

STAR 80

Written by
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Property of:
THE LADD COMPANY
THE BURBANK STUDIOS
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91522

June 7, 1982

AFTER TITLES

1 EXT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - NIGHT 1

LONG SHOT LOW ANGLE

It is August, 1980. The house is a two-story Spanish style stucco in W.L.A. The CAMERA HOLDS a moment... then begins to CREEP very slowly towards house.

In a SERIES OF DISSOLVES, we should notice a Mercedes parked in driveway. The license plate reads "STAR 80"... A German Shephard DOG (King) BARKING in the back yard. We hear an unanswered TELEPHONE RING over and over. Interspersed with these shots are a SERIES OF FLASH CUTS. We should be barely able to discern a still photo of a semi-nude posed young woman. It is DOROTHY STRATTEN. The photo is one taken by Playboy. She is lying elbows and knees on a rug... her back arched... her face toward the still photographer's camera.

As CAMERA MOVES towards house, another image slowly begins to appear.

2 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - NIGHT 2

SLOW DISSOLVE. PAUL SNIDER. E.C.U.

Paul's face is soaked with perspiration. His hair drips from his scalp. His breaths are short... staccato... pronounced. Paul, in CLOSEUP moves very slowly (slow motion?) about the room. He constantly looks down at something on the floor... then away... then returning to floor. It is difficult to read his emotions... sometimes a little smile... sometimes a look of pain... sometimes a look of arrogance... a "fuck you... fuck everybody" look. We hear: His breaths... the RINGING TELEPHONE... the DOG BARKING. Sometimes he almost seems to be acting for an invisible camera, as if he was the star of a movie. Paul sits. We are still in CLOSEUP. Now, in addition to the previous sounds we hear the repeated CLICK of a TRIGGER... He stares at floor... raises his hand... presses the heel of it into one eye... as if to stop some hurt. His hand is soaked with blood... still wet.

Another SLOW OVERLAPPING DISSOLVE, a new IMAGE.

3 STILL PHOTO - DOROTHY 3

MUSIC IN.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

A Playboy photo. Posed... very slick. The CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE SLOWLY across her body. She is on a bed. She is beautiful. As CAMERA MOVES:

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I was made fun of in high school because my breasts were so small. I had big hands and no boyfriends. Then one day my breasts began to grow...
(giggles)

4 PAUL - CLOSEUP

4

Bloody hand still to face. He looks to floor again. Then around room.

5 PAUL'S POV

5

Again a SERIES OF MOVING DISSOLVES -- showing photos and other memorabilia of Dorothy and Paul's life together. The walls and dressers are filled with them. Photos of Dorothy taken for Playboy -- circled test shots -- finished photos -- snapshots of the two of them at her graduation dance -- at their wedding -- of her, in waitress outfit, outside of Dairy Queen in Vancouver -- of Dorothy, Paul and Eileen (Dorothy's ten-year old sister)... etc... They click by rapidly.

Over these we hear:

CORONER (V.O.)

Decedent Stratten 80-10485 was cool to the touch, lying semi-crouched across the end of a low bed. There were live black ants on the body, no flies or maggots...

We see: The graduation dance photo.

CORONER (V.O.)

She was lying with both legs on the carpet and right shoulder on the carpet, with her buttocks raised...

We see: Playboy photo of Dorothy. She is lying face down on a red satin couch, her buttocks raised. Only a thin black lace covers her.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CORONER (V.O.)

She had blood stains, possible hand prints to her buttocks and left leg... She had trauma in both knees...

We see: Playboy photo of Dorothy -- nude in shower, covered with soap suds.

CORONER (V.O.)

She had an entrance, close to contact shotgun wound to left cheek, with much blood loss...

We see: A snapshot of Dorothy in front of Dairy Queen in Vancouver. She wears her waitress uniform. She is smiling.

CORONER (V.O.)

... There was blood splatter on the east wall and the curtains next to her head. Near deceased head, but at an angle away from her, a 'Love Seat' sexual appliance was on the floor...

We see: Playboy photo. Dorothy, back to camera, wearing only pink leg-warmers and a thin chiffon ballet skirt. The skirt is hiked up in the rear, as she leans against the chrome ballet barre... she looks poutingly over shoulder at camera.

CORONER (V.O.)

Decedent was identified at the scene by...

(the Coroner's voice trails off...)

As CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES in to Dorothy's face:

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

6 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - VANCOUVER - 1978 - DAY

6

Paul is lying on the floor, lifting 50 lb. weights -- determined to have a good body. An occasional grunt -- heavy breathing. A BLONDIE RECORD is on the Hi-fi. The apartment is a "man-about-town" type. Candles, pictures of semi-nude women, heavy on Hi-fi equipment, pillows on floor (some resembling stuffed torsos of nude women), copies of Playboy are strewn about.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL IN BATHROOM MIRROR

He checks his muscle development. He wears only tiny colored bikini underwear. He has a mustache. He checks the bulge in his shorts from several angles... front, side, etc... pushing, shoving, pulling on the shorts, rearranging his sex organs. Finally assuring himself that the bulge won't go unnoticed even when covered by his tight tailor-made slacks.

Then as if to rehearse introducing himself -- as though he was rehearsing his closeup in a movie. He's pretty good. Some of the greetings are shy... boyish... charming... some of them are firm... confident... some are designed to create an aura of sensuality... some are the friendly, outgoing "I love life style."

PAUL

(into mirror)

... Hi... Hiya... Hello, Paul Snider... yes, I'm Paul Snider, How ya doin'?... Paul Snider here... Snider... yeah, Paul Snider.

PAUL, SPERTI SUNLAMP

Wearing small plastic goggles, he sits in front of lamp. Slowly moving his face so as to get maximum coverage of the ultra-violet rays.

PAUL

(to himself)

... I just don't like the deal, fellas. No... no way. If you want my input, you're gonna have to sweeten it...

(smiles)

... a lot...

CUT TO:

PAUL - BATHROOM MIRROR

With the aid of the latest men's fashionable hair tonic, he carefully combs his hair. It's slick. Then he splashes "Aramis" all over his face and body. As he does, to no one in particular and very different from his rehearsed greetings:

PAUL

(under his breath)

... Aw, fuck you... fuck you all... bastards...

CUT TO:

7 INT. NIGHT CLUB - VANCOUVER - NIGHT CLUB OWNER

7

NIGHT CLUB OWNER
(directly into
camera)

... he seemed a little pissed off
at something... What? I donno...
but not a bad guy... a good
tipper...

VOICE (O.S.)
How did he make his money.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER
All sorts of ways... He did
something here for me at the club.
A cockamamie idea. Always
promoting some cockamamie idea.

VOICE (O.S.)
What sort of idea?

CUT TO:

8 SHOW IN NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

8

Six women of various shapes and sizes are on the small stage. An EMCEE moves around them. The women wear only bikini bottoms and T-shirt tops. Most of the T-shirts are soaking wet. There is a small children's vinyl swim pool. One of the women jumps in it -- rolls -- splashes -- jumps out -- dances wildly around the stage accompanied by some recorded contemporary MUSIC. The crowd applauds. It's a noisy, raucous group. Paul and Night Club Owner stand in back watching -- counting the house.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER (V.O.)
... a wet T-shirt contest... using
all local talent...

The Emcee moves the women into a line, then places his hand over one of the more plump ladies' head -- asking for their vote.

EMCEE
Let's hear it for Millie.
Vancouver's own Dolly Parton.

The crowd responds. Millie shakes her bosom. Emcee moves on to next contestant.

EMCEE
... and now Pat...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

He looks at her chest. Turns Pat around so her back is to audience. Then turns her front -- then back -- then front.

EMCEE

Well, there's really no difference, is there?

The crowd has no taste either. They laugh and applaud.

EMCEE

You're a good sport, sweetheart.
A good sport. Isn't she, folks?
A good sport...

Crowd applauds. As the Emcee moves on to next contestant --

CUT TO:

9 PAUL - NIGHT CLUB OWNER

9

They are standing in the back of club and watching. The show-contest continues O.S.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER (V.O.)

They liked it. Paul cleared almost 900 for himself. Pretty good, I thought.

PAUL

(looking over half-filled house)

You shoulda raised the minimum... you shoulda advertised. You blew it. You blew it because you were too cheap...

(walking away -- shaking head)

Small time...

NIGHT CLUB OWNER (V.O.)

He wasn't always easy to take.

VOICE (O.S.)

What other things did he do? To make money, I mean?

CLOSEUP - NIGHT CLUB OWNER

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

Oh, Jesus, he'd try anything... he pimped.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)

Did you say 'pimped'?

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

Did I say that? Did I say pimped?

(laughs)

Yeah. I guess I did... yeah, a couple of girls... well, that's what I heard... Oh, yeah, he had something to do with those big auto shows. He supplied models or hostesses or somethin'... He had the hots for cars. Yeah, cars and girls... girls and cars... one thing about that little cocker... he could always remember everybody's name. If he just met 'em or met 'em five years ago. He'd always remember their name... I admire that... it's a kind of real talent, ya know...

CUT TO:

AUTO SHOT - PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION CENTER -
VANCOUVER

Moderate patrons activity. Cars of every make and model are displayed. Some of the more expensive models warrant a revolving stage complete with running lights and focused spotlights. There are female models around these special showcases. The models elegantly point to and sensually caress various parts of the car. They wear "flashy" costumes -- some short, some evening length. Prospective buyers -- dealers -- and "no-money lookers" wander about the floor.

CAMERA PICKS UP Paul. He waves greetings to some, tells jokes to others as he moves across the floor.

FOLLOW Paul, to include three other men. They are out of town car dealers. We can't hear what is being said by the four, but the three dealers seem a little concerned. One looks at his watch. Paul seems to be indicating that "there is nothing to worry about."

This little scene is INTERCUT with the models doing their "turns" around the cars on the floor. A MALE'S VOICE comes from a tiny hidden speaker and is difficult to always understand because of the other "spiels" coming from similar speakers. All in all it is a collage of mellow selling voices.

10 CONTINUED:

10

QUICK CUTS - VARIOUS MODELS - VARIOUS CARS

SPEAKER VOICES

(overlapping)

The Citation continues to offer a lot of built-in value for your money... Times have changed and the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eights are right for the times... Mercedes Benz line maintains a standard of engineering quality... T Type, a worthy successor to S Type... Rack and Pinion steering... a transverse 2.5 litre 4 cylinder engine... that's the 5.0 litre V8 standard... 1.6 litre four cylinder CVM engine... available in 2 and 4 door... T Bar shift... leather inserts... 6 way adjustable seats... The Electra... The 300 CD... The Little Hustler... The Regal... The Sky-glass Pop-Top...

The SALES PITCH continues to be heard through the next scene.

CUT TO:

11 PAUL - FAY - BILLIE

11

FAY and BILLIE are two of the show's models and are in costume. All three are inside an expensive display car. Paul sits in the driver's seat and toys with various buttons and knobs. The two girls sit in back. Fay seems upset. Billie just listens.

FAY

(to Paul)

You didn't even ask us. You've committed us and you didn't even ask us...

PAUL

(soft)

Look, I'm really sorry. Ah... look... You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I just thought you'd have a good time. They seem like really nice guys. Al is from Racine... Ford. Harry and Bob are from Seattle... Oldsmobile...

(CONTINUED)

FAY

... I feel funny...

PAUL

It's just dinner and some laughs.

FAY

That's it?

PAUL

... Look, I'll talk to them again.
They're really nice guys...
they'll tell me straight. If they
expect more... and some guys
would... if they expect more...
then it's off... O.K.? It's off.

FAY

I am not fucking for money, Paul.

PAUL

I wouldn't want you to.

Billie, silent until now, leans forward -- into Paul's ear.

BILLIE

She's not, but I am, Paul.

PAUL

(ignoring Billie)
Let me talk to them and get it
straightened out.

(as he exits)

They seem like really nice guys.

Paul heads for the three car dealers. The men gather and begin talking. Fay and Billie are watching them.

BILLIE

(they watch
the men)

Just what do you guess he's saying
to them?

FAY

He's tellin' them not to worry --
they're gonna get laid...

Billie laughs...

PAUL - CAR DEALERS

As they discuss arrangements.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

HEFNER (V.O.)
He's a cheap hustler...

12 A ROOM IN PLAYBOY MANSION - CLOSEUP - HEFNER 12

Hefner is addressing a couple of assistants but we do not include them in shot.

HEFNER
... something sleazy about him.
He even looks... pimpish. Why she
wants to marry him...
(shrugs)
Some kind of loyalty, I guess.
Get some of our people to call
Vancouver and check him out... See
if there's anything...

CUT TO:

13 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - VANCOUVER 13

It's busy. Noisy. A detective is on the phone.

DETECTIVE
(on phone)
Last name Snider. S-N-I-D-E-R.
First given, Paul. Second given
Leslie... a 1090... he's clean...
nothing... that's okay.
(laughs)

CUT TO:

14 ANOTHER POLICE STATION 14

Also very busy.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE
(on phone)
I know him. Small timer... kind
of a joke, really... always trying
something... always in trouble...
loan sharks mostly...

CUT TO:

15 OMITTED 15

16 HOTEL WINDOW - VANCOUVER 16

Paul is being held upside down out the 20th story window.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Two hoods, each holding an ankle, seem to be enjoying their job.

PAUL
 (really scared)
 Creeps! You creeps! Jesus! This isn't funny! C'mon, get me up... get me up... I'm getting sick... oh, Jesus...
 (he throws up)
 ... oh, Christ...

The hoods shake him a few more times -- just for the hell of it. Then casually lift him inside the room. Paul is a mess.

CHARLIE (loanshark) sits in a chair.

PAUL
 Look at my suit! That's a four hundred dollar suit, Charlie.

Goes into bathroom -- turns on water -- starts to clean himself up.

PAUL
 That wasn't funny, man... let's be civilized, huh, man?
 (sees the mess in the mirror)
 ... oh, shit...

CHARLIE
 (shrugs)
 I had a good time.

Hoods laugh.

PAUL
 That was dangerous, man... very dangerous... and humiliating.

CHARLIE
 (soft)
 Please, Snider, do yourself a favor, don't say any more. Please. We will be around tomorrow -- noon -- your place.

PAUL
 Seven points is too much, man.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (turns from the sink,
 a shaky threat)
 You shouldn't humiliate me,
 Charlie.

Charlie shrugs "I warned you" -- nods to hoods. The hoods grab Paul and usher him towards window.

PAUL
 (as he goes)
 You crazy bastards! You're gonna
 kill me!
 (begging now)
 Please, Charlie, please!... C'mon,
Charlie, please...
 (once more he's
 upside down out
of the window)
 You bastards!

QUICK CUT TO:

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - CLOSEUP - PAUL 18

(As we first saw him -- 1980) He is still perspiring heavily. We still hear the occasional CLICK of a TRIGGER. The PHONE RINGS again.

PAUL
 You smug bastards... everybody
 kissin' your ass. Everybody down
 on their fuckin' knees... Well,
 not me. I don't kiss ass for
 nobody... You're not going to
 forget me... You rotten fuckers...
 you tried to kill me... You tried
 to kill me... I found her... you
 didn't... she was just a
 waitress... before she met me... I
 found her...

CUT TO:

19 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - HOTEL SUITE - 1980 - CLOSEUP 19
 - DOROTHY STRATTEN

She looks young, fresh and absolutely beautiful. She speaks directly INTO CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

DOROTHY

(charming and
bright)

I was working in this Dairy Queen part time while I went to high school. And one day this gentleman walked in with this gorgeous blonde... fur coat... I mean they both had fur coats on.

(laughs)

... I had these pigtails and this little smock on... and I said 'Can I help you?'... and he said

(imitating)

'Weeell, what's your name?'

Gentle laughter from O.S.

CUT TO:

20	OMITTED	20
&		&
21		21
22	DAIRY QUEEN - EAST VANCOUVER - 1978	22

Dorothy stands, wearing pigtails and a little smock. She looks sweet but not anything like we've seen her previously. She wears no make-up and chews gum. You'd have to have a pretty good eye to see the potential.

Paul sits with a heavily made-up but pretty BLONDE. The Blonde wears a flashy but medium-priced fur coat. Paul wears a similar one.

PAUL

(to Dorothy)

Weell, what's your name?

DOROTHY

... Dorothy... May I take your order?

PAUL

(taking her wrist)

You're beautiful.

DOROTHY

Me?

She removes his hand from her wrist.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

Well... may I take your order now?

PAUL

I'll have something sweet and soft
and white... You.

Dorothy ignores Paul -- looks to Blonde. She's angry.

BLONDE

Shit!

DOROTHY

(straight-faced)

No, but we do have fudge ripple.
I'll be back.

Paul laughs hard. She leaves. Paul looks after. .

BLONDE

Jesus, Paul...

PAUL

That girl could make me a lot of
money. She's really beautiful.

BLONDE

She's a baby.

Dorothy is behind counter now -- filling another order.
Paul can't take his eyes off her.

PAUL

Get 'em while they're young.

BLONDE

She's got acne... on her
forehead.

PAUL

She's special.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - BLUE HORIZON RESTAURANT -
1980 - CLOSEUP - DOROTHY

Dorothy is being interviewed in a restaurant in
Vancouver. Another woman (MEG DAVIS, Playboy Public
Relations) leans INTO SHOT. Whispers something in
Dorothy's ear. She appears to be cueing her.

DOROTHY

(nods)

... This last year so many things
have happened. So many changes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
 Playboy opened up new things to
 me. I didn't go out very much. I
 was very straight. I couldn't
 talk to people easily...

CUT TO:

24 BLACK CORVETTE - PAUL - DOROTHY - 1978

24

The car is moving through Vancouver. Dorothy wears a conservative "high schoolish" dress and is chewing gum. Paul, a tailored suit and floppy hat. A ROD STEWART tape is playing.

The interior of the car is fully decorated. Velvet padding on the steering wheel, fur-covered dashboard... that sort of thing.

Talk does not come easily to Dorothy. Paul seems a little softer, more vulnerable than we've seen him.

DOROTHY
 ... A stenographer, maybe... I'm
 studying that...

PAUL
 You don't seem too thrilled.

DOROTHY
 (shrugs)
 Well... you know...

PAUL
 When do you get out of school?

DOROTHY
 (crossing fingers)
 June.

After an awkward pause, she touches the fur on the dashboard.

PAUL
 You like it?

Dorothy smiles.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PAUL

One day you'll have a better one.
A Mercedes, maybe. They're hot.

Dorothy rocks her head in disbelief.

PAUL

I'm gonna get it for you.

She looks at him. He smiles.

25 EXT. RED COACH INN PARKING LOT - VANCOUVER - NIGHT 25

Black Corvette pulls in. Paul and Dorothy get out. Paul (making sure that Dorothy sees) hands the attendant a five dollar bill. "Listen, Pal, I'm very fond of all four fenders, okay?"

26 INT. RED COACH INN - NIGHT 26

An upper middle-class restaurant. Heavy on romantic atmosphere. Low-key lighting, fireplace, tiny candle-lamps on each table.

Paul is at the salad bar, meticulously preparing two salads.

Dorothy sits alone, waiting for and watching Paul.

A man at a close-by table is glued to Dorothy. Paul spots this.

Finished, Paul leaves salad bar. On his way back to Dorothy, he stops by the man's table. Leans in.

PAUL

(polite whisper)

Excuse me, sir, the management has asked me to speak to you... Your fly is open and the whole restaurant can see your dong.

He moves away quickly. Joins Dorothy. Then attentively he places the salads in front of her.

PAUL

One with cucumber, one without.

