

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO VICTOR BUONO?

Iaeger/Soderbergh/Mele

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MUSIC IN: OMINOUS ORCHESTRAL

Title over black...

January 1, 1982

OVER BLACK:

Simmering stove. Deep coughing. Heavy breathing...

The sound of an audience filing into an auditorium...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - EARLY MORNING

WS. - It's cold and early. Very quiet. A 320 pound man stands outside of a very tiny, rundown trailer illuminated with one buzzing street lamp. Surrounded by trees. He's wearing his pajamas and his hair is rumpled. Complete isolation.

CU. - A tighter shot reveals VICTOR BUONO'S tired face. He is smoking a cigarette.

He tosses the cigarette into the dirt that surrounds the mobile home and steps inside.

CU. - Dirt. The butt of his cigarette slowly fades next to an aluminum baseball bat labeled: JACKHAMMER.

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Victor stands over the KITCHEN sink...

Beat. (*Shaky camera peering from dark into dim kitchen)

...He makes a very loud noise clearing his throat and spits into the sink. He walks away without rinsing it down.

Three toasters lie on a towel in the "living room" w/ greasy tools*...

CU. - Victor grabs a newspaper laying on the kitchen counter.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER - BATHROOM

Victor sits on the toilet staring into space. He now wears a brown suede jacket over his wrinkled pajamas. The bathroom is disgusting --- the floor cannot be seen. Once wet/now dry and shriveled toilet paper roll, half eaten plate of pinto beans (moldy and hardened over time), newspapers, crayons, etc.

Victor holds a newspaper in his hand...

The shower SWITCHES itself on* and makes more than a dripping noise. Pipes can be heard rattling and knocking. Victor turns it off without question.

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Victor stands in a HALLWAY in front of an unfinished wood door w/ giant gashes and discoloration...

He knocks...

VICTOR BUONO

Grandma...

Nothing...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)

...Grandma...

Light coughing, wheezing and small footsteps come from the room...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)

Grandma, I'm taking the car now.

He waits patiently for response. Then walks to the front door to exit...

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The sun is rising for an early morning grey. Still very dark. Victor steps out of the trailer and shuffles his way to an old BUICK parked on the side of the home. The windows are foggy. He gets in*.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

*BACK SEAT ANGLE,

(*Match cut) Victor's disgusting breath is visible w/ the cold. He sits in the driver's seat. The cheap, cracked leather squeaks with each comfort seeking movement.

CU. - Victor's face. (Camera just above steering wheel.)

Victor stares left. Interior light on. He is very tired. Eyes wrinkled and puffy. The interior light fades on his sad face...

*BACK SEAT ANGLE, (WILL NOT CUT FROM THIS SHOT UNTIL NOTED.)

Victor starts up the big car and turns on the wipers. The dirt and condensation make it a darker, foggier window. Victor rustles around in the front seat; selecting an off-white cassette tape from a case of twelve. He inserts in into the tape deck and backs the car up carefully...

The 5th Dimension's *One Less Bell* to Answer plays fuzzy in Grandma's old system.

Victor DRIVES ALL THE WAY to a nearby gas station. (No cuts.)

He parks in the closest space available (8 ft.) and cuts the ignition (music abpt stops*). He gets out and walks into the store...

(Angle, backseat - through dirty windshield ---)

Victor walks to a cooler in the back of the store and makes his way to the cashier...

CASHIER (O.C.)
This it?

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
And a pack of the lights, good sir.

CASHIER (O.C.)
That all for ya'?

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
Yes.

CASHIER (O.C.)
5.58.

Victor pays.

CASHIER (O.C.)
Thank you - have a good day.

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
You as well.

He walks out of the gas station vigorously drinking a large bottle of chocolate milk ---

Not paying attention, he trips and falls on his face.

The milk bottle goes FLYING and lands on grandma's Buick. Coating the windshield.

Beat. Victor pulls himself off of the ground and gets in the car -- flustered and embarrassed. Covered in milk...

He starts the car (music abpt starts*), carefully/frantically backs up and drives down the road back to grandma's trailer.

