

STRIPTEASE

by
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based on the novel by
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FADE IN

1

1 EXT. CANE FIELDS DUSK/ANGLE--SIGN

ROJO SUGAR
'KEEP AMERICA SWEET'

PAN DOWN OFF SIGN--

Migrant workers--mostly Jamaicans--are boarding rickety trucks. Day is done.

ROLL CREDITS (MUSIC--'GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' SPENCER DAVIS)

ANGLE--MIGRANTS

Some look to be very young.

ANGLE--TRUCKS

Pulling out. As they do, they pass a customized stretch Range Rover bearing the Rojo logo. Leaning against the Rover are WILLIE ROJO, sixtyish paterfamilias of the Rojo family, and his sleazebag son CHRIS. Willie wears a white suit and a Panama hat. Chris, thirtyish, is more casual, more Banana Republic. Willie signs a document held by a foreman, then he and Chris get into the Rover. The door is held open by their inscrutable Haitian chauffeur, PIERRE.

2 EXT. HIGHWAY/FT. LAUDERDALE/DUSK

The migrant-filled trucks whiz down the highway.

3 ANGLE--HIGHWAY

The trucks, followed by the Rover, roll past an upscale strip club called **The Flesh Farm** and then past a slightly more downscale establishment--**The Eager Beaver**. **The Beaver** has a neon sign that depicts a smiling, bosomy rodent.

4 CLOSER ANGLE--EAGER BEAVER

A pony-tailed VALET stands out front besides a sign--

FEATURING!
ERIN GRANT
URBANA SPRAWL
MONIQUE, JR.
SABRINA HEPBURN
ARIEL SHARON
TIFFANY GLASS & MANY MORE!

A small man heads toward the front.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

CLOSER ANGLE

The man wears very thick glasses. His name is JERRY KILLIAN.
The valet greets him with a big smile.

VALET

Hey, the big man is here!

JERRY

When does she go on?

VALET

Five minutes, Jerry.

Killian hurries into the club just as a Lincoln Town car pulls up. Two men get out. The driver, ERB CRANDALL, is grim, trim and well-barbered, but the sixtyish man who stumbles from the passenger's side wearing a pasted-on mustache and smoked glasses is smashed. This is congressman DAVID DILBECK. The valet knows neither of these men.

VALET

Welcome to the Eager Beaver, gentlemen.

ERB

(hands valet some bills)
Keep it close. Very close.

VALET

You got it.

The valet gets in the car, drives off. Erb turns to Dilbeck.

ERB

Last stop, Davey. Okay?

DILBECK

(smiles)
The night is young and full of promise, my boy. "I feel good. I knew that I would."

They head inside.

Now a humongous white double-stretch limo comes to a stop. Out spill five drunken young MEN--a bachelor party. The bespectacled, porcine bachelor being honored is the ill-fated PAUL GUBER.

PAUL

This has to be the last one. I told Melissa...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

BACHELORS
Whipped, whipped, whipped!

PAUL
Come on, I gotta rehearsal
tomorrow.

The cheering bachelors push him into the club.

5 INT. EAGER BEAVER NIGHT/STAGE

5

URBANA SPRAWL, 66H, dances on stage. Dancing at tables are
ARIEL SHARON, a lithe Sabra, and spacey TIFFANY GLASS.

*

ANGLE--DJ

In the booth, doing his rap.

DJ
We've got the twin towers of Fort
Lauderdale, Miss Urbana Sprawl,
wrapping up on the great stage,
Ariel Sharon and Tiffany Glass
shaking their booties at the
tables! Loosen up, guys--Thank
God it's Wednesday!

*

*

*

ANGLE--AUDIENCE

Well-dressed young professionals lunging to put cash in
Urbana's garter.

*

ANGLE--TIFFANY GLASS

*

ANGLE--ARIEL SHARON

*

ANGLE--BAR

*

HOSTESSES fetch drinks, under the watchful eye of the club's
owner, ORLY. He's fortyish, balding, sports a Hawaiian
shirt. Orly spots the bachelors, goes out from behind the
bar.

ANGLE--TABLE--JERRY KILLIAN

He peruses the Miami Herald, ("DILBECK AHEAD IN POLLS"). A
passing HOSTESS smiles at him. He's like a pet here.

HOSTESS
Evian lime, Jerry?

JERRY
Thanks, Amber.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MONIQUE, JR. comes out on stage.

*

DJ (V.O.)
From Paris, France, or is it
Paris Island, or Paris Trout,
let's hear it for the fabulous
Monique, Jr.

*

*

*

*

*

ANGLE--BACHELOR PARTY TABLE

Orly sits them down. A bachelor grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

BACHELOR
Paulie here's the lucky guy!

ORLY
You come to the right place,
fellas!
(whistles toward stage)
Monique! Lookit these hunks!

ANGLE--STAGE

Monique turns toward the fat bachelors, wiggles her rear.

ANGLE--BACHELORS

They start howling. Orly beams with fake bonhommie.

ORLY
We got a party here!

Orly walks away, drops the smile. He passes the bouncer of the club, the massive, bullet-headed SHAD.

ORLY
Keep an eye on them bachelors.

ANGLE--BACHELORS

The fatties urge the resistant Paul out of his chair!

ANGLE--ORLY/SHAD

SHAD
(disdainful)
Oh, they look like real trouble.

ANGLE--REAR TABLE--DILBECK/ERB

A freshly-chilled bottle of Korbel sits in a bucket on the table. Dilbeck snaps his fingers to the music, looks around the room. A happy camper.

DILBECK
Wonderful little spot, isn't it?

*

ERB
(not happy)
Very uplifting, sir.

*

6 WIDE/INT. DRESSING ROOM-EAGER BEAVER

6

URBANA SPRAWL holds her chest in pain. She passes SABRINA
HEPBURN.

(CONTINUED)

URBANA

That song is killing me.

*

SABRINA

Girl, those titties gonna wind up
in traction, you don't do some
ballads...God, it's *freezing*.

She now walks past ERIN GRANT, who stands at a pay phone.
Erin is different than the other girls---softer, less make-up.

ERIN

They could store meat in here.
(Urbana passes by)
In fact they do store meat in
here.
(into phone)
No, I've been trying all day...
You're positive? No...thanks.
(hangs up, deflated)
Shit.

CREDITS END

Erin goes to her dressing table, sits down beside Urbana (who
is applying Ben-Gay to her breasts) and Sabrina, who stands
doing her hair.

SABRINA

Can't reach her?

A framed picture of an adorable seven-year-old girl rests
against Erin's mirror. Erin touches the picture,

ERIN

Now they say Darrell's phone is
out of order. If he moved again
without telling me, I swear I'll
kill him.

URBANA

Men are shit. You hang in there,
you'll get that child back...Ooh,
my achin tits.

ERIN

(puts on earrings)
Yesterday my lawyer said this
appeal is gonna cost me twenty
thousand dollars. Is there a
shot I can make that in six more
weeks?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

SABRINA
Six weeks? Uh-uh.

ERIN
I can't still be working here
when I go back to court. "Yes,
your honor, I got a job--at the
Eager Beaver."

SABRINA
Tell him it's a pet store.

7 INT. CLUB/STAGE

Monique Jr. leaves the stage to cheers and whistles.

ANGLE--DJ

Pops on a disc. Annie Lennox.

DJ
And now, the girl of your dreams
and mine, in her eighth week at
the Eager Beaver, the one, the
only-- Erin Grant!

ANGLE--AUDIENCE

Customers cheer lustily.

ANGLE--JERRY KILLIAN

He folds up his Herald, takes notice.

8 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Monique Jr. enters from the stage, grabs an Evian, announces
to the world that:

MONIQUE JR.
Ted Koppel's at table six.

ERIN
What's he wearing?

MONIQUE JR.
A tank top and gold chains.

ERIN
That's Ted.

Shad enters, whistles--a small monkey jumps on his shoulder.
Erin walks over to him, on her way to the stage. She checks
herself out in a full-length mirror. Shad gives a Hershey's
kiss to the monkey, chugs some cranberry juice.

8 CONTINUED:

8

ERIN

Shad, how do I look?

SHAD

Better than me, and that ain't easy. You talk to her?

ERIN

Darrell's phone is out. I think he moved again.

SHAD

You know I'd embrace the opportunity to maim his white ass up.

*

ERIN

I know you would, and it's very thoughtful, but I don't think it would like *help* me in court if I had him attacked...

ORLY appears, clapping his hands.

ORLY

Erin, *come on*, chop-chop. I can't have an empty stage.

SHAD

Let the chumps wait.

ERIN

I'm going, I'm going...

Erin picks up a jacket, goes to the door, stops, takes a deep breath, announces like a circus ringmaster.

ERIN

Children of all ages!

9 ANGLE--AUDIENCE

9

They hoot and holler as Erin glides across the foreground. She assumes a new personality from the beleaguered woman we have just seen. She's in command, a great dancer. Casts a spell over the room. Conversations trail off.

ANGLE--AUDIENCE MEMBER

A guy about thirty, in a tank top. Hey, he does look a little like Ted Koppel!

ANGLE--STAGE

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

She's elegant, liquid in her movements. Sensual.

ANGLE--JERRY KILLIAN

Hands folded before him, he watches, star-struck.

ANGLE--BACHELOR PARTY

Rendered speechless by Erin's beauty and grace.

ANGLE--DILBECK'S TABLE

The congressman is now well into the second bottle of Korbelt - The empty bottle is upside down in the bucket. Erb rises.

ERB

Going to the head. You'll behave?

The congressman gives a wobbly thumbs-up sign. Erb reluctantly scoots away. The congressman peers at the stage.

ANGLE--STAGE

Erin dancing up a storm. Two Japanese businessmen reach forward, stuff some twenties into her garter. Erin smiles, *thanks them in Japanese!*

ANGLE--JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN

Entranced, they start speaking to her in rapid-fire Japanese.

ANGLE--ERIN

She smiles, dances away from them.

ANGLE--BACHELOR TABLE

Paul--shit-faced, smitten--rises from his chair.

BACHELORS

Go get her, Paulie!

ANGLE--C.U. DILBECK

Erin is reflected in his glasses. He's paralyzed with lust.

DILBECK

An angel appeared. An angel of pure delight.

WE NOW SEE Paul Guber in the reflection, getting on stage.

ANGLE--STAGE

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

Paul starts dancing with Erin, stumbles.

ANGLE--BACHELOR PARTY

Paul's buddies cheer him on, take photos of the riotous scene.

ANGLE--STAGE

Paul drops to his knees, throws his arms around Erin's waist.

PAUL
I'm getting married this
weekend...To Melissa.

ERIN
You love Melissa?

PAUL
Very much.

ERIN
Then go home to her.

ANGLE--DILBECK

He reaches into the bucket, grabs the empty bottle of champagne, rises on unsteady legs.

ANGLE--TABLES

Dilbeck walks zombie-like toward the stage, bottle in hand.

10 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Orly addresses the troops.

ORLY
The Flesh Farm is *killing* us!
And you know why?

MONIQUE JR.
They have free chicken wings.

SABRINA
Their girls are hookers.

ORLY
No--because their girls dance
fast; and fast means sweat, and
sweat means *drinking*! From now
on, I want to see those boobs
flyin!

10

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

URBANA

If these could fly, I'd be a DC-
10!
(the girls laugh heartily)

ORLY

All I want is some effort.
Tonight, I saw a guy fast asleep,
his face maybe a foot from
Monique's muff!

MONIQUE JR.

It was Tiffany's muff.

TIFFANY

Was not.

ARIEL

What is "muff?" Like a bran
muff?

A roar from the club. Sounds like trouble. Orly freezes.

11 INT. CLUB/STAGE

11

Congressman Dilbeck is smashing Paul Guber on the head with
the empty and seemingly unbreakable champagne bottle. Guber
drunkenly hangs on.

ERIN

Stop it!

ANGLE/CLUB--SHAD

Comes running out of the dressing room, abruptly stops.

REVERSE

Erb, climbing on stage, holds a small revolver on Shad.

ERB

I've got this.

MASTER

Erb grabs Dilbeck and pulls him off the bleeding Guber.

ANGLE--ORLY

Hustles into the club, the girls giggling behind him.

ORLY

Shad!

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

ANGLE--SHAD

Points to stage, gestures with hand, simulating a gun.

STAGE

Erb hauls the stoned congressman off the stage, passes Killian's table. PUSH IN ON Killian. He realizes with astonishment who the mustached man is, yells after him.

KILLIAN

Attaboy, Davey!

ANGLE--EXIT

Erb turns, hustles Dilbeck out.

ANGLE--STAGE

Shad climbs onto the stage. Guber still clutches onto Erin.

ANGLE--DJ

Puts on an ancient novelty number, "Pussy, Pussy, Pussy."

DJ

Never a dull moment at the Eager
Beaver! Now on the main stage,
our lost little pussycat, put
your hands together--or at least
the one hand you have free--for
Miss Sabrina Hepburn. Meow!!

MASTER

Sabrina takes the stage in pussycat whiskers and tail and starts dancing as Shad hauls the bloody bachelor off Erin.

SHAD

You alright?

ERIN

I'm fine. What about this poor
guy?

SHAD

Good thing he was drunk; he
could've really gotten hurt.

ANGLE--SABRINA

She moves across the stage like a cat.

*

*

12 EXT. EAGER BEAVER PARKING LOT NIGHT 12

Dilbeck's Town Car burns rubber out of the lot.

13 INT. TOWN CAR 13

ERB

*I leave you alone for five
minutes!*

Dilbeck, woozy, pulls off his mustache, takes off his
glasses.

DILBECK

Was it a bad one? Worse than the
Silver Slipper?

ERB

How about you beat an innocent
man half to death with a
champagne bottle.

DILBECK

A white man?

ERB

No, it was the last of the
Mohicans. What difference does it
make? *

DILBECK

(after a drunken beat)
You should have stopped me.
That's why you were hired, to
keep my darker nature in check,
to keep my sunny side up...

ERB

I was in the john, numbnuts!

Dilbeck gazes out the window. He suddenly looks frightened.

DILBECK

Did I touch any of the girls?

ERB

Not this time.

DILBECK

Okey-dokey. Then you don't have
to tell Malcolm.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

ERB

No, I do have to tell Malcolm,
because here's the fun part,
Davey--you were recognized.

14 EXT. HIGHWAY NIGHT

14

The car whizzes off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO

15 EXT. HOSPITAL DAY

15

A battered van reading "Hospital Supplies" is parked outside
the Don Shula Hospital.

16 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/ DAY/ ANGLE--DOCTOR

16

A somewhat smarmy-looking doctor is walking down a corridor.
WIDEN OUT. WE SEE that the doctor is pushing a wheelchair in
which sits an adorable little girl, about seven years old.
Brave little scout; just about break your heart.

But wait, we've seen this girl before--it's Erin's daughter
ANGELA! And the "doctor" is Erin's cute but no-good ex-
husband DARRELL GRANT. A passing VOLUNTEER stops, crouches
beside Angela..

VOLUNTEER

How are you, little angel?

ANGELA

I'm fine, thank you.

The volunteer tousles her hair, then stands up, fighting back
the tears. She takes Darrell's arm.

VOLUNTEER

The kids just tear me up.

DARRELL

She's a brave 'un, yes, m'am.

VOLUNTEER

You'll be in my prayers.

DARRELL

(teary)

God bless you, m'am.

He continues on, out through the exit doors, into the parking
lot of the hospital, toward the battered van. He abruptly
stops. Thunder sounds.

17 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

17

DARRELL
Last stop, I'll 'un.

Darrell tips the wheelchair over; Angela falls to the ground!

ANGELA
Daddy, you're mean!

Now she leaps up, giggling. It's all a game. Darrell checks out the shiny new wheelchair

DARRELL
Everest and Jennings. This is the new model, sweetheart--the X-12.

ANGELA
You're happy?

DARRELL
Mucho happy.

Darrell digs some pills out of his shirt pocket, pops them in his mouth.

ANGELA
Mucho happy.

DARRELL
Get in the van, Angie.
(starts folding up chair)

ANGELA
Muchomuchomucho.

DARRELL
Get in, baby--we're in a loadin zone. Don't want to break the law!

Angela runs into the van. Darrell sticks the wheelchair into the back of van, where we see other chairs, walkers, crutches...Angela pokes her head out the window.

ANGELA
Daddy, did you tell Momma that we moved?

DARRELL
Course I did, buttercup.
(slams the rear doors shut)
Course I did.
(starts to rain)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

DARRELL (cont'd)
Shee-it.

CUT TO

18 EXT. DARRELL'S APARTMENT DAY

18

It's pouring. Erin runs past a huge tree, enters Darrell's open apartment.

