

THE SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE MOVIE

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WELCOME TO THE MOVIES

OPEN ON:

A STAR FIELD

MUSIC: Upbeat, cheery background music that accompanies the high-tech "Theatre Announcements" segment shown before every movie.

The words "WELCOME TO THE MOVIES" fly out one at a time in an absurdly contrived, over-produced manner.

SFX: Whoosing sound.

FX: The words sparkle, shine, and glisten. In fact, all the words in this segment are accompanied by whooshes and other obligatory video game effects.

The words "THANK YOU FOR COMING TO THIS THEATRE" do loop the loops in space, come to rest briefly, and fly off in every direction.

SFX: Whoosh.

The following words shoot out one at a time, each accompanied by a whooshing sound, and fly off before the next: "YOU" "COULD HAVE" "CHOSEN" "ANY" "THEATRE" "BUT YOU" "CHOSE" "OUR" "THEATRE."

The word "SMOKING" flies into view.

SFX: Whoosh.

Suddenly, a computer-generated cigarette appears in the distance and moves up to the screen, ash forward. Our POV enters the cigarette and we journey through the burning embers and filter chambers, then out the other side.

There WE SEE the words: "PERMITTED IN THE LOBBY ONLY" gleaming majestically.

An empty soda cup, some balled-up candy wrappers, and an empty popcorn cup bank and glide to the center of the screen. Suddenly a trash container floats into view and a laser battle erupts between the trash and the trash container. After a few seconds of pitched battle the trash is struck and each piece spirals into the mouth of the container, trailing smoke. The trash container then leans forward and flies off.

The words "PLEASE PLACE ALL REFUSE IN THE TRASH RECEPTACLES" shoot out then fly off.

SFX: Whoosh.

The words "IT" "IS" "ILLEGAL" "TO" fly on one at a time, followed by "COMMIT" "BIGAMY," forming a sentence.

Below it, another sentence shoots in: "PLEASE DON'T MARRY TWO PEOPLE."

SFX: Whooshes.

In big letters, one at a time, the words "IN CASE OF FIRE" shoot in. Immediately, a large paragraph of detailed instructions flies in beneath it. Before you can read it, the paragraph starts spinning rapidly, like a pinwheel. It gets smaller and smaller, until it's just a point of light. Then it explodes, sending comets and fireballs at the screen.

SFX: Whooshes, explosions.

The words "AGAIN" "WE" "THANK" "YOU" "FOR" "CHOOSING" "OUR" "THEATRE" appear in the loudest and brightest manner yet ...

... only to be topped by "NOW" "SIT BACK" "RELAX" "AND ENJOY THE SHOW" which are so bright and explosive they are almost blinding. They are accompanied by the popcorn, garbage and cigarette graphics from before. Finally, they disappear.

Pause. Silence.

The words "AND" "NOW" "OUR" "FEATURE" "PRESENTATION" appear in a similarly labored fashion, then fly off.

Another pause.

More words: "WHICH" "WE" "CAN'T" "THANK" "YOU" "ENOUGH" "FOR" "COMING" "TO."

Shorter pause.

"SO" "SETTLE" "BACK" "RELAX" "AND" "ENJOY" "THE" "MOVIES."

Accompanied by running lights, cameras, and other gleaming movie graphics.

Pause.

A-3

"THANK YOU."

Pause. Silence.

MUSIC: Out.

FADE.

YOUNG BUSH AT YALE

FADE IN:

EXT: STATELY NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE CAMPUS - TWILIGHT

Slowly PULL INTO a large tasteful brick building.
SEE a vintage car or two parked on the quad. Hear
the strains of Big Band Music ...

SUPER: SMITH COLLEGE
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
1940

INT: COLLEGE HALL
WIDE SHOT - A DANCE

On one side, the women, all tastefully dressed; young
handsome square-jawed Ivy League men in tweed jackets
on the other. A big band plays a Glenn Miller tune.
Some dancing.

PAN a group of preppy, WASP Harvard men. Some in
Harvard letter-sweaters.

SMITH GIRL #1 (VO)
You can always tell a Harvard
man, that's for sure.

CAMERA lands on:

JACK KENNEDY

Handsome. Magnetic. Gleaming with charm.

GIRL #2 (VO)
Say. Isn't that Jack Kennedy?!
The ambassador's son?

GIRL #3 (VO)
That's him alright.

GIRL #1 (VO)
Wow! He's even better looking
than I've heard.

THE SMITH GIRLS

GIRL #2
(coyly)
Still pining for Tyrone Power?

GIRL #1
(staring agape at the
handsome Jack Kennedy)
Tyrone who?

GIRL #3
Uh oh. The men from Yale have
arrived.

THE EXACT SAME ACTORS

Only this time two are wearing blue Yale sweaters.

GIRL #2 (VO)
Not too shabby.

CAMERA finds a skinny, shy, somewhat awkward GEORGE BUSH,
standing uncomfortably off to the side.

GIRL #1 (VO)
Oooh. Who's that wienerschnitzel
in the blue tie?

GIRL #2 (VO)
(as if to Bush)
Get out of the way. You're
blocking the scenery.

GIRL #4 (VO)
(a new voice)
Wait a minute. I know him.
I met him at a dance in Greenwich.
His father is Senator Bush from
Connecticut. He's really very
sweet.

At this moment George recognizes one of our woman (#4).

YOUNG BUSH
Barbara! Barbara Pierce!

GIRL #3 (VO)
Uh oh, Barbara. He remembers
you. He's coming over.

THE GIRLS

Girl #4 is the young BARBARA BUSH. She is a gorgeous,
shapely knockout with white hair. George arrives.

BUSH
(gangly)
Excuse me, ladies. Sorry to
interrupt. Barbara, I'm not
(MORE)

BUSH (contd)

sure if you remember me. I'm George Bush. We met at that whole dance thing your aunt threw down there at Greenwich.

BARBARA

Of course, I do, George. I'd like you to meet my friends, Alice Bancroft, Dorothy Wickham, and DeeDee Cumberland.

The girls clearly disapprove of George, but greet him with false politeness.

BUSH

(to Barbara)

You know, it's funny. Last time I saw you, it was at that dance your aunt had goin' on down there, and now here we are up here at Smith, Smith College, and it's another dance.

BARBARA

Uh huh?

BUSH

And watchin' everybody doin' the jitter bug and the foggy bottom, well, I just got to thinkin' ...

YOUNG J.F.K. WITH HIS FRIENDS

HARVARD GUY

You seem to know a lot of these girls, Jack.

Kennedy points out at girls throughout the room.

KENNEDY

Fucked her ... fucked her ...
fucked her ... blew me ...
fucker her ... turned her down
... fucked her ... fucked her ...
Bobby fucked her ...

HARVARD GUY

Jack, you're amazing. How do you do it?

Before he can answer Kennedy sees something he likes ...

KENNEDY

Say! Who is that ravishing creature?

HARVARD GUY

Which?

KENNEDY

The one with the bodacious body and the, uh, white hair.

HARVARD GUY

Oh, that's Barbara Pierce. I think she's a little ... demure for your taste, Jack. Besides, she's a freshman. Leave her alone.

KENNEDY

(straightening his tie)

Well, this freshman is about to, uh, graduate ... with honors.

GEORGE AND BARBARA

His arms are flailing away with ...

BUSH

... that whole group out there on that dance floor area. Kinda dancin' away like they're doin' ... I was just kinda wonderin' if maybe you'd be interested in ...

Jack shows up, and pushing George aside ...

KENNEDY

Excuse me, Junior, but I believe you're in the wrong room. The lecture on, uh, butterfly collecting is in the science building.

(to Barbara, smiling)

Hello ... I'm Jack Kennedy.

BUSH

Excuse me. I believe I was having a conversation with the lady in this general area.

BARBARA

He's right, Mr. Kennedy. George, would you like to dance?

BUSH

You mean go out there and do
that ...

She grabs George and yanks him out to the dance floor.
Kennedy can't believe this. No one has ever turned him
down. But Barbara's friends quickly offer to take her
place.

GIRL #1

Excuse me, Jack. I'm DeeDee
Cumberland, and I'll dance with
you.

GIRL #3

Me too.

GIRL #2

I'll sleep with you.

GEORGE AND BARBARA ON THE FLOOR

George is dancing in a comically nerdy way. But Barbara
doesn't seem to mind. After a bit ...

... suddenly Jack appears, dancing with all three of
Barbara's friends. He's the greatest jitterbugger of
all time -- a Big Band Era Tony Manero.

Everyone on the floor is impressed and forms a circle
to watch Jack in action. Everyone that is, except Bush,
who caught up in the fun, thinks that the people are
watching him.

BUSH

Look, Barbara. I guess we're
cuttin' up a rug here.

But he sees Kennedy. It sucks the confidence out of him
-- he slows down; then abruptly stops. Embarrassed, he
turns to Barbara ...

BUSH (contd)

He's quite the dancer, isn't he?

BARBARA

Yes. He is. But then ...
(significant look)
... so are you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: CAMPUS - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT: BARBARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara, lying on her bed, writes in her diary.

BARBARA (VO)

Dear Diary. Tonight I met the man who will be the father of my children.

CUT TO:

INT: YALE DORM ROOM

Seated at his desk, under a Yale pennant, writing in his diary ...

BUSH (VO)

Dear Diary. Today I was up there at that Smith College thing. That Harvard-Yale dance thing they had going on up there. And I think I met the woman who is going to be the mother of my children ...

CUT TO:

INT: HARVARD DORM

J.F.K. is talking to BOBBY, his younger brother.

KENNEDY

Something, uh, very special, uh, happened to me today, Bobby. I met the woman that I feel will be the greatest lay of my life.

Bobby's high-pitched ...

BOBBY

Ja-ack! You say that about any girl that won't sleep with you.

KENNEDY

I know, little brother, but this time it's different.

BOBBY

C'mon, let's arm wrestle!

They arm wrestle. A titantic struggle with great grunting and moaning ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: SMITH CAMPUS - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT: DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A GIRL in a robe and curlers walks down a hallway and knocks on a closed door.

GIRL
Barbara. Telephone. I think
it's long distance.

A sleepy Barbara comes out, pulling on a robe. She heads down the hallway and picks up the receiver.

BARBARA
Hello? ... Oh hi, George. No,
no, it's not too late. I went
to bed early ... Yes, I got your
letter. It was wonderful ...

INTERCUT

BUSH
And you got the follow-up card
I sent?

BARBARA
Yes, yes. That was very sweet.
How on earth did you get me those
flowers?

BUSH
Well, I drove up to Smith to pay
a call on ya, but by the time I
got to that whole college area up
there, it was after seven in the
evening, and I felt the hour was
simply too late to appear unannounced
at your dormitory. So I left the
flowers and signed the card "your
secret admirer."
(as if he's made a joke)
Heh, heh, heh.

BARBARA
Oh, George. That's silly. I wish
you had stopped by. It wasn't too
late at all.

BUSH
Well, thank you, Barbara. But,
uh, the reason I was callin', I
(MORE)

BUSH (contd)
was wonderin' if you're free next weekend, you might wanna come on down to the Yale campus here in New Haven and take a look around, come on a visit -- a chaperoned visit.

BARBARA
George, I'd love to!

BUSH
Well, that's fine then ... Uh! Lookin' at my watch here I see it's nearly half past ten. And you probably wanna get back to that beauty sleep that ya must take in order to stay so beautiful. So I should probably let you go.

BARBARA
Well, OK, George. I look forward to seeing you next weekend then. Goodnight.

BUSH
Well, bye!

Barbara puts down the receiver and heads back to her room with a dreamy expression on her face. Once in the room she takes off her robe, revealing the most stupendous body ever on celluloid. Standing in sexy '40's lingerie, she throws back her head and strikes a series of innocent but unintentionally erotic poses.

BARBARA
George. George. George.

Her reverie is broken by the sound of a horn: Ahooga Ahooga. Startled, she then hears shouted from outside ...

KENNEDY (VO)
Hey! Barbara!

She wraps herself in her robe and goes to the window, looks out to see ...

Kennedy, down below, standing next to his shiney roadster.

KENNEDY
It's me! Jack!

BARBARA
(shouting sotto voce)
What are you doing?!

KENNEDY

Watch this!

Kennedy twirls a long rope with a grappling hook and whips it skyward. Clattering, it locks into place on her fourth floor window. He swiftly pulls himself up, climbing the face of the building with a swashbuckling grace. He arrives at her window. Face to face.

KENNEDY (contd)

Hi, there. Pretty neat, don't you think? I wish, uh, Bobby were here, so we could have a contest to see who could do this the fastest.

She just looks at him. He grins.

KENNEDY (contd)

Well, I'm here. Aren't you going to, uh, ask me in?

BARBARA

Mr. Kennedy, I don't recall inviting you to visit. And it's rather late.

KENNEDY

What's the problem? Your first class tomorrow isn't 'til noon.

She's taken aback.

BARBARA

You seem to know quite a bit about me.

KENNEDY

Yes, uh, I took the, uh, liberty of asking my father, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, to check you out. And I must say, the more I know about you, the more I want to, uh, bed you down.

BARBARA

Mr. Kennedy, while I suppose I should be flattered by your interest, the fact remains that your presence here, apart from being quite rude, is in violation of Smith College Dormitory regulations. I must therefore respectfully ask that you leave.

Kennedy's grin shows he likes this gal.

KENNEDY

You've, uh, certainly got, uh,
fire. This is gonna be so great.

(winks)

I'll see you later.

BARBARA

Goodnight.

Kennedy kicks out from her window, expertly rappeling
back down. As he passes a lower floor window, a GORGEOUS
COED in nightie leans out her window ...

COED

Say. You're Jack Kennedy,
aren't you?

KENNEDY

Yes. I, uh, I am. Would you
like to, uh ...

He pounds his fist into his palm.

COED

You bet I would!

And pulls him into her bedroom window.

CUT TO:

INT: BUSH'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

BUSH

Dear Diary ... Even though, at
this point, it seems that Barbara
does not find my attentions
unwelcome, I feel that to ask
her to marry me would not be
prudent at this juncture.
There's still a lot I don't
know about her feelings, and
mine. So, not gonna jump the
gun. Not gonna be rushed into
anything. Not gonna do it ...

CLOSE UP - THE PAGE

as he writes ...

... Not ga d'at.

EXT: HARVARD CAMPUS - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT: KENNEDY DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Bobby are standing about three feet apart trading vicious punches to the jaw.

BOBBY

(rubs his jaw)

That's pretty good, Jack. But I still think I hit you harder than you hit me. So I guess I'm the winner of our little contest to see who could hit the other the hardest.

KENNEDY

Not so fast, little brother. I think I hit you harder than you hit me.

BOBBY

No. I think I hit you harder.

KENNEDY

No, I hit you harder.

BOBBY

Well, we'll agree to disagree then. How are you coming with Operation Barbara Poke?

KENNEDY

Well, I haven't laid her yet. But believe me, when I do, it'll be the best I ever had.

BOBBY

Well, it won't be as good as the best I've ever had.

KENNEDY

Yes, it will.

BOBBY

No, it won't.

KENNEDY

Yes, it will.

BOBBY

Hey, I've got an idea. Let's see who can hit himself the hardest.

KENNEDY

You're on!

They both start smashing themselves in the side of the head.

BOBBY

Look. I'm hitting myself harder.

KENNEDY

No, I'm hitting myself harder.

BOBBY

No, me.

KENNEDY

No, me.

There is a knock at the door. As he continues to hit himself ...

KENNEDY (contd)

Come in.

JOE KENNEDY SR., the 50-year-old patriarch, enters with GLORIA SWANSON.

BOBBY

Dad.

KENNEDY

Hi, Dad.

JOE

Hi, boys. Bobby, Jack, you know Gloria Swanson.

Nod hellos.

JOE (contd)

Mind if, uh, Gloria and I use your, uh, room tonight?

KENNEDY

Sure, Dad, I'll take the couch.

BOBBY

No, I'll take the couch.

KENNEDY

OK. I'll take the floor. The floor is better than the couch.

BOBBY

No, it isn't. The couch is better than the floor.

