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"THE PEOPLE VS. LARRY FLYNT"

Written by

Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski

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Directed by
Milos Forman

Produced by
Oliver Stone
Janet Yang
Michael Hausman

Casting
Francine Maisler

Ixtlan Corporation
201 Santa Monica Blvd. #610
Santa Monica, CA 90401
(310) 395-0525

Ixtlan c/o Cinehaus
Suite 1010
245 W. 55th Street
New York, NY 10019
(212) 245-9060

FADE IN:

1 EXT. EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

1

Appalachian woods, 1952. Almost invisible in the thick brush is an aging wood shed with a tin roof.

IN THE SHED

Drop by drop, liquid from a glass tube drips into a jug.

Then hands enter frame, skillfully working the valves on the still. We slowly change focus, revealing that the operator is ten-year-old LARRY FLYNT. He is chunky, dirt poor, with a puff of red hair and loads of Huckleberry Finn industriousness. Larry stares at the booze -- and smiles.

2 EXT. WOODS - DAY

2

MUSIC and CREDITS begin. Barefoot Larry pulls a cart with three jugs on it. Less-clever, younger brother JIMMY pushes from behind. The hill is steep, and both kids are sweating.

A foul-looking HILLBILLY steps out of an old shack. Seeing the kids approaching, he goes back inside and reappears with a few bottles in his arms.

Larry takes a thimble from his pocket and measures a few drops. The jug tastes it -- and nods.

Larry picks a funnel from the cart and gives it to Jimmy, who begins to pour the stuff from the jug into the old man's bottles. The hillbilly carefully counts out some CHANGE into Larry's hand.

Going home, the boys reach the downhill dirt road, then jump into the cart. Larry drives the drawbar with his legs. They are elated, yelling for joy.

Back home. Larry takes the empty jar from the cart and heads back to the shed. But now it's locked. Larry gets upset.

LARRY

He's in there again!

(angry, at the shed)

What are you doin' in there?!

(getting furious)

You better not be doin' what I think
you're doin'!

Silence. Larry explodes.

LARRY

DAD!

Larry KICKS the shed's door open.

Inside, Grizzled PA FLYNT is lying directly under the glass tube, catching every drop coming from the still.

LARRY

HEY!

Pa groggily looks up, then goes back to his drinking.

LARRY

I told ya, I make that for peddlin'!

PA FLYNT

I'm your elder. You show me some respect!

Larry snaps. He lifts the big empty jar and hurls it over his father's head.

SMASH! Pa goes down.

Jimmy is stunned. Pa staggers up, livid, and reaches for a rifle. Seeing the weapon, both kids start to run.

3 EXT. FLYNT'S WOODEN SHACK - SAME TIME

3

MA FLYNT steps out and yells towards the woods.

MA FLYNT

Supper's ready!

Suddenly -- BAM! BAM! It's RIFLE SHOTS. Ma shakes her head: Boys will be boys. She nonchalantly goes back inside.

IN THE WOODS

Larry and Jimmy are running for their lives. Finally, they reach a safe distance and stop. They suck in air, exhausted.

JIMMY

Why'd ya hit him?!

LARRY

He was drinkin' my profits.

JIMMY

Larry, you can't be so ornery! People think you're crazy.

LARRY

Nah.

(he smirks)

I'm just tryin' to make an honest buck.

End CREDITS.

CUT TO:

SUPER: "20 YEARS LATER"

Smoke fills the frame. ROCKABILLY MUSIC plays. A hand enters, waves a \$2 BILL, then sticks it into a woman's bikini bottom. We widen...

4 INT. HUSTLER LOUNGE - NIGHT

4

It's Columbus, Ohio, 1972. A rowdy party rocks under a banner, "Hustler Club #8 -- Now Open!" This go-go bar is a tacky, poor man's version of a Playboy Club: Waitresses in bikinis, pool tables, and velvet paintings of nudes. The CROWD is dressy white trash. They hoot and hollar as the STRIPPER shimmies her stuff. Finally she removes her top, and the song ends.

Applause. A SPOTLIGHT hits LARRY, sitting at the bar on the phone. He's now 30, but unchanged: Still chunky, freckled, and hugely ambitious. Larry's spent his life trying to improve himself, yet he'll never transcend his impulsive, crude Kentucky roots. He pats a waitress on the ass, grins at the crowd, then grabs a mike on a cord.

LARRY

Thank you! Do I not deliver the
finest ladies in southern Ohio???

The crowd CHEERS. Larry beams, having a helluva good time.

LARRY

If you're enjoyin' yourself, lifetime
club memberships are still available,
for \$10. That entitles you to our
backroom parties, complimentary
limousine service, half-price well
drinks, and starting today... a 10-
cent luncheon buffet!

Larry gestures at the mangy buffet. MUSIC brings out another STRIPPER. Larry smiles proudly.

LARRY

Every man's a king at the Hustler
Club!

LATE THAT NIGHT

The club is closed. Larry sits at a table with an adding machine and cashbox, quietly going over receipts.

Grown-up JIMMY sweeps up piles of garbage.

JIMMY

Whew, more and more trash every
night! We must be doin' GREAT!

LARRY (deadpan)

We're broke.

JIMMY

Say what?! .

LARRY

The giveaways are killin' us. It costs too much to get the customers through the door.

JIMMY (confused)

But, people like the smorgasbord.

The dancers walk up, now in street clothes.

STRIPPER #1

Larry, we're ready to go.

LARRY

Okay.

(as they file past, he comments
and pays each girl a TWENTY)

Nice work... I liked your routine
tonight... I'll stop over in an
hour... hey, good job... I've never
seen a candle blown out that way...
bye bye...

The girls leave. Larry watches them.

The dancers sashay out, their curvy bodies silhouetted in the
neon lights outside. Larry is entranced.

LARRY

Man... fuck the smorgasbord. There's
our business. If I could just
advertise what great lays those girls
are, we'd be packed every night!

JIMMY

Yeah, well you can't do that!

Hmm? Larry thinks...

5 INT. PRINTSHOP - DAY

5

A greasy printshop. A FRIENDLY OLD PRINTER behind the counter
talks to Larry.

PRINTER

A promotional newsletter, huh? Well,
let me show you examples of some
others we've done: The YMCA, the
Gardening Club -- isn't that dandy
artwork?

LARRY

I've got my own... artwork.

Larry pulls out a handful of black-and-white PHOTOS of topless women. He casually spreads them on the counter.

The old printer is shocked.

PRINTER

Whew! This stuff is pretty strong.

(beat)

Mister, what kind of business is this?

LARRY

I run the Hustler go-go clubs. You heard of them?

PRINTER (confused)

Mm... no...

LARRY

Well, that's why I need the newsletter!

(he shrugs)

I was thinkin' we'd do maybe ten, twelve pages an issue.

PRINTER (worried)

With nothing but nudie pictures?

LARRY

Yeah! And on that nice, smooth paper --

PRINTER

That's called slick. But... I could get in trouble for printing these...

LARRY

Why?

PRINTER

Because! There are laws. You gotta have some sort of text. Articles... like Playboy does.

LARRY

Articles? About what?

PRINTER

I don't know... anything... writing... something about something... that's what keeps it from being legally obscene...

Larry thinks.

LARRY

Okay. We'll do a joke page.

6 EXT. HUSTLER LOUNGE - DAY

6

A downtown street. A handful of BLUENOSE PICKETERS walk in circles outside Larry's club.

PICKETERS

No more smut! No more smut!

A car screeches up. Larry hops out, waving a pile of "HUSTLER" NEWSLETTERS. He cheerily hands them out.

LARRY

Anybody need our new schedule?
Patty's doin' her hot sausage number
Friday night.

The picketers are repulsed.

PICKETER

God punishes the wicked!

Larry chuckles. He goes inside.

7 INT. HUSTLER LOUNGE - SAME TIME

7

In the half-empty bar, a bored dancer goes through her motions. Larry runs to Jimmy and shows off the newsletters. The brothers admire the publication.

Onstage, the COUNTRY-WESTERN SONG ends. The girl exits, to scattered applause. Larry grabs a biscuit off the buffet and dips it in molasses.

Suddenly -- POUNDING ROCK 'N ROLL. People look up. The curtains part, and a wild young woman in hot pants and halter top strides out. She is crazed, shaking with the rhythms, having a blast. 17 years going on 35, this is the woman who's going to change Larry's life. Her name is ALTHEA LEASURE.

Larry glances up, startled, biscuit frozen in his mouth. What the?!

Althea struts across stage. Waif-like, strangely pretty, she is a compelling pile of contradictions: Driven, kinky, desperate for love, tempered with small-town ignorance and innocence. She teasingly removes her top.

Larry slowly swallows. He waves over Jimmy.

LARRY

Jimmy, who is that?

JIMMY

New girl. She really moves, don't she?

LARRY

She sure does...
(he squints)
but she ain't eighteen.

JIMMY

Course she is -- I saw her I.D.

LARRY (annoyed)

You idiot, my fuckin' dog can get
I.D.

(beat)

Look -- when she's done takin' off
her clothes... you send her up to my
office.

8 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

8

In his spartan office, Larry waits nervously behind the desk.
Suddenly -- KNOCK KNOCK!

Larry composes himself, straightening his jacket. The door
opens... and Althea peeks in. She's back in street clothes.

ALTHEA

You wanted to see me, Sir?

LARRY (surprised)

"Sir"?! You called me "Sir"? Now
I know you're underage!

(beat)

Honey, a creampuff like you could
cost me my liquor license.

ALTHEA (nervously acting tough)

I'm legal. Here.

Althea whips out a DRIVER'S LICENSE and tosses it over.

THE LICENSE is pathetically fake. The name says "Jane Smith,"
and the birthdate is smudged and liquid-papered over. Larry
CHORTLES merrily.

LARRY

And this fooled my brother?! Jesus
Christ is he stupid!

ALTHEA (insulted)

Hey, it's fooled lots of people.

Larry stares at her.

LARRY

So how old are ya?

ALTHEA

Sevente -- uh, seventeen and a half.

LARRY
What does your family think... that
you strip for a livin'?

ALTHEA
What does my family think?! What
does your family think, that you PAY
girls to strip for a livin'?

She smiles devilishly. He LAUGHS.

ALTHEA
You got a cute smile.

LARRY (startled)
Er... thank you...
(checking the I.D.)
"Jane."

ALTHEA
Eh, that thing's bullshit. My name's
Althea.
(she grins)
So... I hear you balled all the girls
in the club. Is that true?

LARRY
Most rumors are.

ALTHEA
So how come you haven't tried to ball
me?

Larry leans forward, impressed. This chick is something.

LARRY
Well, gee, Althea... I only met ya
three minutes ago.

OUTSIDE LARRY'S OFFICE - LATER

Jimmy walks past, eating a sandwich. Inside the door, he hears
SOUNDS OF CRAZED, INTENSE FUCKING.

Jimmy stops, dumbfounded. He shakes his head, then exits.

9 EXT. LOUNGE - LATE NIGHT

9

The neon "Hustler" sign turns off.

10 INT. LOUNGE - SAME TIME

10

Larry's door is still closed. Jimmy walks up and POUNDS on it.

JIMMY
Larry! Closin' time.

LARRY'S VOICE (distracted)
Ehhh... okay! Just leave the keys.
I'll lock up.

JIMMY
But we were gonna stop at the night
deposit, with the receipts --

LARRY'S VOICE
JIMMY, GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE! GO!
...AND DON'T LOSE THE MONEY!

Jimmy looks hurt. He marches off.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

The place is totally disheveled. Everything is knocked down.
Larry and Althea are sweaty and naked, half-on half-off a sofa
bed. Althea climbs on him, but he pants exhaustedly.

ALTHEA
What's wrong with Little Larry? Let
him grow up. C'mon, let's make it
an even ten.

LARRY
Baby, be reasonable! Even Superman
has his limits.

Althea shakes her head.

ALTHEA
See, this is why women are superior.
Our batteries don't run down.

LARRY
So go fuck a woman.

ALTHEA
I do.

Larry does a take.

LARRY
Excuse me?

ALTHEA (she grins wickedly)
You're not the only one that's had
every girl in this club.

Larry is amazed.

11 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

11

In a dirty diner, Larry eats breakfast with Jimmy. Larry
excitedly shovels eggs and grits into his mouth.

LARRY
This chick is unbelievable! She's
a monster. I've never met anyone
more perverted than me!

JIMMY (incredulous)
So one night, and she's movin' in
with you??

LARRY
What can I do?! Ever since she
escaped from the orphanage, she's got
nowhere to stay.

JIMMY
Orphanage?!

LARRY
Yeah. Her daddy went buggy, shot her
mama, her grandparents, a bunch of
other folks, then blew his own brains
out! Althea's all fucked up. I
can't just throw her out.

Suddenly a BIG BELLIED TRUCKER lopes up, grinning.

TRUCKER
Hey! Aren't you the guy in that
little sex paper?

LARRY (surprised)
Uh, yeah. How can I help ya?

TRUCKER
Well, I got some naked pictures of
my wife. How much would you pay for
them?

LARRY (bewildered)
Nothin'. It ain't a community
bulletin board. I run photos of my
dancers, to promote the clubs.

TRUCKER
What clubs?

LARRY
The Hustlers.

TRUCKER
Never heard of 'em. I found the
paper in a gas station restroom. But
I just love the pictures! How do I
subscribe?

Larry looks up. Hmm! An idea is percolating inside his head.

12 EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

12

Larry strolls down a street, totally preoccupied. He glances at a newsstand, then notices a stack of "Playboys." A beat -- then he walks back and picks one up.

13 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Larry's apartment is a small plasterboard one-bedroom affair. His BLUE COLLAR FRIENDS are over for Sunday football, rowdily CHEERING the TV. Althea walks in, with a tray of snacks.

ALTHEA

Here ya go, boys. Try to keep the
dip off the carpet.

Larry sits in back, glaring at his Playboy. Althea leans over, smiling, and gives him a soul kiss. She admires the centerfold.

ALTHEA

Mmm, nice ass.

LARRY

Ha! Don't even look real! It's all
been painted over.

(very irritated)

I just don't understand nothin' about
this magazine. Ten pages of fuzzy
photos, and articles about I don't
know what the hell they're talkin'
about!

(to his friends)

Hey, you guys read Playboy, don't ya?

FRIENDS (adlib)

Yeah! Sure! You bet! It's the
greatest!!

LARRY

Hm. Did you enjoy this month's
article about hooking up your own
quadraphonic sound system?

The guys scratch their heads.

FRIEND #1

Uh... no. I skipped that one.

LARRY (bitterly sarcastic)

Oh. Well did you follow the advice
on how to fix a perfect martini?

The guys glance unsurely at the BEER BOTTLES in their hands.
Larry angrily flips pages.

LARRY

And then here's that world famous Playboy Interview! Dwaine, did you read the interview with Alan Jay Lerner?

Moronic DWAINÉ shrugs.

DWAINÉ

Umm... no, Larry.

LARRY

Do you know who Alan Jay Lerner is?

DWAINÉ (ashamed)

Umm... no, Larry.

Larry is at the boiling point.

LARRY

This is what I'm talkin' about! Who is this magazine for?! Says here they got a circulation of seven million! Seven million people a month buyin' it, and not a single person knows what they're reading!!

(livid)

Gentlemen, PLAYBOY IS MOCKING YOU!!!

Larry hurls the Playboy.

The room goes quiet. A very glum beat.

MOURNFUL FRIEND

So what should I jerk off to?

14 EXT. BRICK BUILDING (HUSTLER OFFICES) - DAY

14

A PAINTER paints "HUSTLER MAGAZINE" above a low-rent, crumbling building. Larry exuberantly leads over Althea and Jimmy.

LARRY

It'll be HUGE! All pictures topless bottomless. No punches pulled. The first magazine for Joe Lunchbox... for our people!

JIMMY (sickened).

Are you NUTS?! You mortgaged away the clubs for this??

LARRY

And I also sold my car.

ALTHEA

Damn! Larry, you can't just clap your hands, and all of a sudden be a publisher.

JIMMY

For God's sake, this is OHIO! We don't know nothin'! Hell, how you even gonna find anyone to work on it?

Larry thinks.

15 INT. ORIGINAL MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

15

Dwaine sits at a bridge table, sloppily assembling a page mock-up with scotch tape.

DWAINE

Do we type the numbers on the pages, or will the printer do it for us?

Around the junky office, the long-haired, rebel STAFFERS shrug.

In a corner is a hippie, ARLO, a high i.q., sardonic underachiever. He smokes a joint and flips through naked pictures.

ARLO

Man, this sure beats interning at the Free Press.

IN A BACK ROOM

is a photo shoot. Against bare concrete, a groovy black photographer, TONY, arranges a naked MODEL on a bed. Larry watches impatiently.

TONY

Baby, try holding the flower in your right hand. No... put it in your left. Nah, that ain't no good. Try it against the satin sheet.

LARRY

For Christ's sake, Tony, I don't give a shit about sheets and flowers! All we're selling is the girl! Now c'mon.

Larry strides behind the tripod and peers through the CAMERA. Suddenly, he frowns.

LARRY

HEY. What is wrong with this camera??! It's all murky!

TONY

Yeah, that's a trick of the trade. It's vaseline on the lens -- it makes the girls soft and pretty.

LARRY (freaking out)

Why would you want that?!

TONY (unnerved)
C-cause... it's dreamy. Like a
fantasy --

LARRY
Why d'ya need to fantasize?! You got
a real naked woman here -- look how
good she looks!

MODEL
Why thank you, Mr. Flynt.

Larry glances at her. Suddenly he gets a look.

LARRY
In fact... Tony, why don't you take
a thirty-minute break and let her and
me get acquainted...?

TONY (warily)
Aw, c'mon, Larry! I already got my
equipment set-up and everything.

LARRY
Alright.
(pouting)
Well, do it, then. But hurry.

Tony nods. He gets behind the camera and starts CLICKING shots
of the girl.

TONY
Okay baby, that's great!
(CLICK)
That's nice! Yeah, a little more
arm.
(CLICK)
Now spread your legs. A little
wider...
(CLICK)
A little wider...
(CLICK)
A little wider... OOPS! That's a
little too wide. Uh, you better put
that back in --

LARRY
NO! WAIT A SECOND. That was GOOD!
(wide-eyed)
Do it again!

Tony is flustered. He stops shooting.

TONY
B-but, Larry... you can't show...

LARRY

Why not?! God made the genitals --
who are we to say they aren't
beautiful??

Tony grimaces.

16 EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

16

A delivery truck pulls up, and the driver tosses out a pile of "HUSTLER" magazines! They blare "Inaugural Issue!" The old codger NEWS DEALER cuts open the pile, then thumbs through the top copy.

Suddenly -- he freezes in horror.

NEWS DEALER

Jesus Christ.

The man quickly hides the magazines up on the top shelf.

