

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIND

Written by
Orson Welles

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

O.W.'S VOICE
(on the sound-track)

That's the car...

FADE IN:

A STILL PHOTOGRAPH--
A SPORTS CAR--
HIDEOUSLY TWISTED AND
BROKEN -- GUTTED WITH
FIRE

What was left of it after the accident
... If it was an accident.

ANOTHER PHOTO OF
THE WRECK

The car was meant to be a present.
Before he changed his mind, Hannaford
Was going to give it to the young
Leading actor of his last movie --

John Dale.

A PHOTO OF DALE

Hannaford's supposed to have saved
Him -- at some earlier date -- from
Committing suicide.

Or so the story goes.

ANOTHER PHOTO OF
THE WRECK...
THEN A SERIES OF
FLASH PICTURES MADE
AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

O.W.'S VOICE
(contd.)

Most of Hannaford's admirers are
Certain he did not intend to drive
His car off that bridge

"A corny ending," they say, "J.J.
Hannaford would never be guilty
Of that."

There are other opinions...

A SERIES OF FLASH
PICTURES OF GUESTS
AT THE BIRTHDAY
PARTY ...

He died last summer on his birthday,
July second -- it's much too early
To guess what history will decide
About him ...

This was put together from many
Sources -- from all that footage
Shot by the TV and documentary
Film-makers -- and also the students,
Critics and young directors who
Happened to bring sixteen and eight
Millimeter cameras to his birthday
Party ...

A FLASH PICTURE
OF HANNAFORD

The choice of the material is an
Attempt to sketch a film likeness
Through all those different
Viewfinders ...

A "STILL" FROM
HANNAFORD'S FILM

O.W.'S VOICE

Hannaford's own unfinished motion
Picture is part of the testimony:

"The Other Side Of The Wind" ...

It has been left just as it was
When they screened it -- on the
Last day of his life.

THE FILM BEGINS . . .

NOTE:

JAKE HANNAFORD'S film which runs in counterpoint to this is not here Described.

The first scene (the Turkish Bath Sequence) opens the picture and plays Under the titles.

THE DIRECTOR'S VOICE
Suddenly brings the scene
To an end:

JAKE

Ohh----kay...
Cut!

WE ARE ON THE SOUND STAGE OF A MOVIE STUDIO

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

This is a wrap, Mister Hannaford?

JAKE

Yes, Kid.

FIRST ASSISTANT (PAT)
(full voice in the
background overlapping
the following)

Okay, everybody! Back-lot,
Monday morning, remember --
Nine o'clock.

THE GIRLS put on
dressing gowns, GRIPS
move equipment; everybody
starts out through the
big main doors ...

HIGGAM

(a party guest and author
of books on the cinema)

Mr. Hannaford--

BUT J.J. HANNAFORD is moving off toward the door in the dark rear of the sound stage...

A sun-gun flashes on to reveal a line of DWARVES lined up shoulder to shoulder for inspection. HANNAFORD passes them without comment.

HIGGAM (contd.)

Mister Hannaford ...

Various DOCUMENTARY CAMERA ARE FOLLOWING the regular movie crew out the main doors of the sound stage. Also Journalists and many "STILL" PHOTOGRAPHERS

MATT

(to a SECOND ASSISTANT indicating the whole boiling mass)

Who let them in?

THE ASSISTANT TURNS to MAGGIE, appealing for answer.

MAGGIE

They're the "Close-Up on Hannaford" people. And these --
 (indicating another group)
 Are doing the special for BBC ...

THE FIRST CAMERAMAN

No, ma'am -- CBC ...

SERIES OF FLASHES

PISTER

(Another author)

I'am Pister ... Pister, from the
Film Institutes

A LADY STILL PHOTOGRAPHER:

I'm Independent.

HIGGAM:

I'm Higgam.

MAGGIE:

(to the FIRST ASSISTANT)

Zarah ... It's her fault.

PAT

Well, it's her party.

MAGGIE:

If she hadn't talked Jake into
letting all the media get at him...

EXT: SOUND STAGE

AL:

(to a SECOND ASSISTANT)

There's room -- another big bus --
Put the nudes in with the midgets.

ZIMMER:

Maggie, you can be chaperone --

MATT:

Stop trying to be funny. You
ride with the dummies.

He is looking up at a bus ...
Sixteen seats are occupied by
sixteen gruesomely realistic
dummies -- exact duplicates of
JOHN DALE (the actor who -- up
to now -- has been playing the
leading male role in HANNAFORD'S
FILM)

HIGGAM (O.S.)

He promised me--

ZIMMER (O.S.)

He asked for them.

AL (O.S.)

He thinks they're louzy.

ZIMMER (O.S.)

So why does he want 'em all out
at the ranch?

HIGGAM

(as though this explained
everything):

I'm Higgam.

THE BARON:

Of course you are.

HIGGAM

I'm doing the book on Mister
Hannaford.

THE BARON

(to MAGGIE, with
carefully muted
sarcasm)

And I know somebody, somewhere who
isn't.

JULIE RICH

(entering scene)

Mine is the authorized biography ...

FRESH ANGLE:

THE BARON

(making introductions)

It is certainly one of them, Miss Rich
-- Miss Maggie Fassbinder,
Miss Julliette Rich.

JULIE RICH

Call me Julie --

MAGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, Julie --

REVERSE ANGLE:

MATT (a super stooge in
the Hannaford Mafia)
continues with the
introductions:

MATT

This is Mister Pister -- the first
name is Charles.

PISTER

Er ...

MATT

Isn't it -- ?

MAGGIE

(before PISTER
can agree to this)

And this is Matt Costello,
Mr. Hannaford's personal assistant--

MATT

Yeach, I do all the dirty jobs--

(turning to ZIMMER, the
make-up man)

Which reminds me ...

ZIMMER

You gotta give me hell, so go ahead --
I'm sittin' down for it.

PAT

You're a brave man, Zimmie.

ZIMMER

Brave? I got flat feet.

MUSIC strikes up ...
a small brass band (O.S.)
New Orleans style and
not too good

MATT

Ah, go sit in the bus -- you and
your dummies...

FRESH ANGLE:

HIGGAM

I was promised a place in
Mister Hannaford's car --

PAT

Start running, junior, you just
might catch up with him at the
gate.

HIGGAM rushes off-
scene

MAGGIE

Right Zimmie: you can all be
brave together at the ranch.

FRESH ANGLE:

MATT

Where's the Baron?

THE BARON
(sardonically)

Here, sir.

MATT

What'd you do with Max David?

THE BARON

Billy's taking care of him.

MATT

Billy? What's he know about
the story--?

THE BARON

(sketching a
shrug)

According to Jake it doesn't
matter-- He's more Max's style...

MATT

They're in the projection room--?

THE BARON

I think he's right--

MATT

Jake? Of course, he's right--

THE BARON

Isn't he always--? ... Do I get to
ride with the nudes?

MATT

You go with the midgets.

THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM

MAX DAVID, the latest (and who knows?, maybe the last)
big chief of one of the last of the big movie companies,
stands in front of the blank screen, looking impatiently at
his watch ...

BILLY BOYLE (a super-stooge in the HANNAFORD MAFIA)
hurries up to him.

BILLY

Hi, Max -- remember me, I'm
Billy Boyle.

MAX DAVID

Oh, yes, hi. Billy, where's your
boss?

BILLY

(gamely trying to hide
his distress)

Jake... Maybe we'd better not wait
for him...

MAX DAVID

He's still on the set?

BILLY

I don't know where he is, Max --
just at the moment...

CUT TO: (handwritten note -
"Continues page 22 goes here")

INT. A WAITING BUS (ON THE STUDIO LOT)

AL

(to Julie Rich)

... Over budget? A picture's
a success -- who remembers what
it cost?

REVERSE ANGLE:

MATT
(climbing into the bus)

Zimmer... I got to give you
a message.

ZIMMER
(after a beat)

From Jake? I got that message.
Everybody heard.

MATT
Not this message.

Pause... Not a move,
not a blink from MATT.

ZIMMER
I'm fired. That's the message.

MATT'S continued
immobility supplies
the answer

INTERCUT WITH:

JULIE RICH and her own camera
and sound men. Also a couple of
lesser fish in the world of
European journalism.

ZIMMER (contd.)
So what am I doing going to his
party?

MATT

You're invited.

ZIMMER

... With all these stupid dummies -- !

MATT

They're invited.

ZIMMER

Jokes...

MAGGIE

You know how he is sometimes.

ZIMMER

I know how he's getting...

JULIE RICH pricks up her ears at this, and signals to her cameraman. MATT catches her at it.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The bus rolling on along the freeway... Aboard there is yet another DOCUMENTARY CAMERA CREW, but most of the passengers are ZIMMER'S SUPERNUMERARY DUMMIES. One of these last is propped up in a seat beside ZIMMER himself. Matt, PAT and MAGGIE are nearby... AL is with MISS RICH.

INTERCUT: ANOTHER BUS

A much livelier scene including
the midgets and the girls (the
nudes from the steambath)

MATT

So here you are in Hollywood,
Julie... I bet life was never
like this in -- what was that
little hick town you were born
in -- ? Dijon, France --

JULIE RICH
(very cool)

Oh...?

MATT

Yeah, I just remembered. You
aren't French, though -- you're
Polak extraction.

JULIE RICH
(coldly)

You seem to know quite a lot about
me, Mr. Kelly.

MATT
(giving her the old
smile)

Call me Matt.

ZIMMER
(in a tone of weary
bitterness)

Old Matt -- he knows just about
everybody. He's on that Committee --

MATT

Pipe down, Zimmie.

ZIMMER

The one that decides if you're American.

JULIE RICH

I'm not American...

ZIMMER

Maybe you didn't know these people are still in business.

MATT

(a whiff of quiet menace)

We're in business, Zimmie.

JULIE RICH

Mr. Hannaford's investigated me?

AL

Well, not Jake exactly...

MATT

(the phone to his ear)

No -- he isn't on our Committee --

The bus starts with a jerk, shaking everybody --

AL

We gotta be a little careful,
don't we?

MATT

(to Mlle. RICH)

That's all right, Julie...
You don't have to worry.
You're clean.

THE STUDIO PROJECITON ROOM

BILLY

... No editing, really -- just the
slates cut off...

MAX DAVID

So what am I going to see --
everything he's shot up to now?

BILLY

The first couple reels, Max. The
rest's already out at the ranch...
Zarah's giving him this party, and
she invited all these movie freaks...

Bleak, blank silence from
MAX DAVID.

We'll see the rest of us the stuff
when we get there...

He waits again for
some sort of reaction,
and once again gets
nothing.

BILLY (cont) (contd.)

Zarah's expecting you, Max...

So is Jake --

MAX DAVID

I was expecting him here.

CUT TO:

JAKE'S CAR (RACING THROUGH THE STREETS)

Jammed into the back are the two cinema historians
And biographers, HIGGAM and PISTER, also a DOCUMENTARY
CREW (sound and camera)... They can see J.J. HANNAFORD
in the driver's mirror; he's wearing sunglasses...
Sitting beside him is his comrade and disciple, the highly
successful young film director BROOKS OTTERLAKE. (OTTER-
LAKE is also a talented and compulsive impressionist.
With JAKE particularly -- with whom he is now, secretly,
more than a bit uneasy -- he tends to jump from one "Voice"
to another.) Another CAMERAMAN IS SQUEEZED next to him.
In the back seat:

A flurry of hushed haggling between HIGGAM and PISTER, and
a perfect frenzy of interviews... PISTER wants to know,
among other things, if MR. HANNAFORD considers that "the
camera is a phallus?"
Maybe JAKE doesn't hear...

JAKE

Brooksie --

OTTERLAKE

Right here at your side, Skipper.

JAKE

Know what I want for my birthday?

OTTERLAKE

(indicating the
cineastes in the back)

Not this, I bet --

JAKE

I want a drink.

THE SOUND MAN

Mr. Hannaford... Do you mind
driving a little slower?

FRESH ANGLE: THE SOUND MAN

Sprawled dangerously on the back
of the car, clutching his
microphone.

THE SOUND MAN (contd.)

I'm afraid I'll fall off...

CUT TO:

THEN BACK TO:

THE BUS WITH THE DUMMIES

MAGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Aw, come on, Zimmie. Jake's fine.
He's just like he always
was.

ZIMMER

(I'm a make-up man)... an expert.
All my life I've been sticking my nose
into other people's wrinkles. I know
the little signs.

(after a beat)

It's something you could almost...
smell.

That's what the gypsies say.

MAGGIE

(dismissing foolishness)

Gypsies...

ZIMMER

Nine months we practically lived
with them... Jake's first picture
in Spain.

A flamenco guitar is
strumming... but gloom
hangs heavy over the
group of HANNAFORD
executives seated among
the dummies...

REVERSE ANGLE:

AL

(to JULIE RICH)

"Matador" -- remember that one?

JULIE RICH

The new one's what I care about --

AL

"The Other Side Of The Wind"...

CUT TO:

A MOVIE SCREEN... (IN THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM)

The lights go out...

THE FILM begins...

BILLY, sitting beside MAX DAVID,
is doing his best to act as
interpreter, salesman and
apologist.

BILLY

This is toward to the beginning...
It comes right after what we
were shooting today...

She leaves the steamroom, and
here's this character waiting for
her...

MAX DAVID

Dale something?

BILLY

John Dale, Max...

He's the kid on the motorcycle.
The one in the middle...

Silence...

THE FILM continues...

then CUT TO:

THE BUS

PAT

(defensively)

Aw, he's picked 'em before...

MAGGIE

(after a beat)

Nobody knows that better than
Zimmie... Nobody's been with
him any longer.

ZIMMER

Well, I was never a member of
the old wolf-pack. If you're
Jewish, to get into that club,
you gotta be charming...

MATT

You're charming enough, Zimmie --
(turning back in his
seat)

MATT (contd.)

You're just sore about the dummies.

AL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know how he feels. Zimmie put in a lot of good work for him...

ZIMMER

The bridge for Randy Leigh's nose. I created that nose: the famous profile -- it made him a star.

PAT

Jake made him a star...

MAGGIE

He doesn't need to make stars -- just movies.

ZIMMER sighs...
She reacts to this.

MAGGIE (contd.)

You don't think so?

ZIMMER

(looking at the dummy)

I don't know what I think of this one --

PAT

(under his breath)

Who does?

CU: THE DUMMY HEAD...

CUT TO:

THE FILM (IN THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM)

(shots featuring JOHN DALE)...

MAX DAVID
(after watching in
silence for a
while)

He looks like a girl.

BILLY

They do nowadays, that's how they
want to look -- It's the scene,
Max...

MAX DAVID

Which scene?

BILLY

The scene...

MAX DAVID
(sarcastic, but not
pressing hard)

Oh?... And you old guys are trying
to... 'get with it' -- ?

BILLY can't think
of an answer to this.

Is that what this movie's about?

(then after a beat)

MAX DAVID (contd.)

No?... Well, just what is it about?

BILLY

I'll try to explain, Max -- as we go along...

CUT TO:

JAKE'S CAR

OTTERLAKE

(to HIGGAM and
PISTER

All right, men -- let's get organized... Where shall we start -- where old Dad here ran away to sea? Or way back to the ancestors?

(change of voice--
as a cinema freak)

They were all actors, weren't they, Mr. Hannaford?

(change of voice)

Worse than that -- they were Irishmen.

(his own voice)

Here's the original -- not that it's as good...

He switches on the playback of his miniature tape recorder.

JAKE'S VOICE
(playback)

Most of the old actor-managers were micks. Barret, McCullough, Hannaford, O'Neil... What else was there to be? You carried bricks, got into politics or went on the stage. Old Junius Hannaford was pretty big in High Tragedy before the Civil War. And Junius Junior as befits the second generation, made it into High Society -- a pioneer snob blazing the trail for the Kellys and the Kennedys...