KENNEDY

In that case, I'll take the couch.

JOE

That's enough, boys. Bobby, you take the floor; Jack, you take the couch. And if your mother calls, I had to work late and the switchboard is out at the office.

BOBBY

Sure, Dad.

KENNEDY

Hey, Dad, I've got an idea. Let's see who can eat the most eggs.

JOE

You're on.

Bobby opens the fridge and the three Kennedys start Cool Hand Luking out.

EXT: YALE CAMPUS - DAY

Bush is giving Barbara the tour.

BUSH

Over there -- that statue of that guy who did that thing back then -- important thing. That's why they built him a statue. Over there -- the football stadium, the Yale Bowl, where they got that big Harvard-Yale game goin' next weekend. Big rivalry. Years and years they've been doin' it.

BARBARA

Say, George, are you going to the Harvard-Yale game?

He smiles, laughing to himself.

BUSH

Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Barbara's a little hurt that he hadn't asked her.

BARBARA

Oh. You hadn't mentioned anything about it. I didn't even know you followed football.

BUSH

Heh. Oh, I'm there for every game.

(modestly)

In fact, you might say, I have to be.

Barbara is starting to get the picture.

BUSH (contd)

You know, I'd love to take you to the game and sit with you in the stands, but unfortunately I'll be pretty busy out there on the field.

BARBARA

(impressed)

Oh.

BUSH

As a matter of fact, I've got a practice in about half an hour. You're welcome to watch it if you'd like.

BARBARA

I'd love to.

EXT: YALE FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Big guys in old style football helmets and pads hit a blocking dummy. A coach blows a whistle as other players run a play.

PAN to SEE ...

A group of vaguely fey Yale cheerleaders, one of whom is Bush. He leads a cheer, doing very odd Bush-esque hand gestures.

BUSH

What are we gonna do?
WIN WIN WIN
How we gonna do it?
FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

Barbara beams from the bleachers.

EXT: HARVARD PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Sign says: "HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRACTICE FIELD."

Linemen hit tackling dummies, etc.

In BG a quarterback throws a pass TOWARD CAMERA. A receiver makes a routine catch. The quarterback throws again and ...

A second receiver makes an incredibly graceful, acrobatic Lynn Swan catch, landing perfectly on his feet.

COACH (OC)

Great catch, Kennedy!

Kennedy, for that's who it is, takes off his helmet and flashes a cocky Kennedy grin.

KENNEDY

Thanks, Coach.

Some girls in the bleachers swoon.

PAN to a gate where ...

Three huge 35-year-old ART DONOVAN-TYPES in Chicago Bear jacket, carrying gym bags approach a TRAINER.

RINGER #1

(heavy Chicago accent)

Hi, we're lookin' for Mister Joseph P. Kennedy.

From under the bleachers ...

JOE

Pssst. Over here.

The goons see the shadowy figure and approach.

RINGER #2

You Ambassador Kennedy?

JOE

This is the, uh, last time we will, uh, speak directly.

Hands each a fat envelope.

JOE (contd)

This is your down payment. You'll receive the other half after

(MORE)

JOE (contd)
Harvard defeats Yale. Now which
one is Stan Nagalski?

RINGER #3
Dat's me.

JOE
For the next week you'll be
Brewster Cabot. You're a
junior majoring in Comparative
Literature.

RINGER #3
Alright. Brewster Cabot.

Joe points to Ringer #2.

JOE
You are ... ?

RINGER #2
Tony Brugnara.

JOE
Alright. Your name is John
Quincy Adams.

RINGER #2
John Quin ... ? How'm I s'posed
to remember dat?

JOE
Alright, John Smith.

RINGER #2
OK.

JOE
(to Ringer #3)
You. You're John Quincy Adams.

RINGER #1
Uh, Mr. Kennedy. There's only
like three of us, right? What
happens if Yale has a pretty
good team. I mean, if Harvard
loses, do we still get paid?

JOE
You concentrate on football.
I've taken care of Yale.

SFX: Sting.

EXT: SMITH CAMPUS - NIGHT

In front of her dorm, Bush holds open the door of his very conservative car for Barbara to climb out.

BARBARA

Thanks again for driving me all the way back.

BUSH

I couldn't very well let you take an hour-long train ride, could I?

BARBARA

Sure you could have.

Looking sweetly into his eyes ...

BARBARA (contd)

But I'm glad you didn't.

He sort of looks nervously away. As he escorts her toward door, he looks down at his watch.

BUSH

Well, it's gettin' on toward 9:30. Better get ya back into the dorm, or they'll start wonderin' what we're doin' out here.

BARBARA

Oh George. We have plenty of time. I thought you might want to go for a walk.

BUSH

Well, I've got a long drive back to New Haven, and I'm not sure a walk would be prudent at this juncture.

BARBARA

I had a feeling you might say that.

They're at the door now.

BARBARA (contd)

Well then ... I guess I'll ... see you ... next week then ...

She closes her eyes as if awaiting the kiss. But George

doesn't get it. Leaves her hanging, then holding out his hand to shake hers ...

BUSH

Well, bye!

Shakes her hand, turns and walks back toward his car.

She opens her eyes as if awakening from a trance, and screams ...

BARBARA

George Herbert Walker Bush!
I wish just once in your life
you wouldn't be so gosh darn
prudent!!

And storms inside, slamming the door behind her.

Bush assumes a "What did I say?" expression as we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: BARBARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

BARBARA

Dear Diary, I've just about given
up on George Bush. A girl can
grow old waiting for him to make
a move.

Knock on her door.

GIRL (OS)

Barbara. Telephone.

INT: DORM HALLWAY

Barbara excitedly picks up the receiver.

BARBARA

George!?

KENNEDY (VO)

Better than that. It's Jack
Kennedy.

BARBARA

(disappointed)
Oh, hello, Jack.

INTERCUT

KENNEDY

Barbara, I was wondering if you were free next weekend for the, uh, big, uh, Harvard-Yale game?

BARBARA

Well ... yes, I suppose I am.

KENNEDY

Well, then, is it a date?

Still angry at George:

BARBARA

Alright, Jack. Sure. I'll go to the Harvard-Yale game with you. Why not?

KENNEDY

That's the spirit. Tell me, Barbara, what do you want in your flask? Scotch or brandy?

BARBARA

(thinks, then)

Make it scotch. It's a little less ... prudent.

EXT: THE YALE BOWL - DAY

Full stadium. The Yale marching band plays a fight song.

BROADCAST BOOTH

A younger RONALD REAGAN is at the microphone.

REAGAN

This is Ronald Reagan here, the voice of Yale football, welcoming you to another edition of this classic rivalry between Harvard and Yale. It's a special day for me, because not only is it the 75th meeting between these two schools, but it also happens to be my sixty-third birthday. Well, I can see the teams are about to take the field for the announcement of the starting lineups.

THE FIELD

Players are trotting out onto the field as a very upper crust New England voice comes over the P.A.

P.A. ANNOUNCER
For Yale, at left end, number 81,
David Thorndike ... For Harvard,
at right tackle, number 79,
Brewster Cabot ...

Nagalski runs out, trying vainly to affect a prep school air. He lines up next to his friend Brugnara, who looks back at him sheepishly. The Yale players lined up across from them are suspicious.

THE STANDS

Barbara is sitting in the stands flanked by Jack and Bobby Kennedy in full football gear, lampblack under their eyes. Jack is sipping from a flask. Barbara appears a bit confused.

KENNEDY
Mmm. This is good stuff.

BOBBY
Hey, Jack. Let's have a contest
to see who can empty his flask
the quickest.

BARBARA
Aren't you two supposed to be down
there?

KENNEDY
We have plenty of time, Barbara.
They haven't gotten to the
defensive backs yet.

SIDELINE

Bush is halfheartedly leading cheers along the sideline.

BUSH
Boola Boola
Ra Ra Ra
Eli Yale

Distracted, he looks up at ...

THE STANDS

Barbara sitting with the Kennedys. Jack finishes off the flask.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (VO)
For Harvard, at defensive back,
John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Gotta go.

FIELD

WE SEE Jack run down the last few steps and into the field to the squeals of girls in the stands.

THE BOOTH

REAGAN

Well, that's it. We're moments away from kickoff.

THE FIELD

Harvard is about to kick off. Kennedy is lined up on the extreme wing of the Harvard line a few feet from the Yale sideline. Pointing to the stands, he taunts George.

KENNEDY

Hey, George. Whatta you think of my date? She's really something, isn't she? I guess the, uh, best man won after all.

BUSH

The game isn't over yet, Mr. Kennedy. It's just gettin' started.

The crowd goes into its kickoff roar, as the ball is kicked and the game begins.

MONTAGE OF FOOTBALL ACTION

Barbara nervously watching the game from the stands.

Crowds cheering.

Bush leading cheers.

The score changing.

Referees blowing whistles.

Joseph Kennedy pacing on the sidelines.

At one point, Kennedy, having tackled a player on the Yale sideline, steps out of bounds and gives Bush a cheap shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

REAGAN IN BOOTH

REAGAN

What a dandy this game has been today. If you're just joining us, you've missed a real corker. With a minute and a half to play, Yale has the ball and a two point lead.

HARVARD SIDELINE

The Bear Ringers are having a conference with Joseph Kennedy.

RINGER #1

I don't know, Mr. Kennedy. Dese Yale guys are pretty good.

RINGER #2

Yeah! What happens if dey win?

JOE

Have no fear, boys. I've already had a chat with all three Yale quarterbacks. I wouldn't be surprised if they started throwing a few interceptions.

THE BOOTH

REAGAN

OK. There's the Yale quarterback, Hepworth, calling the signals ...

On the field, WE SEE the Yale quarterback look nervously over to the Harvard sideline -- where he meets the stare of Joseph Kennedy who waves a fat envelope.

REAGAN (OC)

... If he can keep this drive going, Yale will have another victory in this glorious rivalry. He's back to pass ...

The Yale quarterback drops back and throws directly into the hands of a Harvard defender (#7) standing alone with no Yale receivers in sight.

REAGAN (OC contd)

He throws ... Intercepted! And it looks like he's going to go all the way.

He scampers completely untouched into the end zone for a touchdown.

BOOTH

REAGAN

He does! Touchdown! Interception
and touchdown for number seven,
Peter Williamson.

A hand taps him on the shoulder. Reagan looks up to
see ...

Joe Kennedy in the booth. Joe hands Reagan an envelope.

REAGAN (contd)

I'm sorry, number forty, John F.
Kennedy of Harvard.

INTERCUT

Extra point being kicked, scoreboard changing, booth ...

REAGAN

Now, after trailing the entire
game Harvard has taken the lead
21-16 with a minute -- eight left.

JUBILANT HARVARD SIDELINE

P.A. ANNOUNCER (VO)

Interception and touchdown by number
seven, Williamson ... or rather
number forty, Kennedy of Harvard.

Hearing his name announced, Kennedy looks up at Barbara
as if to say "Whatta ya know?" and begins to accept
congratulations from his teammates.

YALE SIDELINE

The Yale coach is screaming at his quarterback, as Bush
eavesdrops intently.

COACH

What were you doing out there!
You passed right to him! Are
you trying to throw the game?!

The Yale player wants to explain, but can't get the words
out ...

HEPWORTH

Coach, I ...

COACH

Never mind.

Pointing to another Yale quarterback standing near by ...

COACH (contd)

Kilgore. You're going in for
Hepworth.

Kilgore and Hepworth trade uneasy glances. Both look
across the field at ...

Joe Kennedy, who stares evilly.

BOOTH

REAGAN

Well, it looks like Yale has
another quarterback, Paul Kilgore,
number fourteen. The ball is
snapped ...

FIELD

REAGAN (VO)

He drops back ...

Kilgore drops back, and stands as if waiting for a
rushing Harvard lineman to reach him. At the last
moment, Kilgore feebly drops the ball at his feet.
It's a sure turnover but at the last moment, a diving
Yale lineman falls on the ball.

REAGAN (VO contd)

Oooh fumble ... Oooh barely
recovered by Yale.

BOOTH

REAGAN

They better be a lot more careful
if they're gonna pull this game
out. Time out Yale.

SIDELINE

The Yale coach screams at Kilgore who has trotted over
from the field. Bush eavesdrops ...

COACH

Alright. Something's going
on here! And I'm going to get
to the bottom of it! Who's
paying you to throw this game!?

KILGORE

You don't understand, Coach.
We can't talk about it.
(bursts into tears)
Our families have been threatened!

COACH

Does Joe Kennedy have anything to
do with this?

KILGORE & HEPWORTH

(crying)

Yes!

The coach turns to a third quarterback, number ten.

COACH

How 'bout you, Cheney. Did he
get to you too?

CHENEY

(also crying)

Yes!

COACH

Great. I've lost all three
quarterbacks. What do I do?

Bush steps up.

BUSH

Coach.

COACH

What do you want?

BUSH

I heard what's goin' on. Why
don't you put me in out there.
Old man Kennedy can't threaten
my family. My father is Senator
Bush of Connecticut.

COACH

But you're a cheerleader!

BUSH

Well, I think if you saw me out
there with the Yale baseball team,
you'd know I have a pretty fair
arm. I guess I got a throw or
two in me.

COACH

But you don't have a uniform.
And you can't wear that!

Bush, taking off his sweater ...

BUSH

That's OK, Coach. Just give me
a helmet. I'm fine.

BOOTH

REAGAN

Well, there seems to be some
kind of conference down on the
Yale sidelines ... Wait! It
looks like Yale has a new quarter-
back, and he's buck naked!!!

FIELD

Bush trots onto the field wearing just a helmet and a
jockstrap.

REAGAN (VO) --

I don't know who this nude
mystery quarterback is, because
he's not wearing a jersey ...

STANDS

Barbara stands in shock and bites her fist.

BARBARA

George!

REAGAN (VO)

... but whoever he is, he's going
to have a heck of a time bringing
his team back from a five point
deficit with just thirty seconds
left to play ...

HARVARD DEFENSIVE BACKFIELD

Bobby and Jack, their helmets off, confer ...

BOBBY

Jack, look at Yale's new, uh,
quarterback.

KENNEDY

Care to have a contest to see
who can hit George the hardest?

They laugh as they snap on their helmets.

YALE HUDDLE

BUSH

Alright, guys. Looks like we got time for one play to pull this whole deal out. I'd say our best bet right now is the old flea flicker.

The other players look at each other skeptically.

YALE PLAYER

Flea flicker? But, George, won't Harvard be looking for a pass? It isn't like you to suggest something so, well ... imprudent. Besides, you're just a cheerleader.

BUSH

Well, as to my being a cheerleader, and your being football players, well, today we're all just Yale men. And as to this play being imprudent, well, maybe that's why it's going to work.

There is a sacred moment in the huddle, as if a new leader has emerged. These men will follow him anywhere.

BUSH (contd)

(clapping his hands)

Let's do it.

The men clap in unison and break huddle.

INTERCUT

REAGAN

Alright. The nude mystery quarterback has stepped up to the line. Let's see what he has up his sleeve.

BUSH

Twenty-one, four, six-teen, hut, hut, hut!

REAGAN (VO)

There's the snap. He drops back.
(MORE)

REAGAN (VO contd)
Throws it to McKenzie on the
sideline ...

Once Bush has thrown the ball, he sprints downfield ...

REAGAN (VO contd)
McKenzie pulls up. McKenzie
stops. He puts it up. It's a
flea flicker! He's going for
the end zone! And there's the
nude mystery quarterback between
the Kennedy brothers ...

SLO MOTION

Bush, at the five yard line, splits the Kennedys, going
up and grabbing the ball. Jack and Bobby fly into each
other in a stupendous collision!

REGULAR MOTION

Bush scampers into the end zone.

REAGAN (VO)
Touchdown! He did it! The nude
mystery quarterback has scored!

The gun goes off.

REAGAN (VO contd)
Yale wins 22-21! What a victory!

THE FIELD

Pandemonium. The goal posts are being torn down. Crowds
are pouring onto the field. The nude Bush is being held
aloft on the shoulders of his teammates.