Dorothy picks one. Paul pours her a glass of wine from a carafe on the table.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

Someone waiting on me. That's new.

(a pause)

It's very nice here.

PAUL

If you like Italian food I know a real knockout place. I'll take you tomorrow night.

DOROTHY

(eating)

I like pizza...

PAUL

This is northern Italian. Three stars. I know the Maitre D'. Fettucce Riccie colle Anguille... that sort of stuff.

DOROTHY

... Oh...

Paul stares at her -- making Dorothy uncomfortable.

DOROTHY

Is there something wrong with me? I'll bet there's a piece of lettuce on my nose or something. I'm always doing something like that.

PAUL

(overlapping)

No... The light... the way your eyes catch the light. You're so beautiful.

DOROTHY

(pause)

You're an expert, aren't you?

PAUL

Expert at what?

Dorothy doesn't answer -- she smiles instead. Paul smiles back. He knows what she means. She starts eating again.

DOROTHY

(a helpless shrug)

I like it... I wanna hear more.

Paul laughs -- sips wine.

PAUL

It's some kind of eel.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY
(looking up)

What is?

PAUL
Fettuce Riccie colle whatever.

Dorothy laughs.

DOROTHY
You knew I didn't know?

Paul smiles and nods "yes". He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a tiny gift box. Hands it to her.

PAUL
I found this in the coleslaw at the salad bar. It's got your name on it.

She looks at the box. *

PAUL
It's not the Mercedes. *

CUT TO:

27 PLAYBOY PHOTO SESSION - DOROTHY

27

She lies on her stomach across a red velvet sofa. Three or four short CUTS using an action-freeze frame... action-freeze frame technique. We hear the Photographer O.S. talking to Dorothy. Directing and encouraging her in that half sexual, half paternal way so many photographers do. ("Now! Now! More! More! "Give me more!" "That's my girl...that's my good girl! "That's my beautiful little girl!" "Give it to me!" "Oh...that's the best! Dorothy's the best!" etc.)

DOROTHY (V.O.)
I've always been a real sucker for the romantic approach.

28 RESUME RESTAURANT - DOROTHY - PAUL - NIGHT

28

DOROTHY
Is this a joke? *

Paul shakes his head "no".
She opens the box. It's a ring. *

PAUL
If you wipe off the mayonnaise you'll find it's a real topaz

28 CONTINUED:

28

HEFNER (V.O.)

Well... here's this teenager in a town in Canada... working in a Tasty-Freeze or Dairy Queen...

CUT TO:

29 CLOSEUP - HEFNER - DAY

29

HEFNER

... etcetera... whatever... and this street-wise a... a...

We start to hear a GUITAR... "Here Comes the Sun."

HEFNER

... I suppose initially he would have some flashy appeal for her.

CUT TO:

30 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DOROTHY - PAUL - NIGHT

30

It is a different evening. Both Paul and Dorothy sit on pillows on the floor. They both have wine glasses near by and sip throughout. The room is lit by candles. Paul is playing a slow version of "Here Comes the Sun" on his acoustic guitar. He's just barely good enough to give the impression to Dorothy that he's esthetic. His mistakes, which he readily acknowledges, makes him more vulnerable to her. Dorothy hums a few bars with him.

PAUL

(hitting a wrong cord)

Wrong...

(resumes, hitting another wrong note)

... I always screw that one up.

(finally puts the guitar down)

Well, that's enough of that. I don't think I'm any threat to Paul McCartney.

He finishes -- turns on the stereo. Dorothy nervously picks up a piece of wood sculpture from the coffee table. She is chewing gum.

DOROTHY

Pretty.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I made it.

Paul moves to her, stares into her eyes a moment. Gently he takes the wood sculpture from her and places it back on the table.

DOROTHY

(nervous small-talk)

It must've been hard to do.
Something like that must be hard
to do. It's pretty.

Paul takes her hands.

DOROTHY

(nervous)

I'm a little high.

PAUL

Your hands are shaking.

DOROTHY

And big! I've got the biggest
hands. I never wanted to hold
hands with a boy because my hands
were always bigger than his.

Paul begins unbuttoning her blouse.

DOROTHY

I don't think I'm any good. You
know what I mean? I have a
feeling I'm no good.
(hesitates)

PAUL

I'm the first?

DOROTHY

(small laugh)

I think so. But I guess other
people would tell you differently.

PAUL

What do you mean?

DOROTHY

Well, there was this football
player... what else? It was plain
awful. He was so rough and it was
all over so fast.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

You know, a 'wham, bam and thank you mam' type. Except no 'thank you.' I'm not really sure it happened at all. But I guess it did, because he told everyone at school that I was a lousy...

(swallows,
purposely)

... you know.

Paul fumbles with her pants.

DOROTHY

It's a button.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. DOROTHY'S FAMILY HOME (OUTSKIRTS OF VANCOUVER) 31

Paul's black Corvette pulls up. He checks his hair in the rearview mirror. He is dressed formally. Powder blue tuxedo trimmed with dark blue piping and black patent leather shoes. The outfit came straight from GQ or Playboy but somehow it just doesn't look right. With his slicked-down hair, he looks like a tango dancer.

He carries a bouquet of roses and two small boxes containing corsages.

Proudly checking his outfit, he swaggers to the front door. Rings bell.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER answers. She's an attractive woman in her late thirties. You can see where Dorothy gets her looks.

Dorothy's father abandoned her mother several years ago. Leaving her to raise three children. Dorothy, George (age 15) and Eileen (age 10).

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(in doorway)

Oh, don't we look sharp. Come in. She's not ready yet.

Paul enters the house.

32 INT. DOROTHY'S HOME

32

It's not been easy for Dorothy's Mother. There has not been much money. The house and furnishings reflect this. GEORGE is glued to TV watching a rerun of Kojak.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PAUL
(handing her
the roses)

Pour vous.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER
Oh, my, they're beautiful. I'd
better put them in water right
away.

(heads for kitchen,
as she goes)

She and Eileen have been in the
bedroom getting ready since this
morning. You'd think it was a
coronation instead of a high
school prom.

Paul moves to George. George doesn't care for Paul too
much -- but Paul keeps trying.

PAUL

Hi, George.

GEORGE

(looking at
Paul's outfit)

Goin' bowling?

CUT TO:

33 KITCHEN

33

Dorothy's Mother places roses in two makeshift vases.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(to herself)

Good lord, he looks like a fruity
tango dancer.

34 LIVING ROOM

34

Paul stands by George watching Kojak.

PAUL

He's a friend of mine.

GEORGE

(not looking
from set)

Who?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

PAUL

Telly Savalas. Kojak. He's an old friend of mine. You know, last time I saw him we...

GEORGE

(changing channels)
Bullshit.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - DOROTHY - EILEEN

Dorothy sits in front of a mirror -- slowly and rather tentatively applying make-up. It is very new to her. On the table in front of her sits a brand new, well-stocked make-up kit.

Eileen is having a great time toying with the various pencils, liners, lipsticks, etc.

EILEEN

(impressed)

He gave this to you?

(a concentrated

Dorothy nods yes)

Oh, neat! Can I use it sometime?

DOROTHY

As soon as I learn how to use it, you can.

(checks mirror)

...Is this too much lipstick? He said not to use too much...

(turns to Eileen)

Does it look all right?

Eileen has by now applied some bright green eyeshadow.

EILEEN

Is this too much eye shadow?

Is it?

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED

35

Dorothy laughs - begins wiping her mouth with a tissue.

DOROTHY

(to herself)

Now - don't - panic Dorothy.
We are going to start all over.
Aren't we, Dorothy?

EILEEN

(wiping eyes - imitating)

Now don't panic Eileen, we are
going to start all over.
Aren't we Eileen?

Dorothy realizes Eileen is teasing - laughs.

DOROTHY

Come on Eileen. Don't.

36. RESUME LIVING ROOM

36

Dorothy's Mother enters with two containers of roses.
Starts placing them around the room. Paul is sitting with
his feet on a coffee table.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

I thought I had a vase, but...
(shrugs)

That was a pretty expensive dress
you bought Dorothy.

She notices Paul's feet on table. She doesn't like it and
shows it. Paul slowly removes his feet.

PAUL

...It seemed so right for her...

The upstairs bedroom door opens. A breathy Eileen races
excitedly down the stairs.

EILEEN

(an announcement)

She's almost ready. You should
see her!

She moves to her mother - George - Paul in quick succession
ordering them to smell her.

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED

36

EILEEN

Smell, Mom.

(she does, appreciatively)

Smell me George ... c'mon.

(George gives a perfunctory sniff)

Smell, Paul ... real deep.

(He does - laughs)

That's what she smells like! It's called toilet water.

She giggles again and starts to race back up. Paul stops her.

PAUL

Hey, hold on a second!

(hands her the two boxes)

The orchid is for Dorothy and the gardenia is for you.

Eileen races back upstairs. As she goes:

EILEEN

He's here! We both got a present!
They like how you smell.

Slams door. Paul looks after her.

PAUL

That Eileen is a knockout.

(turns to Dorothy's Mother)

All the ladies in this family are knockouts.

GEORGE

(still at TV)

Bullshit. Again.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(under her breath)

... I agree ...

There is a long awkward pause. The upstairs door opens.

EILEEN

Here she comes! Here she comes,
everybody! She looks like a moovie
star! Don't look yet - we're coming!

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED

36

Dorothy and Eileen slowly descend staircase. It's obvious that Eileen adores her sister. She does look pretty.

Eileen sings some strange made-up melody. It's a cross between a wedding march and a funeral march. They are now in the living room. Paul AD LIBS expressions of awe. Even George is impressed.

The dress is all white and frilly with ruffles. The orchid is pinned to her low-cut bosom.

Dorothy's Mother begins "tinkering" with the neckline on Dorothy's dress -- it's a little too low for her liking.

EILEEN

Can we take a picture? I wanna
take a picture!

37. INSERT - STILL PHOTOS

Snapshots of Dorothy and Eileen.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

Dorothy and her Mother, etc. Ending with a shot of Paul and Dorothy standing side by side.

Slow dreamy dance MUSIC has FADED IN.

38 INT. BALLROOM - BAY SHORE HOTEL 38

Paul and Dorothy are dancing. Paul is holding her very close. The lights are low. The dance floor is crowded.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL - WIFE

They are standing off to the side watching Paul and Dorothy.

PRINCIPAL

He looks a little old for her.

His wife agrees.

PAUL - DOROTHY

They dance very close on the crowded floor. A handsome couple is dancing by. The girl looks like the Prom Queen and the guy is handsome and a "JOCK." As they pass Dorothy and Paul:

JOCK

(a bit of a smirk
on his face)

Hi, Dorothy. How are you?

Dorothy looks up -- recognizes him.

DOROTHY

... Oh, hi.

Puts her head back on Paul's shoulder. The Jock and his partner dance away.

PAUL

(without looking)

That's him.

DOROTHY

Who?

PAUL

The big mouth. The football player.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

(he looks now)

Yeah, that's him all right. A jock.

Dorothy is too amazed at Paul's perception to lie. Maybe she wouldn't anyway.

DOROTHY

How did you know?

PAUL

Just the smart-ass way he said your name. Does he think I'm stupid not to pick up on that.

Paul starts to dance Dorothy over towards the Jock and his partner.

DOROTHY

Paul, don't start any trouble, please...

PAUL

It won't be any trouble.

Paul maneuvers himself into his desired position -- close to the Jock. Slips a nail clipper out of his pocket -- flips it so as to project a very sharp nail file. Not sharp enough to kill, but it certainly could hurt.

He waits until the area around the jock and his partner is tight with dancing couples. Then with all the force he can muster, he jams the nail file into the jock's behind.

The Jock jumps in pain.

JOCK

Jesus Christ!

By the time he recovers enough to look for his attacker, Paul and Dorothy are on the other side of the dance floor.

All of this happens so fast -- leaving Dorothy uncertain as to exactly what did happen.

DOROTHY

You hurt him, Paul. Didn't you?

PAUL

Not enough. The prick.
(holds her close --
brushes her hair)

CUT TO:

Using the same sharp nail file, we see bloody hands as they rip at the prom picture, the one of he and Dorothy. Running nail file from top of photo to bottom -- he repeats the action several times.

CUT TO:

40 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY - 40
ANOTHER TIME - CLOSEUP - DOROTHY - NIGHT

Paul's hand comes INTO FRAME and removes a wisp of hair from her face.

Dorothy is sleeping. Paul is sitting next to the bed holding a Polaroid. After a moment he lifts the camera, and then -- flash!

The flash startles Dorothy.

40A WIDER SHOT

40A

DOROTHY

(covering her face)

God, I must look like a horror.

PAUL

(I couldn't help myself)

You looked beautiful. Can I take another?

DOROTHY

No! I must look like a dog's dinner!

Paul begins digging through a dresser drawer.

DOROTHY

What are you doing?

PAUL

I'm just trying to find something.

Paul finds a pair of women's panties.

PAUL

Oops!....

DOROTHY

hmmmm...What was her name?

PAUL

You don't want to know.

(CONTINUED)

Paul finds a mirror, brush and comb.

PAUL

Here.

He places the mirror in her hand. Starts combing and styling her hair.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Would you like a shampoo and
rinse?

DOROTHY

Paul, what are you doing?

PAUL

I wanna take one more picture of
my lady.

Finishes the cosmetics. Moves away. Looks through
Polaroid lens.

PAUL

Now, look this way. No... More to
your right. That's it. Lower
your chin. Oh, that's good!

(Flash!)

One more...

DOROTHY

(makes a face)

Like this?

(Laughs)

PAUL

Say cheese...

DOROTHY

(laughing)

Cheese...

PAUL

(Flash!)

Got it. Let's do one more... No
goofin' around this time. Put
your arm back, lean back...

(Flash)

How 'bout opening your shirt a
little?

DOROTHY

I can't.

PAUL

Yes you can. It's fun.

DOROTHY

(undoes a few buttons)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
 (Flash! pause)
 That's terrific...

Paul moves to the dresser, thumbs through a copy of an old Playboy -- finds a photo.

DOROTHY
 Paul, what are you looking at?...
 Paul?

PAUL
 Wet your lips and open your mouth.

DOROTHY
 What?

PAUL
 ... You know, like you did last night.

DOROTHY
 (embarrassed)
 Paaaaaul! You're a little crazy,
 you know that, Paul.

Paul brings the Playboy over to Dorothy. Places it on the bed.

DOROTHY
 (looking at the
 Playboy)
 Really?
 (Dorothy examines
 the magazine)
 I can do that.
 (she opens her
 mouth -- poses)
 Like this?

PAUL
 Like that.
 (Flash!)
 That's terrific... Dorothy?
 (Flash)
 ... Dorothy.
 (Flash)
 ... Dorothy.
 (Flash)

41 MONTAGE - NIGHT

41

The game develops. In a SERIES OF SHORT CUTS, he has her imitate poses from Playboy magazines. Now this way... Flash! Now that way... Flash! Reload. Now with a hat and necktie and nothing else... Flash! Now sucking her thumb... Flash! Once in awhile, just when he is about to shoot, she sticks her finger in her nose and picks it or crosses her eyes.

Her playful reluctance and girlish giggles remain throughout.

Paul, however, becomes increasingly more earnest as the game progresses.

MONTAGE FINISHES on his face. He sees the possibilities. He knows he's got something! FLASH!

CUT TO:

42 INT. RADIO STATION - DOROTHY, EILEEN, MEG, INTER-
VIEWER - 1980 - CLOSEUP - DOROTHY

42

A radio call-in show. Dorothy sits across from a talk show HOST. Meg and Eileen sit next to her. Dorothy is taking listener's phone calls.

INTERVIEWER

Dorothy Stratten, Playboy centerfold. You're on 'Street Talk.'

MAN (V.O.)

Well, uh, Miss Stratten, my name is George. We were just sitting around with the guys at the garage, and we came up with this question... What's it like to pose naked? How does it feel?

DOROTHY

(smiling
mischievously)

It feels a little chilly, sometimes.

43 RESUME PAUL'S BEDROOM - WIDER SHOT - PAUL - DOROTHY

43

All the photos are spread out on the bed. She is studying them. She is still nude. Paul is watching her looking at herself. She picks up one of the photos and tears it in half.

DOROTHY

I look fat in that one.

Finds another. Tears it.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY
Isn't that a bad angle?

She's hooked.

DOROTHY
Gawd! I hope my mother never sees these!
(remembers)
Oh, my God, my mother! What time is it?

PAUL
(checks)
Four-thirty.

She hurries to phone. Dials frantically. Makes a face -- "I hope she believes this."

DOROTHY
(into phone)
Mom... yes, I know... I'm sorry...

Paul likes the way she looks -- naked, with a phone in her hand, nervously dancing from one foot to the other. He starts to line up one more shot. She tries to wave him off.

DOROTHY
(waving frantically)
... well, give me a chance to explain, Mom... Let's see... It's about three-thirty... about...

44 PAUL'S POV - THROUGH POLAROID LENS - DOROTHY

44

DOROTHY
... It got so late... I didn't want to wake you... I'm staying over at Nancy's house.

Paul shoots. Flash!

CUT TO:

45 CLOSEUP - CALDER HUGO

45

He speaks directly INTO CAMERA.

CALDER
He shows me these Polaroids... wants me to do some test shots. We made a deal... if she got accepted... I'd get a thousand dollars... otherwise nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CALDER (CONT'D)

That's the usual finder's fee that Playboy offers... a thousand... he really believed in this girl... or he just wanted to screw her... I'm still not sure which, maybe both... anyway, he convinced me.

(shrugs)

... He convinced me. What can I say?

CUT TO:

46 INT. CALDER'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - VANCOUVER

46

Calder is a legitimate and respected professional photographer. At the moment he is taking some "test" shots of Dorothy. Paul stands in the dark a few feet behind Calder and the lighted set.

A nervous Dorothy, sits on a white paper floor. Her legs are spread. Graffiti is scrawled all over the paper floor. She has a red marker in her right hand and is about to sign her name. She is nude from the waist up except for a thin transparent scarf which she clutches tightly in her sweating left hand. Below, she wears unzipped jeans, pulled down to just about the pubic hair.

DOROTHY

I'm sooo nervous. Don't I look ridiculous this way?

CALDER

(a pro)

No... you look gorgeous. Or at least you will when I'm finished. Are you sure this is the first time you've ever posed?

PAUL

(nobody asked him)

First time. First time ever!
Good, isn't she?

Calder wishes Paul wasn't present.

CALDER

(to Dorothy)

Just give me one more second.

He makes a small adjustment on the back lighting. Then looks through his camera.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
 (moving in
 a little)
 Throw your head a little more to
 the left. More!

Dorothy obeys.

PAUL
 That's it.

This draws a sharp look from Calder. Paul catches the meaning.

PAUL
 ... Sorry...
 (to Dorothy)
 Forget it, Dorothy. I think it
 looked better the other way.
 (Dorothy obeys)

An irritated Calder moves toward Dorothy. By the time he reaches her, he is totally changed. He speaks softly and gently.

CALDER
 (amused)
 You're holding that scarf like it
 was a security blanket.
 (adjusts scarf)
 Now, just relax. You're doing
 wonderfully.

DOROTHY
 I am?

Calder nods "yes," then indicating her breasts.

CALDER
 May I?

DOROTHY
 Ah... oh, sure.

Calder carefully and gently adjusts the scarf and her breasts.

CALDER
 I think we'll like that much
 better.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Calder moves away. Finds his angle. Has the camera up to his eye and is just about to shoot.

PAUL

Look over here, Dorothy, and open your mouth.