Wipers smear the milk, dirt and dew from side to side.

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Victor pulls up to the trailer. A patch of dead grass marks the parking spot for the Buick. He gets out of the car and walks up to the trailer when something catches his eye...

To the right of grandma's trailer is a second trailer that was not there before. Old and abandoned. He stares at this for a moment. Light wind blows the curtain in an empty window of this spooky home.

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Victor stands in front of grandma's bedroom door. Unkempt and rumpled; chocolate milk has dried onto his magician style beard...

He knocks.

VICTOR BUONO
Grandma.

...Nothing...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
...Grandma?

Beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Victor tosses the last shovel of dirt onto a very shallow grave marked in the center with a thrown together cross of wood...

Grandma is dead.

He pierces the earth with his rusted shovel and looks down at the pile.

ECU. Victor's face; Sweat. Dirt. Chocolate milk. Hair askew. Totally emotionless if it weren't for the one tear that falls down his cheek --- he quickly wipes it away and pulls a small object out of his pocket.

CU. Victor's hand; He hold an old jewelry box.

(Angle, high* same as first - we see everything we've learned - trailers, buick, grave, Victor in his jammies; totally alone and isolated from another soul*)

Victor opens the box to reveal a modest engagement ring. The ware and tare of the small aged jewel suggests it belonged to grandma.

He stares at this for a BEAT... Camera HOLDS on his dirty, pudgy face... then,

ABRUPT CUT TO:

Title over black:

"What Ever Happened To Victor Buono?"

*The remaining titles follow cross-cut with *sequence/music. Pendereki. Deep and Dark.*

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - DAY

Victor is dressed in a black suit and tie. He collects cash from coffee can on top of small, old refrigerator.

Packing suit case in tiny room. (in room: child's toys / Pinots) Loading items in trunk. A framed PICTURE of an attractive female sits on a night stand...

*Stepping down into frame from trailer. A reveal of the clean Victor (suit/tie). He walks to car...

End of title sequence.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

As he pulls away from the trailer --- he looks in the rear view mirror and can't help but watch as the cloud of dirt distorts the view of the grave/mobile homes...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Victor drives the Buick down the long dirt road.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

We are speeding down the bumpy road - wind roars through the jilted window of the damaged passenger side door/window...

CU. - Victor looks in the 12 cassette holder.

He inserts another cassette into the tape deck and places the previous cassette back in it's marked spot (9)...

Angle, backseat --- Victor makes a wide right turn...

Angle, passenger side floor board --- dark brown water leaks heavily with the turn from what appears to be the glove box.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Victor pulls into a rundown gas station on the side of the road. He parks, gets out and walks in.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Angle, Buick. Victor is parked by a nearby pay phone. He is eating a giant cheeseburger at the rate of a death row inmate.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

WS. - The gas station is bare. It's silent. Victor's smacking is audible from 50 feet away.

Angle, Road. A long stretch of highway surrounded by dead trees and empty pasture. Victor approaches and looks both ways. It remains lifeless for a few moments...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Victor has the scuzzy pay phone to his ear.

CU. Dialing pad. Dialing numbers.

A busy signal is barely audible...

CU. Dialing pad. Redialing same numbers.

...another busy signal...

He pulls out a newspaper clipping from his pocket ---

CU. Torn Newspaper clipping. It reads ---

"Established starlet requires accompanist to work on songs and dance numbers for night clubs, personal appearances, Etc. Must be experienced and versatile musician. Call Miss Charlotte Lucero, (number)."

Victor dials the number... it rings. Grease from the burger and sweat from the intense heat cover his face...

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Buick speeds down the dirt road...

Victor comes to a four way stop...

CU. Victor. He looks right.

Victor's POV: Long, empty dirt road.

CU. Victor. He looks left.

Victor's POV: Long, empty dirt road.

CU. Victor looks forward. Directly into camera.

Victor's POV: Long, empty dirt road.