17 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

17

The model is now working as a Hustler secretary. She answers the phone.

SECRETARY

Hustler Magazine. Think pink.

A door opens, and Larry scoots in, carrying a bakery box. He hurries past the staffers and bounces up to Althea. He beams.

LARRY

Happy birthday, baby!

He pops open the box. Inside is a BIRTHDAY CAKE: It has a jolly plastic naked girl and the message, "YOU'RE 18! JAILBAIT NO MORE!" But Althea doesn't even smile.

Larry looks about. Everybody is gloomy-faced.

LARRY

What?

ARLO

The distributor called. We only got a 25-percent sellthrough.

LARRY

Which means...?

JIMMY

Which means they're sendin' back
150,000 copies!

Larry is stunned.

LARRY
Oh shit.

18 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

18

Larry lies on a ratty couch, staring glumly at the ceiling.
Althea consoles him. Jimmy paces.

JIMMY
You're just a stupid hillbilly..!
Why the hell did ya think you could
pull this off?!

ALTHEA
At least he tried. He's got balls.

JIMMY
But what he needs is brains!

Larry sighs.

LARRY
One more issue, we're wiped out...

ALTHEA (comforting)
So what. Being poor ain't so bad.

LARRY (enraged)
It sure fuckin' is! I'm not goin'
back! I spent my childhood watchin'
my mama cry, cause I didn't have
shoes to go to school. Never again.

AT THE DOOR - The secretary enters.

SECRETARY
Hey Larry, I got a guy on the phone,
callin' from Italy. Says he's got
naked pictures of Jackie O.

LARRY (scoffing)
Yeah, right.

SECRETARY
I dunno... claims he already went to
"Playboy" and "Penthouse."

LARRY
And...?

SECRETARY
And -- they said the photos were too
tasteless.

Hmm?! Larry perks up.

19 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - LATER

19

Everybody is crowded around a speakerphone, listening to a HEAVILY-ACCENTED JOVIAL ITALIAN MAN.

ITALIAN MAN (V.O.)

I was on-a that old fishink boat,
watchin' the island for four months!
For four months...!

(very dramatic)

And then-a one day, the cabana door
opens -- and Mama Mia! -- out comes
the Jackie O. in the raw!

LARRY

So what do you see??

ITALIAN MAN (V.O.)

(he laughs)

You see everything, my friend!!

Larry is starstruck. He GASPS.

LARRY

Jesus Christ.

(beat)

First Pussy!

ITALIAN MAN (V.O.)

And she's the good one! This ain't-a
no Mamie Eisenhower or Lady Bird.

Larry shakes with excitement.

20 INT. PRINTING PRESSES - DAY

20

Magazines fly out of rumbling printing presses. A blur of
colorful paper rushes by.

21 INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

21

A train pulls in. The doors open, and 100 MIDDLE CLASS JOES
trudge off, end of the day. The mob passes a newsstand. A
banner says "AUGUST HUSTLER: JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS NUDE!"

A beat.

Suddenly, everyone stops and looks back. The crowd is stunned.
They stare -- then suddenly STORM the newsstand. Guys are
knocking each other over, trying to get at the magazines first.

22 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

22

Staffers frantically run in. They gather around a little TV.

ON THE TV - A svelte REPORTER stands in front of the Ohio
Statehouse.

REPORTER (on TV)

...everyone's talking about local boy done good -- or bad -- Larry Flynt, whose Hustler magazine has reached national sales of an astonishing two million copies.

(beat)

Well in a stunning disclosure, WBNS-TV has learned that Ohio Governor Jim Rhodes himself was spotted today at a newsstand, buying a copy of the infamous Jackie O. issue.

The staffers go crazy. What?!!!! They're WHOOPING, HOLLARING in disbelief.

REPORTER (on TV)

We talked to the Governor later in the day. He had this response:

ON THE TV - White-haired GOVERNOR RHODES appears. He looks nervous and confused.

GOVERNOR RHODES (on TV)

Well, er, uh... everybody knows I've been a historical buff on First Ladies for a long time.

The staffers SCREAM happily and LAUGH their heads off. People smack Larry on the back. He grins, flabbergasted and proud.

23 INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

23

A roomful of CONSERVATIVE MEN AND WOMEN. Up front, a hawklike TALL MAN speaks authoritatively.

TALL MAN (CHARLES KEATING)

What is a community? A community is a collection of people, things, and ideas which interact to form a way of life. A teacher educates our youth, and they become model citizens. The clergyman preaches, and we find spirituality. My bank gives loans, and homes get built.

(an ominous pause)

But NOW... there is a new, darker influence in Cincinnati. Mr. Leis, if you would?

SIMON LEIS, the sour, spooky Hamilton County Prosecutor, pulls out a pile of Hustlers. He starts passing them out to everyone.

People are shocked.

TALL MAN

This filth was not purchased in some dirty bookstore. It was found in our neighborhood groceries -- in plain sight!

One lady covers her eyes. The Tall Man threateningly waves the Hustler in her face.

TALL MAN

Ma'am, you cannot hide from this!
Good people are being corrupted!
Why, just look what happened to our fine Governor!

(he shakes his head)

As members of the Citizens for Decent Literature, we can not relent! We must prevent the destruction of the soul of our country.

Everybody APPLAUDS.

A beat -- then we PUSH IN to a nametag on the man's lapel. It says "Hello, my name is Charles Keating."

24 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - LATE NIGHT

24

FRAMED Hustler magazines hang proudly on the wall. There are now six.

Larry works at a bulletin board, arranging page mockups for the next issue. Althea sits at a table, totaling receipts on the old adding machine. She punches in numbers -- then suddenly gets an odd expression. The TOTAL is \$1,001,205.

Althea's eyes widen.

ALTHEA

Larry, take off your pants.

LARRY

Why?

ALTHEA

I want to fuck a millionaire....!

Larry gasps. Althea laughs joyfully and jumps onto him.

25 EST. TUDOR MANSION - NIGHT

25

A gorgeous Tudor mansion stands on a lush green property. A sign says "Flynt Manor."

26 INT. MANSION - SAME TIME

26

A BIG PARTY is rocking. The house is an inadvertent parody of tasteless nouveau riche. Gurgling fountains, animal skins, a black velvet portrait of Larry and Althea... it's stroke-inducing decor. A "HAPPY BICENTENNIAL" banner drapes over a lavish fried chicken buffet. Red, white, and blue bunting is everywhere.

Hundreds of PARTYGOERS dance, drink, and do drugs. Some are naked and make out. A MAID serves canapes in the commotion. Suddenly -- we HEAR MILITARY-STYLE DRUMMING. Everyone rushes out back to see what's happening.

OUTSIDE

On the lawn, four DRUMMERS march in drill formation. They part -- and Larry strides out, proudly dressed as a Revolutionary War soldier. He salutes the crowd.

LARRY

Happy Birthday, America!

Fireworks EXPLODE! Everyone cheers. Red, white, and blue fireworks light up arranged as the American flag. Then another display erupts, depicting two women's nude bodies groping.

Larry beams.

LARRY

I put the "bi" back in Bicentennial!

People LAUGH.

A SERVANT comes over and whispers something in Larry's ear. Larry lights up even more and runs out through the house.

27 EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

27

Larry's parents step from a limo, overwhelmed. Pa is in a heavy coat, and Ma Flynt clutches her purse. Larry runs up and hugs them.

LARRY

Mom! Dad! You came!

MA FLYNT (quiet)

Larry, this house is so big...

LARRY

Not bad for a cracker with an eighth-grade education, eh?!

Larry escorts them away. A CHAUFFEUR follows with luggage.

28 INT. MANSION

28

Larry leads his parents in, pushing through the crowd. The chauffeur struggles after them.

MA FLYNT

Who are all these people?

LARRY

My friends!

(he gestures)

So what do ya think?! We got
servant's quarters, library... and
look! A formal dining room --

PA FLYNT (puzzled)

"Formal" dining room...?

LARRY

Yep! Twenty-four rooms in all. You
know who else has twenty-four rooms?

PA FLYNT

The President...?

LARRY

Nah! Hugh Hefner!

MA FLYNT

It's like a dream. You really made
it, Larry.

LARRY (touched)

Yeah... Lemme show you your bedroom.

Larry opens a door -- pauses -- then suddenly shuts it.

LARRY

Hmm, it's all messy. Hang on a sec'.

Blocking his parents' view, Larry sticks his head back inside.

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Althea is having sex with TWO NAKED GIRLS.

LARRY

Hey, there is a party out here!

ALTHEA (teasing)

I'm just warmin' them up for you.

Larry glances at the women.

LARRY

Oh. Well this is my parent's room.
Uh... move your buddies to the
parlor, and I'll see you in ten.

BACK IN THE HALL

Larry quickly shuts the door and palms the chauffeur a HUNDRED.

LARRY

Leave the bags here.

(he grabs his folks)

C'mon, I wanna show you where Jimmy lives.

PA FLYNT

Y'know... we appreciate you takin' care of your little brother, the way you do.

LARRY

Of course. He's family.

29 INT. BASEMENT

29

Larry guides Ma and Pa down some dark stairs.

LARRY (mysterious)

What I got down here is real special. I bought a house with an extra-large basement, so I'd have room for this...

Larry flicks on the LIGHTS. And sitting in the basement is an exact replica of Larry's childhood home. It's the FLYNT'S KENTUCKY CABIN.

Ma and Pa are flabbergasted.

MA FLYNT

My GOD. Sweet Jesus, look at that...!

PA FLYNT

It's our old house!

LARRY (proud)

It's even got the tar stains on the front steps!

PA FLYNT (puzzled)

And this is where Jimmy lives?

Larry LAUGHS heartily.

LARRY

NO! That's a joke.

MA FLYNT

So Larry... why did you build it?

A sincere beat.

LARRY

Mom... I always wanna remember where
I came from.

Larry gives her a poignant embrace. Beautiful MUSIC starts...

30 EXT. MANSION YARD - LATE THAT NIGHT

30

The party's over. Litter is everywhere, and the butler and maid clean up. Across the yard, they hear MOANING. Off in the dark, submerged in the jacuzzi, is a three-way.

In the bubbling water, Larry is screwing a WOMAN from behind. The woman's head is buried in Althea's crotch. Althea stands facing Larry, unmoving, staring into his eyes.

Finally, they all orgasm. Pause, and then the woman glides into the pool and silently swims away.

31 INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - SAME TIME

31

Ma and Pa Flynt lie on their bed, still dressed. They stare at the ceiling, totally overwhelmed.

32 IN THE JACUZZI - SAME TIME

32

Althea kisses Larry on the nose. He beams.

ALTHEA

That was good.

LARRY

You want a beer?

She shakes her head. An unsure moment. Althea gulps like a little child.

ALTHEA

Larry... you ever think about gettin' married?

LARRY

No.

ALTHEA (careful, not pushy)

Why not? Don't you think it shows a nice level of commitment...?

LARRY

Nope.

(he shakes his head)

See, I was married a lot when I was young. I got ex-wives and kids scattered all over Ohio. It just don't work.

ALTHEA

But --

LARRY

Cause here's the problem: I just love beaver too much. Different kinds of beaver. It's a glorious thing. I can't imagine ever committing to just one.

Althea is hurt.

ALTHEA

Not even me?

LARRY

Baby, don't get me wrong: You're the best. You're the 100-percent finest woman I ever met in my life. I'd love to be married to you --

(beat)

But, Little Larry runs the show.

Silence, except for the bubbles. Althea is thinking.

ALTHEA

Well... what if it wasn't a problem? What if it was okay for you to bang whoever you wanted, as long as I knew that I was the one you loved?

Larry squirms nervously.

LARRY

Jeez, I dunno, Althea. All of a sudden you're really puttin' the screws on me.

ALTHEA

I thought you liked screws.

LARRY (staring into her eyes)

You're really serious...?

ALTHEA

Like a hemorrhoid.

Larry slowly nods, mulling this over. She waits for a response. Finally -- he smiles warmly, tentatively.

LARRY

Ummm, Althea?

ALTHEA (biting her lip)

Yes, Larry.....?

LARRY (quiet)

Would you be my wife?

Althea SQUEALS happily and hugs him. They kiss excitedly.

33 SERIES OF STILLs - LARRY AND ALTHEA'S WEDDING

33

A montage of stills from a beautiful, traditional ceremony. Althea in a white gown. Larry in a 70's tux with fat lapels. The bride and groom kissing. Family and friends applaud.

34 INT. NEW MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

34

An editorial meeting is in progress, in newer offices. Althea sits alone in a starry-eyed daze, transfixed by a sparkling WEDDING RING on her hand.

At the table, male staffers lustily examine a PHOTO PORTFOLIO of a gorgeous brunette.

LARRY

What do ya think? Ain't she hot?

ARLO

Yessir! Totally fuckable!

LARRY

You think so? Okay, turn the page.

They do so. Suddenly -- they all GROAN IN HORROR. AaaahHH!

JIMMY

Oh NO!! She's got a DICK!

LARRY

Heh, heh! Meet our new cover girl!

The group is appalled.

STAFFER #1

Why?! Who would enjoy these pictures?

LARRY (unsure)

Uh... women.

STAFFER #2

Nah, women wouldn't enjoy them.

LARRY

Okay... men.

(he shrugs)

Look, it don't matter. It's like when people slow down at a car crash, to sneak a peek. We're breakin' taboos!

JIMMY

It sounds like a freak show.

LARRY

Exactly! Now let's hear some more ideas....!

Larry looks about the room. People think. Finally --

JIMMY

Uh, I know a girl with three nipples.

LARRY

Sure!

DWAINÉ

What about a 50-year-old centerfold?

LARRY

Great!

ALTHEA

How 'bout "The Wizard Of Oz??"

Hmm. Everybody is totally baffled by this suggestion.

ARLO

What do you mean?

ALTHEA

You know, dirty. With the Scarecrow,
and the Lion, and the Tin Man pullin'
a train on Dorothy.

The group is shocked.

STAFFER #1

I dunno. There's some things that
are sacred...

LARRY (offended)

Hey, shut up. Althea's idea is the
best fuckin' thing I've ever heard!

Larry and Althea smile at each other.

Suddenly -- the door gets SLAMMED against the wall, and two
POLICE DETECTIVES stride in! They stare grimly.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Larry Claxton Flynt?

LARRY (puzzled)

Um, uh... yes?

POLICE DETECTIVE

You're under arrest, on charges of
pandering obscenity in Cincinnati and
engaging in organized crime.

He SLAPS HANDCUFFS on Larry. Larry is dumbfounded.

POLICE DETECTIVE
 You have the right to remain silent.
 Anything you say can and will be used
 against you in a court of law. You
 have the right to...

35 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

35

Larry sits motionless behind bars.

A GUARD walks up, leading a well-dressed man of boyish charm.
 This is ALAN ISAACMAN, a sharp, principled lawyer.

ISAACMAN
 Mr. Flynt?

LARRY (leery)
Who are you?

ISAACMAN
 Alan Isaacman. I'm your lawyer.

LARRY
 Really...?! Who hired you?

ISAACMAN
 Your wife.

LARRY (impressed)
 Hmm. Is porn your specialty?

Isaacman laughs.

ISAACMAN
 I'd like to think not.
 (he smiles)
 But civil liberties are. Do you
 realize what you've stumbled into...?

36 INT. LAW FIRM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

36

Larry and Althea sit at a polished conference table, surrounded
 by Isaacman and more LAWYERS.

ISAACMAN
 This is war. These guys hate
 pornography, and they're going to use
 you to further their national agenda.

LARRY
 Which is what?

LAWYER #1 (grim)
 Censorship.

LARRY
 That's ridiculous! I got a right to
 say whatever I want -- uh, don't I?

ISAACMAN

Well, technically the First Amendment protects your rights to free speech and a free press. But recently, individual communities have begun imposing their own standards.

LARRY (he frowns)

So what do they expect? A different edition for every city...?!

ISAACMAN

No. They're hoping you'll take their watered-down version and make that the one everyone reads.

This sinks in. Isaacman opens a file.

ISAACMAN

Now what makes your case odd is the organized crime charge. They've upped the stakes.

ALTHEA

That's bullshit. He's not in the Mob!

ISAACMAN (eyebrow raised)

Really, Mr. Flynt?

LARRY

No!

A beat. Larry decides he likes Isaacman.

LARRY

And call me Larry.

ISAACMAN

Okay, Larry. Well, the prosecutors are exploiting an obscure Ohio statute which says "organized crime" is five or more people conspiring in an illegal activity.

LAWYER #2

So if they nail you on the misdemeanor pandering, it'll turn into a felony. You're looking at twenty-five years.

LARRY

Jesus Christ!

(stunned)

All I'm guilty of is bad taste...!

Larry slumps back. Althea shakes her head in disbelief.

ALTHEA

My cousin Bobby shot a preacher and only did six months!

LAWYER #1

Well cousin Bobby only hurt one person. Larry's polluting the minds of millions.

ISAACMAN (to Larry)

They want the world to think you're a pervert in a raincoat. We're gonna have to fight back every way we can...

37 EXT. MANSION - DAY

37

Larry's backyard is filled with a 60 MINUTES CAMERA CREW. They set-up lights and reflectors by the swimming pool.

Larry hides around the corner, panickedly watching. Isaacman, Arlo, and Althea are with him.

LARRY

Christ almighty! Why'd I agree to this? 60 Minutes is gonna eat me alive!

(he spins around)

Quiz me again.

ISAACMAN (referring to notes)

Okay. Tell me about the First Amendment.

Larry concentrates, furrowing his brow like a schoolkid giving a speech.

LARRY

"Congress shall make no law reserving"--

ARLO (correcting)

"Respecting."

LARRY

"Uh, respecting an establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Althea CLAPS giddily. Larry breathes a sigh of relief.

CREW MEMBER

Mr. Flynt, we're ready for you.

ISAACMAN

Okay -- don't forget to smile...

38 LATER

38

The interview. A camera ROLLS on Larry and an INTERVIEWER.

LARRY

...and as Pablo Picasso said, "The only true enemy of creativity is good taste."

(beat)

See, just two types of people oppose pornography. Those that don't know what they're missin', and those that won't admit they get off on it.

The Interviewer laughs.

INTERVIEWER

C'mon Larry... your publication's obviously not for everybody. It has been nicknamed "Gynecology Today."

LARRY

Look, Moses freed the Jews. Lincoln freed the slaves. Larry Flynt would just like to free a lot of neurotics --

INTERVIEWER

And make a lot of money.

LARRY

Of course! But that's beside the point.

(impassioned)

Look, how can a country founded on the printed word, at its 200th birthday, still be questioning what kind of book or movie you can see?! My God, that's interfering with our thought process!

The Interviewer pulls out a NEWSPAPER.

INTERVIEWER

Well, you seem to have some substantial allies.