A slightly confused Dorothy starts to obey.

PAUL

(to Calder)

What stop are you using, Calder?

Calder puts the camera down. Walks over to Paul. He's had it! We (and Dorothy don't hear their conversation but it should be obvious that Calder is being very firm -- Paul, very apologetic. Paul heads for dressing room, as he does:

PAUL

(to Dorothy)

Listen, Dorothy, I'll wait in the dressing room. Too many directors, ya know... Do what Calder asks. He's the best.

He exits into a small dressing room.

47 SHORT MONTAGE

47

A few more set-ups. Dorothy in different poses with different props, in different little sets -- to show a time lapse.

There should be a couple of shots of Paul peeking out from dressing room. He's not too happy being left out. Dorothy becomes more and more at ease. Near the end she is, with Calder's encouragement, contributing. "Is this anything?" "Would it be all right if I put my hand here?"

By the end of the session both photographer and model are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

48 INT. DRESSING ROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY

48

It is several hours later. An exhausted Dorothy sits in front of a mirror slowly removing her makeup. Paul straddles a chair behind her.

PAUL

You were terrific. Just terrific.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

DOROTHY
 (not so sure)
 Honest?

Dorothy puts a stick of gum in her mouth -- chews.

PAUL
 I knew you'd be good. But that
 Calder! He doesn't know what the
 hell he's doing. We'll have to
 get some more test shots done. I
 know a much better guy, Bill
 Hollis.

DOROTHY
 Why? Calder is nice.

PAUL
 Hollis's got a better 'in' with
 Playboy.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 I never signed it...

CUT TO:

49 E.C.U. - DOROTHY'S MOTHER - NIGHT

49

Silhouette. Just a streak of light across her eyes.
 She has been crying.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER
 ... I was away... I had to go
 away... I had to... Somehow it got
 signed, yes... I didn't sign it...
 I can only guess how... I never
 would have signed it...

She is silent for a moment. CAMERA MOVES in even
 tighter. Her face is grief stricken.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 She's never been on an airplane.

50 INT. DOROTHY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

50

Dorothy's Mother is reading over a "consent" paper
 which she obviously has been reluctant to sign. Paul
 is moving around the room -- he has for some time been
 trying to convince her to sign.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

They'll fly her to L.A. first class. Take some more test shots of her. Then they'll decide if they want to use her in the magazine or not. That's really all there is to it.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(glances at
test shots)

That's all, huh?

PAUL

But we do need your consent because of her age.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

And if I don't sign?

PAUL

Then we both jump out a window. No, seriously, if you don't sign then it's all off.

She hesitates. Reads consent paper once again.

PAUL

She wants to go.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

And I'm slowly getting the idea that you want her to go. That leaves me, her mother.

PAUL

I know this is a real opportunity for us. It could change our lives.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

What is this 'us -- our'? I don't see any naked pictures of you, Paul. I don't see any pictures of you with your privates hanging out for the whole world to look at.

PAUL

(flirtatiously)

Well, let's get the camera. I'm willing.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(laughs)

I'll bet you are!

(looks at a
test shot --
shakes head)

Beats me. She wouldn't even walk around the house in a night gown before she met you.

PAUL

Playboy is a very important magazine. All over the world. It's a trend-setter. A taste-maker. They don't just have pictures of girls. They have famous writers. Norman Mailer... Irwin Shaw...

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(pointing to tests)

Bare-assed, like that?

PAUL

Look, we've been doing a lot of kidding around here and that's okay with me. I like to kid. I have a good sense of humor. But this is serious... and I'd like to talk to you seriously for a moment.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

I've been talking seriously.

PAUL

Do you know who reads Playboy?

(ticking off
on fingers)

Movie producers -- directors -- agents -- TV people -- the people who produce 'Charlie's Angels' -- advertising people...

There is a long pause. She looks directly into Paul's eyes.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

Just what are your feelings toward Dorothy?

PAUL

I want to take care of her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I have this feeling about her...
this hunch... that she's going to
be a big star... in the movies...
or on TV... a really big star.

(caught in his
description of
her future; quietly)

... I love her...

Dorothy's Mother picks up consent paper again.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

What did you say?

PAUL

I said, I love her.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

(slight sarcasm)

That's funny. I could have sworn
you said 'I love it.'

(putting down
paper)

It's no matter. The answer is no.

PAUL

(stunned)

But why? Give me a reason.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

I don't have to give you a reason.
I'm her mother. That's the
reason. That's the reason.

51 CLOSEUP - PAUL

51

CALDER (V.O.)

Well, here's what the son-of-a-
bitch did...

52 CLOSEUP - CALDER HUGO (THE PHOTOGRAPHER)

52

CALDER

... I worked my ass off and he
turns around... goes to another
photographer... uses my stuff to
convince the other guy that the
girl is good. Then he sends the
other guy's test to Playboy and
screws me out of the finder's
fee. A thousand bucks! He's a
bastard and I'm a schmuck.

Dorothy and Paul walk very briskly, arm in arm, toward departure gate.

We should, if we haven't before, be aware of the sizeable difference in height. With heels, Dorothy is a good five inches taller than Paul.

They carry some shoulder luggage, magazines, newspapers, etc. Paul obviously likes being seen in public with Dorothy. She looks flushed and radiant. More than a few heads, both male and female, turn. Paul doesn't miss a one.

They are both way "up."

DOROTHY

God, I hope we don't miss it! Or maybe I do.

(stops, playfully)

I don't want to go.

Paul turns her by her shoulders and with a gentle push they are off again.

DOROTHY

I wish you were coming with me.

PAUL

Everyone's looking at us. Did you notice?

DOROTHY

A little.

PAUL

Straighten up, angel. You're slouching.

Without losing a step, she corrects her posture, making her another inch taller than Paul.

DOROTHY

Better?

PAUL

Makes you look taller. Makes you look like a queen.

Up ahead stand two photographers from the Vancouver Sun. They are awaiting the arrival of some local politician -- certainly not Paul and Dorothy. Paul approaches them.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

PAUL

(sincerely)

I'm sorry, boys. No pictures.
 We'd like to cooperate, but my
 girl has to catch a plane to
 Hollywood. You undersand, don't
 you? Got to finish up her latest
 flick. Sorry, boys, really sorry.

He takes Dorothy's hand -- moves on. They both laugh.
 They are feeling good about everything.

PAUL

We're on a rocket to the moon. I
 can see that centerfold now!

DOROTHY

(just as excited)

Paul, you mustn't talk about it,
 till it really happens.

They swing down the corridor.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Maybe I should have done
 something...

CUT TO:

54 E.C.U. - DOROTHY'S MOTHER

54

She is crying.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

... when I found out. But...

She reaches for a glass of water -- her hand trembles.
 She swallows.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER

... you see, she seemed to want it
 so much. You understand, don't
 you?

(shakes head)

CUT TO:

55 WESTERN AIRLINES 727

55

As plane takes off, Paul watches from behind glass.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

... I never signed it...

56 INT. OF 727 - DAY

56

Dorothy is seated on the aisle. She looks a little nervous and confused -- it is her first flight. She opens a stick of gum -- chews. A few of the male passengers take notice of her, but the young businessman in the window seat next to her is particularly taken. Dorothy has some difficulty figuring out the seatbelt. The businessman quickly comes to her aid. He strikes up a conversation. Dorothy is immediately pleasant and obviously the man is smitten. We do not hear any of their conversation. Over the above action we hear:

PLAYBOY ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Everybody likes her. The
photographers... all crazy about
her, Hef. She's like a kid...
sweet... polite...

CUT TO:

57 INT. HUGH HEFNER'S STUDY

57

Test sheets are spread out all over the floor. Hefner, dressed in silk pajamas and bathrobe, is looking at the black and whites with a magnifying glass. The colors, he holds up to the light. A PLAYBOY MAGAZINE ASSISTANT is talking.

PLAYBOY ASSISTANT

Got a real quality about her. Not
overweight. I like her a lot.

Hefner continues to look very carefully at the test shots.

PAUL (V.O.)

Have you met him yet?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Who?

PAUL (V.O.)

The man. The man. Hefner.

CUT TO:

58 PAUL - DOROTHY - ON SEPARATE PHONES

58

INTERCUT between them.

Paul is in a phone booth in a stripper club. Behind him we see part of the show. Dorothy is in a private phone booth at the Playboy Mansion.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

Oh, Paul, he's wonderful. Like a father or something.

A young beautiful WOMAN opens the door of Dorothy's phone room.

WOMAN

Oh, I'm sorry...

She closes door. Paul, of course, hears this.

PAUL

... Where you calling from?

DOROTHY

Mr. Hefner's house.

PAUL

You mean the 'Mansion'?

CUT TO:

59 VARIOUS ROOMS IN MANSION - VARIOUS CUTS - NIGHT 59

It is a fairly busy evening. The CAMERA DRIFTS through the rooms -- stopping only for a moment on a particularly beautiful or interesting face or when the description indicates. It should be like a short travelog of the Playboy Mansion, showing the rooms and habitual guests.

NOTE: The scene should also carry INTERCUTS back to Paul and Dorothy on phones.

DOROTHY AND PAUL'S VOICES continue throughout.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

(laughs)

I wish you could be here. You should see it! I never saw so many pretty girls in my whole life.

We should be seeing some of these beautiful women.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I suddenly feel ugly.

PAUL (V.O.)

Is Jimmy Caan there?

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Who?

PAUL (V.O.)

James Caan... 'Sonny Corleone' in
'The Godfather.'

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Didn't see it.

PAUL (V.O.)

He's probably there. He and Hef
are pals... Who did you meet?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

So many people. Let me think.
Oh, yes. I don't know his name
but I think he's like a famous
athlete... seems real nice.
Billie Bob or Willie Joe...
something or other.

PAUL (V.O.)

Batton? Billie Joe Batton? You
met him?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

He sorta half smiles all the time.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well, watch out for that smile.
He's a real cocksman. Got a bad
reputation.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I didn't even know he was famous
until Meg... she works for Mr.
Hefner... told me. Paul, you'll
never believe what this place
looks like! It's like this old
beautiful estate. Beautiful
antiques all over...

PAUL (V.O.)

Uh-huh. Did you meet Telly? Is
Telly there?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I don't think so... I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

PAUL (V.O.)

Dorothy, when you meet people you should really make an effort to remember their names. It makes a good impression.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Oh, I know. You're right. I had a glass of wine. I'll try from now on. This place makes you feel a little ditsy...

CUT TO:

60 PAUL ON PHONE - WIDER SHOT OF NIGHT CLUB 60

It's a pretty sleazy place. The stripper is doing the traditional squats and lip licking. Quite different from the atmosphere Dorothy is describing.

Dorothy's VOICE continues over.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

... It's like some sort of Fantasy Island. I expect to see that little midget any minute.

61 PAUL ON PHONE - TIGHTER SHOT 61

PAUL

Herve Villechaise...

62 PAUL - DOROTHY - ON PHONES - INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH 62

DOROTHY

Yes... Paul, everything is happening so fast. It's a little bananas. They're gonna shoot some more shots -- whatever they call them. They say I'm not going to be the Anniversary Playmate. Candy Loving... I remembered her name... Candy Loving is. But they said I've got a good chance for being the centerfold for August. Mr. Hefner will make the decision next week. Isn't it terrific!

PAUL

What's he like?

DOROTHY

Mr. Hefner? Nice like I said.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Nice how?

DOROTHY

Oh, I don't know. Just everything about him is nice. He's like a human being. I was so nervous... my knees were shaking... But I get a feeling everybody trembles a little when you mention his name... You know...

(imitates a God-like echo voice)

Mister Heff-ner wants to see youuuuu!... But he was such a gentleman.

CUT TO:

63 HEFNER - DOROTHY - A ROOM IN THE MANSION

63

Hefner wears his pajamas and robe.

PAUL (V.O.)

Was he wearing pajamas?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

(laughs)

How did you know?

Dorothy is listening intently. Hefner is soft-spoken and a gentleman.

HEFNER

I've been wanting to have this talk for awhile now. But I guess we've been keeping you pretty busy.

DOROTHY

I'll say.

HEFNER

Look, Dorothy, it may take us a couple of weeks or so to make a decision on this thing... etcetera...

DOROTHY

Oh, I understand.

(CONTINUED)

HEFNER

In the meantime, I imagine you could use a little money.

(Dorothy wags head side to side)

I thought so. Anyway, our people thought we could fit you in as a bunny in the club in Century City. The tips are pretty good.

DOROTHY

That'll be just fine.

HEFNER

(smiles)

Also, I'll see if our people can't find you a little apartment of some kind while you're waiting. Not too expensive. In the meantime, you can stay here, if you like, in one of the guest rooms.

DOROTHY

I could look for an apartment myself.

HEFNER

No, we'll do it for you. Of course this is all temporary. I have a feeling there are very big things ahead for you.

DOROTHY

Oh, I don't know about that. But I'll certainly try for you.

HEFNER

I know. Well, now... that just leaves my speech. Everyone will tell you that this is a routine speech... but that doesn't mean I don't mean it. Playboy is a very special magazine. There's not another magazine like it. All the writers, editors, photographers and the girls, etcetera... well, we all have a very special relationship. It's not like other magazines... we're like... well, we're just like a family.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

&

65

66 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - GROSVENOR HOTEL STAIRCASE - 66
1980 - DOROTHY

Another press conference.

DOROTHY

Family... it's like having a
family...

Off to the side, a cynical REPORTER leans in close to a
colleague and mouths the following in perfect unison
with Dorothy.

DOROTHY

... The whole magazine is like
having a family.

Cynical Reporter smiles.

CUT TO:

67 RESUME ROOM IN MANSION - MR. HEFNER - DOROTHY 67

HEFNER

(laughs a little)

Now, I know some people who would
say that's a lot of bull, Dorothy.
But that is the way I think of
it. That's how we all think of
it. A kind of a world within a
world... A family.

DOROTHY

Everyone's been so nice to me
since I've been here.

HEFNER

Well they should be.

(Dorothy smiles)

And, Dorothy, I want you to know
you don't have to do anything you
don't want to do.

DOROTHY

(nervous)

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

HEFNER

(smiles)

I mean if a photographer poses you in a position you don't like or you don't think is right, then just tell him about it.

DOROTHY

So far...

(shrugs; indicates
'no problem')

HEFNER

If you don't like the clothes they want you to wear --

DOROTHY

(giggles)

What clothes?

HEFNER

(smiles)

If there's anything that disturbs you and the photographer won't change it... you just come to me and I'll take care of it.

He puts arm around her.

68 DOROTHY - PAUL - ON SEPARATE PHONES - INTERCUT

68

DOROTHY

Wasn't that neat? I like him so much.

Dorothy's phone booth door opens. Meg Davis (Playboy Public Relations) pops her head in.

MEG

Been looking for you. Hef wants to introduce you to someone.

DOROTHY

(to Meg)

... One second.

(to Paul)

I gotta run, Paul.

(again uses God-like
echo voice)

Mister Hefff-nerrr wants me.
Should I call later?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You'll probably be late.
Tomorrow's okay. Listen, it all
sounds terrific... and meeting all
those people... they're good
contacts... it can only help.
Know what I mean?

Meg prods Dorothy to hurry.

DOROTHY

I think so. I'll call tomorrow.

PAUL

I love you.

DOROTHY

I love you, too.

They both hang up. Dorothy hurries from booth with Meg Davis leading the way. Paul sits, staring at the phone for a moment.

Paul leaves phone booth. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the bar. He sits next to the Night Club Owner. The STRIPPERS continue behind them. There are now three of them on the stage at the same time.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

How's the kid doing?

PAUL

Sounds like it's going right. She
was calling from Hef's place.

(to bartender)

Johnny, be a pal and pour me...

(indicates --
with fingers)

... that much scotch.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

(impressed)

The Mansion?

Paul nods. There is a pause.

PAUL

(casually)

Billie Joe Batton is making a big
play for her.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Paul doesn't really believe what he just said but he liked saying it.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

Billie Joe Batton the football player is making a move on Dorothy!

Paul turns away. Looks at strippers -- checks out room. He's cool.

PAUL

(a little smile)

It figures. That's the kind of town L.A. is.

NIGHT CLUB OWNER

Jesus! I'd be going out of my skull if Billie Joe Batton was trying to get into my girl's pants!

Paul shrugs "That's life." Points to strippers on-stage.

PAUL

What's the middle one's name?

CUT TO:

70 INT. PLAYBOY CLUB - CENTURY CITY - L.A.

70

Dorothy is dressed as a Bunny -- working tables.

A BLACK COMIC is onstage.

BLACK COMIC

Have you noticed, every team in the N.B.A. has a token white... Now a lot of people are confused about this new three point rule in basketball. Let me explain it. It's simple. A three point play in the N.B.A. is when a white guy makes a basket.

Some laughter. The Comic continues his monologue (with better jokes, I hope) through the following.

71 CLOSER SHOT - YOUNG BUSINESSMEN - DOROTHY

71

Dorothy is waiting on a table of young attractive BUSINESSMEN.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

They've been making a pitch for Dorothy, who looks cute as hell.

One of the men is signing the check, using a credit card. He is not looking at Dorothy, but he is certainly talking to her.

MAN

217-18 and 19. The Beverly Hilton. Some of the other girls are coming.

(places a couple of \$20 bills on top of the voucher)

We give door prizes.

DOROTHY

I can't really.

She starts to bend over to pick up check and empty glasses -- Stops!

DOROTHY

Oooooops!

(giggles)

Wrong! I almost forgot. I'm new. That's not the way we're supposed to do it here.

She executes a "bunnie dip" and picks up the check tray and a few empty glasses.

NOTE: The "bunnie dip" is a method of retrieving things from the table without bending over. It's done with a bend of the knees, keeping the torso upright.

DOROTHY

That's called the 'bunnie dip.'

She giggles and moves away. Black Comic continues.

CUT TO:

72 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - VANCOUVER - BEDROOM - PAUL - STRIPPER 72

Paul is making love to a girl. She is one the Strippers seen in earlier scene. The PHONE RINGS throughout. After a moment or two the Stripper lets out a little scream of pleasure. On scream:

CUT TO:

She sits, nearly nude, on a huge bed. Her left hand fondles her right breast. Using the same technique of action-freeze frame... action-freeze frame while the photographer's O.S. VOICE offers direction and encouragement. ("You're hot. You're hot, little girl." "You're gonna drive all those big men crazy.")

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I like love stories... 'Love Story'... 'Oliver's Story'... 'A Star is Born'... They're my favorites.

Paul and Stripper lying side by side. The passion is spent. Paul stares at ceiling. The Stripper stares at him, trying to figure him.

Paul suddenly jumps out of bed and turns on his telephone answering machine. It's the recording type -- the caller has 30 seconds to leave message. He starts listening to his messages. There are several. While he's listening:

STRIPPER

You know, Snider, I have a theory about you. The reason you're good in bed, baby, is because you just plain try harder. You put in an eight hour day in fifteen minutes.

(laughs)

You're a sort of Avis of the sack, Snider. You're like --

Paul interrupts her with a wave of the hand. He wants to hear a particular message clearly. It is a message from Dorothy.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

It's me. I called earlier too. But I didn't leave a message. I just wanted to let you know I had to work late tonight. I'll call again when I get home. Thanks for the flowers. They're beautiful...

STRIPPER

Oh... flowers...

DOROTHY (V.O.)

These machines make me so nervous.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74. CONTINUED:

74

DOROTHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I always feel like I have to talk fast... or my thirty seconds will run out...