He hesitates, but drives straight.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

CU. Air conditioner controls. Old, heavy and silver. It is set to it's maximum; four. Loud with a screaming WHISTLING.

CU. Victor is sweating HARD.

He puts his hand up to the vent, wipes the sweat from the corner of his eyes and rolls down the window.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

Victor comes to a stop sign. He is now smoking a cigarette. A SCHOOL BUS full of noisy kids comes to halt just behind the Buick.

CU. Rear view mirror. Sweat drips from Victor's brow... the BUS breaks make a loud blast...

Victor attempts to speed forward but is held back by a malfunction.... the impatient bus pulls around the Buick - Victor instinctively crouches down and looks away ---

Bus HONKS...

CHILDREN ON BUS

Fat ass! Nice car you fat fuck!
We're coming for you Victor!

CU. *Gas pedal. Caught on over lapping flap of the console.

He nervously rolls the window up in a rapid motion... throwing the cigarette out of the window, it comes back and lands in between his jacket collar and neck ---

Victor BOLTS out of the stalled car brushing off his BURNING neck; the car is LOUD and the air whistle sounds like a faint SCREAM at this point ---

The BUICK accelerates in a JUMP--- Victor grabs the door handle. The car PULLS and eventually DRAGS Victor down the road...

CU. Gas pedal. Still caught on flap...

The car SMASHES into tree/fence. Stopping the car, but not the gas. Victor scrambles into the car and KICKS DOWN THE FLAP --- releasing the gas.

Victor, out of breath, sits in the car and thinks. *He has a bleeding cut on his head now.

He puts the car in reverse. The caught tree shakes a bit as he backs up. Victor goes back down the road he came from...

EXT. LUCERO MANSION - MORNING

Victor pulls into a dirt drive way. The grill is mangled with pieces of tree stuck in the bent hood. Right head light cracked.

He gets out of grandma's car and walks up to the MANSION. It's big, dirty and old. High grass has grown over the wheels of a BLACK STUDEBAKER parked on the side of the house...

As Victor steps on to the porch; loose boards bend -- he sees a life size DOLL sitting on a paint-chipped rocking chair... It's smile is haunting and sinister...

He knocks on the front door to the mansion...

...someone peeks from a curtain in a nearby window; followed by loud foot steps to the front door...

It opens slightly...

INT. LUCERO MANSION - MORNING

VICTOR BUONO
Good morning. Hello. M--

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Mr. Buono?

VICTOR BUONO
Yes, I'm Victor Buono. I have an appointment with Ms. Lucero... at 9...

The door opens wider to reveal an OLD LADY covered in HEAVY MAKE-UP and eyes soaked in alcohol. Utter disappointment by the sight of Buono...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
I'm Charlotte Lucero. My, you're... you're right on time, aren't you?

VICTOR BUONO
Yes, I believe I am.

She lets Victor in... an awkward beat as Victor is also disappointed by Charlotte...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Come in. We can talk in here. So
nice to get company for a change.

Victor enters; hamming it up with a phoney British accent...

VICTOR BUONO
Oh, I say... what a perfectly
charming living room!

Charlotte shuts the front door and locks it...

The living room is trashy and dank. A mirror and stage lights
cover a wall near an ancient piano...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
So, you're *Victor Buono*?

VICTOR BUONO
Yes, that's right.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Well, I guess I can bring you
something to drink. You like tea?

VICTOR BUONO
Oh, yes. I'm quite fond of tea. You
must have guessed that I'm English.

Charlotte exits the living room and saunters into the
kitchen...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (O.C.)
Oh, really? How nice for you.

Victor looks around the living room and sits on an old couch.
Victor looks at his knee. He has a small wound/cut pant leg*.
Charlotte wheels in a butler w/ tea, cups and lemon squares.
Straining, Victor pops up...

VICTOR BUONO
Oh, here, let me help you. That's a
terribly big burden for such a
little... girl.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Thank you. You're very kind. It's
so hot today. Did you drive here in
your car?

VICTOR BUONO
Well, actually I took my - yes -
well it's not mine you see...

