

S. O. B.

by

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

Overcast, deserted, except for a lone, middle-aged JOGGER and his dog.

2 TITLE CARD

"MALIBU BEACH CALIFORNIA. ONLY VERY RICH, SUCCESSFUL, TANNED PEOPLE LIVE HERE."

3 BACK TO SCENE

The Jogger has a massive coronary. Clutching his chest, he collapses on the sand. Tail wagging, playfully growling, the dog bounces around his master's corpse. CAMERA PANS to the house. FELIX FARMER, wearing robe and slippers, sits on the porch reading the trades.

4 TITLE CARD

"FELIX FARMER, HOLLYWOOD'S TOP GROSSING PRODUCER. HIS FILMS HAVE NEVER LOST MONEY - UNTIL NOW."

5 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE PORCH - MORNING

Felix Farmer stares at the Variety headline.

6 INSERT - VARIETY HEADLINE

It reads: FARMER'S TURKEY LAYS EGG.

7 BACK TO SCENE

Felix's hands are trembling, he is sweating profusely. He is obviously in deep shock. BAILEY, the black houseman, enters from the living room.

BAILEY

Excuse me, Mister Farmer, but
John John wants his ball.

Felix doesn't hear him, isn't aware that he's there. Bailey scoops up the ball.

BAILEY

(embarrassed)

I made some coffee and left a
sweet roll in the oven.

He sees that he's not getting through, shrugs, exits.

8 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

SALLY MILES, fresh, clear-eyed, looking ten years younger than her 37 years, comes determinedly down the stairs. Bailey hurries up to meet her, takes her jewel case.

9 TITLE CARD

"SALLY MILES, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO AND TELEVISION, AND HOLLYWOOD'S NUMBER ONE BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION... UNTIL NOW."

10 BACK TO SCENE

Sally crosses the living room to the porch.

SALLY

(to Felix)

I talked with Doctor Van Riper and she said she doesn't think you should see the children for a while, especially John John, until they get used to the idea...

Felix doesn't even know she's there.

SALLY

I'm leaving you the Lincoln.

She exits. Felix turns a page. The morning sun begins to burn off the mist. Near the water the dog, tired of the one-sided game, sits barking at its unresponsive master.

11 TITLE CARD

"MANY PROMINENT HOLLYWOOD FAMILIES ARE MANAGED BY SOCIAL SECRETARIES."

12 GARY MARSHALL

thirty-three, efficacious, gay. He herds the CHINESE COOK and HOUSEKEEPER toward the front door. They hate Gary.

GARY

Leave the rice...

COOK

(killing mad)

I no dog!

GARY

Everyone's in the car.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

COOK
You snappye fingers and whistle.
I no dog!

GARY
I'll accept that. Now, how about
moving your little pigeon toes in
the direction of the front door
so that we can get this show on
the road!

The Cook begins cursing in Chinese.

GARY
Absolutely.

The PHONE RINGS.

GARY
God!

He lifts the receiver, holds it out to the maledicent
Chinaman.

13 INT. DICK BENSON'S HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

DICK BENSON has showered, shaved, partially dressed,
smoking his second cigarette, in his new, expensive
dressing room-cum-office.

Dick has a bad cough. He is ambitious, and right now
about as successful as he's ever going to get. He
reacts to the stream of Chinese obscenities coming from
the telephone, hangs up, angrily dials a number.

14 TITLE CARD

"DICK BENSON USED TO BE A FRUSTRATED AGENT. TODAY HE
IS A FRUSTRATED VICE-PRESIDENT AT CAPITOL STUDIOS."

15 BACK TO SCENE

Dick finishes dialing.

DICK
Harry Sandler.

JOYCE, Dick's wife, appears in the doorway. She is
wearing a terry robe and slippers. Usually she sleeps
until at least eleven. When she's not sleeping, she
drinks a lot. She was twenty-eight on her last birthday.
Right now she looks like her last birthday was ten years
ago.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

JOYCE
Did you get him?

DICK
No. I'm calling your father.

JOYCE
Give him my love.

DICK
(angrily into
phone)
Harry!

16 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

HARRY is the President of the biggest agency in Hollywood. A former song plugger from the Bronx, Harry has worked sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, fifty weeks a year for thirty-nine years, to get where he is. Last Christmas Harry had a heart attack. For the first time Harry caught himself wondering if the last thirty-nine years were worth it. Harry doesn't know it but a year from now he'll be dead from another heart attack and then it will be too late to wonder. Also present is ESTHER, Harry's lifetime, very confidential secretary.

HARRY
Yes, Dick...

17 TITLE CARD

"HARRY SANDLER REPRESENTS SOME OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN HOLLYWOOD. HE REPRESENTS FELIX FARMER. RIGHT NOW HE WISHES HE DIDN'T."

18 BACK TO SCENE

The secretary pours some water and Harry gulps a 10mg. Valium.

HARRY
Right... right... right...

19 INT. DICK BENSON'S HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

Dick on the phone, Joyce in the doorway.

DICK
I called the beach number and got some deranged Chinaman... yeah, well, you get Felix and tell him to be in David's office at eleven o'clock.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)
I know what time it is! You tell
him! By eleven... or it's his
ass. Your ass, too, Harry. Got
it?

Joyce signals.

DICK
Oh, Joyce sends her love.
(beat, then
to Joyce)
He wants to know how you are?

JOYCE
How do I look?

DICK
If I told him he'd have another
heart attack!
(into phone)
She's terrific, Harry, terrific...
Now stop jerkin' off and call your
client.

20 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry hangs up. His left hand unconsciously presses his
chest.

HARRY
(sighs)
Talk about a son-in-law.

ESTHER
And you taught him everything he
knows.

HARRY
(appalled)
Did I? Talk about Frankenstein.

While Esther dials, Harry checks his pulse.

21 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

The PHONE RINGS. Felix, carrying the trades, rises,
enters from the porch and crosses the room like a man
in a dream. Gary, clutching the children's bathing
suits, comes flying down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

GARY
Kids' bathing suits. I left a set
of keys on your dresser.
(scoops up
the phone)
Mr. Farmer's residence.
(listens, then
holds the phone
out to Felix)
Harry Sandler.

Felix crosses to the front door and exits.

GARY
I'm afraid Mr. Farmer is out to
lunch, Mr. Sandler.

22 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Sally sits in the Rolls with JOHN JOHN and MARY ELIZABETH. The CHINESE COUPLE is wedged into a station wagon midst household stuff and two standard poodles. Bailey is at the wheel. As Felix heads for the garage, the children start yelling "Daddy, Daddy," and hanging out of the car. Sally pulls them back and instructs them to settle down and "shut up or else." Gary closes the front door and hurries to the Rolls.

GARY
(calling to Felix)
Harry says it's a matter of life
and death.

Felix continues toward the garage. Gary climbs behind the wheel of the Rolls. The station wagon pulls out. As it passes Felix, the dogs begin to bark. As the Rolls passes Felix, the weeping children cry out, "Goodbye, Daddy." Felix enters the garage. pushes the switch that activates the electric door.

23 INT. GARAGE - MORNING

As the door slowly descends, Felix walks to the Lincoln limousine, gets behind the wheel and STARTS the ENGINE. He gets out, closes the front door and climbs in the back seat. Just like he does every morning when Bailey drives him to the studio, he turns ON the RADIO and begins reading the trades. The garage door closes with a THUNK and for a moment there is only darkness, then Felix switches on the back seat light.

24 EXT. CAPITOL STUDIOS - MORNING

Dick Benson drives his 450SL through the gate at 30 M.P.H. past a sign which reads SPEED LIMIT 4 M.P.H.

25 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Decorated by Reg Stevens, three times Academy Award winner, the room is more like a comfortable living room than an office. DAVID BLACKMAN is thirty-four and ego-maniacal enough to believe he is the second coming of Irving Thalberg. When it comes to in-fighting, he has all the instincts of a Honey Badger, but when he wants to, he can charm the birds off the trees.

This morning, David Blackman does not feel like being charming.

26 TITLE CARD

"SEVEN YEARS AGO DAVID BLACKMAN CAME TO HOLLYWOOD. HE PRODUCED FOUR VERY BAD FILMS. TODAY HE IS EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF WORLD WIDE PRODUCTION FOR CAPITOL FILMS."

27 BACK TO SCENE

Dick Benson enters, followed closely by two other Vice Presidents, PETER PRATT and ARNOLD COOPERMAN. Pratt, formerly Playboy's Fiction Editor, is Capitol's resident intellectual. Cooperman is the company's youngest Vice President.

28 TITLE CARD

"PETER PRATT AND ARNOLD COOPERMAN - TWO MORE VERTEBRAE IN THE BACKBONE OF CREATIVE JUDGMENT."

29 BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

Well, why the hell can't somebody find him?

DICK

I was on the phone all morning...

DAVID

What about Sandler?

DICK

I told him it was his ass if he didn't have Felix here by eleven.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(to Pratt)
What do the lawyers say?

PETER
You can cut, he can sue...

DAVID
Well, what's the answer?

PETER
Scare hell out of him, then give
him your ideas...

DAVID
Ideas? It's a piece of shit!
One thing I know and I've
proved it. I'm a damn good
cutter, right...

DICK
Damn good.

DAVID
But this load of garbage...

PETER
(hands him list)
I ran it twice last night...
(as David reacts)
The cutter agrees with most of
my suggestions.

DAVID
Will he say so to Felix?

PETER
He might.

DAVID
He's been with Felix for fifteen
years.

PETER
He wants to direct.

DAVID
That's what I need, another
director...

ARNOLD
Speaking of directors...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

DICK

Yeah, what about Culley?

DAVID

What about him, for Christsake?
He's shacked up with some
sixteen-year-old broad and a
case of Jack Daniels. He's got
a six picture deal, play or pay.
What the hell does he care?

PETER

I had a long talk with him last
night. I told him J.G. was so
worried about the stockholders'
meeting he was considering selling
the studio.

DAVID

Listen, knowing J.G. that's not
too far-fetched.

PETER

Evidently Culley didn't think
it was either.

DAVID

Where is he?

PETER

Outside.

David crosses to the door.

DAVID

(to Peter)

I like your style.

(to Dick)

Check and see how Sandler's
doing.

(opens the door,
smiles)

Culley.

Dick is on the phone calling Harry Sandler, as TIM CULLEY strides into the room. Culley began his motion picture career forty-seven years ago, as a gag writer for Sennett. To date, he has directed some thirty two-reel comedies and over a hundred feature films, including Felix Farmer's last multi-million-dollar disaster. If he is not the most creative director, he is one of the most dependable. If he is not "in" with the new hip Hierarchy, he is bankable.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

He had never won an Academy Award or garnered anything but lukewarm reviews, but he has never been out of work. He is an Irish rogue with the heart of a brawler and the soul of an oversexed leprechaun. He is generally loved by men, women, children and animals alike and if Culley has anything to say about it, the women get paid back in kind.

CULLEY
(old world charm)
Gentlemen.

Culley sits down, sniffs one of Blackman's cigars, grimaces, puts it back in its box.

DAVID
I want to recut 'Night Wind'
but Felix has got an ironbound
contract.

CULLEY
(grins)
That's never stopped you before.

DAVID
No smart-ass stuff, Culley.
J.G. called six times last night
and if we don't do something
damm quick, all hell's liable
to break loose.

DICK
(holds up his hand)
Harry...

Everybody but Culley turns to watch Dick.

DICK
Come on, it isn't even ten
o'clock. Well, how many places
are there where he can have
lunch?
(for the benefit
of those present)
Well, dammit, Harry, keep on it
... I don't think you fully grasp
the seriousness of this thing...

DAVID
Hang up.

In a classic example of Pavlovian conditioned reflex,
Dick slams down the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

DICK

He's not home. He's got a lunch date but nobody knows where...

DAVID

(to Culley)

I want you to get Felix to agree to recut the film...

(hands him the list)

Tell him you've got some ideas...

Culley looks at the list.

DAVID

I want to put out a story that we're recalling all the prints and that Felix is making some drastic changes in the picture.

Culley nods, stands, folds the list and puts it in his pocket.

DAVID

(consults his pulsar)

I told J.G. I'd call him at six o'clock.

CULLEY

Tell him Vera sends her love.

DAVID

(suddenly on guard)

Who's Vera?

CULLEY

Just a lady he sent some flowers to. Gentlemen.

He exits, leaving in his wake, blooming paranoia.

DAVID

Who the hell is Vera?

PETER

Probably someone Culley set J.G. up with...

DICK

But this one's special...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (5)

DAVID
He was saying 'Screw me and
I'll screw the Chairman of the
Board.'

DICK
Right.

DAVID
Now get out unless you've got
something that can't wait 'til
the three o'clock meeting.

The Vice Presidents rise and file out. Blackman grabs
the phone, dials.

DAVID
Good morning.

30 INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

MAVIS SMITH, successful model turned actress, lies in
bed, naked from the waist up. We cannot see anything
from the waist down.

MAVIS
(on the phone)
Oh, hi, darling. No, you didn't
wake me up... but it's a wonder...
you really wore me out last night
... you were fantastic.

31 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

She's got him where he lives and he can afford to be
charitable.

DAVID
You were pretty fantastic
yourself. Listen -- I like your
suggestion. You and Marshall
make good chemistry and he's
right for the part...

32 INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Mavis closes her eyes, bites her lip and gives a little
involuntary groan.

MAVIS
Oh, nothing -- that's great.
I'll see you tonight, huh...
yeah... 'bye, darling...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

She hangs up, looks down and grabs something OUT OF FRAME below her waist.

MAVIS
You son of a bitch...

What she has grabbed is a man's hair. She pulls him up by it where we can get a look at him. He is very attractive and, like Mavis, naked from the waist up. By now, although we have not been allowed to see, it is obvious that both Mavis and her attractive playmate are also naked from waist down.

MAVIS
He likes my suggestion. He thinks you'd be great for the part.

33 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

The dog sits next to his dead master, watching two Women with a collie stroll past. The dog grins, wags his tail. The collie stops. The dog is ambivalent. Corpse or collie? The collie approaches, stops, wags its tail. A second later, dog and collie are happily sniffing rear ends, while in the sea surfers are beginning to ride the waves.

34 INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Felix is beginning to succumb to the carbon monoxide fumes. He struggles to keep his eyes open as he re-reads the front page of Variety.

35 INSERT - VARIETY CAPTION

It reads: "Night Wind Pulls Lowest Gross In History."

CAMERA MOVES to another caption. It reads: "N.Y. Critics Break 'Wind'."

We HEAR Felix COUGH. The CAPTION BLURS. The steady THROB of the Lincoln ENGINE persists.

36 EXT. E TYPE JAG - MORNING

Culley driving the Pacific Coast Highway to Malibu.

37 CULLEY'S POV

Two attractive teenage girl hitchhikers. The Jag slows down and stops.

38 CULLEY

reaches over and opens the door.

CULLEY
(old world charm)
Ladies.

39 INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Felix loses consciousness, topples sideways and disappears.

40 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

Culley and the two teenagers streak away in the Jag.

41 EXT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - MORNING

Ten thousand square feet of modern Morroccan splendor in the middle of three acres of tropical gardens, cantilevered tennis court and a forty-foot swimming pool. Besides the Farmer Rolls and station wagon, there is a new, light blue Cadillac convertible, a '74 brown XJ6 and a silver 600 Mercedes, parked in the drive. BEN KAGAN arrives in his bright red Jensen. Gary opens the front door and Ben enters.

42 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - MORNING

Gary leads the way to the study.

BEN
What's up, dear boy?

GARY
They're all waiting for you in the study.

BEN
That doesn't answer my question, dear boy.

GARY
That's because I'm not your dear boy, Ben.

He opens the study door, revealing Sally, her lawyer, HERB MASKOWITZ, her business manager, CLIVE LYTELL, and her agent, EVA BROWN. As Ben enters and Gary gives him a "tough titty" smile:

43 TITLE CARD

"A MOVIE STAR MUST HAVE A BUSINESS MANAGER, AN AGENT, A PUBLICITY MAN, AND A LAWYER.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

THESE PEOPLE TAKE 25% (TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT) OF ALL THE MONEY THAT THE MOVIE STAR MAKES. WITHOUT THEM, THE MOVIE STAR COULD NOT SURVIVE AND WOULD PERISH."

44 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOME - STUDY - MORNING

MASKOWITZ

Once we file for divorce, it's a matter of public record...

BEN

Dolly Reed's already got her nose in the wind. My secretary said I was in Palm Springs, but sooner or later...

EVA

I've got to say something, Sally. In my opinion, you couldn't have picked a worse time...

BEN

She's right. It wouldn't be a good time even if 'Night Wind' was a big hit...

EVA

Like it or not, sweetie, and you're the first one to admit it, you've got an image...

BEN

They got to sell newspapers and when they run out of nice things to write about...

EVA

You start out smoking dope and going steady with your Afghan, and you're one of the gang, but when you're Peter Pan...

BEN

'Night Wind' is a fact. We got to convince 'em it wasn't your fault... Anybody can fail, even Sally Miles...

EVA

But even if Felix is responsible, you walk out on him now and they'll hate your guts for it...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BEN

She's right... even the ones who
criticized you the most when you
married him...

EVA

Oh, they'll be the first ones...

MASKOWITZ

Not even a legal separation?

EVA

No!

BEN

Absolutely not!

SALLY

(sighs)

Damn! Sorry.

45 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The GARDENER parks his truck, gets out, walks to the garage, presses the door switch. The door rises, smoke billows out. The Gardener coughs, waits for the smoke to clear then enters the garage. Only glancing at the idling limousine, he crosses to the power mower, switches on the ignition, presses the starter. The MOWER SPUTTERS, BACKFIRES, but does not start. The Gardener "chokes" it, tries again. Almost this time. He adjusts the "mixture." The MOWER SPLUTTERS, BACKFIRES some more then finally starts. The Gardener climbs aboard and drives the mower out of the garage. As the Gardener presses the door switch, we SEE, through the limousine's rear window, Felix struggle up. The Gardener heads for the front lawn and the door closes.

46 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

People already arrived and arriving to sun and swim. The dead man lies between a family with an umbrella and four beer-drinking surfers.

47 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY MOTEL - MORNING

Culley's Jag parked in front of a bungalow.

48 INT. CHAVEZ DETECTIVE AGENCY - MORNING

We know where we are because everything except CHAVEZ is right out of the "Maltese Falcon," including the Detective Agency sign on the window that is projected and magnified on the wall by the bright sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

Chavez is on the phone.

CHAVEZ
(writing)

Vera?