ON THE HARVARD SIDELINES

Joe Kennedy sits despondent, head in hands. The Chicago
Bear Ringers, overcome with emotion at the thrilling
finish, fight back tears and embrace.

ON THE FIELD

Barbara fights her way through the crowd, trying to get
to George.

BARBARA
George! George!

He spots her.

BUSH
Barbara! Barbara!

She reaches him, as he slides back down to the ground.

BUSH
How was that for imprudent?!

BARBARA
It was imprudent, George. And
it was wonderful!

BUSH
Well, how's this? Will you
marry me?

BARBARA
I thought you'd never ask.

They embrace.

BUSH
I would have asked ya sooner,
but I kinda thought you were
interested in Jack Kennedy.

BARBARA
Oh George. Don't you know it
was always you. Besides, you
don't think I'd fall for a lace-
curtain, shanty Irish, mackerel
snatching, Harp hustler like him,
do you?

BUSH
Oh, Bar! Let's raise our kids
Episcopalian!

They kiss.

JACK

watching them. He grudgingly gives Bush a congratulatory
nod. At this moment, Gloria Swanson emerges from the
crowd, sidles up to Jack, and whispers something
seductively in his ear. Jack looks around furtively
to make sure his dad can't see. Then nodding, moves
off with her.

AERIAL SHOT

FADE.

CINEPLEX

OPEN ON:

INT: MOVIE THEATRE

Hustle and bustle inside a multi-screen movie theatre. It is shot in the style of a '50's educational film, and the announcer's voice effects the appropriate fatherly tone.

ANNOUNCER

We hope you're enjoying the movie so far. We've done our best to make it worth the price of admission. But in case you're unsatisfied, you needn't feel cheated.

There's still a lot more fun to be had for your entertainment dollar. Because for the price of that ticket ...

DISSOLVE TO:

Title in '50's style lettering: "YOU CAN SEE EVERY MOVIE IN THE CINEPLEX." "CINEPLEX" letters should be dancing.

ANNOUNCER

You can see every movie in the Cineplex!

MUSIC: Transitional.

DISSOLVE TO:

A STATION WAGON

pulling up to a modern suburban cineplex. It is a beautiful, sunny day. A cute 10-year-old BOY gets out and waves as he walks into the cineplex as the car drives off.

ANNOUNCER

Yes, thanks to the Cineplex, you can stretch that ticket a long, long way.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

at the box office, smiling. He pays \$7.00 and gets his ticket.

ANNOUNCER

To start off, you'll need seven dollars admission ...

CUT TO:

CONCESSION STAND

The boy peels off a few singles from a wad of money. He happily carries off a soda, a tub of popcorn, and two boxes of candy.

ANNOUNCER

... and twenty dollars for concessions. Remember, you'll be seeing sixteen hours of entertainment.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

showing his ticket and walking proudly into the first theatre.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

watching the movie.

ANNOUNCER

The first movie is easy. Enjoy it. You paid for it.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

exiting the movie.

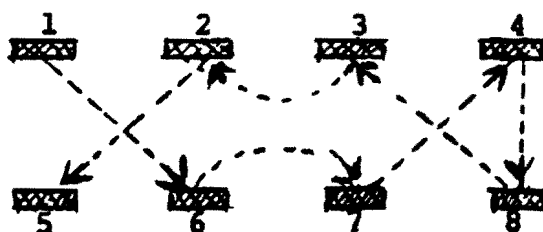
ANNOUNCER

That was pretty good. Now, let's get started.

CUT TO:

ANIMATED GRAPHIC OF CINEPLEX LAYOUT

Arrow starts at #1 and moves:



ANNOUNCER

You're going to work a diagonal pattern known as the inverted helix. It's a good one for beginners to learn.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

walking from Theatre #1 to #6 surreptitiously. He stands off to the side.

ANNOUNCER

Let's start with something easy: walking in backwards. Wait for people to start leaving the theatre.

A few people start to come out. The boy begins to position himself.

ANNOUNCER

Whoa -- not yet. You want a steady flow.

The boy holds back. Briefly, then a steady crowd emerges. He positions himself and starts to walk in backwards.

ANNOUNCER

Okay. Now, try to act like you've just seen the movie. Talk about it. Say, "I liked the part where the fellow got angry."

The boy backs in past the USHER.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

safely inside. He smiles and takes a seat.

ANNOUNCER

That was pretty good. You'll get better with practice.

He puts his feet up.

ANNOUNCER

Now don't put your feet up --
it'll only invite trouble.

Kid puts feet down.

ANNOUNCER

Try not to attract attention to
yourself. After all, you're
breaking the law.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

eyeing USHER of #7.

ANNOUNCER

For the next movie, we're going
to confront the usher face-to-
face. So let's be prepared.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

throwing out 1/2 eaten popcorn, candies.

CUT TO:

CONCESSION STAND

The boy buying new concessions.

ANNOUNCER

Get rid of that half-eaten carton
of popcorn and replace it with a
fresh one. Remember, you haven't
seen a movie yet.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

sitting on bench.

ANNOUNCER

Now stop for a moment and use your
imagination. You're going to create
a make-believe friend who's already
inside the theatre, holding your seat.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (contd)
Know everything about him -- what
his name is, what he looks like,
what his favorite foods are.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

eyeing the theatres.

ANNOUNCER
Now, choose the usher who seems
to be the busiest.

The boy walks to USHER.

The usher stops him, many people are walking in around him.

The boy starts explaining to the usher:

ANNOUNCER
(as boy speaks)
"My cousin Gerald is inside with
my ticket. He's five-foot six,
has blonde hair, and likes pizza
pies. Et cetera, et cetera."

The boy continues.

ANNOUNCER
Just keep overloading him with
facts. He'll soon be confused.

Usher gestures, "Just go on in." The boy walks in.

ANNOUNCER
And in you go.

The boy takes his seat.

ANNOUNCER
(coily)
Oh ... you may want to save some
popcorn for "Gerald."

CUT TO:

THE BOY

leaving Theatre #6 with crowd. They are being guided
out via a velvet rope. Boy is distressed.

ANNOUNCER

Some theatres try to guide you out onto the street once the movie's over. But no one can refuse you a trip to ...

CUT TO:

MEN'S ROOM DOOR

It is shot impressively, like a glorious refuge.

MUSIC: Bright.

ANNOUNCER

... the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT: MEN'S ROOM

The boy in bathroom. He checks his schedule, and enters a stall.

ANNOUNCER

If there's more than twenty minutes till your next movie, occupy a stall in the bathroom. No one will bother you there.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

at the sink looking in the mirror.

ANNOUNCER

This may also be a good time to change your appearance.

The boy takes out comb and parts his hair on the other side.

ANNOUNCER

Part your hair on the other side.

The boy takes his shirt off and puts it back on, inside out.

ANNOUNCER

Wear reversible clothing, or a shirt with a logo. Turn inside out -- the logo's gone. That boy no longer exists.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

at urinal. He takes the blue deodorant cake out and methodically puts it in the sink.

ANNOUNCER

In case you've got a jacket,
the blue deodorant cake from
your urinal has a bleaching agent
that will alter its color.

CUT TO:

THE SINK

full of blue water. Boy's hands are soaking the jacket.

ANNOUNCER

Soak it for thirty seconds, then ...

CUT TO:

THE JACKET

held under hand dryer.

ANNOUNCER

... hold it under the hand dryer.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

emerging wearing faded jacket.

CUT TO:

THE DISPLAY SHOT OF A WHITE GLOVE

ANNOUNCER

For the next film, you'll need
one white glove.

CUT TO:

THE BOY'S HANDS

putting on a glove. It is several sizes too big.

ANNOUNCER

You can probably find one in a
woman's dresser.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

standing near an escalator.

ANNOUNCER

Stand near the end of the escalator
and wait for an elderly couple.
The older, the better.

An ELDERLY COUPLE approach.

ANNOUNCER

Here comes a good pair.

The boy extends his gloved palm to the dazed couple.

BOY

"Tickets, please!"

The elderly man responds automatically.

CUT TO:

GLOVED HAND

receiving torn ticket stubs.

ANNOUNCER

That was easy. Now ...

The boy discards the glove.

ANNOUNCER

... get rid of that glove ...

CUT TO:

USHERS

explaining to elderly couple that they can't go in. The
boy walks up, shows his stubs and walks right in.

ANNOUNCER

... and enjoy the movie.

Elderly couple is turned away.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BOY

exiting movie.

ANNOUNCER
Tickets aren't always that easy
to come by.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

back in the lobby. He notices a teen-aged BOY trading
ticket stubs with another YOUTH.

ANNOUNCER
These people have created a
"network" or "web."

An OLDER GUY comes by with his stub and trades.

ANNOUNCER
After each film, they trade stubs
amongst themselves. You can form
your own web with friends in your
neighborhood.

CUT TO:

THE ENTRANCE TO THEATRE #8

The marquee reads The Presidio II. No usher is present.

ANNOUNCER
Some films are simply no problem
getting into. If an usher's
eyeing you ...

The boy walks right in.

ANNOUNCER
... go directly to this theatre.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

inside totally empty theatre.

ANNOUNCER
You'll be safe here. If you're
ever in trouble, this movie is
home base.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

pacing in front of the movie screen, which is showing a
dull scene from The Presidio II.

ANNOUNCER
Use your time here to plan your
next move ...

The boy changes his clothes in front of the screen.

ANNOUNCER
... or make another quick change.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

laying out clothes on the platform in front of the screen.

ANNOUNCER
You can store things here as well.

CUT TO:

THEATRE #3

A HISPANIC USHER is checking stubs.

ANNOUNCER
For the next movie, you'll need
to find out the usher's name.
Approach him and stall for time.

The boy approaches him and asks a question.

ANNOUNCER
(as boy speaks)
"Excuse me, how many seats are
in this theatre?"

CUT TO:

USHER

ZOOM IN ON nameplate "Roberto."

CUT TO:

THE BOY AND USHER

ANNOUNCER
(as boy speaks)
"That's very interesting. Thank
you, Roberto."

The boy leaves.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

walking to a phone.

ANNOUNCER

Now walk to the telephone. Dial
information ...

The boy dials and speaks to operator.

ANNOUNCER

... and get the phone number of
your cineplex. Now dial that
number and ...

The boy dials number and speaks.

ANNOUNCER

... ask for the manager. Inform
the manager that Roberto has won
the state lottery, and is a
millionaire. Now, hang up.

The boy hangs up.

CUT TO:

THEATRE #3 - SEEN OVER THE BOY'S SHOULDER

After a few seconds, the MANAGER approaches ROBERTO and
gives him the news. Roberto celebrates, then tears his
uniform off, and throws it at the manager, giving him
the finger repeatedly with each hand. He dances off as
the manager follows him.

ANNOUNCER

There's your opening. It'll be
a few minutes before Roberto is
replaced.

The boy gets up and makes a bee-line for the theatre.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

inside the theatre watching.

ANNOUNCER

By now, you're up to your sixth
movie. If you're getting tired,
a cola drink will provide a quick
pick-me-up.

The boy sips from Coke.

ANNOUNCER

Or, perhaps you've eaten too many
sweet foods. Try something salty,
like nachos. They go well with
cola.

The boy eats nachos.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

exiting from theatre, studying schedule.

ANNOUNCER

Here comes your biggest challenge.
Two movies left to see, and only
one more showing of each. You've
got a problem. Or do you?

CUT TO:

THE BOY

stroking his chin, thinking.

CUT TO:

CONCESSION STAND

The boy at concession stand.

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"May I have some cherry Coke syrup,
please? It's for my little brother."

CUT TO:

THE BOY

with cherry Coke syrup, walking into Presidio II.

ANNOUNCER

Once you get to home base ...

CUT TO:

THE BOY

applying syrup to his nose in front of screen.

ANNOUNCER

... dab some of the syrup under your nose. Now it's time to use your imagination again. Think of a time when you were very, very upset.

The boy thinks and gets upset.

ANNOUNCER

Remember how you felt? That's good. You'll need to feel that way for the next five minutes.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

exiting Presidio II looking very sad. He spots a SECURITY GUARD and runs to him, crying.

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"Mr. Security Guard! Please help! I've been struck by a theatregoer!"

The boy points to Theatre #5. They walk in.

ANNOUNCER

Direct him to the first of the two movies you want to see.

CUT TO:

SECURITY GUARD

working the aisles, shining flashlight in everyone's face. Boy trails him, but is looking at the screen.

ANNOUNCER

Once inside, enjoy the show!

CUT TO:

SECURITY GUARD

shrugging.

ANNOUNCER

(as Security Guard speaks)

"I'm sorry, he doesn't seem to be here."

ANNOUNCER
(as boy speaks)
"Oh, well. All I know is he
said something about Die Hard II."

ANNOUNCER
(as Security Guard speaks)
"Die Hard II? Why that's playing
across the hall."

ANNOUNCER
(as boy speaks)
"Whatever. You know best."

CUT TO:

THE TWO

walking into Theatre #2.

CUT TO:

INT: THEATRE #2

Again the security guard works the aisles as the boy
studies the film.

ANNOUNCER
You've missed a few minutes, but
it shouldn't be too hard ...

CUT TO:

SILHOUETTE OF BOY FROM BEHIND

watching the screen.

ANNOUNCER
... to figure out the story.

CUT TO:

SECURITY GUARD

shrugging again. He gestures, "Are you sure it's no one
here?"

ANNOUNCER
After a while, it'll be time to
leave again.

CUT TO:

THE BOY

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"All these faces are confusing me. I just know that he looked a bit like a character from that other movie."

CUT TO:

SECURITY GUARD AND BOY

walking back to Theatre #5.

CUT TO:

INT: THEATRE #5

Sitting in Theatre #5 watching the film, the boy eats popcorn, the security guard points to different people on screen. The boy continually shakes his head as he watches.

ANNOUNCER

Now you can enjoy as much as you like. But don't forget, there's still that other movie. So, when this one starts to get boring, don't linger.

The boy points to a minor character on screen.

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"There he is! He looks like that! I think I saw someone like that in the other theatre! Let's go!"

He leads the security guard out and back to the other theatre.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

follow the boy leading the security guard back and forth between theatres.

ANNOUNCER

And so on ... and so on ...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BOY AND SECURITY GUARD

exiting the first theatre among huge crowd filing out.
They walk into the second theatre.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BOY AND SECURITY GUARD

exiting the second theatre among the crowd filing out.
The boy has a big smile.

ANNOUNCER

... and so on.

CUT TO:

THE SECURITY GUARD, BOY, AND THEATRE MANAGER

Guard apologizes to boy.

ANNOUNCER

(as Security Guard speaks)

"Sorry we didn't find him, son."

The boy gestures and speaks.

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"Oh, well. I could've sworn he
said he liked to sit through all
the credits."

Manager hands boy money, and speaks.

ANNOUNCER

(as manager speaks)

"On behalf of the theatre, we'd
like to refund you your seven
dollars."

ANNOUNCER

(as boy speaks)

"Why, thank you. I'll be back!"

The boy walks off, as the others watch him admiringly.

EXT: CINEPLEX

The boy exits theatre. Parking lot is almost empty by now.

ANNOUNCER

Well, it's time to go home.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (contd)
You've had a long, rewarding day.
But you'd better get some sleep.
You've missed a lot of television,
and tomorrow you'll have to
catch up.

Station wagon pulls up and boy gets in.

ANNOUNCER
But you'll sleep soundly knowing
that ...

WIDE SHOT - CINEPLEX AT NIGHT

Station wagon drives away.

SUPER TITLE: "YOU CAN SEE EVERY MOVIE IN THE CINEPLEX!"

ANNOUNCER
You can see every movie in the
Cineplex!

FADE.

APPEAL #1

FADE IN:

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

standing in limbo.

CHRIS

Hello. I'm Christopher Reeve.
If you don't mind, I'd like to
take a few moments of your time
to talk about an organization
I consider very important. The
Walter Sternberg Foundation for
Childhood Disease.

EXT: FOUNDATION BUILDING

CHRIS (VO)

Begun in 1951 with an annual
budget of seven thousand dollars,
the Foundation today has a budget
of nearly seven million, and helps
more than twenty thousand children
and their families each year.