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)
It's a bit of a nuisance, but I had
to put my car in for servicing.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Oh. Cream or lemon?

VICTOR BUONO
Cream.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Sugar?

He nods.

VICTOR BUONO
My, it looks good.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
I always think it's nice to break
bread...with strangers, don't you?

VICTOR BUONO
Oh, yes, indeed.

Victor takes a cup of tea, the entire dish on lemon squares
and sits back down on the old couch...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
I don't think you actually
mentioned the exact nature of...

Charlotte lights a cigarette...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Well, I've been out of the business
for some time now. I've been taking
care of someone in my family who's
very ill-

Charlotte giggles and turns it into a cough...

VICTOR BUONO
-And now you're free to return to
your passion?

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Yes.

Victor is going to town on the lemon squares.

VICTOR BUONO

And what exactly... I mean, I take it you are a soloist. Some instrument?

CHARLOTTE LUCERO

I wonder if you can guess who I am.

Beat. He begins to shake his head...

VICTOR BUONO

Can you give me a hint?

CHARLOTTE LUCERO

Well, it's not fair to make you guess. --- I'm Little Charlotte Lucero!

Beat.

VICTOR BUONO

Oh! Do you mean you're really *the* Little Charlotte... Lucero?

CHARLOTTE LUCERO

Yes, I am! And I'm going to revive my act exactly as I used to do it. Of course, some of the arrangements will have to be brought up to date- Music changes so much, doesn't it? -And you know, they're desperate for new acts. Television, Branson, Las Vegas and all the clubs and... there are a lot of people who remember me, lots of them...

VICTOR BUONO

I don't see how you could fail. Honestly. It's - yep...

Beat. Charlotte puts out her cigarette out in an ash tray filled with butts and moves to the couch and sits next to Victor.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO

You know, I had a kind of a feeling...the second I opened that door and saw you standing there. A - I don't know - I just knew we were going to be friends. (beat) I've been thinking about costumes.

VICTOR BUONO
Costumes?...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Yes. I took some of my old ones
down to be revamped. You think
that's a good idea?

VICTOR BUONO
Of course. But I don't quite
remember...

Charlotte stands...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
How silly of me, Victor. How could
you? But I *do* want your opinion. I
really do. All my scrap books and
stuff are in the rehearsal room
and... you can look at them and
tell me what you think. You'd like
to see them, wouldn't you?

VICTOR BUONO
Well, of course.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Oh, I wish My Pappy was be here
right now! "You can never lose your
talent," he used to tell me.
"You can lose a lot, but you can't
lose your talent!"

Charlotte goes into the next room and returns with three
large books. Victor stands as she sets them on the piano.
They look at the scrapbooks...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
I think you'll find these clippings
very interesting. Pappy saved them
for me from the very first. He used
to put them in special books. I
always liked that picture...

A faint moan from upstairs becomes audible...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
It's so sad.

The moan gets louder; followed by loud banging...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
Will you excuse me?

Charlotte runs upstairs...

VICTOR BUONO
Yes, certainly.

...she Slams the door behinds her...

Victor looks around a bit --- he sees *scratches on the wooden floor in one round spot (8 inch diameter) near an old cassette player.

LOUD DISTURBING NOISES come from upstairs. A WHALE moan w/ slight vibrations, laughing etc. Victor slowly walks to the front door, but stops as Charlotte runs back downstairs. WAY TO FAST FOR HER AGE. She spits into a rag and casts it behind her.

Charlotte does not give Victor a second look as she moves ABRUPTLY to the nearby cassette player --- she pushes the faded play button...

DEAD CRACKLING AIR fills the room as Charlotte moves to the scratched spot* on the floor and waits...

Beat.

Victor watches her and observes the door behind him...

A moan from upstairs becomes audible, but is quickly drowned out by *Dancing Queen* by *Abba* playing on the cassette player.

Charlotte dances to the song in one spot - the scratched wood...

She lights a cigarette and continues to dance as if nobody is in the room...

The noises upstairs become louder and louder...

Beat. Victor is sweating. As he talks he can barely be heard over the music...

