panties.

SHEILA
SCANTY PAJAMAS

Claude throws out his jockey shorts.

CLAUDE
BY FRUIT OF THE LOOM.

They snuggle.

CLAUDE & SHEILA
YOU CAN EAT IN BED
AND BE BEAT IN BED
BE IN HEAT IN BED
HAVE A TREAT IN BED

YOU CAN ROCK IN BED
YOU CAN ROLL IN BED
FIND YOUR SOCK IN BED
LOSE YOUR SOUL IN BED
YOU CAN LOSE IN BED
YOU CAN WIN IN BED

CLAUDE
BUT NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER CAN YOU SIN IN BED.

He gives her a bite of the mushroom and swallows the other half himself.

CLAUDE & SHEILA
NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER CAN YOU SIN IN BED

CLAUDE
YOU CAN HUM IN BED
POUND A DRUM IN BED
SUCK A THUMB IN BED
GO AND COME IN BED

SHEILA
HAVE A MAN IN BED
HAVE A CHILD IN BED
(she kicks out her leg)
YOU CAN-CAN IN BED
YOU CAN SMILE IN BED

CLAUDE & SHEILA
YOU CAN SING IN BED
YOU CAN SMOKE IN BED
YOU CAN CLING IN BED
YOU CAN JOKE IN BED

CLAUDE
ARTICHOKE IN BED

SHEILA
POKE A CHIN IN BED

CLAUDE
STROKE SOME SKIN IN BED

SHEILA
BUT NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER CAN YOU SIN IN BED

CLAUDE & SHEILA
NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER
NEVER CAN YOU SIN IN BED.

They kiss and raise an arm over their heads, clasping their hands together on a pillow. The light changes. The MUSIC SEGUES INTO the INTRODUCTION OF THE NEXT SONG as we feel on the screen that the drug in the mushroom is beginning to take effect.

EXT. THE COSMOS

We DISSOLVE into a land of running colors, a palette of the rainbow moving and flowing like oil in heavy water.

CLAUDE
DOORS LOCKED

TRIBE
DOORS LOCKED

SHEILA
BLINDS PULLED

TRIBE
BLINDS PULLED

BERGER
LIGHTS LOW

TRIBE
LIGHTS LOW

WOOF
FLAMES HIGH

TRIBE
FLAMES HIGH

The entire Tribe, sensually naked and stoned, has assembled and begin flipping and floating and diving through the star-studded blackness of space.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY

SHEILA
MY BODY IS WALKING IN SPACE
MY SOUL IS IN ORBIT
WITH GOD, FACE TO FACE

FLOATING, FLIPPING
FLYING, TRIPPING

TRIPPING FROM POTTSVILLE TO
MAINLINE
TRIPPING FROM MAINLINE TO MOONVILLE

CLAUDE
ON A ROCKET TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION
TOTAL SELF-AWARENESS THE INTENTION

SHEILA
MY MIND IS AS CLEAR AS COUNTRY AIR
I FEEL MY FLESH, ALL COLORS MESH

A spectacular break occurs as the blackness of space suddenly turns into a kaleidoscope of pulsing color.