19 INT. DARRELL'S APARTMENT/DAY

19

Erin wanders through. It's a wreck, cleaned out.

ERIN

God...

She walks into the kitchen....Only the cupboards remain. The stove has been yanked out, leaving exposed gas lines. The tiles are ripped off the countertops. Erin takes a deep breath, heads for the bedroom, stops in the doorway.

ANGLE--ERIN

She puts her hand over her mouth.

REVERSE

Angela's room is empty, except for a a dozen or so headless dolls, which lie on her bed.

CLOSE ERIN

ERIN

Sonuvabitch.

ANGLE--CABBAGE PATCH DOLL

ANGLE--KERMIT THE FROG

CLOSE ERIN--

JUDGE (v.o.)
...however, you may have
visitation with your daughter...

CUT TO

20 FLASHBACK--CLOSE/NAMEPLATE

20

The nameplate reads "Judge Fingerhut"

20 CONTINUED:

JUDGE (V.O.)
...every other week, on Christmas
Eve, and of course...

PAN UP to the elderly, liver-spotted JUDGE FINGERHUT. The judge looks and talks like Strom Thurmond.

JUDGE
Easter Sunday in your pretty
little Easter outfits.

ERIN (V.O.)
Your honor...

REVERSE

Erin stands before the judge. Behind her, a beaming Darrell is pounding the back of his attorney.

ERIN
My ex-husband is addicted to
pills, and he's a thief. Because
of his arrest record, I just lost
my job as a secretary at the
FBI...

JUDGE
He was one of finest high school
tailbacks I ever saw. True he's
had a few run-ins with the law,
but he's made accommodation with
the authorities...

ERIN
Your honor, being an informer for
the Dade County Vice Squad hardly
qualifies him to raise a seven
year old child.

JUDGE
Neither does a being a mother
without a job.

ERIN
But I lost it because of him!

The Judge rises....

JUDGE
My decision is final.

CLOSE--ERIN

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

ERIN

No!

END FLASHBACK

21 INT. APARTMENT DAY

21

Erin turns and leaves the torn-up apartment, back into the rain. Pre-lap MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO

22 INT. EAGER BEAVER NIGHT/STAGE

22

Erin is dancing--her eyes closed, lost in her own world.

ANGLE--SHAD/ORLY

ORLY

What's with Princess Di tonight?

SHAD

Her asshole husband disappeared with the kid again. She can't even phone her.

ANGLE--JERRY KILLIAN

Jerry Killian watches her dance, rapt. He starts writing on a napkin. Next to him Ariel dances; he doesn't even notice.

ANGLE---ERIN--DANCING

She moves toward a well-groomed BUSINESSMAN. He stuffs a twenty into her garter, then grabs her leg.

BUSINESSMAN

Nice leg. Maybe I'll take it home with me.

ERIN

I'd recommend that you let go.

ANGLE--BUSINESSMAN

Whips out a fat roll of bills

BUSINESSMAN

Five hundred, gorgeous. Let's have a little party in my car.

Now meaty arms are wrapped tightly around his neck--Shad's.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

SHAD
What'd you say?
(the man starts choking)
You're mumblin, man. Gotta speak
up in this world.

Shad drags him away from the table like a rag doll.

ANGLE--KILLIAN

Writing furiously, as Shad drags the man past him.

ANGLE--NAPKIN

The note reads: "I can help you get your daughter back."

ANGLE--STAGE

Erin resumes dancing

ANGLE--KILLIAN

He folds up the napkin.

CUT TO

23 EXT. CLUB NIGHT/ANGLE--SIGN

23

The Beaver sign is turned off.

24 CLOSE--DEAD COCKROACH

24

A pair of tweezers picks up the roach and places it carefully
in a container of blueberry yogurt.

WIDE/INT. DRESSING ROOM-EAGER BEAVER

Shad carefully pushes the roach into the yogurt. The monkey
watches. Erin approaches, holding some cash in her hand.

ERIN
I wouldn't suppose you'd let me
give you this in appreciation.

SHAD
No need. Senor cucaracha here is
gonna make me rich.

Tiffany passes by, checks out what Shad's doing.

TIFFANY
Oh my God! That a roach?

(CONTINUED)

SHAD

No, it's a fuckin shrimp. Move,
you're in my light.

TIFFANY

Get some manners.
(to Erin)
You have any Gas-X?

ERIN

Ariel does. How could you eat
Mexican before you dance?

TIFFANY

I'm a weak person.

Tiffany walks off, holding her stomach.

ERIN

So this is the new brainstorm?

SHAD

According to the Wall Street
Journal, we got here the hottest-
selling yogurt in the country. I
bring this in, say my hair fell
out from the shock, they pay off
bigtime. My lawyer thinks it's a
genius idea.

ERIN

Your lawyer has an office over a
video store.

SHAD

Hey, call me a dreamer. I don't
want to be a bouncer forever.

ERIN

I don't blame you.

Erin walks over to the dressing table. The girls are taking
off their make-up, getting dressed. Monique is reading the
napkin-note from Jerry.

MONIQUE

"...help you get your daughter
back. I ask nothing in return
but a kind smile..."

URBANA

(putting on motorcycle
helmet)
And a blow job.

ERIN

Oh, not Jerry. He's totally harmless.

MONIQUE

"Also, could you add Kenny G to your routine. Anything from his Christmas album."

SABRINA

That's sweet. Maybe we could do a Christmas show here.

ARIEL

Or Hanukah pageant. We could be the eight candles...

ERIN

(takes letter back)
Seriously, what do you think;
can't hurt to listen to him,
right?

SFX: PIERCING WHISTLE

ANGLE--ORLY

Orly takes the fingers out of his mouth.

ORLY

Girls, attention! Major
announcement--on Monday, I'm
installing a ring...

ANGLE--DANCERS

URBANA

Mud wrestling?

TIFFANY

Forget it

MASTER

ORLY

No, no, no! This is something
that's really happening--it's
contemporary, it's now--and
that's creamed corn wrestling!

SABRINA

Corn wrestling?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

URBANA

No fuckin way.

ARIEL

In Israel we did falafel
wrestling. All the girls broke
out in big hives.

The girls rise, start to leave, go past him.

ORLY

Hold on! What is this, mutiny?

CUT TO

25 INT. CLUB NIGHT

25

Empty...Chairs on top of tables. Orly follows Erin.

ERIN

No chance! I'm gonna roll around
naked in creamed corn...? with a
bunch of drunken yahoos trying to
stick niblets...?

ORLY

Not naked. Topless. Health
Department won't go for naked.
Not with food products.

ERIN

I always liked the Health
Department.

ORLY

So you'll think about it?

ERIN

Not for one second.

ORLY

Erin, please, you're getting a
big following here--even with
that shit music you play, the
guys love you. You go in the
corn, you set a great example to
the other girls.

ERIN

No!

ORLY

What about pasta wrestling?
That's classy. Linguini,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORLY (cont'd)
 rigatoni, your choice--just
 nothing with meat or fish.

Erin stops in her tracks, goes nose to nose with Orly.

ERIN
 Orly, if I wanted to wrestle, I
 would joined the World Wrestling
 Federation, right?
 (picks up a napkin)
 And speaking of "real class.."

ANGLE--NAPKIN

It shows a topless, buck-toothed beaver.

MASTER

ORLY
 (blank)
 What's the problem?

ERIN
 We hate these--they degrade women
 and beavers.

ORLY
 I'll take it under advisement.
 But just the napkins, not the
 sign. That's a landmark.

CUT TO

26 EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT/ANGLE--JERRY KILLIAN

26

Standing like a nervous suitor in front of Erin's car,
 holding a dozen yellow roses, the lights of the club
 reflected in his thick lenses.

MASTER

Erin approaches, car keys in hand. Urbana roars off on her
 motorcycle, waving at Erin--a sight to behold. Jerry hands
 the flowers to Erin.

JERRY
 For you, Miss Grant.

ERIN
 Jerry, they're beautiful, but
 please call me Erin...

JERRY

I can't. I worship you too much.

ERIN

Believe me, I'm nobody to worship. I'm just trying to make a living here.

JERRY

I worship your essence...If you were a nurse or a teacher, I'd feel the same way. You received my note?

ERIN

I did...I wasn't sure what you had in mind...

JERRY

(deep breath)
I believe I can help you get your daughter back. I believe I can get to Judge Fingerhut.

ERIN

How?

JERRY

Through a certain congressman who I feel certain will listen to me...
(eyes get very weird)
because I know some things.

ERIN

Really.
(alarmed)
Jerry, listen, you're a terrific guy and you've been really supportive ever since I started here, but maybe you shouldn't get involved in this...

JERRY

Just give me a week. Good night, my precious.

He turns with a flourish and walks off.

ANGLE--ERIN

She watches him go, clutching her flowers.

DISSOLVE TO

27 SWEEPING VIEW OF OCEAN/DAY

27

Boats, birds, bathers--Florida at its finest, seen through the spotless windows of a fabuloso penthouse condo. A compact, impeccably-dressed man steps in front of the window, splashes Aramis on his neck. This is MALCOLM MOLDOVSKY.

MALCOLM

This is a *major* disaster.

ANGLE--DILBECK

He sits anxiously on a couch beside a picture of Malcolm with Newt Gingrich. He sips some Dr. Pepper.

DILBECK

It won't happen again. I can conquer this; I just love naked women, Malcolm. It's a little character flaw, a test that God purposefully set in my path...

MASTER

MALCOLM

Will you shut up, you idiot!

DILBECK

I'm a United States congressman; you can't talk to me like that!

MALCOLM

I can't? You go psycho in a tittie bar six weeks before the election, what should I call you Winston Fucking Churchill? It was all I could do to keep Willie Rojo from coming here and strangling you with his bare fucking hands.

DILBECK

Hey, I had a bad night. Happens to people under pressure, people in the merciless spotlight of public opinion...They need to relieve that presssure...
(glum, sullen)
Who recognized me?

MALCOLM

His name is Jerry Killian and he's waiting outside.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

DILBECK
(leaps up from sofa)
Now?

MALCOLM
Now. We gotta move on this
before we get eaten alive.

DILBECK
Move on what? If it's a
shakedown, then ask Willie to pay
him. Why involve me in some
pedestrian, mean-spirited...

MALCOLM
Because it's not about money.

DILBECK
It's not?

MALCOLM
No. He wants you to persuade
Judge Fingerhut to reverse a
child custody case for some
stripper.

DILBECK
Who he's porking? That's
disgraceful. To ask a U.S.
congressman...

MALCOLM
He's not porking her.

DILBECK
Then what does he possibly
care...

Malcolm gets into Dilbeck's face, engulfing him in Aramis.

MALCOLM
Because he's nuts. That's why
he's dangerous. If he was porking
her, I could deal with him man to
man. But this is fruitcake love
here.

DILBECK
Fingerhut's a Democrat! He won't
listen to me.

MALCOLM
You can't say that to this little
creep, Davey. You gotta string
him along, bullshit him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (cont'd)
(goes to door)

DILBECK
What if he doesn't go for it.

MALCOLM
(ominously)
Then we have a serious problem.

Malcolm opens the door. Seated in a leather-furniture-filled library is Jerry Killian. He rises from his chair.

MALCOLM
(smiles)
Mr. Killian, come in and meet
Congressman Dilbeck!

ANGLE--DILBECK

He rises, with a practiced politician's smile.

DILBECK
Hey, I bet that's Jerry Killian!
Good to see ya!

OVERLAP WOLVES HOWLING

CUT TO

28 EXT. TRAILER PARK/ ANGLE WOLVES

28

A woman attired in a house dress, thong slippers, a catcher's mask, and elbow-high logging gloves is tossing meat to some wolves in a fenced-in area of a trailer park. This is RITA GRANT, Darrell's white-trash sister. A car passes by. Erin's car. We stay with it as it stops in front of a trailer.

A man in a security guard uniform sits in a beach chair in front of the trailer, perusing **Club** magazine. He stuffs it beneath the chair as Erin gets out the car. The man is ALBERTO ALONSO, Rita Grant's housemate. He's hot for Erin.

ALBERTO
Erin!

He opens his arms and attempts a hug; more of a lunge, actually. Erin deftly skirts his grasp, kisses his cheek.

ERIN
Hello, Alberto.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

ALBERTO

You look great, honey. I mean,
you always look great...

ERIN

Thanks. Is Rita around?

ALBERTO

She's with the cubs. Lupa's new
litter - you want to come look?

ERIN

I don't like wolves...

ALBERTO

Six babies, and the only male is
albino. You should see the size
of this little guy's nuts.

ERIN

Well, what a feather in your cap,
Alberto.

ALBERTO

(aw shucks)
I'm trying to get the nucular
plant interested, you know, for
guard dogs--hey, here's my
sweetie.

REVERSE

Rita approaches, in her wolf training gear. Some sweetie.

RITA

They ain't no guard animals.
They don't got the disposition
for it.

Rita takes off the catcher's mask, revealing a nasty track of
scratches from the midpoint of her forehead to the bridge of
her nose. Erin is appalled.

ERIN

God, Rita...you should have that
looked at.

Rita waves off her concern.

RITA

Hey, I ain't Cindy Crawford,
right? It'll heal. C'mon in if
you want.

29 INT. TRAILER

A squalid doublewide trailer. Wolf training gear, bags of dog food all over the place; a velvet painting of Garth Brooks. Erin marches in after Alberto and Rita.

ERIN
(points to painting)
That new?

RITA
Got it at a swap meet for a case
of Alpo.

ERIN
Really fits right in..

ALBERTO
How about a wine cooler, Erin? I
got Mango, Passion Fruit...

ERIN
Just water would be fine,
Alberto. Thanks.

Alberto, plainly disappointed, shuffles to the refrigerator.
Rita tugs off the logging gloves, nods toward Alberto.

RITA
He'd jump you in a second, that
piece of shit.

ERIN
Rita, reason I stopped by--
Darrell moved again; I've gotta
get his new number.

RITA
(picking her nose)
Come to the wrong place.

ERIN
Rita, please; I can hardly sleep
nights, then I wake up in a cold
sweat, thinking about her...

RITA
(shrugs; bored stiff)
I got no idea where my brother
is.

Now a piercing screech, followed by a howling commotion from
the backyard.

(CONTINUED)

RITA

They got a cat.

Rita grabs the catcher's mask and waltzes out the screen door.

ALBERTO

Careful, sweetheart!

(to Erin)

She's all wrapped up with them cubs.

(suddenly bashful)

Some of the guys at the nuclear plant were asking if you did private parties...

ERIN

No.

ALBERTO

That's a shame...I bet you're a great dancer.

He gives Erin a glass of water, sits down closely beside her.

ERIN

Alberto, listen, I'm gonna go crazy if I don't get Darrell's number. I promised Angie I'd call her every day...Not hearing her voice, not knowing...

ALBERTO

I hear he moved, Darrell.

ERIN

(exasperated)

I know he moved. Where?

Alberto flops a fat moist hand upon hers.

ALBERTO

Such soft, pretty hands. Rita's are all bit up...

ERIN

Alberto, where is he?

Alberto glances nervously at the screen door.

ALBERTO

He calls a couple times a week, needing money like usual. But Rita's the one he talks to; he has no respect for me, even

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

ALBERTO (cont'd)
 though I'm a professional
 man...God, you're lookin good.

He leans ever closer to Erin, looking down her blouse. His
 breathing gets quite loud. Erin clutches her forehead.

ERIN
 I have such a headache.

ALBERTO
 Want some Advil?

ERIN
 That would be so great...

ALBERTO
 You wait right here, beautiful.
 We'll fix that mean'ol headache.

He squeezes her thigh, then rushes to the john. Erin bolts
 from the couch and over to a pile of mail beside the stove.

ANGLE--MAIL

A phone bill addressed to Rita Grant.

MASTER

Erin grabs the phone bill.

ERIN
 Alberto, never mind. I have to
 run! Thanks anyhow!

30 EXT. TRAILER

30

Erin gets into her car, races off, past Rita trying to save a
 cat from the clutches of her wolf cubs.

CUT TO

31 INT. VIDEO STORE/MALL DAY

31*

Paul Guber, in a neck brace, his head swathed in bandages,
 walks to his car accompanied by his attorney, the overweight
 and perspiring ALAN MORDECAI. Mordecai holds a camera.

GUBER
 Melissa thinks I was in *synagogue*
 the night this happened. What do
 I tell her?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MORDECAI

You left synagogue and a gang of
skinheads jumped you in the
parking lot. In the meantime...
(waves camera)
we develop these, see what we
have. I see mucho damages: these
strip clubs are insured up the
ass.

*
*
*

GUBER

You know, my neck really feels
better, Uncle Al.

Mordecai hauls off, belts Guber in the neck. Guber screams in
pain. A CLERK, munching popcorn behind the counter, watches
in dismay.