VICTOR BUONO
I'm gonna go. I think I have to leave now...

Charlotte is in a trance...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
...Miss?...

Beat.

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
...Miss Lucero?...

Victor's attention is drawn to a movement upstairs...

Victor's POV: Upstairs. A door opens and a second old lady who looks COMPLETELY DEAD is EXTENDING her hands to VICTOR as she is TOWED by an unseen force into the adjacent bedroom...

This is enough for Victor. He swiftly exits the mansion through the front door.

EXT. LUCERO MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Victor walks at a quick pace to the BUICK and gets in.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Angle, from backseat. Victor starts up the BUICK and begins to back it up --- Lucero can be seen RUNNING from the front door and to the side of the house. She now wears a BLACK LACE HAT...

She gets in the BLACK STUDEBAKER and turns on the BLINDING HEADLIGHTS...

Victor peels out of the MANSION'S make-shift driveway and speeds down the road...

CU. Victor's face... He looks in the rearview mirror-

Angle, mirror...

The Studebaker speeds faster and faster catching up to Victor...

CU. Victor's eyes. Panic.

The studebaker emerges to the passing side of Victor...

Lucero's giant eyes stare directly at VICTOR.

He desperately attempts to not look over at her...

He finally does. She cackles and falls back; turning down a dirt road...

Victor presses the gas hard ---

CU. Speedometer. 75 m.p.h. and climbing.

CU. - Victor's face. He breathes hard checks his mirrors...

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

CU. - Cassette holder. #6 is missing from the case.

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - THAT MOMENT

CU. - Old cassette player/radio. *A tape marked "Devotions by Ramsey Buono" is spinning in the player. This is a READING from the BIBLE by a decrepit voice of utter pain, weakness. (*first; dead air, then...*)

GRANDMA BUONO (ON TAPE)
*(crackly/faint) "Turn to me and be
 gracious to me, For I am lonely and
 afflicted. The troubles of my heart
 are enlarged; Bring me out of my
 distresses."*

Victor sits on a small bed in his tiny room holding a framed PICTURE*.

GRANDMA BUONO (ON TAPE)
*"At my first defense no one
 supported me, but all deserted me;
 may it not be counted against them.
 But the Lord stood with me and
 strengthened me, so that through me
 the proclamation might be fully
 accomplished, and that all the
 Gentiles might hear; and I was
 rescued out of the lion's mouth."*

Victor stands in his grandma's bedroom. He makes her bed.

GRANDMA BUONO (ON TAPE)
*"I cried out to You, O LORD; I
 said, "You are my refuge, My
 portion in the land of the living.
 Give heed to my cry, For I am
 brought very low; Deliver me from
 my persecutors, For they are too
 strong for me. Bring my soul out of
 prison, So that I may give thanks
 to Your name; The righteous will
 surround me, For You will deal
 bountifully with me."*

Victor stands in front of the mirror in the bathroom. He is gazing at the deep cut on his head*...

GRANDMA BUONO (ON TAPE)
*"God makes a home for the lonely;
 He leads out the prisoners into
 prosperity, Only the rebellious
 dwell in a parched land."*

Again, the SHOWER FAUCET* switches itself on --- Victor, without looking, turns it back off.

He rolls off a few sheet of toilet paper and presses them onto the bloody gash---

"Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves" is barely audible at this point...

GRANDMA BUONO (ON TAPE)
*"Rejoice with those who rejoice,
 and weep with those who weep."*

WITHOUT WARNING: A PICK-UP TRUCK SMASHES through the WALL and into the bathroom. Victor goes FLYING out of frame.

We are not exactly sure what we have just seen. It's a loud, fast, mess.

CUT ABRUPTLY TO:

BLACK. The light crackling of the tape comes to a clicking stop. Beat. Silence.

OVER BLACK:

Glasses CLINK. Lighters LIGHT. People COUGH.

EXT. DESERT INN - VALET - NIGHT

A GROUND LEVEL MARQUEE --

As guests and Desert Inn employees pass CAMERA; Shots get tighter...