49 INT. BENSON'S OFFICE -MORNING

Dick on the phone.

DICK
(snuffing out his
tenth cigarette)
V as in Vasectomy, E as in Excrement
R as in Rape, A as in America...
(lights another)
Culley probably introduced her
to J.G., the last time he was out
here in August. Right... and
report to me, nobody else.

He hangs up, has a coughing fit. The inter-office BUZZER BUZZES. Hacking away, Dick presses the button, listens, presses the incoming call button.

50 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry listens to about five seconds of coughing.

HARRY
Dick, Doctor Finegarten, one of
the best heart specialists in
America, says that smoking...

51 INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dick on phone.

DICK
(recovering)
Listen, Harry, I'll swear off
cigarettes when you turn honest
and your daughter joins A.A.
Now, what about Felix?

52 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry pops another Valium as Esther pours.

HARRY
If he's got a lunch date, it must
be at somebody's house. I checked
every restaurant in town.

53 INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dick buzzes for his secretary.

DICK
(on the phone)
You haven't had time to call every
restaurant in town.

His secretary enters. Dick covers the phone.

DICK
Call the beach number and see if
Culley's there yet.
(he uncovers the
phone)
Jesus, Harry, don't talk about
it. Do it!

He slams down the receiver.

54 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Culley and the two teenage girls arrive in the Jag. The girls' names are LILA and BABS. They wait in the Jag while Culley goes to the front door and rings the bell. The Gardener is nearly finished mowing the lawn. Culley knocks on the door. Babs turns on the car radio to KFWB. HARD ROCK mingles discordantly with POWER MOWER and distant SURF. Culley tries the door. It opens.

CULLEY
(calling)
Gary? Felix?
(he enters)
Sally?

The Gardener drives the mower to the garage. Lila and Babs watch as the Gardener activates the garage door, waits for the smoke to clear, then drives the mower into the garage.

55 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley walks to the stairs.

CULLEY
(calls)
Anybody home?

56 INT. GARAGE - MORNING

The Gardener shuts off the mower, starts to exit the garage, but sees something, stops. He crosses to the front of the car, reaches down and picks up a large, dead rat by its tail.

57 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - JAG - MORNING

Lila and Babs cringe as the Gardener, carrying the rat, emerges from the garage.

BABS

Blaaick.

LILA

Euch, God.

As the Gardener passes the Jag, he grins, extends the rat. The girls scream, leap out of the Jag.

58 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING

Culley comes out of the house, surveys the beach. Babs and Lila run into the house.

59 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

The Gardener drops the rat into the incinerator, heads back to the garage.

60 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley on the phone.

CULLEY

Any idea where he might have gone?

61 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - MORNING

Gary on the phone, covering his other ear in order to hear. Sally's strident soprano can be HEARD VOCALIZING.

GARY

'Fraid I can't help you, Culley.
He was there when we left. In
body, anyway...

62 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

The Gardener walks to the garage, starts to press the door switch. He freezes. Felix is staring at him through the rear window of the Lincoln. The Gardener isn't sure what to make of it. He stares at Felix. Felix stares back. The Gardener decides that Felix looks very strange. For one thing, Felix is green. The Gardener crosses to the limousine.

GARDENER

Good morning.

Felix throws up.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

GARDENER

It's not such a good idea to sit
in here with the motor running...

Felix's yellow, unblinking eyes stare back and Felix
lets out a long, rumbling, redundant belch.

GARDENER

I better turn off the ignition.

He opens the front door, reaches in to turn the key,
and inadvertently knocks the hydromatic in low. The
limo takes off. The Gardener jumps clear as the huge
car plows through the garage wall.

63 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING

Babs, Lila and Culley watch the limo, making about 5
M.P.H. cross the beach and drive into the surf, where
it becomes buoyant and begins to float slowly out to
sea.

64 EXT. REAR OF GARAGE - MORNING

Framed in the large hole, mouth agape, the Gardener
turns, runs, leaps in his truck and streaks away, never
to be heard from again in this tale.

65 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley on the phone.

CULLEY

Get me the Coast Guard.

66 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

People stand on their porches. Everyone on the beach,
except the dead man, lines the shore watching surfers
paddle to the rescue as the limo, sinking slowly, drifts
seaward.

67 INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

Felix, knee-deep in water, oblivious of what is happen-
ing, picks up a sea-soaked trade paper and begins to
read.

68 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING

Culley emerges with binoculars.

69 EFFECT THROUGH BINOCULARS

Surfers hauling Felix out of the limo and onto one of the boards.

CULLEY'S VOICE

Oh, my God!

LILA'S VOICE

Let me see, Culley.

70 BACK TO SCENE

Culley hands Lila the binoculars.

71 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

Felix, clutching a piece of Variety, sits on a surfboard in the midst of other surfers. Everyone turns to watch the limo as its nose sinks beneath the surface. Suddenly, Felix begins singing "Nearer My God To Thee." A voice on the shore joins in, then another. Those of the surfers who know the song join in, others fake it. Soon it is a ragged but mighty chorus with Felix leading the way. Like the Titanic, the limo raises her stern, hesitates for a moment, then sinks. The last strains of the song drift across the water and a mighty bubble rises to the surface and explodes like a gigantic fart.

72 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - MORNING

Sally's Sanctum. An elegantly furnished, soundproof recording studio-cum-trophy room.

Sally, a pencil clenched between her teeth, sits at the Steinway Grand, doing her vocal exercises. There is a KNOCK. Sally stops, glowers.

SALLY

Yes!

Gary enters apologetically.

GARY

(seriously)

Sorry, but Culley called...
Felix tried to kill himself.

Sally continues to glower.

GARY

(light-heartedly)

Just thought you'd like to know.

He exits. Sally picks up the vocal exercise where she left off.

73 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

Salvage operations are in progress. The crowd has grown. A tow truck, winch smoking, wheels ripping up the sand, drags the limo toward shore. State Police move the crowd back. A short distance away, the dog, sitting next to his dead master, barks protectively at all the noise and confusion.

74 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING

Babs, drinking a glass of milk and eating a peanut butter sandwich, watches for a moment then turns and enters the house.

75 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley is talking with a HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, who is making out a report.

PATROLMAN

Okay, I think that about covers it.

BABS

Can I borrow a bathing suit?

CULLEY

There may be some spares in the dressing room.

BABS

If I can't find anything, what are the laws on nude sunbathing?

PATROLMAN

I'd have to come back and arrest you.

BABS

(seductively)

Bet I could talk you out of it...

She exits.

PATROLMAN

(hungrily)

Bet she could too. Well, thanks for the coffee, Mister Culley.

(crossing to the kitchen)

I may drop back later just to see how Mr. Farmer's getting along...

(CONTINUED)

CULLEY

Sure.

The Patrolman pushes open the kitchen door, revealing his partner leaning against the refrigerator, drinking a beer and talking to Lila, who sits on the sink.

PATROLMAN

Let's go.

He lets the door swing shut and crosses to the front door.

CULLEY

And listen, Phil, there're bound to be a few reporters nosing around...

PATROLMAN

Only one person I know likes reporters less than I do... That's the Chief... If they start stickin' their noses in where they don't belong, they're gonna get 'em stepped on...

They exit. Lila and the 2ND PATROLMAN enter from the kitchen.

2ND PATROLMAN

Where you gonna be later?

LILA

I don't know.

EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The First Patrolman gets into his car.

PATROLMAN

... And tell Mr. Farmer if he ever does a movie about the cops, I got enough stories to fill a steamer trunk...

CULLEY

I'll tell him.

Lila and the 2nd Patrolman come out of the house.

PATROLMAN

(starting the car)
None of that Serpico crap. The real cops!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, 'The Real Cops'... Not a bad title.

CULLEY

Good title...

The 2nd Patrolman gets in the car.

PATROLMAN

See you later, Mister Culley.

He drives away. Lila waves. As Culley starts for the house, Ben Kagan's Jensen comes down the drive. Culley waits while Ben parks, gets out, crosses.

BEN

Traffic's backed up all the way to Topanga. How is he?

CULLEY

Compared to what?

BEN

Come on, Culley. Gary called me and said that...

CULLEY

I told Gary to tell Sally not to take out an ad in Variety...

(as they enter
the house)

This is Lila, Lila this is Ben.

LILA

Hi.

BEN

Hi.

They enter the house.

77

INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley, Ben, and Lila cross to the living room.

BEN

Gary was just doing his job. Felix may have tried to kill himself but it's Sally that's gonna suffer...

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

Babs, bare from the waist up, displaying fantastic tits, enters.

BABS
I could only find a bottom.

CULLEY
Babs, Ben.

BABS
Hi.

BEN
(gulps)
Hi.

BABS
I'd like to go out on the porch
but I don't want to get busted.

CULLEY
Darling, you already are busted,
right, brother Ben?

BEN
Hallelujah, brother Culley.

BABS
Well, here goes nothing.

She exits onto the porch, makes herself comfortable on
a chaise.

CULLEY
If she thinks that's nothing, can
you imagine her concept of
'something'!

LILA
(entering the
kitchen)
Culley, you're a dirty old man...

A beat and she sticks her head out.

LILA
(smiling meaningfully)
But a great dirty old man.

She disappears back into the kitchen as DOCTOR IRVING
RAPPAPORT comes down the stairs.

IRVING
Hello, Ben.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

Oh, hi, Doc... How is he?

IRVING

Why is it nobody ever asks how the doctor is first? Did it ever occur to you that I might be sicker than the patient? Felix will survive, but for all you know, I could be terminal...

BEN

How are you, Doc?

IRVING

I have scurvy, complicated by an Excedrin number 10 hangover... The cure for both conditions is 24cc's of 90 proof Vodka, mixed with 16 ounces of tomato juice...

CULLEY

(crossing)

Can you hold out for five minutes?

IRVING

(sitting)

Barely.

Culley exits into the kitchen. Irving lights a cigarette. He holds out a shaking hand.

IRVING

Thank God I'm not a surgeon.

BEN

But Felix is gonna be all right, huh?

IRVING

Oh, he'll be fine, but I'm not sure about you, Ben... you look like two hundred pounds of condemned veal... you ought to drop in for a check-up.

Culley enters with a can of V8 juice.

CULLEY

V8 juice okay?

IRVING

Is the Pope Catholic?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

No kidding, Doc, you don't think
I look so good?

IRVING

Stick out your tongue.

Ben sticks out his tongue.

IRVING

I had a Christmas tie that was
about the same color, but not as
furry.

BEN

Come on...

IRVING

Who don't you let me give you a
vitamin shot?

BEN

No, thanks.

IRVING

You never know, it might help.
Come to think of it, why should
I give you a vitamin shot. I'm
the one with the hangover...

He opens his bag, begins searching for the necessary
items.

IRVING

B12, B Complex, crude liver and
a generous jolt of adrenal Cortex,
chased by a Bloody Mary. Known
by those of us that drink for a
living as D.G.V.

Culley hands him the Bloody Mary.

CULLEY

D.G.V.?

IRVING

Dorian Grey's Vaccine.
(raises the Bloody
Mary)
La Chiam.

CULLEY

I thought that was supposed to
be a chaser.

(CONTINUED)

IRVING

Where would Salk or Pasteur be
if they hadn't taken chances?

He begins filling a syringe. Lila, eating a combination
sandwich, enters from the kitchen.

BEN

Listen, I've got to have my story
straight for the press...

IRVING

Tell them you'll only be in the
hospital a few months.

The PHONE RINGS and Culley goes to answer it.

BEN

Oh, fuck off, Irving.

IRVING

Now, Lila, in order to inject
this properly, I must expose my
gluteous maximus.

LILA

Want me to do it for you?

IRVING

Are you perchance a nurse?

LILA

I used to be a junkie...

IRVING

Would it endanger your amateur
standing if I asked you to use
a sterilized needle?

LILA

(philosophically)
You're the doctor...

IRVING

That's the nicest thing anybody's
said to me all week.

He hands her the syringe and unbuckles his belt. While
above conversation has been going on, Culley has answer-
ed the phone.

CULLEY

Hello. Who is this? Hello, Harry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (5)

CULLEY (CONT'D)

This is Culley. Yeah. No. He's all right, it was an accident...

BEN

Jesus, it's all over town.

CULLEY

He put it in low instead of reverse and went right through the garage... ended up in the ocean. Yeah, damn lucky.

78 CLOSE SHOT

Culley on the phone. Ben hovering. Felix, wearing green silk pajamas, comes down the stairs.

CULLEY

Absolutely. Just one of those ridiculous things...

BEN

Felix!

CULLEY

Here he is now. He looks great.

(to Felix)

It's Harry. He wants to know how you're feeling...

Felix passes without any visible response to having heard. Ben goes after him.

CULLEY

(into phone)

Did you hear that? He said, 'Never felt better in my life, Harry' --

BEN

Listen, Felix, I'm gonna have to talk to the press.

He follows Felix into the kitchen. Irving screams.

79 CLOSE SHOT - IRVING AND LILA

She has just given him the shot.

LILA

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

IRVING

It's not your fault. Somebody should have explained the difference between a hypodermic and a javelin.

80 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MORNING

Felix, with Ben close on his heels, enters from the kitchen, opens a closet and begins to rummage.

BEN

... You know how something like this gets blown out of proportion. We've all got to sit down, get our story straight, then let me handle it...

Felix locates some clothes line. He makes sure it is long enough, then closes the closet door and leads Ben back into the kitchen.

BEN

I'm going to play it down -- just a freak accident -- What domestic problems? 'Night Wind?' Unfortunate, but now we're thinking about the future...

81 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley on the phone.

CULLEY

Tell the studio the doctor wants him to stay in bed for a day or two...

IRVING

No, no, I said I should stay in bed for a day or two! He should get out, play golf, get some exercise...

Felix with the rope and Ben enter from the kitchen.

CULLEY

No, I haven't said anything to him, Harry, they just pulled him out of the Pacific Ocean, for Christsake...

(CONTINUED)

BEN

(to Felix)

I know it's been a tough couple of days and I won't kid you, Felix, you look awful, but the sooner we can settle this thing...

Felix carries his rope upstairs.

BEN

... The sooner you can take it easy. Felix?

CULLEY

Look, either come on out here and take care of it yourself or butt out and let me handle it...

BEN

Culley, he won't even talk to me...

CULLEY

I swear, you'll be the first to know, now take it easy... Good-bye, Harry.

(hangs up)

That's a nervous Jew.

BEN

That's not a nervous Jew!

(pounds his chest)

This is a nervous Jew.

IRVING

That's funny. You don't look nervous.

BEN

Oh, for Christssake, Irving...

IRVING

Gee, don't get sore. Some of my best friends are nervous.

BEN

(desperately)

Culley, you've got to go up and talk to him... you've got to make him understand that in about ten minutes that doorbell's going to ring...

The DOORBELL RINGS and Ben nearly jumps out of his skin.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

Oh, my God... It's too late.

CULLEY

Lila, see who it is...

BEN

But, don't let 'em in!

82 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Felix throws the rope over a beam, places a chair beneath the noose.

83 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

Lila opens the front door revealing DOLLY REED. Dolly is forty-seven and on her second face lift. She is a small woman in every way. She dresses expensively, but not well. A long time ago, she decided that if she couldn't be loved, she could be successful. She is sometimes referred to as the Lucretia Borgia of the Pen set, and a well-known Hollywood director once said that taking her out once a month was a better guarantee of sterility than a vasectomy, although considerably more painful.

DOLLY

I'd like to see Felix.

LILA

Felix who?

DOLLY

Farmer. This is the Farmer house, isn't it?

LILA

I'll have to ask. Wait a minute.

84 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Standing on the chair, Felix adjusts the noose around his neck.

85 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Lila enters.

LILA

She said she wanted to see Felix...

BEN

Describe her.

LILA

Bleach blonde, short, lots of makeup...

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Culley...

LILA

I think I've seen her on television...

BEN

(desperately)

What are we going to do?

DOLLY'S VOICE

(calling)

Felix?

They all turn toward the kitchen.

CULLEY

The back door.

Unmoving eyes, riveted on the kitchen door, they await the inevitable.

IRVING

I remember a scene like this in 'The Thing.' There was this horrible monster on the other side of the door...

BEN

(ready to kill)

Irving, if you don't shut up...

The door flies open and there stands Dolly.

BEN

Ahhh... Hello, Dolly...

IRVING

Amazing coincidence. I was just talking about you.

DOLLY

Were you, Irving? Hello, Culley, Ben... I hear Felix tried to commit suicide.

BEN

Felix? Suicide?

Culley laughs, Irving joins in followed by Lila and finally, Ben.

BEN

Ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

Felix comes crashing through the ceiling and lands on Dolly.

86 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry on the phone.

HARRY
(incredulously)
He fell on her?

87 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Culley on the phone.

CULLEY
They've taken her to the Santa
Monica Hospital.

88 INT. DICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dick on the phone.

DICK
(incredulously)
How the hell could he fall on her?

89 INT. HARRY SANDLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry on the phone.

HARRY
He was trying to hang himself.

90 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

David sitting on the sofa.

DAVID
(hoping for the
worst)
How is he?

91 CLOSE SHOT - DICK

Standing at the door.

DICK
He's all right, but they think
Dolly might have a fractured
pelvis and a broken leg.

92 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - MORNING

Sally is convulsed with laughter. Tears roll down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

SALLY

Send... flowers...

93 CLOSE SHOT - GARY

doubles over, leaning against the door. He nods.

GARY

Fell on her...

Sally shrieks. Gary, beyond help, slides down the door to a sitting position on the floor.

94 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

A few surfers. The last of the bathers departing. In another hour it will be high tide. The dog sits beside the dead body.

95 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Felix, glassy-eyed from the shot Irving has just given him, sits on the bed not hearing a word Culley is saying.

CULLEY

Felix, if you've got to kill yourself, there are a hellava lot better ways of doing it. For the last fifty years, I have lived a life of dedicated debauchery. I have consumed enough booze to destroy a dozen healthy livers, filled my lungs with enough nicotine to poison the entire population of Orange County and indulged in sexual excesses that make Hadrian look like a celibate monk. I have, in fact, conscientiously, day in and day out, for more years than you have been in this best of all possible worlds, tried to kill myself -- and I never felt better in my life. So, if you really want to end it all, I can show you a half dozen great ways to do it...

Babs enters. She is undressed to the waist. Her huge, magnificent breasts are the color of a fire engine.

CULLEY

... And here's one of them now.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

BABS
(obviously in great
pain)
Doc, what do I do for sunburnt
boobs?

IRVING
Ice.