CHRIS

walking in limbo.

CHRIS

It has become a beacon of hope for
those who had no hope.

GLENN CLOSE walks INTO FRAME and continues, taking CAMERA
with her.

GLENN

That's right, Chris. Hope is
exactly what the Walter Sternberg
Foundation is all about. Through
educational programs and medical
research the Foundation sends the
message -- "We haven't given up --
so don't you give up."

As she finishes, CARL WEATHERS who has been heading
toward her from another angle, smoothly crosses her --
with neither breaking stride.

CARL WEATHERS

Glenn's right. You see, the success of the Walter Sternberg Foundation cannot be measured simply in medical charts or research breakthroughs. It's about something else -- faith.

This time CHARLTON HESTON, coming from yet another angle, appears and narrowly misses Carl. Again, neither breaks stride.

CHARLTON HESTON

Carl's right. And so is Glenn. When they speak about faith and hope, they're not just talking about vaccines or treatments, they're talking about the greatest cure of all. Love.

Charlton, who has been walking TOWARD CAMERA, breaks off to one side, revealing ROBERT VAUGHN, who has been walking right behind him.

ROBERT VAUGHN

I'm sorry, Charlton. I'm a great admirer of yours, as well as Carl and Glenn. But you couldn't be more wrong. What the Foundation is really about isn't faith or hope or even love. It's about laboratory research, research which will point the way toward tomorrow's medical breakthroughs.

CLINT EASTWOOD, walking backwards, crosses Vaughn.

CLINT

Robert's right. Charlton is wrong. And so are Carl, Glenn, and Chris.

Now MARY TYLER MOORE appears and crosses with Clint. As she speaks, she steps over little hurdles in her path.

MARY

Forgive me, Clint and Robert. While not agreeing completely with Charlton, Carl, Glenn, and Chris, I have to say that they're more right than you are. The Foundation really is about faith, hope, love and most important of all -- trust.

Now MADONNA crosses, wearing some incredibly revealing outfit.

MADONNA

What Mary just said is certainly not wrong, but I think it misses the point. That the real strength of the Walter Sternberg Foundation is its diversity. It's an umbrella for differing views.

Madonna steps over JAMES WOODS, who is lying on his side on the floor.

JAMES

I don't know if Madonna is right or wrong, because I'm not sure what the term umbrella means in this context. If it means protection, I think she's wrong.

Now Chris steps in.

CHRIS

Don't listen to James. He's just plain wrong. Listen to me. The Walter Sternberg Foundation is doing important, vital work, and it needs your help. In the next few minutes ushers will be passing cups like this through the aisles of ...

Behind him WE SEE the others moving in the same random pattern.

CHRIS (contd)

... your theater. Please. Give generously, so that the Walter Sternberg Foundation can continue to deliver what is delivers best ...

OVERHEAD SHOT

People walking in an impressive June Taylor pattern. Each shouts IN UNISON, his contradictory slogan ...

CHRIS

Hope!

MARY

Truth!

Love! CHARLTON

Umbrella! MADONNA

Research! ROBERT

Faith! CARL

Hope! CHRIS

Truth! MARY

Love! CHARLTON

Umbrella! MADONNA

Etc.

CHRIS

Big smile.

CHRIS
For the children.

FADE.

ROMANCE

FADE IN:

INTERNATIONAL ROME AIRPORT - GATE AREA

Sights and sounds of a busy international airport,
including Italian language announcements over the P.A.

CUT TO:

ANGIE

talking on the pay phone. She is an attractive, 40ish
American businesswoman/mom.

ANGIE

Business was great. I'll tell
you all about it when I get home.
It's been a terrific trip, but I
can't wait to see you.

(beat)

No, you don't have to pick me up
at the airport; I'll take a cab.
We're boarding soon; I better say
goodbye. I love you too. Bye.

She hangs up. The CAMERA FOLLOWS her over to

THE GATE

where a couple hundred travellers are crowded together,
waiting impatiently for the boarding announcement. Every
seat in the gate area is taken except for two, those
either side of GIANCARLO. He is an Italian movie star.
Fifty, handsome, and distinguished, dressed impeccably
and seated gracefully, smoking a cigarette. Angie spots
the empty seat and approaches the handsome stranger.

ANGIE

Excuse me. Is anyone sitting here?

He looks up and smiles pleasantly.

GIANCARLO

(sweetly)

No. Please, have a seat.

ANGIE

(smiling)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

AN AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE

behind the check-in desk at the boarding gate. He talks into a P.A. microphone with an Italian accent.

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE
 Attencione, passengers for Flight
 219 to New York. Due to mechanical
 failure, departure time has been
 postponed until 8 AM.

The crowd gives a collective groan. Individual ugly
 Americans make themselves heard.

MAN
 8 AM? That's nine hours from now!

WOMAN
 You can't get a room at this time
 of night.

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE
 Please, please! I'll deal with
 everybody one at a time. Now who
 was first?

Chaos.

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE (contd)
 Whatta ya mean you first? She was
 here before you.

GIANCARLO AND ANGIE

He chuckles, bemused by the behavior of the other
 passengers but then notices that she is upset.

GIANCARLO
 Oh, I am sorry. But you must admit
 that it is comical the way people
 are unable to accept the obvious.
 Clearly, it is their fate to spend
 one more night in Rome. Forgive
 me, do you have some pressing
 business in New York?

ANGIE
 No, not really. It's just that
 I've been away for two weeks and
 I miss my husband.

GIANCARLO
 Ah. And have you been married long?

ANGIE

Eighteen years. In fact, I have two teenage sons.

GIANCARLO

I find that hard to believe. You must have married very young.

There is an audible fart.

Standing right behind Angie is a FAT MAN who is sweating. Both of them glance at the fat man, but politely continue talking.

GIANCARLO (contd)

Cigarette?

ANGIE

No ... ah, yes! Thank you.

She takes a cigarette. He lights it.

ANGIE (contd)

Thank you. Do you have something pressing in New York?

GIANCARLO

Well, I was to begin work on a film tomorrow,
(he smiles)
but I guess they will have to start without me.

ANGIE

I thought I recognized you. You're Giancarlo Gambrelli, aren't you?

GIANCARLO

Why yes.

There's another audible fart.

Angie again glances at the fat man, then turns back to Giancarlo, quietly laughing at the fat man who surely must be the source of the offensive sound. The fat man decides to move off in another direction, and as he lumbers away, he looks back at the two people staring at him.

GIANCARLO (contd)

You see what I mean about comedy?
It is all around us. Listen.
Why don't you be my guest this
(MORE)

GIANCARLO (contd)
evening. Rome is my home and
I would love to show it to you.

There is another audible fart.

She realizes that it has been he who has been farting
all along. He realizes that she realizes. He smiles
good naturedly and shrugs apologetically.

GIANCARLO (contd)
Why not? I have a car.

Charmed by his good nature, she accepts.

ANGIE
Well ... OK.

CUT TO:

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CONCOURSE

He is carrying her carry-on bags as they walk through
the concourse. As they talk, they are approaching a
men's room. Angie spots the men's room and looks at
Giancarlo expectantly.

GIANCARLO
Do you like calamari and scungilli?

ANGIE
Yes. I love them.

As Giancarlo talks, they continue and pass by the men's
room. She is puzzled that he has no interest in stopping.

GIANCARLO
Good. There is a little trattoria
near the Spanish Steps that has
been in the same family for nearly
four hundred years. The owner can
easily locate a room if you need
one tonight.

He farts.

CUT TO:

EXT: ROME AIRPORT - NIGHT

There is a limousine waiting at the passenger pick-up
area. As Giancarlo and Angie exit the terminal and head
for the car, the driver (ALONZO) gets out to open the
door for them.

GIANCARLO

No, no, Alonzo, I have it.

Alonzo knows what's going on.

ALONZO

Yes, sir, Senore Gambrelli.

Giancarlo opens the door for Angie, who climbs in.

GIANCARLO

There you go. Are you in?

He closes the limo door and immediately ... rips a long one that he's been holding for five minutes. Then taking his time, he walks around the back of the car, waits for two cars to pass, and walks around to the other door and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT: LIMOUSINE

He climbs in, smiling, and immediately pulls out his cigarette case and offers her one as the car pulls away.

GIANCARLO

Cigarette?

ANGIE

No, thank you.

GIANCARLO

With your permission.

ANGIE

Please, go ahead.

He lights up.

GIANCARLO

Would you care for some champagne?

She sees an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne covered with a white linen napkin, and there are several crystal wine glasses, of which he pulls out two.

He tries to time a fart with the "pop" of the champagne cork, but the fart is twice as long as the pop of the cork

ANGIE

Mr. Gambrelli, I think maybe I should say at this time that I'm very happily married.

GIANCARLO
Please. You embarrass me.

He farts, and then immediately lowers the electric window, and blows smoke from his cigarette out the window as if that's why he lowered it.

CUT TO:

INT: RESTAURANT

WE PAN from a sumptuous antipasto table to SEE a fancy restaurant filled with elegant clientele. As the CAMERA reaches the captain's station, WE SEE Giancarlo and Angie enter.

ANGIE
Oh! I love this place.

GIANCARLO
I hope you are hungry.

The captain (MARIO) greets them.

MARIO (in Italian)
Senore Gambrelli, it is wonderful
to see you.

As Giancarlo shakes Mario's hand, he slips him some money.

GIANCARLO (in Italian)
Mario, do you think you can find
some place to fit us in tonight?

MARIO (in Italian)
For you, no problem. Follow me
please.

Giancarlo smiles at Angie and they follow Mario.

CUT TO:

ANGLE FROM IN FRONT OF MARIO

as he leads them through the restuarant. Mario looks worried. His eyes look frantically for the most intelligent place to seat them. He sees two empty tables. One is next to a table of important looking Italians, the other, next to a table of obnoxious looking Americans. Of course, he chooses the latter.

MARIO
Senora.

Mario pulls out a chair for Angie.

ANGIE

Thank you.

Giancarlo crosses to his seat immediately next to the Americans' table. The Americans are just getting their dessert, a Cherries Jubilee (or some other flaming dessert). Their waiter is pouring the cognac on the dessert.

The waiter pulls out a match and is about to strike it when:

Giancarlo farts as he's bending slightly to get around his chair. At this moment he is in very close proximity to a candle on the tourists' table. The candle flickers momentarily, then ignites an invisible jet of gas which in turn ignites the Cherries Jubilee in a double explosion.

SFX: Whup whump.

AMERICANS

Ooooooooooh! Wow!

The puzzled waiter looks at his unlit match.

Giancarlo is now seated.

GIANCARLO

Here I have been doing nothing but talking for the last ten minutes. Tell me something about yourself.

He leans forward and listens intently.

ANGIE

Well, I'm not sure I know where to start. I'm a dress designer and I live in New York, but I'm really just a small town girl from Champagne, Illinois ...

As she speaks, he leans perceptibly over to one side and his eyes start to glaze over.

ANGIE (contd)

... I guess I've never really lived alone. I went right from living with my parents to college in Boston where I met my husband ...

He lets out a prolonged, strained, high-pitched fart.

He is truly embarrassed this time and casts his eyes down to the table cloth in front of him and hangs his head.

ANGIE (contd)

Giancarlo ... do you have problems with ... your digestive system?

GIANCARLO

(whispering hoarsely)

Yes.

(beat)

It has been the curse of my life. Of course, I have been to hundreds of doctors and all they can tell me is that it has to do with a certain inability to break down amino acids. I was born to great wealth, God blessed me with ...

(modestly)

... a pleasant face ... with some talent for acting, but I would give it all up for one day of living like a normal ...

He farts.

GIANCARLO (contd)

... human being.

Angie puts her hand across the table, tenderly touching his.

ANGIE

(with feeling)

Giancarlo, I'm sorry.

GIANCARLO

I've tried fasting, diets, surgery, even hypnosis. I know that when I die I will go to Heaven, because I have spent my time in Hell.

He farts.

GIANCARLO (contd)

If you want to go, I will understand.

ANGIE

Of course, I'm not going to go. But to tell you the truth, I'm not very hungry.

GIANCARLO

Come. Let's go for a walk. I know just where to go.

SFX: Vespa backfiring.

CUT TO:

EXT: A BUSY, VERY NOISY PIAZZA - ROME - NIGHT

They walk along hand in hand. They are talking, but we can't hear them over the traffic. They embrace and kiss.

MUSIC: Romantic.

CUT TO:

INT: GIANCARLO'S BEAUTIFUL ROME APARTMENT (MOS)

The door opens and Giancarlo ushers Angie in. He gestures, showing her the highlights of the elegant apartment. He opens the door to the veranda, steps out onto the balcony and motions for her to stay where she is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: GIANCARLO'S LUXURIOUS BATHROOM

There is a sunken tub with a single Jacuzzi jet. Giancarlo and Angie are taking off their clothes. There is a big surgical scar on Giancarlo's stomach. Now naked, she slips into the tub. Giancarlo casually lights a stick of incense and steps in with her. She positions herself next to the single Jacuzzi jet and he, opposite her. Immediately a stream of bubbles as powerful as the Jacuzzi jet appears around Giancarlo. They move to the center of the tub, kiss passionately, and embrace, surrounded by bubbles.

CUT TO:

AIRPORT TV MONITOR

Flashing at the top of the screen: AIR ITALIA #219 ARRIVING.

CUT TO:

INT: GATE 23 - JFK AIRPORT

A handsome 50ish man, Angie's HUSBAND, and their two boys, JEFF, aged 16, and JIMMY, aged 13, are at the gate where the passengers are arriving. A LIMO DRIVER holds a handwritten cardboard sign that says "GAMBRELLI."

JIMMY

I see Mom!

JEFF

Yeah, there she is.

WE SEE her coming toward them, but we don't see Giancarlo. She sees them, smiles broadly and quickens her pace. When she gets past the barrier, her husband steps up and embraces her. They kiss and the kids hug her.

HUSBAND

Mmmmm. I missed you.

Angie notices that Jeff has a black eye.

ANGIE

Jeff, what happened to you?

JEFF

Aw, some jerk smashed into me when we were playing touch football.

At this point WE SEE Giancarlo coming through the gate area, being met by his driver.

HUSBAND

(whispering)

Honey! Look over there. Did you know you were on the plane with a movie star?

ANGIE

(playing it well)

What? Who?

HUSBAND

(pointing)

Giancarlo Gambrelli. Remember, he was in Mozzarella My Sister.

She looks over at Giancarlo who is with his driver.

ANGIE

Oh.

JIMMY

(smirking)

I read in the National Enquirer that he's got something wrong with him so he farts all the time.

HUSBAND

Jimmy! What are you doing reading a rag like that ...

GIANCARLO AND THE LIMO DRIVER

The limo driver has a sour, puzzled expression on his face.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - GIANCARLO

A tear drops from his eye and rolls down his cheek.

MUSIC: Bittersweet, then swelling as we

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

from ceiling of the terminal, as the parade goes on.

FADE.

CRACK RAP

FADE UP:

RAPPERS

in limbo. The following is shot like typical rapper video
-- INTERCUTTING limbo studio shots with street shots.

RAPPERS

IF YOU GOTTA DO CRACK
WHICH IS A MISTAKE
HERE'S OUR ADVICE
FOR YOU TO TAKE

WHEN THE DUDE
PUT THE TORCH
TO THE BOWL
TAKE HALF A HIT
NOT THE WHOLE

TAKE HALF A HIT
NOT THE WHOLE

WELL, I'M RAPPIN' UP HERE
ON THE DIAS
TALKING 'BOUT MY MAN
LEN BIAS

TOOK TOO BIG A HIT
OFFA HIS PIPE
AND THAT'S WHY HOMEBOY
AIN'T HERE TONIGHT

TAKE HALF A HIT
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?
TAKE HALF A HIT!

FADE.

APPEAL #2

OPEN ON:

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

in limbo.