*
*

MORDECAI

How does it feel now?

32 INT. VIDEO STORE

32

Mordecai laboriously climbs a staircase in the video store.

33 INT. MORDECAI'S OFFICE

33

An obese TEMP sits behind the desk Mordecai enters, mopping
his brow, huffing and puffing.

MORDECAI

Call Little Caesar's, order me a
health pizza. And get something
for yourself.

TEMP

I'm dieting, sir. I'll just grab
a yogurt out of the fridge.

Mordecai enters his office. The temp goes to the fridge. We
FOLLOW HER, PUSHING IN CLOSER AS SHE OPENS AND WE SEE--

A bunch of yogurts. One of them has a yellow post-it reading
"SHAD" The temp grabs that one, of course, tears off the
cap, starts wolfing it down on the way back to the desk. She
bites into something chunky, pauses for a heart-stopping
moment, then just swallows it down with a loud gulp.

CUT TO

34 EXT. 7-11 DAY

34

Erin pulls into the parking lot.

35 INT. CAR

35

Erin opens up Rita's phone bill.

ANGLE---PHONE BILL

A series of collect calls from a number in Deerfield Beach.

ANGLE---ERIN

ERIN
Deerfield Beach? God...

36 EXT. SMALL HOUSE DAY

36

A scruffy little house. The garage door is open. Darrell is unloading a couple new wheelchairs and some crutches. WE HEAR the phone ringing.

DARRELL
We had a good day, baby.

ANGELA
Phone's ringing. Think it's
momma?

DARRELL
No, lil un.. I talked to her
before; she said she'd be too
busy to call ya'...

37 EXT. 7-11/PAY PHONE

37

Slams the phone down on the hook.

ERIN
Damn him!

CUT TO

38 EXT. LAKE OKEECHOBEE DAY

38

A beautiful morning. PAN BACK to a cabin with a porch. A man sits having coffee. AL GARCIA is about thirty-five, although on a bad day, he could pass for about fifty. His wife DONNA steps out on the porch, munching on a muffin.

DONNA
How perfect is this. Like out of
a catalogue, you know?

AL
I was just thinking, is this
really on the same planet as
Miami?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

DONNA
I can read...Andy wants to fish
all day...

VOICE (v.o.)
Dad!

ANGLE--LAKE

Al and Donna's son ANDY comes racing around a grove of trees.
He's about eleven

ANDY
Dad! There's a floater!

ANGLE--PORCH

Al gets up like a shot.

39 ANGLE--LAKE/BODY

39

A pair of shoes floating. PAN UP the body. It's Jerry
Killian! His glasses are still on, attached by a band.

ANGLE--ANDY/AL

GARCIA
You okay?

ANDY
(eyes glued to the stiff)
He's still got his glasses on.

GARCIA
Tell mom to call the police.

ANDY
You're the police.

GARCIA
I'm Miami police. We need the
local law. Go, kiddo.

Andy takes a last look, then runs off. Garcia stares down.

ANGLE--JERRY KILLIAN

Bobbing with the currents.

ANGLE--GARCIA

Garcia addresses the stiff.

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

GARCIA
Of all the lakes in all the
counties in all the world, you
had to float up in mine.

CUT TO

A40 EXT. VIDEO STORE

A40*

Shad steps from his car, wearing a tank-top, headband, and
Fila warm-up pants, carrying a manila envelope. He's in a
murderous mood. He enters the video store.

*
*
*

40 INT. VIDEO STORE/MINI-MALL

40

Shad addresses the popcorn-munching clerk.

*

SHAD
"Free Willy" back yet?

CLERK
(terrified)
It's still out.

SHAD
People are pigs.
(heads up the stairs)
Sit on movies like they own them.

Shad reaches the top of the stairs, pounds on Mordecai's
door.

SHAD
It's Shad! Open up.

41 INT. LAW OFFICE/WAITING ROOM

41

A terrified SECRETARY opens the door. Shad storms in.

SECRETARY
It wasn't me! It was the temp!

SHAD
Where's Perry Mason?

Mordecai steps from his office. He's sweating profusely.

MORDECAI
Our good friend Mr. Shad! Come
on in, we have lots to discuss!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SHAD

No shit.

Shad barrels into Mordecai's office. Mordecai whispers to his secretary.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MORDECAI
If I buzz twice, you come in, say
my mother's on the line.. she has
chest pains...

SFX: DRILLING SOUND

42 INT. MORDECAI'S OFFICE

42

Shad is drilling holes in the wall with a Black and Decker
cordless drill. Mordecai runs in.

MORDECAI
*What are you doing? The girl made
an honest mistake.*

Shad turns from the wall, approaches the quaking Mordecai.

SHAD
What was she, a fuckin bat? That
roach was yea big.

MORDECAI
She obviously had some type of eating
disorder. Please put the drill down.

Shad kills the drill, sticks it in his pants.

SHAD
Tell your girl to pick up a half
dozen yogurts. Dutch apple.

MORDECAI
Listen, I've been thinking about
your suit...

Shad opens the manila envelope and dumps the vile contents
onto Mordecai's desk.

ANGLE--DESK

An array of crisp dead insects--roaches, grasshoppers,
Japanese beetles, even a scorpion! PAN UP TO MORDECAI--

MORDECAI
Forget the wildlife. I have
another proposition for you.

CUT TO

43 ANGLE--RUNNING FEET/EXT. BEACH/DAY

43

A child's sneakers. PAN UP TO Angela running, arms
outstretched.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Mamma!

She runs into Erin's arms. Erin scoops her up, her eyes closed, emotions beyond words. Visitation day.

ERIN

I've been trying to reach you,
baby.

ANGELA

I knew that was you. The phone
was ringing, Daddy said, "That's
not her..."

ANGLE--DARRELL

Seated in the driver's seat of his van, smoking a Lucky.

DARRELL

Heard you stole my sister's mail.
That's a federal offense.

MASTER

Erin puts Angela down, goes to the driver's window.

ERIN

Why do you keep moving from place
to place? How's she gonna keep
any friends?

DARRELL

Well, aren't we the child
psychologist now?

ERIN

Has nothing to do with
psychology, you moron. It's
common sense! And where's she
going to go to school this fall--
Deerfield Beach, Opa-Locka? Have
you even *thought* about it?
(turns to Angela, who is
waiting, takes her hand)
Let's go, baby.

DARRELL

You got two hours. 'At's what the
judge ruled, right there from
that bench. And I'll be right
behind you, case you're thinkin
of snatchin her!

(CONTINUED)

Darrell starts his engine. Erin and Angela begin to walk on the beach.

ANGELA
Does snatch mean kidnap?

ERIN
That's right, pumpkin.

CUT TO

44 ANGLE--PHOTOGRAPH (INT. MORDECAI'S LAW OFFICE)

44

An eight by ten blowup of Dilbeck bashing the Korbelt bottle over the head of hapless Paul Guber. Erin is prominent.

MORDECAI (v.o.) You know where this was taken?

MASTER/MORDECAI'S OFFICE

Shad is studying the photo with a magnifying glass.

SHAD
The Sistine Chapel.

MORDECAI
The Eager Beaver last Wednesday,
Can you identify those people?

SHAD
This old fool, Erin...

MORDECAI
Erin's the stripper?

Shad stares icily at Mordecai.

SHAD
What'd you say?

MORDECAI
Erin's the stripper?

SHAD
(spins drill)
Dancer, fatsass.

MORDECAI
Dancer. She's the dancer. Now,
the young man who was so savagely
beaten is my client, Paul Guber.

(CONTINUED)

SHAD

No shit. Too bad for him.

MORDECAI

I don't think so. You see the third person in that photograph is none other than...

(dramatically)

David Dilbeck.

SHAD

So what.

MORDECAI

Do you follow politics, Mr. Shad?

SHAD

Do I look like I follow politics?

MORDECAI

David Dilbeck is the United States Congressman from the fifth district. He's up for re-election in six weeks.

SHAD

And you're gonna squeeze him?
Nice. What do you want from me?

MORDECAI

You're an eyewitness. I'll give you ten percent of the squeeze.

Shad takes out his drill again, idly spins the bit.

SHAD

Is this conceivably as big as the yogurt deal?

Mordecai leans forward, hands folded. Mr. Insider.

MORDECAI

As big? Congressman Dilbeck is chairman of the sub-committee on sugar, which means the Rojo family cannot allow him to lose this election. Their price supports are worth *hundreds* of millions of dollars. Quite frankly, Mr. Shad, this is the opportunity of a lifetime.

(CONTINUED)

SHAD
Good...Just keep Erin out of it.

MORDECAI
I'll do my best.

SHAD
What'd you say?

Shad turns on the drill, leans across the desk, so the drill is inches from the quaking Mordecai's eyes

MORDECAI
I will. No sweat.

45 EXT. BEACH/ANGLE--SANDCASTLE

45

A huge sandcastle, with turrets,

ERIN (v.o.)
He's a wheelchair salesman?

WIDE ANGLE--ERIN/ANGELA

Playing with sand molds. In the background, Darrell sits in his van, his radio blaring country music.

ANGELA
One nice thing? A lot of kids in chairs, they're really sick. I wave at them in the hospital, they smile. Like on Jerry Lewis.

ERIN
And you do this every day?

ANGELA
No. On Fridays, I stay with Aunt Rita.

ERIN
Well, now that's a wholesome environment.

ANGELA
She's got real wolves!

ERIN
Baby, I don't want you touching those animals. They're not like stable...

SFX: HONKING--Persistent, lean-on-the-horn honking.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

ANGLE--DARRELL

Points at watch.

ANGLE--ERIN/ANGELA

ANGELA

Time?

ERIN

Time.

(hugs her; this is
unbearable)

Pumpkin, you know I love you more
than anything in the world? You
know that in your heart?

ANGELA

Uh, huh.

ERIN

Good.

ANGELA

Momma?

ERIN

What, baby?

ANGELA

All the dolls you got me? Daddy
said he couldn't find em
anywhere.

ERIN

(a beat)

He couldn't? Well, we'll get new
ones.

More honking.

ANGLE--DARRELL

Leaning on the horn, grinning.

ANGLE--ERIN/ANGELA

ANGELA

Bye, momma.

ERIN

Bye, baby.

(CONTINUED)

Angela runs off, and gets into the van. Erin follows, goes around to the driver's side.

ANGLE--VAN

Keeping her voice down, Erin addresses Darrell.

ERIN
She told me about your new
profession. That's really
admirable.

DARRELL
Least I ain't naked.

ERIN
Darrell, if you're caught using
that child in the commission of a
felony, Family Services will
stick her in a foster home so
fast...

DARRELL
No way I get caught. I got a
doctor's jacket, stethoscope.
Look like them guys on "ER."

ERIN
Will you *think* for once in your
life?

DARRELL
Hey, I don't need no stripper
telling me how to behave. See
you in two weeks!

He floors the van and goes peeling off, leaving Erin alone on the beach.

CUT TO

Urbana is dancing onstage. Small crowd tonight. Tiffany Glass table dances for some pimply sailors.

DJ (V.O.)
Hey, Tiffany and Urbana are
dancing for those brave boys from
the USS Richard Nixon, just back
from hazardous duty in Puerto
Rico! The Eager Beaver salutes
you all!

47 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Sabrina sits bare-chested, spritzing Dristan up her nose.
Ariel sits beside her, reading Architectural Digest.

ARIEL

Look, Steven Spielberg's house.
I wish he would come in here one
night. I think he would have big
hots for me.

SABRINA

Oh, you'd turn his whole life
around, girl.

ARIEL

Look at that shower. Can you
imagine me and him in that
shower? That cute little beard?

SABRINA

Yours or his?
(sneezes)
Damn this air conditioning.

She rises, passes Erin, who's on the phone, wearing shorts
and a FSU tee-shirt. WE HEAR the tail end of a message from
Jerry Killian.

KILLIAN (v.o.)

...after the beep. Thank you
very, very much. (a long beep
follows)

ERIN

Jerry, it's Erin Grant. Pretty
long beep there...Maybe you're
out of town...Uhm.. I was just
wondering if anything had
happened with that legal matter
we discussed. Give me a call at
the club. Thanks.

She gets up, looks at a note she holds in her hand. Monique
Jr. passes Erin, getting ready to go on.

MONIQUE

Michael Jordan's at table eight.

Monique sticks out tongue, mimes shooting a basketball, heads
toward the stage.

48 INT. CLUB

48

Monique Jr takes the stage, begins dancing.

DJ (v.o.)
From Paris, France, the fantastic
Monique Jr.

ANGLE--ERIN

Erin passes a bald black guy who looks slightly like Jordan, except plus about a hundred pounds. His tongue is sticking out, however. Erin smiles, shakes her head.

WIDE--CLUB

At a back booth sits Sgt. Garcia, nursing a Coke. Erin crosses the room, sits down with him.

ANGLE--BAR

Shad is behind the bar, diluting a bottle of Jack Daniels with water. His monkey watches. Orly gazes over at Garcia.

ORLY
Homicide? What's he want with
Erin?

SHAD
No idea.

ORLY
All I need, a scandal.

Orly grabs some maraschino cherries from a jar, pops them in his mouth, stares around the half-empty club.

ORLY
What do you know about Prozac?

SHAD
Makes you happy, but there's side
effects.

ORLY
Like what?

SHAD
Limp noodle.

ORLY
Who cares. I haven't had a
hardon since I started running
this place. Closest I got was
Sea World, a porpoise got me hot.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

(leaves bar)
I'm goin next door, see what
Ling's up to.

Orly splits. Behind him, WE SEE Erin take a picture from
Garcia.

ANGLE--ERIN

Stares at picture, takes a long exhale of breath.

ANGLE--PHOTO

It's Killian.

ANGLE--ERIN

ERIN

Drowned?

MASTER

GARCIA

Yeah.

ERIN

Oh my God...

GARCIA

He had pictures of you all over
his apartment.

ERIN

(stunned)
Well, he was a big fan--used to
bring me flowers, little gifts.

GARCIA

But just a fan. No touchy.

Erin stares at Garcia, then hands him the picture and rises.

ERIN

Well, this has been a real
pleasure.

Garcia takes her arm.

GARCIA

Listen...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Go insult somebody else.

GARCIA
(drops her arm)
All I meant...

ERIN
I dance here, so I must turn
tricks. Perfectly nice way to
open a conversation--"So I
understand you're a hooker..."

GARCIA
Hey, it's not like you work in a
library. Stranger things have
happened. I'm just trying to
figure out this guy's life.

ERIN
I've worked here for eight weeks.
He was a customer. That's all I
know about his life except that
it's over. Okay?

GARCIA
I apologize. Sincerely.. But I
need help, cause I'm nowhere on
this. So, please, just give me a
minute...

ERIN
(after a beat, sits down)
Where did this happen?

GARCIA
Lake Okeechobee, where I made the
serious mistake of taking a
vacation.

He takes out a snapshot and hands it to Erin. She stares at
it--her expression softens.

ANGLE--PHOTO

Lake Okeechobee. Donna and Andy are in the foreground.

MASTER

ERIN
Your family?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

GARCIA

Yeah.

ERIN

(stares at picture)

Nice. Doesn't Harrison Ford stay there?

GARCIA

I don't know; he never called.
It's certainly not a place where
you expect to encounter a
homicide.

ANGLE--ERIN

Hold on here.

ERIN

Homicide? You just said he
drowned.

MASTER

GARCIA

They did an autopsy: the water in
his lungs was amazingly clean for
a lake drowning; usually you find
little bugs, or grasses...

Erin leans forward, alarmed.

ERIN

He had tap water in his lungs?

GARCIA

(appreciative of Erin's
smarts)
Exactly.

ERIN

So somebody killed him first,
like in a bathtub, then dumped
him in the lake. Maybe moved the
body from Dade, which is why you
got involved?

Garcia is very impressed now.

GARCIA

You read mysteries?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (5)

48

ERIN

Until three months ago, I worked
for the FBI in Miami--secretary--
before they fired me for having a
defective husband. I'm in a
custody fight; Jerry was trying
to help me.

ANGLE--STAGE

Monique goes off. Ariel Sharon comes on, dancing to rap.

*

DJ (v.o.)

From the land of milk and honey,
welcome the fabulous Ariel
Sharon! Sabrina and Urbana are
at the tables! Party on, guys!

*

ANGLE--ERIN/GARCIA

ERIN

Could we go outside? I need some
air.

49 EXT. FLESH FARM

49

A neon barn and silo adorn the front of the joint. PAN DOWN
off the sign to Orly entering the club.

50 INT. CLUB/STAGE

50

The place is packed. LORELEI and her python perform on
stage.