A whirring sound and the tape recorder falls silent...

OTTERLAKE

That's a run-out; but I know the rest. Mr. Hannaford's father went into the movies --

HIGGAM

"Mayfair Max -- "

OTTERLAKE

"Gentleman Jewel Thief" -- right!

Y'see, Skipper -- everybody knows everything.

During this last he changes cartridges in his tape recorder.

He made three of those pictures...

He turns on the playback.

JAKE'S VOICE
(on playback)

... And everybody was happy
till they found him one
Sunday morning in his suite
in the old Hollywood Hotel
hanging from the chadel --

OTTERLAKE has flicked
off the little sound
machine... JAKE
glances at him
sardonically.

Censorship?

OTTERLAKE
(doesn't reply to the
question, but returns, a
bit defensively, to his
former breezy style)

After that you had to go to
work for a living --

(to those in the back seat)

Give the Skipper his hooch, will you --

CUT TO:

THE STUDIO PROJECITON ROOM

THE FILM continues...

BILLY

According to Jake, the box likes him...

MAX DAVID
(an indifferent mumble)

Box?

BILLY

The old magic box. If the camera doesn't like an actor, it just stares...

(another beat)

That's what Jake says.

MAX DAVID

And if the actor doesn't like the old magic director?...

A brief silence.

BILLY
(vaguely)

Yeah...

MAX DAVID

And the girl?
(then, after a beat)

How does the box feel about her?

CUT TO:

THE ACTRESS HERSELF (DRIVING HER OWN CAR)

Like everyone else, on her way to the birthday party...

contd...

She comes to a stop next to
JAKE'S car: they're both
waiting for a traffic light.

OTTERLAKE
(aside to JERRY)

Pocohontas...

(A bit of rather stoogish
laughter greets this from
the back seat)

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

Zarah was gonna invite your
man, too... We put a stop to that,
I reckon --

JAKE
(blankly)

Nobody can find him.

OTTERLAKE turns to look
at him... the lights
change, JAKE guns the
car and it leaps forward
(leaving THE ACTRESS
behind)

CUT TO:

HANNAFORD'S MOVIE (IN THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM)

THE ACTRESS featured in
a scene now showing on
the screen...

MAX DAVID

She's an Indian? -- a red Indian?

BILLY

(with a mirthless
chuckle)

A red, red Indian --

(then rather quickly)

In the story... You'll meet her out
at the party, Max.

MAX DAVID

And the boy -- ?

BILLY can think of nothing
useful to say to this...

MAX DAVID (contd.)

It's true what I hear?

Silence...

HANNAFORD'S MOVIE

Continues...

CUT TO:

JAKE'S CAR

Coming out of a tunnel...

PISTER

(his mike fully erect)

Perhaps you'd care to assess the
trauma of your father's suicide as it
may have been reflected in your films?

PISTER (contd.)

(getting ready to
repeat his question)

Mr. Hannaford --

OTTERLAKE

(briskly changing
voices -- some
celebrated and
ridiculously inap-
propriate character)

Mr. Hannaford began his career as a
prop an in the old cliff-hangers...
Bombs, buzz-saws, pits full of deadly
serpents -- he provided all the
disasters --

PISTER (O.S.)

Mumbles...

HIGGAM (O.S.)

What?... Of course, it was
Hollywood --

JAKE

(half to himself)

Another town of the same name...

OTTERLAKE

(after a brief pause,
prompting him)

Yeah -- ?

JAKE

A cross between a small-time mud-show
and a mining camp... Exhilarating.

Another tiny pause.

OTTERLAKE

(prompting again)

You shared a bungalow with your first
leading man -- I even know his name:
Frank Fryer. How about that? And
I'm the only one that's not doing a
book on you --

PISTER (O.S.)

Oh -- ?

JAKE

You aren't drinking either.

PISTER

I thought you were, Otterlake --

OTTERLAKE

The whiskey's for him, Pister, and
let's have it -- ! ...The book, you
mean -- ? My book on Hannaford is
how I got to Hollywood -- The
publishers' advance...

INTERCUT:

Lots of very busy business
in the back seat as JAKE's
drink is prepared and
passed up to him...

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

Five chapters took the two of us two and a half years... I finally had to begin directing movies myself so I could eat.

JAKE

The rest is history.

PISTER (O.S.)

And now you're too busy?

OTTERLAKE

No, but he is -- And take it from me, fellas, he hates being interviewed. That's what's making this whole thing today so delightful... Zarah's idea --

HIGGAM

(unnecessarily)

Zarah Valeska.

OTTERLAKE

(assuming another famous voice)

She is the one giving the party --

(another voice)

Yes, and she's the one dreamed up this crazy communications orgy, where 'the younger people of the cinema' --

(in his own voice)

-- whatever that means, are let loose on him. Well, happy birthday...

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

I donated a lot of my old tapes --

(into yet another
impression)

Scattered 'em here and there among you
cineastes, just out of kindness. We
can spare him a few questions, I
figure, if the answers come first.

The cineastes in the back
seat are too confused by
this virtuosity to really
take it in.

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

Answers are my department... The
first Hannaford films? -- Silents,
with David Fryer. Action pictures --

(another voice)

Plenty of action. Why, Jake and Dave
used to strip to the waist every
Saturday night, put their two pay
envelopes on the mantelpiece and fight
each other for the pot...

(then, after a
moment, in his own
voice)

Whatever happened to him?

JAKE

Fryers? I don't know, kid.

OTTERLAKE

They come and they go.

JAKE

They sure n'hell go.

HIGGAM

John Dale, for instance?

(HIGGAM is trying to push his way into an exclusive club, but not making it, of course.)

TIGHT TWO SHOT: JAKE and OTTERLAKE

JAKE says nothing... goes on driving.

HIGGAM'S VOICE (O.S.)
(he doesn't know when to stop)

The latest of all those actors you've discovered...

JAKE
(after a moment, to OTTERLAKE rather than HIGGAM -- almost to himself)

Discovered?... Like you went pearling for 'em and squeezed your movie star out of an oyster...

A title is flashed on the screen.

"SCENE MISSING"

The screen is in --

THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM

MAX DAVID

Just how much is missing?

BILLY

Not too much, really --

To BILLY'S relief the title is now replaced on the screen by --

HANNAFORD'S FILM...

MAX DAVID'S VOICE

What happens here?

BILLY'S VOICE
(unhappily)

I'm not really sure, Max. Maybe it's here she leaves the bomb...

MAX DAVID'S VOICE

What's the bomb for?

BILLY'S VOICE
(with a short nervous laugh)

Jesus, I don't know...

Another title:

"SCENE MISSING"

BILLY'S VOICE (contd.)

Maybe he's changing his mind, and
there won't be any...

CUT TO:

THE ROAD

A rough looking character
roars past JAKE'S car on
a motorcycle, then slows,
signalling...

THE ROUGH CHARACTER

That cop back there -- he's waving
at ya...

JAKE

Wave back Brooksie.

THE ROUGH CHARACTER

You guys are overloaded --

OTTERLAKE

Thanks, Jack.

THE ROUGH CHARACTER

Somebody'll have to go --

OTTERLAKE

Can he go with you, Jack?

THE ROUGH CHARACTER

I don't have the insurance... See ya
at the party --

He roars away up the road...

JAKE

Do I have the pleasure?

OTTERLAKE

He knows you, all right --

CAMERAMAN

(the one in front)

Pretty good director --

OTTERLAKE

He thinks he is you.

(then, with a quick
grin)

But don't we all?

Meanwhile, PISTER is about
to be tossed out on his ear.

It seems that the law won't
allow the SOUNDMAN to ride
on the trunk of the car, so
room has to be made for him
on a seat. As things work
out, it's not HIGGAM but
PISTER who is ejected, tape
recorded and all...

INTERCUT: REVERSE ANGLE

OTTERLAKE (contd.)
(speaking the name with
distaste)

Simon. Jack Simon

JAKE
(starting the car)

Yeah?

OTTERLAKE

A brand new bottling work has been
opened at Mac Factor's just to keep
the boy supplied with blood.

As the car drives away,
PISTER is left with his
tape recorder all forlorn
on the roadside.

CUT TO:

THE FILM (STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM)

MAX DAVID

If he didn't just walk off the set --
if he quit the picture -- How'll you
finish it?

BILLY

He'll come back...

MAX DAVID

What if he doesn't?

BILLY

Well... Jake's got a whole lot of ideas --

MAX DAVID

Such as?

BILLY

(struggling to find something to say)

There isn't too much I can tell you, Max. You know how much of the picture he just carried in his head...

HANNAFORD'S FILM

continues...

Then --

A MONSTER AIRPLANE

it screams by overhead...

We are in:

JAKE'S CAR (NEAR AN AIRPORT AND A TRAIN TRACK)

An hysterical little episode in which another car in the birthday party procession catches up with JAKE'S. A SEXY GIRL INTERVIEWER is forcibly added to his passenger list and now it's HIGGAM who is ejected, tape recorder and all.

CUT TO:

THE FILM (IN THE PROJECTION ROOM)

MAX DAVID
(irritably)

...So what are the toys about?

BILLY
(increasingly on the
defensive)

Well... before this, she'll be
pretending to look in the window at
'em -- That is, when we get around to
shooting it -- But really she was just
making sure nobody's following her.

MAX DAVID

The boy's been following her -- she's
got to know that.

BILLY
(starting to drown
slightly)

Others, beside him... like the FBI or
something.

MAX DAVID

She's some kind of crook?

BILLY

Some kinda radical, Max

(interrupting himself
speaking quickly)

BILLY (contd.)

Anyway, there's some shops there, and the boy thinks she's been looking at this doll...

MAX DAVID
(flatly)

Which doll -- ?

BILLY
(after a short silence)

The one he thinks she was looking at. So... he goes in and buys it for her...

(he offers this last as though it explained everything)

MAX DAVID sighs quietly,
but makes no comment.

CUT TO:

THE BUS

It stops as PISTER signals to it... He climbs aboard.

MATT
(to PISTER)

Having fun, Mr. Pister?

PISTER

The people in that last car were kind of awful.

MATT

Mr. Hannaford's car?

PISTER

They threw me out. And then I was
picked up by a lot of video-freaks --
But they ran out of gas, or needed to
fix something...

As he takes a seat in what
might be called the executive
section, the bus starts up
again...

MATT

(well along with his
drinking)

Hippies...

(he pats the top of the
dummy's head)

That's what junior here is all about.

PISTER

(looking closely at the
dummy)

John Dale...?

ZIMMER

(to MATT)

The hair... that doesn't make him a
hippie. Kids today --

MATT

(cutting him off)

Yeah?... What do you know about it?

ZIMMER

What does Jake know -- at his age?

MAGGIE

He'd better know.

PISTER

I've got some material on that...

PISTER fiddles with his
tape recorder.

ZIMMER

(dropping his voice)

The way I heard it, he's putting up
his own money --

MAGGIE

(cutting him off with
the answer)

The banks wanted a name.

ZIMMER

(indicating the dummy)

And Jake wanted him...

They all stare at the
dummy.

A baby.

MAGGIE

The world's full of 'em, Zimmie, or
haven't you noticed?

CUT TO:

THE STUDIO PROJECITON ROOM

HANNAFORD'S FILM continues
on the screen...

MAX DAVID finally breaks
the silence:

MAX DAVID
(a hint of weariness)

What's in the package?

BILLY clears his throat
nervously.

BILLY

The package... Y'mean what she's got
in her bag?

MAX DAVID

It's either a bomb on her lunch --
huh?

BILLY

The kid's package --

(quick change of tone)

You saw it already, that's the doll...

Once again the title
appears on the screen:

SCENE MISSING

MAX DAVID
(carefully patient)

Just tell me this, Jimmy --

BILLY

Billy --

MAX DAVID

There going to be film where it shows there's a doll in this package?

BILLY

That's easy, Max -- just an insert...

MAX DAVID

And the bomb?

BILLY

Yes, Max?

MAX DAVID

If it was left in the building, when does it blow up?

BILLY

The bomb is... Well, we don't actually know...

MAX DAVID

(cutting in)

What do we know?

BILLY

(at the end of his
tether)

Better ask Jake.

MAX DAVID

I'd better read a script.

(another brief
silence)

You haven't got one? --

(this next is not a
question)

Jake is just making it up as he goes
along.

BILLY

(weakly)

He's done it before...

CUT TO:

THE BUS

MAGGIE

Look what he did with the other:
Glen Garvey... Courtney Saxon --

PAT

Courtney? He was selling vacuum
cleaners when Jake discovered him.

ZIMMER

(disregarding this
last)

And as for Hannaford himself --

MAGGIE

(quickly)

What about him?

PAT

Branch Sutter -- he was a dish-
washer...

ZIMMER

(staring at the dummy)

Could be that he's wrong this time...

MATT

Who says so?

MAGGIE

(turning to look out the
window)

Zimmer. He's got this sensitive
nose.

ZIMMER

That's all right, Maggie; never mind
the smell -- Everything stinks a
little.

MAGGIE

You're telling mother.

JAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

... When I'm done with an actor --
I'm done. He's as dead as cold
mutton...

CUT TO:

C.U. THE ACTRESS (DRIVING HER CAR)

LUCAS listening to the playback
on his tape recorder...

JAKE'S VOICE

It's like the end of a love affair --

All you want is out...

JAKE is speaking to his
young friend OTTERLAKE
but this is being
photographed and recorded
in triplicate.

CAMERAMAN

Well, that's what he got.

JAKE'S VOICE

For the director, you know -- it's
a kind of...phony honeymoon. You're
the groom: You gotta make a fair job
of romancing the poor cows.

CUT TO:

THE BUS

Suddenly PISTER'S tape
recorder comes shrilly
to life:

[HAND WRITTEN NOTE:
"INCOMPLETE"]

MATT'S VOICE
(playback)

Speak for yourself, Skipper --

AL
(on camera)

That's you Matt --

JAKE'S VOICE

We know 'em, uncle -- we have to...

PISTER

That's Mr. Hannaford --

THE OTHERS

Shhh -- !

JAKE'S VOICE

We gotta know about everybody -- The creeps and freaks aren't as much fun as the real gypsies, but something sets our teeth on edge, we do the chic and manly thing, Matthew -- We don't sulk and turn away. No. We bend over and take a good hard sniff.

MATT'S VOICE

You don't have to bend over to smell a hippie. He's like a polecat; he meets you more than half way.

MATT laughs in appreciation of his own recorded remark.

MATT
(on camera)

Like the gypsies, huh, Zimmie?

PISTER

Gypsies?...

PISTER is searching in
his files, looking up
'G' for 'gypsy'...

MATT

It's what the gypsies can smell --
right, Zimmie? ["YES"]

ZIMMER

(an irritated mumble)

Death... anybody could smell it...

MATT

Aw, put a can on it --

ZIMMER

He's turning sour, Matt... He's
going bad.

LUCAS' VOICE

... Dream projections of Hannaford
himself?

CUT TO:

THE ACTRESS (IN HERICAR)

Driving very fast, concentrating on
the job. TRUMAN LOCKWOOD is sitting

THE ACTRESS (IN HER CAR)

Beside her with his camera.
In the back are CICCIO TUCCI,
a cameraman from Rome, and
LUCAS RENARD.

LUCAS

Man, they're real -- He made 'em
real; gave 'em existence -- he
moulded the clay --

TRUMAN

Or cut 'em out with a pair of
scissors.

LUCAS

He conceived 'em... Like a god.

THE ACTRESS

(under her breath)

God!

LUCAS

-- a terrible and jealous god...
That's just what he's been for this
new boy of his. John Dale is
Hannaford's personal creation --

(lowering his voice)

There's something else, too... an
even stronger claim...

(with a smile)

Very much in the Hannaford style...

CUT TO:

THE BUS

PISTER has been searching
in his files, looking up
'G' for 'gypsy'...