(rapidly)

Yes, I think it would be terrific if you took Eileen to a carnival. She'd love it. Just don't let her eat too much junk food.

(laugh)

I love you. 'Bye...hew! I made it!

CLICK. It's over. Paul is obviously pleased. Relieved maybe.

He turns off machine. Smiles.

STRIPPER

That must be the number one... I bet you were scared as hell she was out doing what we just did.

PAUL

(snaps)

Look, I gotta get up early, so why don't you get the fuck out of here!

STRIPPER

Oh, my...must have hit a touchy spot.

(shakes finger)

Temper! Temper, Avis!

75. CARNIVAL MERRY GO ROUND. EILEEN (DOROTHY'S SISTER, PAUL. 75
OTHER RIDERS.

Paul and Eileen are mounted on two side by side horses, Eileen has named her horse "Beauty." Paul has named his "Lucky Lady". They are both whipping their mounts (jockey style) urging them on. It's a race! Both are laughing.

CUT TO:

75A. BUMPER CARS. PAUL, EILEEN, OTHER DRIVERS. PAUL AND EILEEN 75A
SIT TOGETHER IN ONE - SLITHERING, SPEEDING, BUMPING.

(CONTINUED)

75A. CONTINUED

75A

PAUL

We got the best one, sweetheart.
Ours is a Mercedes.

CUT TO:

75B. REFRESHMENT STAND. PAUL, EILEEN, ATTENDANT.

75B

PAUL

(ordering)

Two hot dogs. Two orange
drinks. A bag of potato
chips...some fries...

EILEEN

(interrupting)

And two carmelcorn.

PAUL

(to Attendant)

But no junk food.
(turns to Eileen)
Right?

EILEEN

Right.

CUT TO:

76. CARNIVAL MIDWAY. LONG SHOT.

Loaded with lights, concession stands and rides. Paul and
Eileen are carrying stuffed animals and eating carmelcorn.

EILEEN

Oh, can we go on the 'Rocket'
again?

PAUL

(a little Bogart)

That's my ride, sweetheart.

(walk a bit)

Eileen, c'mon, straighten up.
You're slouching again.

(CONTINUED)

76. CONTINUED:

Eileen groans a complaint but does straighten her shoulders.

PAUL
Atta girl! I knew you could
do it!

EILEEN
I know! You want me to look like
a centerfold!

She starts strutting -- mouth full of carmelcorn.

EILEEN
I'm a centerfold.

Paul laughs.

EILEEN
Look at me... I'm a centerfold!

She poses against a concession stand.

CUT TO:

77. A ROOM IN PLAYBOY MANSION - DOROTHY- HEFNER

77.

Hefner is congratulating Dorothy. He hugs her -- gently pats her on back. She got it!

EILEEN (V.O.)
I'm a centerfold! *

Hefner moves Dorothy to arm's length. Dorothy is so excited she is near tears.

DOROTHY
Honest? You mean it?

HEFNER
(smiles)
...August.

PAUL (V.O.)
(excited)
I knew it! I just knew it!

(CONTINUED)

78 PAUL - DOROTHY - ON SEPARATE PHONES - INTERCUT

78

Paul is in his apartment. Dorothy is in a guest room at the mansion.

PAUL

... It had to be. And this is only the beginning. I knew it in the Dairy Queen...

DOROTHY

(way up)

But Paul, ten--thousand--dollars! They're gonna give me ten thousand dollars! For having my picture taken!

PAUL

(laughs)

Feels good, huh?

DOROTHY

Oh, yes. Yes.

PAUL

Dorothy... do you love me?

DOROTHY

(after a pause)

... yes... yes, I do.

PAUL

Well... alright! Here's the way it lays out then...

CUT TO:

79 EXT. USED CAR LOT - VANCOUVER - PAUL - DEALER

79

Paul is negotiating the sale of his black Corvette. Telephone VOICES continue.

PAUL (V.O.)

Give me a couple of days to straighten things out. I'll grab a plane by Wednesday... I think Western has a five forty-five flight -- Thursday at the latest and I'll be there. We'll be together!

DOROTHY (V.O.)

(a pause)

You really think you should, Paul? Maybe you should wait a bit...

PAUL

Why?

CUT TO:

80 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT

80

Half-filled open suitcases on floor -- bed. Paul is selling all the furnishings to a buyer. Telephone VOICES continue over.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I wouldn't have much time to spend with you... it's like they got me running all day long. Mr. Hefner thinks I should have an agent. And he wants me to study acting... He thinks I should change my name. To Stratten. What do you think?

CUT TO:

81 VANCOUVER AIRPORT - WESTERN AIRLINES - CHECK-IN

81

Paul is at the baggage check-in -- loading an enormous amount of bags onto the scales. The telephone VOICES continue over.

PAUL (V.O.)

About what?

DOROTHY (V.O.)

The name... Stratten.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well... I think it's okay... but we can decide that when I get there. I'll take care of all the business from now on. You shouldn't have to worry about anything.

CUT TO:

82 VANCOUVER AIRPORT - SECURITY GATE

82

Paul is at the security gate. He has failed to pass several times. He is now removing some of his jewelry in hopes that that will do it.

The telephone VOICES continue.

PAUL (V.O.)

First we gotta get an apartment. Then... when we get some time, we'll just run over to Vegas and do it! Right? We'll just do it...

He passes through gate.

CUT TO:

83 VANCOUVER AIRPORT - JETWAY - PAUL

83

entering plane. The plane to L.A. Telephone VOICES continue over.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Do it? Do what, Paul? What would we do in Las Vegas?

PAUL (V.O.)

How about getting married.
(he laughs)

84 INT. OF PLANE

84

Paul is seated. The stewardess pours him a glass of champagne.

Telephone VOICE continues.

PAUL (V.O.)

We'll get married, Dorothy. Make it permanent. Just like that.

He sips champagne. He's happy.

PAUL (V.O.)

Make it a... a... permanent team.

CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSEUP.

PAUL (V.O.)

... for life.

CUT TO:

85 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - L.A. - CLOSEUP - PAUL

85

(As we first saw him in 1980.) As he moves slowly about the room.

PAUL

It could have been so great. We had everything going for us. But you fucks wouldn't let me in. Big, fucking deal! Well, you can take your magazine, your mansion, your movies and shove 'em all up your ass now!

(looks to floor)

Liar!

CUT TO:

86 PAUL'S POV - DOROTHY'S FACE E.C.U. (VERY SHORT CUT) 86

As she lies on the floor. The left side of her face has been blown away.

PAUL (V.O.)

Liar!

CUT TO:

87 E.C.U. - DOROTHY - L.A. AIRPORT ARRIVAL AREA 87

She looks beautiful. Her eyes are closed. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that she is hugging Paul.

PAUL - DOROTHY

Paul moves her to arm's length.

PAUL

I've missed you... I've missed you.

He is genuinely happy to see her. He kisses her several times on the cheek and neck. He feels more emotional than he would really like to.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - LIMOUSINE 88

A porter is piling Paul's luggage into the trunk and the front seat. This is no ordinary limo. This is a Playboy "special" -- TV, bar, etc.

A chauffeur holds open the car door. Paul glances around. Some passers-by (tourists most likely) have stopped to look. This is just fine with him. The car is impressive... she is beautiful. He tips big. During this:

DOROTHY

Somebody told Mr. Hefner that I was going to pick you up and he insisted. It's his personal car.

(makes a little face)

Little embarrassing, isn't it?

Paul very gently blends her rouge.

DOROTHY

Too much? I was in such a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

Paul takes Dorothy's hand and climbs into the limousine. As the car is about to pull away from the curb, an AUTOGRAPH SEEKER approaches and leans into the back window.

AUTOGRAPH SEEKER

(to Dorothy)

Excuse me, Miss, are you somebody?

Dorothy, surprised, fumbles for an answer.

PAUL

(rolling up the back window)

She certainly is.

The car pulls away.

89. L.S. of the limousine driving away.

89. *

90 PLAYBOY MANSION - NIGHT

90

A very crowded party is in progress. It spills into the many rooms of the Mansion. The conversation and MUSIC is at a high decibel.

All in all, it is a beautiful group. The men with sun-tanned skin, blown dry hair styles and lots of white teeth.

The women with sun-tanned skin, blown dry hair styles and lots of white teeth.

Most of the women display generous amounts of cleavage. Ditto... the men.

(CONTINUED)

Paul and Dorothy, white wine in hand, stand in the midst of the activity. Paul has a tight grip on Dorothy's waist. In a white tight-fitting dress, slit up the back, she fits in. He doesn't. With his slick hair, pencil thin mustache and sharp suit, he seems a misfit.

Occasionally, someone who knows Dorothy will stop and party talk for a moment. When they do, Paul grips Dorothy's waist even tighter. He smiles a little too much -- laughs a little too loud and uses expressions such as: "The pits," "My own space," "mindset," "Far out," "It sucks," "T.V.Q.," etc. When he isn't talking or even when he is, his eyes are constantly scanning the room -- spotting a celebrity here... an ex-playmate there.

Although Paul is making a valiant attempt at appearing "cool"... he is far from it. For him... this is it! Celebrities, beautiful women, contacts... rooms and rooms full of them. It's just like the magazine!

A handsome actor, late 30's, approaches Dorothy. His name is VINCE ROBERTS. Vince was the star of a popular long-running TV series but it's been off the air for three seasons. He's likable, soft-spoken and has a passion for beautiful women and the race track.

He touches Dorothy's shoulder lightly. She turns.

VINCE

Hi... you're Dorothy. We met the other night.

DOROTHY

Oh, yes, hi. This is Paul Snider... and you are... ah... I'm sorry. I forgot.

VINCE

That's okay. I'm --

PAUL

Vince Roberts. I'm a big fan. Listen, that was my favorite show.

VINCE

Thanks.

PAUL

Cancelled, huh?

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

... Yeah.

PAUL

Those network guys don't know
chicken shit from chicken salad.
Now Freddie is running NBC. Ha!
(shakes his head)
Any chance they'll bring it back?

VINCE

Don't think so.

PAUL

Too bad. Aren't many actors
around like you. They're all
lightweights now. We need
heavyweights like you. You break
my heart. Jesus, it's been awhile
since that show was on. What is
it, a year now?

VINCE

(pause)

Three.

PAUL

It's been three years since you've
been on TV!

VINCE

... Yeah...

PAUL

Isn't that something? Bad
scripts, huh?

Vince, by now, would like to get out of there. He
shrugs.

VINCE

... guess so...

At that moment, a Playboy assistant takes Dorothy's
arm, turns her slightly away from the two men. The
Assistant and Dorothy discuss the time and place of an
upcoming photo session. As they do:

PAUL

Good writers are really hard to
find out here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I got a couple of projects in mind that I could use a good writer on. But I can't find any. Not a decent one, anyway. And when you do... they won't do what you tell 'em to do... no.

VINCE

(trying to cover
a smile)

Yeah, some writers are like that. Would you excuse me. I need a...
(indicates his
empty glass)

PAUL

(holds his wrist)

Well, I for one hope you're back on the tube soon. We need you.

VINCE

So do I. Thanks.

He tries to move away -- Paul holds.

PAUL

Working on anything new now?

Vince manages to free himself from Paul's grip. As he does:

VINCE

Just reading. Excuse me.

PAUL

See ya, Vince.

He moves away. The Playboy Assistant leaves almost at the same moment. Dorothy turns back to Paul.

PAUL

You shoulda talked to him.

DOROTHY

Was I rude?

PAUL

No, not rude. But you shoulda talked to him a little. It wouldn't hurt... I think he's washed up but you can never tell.

91 NEW ANGLE

91

The CAMERA PICKS UP Hefner. He is dressed in pajamas and silk robe -- "Tab" in hand. He moves easily through the crowd exchanging greetings.

Paul has spotted him and follows his every step.

PAUL
(into Dorothy's ear)
There's Hef.

Dorothy sees him -- gives a little wave. Hefner smiles -- waves back and starts to make his way over to them.

PAUL
(whispered)
Straighten up.

She does. Hefner approaches.

HEFNER
(warmly)
Well, I see you got here all right.

DOROTHY
Mr. Hefner, this is Paul Snider.
Paul... Mr. Hefner.

Big smile on Paul's face -- he points a finger toward Hefner.

PAUL
'If a man has a right to find God in his own way, he has a right to go to the devil in his own way.'

Recognizing his own quote, Hefner smiles. Paul with the finger again.

PAUL
Here's another. 'Descriptions of murder, which we consider a crime, are acceptable in art and literature but descriptions of sex are prohibited. Our society has put hate above love... favored killing over living.' Right?

HEFNER
Close. Pretty close... but I think I said 'favored death over life.'

(CONTINUED)

Dorothy is totally bewildered. She looks back and forth to both men.

DOROTHY

What? I don't understand. What?

HEFNER

He's quoting me. Old ones at that.

Dorothy nods -- she understands. Paul puts his arm around Hefner's shoulder. He momentarily becomes a serious literary critic.

PAUL

That's great stuff. Fine piece of work. Fine...

(to Dorothy)

I feel Hef here and I are old friends. I think we even have some mutual buddies.

(gives a quick looks around room)

Telly at this bash?

Hefner, although he hadn't intended, has taken an almost immediate dislike of Paul. The arm around the shoulder really bothers him.

HEFNER

Telly?

PAUL

Savalas. Telly Savalas. He's an old pal. Thought I might see him here.

approaches the group. Her name is BOBO WELLER. She is slightly drunk -- giddy. Bobo always dances a little as she talks -- even when there is no music. She has her own private disco band playing in her head at all times.

A very formal Hefner makes the introductions all around. Paul suddenly places her!

PAUL

(finger snap)

Bobo! Bobo Weller. I've still got your centerfold on my wall.

(CONTINUED)

BOBO

Oh, wow...

PAUL

Your favorite book is the Hite Report and you like... you like Rod Steward... Linda Ronstadt and... and Boz Scaggs. Right?

It's all information directly from her Playboy data sheet.

BOBO

Oh, wow...

Paul places both of his hands on Bobo's hip bones -- rocks her hips back and forth. Bobo giggles.

PAUL

I'd know that bod anywhere.

A small expression of pain and embarrassment crosses Dorothy's face. She turns away to avoid looking at the giggling Bobo and the smiling Paul.

Hefner watches Dorothy very closely.

He then takes Dorothy's arm and leads her away. As he does:

HEFNER

Excuse us a second.

Bobo and Paul are too interested in each other to notice. As Hefner and Dorothy move through the crowd:

93 SCENE

93

HEFNER

There's someone you should meet.

He leads her to a young, sun-tanned movie producer, PHIL WASS. Phil rises.

HEFNER

Phil, I want you to say 'hello' to Dorothy Stratten.

PHIL

When he says say 'hello'... you say 'hello.' Hello, Dorothy Stratten. I'm Phil Wass.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

Hello.

HEFNER

(to Dorothy)

Phil produces movies... sometimes.

(to Phil)

Dorothy is Miss August. We're all very excited about her. Maybe if you play your cards right, we'll let you present her in her film debut. She's a fine actress.

DOROTHY

(embarrassed; she's never acted)

Mr. Hefner!

HEFNER

Don't worry, he doesn't know anything about acting anyway. Excuse me.

He moves away, leaving Dorothy and Phil.

PHIL

Well, in a way he's right. But I do know a '10' when I see one.

DOROTHY

6 and 7/8ths, maybe, but thank you.

Phil likes her right away.

PHIL

Listen, I am doing a film called 'Ballbearings.' Maybe you'd like to drop over to the office tomorrow and meet the director?

DOROTHY

What have I got to lose?

PHIL

You don't know the director!

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

94 PAUL - BOBO

Paul has noticed Dorothy and Phil. They seem to be enjoying each other. Phil is now writing his office address on the back of a card.

Paul breaks away from Bobo -- moves toward them.

DOROTHY - PHIL

PHIL
(writing)
... It's not much of a part...

Paul comes up behind Dorothy, puts his arm around her waist.

PAUL
(big smile)
She'll take it!

CUT TO:

95 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - HOTEL SUITE - 1980 - DOROTHY 95
- MEG - PRESS - DAY

Again, a press conference in a hotel suite.

INTERVIEWER
Miss Stratten, I saw your movie debut in 'Ballbearings.'

DOROTHY
Uh-oh.

Little laugh all around.

INTERVIEWER
Yes, uh-oh... Now, I'm not the film critic but that wasn't much of a part.

DOROTHY
I wasn't much of an actress either.

Dorothy looks to Meg. Meg likes the answer. So does the press.

INTERVIEWER
Are you better now?

DOROTHY
Oh, God, I hope so. I'm studying.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER
The classics?

95 (CONTINUED)

DOROTHY
No, acting. I don't know anything
about music.

LAUGHTER. Meg Davis leans in.

MEG
He means Shakespeare.. Moliere...

Dorothy is very embarrassed. She blushes (if
possible).

DOROTHY
Oh, my... I'm so embarrassed...I
thought... Anyway, we just work
on scenes from television shows..
Buck Rogers...Charlie's Angels....
that sort of thing. Oh, my.....

CUT TO:

INTERVIEWER

The classics?

DOROTHY

No, acting. I don't know anything about music.

Laughter. Meg Davis leans in.

MEG

He means Shakespeare... Moliere...

Dorothy is very embarrassed. She blushes (if possible).

DOROTHY

Oh, my... I'm so embarrassed... I thought... Anyway, we just work on scenes from television shows... Buck Rogers... Charlie's Angels... that sort of thing. Oh, my...

INTERVIEWER

Any projects in the offing? Any new films?

DOROTHY

(giggles)

I'm still embarrassed...

(pulls herself together)

When I go back to Los Angeles, I start a film called 'Wednesday's Child.'

INTERVIEWER

Well, could you tell us something about it? What's it about?

DOROTHY

Well... it's mostly about me getting tied up... you're going to spend a lot of time watching me get beaten... it's not a classic.

Laughter.

INTERVIEWER

Who's producing that? What company?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

DOROTHY

(looks to Meg
for help)

Oh, I don't remember exactly...

(Meg shrugs 'She
doesn't either')

... I'm sure it's not Walt Disney.

~~Light laughter. Meg is again pleased.~~

CUT TO:

96

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - COURTYARD - LONG SHOT -
NIGHT

96

Paul and Dorothy are crossing to their apartment
(Playboy found for them).Paul is upset about his first visit to the Mansion.
During the following he alternates feelings of self-
flagulation, rage and apology.

PAUL

(after a moment or
two of silence)Hefner didn't like it when I
quoted him. Shoulda kept my mouth
shut. Damn.

DOROTHY

I think it just surprised him.

PAUL

I could see it in his eyes.

DOROTHY

(tentatively)

Maybe you were a little nervous...

CUT TO:

96A

INT. APARTMENT - PAUL AND DOROTHY

96A

PAUL

(looks in mirror)

And look at these stupid clothes!
Dumb move, quoting him.He takes off his suit jacket -- throws it in a corner
-- sits.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

(sympathetically)

I was nervous the first night I was there too.

PAUL

(explodes)

Jesus! Will you stop saying that! Why the hell should I be nervous around Hefner and that crowd. What the fuck do they know, for Christ sake! Bunch of smart asses! With their stupid faggy hair styles. Smug bastards! And that Vince Roberts! Boy, does he want to get into your pants!

DOROTHY

(pause; lays her head in his lap)

Well, he's not going to.

PAUL

He's asked you out, hasn't he?

DOROTHY

... yes...

PAUL

What'd you say?

DOROTHY

And I said I had a fella. A steady fella.

PAUL

You did?

Dorothy nods yes.

PAUL

(after a pause)

Maybe you should.