TRIBE
RED BLACK
BLUE BROWN
YELLOW CRIMSON
GREEN ORANGE
PURPLE PINK
VIOLET WHITE
WHITE WHITE
WHITE WHITE

ALL THE CLOUDS ARE CUMULOFT
WALKING IN SPACE
OH MY GOD YOUR SKIN IS SOFT
I LOVE YOUR FACE

HOW DARE THEY TRY TO END THIS
BEAUTY
HOW DARE THEY TRY TO END THIS
BEAUTY

TO KEEP US UNDERFOOT
THEY BURY US IN SOOT
PRETENDING IT'S A CHORE
TO SHIP US OFF TO WAR

IN THIS DIVE
WE RE-DISCOVER SENSATION
IN THIS DIVE
WE RE-DISCOVER SENSATION

SHEILA & JEANIE
WALKING IN SPACE
WE FIND THE PURPOSE OF PEACE

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
YOU CAN NO LONGER HIDE

TRIBE
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
WIDE
WIDE
WIDE

The MUSIC TRAILS OUT as Claude floats away from the Tribe into his own pastel-colored cosmos.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Claude's bedroom looks like it was furnished by Sears and Roebuck as dictated by "Boy's Life." A model aeroplane hangs from the ceiling, Yale and Stanford pennants are affixed to the walls and a photo of the high school football team is tucked into the side of the mirror, along with the yearbook picture of Sheila. Claude is lying on his bed in a khaki shirt, brown pants, and Army boots. His eyes are closed. His mother enters and goes cheerily to the window.

MARTHA
Wake up, Claude, wake up. It's a lovely day outside... a little chilly but the leaves are a golden brown.

Claude opens his eyes and recites from memory.

CLAUDE
To see a world in a grain of sand
And heaven in a wild flower
To hold Infinity in the palm of
your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

MARTHA
What's the matter, dear? Are you feeling all right? It's just nerves. A few butterflies in the belly.

She laughs happily and begins to brush his military jacket. Claude sits up.

CLAUDE
Mother, why am I going?

MARTHA
What a silly question. We all have to go some time. Come on, now, put your uniform on.

She helps him on with the jacket, a World War I model with a strap that comes over the shoulder.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
My, you look handsome. Men always look so dashing in uniform. I suppose that's why they wear them -- to please the ladies.

CLAUDE
(with slow sincerity)
Mother, last night, I dreamed I touched the center of the universe. It was beautiful. Love was all around me. It was almost as if I saw God.

MARTHA
Hush, now! You know if your father hears you talking about God and love he immediately thinks you've been taking drugs. Come along.
(she goes to the door)
A few friends are waiting downstairs to take you to the station.

CLAUDE
Mother...

MARTHA
Yes, dear?

CLAUDE
Nothing.

MARTHA
Oh, did you hear? Walter Cronkite said last night on the news we had a big battle and the body count worked out to be one dead American to thirty-five hundred of the enemy. Isn't that marvelous! One to three, five, zero, zero! I hope somebody is keeping score because that must be some kind of record.

She exits, closing the door behind her. Claude walks over to the mirror and begins fixing his shoulder strap onto his belt. MUSIC IN and an O.S. CHORUS SINGS as a thoughtful, troubled Claude watches himself become more and more like a soldier.

TRIBAL CHORUS
RIPPED OPEN BY METAL EXPLOSION
CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE
FIREBALL
BULLET SHOCK
BAYONET ELECTRICITY
SHRAPNELLED
THROBBING MEAT
ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING
BLACK UNIFORMS
BARE FEET
CARBINES
MAIL-ORDER RIFLES
SHOOT THE MUSCLES

Claude finishes and puts on his hat. He walks to the door of his bedroom and looks around.

TRIBAL CHORUS (CONT'D)
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX
VIET CONG CAPTURED
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX
VIET CONG CAPTURED

He opens the door, walks out and closes it firmly behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY

An old 1916 railway station is crowded with people boarding the troop train. All the men are in World War I uniforms, all the wives and mothers are in Red Cross uniforms. A BRASS BAND is PLAYING and everyone joins in singing the song with a joyous disregard for the sense of the lyrics.

CROWD
PRISONERS IN NIGGERTOWN
IT'S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
THREE FIVE ZERO ZERO
TAKE WEAPONS UP AND BEGIN TO KILL
WATCH THE LONG LONG ARMIES
DRIFTING HOME

Claude and his mother enter with Mrs. Appleford. She, too, is in a Red Cross uniform and she is dragging along in either hand a LITTLE BOY dressed in dime store cowboy suit and a LITTLE GIRL in a pathetic Indian headdress. They all make their way through the bustling crowd to Claude's compartment on the train.