The MARQUEE reads---

"Many Happy Returns"
featuring the talent of:
John Raitt, Pat Carroll, Victor Buono,
Paul Gilbert, Linda Michele
and special guest John Carroll

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
 "My name is Victor Buono and I'm
 fat..."

OC. - a small audience laughs --- camera whip-pans to right --
 And into (whip-pan from left) --

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

VICTOR BUONO is on STAGE with a microphone in his hand. A nearby stool holds a glass with whiskey on ice and an ash tray with two butts and a lit cigarette...

He plays to a small audience...

VICTOR BUONO
 I've always been fat. I was a fat
 baby - a fat boy... and now I'm a
 fat man.

My acquaintances seldom use the
 word fat in my presence.

They feel that it would be as
 unkind as using the word drunk in
 the presence of an alcoholic and so
 they use other words...

Plump. Stout. Chubby. Big Boned...

The audience laughs. Victor takes a sip from his whiskey with
 cigarette in hand...

*Camera behind Victor. Flares from the stage lights flood
 picture...

VICTOR BUONO
 ...For a long time they said it was
 baby fat and would burn off -
 Sometime in adolescence...

But along a ~~(MORE)~~ my 30th birthday
 that particular theory bit the
 dust... because it was evident
 that it had not burned off - And
 was not about to burn off. And that
 any attempt to burn it off would
 constitute a public fire hazard.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

And I was happy to see that particular adolescence theory die anyway... at the age of 30 there's nothing more unsettling than the thought of a delayed attack of puberty...

I'm resigned to being fat.

A man in the audience chuckles a little too hard. Identifying his laughter...

VICTOR BUONO

...And I wish people would stop using euphemisms... Because... I'm fat. I'm fat. That's all there is to that...

Camera begins to slowly revolve and spin around Buono - taking on a life of it's own...

VICTOR BUONO

You might think it etiquette to say that I am "heavy set" or just big boned. You wanna bet? I'm fat. I'm fat. I'm fat.

PORTLY. CHUBBY. PLUMP. And STOUT. Everyone's a diplomat. Why not let it all hang out and go ahead and call me fat.

So, please... Don't think you're being kind by pretending to be blind. Just take a look at my physique. There's only one word: fat.

...camera spins faster and faster...

And I'm not really unhappy being fat. There are times when it's inconvenient. Such as when I'm trying to ladle myself into a theater seat... or trying to get all of me through a turn-style at one pass. (MORE) telling the lobby to tell them that the bed has broken...again.

I'm fat. It would be untruthful to deny it. It would also be impossible. Because my failing... Is my flag.

Some men can sin and conceal it.
They're bandits but no one gets
wise. When I sin my seams will
reveal it. My crime is proclaimed
by my size.

Some folks are awful and lawful.
They're loaded with loot but who'd
know it. I try and sneak in a
waffle and 5 minutes later I show
it.

The fella' who sells marijuana can
walk down the street like a saint
and his sister may seem a madonna,
but the vice squad can prove that
she 'aint.

...camera moving very fast around Buono...

Since pounds are like crimes they
can nail me on nearly 300 counts
and try me for each pound and jail
me --- I hope I'm not fined by the
ounce...

I'm guilty of imperfect diet; my
weight shows I'm pizza pie prone.

I know it's no good to deny it...
now who wants to cast the first
stone?

...camera STOPS and HOLDS on Buono's face...

Or to be a bit more blunt:
"Although my belt may not be svelte
- I've never felt disgusted. The
kind of pot that I have got will
never get me busted."

The audience laughs and applauds, claps and cheers.

Victor takes a GIANT gulp of his whiskey and signals to a
waitress...

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - DUSK

Victor is PASSED OUT on the bathroom floor (*lights in face).
He awakens to find a PICK-UP TRUCK crashed into the wall from
outside ---

He moves closer to look; the driver is an elderly man. Muddy
and bleeding from the head and mouth. Dead.

Victor looks around and outside. It is now getting dark.

He looks to the old man... a bit closer...