BABS
Ice? What if they freeze?

IRVING
Don't go swimming. Something about
that size sank the Titanic.

She exits.

CULLEY
How about it, Felix? What a way
to go. Right, Doc?

IRVING
Beats the hell out of busing, but
I wouldn't count too much on
Felix making the trip.

Culley looks at Felix who is obviously bombed out of his
mind.

CULLEY
What did you give him?

IRVING
Oh, a pinch of this, a dash of
that. Sometimes referred to in
the trade as a 'Sleeping Beauty
Boilermaker.'
(closes his bag and
crosses to the door)
Take no notice if he begins to
levitate, it's a common side effect.

He exits.

LILA'S VOICE
(calling)
Culley?

Culley crosses to the large hold in the floor, through
which Felix previously plunged. Lila looks up from the
room below.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

LILA
I'm starved. What do I do about dinner?

CULLEY
What do you usually do about dinner?

LILA
Eat.

CULLEY
Why should tonight be any different?

LILA
Because I'm not hot for another peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

CULLEY
Isn't there something else in the refrigerator?

LILA
Only Bab's tits.

Irving appears.

IRVING
And we're out of vodka.

CULLEY
Jesus, Irving -- I opened a new fifth.

IRVING
Then it's only fair that I open the next.

The PHONE RINGS. Lila goes to answer it.

96 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lila crosses to f.g. phone.

LILA
Can't we send out for something?

IRVING
Honey chile, these days you can send out for practically anything.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

LILA
(answers phone)
Hello.
(listens)
Just a minute.
(turns to Irving)
For you.

Irving crosses. Ben enters. He is flushed, breathless, clutching the evening papers.

IRVING
(answers phone)
This is Doctor Rappaport.

BEN
Where's Culley?

LILA
Upstairs.

Ben goes up the stairs two at a time.

IRVING
Oh, God, okay, put her through.

97 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING
Culley is struggling with a rug as Ben sails in.

BEN
Culley...

He stops short when he sees Felix.

CULLEY
How is she?

Ben is fascinated with Felix's condition.

BEN
(crossing to the bed)
Broken leg. Fractured pelvis...
screaming her lungs out at everybody.

He leans close to Felix, touches him, then smiles.

BEN
Wow, for a minute I thought it
was real.

CULLEY
(covering the hole)
What?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

BEN
(crossing)
The dummy. You really had me fooled
until I got close enough to tell
that it was wax.

Culley crosses to the bed, peers closely at Felix.

CULLEY
(amazed)
I'll be damned. It really looks
like wax, doesn't it...?
(touching Felix)
It even feels like it!

BEN
(stunned)
You mean it's not?

CULLEY
(leans closer)
But it smells like onions...
(relieved)
At least he's breathing!

BEN
(aghast)
That really is Felix?

CULLEY
Felix after, not before, thanks
to Doctor Rappaport's magic
needle.

BEN
But, my God, I've seen week-old
corpses that looked healthier.

CULLEY
(crossing to the door)
But not happier.

He exits. Ben, unwilling to believe that it really is
Felix, makes a really close examination. Still un-
convinced he gingerly checks the pulse.

98 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Irving on the phone as Culley comes down the stairs.

IRVING
Believe me, Mrs. Zukerman...
there is nothing serious...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IRVING (CONT'D)

(listens)

Right, keep taking the medicine...

CULLEY

Come on, Lila, we'll go to the market.

IRVING

(calls to Culley)

Tomato juice.

(back to phone)

And lots of water, good. Excellent.
And no spicy foods. No, that's
spicy, Mrs. Zukerman...

Culley and Lila exit. Ben comes down the stairs.

IRVING

In a couple of days, if it's not
better, drop in the office. Right.
Right. Goodbye, Mrs. Zukerman.

He hangs up.

BEN

Irving. I've got to talk to Felix.

IRVING

(crossing)

Go ahead and talk to him.

BEN

Are you kidding? He doesn't even
know I'm in the room.

IRVING

Well, if you're expecting answers,
you'll have to wait about nine
hours.

The PHONE RINGS and Ben snatches it up. Irving
scrounges around in his bag for a "Benny."

BEN

Farmer residence. Who's calling?

(suddenly panicked)

On... Ah... listen, this is Ben
Kagen. Maybe I could talk to Mr.
Blackman?

IRVING

(locating the bottle)

Join me in one of those gentle
little blue pills?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN
(waving at him to
be quiet)
It's David Blackman!

IRVING
(drops the pill)
Cheers.

BEN
Oh, ah, hello, Mr. Blackman.
This is Ben Kagen.

99 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David is on the phone.

DAVID
Listen, Ben, I need straight
information. We've been getting
all kinds of stories out here...
Now I want to know exactly...
Listen to me, Ben... I want to
know exactly what the hell is
going on with Felix.

100 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben on phone.

BEN
Well... right now Felix is in bed
under heavy sedation.
(listens)
Doctor Irving Rappaport.

IRVING
If he doesn't remember me,
mention his first clap.

BEN
(quickly covering
the mouthpiece)
Will you shut up!

IRVING
(defensively)
I didn't give it to him. I
cured him!

BEN
(into phone)
Yes. Uh, I'm afraid so.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)

The rope snapped and he landed
right on top of her.

Babs' huge, scarlet boobs precede her into the room.

BABS

Want to blow your mind, Doc?

She produces a spoon and taps her right boob. It sounds
like an E flat cantaloupe.

IRVING

Fabulous.

With a second spoon, Babs strikes her left, rock hard,
boob. It sounds like an F sharp coconut.

IRVING

Fantastic.

BABS

(alternating boobs)

I had a boob job three years ago.
Must have frozen the plastic...

IRVING

Can you play 'Nola?'

BABS

How does it go?

IRVING

May I?

BABS

(hands him the spoons)

But not too hard.

IRVING

Strictly pianissimo.

He begins softly playing her boobs as he whistles "Nola."

101 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David is on the phone.

DAVID

... and if you swing it, Ben, I'll
be eternally grateful. Understand?
(pause)

Ben?

102 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben watches, open mouthed, as Irving switches to "Heartaches."

DAVID (V.O.)
Hello?

BEN
(snapping out
of it)
Oh, yeah. Right. As soon as
Felix comes around...

103 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David on the phone.

DAVID
And give Culley this message. Say
I'm very disappointed in him. Very!
Okay, Ben. Keep in touch.

He hangs up. The expression on his face clearly denotes the disgust he feels toward people like Ben. His secretary buzzes.

DAVID
Yeah?

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Overseas from Mr. Blumberger.

David presses the line button.

DAVID.
J.G.?
(listens)
How do you do it? I only heard
about it a few hours ago myself.
(listens)
Yeah, nearly killed himself. But
who knows, he might try it again
and get lucky.

Secretary enters, puts a note in front of David.

104 INSERT - NOTE

it reads: Miss Smith.

105 BACK TO SCENE

David indicates for the Secretary to show Miss Smith in.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

DAVID

J.G., I promise you it's not that bad.

J.G. is having one of his tantrums. David holds the phone away from his ear. The Secretary shows Mavis Smith into the room. Mavis smiles, crosses. David holds out the phone. She listens, cringes, then before David can stop her, takes the phone and presses it against her pubic region, substantially muffling J.G.'s vociferous expletives. She shivers in feigned ecstasy. David grabs the receiver.

MAVIS

Better than a vibrator.

David pulls her down beside him.

DAVID

J.G., will you listen... It's being taken care of. By tomorrow the whole thing will be straightened out.

David lights a cigar and listens to J.G.'s somewhat less frenzied reply.

DAVID

(to Mavis)

I honest to God don't know why I put up with him.

(listens)

J.G., I hear everything you say and from this minute on you can forget about it -- stop worrying. Everything is going to be all right!

(listens)

Then relax. Get some sun. And let me do the worrying. I'll call you tomorrow.

(hangs up)

Crazy Armenian.

(buzzes Secretary)

Get Benson.

He hangs up, kisses Mavis.

/ DAVID

Where do you want to have dinner?

MAVIS

Dom's?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

BUZZ. He answers.

DAVID

Yeah?

(beat)

Dick, get down to Malibu and check on Felix. Anything on the other matter?

106 INT. DICK BENSON'S HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Dick on the phone. He is shirtless, shoeless, halfway through his second Scotch and in the middle of his fifty-third cigarette.

DICK

I talked to Chavez ten minutes ago. So far no Vera. What happened to Culley?

107 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David on the phone.

DAVID

That's a good question, Dick. And when you get down to Malibu and you find out what's happening, call and tell me the answer.

(hangs up)

Stupid bastard.

108 INT. DICK BENSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joyce, smashed, lies on the bed, numbly watching television. Dick enters, coughing.

DICK

I won't be home for dinner.

JOYCE

(thickly)

How come?

DICK

Does it make any difference?

JOYCE

Nope.

He crosses. At the door he pauses, distastefully regards his wife.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

DICK
(acrimoniously)
So long, gorgeous.

He exits. Joyce takes a long drink of her triple vodka on the rocks and switches to another channel.

109 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA is CLOSE ON television set. We are WATCHING the seven o'clock news coverage of Dolly's accident. Shots of Dolly in shock, babbling incoherently, being carried to a waiting ambulance. Ben Kagen can be seen scurrying about, making points with the press. Glimpses of Irving and Lila.

ANNOUNCER
Dolly Reed, Hollywood gossip
columnist was seriously injured
today while visiting the Malibu
home of film producer Felix Farmer...

CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL Dolly in a plaster cast, watching from her bed. The room is filled with flowers.

ANNOUNCER
Miss Reed was rushed to the Santa
Monica Hospital where she is reported
to be in satisfactory condition...

DOLLY
Satisfactory shit!

WILLARD GAYLIN enters. Willard has been married to Dolly for fourteen excruciating years. He is fifty years old, a sado masochist and a homosexual. Through Dolly's influence he has managed to become a modestly successful film producer. He crosses, eyes on the television, and puts a stack of magazines, Weekly Variety and a five pound box of candy on the bedside table.

ANNOUNCER
Earlier today, Farmer was involved
in a bizarre accident when his car
crashed through his garage and sank
in the Malibu surf.

WILLARD
How do you feel?

DOLLY
(looks at him
incredulously)
How do I feel?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Willard, in fourteen years
you've asked some pretty stupid
questions, but 'How do I feel'
takes the frigging cake.

WILLARD

It was just a hospital-type question.

DOLLY

Then you're a hospital-type moron.
I feel marvelous. Look at me. I
thought after dinner we might go
dancing.

She feels a sudden stab of pain, grabs the nurse call
button.

WILLARD

I stopped by the Farmer's Market
and got you some fudge.

DOLLY

I'm surprised it wasn't a trampoline.

The NURSE enters.

DOLLY

I'm having a lot of pain. I want
another shot.

NURSE

I'm sorry, Miss Reed, but I can't
give you another shot until nine
o'clock...

DOLLY

(vociferous)

That's two hours!

NURSE

I'm sorry, but the doctor left
instructions...

DOLLY

You're sorry and I'm in agony...

WILLARD

(to Dolly)

Honey...

DOLLY

Shut up, Willard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLLY (CONT'D)
(pointing a vengeful
finger at the Nurse)
You go call the doctor right now
and you tell him I want something
for the pain right now, because
I'm in agony and if I don't get
something damn quick...

WILLARD
You better call him.

NURSE
(disparagingly).
Who are you?

DOLLY
He's my moron husband and he's
got nothing to say about it, but
you sure as hell better pay
attention to what I'm telling you...

NURSE
(burning)
I'll see what I can do.

She exits.

DOLLY
You do more than see, Missy...
You do see?
(suddenly, with
exaggerated self
pity)
Oh, Willard, I feel so miserable
and I hate being in this terrible
hospital...

WILLARD
(taking her hand)
It will be all right, sweetheart.

DOLLY
(childlike)
No, it won't.

WILLARD
Sure it will.

DOLLY
(pertinaciously)
No it won't!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

DOLLY (CONT'D)

And you're not helping matters by hanging around making me nervous.

WILLARD

I foolishly thought I might be able to help.

DOLLY

You want to help? Run down to Malibu and drop in on Felix. Find out what's going on.

WILLARD

What, you mean now?

DOLLY

No. Next month. Of course now.

(sagging)

My God -- a simple little favor and you'd think I was asking for the frigging moon...

WILLARD

(at the door)

You want me to call you or drop by?

DOLLY

(weakly)

Whatever.

He exits. The Nurse enters with a hypo on a tray.

DOLLY

Do I get a shot?

NURSE

Yes.

DOLLY

Well, hurry up, for Christ sake.

The Nurse deliberately takes her time..

DOLLY

Come on, come on!

With a vengeance, the Nurse jabs.

110 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Willard reacts to his wife's screech of pain, then steps in the elevator.

111 INT. MALIBU SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Culley at the meat counter, selecting steaks. Lila, looking like she has just been goosed by Donnie Osmond, rushes up and dumps a loaf of bread on the cart.

LILA
(ecstatically)
I just saw Steve Marshall!

CULLEY
(preoccupied with
the steaks)
How is he?

LILA
(shivers retroactively)
Oow God! Do you know him?

CULLEY
(meaning 'yes')
Mm.

STEVE MARSHALL, previously established in bed with Mavis Smith, rounds the corner. Steve is fast becoming the new Hollywood sex symbol. He is thirty, bright, articulate, fiercely independent and determinedly ambitious. Unlike some of his successful contemporaries, he is not into motorcycles, formula cars, beer busts, poker parties or politics. Except when he is making a film, he is a dedicated sybarite. He dresses comfortably, but well. He lives in a small, but decorous beach house. He is an ardent woman lover and pot smoker. Occasionally, when the mood and the contact are upon him, he dabbles in more exotic druggery. As example, this particular evening, he is spaced on cocaine. As he approaches, Lila trying to cool it, crosses her legs and sticks her face into the Pork Section.

LILA
(hissing hysterically)
Here he comes! Here he comes!

Steve pushes his cart to Culley.

STEVE
(smiling)
Hey, Culley.

CULLEY
Hello, Steve.

Lila's face darts from one pork package to another like a myopic humming bird.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

STEVE

Are you on the beach?

CULLEY

Just visiting.

STEVE

Hey, well why don't you drop by
the house. I'm having a birthday
party.

CULLEY

Congratulations.

STEVE

It's not mine.

CULLEY

Oh? Whose is it?

STEVE

I don't know. But it's got to be
somebody's. Right? So, you're
invited.

CULLEY

I wish I could, but... hey, I've
got an idea. Do you know Felix
Farmer?

STEVE

We're practically neighbors.

CULLEY

Well, he can't go out but he needs
cheering up...

STEVE

If Mohammed can't go to the party,
then the party will go to Mohammed!
You never know, maybe it's his
birthday.

(leaning close to
Lila)

Are you having problems, darling.

Lila, clutching a package of pork chops, pops up like
a jack-in-the-box.

CULLEY

Steve, Lila. Lila, Steve.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE
(charmingly)
Hello, Lila.

LILA
I'm from Alliance, Nebraska.
Wanna fuck?

112 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

High tide under a grand, luminous, new moon. The dog bounds after the body as it rolls and slides with the ebb and flow. CAMERA PANS TO Farmer Beach House, ablaze with lights. The party is in full bloom.

113 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve's contingent comprises the congregational majority. Excluding Steve, Culley, Irving, Ben, Lila and Babs, there are fifteen males and seventeen females. So far, a grand total of thirty-eight orgy oriented celebrants. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the room PAUSING occasionally to record some hopefully memorable moments.

114 IRVING AND MIRANDA

MIRANDA
(dragging on a joint)
What do you do?

IRVING
I breed armadillos.

MIRANDA
(taking another drag)
Do you enjoy your work?

IRVING
Not especially, but the armadillos sure get a kick out of it.

MIRANDA
Is it profitable?

IRVING
Only in the spiritual sense. A wise man once said 'Make an armadillo smile and the world is your oyster.' At one time I considered breeding oysters, but it just wouldn't sound right. 'Make an oyster smile'...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

(exhaling)

'And the world is your armadillo.'

IRVING

You can see the problem.

Steven, Lila, CY, a bearded writer, SHIRLEY, a middle-aged actress. As they talk, they pass around the cocaine.

STEVE

Nothing's changed...

SHIRLEY

Essentially.

CY

We've lost one choice...

STEVE

We've only ever had one choice...

CY

In actual fact, maybe, but there was a time when we thought we had an alternative.

STEVE

No alternative...

CY

Let me finish.

SHIRLEY

There is an alternative...

CY

If you believe there's no alternative.

STEVE

Crap.

SHIRLEY

Maybe not here.

STEVE

Here?

CY

Wait a minute... This is an important consideration. People who were never really touched by power politics. Steve... people fifty years ago...

SHIRLEY

This country...

STEVE

Capitalism?

SHIRLEY

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

Cy gives up and turns to Lila.

CY
What's your opinion?

LILA
About what?

CY
About anything.

LILA
I don't know. I've never really
given it much thought.

Ben, Babs and Bob, a songwriter, are seated at the piano.
Ben taps Bab's right boob with a spoon and Bob searches
the keyboard for the corresponding note...

Culley crosses and opens the front door to reveal Dick.

CULLEY
(effusively)
Richard. Come in.

DICK
(entering)
Why the hell haven't you called,
Culley?

CULLEY
(closing the door)
I've called your house at least
a dozen times in the last hour.
The line's been busy. I even
had the operator check it.

DICK
You should have called David.

CULLEY
He left the studio at seven.

DICK
I want to talk to Felix.

CULLEY
Upstairs. First on the right.
Want me to get you a drink?

DICK
(casing the party as
he climbs the stairs)
After I see Felix.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

DOORBELL. Culley crosses, opens the front door revealing Willard.

WILLARD
Oh, hello, Culley...

CULLEY
Come in, Steve Marshall's having
a birthday party.
(pulls him in)
We can use your gender and your
wit...

WILLARD
How's Felix?

CULLEY
Recovering. Fortunately. How's
Dolly?

WILLARD
Recovering.

DOORBELL.

CULLEY
(indicating the party)
Dive in.

He crosses, opens the front door to reveal the Two Police
Officers.

CULLEY
Gentlemen.

PATROLMAN
Hi, Mr. Culley. We just got off
duty and we...

CULLEY
Come in, come in.
(as they enter)
There's nothing like a uniform
to keep an orgy organized.

PATROLMAN
(hopefully)
You're kidding!

CULLY
Bribe you, maybe. But kid you?
Never.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (4)

CULLEY (CONT'D)
(to the assembly)
Your attention, please. Everybody,
Hey!
(he has their attention)
Officers Buchwald and Sutherland.