PISTER

(bringing forth a
sheet of paper)

Here we are -- 'Gypsies' --
Transcribed from my own tapes.
I was there when he said it...

(handing the paper
to Pat)

Here...

PAT

(reading)

'Gypsies -- Hitler got rid of them,
too. But he could have fumigated
the whole world, and there'd still be
the other ones -- the hippies and
beatniks -- the bums... Call 'em
what you want to, they slack and
slouch around on the floor because
they like it down there. Talk about
the return to the womb? What about
the return to the cave?

Junk...

Junk is how you get there... That's
how you dig your way back... Junk for
the cool dreams, kid; and the cool,
dim, anonymous gang-bang... the
mutual jack-off'...

(he laughs)

PAT (contd.)

... That's sure tellin' it like it is!

Now PAT'S VOICE is replaced by JAKE'S issuing tinnily from the speaker of a tape recorder:

JAKE'S VOICE

... Randy Moore, for instance: he was a prop-boy... David Leigh was an extra: Neil Trevor, Branch Sutter...

We see:

A NEW TAPE RECORDER --

Then a wider angle shows us:

THE ACTRESS IN HER CAR

(Where LUCAS is playing this tape)

JAKE'S VOICE

I happened to notice 'em... But Dale I found. Literally. Fished him out of the sea. Now that's what you'd call a discovery... Dale was flapping around like something you bring up in a net...

BILLY'S VOICE
(playback)

You should have thrown him back. He was too small.

LUCAS
(quickly to the others)

Just listen...

MAGGIE'S VOICE
(playback)

You had to go and make him an actor --

JAKE'S VOICE

We did what we could. Kept him on the yacht; signed him on as a deck-hand, made a sailor out of him. Or tried to... Sure I rescued him.

(grimly; after a moment)

I've been rescuing him ever since.

C.U. LUCAS as he turns off the playback.

LUCAS

You get it? He saved the cat's life.

TRUMAN
(turning to THE ACTRESS -- half questioning)

So John Dale's in debt to the old man for that...?

LUCAS
(earnestly)

Can you imagine a relationship more all-consuming? -- between master and slave?

C.U.: THE ACTRESS
She goes on driving and
makes no comment.

CUT TO:

THE STUDIO PROJECTION ROOM

Heavy silence from
MAX DAVID as HANNAFORD'S
FILM continues on the
screen...

BILLY
(plaintively)

Understand, Max -- This isn't even a
rough-cut...

(beginning to betray a
certain desperation)

You're going to have to see the
entire movie --

MAX DAVID

Sure. And Jake's going to have to
shoot it --

A FLASH OF BILLY'S
ANGUISHED FACE

BILLY

Like I told you, Max, an awful lot of
the footage is out at the ranch.
We'll be screening it for you at the
party.

Silence...

["DON'T HAVE"]

MAX DAVID sits, sphinx-like
staring at the empty screen...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER BLANK MOVIE SCREEN

This is at the HANNAFORD RANCH (in a room used for film projection)... No theatre-type seats here, just a mixture of chairs and couches. These are occupied now by a variety of guests...

To celebrate J.J. HANNAFORD'S birthday, ZARAH VALESKA has invited the widest possible range of cineastes and cinema buffs. She has managed to include such men as CHARBOL, GODARD, RHOMER, TRUFFAUT and BURTOLUCCI, as well as some of the brighter young Spaniards and Englishmen. And of course, there are premier figures from the younger Americans: JACK NICHOLSON, DENNIS HOPPER, CASSAVETES, NAZURSKY, HENRY JAGLOM -- the whole spectrum, from video-freaks to ANDY WARHOL.

By no means all of these are already here in this projection room. Many are scattered about the ranch, arguing together or just quietly getting stoned. It's still early...

A GUEST

(one of the
celebrities)

Hey, that's the Baron -- Ask him...

ANOTHER GUEST

(to THE BARON,
who has just
looked in at
the door)

We'd like to see the movie --

THE BARON
(politely)

We've got all night for it...

["DON'T HAVE"]

(as he turns to
go)

Lots of people haven't arrived --

THE DESERT ROAD AND DRIVEWAY LEADING UP TO THE RANCH

["YES"]

Night is falling fast as cars and buses jam into the driveway. Guests of every description are piling out and climbing the picturesque stairway leading up through the great rocks to the ranch-house above...

They are pursued (as is just about everyone this evening) by zoom lenses and "sun guns."

SERIES OF SHOTS: (EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR)

["NO"]

In conversations such as the following, the actual speakers are only occasionally to be found directly on camera. The voices, for much of the time, functioning as a sort of informal chorus.

OSSAWATOMIE DULUTH: (we are picking this up in the middle of another argument):

... we're not innny of us gonna lose innny sleep ovah Hannaford... (NOTE: This is an approximation of OSSIE'S accent. It is given here merely as a sample and will not be repeated.)

DELLA: Look -- I've known everybody --

OSSIE: I don't deny him one single white hair on his chest, lovely --

DELLA: And nobody's in his league --

OSSIE: But as a film-maker --

KLEE: For us, Jake is Scotch whiskey, and red steaks --

TRUMAN: Well, I wouldn't put Hannaford with people like Renoir or Eisenstein. Sorry -- Einstein.

INTERCUT:

THE STAIRWAY BETWEEN THE ROCKS

In the arms of grips, bus-boys, ZIMMER'S whole collection of dummies, emerging from the bus, proceeds grotesquely upwards...

Besides the arrival of students, scholars and other cinema celebrities, the different cameras are recording a mixed bag of "Beautiful People" (among whom OSSIE is a popular figure). These people don't count for much among the film-makers, but they're here -- along with the midgets, the nudes from HANNAFORD'S movie, and a surly tribe of video-freaks).

(These conversations are merely accompaniment:)

SUZIE: Quite a spread...

TRAVIS: The late and next to last Mrs. Hannaford, of course, was loaded.

TONY: You should see the farm out in Kenya --

LIZA: Oh, that's gone now -- And the yacht...

One of the numberless
cameras recording all
of this browses for a
moment over the fierce
shapes of big game heads
decorating some of the
walls.

THE BARON

(looking up at
a tiger's
head)

We got that one the hard way --

OSSIE

The hard way -- ? Standing up in a
hammock?

(change of tone)

Where's the High Priestess?

DELLA

Zarah Valeska? Actually, Fiona's
doing her... in black and white.

JACQUELINE

Priestess of what -- ?

OSSIE

The Clan, honey --

(with heavy
sarcasm)

The wild and woolly old Hannaford
wolf-pack --

(to DELLA)

Black and white?

DELLA

Well, it's her period...

OSSIE

It's certainly his --

DELLA

Fiona's even got old Otto what's-his-name on the camera.

OSSIE

Sounds campy to me.

DELLA

Campy? That early Hannaford style is --

MANNY

(over-lap)

Von Stroheim --

JACQUELINE

(cutting her
off)

Yes, you're thinking of Von Stroheim.

CHARBOL

Von Sternberg...

C.U.: A SLATE BOY

THE SLATE BOY

Zarah Valeska -- Take Two!

He exits with his
slate.

We are confronted with:

THE ROMANTICALLY BEAUTIFUL CLOSE-UP OF ZARAH VALESKA

OTTO, (a nice, tired old
cameraman) has triumphantly
managed the correct, classic
arrangement of lights...

A pause,

We are in:

THE LIBRARY IN THE RANCH

With cool, professional patience, ZARAH
is submitting herself to a filmed inter-
view conducted by the metallic FIONA DE
LALLY (of day-time T.V. Fame), whose
voice, after a short, tense silence,
comes brightly from behind the lights:

FIONA

Zarah, you name has been linked
romantically with quite a few
celebrities...

Her voice trails away
into silence.

ZARAH
(pained but still
polite)

Wasn't it understood that we were
going to talk about love affairs?

FIONA
(to the camera
crew)

Cut!

VOICE (O.S.)

Cut!

ZARAH
(quietly pained)

What you agreed to talk about is
Mister Hannaford --

The cameras have stopped
(but not that of the
DOCUMENTARY MAKER who is
covering this from a
semi-hiding place)

ZARAH'S patience remains
monumental.

ZARAH (contd.)
(a helpful
suggestion)

I can tell you a story...

FIONA

All right, darling... if you want to.

THE SLATE BOY

Zarah Valeska -- take Four!

ZARAH

(starting her
anecdote)

One night...

FIONA

(a hurried whisper)

Call me "Fiona" while you're on
camera, darling: it's so much
warmer... Go on...

ZARAH

This is many years ago in Paris -- a
big, open Bugatti turned and stopped
directly in front of me --

FIONA

(prompting unneces-
sarily, with a dry
toothed smile of
professional
interest)

-- And this was Jake, of course?

ZARAH

(coolly, patiently
helpful)

It's how we first met, you understand
-- in the street. He just thought he
was picking up a whore --

FIONA

Ouch...! Wait a minute --

ZARAH
(in her wide-eyed
way)

Whores are out?

FIONA
(sweetly chiding)

It's a woman's program, dear.

ZARAH

It's a woman's profession.

VOICES are heard calling
from various parts of
the ranch:

"He's coming -- !"

"It's Hannaford -- !"

"Here he is -- !"

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Do we cut?

FIONA
(quietly raging)

What do you think?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Cut!

Pandemonium! A crush of
cameras and cineastes...

THE BIG ROOM IN THE RANCH-HOUSE

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES:

(like most of our incidental
scenes, this plays quickly but
takes much longer to describe.)

At first we catch only glimpses
of JAKE, ringed by blinding circles
of sun-guns and flash-bulbs...

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

One of the friendlier cineastes,
flushed with drink and indignation,
is arguing with some of HANNAFORD'S
attackers:

THE CINEASTE

-- a fascist, for Chrissake? Jake --?

OTTERLAKE

You got the wrong man, fellas; how
about Jack Simon here?

JACK SIMON

You tell us, Brooksie.

OTTERLAKE

(to the others)

It's in his contract -- Every picture
he directs, he gets to shoot all the
animals, personally. With a gun, that
is. They even pay him off in guns --

JACK SIMON

They pay me money, kid.

OTTERLAKE

(fixing SIMON
with a hard
smile)

And they say I imitate him.

JACK SIMON

(with a quiet
menace)

That's your thing, Otterlake. You're
real good at imitations...

A BLONDE

(called MAVIS)

Do Jack Benny --

FRESH ANGLE:

JAKE is changing a big
empty glass for a very
full one. His eyes are
on THE ACTRESS. (She
pays no attention to
him)...

ABE VOGEL. The distin-
guished Hollywood agent,
makes his way through
the milling crowds to
JAKE'S side.

VOGEL

Hi there, Jake -- Happy birthday...

FRESH ANGLE:

ANOTHER CINEASTE

Shall we define our terms?

OTTERLAKE

Shall we not.

JAKE, entering the scene, cheerfully sabotages his own defense:

JAKE

Spades, spics, micks, hunkies, honkies and hebes -- There's a few terms for ya...

(burlesque red-neck)

A fassatist now -- he don't like them people --

JULIE RICH
(behind JAKE)

And what kind of people do you like?

JAKE
(with a benign all-embracing smile)

Nobody.

(turning to VOGEL)

Abie -- ! How nice to see you looking so old.

THE BARON
(to JULIE, diplomatically)

Nobody in the plural...

JULIE RICH

Then who in the particular?

JAKE turns to her with that maddeningly blank look of his -- (like the proud parent of a hopeless brat)...

Silence... then --

CUT TO:

THE BACK TERRACE

High on the great boulders which loom decoratively over the swimming pool, JOEY (a PROP MAN) can be seen arranging the dummies in a long row on the rocks.

He calls down:

JOEY

Okay?

ZIMMER

Fine, Joey.

(he turns to
MAGGIE)

So how do they look?

ZIMMER (contd.)

(after a beat)

Stupid, that's how they look...

CUT TO:

THE VALESKA TV INTERVIEW (IN THE LIBRARY)

FIONA

(coming on strong)

Darling, this marvelous bash you're giving him... As I hear it, your whole idea was to get Hannaford in touch with the new generation...

ZARAH

And vice versa --

FIONA

And that's why so few of your guests are his own age -- ?

ZARAH

Most people of Mister Hannaford's age are too old for him...

CUT TO:

THE SIDE TERRACE

A minority group
of well-established
Hollywood citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN

(winding up a
little
speech)

... Screen Director's Guild waiting around on their tired old asses for the phone to ring. His ass is tired too, but he don't sit on it. Jake gets out and hustles.

SECOND CITIZEN

Sure -- just to keep up all of this...

THIRD CITIZEN (VOGEL)

Who says he's keepin' it up? I hear he's in trouble...

FOURTH CITIZEN

Power...

THIRD CITIZEN

What?

FOURTH CITIZEN

Look at the dictators... Symphony conductors -- look at them. Power -- that's the answer. Y'don't keep goin' just playin' golf. Get a country under you, or a whole orchestra -- that charges up the old batteries...

FOURTH CITIZEN (contd.)

He stops -- catching sight
of JAKE, who has come up
behind them, drink in
hand...

How about it?

JAKE

(a sardonic lifting
of one eyebrow)

Give me an orchestra and we'll see.

JACK SIMON

(who has been
lurking B.G.)

And go on playing the same old piece?

JAKE

(with perfect
serenity)

Nice to see you, kid.

JAKE smiles sweetly at
him...

THE BARON

We do chug along a little, Mr. Simon,
with the times...

JACK SIMON

Which times? -- and who are you?

THE BARON

There never was an artist yet who
didn't work from memory.

JAKE

The Baron is in charge of metaphysics.

VOGEL

(turning on SIMON)

And who got him an invitation?

JAKE

"Confrontation" is the word, Abie.
Take it up with our hostess.

VOGEL

Zarah? She must be nuts.

FRESH ANGLE:

JAKE has just caught sight
of a cute little blonde --
a very young one...

JAKE

Mother seems to think a little young
blood'll be good for us --

FIRST CITIZEN
(lecherously
registering
the young
BLONDE)

She could be right at that!

JAKE

She's always right... Excuse me,
fellas, but I think we got ourselves
a confrontation...

He starts moving in on
his target.

The CITIZENS chuckle
appreciatively as they
sit watching his progress.

FIFTH CITIZEN

He's got another motivation --

FIRST CITIZEN

I'll say --

FIFTH CITIZEN
(soberly)

The one that matters. He's in love --

SECOND CITIZEN

Get off it, he's too old for that --

FOURTH CITIZEN

Some people never are. You'd be surprised at how much mustard's being cut in the old people's home.

SECOND CITIZEN

So who's he in love with -- Zarah?

FIFTH CITIZEN

The movies.

CUT TO:

JULIE RICH'S GROUP

KLEE

(in his solemn
Dutch accent)

I dig... It is not that he not make female stars -- it is just that he did not make them stars --

JULIE RICH

That's my whole thesis --

ROGER

Great thesis, the old man can still score --

JACK SIMON

Who says so -- ?

JULIE RICH

How he scores -- who he scores with...
That, my friends, gets us into some
very interesting country...

THE BLONDE (IN A TIGHT GROUP SHOT)

OSSIE

Hi -- !

THE BARON

Jake -- I think you know Ossawatomie
Duluth...

JAKE lays a hand on
OSSIE'S shoulder.

JAKE

Ill-met by candlelight, proud Titania!

He turns back to the
BLONDE:

Ossie... we like your little friend.

OTTERLAKE

(putting an arm
around her)

Not his, Skipper. She's mine.

JAKE

(disregarding this,
bending his good ear
to her and oozing charm)

What's your name, sweetie?

THE BLONDE

Mavis Henschel.

JULIE RICH'S GROUP

JULIE RICH

... Oh, yes, his partners are female.
Certainly... But which females?

ROGER

You tell us -- albinos with wooden
legs?

JAKE'S GROUP

JAKE

Tomorrow's Sunday, Mavis... you'll be
flying down with us to Mexico.