CROWD (CONT'D)
PRISONERS IN NIGGERTOWN
IT'S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
THREE FIVE ZERO ZERO
TAKE WEAPONS UP AND BEGIN TO KILL
WATCH THE LONG LONG ARMIES
DRIFTING HOME

They stop by the side of the train and, during a lull in the singing, manage to have a quick farewell.

MARTHA
Oh, Claude, we're so proud of you. I'll write as soon as I get home and bake some fresh cookies for you and the boys.

MRS. APPLEFORD
I think we're wanted over at the canteen, Martha.
(to Claude)
We're serving doughnuts to the doughboys.

MARTHA
All right, Eleanor, I'll be right there. Isn't this exciting. Everyone's pulling together. Everyone has a purpose. War seems to bring out the best in people.

MRS. APPLEFORD
(to Claude)
I wish I was going. But then I'm only a woman. So you kill a jerry for me.

LITTLE BOY
(tugging at her hand)
I want to play Germans and Jews.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Henry, be quiet. Good luck, Claude.
(she kisses him)
Be good, keep safe, and we'll keep the home fires burning.

LITTLE BOY
(still tugging)
I want to play Germans and Jews.

MRS. APPLEFORD
Martha, I'll be over there.

She makes her way through the crowd with the two children.

MARTHA
I'm coming. I'm coming.
(she kisses Claude)
Goodbye, dear.

CLAUDE
Goodbye, Mum.

MARTHA
Write if you need any underwear. I don't think they've given you enough.

Smiling and waving, she makes her way through the bustling crowd. The singing starts up again and Claude, after considerable difficulty, manages to open the door of his compartment and step inside.

CROWD
PRISONERS IN NIGGERTOWN
IT'S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
THREE FIVE ZERO ZERO
TAKE WEAPONS UP AND BEGIN TO KILL
WATCH THE LONG LONG ARMIES
DRIFTING HOME.

Claude draws back from looking out the window and sits down. He is still worried and turns to the only other person in the compartment.

CLAUDE
Some wars are justified, don't you think? Some wars are necessary.

The man sitting next to him is ADOLF HITLER in a World War One German corporal's uniform. He looks up from his newspaper and speaks with a slight Jewish inflection.

HITLER
Vhat?

CLAUDE
There are some things a man has to fight for, aren't there?

HITLER
(emphatically)
Ja, ja... <u>lebensraum</u>!

CLAUDE
What's that?

HITLER
Living space.

CLAUDE
Well, I meant like freedom and justice and keeping the world safe for democracy and fighting to end the fighting...

HITLER
Ja, ja, those are good reasons, too.
(pause)
...But lebensraum is better.

The train WHISTLE SOUNDS and Claude stands up to look out the window. Everyone has frozen in mid-gesture. The band music has stopped and through the darkly, surrealistically-lit crowd, Claude sees Sheila, Berger, Hud, Dionne, Jeanie, Crissy, and Woof coming towards him. He opens the carriage door and walks toward them. MUSIC BEGINS and an unseen CHORUS SINGS underneath the following farewells.

CHORUS
EYES LOOK YOUR LAST
ARMS TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE
AND LIPS O YOU THE DOORS OF BREATH
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS KISS
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS KISS

THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE

Claude comes to a pool of light and stops. The others stand around the edges, partly in darkness.

CLAUDE
Gee, I feel kind of funny. It’s like I don’t know who I am or where I am or even what time it is.

Crissy comes forward with a flower, gives it to Claude and kisses him.

CRISSY
Goodbye, Claude. Take care.

CLAUDE
‘Bye, Crissy. Thanks for coming down.

She walks away into the darkness and disappears. Hud and Dionne step forward. Claude and Hud embrace.

HUD
'Bye, man.

Dionne kisses Claude.

CLAUDE
'Bye, Dionne.

They walk off. Jeanie steps forward. The tears are streaming down her face but she tries to tough it out.

JEANIE
'Bye, lover.

Claude hugs her.

CLAUDE
'Bye, Jeanie. Take care of Icarus.

Jeanie breaks away and walks into the darkness. Woof comes forward. The tears are in his eyes, also.