CHRISTOPHER

Hello, once again, I'm Christopher Reeve. A few minutes ago, I and several of my friends spoke to you about the Walter Sternberg Foundation, about the important work it was doing, and about its vital need for your support. I also mentioned that ushers would be circulating cups like this one throughout the theater, so that you could make a donation and become a part of our effort. Well, the cups were passed around, and, the fact is, virtually nothing was turned in. Now I can't believe that knowing how important this work is, good people like you would choose not to contribute, nor can I believe that people who can afford today's movie prices, don't have a little something they could spare. I can only think that I and the others somehow failed to make clear how truly urgent is the Foundation's need for your support. And that you simply didn't understand.

MARY TYLER MOORE enters and interrupts.

MARY

Chris, don't kid yourself. They understand. They just don't care.

CHRIS

No, Mary, no. I refuse to believe that.

MARY

Chris, wake up. People are selfish. They're here at the movies, having a good time. They got theirs. To hell with the children.

CHRIS

No, Mary, you're wrong. People
aren't like that.

CHARLTON HESTON enters.

CHARLTON

Mary's right, Chris. These people
are swine. Believe me. I know.

Chris covers his ears, shaking his head in defiant
disbelief.

CHRIS

No. No, Charlton, no. I won't
listen to this. I won't.

(turning to the audience)

To all of you out there in the
audience ... Now that you know
how critical is your support, I'm
certain that when the ushers once
again circulate

(he holds up a cup)

these cups, you will give generously.
For the children. Once again, thank
you.

Charlton and Mary look at each other -- as if saying
Chris is about to learn a tough lesson.

FADE.

DAD'S CAR

OPEN ON:

MONTAGE

A hip, fast MONTAGE of fast-track suburbia complete with TRACKING SHOTS of wealthy homes, kids of every stereotype getting out of school, a country club with sprinklers running, a high school football game with cheerleaders, kids getting into cars in the school parking lot, etc.

MUSIC: A fast-moving teen movie soundtrack. The music ends on a hard chord as the CAMERA PANS to the protagonist's suburban home.

CUT TO:

FISH-EYE LENS POV SHOT

of two uptight, cold, suburban PARENTS holding luggage.

FATHER

Now, son, this is a great deal of responsibility, so I trust you're up to the challenge.

MOTHER

Your father loves you, Turner, but this is the first time you'll be alone in the house so listen to what he says.

FATHER

The check for the gardening service is -- would you get rid of that fish-eye lens!?

CUT TO:

TURNER

looking at his parents through a fish-eye lens. He puts it down.

FATHER (OC)

(exasperated)

Thank you.

CUT BACK TO:

THE PARENTS

They are now shot normally.

FATHER

The check for the gardening service is on the Steinway. They should be here by eleven on Thursday. If they're not, call them. Their phone number is under the Baccarat crystal decanter.

MOTHER

And if anything goes wrong, Turner, you can feel free to call us.

FATHER

Our number is behind the fourteen pound block of gold. Now, are there any questions?

TURNER

(looking unhappy)

No, sir.

FATHER

Alright then. Well, it's time we went to the airport. But one final word of caution. Under no circumstances are you to let anything happen to my car.

MOTHER

Your father loves his car, Turner.

FATHER

You're not to touch it, you're not to look at it, you're not to even think about it. Is that understood?

TURNER

Yes, sir.

FATHER

Say it again.

TURNER

Yes, sir.

FATHER

Say it backwards.

TURNER

Sir, yes.

FATHER
Alphabetize it.

TURNER
Eir, ssy.

FATHER
Very well. Let's go, Helen.

They head for the door.

MOTHER
See you in a week, Turner.

FATHER
Don't touch the car.

MOTHER
Goodbye, Honey.

The door closes. Then it opens again and the father looks in.

FATHER
And remember, don't touch the car.

He closes the door again. After a beat, a note is pushed through the mail slot. It reads "Don't touch the car."

Turner exhales and moves to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

Turner in the kitchen, pouring himself a Coke. He notices the door that connects to the garage. Through the window he sees the edge of a red sports car.

MUSIC: Tantalizing sting.

He looks down and sees a note hanging from the doorknob. It reads "No" and is signed "Your father." Just then the phone rings.

TURNER
Hello?

CUT TO:

A SEMI-GEEKY KID

wearing a colorful shirt, sitting in his bedroom.

SHITTY
Your parents gone yet?

TURNER
Oh, hi, Shitty. Yeah, but I
don't think --

SHITTY
I'm on my way!

CUT TO:

TURNER
listening to a dial tone.

CUT TO:

SHITTY AND TWO FRIENDS ON BICYCLES
converging on the garage.

MUSIC: Hard-driving fun-is-on-the-way Rock & Roll.

CUT TO:

TURNER, SHITTY, AND THE TWO FRIENDS
standing in the driveway, staring at the garage window.

KID #1
C'mon, Turner, open the door.

TURNER
I told you guys, my dad doesn't
even want us near it.

Kid #1 and Kid #2 look exasperated.

SHITTY
The troops are unhappy, Turner.
You gotta stop panicking about
your dad.

TURNER
I'm not panicking, Shitty, I'm
trying to --

SHITTY
Listen, nothing's gonna happen.
Now, why don't you hand the garage
door opener to someone who knows
how to use it.

The music stops.

TURNER
Fuck you, Shitty.

He presses the garage door opener. The door starts to slowly open.

MUSIC: Stirring, momentous.

CUT BETWEEN the car and the awed faces of the kids.
Finally the car is completely revealed. It is a classic, red foreign sports car in mint condition.

SHITTY
Wow.

KID #1
What a road fucker.

Gingerly, the kids start closing in on the car.

KID #2
Man, would I love to have a car like this.

TURNER
Yeah. OK, guys, I think we should go.

KID #1
Hmnh ...

KID #2
Uh huh.

They stand there silently, staring at the car.

SHITTY
C'mon, Turner, nothin's gonna happen.

A long pause.

TURNER
Yeah, you're right. OK, let's do it!

The others cheer. Turner picks up a sledgehammer and smashes the windshield.

MUSIC: Hard driving Rock & Roll.

Everyone immediately grabs a heavy tool and starts destroying the car. Someone uses a crowbar to smash the grill and pry off the bumper while another kid jumps up and down on the roof caving it in. Someone cuts the leather interior stitching with cuticle scissors, another methodically lets the air out of a tire, another rips pieces out of the engine, etc. This continues until the music is over.

Pause.

The four kids stare at the destroyed hulk of the sports car.

TURNER

Oh, man. What have we done to my dad's car?

KID #2

Oh God.

KID #1

Oh no!

TURNER

(turning to Shitty)

You said nothing was gonna happen!

SHITTY

(dazed)

I'm sorry, stop yelling at me!

KID #2

It was an accident, Turner.

TURNER

(frantic)

Well, what are we gonna do?!

The phone rings. Turner enters the passageway to the kitchen and answers it.

TURNER (contd)

(weakly)

Hello?

CUT TO:

THE FATHER AT AN AIRPORT PAYPHONE

FATHER

Hello, son, this is your father.
Your mother left the tickets at home so we have to come back.

(MORE)

FATHER (contd)
Anyway it will give me a chance
to check on the car. We'll be
there in exactly twelve minutes.

The father hangs up the phone.

CUT BACK TO:

A SKELETON

holding the phone.

SPFX: Turner's body dissolves onto the skeleton.

Turner has a shocked expression.

SHITTY
Whoa, what's wrong, Turner?

TURNER
My dad's comin' back. He's
gonna be here in twelve minutes!

They all look at a wall clock that says twelve to five.

KID #1
I gotta get going.

SHITTY
No one's goin' anywhere. We're
gonna help you, Turner.

TURNER
OK, look. We've got twelve
minutes to get this car back in
perfect condition.

KID #2
Can we do it?

SHITTY
We've gotta do it!

MUSIC: Hard-driving Rock & Roll.

MONTAGE

The kids grab tools and set to work welding, pounding
out dents, sawing, etc.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Three minutes have elapsed. They lift the engine out with a chain, inspect it, and make a list of ruined parts.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER AND MOTHER

in the back of a cab driving down the highway. The father looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

jumping on their bikes and driving off.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

rounding a corner and pulling up to an auto parts supply store. Kid #1 passes a pretty girl in front of an ice cream store and smiles. She smiles back. Just then a lockjawed preppy exits the store and stands next to the girl, holding two ice cream cones. The preppy scowls at Kid #1.

CUT TO:

INT: THE AUTO PARTS STORE

The kids are at a counter reading from their list as an attendant stacks parts in front of them.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

driving up to the garage with boxes of parts.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Seven minutes are left.

CUT TO:

SHITTY ON THE PHONE

holding open an Italian catalogue. He points to a picture of leather seats, which is circled.

CUT TO:

KID #1

spray painting a fender red.

CUT TO:

KID #2

pointing at his watch and gesturing as if to say "Gotta go." He leaves.

CUT TO:

KID #2

having a piano lesson. An elderly woman sits on the bench next to him.

CUT TO:

KID #2

returning with sheet music. He drops his sheet music and gets back to work.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Five minutes are left.

CUT TO:

A DELIVERY MAN

having Shitty sign for two large boxes.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

tearing the boxes open inside the garage, revealing two leather sports car seats like the one in the catalogue.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER AND THE MOTHER

in the cab riding through the suburbs. The father is proudly showing the cabbie a picture of his sports car.

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT OF THE KIDS

lowering a new windshield onto the frame. The car is looking much better.

CUT TO:

TURNER

standing in front of the open hood of the car. Shitty takes an engine part (something that looks like a distributor) out of its box and goes to hand it to Turner but the part drops on the floor and shatters. Shitty and Turner look at the broken part with an "Oh shit" reaction.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Three minutes remain.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

riding their bikes up to the auto parts store again. But the doors are locked and a sign reads "BACK IN 3-1/2 MINUTES." The kids are stunned as they walk away from the store. Suddenly, Turner sees a poster on a telephone pole and points. It reads "RACE TODAY." Under "FIRST PRIZE" is a drawing of the same part that fits the car. The kids all look at each other with the same idea.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

crossing the finish line in a rolling bed. Other racers in rolling beds follow closely behind.

CUT TO:

THE CUTE GIRL

from the ice cream parlor wearing a sash and handing the part to the kids. She then kisses Kid #1. The kids exult.

CUT TO:

THE DEFEATED PREPPY TEAM

led by the lockjawed boyfriend, sitting on their rolling bed and shaking their fists at the kids.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

riding their bicycles back to the garage.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Forty seconds remain.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

screwing the new part into the engine.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER AND MOTHER

driving down a street.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Fifteen seconds are left.

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

closing the hood.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER

gesturing to the cabbie as if to say "turn here."

CUT TO:

THE GARAGE

The car has been covered with thick white wax and the kids are buffing it.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

Five seconds remain.

CUT TO:

THE CAR

It is spotless and Turner is dusting it lightly with a rag. The kids give each other congratulatory looks and start to run into the kitchen. Just as he is heading out, Turner notices that he left the garage door open. He races over and punches the button. The door starts to close.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE HOUSE

Just as the garage door closes the parents' cab pulls up.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

hitting 5:00 exactly.

SFX: The key turning in the front door.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER

opening the front door of the house.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - FATHER'S FACE

FATHER

Hello, boys.

CUT TO:

FATHER'S POV

Kid #1 is playing Kid #2 in chess, Shitty is putting the final touches on a house of cards, and Turner is leafing through a magazine.

TURNER

Oh. Hi, Dad.

SHITTY

Hey there, Mr. Lawrence.

FATHER

(distastefully)

Oh, hello, Shitty.

He turns to his wife.

FATHER (contd)
Helen, get the tickets. I'm
going to check on something.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER'S HAND

opening the door labelled "No."

CUT TO:

THE KIDS

sitting nervously in the den. After a beat:

FATHER (OC)
Son, get in here.

The kids are shocked.

CUT TO:

THE FATHER IN THE GARAGE

The kids enter nervously.

TURNER
Is something wrong, Dad?

FATHER
See this car?

They stare.

FATHER (contd)
Don't touch it.

The CAMERA HOLDS on the kids' faces.

SFX: Front door slamming, car driving off.

The kids all sigh deeply and congratulate each other.

TURNER
Good job, guys.

SHITTY
Man, that was a close one.

The others sigh in agreement. They look at the car.

The kids grab tools and start smashing up the car again.

MUSIC: Hard-driving Rock & Roll.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE HOUSE

WIDEN TO INCLUDE whole neighborhood.

FADE.

BUM PISS CANYON/WITH APOLOGY

FADE IN:

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STYLE OPENING

MONTAGE OF NATURAL WONDERS WITH TITLES ...

ANNOUNCER (VO)

American Geographic presents ...
The story of ... Bum Piss Canyon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: SIDEWALK - DAY
CLOSE UP - A YELLOW TRICKLE

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Like many a mighty river, the Bum
Piss begins with a mere trickle ...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the trickle is coming from a
SLEEPING BUM and running into the gutter.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Here at its source, the corner
of Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth
Street, the first rivulet finds its
way south to ...

ANOTHER CORNER - ANOTHER BUM

His trickle runs into the gutter, joining the other.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Forty-first Street, where it
is joined by another ...

QUICK CUTS TO:

DIFFERENT GUTTERS

The stream building ...

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Then at Thirty-seventh Street
another ... at Thirty-first Street
still another. At Twenty-ninth,
another. Twenty-fourth, Eighteenth,
Fifteenth, Eleventh ...

Suddenly a rushing stream at ...

ANNOUNCER (VO)
... The Bowery!

MAP

showing course described below, SUPERIMPOSED OVER SHOTS of storm sewers with rushing yellow stream building to a torrent.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Turning west at the Holland Tunnel, the Bum Piss takes on the flow from Jersey City. By the time Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Toledo have made their contribution, the Bum Piss is a mighty torrent.

BEAUTY SHOT OF GRAND CANYON

SHOT INCLUDES Colorado River flowing. It is tinted yellow.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Some two thousand miles later we are here. In one of nature's most glorious creations -- Bum Piss Canyon.

For a few moments we let the spectacular footage speak for itself.

MUSIC: Swelling.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
It is difficult to find language to describe the overwhelming experience of first viewing this masterpiece of rock and pee.

EXT: CANYON - DAY

Encampment of PRIMITIVE INDIANS.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
To the Indians who dwelled along its craggy cliffs, this canyon was a sacred place, formed when the Turtle God ...

RAWHIDE INDIAN HIEROGLYPHIC

depicting this legend:

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... fell in love with a beautiful Indian maiden. Rejected by her, he pissed himself.

EXT: CANYON - DAY

An INDIAN GUIDE with a SPANISH CONQUISTADOR and CATHOLIC FRIAR. The conquistador gazes, kneels, and crosses himself.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

To the conquistadors, the first white men to gaze upon the Bum Piss, it was known as El Rio de Numero Uno.

EXT: CANYON - WHITE WATER - DAY
MONTAGE OF RAFTERS ON THOSE TOURIST RAFTS

The white water is tinted yellow. But we hear a lot of "Yahoos!", etc. from the happy rafters.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Today, to thousands of vacationing Americans, Bum Piss Canyon means recreation.

MUSIC: Silly Tijuana Brass.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

The popularity of yellow water rafting has made the Bum Piss a mecca for devotees of this exciting sport.

A rafter flips into the drink.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Whoops! Good thing it's warm.

EXT: CANYON - BEAUTY SHOT - DAY

ANNOUNCER (VO)

But as a wise man once said, "Man always kills the thing he loves." And Bum Piss Canyon is no exception.

OIL SLICK, BEER CAN ON YELLOW WATER, ETC.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

As we approach the next century, the survival of Bum Piss Canyon
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (VO contd)
is threatened. Overrun by tourists
in summer, and polluted year-round
by run-off from a nearby ...

INSERT - ASPARAGUS CANNING FACTORY

ANNOUNCER (VO)
... asparagus plant, the Bum Piss
is in a fight for its life.

SHOTS of ...

ANNOUNCER (VO)
The yellow-legged Heron, the wiz
darter, and the famed Bum Piss
white fish are all poised on the
brink of extinction.

EXT: CANYON - DAY

A CRYING INDIAN and a CRYING BUM each shedding a single
tear.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
What have they done to our river?