DOROTHY

Should what?

PAUL

Go out with him.

DOROTHY

(little laugh)

Let's go to bed. I'm really tired.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

He said he was reading projects.

(pause)

You think Hef liked me?

DOROTHY

(laughs)

Oh, Paul...

PAUL

I think he'd like me if he got to know me...

97 MONTAGE - PAUL - CLOTHING STORES - JEWELRY STORES - 97
HAIR STYLIST, ETC.

Paul changing his style. The "tango" suits go -- replaced by lots of wide-open skirts -- skin-tight pants -- lots of jewelry for around the neck and wrists. The latest Beverly Hills style of sunglasses. The slick hair goes -- replaced by a blown-dry, softer style. By the end of the sequence, he looks "IN."

There is MUSIC.

CUT TO:

98 PLAYBOY PHOTO SESSION - DOROTHY 98

She is washing a sports car -- lots of suds. She wears only a very short rain slicker -- nothing else. Her buttocks are exposed. Using the same technique of action-freeze frame... action-freeze frame while the photographer's O.S. VOICE offers direction and encouragement. ("That's a good girl!" "There's no one like you!" "God, I'm getting excited myself," etc.)

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I'd like to be able to hear what people think. It's my secret dream. I'd like to crawl inside their heads and find out what they're thinking. I don't think it would be the same as what they're saying.

CUT TO:

99 CONFERENCE ROOM - MANSION - DOROTHY, HEFNER, 99
MEG DAVIS, SEVERAL PLAYBOY ASSISTANTS - DAY

All are seated except Hefner, who moves about the room. He has been trying to diplomatically make a point about Paul for some time.

(CONTINUED)

HEFNER

... You've got to understand, Dorothy, that a third party is in a kind of funny position... et cetera, when you're trying to counsel someone on a marriage...

ASSISTANT

You never know how it's going to end up.

DOROTHY

It's not because I'm going to be a Playmate, is it?

MEG

No, no...

ASSISTANTS

Of course not...

DOROTHY

Some of the other girls told me you didn't like the Playmates to be married.

HEFNER

Look, we frankly think it's better for the image, et cetera, if they're not...

MEG

You understand that, don't you?
(Dorothy nods)

HEFNER

... But several have been.
(to Assistant)
Who? Give me some names.

ASSISTANT

Cindy was.

ASSISTANT #2

Ginger, I think.

HEFNER

Yes, that's right. Cindy...
Ginger...

The PHONE RINGS. Hefner answers. While he is talking, Meg leans over to Dorothy.

(CONTINUED)

MEG

He can't just come right out and say it... he's trying to tell you something...

DOROTHY

I know he is. And I think I know what he's trying to tell me, but I don't think he understands...

Hefner hangs up -- turns back to Dorothy.

DOROTHY

What's wrong with him?

HEFNER

Well... he's a... He's got the personality of a pimp.

As soon as it comes out, he's sorry!

HEFNER

... I shouldn't have said that... it was improper and...

Dorothy starts laughing hard!

DOROTHY

Oh, Mr. Hefner! That's just the way he used to dress! He doesn't dress like that anymore.

Hefner shoots Meg a glance.

100 HALL IN MANSION - MEG - DOROTHY - DAY 100

Immediately after. Meg and Dorothy walk -- CAMERA FOLLOWS.

DOROTHY

Oh, God, I'm so confused... I don't think you all understand. I owe it to him.

CUT TO:

101 CONFERENCE ROOM - MANSION - HEFNER - ASSISTANTS 101

This is an exact repeat of a scene seen earlier.

HEFNER

Some kind of loyalty, I guess.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

HEFNER (CONT'D)

Get some of our people to call
Vancouver and check him out... See
if there's anything...

102 RESUME HALL - MEG - DOROTHY

102

MEG

This next year is going to be a
real adventure for you. We're
going to send you out on tour...
all over the country. You'll be
meeting a lot of new people.
Exciting people. It's going to be
a whole new world for you... Don't
spoil it for yourself.

DOROTHY

You don't really know him like I
do.

103 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - 1980 - DOROTHY - MEG - PRESS

103

This is another press conference in a hotel suite.

INTERVIEWER

Miss Stratten, may I ask you a
personal question?

DOROTHY

36-24-36.

Little laugh.

INTERVIEWER

No, no, I have that information in
the press release here. As a
matter of fact, I have it several
times... I wanted to know if you
were married.

Dorothy glances quickly at Meg -- then back to
INTERVIEWER.

DOROTHY

Yes, I've been married for about
three months.

INTERVIEWER

(snaps fingers)

Damn!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

(little laugh from
others)

I wonder why you looked at Miss
Davis when I asked you that?

DOROTHY

Did I? No reason.

INTERVIEWER

Is he traveling with you?

MEG

No, he's not.

INTERVIEWER

(turning to Meg)

Why is that? If I was married to
Miss Stratten, I certainly
wouldn't leave her alone with a
bunch of raunchy reporters like
us.

(turning to woman
reporter)

... Sorry, Sarah... I exclude
you...

(back to Meg)

Why is he not with her?

(Meg starts to
answer; he stops
her)

I'd like Miss Stratten to answer,
if she would.

DOROTHY

Well... he's in L.A. working.

INTERVIEWER

What sort of work does he do?

DOROTHY

... He's doing a show...

INTERVIEWER IN BACK

I'm sorry. I didn't hear that.

MEG

(firm)

He's a producer. She said he's a
producer.

CUT TO:

A WOMAN EMCEE and six young men are on stage. There is loud ROCK MUSIC.

The men wear only bikini underwear. Again there is a small children's vinyl swim pool. The men, one by one, dance around stage (lots of bumps and grinds), then jump into the pool and out again.

The Woman Emcee announces each by name or stage name: "Peter Peter's Peter," "Harold the Hung," etc.

The audience, mostly women, respond with loud whistles, catcalls and applause.

This is a wet underwear contest!

Paul has promoted it. He (with his brand new look) stands in the back, talking to the bartender.

WOMAN EMCEE

All right now, boys, let's see if we can't line up here and pick a winner... the winner of the first Santa Monica wet underwear contest!

Whistles -- applause from the lady patrons.

The "boys" line up. Woman Emcee looks down line.

WOMAN EMCEE

Uh-oh! I think I spot something, ladies!

She walks over to one of the "boys" (Michael) -- reaches down into his underwear and pulls out a small face towel! Michael has stuffed it there to give himself an advantage in the contest.

Laughter.

WOMAN EMCEE

Michael... Michael... Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No padding, boys... now, that's the rules.

(does fingers)

Naughty... naughty! Bad boy... Michael.

She turns him around -- pulls down his shorts and gives him a little spanking.

as they laugh and applaud.

CUT TO:

105 EXTREME WIDE SHOT - SAME ANGLE AS PREVIOUS SHOT

The place is now empty. The audience is gone, only Paul and Owner sit at table. Paul is looking at the night's receipts.

PAUL
I don't understand. This place was packed.

OWNER
Well, they weren't exactly what I would call big spenders. It was no Shriner's convention.

He shows Paul a cash receipt -- shrugs.

PAUL
(looking at totals)
... Shit...

CUT TO

A106

INT PRESS CONFERENCE - HOTEL SUITE - 1980

A106

Again, a press conference in a hotel suite. Meg in attendance.

INTERVIEWER
Any projects in the offing?
Any new films?

DOROTHY
When I go back to Los Angeles, I start a film called 'Wednesday's Child.'

INTERVIEWER
Well, could you tell us something about it? What's it about?

DOROTHY
Well... it's mostly about me getting tied up..you're going to spend a lot of time watching me get beaten...it's not a classic.

Laughter.

INTERVIEWER
Who's producing that? What company?

DOROTHY
(looks to Meg for help)
Oh, I don't remember exactly.. (Meg shrug's 'She doesn't either!')
... I'm sure it's not Walt Disney.

Light laughter. Meg is again pleased.

106 MOVIE SOUND STAGE

106

The set of "Wednesday's Child"... a "B" movie of the horror species, with a budget of \$150,000. The small set is a room in a deserted house. Dorothy sits on a chair. The front of her blouse has been ripped. There is dirt smudged on her face. In the film script, she is the captive of a sadistic pervert. At this moment, standing around Dorothy are the director (MARK), the property man, a MAKE-UP WOMAN, the cinematographer and the villainous actor (JOEY). Joey carries a prop gun.

Various other members of crew go about their business of setting up the next shot -- close on Dorothy.

We should feel that everyone connected with the film has become fond of Dorothy, even though she has much to learn about the technique of making movies.

The property man holds a small pellet containing "movie blood."

DOROTHY

Could I just run it once through very slowly?

MARK

Absolutely. Here, Joey, move in here... You'll be sitting on the chair just like this... only you'll be tied up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 EXTREME WIDE SHOT - SAME ANGLE AS PREVIOUS SHOT

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MARK

Absolutely. Here, Joey, move in here... You'll be sitting on the chair just like this... only you'll be tied up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (CONT'D)
 (Dorothy indicates
 she's tied)

Right. Now, put the pellet in her
 mouth.

The property man puts a pellet in Dorothy's mouth.
 Mark indicates with his hands (director-style) the
 camera lens. The cinematographer moves in behind Mark
 -- trying to see what he sees.

A 2ND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR approaches the group.

2ND A.D.

There's a call for you, Dorothy.

MARK

Not now, for Christ sake!
 (shakes his head)

Jesus!

2ND A.D. moves to side. Mark turns back to Dorothy.

MARK

Now, Joey, hold the gun up to her
 face.

(Joey does)

Put it right by her cheek.

JOEY

Hey, Mark, how 'bout I force the
 barrel in her mouth and make her
 suck on it? It'll be a nice
 touch. Dorothy, open your mouth.
 You'll like it, Mark.

Joey tries to push the barrel of the revolver into her
 mouth.

DOROTHY

(trying to speak
 through the pellet)

I can't. I've got this thing in
 my mouth.

MARK

Joey, will you let me do this?
 We're way behind now.

JOEY

(giving up)

It would have been a nice touch.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Now, Joey says his lines.

(Mark points to Joey;

Joey doesn't know
his lines)

'Blah-blah-blah... or else!' You
shake your head 'no.'

(she does)

Good. Joey swings the gun across
your face... show her, Joey...

(Joey swings gun)

Then you swing your head back
fast... fast...

(she does)

... good... good... then you bite
the pellet. Not now, of course...
when we're shooting.

(turns away)

That's all there is to it...

Joey starts laughing. Mark turns back to see a cha-
grined Dorothy -- blood spurting from her mouth and
running down her chin. She's a mess.

DOROTHY

I'm sorry.

MARK

(to Joey)

What's so damn funny?

(to Make-Up Woman)

Clean her up!

The Make-Up Woman holds up a hand mirror to Dorothy's
face. The realism of the blood takes her aback.

DOROTHY

... Oh, God...

She pushes mirror away.

Mark moves away, followed by the rest. They know it's
going to be awhile. Mark is irritated. The others
have the giggles.

The Make-Up Woman starts cleaning the blood off
Dorothy's face.

2ND A.D.

Should I tell him to call back?
He's called three times.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

DOROTHY
 (calling to Mark)
 Mark, would it be all right if I
 answered the phone now?

MARK
Why not!

107 ANOTHER ANGLE

107

The 2ND A.D. starts to lead Dorothy to another part of the stage. The Make-Up Woman follows. Mark is now sitting in his director's chair talking to everyone and no one. At least no one seems to be listening. The crew just goes about its work. Joey lies down on the floor for a short nap.

MARK
 What the hell! These delays are gonna put my ass in a sling... but who cares? It's not your asses. Right? Why doesn't everyone just knock off for awhile and we'll all make some phone calls.

By now, the 2ND A.D., Dorothy and the Make-Up Woman are by a standing telephone. The receiver is off the hook. The 2ND A.D. point at it. As he does:

DOROTHY
 I thought he wanted me
 to bite it.

MAKE-UP WOMAN
 Don't get upset. Sometimes
 he just has to act like a
 director.

MARK (O.S.)
 (to a passing
 grip who pays
 no attention
 whatsoever)
 How 'bout you? Don't
 you have a phone call
 you'd like to make?

She continues her cleanup of Dorothy's face.

DOROTHY
 (into phone)
 Uh, listen, Paul... I don't think
 this is a very good time...

CUT TO:

108 MERCEDES DEALER - BEVERLY HILLS - PAUL ON PHONE

108

Paul sits in a small, glass cubicle that serves as an office.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

A salesman can be seen in the background wandering around the showroom -- waiting for Paul to finish his call.

PAUL

(interrupting)

Hi, Angel, I called a couple of times. I'm sorry to bother you, but I found it! It's beautiful!

DOROTHY (V.O.)

... What?

He turns.

109 PAUL'S POV

109

A silver Mercedes.

PAUL (V.O.)

I am sitting here freaking out! It's a Paul Snider-Dorothy Stratten car if I've ever seen one.

He turns back.

110 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE

110

PAUL

But it's a little more than I figured. I was wondering... Is there any way you could get to the bank today? I'd like to sign the papers before somebody else grabs it... We're gonna need another three thousand.

111 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE

111

The Makeup Woman continues her clean-up. She looks at Mark, who is still talking to himself. She hesitates.

PAUL (V.O.)

On your lunch hour maybe?

DOROTHY

Maybe we should wait...

112 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE

112

He is disappointed -- makes another try.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

PAUL

There's not a better looking set
of wheels in this whole friggin'
town.

113 MARK

113

still sitting in his chair.

MARK

(loudly)

Do you think it might be possible
to drag Miss Stratten off the
phone for a few minutes... I'd
like to try to make a movie...

114 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE

114

The Second A.D. looks helplessly to Dorothy. She holds
up one finger to indicate "one second".

The Makeup Woman has almost completed her job.

MAKEUP WOMAN

He'll wait.

MARK (O.S.)

... if that's possible.
Or doesn't anyone care?

DOROTHY

Paul, Mark wants me...
I'd better go...

The answer to that is
'no one'... No one.

115 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE

115

PAUL

Wait... listen... listen... I'm
gonna get a license plate that
spells out 'Star 80'. It's fan-
fucking-tastic! You know! S-T-A-
R eight-zero! That's you! Star
80! Everyone in this town will
know who we are!... Can you get to
the bank? Only take a minute.

116 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE

116

DOROTHY

Paul, couldn't we talk
about it later. Mark is
in a bad mood, I'd better
hang up...

MARK (O.S.)

Who the hell gives a
damn that I'll have to
go back to television...

MAKEUP WOMAN

Let him wait. He's being
shitty.

117 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE 117

PAUL
It'll only take a couple of
minutes. Please?

118 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE 118

DOROTHY
(fighting tears)
Okay... yes, okay... I'll go to
the bank.

PAUL (V.O.)
Three thousand. That's
my queen.

MARK (O.S.)
Where the hell is she?
I guess I'll have to
get her myself.

DOROTHY
Paul, I've got to hang
up now.

119 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE 119

PAUL
... One more second. What time
will you finish tonight?

120 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE 120

DOROTHY
(to 2nd A.D.)
What time do you think
we'll finish?

MARK (O.S.)
Jesus! I do everything
around here myself.

2ND A.D.
Late, very late. Here
he comes.

DOROTHY
(into phone)
Late. They say very late.

121 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE 121

PAUL
Well, if you're not going to be
home I thought I'd like to drop by
the mansion for a while. If it's
okay with you. Will you give 'em
a call and fix it for me? Let 'em
know I'm coming.
(pause)
Dorothy?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

DOROTHY (V.O.)

... I'll call.

PAUL

I love you.

122 RESUME DOROTHY ON PHONE

122

PAUL (V.O.)

... Well, do good for me now.
Make 'em forget Marilyn Monroe.

By now Mark is standing by phone.

DOROTHY

...mmmmmm...

They both hang up. Dorothy seems upset. She is tearful. She turns to Makeup Woman.

DOROTHY

I wish he wouldn't call me here.

MAKEUP WOMAN

Don't cry... you'll get your nose
all red.

(dabs her makeup)

They turn to Mark.

MAKEUP WOMAN

She's ready. She's ready.

They all expect Mark to explode, but instead he puts his arm around Dorothy's shoulder... starts walking back to set. As they go:

MARK

(soft)

Everything all right?

DOROTHY

(tearful)

I guess so... Mark, I'm so sorry I
bit the what-cha-ma-call-it.

MARK

That's okay. It's good in a way,
that you did. Gave me a chance to
see it. One pellet is not going
to be enough.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (CONT'D)

(loud)

Somebody wake up Joey.

(back to Dorothy)

We need a lot more blood.

He notices a look of revulsion on Dorothy's face.

MARK

It's only fake blood.

(squeezes her a little)

It's only pretend...

(loud)

Will somebody wake up Sleeping
Beauty! I want the Talking Meat!
Now!

CUT TO:

123 PLAYBOY MANSION GAME ROOM

123

There is a pool table in the center -- several video games around the edges.

A few guests mill around -- watching TV, drinking, playing pool and other games.

Paul is trying to "bump", "English" and "flipper" a pinball machine into a winning game.

Bobo stands beside the machine -- listening intently.

PAUL

... It's a Sci-fi. She plays a robot...

(bumps machine)

Get in there, you mother!... They offered us ten thousand. Well... I put a stop to that. But fast...

(bumps again)

We start it right after we finish 'Wednesday's Child.'

BOBO

(without envy)

She is so beautiful. And you can just tell she's Mr. Hefner's favorite.

PAUL

She's the best... the best.

(bumps again)

You're pretty neat looking yourself, Bobo.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

Bobo shrugs a "oh, I'm all right", but obviously she likes the flattery. She needs it tonight.

124 HEFNER AND ASSISTANT 124

They enter room. After a few AD-LIB greetings, he spots Paul and Bobo. Paul, of course, has spotted Hefner, but goes back to machine, waiting for Hefner to come to him.

HEFNER
(aside to Assistant)
Where's Dorothy?

ASSISTANT
Working.
(knows Hef does
not like Paul)
She called... asked if it was okay
for him...
(a look of dissatisfaction
from Hefner)
... I couldn't say no to her.

Paul turns again -- sees Hefner looking at him.

PAUL
(as thought he
hadn't noticed)
Oh... hi, Hef!

Bobo waves hello. Hefner doesn't move toward them -- he nods coolly and exits with Assistant.

125 RESUME PAUL AND BOBO 125

PAUL
That reminds me. I gotta talk to
him about something later. I got
an idea for a poster with Dorothy.

Paul bumps the machine too hard! It registers "Tilt".

PAUL
Damn.
(to Bobo)
Wanna get something to eat?

BOBO
I'm always hungry lately.

CUT TO:

125A A HALLWAY IN MANSION - NIGHT

125A

As Paul and Bobo walk, they are met by DR. MARTIN GEBER. Dr. Geber is a young, attractive doctor. He is known as "Geb".

GEB

Bobo, hi...

BOBO

Doctor Geber.

Geber looks to Paul. Paul's greeting should seem familiar. It is one we've seen him rehearse in front of a mirror earlier.

PAUL

Snider. Paul
(extends hand)
... hiya...

They shake.

PAUL

We were just going to feed our
faces. Join us?

GEB

Sure.

They move toward Dining Room. As they go:

PAUL

Practice here, Dr. Geber?

GEB

Geb, please. No, Newport Beach.
But I plan to move here.

126 DINING ROOM, MANSION - NIGHT

126

A buffet is available. the room is empty except for a very pretty girl who sits alone in a corner -- staring at the air. Paul, Bobo and "Geb" enter.

PAUL

Internist?