WOOF
I'm going to miss you, Claude.

CLAUDE
Me, too.

They hug and Woof walks away. Sheila stands in the light. Claude looks at her for a long moment.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Sheila.

SHEILA
Goodbye, Claude... I love you.

She runs into his arms, and holds him as if she doesn't want to let go. Claude swallows hard and brushes away the tears. He gently holds her away from him.

CLAUDE
I love you, too.

Sheila walks off into the darkness. The last one left is Berger. The two friends look at each other, their eyes glistening in the half-light.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
There doesn't seem to be much more to say.

BERGER
There’s nothing to say.

They hug each other tightly. Claude pulls back, and desperately tries to express his confusion.

CLAUDE
Berger... why?

BERGER
I guess, you’ve got to say goodbye before you say hello.

Berger smiles and walks off into the darkness. Claude is left alone. The train WHISTLE SOUNDS again, and again, and again. Slowly we FADE OUT.

EXT. GRANT’S CAMP AT GETTYSBURG - DAY

Grant and his OFFICERS, all in blue, are getting their picture taken. Lee, a little puzzled (and a little soused) stands besides Grant. He is the only one in grey. The POWDER FLASHES.

GRANT
Thank you, Brady. You supply the pictures and we’ll supply the war.

AIDE
Everything ready and waiting, sir.

GRANT
Good. Where’s Claude?

AIDE
I haven’t seen him, sir.

GRANT
All right. Mount up, men. And remember, I won’t settle for anything less than unconditional surrender.

Everyone quickly mounts. Grant and Lee ride off together. Grant’s Aides follow closely behind.

EXT. THE UNION LINES - DAY

The battlefield is a long green valley. The SOLDIERS are dug in on either side.

Grant rides along the Union trenches, shouting encouragement to the men and occasionally entering into a hearty dialogue with one of the more loquacious Soldiers. Lee rides beside him but is becoming more and more disturbed particularly when he looks across the field at the Confederate lines.

GRANT
Johnny Reb looks mighty mean out there, men, but remember, the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

SOLDIERS
You said it, General.

SOLDIER #1
When the going gets tough, the tough get going, right, General?

GRANT
That’s right, boys. Don’t fire until you see the whites of their eyes.

He rides on as the Soldiers cheer. Lee is now definitely confused.

EXT. THE UNION LINES - DAY

Grant continues his ride past the troops. He stops by some cannons.

GRANT
Give ‘em hell, boys.

SOLDIER #2
Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead.

GRANT
You’ve got nothing to fear but fear itself!

SOLDIER #2
Don’t give up the ship, eh, General?

GRANT
Give me liberty or give me death.

SOLDIER #2
I regret that I only have one life to give for my country.

GRANT
When the going gets tough... oh, I said that. The buck stops here, boys, the buck stops here!

The men cheer. Grant rides up alongside Lee.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Can't you say something? Speak out, the men need encouragement.
(to a Soldier)
You may fire when ready, Gridley.

LEE
(with some difficulty)
Eh, Ulysses, correct me if I am wrong but am I not supposed to be on the other side?

GRANT
Of course not, you sot! This is the winning side, isn't it? You're a winner, aren't you? Now, come on, shape up! Say something to the men.

LEE
I wish I were in the land of cotton. Old folks there are not (burp)...

GRANT
On second thought, just wave. Stick close to me...
(aside)
And for chrisake, go easy on the sauce!

EXT. HEADQUARTERS HILL - DAY

Grant, Lee and their party ride up to the observation hill where the general staff has their headquarters. Washington, Jackson, Custer, TEDDY ROOSEVELT, MacARTHUR, and WESTMORELAND are all there on horseback along with a Soldier carrying "Old Glory." Grant greets Washington first and they shake hands.

GRANT
Good to see you all, gentlemen, and especially you, sir.

JACKSON
First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

WASHINGTON
Aw, shit!

GRANT
How are you, Teddy.