STEVE
This a bust?

CULLEY
Of course, but you've got six hours
to talk them out of it.

STEVE
Dottie!

The beautiful black dancer steps forward.

DOTTIE
Yassa, Boss.

STEVE
Start talking.

DOTTIE
Maybe they don't wanna change
their luck.

BUCHWALD
Maybe Ford don't wanna sell
automobiles.

Laughter, cheers, as Dottie escorts the Officers into
the party. Culley turns, crosses to Dick coming down
the stairs.

DICK
Culley, what's the matter with him?
He doesn't answer, he doesn't move.
He doesn't even blink...

115 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felix, as we left him, sitting in bed, statue-like, a
paradisiacal smile on his face. We can HEAR the SOUNDS
of the PARTY. Someone begins to SING and the OTHERS
JOIN IN.

VOICES
Happy birthday to you...
Happy birthday to you...

116 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

The dog sits quietly, looking out to sea. The VOICES
DRIFT across the deserted beach.

VOICE

Happy birthday, dear somebody,
Happy birthday to you.

The dog lifts his head and HOWLS.

117 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The MOURNFUL SOUND touches something in the nether region
of Felix's viscid mind. He lifts his head and howls an
answer.

118 INT. DOMINIC'S - NIGHT

Crowded, noisy. A SINATRA RECORD on the JUKE BOX. David
and Mavis, half through their steaks, in the front booth.

MAVIS

(off-handedly)

Did you find out anything about
Steve Marshall?

DAVID

They're asking a million against
ten per cent of the gross. That's
almost double what he got on his
last picture.

MAVIS

But his last picture is a big hit.

DAVID

Not that big. Look, there's no
sense even talking about it...

MAVIS

(uptight)

Okay.

DAVID

Hey, this picture's important to
me, too, but you can't expect...

MAVIS

(coldly)

David, you don't want to talk
about it, then let's don't!

He starts to reply but a WAITRESS interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

WAITRESS
Telephone, Mr. Blackman.

DAVID
(disgruntled)
Yeah.

He rises, makes his way to the bar phone.

DAVID
(impatiently)
Hello?

119 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick on the phone.

DICK
He's in bed under heavy sedation...
A pretty young thing sweeps past, and gooses Dick.

DICK
Uhhaaaimgonna stick around for a
while in case he comes out of it.
(listens)
Steve Marshall's having a birthday
party.

120 INT. DOMINIC'S - NIGHT

David on the phone.

DAVID
Work on Marshall, I want him for
'Killing Ground'! But not for a
million against ten.

121 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick on the phone.

DICK
What's the limit?

As he listens, the pretty young thing returns, moves
close to him, smiling. He returns the smile. She moves
closer.

DICK
(into phone)
Right.

She kisses his ear.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

DICK
(into phone)
Uhaaaai'll see what I can do.

As he hangs up and grabs the pretty young thing, there is a CHEER from the living room gang.

122 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dottie has stripped Officer Buchwald down to his shorts and put on his uniform.

DOTTIE
I'm sellin' tickets to the Policemen's
Ball. Who wants to ball a policeman?

123 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another CHEER from below. Felix stirs, slowly he climbs out of bed, crosses the room, stopping to look at himself in the mirror. He is standing on the carpet, directly over the hole in the floor. As he watches his reflection in the mirror, he begins to sink into the hole.

124 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Like a huge, growing bubble, the carpet comes through the hole in the ceiling.

Below, the party is really beginning to warm up. Bob at the piano, accompanies Dottie as she struts in her uniform and sings a raunchy lyric to "Honeysuckle Rose." People are touching and kissing a lot and although up till now Officer Buchwald is the only person to divest himself of his clothes, it is obvious that it is only a matter of time before others follow his example. The bubble reaches the floor. The edges of the carpet pop through the hole and fall to the floor, revealing Felix standing in the center like the heart of a giant blossom that has just bloomed. Carefully, as if walking on eggs, Felix makes his way to the kitchen.

125 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dick has the pretty young thing backed up against the sink. Felix enters, crosses to the stove, opens the oven door, blows out the pilot flame, gets down on his knees and sticks his head in the oven. Dick and the pretty young thing are working themselves into a passionate frenzy. Seeking better sexual accommodations, they maneuver themselves along the sink and sprawl on top of Felix. On hands and knees, head bouncing around in oven, Felix supports the lovers until the action becomes too violent and he collapses.

126 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Most of the lights have been turned off and most of the guests have been turned on. SOFT MUSIC from the STEREO mingles with sexual murmurings, distant surf and the persistent RINGING of the TELEPHONE. A feminine arm reaches out of the darkness, lifts the receiver.

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

(huskily)

Hello?

(listens)

It's for you, Steve.

Steve grumbles, a shifting of bodies.

STEVE'S VOICE

Yeah?

127 INT. DOMINIC'S LADIES' JOHN - NIGHT

Mavis on the phone.

MAVIS

He gave Benson orders to work on you. He absolutely won't go for a million, but he'll settle for seven-fifty.

128 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The shadows.

STEVE'S VOICE

Uh huh. I'll call you in the morning. Yeah, miss you, too.

A feminine giggle. Steve's arm emerges from the darkness, hangs up the receiver. Repositioning of bodies.

129 FELIX

emerges from the kitchen, attempts to cross the room. He sees something. He reaches out, lifts the Policeman's belt and holster from the sofa. A hand steals up his leg. Slowly he raises the gun. Another hand joins the first. He shivers, points the barrel at his temple. The hands are busy. His trigger finger goes limp. The hands pluck at his pajama drawstring. He feels his pants falling. He falls with them, disappearing into the sea of flesh. A long moment and his head, eyes wide and maniacal, pops up into the light. It is obvious that he has discovered something of monumental proportions. It is also obvious that he is, at this moment, a certifiable lunatic.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

FELIX
(shrieks)
I've got it!

130 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Culley in bed with Jennifer the blonde actress. The door flies open. Like some terrible avenging apparition, Felix stands silhouetted against the light.

FELIX
(a raving evangelist)
Sex, Cully -- That's the answer.
We'll give 'em a twelve million
dollar pornographic epic!

131 INT. BLACKMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David and Mavis warming up the king size bed. The PHONE RINGS.

MAVIS
Let it ring.

DAVID
(reaching for phone)
Private line...
(angrily snatches up
the receiver)
Yeah?
(listens)
Tonight?

132 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick, wearing only his pants, talks on the phone, while Culley, wearing a towel, sits in a chair, smoking a cigarette and Ben, wearing a terry robe, fidgets by the door. Irving, in shirt and socks, stands by the bed, loading a hypo.

DICK
He's gone berserk. Says he knows
how to make 'Night Wind' the biggest
grosser in the history of the
business. He wants to meet you
at the studio.

Felix, dressed, enters from the bathroom.

FELIX
The Pollywollydoodle set.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

He strides across the room. Irving goes after him with the hypo. Felix flings open the door, Ben steps aside as Irving stabs with the hypo, misses Felix and gets Ben. Ben lets out a shriek of pain as Felix exits.

DICK

(on the phone)

Listen, he's on his way. I know
what time it is...

(begins to walk)

But maybe he's really got something
and this may be your one chance...

He falls through the hole in the floor.

BEN

(pleading with Irving)

Whatwasit... whatdidyagiveme...

IRVING

(leading him toward
the bed)

Now, Ben, just come over here and
stretch out...

BEN

(hysterically, his
legs turning to
spaghetti)

Idonwannastretchout... ohh'...
what's happening...

(it hits him. His
eyes glaze, he smiles
euphorically)

Heeey... Hi there, lil ole buddy...

During the above action, Culley begins to laugh, rises,
crosses to the hole in the floor and looks down.

133 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick has fallen on Willard, who is obviously in great
pain. As Dick picks himself up, people nearby attempt
to give aid, others continue with what they are doing.

SHIRLEY

Don't move him.

STEVE

Where's the doc?

Culley sticks his head through the hole in the ceiling.

CULLEY

He'll be right down.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

During the above action, Felix comes down the stairs, two at a time, marches to the front door, flings it open and exits into the night. Dick limps after him.

WILLARD

(in agony)

Ooohh, my leg...

DOTTIE'S VOICE

(in ecstasy)

Ooohh, my God...

134 PORCH DOOR

The dog, sopping wet, tail wagging, enters, moves along the bodies and shakes himself violently. Screams and curses.

135 EXT. CAPITOL STUDIO GATE - NIGHT

David drives his midnight blue Dusenbergs past the saluting guard.

136 EXT. SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Dick, Peter and Arnold wait by the stage door. Culley's Jag is parked nearby. The Dusenbergs come around the corner. The Vice Presidents move to meet David as he parks, steps out of the tasteless, forty thousand dollar hybrid. There is a quick, hushed conference and David leads the way onto the stage.

137 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The Pollywollydoodle set, so called because the song has profound unconscious significance for Gillian, the psychologically distressed heroine of "Night Wind."

According to the script, Gillian (played by Sally Miles) plagued by the few haunting notes of the forgotten melody, drops into a deep and troubled sleep and a DREAM SEQUENCE, surreal, satiated with symbolism, follows.

With David leading the way, the little group moves toward the center of the darkened stage.

DAVID

(calling)

Felix.

Suddenly, lights flash on. Gillian's dream world begins to take shape.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

An endless plain stretching to infinity. Exploding colors defining multitudinous abstract shapes that change and shift according to one's head movement or concentration. Huge opalescent balloons with chidishly drawn faces, hover at different elevations. Diaphanous curtains move like giant manta rays against the imperceptible air currents. The total effect is dizzying, frightening.

DAVID

What the hell!

With a SOUND like a gun shot, a gigantic JACK-IN-THE-BOX POPS OPEN. Arnold jumps a foot in the air and Peter nearly faints. Felix stands in the box with the ductile Harlequina. We HEAR the soft STRAINS Of a MUSIC BOX version of Pollywollydoodle.

FELIX.

(singing)

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay,
For I've gone to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna,
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day.

(declaiming)

She remembers the song. What does it mean? A childhood trauma buried deep in her unconscious. Her dying father. A lying mother. The final piece in the jigsaw. She's emancipated. But we blew it. We didn't grab 'em. Why?

(points an accusing
finger)

You know why?

David opens his mouth to say something.

FELIX

I'll tell you why. Because dying fathers and lying mothers are a dime-a-dozen these days. Home and family have become civilization's antiques, along with the flag, Sunday School, Girl Scout cookies, C.B. de Mille and virginity! We gave 'em virtue and they wanted vice. We sold 'em schmaltz and they preferred sadomasochism. Instead of the American dream, it should have been the American wet dream.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

He jumps out of the box and slowly, right arm raised, finger pointing to heaven, advances on the astonished group.

FELIX

We'll reshoot. We'll make Gillian West, frigid businesswoman, Gillian West, nymphomaniac executive. Packard de Haven, rugged male chauvinist is really a transvestite...

DAVID

Felix...

FELIX

The dream sequence will become erotic orgies. A motorcycle gang rapes little Julie Hemingway in a bunker at the Country Club dance...

DAVID

Felix...

FELIX

It's perfect. A twentieth century Sodom and Gomorrah... and in the end, God turns Gillian into Saltpeter!

DAVID

Felix, will you for God sake...

FELIX

Think of it, David, like the phoenix rising from the ashes. 'Night Wind' will become the greatest money making film in motion picture history. Today a fourteen-million-dollar flop, tomorrow a sixteen-million-dollar box office champion.

DAVID

(horrificed)

Sixteen!

FELIX

A month to rewrite...

DAVID

Another two million?

FELIX

Maybe three, but no more...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

You expect me to put another
three million dollars into maybe
the worst piece of crap...

FELIX

(indignantly)

Crap?

DAVID

(angrily pointing his
finger in Felix's face)

Now I'm gonna tell you what you
can do, what you're gonna do.
You're gonna recut 'Night Wind'
and you're gonna cut it exactly
the way I tell you to cut it...

FELIX

(defiantly)

Never!

DAVID

(pointing)

Then, by God, if it's the last
thing I do, I'll fix it so you
never make another picture in this
town for as long as you live!

Felix bites David's finger. David howls in pain. The
Vice Presidents leap to his aid, Felix jumps back.

DAVID

Call a cop. Throw him off the
lot. I'll have you arrested for
assault, you maniac...

FELIX

(crazy, like a fox)

Go on, have me arrested. I still
own a hundred and fifty thousand
shares of Capitol Films and next
month at the annual meeting, we'll
let the stockholders decide who's
the maniac...

DAVID

(sneering)

... You think when the stockholders
hear that you personally lost the
company fourteen million...

FELIX

Me personally?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID

It's your film. A Felix Farmer
Production.

FELIX

And who okayed the script and the
budget?

DAVID

And who's responsible for going
nearly four million over budget?

FELIX

I went up to your office, put a
gun to your head and said 'You're
going to give me another three
million dollars or I'll blow your
brains out.'

DAVID

You think I wanted to spend the
extra three million? In a way
you sure as hell did put a gun to
my head. It's your fault we fell
behind schedule.

FELIX

Then why didn't you fire me?

DICK

He didn't fire you, Felix, because
he's a decent...

FELIX

Fire me and he's got no fall guy.

DICK

Felix -- you're through -- finished.
Contract or no contract, I'm going
to cut your movie and you can go
ahead and sue...

He turns and strides toward the exit, followed closely
by the Vice Presidents.

FELIX

Cutting won't help.

The group reaches the door.

FELIX

If you won't let me reshoot it...
sell it to me...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (5)

The group exits. A moment and they come back in.

DAVID
What did you say?

FELIX
I'll buy the movie. How much
do you want?

138 CLOSE - GROUP

They speak in whispers, not moving their lips.

DICK
Forget it, he's crazy.

DAVID
He's also got the first nickel
he ever made.
(to Felix)
You serious?

139 CLOSE - FELIX

Supremely confident.

FELIX
Name your price.

140 THE GROUP

David turns to his Vice Presidents.

DAVID
What do you think?

PETER
My God, I don't know.

DICK
I'm telling you, he's out of his
mind... he's not responsible...

DAVID
Then we just gotta make sure we
cash the check before they lock
him up.
(turns to Felix)
We've got fourteen million plus
prints, advertising and interest...

FELIX
I can raise ten million.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

DAVID

Forget it.

FELIX

You can tear up my contract.
Three pictures, pay or play, plus
a gross percentage.

Silence while David considers.

DAVID

Ten million include your Capitol
stock?

FELIX

No.

DAVID

Ten million, your contract and
the stock.

FELIX

No! I'll only buy if I can reshoot.
The stock will just about cover it.

DAVID

Good night, Felix. Don't forget
to turn off the lights.

David turns and heads for the door. Felix turns and
walks back toward the Jack-in-the-Box.

FELIX

(singing)

Fare thee well...

Fare thee well...

Fare thee well my fairy fay...

David stops at the door, looks back at Felix.

FELIX

For I've gone to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna...

DAVID

Nine million, contract and stock.

FELIX

Eight.

DAVID

(to Dick)

Get the lawyers.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX
(confidently singing)
Singing Pollywollydoodle all the
day.

141 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MORNING

Shrouded in heavy fog. The dog sits shivering, looking out to sea. Suddenly he begins to wag his tail. In the surf we SEE the body being washed in by the waves.

142 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

CAMERA IS CLOSE ON the television. We are WATCHING TAMMY TAYLOR, Dolly Reed's foremost competition.

TAMMY
A major studio executive told me this morning that Felix Farmer paid Capitol Studios fifteen million dollars for all rights to 'Night Wind,' his last movie starring his wife Sally. 'Smile' to her close friends, isn't smiling this morning. Probably because under the California community property law, half of that fifteen million is hers. If Felix doesn't make 'Night Wind' a box office hit, poor Sally might never smile again. This is Tammy Taylor from Hollywood...

A bed pan smashes the screen. CAMERA PANS TO Dolly. She is beet red. Flecks of saliva have formed at the corners of mouth. Her whole body is trembling with such force that her bed is rattling. Lying close by in another bed, Willard, stretched in traction, painfully turns his head so he can look at his wife.

DOLLY
(venomously)
You open your mouth, Willard and I'll put out a contract on you.

143 EXT. MALIBU HIGHWAY - MORNING

Lila and Babs, thumbs pointing north, stand at the edge of the road.

They watch as the Rolls driven by Sally, turns into the Farmer driveway. A moment later, a young beard stops his beat-up VW. The girls climb aboard and the car drives away.

144 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Fog still shrouds the beach. Felix on the phone.

FELIX

Sell it. Then get on the phone to Geneva and dump the gold. I've got to have another million. No, Bill. No time to discuss. I've got to be shooting by September one.

He slams down the receiver, crosses the room to Culley, who sits drinking black coffee and nursing a gigantic hangover.

FELIX

Writers. Who wrote 'Last Tango'?

CULLEY

Beats me.

FELIX

(points an accusing
finger)

There. My God, Culley, neither one of us knows who wrote 'Last Tango.'

CULLEY

I hated it. I never remember people who perpetrate things I hate.

FELIX

But don't you see, that's the trouble. I hated it, too.

CULLEY

In my opinion, a discretionary judgement.

FELIX

But we're wrong, Culley. That's what they want. That's where it's at.

CULLEY

It's been my experience that every time I think I know where it's at, it's usually somewhere else.

FELIX

Come on, old son... you know as well as I do, that if we're going to stay in business...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELIX (CONT'D)

If we are to remain film makers in any sense of the word, we must shake off the rusty shackles of the past and observe the present for what it is and the future for what it will become. Like it or not. Then we must make our creative comment.

CULLEY

Felix... as far as you know, have I ever lied to you?

FELIX

As far as I know, never.

CULLEY

Well I have, once or twice, but never about anything really very serious... but the fact that I've admitted that I have, on occasion lied to you, should convince you that I am a fairly honest man and when it comes to the crunch, I can handle myself with an acceptable degree of integrity. Would you agree?

FELIX

(affectionately)

Wholeheartedly.

CULLEY

I'm going to give it to you straight, old friend.

FELIX

(benevolently)

You think I'm crazy.

CULLEY

Well, that's a little straighter than I had intended.

FELIX

Maybe, Culley, maybe. I tried to kill myself four times. Hardly rational... eight million plus for a flop -- every cent I have in the world -- not what most people would consider a very sane act... but insane?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX (CONT'D)

What if I'm right. If my vision is valid. Not so crazy? A more acceptable insanity? But really, Cully, that's all beside the point. Sane and miserable or insane and bursting with creative joy and happiness... That's the point, Culley. And in the final analysis, who makes the judgement? Who says, 'He's crazy, therefore he shouldn't' or 'He's sane, therefore he should.' Even if I'm wrong, and I'm not, I'm full of fire, Culley... I'm a blazing comet!