BEAT.

Victor confused/disturbed has a shiver...

A BLAST FROM BEHIND THE CAB of the truck shatters the BACK
WINDOW.

Victor moves back, tripping over the messy floor ---

ANOTHER BLAST, THIS TIME CLOSER, SHATTERS THE SINK/MIRROR...

Victor peers outside to see: (POV:)

An older (70s), overweight man with a shot gun. He wears a
short sleeve, white buttoned down shirt; black neck tie.
Buddy holly glasses. Grey crew cut. His pants are wet in the
front. BRISKLY WALKING DIRECTLY TOWARDS VICTOR, shot gun
pointed...

BLAST. He fires, just missing Victor as he hides behind the
remaining bathroom wall ---

Victor stands in a haste and runs all the way into the
kitchen...

Various BOOMS outside the trailer...

BEAT. SILENCE.

Victor walks to the back door. Just as he beings to exit a
BLAST blows a BIG hole in the wall.

VICTOR runs outside through the front door---

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Victor runs at least twelve feet when a noise from the MASSIVE HOLE in the trailer (bathroom) stops him in his tracks...

GRANDPA BUONO
...Victor...

...He turns to see the old man standing, bleeding, shaking --- propped up on the bed of the truck. Looking right at Victor with hand/arm extended.

Victor takes a stuttered step towards Grandpa Buono---

But before he can DO ANYTHING further, a SHOTGUN BLAST to the stomach brings GRANDPA to an exploding fall.

Victor turns to see --- the crazy over weight man is walking toward Victor; reloading the shotgun...

ROBERT ALDRICH
And on the 27th day; I come for
you!

Victor runs into the ABANDONED TRAILER. The old man chases slowly---

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Victor closes the door behind him.

BOOM. Abrupt and sudden --- various SHOT GUN BLASTS follow VICTOR as he makes his way to the back of the dark trailer.

ROOM-

Victor stands very still in the ROOM. Almost too dark to see anything.

BEAT. BEAT. BEAT.

BOOM! A shotgun blasts a hole in the dark room (street light illuminated---- back door) Victor scrambles to the door and opens it --- RUNNING---

EXT. PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Victor (heavy panting) Runs and runs and runs ---

VICTOR BUONO
 Hel- Help!

BOOM (shotgun)!

VICTOR BUONO
 Oh God please-

Victor comes to a stop... He looks around... No one to be seen.

(extend sequence*) Victor catches his breath (take time here)

CLICK. Robert has caught up to him.

He has the shot gun pointed at the back of his head.

ROBERT ALDRICH
 You turn around slowly. (*sniff*)

Victor does. He turns around very, very quietly...

Just as the man begins to speak with a face of reason "now--"

A WRINKLED HAND GRIPPING AN OLD CIVIL WAR KNIFE comes from behind and CUTS Aldrich's THROAT.

Victor is STUNNED.

ROBERT ALDRICH falls to his knees GARGLING...

This reveals an older woman (60s) with crazy wide eyes wearing a baby-doll dress. She has a bow in her curly hair and WAY too much make-up on. She stares smiling at VICTOR (not malicious) HOLDING the BLOODY, DRIPPING KNIFE in her hand...

She begins to sway side to side like a child...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
 Do you know where we are?

She giggles... and dances like a BALLERINA...

Victor looks to his left --- (30 ft.) A man stands staring at him.

He looks to his right --- (less than 20 ft.) Another man is walking around aimlessly with Victor in his sight...

Charlotte SCREAMS as her EYES TURN BLACK. She LEVITATES and violently FLIES towards VICTOR.

Victor runs towards the woods in a HORRIFIED panic---

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

...Victor runs deep into the woods. It's very dark... We hear cackling and a light buzz trailing mere yards behind him...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO(O.C.)
Victor! I will find you-

CHILDREN ON BUS (O.C.)
We're coming for you...

Something heavy flies over Victor's head, grazing the tree branches as it shoots out of the forest. Victor stops. He looks up and all around. Nothing. He moves to his left and slowly watches over his shoulder...