ROOSEVELT
(shouting)
Tip-top! Bully-bully! Let's get Cuba!

Teddy pulls out his saber and brandishes it wildly around his head, almost wounding Washington.

WASHINGTON
What the fuck!

Grant grabs his saber from him and throws it away.

GRANT
Give me that before you hurt somebody.

ROOSEVELT
(shouting even louder)
I have not yet begun to fight!

GRANT
(repressed anger)
I'm telling you for the last time, Teddy -- Speak softly and carry a big stick!

Teddy blinks but says nothing. Grant rides over to the others, where Pierpont Morgan Carnegie Jones, dressed in a wind-breaker and a coach's cap, is standing by the sidelines.

JONES
The home front's behind you all the way, General. Give 'em the old one-two!

GRANT
Thank you, sir... Where's that boy?... Hello, Custer, Mac -- this is quite a reunion.

MACARTHUR
Old soldiers never die.

WASHINGTON
That's 'cause we send the young ones out to fight.

Everyone laughs long and hearty.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
And speaking of young ones, here comes Yankee Doodle, himself.

Claude rides up, still in his World War I uniform but without his hat.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
How are you, son?

CLAUDE
Well, sir...

JACKSON
Here, boy...
(handing him the flag)
You carry 'Old Glory' with you.

CUSTER
She's a grand old flag.

WESTMORELAND
She's a high flyin' flag.

CLAUDE
Sir, I want to talk to you...

WASHINGTON
Not now, son. Line up with me.

GRANT
(pointing)
There's the enemy, gentlemen, and they are us!

Claude looks out across the field and sees the long grey line.

CLAUDE
Sir, I don't think I can...

GRANT
Cannons to the right?

FIRST CANNONEER
Primed and ready, sir.

GRANT
Cannons to the left?

SECOND CANNONEER
All systems go, sir.

GRANT
(taking a deep breath)
Well, then...

The Generals draw their swords or pistols. Claude looks once more at the Confederate line. This time he sees members of the Tribe standing among the Soldiers and we RECOGNIZE Sheila, Berger, Jeanie and the others.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Ready...

Claude can't believe his eyes. He looks again. This time he sees himself on the other side.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Aim...

Claude is about to open his mouth to stop the order when suddenly Teddy Roosevelt, swinging a large two-by-four, breaks rank and spurs his horse across the field, shouting at the top of his lungs.

ROOSEVELT
CHARGE!!!

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

BUGLES BLOW, CANNONS FIRE and men yelling fiercely run with fixed bayonets across the field. The cavalry follows Roosevelt and Claude is caught up in the galloping mass. BOMBS BURST around him. Horses fall. Soldiers stop and FIRE as their officers urge them on with sabers drawn. NOISE, shouting, the POUNDING OF HOOVES, and sudden blood! The field is soon covered with smoke and in the confusion we MAKE OUT all kinds of Soldiers fighting each other -- not only the blues battling the greys, but Minutemen fighting Iroquoises, GI's trading FIRE with Nazis, Green Berets wiping out pockets of Vietcong.

Claude's horse is suddenly shot from under him and Claude tumbles to the ground. He gets up and, with a swing off the flag, manages to fend off a charging Redcoat. A Sherman tank comes through the mist and Claude joins some gas-masked World War I infantry walking along beside it. Planes overhead are swooping low with MACHINE GUN FIRE and SCREAMING BOMBS. A Vietnamese child comes running through the fog, burning with napalm. Apache braves ride past, hurling their spears. A Soldier by Claude gets a tomahawk in his face.

LAND MINES GO OFF. Claude shouts out a warning to those behind him. He looks back and sees a Japanese throw a hand grenade.

It EXPLODES in front of him and he falls wounded, dropping the flag. A platoon of Pancho Villa's Mexicans come racing toward him, FIRING madly. He looks up, his face pale and horrified at the slaughter and confusion. The wounded are screaming for help. He tries to get up.