(he holds up a NEWSPAPER)

I quote from a full-page ad in Sunday's New York Times: "We the undersigned wish to protest the infringement of Mr. Flynt's right under the First Amendment, because it is a threat to the rights of all Americans. Woody Allen. Norman Mailer. Gore Vidal..."

(he looks up)

Do these people subscribe to Hustler?

LARRY

Probably not! They just don't want the government telling us what to read. Cause nobody, NOBODY has that right!

39 EXT. CINCINNATI COURTHOUSE - SAME TIME

39

Outside the courthouse is a SWARM OF UPSET PICKETERS. The two sides hurl ANGRY EPITHETS at each other: "Remember Sodom and Gomorrah!" "Don't fuck with the Bill of Rights!" "There's no 'SIN' in Cincinnati!"

A town car pulls up. Larry gets out -- and marvels at all this.

40 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

40

The trial. Pudgy JUDGE WILLIAM MORRISSEY presides over the room. Larry sits at the defendant's table with Isaacman and his team. Charles Keating and his Decent Citizens watch from the front row.

Prosecutor Leis addresses the TWELVE JURORS in a heavy monotone.

LEIS

Good morning, Ladies and Gentlemen. Before we begin, I must apologize for the unpleasantness of this task.

(he grimaces)

What you are going to see will take your breath away. Hustler depicts women and men posed together in a lewd and shameful manner. It depicts women and women posed together in a lewd and shameful manner. It even depicts -- Santa Claus posed in a lewd and shameful manner.

The jury GASPS.

Isaacman leans in and frantically WHISPERS to Larry.

ISAACMAN

What's he talking about?

LARRY (whispering)

December '76. Santa takes it up the ass.

Isaacman groans.

ISAACMAN

Oh Jesus.

LATER

Isaacman approaches the Judge. A stack of MAGAZINES sit on the evidence table.

ISAACMAN

With the court's permission, at this time I'd like to introduce into evidence twenty-seven other men's magazines widely available in Cincinnati. Titles such as Swank, Cheri, Players, Juggs --

LEIS

Objection!

JUDGE MORRISSEY

Sustained --

ISAACMAN

Your Honor! These titles have contents virtually identical to Hustler!

(he spreads out the magazines)
How can they be legal if Hustler is not?? These magazines clearly reflect this community's level of tolerance.

The Judge stares.

JUDGE MORRISSEY

No.

ISAACMAN (startled)

Excuse me??

JUDGE MORRISSEY

NO. I won't allow these into evidence. They're irrelevant to the case.

Isaacman is aghast.

ISAACMAN

B-but... they demonstrate community standards...

JUDGE MORRISSEY

No, counselor. The jury is representative of the community -- NOT a pile of magazines. You can't admit them.

The Judge BANGS his gavel.

Isaacman glowers.

The Decent Citizens smile mysteriously.

LATER

Larry is on the stand. Leis hounds him, cross-examining.

LEIS

Mr. Flynt, do you imagine that when our Founding Fathers wrote the Constitution, they envisioned charlatans like you exploiting the Bill of Rights?

LARRY (angry)

Hey, you can't slice it up! The Constitution don't say freedom of the press for everybody, except Larry Flynt!

(beat)

I've got 10 million readers. That's 10 million voices that can't be ignored! Now we either have a free press or we don't!

The jury is fascinated. A SKETCH ARTIST draws Larry.

LEIS

But isn't a community entitled to set its own standards?

LARRY

NO, Sir! That's just a disguise for "Censorship"! And one of the greatest things we have as American citizens is the right to be left alone. If you don't like Hustler, PUT IT DOWN!

LEIS

I do. But what about innocent children, when they gaze upon your magazine in a grocery?

LARRY

Hey! These same places sell booze and cigarettes, and we KNOW kids end up with those! If a minor got caught drinkin' beer in a tavern, would Budweiser be banned across the entire country??!

LATER

Isaacman is giving his closing speech.

ISAACMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury: Do you think I am proud to be standing here defending pornography? NO, I'M NOT! But let me tell you what I am proud of... I'M PROUD that I live in a country where I can read Hustler if I want to, or throw it in the trash can. That's what I AM PROUD OF!

He stares each juror in the eye, letting this sink in. Leis glares.

ISAACMAN

Freedom is never lost in one fell swoop. Rather, it is eroded little by little... one book, one film, one newspaper at a time. Where does it end? In the Soviet Union, even Shakespeare and Moliere are still censored on obscenity statutes.

(very quiet)

My friends, watch out about building walls of decency. Someday, you might find the walls have grown up all around you.

Isaacman drops his head. The room is silent.

Then Larry's eyes start welling up with tears.

Leis glowers skeptically, irked. Is Flynt a big put-on?

41 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

41

Larry and Althea sit on a bench, waiting nervously. He chews his fingernails.

Down the hall, Leis, Keating, and their people stand in a circle, laughing.

Larry is scared.

ALTHEA

It's like waitin' on death row.

LARRY

I might not get out of jail til I'm 60. We should've fucked some more.

ALTHEA (sly)

There's always the bathroom stall.

Larry glances up -- Ladies is on the left, Men is on the right.

LARRY

Your place or mine?

Suddenly Isaacman runs up.

ISAACMAN
The verdict's in.

42 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

42

The packed room is dead silent. The JURY FOREMAN stands.

JUDGE MORRISSEY
Mr. Foreman, how do you find the
defendant?

The Foreman stares emotionlessly.

JURY FOREMAN
Guilty.

Larry is stunned.

The courtroom goes CRAZY. Applause breaks out. Larry is put
in handcuffs. Keating smiles.

Larry SCREAMS furiously over the din.

LARRY
All I do is print a magazine! ARE
WE REALLY LIVING IN A FREE COUNTRY?!

Larry is hustled out by the bailiffs.

43 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

43

Althea runs emotionally down the steps, trying to escape. But
a throng of REPORTERS chases after her.

REPORTERS (adlibbed)
Were you surprised by the verdict?
What will you do without Larry? Are
you ashamed to have your husband
locked up?

Althea can't take it. She suddenly stops -- and stoically
faces them, head-on.

ALTHEA
Look, I would never be ashamed of
Larry.

(beat)
Of course I wish he wasn't goin' to
jail... But I'd rather have a man
who stands up for what he believes
in.

44 EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

44

A Lincoln Continental drives down a rural road. Althea is at
the wheel. Ma Flynt sits next to her.

They round a turn -- and pull up to a looming PENITENTIARY.

45 INT. PRISON - DAY

45

Althea and Ma Flynt somberly march along with a GUARD. Ma carries a pie in her hands. She is on the verge of crying.

ALTHEA

Try to be cheery. Larry needs all the strength he can get.

46 PRISON VISITING AREA

46

Althea and Ma wait in wooden chairs. Suddenly a locked door opens -- and Larry bounds in, wearing a prison jumpsuit, grinning his head off!

LARRY

Hey baby, how ya shakin'?!!!
(beaming)
Mom! You look great!!!

MA FLYNT (confused)

Larry...?

LARRY

Have you heard the sales figures?!?
We sold half a million copies
yesterday!!

Ma and Althea glance strangely at each other.

MA FLYNT

But Son... aren't you sad to be in jail?

LARRY (ecstatic)

Aw hell, get with it! Acquittals don't sell magazines -- CONVICTIONS do! People are crazed to get their hands on what's obscene!

ALTHEA

But Larry... you're lookin' at twenty-five years.

MA FLYNT

You won't get outta jail 'til the next century....!

LARRY

Nah. If you're takin' bets, I say I get out in a week. Isaacman claims the conviction's too screwy -- it won't hold. So smile, ladies! SMILE!

47 INT. CINCINNATI ARENA - NIGHT

47

A red, white, and blue RALLY is in progress. Supporters whistle and cheer. Bright banners say "AMERICANS FOR A FREE PRESS." Workers at tables register people. Girls wearing American flags pass out buttons and bumper stickers with the slogan, "WARNING: A CINCINNATI JURY HAS DETERMINED THAT READING HUSTLER IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH."

Large reproductions of recent, angry political cartoons adorn the walls. One from Oliphant depicts a man from Cincinnati chopping up a library's Literature section with an axe. Conrad has one showing Lady Justice in a jail cell, weeping. Above her, it says "HUSTLED."

An ANNOUNCER blares over the P.A.

BOOMING ANNOUNCER

And now... Americans For A Free Press
is extremely pleased to welcome to
Cincinnati, directly from jail,
cleared 100% by the Appellate Court,
dissident publisher and freedom
fighter Larry C. Flynt!!

The crowd WHOOPS and CHEERS!

BACKSTAGE

Larry and Jimmy peek around the curtain. Jimmy's overwhelmed.

JIMMY

Wow! It was really nice of Americans
For A Free Press to invite us here
tonight.

LARRY (startled)

You dummy -- that group is ME. I'm
the one paying for all this!

OUT FRONT

Larry marches out centerstage, stopping in front of a SCREEN. Beaming, flushed with pride, he waits for the CLAPPING to die down... then speaks, with a building Baptist fervor:

LARRY

Thank you. Let me ask you a
question: What is more obscene?
This...

A PICTURE of a beautiful naked woman appears on the screen, her crotch projected over Larry's face.

LARRY

Or this?

Now we SEE a horrifying crime picture: A frighteningly mutilated body of a murder victim. The crowd is hushed.

LARRY

This...?

(another NAKED LADY)

Or this?!

(a DEAD SOLDIER)

Somethin's WRONG! Sex is legal, and you can't show pictures of it. But murder is illegal, and you can show pictures of it!!

A MONTAGE builds. Beauty pageant contestants parade on-screen.

LARRY

Look at 'em. Ain't they beautiful?

Then Nazis goosestep in formation.

LARRY

But how 'bout these guys?! A sheep in a herd has more individuality than these clowns!

(beat)

If you got blood and guts, they'll splash you on the newspapers, magazines and TV! But if you got a pretty lady, they throw you behind bars! You tell me: WHAT'S MORE OBSCENE?

CLOSEUP - LARRY

He turns to the screen -- then suddenly stops his bombast. Something catches in his throat, and the emotions register for real. Larry's voice drops to a whisper.

LARRY

You don't have to read Hustler to join our cause. This is not a pep rally for pornography. My conviction is simply a reminder that what we fought for 200 years ago can't be taken for granted!

48 INT. BIG BOY - DAY

48

Larry and his staffers sit around a big table, eating sandwiches. Arlo examines a pile of mimeographed Left Wing publications. Larry is ranting.

LARRY

What this trial has made me realize is that everything is political. And we've got a forum -- an opportunity to take on anything -- and people are gonna read it!

ARLO

Yeah, Hustler should abuse its independence. We're the only major mag not tied-in to Big Business.

(beat)

Let's be the Yippies of smut.

STAFFER

I dunno... guys buy us for the pink.

LARRY

And we're not gonna touch that! But the truth is that our articles are useless -- just fillin' up space!

(beat)

See, why can't we have pussy on one page, and an article on how the Indian Nations got screwed out of their land on the other?...Or who shot Malcolm X?...Or how TV evangelists rip off poor folk... Or where is the cure for V.D.?

A MOTHER with KIDS scowls at the next table.

MOTHER

I think you're disgusting.

LARRY

Yeah? Suck my Johnson.

The lady blanches and pulls her kids away. The staffers laugh.

LARRY

See...? People are uninformed.

(beat)

So let's make a stand! C'MON! We pissed off the establishment with our pictures. Now let's piss 'em off with our articles!

Whew. Nobody knows what to say. Finally --

ARLO

Jeez, Larry, you're a regular Thomas Paine.

LARRY

(beat)

Who?

49 INT. MAGAZINE ART DEPARTMENT - DAY

49

An ART DIRECTOR works at a drafting table, assembling a mock-up of a full-page ad parody. It shows cancerous, rotted lungs and says, "SOME THINGS GO TOGETHER: SMOKING AND SUICIDE."

ART DIRECTOR
Is this what you wanted?

LARRY (happy as a clam)
Perfect.

50 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

50

The door SLAMS open, and a hot-tempered AD SALES GUY bursts in. He furiously flings the smoking ad down at Larry.

AD SALES GUY
What is this shit?! You're not gonna run this in the magazine!

LARRY (nonchalant)
It's a public service announcement.

AD SALES GUY
Larry, I gotta sell ad space. I guarantee if you run this, Kool Cigarettes will pull out!

LARRY
So what? Let 'em go.

AD SALES GUY (terribly frustrated)
But they're our only national advertiser! We need the income!

LARRY
The hell we do. I'm gonna make 20 million dollars this year. I don't need their blood money.

The guy is stupefied.

LARRY
Don't slam the door on your way out.

The ad guy staggers away. Larry starts opening mail. He rips opens a letter: Inside, cut-out magazine letters spell out "LARRY FLINT MUST DIE."

Larry shrugs. He opens a drawer, revealing dozens of threatening letters inside. He tosses the note in and shuts the drawer.

51 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

51

A shoot is being set-up. A flamboyant EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHER arranges colored lights on a female STAND-IN. He smiles at Larry and Althea.

EURO PHOTOGRAPHER (with HEAVY ACCENT)
Three more minutes, I ready!

Althea glances at Larry.

ALTHEA
Who is this guy?

LARRY
I stole him from Vogue. He's costin'
me a fortune, but the man's an
artist.

(beat)
This centerfold's gonna be so hot,
even the mailman will be jackin' off!

ALTHEA (she grins)
Thanks, 'hon.

A beat -- then Althea releases a strap and DROPS HER CLOTHES.
She's the model.

Althea struts naked across the room and plops down in front of
the lights. The stand-in leaves. The photographer adjusts his
camera.

ALTHEA
I was thinkin' maybe I should hold
a snake.

EURO PHOTOGRAPHER
No, no! You need no props.

ALTHEA
Then what should I do?

LARRY
Hey, show Pavel the position that
girl did to me last night.

ALTHEA
The redhead?

LARRY
No, the blonde.

ALTHEA
Oh, okay.

She begins to pose. The man excitedly CLICKS away...

EURO PHOTOGRAPHER
Magnifique!

LARRY
Now this is class.

AT THE DOOR - Arlo enters, upset.

ARLO
Larry, I got shitty news! A Georgia
prosecutor has arrested --

Arlo stops, and suddenly does a doubletake. He stammers.

ARLO
Oh. Um, hi, Althea...

ALTHEA (o.s.)
Hi!

ARLO
(trying to get back on track)
Er, the prosecutor's arrested some
newsdealers for selling Hustler. So
other retailers are scared -- they're
pulling copies off the shelves.

Larry is shocked -- then enraged. He grabs a PHONE.

LARRY
HEY! Fuel the plane!!
(back to Arlo)
Then alert the Georgia police and
media: The Cavalry is coming!

52 EXT. SKY - DAY

52

A bright PINK Commander Jet airplane soars through the sky.
"Hustler" is painted on the tail.

53 EXT. BOOK SHACK - DAY

53

REPORTERS and FILM CREWS stand in wait outside Book Shack, a
ratty little shop. Suddenly a limo SCREECHES up, and Larry
strides out, eagerly thrusting himself into the action.

REPORTER
Larry, why are you here?!

LARRY
Good hard-workin' newsvendors are
being threatened. Intimidated! If
that's not censorship, I don't know
what is!

REPORTER #2
So what's your plan?

LARRY
Stick myself in their face! If they
wanna arrest someone, they can arrest
the sonofabitch at the top of it all!

Larry leers wild-eyed -- unsettling everybody a bit.

Althea and Jimmy step from the limo. She frowns.

ALTHEA
 He's really crackin' up. Only a
 madman gets himself busted on
purpose.

Larry strides into Book Shack, trailed by his followers.
 Across the street, two COPS silently get out of a police car.

54 INT. BOOK SHACK - SAME TIME

54

The tiny shop sells magazines, paperbacks, and candy. The reporters crowd in, ogling Larry. He is theatrically counting out money to a GRIZZLED OWNER.

LARRY
 Eight, nine, one thousand dollars!
 I have now rented the Book Shack for
 the next twenty-four hours.

Larry slips a "Book Shack" visor on. He grins, then shakes his fists at the cops outside.

LARRY
 C'mon, COPPERS! Is the Peach State
 afraid of a little sexual
 integration?

Larry flashes an interracial pictorial. The reporters GASP.

55 OUTSIDE

55

The cops wait, fuming.

COP
 This guy makes me sick.

56 INSIDE

56

Arlo shuffles from the crowd, wearing a funny hat. He's the stooge.

ARLO (play-acting)
 Hey Mister! Can I buy an autographed
 Hustler?

LARRY
 Sure, sonny!

Larry scribbles his signature. Arlo pulls out cash. Larry smirks, then dramatically hands over the Hustler. FLASHES explode, as the cops burst in, ferociously pushing everyone aside.

COP
 ALRIGHT! LARRY FLYNT, STEP OUT FROM
 BEHIND THE COUNTER! YOU'RE UNDER
 ARREST!!

Larry laughs impishly and thrusts his hands out for cuffs.
More cameras FLASH.

57 INT. GEORGIA JAIL - DAY

57

Isaacman irritably escorts Larry from a jail cell.

ISAACMAN

I wish you'd WARNED me, before you pulled this stunt! I flew in on no sleep, arranged your bail, and got you a court date in six weeks. You're welcome!

Unfazed, Larry pulls out a scrap of paper.

LARRY

Yeah yeah yeah. Hey, do me a favor and give me a lift to this address. A guard gave me a tip on a hot whorehouse.

ISAACMAN (ironically)

Sure. You want all the reporters to stay outside, or do you want 'em to come in and watch?!

LARRY

Let 'em watch!! Imagine the headlines: "LARRY FLYNT -- FROM JAILHOUSE TO WHOREHOUSE, FROM WHOREHOUSE TO TOP OF THE WORLD!!"

Larry beams crazily. Isaacman is worried.

ISAACMAN

Larry, maybe you need a vacation...

58 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

58

An editorial meeting is in progress. The staff gapes at a mockup of the next issue. The back cover says "HELP BRING JFK'S KILLERS TO JUSTICE. \$1,000,000 REWARD!"

JIMMY

We're gonna pay a million bucks?!

LARRY

If it catches the killers, I will! Money's for spendin'. Let's stop this coverup!

(manic)

Movin' on, we have to pick our "Asshole Of The Month." Who's the biggest hypocrite out there?

ALTHEA

Jerry Falwell.

ARLO
Again? No, we need a bigger asshole.
(beat)
How 'bout Anita Bryant?

STAFFER
Gerald Ford.

JIMMY
Larry Flynt.

Some strange looks. Then -- Larry smiles.

LARRY
Good call, Bro! Everybody hates me.
The intercom BUZZES.

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Larry, you got a phone call --

LARRY
Take a message! I'm not here.
(back to the staff)
Better yet: Make me Asshole of the
YEAR!

ALTHEA
Or Asshole of the DECADE!
The intercom BUZZES again.