CULLEY

(sadly smiling)

Comets, burn out, pal.

FELIX

But, oh my foes and oh, my friends, it gives a lovely light.

SALLY'S VOICE

(bawling)

Felix!

Felix leaps in the air and lands in a classic Kung Fu defense pose. Sally charges into the room. With a shrill cry, Felix leaps back. Sally skids to a stop. Like the reincarnation of Bruce Lee, Felix encircles his wife.

FELIX

It is my duty to warn you... My hands are lethal weapons.

SALLY

(threateningly)

So's your goddamned fountain pen.

Felix jumps back, falls over a chair and Culley rises.

CULLEY

See you later.

SALLY

Stay where you are, Culley. You're a witness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (3)

SALLY (CONT'D)
(advancing on Felix
as he picks himself
up)

Ten million. You lunatic, you
maniac. Half of that money is
mine!

FELIX
(retreating)
That entitles you to 50% of the
profits.

SALLY
That entitles me to have you
arrested for grand theft, larceny,
fraud, embezzlement, filching,
you thieving, extortionist...
son-of-a-bitch.

FELIX
(commercial
pronouncement)
Sally Miles swears!

SALLY
You're going to give me back my
five million or I'll have you
arrested and locked up for the
rest of your unnatural life.

She throws an ash tray that Felix ducks.

SALLY
Give me my money, Felix, or so
help me, I'll kill you!

FELIX
(jumping up)
Sally Miles kills!

She grabs her Oscar, swings the heavy statue. Felix
ducks. She buries the Oscar in her Peter Pan portrait.
Horror-struck, she looks at the wrecked painting.

SALLY
(anguished cry)
Oooohhh shit.

FELIX
(shrieks)
Sally Miles says shit. A hundred
million dollars at the box office...
two hundred million!

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (4)

Sobbing, Sally collapses on the sofa.

FELIX
Peter Pan is dead. Long live
Gillian West, nymphomaniac
executive.

Through tears, Sally watches as Felix leaps about the room, like a demented wallaby.

FELIX
Not since Edison... not since
Griffith... not since Jolson...
we'll make picture history...

145 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

As Felix continues to rave and Sally's wailing intensifies, Ben, like one of the living dead, sits slowly up in bed.

FELIX'S VOICE
A cinematic monument to man's
immorality. A celluloid prophesy
of the holocaust to come.

Painfully, Ben drags himself out of bed.

FELIX'S VOICE
(quoting)
'For if God spared not the angels
that sinned, but cast them down
to hell, and delivered them into
chains of darkness, to be reserved
unto judgement'...

Like a seasick zombie, Ben heads for the bathroom, but a wave of nausea hits him and he drops to his knees at the edge of the hole in the floor.

FELIX'S VOICE
(building to crescendo)
'And spared not the old world, but
saved Noah the eighth person, a
preacher of righteousness, bringing
in the flood upon the world of the
ungodly.'

Ben throws up in the hole. Sally's wailing shifts into a high gear, ear-splitting, scream.

146 INT. PROJECTION ROOM - SCREEN - DREAM SEQUENCE

We are MOVING through a purplescent mist. The SCREAM FADES, becomes a DISTANT ECHO and is gone. Faintly, the SOUND of a MUSIC BOX PLAYING "POLLYWOLLYDOODLE." The mist evaporates and we are TUMBLING through celestial space, past whirling constellations and fiery showers of meteors, into a black megallanic cloud. Sally, arrayed in thirty yards of billowing chrome primrose diaphanous chiffon, floats into the Pollywollydoodle set. The MUSIC BOX grows LOUDER. The balloon faces look down. The Jack-in-th-Box springs open and the number begins. Sally Miles sings and dances her way through a tarantella with a teddy bear, a fox trot with a fox, a turkey trot with a turkey, a cakewalk with a cake, and as a grand finale, a Punch-and-Judy pas de deux with her leading man. Half-way through the number Felix jumps up in front of the screen and we realize that we are in a projection room.

FELIX

Goosebumps!

(bares his arm)

See.

(points at the
screen)

It's rotten, but it's a revelation.

We fail that we may succeed.

He crosses, sits next to REG STEVENS, three times Academy Award winning Production Designer.

FELIX

We keep the basic set. It's still a dream, but now a Freudian nightmare of erotic symbolism... Seduced in the nursery but not voluntarily. Not the victim of her own insatiable lust as she always feared, but a powerful aphrodisiac slipped in her Bosco.

(stops where Bob,
the songwriter,
is sitting)

New lyrics, Bob... prurient but profound.

BOB

(starts to protest)

Felix...

FELIX

(moves on)

New choreography. The animals are out. Somehow I don't think bestiality makes it musically.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

He stops at GINO POOL, award-winning choreographer. Since coming to Hollywood, he has suffered three nervous breakdowns and, at this moment, fears he's on the verge of number four.

FELIX

What do you think, Gino?

GINO

(trembling)

Well... it's such a different concept...

FELIX

A different concept for a different world, Gino!

(moves on)

Now, Agnes, what about the costumes?

AGNES RAND, veteran of a hundred films, eleven Oscars hang from her gold bracelet.

AGNES

Well, it depends on how erotic you really want to go.

FELIX

(cheerleading)

GO.

(spells)

E...R...O...T...I...C...GO. GO.
GO!

AGNES

Sally Miles, America's G-rated darling in the...

(spells)

B...U...F...F...

FELIX

Why not?

AGNES

Felix, some of her fans still think she doesn't go to the bathroom.

FELIX

If you want to dramatize the evils of prostitution, corrupt a virgin, not a whore.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

AGNES

Just want to adjust my sights.
Fifteen years of nun's habits and
turtleneck bathing suits...

FELIX

Remember your first Academy Award?
'Garbo Talks'?

AGNES

Yes, she talked and she went to
the bathroom, too.

FELIX

Balderdash, Agie.

AGNES

Balderdash, Felix?

FELIX

(slightly
flustered)

I'm counting on you. You can do it.

CULLEY

(sharply)

Agnes.

AGNES

(surrendering)

Okay. I can do it.

FELIX

(exuberantly)

That's my girl.

AGNES

You're sweet, Felix. I haven't
been called a girl since they
stopped saying balderdash!

Felix roars with laughter, crosses to the screen where
Sally, in a full head closeup, tears running down her rosy
cheeks, sings the last few bars of "Pollywollydoodle."

FELIX

(pointing at
his wife)

I broke you and I can make you!

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on screen as Sally sings the last
sad note.

147 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Workmen repairing the hole. Housekeeper busy with Hoover. Gary, closely pursued by the rabid Chinese Cook, emerges from the kitchen.

COOK

Kitchie no wokie. Ovie bloke.
Flidge bloke. Who fixie flidge?

GARY

We gitie flidge fixie. Fixie
flidge and ovie fixie, fixie ovie,
and then we get an eye, ear, nose
and throat fixie and have him cut
out your tongue.

The Cook begins cursing in Chinese and storms back into the kitchen. Gary leans on the porch rail and looks down the cold, grey, almost deserted beach. Three small figures move along the water's edge.

148 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Sally, in slacks, Herb Moskowitz, barefoot, trousers of his business suit rolled up, and Eva Brown, also barefoot, hiking up her tent-like mumu as the turf rolls in, stroll along the shore.

SALLY

But he had no right. Gary says
that legally...

HERB

Sally, with all due respect to
Gary, he's a very bright young
man, but he's not a lawyer...

SALLY

You mean that Felix can just go
out and spend every cent...

HERB

No, I don't mean that. Legally
you can take him to court and get
an injunction against him for
your half of the money.

SALLY

Well, is there any question in
your mind why I shouldn't?

HERB

It could be very messy. The press
would have a field day. You want
to go through that?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

SALLY

No, but I don't want to lose five million dollars, either.

HERB

I gather that Felix has told you how he intends to remake 'Night Wind'?

SALLY

Yes, he certainly has. Herb, you wouldn't believe it...

HERB

You don't agree with him?

SALLY

Agree with... Herb, he expects me ... Look, whatever people think, I'm not a prude but gratuitous sex, for me or anybody else on the screen...

EVA

Gratuitous?

SALLY

Well, from the way he described it, it certainly sounded gratuitous to me.

EVA

What if it weren't? What if the things Felix is suggesting make sense. Would you consider doing the picture?

SALLY

(appalled)

You mean forget the money?

EVA

No, I don't mean forget it. Of course not... but for the sake of this discussion, put it aside for a moment. Would you, if it were not gratuitous, do a nude scene, or get raped or whatever it is that Felix wants?

SALLY

I honestly don't know. You're my agent. Do you think I should?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

EVA

If I thought it was a hell of a part and that an audience would believe you in it, I'd sure as hell consider it...

SALLY

But you're the first one to preach my audience and my image...

EVA

Honey. The last thing in the world I would want to do is change your image unless I was so certain, so absolutely dead positive that you couldn't miss...

They angle their course toward the house, passing the dog sitting in prominent f.g. alongside the partially buried body of his dead master.

HERB

Look, creative judgments are not my department, but I think you've got a few very important things to consider before you jump into a five million dollar lawsuit...

EVA

Whether you like his movies or not, you've got to remember that so far, in his entire career, he's only had one failure... That's an incredible record.

149 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The hole has been plastered up. Gary is serving coffee.

SALLY

(unhappily)

Now let me see if I've got this straight... At best, if I sue, it will be expensive, create a lot of bad publicity, and there's more than a small chance that I'd lose. Is that about it?

HERB

In a nutshell.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

SALLY

On the other hand, I can do the film, and if, please God, Felix is right and it makes a fortune, I get my five million back, plus half the profits.

HERB

That's the least you'll get.

EVA

I think we can make a deal guaranteeing you 100% of everything after distribution, prints and advertising...

SALLY

That's up to you. I don't know about those things. You just make the best deal you can make...

HERB

Then you've decided to do the movie?

SALLY

Do I have a choice? Even if I sue and win, where's he going to get the money? I can just see Capitol saying, 'We're sorry, we didn't know Felix wasn't supposed to do that. Here's your five million back.'

HERB

No, I don't think they'd do that.

SALLY

No, I don't think so either. So I don't have a choice.

150 EXT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Gary seeing Herb and Eva to Herb's car.

GARY

You know, I'm really surprised Miss Miles has decided not to sue. I was talking to a lawyer friend of mine the other night. He's with Merton, Meyers, Miller and Galuzze.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

He felt that Miss Miles had a really good case and that she wouldn't have any trouble at all if she sued Mr. Farmer.

HERB

(icily)

Well, Gary, why don't you suggest to Miss Miles that she discharge me and get your friend to represent her?

GARY

My friend also mentioned that your firm represents Capitol films and that must make it very hard for you to be impartial.

HERB

Are you suggesting that I might be inclined to favor Capitol's interests?

GARY

Yes.

EVA

(steps in)

Have you suggested it to Sally?

GARY

Not yet.

EVA

Why not?

GARY

Because I wanted to see what you'd have to say about it first.

EVA

And what if I said I think you're far too bright a young man to be a personal secretary?

GARY

I'd agree with you.

EVA

You'd probably make a good agent.

GARY

I think I'd make a better producer.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

EVA

I'm having a small party Friday night. David Blackman will be there.

GARY

I'd enjoy meeting Mr. Blackman.

EVA

Eight o'clock. Casual.
(getting into
the car)

Come on, Herb, I've got a lunch date.

Herb gets in the car. Gary watches them drive away, then he turns and walks back to the house. There is a new lightness in his step.

TAMMY'S VOICE

Good morning from Hollywood...

151 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Once again, we are WATCHING Tammy Taylor's morning television show.

TAMMY

Fasten your seat belts, folks. Rumor has it that Sally Miles, the Silver Screen's Princess of Purity, has agreed to do a nude scene for the new version of 'Night Wind,' the multi-million dollar box office disaster, starring Sally and produced by her husband, Felix Farmer, who startled Hollywood when he bought 'Night Wind' from Capitol Films for a reported twenty million dollars.

During the above, CAMERA MOVES to Dolly in bed. She watches Tammy with hooded, hate-filled eyes.

TAMMY

Well, whether you are pro Sweet Sal in the nude or not, at least it will finally settle the argument about whether Peter Pan is a boy or a girl... or will it? Poor Tinker Bell.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

During the above, Willard, in the next bed, painfully turns his head to look at his wife.

WILLARD

Honey...

She regards her husband with unconditional contempt.

WILLARD

Why torture yourself?

DOLLY

(sardonic grin)

Because I've got to torture
somebody...

(talon-like hands
reaching out for
him)

And I can't reach you!

152 INT. BLACKMAN'S RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA is CLOSE on Newsweek Magazine. Sally dancing with teddy bear. The caption reads: "BEARLY BARE." Before we can read the article, the PHONE RINGS and CAMERA PANS to David's Secretary as she lifts the receiver.

SECRETARY

Mr. Blackman's office.

(listens)

Yes, one moment, please.

She buzzes David.

SECRETARY

Overseas from Mr. Blumberger.

153 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Present with David are Dick, Peter and Arnold. David pushes the line button.

DAVID

Hello, J.G.? Yes, J.G., I've
seen it

(covers mouthpiece)

Newsweek article.

(uncovers mouthpiece)

That's right. Yes, it's getting
a lot of publicity. No, why would
I get into it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's not our movie anymore. No.
I told you. Outright. Everything.
You approved it.

(covers the
mouthpiece)

My God, he thinks maybe we've made
a mistake... He thinks that if
Sally Miles does a nude scene,
'Night Wind' could be a hit and he
doesn't want to be embarrassed at
the next stockholders' meeting, so
we've got to at least make a
distribution deal with Felix.

(into phone)

What if he's already made a deal
with another company?

J.G. begins YELLING. David points the phone at Dick who
jumps up and hurries to the door.

DICK

I'll see what I can find out.

DAVID

What about Vera?

DICK

(at the door)

I talked to Chavez last night.
He's even bugged Culley's phone.
Nothing yet.

DAVID

He's had it over three weeks... if
he doesn't come up with Vera soon,
can him and get somebody else.

DICK

Right.

He exits.

DAVID

(to Peter)

I want a look at the new script.

PETER

That won't be easy.

DAVID

Peter, I didn't ask you to tell
me how tough it was going to be...
Just get it, huh?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

Peter nods and rises, crosses.

DAVID
(to Arnold)
When he starts shooting, I want
you on that stage.

ARNOLD
What if it's a closed set?

DAVID
(exasperated)
Jesus Christ, I tell you guys, I
want something done...

ARNOLD
(holding up his
hands, rising)
Okay...

DAVID
Just get on that set, watch what's
going on and give me a report.

Arnold crosses to the door.

DAVID
And I may want to take a look at
his dailies, okay?

ARNOLD
(submissively)
Right.

He exits. J.G. is still RAVING. Suddenly, he stops.
David quickly brings the phone to his ear.

DAVID
Right.

154 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

A beautiful, clear, sunny day. A car pulls off on the
shoulder. Two surfers get out, walk to a parked police
car and look off at the beach below where a small crowd
has gathered. In the distance, we HEAR an approaching
SIREN.

155 CLOSE ON DOG

fangs bared in a vicious snarl.

156 TWO PATROLMEN

PHIL is keeping the crowd back as JERRY tries to coax the dog away from the body.

JERRY
Anybody got a blanket?

MAN
Yeah.

MAN runs a few yards, grabs a blanket and hurries back to Jerry.

JERRY
Phil.

As Phil crosses and takes one end of the blanket.

MAN
That's a good blanket...

PHIL
Okay, okay, just stand over there,
out of the way...

MAN
(retreating)
If he wrecks that blanket, you're
gonna have to pay for a new one...

The policeman spreads the blanket and carefully approaches the vicious dog. The SIREN is closer now. The dog snaps left and right as the policemen bring the blanket over his head and drop it. Terrified, SNARLING, the animal tries to escape the blanket as Jerry and Phil attempt to wrap him up. Jerry yells in pain as the dog bites him through the blanket. Phil draws his club and hits the dog. The DOG HOWLS and breaks free of the blanket, streaks away down the beach. CAMERA HOLDS on the body.

TAMMY'S VOICE
Burgess Webster is best remembered
for his outstanding performance as
Uncle Fudd in 'Mississippi Mud'...

157 INT. SOUND STAGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

The redesigned Pollywollydoodle set, Felix, Culley, Ben, and members of the cast and crew stand silently, heads bowed, midst a purplescent firmament that represents Gillian West's childhood sexual fantasy.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

TAMMY'S VOICE

This morning on stage 15 at Capitol Studio, the entire company of Felix Farmer's controversial new film, 'Night Wind,' observed a minute of silence in memory of the famous actor...

158 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

CAMERA is CLOSE on TV set. Tammy continues her news from Hollywood.

TAMMY

... Speaking of 'Night Wind,' rumor has it that today movie history will be made when Sally Miles, the silver screen's symbol of sweetness, sinlessness and sobriety, proves once and for all that Peter Pan really is a girl. Yes, sir, believe it or not, America's G-rated sweetheart, in an X-rated nude scene.

During the above, CAMERA PANS to Willard in Bed. After a moment, he looks to his right and CAMERA PANS to Dolly's empty bed.

159 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Dolly, encased from chin to hips in a plaster body cast, is carried on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance.

TAMMY'S VOICE

I've been told that when the cameras roll, only a few top, top priority people will be present and the stage will be closed to everyone, including even Capitol's chief executives.

They lift Dolly into the ambulance.

DOLLY

(commandingly)

Capitol Studio and get the lead out.

160 INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Blackness. Soundlessness. Now, faintly, reverberating, the TINKLING STRAINS of POLLYWOLLYDOODLE played on a MUSIC BOX. Sally Miles' golden-toned soprano ECHOING the WORDS. A pinpoint of light, growing, blossoming, like a dazzling, unearthly, translucent flower, revealing Gillian's fantasy nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

Gillian dances and sings her way through the surrealistic, sexual universe where Freudian fears and phallic phobias pursue her piteously. The climax comes when fleeing an enormous, self-propelled, sidewinding, multicolored phallic monster, her escape is suddenly blocked by the gigantic Jack-in-the-Box. As the Jack-in-the-Box reaches for her:

SALLY
(terrified)

No!

She runs off the set.

161 CLOSE SHOT OF CULLEY

CULLEY

Cut!

162 SALLY

charges into her dressing room and slams the door.