ANGLE--BAR

Orly sits down at the bar, watches Lorelei with great
interest. LING, a small Oriental in a black tuxedo and a
Yankees cap, comes over, grinning.

LING

Mister Or-ly. Nice to be in a
quality club, huh?

ORLY

If you like freak shows.

LING

This is freak show? I hear you
do corny wrestling!

ANGLE--TABLE

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Guess who's hitting the fleshpots again. The incorrigible Dilbeck, wearing a curly wig and accompanied by the hapless Erb and by Chris Rojo. Dilbeck is throwing money onto the stage, folding bills into paper airplane shapes.

DILBECK

Comin in for a landin'!

(to Erb)

Is this the place where my angel was?

ERB

I don't know which angel you're referring to, sir.

ROJO

(waving)

Ling, get your yellow ass over here!

ANGLE--BAR

LING

Scuse me. That's Chris Rojo--of the sugar Rojos. Typical of rich bigshots we get here!

ANGLE--DILBECK'S TABLE

Ling approaches.

CHRIS

Ling! We have a bet: Lorelei's boobs--real or Memorex?

LING

At Flesh Farm is all real!

DILBECK

I knew it!

ERB

Davey, we gotta go.

DILBECK

Mr. Ling, lemme 'duce myself--I'm Larry Looper and I'd like the honor and privilege of a sexual encounter with Miss Lorelei immediately after this utterly engrossing presentation.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

LING

(unfazed)
 She doesn't date customers,
 Larry, I'm sorry. But I can do
 better--the Wu sisters, dancers
 from Singapore.

DILBECK

Singapore! Will they cane me?

LING

Cane you? That's extra!

Roars of laughter.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Howling with laughter. Head thrown back.

CUT TO

51 EXT. HIGHWAY

51

Teenagers in a car roar past, howling at Erin. The car
 BRINGS US TO

CLOSE GARCIA/PARKING LOT EAGER BEAVER NIGHT

GARCIA

A congressman ?

WIDER ANGLE

Erin sips a Lone Star beer. Doesn't even acknowledge the
 howling teens as their car disappears from view.

ERIN

He wouldn't say who. I told him
 it sounded bananas and he should
 stay out of it.

GARCIA

Erin, on Wednesday night there
 was an incident here, guy with a
 bottle...

ERIN

He was a total whack job--phony
 mustache...

GARCIA

Really. Can you remember if
 Killian was there?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Not offhand. Maybe.

GARCIA
Could you think about it and let me know?
(hands her his card)
Here's all my numbers...And again, I apologize for any aspersions...

ERIN
You want to make up for it?

GARCIA
Excuse me?

ERIN
I need a favor. You have friends on the Vice Squad, right?

GARCIA
Sure. They're not my bosom buddies...

ERIN
My ex-husband is an informant for them, which is why this idiot judge gave him custody of Angela?

GARCIA
You're joking.

ERIN
I wish. But here's the thing--if Vice dumped him, when the appeal comes up in six weeks, I could say, see, my husband is so unfit, such a criminal, that even the Vice Squad...

GARCIA
He's a criminal, your ex?

ERIN
Steals wheelchairs.
(embarrassed beat)
Thank you very much.

GARCIA
How the hell ...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

ERIN

I was eighteen, he was a running back It's why teenage girls should be chained to the front porch.

GARCIA

Okay...Lemme see what I can do.

ERIN

Not having her around, it's like my heart's missing..

GARCIA

I'll see what I can do. Night.

ERIN

Night.

He smiles at her, starts walking away

ERIN

Lieutenant?

Garcia turns around.

ERIN

Are you thinking that Jerry got killed because of me?

GARCIA

I don't know. Stranger things have happened.

Erin watches him get into his car, thoughtful. She seems reluctant to go back into the club. Finally she does. Music comes blasting out as she opens the door.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DAWN--ANGLE--THE SUN

52

A red ball in the sky. PAN DOWN to the Haitian driver, Pierre, who leans against the Range Rover parked beside a cane field, reading a book by L. Ron Hubbard.

CHRIS (v.o.)

Twenty-three cents a pound!

TRACK ALONG until we SEE Chris Rojo, clad only in knee socks and boxer shorts. He is hugging Dilbeck, who is similarly attired and totally hammered.. They lean against the stretch Range Rover. The first trucks of migrants are pulling up.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

CHRIS
The highest price in the world.
And all thanks to you, Davey.

DILBECK
Did we get laid last night?

CHRIS
I don't think so. We had some
Peking Duck with the girls,
snorted a couple lines, then you
started puking. I don't remember
any actual sex.

ANGLE--MIGRANTS

Hopping off trucks, staring at the two half-naked men.

MASTER

DILBECK
(suddenly uncomfortable)
Let's go. I don't want to be seen
like this.

CHRIS
By these poor fucks? They don't
know you from Abraham H. Lincoln.

DILBECK
Lincoln didn't have a middle
name, you imbecile.
(heads toward limo)

CHRIS
He didn't? Hey, you learn
something every day hanging with
you.

53 INT. ROVER

53

The Wu sisters lie sleeping in the back of the Rover, a
bright tangle of lace and Spandex. Dilbeck and Chris stumble
in.

CHRIS
Avanti. The congressman wants to
go home.

PIERRE
Very good, sir.

Pierre slams the rear door. The girls don't move.

54 EXT. ROVER

54

Whips past the migrant trucks. Workers just stare at it.

55 INT. LIMO

55

Dilbeck stares blankly out the window.

DILBECK
How much do you pay them?

CHRIS
The girls? A grand apiece.

DILBECK
No, the darkies.

CHRIS
I think they're up to thirty
dollars a day. But when you
subtract room and board, booze
and smokes - who knows? Maybe
they pay us!

DILBECK
Helluva business.

CHRIS
(pulls his pants on)
The best. And we have to protect
it, my friend.

*

DILBECK
Hey, I've been protecting your
family's ass for twenty years.

*

*

*

CHRIS
Davey, you're the best, man. I'm
just saying, till the election,
no more girls, huh?. Maybe even
you could bring your wife down
here for a weekend. What's her
name, Alice, Mary Joe?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Dilbeck stares blankly ahead.

CHRIS
Yo, earth to Davey...

DILBECK
I saw this dancer, Chris; like an
angel. Pure and clean. Not like
the rest of these whores. If I
could just have her....

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
You'd be a good boy.

DILBECK
I'd be perfect, I swear. No more
clubs, no more drinking...I could
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

DILBECK (cont'd)
settle down with a steady
mistress, live a decent life.

CHRIS
So let's do it. Where'd you see
her?

ANGLE--DILBECK

He draws a blank, holds his head, shrugs helplessly.

DILBECK
My brains are turning to shit.

ANGLE--CHRIS

CHRIS
Hey, that's why you're in
Congress!
(roars with laughter)

56 EXT. LIMO

56

Rolls off into the horizon as the day begins and the workers
begin to chop cane.

CUT TO

57 ANGLE--MIRROR/INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM/MORNING

57

Erin, dripping wet, a towel wrapped around her, is dancing in
front of the mirror. Rehearsing. A doorbell rings.

58 WIDER--INT. ERIN'S CONDO/LIVING ROOM/ MORNING

58

Erin comes running in, goes to the door.

ERIN
Who is it?

59 CORRIDOR/ CONDO

59

Al Garcia is standing in the corridor.

GARCIA
Lieutenant Garcia. Is this a bad
time?

ERIN (v.o.)
It's fine. Hang on a second!

60 INT. LIVING ROOM

60

Erin shuts off the stereo, goes dashing off to the back.

61 CORRIDOR

61

Garcia waits patiently. The door opens. Erin has thrown on a tee shirt and sweat pants.

ERIN

Morning.

GARCIA

Morning. I was nearby. I probably should have called.

ERIN

It's fine, really. Come on in.

62 INT. APARTMENT

62

Garcia enters, somewhat warily

ERIN

Want some coffee? English muffin?

GARCIA

No thanks.

ERIN

(goes to get herself a cup)
Well, I've been thinking and if I had to guess, I'd say Jerry was there, because he was there most nights. Do you know anything more?

GARCIA

Actually, I have some good news and some mediocre news.

ANGLE--ERIN

At coffee pot. She freezes.

MASTER

GARCIA

The good news is Darrell lost his informant status as of nine o'clock this morning. The Vice boys said all his information was bogus anyhow.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

ERIN
(screams with joy)
Yesss! Oh, God, that's so
great! So in six weeks, I can
tell the judge....,

GARCIA
That's the mediocre part.

ERIN
What?

GARCIA
Judge Fingerhut had a heart
attack early this morning...

63 FLASHBACK--EXT. PUSSYCAT THEATRE MORNING

63

A bagged body is wheeled out of a porno house playing
"Forrest Hump."

GARCIA (v.o.)
...at the Pussycat Theater on
Ocean.

64 INT. CONDO

64

ERIN
(sinking)
Don't tell me.

GARCIA
He was DOA at the Don Shula
hospital.

Erin sits down on stool, rocked by the news.

GARCIA
I called around; the earliest,
it's gonna be six months before
your appeal gets heard by a new
judge.

ERIN
Six months?

GARCIA
The system is so backed up...

ERIN
No, I can't allow this...I can't
allow her to stay with him for
another six months. Anything
could happen.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

ANGLE--GARCIA

GARCIA
There's really nothing you can
do. Legally.

ANGLE--ERIN

She checks her watch.

ERIN
I have to run, Al.

MUSIC--"HAVA NAGILA"

CUT TO

65 EXT. MASADA RETIREMENT VILLAGE DAY

65

A gaggle of golden-agers are dancing the hora. Attempting to dance with the senior citizens, as photographers record the campaign event, is Dilbeck. He's desperately hung over.

CLOSE DILBECK

Wearing a yarmulka, bouncing up and down, sweating like a pig.

ANOTHER ANGLE--

Erb and Malcolm watch the event carefully, wearing Dilbeck buttons. And now another man creeps into view--attorney Paul Mordecai, a manila envelope tucked beneath his arm.

MASTER

The hora ends, to applause and creaky shouts. Dilbeck mops his brow, accepts handshakes, back pats, and kisses as he works the crowd. They wear name tags. Dilbeck peers at them.

DILBECK
Irving, how are you? Sol? Great
to see you...."Shalom" to you,
too, darlin. "L'chaim,"
"Manischewitz"...

Mordecai steps forward, hand outstretched.

MORDECAI
Congressman? Alan Mordecai.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

DILBECK
 (has no clue)
 Alan! How the heck are you?

MORDECAI
 Fine, sir. I brought along a
 little souvenir for you...

He hands the eight by ten to Dilbeck, who looks at it. His
 eyes bug out of his head.

MORDECAI
 Obviously, the ramifications of
 this, were it to become public,
 would be devastating. I'd like
 to help avoid that....

DILBECK
 Is that me? Wait a minute...

ANGLE--PICTURE--PUSH IN TO FEATURE ERIN

CLOSE DILBECK

Shafted by Cupid's arrow.

DILBECK
That's her! That's my angel!

CUT TO

66 EXT. TRAILER PARK LATE AFTERNOON/ANGLE--ERIN

66

Erin comes racing out of her car, runs up to Rita's trailer
 like a woman possessed. She bangs on the screen door.

ERIN
 Anybody home?

Alberto opens up, wearing his security-guard uniform.

ERIN
 It's Friday. I know she's here!

ALBERTO
 (vaguely)
 Come on in.

67 INT. TRAILER

67

Alberto unbuckles his holster and casually hangs it over the
 back of a chair. Erin races in.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

ALBERTO
Just got here myself. Busy day.

ERIN
Where's Angela?

ALBERTO
I guess asleep, huh?

ERIN
(tensely)
You don't know?

ALBERTO
Like I said...

Erin starts going through the trailer. WE FOLLOW as she checks out the two bedrooms.

ALBERTO (v.o.)
...real hectic day. Big safety
drill. That means special
gloves, hat, lead cup...

There's no one in the bedrooms. Erin comes storming back into the kitchen, where Alberto is heating up some coffee.

ALBERTO
How about an International
coffee? Mocha Brasilia...

ERIN
Where is my daughter?

ALBERTO
You better touch base with Rita.

ERIN
(trembling with rage)
I'm touching base with you! Where
is she?

Alberto puts down the coffee, idly touches her blouse. Erin slaps his hand away.

ERIN
Don't even think about it.

ALBERTO
Maybe we could work something
out...

We hear distant barking and howling. Alberto races to the window, stealthily peers out. He licks his lips.

68 HIS POV/WOLF PEN

68

Rita, in full gear, is entering the wolf pen.

69 MASTER

69

He turns and sweeps the dishes off the kitchen table.

ALBERTO

One little dance. Then I'll show
you where Angie's at.

ERIN

Alberto, this is so low...

ALBERTO

I'm thinking in your interests,
Erin. Darrell said you show up
again, give you the bum's rush.
Now I yell to Rita--you figure it
out...Come on, one dance.

ANGLE--ERIN

She thinks it over. She's frantic.

ERIN

I'll need music...

MASTER

ALBERTO

Nix. Rita hears the stereo,
she'll bust up the party. Hum
something...

ERIN

I'm not humming anything. Put the
radio on low.

ALBERTO

(smiles, switches on radio)
Temperamental artiste, huh?

*

*

*

*

70 EXT. WOLF PEN

70

Rita tosses some meat to the wolves.

71 INT. TRAILER--ANGLE--THROUGH ERIN'S LEGS

71

Erin starts to move her hips, Alberto watches, hypnotized.

ALBERTO
Faster...We're on a tight
schedule here.

ANGLE--ERIN

She begins to accelerate.

ANGLE--ALBERTO

His eyes glaze over. His tongue emerges from his mouth.

ALBERTO
Oh, baby. Just unbutton your
blouse...Couple buttons.

MASTER

ERIN
I think I hear Rita.

ALBERTO
(panics)
Where?

Alberto turns his head in terror. Erin brings her right knee up, majorette-style, high and hard against the point of Alberto's chin, knocking him flat.

A72 ANGLE--WOLVES

A72*

Tearing at the meat.

*

B72 ANGLE--ALBERTO

B72*

Flat on his back, gargling blood, staring up in terror.

*

ANGLE--ERIN

Erin is standing over Alberto, holding the steaming coffee directly over his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

MASTER

ERIN

You tell me where that child is
or I'll mocha brasilia your nuts.

ALBERTO

Neth doe! Neth doe!

ERIN

"Next door?"

ALBERTO

Yeth! Neth doe.

Erin puts down the coffeepot. She cranks up the volume on the radio, then runs out of the trailer. WE HEAR LOUD BARKING.

72 EXT. RITA'S TRAILER

72

Erin races into the neighboring trailer. Now Rita appears, hurrying toward her trailer, Lupa straining at the leash.

73 ANGLE--ALBERTO

73

He starts to get up, then looks toward the door in terror.

HIS POV

Rita and Lupa. Lupa picks up the scent of blood, lunges toward him, ears pricked, fangs bared.

74 EXT. TRAILER

74

WE HEAR Alberto scream as Erin emerges from the neighboring trailer, clutching Angela with one arm, holding her little suitcase under the other.

CUT TO

75 EXT. HIGHWAY

75

A two lane road. Erin's car goes past.

76 INT. CAR

76

Erin holds Angela's hand as she drives. She is numb, but relieved.

ANGELA

Rita's neighbor, Charlene? She
has an eel that eats goldfish..

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Regular Wild Kingdom around
there, isn't it?

ANGELA
Uh-huh.
(beat)
We going to your house?

ERIN
We're going to our house.

ANGELA
For all day?

ERIN
Better than that.

ANGELA
Really?

Erin nods, starts crying. She can't help herself. Angela looks the other way. Erin turns.

HER POV

An abandoned sugar refinery A migrant mother and child
wandering on the road..

MASTER

Erin puts her hand on Angela's cheek, strokes it.

ANGELA
You snatched me, huh?

ERIN
I guess I did.

77 EXT. ERIN'S CONDO AFTERNOON

77

Erin and Angela get out of their car, head toward the condo,
holding hands.

ANGLE--ACROSS THE STREET

A Lincoln Town Car sits parked. The front passenger's side
window opens. Dilbeck is gawking through field glasses.

CLOSER ANGLE

Erb is behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DILBECK
I didn't know she had a child.

ERB
She's divorced, but the husband
has custody, remember?.

DILBECK
She's carrying a suitcase.
Doesn't look like just a
visitation, does it, Erb.

ERB
I'll look into it.

DILBECK
God give me strength...
(his eyes glaze over)

ANGLE--CONDO

Erin and Angela enter the condo. Erin looks around, skittish.

DILBECK (v.o.)
What an extraordinary creature.

ANGLE--ERB/DILBECK

DILBECK
How perfect in every detail...