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Larry! She's calling from North
Carolina. She says she's the
President's sister -- Ruth Carter
something...

The group is shocked.

STAFFER
Ruth Carter Stapleton?!

ARLO
She's a woman of God!

JIMMY
What does she want with YOU??
Everybody looks at Larry. He's on the spot.
An ominous silence. He glances down at the telephone.

ALTHEA
What, are you scared of a fuckin'
phone??
Larry frowns and PUNCHES on the speakerphone.

LARRY

Hello... this is Larry Flynt.

RUTH speaks. She has a gentle, calming voice.

RUTH (v.o.)

Well Praise the Lord, I found you!

LARRY (uncomfortable)

Umm, Praise the Lord to you to. How can I help ya?

RUTH (v.o.)

Well, we have a mutual friend, a producer at "60 Minutes." He found you to be quite dynamic, and suggested we get together. He thought you and I would hit it off.

Althea raises an eyebrow. Larry is baffled.

LARRY

But you're an evangelist. I'm a smut peddler...

RUTH (v.o.)

Larry, I don't believe in labels. I think you and I could teach each other a lot.

(beat)

So are you free for dinner tomorrow night?

LARRY

Eh, eh, um... I'm probably busy... Really full schedule --

RUTH (v.o., interrupting)

You know what's nice about people like you and me, Mr. Flynt?

LARRY

What?

RUTH (v.o.)

We can do anything we want.

Larry glances awkwardly around the room. Everybody stares.

59 EXT. AIRPORT - DUSK

59

Larry's plane takes off.

60 EST. RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

60

A large, stately home sits elegantly.

61 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

61

Larry and Althea eat dinner with RUTH and her straight-up husband ROBERT. Ruth is a blonde, lilting Southerner with a beatific disposition, exuding warm, direct love. Dinner is a family style chow-down: Chicken, green beans, and potatoes.

A nervous silence. Larry and Althea don't know what to say. Finally --

RUTH

So Larry, do you go to church?

Urgh. Ruth smiles. Larry and Althea glance awkwardly.

LARRY

Oh. Er, um... I go for the big days.
Y'know, Easter, Christmas...

(a long beat; he shrugs)

Actually, I never go.

RUTH

That's alright. The rituals are unimportant. I just believe in going straight to the teachings of Jesus.

ROBERT

And does she love that man!

LARRY

Are you a faith healer?

RUTH

Goodness no -- I do spiritual healing. I don't mend bones, I mend troubled souls.

LARRY (surprised)

Whew, that's a relief! I figured you were like those revival tent fakes that came around when I was a kid, scarin' everybody with snakes. Wicked this, wicked that...

RUTH (shaking her head)

Hellfire and damnation... That kind of talk is unforgivable.

Beat.

LARRY

Well how about that. We've got something in common.

RUTH

Actually... there's something else. We're both trying to release people from sexual repression.

LARRY

Really...?!

Larry's eyebrows raise. Althea yawns.

62 LATER

62

Althea and Robert are in the living room -- she sleeps, he reads. But Larry and Ruth still converse in an intent hush.

LARRY

Tell me... Did Jimmy, I mean your brother, the President, ever see my publication?

RUTH

I doubt it. After that Playboy interview, he's sorta bitter toward adult magazines. He confessed he had committed adultery in his heart, and then Billy Graham and Oral Roberts badmouthed him in public.

They both laugh. She thinks.

RUTH

But I'm more ambivalent toward what you do. Sexuality is a God-given gift.

LARRY

You bet it is! I wish more folks knew that.

(impressed)

I figure people are too uptight. Nothing wrong with enjoying their bodies.

RUTH

That's right! When I counsel Pentecostal women in bad marriages, I forget the Bible at first. I tell 'em to get some make-up, hair conditioner and electric curlers, because Jesus wants you to be beautiful!

Larry is fascinated.

LARRY

You are somethin'...

RUTH

Larry, God created the Earth, and has a special purpose for all of us. Mine is to work with broken people --

LARRY
Uh, "Broken people"?

RUTH
Yes! Those who have problems with
excessive escapes. You know,
alcohol, drugs, sexual perversion...

LARRY (getting nervous)
Look -- Ruth -- I can see where this
is going. But I'm not unhappy. I
love my life...

RUTH
And so does Jesus.

LARRY (squirming)
Nah, that's unlikely. I'm... pretty
tarnished. I've deceived people...
I've mocked our great country... I've
never been faithful to my wife...

Ruth smiles angelically, comforting.

RUTH
The Lord can forgive anyone.

Larry stares at her.

63 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

63

A big rainstorm. Larry's limo glides along, windshield wipers
working furiously. Lightning illuminates the horizon.

64 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

64

Larry is buried in the corner of the seat, deep in thought,
peering straight ahead. But Althea fidgets about.

ALTHEA
I couldn't believe it. All she
wanted was to fuck you.

LARRY
I don't think so, honey...

Larry keeps staring off.

65 EXT. NIGHT SKY

65

Larry's plane sails through the thunderstorm. The turbulence
is rough.

66 INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

66

Larry sits quietly, looking out the window.

ALTHEA (o.s.)
Larry... Larry!
(no response)
I'm horny.

Larry silently looks over. His eyes have a strange gleam.

Beat -- then he gestures her to come. Althea unbuckles her seat belt and wobbles from her sofa to Larry's. She kneels down and starts to open his trousers... when he takes her face in his hands and lifts her head.

LARRY (softly)
Did you ever see a bird crash?

Althea is startled.

ALTHEA
A bird crash?
(pause)
No.

LARRY
Well neither did I. They're perfect.

ALTHEA
I suppose they are...

Althea starts to go back to the business at hand. Suddenly --

LARRY
Do you know how long it took a man
to fly?

ALTHEA (bewildered)
WHAT??

LARRY
It took people centuries of thinkin',
of squeezin' their brains, until
EUREKA! We have a fuckin'
airplane... a miracle! And it's not
even perfect.

The plane suddenly lurches in the storm. Althea looks out, nervous.

ALTHEA
Are you scared...?

LARRY
Yes! Planes crash, but not birds.
And you're tellin' me birds just
happened somehow?! Nobody invented
them?

ALTHEA
I'm not tellin' you anything.

LARRY

Then how'd they get here?!

Althea peers at him.

ALTHEA

Larry, it's called evolution...

LARRY

Bullshit! Evolution without a SPIRIT
BEHIND IT?... BULLSHIT! Don't you
think there's a big guy takin' care
of us??

ALTHEA

If you say so...

(she shrugs)

Are you still horny, Larry?

Larry slowly nods.

Althea's head falls out of frame into Larry's lap. Larry leans comfortably into the sofa and tilts back his head... He stares up... in soothing expectation of things to come... the ROAR of the jet building... when suddenly -- a vicious GUST OF WIND sends the plane into a violent dive!

It drops. Althea shoots straight up at the ceiling, like an arrow.

Larry's eyes roll back in his head. His body starts shaking. The jet SCREAMS louder. Tears pour down his cheeks. The NOISE IS OVERPOWERING -- and then a peaceful smile comes over his face.

67 EXT. BEACH - DAY

67

The ocean is churning. Ruth, Robert, and a handful of CHRISTIANS stand at the waterline, putting on baptismal robes.

Larry and Althea are walking over. She glares suspiciously.

ALTHEA

Why are you doing this?

LARRY (enraptured)

Honey, I've been to the bottom. Well
now there's only one way -- up!

ALTHEA

I knew that Carter woman was gonna
screw with your head.

LARRY (beaming)

Nope, Ruth was just the messenger.
I was handed Hustler as a means to
spread the Word!

ALTHEA

Yeah? Well I got news for you. The Lord might have walked into your life, but \$20 million a year just walked out.

LATER

Althea stands off alone. The Christians circle Larry, performing his baptism.

RUTH

Do you accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior, and reject Satan and all his works?

LARRY (quietly)

I do.

Larry is dunked in the chilly water. He shivers blissfully.

68 EXT. FLYNT MANSION - DAY

68

A massive PRESS CONFERENCE. A mob of REPORTERS crowd the steps, cameras rolling on Larry. Bodyguards watch, stone-faced. Larry stoically speaks, Ruth bravely at his side.

LARRY

This is not a publicity stunt. I have been called by God! I'm gonna be hustling for the Lord!

The crowd is dumbfounded. No one knows how to respond.

REPORTER #1

Ruth, what are you doing with this guy??!

RUTH (calm and dignified)

I would ask you... have you met him personally and talked to him and looked into his eyes? Jesus says, "You shall be known by the fruit of the spirit." Well, I know what Larry's spirit is.

LARRY

My mission is to get people to talk and think. You can't accept Christ until you first accept yourself.

69 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - SAME TIME

69

The staff is squeezed around a TINY TV. Their mouths are agape.

JIMMY

I can't believe this is fuckin' happening!

70 INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TV, HUSTLER OFFICES AND FLYNT MANSION

70

RUTH

Jesus loved sinners! Our friend has a lot to teach us.

REPORTER

So are you shutting down Hustler?

LARRY

Nope! It's the beginning. Jesus had the New Testament -- well, Larry Flynt has the New Hustler!! There will still be a whole lotta sex, but no more explicit than what can be found in the Good Book.

Arlo yanks a secretary.

ARLO

Quick! Find me every dirty passage in the Bible.

MONTAGE -- NATIONAL TV COVERAGE

WALTER CRONKITE (on TV)

And in news that stunned the nation today, adult magazine publisher

BARBARA WALTERS (on TV)

Larry Flynt, in one of the most shocking conversions in modern history,

JOHN CHANCELLOR (on TV)

has become Born Again. Church leaders' responses range from disgust to disbelief.

We WIDEN. We're in...

71 INT. CHARLES KEATING'S OFFICE

71

Keating glares at his TV. A STILL of Larry's baptism appears.

CHARLES KEATING

Why are they puttin' this garbage on the TV?!

Keating's BLONDE, CHESTY SECRETARY shrugs.

SECRETARY

Do you want me to turn it off?

CHARLES KEATING
No! I might miss something.

72 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAYS LATER

72

A sign says "HUSTLER MAGAZINE. JESUS CHRIST, PUBLISHER"

Larry is enlightening his confused workers.

LARRY

...there will be no more photo
 spreads of women alone. Sex will be
 presented more natural, with a man
 in the picture. Something like a
 Genesis pictorial, with Adam and Eve
 gettin' it on in the Garden of Eden.

(beat)

The following month, I want pretty
 naked girls floating on big glass
 crucifixes. See if we can get Marjoe
 Gortner to shoot it.

Silence.

The group is astonished. Finally, Jimmy pleads.

JIMMY

Larry, please don't do this! The
 company is gonna be worth nothin'.

LARRY

Hogwash! I read a poll that 92% of
 the American public believes in God.
 A lot less than that believe in
 pornography.

This sinks in. Slowly, Arlo's eyes widen.

ARLO

Wait a second. This is a big put-on!
 You're just trying to juice our
 circulation!

LARRY (shocked)

Arlo, how DARE you question my
 sincerity. I love my God.

Heavenly VOICES sing out...!

73 INT. CHURCH - DAY

73

A packed CONGREGATION is SINGING a spiritual. At the pulpit is
 a jubilant CHOIR, a REVEREND, Ruth, and teary-eyed Larry.

LARRY (SINGING along)

"Jesus is in the garden!
 Jesus is in the garden...!"

Althea stands in back, scowling.

But Larry belts the song, face full of joy.

74 EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

74

CLOSEUP on a HUSTLER COVER -- A boldface quote from Larry Flynt: "We will no longer hang women up like pieces of meat." The artwork shows a woman's legs going into a meat grinder.

A PUERTO RICAN NEWSDEALER pulls this magazine from a bundle. He is appalled.

PUERTO RICAN NEWSDEALER

Dios Mio...!

Trembling, the man puts the Hustlers on a rack. Then he quickly blocks the covers with a board.

75 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

75

Outside, ANGRY WOMEN jeer and throw eggs at the windows.

Inside, Althea yells at Larry. He sits calmly.

ALTHEA

It's making people SICK! People are walkin' up to newsstands and VOMITING!

LARRY (quiet, sincere)

I wanted to show that I was no longer willing to exploit the female body.

ALTHEA

Well you failed miserably! Nobody wants religion in their porno!

LARRY

But Ruth says the sex drive is the power of God.

ALTHEA

Yeah?! Well then Ruth can buy the two million fuckin' magazines, 'cause no one else is!!

Larry shrugs. Althea struggles to show compassion.

ALTHEA

Larry, listen. This has to stop. I can't even talk to you anymore... You're out of your mind!

LARRY (offended)
 No I'm not. I can accomplish
 anything! GOD WORKS THROUGH ME! Do
 you see that wall? I CAN MAKE THAT
 WALL COME TUMBLING DOWN THROUGH SHEER
 WILL POWER!!!

ALTHEA

Do it!

The phone rings. Larry snatches it.

LARRY

Hello?

INTERCUT:

76 INT. GEORGIA D.A.'S OFFICE

76

Isaacman sits with the amiable GEORGIA PROSECUTOR. Alan smiles into the phone.

ISAACMAN (on phone)
 Larry, good news! I'm sittin' with
 the Georgia prosecutor...
 (he winks at the guy)
 He's impressed that you found God,
 and he's willing to cut a plea
 bargain.

LARRY

"Plea bargain"? Because the heavenly
 Father came into my life??

ISAACMAN

That's right.

LARRY (insulted)
 HECK NO! I personally sold Hustler
 to make a point -- and the Lord's
 sweet smile hasn't changed anything!

ISAACMAN

B-but Larry... you got your
publicity. You showed the law is
 flawed...

(desperate, lowering his voice)
 Look -- I pulled a lot of strings to
 get this deal...

LARRY

LET'S GO TO TRIAL!

Larry impulsively HANGS UP.

Isaacman's eyes pop. He turns weakly to the Prosecutor.

ISAACMAN

Guess what?

77 EST. GEORGIA COURTHOUSE - DAY

77

Lawrenceville, Georgia. A quiet courthouse sits in a parched town square. All is still around the ancient frame buildings.

THE SCENE INSIDE THE COURTHOUSE WILL BE INTERSPERSED WITH THE FOLLOWING IMAGES:

A MAN walks down a side street, carrying a BRIEFCASE. He walks slowly, eyes looking left and right. He appears as if he doesn't want to be noticed -- while noticing everything himself.

The man enters an empty building across from the courthouse.

The man crosses the first floor, looks out the window, then continues to the second floor. He goes to the window which faces the courthouse, sits down on the floor, and opens his briefcase. Inside is a dismantled rifle, a sandwich wrapped in a cellophane bag, and two cans of beer.

The rifle -- now assembled -- rests on his lap. The man takes out the sandwich, opens a beer, and eats his lunch. From time to time he lifts his head to check outside.

78 INT. COURTROOM - DAY (TO BE INTERCUT WITH THE ABOVE)

78

A JUDGE and a JURY of five women and one man sit attentively. Isaacman shoots Larry an annoyed look, then speaks:

ISAACMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are here to fight blatant prior restraint. Georgia newsdealers are afraid of selling something that has yet to be proven unlawful. It is 1978, and we are still censoring free thought!

(beat)

Popular ideas don't need to be defended -- no one is trying to outlaw "The Sound Of Music." What needs protection is speech that makes people uncomfortable. Pornography, political criticism, radical thinking... this is what you find in Hustler.

(ominous)

If you start banning, where do you stop?

LATER

Larry is on the stand, testifying to the Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Flynt, how can you, as a good Christian, defend this filth?!

Larry thinks about this. Then he sighs sincerely.

LARRY

Look, I realize it's wrong to portray women the way I have -- and this is something I had to ask forgiveness for when I accepted Christ in my life. But... it's not illegal.

(he takes a breath)

I think it's wrong to drink liquor, but not illegal. It's wrong to commit abortion, but not illegal. It's wrong to be offensive, but not illegal. Our right to think for ourselves cannot be restricted!

The jury is impressed.

79 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

79

A flag stirs in a light breeze. Larry and Isaacman stride out, buoyant.

ISAACMAN

That was terrific, Larry. I think the jury liked you.

A few reporters scramble up.

REPORTERS (adlibbed)

Hey Larry, did you pray before going in the courtroom? Is your wife jealous of Ruth? Are you sorry you changed Hustler?

LARRY

No comment, boys.

Larry smiles and strolls off. Isaacman is stunned.

ISAACMAN

Why I'm shocked! I've never seen you decline an interview.

LARRY

You know, Alan, I guess I just don't need it anymore.

Suddenly -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three loud pops explode in the quiet.

Isaacman looks up and around, confused. Something strange has happened. He glances down, then notices a growing bloodstain on his shirt. He has been shot.

Disoriented, Isaacman peers back at Larry.

Larry is lying on the sidewalk, writhing in pain. His belly is ripped open, and bright red guts pour out. Larry SCREAMS in agony.

In the distance, the sound of a car SCREECHES away.

PASSERSBY shriek at the sight and run over.

Larry is jerking spasmodically. He's swimming in blood.

Isaacman collapses in the gutter.

Courthouse doors slam open. COPS tear down the steps. A SIREN punctuates the commotion. Suddenly an ambulance races around the corner. It roars to a stop, and two YOUNG PARAMEDICS jump out. They see the bloodbath and freeze, horrified.

80 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

80

It speeds through town. Larry lies in the back, skin pale, eyes glassy, tubes going in. Blood is everywhere. He moans.

LARRY

Oh God, give me something for the
pain...

81 INT. BUTTON GWINNETT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

81

A small, country medical center. Suddenly the doors fly open. The frantic paramedics burst in, pushing Larry on a gurney. He's in shock.

82 EST. ATLANTA AIRPORT - DAY

82

A plane touches down on the runway.

83 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

83

Althea, Jimmy, and Arlo run out. Althea is crying hysterically. Jimmy tries to hold her. Arlo flags a cab.

84 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

84

Post-surgery. Larry is pasty and unconscious, bandages engulfing his torso. Tubes and machines practically bury him. He rhythmically sucks air through a respirator.

IN THE HALL

A shaken Althea speaks with a weary DOCTOR.

ALTHEA
Is he gonna live?

DOCTOR (somber)
I don't know... It's already a
miracle he made it through surgery.
We had to remove his spleen and
several feet of intestine...

ALTHEA
Can I see him?

The doctor grimaces. He has more bad news.

DOCTOR
Yeah -- but -- there's one more thing
you have to know...

85 INT. LARRY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

85

Larry breathes through nasal tubes. Slowly, his eyes flutter open, and he gradually focuses on Althea, quietly sitting. In a druggy, groggy stupor, he hoarsely speaks.

LARRY
Did they catch the other driver?

ALTHEA (unsure)
What other driver?

LARRY
The guy in that Buick.

ALTHEA (hesitant)
Larry -- you weren't in a car
accident. You were shot.