GEB

No. Plastic surgery... cosmetic
mostly.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

PAUL
 (smiles)
 Not much work for you around
 here...

The three, plates in hand, start moving down table.

BOBO
 (to Geb)
 Paul is married to Dorothy
 Stratten. He also manages her.

Their conversation continues. We don't hear it, but
 it's obvious Paul is doing most of the talking.

GEB (V.O.)
 He told me, because of a rent
 raise, he and Dorothy were looking
 for a new place to live.

127 CLOSEUP GEB - DAY

127

He speaks directly into CAMERA.

GEB
 And... maybe since I was moving my
 practice to L.A., we could find a
 place together...

CUT TO:

128 EXT. CLARKSON STREET, WEST L.A. - DAY

128

GEB (V.O.)
 We all moved in in October. I
 took the top half. They lived on
 the first floor.

CAMERA starts to MOVE IN:

GEB (V.O.)
 It suited me fine. Had a yard for
 King.

We see Geb's German Shepherd, "King", in the back yard.

GEB (V.O.)
 ... A garage for my Rolls Royce...
 The Rolls is an investment for
 me...

We see the garage -- Geb's Rolls.

(CONTINUED)

128A

128 A *

CLOSEUP - GEB

GEB

It's an investment. I'm not into status symbols like most people out here. It's an investment, okay?

CUT TO:

129 INT. CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY ^{LOCATION} 129

There is a bedroom in back. Another room used as living room in front.

Dorothy is unpacking. Paul is decorating the walls with photos of Dorothy. He wears pajamas and robe.

GEB (V.O.)

... By then Dorothy's picture was on the cover of the magazine...

Paul pins up August Playboy cover.

GEB (V.O.)

Miss August. She had already done parts on Fantasy Island and Buck Rogers, I think...

Paul pins up still photos taken from those shows.

GEB (V.O.)

Things were moving fast for her...

DOROTHY

She is hanging clothes in closet.

GEB (V.O.)

I became very fond of her. She was handling her public visibility very well. She seemed to be maturing very fast for nineteen.

129A CLOSEUP - GEB

129A

GEB

But to me, she was just a friend. Understand? A friend.

129B PAUL

129B

as he arranges more pictures.

(CONTINUED)

129B CONTINUED:

129B

Many of them have already been established -- Dorothy in front of the Dairy Queen -- Dorothy's graduation photo, etc. Paul arranges them all with pride.

GEB (V.O.)

I had a gal... Robin. I stayed with her most of the time, so I didn't spend much time at the house...

130 CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

130

A small Sunday get-together is in progress. Including Paul, Dorothy, Geb, Robin (his girl), five or six other guests and King.

GEB (V.O.)

... but we'd get together once in awhile...

Paul is sipping his fifth glass of white wine and turning hamburgers on the grill. Dorothy is playing with King. She is several yards away from the group.

Nick is doing sit-ups and various other exercises... using a metal exercise apparatus. Paul has designed this apparatus and made it by hand.

The other guests are drinking, talking, etc.

The clothing is all Sunday afternoon California casual.

NICK

(in middle of a sit-up)

You make this contraption yourself?

PAUL

Twelve of 'em.

DOROTHY

Aren't they neat?

NICK

Who you selling 'em to?

PAUL

... to anyone who wants to buy one.

(back to his previous topic)

... She's got no real competition...

(CONTINUED)

GUEST #2

What about Miss December?
Vicki... something...

PAUL

Next to Dorothy! You're
kidding!...

GUEST #2

(aside to Guest #3)

I think Paul is already counting
that two hundred thousand in prize
money...

Nick finishes with exercise apparatus -- carries it
over to Paul.

NICK

Where should I put it?

PAUL

In the garage with all
the other 'no sales.'

DOROTHY

You should buy one of
those, Nick.

PAUL

(back to others)

Then you can all visit us in Bel
Air...

GEB

(to Dorothy)

Y'hear that?

DOROTHY

What?

GEB

(moving to her)

You're moving to Bel Air.

DOROTHY

(laughs)

Oh, sure. When?

GEB

When you become Playmate of the
Year.

DOROTHY

(to Paul)

Paul, no more wine for you.

(CONTINUED)

GEB

I'm with him. I think you're going to be Playmate of the Year, too.

Nick returns from garage holding a handmade bondage rack. He sets it on the ground.

NICK

Now, what the hell is this?

GUEST #2

Don't tell us that's for exercise, Paul.

Paul seems embarrassed. He starts to pick up the rack and return it to garage. They stop him. AD-LIBS of "No... no... leave it here"... "This has to be studied", etc. They all gather around and stare at the very odd-looking contraption.

GEB

I think I know what it is.

NICK

So do I.

A few slowly catch on as to purpose of the rack (bondage-sodomy). Giggles turn into laughter as the information is passed around the group.

Dorothy doesn't catch on. She only laughs because everyone else is.

DOROTHY

What is it? What's it for?
Somebody tell me!

Robin whispers an explanation into ear. As she does:

PAUL

(with a laugh)

I only made it as a joke, for Christ sake!

The LAUGHTER and AD-LIBS -- "What kind of muscles does that develop?", etc. -- continue OVER.

QUICK CUT TO:

132 INT. CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - ANOTHER CLOSE SHOT OF RACK 132

The LAUGHTER CUTS OFF abruptly. The rack is now splattered with blood. We hear Paul's breathy VOICE:

PAUL (V.O.)
What did I do wrong? I did
everything you did...

133 CLOSEUP - PAUL 133

in the Clarkson Street house. This again as we first saw him -- perspiration, etc.

He moves to a bureau -- lays a 12 gauge pump Mossberg shotgun on top -- picks up a photo of Dorothy. She is dressed in a bikini, wearing roller skates and elbow pads.

CLOSEUP - STILL PHOTO

Paul's bloody hands hold the photo.

PAUL (V.O.)
What did I do wrong? Somebody
tell me!

134 ROLLER DISCO PARTY, MANSION - NIGHT 134

There are several television cameras about. Our CAMERA is on Dorothy. She is skating with two other girls to loud Disco MUSIC.

This is a TV show produced by Playboy Enterprises. The Mansion is used as a set. The planned format of the show is one of informality. Therefore, Hefner has invited many of the frequent guests at the Mansion to appear as "audience". Among the celebrities is ARAM NICHOLAS... Aram Nicholas is a well-known film director. He sits on a couch next to Hefner. He is looking at Dorothy very carefully.

ARAM
(aside to Hefner)
I need a real actress, Hef.

HEFNER
(smiles)
See for yourself. Have her read.

ARAM
(looking at Dorothy)
Who handles her?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

HEFNER

Peter Rose. Only deal with Peter Rose. Rose and Matz. Nobody else.

ARAM

Why? What's up?

HEFNER

I'll tell you another time.

Hefner moves away. Aram continues to watch Dorothy as she finishes her number.

135 INT. CAR - DAY

135

traveling west on Sunset. This is PETER ROSE'S car. Rose is the agent selected for Dorothy by Hefner.

Dorothy sits next to Rose. She is dressed all in white. Like all actresses, she is nervous -- an audition is facing her.

ROSE

... It'll be a big picture. Five, six million. I think he's got Newman --

DOROTHY

I wish I knew some of his pictures...

ROSE

'Time Step.' Did you see 'Time Step'?

DOROTHY

...No...

ROSE

'The Last Chase'?

DOROTHY

...No... if it comes up, should I lie?

ROSE

No... no...

The car turns into and through the Bel Air gates.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

ROSE

Just be yourself. You'll be fine.
You've got a quality, Dorothy...

(touches her hand)

Hef spotted it. I'm sure Aram
will too. It's a quality that
comes along once in a lifetime.

DOROTHY

Peter, that's agent talk.

ROSE

That's friend talk.

136 EXT. ARAM NICHOLAS' HOUSE, BEL AIR - DAY

136

The car pulls into the driveway. The house is very
impressive.

CLOSER SHOT

ROSE

Well, here we are!

DOROTHY

(looking at house)

Gulp!

She checks herself in rear view mirror.

ROSE

I'll wait here.
(She looks at him)
It shouldn't be long.

She kisses him on the cheek.

DOROTHY

'Time Step'... 'The Last Chase'...
right?

Rose smiles, nods. She's out of the car. CAMERA
FOLLOWS her as she walks to door. Half-way there, she
puts her hand behind her back and crosses her fingers.

Just as she is entering, and so that only Rose can see,
she gives a little "oh, what the hell" back kick. Rose
laughs.

137 INT. ARAM NICHOLAS' HOUSE - DAY

137

The interior is just as impressive as the exterior.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Dorothy is now being led by RACHEL, (Aram Nicholas' personal assistant). After a moment, Rachel turns to Dorothy:

RACHEL

Don't be nervous. He's really very nice.

They reach a study door.

RACHEL

In here.

She opens door allowing Dorothy to enter. Closes door.

138 ARAM'S STUDY - DAY

138

a large comfortable room. Aram is seated behind a large desk reading a script. He rises immediately.

ARAM

Hi. I'm Aram.

DOROTHY

I'm Dorothy Stratten.

ARAM

(smiles)

Yes, I know.

He indicates a large sofa for her to sit in. She does.

ARAM

Nervous?

DOROTHY

Yes.

He sits in large chair near by.

ARAM

So am I.

They sit for a long moment. Aram just looking at Dorothy. He likes what he sees.

ARAM

Do you know anything about me?

Dorothy points to a large photo of Aram and the cast of 'The Last Chase'.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY
'Time Step' was wonderful.

ARAM
That's 'The Last Chase'...
(laughs)
You didn't see 'Time Step', did you?

DOROTHY
(makes an "Oooops" face)
No, but I'm going to.

Aram laughs. He stares at her again. There is a long silence. This seems to fluster Dorothy.

DOROTHY
Would you like me to read something?

Aram shakes his head "no". Continues staring.

ARAM
... Not yet.

He continues staring. After a moment, she looks directly into his eyes. This holds for another moment. He smiles. She smiles.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
...Aram says it's going to be a closed set... and a very tight schedule...

The bathroom

Dorothy sits in a hot tub. Paul is blow-drying his hair. An argument has been going on for some time.

DOROTHY
He says I'll be working fourteen-sixteen hours a day...

PAUL
I know New York.

DOROTHY
... so we wouldn't have much time to see each other...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I could really help you there.

(pause)

Something is screwy, Dorothy.
Something else is going on here.
I can feel it.

DOROTHY

(making an effort
to reassure him)

Nothing is going on. It's just
that this is the big break that
you've always talked about. This
is my first chance to show that I
can really act. And I'm so scared
I'll fail...

PAUL

(softens)

You're gonna knock 'em on their
ass in that picture. But we
belong together.

DOROTHY

... Aram says I'm going to need
every bit of concentration --

PAUL

Aram! Aram! Aram says 'this'...
Aram says 'that'... will you stop
with the fucking 'Aram'!

DOROTHY

Aram is a very nice man.

PAUL

Oh, shit! They're all nice to
you. Everybody is wonderful. Mr.
Hefner is wonderful. The whole
fucking world is wonderful to
you... Well, fuck Aram!

(turns to her)

Or maybe you have already.

DOROTHY

That's unfair, Paul.

PAUL

Maybe that's what this is all
about. Maybe that's what's been
going on at all those 'rehearsals'
up at his house.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

We were practicing...

PAUL

Did you fuck him? Is that how you got the part? That's how it's done out here, isn't it?

Dorothy is hurt -- makes an effort to maintain control.

DOROTHY

... That's so unfair.

Paul leaves -- slams door.

Dorothy fights it for a second -- then breaks into tears. After a moment, Paul re-enters. He feels very guilty. He quietly kneels beside the tub -- her head is down.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I understand. It's just that I love you so damn much... You're not the only one who's scared... I'm scared as hell I'm going to lose you. I don't know what I'd do if I did.

DOROTHY

Paul, let's go back to Vancouver! I don't have to do the movie... I'm not sure I really want to... I'm afraid...

PAUL

Of what?

DOROTHY

... I don't know... it was nice in Vancouver... let's go back.

PAUL

Angel, we can't go back. We'd lose all the contacts we've made here.

DOROTHY

... Please...

Paul hesitates... he's about to say "Yes, let's go back." I think he wants to say it -- but instead...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

PAUL

I have this terrific idea... Look, I'm your manager, aren't I? Well, as your manager, I think you should go to New York and become a movie star... I'll stay here and work on the Dorothy Stratten poster. Good idea? It just came to me... like that.

(snaps fingers -- she lifts her eyes to him)

You're my queen...

He kisses her on the mouth. He closes his eyes -- she doesn't.

CUT TO:

140 PLAYBOY PHOTO SESSION - DOROTHY

140

She is on floor using her knees and elbows for support. She again wears very little. In front of her are spread dozens of pictures of movie stars: Redford, Hoffman, DeNiro, Pacino, etc. Her forefinger is in her mouth as she studies pictures. Using the same technique of ACTION-FREEZE FRAME... ACTION-FREEZE FRAME, while the Photographer's O.S. VOICE offers direction and encouragement. ("Oh, do that again -- You got me! You got me! Again!" "That's my baby!", etc.)

DOROTHY (V.O.)

It may sound corny, but I'm a one-man woman. I have to concentrate all my love on just one man... I'm faithful.

CUT TO:

141 CLOSEUP - GEB

141

He speaks directly into CAMERA.

GEB

(shrugs)

I donno... He seemed in exceptionally good spirits just before she left... Helping her with 'this'... and 'that'...

CUT TO:

142 CHIC BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - DOROTHY, PAUL, GEB, 142
ROBIN

Paul is very attentive to Dorothy. He holds her hand tightly -- sits very close.

GEB (V.O.)

... Being really attentive. He gave her a going away party... must have cost a fortune...

CUT TO:

143 INT. GEB'S ROLLS ROYCE - ON FREEWAY 143

Paul is driving. He's smiling -- up... Dorothy sits beside him. Luggage piled in the back.

GEB (V.O.)

... even borrowed my Rolls to drive her to the airport. Said 'The Queen has to go in style'...

CUT TO:

144 CLOSEUP GEB 144

directly into CAMERA.

GEB

... After she left, he came back here... Then... then he did the damnest thing...

CUT TO:

145 CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - GARAGE 145

A make-shift wood workshop on one side. Paul is busy sawing... measuring... hammering.

GEB (V.O.)

... I'm still not sure why he did it... but he built a dog house for King... a beautiful one...

CLOSER SHOT - PAUL'S HANDS

as he hammers:

GEB (V.O.)

... Craziest thing... I didn't think he even knew I had a dog...

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

The hammering continues into next scene.

CUT TO:

146 MOVIE SOUND STAGE - ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND - DOROTHY, 146
ARAM, CAMERA OPERATOR, FOCUS PULLER

There is hammering.

This is the set of Aram's movie. The crew moves around setting up next shot. Aram stands near the CAMERA OPERATOR and the FOCUS PULLER discussing the camera moves.

Dorothy sits, some distance away, in Aram's canvas director's chair. She is reading Dicken's "Great Expectations" and chewing gum. Aram leaves the camera and walks to Dorothy.

ARAM

You shouldn't chew gum. It's got sugar in it.

Dorothy playfully removes the wad of gum from her mouth and places it in Aram's hand. They both laugh.

147 CLOSER SHOT - CAMERA OPERATOR, FOCUS PULLER 147

Drawn by the laughter, they are looking at Aram and Dorothy.

CAMERA OPERATOR

Here we go again...

FOCUS PULLER

He's only got her reading Dickens.
He made the last one read
Dostoevski...

They laugh quietly.

148 CLOSER SHOT - ARAM, DOROTHY 148

She is pointing out some passage in "Great Expectations."

PAUL (V.O.)

It's him. I know it!

CUT TO:

149 CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM AND BEDROOM 149

This is Dr. Geber's part of the house. Geb is shaving.
Paul stands in doorway.

PAUL

I can tell from the way she says
his name on the phone.

GEB

What does she say?

PAUL

Not too much. She always says
she's been working on 'Aram's
film' all day and doesn't feel
like talking...

GEB

Well, why can't you accept that?

PAUL

She calls it 'film.' Christ! She
never said 'film' before. She
always said 'movie' or 'picture'
-- never 'film.' I bet he calls
it 'film'!

GEB

(laughs)

That's hardly sufficient cause to
put yourself through all this.

PAUL

He's feeding her 'coke.'

GEB

(turns from mirror)

Paul, I know you're upset but you
shouldn't even say that and
knowing Dorothy I doubt it...
You're wrong.

PAUL

Yeah. She kept sniffing last
night. Through the whole
conversation she kept sniffing.

GEB

(smiles)

Maybe she's got a cold.

PAUL

That's what she said. Cold, my
ass.

(CONTINUED)

GEB

Paul, you're going to drive yourself loony if you keep this up. You've got to realize Dorothy is every man's fantasy. Everybody who sees her or even her pictures in the magazines, for that matter, will be coming after her... And there's always going to be someone who is richer than you, more famous than you... has a longer penis than you... There's nothing you can do about it...

PAUL

She's not herself. I know these guys, Geb, they stick a little coke up a girl's nose and they figure the girl'll do anything...

GEB

All you can do is let her know you love her. Get your own feet on the ground. Start making some money on your own. Try to make her proud of you.

There is a pause. Then Paul softly:

PAUL

... yeah... you're right... I know it... I can handle this... I can handle it... I can...

Paul moves away -- CAMERA FOLLOWS.

PAUL (V.O.)

... all modern exercise equipment... steam... sauna... They're into that sort of thing out here... Just give 'em white teeth, a suntan, some muscles and you're a hit.

CUT TO:

150 INT. EMPTY BUILDING ON SANTA MONICA - DAY

150

Paul and a real estate agent are checking it out.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

PAUL (V.O.)
 ... saw a location... on Santa
 Monica... He wants \$2,500 a
 month... but I'm sure he'll come
 down...

CUT TO:

151 DOROTHY (WYNDHAM HOTEL, N.Y.) - PAUL (CLARKSON ST. HOUSE, W.L.A.) 151

on separate phones. INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM.

Dorothy lies in bed. A large bouquet of roses (from Aram) on the table beside her. She seems preoccupied.

Paul is walking around -- phone in hand. He speaks rapidly and with enthusiasm.

PAUL
 ... What do you think?
 (pause)
 Something wrong, Dorothy?

DOROTHY
 No.

PAUL
 Well, what do you think?

There is a pause during which Dorothy takes one of the roses -- stares at it.

DOROTHY
 ... sounds okay...

PAUL
 You don't like it.

DOROTHY
 I didn't say that.

PAUL
 I can tell by the tone of your
 voice. You don't like it.
 Shit!

DOROTHY
 Paul, I do like it. It sounds
 like a good idea...
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
 (staring at rose)
 ... I'm just tired, I guess.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. SANTA MONICA BUILDING - DAY

152

Paul and real estate agent are now standing on Santa Monica. Paul is inspecting front of building for possible location for a sign.

PAUL (V.O.)
 I was thinking of calling it
 'Dorothy Stratten's Health Spa.'
 Had an idea where we'd have a
 billboard out front with a big
 picture of you on it... you know,
 like Anita Ekberg in 'La Dolce
 Vita.'

153 RESUME PAUL AND DOROTHY ON TELEPHONES

153

There is a pause.

PAUL
 Dorothy... I love you...

There is another long pause. He waits for her "I love you, too" back. It doesn't come.

DOROTHY
 Paul, do you think we could talk
 tomorrow?

Another pause.

PAUL
 I called a couple of times last
 night. Did you get my messages?

DOROTHY
 Yes, I did. But we worked very
 late...

PAUL
 How late?