ERB
Davey, you promised...

DILBECK
*This is love, can't you
understand that? Love! I won't
campaign unless I can plunge deep
into that magnificent, burning
volcano!*

ERB
What do you mean, you won't
camapign. You have to campaign!

DILBECK
Then until I possess her actual
velvet self, you have to get me
something of hers to tide me
over. Something of a personal
nature.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

ERB
(dreading this)
How personal?

DILBECK
Intensely personal.

CUT TO

78 EXT. LAUNDROMAT LATE AFTERNOON

78

Through the window we see Erin and Angela doing laundry,

79 INT. LAUNDROMAT

79

Erin pulls her stuff out of the dryer, aided by Angela.

ANGELA
Am I a help?

ERIN
You're the best laundry assistant
I've ever had.

Angela beams. PAN RIGHT. A man sits reading the Miami Herald, holding it so it covers his face.

ERIN
Okay.
(picks up basket)
Let's hit the road, Jack.

80 EXT. LAUNDROMAT

80

Erin and Angela exit, Erin looking around cautiously.

81 INT. LAUNDROMAT

81

WE SEE the man lower his newspaper. It's Erb! He removes a plastic baggie from his pocket, then goes over to Erin's dryer. He removes the lint receptacle and disgustedly scrapes out the lint, putting it in the baggie!

CUT TO

82 EXT. MARINA/EVENING

82

The Rojo Sugar marina.. A huge glittering yacht, the "Big Sugar," is docked. MUSIC: SALSA

83 INT. BOAT--ANGLE--OCELOT

83

A baby ocelot wearing an emerald-studded collar. PAN UP. The animal sits in the lap of Willie Rojo. Willie's not happy

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

WILLIE
Three million?

WIDER--DECK

Malcolm, Willie and Chris sit on the Big Sugar's magnificent deck. Two large thugs, CHICO and NICO, stand against the rail. Chris studies the photograph.

CHRIS
This is some fuckin picture.

MALCOLM
It's fatal.

WILLIE
Down, chica.
(he kisses the ocelot, puts
it down, rises)
I don't accede to blackmail.

MALCOLM
Willie, I agree with you in
principle. But this gets out...

CHRIS
(hands picture back to
Malcolm)
Pay the guy off, Pop.

WILLIE
You got a cancer, you talk nice
to it? No, you cut it out.

MALCOLM
Willie, we can't keep...

WILLIE
I'd rather buy cops than pay
blackmail. Understood?

MALCOLM
I just think...

WILLIE
Understood?

MALCOLM
Yes.

WILLIE
(picks a martini off the bar)
What else?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

A connected matter. Davey wants to nail this stripper and I'd like him to be able to use the boat. We can control the situation...

WILLIE

She's the girl from the picture?

MALCOLM

Correct. Erin Grant.

WILLIE

What does she know?

MALCOLM

We gotta find out. The good news is she got custody of her kid illegally, so she's vulnerable.

WILLIE

Vulnerable ain't good enough.
(finishes martini)
I say, let Davey have his fun, then lose her.

MALCOLM

First, let's determine whether she can hurt us or not. I mean, I'm sure she's just another dumb whore.

WILLIE

For her sake, I hope so.

CUT TO

84 ANGLE--CANDYLAND/BOARD GAME/INT. EAGER BEAVER DRESSING ROOM

84

MONIQUE JR.

(v.o.)

Phooey. I go back three...

WIDER

Urbana and Monique Jr. are playing "Candyland" with Angela. They are modestly attired in robes, although Urbana's mountainous curves are difficult to conceal under any garment.

MONIQUE

This is complicated.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

It's easy.
(starts to get up)

URBANA

Stay here with us, sweetie.
Mamma's orders.

The door to Orly's office opens; out steps a beaming Orly with none other than Lorelei! She's wearing warm-up clothes, rimless glasses, and a baseball cap.

ORLY

Everybody, listen up. This is Lorelei, formerly of the Flesh Farm.

ANGLE---STRIPPERS/ANGELA

Angela's eyes are wide at the sight of a new star.

MASTER

ORLY

She and her snake, Monty Python, have signed an exclusive contract with us and she starts tomorrow. So let's make her feel right at home, give her a real "Eager Beaver" welcome.

The strippers applaud, whistle. Lorelei beams. PAN OVER TO

ANGLE--SHAD

He enters the room, holding a very long, limp package. He gestures toward Orly to step into the club.

85 INT. CLUB

85

Erin is onstage. Orly emerges from the dressing room, points to the package.

ORLY

What the hell is that?

SHAD

Just came from Ling. Monty sleeps with the fishes.

ORLY

What?
(panics)
Lorelei has no idea, right?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

SHAD

Just got here.
 (sniffs it)
 Fresh.

ORLY

(peels out some bills)
 Okay, go rustle up a new snake.

SHAD

Where, the A & P? Who the fuck
 carries pythons at ten o'clock at
 night?

ORLY

There's an all-night snake farm
 on route 27. Ask for Jungle
 Juan.

SHAD

Fuck me, Jungle Juan.

ORLY

You gotta do it. And throw that
 thing out! God, I hate this
 business. You know why? It's lost
 its humanity.

Orly heads back in the dressing room.

ANGLE--STAGE

Erin is really into her dancing tonight.

ANGLE--PATRONS

Watch her in awe

ANGLE--ERIN

Eyes shut, in her own world. PAN OVER. The door that leads
 to the dressing room opens. Angela sticks her head out,
 watches her mother dance.

CUT TO

86 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM/STAGE

86

"YOUNG CHRISTIANS FOR DILBECK." A baby-faced SPEAKER orates.

SPEAKER

Because he believes in the
 family, in the values that made
 us a God-fearing people...

87 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

87

Posters of a smiling Dilbeck. Erb rushes out of an elevator, opens the door of an executive suite and enters.

88 INT. SUITE

88

It's massive. Malcolm, in a vile mood, sits on a couch beside a closed door.

MALCOLM

Get him out of there. Preferably with his clothes on.

ERB

Shit.
(knocks on door)
Davey!

89 INT. HOTEL SUITE/ANGLE DOOR

89

Knock-knock. Romantic music is playing.

DILBECK (v.o.)

Come in!

Erb enters. His face falls.

ERB

Davey...no...

REVERSE

Dilbeck is wearing cowboy boots, boxers and a leather vest. His legs are all shiny. He inhales something he holds in his hand.

DILBECK

This is fresh lint?

MASTER

ERB

(utterly disgusted)
Hot out of the Maytag.

DILBECK

(inhales, moans)
You can't imagine...It's the very essence of that glorious creature.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

ERB
Davey, even for you, this is off
the charts, ...Why are your legs
all shiny?

DILBECK
It's Vaseline.

ERB
Vaseline?

DILBECK
You never cover yourself with
Vaseline?

ERB
Not unless I have third-degree
burns.

DILBECK
(smiles dreamily)
You're missing somethin' great.
It's in my boots...Between my
toes...

ERB
Davey, the young Christians are
waiting...

DILBECK
When do I see her, Erb? When?

ERB
It's in the works. Now clean
yourself up.
(throws him a towel)
And Davey--I quit.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Unfazed. He smiles.

DILBECK
You're such a child.

90 ANGLE--YOUNG CHRISTIANS/INT. AUDITORIUM

90

They're chanting "Davey, Davey. " Now they erupt in cheers
and applause.

ANGLE--STAGE

Davey comes out on stage, waving his arms. The baby-faced
speaker shakes hands with him, then walks away, rubbing his

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

hands with a handkerchief. Apparently a little leftover Vaseline.

ANGLE--AUDIENCE

Garcia is in the crowd, an unlit cigar in his mouth. He claps along with the baby-faced Christians.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Waves his arms, signals for silence.

DILBECK

What a privilege for me to be
with you good people tonight, to
talk about an issue so critical
in this campaign and all of
American life--the issue of
family values.
(great applause)
Family values--what I learned as
a boy sitting around the table as
Dad carved the roast and Mom
spooned out the brown gravy and
the giblets and...all the rest.

ANGLE--AUDIENCE

Enraptured.

ANGLE--DILBECK

DILBECK

Family values, the values that
made this country what it is
today, sitting around the hearth,
reading aloud from the classics
of literature--Little Dorrit,
Great Expectations, Call of the
Wild...
(beat)
and the Good Book itself...

ANGLE--AUDIENCE

Stand and roar. Garcia moves toward the exit.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Arms upraised. His hands are still gleaming from Vaseline.

CUT TO

91 INT. DRESSING ROOM/EAGER BEAVER/ANGLE--ANGELA

91

Angela is fast asleep on a couch, her arms wrapped around a stuffed dog, Urbana's robe laid over her like a blanket.

WIDER--DRESSING ROOM

The dancers get ready to go home. Sabrina sneezes.

SABRINA

Orly, we're gettin *pneumonia* in here.

ORLY

Ice-cold air makes your nips stand out. Guys love that.

SABRINA

What guys, them little elves at the North Pole? This is *Florida*!

ORLY

You don't like the conditions, take it up with the union.

Orly heads back to his office. He passes Erin, who is turning up the thermostat, using a screwdriver.

ORLY

Wait a minute!

ERIN

Orly, you don't understand something-- being bare-assed in a cold room is not fun. Nor is a running nose considered sexy, except by people we don't want in the club.

ORLY

There's nobody I don't want in the club,
(checks thermostat)
How about sixty-seven?

ERIN

Seventy or we don't dance. Girls?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

ANGLE--SABRINA/URBANA/TIFFANY/LORELEI

They raise their hands.

MASTER

ORLY

All right, seventy. But I'm
watching those nips!Orly storms into his office. The girls cheer. Erin shushes
them, so not to waken Angela. She goes to get her dance bag.

LORELEI

That was great. You're a natural
leader, you know? Make me proud
to be topless.

ERIN

(whispering)
Thanks....Do me a favor, watch
Angie while I get my car?

LORELEI

Sure, gorgeous.

TIFFANY

Ooh, Erin, it's warmer in here
already!

92 INT. EAGER BEAVER CLUB - NIGHT

92*

Shad crosses the club, holding a huge box with air holes.
Erin emerges from the dressing room. She seems happier than
in weeks.*
*

ERIN

Where were you all night?

SHAD

Doin my Christmas shopping early.
Martha Stewart recommends it.

Thumping from the box. Erin looks through the airholes.

ERIN

If that's not a snake, it's an
amazing belt.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

SHAD

I gotta find a new line of work;
this is getting outta fucking
hand. Lemme put this down, I'll
walk you to the car...

ERIN

I'm fine. See you tomorrow.

She heads out of the club.

*

93 INT. CAR

93

Erin gets behind the wheel; Darrell pops up from the back.

DARRELL

Evening, everybody.

ERIN

Shit!

Darrell covers her mouth, then holds a knife to her neck. He
removes his hand from her mouth.

DARRELL

Where's my l'il 'un?

ERIN

Where you can't get her.

DARRELL

(laughs; wasted)
Is that ever the wrong answer!
You bring her to me right now.

ERIN

I'm not bringing her to you in
this lifetime.

He presses the knife deeper into her neck.

DARRELL

Then I'll just have to go to that
nice old judge and tell him my
whore of a wife has abducted...

ERIN

The Judge died, Darrell. You want
Angela, you're gonna have to kill
me.

DARRELL

And you think I'm afraid to? You
think I don't have the manliness
to take your life?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

ERIN
No, I think you're all man,
Darrell; death row and that
lethal injection thing, that's
not gonna scare you.

DARRELL
(hesitates)
They'd never execute a daddy.

SHAD (v.o.)
Drop the knife.

They turn. PAN RIGHT--Shad is at the rear passenger window.

SHAD
You got till three. One...

DARRELL
Suck my dick.

SHAD
Two...

DARRELL
This here's a domestic squabble.

Darrell goes flying off Erin. We hear a snapping noise.
Then Darrell screams.

94 EXT. CAR

94

Shad opens the rear door, throws Darrell to the ground.

SHAD
Three.

Erin runs toward the club. Darrell starts after her, but Shad
lifts him up, holding him tightly around the chest.

DARRELL
Bitch!
(to Shad)
You broke my arm!

SHAD
You sure?

Shad yanks the arm again. Darrell howls in pain.

ANGLE--ERIN

Runs toward us, Darrell shouting in the background.

95

95 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Erin enters, looking pretty shaky. Lorelei looks at her.
The boxed snake is beside her.

LORELEI

You okay?

ERIN

Had a little tiff with my ex.

LORELEI

Hey, I know what that's like.
(pats box)
Look--Monty finally got here!

ERIN

That's great, Lorelei.

Erin sits down next to the sleeping Angela, picks up the
phone and dials. With her free hand, she strokes Angela's
hair.

ERIN

Lieutenant Garcia, please.

CUT TO

96 EXT. PARKING LOT/ANGLE POLICE CAR

96

Darrell is being pushed into a squad car.

DARRELL

She's a kidnapper!

97 INT. DRESSING ROOM

97

Erin sips beer at the dressing table. Garcia sits behind
her, on the couch beside the sleeping Angela.

GARCIA

The fact is he threatened, but he
didn't actually attempt...

ERIN

Uh-huh. What's the deal if he
kills me; can I press charges
then?

GARCIA

Erin, the law's the law. Now I
can screw around for a couple of
days--lose the paperwork,
yaddayadda--but once he makes
bail...

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

ERIN
I should just split. Take her to
New England or something.

Sabrina comes in, looking around.

SABRINA
You see my Anne Rice book?

Erin reaches over, picks it off the dressing table.

SABRINA
Thanks, Everything okay?

ERIN
Yeah. Peachy.

Sabrina exits.

GARCIA
Erin, if you take off without
having formal custody,
(checks Angela, lowers voice)
you could lose her forever. I've
dealt with Family Services--
they're pencil-pushers; it's all
by the book.

ERIN
Al, I'm dealing with a *maniac*
here!

GARCIA
I understand that, but I'm
telling you, you can't take off.
Also, you have a bigger problem.

ERIN
I can't have a bigger problem.

GARCIA
(takes out some photos)
Are any of these clowns the one
who assaulted Paul Guber?

Erin studies them, pulls an official portrait of Dilbeck,
holds it up to the mirror so Garcia can see it.

ERIN
This clown.

GARCIA
You're positive.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Absolutely. Who is it? Looks
like that guy from "F Troop."

GARCIA
It's Congressman Dilbeck.

ERIN
(whirls around)
That nut was a congressman?

GARCIA
You haven't heard from him or any
of his staff?

ERIN
No. Wait...Wait...*Is he the one
that Jerry was talking about? Are
you saying that I'm in danger
from a congressman?*

ANGLE--GARCIA

GARCIA
No, because you haven't tried to
squeeze him, which is maybe what
Killian did. But let me know if
you hear from him, okay? It
would be in both of our
interests.

ANGLE--ERIN

Suddenly very tired. It's been a long, tough night. She
stares at the picture.

ERIN
How'd I get so popular?

CUT TO

98 LOW ANGLE--CAR HEADLIGHTS/EXT. NIGHT

98

The lights go off.

ANGLE--EXT. ERIN'S CONDO NIGHT

Erin hauls the sleeping Angela out the car and into the
condo.

99 INT. CONDO/CORRIDOR

99

Erin carries Angela down the hall. Angela's half asleep.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

ERIN
 "Hush little baby, don't you cry,
 Momma's gonna buy you a...
 something..."

ANGELA
 Pumpkin pie.

ERIN
 You're awake?

They reach the front door. Erin looks for her key while
 balancing Angela.

ERIN
 Can I put you down?

ANGELA
 No.

ERIN
 Fair enough.

She manages to open the door.

100 INT. APARTMENT

100

Erin enters, turns on the hall light. There is an envelope
 on the floor. Erin looks at it, kicks it along, carries
 Angela into her bedroom, then re-emerges.

ANGELA (v.o.)
 Momma?

ERIN
 In a minute! Brush your teeth.

ANGELA (v.o.)
 I'm too tired!

Erin picks up the envelope, stares at it.

ANGLE--ENVELOPE

"Ms. Erin Grant"

101 INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

101

She's lying on top of her bed, reading the note.

ERIN
 "Mr. Dilbeck requests the
 pleasure of your company for a
 private dance. You will receive
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

ERIN (cont'd)
 two thousand dollars cash"--whoa-
 --"for a one hour set.
 (MORE)
 Obviously, discretion and
 confidentiality are of the utmost
 importance..."

CUT TO

102 ANGLE--BARBIE DOLL

102

ANGLE--KERMIT THE FROG

ANGLE--CLOCK

It's one AM.

WIDER--ANGELA'S ROOM

Angela lies sleeping. Erin stands at the window, looking
 out.

103 HER POV

103

The street is deserted.