EXT: YELLOW FALLS - DAY

ANNOUNCER (VO)
According to Indian legend, Bum
Piss Canyon is watched over by a
protective spirit ...

In the mist WE CAN MAKE OUT A HOVERING BUM SPIRIT.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
When the river is threatened, the
legend states, he will step in to
save it. Perhaps this legend is
true. How nice it would be if that
were so. But surely in the meantime,
it is up to man to solve the problem
he has caused. The future of Bum
Piss Canyon is in our hands.

MUSIC: Lush climax as WE SEE ...

A RAINBOW IN THE FALLS ...

SUPER: THE END.

FADE TO BLACK AND ...

FADE UP:

WORDS

In the same over-produced computer animation as our opening "Welcome to the Theater," the following words shoot into and then leave frame ...

MUSIC: Up tempo "Welcome To The Cinema."

WE / WOULD LIKE TO / APOLOGIZE / FOR THE / TASTELESS /
AND JUVENILE SEGMENT / YOU JUST SAW / IT IS / PARTICULARLY
INEXCUSABLE / SINCE / ANOTHER FARTING SCENE/ IS COMING
SHORTLY / THANK YOU.

FADE.

APPEAL #3

OPEN ON:

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

at a desk, in a state of controlled righteous indignation.

CHRIS

Hello. Once again, I'm Christopher Reeve. Uhm, earlier in this film I spoke to you about the Walter Sternberg Foundation, the vital work it was doing, its need for public support, and mentioned that ushers would be circulating throughout the theater to collect your contributions. When nothing was turned in, I at first believed, or perhaps wanted to believe, it was simply a failure of communication. That I didn't make clear how urgent the Foundation's need was. So a little later on I appealed to you again, and stressed the vital need for your help. Once again ushers passed cups like these among you.

(bitterly)

Well, the cups are back, and this is what you donated.

Chris turns the cup over on the desk. Out pour candy wrappers, cigarette butts, a plastic lid with a straw in it, etc. He holds up a cigarette butt with a look of indignation.

CHRIS (contd)

I really don't know what to say. Because words cannot express my contempt for you people. You sit there stuffing your faces in your Reeboks and your Levis 50ls. You don't care about the children. Your biggest concern is beating the crowd out of the parking lot at the end of the movie. Well, as far as I'm concerned you can all go fuck yourselves.

VOICE OVER

(with GRAPHIC)

This theatre is proud to join with
(MORE)

VOICE OVER (contd)
others in continuing the work
of the Walter Sternberg Foundation.

Note: Later in the film Chris will show up in the BG of
a scene and stare contemptuously into camera as if
signaling his disgust for the audience.

FADE.

E.T.'S

OPEN ON:

EXT: FOREST FLOOR - NIGHT

Rabbits browse and hop in the moonlight. A squirrel runs up a mossy tree. The sky is full of stars, and down the hill the lights of a California town twinkle. Suddenly, a tiny spacecraft descends and gently touches down behind one of the houses.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: BACKYARD - DAY

A 9-year-old boy -- JOSH -- sits on the lawn playing with a squat, long-fingered EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL.

His MOTHER appears in the back door with a bag of groceries and a little blond girl -- SARAH.

MOTHER

We're back from the store -- what's that?

JOSH

Look, Mom! It's an extra-terrestrial! He landed in our backyard.

SARAH

Eeeyouuu, weird.

MOTHER

(earnest)

Well, look at him. I've never seen anything like him before.

JOSH

(to alien)

My name's Josh, and I'm from Earth. I'm gonna call you "Spacer" 'cause you're from outer space.

ALIEN

(cute)

G-t-a-a-a ...

The alien reaches towards the groceries.

JOSH

I think he's hungry, Mom.

MOTHER

I'll bet he is.
(to alien)
You've been traveling a lo-o-ong
time, haven't you?

She sets the groceries down in a row on the ground. The alien reaches out a long finger and slowly touches a jar of applesauce.

SARAH

Look, he's pointing!

JOSH

I think he wants the applesauce,
Mom.

MOTHER

OK, little fella ...

She pours a little applesauce into the lid of the jar and gives it to the alien. They hold their breath.

MOTHER (contd)

There you go ...

JOSH

Look, he's eating it! He likes
applesauce!

The alien eats a little applesauce and drops dead.
After a pause ...

SARAH

Oooooo ...

JOSH

He's not moving, Mom. The little
red light in his head went out.

MOTHER

I'm sorry, honey. I feel terrible.

JOSH

(sad)

Gosh ...

MOTHER

I guess where he comes from apple-
sauce is poisonous. He was
probably trying to tell us not
to feed it to him.

SARAH
You killed him!

The little girl runs into the house. The mother puts her arm around Josh, who's about to cry.

MOTHER
You couldn't have known, Josh.
You couldn't have known.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: FOREST FLOOR - NIGHT

Rabbits browse and hop in the moonlight. A squirrel runs up a tree. The sky is full of stars. Suddenly, another spacecraft touches down in the backyard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: KID'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Josh drags his mother in. The little girl follows.

JOSH
Look, Mom! I found another extra-terrestrial!

He shows them a different-looking long-fingered ALIEN who squats on the floor and looks up at them.

OTHER ALIEN
Groo-tooo ...

JOSH
I think that's his name -- Grootoo.

MOTHER
Great. But remember, Josh, we can't feed him anything. We don't know what kind of things they eat.

JOSH
Right ...

SARAH
(pointing at the alien)
He's shivering.

JOSH
You're right, Sarah. Does Grootoo look cold to you, Mom?

MOTHER

A little bit. Here, wrap him in
this while I go close the windows.

JOSH

(wrapping the alien in
a blanket)

There.

He sits back proudly. After a second, the creature
collapses.

OTHER ALIEN

Groo -- uh.

SARAH

He's dead!

JOSH

No, oh -- Mom!

MOTHER

Oh, no ...

JOSH

Grootoo ...

MOTHER

He must have suffocated, poor
thing.

(turning it over and
unwrapping the bottom)

I guess he breathed out of this
end.

Josh runs out of the room. His mother follows.

MOTHER (contd)

Oh, Josh ...

CUT TO:

INT: THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Josh's mother catches up with him and they sit on the
first steps. A big yellow dog lies next to them looking
sad.

JOSH

(crying)

Oh, Mom ... I did it again.
They're both gone ...

MOTHER

Oh, Josh. Don't be sad --
you're really very lucky.

JOSH

L-lucky? How could that be lucky?

MOTHER

Well, Josh, most kids have only
one extra-terrestrial friend,
and some kids never get any at
all. God gave you Spacer and
Grootoo, and even though he took
them back, you should be thankful
for all the good times you had
together.

JOSH

I -- I guess so.

MOTHER

(tousles his hair)

Now, why don't you get ready
for bed. You'll feel better in
the morning.

They get up and walk back together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh is in bed, looking out the window at all the stars.
Suddenly, zip-zip-zip, three tiny spaceships land in the
backyard. Josh jumps out of bed.

JOSH

(ecstatic)

Mom! There's more of them!
We've got another chance!
Sarah! Mom!

He runs downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT: KITCHEN

Josh is rummaging through a drawer. The big yellow dog
barks excitedly. His mother comes in pulling on a robe,
with Sarah behind her rubbing her eyes.

MOTHER

What? What's going on?

JOSH
Three more landed behind the house
-- We've got to find them.

MOTHER
Maybe we should leave them alone
this time ...

JOSH
No! Grown-ups don't understand!
C'mon, Shasta!

He finds a flashlight and races out the back door with his dog.

CUT TO:

EXT: BACKYARD - NIGHT

The dog runs out of the door, followed by Josh with his mother and sister close behind.

JOSH
They've got to be here somewhere ...

He shines his light over in the corner of the yard and illuminates the dog eating an EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL.

SFX: Dog growling.

ALIEN #3
Gaa-gaa!

JOSH
Drop it, Shasta. Drop it!

The dog picks up the limp alien and runs off.

JOSH (contd)
Come back here with that!

He runs after the dog. Suddenly, he trips and falls down.

SFX: Crunch.

They run up and look at a cute ALIEN that he has crushed.

JOSH
Shoot!

SARAH
See! You're not helping.

MOTHER

Honey, maybe you should --

JOSH

No! There's still one out there
and now he's all alone ...

He pulls aside some tall weeds and finds a big-eyed
EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL. It takes a few steps forward.

EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL

Dah-goo ...

The extra-terrestrial raises one long finger. The end
is glowing.

JOSH

It's him!
(then solemnly)
Dah-goo ...

He touches the end of the creature's finger. Its head
bursts.

JOSH (contd)

Aaahh!

SARAH

Euchhh ...
(wiping goo off her
forehead)
Who told you to touch that?

JOSH

They're all gone!

SARAH

(by the crushed one)
No, this one is still alive.

Josh runs towards it but is blocked by his mother and
TWO MEN in suits and sunglasses.

MOTHER

(holding Josh back)
Josh, this is the last extra-
terrestrial. I had to call the
government.

MAN IN SUIT

(kindly)
We'll take good care of him, little
boy, don't worry.

JOSH

(alarmed)

No! You can't! You can't have
him! You'll kill him!

OTHER MAN IN SUIT

(gesturing to bodies)

Listen, kid, really ...

Josh breaks free and grabs the sick extra-terrestrial.
He runs past the men, around the house to the driveway and
gets his bike. Putting the creature in the basket, he
pedals off into the night.

JOSH

(crying, pedaling)

Don't worry, I'll take care of
you. I won't feed you anything
bad, and I'll let you breathe,
and I won't smother you ...

Suddenly, the bike starts to fly and Josh is pedaling in
the air.

JOSH (contd)

... and I won't crush you and --
whoa! I'm flying! Whoa, yeah!
Wheel!

Up, over the dark treetops they fly, until they're
silhouetted against the giant moon. As the bicycle and
its riders cross the big, pale moon, WE SEE the little
extra-terrestrial fall out of the basket and plummet down.
Josh watches it fall.

After a second,

SFX: Dull thud.

JOSH (contd)

Shoot!

FADE.

ON THE FARM

OPEN ON:

INT: A FANCY RESTAURANT

Yuppies are enjoying their steaks, and clearly discussing the wonderful taste.

MUSIC: Upbeat promotional.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

After the movie, why not sample
the exciting new cuisine that's
got everyone talking ...

CUT TO:

EXT: FARM

A row of cows' heads sticking through a fence. In front of each cow is a plate with either raw hamburger, roast beef or a steak on it, which the cow is busily munching.

SUPER: BEEF-FED BEEF

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Beef-fed beef!

CUT TO:

ANGLE

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Recent studies show that cattle
fed on USDA choice beef produce
a substantially better meat.

CUT TO:

INT: RESTAURANT

Male yuppie at a table talking.

MALE YUPPIE

It's definitely a superior steak.
It's just better, it's ...
beefier.

CUT TO:

YUPPIE COUPLE AT TABLE

FEMALE

It's very meaty. It's beefy.

MALE

(chiming in)

Very beefy. I like it.

CUT TO:

EXT: FARM

A bright looking AGRICULTURAL ENGINEER on his farm.

SUPER: RAYMOND FOLEY, SUPERVISOR, TEMPLETON FARMS,
HUBBELL, WEST VIRGINIA

FOLEY

Generally, cattle have been
thought of as vegetarians.
It's what you're taught in
school. But we've found that
if the meat is ...

CUT TO:

A COW

eating filet mignon on a nice plate.

FOLEY (VO)

... properly prepared, cows not
only like it, but actually won't
go back to cereal feeds.

CUT TO:

MORE COWS

eating different beef dinners on plates.

FOLEY (VO)

They like filet, brisket, steak
tartare, stroganoff ...

CUT BACK TO:

FOLEY

FOLEY

Prime rib -- usually with a
bernaise sauce and a pat of
butter.

CUT BACK TO:

MALE YUPPIE

MALE YUPPIE
It's definitely worth the extra
money. I just wish more
professionals could try it.

CUT TO:

CONVEYOR BELT

Packages of beef are being stamped with the beef-fed
beef logo, which includes a cartoon cow holding a fork
and knife, licking his chops.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
The success of beef-fed beef has
encouraged further ...

CUT TO:

A ROW OF PIGS

nibbling on a large canned ham.

ANNOUNCER (VO contd)
... experimentation with this
technique. And ...

CUT TO:

A LAMB

picking shishkebob off a skewer.

ANNOUNCER (VO contd)
... apparently, the results have
been equally impressive.

CUT TO:

FOLEY

FOLEY
We've been especially successful
with veal.

CUT TO:

A CALF

eating from a plate of veal parmigiana, with some pasta
on the side.

FOLEY (VO)
Calves are slaughtered fairly
young, so we've not only been
able to produce veal-fed veal ...

CUT BACK TO:

FOLEY

FOLEY
But also veal-fed veal-fed veal,
which is that much more vealy ...
er.

CUT TO:

INT: DINING ROOM

Turkeys around a miniature Thanksgiving table being
served turkey with all the trimmings.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
This trend is catching on in
the poultry world as well!

CUT TO:

INT: LARGE AGRICULTURAL HANGAR

Foley walking along a row of chickens in special pens.

FOLEY
These chickens have the option
of ...

CUT TO:

A CHICKEN

getting off an egg.

FOLEY (VO)
... sitting on their eggs until
they hatch or ...

CUT TO:

CHICKEN

pushing an egg toward a chute it rolls down.

FOLEY (VO contd)
... Rolling them down a chute,
where it will be cooked ...

CUT TO:

CHICKEN

pecking at a button among a wall of buttons, each with a different choice written by it:

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| . sunny side up | . Denver omelette |
| . over easy | . veggie omelette |
| . scrambled | . eggs benedict |
| . poached | . huevos rancheros |

FOLEY (VO contd)
... and returned to them in the style ...

CUT TO:

CHICKEN

pecking at a poached egg on toast, breaking the yolk.

FOLEY (VO contd)
... they prefer.

CUT TO:

A CHINESE CHEF

preparing Peking Duck in front of a duck. He offers the duck a rolled pancake which the duck rejects.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Of course, there remain some species which have yet to respond.

CUT TO:

FOLEY AT SCENE WITH DUCK AND CHEF

FOLEY
He doesn't seem to go for the Peking Duck or the paté, but it's probably just a matter of finding the right dish. Otherwise, we'll just feed him to the goose.

CUT TO:

A TANK OF TUNA

A hand empties a can of tuna into the tank all at once. As the can-shaped mass of tuna floats on the surface, the fish all swim toward it furiously.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
But for the most part, the new
feeding technique ...

CUT TO:

A LOBSTER

wearing a small bib. On his plate sits a cracked, empty
shell of a lobster, which he has presumably eaten. A
hand lifts the live lobster and places it in a steaming
pot.

WIPE TO:

THE LOBSTER NOW BOILED

still wearing bib, is removed from the pot and placed on
the plate in front of a live lobster wearing a bib.

ANNOUNCER (VO contd)
... has had far-reaching success.

FOLEY (VO)
We've gotten as far as lobster-
fed lobster-fed lobster-...

CUT TO:

FOLEY

He stands near a cow munching over an open fast-food cartor
and a pail filled with vanilla shake. The cow has a milk
mustache.

FOLEY
... fed lobster, but any further,
and the animal gets a double
shell that's hard to crack.
(acknowledging cow)
But beef'll always be our main
staple. The cows just love it.

CUT TO:

A COW

chasing another cow. A farmhand fires a shotgun in the
air and scares it off.

FOLEY (VO)
'Course, their dispositions have
changed, now that they see each
(MORE)

FOLEY (VO contd)
other as food. Occasionally,
one cow will kill another cow ...

CUT TO:

FOLEY

petting the milk shake-drinking cow.

FOLEY
... but it doesn't matter, since
we don't have any slaughtering
procedure. We just wait for them
to have heart attacks.

CUT TO:

SCREEN SPLITS INTO FOUR SHOTS

-- cows eating filet, chicken eating poached egg, fish
eating tuna, lamb eating kebob.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Food-fed food. They're eating
for a tastier tomorrow.

FADE.