MAVIS (THE BLONDE)

What for?

JAKE

Piedras Negras.

MAVIS

Who?

OTTERLAKE

Bulls.

MAVIS

Pardon?

OTTERLAKE

Dangerous breed, sweetie.

THE BARON

One of them once killed a friend of
ours --

JAKE

(closing in for the
kill)

Tomorrow we're going to see what
happens to our new boy.

BACK TO:

JULIE RICH AND COMPANY

ROGER

(losing patience)

So the old man has a kink or two --
what of it?

JACQUELINE

(quietly serious)

The old man is a destroyer.

JULIE RICH

What he creates, he has to wreck.
It's a compulsion.

ROGER

It's a theory.

JULIE RICH

I've got names and dates...

The folder she's holding
is, indeed, rather
suggestive of a dossier.
But before we can hear
more of this --

CUT BACK TO:

JAKE'S GROUP

MAVIS

Gee, I don't know... I've got school
on Monday.

JAKE

(grinning at the
others)

I'll write a note to the teacher.

CUT TO:

THE BACK TERRACE (UNDER THE ROCKS)

ZIMMER, his make-up box
at his side, sitting
glumly in front of his
dummies, all arrayed
before him...

ZIMMER

How could I -- ?

MAGGIE

Come on in and have a drink, Zimmie --

ZIMMER

I don't know these people.

Why they's leadin' actors nowadays -- stars even -- I don't know their names.

PAT

(phone still to his ear, he indicates ZIMMER'S dummies)

Y'don't know his name --

ZIMMER

John Dale?

PAT

(with grim satisfaction)

Oscar. That's his real name... In his school days whataya think he was famous for -- ?

ZIMMER

Fornication.

PAT

(with grim satisfaction)

We got us somebody tonight who's gonna tell us all about it --
(into phone)

Yeah?

CUT TO:

FRESH ANGLE:

BERTOLUCCI

(looking up at the
dummies)

Quite impressive, I just say.

(he indicates the
dummies)

ZIMMER

So is Mr. Dale. To look at him you'd
swear he was real.

A DUSKY CORNER SOMEWHERE

MATT

(speaking into
JAKE'S ear, the
full Mafioso)

New information -- about Dale...

JAKE

Well, Uncle Matthew?

MATT

We found out where he comes from --
A big, rich family out in Iowa...

MAGGIE

How do you like those apples? Your
starving orphan went to boarding
school --

MATT

We got one of his teachers. Want to see him?

JAKE

(after a beat)

Sure. Pipe him aboard, Uncle Matthew.

MATT

He's coming out with Billy.

JAKE

Fine. Billy's bringing Max --

MAGGIE

Yeah, when's he joining the party?

(something in MATT'S
eye stops her)

MATT

He isn't.

Silence...

MAGGIE

Any word from Texas?

MATT

I sent a car out to the airport...

Another short
silence...

MAGGIE

Jake -- Can I start the screening?
Half the kids are in there waiting...

JAKE

Think some of them went to expensive
boarding schools? Give 'em three
reels or so, and pass among 'em with
a tin cup.

He smiles sweetly at
them all and moves
away...

CUT TO:

FRESH ANGLE:

OTTERLAKE

The Hannaford Mafia isn't looking
very festive --

JAKE

Yeah... I wish they'd go home...

OTTERLAKE

Trouble?

JAKE

Four days... that's a long time,
Brooksie.

OTTERLAKE

Till what?

FRESH ANGLE:

MAVIS THE BLONDE dances
up to JAKE with another
stiff whiskey. He accepts
it gratefully.

JAKE

Thanks, sweetie... Where's your former
boyfriend?

OTTERLAKE

(moving into scene)

He's here and your going to the
movies --

MAVIS

What?

OTTERLAKE

(firmly)

Just follow the crowd...

He urges her away...
Then turns back to
JAKE.

What's Friday?

JAKE

Friday we close down.

OTTERLAKE

Jesus...

A crowd of guest
passes by on the
way to the screening...

You can't finish the picture in four
days --

JAKE

(raising his glass)

I've been over-schedule before. Let's
drink to that...

OTTERLAKE

How many times have you been broke,
Skipper?

A short, tense pause...

JAKE

At my present age, Brooksie -- just
once.

CUT TO:

THE PROJECTION ROOM AT THE RANCH

Lights dim out, there are
the usual stirrings and
throat-clearings... Then,
on the screen we resume:

HANNAFORD'S FILM

The door to this (part-time) projection room is important: when people open it, their silhouettes move across the screen. THE ACTRESS is the first to make such an entrance and, as she finds herself a place, is the cause of interested attention... Later there's another interruption: the opening door (the square of light blanking out part of the screen -- the crouching and ducking silhouettes as new arrivals sneak heavily into the room). This time it's JULIE RICH with a couple of journalist colleagues. They make a dash for it into the darkest corner of the room. Here, there aren't any chairs, but the view of the screen is unimpeded, so they sit on the floor. ROGER and DENISE KLEE (a film-making partnership) are squatting nearby, their backs to the wall.

Soon others in the room become aware of a low and rather venomous buzzing from the corner.

ROGER
(addressing JULIE
RICH)

Don't try to lay that on us --

KLEE
(total incredulity)

You can say almost anything else
about him --

JULIE RICH

(elaborately
patient, wind-
ing up an
argument)

If -- and I say "if," mind you --
actually going to bed with a boy
is the only definition you'll
accept --

VARIOUS GUESTS

Shhh -- !

CASSIE

Do you mind -- ?

They do, but for the
moment they shut up.

THE FILM continues...

A WINDOW IN THE "PROJECTION ROOM"

OTTERLAKE stands looking
in at the FILM being
projected now for the
guests...

CAMERAMAN

Hey -- put Hannaford there...
There, where you're standing.

OTTERLAKE
(grinning)

Come on, cooperate...

JAKE

What for?

CAMERAMAN

The reflection in the glass -- The
face and the film inside -- a real
Hannaford set-up!

During this OTTERLAKE
has laughingly urged
JAKE into place. Now,
as the camera turns,
he fills in the lull
with a quotation:

OTTERLAKE

"These, your actors, were all spirits-
And are melted into air...
Into thin air..."

JAKE has started a
long pull at his drink
but is interrupted by
the voice of JULIE
RICH:

JULIE RICH

Tatum, Fryer, Leigh...
Branch Sutter... Garvey...

He smiles at her...
Then, after a short
silence:

JAKE

Absent friends.

JULIE RICH

And John Dale... All made by you
... Funny. We don't see one of those
men tonight at your party.

JAKE

Tonight is for the freaks and
snoops, lady -- If you'll excuse us,
please...

OTTERLAKE

Why don't you go in and see the
movie, lady -- like everybody else?

They wait for her to
go... She does.

JAKE

"Thin air..."

OTTERLAKE

"And like the baseless fabric of
this vision, shall dissolve..."

Did you know they had dissolves in
Shakespeare?

(playing it up a
little for the
benefit of the
camera)

Sure he does: he knows everything
in Shakespeare. "The Hannaford
family curse -- "

JAKE

And he knows everything about the
Hannafords; that's my curse...

OTTERLAKE

We all know about old Grandad, Junius
the First -- "The great Irish
tragedian in the tinselled toga -- "

JAKE

The Shakespeare comes from him,
all right.

OTTERLAKE

Handed down, with a few other things -- "Booze and the Bard" -- Right?... As for the booze part of it -- Well, if he hasn't quite made it as a rummy -- nobody can say he hasn't tried!

JAKE

I'm seeing little pink directors at this very minute.

OTTERLAKE

But Junius -- Ah, "there was a most distinguished souse"... Another line of yours.

JAKE

That's what's so nice about Brooksie -- I don't have to repeat myself, he does it for me...

OTTERLAKE

(continuing to
quote)

" -- A noble Roman shanty Irishman; Sure, even when he cut his wrists and killed himself..."

(looking around)

We've lost our camera, haven't we?

JAKE

You're losing me.

OTTERLAKE

"Like Seneca, old Junius bled to death in a bathtub -- one of the few times he ever sat in one. But Junius Junior -- " (that's your daddy) "He even made it into High Society -- a pioneer among the micks, blazing the trail for the Kellys and the Kennedys... Piss-elegant. He chose the chandelier..."

JAKE

A human tape recorder.

OTTERLAKE

That's me, Skipper.

Pause...

JAKE

I didn't know you had the chandelier.

OTTERLAKE

I've got everything.

In the old Hollywood Hotel it was...

They found him, one Sunday morning, hanging from it. After which you had to go to work for a living... As a prop man, etcetera...

A pause...

JAKE

Yeah... you got it all.

OTTERLAKE

I'm the Authority.

(Is there -- behind the complacency of that statement -- an overtone of old affection still remaining? If so, it rings a little false in JAKE'S ears... Somehow his young friend has staked out a claim of ownership)...

He looks at him with something very cold in his eyes... OTTERLAKE smiles back at him with proprietary approval...

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

So... what do we do next?

JAKE

We never know, do we?

A pause...

JAKE is in a sort of reverie... This has commenced earlier and comes from thoughts far removed from family anecdotes...

JAKE (contd.)

We're feeling fine -- it's early morning --

OTTERLAKE

Not quite yet.

JAKE

This is a flash-back...

You just happen to notice somebody trying to drown himself. Some young pink nobody ever heard of. And how's this? After you dry him out, you try to get him interested in staying dry...

Hell, you can recite that story backwards. And it's lousy -- I can't get him interested in anything. Everything's a drag, man -- Be a movie actor? That just bores him to death... He doesn't die, though; no, he's cured of that. He merely kicks me rather sharply in the groin and walks away...

He raises his glass as though offering a toast.

Speaking of suicides.

OTTERLAKE

Come on, Skipper -- let's go to the movies...

They start away together.

CUT TO:

THE BIG ROOM

One group (among all the groups) clustered around LUCAS, or some other CINEASTE... He's holding up his pocket tape recorder.

INTERCUT: MIXED REACTIONS
FROM OTHER CINEASTES

Listening to the recorded voices.

AN EARNEST VOICE
(on the playback)

... Reflection of your attitude -- right, Mr. Hannaford? God isn't dead -- ?

JAKE'S VOICE
(playback)

Well, kid -- He's certainly Jewish.

FRESH ANGLE:

VOGEL

What's that about?

OTTERLAKE

One of my tapes. I've donated them to the cause.

VOGEL

Tapes -- from that book you're doing?

OTTERLAKE

From the book we're not doing... I'm the little corner store, Abe, that has to give way to the supermarket.

VOGEL

You're the only big director who ever tried to write about him.

OTTERLAKE

I had to stop trying.

VOGEL

But you two are friends... Close friends --

JULIE RICH

(lurking at OTTER-
LAKE'S shoulder)

That's what interests me: just how close you are...

AL

Abe, this is Juliette Rich, the distinguished critic. Abe Vogel, the dean of Hollywood agents... Miss Rich is doing a "study in depth" -- and she's so far down she's got the bends.

(turning to the
CINEASTE WITH THE
TAPE RECORDER)

What happened to the tape?

THE CINEASTE

I'm changing it.

OTTERLAKE

Don't bother. I know all the material
... Religion? Here it is, The Gospel
According to Jake: "God the Gather is
an old Jew invented by a lot of other
old Jews in a hopeless attempt to put
down the Jewish Mother."

Laughter... OTTERLAKE
grins and continues:

He says that's what it's all about --
the whole new scene... Even his
movie --

JULIE RICH
(cutting in
sharply)

How's that again -- ? His mov --

OTTERLAKE
(cutting her off
in turn, very
quickly)

The kids -- they're all turned on to
Her...

VOGEL

The Jewish mother?

OTTERLAKE

(Louis Armstrong
or Flip Wilson)

God? -- She sure is a mother -- !

More laughter...

JULIE RICH
(unsmilingly)

You said about his mov --

JAKE
(now it's his turn
to cut her off)

We don't talk about the movie.

Total silence follows
that...

The crowd is startled
by his sudden appearance,
and also (JAKE himself
feels) a bit dashed by
the abruptness of his
tone... He smiles his
most benevolent and
priestly smile.

Try the Baron here... Under torture
he might squeal a little. He writes
the scripts --

THE BARON

So Mr. Hannaford likes to say --

JULIE RICH
(to THE BARON)

Then this is your idea-- ?

THE BARON
(amiably blank)

What idea?

JULIE RICH
(losing her cool
a little, she
has a hunch
they're putting
her on)

Don't pretend to be stupid. You're
the brainy one in this famous club
of yours -- or "Clan: or whatever you
call it --

THE BARON

It's a highly informal organization.

JULIE RICH

That tape we were hearing -- the
subject was God... Is He a member?

JAKE

She.

This stops her dead
in her tracks...

OTTERLAKE

You heard the man, lady.

JULIE RICH

I heard you imitating him.

JAKE

He does other people better.

OTTERLAKE

(as Jack Benny)

Well -- It came to Our Prophet in a blinding flash of light, that Old Mister White Whiskers has shot his last thunderbolt, so... we're back where we started --

(his own voice)

-- Back to Mamma.

(playing to the gallery)

His words, mark you -- The Last of The Male Chauvinists --

JACK SIMON

(a sneer out of the shadows)

I like him as Hannaford. That's his beat. You'd swear he is Hannaford.

OTTERLAKE

(with an icy smile)

That's real nice, Jack -- coming from you.

JAKE intervenes,
 patching up a nasty
 little moment between
 the two young directors.

JAKE

We're all ruled by the wind, aren't
 we, lady? So if the Lord is a lady,
 and God's will is Her will -- then we
 can relax, can't we? And stop
 expecting the universe to be logical.

OTTERLAKE

Thus spaketh Jake.

Laughter and some
 applause...

JULIE RICH is slightly
 dazed by all this glib
 recitation, but she makes
 a quick, if slightly
 lopsided recovery.

JULIE RICH
 (indicating
 OTTERLAKE)

And how does your disciple feel about
 the new film --

JAKE
 (cutting this
 subject off again)

He's the apostle, lady.

(JAKE, of course, is putting her on; and OTTERLAKE plays up to it -- drawing, as usual, on his powers of memory and mimicry)

OTTERLAKE

Sure, just like St. Paul...

(aside to JAKE)

I know the lyrics for that one, too.

(in JAKE'S voice)

Paul was a big man, y'know. He put it all together, packaged it --

(in his own voice)

Sounds like a producer.

(as JAKE again)

Well, kid, he got the final cut. Jesus was dead -- the subject was in public domain when old Paul dreamed up Christianity, and stuck then "anity" into Christ --

JAKE

As long as I'm still twitching, Brooksie -- you ain't gonna stick it into me.

JULIE RICH does not fail to catch the veiled aggression in this last...

(During this last MAVIS,
OTTERLAKE'S young blonde
has tripped into scene
bearing a stiff drink
for JAKE)

JULIE RICH
(to JAKE)

Isn't that just what he's doing? ...
Otterlake's new picture is breaking
the house record at the Music Hall,
and when his own production company
goes public, they say he'll walk
away with forty million dollars...

OTTERLAKE

And you'll say I stole it all from
Mr. Hannaford... I'll never walk
away from that.

JULIE RICH
(sibylline)

Yes... you two have to stick together.

OTTERLAKE glances
quickly at JAKE...
who is smiling at
JULIE with an air
of perfect benevolence...

JAKE

Please don't tell us what you mean
by that.

JACK SIMON
(with a leer)

Whatever it means, you hadn't ought
to be impertinent to an Apostle...

MAVIS
(with some
petulance)

Hey, this is a drag -- how did we get
off into religion -- ?

OTTERLAKE

To get away from movies.

(back to JULIE)

The name of the game, lady.

THE BARON
(pouring a
little oil on
the troubled
waters)

We should get away from both. A
mystery should be left in peace.

VOGEL
(a voice from the
outlying suburbs
of this group)

Mystery -- ?