DOROTHY
 Oh, I don't remember exactly. I
 was with Peggy. Peggy Johnson.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

PAUL

Who's Peggy Johnson?

DOROTHY

I didn't tell you about her?

PAUL

No.

DOROTHY

She's an actress... she's in the film, too... you'd like her.

(Paul mouths the word "film")

We've become friends. Anyway, it got so late... I spent the night at her apartment...

154 PAUL'S FLASHBACK - PAUL, DOROTHY

154

Dorothy on phone to her mother in Paul's Vancouver apartment.

She stands nude. Paul holds his Polaroid.

This is the exact scene we've seen earlier.

PAUL'S POV - THROUGH POLAROID LENS

DOROTHY

(into phone)

... It got so late. I didn't want to wake you. I'm staying over at Nancy's house...

Paul shoots photo. FLASH!

155 RESUME PAUL, DOROTHY - ON SEPARATE PHONES

155

PAUL

(almost to himself)

... I guess you didn't want to wake me...

DOROTHY

What? I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you said...

PAUL

Nothing... it was nothing...

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

They continue talking but we do not hear what they say.

PAUL (V.O.)

There must be something you can do
for Christ sake! He's stealing my
wife!

CUT TO:

156 SMALL OFFICE - HOLLYWOOD AREA

156

This is the office of SIDNEY FINEMAN. Fineman is a
young free-lance detective. He sits behind desk.

Paul moves around agitatedly.

Fineman shrugs "so?"

PAUL

Can't we sue him? Can't we make
the bastard pay? Pay for
something?

FINEMAN

Sue? For what?

PAUL

'For what?'... You're the
detective... You're supposed to be
able to tell me for what!

Fineman thinks a moment.

FINEMAN

Are you her manager?

PAUL

Yes.

FINEMAN

(pointing to a bad
patch in the ceiling)

Isn't that a mess. They were
suppose to fix it.

(shakes head)

\$750 a month... Got any papers?
Any contracts?

PAUL

No... but...

(CONTINUED)

FINEMAN

But it was something you both talked about, right? It was understood, right?

PAUL

... yes... it was understood...

FINEMAN

You had a verbal contract then. Right?

PAUL

That's right. We had a verbal contract. We're a team. I discovered her.

FINEMAN

Yes, I know you said that. Well, maybe... maybe we could try suing him for enticement to breach her management contract with you.

PAUL

Yeah, that's it.

FINEMAN

Not too fast. I'm not a lawyer. I'd have to check with one... I know we'd have to have documentation...

CUT TO:

157 CLOSEUP - ARAM

157

PAUL (V.O.)

I'd like to kill the son-of-a-bitch!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Dorothy. They are both sitting in Dorothy's dressing room adjacent to the "movie set." It is near the end of the lunch break.

Dorothy sits in front of mirror touching up her makeup. Aram, finder and light meter around his neck, sits behind her.

Dorothy is on the verge of tears -- fighting it.

DOROTHY

He won't let up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

He keeps hammering at it... He called me five times last night... I didn't get any sleep... That's why I'm such a mess today. That's why I kept missing my mark. I'm sorry, Aram. I'm very sorry.

ARAM

Hitting marks is not the most important part of making a good film. We'll get it after lunch.

Dorothy breaks into tears.

DOROTHY

I want to be so good for you... I don't know why I feel so guilty. I don't know why I feel this loyalty to him... He's fooling around. I know it. I know he's got other women. He always has.

ARAM

You sound jealous. Are you?

DOROTHY

No...

(hesitates)

Oh, I can't explain it but yes, I am.

CUT TO:

158 CLOSEUP - BETTY

158

Betty is 18 years old, attractive waitress, in Shipp's Coffee Shop on the Strip. Her language is from the armed forces.

BETTY

(directly INTO
CAMERA)

... About three in the morning every fucking creep on the Strip seems to wind up at our joint...

CUT TO:

159 EXT. SHIPP'S COFFEE SHOP - THROUGH WINDOW - BETTY, PAUL, OTHER CUSTOMERS

159

Betty is serving Paul coffee. He takes her wrist and talks animatedly through the following:

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

BETTY (V.O.)

... He didn't look any different from any other schmuck in this town... But he talked nicer... said I was beautiful... Well, I've heard that crap before but he said we could make a lot of money together... said he could get me in Playboy... he knew Hef... said he could get me in the movies...

During the last couple of lines, Paul has handed her a business card and pointed out to his Mercedes in the parking lot. She looks.

CUT TO:

160 CLOSEUP - BETTY

160

BETTY

Had a business card... and a Mercedes... 450 SL... so what the fuck?

CUT TO:

161 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM, BEDROOM - PAUL, BETTY 161

At the moment Paul is in the bedroom. Betty is in the living room waiting to enter the room.

Paul is teaching her how to enter a room -- how to walk. He has his Polaroid out -- ready and waiting.

PAUL

(calling to Betty)

C'mon... now walk in...

Betty enters, timidly.

PAUL

No! Damn! You're like sneaking in. Look, when you walk into a room you should have ah... ah... 'certain quality.'

BETTY

Shit, man, I don't know what that is. What the fuck's a 'certain quality'?

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED

159

BETTY (V.O.)

...He didn't look any different from any other schmuck in this town...But he talked nicer... said I was beautiful... Well, I've heard that crap before but he said we could make a lot of money together...said he could get me in Playboy... he knew Hef... said he could get me in the movies...

During the last couple of lines, Paul has handed her a business card and pointed out to his Mercedes in the parking lot. She looks.

CUT TO:

160 CLOSEUP -- BETTY

160

BETTY

Had a business card...and a Mercedes... 450 SL... so what the fuck?

CUT TO:

161 EXT. PARKING LOT SHIPPS - PAUL - BETTY

161

*

Paul sits in Mercedes. Reaches and opens passenger side door. Betty gets in. She is dressed in "T" shirt and jeans.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. 58TH STREET BETWEEN WYNDHAM AND PLAZA HOTEL, NYC - DOROTHY, ARAM - NIGHT

162

As they walk:

DOROTHY

...He couldn't get any backing for it. No one would give him any money...

(Aram is silent)

What?

(Aram starts to say something -- stops)

...Say it.

(CONTINUED)

162 (CONTINUED)

162

ARAM

Well...I just don't think you should lend your name to something like that...a health club...with him or anyone else...

Dorothy nods "she understands." She likes it that he cares.

DOROTHY

(after pause)

...The more he fails, the more he seems to hang on to me...

Aram takes her hand for a second -- then releases it. Dorothy looks at him.

163 OMIT

163

164 OMIT

164

165 CLARKSON STREET HOUSE - BEDROOM - PAUL - BETTY

165

Betty is sitting on bed. She wears Fredericks of Hollywood type underwear. Polaroids are strewn all over the bedclothes.

Paul sits on the bed in his shorts. He is on the phone.

PAUL

Yeah, this is Paul Snider...I've been trying to get through to Hef... I've left several messages...

CUT TO

166 A ROOM IN MANSION - ASSISTANT (ROY), HEFNER

166

The assistant is on the phone with Paul. Hefner sits in the background. ROY looks to Hefner, mouths "Snider". Hefner shakes his head "no."

PAUL (V.O.)

I'd like to talk to him. It's important.

ROY

Mr. Hefner is out of town. Can I help you?

PAUL

Will he be back tonight?

ROY (V.O.)

He didn't say.

PAUL

Who are you? Who am I talking to?

ROY (V.O.)

I'm Roy. Mr. Hefner's assistant.

PAUL

Well, listen, Roy, here's what it is...I'd like to drop by the Mansion tonight...and talk to Hef...

ROY (V.O.)

But I've already told you...

PAUL

(Interrupting)

Yeah, I know he's out of town...

BETTY

(to Paul)

Ah shit, we're not going. I should have known you were bullshitting me.

PAUL

(looking at Betty)

But just on the chance that he's back by tonight...there's someone I'd like him to see...Roy, could you maybe leave my name at the gate?

ROY

I'm very sorry, but I can't do that. Only Mr. Hefner himself can do that.

PAUL (V.O.)

Oh, sure you can, Roy. I know it's done. It's done all the time. Give it a try, Roy...I think we've met. Haven't we, Roy? I was probably with Dorothy Dorothy Stratten?

168 (CONTINUED)

168

ROY

I know who you are. But I can't help you. I will leave your message.

169 RESUME PAUL ON PHONE

169

PAUL

Okay, sport. Leave the message. I'll call back. I'll call back a little later...

BETTY

Aw, what the fuck is this? I'll bet you don't even know Hefner! What a bullshitter.

ROY (V.O.)

Yes sir.

PAUL

What time? What would be a good time to call back?

ROY (V.O.)

I really couldn't tell you.

PAUL

No, huh? I didn't think so... Well, thanks for all your help, Roy.

ROY (V.O.)

You're welcome.

Both hang up.

170 RESUME MANSION - ROY, HEFNER

170

ROY

He wanted to come here tonight. It sounds like there's a girl he wants you to see.

HEFNER

(shakes his head)

No way.

171 RESUME CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - BEDROOM - PAUL, BETTY

171

Paul sits where we last saw him.

BETTY

Well, are we or aren't we going?

171 CONTINUED

171

PAUL

That son-of-a-bitch was there the whole time. I know it! Bastard!

172 A SUITE IN THE PLAZA - ARAM, DOROTHY - NIGHT

172

This is Aram's suite. Dorothy sits on couch. Aram is pouring them both a glass of wine.

ARAM

(walking to her)

Do you want to stay with him?

Do you want to leave him?

What do you want to do?

Dorothy looks up - a pause -- then takes his hand -- holds it tight to her face.

ARAM

I think you're going to need some legal help. You should probably talk to a lawyer...

DOROTHY

Aram, I don't know what to do.

I'm so confused.

(she cries)

ARAM

Dorothy, you just can't let him do this to you...he's got to give you more freedom...

(he holds her)

You're like this little bird, and he's got to let you fly...

DISSOLVE TO:

172A INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ARAM'S SUITE, BEDROOM - ARAM, DOROTHY

172A

They are in bed. Dorothy is listening hard.

ARAM

...You've got to understand that you're just not the same girl that you were in Vancouver...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

ROY (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

PAUL

What time? What would be a good
time to call back?

ROY (V.O.)

I really couldn't tell you.

PAUL

No, huh? I didn't think so...
Well, thanks for all your help,
Roy.

ROY (V.O.)

You're welcome.

Both hang up.

170 RESUME MANSION - ROY, HEFNER

170

ROY

He wanted to come here tonight.
It sounds like there's a girl he
wants you to see.

HEFNER

(shakes his head)

No way.

171 RESUME CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - BEDROOM - PAUL, BETTY

171

Paul sits where we last saw him.

BETTY

Should I get dressed? Aren't we
going?

PAUL

That son-of-a-bitch was there the
whole time. I know it! Bastard!

172 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ARAM'S SUITE, BEDROOM - ARAM,
DOROTHY

172

They are in bed. Dorothy is listening hard.

ARAM

... You've got to understand that
you're just not the same girl that
you were in Vancouver...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

ARAM (CONT'D)

...you've grown... you've
matured... I see it happening
right before my eyes every day...
you're unique, Dorothy... and you
have a unique gift... You've grown
and he's stayed the same...

CUT TO:

173 PLAYBOY PHOTO SESSION - DOROTHY

173

Dorothy floating nude in a swimming pool.

Using the same technique of ACTION-FREEZE FRAME,
ACTION-FREEZE FRAME while the photographer's O.S. voice
offers direction and encouragement ("That's my girl."
"That's gorgeous," etc.).

DOROTHY (V.O.)

Hollywood hasn't changed my values
or my personality but it's
certainly made me wiser. I think
I've gained five years experience
in eighteen months.

174 RESUME BEDROOM - ARAM, DOROTHY

174

ARAM

... you've outgrown him...

He kisses her tenderly on the back of the head.

CUT TO:

175 INT. FINEMAN'S OFFICE - PAUL, FINEMAN - DAY

175

Fineman is finishing reading a report on Dorothy's
activities in New York. It is not easy for him. Paul
sits -- he is visibly shaken.

FINEMAN

... This is a little rough... you
sure you want to hear it?... She's
practically moved out of the
Wyndham... she usually goes there
after shooting... picks up her
messages... then walks to the
Plaza... He's in suite 1210...
They usually eat in the hotel...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FINEMAN (CONT'D)

In the morning she goes back to the Wyndham and waits for the studio car to pick her up...

(looks up)

So... you were right all along... it is him. They're hiding it pretty good...

(a pause)

You alright?

PAUL

(shrugs indifferently)

Yeah, sure. I just gotta take a piss.

He rises -- heads for bathroom. As he does:

FINEMAN

Now, if we just had something... a letter... a tape... anything where she talks about the management thing...

Paul closes bathroom door.

176 FINEMAN'S OFFICE BATHROOM - PAUL

176

Paul stands looking in mirror. He looks as if he's about to break. His body trembles. He has trouble breathing.

FINEMAN (O.S.)

... I think we might have something... on 'enticement,' I mean.

Paul looks back to mirror. He then takes a comb from his back pocket and begins to comb his hair carefully -- much the way he did in earlier scene.

PAUL

Oh, fuck both of them. Why don't we just say 'Look, you want her, pal? You can have her... but you'll have to pay.'

Paul is seized with nausea -- tries to fight it.

FINEMAN (O.S.)

I know how you feel but I don't think so...

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

Paul throws up. As he does:

FINEMAN (O.S.)
 Maybe there's something in
 'alienation of affection'?... Naw,
 I don't think so...

CUT TO:

177 CLOSEUP - BARREL OF 12-GAUGE MOSSBERG SHOTGUN 177

It FIRES!

178 WIDER ANGLE - DESERTED CONSTRUCTION SITE, W.L.A. - 178
 PAUL, GUN SELLER

Paul has just fired the gun. The SELLER stands a few feet away.

Paul looks at the gun closely. He begins to touch it all over. Almost caressing it -- he feels its weight -- the smoothness of the barrel, etc.

SELLER
 (a jovial fellow)
 It was \$379.95 new... You can have
 it for 250... even.
 (Paul continues to
 inspect the gun)
 ... It's only a year old...
 (laughs very hard)
 ... and it was only fired on
 Sundays by a little old psychotic
 schoolteacher... Get it?
 (he laughs again
 -- no laugh from
 Paul)

PAUL
 How do you load it?

The Seller explains the steps in loading. Paul listens intently but does not speak. After the brief lesson, Paul FIRES THE GUN once more...

After he continues to hold the weapon in firing position.

SELLER
 (all smiles)
 Feels good, doesn't it?

179 CLOSEUP - PAUL 179

His cheek pressed to gun stock.

It does feel good to him -- there is the tiniest smile on his mouth.

180 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL'S HANDS 180

He places the Mossberg, now wrapped in newspaper, in a closet.

As he does, we should get a glimpse of the bondage rack (seen earlier).

GEB (V.O.)

... He was acting really weird...

CUT TO:

181 CLOSEUP - GEBER 181

GEB

I thought it was a little like a soap opera... guess I misread him...

CUT TO:

182 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - GEB, ROBIN, PAUL - NIGHT 182

Geb and Robin stand by the door. Geb carries some dog bones wrapped in Reynolds wrap.

Paul has every photo in the house spread out. He's drinking. He picks up a photo of Eileen.

GEB (V.O.)

... he kept looking at these photos... over and over...

PAUL

That's Eileen... what a kid! I was thinking of bringing her down her for a visit when Dorothy comes back...

Discards photo -- sits.

PAUL

... It's rough... it's really rough. I'm not sure I can take it... I've called her all night... she won't even talk to me...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (starts to hunt
 for another photo)
 Did you see the prom picture?

GEB
 (meaning bones)
 I want to get these to
 King...

PAUL
 Did I show that to
 you? I bought her
 this white dress.

Geb whispers "let's go" to Robin.

ROBIN
 We're going to get a
 sandwich at Nate and
 Al's. Why don't you
 come with us?

PAUL
 Here it is...
 (looks at it)

PAUL
 (to Robin)
 I've never felt this way before...
 She's broken my heart...

CUT TO:

183 EXT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - GEB, ROBIN

183

They are on their way to the garage. As they walk:

GEB
 Oh, man, I thought I'd break up
 when he said 'she's broken my
 heart.'

ROBIN
 I didn't think it was funny.

They are in backyard. Geb unwraps the dog bones --
 with a "Here, fella" gives them to King.

GEB
 (petting King)
 I can take a bragging Snider. I
 can take a conniving Snider. But
 I just can't stomach a sentimental
 Snider...

They move to garage door.

ROBIN
 That's about the only time I've
 liked him...

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

Opening door.

GEB

Get out of here! Why?

ROBIN

I don't know really... this macho
guy... like that...

They get in the Rolls.

ROBIN

You don't suppose he'd do anything
crazy, do you? Like hurt
himself...

GEB

(as he starts car)

No. Not if it means getting his
hair mussed...

Their car pulls out.

CUT TO:

184 INTERCUT BETWEEN PAUL (CLARKSON ST. HOUSE) - DOROTHY 184
(DRESSING ROOM)

on separate phones. Paul sits on bed. Betty is behind
him -- trying on some of Dorothy's clothes.

Dorothy sits at her dressing room table. Aram lies on
a couch behind her, his hands over his eyes, a
"Hollywood Reporter" across his chest.

Paul is less assured than usual. He's really trying.

DOROTHY

(cool -- business-
like)

I think we should talk.

PAUL

Yeah, so do I.

DOROTHY

I think we should sit down quietly
and talk everything out when I get
there.

PAUL

Can't we talk now? I'm going a
little crazy...

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

I'll see you when I come to Los Angeles.

PAUL

You closed the joint bank account.

DOROTHY

Yes.

PAUL

Why?

DOROTHY

I'll send you some money.

Aram lifts his head -- makes a scissor gesture to her -- meaning "cut it short."

PAUL

You didn't answer. Why?

DOROTHY

I thought it best.

PAUL

For what?

DOROTHY

Our situation. Paul, I'm going to hang up now.

PAUL

Well, just what the hell is our situation? Where do I stand?

DOROTHY

I really don't want to discuss it now. It will have to wait until I come to Los Angeles. I have to...

PAUL

(interrupting)

Jesus, tell me something, will ya. If you've had an affair... that's okay with me. I understand. But that doesn't mean we should throw the whole marriage down the toilet. Please, Dorothy. At least tell me where I stand. Please...

(CONTINUED)

She didn't want to be pulled into talking about it -- but she is.

DOROTHY

(softer)

Paul... I have to have more freedom. I want more freedom...

PAUL

I understand that...

DOROTHY

No, I don't think you do... You have to let go... you have to let the little bird fly...

PAUL

Dorothy, you can have more freedom... Honest.

DOROTHY

That's not enough. Things change. I'm not the same girl I was in Vancouver...

PAUL

No, you sure ain't. Sounds like you've got a writer now.

DOROTHY

I don't understand what you're saying, Paul.

PAUL

I mean... I have a hunch you're sitting on Aram's knee right now and he's moving your mouth. He's pulling the strings...

DOROTHY

(she's angry)

We'll talk when I come in. I'll call first.

PAUL

You're not staying at our house?

DOROTHY

No, I am not.

CUT TO:

185 TIGHT CLOSEUP - PAUL

185

PAUL
You're living with him?

CUT TO:

186 INT. POPULAR BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - WIDER ANGLE
- DAY

186

Lunch time. It's busy. Lots of show-biz types.

Dorothy and Paul sit in a booth. Neither saying a word.

A waiter has just handed them both menus. There is a pause. It's tough for both. The conversation is both charged and controlled.