WONDERFUL LIFE

OPEN ON:

TED TURNER

behind his desk.

TED

Hello. I'm Ted Turner, Chairman of the Turner Broadcasting System. You know, about ten years ago we created a process known as colorization, converting dozens of black and white films into color. Thereby rescuing those old classics from oblivion, and reintroducing them to today's color-hungry audiences. It's something I'm quite proud of, but it's only a beginning. The next step? Updating the dialogue ...

CUT TO:

CLIP FROM IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

Scene where Jimmy Stewart rejects Mr. Potter's (Lionel Barrymore) job offer.

DANA (VO)

(as Bailey)

Well, Mr. Potter, I ... I know I oughta jump at the chance, but I just, uh, I wonder if it would be possible for you to give me twenty-four hours to think it over.

POTTER

Sure. Sure. Sure. You go on home and talk about it to your wife.

DANA (VO)

I'd like to do that.

POTTER

Yeah. In the meantime I'll draw up the papers.

DANA (VO)

All right, sir.

POTTER

OK, George?

DANA (VO)

OK, Mr. Potter.

They shake hands. But Stewart, staring at his hand, changes his mind.

DANA (VO contd)

No, no, now wait a minute here. Wait a minute. I don't need twenty-four hours, I don't have to talk to anybody. I know right now. And the answer is no. No! Doggone it! You sit around here with your foot up your shrunken ass and think your fuckin' shit doesn't stink. Well, it does, Mr. Potter. In the ... in the whole vast configuration of things I'd say you were nothing but a stupid fucking shithead.

CUT TO:

REACTION SHOT OF LIONEL BARRYMORE

DANA (VO contd)

You and your fucking asshole friends ...

CUT TO:

JIMMY STEWART

DANA (VO contd)

... with their fucking fuckshit ideas. And their fucked up shit! Well, fuck you!

(to Potter's lackey)

And that goes for you too.

Stewart leaves Potter's office and yells to his employee:

DANA (VO contd)

And fuck you too!

CUT TO

TED TURNER

TED

The process you just saw is called vulgarization. We at Turner Broadcasting think it will save hundreds
(MORE)

TED (contd)
of otherwise fine films, whose
only crime is boring, outdated
dialogue. Admit it. Wasn't the
clip you just saw from the new
vulgarized It's A Wonderful Life
far superior to the original?
Many of you may not remember the
dialogue from the 1947 version,
but believe me, it was pretty
wimpy.

He moves to door.

TED (contd)
Let's see what's going on in here.
(opens door)
Ah, looks like a looping session
for the new Gone With the Wind.

ENGINEER AND ACTOR WITH HEADPHONES

looks at screen.

ENGINEER
OK, we're rollin'!

ACTOR
(doing Gable)
Frankly, my dear, I don't give
a fuck.

ENGINEER
Once more.

ACTOR
(as Gable)
Frankly, my dear, I don't give
a fuck.

ENGINEER
Um ... that's good, Andy. But
don't hit "give" so hard.

Sigh. Tension.

ACTOR
(as Gable)
Frankly, my dear, I don't give
a fuck.

No reaction.

ACTOR (contd)
How was that?

Engineer knows it's not quite right.

ENGINEER

Once more.

ACTOR

(idea)

Can I try something?

CLOSE UPS

to build tension. INCLUDE Ted.

ACTOR

(as Gable)

Frankly, you twat, fuck you.

ENGINEER

We like it in here!

Ted turns TO CAMERA, smiles, leaves booth.

TED

Here at Turner Broadcasting,
we're putting hundreds of
classics through the vulgarization
process. You might call it
shaking some dust off some old
hats.

He turns, looks through window.

ANGLE - INSIDE BOOTH

ACTOR

(doing Bogie's voice)

Don't you see, the problems of
two people like us don't amount
to a pile of shit.

Ted nods.

CUT TO:

TED

looking into another window.

THREE ACTORS AND AN ACTRESS

ACTORS & ACTRESS

Lions and tigers and bears, oh
fuck!

Ted looking in another window.

ACTRESS
(doing Mae West)
Is that a gun in your pocket
or just a boner?

Ted walking down hall, proudly.

TED
(proudly)
My line.
(walks)
Over the next year you'll be
seeing vulgarized versions of
The Pride of the Yankees, The
Gold Rush, Fantasia, and Eddie
Murphy Raw. That's right.
Believe me, it needed updating.
So keep your sets tuned to the
Turner Broadcasting System.
Where progress is a four-letter
word.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSING SCENE OF IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

Jimmy Stewart is with his daughter.

DAUGHTER
Look, Daddy, Teacher says every
time a bell rings, an angel gets
his wings.

DANA (VO)
That's right. That's right.
Fuckin' A, Clarence. Fuckin' A!

FADE.

TIP STEALER

FADE IN:

EXT: SYRACUSE, N.Y. - 1974 - DUSK

The grim downtown shopping area of a bleak, grey city. A cold drizzle is falling. WE SEE an 8-year-old boy, ADRIAN LAURANCE, waiting on the corner, his worried eyes scanning the street for his ride.

INT: FIVE AND TEN - EVENING

The forlorn boy enters the store, stamps his galoshes on a muddy mat, and heads for the dismal lunch counter, where a beat-up pay phone hangs.

INT: LUNCH COUNTER - EVENING

He extracts a dime from a plastic change purse, stretches to reach the coin slot, and dials.

INT: HIS HOUSE - EVENING

The phone rings in the cluttered living room of his blue-collar home.

ON THE SOFA

In an alcoholic fog, his FATHER gropes for the phone.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

YOUNG ADRIAN

Dad, it's me. Did you forget again?

DAD

(slurring)

Wha ... ? Oh yeah ... music lesson ...

YOUNG ADRIAN

Can ya come get me?

DAD

(in no shape)

Can't you take a bus or something?

YOUNG ADRIAN

No, Dad ... I don't have any money.

(MORE)

YOUNG ADRIAN (contd)

(beat)

Hello ... ? Dad ... ?

Miserably, he hangs up. Now what? Suddenly he sees his salvation:

HIS POV - THE LUNCH COUNTER

Two shiny quarters have been left as a tip.

The boy deliberates for a beat, then snatches the coins. Instantly a hefty COUNTER LADY rushes out of the back room.

COUNTER LADY

Hey! I saw that!

Adrian takes off down an aisle. The counter lady gives chase.

COUNTER LADY (contd)

You little thief!

INT: STORE - YARN SECTION - DAY

The counter lady lumbers around the corner, confident that she's cornered her prey. But somehow he's disappeared.

COUNTER LADY

Hell's bells! Where did he go?

As she walks away, muttering in frustration, the CAMERA TRACKS over to a coin-op photo booth. WE SEE Adrian's pants legs sticking out from under the photo booth curtain.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT: BEVERLY HILLS MEN'S STORE - 1990 - DAY

CLOSE ON the same legs, sixteen years later. They step out from behind a fitting room curtain. WE PAN UP to take in the striking figure of the 24-year-old Adrian Laurance. He's heart-stoppingly handsome, wearing a sleek Italian suit that fits like a dream. A self-made man who attained success the hard way, but is still young and vibrant enough to enjoy it.

EXT: SHOE SHINE STAND - DAY

Adrian flips through Architectural Digest, while his shoes are being polished.

INT: CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

He's talking on a briefcase phone, and drinking some tea.

ADRIAN

I've got a few things to take
care of, then I'll come over ...
Of course I want to ... Wear
that thing I like, okay? ...
Okay, 'bye.

He gets up to leave. Then, with the dexterity of a microsurgeon, he goes to work. At the first table, he scoops up a \$3 tip with his shirt cuff. At the second table, a quick hand wave is just enough to blow a \$5 bill onto the floor. WE SEE his foot step on it, and it sticks to his sole. At the last table a small wad of singles is lying on a chopstick. Deftly, he slaps the free end, and the money is catapulted up into his other hand.

He sails past the ORIENTAL PROPRIETOR with a jaunty wave.

PROPRIETOR

Thank you! Come again!

EXT: RESTAURANT - DAY

Adrian goes to his streamlined black motorcycle. Casually, he flips open one of the saddlebags. WE SEE that it is stuffed with stolen tips, mostly coins and singles. He dumps in his latest haul and fires up the engine.

MONTAGE

In a MONTAGE using the latest visual effects from the world of rock video, WE SEE an impressionistic vision of Adrian's life, set to a pounding, relentless synthesizer beat:

SINGER (VO)

Heartbreaker / Lovemaker /
Tip taker / Take all you want
of me ...
You're wheelin' / Double dealin' /
Tip stealin' / 'Cause lovin' isn't
free ...

A) Adrian preparing to go out. Selecting a shirt from his motorized garment rack, then tossing two in the trash. Selecting a pair of sunglasses from dozens. Getting a facial massage and pedicure.

B) A stylized hand snatching tips over a parade of signs from moderately priced restaurants: Denny's, Hobo Joe's, Marie Callender's, CoCo's, Red Lobster, etc.

C) Currency and coin counters going full tilt, trying to keep up with the loot.

D) Baffled busboys hunting in vain under salt shakers, napkin dispensers, etc.

E) Adrian dancing faster and faster, illuminated by a mirrored ball, then a color organ, then a strobe light, then a spotlight, then a flashlight.

INT: STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian is at the bar of an all-you-can-eat steak house. He's keeping an eye on a nearby table, where a middle-aged couple is getting ready to leave.

HIS POV

The man picks up the check, leaves seven bucks on the table, and heads for the cash register.

WAITER
(as they leave)
G'bye now. Have a good evening.

The moment has arrived. We can now hear Adrian's heart-beat. Nonchalantly, he ambles over to the table, carrying an expensive umbrella.

BY THE TABLE

He approaches the WAITER, who's wearing a fringed shirt and string tie.

ADRIAN
Excuse me, can you tell me something?

WAITER
Yes, sir?

Casually, he lays the umbrella on the vacated table.

ADRIAN
The Big Jake, is that broiled or grilled?

WAITER
We can do it either way, we can charcoal -- broil it, or ...

CLOSE ON THE UMBRELLA TIP

which is moving in on the cash.

WAITER (OS)
... some people prefer the grill,
which is a mesquite wood grill.

ON THE MEN

ADRIAN
And how is that different from
a Big Chief?

WAITER
Well, the Big Chief is a rib
platter, so that's something
else ...

CLOSE ON UMBRELLA

Marvelous to see, the umbrella tip splits in half like
a clothespin, and quickly clamps shut on the money.
With a soft whirring sound, it then spins around wrapping
the bills tightly around itself. Only then do WE NOTICE
that the umbrella is the same color as the currency,
which blends in perfectly.

WAITER (OS)
I personally prefer the Big Jake.
It's always very good.

ON THE MEN

ADRIAN
Okay. Well, thanks for the tip.

WAITER
You're quite welcome.

EXT: STEAK HOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The middle-aged couple, the AHEARNs, are leaving the
restaurant, happily picking their teeth.

MR. AHEARN
Now, that's how ya make Texas toast.

MRS. AHEARN
It was good all right.

MR. AHEARN
Ya gotta fry it. You can't play
around. Ya gotta fry it.

Their waiter catches up to them.

WAITER
(pointedly)
Excuse me, sir, was there a
problem with my service?

MR. AHEARN
What?

WAITER
Did you have some problem with
my service this evening?

MR. AHEARN
(confused)
No ... what do you mean? Why
are you looking at me like that?

As they glare at each other, Adrian casually slips past
them.

ADRIAN
Excuse me ...

EXT: PARKING LOT - MOTORCYCLE - NIGHT

A gorgeous, exotic-looking WAITRESS, in her Wild West
steak house uniform, is leaning provocatively against
his sleek black bike.

WAITRESS
(flirting)
You're a very naughty man.

ADRIAN
(amused smile)
I am?

WAITRESS
I saw what you did in there.
Nice men don't do things like
that.

ADRIAN
(climbing on bike)
They don't, huh? Well, then I
guess I'm not a nice man.

The engine roars to life. In the BG, WE SEE the waiter
and Mr. Ahearn start shoving each other.

EXT: HIGHWAY - NIGHT
CLOSE ON THE MOTORCYCLE

as it rockets down the road. WE WIDEN TO REVEAL that

the waitress is astride the seat in front of Adrian, facing backwards. They are making out with an intensity that would clearly cause them to crash.

ANOTHER MONTAGE

A quick survey of tip-stealing techniques by the master. There's the trained chameleon on a string, the New Year's Eve blow toy with stickum on the end, and the no-frills "grab it with your hands" method.

It ends with a SHOT of a waitress named VERA slowly shaking her head.

INT: COFFEEHOUSE - EVENING

A fresh-faced young woman, KELLY FARRELL, is finishing up a poetry reading.

KELLY

"My longing makes a pact with me
To irrigate my destiny."

(shyly)

Thank you.

Adrian is intrigued. He applauds a little louder than the rest.

M.C.

Our next poet will be Tom Damon.

Adrian gets up to leave. On his way out, he "accidentally" bumps a table. WE SEE a quarter fall through a crack in the table into his pants cuff.

EXT: COFFEEHOUSE - EVENING

Kelly is walking home from the reading. Adrian hurries to catch up to her, his clothes jingling loudly.

ADRIAN

I enjoyed your poetry.

KELLY

(keeps walking)

Oh, thanks.

ADRIAN

No, really, I'm serious. No joke.

KELLY

Thanks.

He stops her.

ADRIAN
(urgently)
I think we should be lovers.

Angrily, she starts to walk away ... but then ...

She slows ... and finally stops. She turns and looks back at him with an expression of raw carnal need.

INT: KELLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Early morning sun is streaming through the curtains. Kelly slowly awakes and instinctively reaches for Adrian, but he's gone. She smiles wistfully -- just another one-night stand. Sighing, she goes to a window and opens the curtains. She grins.

HER POV

Adrian is outside in his bikini briefs, watering her flowers.

EXT: HER WINDOW - MORNING

She taps on the glass. He smiles and goes to the window.

KELLY
Well, good morning! Are you the handsome farmhand?

ADRIAN
(bad country accent)
We-eel, ah shore am, ma'am! Got any chores a feller can do?

KELLY
Oh, I could probably think of something ...

ADRIAN
I'll bet you could.

KELLY
Why don't you surprise me.

ADRIAN
Okay ... How 'bout I fetch you ... some water!

He gives her a playful squirt through the window.

KELLY
(mock outrage)
Ohhh! Okay, you've had it!

She gathers his clothes from the floor and begins pelting him with them. He dodges the pants and shirt but is beamed by a sock.

ADRIAN

Oooh, you're bad. I'm comin' to get you, bad girl!

INT: BEDROOM - DAY

Still carrying the hose, he climbs in through the window, after Kelly, who shrieks and giggles.

KELLY

NO!! Get OUT of here! Adrian!!

He chases her around the bedroom as she continues to protest, both of them laughing and whooping like kids. He manages to corner her and just really soaks her down with the hose. She stands there gasping in shock, then their eyes meet with a wordless urgency ... and suddenly they are embracing each other feverishly.

As if in a dream, they sink down onto the mattress. Adrian flings the gushing hose over the top rung of her canopy bed.

MONTAGE

A soft-focus lovemaking sequence, the kind in which the lovers are symbolically baptized by the cascading waters of a waterfall.

The music is a slow, achingly beautiful song like "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face."

A) Adrian greedily kisses her throat as the water pours down on them.

B) Their dripping, intertwined bodies are reflected in a mirror. The hose shifts, and their images are swept away by a sheet of water.

C) Someone's hand -- does it matter whose? -- grips the wet bedpost, and slowly slips down, slapping into a small puddle on the pillow.

D) Kelly tosses her head in ecstasy, sending sparkling drops everywhere.

E) Her address book tumbles off the bed, and splashes onto the floor, which is now three inches deep in water. The ink begins to run in a beautiful way.

EXT: BEACH - EARLY MORNING

Adrian and Kelly are walking in the sand.

KELLY

Adrian, do you love me?

ADRIAN

Of course I love you.

KELLY

Then will you tell me something?
... Why do you do it?