JULIE RICH

Games are only fun till someone loses.

VOGEL

(irritated to find himself so much out of his depth)

What mystery?

OTTERLAKE

(smiling at MAVIS)

I'm a good loser, lady -- a lovely loser.

(to VOGEL)

Movies and friendship... those are mysteries...

(was there just a tiny sting in the last?... Anyway, his tone brightens abruptly)

And religion... The Baron's into that but also I know his material --

(as THE BARON)

"A mystery may reveal, it never explains."

Miss RICH thinks she has a smart answer to that one:

JULIE RICH

Like Mr. Hannaford --

JAKE

(quickly, brightly)

Right, sweetie. Just like me and God.

He started to go,
but turns back for the
curtain line:

If it weren't for the difference of
sex, how could you tell us apart?

CUT TO:

THE FILM

Continues...

And now, another interruption:
There is a low buzz of
interest as JAKE'S shadow is
cast upon the screen...

Drink in hand, he takes a
chair at the side of the
room and sits there watching...

From the SOUND-TRACK he can
hear his own voice (picked up
on the set by his own micro-
phone -- speaking from behind
his own camera) issuing
directions to the actors --
giving quiet but insultingly
obscene commands to the
actor JOHN DALE by way of
guiding the erotic action...

(The sequence is the one on the
rusty wreck of a bed in the
back-lot of the abandoned
movie studio)...

Suddenly a voice is heard in
the projection room itself:

THE VOICE
(hoarsely vulgar)

We oughta be coming soon to
that shot where he walked off
The picture...
huh, Mr. Hannaford?...

No reply to this from
JAKE...

THE VOICE in the
audience persists --

ANOTHER VOICE

Sure; they got it all on film,
y'know,... I was there; Jake went
right on cranking: the whole thing --
where he marches straight out of the
studio bare-assed...

Again, no comment from
JAKE...

And now, as he sits
watching it, we come to
that moment in the action
(THE GIRL'S scissors on
THE BOY'S hair) when JOHN
DALE jumps up off the bed,
strides through the mass of
movie equipment, off the
set and away...

JAKE'S VOICE can be heard
on the SOUND-TRACK (of the
FILM) ordering his camera-
men not to cut...

A wave of half stifled
laughter here in the
projection room accom-
panies this... Then a

(contd.)

slightly embarrassed
silence...

Suddenly the screen
goes blank.

A pause...

JAKE

(quietly)

Let's keep going.

But nothing happens.

In the shadows we can just
make out JAKE as he turns
an inquiring look in the
direction of the projectionist.

Then the door opens...

But this time, no bright
light is thrown on the
screen. All lights, in
fact, have been turned off,
and what enters now through
the door is an immense comic
birthday cake -- a fabrication
of film cans crowned with a
perfect forest of kitchen
candles. "Ohs!" And "ahs!"
(rather campily) from the
crowd... THE BARON is in
charge of ceremonies (the
gag is clearly his)...

Everyone gathers in a circle
around the mass of candles,
They are big kitchen candles,
far too numerous to blow out
in the traditional single
puff.

The buzz and chatter trails
away into silence...

THE BARON

Nobody was sure just how many
candles...

JESSEL

Looks like the Chicago fire.

C.U. ZARAH (INTER-CUT WITH JAKE)

(candle flames between their
faces and the lens)

ZARAH

You should make a wish...

JAKE

(after a beat)

What for?

(Why is that faint shadow
of pain in JAKE'S eyes?)

INTER-CUT: JESSEL'S ATTEMPTED ORATION

A VOICE

(boringly raucous)

Better start blowing -- !

JACK SIMON

Think you can make it, Hannaford?

JAKE has caught JULIE'S
eye...

JAKE

Take a lotta blowing -- I'd say it's
a job for Miss Rich. She'll huff and
she'll puff, and she'll blow the house
down --

JULIE, exchanging looks
with JAKE, takes a puff
at the candles -- none
go out.

Laughter... Everybody
starts blowing...
Finally the last candle
is out.

THE BARON

Okay, let's get back to the film...

A PAUSE...

Nothing happens.

Has something happened
to the machine?

No, it's a black-out --
The whole ranch is in
darkness...

VOICES

"We didn't just blow out the candles,
we blew out a fuse!"..."Too Many
camera lights -- it's the generator --
He's got his own out here..."

OTTERLAKE moves next to
 JAKE as he comes out of
 the projection room...
 AL (ever the eager aspirant
 to full membership in the
 CLUB) closes in from
 another direction.

OTTERLAKE
 (in one of his
 British voices)

By God, Hannaford! This will
 shake the chancelleries of
 Europe!

AL
 (comically portentous)

This is no accident, Otterlake,
 it's sabotage.

The "sun-guns" still work,
 of course. There is much
 flaring and glaring of
 these as JAKE, with MAVIS
 glued to his side, moves
 through the dark, crowded
 rooms... OTTERLAKE and
 AL follow.

OTTERLAKE
 (another voice)

Sabotage, eh? Whom do you
 suspect -- that, er... cineaste?

He indicates JACK SIMON

JAKE

He wouldn't know his cineaste
 from a hole in the ground. No,
 probably a midget with a grudge...

SERIES OF FLASHES (ALL OVER THE DARKENED RANCH)

VOICES

"Y'getting anything?"

"Not with color."

"Black and white, maybe...?"

"Hey! -- Those South Americans -- They got tons of it. And Otto..."

"Black and white? See how much we can borrow -- "

"How much'll you pay?"

"There's a regular price -- "

"Not tonight there won't be -- "

CALB (the handy-man) having confessed his inability to deal with break-down of the ranch's generator, quickly organizes a whole bunch of lamps and lanterns from the stables. Thus, we have been watching (in a SERIES OF DIFFERENT ANGLES) the gradual re-illumination of the party...

JACK SIMON

Saw your film...

OTTERLAKE

You can't see anymore of it tonight.

MAVIS

(looking around for
JAKE who has
suddenly vanished)

Why not?

OTTERLAKE

No lights, no projection, dum dum...

(to SIMON)

Anyway, I didn't make it.

JACK SIMON

You will, kid, you will... Lemme tell ya what I think of it --

FRESH ANGLE:

JACK NICHOLSON

Hey, how about that drive-in -- ?
That last little town you pass on the way out here --

OTTERLAKE

Beautiful. Find one of the stooges somebody they'll listen to --

JACK SIMON

What's wrong with you, kid?

You're the one that's good at imitations --

MAVIS

Do Jack Benny.

OTTERLAKE

(with the same
hard smile as
before)

Get us a drink, sweetie, go on -- two big ones...

MAVIS

How'll I find you?

JACK SIMON

Just look for Hannaford, he glows in the dark. Right, Brooksie?

MAVIS retreats into the shadows...

OTTERLAKE

(to SIMON)

What you imitate is him -- The man himself. Your idea of him: the bullfights and the big game -- the whole macho bit...

JACK SIMON

The truth is, as a macho he ain't all that much. He just likes be with 'em. That chest ain't near as hairy as he'd like you to think. Your guy's a big, pink lobster -- nothing's really tough except the shell.

OTTERLAKE

Now what...? I ask you what's so tough about you -- and you ask me if I wouldn't like to find out; and then we entertain the guests with an old-fashioned Hollywood first fight?

JACK SIMON

If that's how you want it, kid.

OTTERLAKE

Old-fashioned is the word, all right!
Even the way you do Jake -- Maybe he
was like that thurty years ago...

JACK SIMON

I'll give him forty years -- My
Jake'll still lick the shit outta
his.

JAKE has been overhearing
this... Now he steps for-
ward out of the shadows,
pushing JACK SIMON and
(with surprising speed)
rabbit punches him...
SIMON doubles up for a
minute; and at this, BILLY
(with equally surprising
speed) seizes the opportunity
to blackjack him senseless
... Then, with a wicked grin,
he defuses his weapon, which
turns out to be an ashtray
wrapped in a napkin.

BILLY

(putting the ashtray
back on a table)

I wasn't even here.

OTTERLAKE

(to BILLY)

What the hell did you do that for?

JAKE

Putting a little extra zing in the old
lobster's clay Brooksie.

MUSIC strikes up bravely in the darkness.

OTTERLAKE stares at
him...

JAKE (contd.)

We'd do the same for you. We
imitation Hannafords have got to
stick together.

He turns and starts
away...

PAT'S VOICE
(calling)

What happened, Jake?

Dale -- ?

JAKE

What do you think?

CUT TO:

Who knows? Johnny Dale, maybe.
He could have snuck into the
generator with his little
monkey wrench...

BILLY

Jake, I gotta talk to you...

JAKE

Sure, Billy. First take care of
the wounded while I say hello to
Mother.

BILLY

(starting away)

A couple wranglers can take him to the local first aid. We're donating his motorcycle to charity.

He goes...

OTTERLAKE

I hope you aren't proud of that, Skipper.

JAKE

What do you think?

CUT TO:

THE LIBRARY (FOR THE TV INTERVIEW)

Surrounded by OTTO'S skillful arrangement of candles, MISS VALESKA is continuing her ordeal:

FIONA

Okay, Zarah -- ! No romance!

VOICE (O.S.)

We aren't rolling.

FIONA

(after another heavy little silence)

I do wish you could bring yourself to open up on Jake just a little... Professionally at least --

ZARAH

Hello...

HER VIEWPOINT:

JAKE has come up behind
the camera, and has been
watching this last.

JAKE

We don't have much of a part,
do we, Beautiful?

INTERCUT
ZARAH AND JAKE

ZARAH

We made just half of a picture
together.

JAKE

In Austria, and what happened?

ZARAH

Hitler -- that's what happened.

FIONA

He threw you out, Zarah?

JAKE

Miss Valeska threw him out --
Eventually. The rest of us, of
course, were in there behind her,
I was way behind...

AL

But you did liberate the Ritz.

JAKE

Her friend Ernest put in for
that one -- but I was three
bottles ahead of him.

FIONA

(who never gives up)

Pretend he isn't here, darling --
Let's have the truth about him...

ZARAH

(after a beat)

Every man contains within
himself the whole condition of
humanity.

JAKE

Write that down, somebody.

ZARAH

Somebody did.

JAKE

(to FIONA)

She gave me the book.

ZARAH

Mr. Hannaford always enjoys
pretending to be ignorant.

JAKE

And spoilt the present by
telling me who gave it to her.
Mr. Ossawottomie Duluth --

FIONA

(quickly, scenting
smut)

Ossie -- ?

JAKE

The queers adore great women.
They like all women. They're
the only sex that does.

FIONA

Come on -- !

ZARAH

(turning to her)

True: real men never like us.
Men only like men...

JAKE

(turning back to
FIONA as he gets
caught up in his
theme)

And women... keep us away from
each other --

(These two are not so
innocent as to have
forgotten that the
cameras exist, but
by now they honestly
don't care about them.)

ZARAH

Ah... "But if I cut him off," we
ask ourselves, "cut him off from
all his good companions -- what
will be left of him?"

(pause)

"An amputee, perhaps? An emotional
basket case?"

JAKE

You chop away all the same...

A month's silence.

Half a man is better than
none.

He moves away...
A CAMERA following...
The voices of the TV
people retreating as
he leaves them behind:

OTTO'S VOICE
(the Cameraman; after
a beat)

We start again?

FIONA'S VOICE
(murderous)

You haven't been shooting?
What about these other
cameras?

OTTO'S VOICE

They're on their own, of course.

FIONA'S VOICE

Well, who the hell gave them
permission -- ?

JAKE moves to
OTTERLAKE, taking
the drink out of
his hand...

["Broke"]

JAKE

(after a beat)

Who told you I was broke?

OTTERLAKE

Well... Billy said you've lost
the boat --

For a moment there's
a baleful look in JAKE's
eye as he looks up from
his drink.

JAKE

He did, did he...?

How about the roof over my
head, Brooksie, how dos that
grab you?

OTTERLAKE

The ranch -- ?

JAKE

Out in the snow, kid -- over
the hill... and down Dale --
But let's not ever speak of
Master John Dale, shall we?
Ever.

OTTERLAKE

(covering his extreme
discomfort with a
flare of temper)

Dale -- ! That's what really
bugs you, isn't it? With all
your troubles -- Jesus, what's
one lousy leading man?

JAKE

Less than the dust, kid, from my
chariot wheels.

OTTERLAKE

I'll drink to that --

JAKE

(staring into his
glass)

You'll never catch up with me.

OTTERLAKE

That's what I'm told...

JAKE raises his eyes to him... OTTERLAKE may have expected some slight acknowledgement of this delicate compliment, but JAKE's look is curiously withdrawn, and almost sly.

JAKE

Cute... very cute.

MUSIC again... (alternately, Flamenco and New Orleans jazz). It continues throughout the following:

CUT TO:

THE LIBRARY

THE SLATE BOY

Take twenty-three.

He leaps nimbly out of
scene...

MISS VALESKA's candles
still glow enchantingly
between the flowers...
but no MISS VALESKA!

FIONA

She's gone!

OTTO

Sun-gun...!

SCRIPT GIRL

Well... maybe she'll be
back.

OTTO

(deep over-lap)

I wouldn't use a light like
that on Miss Valeska...

FIONA

(under hear breath)

What could a light do to her -- ?
She's had so many face lifts,
she's ready to choke...!

REVERSE ANGLE: ZARAH

In the doorway.

FIONA (O.S.) (contd.)
(appealing to her crew)

All I did was mention the word
"sex"...

ZARAH

There wasn't any.

FIONA
(floundering)

I'm sorry, I...

ZARAH

You meant with Mr. Hannaford, I
suppose.

(making a simple
statement)

There wasn't ever... No sex at all.

Silence...

All the fight is
knocked out of FIONA.

CUT TO:

THE TERRACE

MAGGIE has succeeded in intercepting JAKE and moves him toward a gathering of the Clan.

MAGGIE

Frankl's here -- he just got in from Texas...

BILLY

(entering scene
from another
direction)

I brought that teacher, Jake; I got him waiting at the pool...

JAKE stops in front of HYMIE FRANKL (a long-time, part-time member of the organization).

FRANKL

Lousy, awful trip...

JAKE

(turning to BILLY)

And you -- ?

BILLY

(startled)

Jake! I just told you...

JAKE

(quietly)

That's kept you busy -- just collecting school-teachers?

(BILLY hopes his rueful grin will signal a reminder to JAKE that he's also been occupied with SIMON... But there's no indication that this registers.)

FRANKL
(plaintively)

Hey, can I please get myself something to eat?

JAKE

Didn't they feed you, Joey?

MATT

All they do on airplanes is feed you.

FRANKL

Turbulence...

JAKE
(cheerfully)

You threw up? Give him some candy, Billy.

BILLY
(patiently)

I didn't "collect" the teacher, Jake, he met me at the screening --

JAKE
(quickly, quietly)

With Max -- ?

FRANKL

Look, Jake, those oil guys, they
want no part of us.

JAKE
(after a short
silence, cheerfully)

Neither does Max -- Right, Billy?

THE BARON
(joining the
group)

Max David -- ?

He stops. He knows
the answer...
AL is behind him.

FRANKL

That dirty crook -- who needs him?

MAGGIE

We do...

AL

Max? -- he's so crooked he's got
rubber pockets so he can steal soup.

He looks around -- not
really hoping for a
laugh and certainly,
not getting it...

MATT

Our best chance was that oil money...

BILLY

And Otterlake -- what about him?

OTTERLAKE

Yes, what about me?

They turn to find him
standing nearby...

AL

(a lightning quick
cover-up)

Brooksie! -- we just wondered if you
knew about the drive-in?

BILLY

(chiming in)

Yes, we're screening the rest of
the --

JAKE

(cutting them off)

He's seen the movie --

OTTERLAKE

Not everything.

BILLY

(with his nervous
little laugh)

Well, we don't have everything...

OTTERLAKE

(smoothly)

Leave it to Jake. Pretty soon you'll
have too much.