Larry winces in pain. He's confused.

LARRY
I got shot?
(pause)
What about Isaacman?

ALTHEA
He's gonna be fine. He wasn't hit
as bad as you --

Larry's eyes widen. Althea gulps. She dreads what she's about to say.

ALTHEA
Larry... you're paralyzed from the
waist down.

LARRY (stunned)
"Paralyzed"...?

ALTHEA (trying not to cry)
You're not gonna walk.

Larry's mind is reeling. Overcome, he stammers.

LARRY
From the waist down...?
(slowly, scared)
Does that include my cock?

Althea silently nods. Larry pales in anguish. It's all sinking in. Althea leans forward, wraps her arms around him, and hugs Larry tightly. They both start crying.

IN THE CORRIDOR

An elevator opens, and Ruth steps out, holding flowers. She pensively strides along, stopping outside Larry's room.

Ruth quietly composes herself, then enters and softly kisses Larry on the forehead. Althea stares distrustfully.

RUTH
Larry... how are you?

LARRY
The pain is indescribable. I'm in hell...

RUTH (she takes his hand)
No you're not. Remember, you belong to God. He has not forsaken you.

ALTHEA (muttering)
Bullshit.

Ruth disregards this. Larry peers at Ruth. Deeply troubled, he struggles to contain his rage and grief.

LARRY
Ruth... they should've hit me in the heart, because my life is over! I'm never gonna walk again. I'm never gonna have children with Althea. My body feels like it's on fire.

RUTH
I know, honey, I know...
(upset, trying to be strong)
But guard against bitterness. God will see you through this.

Larry stares at Ruth. His eyes are very sad.

LARRY
There is no God.

86 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

86

The staff is gathered. Addressing the group is... Althea.

ALTHEA

We're goin' back to the old days.
Crank up the sleaze, and get rid of
the crosses. We are Porn Again.

STAFFER

When's Larry comin' back?

ALTHEA

I dunno...

(trying to act strong)

But let's just put out a rag he'd be
proud of.

87 INT. PRINTING PRESSES - DAY

87

A blur of Hustlers rumble down the presses. A hand pulls out a
copy and examines it.

The cover artwork is again loud and raunchy. Text screams
"PORN AGAIN! ALL GODLESS ISSUE!" We thumb through. Inside,
the Publisher's Statement has -- Althea's picture. The
headline says "A NATION GONE GUN CRAZY"...

88 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

88

Larry finally leaves the hospital, weak and shivering. Althea
silently pushes him in a wheelchair. Larry's entourage and
BODYGUARDS form a cluster around him.

Larry's limo waits by the curb. The DRIVER runs over and opens
a door, and Alan Isaacman steps out, weak but healed. Isaacman
goes to Larry, and they warmly shake.

Althea then rolls Larry up to the car. An awkward pause. The
driver and a bodyguard hurry over and unsurely lift Larry from
the wheelchair. They place him into the car.

89 INT. MOVING LIMO - DAY

89

Larry sits in back with Althea, Jimmy, Arlo, and Isaacman. The
car takes off, and Larry mumbles in a slurred speech.

LARRY

What do we know?

ALTHEA

The FBI says they got no leads.

ARLO

It's fuckin' fishy! A high-powered
rifle picks off two men in broad
daylight in front of a courthouse,
and nobody sees anything!

JIMMY (to Larry)
Who do you think would wanna shoot
you?

LARRY
Just open a phone book. Who
wouldn't?!

Everyone contemplates this.

ARLO
My guess is the CIA did it. They're
freaked about that million dollars
you offered for JFK's killers.

ALTHEA
Hey, what about that interracial
photo spread? It could be the KKK.

JIMMY
Or the Mob. They control most of the
porn business.

ARLO
Or the hard-core Religious Right.
They control all the fanatics.

ISAACMAN (a wry smile)
I see. You've narrowed it down to
every dangerous wacko in the country.

Althea shakes her head.

ALTHEA
Larry, you're always gonna have to
watch your back.

LARRY (he thinks)
Or go someplace where perverts are
welcome.

90 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

90

Palm trees sway against a blue sky. We're in BEVERLY HILLS,
California. Luxurious mansions glisten on wide, beautiful
streets. But there is an anomaly: A HUGE ESTATE turned into a
fortress. Behind iron gates, uniformed SOLDIERS with Uzis
patrol the grounds.

A handsome JOGGING COUPLE runs by. They look in -- and shake
their heads in dismay.

91 EXT. FLYNT'S L.A. MANSION - DAY

91

It is an insane compound. The house is an unbelievable Spanish/Roman Xanadu extravaganza. Statuary decorates the broad lawns. Koi swim in a lake around the courtyard. Matching tennis courts, swimming pools, and waterfalls give a symmetry to both sides of the spread.

92 INT. L.A. MANSION - DAY

92

Lavish, stifling opulence. Green marble onyx floors, stained oak walls, Venetian lamps, oil paintings, a grand piano, a restaurant-sized kitchen, an exercise room with body-building equipment... And no people.

93 INT. BEDROOM

93

A large canopied bed sits in an airless, dim bedroom. Larry lies in the bed, moaning like the living dead. He's shaking, sweating terribly, dull eyes glazed over.

Althea sits forlornly in a chair, watching. Quietly, she gets up and tiptoes to the door, for a break. Suddenly --

LARRY

Don't go.

Althea turns. Larry weakly gestures, in a woozy whisper.

LARRY

Hon', it hurts so much... I need...
a higher dose... try 12 milligrams...

Althea winces. She glances at Larry's nightstand. It is literally spilling over with DRUGS. Bottles, pills, vials...

Althea sighs. She fills a syringe, checks the needle, then injects Larry. He rolls over, GROANING in agony.

LARRY

Ohhh, you can't imagine what it's
like...

No reply. Althea just stares at Larry, then at the needle in her hand.

She thinks, then refills the syringe and rolls up her own sleeve. Althea injects herself. As the drug consumes her body, she starts shivering uncontrollably. Althea climbs into bed and lies down next to Larry...

A pause, then she reaches over and hits a BUTTON.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM

A hulking 500-pound STEEL DOOR swings shut and locks with a thud.

A SUPERIMPOSITION APPEARS: "1979"

THEN ANOTHER: "1980"

THEN ANOTHER: "1981"

THEN ANOTHER: "1982"

THEN ANOTHER: "1983"

The vault door is still closed. Finally, a hand wearing a Rolex enters frame and BUZZES a nearby intercom.

Larry's garbled, phlegm-filled VOICE squawks over it.

LARRY (v.o.)

Mrmyeah...?

We see the hand belongs to DOCTOR FLEISCHER, a groovy Beverly Hills internist.

DR. FLEISCHER

Larry, it's Dr. Fleischer.

Beat. Then the door's giant lock WHIRS and unclicks. The door starts opening...

INSIDE

And the bedroom has become a chamber of horrors. Dirty, dark, clammy... and drug paraphernalia scattered everywhere. Bottles, powder, booze, dirty needles, and rubber tubes litter the floors.

Continuous insane drug use has aged Althea and Larry beyond belief. Larry looks wasted and has put on a bloated 50 pounds. Althea is gaunt, haggard, and a punked-out junkie. She wears a nose ring, and track marks run up and down her arms.

Dr. Fleischer enters, fake-cheery, swinging a Gucci bag. Larry and Althea stare out of their narcotic fog.

DR. FLEISCHER

So how's my favorite patient?

LARRY (slurry)

Lousy. It feels like I'm standin' in boiling water while a claw hammer rips the meat off my bones.

DR. FLEISCHER

Ah. So no change.

Althea sloppily unlocks a safe by the bed. She removes a HUGE WAD OF MONEY.

ALTHEA

Enough with the chit-chat. What do you got for us today?

DR. FLEISCHER

Well, y'know, Althea, it's getting difficult. The hospital pharmacist keeps asking questions --

ALTHEA

(rudely throwing money at him)
Here's twelve or fifteen grand.

The good Doc shrugs.

DR. FLEISCHER

But you're such a sweetheart, how can I let you down?

He gathers up the money, then snaps open his Gucci bag. The Doctor starts lifting out pill bottles and pharmaceutical jars.

Larry groans unhappily. He tries to focus enough to talk seriously.

LARRY

Doctor... I've been thinkin'. I wanna have them cut my spinal cord.

ALTHEA (surprised)

Larry...?!

LARRY

I don't care if I ever gain control of my body -- I can't take the pain anymore!

94 INT. DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

94

Surgery. Larry lies unconscious on his stomach, while a burning LASER cuts into his spine.

95 INT. HOSPITAL - DAYS LATER

95

Althea walks shakily down a corridor, carrying flowers.

Althea enters Larry's room. He's propped up in bed, alert and ferociously energetic. He eats jello with a wild hunger.

ALTHEA

Hey, how are ya doin'?

LARRY

Real good!

ALTHEA

No... seriously...

LARRY
 I mean it, I'm hunky-dory!
 (he frantically shovels the jello
 into his mouth)
 It's unbelievable!! For the first
 time since those fuckin' bullets, I
 don't hurt!

She smiles weakly and hugs him.

ALTHEA
 That's cool. We should celebrate and
 party.

Althea whips out a BAG OF COLORED PILLS. Larry stops eating.
 He gives her a strange look.

LARRY
 No, I don't need that stuff anymore.

ALTHEA
 What?

LARRY (determined)
 I don't want any of that shit! I
 want my mind back. I'm stoppin' cold
 turkey.

Althea is hurt, angry, and confused.

ALTHEA
 Oh, uh... terrific. Then what the
 fuck am I supposed to do??!

96 EST. L.A. FLYNT HEADQUARTERS - DAY 9

A beautiful Beverly Hills building gleams.

97 INT. HUSTLER'S L.A. OFFICES - DAY 9

Hustler has relocated to swanky offices: Lavish headquarters
 filled with antiques and fine art. Suited employees carry on a
 low hum of activity.

Suddenly the front lobby elevator DINGS -- and Larry comes
 barreling out, speeding in a GOLD-PLATED WHEELCHAIR. Larry
 shouts, scaring the RECEPTIONIST.

LARRY
 THE PERVERT IS BACK!

98 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 9

Larry sits at the head of a long table, addressing the troops.
 All the familiar staffers, plus NEW CORPORATE FACES, listen.
 Embossed on the wall are gold letters, "LFP."

LARRY

Circulation is down by a third. The articles suck. The color reproduction is terrible, and the women look like three-dollar whores.

(repulsed)

It's just like every other skin mag on the rack.

A good-looking BLOW-DRIED JERK stands up.

BLOW-DRIED JERK

Mr. Flynt, I don't want to step on your toes, but things have changed since you were actively running the company.

(patronizing)

I mean, I look back at that stuff you did in the '70s, and... it's sort of racy, and crazy... but the country is different now. Reagan has rebuilt America, the Moral Majority is gaining power --

LARRY

You're fired.

BLOW-DRIED JERK (taken aback)

Excuse me?

LARRY

Get the fuck out of my building. Hans, escort him out. Throw him down the garbage chute. Just get out of my face.

A KRAUT BODYGUARD picks up the jerk. Jimmy jumps up.

JIMMY

But Larry! He's V.P. of marketing.

LARRY (enraged)

You questionin' my authority, Jimbo?!

(he points at "LFP" on the wall)

You see that?? It stands for "Larry Flynt Publications"! That makes me the Big Kahuna! So who else has a problem???

The group is stupefied. Nobody speaks. Jimmy scrunches down in his seat.

Finally, Arlo breaks the mood --

ARLO

So Larry, what's the plan?

CLOSEUP - LARRY

His face hardens.

LARRY

The plan... is to bring America to its knees, and make 'em suck my dead dick!!

(bellowing)

I was shot going into a courthouse, and nobody was arrested! Nobody was investigated! The system didn't care. The government just looked the other fuckin' way!!!

Larry is shaking. He catches his breath.

LARRY

They stripped me of my manhood. I have only half a life left... the half with a brain. Well, I'm gonna use it to get back at the people who did this to me. SO WATCH OUT! I'm an anarchist with a zillion dollars to shove up their collective ass!

99 MONTAGE

99

A typewriter types Larry's following DICTATION:

LARRY (v.o.)

"Dear Esteemed Public Servant..."

At the Capitol Building, MAILCLERKS nonchalantly roll their carts down corridors, sticking Hustlers in every official mailbox.

LARRY (v.o.)

"...because you need to stay informed on all social issues, I have taken the liberty of gifting you a complimentary subscription to Hustler, our country's greatest porn magazine."

On the Hustler COVER, a naked girl pulls down Uncle Sam's pants. We see some names on the mailboxes: Jesse Helms, Barney Frank, Geraldine Ferraro, Newt Gingrich, Strom Thurmond, Honorable William H. Rehnquist, Honorable Sandra Day O'Connor...

100 INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - DAY

100

Completely unhinged HOUSE REPS bicker on the floor. A few wave their complimentary Hustlers.

HOUSE REP

I am repulsed! We are the victims of a sick publicity stunt! I call on all decent members of Congress to remove themselves from this smut mailing list!!

101 EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

10

Outside a busy military base, Larry holds a crowded PRESS CONFERENCE. He reads gravely from a statement, with Isaacman standing deadpan at his side.

LARRY

How dare the White House ban the press in Grenada! American soldiers are being slaughtered, and reporters have been locked out with no justification! This is a violation of constitutionally protected First Amendment rights! So today I filed suit in U.S. District court against Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger.

The REPORTERS are shocked. They shout out questions.

PATRONIZING TV REPORTER

What on earth does this have to do with Hustler?

LARRY (eyes burning)

It has NOTHING to do with Hustler, you jerkoff! I put out a monthly with a three-month leadtime! I'm doin' this for you, because you pussies at CBS and ABC and NBC are too chickenshit to fight for the public's right to know!!

Larry rages.

LARRY

You're lettin' all the big stories get away! Alfred Bloomingdales's mistress has been murdered! John DeLorean was busted in an FBI cocaine sting! The Moral Majority is backin' Reagan's reelection!

(beat)

It's gonna take Larry Flynt to get to the bottom of all this.

102 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

10

A distinguished 60-year-old MAN and his WIFE are asleep in bed. This is DON HEWITT, Emmy-winning producer of "60 Minutes."

Suddenly the phone RINGS. Don Hewitt is jolted awake. He looks at the clock -- 2:48 a.m. -- then groggily answers the phone.

DON HEWITT
H-hello...?

LARRY (V.O.)
(cheery, loud)
Is this DON?

DON HEWITT
Hrmm...?

LARRY (V.O.)
Don Hewitt, producer of "60 Minutes"?
It's your old pal Larry Flynt!
(beat)
Well anyway, I know you're busy, so
I'll just cut to the chase. Are you
interested in seeing videotape of the
FBI selling John DeLorean 50 kilos
of cocaine?

Don Hewitt's eyes bulge.

103 EXT. FLYNT MANSION - LATE THAT NIGHT

103

A Cadillac screeches up. Don Hewitt jumps out, a coat over his pajamas. He runs to the front door and RINGS the bell.

A pause -- then zombie Althea whips open the door, spiked hair popping. Don jumps, startled.

104 INT. FLYNT MANSION - LATE THAT NIGHT

104

Don Hewitt sits in Larry's den, slobbering with excitement. Larry fiddles with the video equipment.

ALTHEA
Can I get you a beer... salad...
Pringles...?

DON HEWITT
No -- nothing. Can I just see the
tape?

Larry cockily fingers the VCR... then hits PLAY.

ANGLE - THE TV

Grainy black-and-white surveillance video comes on. JOHN DELOREAN and UNDERCOVER FEDERAL AGENTS sit around a tacky hotel room. An agent lifts a suitcase onto a table.

AGENT (on TV)
This would be 50 kilos, worth
\$800,000...

ON LARRY AND DON

LARRY

See, that's the undercover agent,
selling the coke to DeLorean. He
needs the money to save his car
company --

DON HEWITT

Shh!

ANGLE - THE TV

The agent opens the suitcase -- revealing it's full of BAGS OF
COCAINE. DeLorean is astonished. He fondles the snow-white
packet, then laughs jovially.

JOHN DELOREAN (on TV)

It's better than gold! Gold weighs
more than this, for God's sake!

(he pops open a bottle of
CHAMPAGNE)

This is to a lot of success for
everyone!

Suddenly a rear door opens. Another MAN walks in.

MAN (on TV)

Hi, John. We're the FBI. We're here
to arrest you on narcotics law
violations.

JOHN DELOREAN (on TV)

I don't understand...

The agent whips out HANDCUFFS and shackles DeLorean.

BACK ON DON HEWITT

His jaw is wide open.

DON HEWITT

Jesus Christ. How the hell did you
get this??!

LARRY (enigmatic)

Oh, friends in high places.

105 INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

The courtroom of calm Japanese JUDGE KENNETH HAYASHI. Over
time, this poor man is going to be driven crazy by Larry.

Three GROUPS OF LAWYERS shout over each other.

106

FEDERAL ATTORNEY
CBS cannot be allowed to air the
tape! It's stolen government
evidence!

CBS ATTORNEY
The tape is genuine and newsworthy.
We have a right to broadcast it!

DELOREAN ATTORNEY
This leak will make a fair trial
IMPOSSIBLE! My client Mr. DeLorean
will never find an impartial jury!

Hayashi rubs his head.

106 CLOSEUP - TELEVISION

10

The "60 MINUTES" stopwatch logo TICKS away.

The fuzzy DeLorean VIDEO comes on.

DELOREAN (on TV)
It's better than gold!

We pull back -- DeLorean is on a DOZEN MONITORS in a TV CONTROL ROOM. Don Hewitt watches and smiles.

107 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

10

Flabbergasted Arlo reads off a pile of NEWSPAPERS. He waves crazy headlines at Larry and his crew.

ARLO
"John DeLorean trial postponed indefinitely!"
(he whips out another)
"DeLorean attorneys to ask for dismissal of all charges!"
(he whips out another)
"Flynt tapes destroy trial!"
(beat)
This is fuckin' unbelievable!

ALTHEA (strung out)
I don't understand... Larry, what do you have to do with DeLorean...?

LARRY
Nothing!

ARLO (grinning)
Well Chief, this is certainly Grade A Anarchy. What's next?

Larry wiggles his eyebrows...

108 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

10

Larry sits in front of the White House, his wheelchair now decorated with a string of little American flags. He booms out to HOMELESS PEOPLE and a row of CAMERAMEN.

LARRY

I hearby announce my candidacy for the Presidency of these United States of America!

The crowd GASPS. Tons of FLASHBULBS go off.

LARRY

I am running as a Republican rather than as a Democrat because I am wealthy, white, pornographic and, like the nuclear-mad cowboy Ronnie Reagan, I have been shot for what I believe in.

109 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

10

Real footage of RONALD REAGAN giving a campaign speech.