163 EXT. SOUND STAGE DOOR - DAY

A uniformed GUARD blocks the three angry vice presidents, who are all talking at once.

DICK
What the hell do you
mean I can't go in?

PETER
Listen, this is
our studio...

ARNOLD
Who th' hell
hired you
anyway?

GUARD
Sorry, but nobody, repeat, nobody,
gets on this stage without a pass.

A bright yellow golf cart with Felix at the tiller, comes tearing around the corner and crashes into the stage wall. Shaken but unhurt, Felix staggers out of the cart and weaves his way to the stage door.

GUARD
You okay, Mr. Farmer?

FELIX
(slightly cross-
eyed)
Super-doooper.

DICK
Felix, will you tell this...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

But Felix is gone. Dick is mad enough to kill. He stomps off, followed by Arnold and Peter.

DICK

Where th' hell are our cops?
How come they let some stupid
foreign cop on the lot in the
first place?

164 INT. SALLY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Sally, facing Felix, Culley, and Ben, is obviously trying desperately to keep her emotions in check. She is rigid, eyes wide, teeth clenched, knuckles white as she grips the throat of her robe.

SALLY

It's no use. I just cannot do
it. I thought I could but I
cannot...

CULLEY

Sally...

SALLY

No, Culley.

FELIX

But, sweet...

SALLY

NO, Felix. No. No. No. There
is no way in God's world that I am
going to bare my... out there on
that stage. I thought I could...

FELIX

You can. You can.

SALLY

(shaking her
head)

My mind says 'yes,' but my body
says 'no.' I know what it means
to the picture. I know it means
that I'm not being... a trouper.
But I'm helpless. Don't you see.
It's out of my hands...

BEN

What if we clear everybody off
the set...?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

SALLY

It won't help...

FELIX

It's just one shot. We'll set the
lights, turn the camera and
everybody will leave...

BEN

What about th' guy in the Jack-in-
the-Box?

FELIX

We'll blindfold him. Nobody will
see!

SALLY

My public will see! MY CHILDREN
WILL SEE!

FELIX

It'll be R rated. They won't let
'em in.

SALLY

But they'll know. They're your
children, too, Felix. Don't you
care if they know?

FELIX

Sophia Loren has children. I hear
she's a wonderful mother. She would
never do anything to hurt her children.
God knows the public have certainly
seen her...

SALLY

(collapsing on
the couch)

I KNOOOOW!

FELIX

(begging for
help)

Culley, Ben...

CULLEY

Glenda Jackson.

FELIX

Glenda Jackson. A fantastic mother.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN
Vanessa Redgrave.

FELIX
A better mother doesn't exist.
Give me somebody who's not English.

CULLEY
Jane Fonda. Shirley McLaine.

BEN
Liv Ullman.

FELIX
(taken aback)
Liv Ullman?

CULLEY
I think so.

FELIX
(triumphantly)
Well...

He crosses to Sally and administers the coup de grace.

FELIX
Liv Ullman!

It is too much. Sally bursts into tears.

165 EXT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

The ambulance rounds the corner and pulls up by the stage door. Dolly shouts orders from inside as the two Attendants jump out, open the back door and lift her out.

DOLLY
I could have made better time in a covered wagon. Ten dollars a mile and you can't even use the siren... If I'm late, I'm going to have a few things to say about your rotten service in my next column.

They wheel her to the door.

GUARD
Where do you think you're going?

DOLLY
We're on our way to Lourdes. Where the hell do you think we're going?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

GUARD

Gotta have a pass.

DOLLY

You know who I am?

GUARD

Somebody who's making a big mistake if you think you can get on this stage without a pass.

DOLLY

I'm Dolly Reed!

166 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

David leads his three vice presidents out of the building. Dick is reading Capitol's contract with Felix Farmer.

DICK

I don't think there's anything in this contract that gives Felix the right...

DAVID

I don't want to know what you think! I want to know where we stand legally!

Arnold and Peter hop aboard a golf cart as David floors it and streaks away. Dick, his nose still buried in the contract, is unaware that he has been left behind.

DICK

He can't hire outside security. He can close the stage, but he must... 'at all times comply with the existing union rules and regulations.'

He looks up triumphantly, only to discover he is alone. Irving drives by in his vintage Thunderbird.

IRVING

Morning, Richard. How's the old prostate?

167 EXT. STAGE DOOR - DAY

The ambulance Attendants have picked up the stretcher.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

DOLLY
(yelling)
Put me down.

ATTENDANT
But he said...

DOLLY
Put me down, you clod. I don't
give a goddamn what he says...
(points a shaking
finger at the
Guard)

You listen to me, you penny-ante,
pea-brain, junior G-man... If
you know what's good for you, you
better get on the phone and tell
Mr. Big-Shot Farmer that I said
that he'd better get down here on
the double or I'll crucify him in
a hundred and fifty newspapers,
every day, for the rest of his
unnatural life.

During this exchange, Irving drives up, gets out with his
black bag, and walks somewhat unsteadily to the stage
door.

IRVING
(to the Guard)
Doctor Rappaport.

DOLLY
Irving!

IRVING
Hello, Dolly. You like like an
anemic turtle.

DOLLY
(to the Guard)
You're going to let that shyster on?

IRVING
I could sue you for calling me that,
Dolly. A shyster's a disreputable
lawyer. I'm a quack!

He exits. The Guard grins.

DOLLY
(yelling after
him)
You tell Felix I'm out here.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

David arrives, jumps out of his cart and strides to the stage, followed by Arnold and Peter.

DAVID

(to Guard)

Okya, I'm David Blackman...

DOLLY

David! That lunatic won't let me on the stage. He's insulted me. He's physically prevented me from going through that door...

DAVID

I run this studio and I'm ordering you off this lot.

(menacingly)

Now you move or I'm gonna move you.

GUARD

You'd be making a serious mistake, Mr. Blackman.

David reads the look in the Guard's eyes.

DAVID

(through clenched teeth)

What's your name?

GUARD

Harrigan. Harold P.

DAVID

Uh huh. Well, Mr. Harrigan, Harold P., I'm going to remember you... And if you aren't off this lot by the time I reach my office, I'm gonna call security and have you physically removed.

He leads Peter and Arnold back to the cart. The trio climbs aboard and David floors it, turnz the cart in a SCREECHING right turn, straightens it out, then whips it around the corner of the stage. We HEAR a terrible THUD.

168 EXT. STUDIO STREET - DAY

Pages of Felix' contract float down to the pavement where Dick lies on his back, unconscious. There is a huge dent in the front of David's special cart.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

ARNOLD

My God.

The trio leaps out of the cart.

DAVID

Call the hospital.

169 INT. SALLY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Irving injects 3cc of Doctor Rappaport's Magic Elixir into Sally's gluteus maximas.

SALLY

Ow!

(rubbing her
rear)

That stings.

IRVING

(disposing of
the syringe in
a waste basket)

It takes approximately twenty-five seconds for a shot to travel from stern to stem. The time can vary by two or three seconds according to heart rate, height of patient, and degree of gluteal muscle into which it is injected. Also there is the matter of drug potency to be considered.

(looks at his
watch)

You should be feeling it about...
now...

It hits her. She looks startled, then apprehensive.

SALLY

Oh!

Suddenly, the apprehension is replaced by an overwhelming sense of well being.

SALLY

Ohhhhh!

IRVING

I suggest you sit down until you get your sea legs.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

Beaming happily, eyes glazed and out of focus, Sally plops herself on the sofa.

SALLY

(sighing)

~~MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM~~.

FELIX

Can she work?

IRVING

Is Batman a transvestite? Who knows? I was specifically requested to alleviate her anxiety... work was never mentioned.

FELIX

But she's got a very important scene to do.

SALLY

(giggles)

I have to show my boobies. You've seen my boobies, Irving. What do you think? Are they worth showing?

IRVING

Well, since I can only make an evaluation based on a completely impersonal, purely professional examination of the subject, or subjects, I would have to say, that in my humble opinion, you've got a terrific pair of knockers.

SALLY

(claps her hands)

Terrific!(staggers to
her feet)

Well, let's get the show on the road.

FELIX

(to Culley)

Get them to set up, then clear the stage...

SALLY

Noooo. No, no, noooooo.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX

You mean you don't mind...?

SALLY

Nooooooooo...

She opens the door and nearly falls out, but Culley grabs her.

CULLEY

Careful.

SALLY

You've got some fast moves for
an old jock, Culley.

(giggles)

Do you know that you're sexually
notorious?

CULLEY

A semi-fraudulent reputation
that I do everything I can to
to encourage.

SALLY

Why?

CULLEY

Because it's the best way for
an old man to compete in a young
man's world.

SALLY

Terrific.

Culley helps her down the stairs.

SALLY

Hang in there, Culley.

170 INT. STAGE - SALLY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Culley leads Sally, who has begun to sing, toward the
set.

CULLEY

(calls to Assistant
Director)

Mickey!

SALLY

(stops singing)

Mickey!

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

She starts singing again. The Assistant Director hurriedly enters.

CULLEY

Get 'em ready.

SALLY

(stops singing)

Hello, Mickeeeeeeeeeey.

ASSISTANT

(confused)

Hi!

SALLY

(Stan Laurel)

I certainly am!

(to Culley)

Right, Olie?

CULLEY

You certainly are!

As they pass, she gooses a particularly goosey still cameraman, who jumps about two feet in the air.

SALLY

(singing in her
deepest voice)

Ol' man ribba, dat ol' man ribba

... He must know sumpin'...

(ripped out of
her mind)

Oooooooooooooooooo...

CULLEY

Okay?

Sally replies by whistling like a falling shell, then making the sound of the explosion.

171 BEN AND IRVING

watching from the sidelines.

BEN

(concerned)

Will she be all right?

IRVING

Depends on what you mean by 'all
right.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2)

IRVING (CONT'D)

I cured a professional sky diver of acute acrophobia. You could say he was 'all right' because he was able to jump. You could also say that he was not 'all right' because he was so stoned he neglected to open his parachute.

BEN

You're a big help.

IRVING

Which reminds me... Dolly's outside.

BEN

Dolly!

IRVING

Reed.

BEN

Outside!

IRVING

Trying to get inside.

BEN

Oh, God...

He runs toward the stage door.

172 ANGLE AT SALLY

seated in her chair, smiling euphorically, oblivious of the makeup man, hairdresser, wardrobe lady, all working on her.

CULLEY

We'll pick up as the Jack-in-the-Box reaches for you.

Sally blows him a kiss.

173 ANGLE AT STAGE DOOR

as the Attendants carry Dolly in with Ben bringing up the rear.

BEN

You can't blame the guard, Dolly. I gave him explicit instructions not to let anybody pass without a pass...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

DOLLY

Did you give him explicit
instructions to insult me...?

The BELL RINGS and the red light over the stage door goes
on.

DOLLY

He should be fired.

As they reach the sidelines, the Attendants lower the
stretcher.

DOLLY

I can't see. Tip me up.

ASSISTANT

(shouts)

Quiet.

The Attendants raise the stretcher to approximately an
80° angle so that it is just balancing on end.

174 SALLY

gives Dolly a happy little wave.

SALLY

Hi there, Dolly... Come t'see
my boobies?

175 DOLLY

speechless.

176 BEN

covers his eyes.

177 SALLY

assumes a John Wayne stance.

SALLY

(The Duke)

All right, pilgrim... Roll 'em.

178 CAMERA ASSISTANT

slates the camera.

179 DOLLY

whips out a pad and pencil and starts making notes.

SOUND

Speed.

180 CAMERA CRANE

swoops in on Sally. The Jack-in-the-Box reaches for her, but Sally steps back, nearly losing her balance as she does so.

181 CULLEY

instantly concerned.

182 SALLY

Still smiling blissfully, she raises her hand signifying "everything's cool," then strikes a defiant pose and rips off her blouse. There is an audible GASP from some of the onlookers.

183 DOLLY

transfixed, mouth agape.

184 BEN

peeks through his fingers.

185 CULLEY

smiles and begins to applaud.

186 FELIX

takes up the applause.

187 IRVING

applauding.

IRVING

Brava.

Everyone begins to applaud. Cheers. Whistles.

188 SALLY

smiling happily, looks down at her boobs, then to her appreciative audience. Her smile grows.

189 ANGLE ON DOLLY

The ambulance Attendants release the stretcher and join the applause. Dolly's terrified shriek is lost in the din as the stretcher suddenly tips forward and Dolly, rigid in her plaster cast, falls forward like a felled sapling, hitting the floor with such force that the cast is fractured in a dozen places.

190 SALLY

acknowledging the ovation, bows deeply and disappears OUT OF FRAME.

191 INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mavis, once again in bed, naked from the waist up, unseen from the waist down. As usual, there is someone doing things down there that are registering up here. The PHONE RINGS. She reaches out, lifts the receiver.

MAVIS

Hello?

(listens, then
passes the receiver
down out of frame)

It's for you.

DAVID'S VOICE

Yeah?

192 CLOSE ON DAVID

having surfaced, resting his elbow between Mavis' shapely thighs.

DAVID

(into phone)

Yes, J.G. I was going to call
you just as soon...

(listens)

J.G., we're working on it.

He stands and begins to pace. We SEE he is wearing a garter belt, black stockings, and black patent leather pointed pumps with six-inch spike heels.

DAVID

Will you please just relax!
We're gonna get it.

193 MAVIS

lights a cigarette, blows a smoke ring at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

DAVID'S VOICE

... and I promise you that we're gonna get it and we're gonna get it before the stockholders' meeting...

194 DAVID

on the phone.

DAVID

Yes.

(listens)

Yes. I guarantee it.

(listens)

Right. How's the weather?

(listens)

Great. Enjoy.

He hangs up, sits on the bed and dials.

DAVID

Chairman of the Board of one of the biggest conglomerates in the whole country and all he can think about is movies... and driving me crazy!... Hello... Eva?

195 INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eva, dressed in a feathered peignoir. Lying on the bed in the b.g., smoking a joint, is Dottie, the beautiful black dancer previously established at the beach house party.

EVA

No, David... I talked to Gary Tuesday and he said he's got her thinking but he wants to be careful not to look obvious...

(listens)

Sweetie, if she doesn't, my ass is in a sling, too.

(listens)

Of course, sweetie.

(hangs up,
dials)

Snake.

196 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bailey answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

BAILEY
Farmer residence.
(listens)
One moment, please.

He puts the phone on hold and buzzes the kitchen.

197 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gary and the Cook are at it again as the BUZZER SOUNDS.

COOK
(purple with
rage)
Chinese New Year, eleyboly go San
Flanscisco.

GARY
(crossing to
phone)
Not eleyboly, kiddo. I no go
San Flanscisco, Missie Farmer no
go San Flanscisco, and you no go
San Flanscisco, causie Missie
Farmer havie dinner party Friday
night.

(snatches up
the phone)
Yes?

COOK
(viciously chops
the head off a
chicken)
Fliday Chineese New Year!

GARY
(pushes the
line button)
Hello.

COOK
(vengefully
hacking chicken
into sections)
I Chineese!!

GARY
That's what you say. Danny Kaye
cooks better Chinese food than
you do and you can't even play
ping pong. For all I know, you
probably had your eyes fixed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sorry, but Kung Foo's galloping gourmet is off his lichee nut again.

(listens)

Look, I told you this was something that can't be rushed. One way or another, you'll be the first to know. If I swing it, she'll probably call you herself.

198 INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally in bed trying to read. Gary, carrying hot Ovaltine, enters, crosses to the bed.

SALLY

Thanks.

Gary regards her.

SALLY

What?

GARY

You look a little... ah... tired.

SALLY

Well, suppose I am...

GARY

Studio called. You don't have to be in makeup until ten...

SALLY

Good... I have been working pretty hard.

GARY

Not to mention the emotional strain.

SALLY

Felix says there's nothing to worry about.

GARY

(nods)

Mm. Well, I hope he's right... For your sake.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

SALLY

But you don't think he is right...?
Do you?

He doesn't reply.

SALLY

If it were your film, all your
money... would you do the whole
thing yourself... I mean,
distribute it, advertise it...?

GARY

No.

SALLY

Why not?

GARY

Well, because I'm by nature a very
cautious person. I'd want
absolutely the best protection I
could get for my money.
Especially if I was risking all
my money. I'll tell you one
thing I'd do for sure... I'd get
some good advice. I'd pick up
the phone and call somebody who
knows the business. Somebody
I could trust.

She nods thoughtfully.

GARY

Get some sleep. I'll see you in
the morning.

SALLY

Good night. Thanks, Gary.

He blows her a kiss, exits. She sips her Ovaltine, then
picks up the phone, dials.

199 INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dottie, nude from the waist up, unseen from the waist
down, is obviously in the throes of an extreme sexual
experience. The PHONE RINGS and she reaches out, lifts
the receiver.

DOTTIE

Mm?

(hands the phone
down OUT OF FRAME)

It's for you, Eva.

200 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - EARLY MORNING

Deserted. The sun is rising. The dog, starved, limps across the sand and sits down, shivering, looking out to sea, waiting.

201 EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Chavez parks his car and hurries towards the main entrance.

202 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Dolly, wearing a new body cast plus traction on both legs, is back in bed. Willard, neck in a brace, has been discharged and is about to take his leave.

WILLARD

I'll drop by this evening.

DOLLY

Willard, you've been here every evening for the last four weeks. You can afford to take an evening off.

WILLARD

(kissing her lightly
on the forehead)

Nothing I can do for you?

DOLLY

You can open the window.

WILLARD

Of course.

(crosses and opens
the window)

Anything else?

DOLLY

Jump.

203 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Chavez emerges from the elevator, hurries past Dolly's room as Willard exits, and arrives at Room 113. He knocks. After a moment, Joyce Benson, slightly flushed from her first bullshot, opens the door. We HEAR Dick COUGHING.

CHAVEZ

I'd like to see Mr. Benson.

DICK'S VOICE

Who the hell is it?

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

JOYCE
(pleasantly)
Who the hell is it?

CHAVEZ
Chavez.

JOYCE
(to Dick)
Chavez.

DICK
Okay.

JOYCE
Okay.

She steps aside and Chavez enters.

204 INT. BENSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Dick is sitting up in bed. He does not look happy. Joyce offers her hand to Chavez.

JOYCE
We haven't met officially, Mr.
Chavez, but I feel like we know
each other.

CHAVEZ
How cum?

JOYCE
Well, didn't you tail me for about
three months when Richard thought
I was having an affair with that
young artist?

Chavez is caught with his mouth open. He looks quickly
at Dick.