104 MASTER

104

Erin sits in a rocker besides Angela's bed, just watching.

ANGLE--ANGELA

Angelic in repose.

MASTER

Erin starts to get up.

ANGELA
 Momma, do you like dancing?

ERIN
 You're *still* awake?

ANGELA
 I was just thinking--do you like
 dancing?

ERIN
 (sits down on Angela's bed)
 Not really.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

ANGELA
It's not fun?

ERIN
No.

ANGELA
You're just *dancing*.

ERIN
Well, just *dancing's* fun. Sure.
That part of the job. Now come
on, monkey, go to sleep.

ANGLE--ANGELA

ANGELA
What's not fun, the customers?
Urbana said some of them are real
stupid and mean.

ANGLE--ERIN

Hold on here.

ERIN
Pumpkin, have you ever seen me
dance?

ANGLE--ANGELA

Looks a little nervous.

ANGLE--ERIN

ERIN
Have you? Because I told the
girls *never*...

MASTER

ANGELA
I came out tonight...

ERIN
While I was dancing?

Angela nods.

ERIN
Oh, God...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

ANGELA
You looked really pretty.

Erin hugs Angela so tight that they're one person. This is a terrible, damning moment.

ERIN
No I didn't.

ANGELA
You did. You looked great.

Erin holds on to her for dear life, shutting her eyes as if trying to will this all away.

DISSOLVE TO

105 ANGLE--DOLPHIN

105

Leaps through the air.

ANGLE--SEAQUARIUM--ANGELA/ERIN/GARCIA

Angela shrieks with joy.

SEAQUARIUM
GUIDE
(v.o)
Okay! Now all the kids stand
with Chrissy.

REVERSE

A uniformed GUIDE holding a mike waves a group of day camp kids over, gestures toward Angela.

ANNOUNCER
Come on! You, too.

ANGLE---GARCIA/ERIN/ANGELA

Angela looks to her mom, a little fearful.

ERIN
Go, sweetie. I'll be here.

ANGELA
Okay.

She runs off. FOLLOW HER as she shyly joins the other kids.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE--ERIN/GARCIA

Erin waves at her.

ERIN

I'm right here!
(to Garcia)
She spends so little time with
other kids.

GARCIA

That'll change, right. Once with
she's with you full time.

ANGLE--ANGELA

Joins the other kids, still looking at her mom.

ANGLE--GARCIA/ERIN

GARCIA

So he offered you two grand.

ERIN

Yeah.

GARCIA

To dance for an hour.

ERIN

I can't turn it down, Al. I was
gonna keep dancing until the
appeal, but now that I have
Angie with me, I've got to get
another job as soon as possible,
which is gonna pay *nothing*
compared to what I'm making now.
But, I mean, she saw me last
night. Dancing. Can you imagine?

(CONTINUED)

GARCIA

She upset?

*

ERIN

She said no, but come on; one day
it'll dawn on her and she's gonna
say, "that was my mother?"

ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)

How about you? You ready to feed
Flipper.

ERIN

(smiles)
Oh my God...

ANGLE--ANGELA

She marches to the diving platform, waves at her mom.

ANGLE--GARCIA/ERIN

ERIN

You think it's safe, right? With
Dilbeck. I mean, I'm bringing
Shad.

GARCIA

As long as they think you don't
know anything, you'll be fine.
Just keep your ears open. You
never know, he gets loaded,
starts talking...

ERIN

But I shouldn't say, like, "did I
ever see you at the Eager
Beaver."

GARCIA

No.
(nods toward platform)
What are you going to do with
madame?

ERIN

Urbana said she'd watch her, but
I don't know...

GARCIA

Drop her off at our place.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

ERIN
I can't do that.

GARCIA
Why not? Donna said if you ever needed a hand, she'd be happy to help out. I told her about your situation; she's very simpatico.

ERIN
(touched)
She is? She doesn't think I'm like something out of "A Current Affair."

GARCIA
Erin, you're a terrific girl who made a mistake that a lot of terrific girls make--you married a bum. Don't beat yourself up.

ERIN
I usually don't. It's just...she saw me dancing...
(looks over toward Angela; her eyes fill up)

ANGLE--ANGELA

A dolphin leaps takes a fish out of her hand. She shrieks with delight.

MASTER

GARCIA
Hey, this'll all work out.

ERIN
I just want *her*, free and clear.
Whatever it takes.

CUT TO

106 ANGLE--CLOSE SHAD/ NIGHT

106

PULL BACK. Shad is wearing a red beret and has his monkey on his shoulder. The monkey is nibbling on some Toblerone.

WIDER ANGLE--EXT. MARINA NIGHT

Shad opens the door of his GTO. Erin steps out, breathtaking in a white miniskirt, pumps and a sleeveless salmon blouse. She takes Shad's arm; they walk toward the "Big Sugar," which is guarded by the two goons, Chico and Nico.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

CHICO
You're Mrs. Grant?

ERIN
No, I'm Barbara Bush,

CHICO
(nods toward Shad)
And who's he?

ERIN
George Bush.

CHICO
He's not invited.
(to Shad)
Take a hike.

ANGLE--SHAD/ERIN

Shad just smiles. Erin takes his hand.

ERIN
If he goes, I go.

107 INT. BOAT/LIVING ROOM

107

Malcolm confers with Dilbeck in the living room of the Rojo yacht. Dilbeck is wearing a blue blazer, white shirt, pleated camel trousers and cordovan loafers; no socks. His hair has a grooved, carefully combed look. Deam Martin croons on the stereo system as Dilbeck combs his hair yet again.

MALCOLM
Listen to me, you sick fuck--
people are looking to hurt you.
We need to make sure she's not
one of them.

DILBECK
Come on, Malcom, she's a
stripper.

MALCOLM
Donna Rice was a *model*. Gennifer
Flowers was a *singer*.

A buzzer sounds. Dilbeck splashes "Obsession" behind his ears.

DILBECK
Beat it.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MALCOLM
Find out if she knows anything.

DILBECK
Stop with the politics! This is
a night for love! For *feeling*.

108 ANGLE--BOAT

108

Malcolm goes up a flight of stairs to an upper deck, with a
view down to the living room. He puts on a head set.

109 ANGLE--GANGPLANK

109

Erin goes up the gangplank. Chico and Nico watch her in awe.

110 INT. BOAT

110

Dilbeck looks in the mirror, practices his greeting.

DILBECK
Hello, Erin. I'm Congressman
Dilbeck. Hey there, beautiful...

Now WE SEE Erin in the mirror. Dilbeck turns to jelly.

REVERSE

Erin enters, smiles. In the soft peach lighting of this
room, she looks even more spectacular.

ERIN
Good evening, I'm Erin Grant. And
you must be...

ANGLE--DILBECK

Ralph Kramden time. He can barely speak.

DILBECK
I'm congressbeck
Dilman...Dildo...Dilbeck...

MASTER

DILBECK
(cont'd)
Welcome. Welcome welcome...

He lunges toward her, aiming to kiss her cheek. Erin steps
to one side. Dilbeck smashes his shin on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Have we ever met?

DILBECK
No, no, no. But I've admired
many beautiful photographs of
you.

ERIN
Well, I'm honored. A
congressman.
(looks around)
And a very successful congressman
you must be.

DILBECK
Oh, it's not mine; it belongs to
dear friends.
(gestures toward speakers)
You like Dean?

111 ANGLE--MALCOLM

111

He hears the conversation through his headphones!

ERIN (v.o.)
Dean's great, but I brought my
own. Care for Annie Lennox?

DILBECK (v.o.)
I care for you.

Malcolm expresses nausea.

ERIN (v.o.)
Well, I'm flattered. Let me just
change...

112 INT. BOAT

112

DILBECK
(suddenly grabs Erin's hand)
Let me cleanse you. Let me wash
your feet.

ERIN
I generally wash my own feet. But
if you want to make yourself
useful,
(takes audio cassette from
her handbag)
you can play DJ.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

DILBECK
That's not all I want to play.

ANGLE--ERIN

She can't believe this guy.

ERIN
Mr. Congressman!

DILBECK
Call me Davey! Davey of the
navy!

113

113 EXT. MARINA NIGHT

Shad entertains the goons with war stories.

NICO
So, George, you watch the
auditions?

SHAD
Watch, my ass. I do the hiring.

CHICO
No.

SHAD
(feeds Toblerone to the
monkey)
I've seen every girl in Florida.

NICO
So what are the criteria? Just
monster jugs?

SHAD
Firmness is crucial. I gotta hold
em for a while. Shake em.

NICO
You shake their tits ?

SHAD
It's no picnic, man. I got
tendonitis in my wrists.

NICO
Hey, you need help, I'm your
guy..

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

SHAD

Gets to you after a while. I go out with a woman, she better keep her clothes on.

NICO

You're shittin me, right?

SHAD

Butcher goes home, you think he wants steak? He eats a salad. Same principle.

CHICO

So, George, you audition anybody famous ever? You know, before they were famous?

SHAD

Sure did. Meryl Streep.

NICO

Come on. Meryl Streep stripped?

SHAD

One of the best. Chesty LaFrance--that was her nom de plume.

114 INT. BOAT/ANGLE--ERIN

114

Erin is dancing on a captain's table. The entranced congressman has his jacket off, his shirt unbuttoned; an half-empty bottle of champagne is between his legs. Erin is dancing up a storm. Snap--off comes her top.

ANGLE--DILBECK

He gasps.

DILBECK

I'll give you whatever you want--a condo on the water, Lexus, one of them Swiss watches...Just be my girlfriend.

*

ERIN

Can't do that.

*

DILBECK

But I love you so much! You don't even know, but I recently tried to help you out.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ANGLE--ERIN

Her radar switches on.

ERIN

Really? How did you do that? *

MASTER

DILBECK

I spoke to the late Judge
Fingerhut---nice man, in regards
to your daughter...

 *

ERIN

You did? How'd you know about my
case?

 *

DILBECK

(playing "dumb")
Little 'ol birdie told me.

A115 ANGLE--MALCOLM

A115*

Listening in horror and fascination.

ERIN(V.O.)

Really. Must've been a little 'ol
birdie who knew me very well.

B115 INT. BOAT

B115*

DILBECK

It's not important who, darling. *

ERIN

Oh come on. Give me a hint. *

DILBECK

No can do.
(slides closer to her)
I know the new judge, too--the
honorable Jack Spiegel. He might
be more amenable.

 *

ERIN

And why's that? *

DILBECK

The Jewish people love and
respect me.
(he grabs her thigh)
You'll see, darling, you let
Davey into your life and good
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B115CONTINUED:

B115

DILBECK (cont'd)
things will happen, 'cause I
worship you darlin'. You know how
much?

*

ERIN
How much?

DILBECK
I had my congressional aide bring
me your lint from the clothes
dryer.

ERIN
My lint?

DILBECK
He waited till you and your
little girl had left the
laundromat, than he scooped out
all that hot fresh lint.

ERIN
And what did you do with that hot
fresh lint?

DILBECK
(like a blushing schoolboy)
I'm afraid I made love to it.

115 ANGLE--MALCOLM

115

He gags.

116 ANGLE--ERIN

116

ERIN
O.K., just close your eyes.
Keep'em closed.

*

*

ANGLE--DILBECK

He expectantly shuts his eyes, grips the corners of the
captain's table.

MASTER

Erin takes off a shoe and slams the heel into Dilbeck's hand.
Dilbeck screams in pain.

ERIN
You invade my personal life ever
again, I'll kill you. You
understand? Show's over for
tonight, big boy.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

She throws on her dress.

117 - 120 OMITTED

*

121 ANGLE--MALCOLM

121

Takes off the headset. He looks grim.

122 MASTER

122

Erin gets off off the table

DILBECK

Please come back tomorrow night.
Same time?.

*

ERIN

I don't think so.

*

DILBECK

I'll give you five thousand
dollars.

ERIN

For no sex? You love me that
much?

DILBECK

Please...
(takes her hand, kisses it)
Just the touch of your hand and
my pecker's on fire...

*

ERIN

Maybe you should see a doctor.

DILBECK

Please...tomorrow.

ERIN

Tell you what--if I dance
tomorrow, can we talk more about
my problem?

*

DILBECK

We can talk about whatever you
want, darling. As long as you're
naked.

*

*

*

*

CUT TO

*

123 ANGLE--BOAT/DECK

123

Erin emerges from the living room, walks down the deck, is suddenly startled. Stops dead in her tracks.

*

REVERSE

MALCOLM

Good evening!

MASTER

ERIN

Good evening.

MALCOLM

You don't know me, Miss Grant,
but I'm Malcolm Moldowsky,
Congressman Dilbeck's right hand.

ERIN

You must be a very busy man.

MALCOLM

(smiles; some smile)
Touche. I wish to give you a
word of advice--about your
daughter, Angela.

*

ERIN

(on full alert)
What about her?

MALCOLM

We're aware that your custody of
her is totally illegal.

ERIN

That's just temporary, until the
appeal gets heard. My ex-husband
has a serious drug problem...

Malcolm holds up his hand, stops her.

MALCOLM

It's no concern to us, not as
long as you refuse to cooperate

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (cont'd)
with certain individuals who seek
to harm and slur congressman
Dilbeck for their own selfish
political gain.

ERIN
I have no idea what you're
talking about.

MALCOLM
Perhaps you don't. But what a
pity if the authorities were
notified and Angela placed in a
state home. Pretty grim, most of
them. Lot of strange people
working there. I'd recommend that
you cooperate with us, Miss
Grant--for the child's sake,
(gets very close to Erin)
You talk to no one about tonight
or any night. Understood?

ERIN
Of course..

MALCOLM
Good. Now if you'll excuse me,
I'd better toss the congressman
into a cold shower.

He walks away. Erin watches him go, then turns and starts
running off the boat.

ANGLE--MALCOLM

Walking away. He looks grim.

MALCOLM
She ain't dumb enough.

124 EXT. DOCK

124

Shad's GTO screeches away from the dock.

125 INT. CAR/NIGHT

125

Erin stares out the window.

SHAD
He didn't try anything?

ERIN
No.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

SHAD
Ask you back?

ERIN
No.

She's not herself...Shad looks over at her.

SHAD
Aren't we Miss taciturn tonight?

ERIN
I'm just really tired,

CUT TO

126 EXT. FRONT DOOR/NIGHT/GARCIA'S HOUSE

126

It opens. There stands Donna Garcia. She smiles.

DONNA
She's asleep.

127 TIME CUT--WIDER--EXT FRONT OF GARCIA'S HOUSE

127

Shad sits in the GTO, like a chaperone. Erin steps from the house with Donna. Angela sleepily holds her hand.

ERIN
I appreciate this so much I can't tell you.

DONNA
It go all right?

ERIN
Oh, yes...Fine.

DONNA
Anytime you want to drop her off...She's a fantastic kid.

ERIN
Thanks. Hasn't been a picnic for her, last few years.

DONNA
No, I'm sure. But she's great.

ERIN
(to Angela)
Did you thank Mrs. Garcia?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(rubbing her eyes)
Thank you very much.

Shad steps from the car, opens the door.

ANGELA
Hi, Shad.

SHAD
Hi, sweetheart.

ERIN
Donna Garcia, this is Shad.

DONNA
Hello.

SHAD
(nods, courtly)
Pleasure.

ERIN
Thanks again.
(looks to house)
Great house.

Shad holds the door for them. Erin and Angela get in. What an odd threesome.

ANGLE--DONNA

Watches.

WIDE

The car pulls away. Donna turns, walks back to her house.

128 OMIT

128*

*

129 OMIT

129*

129 OMIT

129*

130 INT. CLUB/STAGE

130

Lorelei is dancing with her new snake, but it's not easy.
She has to keep adjusting it. Her eyes widen.

LORELEI
What'sa matter, baby?

ANGLE--SHAD

He enters the club. Orly collars him.

ORLY
This reptile's a fuckin lemon.

ANGLE--LORELEI

Clearly struggling with the new python.

131 ANGLE--ERIN'S CAR

131

She peels out. As she exits, Garcia enters. He honks. She
has to stop. Garcia leans out his window.

GARCIA
How'd it go?

ERIN
Okay...Fine.

GARCIA
No problems?

ERIN
None.

GARCIA
But no information.

ERIN
Zero. Gotta run, Al... Angela's
wiped.

She pulls out of the lot. Now there's a roar from the club.

132 INT. CLUB/STAGE

132

Lorelei is now being strangled by her new snake. The
customers are on their feet, screaming. Orly and Shad are on
stage trying to wrestle the python off her

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

ANGLE--CUSTOMERS

Drunken yuppies in suspenders, shouting "Snake! Snake! Snake!"

ANGLE--GARCIA

Enters the club.