A North Korean sees him and comes running over to kill him with his bayonet. CLaude reaches for his gun but can't get it out of his holster. The North Korean raises his rifle. A BLINDING FLASH and a THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION. Claude's head falls back and all we can SEE is the billowing smoke.

The SOUND of the BATTLE gradually fades away, and the BOMBS and the SIRENS turn into MUSIC. As the fog lifts, an UNSEEN CHORUS SINGS and a VIEW OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION -- a Daliesque view of Armageddon -- is presented before our eyes. Like Berlin or Hiroshima, half-ruined buildings stand amidst a rubble that seems to stretch for miles; and buried amongst the ruins, the CAMERA PICKS OUT the dead of all nations, the smoking weapons, and the occasional tattered flag.

CHORUS
RIPPED OPEN BY METAL EXPLOSION
CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE
FIREBALL
BULLET SHOCK
BAYONET ELECTRICITY
SHRAPNELLED
THROBBING MEAT
ELECTRONIC DATA...

The CAMERA PANS the lifeless landscape, past the mutilated corpses and the useless weapons and ENDS on the dead figure of Claude, half covered with the dust and brick but still holding onto what was once the American flag.

The MUSIC CHANGES and we PAN UP to a ruined tower where two figures stand, surveying the carnage. One is Ron. The other is Suzanne. They hold the position of the Pioneer 10 models and, like visitors from another planet, sing the following verses with stylized purity.

RON & SUZANNE
WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN
HOW NOBLE IN REASON
HOW INFINITE IN FACULTIES

RON
IN FORM AND MOVING HOW EXPRESS
AND ADMIRABLE

BOTH
IN ACTION HOW LIKE AN ANGEL

SUZANNE
IN APPREHENSION HOW LIKE A GOD

BOTH
THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD
THE PARAGON OF ANIMALS

RON
I HAVE OF LATE
BUT WHEREFORE I KNOW NOT
LOST ALL MY MIRTH
THIS GOODLY FRAME
THE EARTH
SEEMS TO ME A STERILE PROMONTORY

SUZANNE
THIS MOST EXCELLENT CANOPY
THE AIR
LOOK YOU
THIS BRAVE O'ERHANGING FIRMAMENT

BOTH
THIS MAJESTICAL ROOF FRETTED WITH
GOLDEN FIRE
WHY IT APPEARS NO OTHER THING TO ME
THAN A FOUL AND PESTILENT
CONGREGATION OF VAPORS

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN
HOW NOBLE IN REASON.

Slowly we FADE.

EXT. THE OUTDOORS - DAY

Claude walks along a bleak winter landscape. The color has been bled from the film and all the tones are in sepia and white. Claude is wearing his World War I uniform, but no hat, his hair being neatly in place as it was at the railway station. The MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING and he seems to hear it as the tunes echo the memories of his past.

He stops when he sees the Indian on a nearby hill and then quickly breaks into a run towards him. He mounts the hill and stands before the Indian as he did once before. This time, however, it is he who wants to make conversation, it is he who is ready to listen.

The Indian has aged, not in features but in spirit. His eyes, though still clear and proud, are saddened by the pain of the last centuries. He turns to Claude but does not speak.

Claude pleads with desperate fervor.

CLAUDE
Please. Talk to me. I know I'm nobody special. I'm just a kid who got shot in a war.

The Indian looks at him and begins to make sign language. A VOICE ON THE TRACK interprets it for Claude.

INDIAN (V.O.)
Many years ago your people came to this land. We welcomed them and in return they stole from us, tricked us, slaughtered us. We fought. Many died. But you were too many, and we were too few. The center finally was no longer and the sacred tree was dead. Now, you come to us and search for the ancient wisdom. How do we answer you?

The Indian looks out across the snow-covered hills. He turns back to Claude with tears in his eyes.

INDIAN (V.O.)
(continuing)
Seattle, the Dwamish chief, spoke a prophecy to your Governor more than a hundred years ago... 'There will come a time when these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone. Let him be just and deal kindly with all people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds.'