110 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

11

Larry speaks to STUDENTS.

LARRY

My platform is simple: Free thought, individual liberties, and civil rights for all mankind. Big Brother Government and the Moral Majority should stay out of our lives!

111 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

11

Real footage of GARY HART giving a campaign speech.

112 EXT. FACTORY - DAY

11

LARRY

When elected, my primary goal will be to eliminate sexual ignorance and venereal disease.

113 DIGITAL EFFECT

11

Our JERRY FALWELL is matted in with the real Ronald Reagan. "Falwell" shouts in front of American flags.

JERRY FALWELL

Get them saved, baptized, and registered!

(he holds up a BIBLE)

If a man stands by this Book, vote for him. If he doesn't, don't!

Reagan nods.

114 EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Larry blares. Althea stands uncomfortably at his side, in black leather and green hair.

LARRY

Who would you prefer as your
President -- an addle-brained
Hollywood ham, or a smut peddler who
cares?!

115 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Larry sits in his wheelchair in the center lane of a bowling alley. A banner says "PAINT THE WHITE HOUSE PINK."

LARRY

What qualifications are we looking
for in our next President?

At the far end, somebody bowls a strike. Pins CRASH. Larry frowns, then pulls out an ORANGE and suddenly hurls it at the bowler. BLAM! It hits him in the head. Larry continues.

LARRY

First of all, he should be a good con
man! Second, he should've been
raised in poverty eating grits and
red-eye gravy, so he knows how
important a steak is to us working
people. And he should have paid for
the services of at least one
prostitute, so that he knows what
it's like to be face-to-face with
Yasir Arafat.

(a few chuckles; he rebounds)

You folks deserve more than a
trickle-down. So vote for me next
November!

The crowd WHISTLES and CHEERS enthusiastically.

116 INT. LINCOLN SAVINGS - DAY

Charles Keating is busy in his new, obsessively clean office. A glass Madonna sits on his desk.

Suddenly the phone RINGS. He grabs it.

CHARLES KEATING

Charlie Keating here.

(beat, he pales in horror)

Who's running for President??!

WIPE TO:

117 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

117

Woozy Althea rolls Larry through the offices. He peers in a room, where a NERDY STAFFER works with a chemistry set.

LARRY

What're you doin' in here?

NERDY STAFFER

I'm working on next month's Scratch
'N Sniff centerfold.

Larry grabs the centerfold.

LARRY

Lemme try.

(he SNIFFS, then frowns)
Needs more lilac.

They move along.

118 IN ANOTHER ROOM

118

Arlo is reading a FAKE AD. He looks up.

ARLO

Hey, I need your approval. We worked
up a parody of a Campari Liquor Ad
-- Jerry Falwell describes his "first
time."

They examine the ad. Falwell's face beams out.

LARRY

Hmm, tell ya what... instead of
screwing a hooker, why don't we have
Falwell makin' it with his own mama?

ALTHEA

In an outhouse!

ARLO (he laughs)

Bingo.

119 IN THE HALL

119

Larry and Althea roll out.

LARRY

You know what bugs me about the
"Moral Majority"? It makes it sound
like the rest of us are an immoral
minority.

ALTHEA (high as a kite)

Yeah. They're way out of line.

A staffer walks towards them -- reading a newspaper.

Larry squints at an article.

The guy gets closer... a headline has the word "DeLOREAN"...

Larry starts scowling...

The guy is upon them... Larry suddenly blows a gasket and angrily SNATCHES the paper.

LARRY

HEY! What's the big idea, restartin' the DeLorean trial?!

120 INT. ISAACMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

120

Larry shouts at Isaacman.

LARRY

For all the money I pay your fancy pants lawfirm, you'd think you could help me out!!!

ISAACMAN (bewildered)

With what? You have nothing to do with this trial! It's none of your BUSINESS!!

LARRY

Yeah -- but it's my hobby.

(he shrugs)

Now what if I had another tape? And this one was so inflammatory, it could bring down the entire fuckin' federal government?!?

Isaacman stares tiredly.

ISAACMAN

Do you have this tape...?

LARRY (perky)

I will.

121 EXT. FLYNT MANSION - DAY

121

A crazed press conference. The lawn is filled with news vans. Swarming REPORTERS jostle to hear Larry, proudly centerstage. Security guards with automatic weapons patrol the courtyard.

LARRY

Ladies and Gentlemen of the press, when I released the John DeLorean videotape, it may have given the impression that he was guilty.

(more)

LARRY (Cont'd)

(beat)

So, today I have an audiotape absolutely proving that DeLorean was threatened by the government and coerced into this drug deal!

The crowd goes NUTS.

REPORTER #1

Where'd you get the tape?!

LARRY

None of your business. I can't reveal my source. Now quiet please!

The group obediently HUSHES.

Larry holds up the tiny Sony recorder. Biting his lip, he presses "PLAY."

INAUDIBLE VOICES come out of the horribly overamplified little machine. Two men's distorted voices MUMBLING.

The crowd strains to understand. People scrunch up their faces, trying to make out a word here or there.

REPORTER #2

I can't understand anything. What's it say?

Arlo waves a piece of PAPER.

ARLO

If anyone needs it, I've got the official transcript right here.

Everybody mobs Arlo -- and the reporter snatches it away. He examines the TRANSCRIPT: It's a scrawled hand-written Xerox. He starts reading it aloud.

REPORTER #2

(reading the transcript)

DeLorean: "I've pulled out. I don't want any part of narcotics. All I wanted was an investment to save the company."

Fed: "John, you honor your part of the deal. That way you live longer."

DeLorean: "Please! I just want out."

Fed: "How is your little daughter? Wanna get her head smashed?"

REPORTER #1

Jesus Christ!

The crowd is in a state of shock. The murky TAPED VOICES stop.

LARRY

Really something, ain't it?! It's amazing what our government gets away with.

People shake their heads, astonished.

REPORTER #1

Can we hear the tape again?

LARRY

Sure.

Larry reaches for the tiny recorder and presses the button. But nothing happens.

Larry examines the machine, then suddenly gets bizarrely upset. He angrily waves the recorder in the air.

LARRY

Alright, who stole the tape?!

Total confusion. Nobody understands what's happening.

LARRY

Somethin' funny's goin' on here!

122 INT. JUDGE HAYASHI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

12:

Federal Judge Hayashi stares incredulously at the morning newspaper. The headline screams, "FLYNT TAPE REVEALS FBI ENTRAPPED DELOREAN."

Hayashi fumes.

HAYASHI

I cannot believe this! Issue a subpoena to Mr. Flynt. I want this tape on my desk 9 a.m. tomorrow.

123 INT. FLYNT MANSION - DAY

12:

Larry shouts into a phone.

LARRY

You tell that judge I wiped my ass with his subpoena.

(beat)

And if anyone tries comin' after me, I'll shoot 'em between the eyes!

124 INT. JUDGE HAYASHI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

124

Hayashi holds another newspaper: "FLYNT DEFIES UNITED STATES." The judge is perplexed.

HAYASHI

Why is your client doing this?!

ISAACMAN (uncomfortable)
 My client is a very complicated man.
 I believe he's manic-depressive.

Hayashi burns. He scribbles his signature on a form.

HAYASHI
 Well I'll give him something to be
 depressed about. I'm issuing a bench
 warrant for his arrest.

125 EXT. FLYNT COMPOUND - DAY

125

HELICOPTERS buzz Larry's house. A motorcade of Federal
 MARSHALS storm the premises. They bust in the gate, jump from
 vehicles and serpentine up to the house.

Startled Flynt security guards run out, defiantly pointing
 machine guns.

GUARD
 Freeze!

MARSHAL (unamused)
 Drop that toy, or I'll kick your ass.
 We're federal marshals.

On the street, NEWS VANS with satellite dishes screech up.

126 INT. FLYNT HOUSE

126

Marshals leap the stairs, three at a time. Chinese vases CRASH
 in their wake. A BUTLER runs scared, but a marshal grabs him
 by the neck.

MARSHAL
Where is he?

BUTLER (shaking)
 In there.

The butler points at the STEEL DOOR. The marshal is baffled.
 He tugs at it.

MARSHAL
What the hell?

A sudden SQUAWK from the intercom.

LARRY (over intercom)
 You'll never get me! I'm behind 500
 pounds of reinforced steel!

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Larry is watching a bank of TVs. Althea is sprawled woozily on the bed, eating Captain Crunch. On TWO TVs is live news coverage outside the house: Helicopters zoom through frame. On the THIRD TV is Bert Convy on "TattleTales."

LARRY

I've got ABC and NBC, but CBS is still runnin' some game show.

(disenchanted)

Man, what kind of fucked-up priorities do they have...?

Suddenly "SPECIAL BULLETIN" appears. Larry is instantly happy.

LARRY

Alright! There we go. I've turned the world into a tabloid!

(into the INTERCOM)

Hold your horses. I'm comin!

He hits a black BUTTON.

ALTHEA

While you're out, pick up some bananas.

127 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM

127

The steel door clicks and starts GRINDING open.

128 EXT. MANSION - DAY

128

Outside, marshals force Larry in his wheelchair into a police van. The newspeople are going berserk.

LARRY

Don't let them silence me! I KNOW TOO MUCH!

REPORTER

Are you really that scared?

LARRY

No. It's just a publicity gimmick, you bastards.

He opens his coat, revealing "Larry Flynt for President" on his shirt. The reporters frown, burned.

129 INT. HAYASHI'S COURTROOM - DAY

129

Judge Hayashi sits calmly, waiting. Suddenly the doors BURST open, and the Larry Flynt circus barges in. Bailiffs, marshals, lawyers, buddies, and shackled Larry HOLLARING over the din.

LARRY

Take your hands off me! These cuffs
are too tight. OW! I'm a CRIPPLE!

Larry is rolled to the front, then brakes.

Hayashi stares down this menace with a horrid dread.

LATER

Larry is on the stand. The BAILIFF holds up a Bible.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

LARRY

No.

HAYASHI (startled)

No?

Larry abruptly removes his hand from the Bible.

LARRY

I'm an Atheist. I won't swear on
anything to God.

Hayashi sighs.

HAYASHI

Mr. Flynt, you are a handful.

(overwhelmed)

You've wreaked havoc on this DeLorean
case, you've produced an audiotape
which mysteriously disappears...
Where will it all end?

LARRY

I don't know, your Honor.

HAYASHI

Well I'll tell you what, Mr. Flynt.
I'm willing to believe that this tape
was stolen. But please, I need you
to tell me one thing: WHO WAS THE
SOURCE OF YOUR AUDIOTAPE?

Hmm. Larry thinks long and hard about this, then speaks:

LARRY

Well, you see, Your Honor... there
was a girl named Vicki Morgan, who
was Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress...

Isaacman's face pales.

ISAACMAN

Oh my God...

Larry cheerily continues.

LARRY

Now Vicki was a party girl. And when Alfred introduced her to Reagan's cabinet buddies, they liked her -- if you know what I mean.

(he winks at Hayashi)

Unfortunately, Vicki was naive enough to start writin' a book about these sex orgies. Suddenly, BINGO -- she gets murdered!

HAYASHI (holding his temper)

Mr. Flynt, how are you connected to this?

LARRY (emotional)

Your Honor, you can see I'm sittin' in a wheelchair! These are some of the same thugs who had me gunned down!

Hayashi is mystified. The court STENOGRAPHER keeps typing. The SKETCH ARTIST draws Larry babbling.

LARRY.

But, what these White House killers didn't realize is that Vicki videotaped their sexcapades. And these tapes are dirty, Your Honor -- pure carnality. If our country knew our leaders were involved in these filthy activities... believe me, heads would roll.

HAYASHI

Mr. Flynt, what does this have to do with the DeLorean trial?

Isaacman mumbles irritably.

ISAACMAN

Good question...

LARRY

Oh, nothin', Your Honor. It just made me think of it, because I have that tape, and this tape.

Hayashi is astounded.

HAYASHI

Mr. Flynt, stick to the subject! Now who is your source?

LARRY
You wouldn't ask that to Time
magazine. I ain't squealin'!

HAYASHI
This is a court order!

LARRY
NEVER! With all due respect, Your
Honor, you do not have the right to
ask!

Hayashi glares. He SLAMS his gavel.

HAYASHI
That's it! You're in contempt.
Beginning tomorrow, I'm fining you
\$10,000 a day until you reveal who
gave you the tape.

130 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NEXT DAY

13

The Sunset Strip. Half a dozen HOOKERS in cut-offs shake their
wares on a corner.

Suddenly a long WHITE LIMO cruises up, honking an "OOGAH,
OOGAH!" horn.

The girls turn. A tinted window rolls down, and grinning Larry
sticks his head out. He's wearing a COMBAT HELMET.

LARRY
Hey girls, wanna make some easy
money?

131 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

13

The limo screeches up, and Larry is helped out. He wears the
combat helmet, plus a Purple Heart on his bulletproof vest.
REPORTERS see him and scramble over like insects.

REPORTER
Larry! When can we see the Vicki
Morgan Sex Tapes?

LARRY
When I'm good and ready! During the
New Hampshire Primary, I'm mailing
'em to every registered voter. These
tapes will destroy the Reagan
hypocrites!

The reporters are wowed. Arlo wheels Larry away, whispering.

ARLO
Hey, just between you and me -- do
you really have the Vicki Morgan Sex
Tapes?

LARRY

Of course not. They're imaginary.

Arlo LAUGHS.

LARRY

All I ever had was the FBI video.
I paid some clerk at DeLorean's
lawfirm five grand -- best investment
I ever made. It gave me credibility.
Now those idiots believe anything I
say.

132 INT. HAYASHI'S COURTROOM - DAY

13:

Judge Hayashi sternly peers at deadpan Larry.

HAYASHI

Mr. Flynt, are you prepared to pay
today's \$10,000 fine?

LARRY

Yes, Your Honor.

Larry SNAPS his fingers.

The back doors swing open. And the hookers strut in, carrying
trash bags tied with pink ribbons.

Isaacman grimaces. The bailiff's eyes pop.

LARRY (booming)

I am a publisher! I have a right to
keep the source of the tape
confidential under the First
Amendment right of freedom of the
press!

The hookers rip the bags open and dump \$10,000 IN CRUMPLED \$1
BILLS onto the floor.

Hayashi tries to hold his temper. Isaacman hoarsely stammers.

ISAACMAN

Y-Your Honor... could I have a word
with my client --?

LARRY (cutting him off)

Eh, I know what I'm doin'!

Larry yanks the shawl off his legs and tosses it over
Isaacman's head.

Hayashi blinks in disbelief -- then horror.

Larry is WEARING A DIAPER MADE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt! Is that an American
FLAG?!

LARRY
Yeah, I made it into a diaper.

HAYASHI
WHY?!

LARRY
Since you treat me like a baby, I'm
gonna act like one.

The sketch artist draws the diaper. Hayashi is furious.

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt, I'm arresting you for
desecrating the American flag!
(he turns)
Bailiff, take him into custody!

Isaacman pulls the shawl off his own head.

ISAACMAN
Your Honor, can we post bail?

HAYASHI
Fine. \$50,000, and I'd prefer a
cashier's check.
(beat)
But I'm keeping our Mr. Flynt on a
short leash. As a condition of his
release, he absolutely cannot leave
California.

133 INT. MANSION - DAY

13

Campaign headquarters. Larry and his gang work at a GIANT U.S.
MAP dotted with colored pins.

LARRY
Okay, first we'll fly to Dallas.
Then to Cincinnati. Then to Vegas.
Then to Alaska.

Bleary Althea GROANS, scarily thin in a tight punk get-up.

ALTHEA
Uggghhhh! I'm so fuckin' sick of
this whistle-stop tour...

LARRY (insulted)
You're not acting like a First Lady.

ALTHEA
I don't wanna be a mother-fuckin'
First Lady.

LARRY
 Fine. Then I'll hire Shirley Temple
 Black.
 (he turns back to the map)
 So anyway... after Alaska...

134 EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

13

The Hustler plane WHIRS. Larry eagerly wheels toward it.

Suddenly a car RACES down the tarmac and screeches at us.
 Isaacman leaps out, running to Larry and hopping alongside the
 wheelchair. Larry speeds up. Isaacman goes faster.

ISAACMAN
 LARRY!!! You are NOT going on that
 plane!!

LARRY (calmly)
 Yes I am.

ISAACMAN
 No! You are NOT!! The law is not
 a game!!

LARRY
 You're right. It's A FUCKIN' JOKE!!
 Five-and-a-half years since I was
 shot, and the government still hasn't
 produced ONE SUSPECT!.

ISAACMAN
 I know... I was there too. But you
 don't see me trying to get revenge
 on an entire country.

LARRY
 Alan!! I can't WALK! I can't FUCK!
 But I got MONEY! ...And that gives
 me the power to make the whole system
 eat my shit!!!

Isaacman quiets.

ISAACMAN
 Larry... you and I hooked up because
 we both wanted to fight for the First
 Amendment. That was our bond. But
 now... I'm not even sure what you're
 accomplishing.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry... I don't know if I can
 represent you anymore.

Larry stops his wheelchair. With a loving smile, he looks
 Isaacman directly in the eyes.

LARRY

Alan... I'm a lawyer's dream client
-- rich and always in trouble. You
can't be that foolish!

Isaacman's eyebrows raise.

135 EXT. SKY - DAY

135

Larry's plane takes off.

136 INT. HAYASHI'S COURTROOM - DAY

136

Hayashi glares incredulously. Exasperated Isaacman stands
behind wild-eyed Larry. Althea watches in back, forlorn.

HAYASHI

Mr. Flynt, wasn't I clear? Didn't
I explicitly state that you couldn't
leave California?

ISAACMAN

I'm sorry about the misunderstanding,
Your Honor --

LARRY (cutting him off)

No, Counselor -- the Judge is right.
Rules help us, not hurt us.

(coily remorseful)

Your Honor, I've learned my lesson,
and now I want to fess up and reveal
my source.

HAYASHI

Well! I'm glad to hear this. I'm
pleased you've come around.

(taking notes)

Who was it?

Larry speaks, deadpan.

LARRY

The Samurai.

HAYASHI (startled)

Excuse me??

LARRY

The Samurai gave me the tape.

HAYASHI (confused)

Who is he? Where is this man?

LARRY

Well, unfortunately he was critically
injured while delivering me the tape.
So he's receiving medical treatment
in China.

Judge Hayashi wipes his brow.

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt, I fear you are mentally ill.

LARRY
Well, opinions are like assholes.
Everybody's got one.

Hayashi CHOKES in shock.

ISAACMAN
Cut it out, Larry --

LARRY
Shut up, Alan.

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt, listen to your lawyer.
Let him speak for you.

LARRY
I know the rules!
(he snaps at Isaacman)
You're fired! There, now I'm my own
lawyer. I can say whatever I want!

ISAACMAN
You can't fire me. I fire you.