ANGLE--STAGE

Shad pulls at the snake. With his brute strength, he uncoils the creature from Lorelei.

ANGLE--LORELEI

She falls to the floor, holding her throat.

LORELEI
That's not Monty!

133 INT. DRESSING ROOM

133

Lorelei is sobbing, being comforted by the other girls. Orly and Shad confer. Garcia enters, looks around

ORLY
This is all because of that
Chinaman! I want my revenge!

GARCIA
What happened?

SHAD
We have a problem with a dead
snake.

ANGLE--GARCIA

GARCIA
That's funny. So do I.

CUT TO

134 INT. MORGUE/ANGLE--LOCKER

134

A covered body is pulled out of a locker at the Dade County morgue. Part of his face is visible. It's Mordecai!

ANGLE--GARCIA/SHAD

Shad looks green.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

MASTER

Garcia and Shad stand with the MEDICAL EXAMINER.

GARCIA

Okay, doc. The rest of his
kisser.

The M.E. holds up the sheet. Shad puts his hand to his mouth,

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Crabs find lawyers a particular
delicacy.

SHAD

Looks like *lasagna*, man. Cover
that shit up.

GARCIA

You want to tell me why your name
was on his calendar for tomorrow?

SHAD

I was involved in litigation with
a yogurt company.

GARCIA

Well, based on my limited
experience, this doesn't look
like the kind of thing a yogurt
company would ordinarily do. I
hear this prick also represented
the kid who got mauled at the
club. That I find interesting.

SHAD

(after a beat)
He had a picture...Man, I'm gonna
lose it.

GARCIA

A picture of what?

Shad looks nervously toward the M.E.

GARCIA

A certain legislator?

SHAD

Yeah. Beating the kid's ass.

GARCIA

Where's the original?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

SHAD
I have no idea.
(gags)

GARCIA
Thanks, doc.

The M.E. puts the sheet back over the stiff.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Can I interest you in dessert?

GARCIA
Just the check.

Garcia claps the M.E. on the back, takes Shad under the arm; they start walking through the room, past the other stiff.

Garcia takes some Tic-Tacs from his jacket pocket, offers them to Shad, who pours them all down his throat.

GARCIA
So Dilbeck didn't invite her
back?

SHAD
She said no.

GARCIA
Good. I don't think she should
go there again, even with you...
What do you think was with her
tonight?

SHAD
She has her moods. Could be her
time of the month

GARCIA
So you're a gynecologist-bouncer,
bouncer-gynecologist?

SHAD
Hey, I watch out for the girl.

GARCIA
So do I, which makes a grand
total of two people in the entire
state of Florida, because the
higher-ups in my department,
they're not exactly *pushing* this
investigation

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

SHAD
Because of this asshole
congresssman.

GARCIA
Correct. Two homicides and
nobody gives a shit. I'm worried
about this girl, Shad--she's
really out there by herself.

CUT TO

135 INT. ERIN'S CONDO/ANGLE DOOR

135

Erin is shoving the couch against the door. She checks all
the locks, heads toward the back.

136 ANGLE--ANGELA/INT. ANGELA'S ROOM

136

She's asleep. Erin leans INTO FRAME, tucks the blanket
tighter, kisses Angela on the cheek. Angela snuggles in her
sleep.

137 ANGLE--LIVING ROOM

137

Erin grabs the telephone directory, a legal pad, and pencil.
She begins going through the directory.

ERIN
Miami Herald...

138 EXT. CONDO NIGHT

138

All the lights are out.

139 INT. ANGELA'S ROOM

139

Erin keeps watch on her sleeping child. She sits in a
rocking chair, continuing to go through the phone book,
writing numbers down on her pad.

CLOSE ERIN

She looks up, stares over at Angela.

CLOSE ANGELA--

Sleeping. HOLD UNTIL---TIME DISSOLVE--

140 The sun slants across her face.

140

141 ANGLE--KITCHENETTE

141

Erin is on the phone in the kitchenette, legal pad beside her. She hasn't slept and looks it.

ERIN

It is an unusual time for a news conference, but the congressman feels it will dramatize his message. No, no need to confirm.

She dials another number as Angela enters from the bedroom.

ERIN

Morning, pumpkin. How'd you sleep?

ANGELA

Good. How about you.
(turns TV on--cartoons)

ERIN

I slept great.
(into phone, lowers voice)
Hello, CNN? This is Erin from Congressman Dilbeck's office. Malcolm Moldowsky asked me to call about the news conference at the old refinery?

Erin ducks down to shield the phone from the TV noise.

CUT TO

142 EXT. TRAILER PARK/ AFTERNOON

142

A brand-new black Mercedes S500 is parked outside Rita's trailer.

143 INT. TRAILER

143

Rita is trying to repair Darrell's arm, using a golf-club as a splint. He's in a lot of pain.

RITA

Whose car is that?

DARRELL

Some orthodontist from Tampa.

RITA

God, what would momma say?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

DARRELL
She'd say "Nice fuckin car." Oww!
I need some morphine.

RITA
I don't have none for humans.

DARRELL
What're you talking about,
"humans?"

RITA
I got some the vet gave to Lupa
when she had the cubs.

DARRELL
Wolf morphine?

RITA
I think so.

DARRELL
So gimme. I'm dyin here. Busted
arm, two nights in jail...

RITA
(rises)
How'd you break it so bad?
(goes to kitchen)

DARRELL
*Playing polo, okay? With Donald
Trump.*

While Rita goes to the fridge, Darrell, with his good arm,
opens the bottom drawer of a desk.

ANGLE--DRAWER

Alberto's extra gun. Darrell's hand comes INTO FRAME, takes
it from the drawer.

ANGLE--RITA

Studies a jar of pills

RITA
Says take two every four hours
with a bowl of milk.

ANGLE--DARRELL

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

DARRELL
Sounds good to me!

CUT TO

144 WIDER--EXT. FLESH FARM DUSK

144

Shad walks majestically toward the Flesh Farm, carrying two closed garbage buckets. There's a frantic scratching noise as WE HEAR small creatures--rats perhaps?-- trying to escape.

CUT TO

145 INT. DRESSING ROOM/EAGER BEAVER

145

Erin is applying make-up. Angela is playing cards with Tiffany.

ANGELA
You have to throw down a spade or another seven, unless you have an eight. Then you can change suits.

TIFFANY
So *that's* why it's called "Crazy Eights."

ANGELA
Momma, when are you going to be back?

ERIN
By twelve, sweetheart. And I hope you're asleep.

She sits down, starts touching up her face. Shad enters with the two empty garbage cans. Orly comes out of his office.

ORLY
Que pasa?

SHAD
I put em in the basement and the air conditioning vents.

ANGELA
Put what?

ERIN
Nothing, sweetheart.

ANGELA
The rats?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

ERIN
Yes, dear. The rats. It's called
friendly competition.

Orly sits down next to Erin.

ORLY
You're going out?

ERIN
I'll be back by twelve, then
dance a late shift.

ORLY
Can you tell me...

ERIN
No, I can't.
(she gets up, goes to Angela,
kisses, then hugs her--a
long hug)
Be good, pumpkin.

ANGELA
I will, momma. See you later.

Erin goes to leave. Shad is blocking the door.

SHAD
You're going to the boat, right?

ERIN
Yeah.

SHAD
Not without me.

146 EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

146

Rojo's stretch Range Rover is parked in the foreground.
looming like a docked ocean liner. In the background WE SEE
Erin and Shad speaking animatedly.

ANGLE--ERIN/SHAD

SHAD
Why'd you tell me you weren't
going?

ERIN
Because I didn't want you telling
anybody.

(CONTINUED)

SHAD

Like who.

ERIN

Like Garcia.

SHAD

Then just say, "Shad, don't tell
Garcia." What is this ?

ERIN

What is this ? They're gonna
stick Angela in a foster home if
I don't keep my mouth shut.

*

SHAD

Says who?

*

ERIN

Dilbeck's guy-- that creep
Moldowsky. Promise me you'll stay
with her every second. I have to
know that.

*

SHAD

I'm not letting you go off alone.

*

ERIN

Shad, they're paying me five
thousand dollars. I need the
money. I need to get out of here
and live a normal, fully-dressed
life, with school busses and
shopping lists and everything. If
they wanted to kill me, they
would've done it already

SHAD

Let me get this straight...
You're just gonna go there, dance
and come back here.

*

*

*

ERIN

Correct.

SHAD

I know you. Something's up.

ERIN

Trust me, I know what I'm
doing. Please just stay with
Angela every second. I'll see you
later.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

SHAD

Erin...

ERIN

See you later!

Erin crosses the lot, carrying a portable boom box. Shad watches her, then reluctantly goes into the club.

ANGLE--RANGE ROVER

PIERRE

Bon soir.

ERIN

Bon soir.

As she slides into the car WE PAN LEFT TO

ANGLE--MERCEDES

Darrell is slouched low in the seat of the stolen Mercedes, gobbling doggie morphine.. His eyes are glazed over. But he is startled to see Erin get into the stretch Rover

WIDER

The Rover pulls out of the lot. The Mercedes starts up, goes out into traffic, tailing the Rover.

CUT TO

147 EXT. HIGHWAY

147

The Rover takes the ramp marked "Marina." The Mercedes follows.

148 INT. LIMO

148

Erin is fixing her lipstick. She looks up.

ANGLE--REAR VIEW MIRROR

Pierre is checking her out. Erin catches him.

PIERRE

Sorry.

Erin scoots up to a jump seat.

ERIN

You speak English?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

PIERRE
Sometimes.

ERIN
These people you work for, you
like them?

PIERRE
They're filth. Exploiters of the
poor.

ERIN
I think you and I are going to
get along just fine.

149 ANGLE--MERCEDES

149

Darrell, zonked, starts panting like a dog.

CUT TO

150 EXT. MARINA NIGHT

150

MUSIC: Dean Martin

151 INT. BOAT

151

Dilbeck is wearing a black Garth Brooks hat, jeans, western-
style shirt. He stands in front of a mirror, tweezing out
nose hairs. He's already drunk. Malcolm is beside him.

DILBECK
For five grand, I expect to get
laid. That's only human.

MALCOLM
Davey, I want you to listen to
me...

DILBECK
She doesn't know what it is to
make love to a congressman. The
ecstasy, the wonder...

Malcolm hands him a photograph. Dilbeck stares at it.

ANGLE--PHOTOGRAPH

Erin and Garcia leaning out their respective cars and
talking.

MALCOLM (v.o.)
She's been meeting with a cop.

MASTER

(CONTINUED)

DILBECK

Maybe it's the Tittie Squad.

MALCOLM

He's Homicide. Fact number two,
she used to work at the FBI as a
secretary. This bitch is poison,
Davey; she's out to slaughter us.

*
*

Dilbeck is stunned.

*

DILBECK

Make a fool out of me.

*
*

MALCOLM

Screw yourself bow-legged, then
let us handle it. I'll be on the
top deck.

*
*
*
*

Malcolm exits.

*

DILBECK

Thought she cared for me.

*
*

Dilbeck reaches toward his boot.

*

ANGLE--BOOT

*

He pulls out a knife.

*

ANGLE--MIRROR

*

A switch blade. He pushes a button. A long blade.

*

DILBECK

Thought she truly cared for me.

*
*

152 EXT. MARINA

152

Erin steps from the Rover. She's not carrying the boom box.
Nico and Chico greet her. She looks dazzling.

CHICO

Where's George?

ERIN

At the dog track.

She heads up the gangplank and onto the boat. Nico picks up
a walkie-talkie.

NICO

We're heavy.

153 ANGLE--DECK OF BOAT

153

Malcolm holds the walkie. He has donned glasses in order to read the buttons.

MALCOLM

Copy.

CUT TO

154 ANGLE--"CHUTES AND LADDERS"

154

Another kiddie board game in progress. Someone is going down a chute.

WIDER--INT. DRESSING ROOM

Monique Jr., Angela, Lorelei, and Shad are playing.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

SHAD

I can't get a break here.

He gets up, starts pacing.

ANGLE--ANGELA

She smiles at him, rolls the dice.

ANGLE--SHAD

In misery. He checks his watch.

CUT TO

155 ANGLE--MARINA

155

The "Big Sugar" all aglitter.

ANGLE--DARRELL

Munches some more pills, washes it down with Bud, starts off, staying low to the ground.

156 INT. BOAT

156

Erin stands on a table, dancing in a teddy. Dilbeck lunges toward her. She gives him just a light kick and he sinks back on his canvas director's chair.

*
*
*

ERIN

Down, Bowser. Be patient.

DILBECK

Don't tease me.

ERIN

No teasing. Tonight's the night.

DILBECK

Sure is, darlin.

*
*

157 ANGLE--BOAT/DECK

157

Malcolm is watching these carryings-on from the upper deck, looking down at the living room. He takes the walkie from his pocket, unsuccessfully tries to read the buttons in the dark...

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

Now the walkie gets abruptly knocked out of his hand. Malcolm shrieks in pain, turns around. His eyes widen.

MALCOLM
Who are you?

REVERSE

It's Darrell! Soaking wet, totally whacked out, the golf club still strapped to his arm.

DARRELL
I want my daughter.

MASTER

MALCOLM
How'd you get on board?

DARRELL
My l'il 'un. I want her.

MALCOLM
Your "l'il 'un," whoever she is,
is not here.

Darrell takes out Alberto's gun...

MALCOLM
Chico!

158 EXT. MARINA

158

Nico and Chico have their arms folded. The music is blasting from the boat. They can't hear Malcolm.

159 ANGLE--BOAT/DECK

159

Darrell pulls the trigger as Malcolm ducks. Nothing happens.

CLOSE DARRELL

Darrell examines the gun. There is a lock on the trigger. He's too stoned to figure out how to remove it.

DARRELL
Damn.

He throws the gun overboard. Now he becomes attentive to the music emanating from downstairs. Turns, peers into the boat.

160 HIS POV

160

Erin dancing in front of the bare-chested Dilbeck.

161 ANGLE--DARRELL

161

DARRELL

Well, there's a sight to raise
the dead.

ANGLE--MALCOLM

He has picked up an axe and approaches the unsuspecting
Darrell.

MASTER

DARRELL

Who's the old freak? Frank
Perdue? Or that Wendy's guy...

Darrell turns, sees Malcolm coming.

DARRELL

Hey!

Darrell swings his golf club arm, catching Malcolm on the
wrist. The axe drops from his hand; Malcolm stumbles to the
floor. Darrell is seriously pissed.

DARRELL

You got my daughter and now you
try and kill me with a axe.

ANGLE--MALCOLM

MALCOLM

(clutching wrist)
I don't have your daughter.
You're confused. And it's "an
axe."

ANGLE--DARRELL

DARRELL

I'm stoned but I ain't confused.

He raises his golf club arm and swings hard. We hear a dull,
melon-squishing kind of noise. Darrell swings again.

DARRELL

(teary)
Stole my l'il 'un.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

He swings yet again. And again. More squishy noises.

162 INT. LIVING ROOM

162

Erin dances, her bare belly inches from Dilbeck's mouth.

DILBECK

Before we make love, I wish to
shave you.

ERIN

I don't need a shave.

DILBECK

I meant a sexual...

ERIN

I know what you meant.
(looks off)
Oh my God...

ANGLE--DOOR

Darrell enters. There's blood all over his golf club arm.

DARRELL

Evening, partygoers.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Surprised...disappointed.

CUT TO

163 INT. EAGER BEAVER/STAGE

163

Tiffany is dancing on the main stage.

*

ANGLE--CLUB

Garcia rushes in, heads toward the dressing room.

164 DRESSING ROOM

164

Garcia bursts in, looks around, goes up to Shad.

GARCIA

Where's Erin?

ANGLE--SHAD

Flustered.

CUT TO

165 EXT PARKING LOT NIGHT

165

Urbana and Monique get in the back of Garcia's car with Angela.

ANGELA

Is momma okay?

GARCIA

She's fine. We're just going to go pick her up.

MONIQUE

We'll play car games, have some fun!

SHAD

She's not going to like this. She told me...

GARCIA

I don't care what she told you! How could you let her go there alone?

Now the sound of screaming.

166 ANGLE--FLESH FARM

166

People racing out of the club, including half-naked dancers, who are screaming at the top of their lungs.

167 INT. FLESH FARM

167

Ling, with a broom, is trying to fight the rats off the stage.

168 EXT. PARKING LOT

168

Garcia's car peels out, as patrons and dancers from the Flesh Farm race into the parking lot. Orly steps from the club.

ORLY

Welcome, welcome! Enjoy beautiful girls in a relaxing, rat-free environment!

CUT TO

169 INT. BOAT/ ANGLE--ERIN

169

ERIN

I thought you were in jail.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER

Erin is off the table.