The MUSIC changes. Claude, who has been profoundly moved by the speech, turns and looks down in the valley. In a small country cemetery a funeral is taking place in the snow. Leaving the Indian, Claude walks down the hill, compelled by some outside force.

As he approaches the cemetery, he begins to recognize some of the mourners -- Jeanie, Sheila, Berger, Hud and others. They are all members of the Tribe. He shouts happily to them but they do not hear. He waves but they do not see him. Suddenly he realizes that he is invisible and the coffin they are carrying is his own. He stops and watches his funeral as the Tribe sings.

TRIBE
WE STARVE
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER SHORT OF BREATH
WALKING PROUDLY IN OUR WINTER COATS
WEARING SMELLS FROM LABORATORIES
FACING A DYING NATION
OF MOVING PAPER FANTASY
LISTENING FOR THE NEW-TOLD LIES
WITH SUPREME VISIONS OF LONELY
TUNES

SOMEWHERE INSIDE
SOMETHING THERE IS A RUSH OF
GREATNESS
WHO KNOWS WHAT STANDS
IN FRONT OF OUR LIVES.

The Tribe lower the coffin into the ground. Claude sings in harmony with the others.

CLAUDE
I FASHION MY FUTURE
ON FILMS IN SPACE
SILENCE TELLS ME SECRETLY
EVERYTHING
EVERYTHING
MANCHESTER ENGLAND, ENGLAND

TRIBE
EYES LOOK YOUR LAST
ARMS TAKE YOUR LAST
EMBRACE
AND LIPS O YOU THE
DOORS OF BREATH
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS
KISS
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS
KISS

THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE
THE REST IS SILENCE.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
MANCHESTER ENGLAND,
ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA

AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS

I BELIEVE IN GAWD AND

I BELIEVE THAT GAWD

BELIEVES IN CLAUDE
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME.

The Tribe turns from the grave and the MUSIC CONTINUES as they walk away. Claude tries to speak to Sheila or Jeanie but they walk by without seeing him.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Sheila! It's me. Jeanie! It's Claude!

SHEILA & THE TRIBE
WE STARVE
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER SHORT OF BREATH
WALKING PROUDLY IN OUR WINTER COATS
WEARING SMELLS FROM LABORATORIES

JEANIE & THE TRIBE
FACING A DYING NATION
OF MOVING PAPER FANTASY
LISTENING FOR THE NEW-TOLD LIES
WITH SUPREME VISIONS OF LONELY TUNES

As they sing, Claude approaches Berger.

CLAUDE
Berger, can't you hear me? It's me! Claude!

Berger stops and listens. He can't see Claude but he asks the question of the air.

BERGER
Where are you?

CLAUDE
Here!

Berger begins to smile.

BERGER
What time is it?

CLAUDE
(finally realizing the question)
Now!

Berger smiles fully.

BERGER
Who are you?

Claude, despite the tears running down his cheeks, shouts out the answer.

CLAUDE
Nobody... And everybody!

Berger bursts into a smile of joy and goes over to the Tribe. Claude stops and watches as they walk away.

TRIBE
SINGING OUR SPACE SONGS
ON A SPIDER WEB SITAR
LIFE IS AROUND YOU AND IN YOU
ANSWER FOR TIMOTHY LEARY DEARIE

Claude looks up at the Indian outlined against the sky. He smiles.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

Slowly the natural colors are bled into the film, replacing the sepia and white.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

The snow on the ground disappears and the winter landscape is transformed into a summer meadow.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

EXT. THE COSMOS

We DISSOLVE from this actual location to the cosmic clouds of "Aquarius," radiant with the sunshine glow of space. The Tribe reappear in their normal, colorful costumes, singing at the top of their voices and dancing and hugging each other with tears of celebration.

TRIBE
LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

Claude appears in his old costume with his hair as long as it was before. He joins Sheila and Berger and everyone sings together with the same happiness they shared at the beginning of the film.

TRIBE (CONT'D)
LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN...

And the SONG goes on... and on...

THE END