LARRY
You can't fuckin' fire me!

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt! I will NOT have cursing
in my courtroom.

LARRY
Oh. Well what about spitting??

Larry HOCKS a giant loogie and SPITS it across the room.

The Judge ducks and SLAMS his gavel.

HAYASHI
Bailiff! Gag that man!!

The bailiff nervously walks over, holding out ELECTRICAL TAPE.
Larry snaps his teeth threateningly and GROWLS like a mad dog.

LARRY
Grrr!!!

The bailiff quickly tapes up Larry's mouth. Larry actually
freezes, caught off-guard.

Hayashi stares him down.

HAYASHI
Mr. Flynt, are you going to calm
down?

Surprised by this turn of events, Larry nods, Harpo-like.

HAYASHI
Are you going to create any more
nonsense in my courtroom?

Larry shakes his head.

HAYASHI
If I ungag you, do you promise to
show me and my staff the courtesy
they deserve?

Larry imploringly nods.

Hayashi sighs, then signals the bailiff. The bailiff
hesistantly RIPS the tape off Larry's face.

Larry howls in pain, then in retaliation throws an ORANGE at
the bailiff, CLONKING him.

The Judge blows a fuse.

HAYASHI (outraged)
I've had ENOUGH OF THIS! Mr. Flynt,
you leave me no choice but to
sentence you to nine months --

LARRY
That's all ya got?! GIVE ME MORE!

HAYASHI
Fine. I'll add another six months!

LARRY
GOOD!

Althea winces. Larry suddenly catches himself.

LARRY
Uh-oh --

He looks frantically at Isaacman. Isaacman mutters.

ISAACMAN
Ask to post bail.

LARRY
Okay. Your Honor, can I post bail?

CLOSEUP - HAYASHI

A pause. And then --

HAYASHI

NO.

(he glowers powerfully)
 Larry Flynt, you are hereby sentenced
 to fifteen months... in federal
psychiatric prison.

(beat)

Now get him out of my courtroom.

Larry is absolutely shocked. The color drains from his face.

Then THREE BAILIFFS sneak up behind and grab the wheelchair. Larry tries pushing them away. They push back, and a scuffle breaks out. Finally they restrain his arms, and the wheelchair gets rolled backwards and disappears out of the courtroom.

137 EST. SPRINGFIELD FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

137

A dark, spooky fortress with high fence containing it.

138 INT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

138

The prison psychiatric unit. Dim corridors buzz with flickering fluorescents. Terrifying muffled SCREAMS echo off the walls. PRISONERS in strait jackets bang their heads in padded cells.

Larry gets rolled in, chained to a gurney. He is shivering, clammy, and seems completely disoriented.

Larry is in hell.

139 EST. LIBERTY BAPTIST COLLEGE - DAY

139

A quaint, lovely school on thousands of green Virginia acres. A cross stands high above.

140 INT. COLLEGE CORRIDOR - DAY

140

A clean-cut DIVINITY STUDENT marches formally down a long subdued hallway. Paintings of Jesus pass by.

The young man gulps nervously. Clutched tightly in his hand is a copy of HUSTLER.

141 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

141

A proper, RESERVED DEAN is working. Jesus hangs on the cross behind him. The young man KNOCKS and enters, then tentatively hands the Hustler to the Dean. On the cover, two women French kiss.

The Dean raises an eyebrow. The student opens the magazine, revealing the FULL-PAGE CAMPARI AD PARODY. Jerry Falwell's picture stares out. The Dean is befuddled.

DEAN

I don't understand. The Reverend would never endorse a liquor company...

DIVINITY STUDENT

Well... there's a larger problem. Ahem. Substantially larger.

(nervous)

It says the Reverend fornicated with his mother in an outhouse.

The Dean's eyes pop.

ANGLE - A DOOR

Stenciled lettering says "Reverend Jerry Falwell, Chancellor"

142 INT. FALWELL'S OFFICE

14

A dignified office for an important man. Photos of Falwell with Reagan, Bush, and Bob Dole litter the walls. Sitting at a desk, intently reading his Bible, is the REVEREND JERRY FALWELL. Formidable, dedicated, strong-willed, he truly sees himself as an anointed leader of a Godly Moral Majority.

Falwell glances up.

REV. FALWELL

Give me a second.

Falwell finishes reading the Bible passage. Finally finished, he places a ribbon on the page and shuts the Book. Falwell smiles warmly.

REV. FALWELL

So what do you boys got for me?

The Dean and the Student stand across from him. They look ill.

DEAN

Uh, Reverend... I think you should read this.

He hands Falwell the Hustler AD. Falwell innocently examines it.

CLOSEUP - FALWELL

He turns frighteningly pale. All color, all emotion, all life just drains from his face. He whispers faintly.

REV. FALWELL

Dear Lord...

143 INT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - DAY

14.

Larry gets wheeled through the inferno. He hasn't been shaved in days, and his eyes are glazed and lifeless. A glob of drool hangs from his open mouth.

144 INT. PRISON VISITOR CHECK-IN - DAY

14.

Gaunt, withered Althea struggles to stand as a GUARD frisks her. Absurdly, he pats down her skeletal frame.

VISITORS AREA

Larry sits glumly, overweight like a blob of dough. Behind a GLASS WALL, Althea staggers over and plunks down. She catches her breath.

ALTHEA

You look good...

He stares unresponsively, quite over-medicated.

LARRY

Mrmmm...

ALTHEA (awkward)

Lar', I got some bad news...

LARRY

Mrhm...

She realizes this is all she's gonna get from him. Althea starts crying.

ALTHEA

Larry... I don't want to work at the magazine anymore...

(crying harder)

Some people there... won't even shake my hand...

LARRY

Mrmuhhh?

ALTHEA

...I got AIDS...

Larry gazes. He's probably comprehending, but doesn't speak. Althea leans up to the glass.

ALTHEA

Do you understand...?

A pause. Larry's eyes drop, overwhelmed.

Then, shuddering, he struggles and lifts his hand to the glass. Althea places her palm against it.

LARRY
Won't even shake your haaaand...?

145 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY

14

Somber staffers work. The RECEPTIONIST answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
Larry Flynt Publications.
(suddenly surprised)
Oh! Yes Sir!
(she grabs a MICROPHONE)
CODE PINK! CODE PINK!

Her voice gets AMPLIFIED all over. Everyone leaps from their desks and scurries crazily.

146 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

14

People hastily gather around the table. A SPEAKER PHONE is placed in the center. They all stare at it, waiting...

LARRY'S VOICE (drugged-sounding)
Is everybody therrrrre...?

JIMMY
Yeah, Larry. We're all here. So,
uh -- how are you?

LARRY'S VOICE
Never you mind about that. I have
some import'nt announcements to
maaaake.....

(a long pause)
First... I wanna withdrawww my
candidacy for Prezident...

The group is surprised.

ARLO
Why?!

LARRY'S VOICE (suddenly enraged)
Never you mind why! It's none of yer
fuckin' business!! But take all them
bumper stickers and t-shirts... and
BURN 'EM!

Everybody is astonished.

LARRY'S VOICE
Okay. Next point of biziness.
Dwayne, Suze, Morgan, Timmy, Bruce,
Arlo... y'all there?

STAFFERS (in unison)
Yes, Larry.

LARRY'S VOICE

Good. You're all fired.

HUH? People are flabbergasted. Jimmy jumps up.

JIMMY

Larry, you can't do this! We need these people.

LARRY'S VOICE

Shut up, Jimbo. It's my business, and I'll run it into the ground if I want to!!

(pause)

Okay, that's all. I gotta go.

CLICK. He suddenly hangs up. A DIAL TONE comes on.

Everybody keeps staring at the speaker phone, totally weirded out. It's like they're expecting Larry to jump out of it.

ARLO

What the fuck was that?!

JIMMY

CALM DOWN! Don't everybody panic. You're not fired.

STAFFER

But Larry just said --

JIMMY

Yeah, well Larry's in a nuthouse, ain't he?

Hmm. Not a bad point.

147 INT. ISAACMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

147

Isaacman is calmly working. Suddenly -- the INTERCOM.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Mr. Isaacman, you have a visitor...

(unsettled)

She has no appointment... it's Mrs. Flynt.

He looks up, surprised. Suddenly the door flies open -- and standing there is sick Althea, being held up by two bodyguards. She looks sad and shrunk.

Isaacman's face drops.

ISAACMAN

Althea...

The bodyguards gingerly carry Althea in, her feet pantomiming walking on air. They put her on the couch. She uncomfortably adjusts herself, then signals them to leave.

Silence. Alan and Althea peer uncertainly at each other.

ISAACMAN

Long time no see...

Althea nods, then struggles and pulls a PACKET of stapled papers from her purse.

ALTHEA

Alan... this came for Larry...

Isaacman examines the papers. His eyes widen in disbelief.

ISAACMAN

Whoa.

ALTHEA

Pretty intense, huh?

ISAACMAN (frowning)

Yep...

ALTHEA

So what are you gonna do?

ISAACMAN (awkward)

Althea... I'm not your lawyer anymore. Larry fired me.

Voice wavering, Althea shrugs.

ALTHEA

You know Larry...

(very soft)

Alan... please help me.

Isaacman rubs his face tiredly. Is he up for Round Ten?

148 INT. LARRY'S PRISON CELL - DAY

148

Larry peers up from his gurney, sideways. Frazzled Isaacman enters.

ISAACMAN

(sarcastically sing-song)

Hello, Larry. Remember me?

Larry nods and gestures, a parody of etiquette: Please sit.

ISAACMAN

Oh -- thank you.

(he sits)

I didn't expect to find myself here... but you got a letter from the Reverend Jerry Falwell. He saw your Campari ad -- and even though it said "Parody, Not To Be Taken Seriously" -- he wasn't amused. Fact is, he was infuriated.

Larry's face lights up -- how delightful.

ISAACMAN

So he's filed suit, charging you with Libel and Intentional Infliction of Emotional Distress. You're being sued for 45 million dollars!

Larry's smirk drops.

ISAACMAN

So look... since you're currently indisposed, do you want me to do anything?

A long pause. Larry slowly thinks, and then one word pops out.

LARRY

Countersue.

149 INT. TV STUDIOS - DAY

14

The studios for the "Old Time Gospel Hour." TECHNICIANS scurry around a glitzy set with a lectern. A makeup girl is touching up Reverend Falwell. Suddenly he yelps out in shock.

REV. FALWELL

WHAT??!!!!!!!!!!!!

His ponderous, puffed-up lawyer ROY GRUTMAN tries to appease him.

GRUTMAN

Uh, yeah... Jerry... he's suing you.

REV. FALWELL

He's suing ME???!!

(baffled)

For heaven's sake, why?!!!

GRUTMAN

Well... you xeroxed his ad, and included it in a million fundraising letters.

(he winces)

It's copyright infringement.

Falwell turns red with rage.

REV. FALWELL
His depth of depravity sickens me!
He is LUCIFER!

150 INT. LINCOLN SAVINGS/KEATING'S OFFICE -- DAY

1.

A giant cabinet is opened -- stuffed with SHELVES OF PORN. Racks and racks of Hustlers, Penthouses, videos, etc. Charles Keating's hands remove piles of Hustlers.

CHARLES KEATING (o.s.)
I've kept meticulous records. Any research problems, you're encouraged to use my archives.

We WIDEN. Keating is showing the magazines to Grutman.

CHARLES KEATING
And tell the Reverend that I've dealt with this filthmonger myself. I wish to offer my support.

Grutman nods and begins perusing a Hustler. Suddenly, his eyes bug out.

GRUTMAN
Is that the Tin Man?

151 INT./EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON YARD - DAY

15

Isaacman waits next to a prison van. Suddenly Larry gets rolled over by armed GUARDS. His hands are cuffed and strapped down, his scraggly beard is real scummy, and his suspicious eyes dart about like a caged animal.

Isaacman frowns. He watches Larry get loaded on the van lift.

ISAACMAN
I do wish you had shaved. We're going to court.

LARRY (speech slurred)
Listen... I didn't get my breakfast, they forgot my enema, nobody cleaned my bed sore, and Jimmy thinks I'm crazy -- he's tryin' to become my conservator.

Isaacman winces. Larry is a seriously ornery son-of-a-bitch.

ISAACMAN
Well, let's not worry about these things. Let's talk about your testimony. All that matters is that the jury understands it's satire.
(more)

ISAACMAN (Cont'd)

(beat)

It's easy: Go up there, give 'em a friendly smile, and say it was just a joke. You were simply pokin' fun at the Reverend. Got it?

Larry thinks.

LARRY

I'm just a clown.

ISAACMAN

Exactly!

Larry scowls.

152 INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - ROANOKE, VIRGINIA - DAY

15:

The big trial.

In a packed courtroom, Jerry Falwell is on the stand testifying. Grutman paces pompously. JUDGE JAMES TURK watches.

REV. FALWELL

...I have a number of honorary degrees. I have been awarded "Humanitarian of the Year." In the Good Housekeeping Poll, I was the second most-admired American, behind the President.

Falwell speaks confidently. The TWELVE JURORS are impressed.

But Larry glares menacingly.

Grutman strides to a large blow-up of the CAMPARI AD, sitting on an easel. He gestures with a pointer.

GRUTMAN

Mr. Falwell, I'd like to draw your attention to Exhibit One. The caption reads: "Jerry Falwell talks about his first time" -- and there appears to be a photograph of you. Did you give consent for the use of your name or photograph in this ad?

REV. FALWELL

I did not.

GRUTMAN (he nods)

All right. Underneath your photograph, it reads, quote -- "FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.

(more)

GRUTMAN (Cont'd)

I never really expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, 'What the hell.'" Unquote.

(he looks up)

Now, referring to the use of the verb "make it," according to your interpretation, Mr. Falwell, did that have a sexual connotation?

REV. FALWELL (awkward)

That... is street vernacular for sexual intercourse.

Falwell holds his dignified pose.

Larry cracks a dirty smile.

GRUTMAN

Next, quote -- "INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?"

"FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman." Unquote.

Yikes. The jurors grimace uncomfortably.

Isaacman squirms in his seat, wanting Grutman to move on. Grutman milks the stink in the air, then gently continues.

GRUTMAN

Did you ever say that?

REV. FALWELL

Never.

GRUTMAN

Please tell us, Mr. Falwell, what was the nature of the relationship between you and your mother?

REV. FALWELL

We were as close as a mother and son could be on this earth. She was a very godly woman... probably the closest to a saint that I have ever known.

Larry scowls. Grutman gingerly continues.

GRUTMAN

Forgive this question -- but I must ask it... was your mother anyone who ever committed incest?

Isaacman LEAPS from his chair, objecting.

ISAACMAN

Your Honor! Excuse me, it seems to me that we could certainly stipulate that his mother was a person of the finest moral character, and that she is now deceased, and that this really is not necessary --

JUDGE TURK (cutting him off)

I'll let him answer the question.

Grutman hides his pleasure. Here comes the Big Out-Of-The-Ballpark, Bases-Loaded Moment.

GRUTMAN

Mr. Falwell, specifically... did you and your mother ever commit incest?

Such agony. Falwell bites his lip, pained.

REV. FALWELL

Absolutely not.

The jury shake their heads. How ugly.

Falwell glances at Larry -- and their eyes lock. Time stops. Larry and Jerry. Jerry and Larry. Nobody else exists. Falwell gravely holds his emotions.

But Larry burns -- a timebomb about to explode.

CUT TO:

LATER

Larry is on the stand. Grutman smugly approaches.

GRUTMAN

Mr. Flynt, will you please state your full name?

LARRY

My name is Christopher Columbus Cornwallis I.P.Q. Harvey H. And Pagey Pui.

Isaacman grimaces. Grutman is unamused.

GRUTMAN

Are you known as Larry Flynt?

LARRY

No. Jesus H. Flynt, Esquire.

GRUTMAN

Are you the publisher and editor-in-chief for Hustler magazine?

LARRY

Yep, I put out the most tasteless, sleaziest, greatest porn magazine in the world!

Grutman lifts a piece of TYPED PAPER off the exhibit table.

GRUTMAN

Alright. I have here Exhibit B, a typewritten script of the Campari ad copy. There are approval initials from the legal department and then "Okay, L.F." What does that mean?

LARRY

It means they could take it to the bank.

GRUTMAN

And when you approved this ad, did you have any knowledge specifically that Reverend Falwell had ever had intercourse with his mother?

A pause. Larry gazes at Falwell.

LARRY

Yes.

GRUTMAN (startled)

What??

LARRY

YES.

Isaacman's jaw drops. Falwell's jaw drops further.

LARRY

I have an affidavit signed by three people stating that they witnessed the incestuous act.

Isaacman scrambles to intercept.

ISAACMAN

Your Honor! We are not aware of any such documentation --

GRUTMAN

Mr. Flynt, where is this affidavit?!

LARRY

It's locked in an airtight vault where nobody can meddle with it.

GRUTMAN

I think you're making this all up!

LARRY

And there's somethin' else in that vault, too: A photo of Jerry having coitus with a sheep!

(he gets indignant)

And NO ONE has the right of taking the liberty of sticking their sexual organ in some poor animal's mouth!

The room is stunned. Larry winks at helpless Isaacman.

ISAACMAN

Your Honor, again, we are not aware of any such documenta --

LARRY (cutting him off)

Well I got it! Jerry Fartwell is a liar and a glutton!

GRUTMAN

The name of my client is Jerry Falwell.

LARRY

That's what I said -- Jerry Fartwell.

Falwell is stone-faced.

GRUTMAN

Are you trying to hold the Reverend up to ridicule?

LARRY

No, contempt.

GRUTMAN

Contempt. Scorn?

LARRY

Truculent.

GRUTMAN

Obloquy?

LARRY

Parlez-vous francais?

GRUTMAN

Je parle le francais mieux que toi.

LARRY

Oui, je veux vais coucher vous, avec vous -- I'm sorry, it's rusty. Jesus, it's rusty.

GRUTMAN

Mr. Flynt, do you have an aversion to organized religion?

LARRY
You bet your sweet ass I do.

GRUTMAN
Do you believe that gives you license
to mock leaders of religious
movements?

LARRY
You're goddamn right.

ISAACMAN
OBJECTION. It's irrelevant --

JUDGE TURK
Overruled.

LARRY
Free expression is absolute.
Grutman bears in.

GRUTMAN
So you wanted to make Reverend
Falwell out to be a hypocrite?

LARRY
Yeah.

GRUTMAN
But didn't it occur to you that for
Reverend Falwell to function in his
livelihood, he has to have an
integrity that people believe in?

LARRY
Yeah.

GRUTMAN
And wasn't one of your objectives to
destroy that integrity, or harm it,
if you could?

CLOSEUP - LARRY

LARRY
To assassinate it.

CLOSEUP - ISAACMAN

It's over. He drops his head onto the table -- defeated and
nauseous.