BILLY

You bet! We've had our troubles
before...

OTTERLAKE

(arranging an
exit)

Get you a drink, Skipper?

JAKE

(acknowledging the
tact)

Thanks, Brooksie.

MAGGIE

(when OTTERLAKE
has left, lower-
ing her voice)

At Max's studio he's the golden-haired
boy, isn't he --

MATT

He's got his own company...

BILLY

Tied in with Max --

MAGGIE

That's what I mean, Billy --

JAKE

(looking at BILLY)

He blew it, Maggie... Must be all that candy he eats.

BILLY

Me -- ?

MATT

(to BILLY)

You were the one with Max -- where is he?

BILLY

Not here, that's where he is -- !

(getting a bit
querulous)

-- And what the hell's the candy got to do with it?

JAKE, lifting another long drink, looks at BILLY with his most sweetly patient, sacerdotal smile...

JAKE

Could be it's softening your brain,
Uncle.

BILLY

It's for the sugar... Since I got
off that stuff...

His eye is on JAKE's
drink... his anger
makes it possible
to screw up his
courage and mention
a very delicate
matter:

And speaking of which...

JAKE (who knows BILLY
is about to be censor-
ious about the liquor)
cuts in swiftly
knocking him off
balance:

JAKE

Wasn't very smart, y'know -- poor-
mouthing like that in front of
Otterlake. Know who he is, Billy?

BILLY

Of course I do -- I've seen his
pictures --

FRANKL

Big hits, both of 'em --

JAKE
(to MATT)

Tell him who he is, Uncle.

MATT

Brooksie's old man owns half the trees in Canada.

JAKE

And y'know what Billy told him? He told him we're in trouble.

BILLY

Well, aren't we?

JAKE turns back to give him another steady, almost pitying look.

JAKE
(very patiently)

When we talk poor to the rich, William, they jump to conclusions. They think we're getting ready for a touch.

MAGGIE
(hushed)

And that's what we're doing?

JAKE

That could have been the general idea -- Till Uncle Billy loused it up on us.

Poor BILLY turns away...

PISTER

(lurching out of
the shadows)

Mr. Hannaford --

PAT

No more questions, junior --

PISTER

As it happens, I did one of the
earliest really positive critical
appraisals --

MAGGIE

Well, horray for you.

PISTER

Well, he's bound to feel some
gratitude --

JAKE

Brooksie Otterlake's a chum...

(gently, friendly
-- but with a
delicate hint of
severity)

We don't hustle our chums for dough,
kid. We're kinda strict about that.

A tiny silence...

PISTER
(dumbfounded)

But, Mr. Hannaford -- !

JAKE

Yes, kid?

PISTER

Excuse me, but... didn't I just hear
you saying --

JAKE
(patting PISTER
gently on the
cheek)

Always remember... that your heart
is God's little garden...

He smiles at him and
ambles off into the
darkness... The others
trailing along after
him or drifting away in
different directions --
Except for MATT who
moves threateningly
up to the flabbergasted
PISTER:

MATT

That tape recorder running -- ?

PISTER

No...

MATT

Good.

PISTER

But there is a camera somewhere...

MATT turns sharply and squints suspiciously into the shadows... Seeing nothing, he gives PISTER another dirty look and leaves...

ZIMMER'S VOICE

Don't let it bother you...

FRESH ANGLE:

PISTER, turning near-sightedly in the direction of the voice, finds ZIMMER standing just behind him...

ZIMMER

Studying a man like Jake Hannaford -- that's an experience. Don't you miss it. Stick with the job.

(dropping his voice to a tone at once confidential and reassuring)

Eat a little shit, Mr. Pister...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PART OF THE TERRACE

Standing, rather uncertainly, in front of JAKE is DOCTOR BURROUGHS. (If he'd been born earlier, DOCTOR BURROUGHS would have been the last man in town to give up spats:)

BILLY

Mr. Hannaford -- Doctor Bradley
Pierce Burroughs --

BURROUGHS

Pease.

JAKE

(with his brightest
smile)

Pease?

BURROUGHS

Bradley Pease Burroughs.

(nervous laugh)

Not that it matters!

(holding out his
hand)

How do you do, sir.

BILLY

The Doc here is a professor of
English Literature in the Framistan
Boarding Academy for Boys --

BURROUGHS

(correcting him)

Clivedale -- that's the name of the
school...

BILLY

He also teaches dramatics.

BURROUGHS

(merrily)

And who do you think was my star pupil? But of course, we knew him then as "Oscar" --

JAKE

Oscar?

BILLY

(with a leer)

Tell about Aunt Daisy -- with the funny hats.

BURROUGHS is becoming increasingly aware of the cameras.

BURROUGHS

I don't know that they were funny...

BILLY

She raised him, you told me -- and ever since the first day he could walk --

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE: ZARAH VALESKA

Standing apart watching the curious little scene at some distance.

ZARAH VALESKA
(to OTTERLAKE)

What's the point of this?

MATT'S VOICE (O.S.)

... Putting on shows. All dressed
up in Auntie's gowns and hats and
dresses --

ANOTHER ANGLE:

MAGGIE AND MATT

MATT
(to MAGGIE)

And the way Dale tells it, he didn't
even want to be an actor...

MAGGIE

Sure; that was supposedly Jake's
idea -- He practically forced him...

BURROUGHS' VOICE (O.S.)

Down there in Acapulco...?

JAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, what was he doing? I mean,
besides getting stoned --

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

BURROUGHS treats JAKE to
a smile compounded of
pity and

C.U. BURROUGHS (CONT'D)

Affection for his old
student and the assurance
that JAKE will be
understanding.

BURROUGHS
(meaningfully)

He made the trip just to see you...

WIDER ANGLE:

JAKE

... And the change of name?

BURROUGHS

For that, I'm afraid, we'll have to
blame Oscar Wilde.

JAKE

Do go on, Doctor.

BURROUGHS

Well -- we had this teacher... It was
one of those unpleasant little
scandals...

CUT TO: REVERSE ANGLES

ZARAH...she turns away.

MAGGIE and OTTERLAKE

JAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

This teacher was a faggot?

BURROUGHS' VOICE (O.S.)

Well...

OTTERLAKE

Does all this matter?

MAGGIE

(thoughtfully)

I think it does to Jake...

CUT TO:

JAKE AND BURROUGHS

BURROUGHS

Mr. Hannaford...

BURROUGHS, increasingly
uneasy about all these
busy camera surrounding
him, coughs and purses
his lips.

The story concerns my school: I'm
in no position to publish abroad a
petty --

JAKE

(over-lap)

Publish and be damned, Doctor. Look
-- they've run out of film -- you can
speak off the record...

This last is accompanied by
a quick glance (almost a
wink!) Into the lens of the
second camera which is
following...

A brief silence --

BURROUGHS is still flushed with the excitement of being the center of all this attention, but by now he's feeling quite nervous about the particular turn this multi-media interview is taking.

BURROUGHS

Dale himself was in no way involved; but among the boys, there was a good deal of morbid conversation, I'm afraid, on unhealthy subjects. As you can imagine -- the name "Oscar"...

JAKE gives him his steady "man to man" look: (A good equivalent to the straight arm on the shoulder).

JAKE

(in a tone of the most perfect warmth and understanding)

What happened to that teacher?

BURROUGHS

We let him go, of course.

JAKE

(still gently, but closing the trap)

Let him go? What about the police?

BURROUGHS
(startled)

The police? The poor man was sick,
Mr. Hannaford.

JAKE

Those young boys -- they weren't sick
when he finished with 'em?

(hardening)

That's a prison offense, isn't it --
How many minors do you have to
corrupt?

BURROUGHS
(shocked)

I hope you're not worried about
Dale...

JAKE

You think I should be?

BURROUGHS

Wouldn't that depend, Mr. Hannaford,
on your own personal interest?

JAKE
(after a very short
beat)

What are you driving at, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS

Why, nothing...

JAKE

(cutting him off)

I'm just his director, not his Aunt Daisy.

BURROUGHS

And I'm just his English teacher!

(a self-conscious
little laugh)

JAKE looks at him for a moment... (He's allowed the scene to get a little out of control; now he's going to get back on top).

JAKE

(with the Hannaford smile)

Right!

BURROUGHS

(pulling himself together)

But certainly, he has every reason to be grateful to you...

(archly)

And I'm sure that some day, when one of his fine performances gets the Academy Award, you'll be grateful to him.

JAKE

(straight into camera)

Notice how careful he is not to refer to it as an "Oscar."

(back to BURROUGHS)

Doctor, would you care for a dip?

BURROUGHS

A dip...? In the pool? What a grand suggestion!

JAKE

(turning away)

A little more hootch should be helpful -- I'll be right with you.

BURROUGHS

Good... Good. And where do I change?

JAKE

(turning back)

Here, Dr. Burroughs, in the sight of God; I won't even peek.

BURROUGHS

(absorbing this)

Yes...I suppose all school teachers are prigs.

JAKE

I suppose so. Prigs and queers.

BURROUGHS
(archly)

Now, now, Mr. Hannaford -- !

JAKE

Now, now, Dr. Burroughs -- !

CU: OTTERLAKE

His reaction to this
curious little charade...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ROOM SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE

C U: ZARAH VALESKA

JAKE'S VOICE

Big birthday surprise, eh, beautiful?

He has just entered
the scene... BILLY
and MAGGIE follow.

pause...

MAGGIE

She doesn't know the latest...

(to ZARAH)

Remember the way they met -- when
Jake pulled Mr. John Dale out of the
water? The famous would-be suicide --

ZARAH

(flatly)

Would-be suicides ought to be treated
like drunks.

BILLY

(breaking in)

Would-be suicide, hell: --

JAKE

I was conned, Mother, it was a fake --

ZARAH

And it turns out that he doesn't
belong to you?

JAKE's smile goes a
little blank.

MAGGIE
(antagonized)

Belong -- ?

ZARAH

The old Chinese business, remember?
You save a life -- you own that life.

JAKE

Finder keepers?

ZARAH

Do you care?

JAKE

Care? We're free for a change, eh,
Uncle Bill...? Now we'll have some
fun.

BILLY smiles gratefully...
MAGGIE is irritated:

MAGGIE
(to ZARAH)

Jake isn't a Chinaman --

JAKE

"Chinese," Maggie -- No, and the kid
wasn't a suicide. He was... an actor.

He makes the last word
sound obscene... ZARAH
can't help but notice
that his eyes are glazed
to avoid scrutiny, he
steps behind a screen
and finishes undressing...

ZARAH
(cutting her off)

We don't own people.

MAGGIE

He wasn't drowning -- he was
auditioning.

ZARAH

Or disown them. That boy didn't run
away from you. He was thrown away.

MAGGIE

And sweet Holy Jesus, what a relief!
Like getting rid of a bad tooth --
Right, Jake?

JAKE

A monkey on my back --

He has stepped out from
behind the screen (dressed
now in a terry-cloth bath-
robe)... ZARAH's look has
stopped him.

That means a drug habit, in case you
didn't know, Mother... Sure --
something you gotta kick. And my foot
was getting sore...

ZARAH

How will you finish it?

JAKE

Finish what? He's all washed up,
Mother --

ZARAH

The picture... Isn't that what
matters?

JAKE

We'll finish it; eh, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Without the kid?

BILLY

We do have that footage of him
bringing the clothes to her...
through all that wind --

MAGGIE

To the girl?

JAKE

(after another beat,
unfocussed)

What about her?

JULIE RICH'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, what about her?

JULIE RICH comes
into scene.

JULIE RICH

We're all... interested.

(another beat)

JAKE

He wasn't.

JULIE RICH

Neither are you... She doesn't
interest you at all. Funny, isn't
it?

MAGGIE

A scream.

Enter THE BARON...

JULIE RICH

I mean, look at the record -- the big
starmaker's never been so big
females --

THE BARON

(holding up a
length of iron
pipe)

Present for you... Not from me --
Zimmer. There's a card.

JAKE

(his back turned,
his eyes on ZARAH)

Zimmie? We oughta have a drink with
Zimmie...

THE BARON

You fired him.

JAKE

I always fire him.

(turning to THE
BARON)

Anyway, on my birthday I give the presents.

THE BARON

It's some kind of gag --

(he sighs)

We know... You make the gags, too.

JAKE

(looking at the pipe)

He tells me where I can stick it?

THE BARON

It's for those plastic John Dales that he made for you.

JULIE RICH

Things would have been different, wouldn't they, if Dale had been her lover -- ?

MATT

(looking in at the
door)

I got an early day, Zarah, it's been a lovely party...

JULIE RICH
(still zooming in on
JAKE)

You couldn't manage that -- It rather
spoils the pattern, doesn't it?

MATT

What's this pattern shit?

JULIE RICH

The big boss can tell you -- he knows
how it goes -- How it's supposed to
go...

MATT

(after a beat)

Well, I'm going home -- What's that
thing?

MAGGIE

(half to herself,
angrily turning
away)

Zimmie's jokes -- !

JAKE

Speaking of presents...

JAKE has been rummaging
in a drawer. He brings
something out and, turning
with it, is halted again by
MATT's voice reading from
ZIMMER's "birthday card":

MATT
(reading)

"Have a go at the dummies, Jake --
they break even more easily than
people."

After a moment's pause,
JAKE turns again and
moves out to --

THE BIG ROOM

INTERCUT: REACTION SHOT
(INCLUDING THE ACTRESS)

JAKE
(making an
announcement)

Gentlemen -- and Ladies...

The clot of cameras
thickens quickly around
him...

We're presenting an award...

To the other half of "The Other Side
Of The Wind"... the better half.

A glint of alcohol in
his eye, he moves toward
THE ACTRESS.

A bone for Pocohontas...

The crowd watches in
uneasy silence (THE
ACTRESS very cool)...

JAKE (contd.)

A little curio we picked up somewhere -- A bit of our own palefaced craftsmanship: an Indian bone... The inscription goes back before all this was movie country. Just after the gold was found. The redskin population dropped pretty quickly then -- ten years and ninety thousand of 'em just... disappeared. Well, in those good old days, our gallant honkey pioneers used to cut themselves some heads off Indian skulls and pickle the ears in whisky for souvenirs --

He pauses for effect.

And on bones, like this one, they liked to write cute little jokes --

(reading the
inscription)

"I am off the reservation at last."

His eyes move to THE
ACTRESS.

And so you are, my dear...

He lays the bone down on
a table next to her quite
gently, and speaks quite
lightly.

We thought you might want to give
this to your leading man -- right up
his ass.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHORT SCENES (IMPROVISED)

Between carious types... including some notable celebrities. All this (like everything else) is recorded by the documentary camera-crew, and also video-freaks)...

As the party continues, the generation gap is underscored by the choice of intoxicants. Guests anywhere near HANNAFORD's age are, of course, mostly on booze... JAKE himself is quietly putting it away in fairly Homeric quantities...

At this stage, he certainly isn't sober.

(THE DWARVES are frankly drunk)...

THE GUN ROOM

A fine array of trophies, a magnificent gun collection and many framed photographs (groups on safari and convivial gatherings aboard the Hannaford yacht). AL is studying one of the pictures. It shows a handsome young man tensely profiled in front of some battered targets and clay pigeons.

AL

Who's the joker with the cigarette?

THE BARON

Miguel -- He was the best of all.

AL

Best of what?

THE BARON

Our bullfighters, right, Jake? We followed him for a while all over Spain.

AL

(to JAKE, who has
just entered with
OTTERLAKE)

That's you, aiming the gun at him in the shooting gallery...

JAKE

Another birthday, kid. And what a party that was -- No movie buffs or bums, no spies or spooks. Just paid-up members of The Club.

AL

(reading the signature on the photo)

Miguel Ortega?

THE BARON

The best.

AL

Didn't he get killed?

JAKE

Yep.

OTTERLAKE

(grinning as he continues to study the photograph)

I hope you weren't responsible for that.