DICK
(to Joyce)
What the hell are you talking
about? What artist?

JOYCE
Oh, you remember. Larry. He had
that funny little house in Topanga
Canyon. Mr. Chavez used to sit up
in a cactus patch with his little
camera and his big lens...

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

DICK

Mr. Chavez is an oil man from Dallas.

CHAVEZ

(switching to a
Texas accent)

Yes, ma'am. I ain't never ever
been in that there Topanga Canyon.

DICK

Now, if you'll excuse us, Mr.
Chavez and I have some important
business to discuss.

She smiles, scoops up her coat and heads for the door.

JOYCE

Nice meetin' yawl, Mr. Chavez.
Give my regards to Nieman Marcus.

She exits. Chavez moves quickly to the bed.

CHAVEZ

She was tipped. She couldn't have
spotted me. When I'm on a case,
I'm known as the invisible eye.

DICK

Well, just to refresh your invisible
memory, you are on a case and unless
a lot of people in this hospital
suddenly come down with snow
blindness, you are very fucking
visible.

CHAVEZ

I couldn't call you on the phone.
I didn't want to go through the
switchboard. It's too important.

DICK

(suddenly alert)

You found Vera!

205 INT. BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

David on the phone.

DAVID

(incredulously)

His Mother!

206 ESTABLISHING SHOT - CAP D'ANTIBES - LATE AFTERNOON

The 147' Motor Yacht AMALTHEA rides at anchor, silhouetted against the golden Mediterranean sunset.

J.G.'S VOICE

What about his mother?

207 EXT. AMALTHEA AFTER DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

J.G. BLOMBERGER, flowered silk shirt covering his prodigious paunch, sprawls on the aft sofa. We cannot see his face as he talks on the phone. Seated across from him in a deck chair is a young, very pretty, sad-looking girl. She sips her vodka and tonic and watches the sun.

J.G.

I ran into Culley one night in Chasens. It was his mother's birthday. I had my secretary send her some flowers.

208 EXT. STUDIO STREET - MOVING SHOT - DAY

David, Arnold and Peter walking abreast with long, purposeful strides.

ARNOLD

Culley's eighty-six-year-old mother?

DAVID

Vera Maureen Culley. She lives up the coast in a trailer camp.

PETER

Then no trouble.

DAVID

No trouble for J.G. Lot of trouble for Felix.

They start climbing the steps that lead to the projection rooms.

209 INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

We are WATCHING the last sequence of "Night Wind." Sally, terrified, pleading, retreats from Packard de Haven, rugged male chauvinist.

SALLY

No. No, please...

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

PACKARD

Too late, Sally...

SALLY

I beg you...

PACKARD

Yes, I like that... beg me...

She tries to escape, he grabs her, throws her down on the bed.

SALLY

You bastard.

He slaps her hard, then covers her, mouth crushing hers. Slowly her struggles subside, passion takes over.

210 FELIX, CULLEY, FILM EDITOR

watching the screen. A door opens in the back of the room and David, Arnold and Peter enter. Felix is so involved with the film that he doesn't notice the visitors, but Cully and the EDITOR look around.

211 DAVID, ARNOLD, PETER

sit down.

212 FELIX AND CULLEY

Culley knows something's up. He looks back at the screen, considers whether or not to tell Felix.

213 DAVID

watching Culley and Felix, registering the almost sexual excitement he is feeling in anticipation of what is about to happen. The MUSIC score SWELLS.

SALLY'S VOICE

Oh, God... yes... take me... I...
I...

PACKARD'S VOICE

Say it.

214 THE SCREEN

Sally and Packard in a gigantic CLOSEUP embrace.

SALLY

(finally)
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

They kiss. Counter MELODY of Pollywallydoodle finally blending in a CRASHING CRESCENDO, then suddenly silence. Sally and Packard frozen, locked in an eternal embrace. The End. The lights go up in the room. Felix is a man "throned on the highest bliss." He is overwhelmed. He cannot move. But at last the spell is broken.

215 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAVID

Not bad, Felix.

Felix snaps out of it, whirls, jumps up, points an accusing finger.

FELIX

What are you doing here?! Out!

CULLEY

Take it easy...

FELIX

(charges up
the aisle)

Out! You're not allowed in here.
Nobody sees my movie without my
permission...

DAVID

Your movie, Felix?

FELIX

My movie. Every frame and an iron
bound contract to prove it, which,
very clearly states that I have
absolute complete control...

DAVID

An hour ago your wife signed a
distribution contract...

FELIX

(taken aback)

My wife?

DAVID

Thirty percent U.S. and Canada,
forty percent foreign...

FELIX

(confused)

A distribution contract for what?

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

CULLEY
'Night Wind.'

FELIX
(stunned)
What!

DAVID
When I want your help, Culley...

FELIX
MY WIFE!
(grabs Culley)
CULLEY!

CULLEY
Better listen, pal...

FELIX
(advancing
menacingly on
David)
My wife can't sign anything...

DAVID
According to a superior court
judge, she can.

Arnold produces the document and extends it toward Felix
who stares at it as though it were a snake.

DAVID
She's got a right to protect her
investment. Particularly since
she didn't agree to the investment
in the first place. Actually you're
getting off easy... If she wanted to,
she could have you arrested for
embezzlement...

FELIX
(attacks)
JUDAS!

David, Arnold, Peter leap to their feet. Felix swings.
David ducks. The blow catches Arnold flush on the nose.
As Felix is about to swing again, Culley clips him with
a short right to the chin. Felix sags over Culley's
shoulder.

DAVID
Get him out of here. Pack up his
office and get him off the lot.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED: (2)

Culley gives David a chilling look, then gently helps Felix to the door.

DAVID
You've got one hour.

CULLEY
(deadly serious)
David -- Don't press your luck.

He carries Felix out of the door. Arnold is groaning and bleeding profusely.

ARNOLD
(in considerable pain)
He's broken my nose. I'll sue the son-of-a...

DAVID
You're not going to sue anybody.
(to Peter)
Get him to a doctor.

As Peter leads Arnold out of the room, David walks down the aisle to the Editor.

DAVID
You the cutter?

EDITOR
Yes, sir. Ralph Himmler.

DAVID
(sitting down)
What's the running time, Ralph?

EDITOR
A hundred and sixty-three minutes...

DAVID
That's long.
(settling back)
Okay, let's see what we got and what we can lose.

216 EXT. STUDIO STREET - DAY

Felix behind the wheel of the limo, while Culley pleads with his maniacal friend.

CULLEY
Felix, don't go off half cocked...

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

Felix floors it. The huge Lincoln leaving a weaving trail of smoking rubber, screeches away like a berserk banshee.

CULLEY
(yelling after
the car)

See a lawyer.

217 EXT. STUDIO GATE - DAY

In far b.g., we SEE the limo come around a corner on two wheels and head down the main street toward the gate. The two guards on gate duty hear the car, then see it bearing down on them at about eighty miles an hour. The 2nd guard stupidly steps out, waving his arms for the limo to slow down.

218 INT. LIMO - DAY

Felix is completely off his chump as he bears down on the waving guard.

FELIX
Philistine.

219 STUIDO GATE

The waving guard dives one way and the other guard dives the other way out of the Gate House as the limo rips off a corner of the Gate House and careens through a red light onto the highway, miraculously avoiding three major collisions with other cars that are forced to take such elaborate evasive maneuvers that one plows into a Mexican restaurant and another completely wipes out the studio Gate House.

220 EXT. FREEWAY - MOVING SHOT - DAY

A cruising highway patrol car swerves violently to avoid the limo as it charges off the on ramp.

221 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

The OFFICERS exchange looks, hit the SIREN and take off in pursuit.

222 THE LIMO

doing at least 100 m.p.h. swerving in and out of traffic.

223 PATROL CAR

in hot pursuit.

224 INT. LIMO - DAY

Demon Felix at the wheel.

225 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

The driver doing his best to keep up while his partner calls for assistance.

OFFICER
... license FELIX. F, Frank,
E, easy...

226 THE LIMO

cuts across three lanes and streaks down the Coldwater turn off, forcing an ancient pickup truck to break violently thus causing a giant ten-car pile up. The tenth victim being the patrol car.

227 EXT. COLDWATER AND VENTURA - DAY

The limo shoots through the intersection at a hundred m.p.h. plus. A motorcycle policeman pursues.

228 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON ROAD - DAY

The limo taking the tight turns on two wheels, now and then biting off chunks of hillside.

229 MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN

having one hell of a hard time catching up.

230 EXT. MULHOLLAND AND COLDWATER - DAY

The limo screeches around the bend, shoots up Mulholland. The motorcycle zips around the bend and screams off down Coldwater. A moment and the limo comes barreling back down Mulholland, nearly flips taking the tight turn onto Coldwater and passes the motorcycle roaring back up Coldwater. The enraged cop broadsides into the intersection, attempts to turn back down Coldwater but a delivery van suddenly comes around the corner and the cop is forced to make a life-saving directional adjustment and for a split second, as he fishtails up Mulholland, it looks like he might escape with his skin but a cement truck comes around a corner and cop and cycle skyrocket off the embankment in what seems to be a long, fatal fall.

231 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY

An attractive lady nude sunbathing.. Like Haley's Comet, cop and cycle plummet into the pool.

232 EXT. BEL AIR GATE - DAY

The limo turns off Sunset, speeds through the gate and turns left on Moraga. All the while we HEAR the approaching SIRENS. One after another two police cars and two motorcycle cops turn into the gate.

233 EXT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Felix whips the limo into the drive, tears up a hundred feet of hedge and hits the brakes, but he is going so fast the big car skids and plows into the huge living room window.

234 INT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The limo is halfway into the room. Felix leaps out.

FELIX
(yelling)
JEZEBEL!

Bailey, looking stunned, appears in the hallway.

BAILEY
(fearfully)
Oh, my God...

FELIX
(amuck)
WHERE IS SHE!

BAILEY
(terrified)
Rangoon.

John John and Mary Elizabeth rush into the room.

CHILDREN
Daddy, Daddy...

They throw their arms around him.

FELIX
Rangoon!

JOHN JOHN
(producing a water
pistol)
Hands up!

FELIX
(raising his hands)
RANGOON!

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

John John shoots Felix in the face with a stream of water.
Bailey snatches the gun away.

BAILEY
Gonna see that Swami somethin'
or other...

The police arrive and the children run to the window to
look. Felix grabs the water pistol and runs for the
back of the house.

FELIX
SHE'LL NEED MORE THAN A SWAMI.

The police are POUNDING on the DOOR.

BAILEY
Oh, Lord. Children, get away from
there...

A policeman, gun drawn, squeezes through the window.

BAILEY
(throws up his hands)
Don't shoot.

Mary Elizabeth gives the cop a vicious kick in the shin.

235 EXT. FARMER BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Bailey opens the front door and the police pour into the
house. A moment later, the Rolls with Felix at the wheel,
backs out of the driveway, runs over a motorcycle and
backs onto Moraga. The police pour out of the house as
the Rolls streaks away.

236 EXT. TECHNICOLOR MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The Rolls skids to a stop in a red zone and Felix leaps
out, goes up the steps two at a time.

237 INT. TECHNICOLOR - DAY

Felix enters and hurriedly crosses the foyer.

GUARD'S VOICE
Mr. Farmer.

Felix jumps, spins around to see a smiling Harold P.
Harrigan, dressed in a Technicolor guard's uniform,
approaching.

GUARD
It's Harrigan.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

FELIX
Harrigan! Oh, yes, Harrigan.
(sings)
H... A... double R... I...

GUARD
Just started to work today...

FELIX
(edging toward
the hallway)
Wonderful, wonderful...

GUARD
(edging along
with Felix)
Thanks to Mr. Culley's recommendation.

FELIX
Oh, Culley? Good old Culley.

GUARD
Something wrong, Mr. Farm...

FELIX
No, no, no, no. Just late for a
very important date.

GUARD
(smiles)
Like the March Hare.

FELIX
What?

GUARD
Alice in Wonder...

FELIX
(maniacally)
Yes!
(singing)
I'm late, I'm late...
(hurries away
down the hall)
For a very important date...
(he opens an
office door)
Good to see you again, Harrigan...

He jumps into the office and slams the door, leaving Harrigan looking, to say the least, bewildered, then he chuckles and walks away shaking his head.

238 INT. OFFICE - DAY

The surprised and confused COMPANY MANAGER sits behind his desk looking up at Felix.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, Mr. Farmer, but the studio called...

Felix whips out the water pistol and aims it between the Manager's pop eyes.

FELIX

I'm a desperate man, Mr. Lipschitz. If every reel of my negative isn't in this office in ten minutes...

(crosses and puts
the gun barrel in
the Manager's left
ear)

... I am going to blow your brains out.

The Manager grabs the phone, dials an extension number.

239 EXT. TECHNICOLOR MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A traffic policewoman, driving a three-wheel motorcycle and checking parking meters, pulls up behind the Rolls and proceeds to write traffic violation for illegal parking. Now and then, we HEAR POLICE CALLS on her RADIO.

240 INT. TECHNICOLOR HALLWAY - DAY

Harrigan steps aside to let two men, each pushing a cart loaded with film cans, pass.

241 EXT. TECHNICOLOR MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The policewoman is writing down the Rolls license.

RADIO (V.O.)

Tan convertible Rolls Royce.
License SMILEY...

The policewoman reacts, crosses to her motorcycle.

RADIO (V.O.)

S, sugar... M, Mary... I, Item
... L, love...

242 INT. TECHNICOLOR FOYER - DAY

Harrigan stands at the entrance door, watching the policewoman making a frantic call on her radio and gesturing at the Rolls. The SOUND of ROLLING CARTS carrying film cans makes him turn.

243 HARRIGAN'S POV

The two men pushing the film carts, headed for the front door. Close behind them are Felix and the Manager. Felix still has his gun stuck in the Manager's ear.

244 HARRIGAN

frowns, takes a step forward.

245 FELIX

spots the Guard.

FELIX
(threateningly)
Stay where you are, Harrigan.

246 FULL SHOT

Felix and his terrified captives continue toward the door.

GUARD
(confused, but alert)
Hey, Mr. Farmer...

MANAGER
(petrified)
Get out of the way. He's crazy...

GUARD
Now, hold it...

FELIX
(voice rising)
I'll shoot, Harrigan...

MANAGER
(yells)
For God sake, get out of the way.

MAN
(nervously)
Hey, man, don't be a hero...

SIRENS APPROACHING.

GUARD
(takes a step
forward)
Come on, Mr. Farmer, give me the
gun...

FELIX
(hysterically)
I'm going to shoot!

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

MANAGER
(hysterically)
He's going to shoot!

GUARD
(another step)
Mr. Farmer, you don't really want
to...

FELIX
Yes, I do!

MANAGER
(shrieks)
Yes, he does! You're fired. Pick
up your paycheck... NOW!

GUARD
Come on, Mr. Farmer...

FELIX
You don't understand, Harrigan.
It's my film. They took away
my film...!

Everything happens at once. The front door bursts open and two uniformed POLICEMEN, guns drawn, charge into the room. The men with the carts dive for cover. The Manager faints, leaving Felix pointing the water pistol at the two Policemen.

GUARD
(crying out)
Don't...

The Police OPEN FIRE.

247 FELIX

is hit in the chest. The force of the slugs literally lifts him off his feet and slams him back against the wall.

248 HARRIGAN

gun still aimed but unfired. His face is a mask of sorrow. He rises and crosses to where Felix is sprawled amidst film cans and film. He kneels beside Felix who just looks surprised. Harrigan picks up the water pistol, squeezes the trigger and watches the thin stream of water.

COP
Listen, it sure as hell looked
like the real thing to me...

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN

Get an ambulance.

(to Felix)

I'm sorry, Mr. Farmer...

FELIX

Not a bad last act...

HARRIGAN

What?

FELIX

Big chase -- shoot out -- and the
hero dies fighting for a lost
cause. Cagney would do it...
better.

Felix sighs and quietly dies.

249 TITLE CARD

"THE WAKE"

250 INT. DOMINIC'S - NIGHT

Culley, half smashed, feeds the JUKEBOX. Sinatra begins
to sing, "Something's Gotta Give." Culley makes his way
back to the bar and sits down between Irving and Ben,
who are also well on their way to being pissed out of
their minds.

IRVING

What did you play?

CULLEY

Sinatra. Six dollars worth of
Sinatra.

BEN

You know who I used to like?
Skinny Ennis.

Irving and Culley exchange looks.

BEN

You know...

(tries to sing)

'Gotta date with an angel...'

IRVING

Mr. Dominic, sir...

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

DOM comes over.

DOM
Doctor Rappaport?

IRVING
When was the last time you had
a Skinnay Ennis record?

DOM
Skinnay Ennis?

BEN
(singing)
'Gotta date with an angel...'

DOM
Don't think I ever did.

BEN
Betcha.

DOM
Nope.

BEN
Betcha.
(sings)
'Gotta date with an angel...'
Big hit.

DOM
(shakes his head)
Uh-uh.

BEN
(philosophically)
Okay. Your tough luck.

Dom moves off. Silence while they drink. Sinatra sings on.

BEN
Bullshit.

IRVING
Bullshit?

BEN
Bullshit! S.O.B. Standard
operational bullshit!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)

They kill the poor sweet son-of-a-bitch and they give him a send off like he's some kind of saint ... and she's gonna sing, for Christ sake. Knives him in the back and then sings to him...

CULLEY

(singing)

'Gotta date with an angel.'

BEN

(angrily)

It's bullshit, Culley.

CULLEY

Right.

BEN

(climbing off
his stool)

And it's not funny.

CULLEY

I guess not. Or maybe it should be.

BEN

You wanna step outside?

IRVING

Who are you talking to?

BEN

Culley.

IRVING

Well, you're looking between us.

BEN

Well, it may look like I'm looking between you, but I'm looking at Culley. How about it, Culley? You wanna step outside?

CULLEY

Nope.

BEN

Well, I wanna fight you.

(CONTINUED)

CULLEY

What for? You know I can lick you.

BEN

Right. That's why. I'm ashamed of all those things I did or didn't do... when I shouldn't have... but I did 'em anyway...

Irving puts his arm around Ben's shoulder.

IRVING

Darling.

BEN

(shakes him off)

No. I want to fight Culley and I want him to kick the shit out of me so I'll feel better.

IRVING

But brother sinner...

BEN

What?

IRVING

Even though I completely understand your need for purgation...

BEN

Do you? Do you really?

IRVING

There's not a man among us with half a conscience that doesn't keep a hair shirt as part of his permanent wardrobe.

BEN

What does that mean?