ADRIAN

(wearily)

Why do I do what, Kelly?

KELLY

You know what I mean ... the tips.
You're too good for that, Adrian.

ADRIAN

(turns to face her)

Look, it's what I do, okay? It's
what I do. It may not be what
you do, but we can't all be zoo-
keepers.

KELLY

(confused)

I'm not a zookeeper.

ADRIAN

(exasperated sigh)

It was a figure of speech.

They walk for a bit, then he breaks the silence.

ADRIAN (contd)

Kelly, I provide a service. Plain
and simple. Nobody wants to call
it that, but that's what it is.
If I didn't exist, someone would
have to invent me.

KELLY

What are you talking about?!
You steal tips! How in the world
is that a service?

ADRIAN

(fed up)

Okay, fine! You win! I'm the bad
(MORE)

ADRIAN (contd)
guy! But there are plenty of
other women in this town who
think I'm just the cat's ass!

He picks up a big horseshoe crab from the beach and angrily
hurls it into the surf.

CLOSE ON KELLY

struggling to understand this complex, infuriating man.

INT: PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Adrian is lying on a couch, staring at the ceiling, and
trying to articulate the allure of tip-stealing.

ADRIAN
I ... I don't know how to describe
it, really. There's just that ...
instant, I guess, where I've got
four tables between me and the door,
and I just know ... I know ...
that I'm going to get every one
of them. And in that one moment,
I feel wired into everything ...
like the whole universe is spread
out in front of me, like a smorgasbord,
and it's all mine ...

(beat)
And the bills have that funny, kinda
silky feel in my fingers ... Or
sometimes they're worn-out and
fuzzy ... And it's weird, I don't
even notice if it's a one, or a
five ...

ON THE PSYCHIATRIST

a breathtakingly beautiful 20-year-old model. She lifts
her pair of reading glasses.

PSYCHIATRIST
But you told me last time that you
take the change, too. Why is that?

ADRIAN
Hm?

PSYCHIATRIST
Why do you bother with the coins?

He doesn't answer for a long beat. Slowly he sits up and
looks her over appraisingly, as if just noticing how
attractive she is.

ADRIAN
 (seductively)
 The reason ...
 (rising to his feet)
 ... I like ...
 (turning toward her)
 ... the coins ...
 (moving closer)
 ... is because ...
 (closer)
 ... they ...

He's only inches away now. She can feel the heat radiating from his body.

ADRIAN (contd)
 ... jingle.

They kiss passionately.

INT: ADRIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A fabulous party in Adrian's equally fabulous penthouse. MODELS, ARTISTS, ROCK STARS, and PEOPLE WITH MONEY. Adrian is talking to an art dealer, WYMON DeVRIES.

ADRIAN
 So what brings you to the proverbial "left coast"?

DEVRIES
 Well, Jon and I are out here primarily to look for gallery space. In fact, we may be making you a business proposition.

ADRIAN
 I'm always happy to ...

Kelly interrupts them. She's been hitting the sauce.

KELLY
 (slurring)
 Adrian's happy! He's always happy ...

ADRIAN
 (to DeVries)
 Excuse me.
 (pulling Kelly aside)
 Kelly, you're drunk.

KELLY
 Maybe I am, so what.

ADRIAN
Why don't you go lie down?

KELLY
Why? Are you afraid I might tell
people what you do?

ADRIAN
Kelly, don't be a child.

She climbs onto the coffee table, knocking over a Stein
bowl. Everyone whirls around at the sound.

KELLY
Everyone, listen, I have a very
important announcement to make.
Adrian has a very nice apartment,
doesn't he?

ADRIAN
(sotto)
That's enough, Kelly!

KELLY
And I'll bet some of you are
wondering how he pays for all
this ...

ADRIAN
(taking her arm)
Darling, you've had a little too
much sherry ...

KELLY
You're not gonna believe this!
He goes to restaurants ...

Adrian grabs her and hustles her off through the
embarrassed crowd.

KELLY (contd)
(voice receding)
... and he steals people's tips!
Right off the tables!

INT: HOME GYM - NIGHT

He drags her roughly into his lavish exercise room and
slams the door.

ADRIAN
(furious)
Why are you doing this to me?

KELLY

Because I love you!
(starts to cry)
And I want you to do something
good with your life!

ADRIAN

(sardonically)

Do me a favor, Kelly. Define
"good" for me ... Oh, and while
you're at it, why don't you
explain Watergate to me. And
Iran/Contra. And all the ugly
little things the CIA is doing
in every wretched little "backward"
country that doesn't jump through
a hoop every time we blow a red-
white-and-blue dog whistle!

A long silence.

KELLY

(indicating possessions)

You don't need all these things!
I'd rather see you poor than
spending all that dirty money.

He slams a speed bag in frustration.

INT: BAR - THE NEXT EVENING

Adrian and Kelly are sitting with the two gay art dealers
in a posh cocktail lounge. A Bobby Short-style PIANIST
is playing discreetly.

DEVRIES

As you know, the market for original
art is cooling off. And to be
perfectly frank, what we're looking
for is someone who can get the bodies
in the door.

Adrian smiles politely.

WRIGHT

Jon and I are being realistic about
this. We're New Yorkers, and we
just don't have the contacts out
here.

KELLY

Well, I think Adrian's your man.
He knows absolutely everyone.

DEVRIES

That's what we hear. And we think this can be a good arrangement for all of us. Now, obviously, you'll need some capital to set things up.

As DeVries continues his pitch, Adrian glances over at the pianist.

ON PIANIST

as a patron requests a song. The pianist nods cheerfully, and the CAMERA MOVES IN ON the patron's hand, which is holding a five dollar bill. The hand moves to the top of the piano, where

A GIANT BRANDY SNIFTER

is brimming with tips.

Adrian is transfixed. This is the big one, the ultimate score.

DEVRIES (OS)

And, of course, after the first year, we're prepared to offer you a share in the ...

We now go MOS. The only sound is Adrian's heartbeat, which quickens noticeably.

CLOSE ON HIS FOREHEAD
which beads up with sweat.

THE TIP JAR

Tantalizing, defiant.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - HIS PUPILS

where the tip jar looms large.

Gradually, the sound returns.

DEVRIES

You seem fascinated by that pianist.

ADRIAN

Hm? Oh, sorry ...

DEVRIES

Do you like the music?

ADRIAN

Yes, I do like the music ... I
like the music very much.

INT: ADRIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adrian is tinkering with a portable shop vacuum at his kitchen table. He connects an extension to the vacuum hose, then lets it dangle to the floor. No good. He makes an adjustment, and does it again. Better.

INT: BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Once again, the tip jar is o'erbrimming, as the pianist plays some mellow jazz. After a beat, WE TILT UP TO REVEAL Adrian standing on the mezzanine, directly over the prize. He looks at his watch nervously.

DENISE (OS)

Adrian!

Startled, Adrian wheels around to find DENISE SOREN, another of his stunning conquests.

DENISE

(pouting)

You never call me anymore!

ADRIAN

Well, I've been kinda busy.

DENISE

Are you happy to see me?

ADRIAN

Of course I'm happy to see you!

WE SEE a big bulge in his pants, that extends almost to his knee -- the vacuum hose.

INT: BAR - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Kelly, of all people, enters with a girlfriend. The girlfriend gestures for her to wait while she uses the powder room.

INT: BAR - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

The girl is leaving, reluctantly.

DENISE

You better call me!

Alone at last, Adrian checks his watch. WE SEE the digits change to 9:30.

INT: BAR - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Suddenly, there's a commotion in the back of the bar. WE SEE some pink smoke begin to rise from a hidden smoke bomb. Everyone turns to look.

INT: BAR - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Not wasting a second, Adrian swings into action. He unzips his pants and lets the hose dangle down, feeding out more as quickly as he can. The end of the hose flops down next to the tip jar, and he coolly maneuvers it into position by swinging the whole twelve feet.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

groping behind his back for the vacuum switch.

He's interrupted by a piercing scream.

CUT TO:

INT: BAR - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

The screamer, a SOCIETY DAME, shrieks again as she points up at Adrian and his hose. A few panicky PATRONS start a rush for the exits.

INT: BAR - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Adrian bolts for the stairs, the hose dragging behind him.

INT: BAR - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

It's a near-riot, as people flee in confusion.

Adrian lurches across the floor, jerking as people keep stepping on the hose. Finally, he tears off the whole contraption and races to piano. He grabs the tip jar and runs for the exit.

EXT: BAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Adrian rushes outside, clutching the brandy snifter like a giant cocktail. As he starts toward his motorcycle, he runs smack into ... Kelly.

She recognizes him with a startled grin, until she sees what he's carrying. Her look of disgust and betrayal says it all.

SECURITY GUARD (OS)

There he is!

TWO SECURITY GUARDS push through the crowds toward Adrian. He breaks away from Kelly and flees.

EXT: VALET PARKING - NIGHT

Adrian pulls a MAN out of the driver's seat of a sports car. He jumps in and peels out past a police cruiser.

INT: POLICE CAR

The COPS both look like GO models.

COP
(into mike)
Four Ocean Tango, we are in
pursuit of suspect, southbound
on Marina.

Sirens screaming, they roar off.

EXT: RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The chase, now with three police cars, continues through an affluent neighborhood. For no conceivable reason, there is a TOMATO VENDOR hawking his wares under a streetlamp.

ON THE CARS

which are heading straight for his tomato cart.

ON THE VENDOR

whose eyes widen in terror. At the last second he jumps out of the way ...

... But too late, as Adrian's car hits him. He's tossed onto the hood, where he lingers for an instant, looking miserable. Then he rolls off the car into the gutter.

EXT: WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The chase continues through a deserted loading dock area. The cars keep crashing through piles of cardboard boxes.

EXT: FERRY LANDING

Meanwhile, a few blocks away, the last few cars are loading themselves onto a ferry. The FERRYMAN secures the stern.

EXT: GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

A warning bell sounds and the striped barrier gate goes down. In the BG, WE SEE the ferry start to pull away from the dock.

EXT: WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The speeding cars plow through a huge stack of very small boxes.

EXT: ALLEY - NIGHT

Desperately, Adrian swerves down an alley, only to find a cop car at the other end, boxing him in. He's trapped -- or is he? He looks to the right.

HIS POV - THE LONG FERRY PIER

INT/EXT: CAR AND FERRY PIER - NIGHT

Adrian weighs the odds for a beat, then guns the engine and aims straight for the barrier gate at the end of the dock.

ON THE GUARD BOOTH

The DOCK GUARD reacts in disbelief -- is this guy crazy? He rushes out of the guard house and stands in front of the gate. In the BG, WE SEE that the ferry is at least fifty yards away.

ON ADRIAN

As the car hurtles toward the gate, his face is a mask of desperation, terror, and yes, exhilaration.

WE SEE his foot floor the gas pedal.

ON THE GATE

The ferry is now seventy-five yards away and gaining. The guard frantically gestures for Adrian to stop.

ON ADRIAN

whose eyes say "No chance."

ON THE GATE

The guard leaps out of the way, as the car barrels into the gate at 100 m.p.h.

CUT TO:

EXT: DOCK - BUSHES - NIGHT

We hear the car crash into the gate, then an eerie silence. The guard peers out from the bushes in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT: GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

For the first time in history, a barrier gate held firm. The car is totally demolished, accordioned to a length of three feet.

INT: PRISON CELLBLOCK - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

WE PAN DOWN a row of cells, each housing a scary-looking CONVICT. Finally WE ARRIVE AT ...

ADRIAN'S CELL

which is tastefully decorated. Dressed in the same hip clothes as always, Adrian is reading a letter.

KELLY (VO)

I hope you'll understand why I haven't written to you. It was just too painful. But I thought I should let you know that I'm getting married next month, to a guy named Marty. He's a dental student. I really think you'd like him, he's got a great sense of humor.

He blinks away a tear.

KELLY (VO contd)

I know that prison must be horrible, but knowing you, you've found a way to survive.

A GUARD approaches and taps on the bars.

GUARD

Y'know, it's funny, it almost slipped my mind ... You got a package, too.

He hands a box through the bars. WE SEE that it's an order of menswear from International Male.

ADRIAN

Thanks, Dyson.

GUARD

(sarcastically)

"Thanks"?

Adrian gives him a disgusted look, and reaches under his cot, pulling out a sheet of paper with fifty or so postage stamps stuck to it. He hands it to the guard, who "tests" one by peeling it away from the paper and sticking it back on. He smiles, satisfied.

GUARD (contd)

Good batch. You do nice work for a con.

Adrian ignores him, and he leaves. Adrian turns back to the letter, and is suddenly wracked by a single convulsive sob. With an effort of will, he regains his composure, puts the letter down. Then ... back to business. He opens his shaving kit and removes some Q-Tips and a tube of Tenax Hair Gel. He dips a Q-Tip in Tenax and applies it to the stamp on her letter.

CLOSE ON STAMP

WE SEE that the Q-Tip is erasing the cancellation marks on the stamp.

Adrian pauses for a beat, thinking of her, then resumes erasing even more vigorously, as if trying to rub out all memory of his tainted past.

MUSIC: Bombastic synthesizer throb.

INT/EXT: CELL AND PRISON - DAY

AN OVERHEAD SHOT of Adrian at his desk. His figure slowly recedes into the distance as the CAMERA CRANES UP to take in more and more of the prison. The SHOT is so dramatic, and the music so loud, that we at first do not notice that his cell has no roof.

FADE.

MOVIE'S OVER

OPEN ON:

STAR FIELD

Suddenly, those over-animated, sparkling words from "WELCOME TO THE MOVIES" fly onto the screen.

SFX: Whoosh.

"WELL ... / THE MOVIE / IS OVER."

They spiral off and explode as more words fly into view.

"AGAIN, / WE / THANK YOU / SO MUCH / FOR / NOT SMOKING. / YOU / COULD / HAVE / SMOKED AND / WE WOULD / HAVE BEEN / POWERLESS TO / STOP YOU. / FEW / PEOPLE / REALIZE / HOW SURPRISINGLY / EASY / IT IS / TO SNEAK / A / CIGARETTE / DURING / A MOVIE. / WHY, / I REMEMBER ONE TIME, / DURING A SHOWING / OF / THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE / A GUY IN THE FRONT ROW ... "

Suddenly, the last few letters sparkle violently, vibrate and explode in a blinding flash.

SFX: Massive roar.

BLOOPER CREDITS

As CREDITS ROLL, WE SEE a series of outtakes from different scenes in the movie. In each outtake, the scene is interrupted by a "blunder" that all the actors laugh off good naturedly.

Some sample blunders include:

-- a cast member vomits in mid-sentence. The other actors laugh and we hear the director shout "cut!"

-- a klieg light falls over and cuts an actor on the arm, causing him to bleed heavily.

-- a wild dog rushes into a scene and leaps at an actor, biting him in the throat.

-- an actor's head bursts into flames. The others laugh and we hear the director say "Let's try it again."

And so on.

WRITERS' CREDITS

WELCOME TO THE MOVIES - Conan O'Brien, Robert Smigel,
Greg Daniels

YOUNG BUSH AT YALE - Jim Downey, Al Franken, Robert Smigel

CINEPLEX - Robert Smigel, Conan O'Brien, Greg Daniels

APPEAL #1 - Jim Downey, Al Franken

ROMANCE - Al Franken, Tom Davis

CRACK RAP - Al Franken, Tom Davis

APPEAL #2 - Jim Downey, Al Franken

DAD'S CAR - Robert Smigel, Conan O'Brien, Greg Daniels

BUM PISS CANYON/APOLOGY - Tom Davis, Jim Downey, Al Franken

APPEAL #3 - Jim Downey, Al Franken

E.T.'S - Greg Daniels, Robert Smigel, Jim Downey,
Conan O'Brien

ON THE FARM - Robert Smigel, Conan O'Brien, Greg Daniels,
Al Franken

WONDERFUL LIFE - Jim Downey, Al Franken

TIP STEALER - George Meyer

MOVIE'S OVER - Conan O'Brien, Robert Smigel, Greg Daniels

BLOOPER CREDITS - Conan O'Brien, Jim Downey