JAKE

I just got that one shot at him, Brooksie, and I missed.

THE BARON

CBut he got the cigarette.

(he starts out
the door)

There was never any braver.

AL

(following THE BARON)

Not in a shooting gallery.

JAKE

No, he didn't look too good in there.

OTTERLAKE

I guess he didn't quite trust you --

(he breaks off,
with a quick
change of tone)

Drop that gun, Skipper.

JAKE has indeed, picked
out a rifle from his gun
collection.

If you're planning to celebrate this
birthday on me just --

JAKE

This is the one that hurts,
Brooksie...

(OTTERLAKE is so good at
dead-panning a gag that we
almost wonder if he does
imagine the old man is
proposing some sort of
lunatic duel?)

JAKE looks up at him,
as the young director
rises abruptly to his
feet.

Silence...

OTTERLAKE

Skipper --

JAKE

(cutting him off)

This is the scene we both hoped that
we'd never get to. And I don't think
it's going to play. Not even for
comedy.

He raises the gun and
sights along it,
pointing out the window
... He pulls the trigger.
It clicks. The gun is
empty. He lowers it,
and turns, faintly
smiling to OTTERLAKE...

A short silence... Then:

OTTERLAKE

How much longer do you need?

JAKE

How much longer have you got?

OTTERLAKE tries to
answer...

JAKE gets up and leans
the gun against the
wall.

JAKE (contd.)

Hey -- remember when you first
appeared on that location of mine
up in Bolivia? What is it -- just
three years ago?

OTTERLAKE
(forcing a
chuckle)

I didn't even have the fare back home,
just a second-hand tape recorder that
I couldn't work --

Silence...

JAKE

A raggedy-ass kid...

Silence...

OTTERLAKE

Skipper...

JAKE

Yeah?

OTTERLAKE

That forty million that was
mentioned...

JAKE

I know, kid; let me finish your line
for you. It's still only a distant
hope...

How's that for dialogue?

He grins at him and moves
into the bathroom.

JAKE'S VOICE
(from the bathroom)

You might just lean a little on Max
David... You do the leaning, he's
gotta give.

OTTERLAKE

I did set up the screening --

JAKE'S VOICE

So you did... He hated every frame --

OTTERLAKE

He was confused...

JAKE'S VOICE

Sure.

OTTERLAKE

He's an idiot, Jake. You know that.
They're all idiots.

JAKE'S VOICE

He's your idiot.

OTTERLAKE

Up to a point.

JAKE'S VOICE

Don't be pompous, kid...

Not that I don't understand. You
made the company all that loot.
Christ knows I didn't.

OTTERLAKE

Don't think I'm not going to put up
a fight about it. I will.

JAKE comes to the door.

JAKE

But you don't want to.

OTTERLAKE

I don't want to have to listen to
Max and the rest of those stupid
sods turning you down...

JAKE looks at him...

We'll find a way... You know that,
don't you?

JAKE

Don't give up the ship, Davey...?

OTTERLAKE

I'm not -- !

JAKE

Didn't I tell you -- ? This scene
will never play...

He starts raising
the gun...

CUT TO:

THE ROW OF DUMMIES ON THE ROCKS

(placed earlier in neat arrangement by ZIMMER)...
The head of one of them is suddenly hit by a bullet and destroyed.

INTERCUT: JAKE AT THE WINDOW

Firing...

THE TERRACE

THE ACTRESS sits alone on one of them. (We are across the pool from the firing lines where the dummies are still getting blown to smithereens by the sportsmen in the window of the gun room.)

HIGGAM enters scene.

HIGGAM
(out of sorts)

I've been looking for you...

She turns to look at him.

HIGGAM (contd.)

Your boss sent me --

C.U.: THE ACTRESS

Not liking that word
"boss"...

HIGGAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm supposed to give you this --

TWO SHOT FAVORING HIGGAM:

Holding out a gun...

THE ACTRESS

Another present?

HIGGAM

How do I know? He just told me that
he thinks you'll know how to use it.

Rising and taking the
gun from him, she looks
dangerous... HIGGAM
beats a hasty retreat.

She then raises the gun,
turning to aim it
directly away from the
row of dummies...

JAKE'S AT THE WINDOW

His eyes are on THE ACTRESS

OTTERLAKE

(from a place of
safety)

Who's she aiming at?

JAKE

(after a beat)

Me.

A shot rings out, and
the lantern nearest to
JAKE shatters to pieces.

OTTERLAKE

Hey -- !

JAKE

(falling into the
hammy style of
their game)

Otterlake -- we never should have
issued firearms to the natives.

Another shot! And
another lantern breaks.
The group is practically
blacked out.

THE ACTRESS

She turns her gun slightly,
taking careful aim --

THE DUMMIES ON THE ROCKS:
Getting their plaster heads
blown off!!

INTERCUT: JAKE, OTTERLAKE AND THE BARON
Each with a gun, firing blithely away...

SERIES OF SHOTS: REACTIONS FROM VARIOUS GUESTS

A QUICK FLASH: DOCTOR BURROUGHS

Mother naked, scuttling frantically out of range
of the flying bullets.

BILLY

She's nuts! She's going to wreck the
whole damn party --

ZARAH VALESKA

Jake's done that already.

CUT TO:

Suddenly --

Out of the blackness, a bolt of bright raspberry colored lightning (!!!) Reveals the Hannaford Ranch, the Western landscape surrounding it, and DR. BURROUGHS, crouched behind cactus, a trembling nude... The scattered dummies on the rocks look like an over-exposed negative of some unthinkable massacre...

The lightning changes color -- luridly, repeatedly, and the night is hideously assaulted with noise.

What has commenced, of course, is a display of fireworks. An important display -- if a bit in spirit... Guests are surprised in various attitudes and positions...

A mighty boom (!!!)
from some larger and
louder firework.

PISTER

What was that?

OTTERLAKE
(as PATTON)

Artillery. The heavy
stuff.

A new -- a really
terrific detonation!!!

The women-folk's all safe in
the stockade?

PISTER
(just beginning
to dig)

One of them's been shooting
at me --

THE ROOF

Tiny figures, like demons
from hell, can be seen on
top of the house scuttling
madly about in the smoke
and flame...

CUT TO:

THE FRONT OF THE RANCH HOUSE

OTTERLAKE
(his Blimp
character)

My God, Hannaford -- there are
lots of them -- little men up
there -- shooting Roman
candles on the roof!

OTTERLAKE (contd.)
(changing voices)

Veteran troops, old boy --
Neo-realistics.

(another voice)

And the grand, old New Wave,
sir. They'll never give up!

QUICK FLASHES:

GUESTS REACTING...
(Spooked or bored, put
off or turned on --
according to age group
and individual temperament)...

MORE FLASHES:

Exploding bouquets of
light... wheels of
colored flame... rains
of white fire...

AL

Look -- that sweet old lady in the
tennis shoes --

PISTER

(looking wildly
around)

Where?

AL

(sharply correcting
him)

Y'mean who.

AL (contd.)
(then, with lowered
voice -- confidentially)

Governor Reagan -- that's who!

OTTERLAKE
(rapid transition
from guardsman to
Kiplingesque Tommy)

Blimy -- ! This is ruddy war!

AL
(as a newscaster)

Approached by a video-freak with an
indecent suggestion (just as he was
sneaking over the State line) Ronald's
wig slipped.

(aside to JAKE)

Is he still Governor, governor?

OTTERLAKE
(grim)

Whatever he is, Ronnie's decreed a
state of emergency and thrown himself
on the mercy of Central Casting.

Another tremendous
explosion!

AL
(turning to the
bewildered PISTER to
issue a grave warning)

They're bringing up their
symposiums...

AL (contd.)
(into his ear,
with urgency)

Critical appraisals, Pister --
in depth.

OTTERLAKE
(voice change)

The rot has set in, Pister.
Five of our own best
biographers have gone over to
Preminger.

(another change)

They shall be stripped of
their footnotes.

Another burst of fire-
works... something
huge --

PISTER
(in a TIGHT C.U.)

No, really -- ! Something seems
to have caught fire --

OTTERLAKE
(Nixon)

Extremists from the Film
Institute -- They've wrapped
themselves in the grand old
silver nitrate celluloid, and
set themselves aflame.

AL

But what of Jane Fonda?

OTTERLAKE
(a gentle pious
confidence to PISTER)

She's watching us, kid -- up
there...

So magnetic is his
 personality -- or so
 befuddled in his victim --
 that PISTER actually
 glances for a moment at
 the fiery heavens.

AL

Now it can be told: at the
 outset of hostilities, Saint
 Jane was burnt at the stake...

OTTERLAKE

(yet another
 voice)

She has appeared since on
 Dick Cavett, and twice, in a
 vision, to Duke Wayne.

BILLY AND THE BARON

They have been joined now by an
 interested Scottish film critic.

THE SCOTTISH FILM CRITIC

Fond of fireworks, is he?

THE BARON

(more interested
 than distressed)

Mr. Hannaford? He adores them...

THE SCOTTISH FILM CRITIC

(his eyes now on
 the roof)

And those technicians -- are they
 really professionals?

BILLY

Professionals? They're
midgets!

THE SCOTTISH FILM CRITIC
(making the sound of
one who hopes he has
understood everything)

Ah...

THE PARKING SPACE IN FRONT OF THE RANCH

OTTERLAKE has one of those
battery-powered megaphones
used on movie sets. He is
directing it upwards towards
the beleaguered ranch house...

OTTERLAKE

"Antinyoneeyeyonee-oh!!!"

PISTER

What?

OTTERLAKE

The war-cry. They're dropping
over Burbank like ripe plums --

AL

(under his breath to
PISTER)

Pass it along -- Godard has just set
up a government-in-exile in Pomona.

A deafening explosion --
A blinding flash of red
light!!!

OTTERLAKE

Well, if Bascalucci doesn't
surrender now --

AL
(correcting his chief)

Bertolucci.

OTTERLAKE
(expansively)

Slice him how you want him,
he's gonna be one spicy meatball.

The whole sky has now
turned fiercely scarlet.
OTTERLAKE raises a pair
of binoculars to study
the field.

OTTERLAKE (contd.)
(yet another voice --
the Voice of Doom)

Wayne himself -- now a barefoot
friar -- has just been arrested
for denigrating all over a
Daughter Of The American Revolution!

Jessel is demanding equal
time.

FRESH ANGLE:

JAKE has moved ahead; he can
be seen climbing into a beautiful,
brand-new sports car.

OTTERLAKE (contd.)
(in his own voice,
to AL)

I wonder if our leader has any
idea who that belongs to --

AL
(lowering his voice
as some other people
start moving down the
steps toward the parking
lot)

He bought it...

OTTERLAKE
(incredulous)

What -- ?

AL

It was going to be for Dale --

OTTERLAKE

Wow.

AL

We weren't giving much salary,
so he would have got that as a
bonus when he finished the
picture.

OTTERLAKE

He didn't, so he doesn't...

AL

And that's the way it is.

Cronkite is hastily
abandoned as OTTERLAKE
starts towards JAKE.

Let him go --

He drives like a maniac when he's
sober.

OTTERLAKE

Ah, but here's a lady tells us that
we've gotta stick together...
Jake and I --

He's referring, of course,
to JULIE RICH who has come
forward out of the ranch
house and is steadily
approaching...

JULIE RICH

Close -- very close.

OTTERLAKE

Too late now, he got away from
me...

He starts toward the car
(AL moves off toward his)
... Then OTTERLAKE stops --

He turns... and moves
back to her.

OTTERLAKE (contd.)

And what the hell is that
about?

JULIE RICH

The farther you're apart,
the harder it will be to hide.

JAKE starts up the
sports car with a great
roar and some erratic
clashing of gears...
swerves wildly into
the main road... and
races off toward the
drive-in theatre.

OTTERLAKE

Now what could we be hiding
from you, lady?

JULIE RICH

From yourselves --

How much you really hate each
other.

Deathly silence...

In the background, AL
is seen to raise his
megaphone (he has decided --
mistakenly -- to continue
with another gag).

AL

(newscasting over
his loud-hailer)

Now here's a late bulletin --

Marlon Brando (who, by the way,
folks -- is not pregnant) has
gone underground and is doing
splendid work for all of us under
the name of Tokyo Rose.

He has quite an audience now
among the parked cars in front
of the ranch, but nobody
laughs...

After a short pause he lowers
the megaphone and turns to
look at OTTERLAKE:

Chin up, Brooksie, they haven't got
us yet!

Another pause...

OTTERLAKE

You've got it wrong, lady.

JULIE RICH

Yes?

OTTERLAKE

Yes, just slightly wrong.

CUT TO:

THE BARON

What happened to Jesus?

THE SCOTTISH FILM CRITIC

Jesus -- ?

THE CRITIC is taking care that nothing shall escape his attention: BILLY'S distress by now is moving towards despair; but the elderly Hungarian, as always, is indestructably urbane.

BILLY

He's stoned out of his head --

THE BARON

(to the CRITIC)

A Mexican chum of ours. Almost blind, but he still makes our fireworks.

BILLY

Forty years with J.J. Hannaford, and the old fart still doesn't know any English!

THEIR V.P.: A PRIMITIVE PYROTECHNICAL SET PIECE

In letters of fire it proclaims:

++++

++++

HAPY BIRDAY

++++

++++

THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE

The last act begins
(as did act two) with --

A BLANK MOVIE SCREEN

Standing lonely in the
desert country, it jumps
out of the darkness under
the sudden swoop of head-
lights...

Then --

HANNAFORD'S FILM IS PROJECTED

The images paling at first
under the headlights of
arriving cars. There aren't
too many of these (not too
many have been told about
this emergency screening).

NOW THE FILM PROCEEDS FORMALLY,
AND WITHOUT INTERRUPTION...

A title:

MEANWHILE --

BACK AT THE RANCH ...

A flashlight's beam, crossing a few remnant patches of the birthday party, has come to rest on a piece of black illustration board. Upon this, in the style of an old silent movie title, some wit has scrawled the words we've just been reading...

We are, indeed, back the ranch, and in --

THE BIG ROOM

Among the litter, an idle scattering of photographers are still idiotically photographing each other... The guests are stoned, discursive of both.

Somebody snatches the illustration board from somebody else.

VOICES

"Hey, who gave you that?
It's part of the story board."

"The what?"

"Come on -- I'll show you..."

THE "STORY BOARD ROOM"

We've been in this room before --

THE "STORY BOARD ROOM" (CONT'D)

-- caught glimpses of the drawings on the wall during one or another of the lamp-lit conversations... The sketches are for set-ups to be photographed for HANNAFORD'S FILM. These illustrate the action... INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS of these are INTERCUT with the FILM itself (being shown on the screen of the drive-in-theatre) and with the following dialogue...

From a tape recorder comes an unaccompanied Flamenco lament. MAGGIE and BILLY are doing their valiant best to explain their sketches to a small group of truth-seekers.

HIGGAM'S VOICE

... This old man is hiding -- spying on her?

AL'S VOICE

Yes, but then she chases him, remember?

MAGGIE'S VOICE

He finally holes up in some old wreck of a movie prop --

PAT'S VOICE

(breaking in)

And now she's pushing all this crazy shit around, you see -- trying to close the guy in, when a whole lot more of it collapses --

BILLY'S VOICE

That's being worked out.

PAT'S VOICE

So now this character is trapped --

AL'S VOICE

But then we hear his voice --

HIGGAM'S VOICE

The singing?

PAT'S VOICE

Old Manolito -- Jake always tries to get him a job.

BILLY

(on camera)

But he won't play the part --

MAGGIE

(on camera)

It won't be any midget, either.

PISTER

(the intelligent
truth-seeker)

But who is he?

MAGGIE

See the movie...

THE FILM:

The VOICES continue
off-screen:

PISTER

What does he represent?