IRVING

Can you explain it to him, Culley?

CULLEY

It's not easy. There're so few people in this town with a conscience.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: (4)

BEN

And you won't fight me? Gonna let me suffer.

CULLEY

Look. If I fight you, I'll whip you...

BEN

And I will be forever in your debt.

CULLEY

No, pal. If I whip you, I'll feel rotten...

IRVING

And you'll feel rotten because he feels rotten, so you really got nothing to gain...

Ben stands there thinking it over. Sinatra begins singing, "It Was A Very Good Year." Ben takes a deep, determined breath.

BEN

Well, I'll tell you one thing...

He goes back and sits down. Culley and Irving wait, but he says nothing, just sits staring down at his glass. After about fifteen seconds, Irving reaches in his pocket.

IRVING

I got a postcard from Lila and Babs...

BEN

I'm not going to that bullshit funeral.

Irving and Culley look at him.

BEN

It's hypocrit... hypo... It's bullshit.

IRVING

And what is your disposition regarding the funeral, brother Culley?

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: (5)

CULLEY

I vote with brother Ben.

IRVING

So what's the alternative?

CULLEY

We don't go.

IRVING

Not good enough. Felix deserves better than they're going to give him and I think it's up to us to see to it that he gets it... Therefore... I propose we give him the undeceitful, openhearted last honors which are his due.

251 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

Dark except for a light in an upstairs window. Our drunken trio are squeezed into Culley's Jag. Culley parks and gets out.

CULLEY

You stay in the car.

IRVING

Who stay in the car?

CULLEY

(pointing at Ben)

Him stay in the car.

BEN

I don't want to stay in the car.

CULLEY

We gotta be sly and stealthy and you're too pissed...

BEN

(getting out)

Bullshit. I can be just as sly and sleathy as anybody...

IRVING

It's rise or fall together, Culley.

BEN

The Three Muscatels.

CULLEY

Let's go.

He leads the way across the street. The trio pause for a moment casing the area, then they duck into the shadows of the building.

252 CLOSE SHOT

Culley leads the way around the building.

BEN

Where do they keep the... you know?

CULLEY

Yeah, Irving -- You know about these places. How do we get in?

IRVING

Probably a delivery door around back.

BEN

I got a feeling I'm gonna be sorry I didn't stay in the car.

As they disappear around the corner of the building, CAMERA RISES TO PEER INTO the lighted window. The MORTICIAN sits watching TV.

253 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR PARLOR - NIGHT

The eleven o'clock news. We SEE Sally, dressed in black, come down the steps of a 747. Behind her, wearing traditional robes and beads, head shaved and painted with three thin stripes, is her Rangoon Guruji.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Sally Miles arrived yesterday from Rangoon accompanied by Professor Krishnamamsa-kesari...

254 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR DELIVERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irving and Ben are holding lighted matches while Culley jimmies the lock.

BEN

What if there's a burglar alarm?

IRVING

That depends on how long it takes the police to get here and how fast you can run.

255 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR PARLOR - NIGHT

There is a shot of stage 15 on TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Services will be held on stage 15 at Capitol Films... And now to Doctor Fred Fine and the weather.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

Shot of Doctor Fred Fine and a weather chart. The Mortician switches off the set, stretches and heads for the bedroom.

256 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Mortician's WIFE is in bed doing her nails. Starting to get undressed, the Mortician heads for the bedroom.

MORTICIAN

We can raise our rates after this one.

He enters the bathroom.

MORTICIAN'S VOICE

We'll make up a whole new catalog, and we'll use the Farmer Funeral as a centerfold.

257 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Culley has jimmied the lock and the trio enter. Four coffins are IN EVIDENCE. Culley goes to one, lights a match. Irving goes to another, lights a match. Ben doesn't move.

IRVING

Culley.

Culley crosses and looks down into the casket.

258 THE CORPSE

Burgess Webster looking a little better than the last time we saw him on the beach.

IRVING'S VOICE

Burgess Webster.

259 CULLEY AND IRVING

looking down at Burgess.

IRVING

You'd think after all that time on the beach he'd have a little more color.

CULLEY

Damn good actor. Not fair you know. Felix gets stage 15 and Burgess winds up in Potter's Field.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

IRVING

At least they ought to give him
additional dying credit.

CULLEY

(chuckles)

Pal, you got a wicked, witty mouth.

IRVING

All the better to kiss your
funny bone with.

The matches go out. Culley and Irving cross to the other
caskets, light matches. Ben still hasn't moved a muscle.

CULLEY

Bingo.

Irving hurriedly crosses to Culley.

260 FELIX

in sweet repose.

IRVING'S VOICE

Good night, sweet prince...

The matches go out.

261 BACK TO CULLEY AND IRVING

as they begin to lift Felix out of the casket.

CULLEY

Why don't we put Burgess in
Felix's box?

IRVING

Ho ho. Brilliant. When this is
all over, Culley... I'm going to
ask you to marry me.

CULLEY

I'd cheat on you.

IRVING

Just as long as you don't tell
me about it.

By now they have got Felix standing.

CULLEY

Ben.

(no answer)

Ben!

(CONTINUED)

261. CONTINUED:

There is a FAINT SOUND of trickling water.

IRVING
Shh. What's that?

CULLEY
Sounds like somebody left a
faucet running.

BEN
(pitifully)
I'm peeing.

CULLEY
Into what!?

BEN
My pants.

IRVING
Well as long as you're not obliged
to hit anything, pee your way over
here and give us a hand.

BEN
(crossing)
I'd rather go back to the car.

CULLEY
Just hang onto Felix until we get
Burgess...

Looking like a man with acute acrophobia who suddenly
finds himself balancing on one foot atop the Empire State
Building, Ben somehow finds the courage to support Felix.
Culley and Irving cross and lift Burgess from his casket.

CULLEY
In order to make this work, we
ought to put someone else in
Burgess' box.

IRVING
Genius. Hopefully they'll be so
busy trying to locate the missing
stiff that they won't notice the
old switcheroo.

They lift Burgess into Felix's casket.

IRVING
(to Ben)
Still peeing?

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN
No, but now I think I'm gonna...

IRVING
Clench. Draw up. Think about
being sodomized by a bull elephant.

Culley and Irving lift a body out of another casket and
deposit it in Burgess' casket.

BEN
I got terrible stomach cramps.

IRVING
Gas.

Culley and Irving lift Felix and head for the door. As
Ben hurries after them, he lets fly a prodigious FART.

262 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Wife snaps on the light and looks accusingly at her
sleeping husband.

263 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

Our trio are trying to fit Felix into the Jag.

BEN
(desperately)
He won't bend.

IRVING
(struggling)
He'll bend. You just have to
force...

CULLEY
I'll push down and you pull his
ankles...

IRVING
Come on, Ben... pull...

BEN
(straining)
I'm pulling.

With Irving manipulating Felix so he will bend at the
waist and Culley and Ben forcing the legs to bend, they
finally manage to get Felix seated in the back seat.

CULLEY
(to Ben)
Get in the back with him.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

BEN

Why me?

IRVING

Because you smell like a boiler
room urinal, and he's the only one
who doesn't mind.

CULLEY

Besides, it'll look more natural
if he has company.

Grudgingly, Ben climbs in back with Felix and Culley and
Irving pile in the front. Culley starts the car.

IRVING

It would be incommodious if we were
stopped for a traffic violation.

BEN

It would be murder! I'd have a
heart attack.

Culley drives the Jag away at the legal speed limit.

264 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Jag approaches, stops as the light turns red. A
moment later, a police car pulls up next to the Jag.

BEN

(lips hardly moving)
Oh, my God...

Culley glances at the officers who are looking them over.
Irving turns to Felix.

IRVING

Feeling better...?
(whispered aside
to Ben)
... Put your arm around him.
Act nonchalant.

Ben puts his arm around Felix's shoulder. Ben looks
about as nonchalant as a rabbit in a nest of rattlesnakes.

IRVING

Talk to him.

BEN

(still through hardly-
moving lips)
Okay, ol' buddy?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)
 (gives him a
 little hug)
~~Hummmmmmmmm?~~

IRVING
 Nod his head.

Ben gives a weak, hysterical laugh, looks to the heavens for salvation. Luckily, the light changes and Culley drives away, the police car following.

265 INT. JAG - NIGHT

Culley watching the police car in the rearview mirror. After a block, the police car turns left and is gone.

CULLEY
 (sigh of relief)
 Turned off.

IRVING
 (to Ben)
 How's your heart?

BEN
 (angrily)
 Nod his head!

IRVING
 Well, you had to do something.

BEN
 (furiously)
 I did something! I shit my pants!

266 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Shivering with the cold, occasionally whimpering, the dog still sits his lonely vigil. All the houses but Felix's are dark. A light burns in the Farmer dining room and VOICES can be HEARD SINGING "Pollywollydoodle."

267 INT. FARMER BEACH HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Felix seated at the head of the table. Ben is wearing a pair of Felix's trousers. He is now so drunk and has gone through so much that Felix no longer disturbs him. Quite the contrary, he has become the most enthusiastic member of the wake. He sits on Felix's right. Culley and Irving on the left. They have been drinking and singing and toasting their host for almost an hour.

(CONTINUED)

ALL THREE

(a cappella)

For I've gone to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna...
Singing Pollywollydoodle
All the day.

BEN

They do this in Ireland all the
time, don't they?

CULLEY

They never heard of Pollywollydoodle
in Ireland.

BEN

I mean a wake.

IRVING

(with a start)

Awake. Or asleep... perchance to
dream...

(sings)

Dreeaam, when you're feelin' blue...

BEN

(belches)

'Scuse me.

IRVING

Do you realize that in a matter of
just a few hours, you have
demonstrated most of your excremental
bodily functions?

BEN

I haven't sneezed.

IRVING

A sneeze is expiatory, not
excremental.

(sings)

Dreeaam, that's the thing to do...

CULLEY

Now that you mention it...

IRVING

Did I mention it?

CULLEY

Thing to do...

IRVING

Ahhh.

(CONTINUED)

CULLEY

(reading his watch)

It is now by my fantastic,
accurate-to-the-split-second,
solid gold wristwatch, presented
to me by our late, great host...

BEN

(raising his glass)

To our late, great host...

IRVING

(raising his glass)

A sweet soul adrift in a sea of
sour grapes.

BEN

A sea of sour grapes?

IRVING

Think about it.

CULLEY

Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-
eight, fifty-nine... Four-thirty
on the nose...

IRVING

(sings)

And the dawn comes up like' thunder...

CULLEY

Time to make some decisions.

BEN

You're right about one thing,
Doc...

(leans close to
Felix)

Sweet soul.

He kisses Felix on the cheek, but the unexpected,
undesirable effect on Ben is obvious.

BEN

That was... ugh...

IRVING

But your gesture was magnificent.
It was 'ugh' because that's not
Felix.

BEN

Well, who the hell is it?

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED: (3)

IRVING

Not even who. Just something that Felix walked around in. But it is important because it serves as a reminder to those who loved what he was.

BEN

Okay, what are we going to do with him... it?

CULLEY

I been thinking. A burial at sea.

IRVING

Beautiful.

Culley staggers out of the room.

IRVING

(impressed)

A burial at sea.

BEN

Irving, I don't want to be a party poop, but I get seasick.

IRVING

The last of your excremental functions, worthy of the Guinness Book of Records. We shall need a Bible. There's a whole routine about the sea giving up its dead...

BEN

When!

IRVING

I don't believe it specifies...

Culley comes back into the room and places a Viking's helmet on Felix's head.

CULLEY

A Viking's funeral!

268 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

The Jag drives past. Ben sits in the back seat with Felix, who is wearing the Viking helmet.

269 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR FIRST FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

The horrified Mortician and his Wife stare down into Felix's casket.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

MORTICIAN

That's not Farmer.

They look at each other, trying desperately to figure it out. Suddenly he dashes for another casket and she does the same.

MORTICIAN

Somebody's switched bodies.

WIFE

(stunned)

This one's empty.

The Mortician runs over to his Wife and looks into the empty casket.

MORTICIAN

They've taken Farmer. I'm ruined.

WIFE

The hell you are.

She strides to Felix's coffin and slams the lid.

MORTICIAN

What are you doing!

WIFE

Who's to know!

270 EXT. SOUND STAGE - MORNING

Hundreds of mourners filing in through the huge door. The day is dark with ominous rain clouds gathering over the basin. A black limousine pulls up and Sally, wearing all her diamonds under her black widow's weeds, is helped out and supported by Gary and the Guruji to the stage.

271 EXT. MARINA - EARLY MORNING

Tinkerbelle, a 36-foot cabin cruiser, pulls away from the deserted dock. Culley is at the wheel. Irving and Ben sit on either side of Felix in the aft cockpit. Ben has already begun to turn green.

IRVING

He gave her this boat on their
fourteenth wedding anniversary.
They sailed her to Catalina.
Sally flew home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

IRVING (CONT'D)

(looks at Felix)

I don't think Felix has been on her more than once or twice since then.

BEN

No wonder she wanted a divorce.

IRVING

Because he bought her a boat?

BEN

No. Because he's only been on her once or twice since then.

IRVING

On the boat!

BEN

Oh.

Irving notices that there is an inscription on the front of Felix's Viking helmet.

IRVING

(reading)

'In grateful appreciation from the cast and crew of The Plunderers.'
I never saw that one.

BEN

Terrible reviews. Grossed a fortune. I'm gonna be sick.

272 INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

At the far end, a raised platform draped in black. The bier stage left, festooned with flowers. Professor Krishnamamsa-kersari, who will deliver the eulogy, is seated next to the center stage lectern. He holds a copy of "Weekly Variety." ORGAN MUSIC CONTINUES as the last of the mourners are seated and the giant door begins to close.. It is SRO.

273 THREE SHOT

Mavis is seated between David and Steve. David leans across Mavis.

DAVID

(sotto voce)

Glad we were able to work out your deal. I know you two will be great together.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

STEVE
It's a great script.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON his hand as it slides under Mavis' ass.

274 MAVIS

closes her eyes. David leans close.

DAVID
(whispers)
Better be great. We're paying
the son-of-a-bitch a fortune.

Mavis keeps her eyes closed, smiles and nods her head,
and nods, and nods.

275 THREE SHOT - DICK, JOYCE AND HARRY

As usual, Joyce drank her breakfast.

JOYCE
Darling, when I commit suicide,
will you give me a funeral like
this?

DICK
If I thought you were really
serious, I'd sure consider it.

JOYCE
Daddy would miss me.
(turns to Harry)
Wouldn't you, Daddy?

HARRY
Hm?

She smiles lovingly, pats his knee and gives him a little
kiss on the cheek. He reacts to her breath.

HARRY
(whispers)
You been drinkin' already?

JOYCE
(shakes her head)
Still.

276 THREE SHOT - SALLY, GARY AND EVA

EVA

(to Gary)

I've got your contracts. Can you
be at my office at ten?

Gary nods. Sally turns, diamond earrings glistening
under her veil.

SALLY

(nervously)

I don't think I'm going to be
able to sing.

GARY

You've got to. That's why they
came.

The ORGAN STOPS.

277 PROFESSOR KRISHNAMAMSA-KERSARI

rises, crosses to the lectern.

278 SHOT AT THE GRID

An electrician snaps on a spot.

279 THE PROFESSOR

hit by the circle of light. He places the palms of his
hands together and bows to the audience. He speaks with
a strong Indian accent.

PROFESSOR

Ladies and gentlemen, we are here
today to bid farewell to a great
man and a loving friend...

280 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Tinkerbelle, engines shut down, rolls and pitches as
Culley, Irving and Ben struggle to lower Felix into the
dinghy. Irving is wearing the helmet.

BEN

Why the hell didn't we put him in
the dinghy before we put it in
the water?

IRVING

Would you like to answer that,
Culley?

CULLEY

No.

281 INT. SOUND STAGE - LECTERN - DAY

The Professor continues:

PROFESSOR

He has made such important movie
films as...

(consults list)

'Cyclone City,' 'Dream Girl,' 'Hell
Bent For Leather,' 'Cellophane Sue,'
'The Big Spoof'...

282 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Our trio have finally succeeded in getting Felix stretched out in the dinghy. Irving hands Culley two blankets and a pillow which Culley gently puts beneath Felix's head. He then covers Felix with the blankets and tucks him in. Irving passes down the helmet which Culley places on Felix's head.

283 INT. SOUND STAGE - LECTERN - DAY

The Professor continues reading from the list.

PROFESSOR

... 'Two Wheeled Terror,' 'Comin'
Thru The Rye,' 'Love On A Pogo
Stick,' 'Moth And Rust,' 'Earthrise,'
'Creme De La Creme'...

284 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Culley, Irving and Ben stand on the Tinkerbelle, looking down at Felix in the dinghy.

285 CULLEY

pushes the throttles forward. The Tinkerbelle moves away from the burning dinghy.

286 IRVING AND BEN

looking back.

287 THE BURNING DINGHY

as it diminishes.

288 CULLEY

eyes filling with tears.

CULLEY

So long, pal...

289 INT. SOUND STAGE - LECTERN - DAY

The Professor continues:

PROFESSOR

... 'Tall Man From Tennessee,'
'Chicken At The Wheel,' 'Sea Dog,'
'Invasion Of The Pickled People,'
'Odyssey Of Pain,' 'The Plunderers,'
and his last and greatest moving
picture extravaganza... 'Night
Wind.'

(holds up Weekly
Variety)

What greater tribute than to quote
from Hollywood's motion picture
textuary...

(clears his throat
and reads headline)

'Night Wind B.O. hurricane.'

(reads column caption)

'3.5 mil take in 7-city labor
weekend. Cap V.P. Blackman
predicts \$100-mil world gross.'

(smiles at audience)

And now, my very dear friend and
pupil, the beautiful, famous, and
extremely talented movie star who
everybody all over the whole
world loves and admires, known
professionally as Sally Miles,
but in real life is actually Mrs.
Felix Farmer, will now sing one
of her husband's favorite songs.

The Professor bows and moves aside and Sally steps in the
spotlight. The ORGAN PLAYS an intro and she lifts her
veil.

SALLY

(singing)

Oh, promise me that someday you
and I, etc.

290 EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

The burning dinghy is but a tiny dot as it slowly sinks,
leaving a spiralling plume of dark smoke reaching for the
clouds.

291 TITLE CARD

"STILL MAN'S BEST FRIEND."

292 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Cold, grey, deserted. The dog watching the distant plume of smoke, whimpers playfully. IRIS IN ON wagging tail -- IRIS TO BLACK.

THE END