CUT TO:

153 LATER

The Judge turns to the jury.

153

JUDGE TURK
Have you reached a verdict?

JURY FOREWOMAN
Yes we have, your honor.

The BAILIFF takes a folded piece of paper from the forewoman and hands it to the judge. The judge opens the paper -- then does a startled doubletake.

154 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

15.

The courtroom doors BANG open. A MOB OF REPORTERS scrambles out and races for the phone booths. They're freaked out.

REPORTER #1 (on phone)
It's a weird decision! He's not guilty of libel, but he is guilty of inflicting emotional distress!

REPORTER #2 (on phone)
The ad's too ridiculous to believe, but it hurt Falwell's feelings. So now Flynt has to pay him 200 grand!

155 INT. TIME MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

155

"TIME" EDITORS are staring at a battery of TV sets. Almost every channel has Jerry Falwell's press conference.

REV. FALWELL (on TV)
This ruling shows that nobody can prostitute the First Amendment. I just hope it'll set some form of limit in the press for people like Larry Flynt.

TIME EDITOR
But that's where censorship starts -- with people like Larry Flynt!

156 INT. NEW YORK TIMES - DAY

156

The same situation: Angry EDITORS watching TV sets.

N.Y. TIMES EDITOR
This decision is an end run around the Constitution.

157 INT. NATIONAL LAMPOON - DAY

157

More upset EDITORS.

LAMPOON EDITOR
With this ruling, Teddy Kennedy could sue Art Buchwald! Nixon could sue every cartoonist that insulted him!
(more)

LAMPOON EDITOR (Cont'd)
 (he imitates Nixon)
 "When I see that big nose, I'm a
 basket case for the rest of the day!"

158 EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON YARD - DAY 158

In front of massive prison gates, Larry sits decrepit in his wheelchair, in a suit. Two GUARDS flank his sides.

The gates silently swing open. A limo is waiting. The guards roll Larry to the prison edge... then a limo DRIVER takes the chair and rolls him to the car. He awkwardly helps Larry in.

159 INT. LIMO 159

The door shuts. Larry turns, and he's sitting alone with Althea. She looks pale, sunken-cheeked, gravely ill.

Larry tries to smile.

LARRY
 Hey, cutie-pie.

He gently kisses her.

ALTHEA (voice hoarse)
 We make quite a team. A cripple
 gettin' out of a nuthouse, and a
 junkie with AIDS.

LARRY
 Yeah... but a good-lookin' junkie.

She smiles weakly. They cuddle tightly.

160 INT. HUSTLER OFFICES - DAY 160

A banner says "Welcome Back, Larry." Staffers APPLAUD enthusedly. Larry waits for the noise to subside.

LARRY (poker face)
 I thought I fired you all.

Nervous laughter. Nobody knows what to expect.

LARRY
 Jimmy?!

Uh-oh. People jerk, anxiously. Larry scans the room, finally spotting Jimmy. He points. Jimmy shudders nervously.

JIMMY
 Uh, yeah, Larry...?

LARRY
 Come here! Come closer...

Jimmy takes little baby steps. Larry gestures insistently from the wheelchair. Jimmy slowly leans down... unsure if an act of horrible violence is about to break out...

JIMMY

Uh, yeah... look... sorry if I tried to run things... but I just wanted to protect you from yourself...

Jimmy grimaces remorsefully. Larry pulls him to his body -- then hugs him.

LARRY

Don't sweat it, bro'. I forgive you.

161 INT. FLYNT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

161

Larry and Althea lie in bed, like a still life. The curtains are drawn, and he cradles her head. Suddenly she coughs.

LARRY

You alright? You need something?

ALTHEA

No. This is fine...

(softly)

Actually, I could use a glass of water.

They both look over. Across the room sits a WATER PITCHER. Hmm. They slowly glance at each other.

ALTHEA

Oh, uh... I'll ring the maid.

LARRY (chivalrously)

No, don't worry, 'hon... I'll get it for you.

With much effort, Larry lifts his legs and struggles into the wheelchair. Then he rolls across the room and pours the water.

ALTHEA

Larry, when I die... I want you to freeze my body. Bring me back to life when you can cure me.

LARRY

Sure... Hell, I'll do it too! Then they can thaw us both out in the year 3000. We'll fuck on the moon.

He carefully balances the glass on his lap and rolls back over to Althea. Smiling lovingly, he gives her the water.

She drinks.

LARRY
You're shivering...

ALTHEA
Maybe I'll take a bath.

She painfully sits up. Larry stares into her eyes.

LARRY
You want a ride...?

A beat. Althea is momentarily confused -- but then understands and smiles sweetly. She climbs onto Larry's lap, and he rolls them towards the bathroom. But suddenly -- he makes an unexpected turn and starts going in circles, round and round the room.

Althea laughs and hugs Larry.

Finally he stops at the bathroom. She tentatively gets off, leaning on a counter, then kisses Larry. Althea turns and enters the bathroom. The door shuts.

ANGLE - LARRY

He smiles after her. Then... he thinks.

We hear RUNNING WATER.

Larry rolls to the corner. He huddles over the telephone and dials a number. When he finally talks, it's hushed, desperate...

LARRY (on phone)
Dr. Lamont? It's Larry Flynt.
(pause)
She seems really weak.
(pause)
Look, what would it take to save her?
I'm worth millions of dollars! I'll
write as big a check as you need...
(longer pause)
I'll do anything... Can't all that
money save one life...?

We MOVE IN. The voice on the line says something... and Larry's face falls.

A beat -- then Larry notices wetness under his feet. Puzzled, he glances over. Water is streaming under the bathroom door.

LARRY
Althea...?
(beat)
ALTHEA!!

Shit. Adrenalin shoots through his body. Larry suddenly grabs his wheelchair wheels and hurls himself across the room. Heart pounding, he breaks through the bathroom door.

Then Larry gasps.

Althea is submerged in the tub, lifeless. Her hair floats around her head like a dark halo.

Overcome, Larry starts sobbing.

162 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

163

Althea's funeral. Under a blue sky, Larry and the Hustler gang somberly watch Althea's casket get lowered into the ground. Nobody speaks.

Larry sits in his wheelchair, dressed in black, staring in agonized disbelief.

Finally, he takes a single white rose and tosses it onto the casket.

REV. FALWELL (v.o.)

You cannot mock God! You cannot fool God!

163 INT. FLYNT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

163

Larry is alone in the big house. He stares at his TV. On the screen, Jerry Falwell is lecturing.

REV. FALWELL (on TV)

If you break His laws, God Almighty will judge you.

Larry glares, a rage building.

REV. FALWELL (on TV)

AIDS is a plague. These perverted lifestyles have to stop! When you violate moral laws, you reap the whirlwind.

TIGHT - LARRY

Infuriated, he suddenly EXPLODES -- a volcanic, incensed passion we haven't seen in a hell of a long time.

Suddenly motivated, Larry snatches the telephone and furiously punches in a number.

LARRY

Alan! GET OVER HERE!

164 INT. FLYNT MANSION - LATER

164

Larry is bellowing at Isaacman.

LARRY

I wanna appeal the Falwell case!

ISAACMAN (surprised)

But Larry -- the appeal was denied...

LARRY

So go HIGHER!

ISAACMAN

C'mon, the only thing higher is the Supreme Court.

LARRY

So give 'em a call!

ISAACMAN (he sighs)

Larry... it's not that easy.
Thousands of people petition every year...

LARRY

But my case is as good as any!

An awkward moment. Isaacman takes a breath.

ISAACMAN

Look -- why would they pick you?
You're a nightmare. They're scared
that if they let you in, you'll wear
a diaper, or throw an orange, or
bring a bunch of hookers.

(beat)

You don't understand courtroom
behavior. To them, you're a pig.

Larry ponders this.

LARRY

But that shouldn't matter. It's the
principle. In this country, doesn't
a pig have the same rights as the
president?

ISAACMAN (frustrated)

Yeah... Look, Larry -- every
lawyer's dream is to go to the
Supreme Court.

(beat)

But your sentimental speeches don't
work on me anymore. Do you realize
how many times you've convinced me
to fight for your grand ideals --
only to fuck me over and let the
ideals go down the sewer?

LARRY

I know. Alan, I look back at my life... and I just see a path of destruction. I've wasted my talents, without doin' anything really important. Well, maybe this Falwell case is my chance.

(he lowers his voice)

So you go and get me to the Supreme Court. Please. And I promise I'll behave.

165 EXT. UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT - MORNING

165

The majesty of the nation's highest court. People are arriving, climbing the towering stairs.

A TV REPORTER does a standup.

REPORTER

God versus the Devil. America's Minister versus America's Pimp. Today is the showdown.

(beat)

Many were surprised by the high court's decision to hear Larry Flynt's case. But he had unlikely supporters filing briefs on his behalf: The New York Times, The Magazine Publishers Association, The American Newspaper Publishers Association...

In the crowd, watching with interest, is Larry's assailant.

Cars pull up, and reporters scramble over. A modest sedan arrives -- and it's Jerry Falwell. Then a limo arrives -- and it's Larry Flynt and Isaacman, smiling nervously. Then a stretch limo arrives -- and it's Charles Keating.

Then a super-stretch limo arrives. Pause... and it's Larry's parents. The reporters are baffled.

REPORTER

And who are you?

MA FLYNT (she smiles)

I'm Larry's mama. He flew us in all the way from Kentucky...!

166 INT. U.S. SUPREME COURT - DAY

166

The most important courtroom in the land.

The majestic red velvet curtains part. Then, in inspiring ceremony, the NINE JUSTICES grandly file out. A hush comes over the crowded room. The COURT MARSHAL stands and proclaims.

COURT MARSHAL

All rise! Oyez, oyez, oyez. The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. All persons having business before this honorable Court are admonished to draw nigh and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court.

The Justices step from behind their seats and sit. All the spectators do likewise. CHIEF JUSTICE REHNQUIST shuffles through his papers.

CHIEF JUSTICE REHNQUIST

We'll hear the argument first this morning in number 86-1278, Hustler Magazine and Larry C. Flynt versus Jerry Falwell.

(he nods at Isaacman)

Mr. Isaacman, you may proceed whenever you're ready.

Isaacman glances over. Larry gives him a big grin -- then mimes zipping his lips closed.

Isaacman smiles. He stands, staring down the panel of Justices. This is his day. Presenting Himself in a low-key, ingratiating manner, he begins.

ISAACMAN

Mr. Chief Justice, and may it please the Court. One of the most cherished interests that we have as a nation is uninhibited debate and freedom of speech. There is a public interest in allowing every citizen of this country to express his views.

JUSTICE STEVENS

Well what view was expressed by Exhibit A?

ISAACMAN

Uh... in the first place, it's a parody of a Campari ad.

JUSTICE STEVENS (deadpan)

I understand.

ISAACMAN

And it is also a satire of Jerry Falwell, and he is in many respects the perfect candidate for this, because he's such a ridiculous figure to be in a liquor ad: Somebody we're used to seeing standing on a pulpit, with a beatific look on his face, holding a Bible.

JUSTICE STEVENS (unrelenting)

But what is the public interest that you're describing? That there's some interest in making him look ludicrous?

Isaacman pauses, cockily. He knows this is his moment.

ISAACMAN

There is a public interest in having Hustler express its view that what Jerry Falwell says, as the ad parody indicates... is "B.S."

(pleased at his nerve)

And Hustler has every right to say that somebody who's out there campaigning against it, saying don't read our magazine and we're poison on the minds of America and don't fornicate and don't drink liquor -- Hustler has every right to say that man is full of "B.S." Let's deflate this stuffed shirt and bring him down to our level.

Larry chuckles. Isaacman smiles impishly. A few Justices nod, getting his point.

JUSTICE SCALIA

But Mr. Isaacman, the First Amendment is not everything. It's a very important value, but it's not the only value in our society. What about another value -- which is that good people should be able to enter public life and public service. The rule you give us says that if you stand for public office, or become a public figure in any way, you cannot protect yourself or, indeed, your mother, against a parody of your committing incest with her in an outhouse. Now, do you think George Washington would have stood for public office if that was the consequence?

Isaacman is relaxed, warmed-up. He's prepped for this question.

ISAACMAN

Well, there's a 200-year-old cartoon -- I think it's in the brief of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists -- that has George Washington being led on a donkey. And underneath there's a caption that the man leading the donkey is leading an ass...

JUSTICE SCALIA

I can handle that. I think George could handle that.

(a few CHUCKLES)

But that's a far cry from committing incest with your mother in an outhouse.

(a huge LAUGH from the room)

I mean, there's no line between the two?

ISAACMAN

No. There's no line, since what you're talking about is a matter of taste -- not law. That's the issue, because nobody literally believes that Jerry Falwell is being accused of committing incest --

JUSTICE MARSHALL

So why did Hustler have him and his mother together??

ISAACMAN

They had him and his mother together to show what's called in literary form "travesty." This is a man who is so self-righteous in the area of sex, telling everybody else what to do, telling them what to read, acting as though he has more knowledge than they do about how they live their lives. The ad might say that he is incestuous, but what it symbolically communicates is he's a hypocrite.

Larry silently agrees.

JUSTICE MARSHALL

And what public purpose does that serve?

ISAACMAN

It serves the same public purpose as having Garry Trudeau in "Doonesbury" call George Bush a wimp. It makes people look at Bush a little bit differently.

(building to his finale)

Because, this is not just a dispute between Hustler and Jerry Falwell. This case affects everything that goes on in our national life. We have a long tradition of satiric commentary, and you can't pick up a newspaper in this country without seeing cartoons or editorials that have critical comments about people. And if Jerry Falwell can sue, so can any other public figure. Because if you say something critical about a person, it's going to cause emotional distress. We all know that. It's an easy thing to show, and that's why it's a meaningless standard.

(beat)

All it does... is allow the punishment of unpopular speech.

Isaacman lets this idea hang, then sits down.

Larry is blown away. He smiles proudly at Isaacman.

The Justices nod.

CHIEF JUSTICE REHNQUIST

Thank you, Mr. Isaacman.

167 EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

167

Pandemonium on the Court's steps. JOURNALISTS mob the exiting participants, circling in groups around Larry, Keating, and Falwell.

REPORTER #1

Reverend, are you confident that you will win the case?

REV. FALWELL

Absolutely! There's no way the Supreme Court will side with a sleaze merchant like Larry Flynt.

REPORTER #2

Mr. Keating, why are you here today?

CHARLES KEATING

To show my support for those who believe that pornography should be outlawed. This smut is the most dangerous menace to our country today! All decent citizens demand ACTION! They want pornography where it belongs -- IN JAIL!

With a smirk on his face, Larry's anonymous Assailant shuffles away from Falwell's crowd. He approaches the reporters surrounding Larry.

REPORTER #3

Larry, why'd you bother appealing?
Why didn't you just pay the fine?

LARRY

Do you have to ask? We are talking about freedom!! Doesn't anybody know what that means anymore?!

(his eyes getting moist)

It doesn't take courage to gun down people you disagree with, but it takes courage to be free!

Larry's voice cracks with emotion. The Assailant is fascinated.

LARRY (continuing)

I've been accused of hiding behind the First Amendment. Well, you're damn right I do! 'Cause if the Constitution will protect ME, then it'll protect all Americans!!

(beat)

Because I am the worst.

The reporters are silent. Larry's Assailant nods, turns, then slowly descends the stairs. He disappears into the crowd.

REPORTER #4

Do you have any regrets, Larry?

A long pause. Larry's voice drops to a hush.

LARRY

Only one...

168 EXT./INT. FLYNT MANSION - DAY

168

The green estate sits silent, like a beautiful unused resort.

The big house is like a mausoleum. All the expensive antiques are perfectly arranged and dusted clean... but there's no sign of life. Room after room, empty.

Upstairs, every door is open. The camera slowly travels towards Larry's bedroom... and inside, we faintly hear a WOMAN'S GIGGLE. Oddly, it sounds like Althea...

We ENTER the room...

169 INT. BEDROOM

16

Larry is slumped in bed, remote control in hand, staring at the TV.

ON THE TV is an old HOME MOVIE of Althea. She is happy, healthy, vigorous, smiling...

Larry stares, teary-eyed. Suddenly, the phone RINGS. Larry slowly answers it.

LARRY (on phone)

Yeah...

INTERCUT:

170 INT. SUPREME COURT CORRIDOR - DAY

17

Isaacman is on a pay phone. People stream past.

ISAACMAN (on phone)

Larry, the decision came down! Do you want to hear it?

LARRY

Is it good or bad?

ISAACMAN (toying)

It's unanimous. And the Chief Justice wrote it himself.

LARRY (losing patience)

But is that good or bad?

Pause.

ISAACMAN

Let me read it to you.

(he holds up a sheaf of papers)

"At the heart of the First Amendment is the recognition of the fundamental importance of the free flow of ideas... The freedom to speak one's mind is not only an aspect of individual liberty, but essential to the quest for truth and the vitality of society as a whole..."

Larry is looking pleased.

ISAACMAN

"In the world of debate about public affairs, many things done with motives that are less than admirable are protected by the First Amendment... The fact that society may find speech offensive is not a sufficient reason to suppress it --"

LARRY (interrupting)

So we did it...?

Isaacman stops reading. Pause, then he smiles warmly.

ISAACMAN

Yeah... we did it.

ANGLE - LARRY

His face lights up. He softly speaks.

LARRY

Thanks, Alan.

Larry quietly hangs up. Then he turns to the TV.

ON THE TV - Young Althea dances sensuously, at night on the lawn of the Columbus mansion. Light from the windows picks her out of the darkness.

LARRY'S VOICE (on TV)

Strip, baby!

Althea stops dancing. She looks directly at the camera.

ALTHEA (on TV)

Why should I...?

LARRY'S VOICE (on TV)

For posterity! When you're old and ugly, you'll love to look at this.

Althea grins. She resumes dancing... elegant... teasing...

ALTHEA (on TV)

I'll never be old and ugly. You will...

She starts to strip...

And Larry smiles sadly, very emotional, and very bittersweet.

CREDITS ROLL:

LARRY FLYNT LIVES IN LOS ANGELES AND PUBLISHES 29 MAGAZINES. HE IS STILL CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR.

JERRY FALWELL STILL HEADS THE MORAL MAJORITY AND REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED RELIGIOUS FIGURES IN AMERICA.

CHARLES KEATING WAS CONVICTED ON 73 COUNTS OF RACKETEERING, FRAUD, AND CONSPIRACY. HIS TRIAL REVEALED HE PLUNDERED OVER 2 BILLION DOLLARS FROM SAVINGS AND LOANS, PARTLY TO PROVIDE MASSIVE BREAST AUGMENTATION SURGERIES FOR A SERIES OF SECRETARIES. HE IS STILL IN PRISON.

FADE OUT.

THE END