PAT

Aw, just some screwy old squatters out
there in the back-lot of a studio --

DELLA

But what's he doing in the story -- ?

MAGGIE

You'll have to ask Mr. Hannaford.

JACQUELINE

But will he tell us?

Silence...

THE FILM continues:

(THE ACTRESS on the
screen alone)...

JACQUELINE'S VOICE

How about asking her -- ?

PISTER'S VOICE
(under his breath)

What if... he's Hannaford --
Hannaford himself?

BILLY'S VOICE

Don't be nuts.

HANNAFORD'S FILM

Continues...

INTERCUT: THE FILM ITSELF AND VARIOUS GROUPS WATCHING IT.

Sometimes we can see these
people -- mostly they are
voices over THE FILM...

We are in --

THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE

HIGGAM'S VOICE

Let's back up a little -- The wind
it's blowing the old movie set to
pieces.

DANNY'S VOICE

The whole world maybe...

KLEE'S VOICE
(over-lap)

It's just a wrecking job, there were
machines --

ROGER'S VOICE

And what about that blood on her...?

KLEE'S VOICE

Blood?

OSSIE'S VOICE

Her body --

BLACK CINEASTE'S VOICE

Whatever we're supposed to think,
there's death in it...

THE BARON'S VOICE

My dear fellow...

BLACK CINEASTE'S VOICE

Man, that's all it is -- death it's
just purely what he's all about --

CUT TO:

A GROUP GATHERED AROUND THE BLACK CINEASTE'S CAR...

BLACK CINEASTE
(on camera)

Like Simon says, under the shell he's
all mushy...

THE BARON

That's mushy talk, brother.

THE BLACK CINEASTE
(to the others,
indicating THE BARON)

Who's he?

ANOTHER CINEASTE
(pink)

"The Baron" -- That's what they call
him.

OSSIE

Well, he is a baron.

KLEE

And he's on all the credits for Jake's
screenplays.

THE BARON
(ice-cool, with no
trace of self-pity)

I muse Mr. Hannaford. He has curious
pleasures --

OSSIE

Oh? We'd like to hear some more about
those curious pleasures...

THE BARON

Games. He likes to play games...
I am a writer who stopped writing one
afternoon in Budapest in nineteen
twenty nine. Do I have a camera?

All through the evening
people have been
forgetting the cameras,
or trying to, or pretend-
ing to try... Now THE
BARON is actually looking
for one.

I am prepared to make a limited
declaration.

(he pauses, getting
his thoughts
together)

This famous... old lion of yours --
he is not what you think, you know.

OSSIE

Who called him a lion for God's sake?

JACQUELINE

Lions are cats. Chabrol says he's a
cat --

CHABROL

Jake is a cat that walks like a bear.

BLACK CINEASTE

Or a lobster -- ? That walks like a crab, sidewise...

THE BARON

You made the mask. Tear it off now and what will you find? -- Another mask. Or your own face...

OSSIE

Another mask?

THE BARON

Your own face, perhaps.

MANNY

A trick -- done with mirrors... Sorry go on, Baron. What's the answer?

DANNY

A magician doesn't give any answers --

THE BARON

I'd call him a necromancer.

But I do not know if he has raised the dead.

THE DRIVE-IN

JAKE, in the sports car,
sits watching the FILM...

OTTERLAKE, standing not far
away, turns to another car,
as it pulls to a stop...

OTTERLAKE
(indicating the
screen)

Dad's done it again, hasn't he?

"Be-dimm'd the noon-tide sun;
Call'd forth the mutinous winds.
By his so potent art...
But this... rough magic He here
abjures --"

(change of tone)

Take back the last: it doesn't
fit...

Silence...

The FILM continues...

JAKE

What does "abjure" mean? You
went to Harvard.

OTTERLAKE

"Give-up -- "

JAKE

That's a suggestion?

OTTERLAKE

(to the others)

"Abjure" -- give up... he knows what it means.

JAKE

I gave up on the seventh grade.

OTTERLAKE

Never. Not even then... And I didn't learn my Shakespeare in Harvard.

JAKE

(to the others)

Mr. Otterfield wanted to be an actor -- Then he saw one of my movies --

We all read the interview...

OTTERLAKE

(to the others)

It can also be stated that we aren't breaking any magic wands...

(No reaction from the listening group in the car.)

Wands... You've heard the Baron on that subject? "Every man needs two -- his own and a good one."

He'll be hanging onto his for awhile longer --

JAKE

Hang onto your own, baby -- just for once.

OTTERLAKE

(camping)

He is a rough magician, isn't he?

What did I do wrong, Daddy?

A long silence...

"Our revels now are ended...?"

JAKE

You bet your sweet cheeks.

CUT TO:

THE ACTRESS

She sits alone, watching
the film...

(INTERCUT: THE FILM)

JAKE'S CAR

JULIETTE RICH has nudged her way
past OTTERLAKE and stands next to
JAKE, who sits still at the wheel
of his open car...

She stands there looking at him...

There has been the muted noise of an
expensive car coming to a stop. (Per-
haps we caught a glimpse of it in the
background)...

Now, suddenly, JULIE RICH starts back,
startled, as JAKE, with that feline
agility of his which can be so sur-
prising, jumps out of the car.

The last lurking CAMERA CREW follows
him as he moves over to:

ZARAH'S CAR

THE FILM'S sound-track fills the pause
as these two legendary figures, these
famous friends confront each other...

JAKE

Hey, Beautiful...

The banal words of the greeting seem to carry the vibration of many years of affectionate repetition.

JAKE (contd.)

Going so soon...?

ZARAH doesn't speak.

Wasn't much fun for you, was it...?
... Goddam midgets...

ZARAH

They're friends of yours?

JAKE

Just brought 'em along for laughs,
Mother.

ZARAH

I see.

JAKE

Casting call... Some cockamamy notion that the Old Man oughta be a dwarf. In the movie... Don't you think it's better if we never see him?

Her eyes have gone to the distant screen...

For a moment we share her viewpoint:

Then --

BACK TO SCENE:

JAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

That goes for us all, doesn't it --
all the old men...

BACK TO SCENE

JAKE waits... ZARAH
makes no comment.

Now he makes a sour
little joke (a faint
note of something close
to defensiveness which
we've never heard from
him before).

JAKE

Heard but not seen, huh? And for
the sex department... work quickly
and always in the dark.

He realizes that this has
fallen very flat... even
before he's aware that
OTTERLAKE is standing at
his side.

OTTERLAKE

(comic Japanese)

So sorry, Sarah --

(as himself)

I'm afraid our leader is a little
pissed.

JAKE

She doesn't like you, kid: that's why she gave the party. She doesn't figure I get quite enough exposure from the younger generation just from you...

But I do, you know. I get quite enough.

A short, tense silence...
Then OTTERLAKE turns and
leaves...

Silence again between
these two...

And now, in the FILM, the
lamenting wind is conquered
by the song of the OLD MAN...

JAKE (contd.)

That's old Manolito. We found him
together... In Spain, remember...?

She goes on listening for
just a while longer to the
old gypsies' song...

Hey, beautiful, couldn't we fix it
to see each other just a little bit
less seldom.

ZARAH

With an old friend, it's quite enough
to feel he's there -- like Gibraltar
or the Eiffel Tower...

JAKE

Thanks, Mother...

ZARAH

Durability -- it can be rather fragile.

Sometimes, to keep that feeling we need to keep our distance.

JAKE absorbs this for a moment. Then she continues:

The bad thing is to find out that a friendship was between a couple of other people.

Say goodnight for me to your actress.

INTERCUT: THE ACTRESS

JAKE

(still trying to
keep it bright)

She's not too happy with us, either...

Well -- she was pretty good in there with the gun.

JULIE RICH

She didn't shoot at the dummies --

JAKE doesn't turn at
her approach: he goes
on looking at ZARAH.

JAKE

(the faint, hopeful
smile is still frozen
on his face -- but no
smile is in his voice)

The preferred target, I guess, would
have been me.

JULIE RICH

Preferred by you, Mr. Hannaford?

A short, ugly pause...

Then:

You gave her the gun...

ZARAH

(suddenly
exasperated)

What does that mean?

(Whatever has happened to
her feelings about JAKE,
here is a rat of a woman,
deserving nothing, on whom
she can allow a bit of
pressure to escape).

What's it supposed to mean?

JAKE

(ruefully)

Don't worry, even if she doesn't
know, she'll tell us.

(For just this moment, we're
encouraged to believe that
the young lady critic has
nothing to say... But we're
wrong)

JULIE RICH

(speaking gently
and quickly)

Miss Valeska, you made just one
picture with Hannaford?

ZARAH

(blank)

Yes.

JULIE RICH

Garvey was your leading man. Glen
Garvey... It is true, isn't it, that
during the shooting, Hannaford had an
affair with Garvey's wife?

ZARAH

(after a short, deadly
pause)

We'll have to stop this, you know.

This last refers to the
DOCUMENTARY CAMERA CREW
(of whose busy presence
she has been increasingly
aware).

JULIE RICH

(rapidly building to
her climax, her
eyes still riveted
on JAKE)

Men are the subject of his movies --
Whoever the man is, naturally, he has
a woman -- Whoever she is -- somehow,
finally, Hannaford seduces her. He
must. He must possess her. That way,
he possesses him...

BILLY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(wearily)

Okay, okay... Cut it, you guys --

That's just what happens:
the film (the documentary
film of this action) ends,
abruptly, like the turning
off of a light.

Replacing it --

A "STILL" PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GROUP

(Taken by some last, lurking
spy among the journalists.)

But if the movie camera has
stopped, the SOUND-TRACK is
still recording, and we hear --

JULIE RICH'S VOICE

Expensive vice, isn't it? When he's
had his actor's girl, he throws her
away. And then, of course, he's

JULIE RICH'S VOICE (contd.)

Thrown away his actor, and
destroyed him in the process...

Perhaps that's what he really
wants --

A hard slap!

The unmistakable sound
of JAKE's sudden, brutal
attack...

A FLASH from a hand-held
camera, roughly turned on
again, and showing us
nothing clear... only
wild confusion and a
strong impression of
violence --

AL'S VOICE

(under his breath)

They're getting all of this, you
know -- on film...

BILLY'S VOICE

Who gives a shit? What's their
public, for Chrissake? -- Before
one of those creeps can put this
stuff together we'll have our
movie out. A real movie...

(he breaks off --)

Silence... (or some-
thing close to it)...
From the FILM still run-
ing on the big screen --
there comes a faint sighing
of wind...

CUT TO:

THE RANCH

Dawn -- very early, very grey...

The last of the cars are pulling out of the driveway and heading for home.

The house itself would seem to be deserted.

CALB (the general handyman) is searching the empty, littered rooms, calling out an occasional "Mr. Hannaford -- " as he goes...

Silence answers him...

THE RANCH

Dawn -- very early and very grey...

The last of the cars pulls out of the driveway heading for home...

The house itself would seem to be deserted. CALB (the general handyway) is searching the littered rooms, calling an occasional "Mister Hannaford" -- as he goes...

Silence at first...

Then a murmuring can be heard somewhere in the house.

JAKE'S VOICE

... Old friends are old, and
that's the trouble with 'em...

(This is, in fact,
the continuation of
some talk between JAKE
and VOGEL, the start
which we heard early
last night, and which
had been recorded.)

JAKE'S VOICE (contd.)

They don't grow old -- it's just
something they stumble over and
fall into. And they all seem so...
surprised.

Poor sods -- they look at you as
though there was something you
could do about it...

CALB goes searching...
through the house and out
onto the terrace by the
pool... But JAKE'S VOICE
grows fainter...

(But there is someone else
here) ...

CUT TO:

THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE

Almost empty now...

OTTERLAKE

Hey, Billy --

BILLY

Hey, Brooksie --

OTTERLAKE

What happened to the critic
lady?

BILLY

She'll live --

AL

She'll live to write about it.

BILLY

Fuck her.

OTTERLAKE

Almost everybody's gone, looks
like... Zarah, too?

BILLY

She left.

OTTERLAKE

(with just a whiff
of JAKE in his
tone)

So she did, uncle, so she did...
Maybe she don't love us like she used
to.

BILLY

Maybe...

Don't let him get you down,
Brooksie.

OTTERLAKE

Do you?

BILLY

Not yet. Not quite.

OTTERLAKE

We're hanging tough, Billy.
... Let's see if we can get a
laugh out of him --

He turns and looks
toward the place where
JAKE is sitting along
in the sports car...

CUT TO:

THE FILM

It plays for a time...

Then we hear:

JOHN DALE'S VOICE

Morning, Hannaford.

CUT TO:

THE THEATRE GATE

JAKE'S car lurches to a stop...

JOHN DALE'S figure -- unmistak-
able in its raincoat and with
the curly ash-blonde hair, is
in the foreground...

JAKE peers at him through the
murky light...

JAKE

Johnny -- ?

No answer.

Came to my party after all --

JOHN DALE'S VOICE

I came to get my car, Hannaford.

JAKE

(after a silence)

Get in. I'll drive you...

JOHN DALE'S VOICE

No, thanks.

Another silence...

JAKE

Chicken -- ?

There is no reply...

After a long moment,
JAKE turns away, puts
his foot on the pedal
and, with a frantic
screeching of tires,
the car swerves out
through the gates and
off down the highway...

REVERSE ANGLE:

It was the voice of John
Dale, but it was not
John Dale. OTTERLAKE
takes off the wig.
(Much earlier we've seen him
idly picking it from the
head of one of the dummies)...

OTTERLAKE

I'm better than I think...
And much less funny --

He tosses the wig to
MAVIS, who utters a
tiny whine of disgust
upon receiving it.
Ripping off the rain-
coat which had completed
his disguise, he climbs
into his car.

Come on, sweetie...

The old man didn't get to make
it with you, did he, so who
does that mean you're going
home with? According to the
critic lady, with a virgin.

He starts the car...

CUT TO:

The real JOHN DALE...

THE RANCH

Moving through the empty house...

The voice of the handyman
be heard calling again:
"Mr. Hannaford..."

Silence at first.

Then the murmuring from another
room...

JAKE'S VOICE

... Remember those Berbers -- up
in the Atlas? They wouldn't
let us point a camera at 'em.
They're certain that it...
dries up something...

Following the sound,
JOHN DALE moves into --

THE BIG ROOM

Here, sprawled in a huge
leather chair, HIGGAM is
sleeping, his tape recorder
on his lap...

JAKE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The old eye, you know, behind the
magic box. Could be it's an
evil eye, at that...

Medusa's...

CUT TO:

THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE

A deserted field, except
for THE ACTRESS sitting
alone in her little car...

The wailing wind and the
gypsy song on the theatre's
sound track are joined now
by the wailing of police
sirens -- heard very
distantly...

The sky is clear enough to
show the hint of a black
pillar of smoke somewhere
far off...

JAKE'S VOICE

Who knows, maybe you can stare
too hard at something. Huh? --
Drain out the virtue -- suck out
the living juice...

ON THE SCREEN --

The moving images fade
under the dead pallor
of the rising day...

THE ACTRESS starts up
her car and drives
away.

JAKE'S VOICE (contd.)

You shoot the great places and
the pretty people -- All those girls
and boys...

Shoot 'em dead...

The air is lightening;
morning is almost here;
the sun is just under the
horizon, and JAKE'S FILM
is very faint now on the
big screen...

THE GIRL seems like a
ghost as she returns to
the shapeless wreck which
is all that's left of the
OLD MAN'S dwelling place.

For a moment longer --
dim as the image itself --
there rises from somewhere
beneath this ruin the
gypsy lament... But already
the wind is blowing it away...

Blowing everything away...

Layer after layer flies off
into the sky... And ten, as
the great dust cloud settles,
there is nothing -- only a
vast lunar emptiness...

And silence...

JAKE'S VOICE (contd.)
(on the sound track
of the projected
film)

Cut.

The image disappears from
the screen.

The movie is over.