DARRELL

Made my bail.
(to Dilbeck)
You that guy from Wendy's?

Dilbeck rises, with difficulty.

DILBECK

I'm congressman Dilbeck.

DARRELL

Congressman, no shit. Well, I
steal wheelchairs, so we got a
lot in common.
(rubs arm)
Think I just killed a
lyin' weasel.

DILBECK

What?

Darrell goes up to Erin, takes a nickel from his pocket.

DARRELL

Where's the l'il 'un?

ERIN

She's safe and sound.

DILBECK

What do you mean, "killed a lyin'
weasel?"

DARRELL

Here...Nice dance.

He hands her the nickel; she slaps it out of his hand.

DILBECK

Get out and leave us alone! I'm
about to mount this beautiful
woman.

DARRELL

Talking about my wife, baldy.

DILBECK

What?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

169

Erin throws on her dress, grabs her handbag.

*

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169

ANGLE--DILBECK

DILBECK

Wait a minute. Where the hell do
you think you're going?

*

ANGLE--ERIN

ERIN

Actually, I thought we'd all
leave together.
(Erin opens her handbag)

*

ANGLE--DILBECK

Steps forward.

DILBECK

I'm not going anywhere, bitch.
And neither are you..Whoa...

*

*

ANGLE--ERIN

She removes a gun from her handbag, holds it on the two men,
gripping it carefully with both hands.

ERIN

I said we're leaving.

170 ANGLE---MARINA

170

Chico takes out his walkie, pushes the button.

CHICO

Malcolm...Malcolm?

He looks to Nico, cocks his head. The music has stopped.

CHICO

Malcolm?

They start up the gangplank.

171 WIDE-EXT. BOAT

171

Nico and Chico go up to the top deck of the boat, as Dilbeck
and Darrell emerge onto the lower deck, Erin behind them.
Dilbeck has thrown on his shirt, but it's still open.

172 CLOSER ANGLE--ERIN/DILBECK/DARRELL 172

ERIN
(whispering)
Not a word.

DILBECK
No, m'am *

173 EXT. TOP DECK/ANGLE--NICO-CHICO 173

They arrive at the top deck, stop in their tracks...stare down, aghast.

THEIR POV--MALCOLM

He's a bloody mess. But he's alive, barely.

MALCOLM
Help me, you assholes.

ANGLE--NICO/CHICO

CHICO
(looks off)
Hey...

174 MARINA--POV UPPER DECK 174

Erin leads Dilbeck and Darrell toward the stretch Rover.

175 ANGLE---CHICO/NICO 175

They rush to the railing.

CHICO
Hey!

176 ANGLE--MARINA/ UPPER DECK POV 176

Dilbeck looks up.

DILBECK
Help!

177 ANGLE--CHICO/NICO 177

Chico takes out a gun, fires wildly.

178 ANGLE--MARINA 178

Erin herds the two men toward the Rover. Another gun shot. Darrell howls like a dog. He's utterly wrecked.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN
Pierre, we're moving on!

Erin pushes the two men into the car, her gun to Dilbeck's head.

INT. ROVER/REAR SEAT

The unlikely threesome piles in.

MARINA

The Rover pulls away, as Chico comes running down onto the marina and into a Jeep Cherokee.

CLOSER--CHICO/NICO

Chico turns the ignition key. It makes not a sound.

CUT TO

179 CLOSE BATTERY--INT. ROVER

179

The Cherokee's battery is in the front seat of the Rover.
PAN OFF the battery to Pierre. He smiles.

BACK SEAT

Erin sits in the back seat. Dilbeck and Darrell sit facing her, their backs to the driver. Erin holds the gun on them. Darrell is sinking. He holds his arm in pain.

DILBECK
That fracture looks bad. We
should drop him off at a doctor.

*
*

DARRELL
My big sister Rita done up my
arm.

DILBECK
Really. You know, I'm a great
believer in family.

DARRELL
(suddenly morose)
Didn't feel the way I thought it
would, killing a man. Felt
terrible.

ERIN
You fell for the hype, as usual.
Pierre, do you have a pen and
some paper?

(CONTINUED)

Pierre passes a sheet of paper and pen to the back.

ERIN
(cont'd; to Darrell)
I want you to write something...

DARRELL
What?

Dilbeck starts crying.

DILBECK
He was the salt of the earth,
Malcolm.

DARRELL
He come after me with a axe.

ERIN
(hands pen and paper to
Darrell)
I want you to give me custody of
Angela.

DARRELL
(woozy)
No way.

ANGLE--ERIN

She is quietly determined yet full of emotion.

ERIN
Darrell, you're going to jail for
what you did tonight; I will not
have that child placed in a
foster home for one minute.
Please. A simple note. "I,
Darrell Grant..."

DARRELL
I love that l'il un.

ERIN
I know you do. "...give full
custody..."

DARRELL
You do?

ERIN
Yes I do. So do this, for her.
Don't put her at risk anymore.
"...to my wife, Erin Grant."

*
*

*

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (2)

179

DARRELL

(sighs)
Okay...

Darrell starts writing, laboriously. Dilbeck observes.

DILBECK

You write quite poorly. You a
high school graduate?

*

ANGLE--DARRELL

He stops, stares at the sheet of paper, then passes out.

CUT TO

180 EXT. MARINA

180

Garcia's car pulls up. He hops out with Shad.

GARCIA

Everybody stay here.

ANGLE--CAR

They're playing "Geography."

ANGELA

Arkansas.

MONIQUE

Alabama.

ANGELA

Arkansas ends with an 's.' Shad,
is momma on this boat?

SHAD

I think so, baby. Pretty sure.

He gets out of the car, looks nervously around.

181 ANGLE--BOAT--TOP DECK

181

Garcia looks down, feels around, comes up with blood on his
hands. He takes a long exhale of breath, takes out his gun,
starts walking very cautiously.

182 INT. LIVING ROOM/BOAT

182

Garcia enters, very gingerly. It's like a ghost ship. He
looks around, now heads for the bathroom.

183 INT. BATHROOM

183

The door swings open. Garcia turns on the light, stares at the mirror.

REVERSE

Written on the mirror, in lipstick, is "Belle Glade Refinery."

ANGLE--GARCIA

GARCIA
Oh, this girl is nuts.

CUT TO

184 ANGLE--MARINA

184

Garcia is hustling toward his car, Shad at his side.

SHAD
Shit, man, radio for help.

GARCIA
I can't--Belle Glade's out of my territory. Also, what do I tell em, Dilbeck's abducted a woman? They'll either shut off their radios or go help Dilbeck.

SHAD
So we're it? A cop and a bouncer?

GARCIA
Plus two strippers and a kid. We're in great shape here.

CUT TO:

185 EXT. REFINERY NIGHT

185

The Rover comes to a stop outside the Rojo refinery. Dilbeck stumbles out, followed by Erin. Pierre holds the door.

ERIN
Thank you.

DILBECK
My prostate...Doctor says I should urinate whenever possible.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN
Go, relieve yourself over there.
Pierre?

Dilbeck waddles away accompanied by Pierre. Erin looks into the limo.

ANGLE--DARRELL

He's slumped over, the sheet of paper still in his hand.

MASTER

Erin leans in, takes the sheet of paper.

ANGLE---PAPER

"I Darrell Grant, give full..."

That's it.

MASTER

Erin rocks Darrell.

ERIN
Darrell...Darrell. DARRELL!

ANGLE--DARRELL

Out.

ANGLE--ERIN

She takes the piece of paper, starts writing.

ANGLE--PAPER

' I DARREL GRANT, GIVE FULL, UNRESTRICTED CUSTODY OF MY
DAUGHTER ANGELA TO ERIN GRANT."

*
*

MASTER

ERIN
Darrell! Wake up!

Darrell opens an eye.

ERIN
Just sign your name. That's all
you have to do. Now. Before you
get arrested.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL
I wuzza good daddy, right? Same
as you're a good momma?

ERIN
You loved her. You did.

DARRELL
Thas' right.

He signs the sheet and passes out again. Erin reaches into the limo and takes the sheet from his hand.

CLOSE ERIN

Now a hand is wrapped around her neck and a knife is poised at her head. PAN OVER TO DILBECK. He smiles, crazed. *

DILBECK
Teasin's over, honey. *

ANGLE--REFINERY *

Pierre lies on the ground, a bloody rock next to him. *

ANGLE--ERIN/DILBECK *

DILBECK
Time to get serious. *

He strokes her neck with the blade. Erin closes her eyes, moans with pleasure. *

ERIN
Oooh.

DILBECK
(pleasantly surprised) *
You like that, huh. Lotta gals *
do. *

URBANA
Egypt. Ends with T.

MONIQUE
T? Tanya Tucker.

ANGELA
Has to be a country. Not a
country singer.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

Shad looks to Garcia, mops his brow; he's dying with anxiety.

187 INT. REFINERY NIGHT

187

Dilbeck walks Erin into the refinery, knife to her neck. She carries her portable stereo.

ERIN

(inhales)

Can't you still smell that sugar?
I picked this place for you.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

DILBECK
Cause I'm that sweet ol sugar
man, isn't that right.

*
*
*

ERIN
You sure are. Ooh, that knife is
sharp...

DILBECK
Sweet lil freak you are...Ooh,
looka here.

They have arrived at a pile of sugar.

DILBECK
Lie down here, gorgeous. Let's
get ready to rumble.

ERIN
You take off your pants, Davey.
Let's have a look

*

DILBECK
Better put on your blast goggles,
cause it's an overwhelmin' sight.

Davey starts pulling off his pants; she puts the boom box on
the floor, turns it on--Dean croons softly.

ERIN
Don't you love it here? All the
old machinery. Shame they closed
it. Fired all those folks.

(CONTINUED)

DILBECK

That's life, baby. Turns me on,
too, all these pipes, all these
chutes...We're made for each,
darlin.

(his pants are off; he's in
red satin boxers)
Gimme.

Dilbeck goes to kiss her, still wielding the knife. She puts
her hand up. He covers her hand with kisses. *

ERIN

I knew you'd stop trying to bribe
me with presents and money and
just assert your manhood. I knew
it when Jerry was killed and
Shad's lawyer. I said, nobody
takes advantage of Davey.

Dilbeck steps closer to her, knife still in his hand.

DILBECK

Someone tries to blackmail you,
you deal with it--like a man.
The Rojos, me--we're men. Men of
the world. Manly men.

ERIN

(fondles the knife)
Jerry said, "I'm going to shake
down that congressman." I said,
"what are you crazy. A stud like
Davey Dilbeck."

DILBECK

Good riddance to bad rubbish--
bunch of blackmailing scum. I
says to the Rojos, do what you
have to do--Jerry, the other one,
that fat lawyer. Do what you
have to do. That's what power
is, leadership...People either
deal straight with you or they
get run over. Including you. *

ERIN *

What are you talking about, *

"including you." *

DILBECK *

I'm talking about that you're *

nothin but a lyin whore. *

(CONTINUED)

ERIN
Somebody gave you some bad
information.

*
*
*

DILBECK
Take me for a fool.

*
*

Dilbeck grabs Erin and wrestles her to the ground.

*

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: (4)

187

CUT TO *

188 OMIT

188*

189 INT. GARCIA'S CAR.

189

Garcia and Shad look grim. Urbana is singing "Big Rock Candy Mountain" to Angela.

190 INT REFINERY/ ANGLE--BOOM BOX

190*

Plays on. Are two tapes going?

ANGLE--ERIN/DILBECK

Dilbeck holds the knife to her head.

DILBECK

First, I want five thousand dollars worth of pussy and I want it right now.

*

ERIN

You're making a big mistake.

DILBECK

I'll cut your fucking head off. Who do you think you're dealing with, some geek at the Eager Beaver? I'm a goddamn United States Congressman! Lyndon Johnson used to whip out his pecker and say, "look at that. Is that presidential or what?" (puts knife to her eye) Beg for it.

*

*

ERIN

No chance.

(CONTINUED)

DILBECK
I'm a United States Congressman.
Beg for it!

*
*

Lights suddenly go on all over the place. VOICES--"Mr. Congressman!" "There he is!" Dilbeck stares up, squinting.

ANGLE--CEILING FIXTURES

Industrial ceiling fixtures going on.

ANGLE--CATWALK

Camera crews, local tv reporters, minicam and mike-holding newsies of all stripes are standing, running on the catwalk, recording every delicious morsel. AD LIB: "Congressman, the news conference?" "On the future of sugar?" "Why here?" "Who's Erin Grant?"

MASTER-HIGH ANGLE

Talk about a deer caught in the headlights. Dilbeck drops the knife, starts crawling about on his hands and knees.

DILBECK
Yeah...Let me just find my
contact lens!

He looks around the ground for a confused moment. Erin rises.

ERIN
My name is Erin Grant and this
man has just admitted
responsibility for the deaths of
at least two people.

Dilbeck gets up and starts starts running for his life. The press takes off after him, all cameras rolling.

191 EXT. REFINERY/DAWN

191

Dilbeck runs out of the refinery, the camera crews in pursuit.

ANGLE--DILBECK

Running for his life.

ANGLE--REPORTERS

In pursuit like hounds at the hunt.

ANGLE--DILBECK

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

ANGLE--DILBECK

191 CONTINUED:

191

He keeps running. Suddenly he is blindsided and thrown to the ground. He stares upwards, frightened.

DILBECK
Who the hell are you?

DILBECK'S POV

Shad is flanked by Urbana and Monique. From this angle, it's an awe-inspiring sight.

SHAD
Tony Orlando and Dawn, and we've
come to take you to heaven,
motherfucker.

192 ANGLE--POLICE CAR

192

Garcia gets out with Angela. He looks apprehensive. Angela cries out:

ANGELA
Momma!

ANGLE--ERIN

Surrounded by reporters, she spots Angela and breaks away from them. She starts running toward Angela.

ANGLE--ANGELA

She waves, steps forward, a little sleepy.

WIDE--OVERHEAD

Erin running toward Angela..

MASTER

They near other, stumbling over cane; finally they fly into each other's arms.

TIGHTER ANGLE

Erin swings her around, holding her tightly.

CLOSE--ANGELA

She smiles. She knows this is a momentous hug.

ANGELA
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE--ERIN

Words are not possible. She just holds Angela.

ANGLE--GARCIA

He watches from a distance.

ANGLE--ERIN

She holds Angela for dear life, now lifts her head and stares at Garcia. Overwhelmed by the moment, a little cocky at the same time. She smiles.

ANGLE--GARCIA

He smiles, shakes his head at the jeopardy she's escaped.

193 ANGLE--DILBECK/TIME CUT

193

Dilbeck is being led into one squad car, surrounded by reporters; Darrell is led into another. BOOM DOWN to Erin. She has a blanket wrapped around her and stands besides the Rover. Garcia is next to her, holding her tape recorder.

DILBECK (V.O.)

I says to the Rojos, do what you have to do--Jerry, the other one, that Hebe lawyer..."

GARCIA

(shuts it off)
You have any idea how nuts this was?

ERIN

I didn't know any other way to do it... All I kept thinking about was Jerry getting killed cause of me.

GARCIA

He wasn't your responsibility...

ERIN

He was, Al. There's no getting around it. He was.

The rear window rolls down. Angela sticks her head out.

ANGELA

Momma?

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

We're going... Thanks for all
your help.

GARCIA

Likewise...Keep me posted,
whatever you decide to do.

ERIN

(smiles)
Maybe I'll run for Congress.

GARCIA

There'll be a seat open, that's
for sure. Whatever you decide,
I'll put in a good word, tell em
what you did for us here.

ERIN

Even if it was nuts?

GARCIA

You knocked off the Rojos, you
got your kid back--maybe it
wasn't so nuts.

ERIN

See?
(squeezes his arm)
It was very nice to meet a guy
who loves his wife and kid and
isn't out of his mind. Nice to
know it's possible.

GARCIA

I snore and I cheat at Scrabble.
But thanks.

He opens the door for Erin.

GARCIA

Talk to you soon.

ERIN

Yeah. Stay in touch.

INT. ROVER

*

Urbana and Monique are in the back, facing the rear window.
Angela is in the back seat. Shad is driving. A woozy Pierre
sits beside him. Erin gets in.

(CONTINUED)

SHAD
Should never have done this
without me.

ERIN
It won't happen again.

WIDE

The car takes off.

ANGLE--GARCIA

He stares at the car for a moment, turns, heads for his car.

194 INT. ROVER

194

Erin puts her arm around Angela, kisses the top of her head.

ANGELA
I'm tired.

ERIN
Me, too, baby. Let's sleep.

Angela snuggles, for the first time that we have seen, into
Erin's bosom. This bosom is now strictly for her benefit.

PAN UP TO ERIN. At peace. At last.

GO TO BLACK

THE END