DOROTHY
I'm staying at his house...
temporarily.

PAUL
Bullshit.

DOROTHY
Paul, please...

PAUL
You're living with him! You're
sleeping with him... fucking
him...

DOROTHY
... don't...

PAUL
Why don't you have the guts to say
it? You're doing it... Why can't
you say it!

DOROTHY
I can see this is a mistake. I'll
call you in a few days.

PAUL
Where does he live? Oh, excuse
me. I mean where do you both
live?

Dorothy says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Well, you don't have to tell me.
I know. He lives in Bel Air.
11829 Canyon Drive.

Dorothy is surprised but she doesn't respond.

PAUL

... I'm broke...

Before she can say anything, a young agent approaches the table. His name is DAVID GREY.

DAVID GREY

... Excuse me... I don't mean to interrupt... but you've got to be Dorothy Stratten... You are, aren't you?

DOROTHY

... yes...

DAVID GREY

I thought so. I'm David Grey.
I'm with I.C.M.

DOROTHY

(trying to be polite)
This is Paul Snider...

Grey nods in Paul's direction -- immediately turns back to Dorothy.

DAVID GREY

I simply must tell you... you are causing a small riot in this town!... Nobody has seen a frame of that film you just made but the word is that you're the prettiest thing since Warren Beatty... Aram is telling everyone you're going to be the 'sex goddess of the 80's'... Somebody told me even Hefner's excited about you. Well, we all know... he's not 'Mister Excitement.'

Dorothy tries to smile -- nods a small "thank you."
David turns to Paul momentarily.

DAVID GREY

Oh, my God... modesty! In this town?

(CONTINUED)

Paul doesn't respond. David turns back to Dorothy.

DAVID GREY

Well, I'll give Aram dear a call... maybe he'll let me take a peek...

(turns to Paul)

But if I know Aram, he'll want to keep her all to himself. Selfish brat!

(back to Dorothy)

I mean he's a genius... at least I want you to tell him I said he was...

(giggles, then to Paul)

A little ass kissing doesn't hurt in this business.

(slightest pause -- back to Dorothy)

... I hope I didn't disturb you... very nice to have met you.

He leaves. Dorothy, realizing the impact of the proceeding on Paul, reaches out and touches his hand.

DOROTHY

... I'm sorry...

(Paul is silent)

Paul, I'll take care of you... you know that.

(Paul looks directly at her)

PAUL

Eileen is here, isn't she?

DOROTHY

(realizing the implicaton)

... yes...

PAUL

And she is staying at his house.

DOROTHY

(searches purse)

Too much has happened... I'll call in a few days. Maybe we can talk then.

She finds some money -- puts it on the table.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

About a settlement. Is that what you mean?

DOROTHY

Yes.

PAUL

I love you...

DOROTHY

Paul, don't...

PAUL

I could change... Jesus, give me a chance, will ya?

DOROTHY

... I'll call...

He releases her wrist. She leaves. Paul looks after her.

ARAM (V.O.)

Goddamn it! He must be having you followed.

CUT TO:

187 EXT. ARAM'S HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

187

LOUD ROCK MUSIC is heard from outside SPEAKERS. Eileen stands on diving board at the far end of pool. Dorothy in swimsuit and robe sits in a lounge chair. Aram, fully dressed, squats beside her. Dorothy has been crying. Aram is furious.

ARAM

That son-of-a-bitch! I don't want you to see him anymore!

EILEEN

(shouting from
diving board)

Hey, sis! 'Airborne boogie'!

ARAM

... it can be handled in other ways.

Eileen executes a run off the board, doing a little disco dancing while still in the air. Splash!

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

Dorothy applauds. Eileen laughs uproariously at her own invention. Aram only glances at Eileen then back to Dorothy.

ARAM

Promise me you won't see him anymore.

EILEEN

(in water)

Sis, c'mon in. Pleeeeeease!

Dorothy rises, drops robe and heads for pool. As she does:

DOROTHY

... he seemed so scared...

ARAM

Dorothy... I want you to promise.

Dorothy nods "yes" -- dives in.

FINEMAN (V.O.)

You'll probably have to lead her a little...

CUT TO:

188 INT. FINEMAN'S OFFICE - PAUL, FINEMAN - DAY

188

Paul has his shirt off. Fineman is taping a very small recording device to his chest.

FINEMAN

... Try to get her to talk about Aram... Juicy stuff, if you can... even better if you can get her to say something about the partnership...

PAUL

(soft)

... She's gonna come back... I know it...

FINEMAN

Yeah, sure, well just in case...
(continues taping)

CUT TO:

189 INT. ARAM'S BEL AIR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DOROTHY, EILEEN 189

Eileen sits at a counter in front of portable TV -- She is working very hard on some bubble gum and thumbing through a TV Guide.

Dorothy is on the phone to Aram.

DOROTHY

(into phone)

I just have a few errands... I should be back by two-thirty... I promised Eileen that we're going to buy out Rodeo Drive this afternoon.

Eileen suddenly jumps up! She has seen something in TV Guide. She's delighted!

EILEEN

Oh, wow! Wow wee!

She almost dances over to Dorothy. Pointing at the magazine.

EILEEN

It's you! You're in TV Guide!

Dorothy nods "yes" -- gestures Eileen to hold down her enthusiasm for a moment.

DOROTHY

(into phone)

I'm sorry, Aram... Eileen has gone bananas over something... I didn't hear what you said...

CUT TO:

190 A CUTTING ROOM - ARAM

190

A couple of editors working. One of them is running a closeup of Dorothy on Steenbeck. Aram stands close by, watching the film and talking.

ARAM

(into phone)

I said, I won't be home 'til late.

I have to stop at the lab.

(gestures to editor

to stop the Steenbeck.

He does -- into phone)

Just a second...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

ARAM (CONT'D)
 (cups hand over
 phone -- to editor)
 ...Back it up a couple frames.
 (editor does)
 There. Cut it there.
 (into phone)
 Sorry... I was just working on a
 shot of you. You look beautiful.

CUT TO:

191 INT. FINEMAN'S OFFICE - PAUL - FINEMAN - DAY

191

Paul is finishing putting his shirt on over recording device.

PAUL
 She said, I'll always take care of
 you.

FINEMAN
 Yeah! Now, if you can get her to
 repeat that...
 (the shirt is on)
 Okay, now just walk around and
 talk.

Paul starts walking.

PAUL
 It's gonna be a different shirt.

FINEMAN
 ... So?

PAUL
 What should I say?

FINEMAN
 Anything.

PAUL
 (as he walks)
 Hi, I'm Paul Snider... Paul...
 Paul Snider here...
 (he hesitates)

FINEMAN
 More.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

PAUL
 (starts walking again)
 Testing... one... two... three...
 testing... one...

FINEMAN
 Okay.

Paul stops. Fineman opens his shirt -- pushes tiny
 "play back" button.

NOTHING!

FINEMAN
 Damn! Damn thing is no good.

PAUL
 (pulling it off)
 We don't need it anyway... once we
 can spend a little time
 together... everything's gonna be
 okay again. I know it.

CUT TO:

192 CLOSEUP - GEB

192

GEB
 He still has some crazy idea he
 could put it all back together
 again... He vacuumed the rug... He
 cleaned the whole house...

CUT TO:

193 EXT. ARAM'S HOUSE

193

Dorothy and Eileen walk toward waiting cab. Dorothy's
 arm is around her shoulder. Eileen is intently study-
 ing the TV Guide.

EILEEN
 (seriously)
 Do you think I'll have boobs like
 you someday?

DOROTHY
 (laughing)
 Yes... I think so. Maybe not by
 this afternoon... but someday.

She gets in cab.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

DOROTHY

See you around two-thirty.

Cabbie closes door. The cab pulls away. Eileen watches the cab disappear -- then back to the photo as she walks back to house.

CUT TO:

194 EXT. DOROTHY'S POV - CLARKSTON ST. HOUSE - THEN
DOROTHY - DAY

194

From inside cab as it approaches house. She gets out -- enters the house.

FINEMAN (V.O.)

She arrived about... oh, a little after noon. The plan was that I was to call him in an hour or so...

CUT TO:

195 CLOSEUP - SIDNEY FINEMAN

195

FINEMAN

... to see how it was going. We'd worked out a little code so she wouldn't know he was talking to me...

196 INT. CLARKSON ST. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY 196

Paul and Dorothy sit opposite each other. There is a half empty bottle of vodka nearby.

Paul stares at Dorothy -- enough to make her feel uncomfortable. The conversation is difficult.

PAUL

(after a pause)

... I've been drinking... I'm nervous...

DOROTHY

I am too...

PAUL

Look at my hand...

(he raises it --
it trembles)

... This is a new shirt...

(CONTINUED)

Dorothy tries to smile.

PAUL

I must have combed my hair a dozen times...

(laughs)

I guess I had some crazy idea I could win you back... a real schmuck, aren't I?... There's no chance is there?

Dorothy doesn't answer. Paul moves to her -- kneels -- places his hands on the arms of her chair... she notices that they are trembling badly...

DOROTHY

Paul, we have some things we should talk about.

He places his head on her lap.

PAUL

... I love you, Dorothy. I love you so much.

DOROTHY

(hanging on)

Paul, I can give you seven thousand dollars...

PAUL

Please come back to me...

DOROTHY

That's half of all I have...

PAUL

Let's make it like it was before... Please...

DOROTHY

Half. I have some of it with me.

She starts to move toward her purse -- he grabs her wrists -- holds them firmly.

PAUL

Remember the ring I gave you?

DOROTHY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Still have it?

DOROTHY

Yes.

He relaxes his grip. Puts his head back on her lap.

PAUL

It's been awful for me without you. I don't think I want to go on living without you.

DOROTHY

... That's just the way you feel now... that will change...

PAUL

... I bought a gun.

DOROTHY

Oh, Paul...

(she strokes his head)

Things will change for you...

PAUL

(pulls away -- sudden change)

You mean maybe I'll grow up to be a big movie director!

(stands)

Or own a big magazine! Is that what you mean? Maybe then I could get you back... is that what you're saying?

Dorothy starts to rise -- Paul shoves her back into chair. It frightens her.

PAUL

Those fucking bastards!

DOROTHY

I want to leave...

PAUL

(changing again)

I'm sorry... I'm sorry... Please don't leave. I want to show you something. Please stay... just a minute... I won't do that again... Please...

(CONTINUED)

Dorothy nods "yes."

He hurries to bedroom -- stopping only to take a swig of vodka as he goes.

PAUL (O.S.)
(from bedroom)
I've been working my ass off on these...

Dorothy considers running...

PAUL (O.S.) -
God, I hope you like them.

Paul re-enters with great enthusiasm. He is carrying three or four different posters of Dorothy. They are much like the Farrah Fawcett -- Bo Derek ones. He lines them up against the wall.

Dorothy looks at them.

PAUL
Which one do you think?
(no answer)
They're a lot better than the Farrah Fawcett ones, aren't they?
(no answer)
And she sold five million of 'em... in one year.
(Dorothy looks away)
Which one?... We could at least still be in business together...

Dorothy shakes her head "no."

PAUL
(sharply)
Don't shake your fucking head like that at me! Is it too 'small time' for a big movie star! Too tasteless, maybe.

DOROTHY
(with effort)
I think... I think we should break cleanly... I want it to be over...

Paul in an explosion of rage kicks posters over.

PAUL
Is that what Aram told you to say?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

And what the fuck is \$7000? You think I'm stupid? I may not be a Hefner or an Aram, but I'm not stupid!

Dorothy starts for door. Paul grabs her and throws her on sofa.

PAUL

Not yet, you don't. Not until you tell me where the rest of the money is. Who's holding it for you?

(he moves toward her)

Tell me!

DOROTHY

(almost cowering)

... It's half...

Paul looks like he is about to strike her -- but doesn't.

PAUL

Liar!

He heads for bedroom -- grabbing vodka bottle as he goes.

PAUL

And I told everyone you'd be fair...

He's in bedroom now.

PAUL (O.S.)

(mocking)

'I'll always take care of you, Paul.' 'I love you, Paul.' 'I owe you so much, Paul.' Liar!

Dorothy has straightened herself -- is about to leave. She is at the front door -- but something stops her. She turns around and moves slowly toward the bedroom.

PAUL (O.S.)

I don't think you've ever known how much I loved you... Well, maybe now you will...

CUT TO:

197 ARAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EILEEN - COOK

197

The Cook is busy at the stove. Eileen is reading to her from a cookbook.

EILEEN

Now, let's get this thing right.

(reads)

Soo... Saw... S-a-u-t-e onions in butter...

She looks at clock.

CUT TO:

198 PAUL'S BEDROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY

198

Dorothy enters. Paul sits on the bed holding the Mossberg shotgun. He has just loaded it. He looks at her.

PAUL

You think I'm faking, don't you?
You don't think I would do it, do you? You think I'm a coward.

Dorothy moves slowly to him -- takes the gun -- puts it aside -- puts her arms around him and holds him gently -- like a child. He breaks.

PAUL

... I found you...

DOROTHY

Let's not hurt each other anymore... Please...

Paul seems encouraged by this small affection -- he kisses her bosom.

PAUL

We're a team... I need you...

He kisses her again. Then starts to unbutton her blouse. She pulls away.

PAUL

(sudden change again)
Too small time for you now!
(grabs her hard)
You slept with him last night,
didn't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

She starts to cry.

PAUL

Well, answer me! Didn't you?
(he shakes her)
Didn't you? Answer!

DOROTHY

...yes...

PAUL

Sure you did! You fucked the 'Big
Director'...Well, now me!...
'small time'...

He starts to rip at her clothes -- she fights hard.

DOROTHY

Paul, please...

He continues to tear at her clothing. She pleads...the
PHONE RINGS a few times - stops.

PAUL

We'll give you a chance to judge...
Give you a chance to see who's the
real man!

DOROTHY

Stop it! Stop it, Paul!

She screams! He stops, moves away from her. He's crying.
Dorothy watches him for a moment, then seems to give in...
She feels maybe he can spend his anger this way...maybe
this will ease his hurt.

She slowly undresses. Paul turns and watches her. When
she finishes, he begins to undress.

PAUL

Oh, going to do me a big fuckin'
favor...Okay, that's me, a charity
case...

(he moves to her)

I'll take it.

He's on top of her.

PAUL

Now, try to think of dear Aram...
if you can.

He enters her roughly. Begins moving.

PAUL

They're killing me! They're
trying to kill me!

After a moment he stops -- tries moving again -- stops...
pulls away -- throws her to the floor.

She starts to cry.

PAUL
Well, answer me! Didn't you?
(he shakes her)
Didn't you? Answer!

DOROTHY
... yes...

PAUL
Sure you did! You fucked the 'Big
Director'... Well, now me!...
'small time'...

He starts to rip off her clothes -- knocks gun to floor. She screams!

DOROTHY
Paul, please...

He continues to tear at her clothing. She pleads...
The PHONE RINGS a few times -- stops.

PAUL
We'll give you a chance to
judge...

Dorothy fights hard at first... then seems to give in... She feels maybe he can spend his anger this way... maybe this will ease his hurt.

PAUL
Give you a chance to see who's the
real man!

He's on top of her.

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if you can.

He enters her roughly. Begins moving.

PAUL
They're killing me! They're
trying to kill me!

After a moment he stops -- tries moving again -- stops... pulls away -- throws her to the floor -- she screams.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

PAUL

Those bastards!

He tries entering her again... he can't...

He stops -- rolls over on to his back. She turns on to her stomach.

CUT TO:

199 CUTTING ROOM - ARAM - EDITOR

199

Aram sits with Editor in front of Steenbeck. They are running a particularly attractive close-up of Dorothy. Aram pushes stop button. Dorothy's picture holds on Steenbeck.

ARAM

... That's nice... Let's use that...

200 RESUME PAUL'S BEDROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY

200

Both Paul and Dorothy are in same position as we last saw them. Paul's breaths are short -- his face soaked with perspiration. The PHONE RINGS again -- stops. We hear KING BARKING in the backyard.

Paul's eyes search the room... all the photos... all the past... all the good times...

His hand reaches out for the gun -- aims it at her head...

201 CLOSEUP - DOROTHY'S HEAD

201

The Mossberg is pointed at the left side. Her crying has stopped.

202 CLOSEUP - PAUL'S HAND ON TRIGGER

202

PAUL

Can you hear me?

DOROTHY

... yes...

PAUL

They did this...

He pulls trigger. She screams. He closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

PAUL

... my queen.

CUT TO:

203 FINEMAN'S OFFICE 203

Fineman holds phone.

FINEMAN

Operator, would you check on a number for me... I think it's out of order...

CUT TO:

204 CLOSEUP - PAUL 204

After a moment, he rises slowly... quietly. He begins to walk slowly about the room... looking down occasionally.

CUT TO:

205 A ROOM IN THE MANSION - HEFNER - SEVERAL ASSISTANTS 205

Hefner in usual pajamas and robe -- "tab" in hand.

Test shots of a new find are spread out all over the floor. Hefner is inspecting them carefully. As he does:

ASSISTANT

... She's a darling girl... her name is Billie Jean Worth... All the photographers adore her... I was thinking she's a 'maybe' for November... She's ready.

206 RESUME PAUL'S BEDROOM - PAUL 206

He looks from one Playboy photo of Dorothy to another. As the photos flash faster, a strange excitement seems to be overtaking him. He breathes harder. He goes to the closet -- takes out bondage rack -- places it on the floor -- puts the Mossberg next to it.

CUT TO:

207 CUTTING ROOM - ARAM - EDITOR 207

Aram still sits in front of Steenbeck, looking at film.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

O.S. VOICE

Do you want sugar in it, Aram?

ARAM

A little, please.

208 ARAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EILEEN - COOK

208

Eileen is again looking at Dorothy's picture in TV Guide. She once again glances at clock -- then back to magazine.

209 RESUME PAUL'S BEDROOM - PAUL - DOROTHY

209

Paul drags Dorothy's limp body to the rack.

As he does, the Playboy photos flash faster and faster.

CLOSEUP - PAUL

His anger and sexual excitement accelerates with each move.

More photos -- more photos -- zooming in at him.

CLOSEUP - PAUL

He reaches a peak of excitement. Completed -- he stops -- he is spent.

He rolls onto his back -- eyes wide -- staring at the ceiling.

Paul doesn't move. Finally:

PAUL

... You won't forget me...

He reaches for gun -- puts it to his head -- pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

210 CLOSEUP - HEFNER

210

HEFNER

... Equally sad to us is the fact that her loss takes from us all a very special member of the Playboy family.

CUT TO:

211 CLOSEUP - ARAM

211

ARAM

... There is no life Dorothy's touched that has not been changed for the better through knowing her, however briefly.

CUT TO:

212 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL - DOROTHY - BEDROOM

212

Both soaked in blood. Both lying motionless.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP -- slowly revealing a FULL OVERHEAD VIEW of the carnage. As it does:

ARAM (O.S.)

... Dorothy looked at the world with love and believed that all people were good down deep. She was mistaken but it is among the most generous and noble errors we can make.

The CAMERA is all the way back by now.

CUT TO:

213 PLAYBOY PHOTO SESSION - DOROTHY

213

Using the same technique as before. ACTION-FREEZE FRAME... ACTION-FREEZE FRAME. The photographer's O.S. VOICE giving direction and encouragement ("You're the best, Dorothy!" etc.)

DOROTHY (V.O.)

I'd like to become competent in all kinds of acting... romance... drama... comedy... even horror.

The FRAME FREEZES on her last word. She's laughing.

END CREDITS



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