...Victor Breathes heavier and heavier...

VICTOR BUONO
Hel- Hello?!

Total silence...

Beat. Camera holds on a static Victor...

He slowly turns around and cautiously/frantically searches for a way out of the woods...

It gets darker and darker - Victor breathes heavier and heavier with each snapping twig...

This is a prolonged sequence* w/ Victor is scared...

VICTOR BUONO
I don't want to do this anymore-
I'm - I want to be done. Please
don't scare me. I don't want to be
frightened. Do you hear me?

Beat. Beat. Beat. Total silence.

VICTOR BUONO
I am afraid now.

Victor sniffles-

VICTOR BUONO
-I am af--

CHARLOTTE, out of nowhere, ATTACKS and jumps on his back from above...

She is laughing and inhaling deep/scratchy overly filtered breathing... Victor screams like a child and runs WITH CHARLOTTE ON HIS BACK. He attempts to slap her away and shake her off...

Victor somehow manages to drop her and runs deeper into the woods. He doesn't stop. He runs and runs and runs. Crying.

Charlotte's laughter fades...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

CU. A bar tender pours "Ancient Age" generously into a glass.

Angle, camera follows a waitress to stage as she sets down the glass of whiskey on Victor's stool...

VICTOR BUONO

To most people the idea of being fat is tragic.

He lights a cigarette...

VICTOR BUONO

(*cigarette in mouth:*) There are times when it could be tragic if I allowed it to be...

...he takes the cigarette out of his mouth and exhales...

VICTOR BUONO

...Such as when one is at the beach and one hears a childish voice sing out, "Mama, look! A man with titties!"

The audience laughs very hard...

VICTOR BUONO

A thing like ~~(MORE)~~ can... Crimp one's day... If one doesn't filter these things through the gauss of mirth.

Consider we pray: that if the lord had intended man to be thin; he would not have given us pizza.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

That it is far more blessed to
spread than to recede. That man
lives not by whole wheat bread
alone. But also by the mayonnaise
and salami on top of it.

And to you our fellow fatties, our
bulbous brethren... we say
arise!.... If you can.... This is
the time of revolution.

And we are revolting. We few...
We... We happy, hippy few... Must
stand shoulder--- hip to hip...

And relentlessly pursue the
"Metrecal for Lunch" bunch and the
"I-Lean" feather freaks... The diet
Pepsi degeneration... And the rye
crisp creeps and line 'em up
against a wall and MAKE 'EM EAT
CAKE!

Using Twiggy as a fork --- yeah,
Twiggy... That prime a pinched
personification of the devaluation
of the pound...

And then we will turn on the makers
of bar stools and bicycle seats and
pay them back for years of
discrimination; for decades of
turning the other cheek.

Not so much for the sake of
revenge.... As for the sake of
posteriori of posterity. And all
these above we do highly resolve to
accomplish.

And every American home will have a
"Ruben's Woman" over the fireplace.
Sebastian Cabot shall be president.
And Danish Modern shall parish...
from the earth.

The audience claps. Laughs. Camera HOLDS on Victor as he sips
his drink and toasts the audience...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark. Heavy breathing...

Victor comes to lights---

He jumps out of the trees and into a long empty field, but does not stop running---

Camera counters with him until he comes to a physical STOP.

He grabs his knees for breath*...

Heavy, heavy breathing...

Victor looks up to see-

He is back at GRANDMA'S TRAILER. It's a mess. Nobody in sight. Silent.

He stands - still out of breath, holding side... He enters the trailer to a slow walk.

Angle, Grandma's grave.

INT. TRAILER - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angle, through mirror.

Victor hangs over the sink OUT OF BREATH. Shower behind him. He is filthy and disheveled. He touches his forehead and spits into the sink. Cries a little. He can barely fit in between the SINK and the TRUCK...

VICTOR BUONO
...you've been selected out of
hundreds of qualified married
couples... to join us.... I'm fat-

Victor looks around. The truck is still there, but the old man is GONE. He sticks his head out of the trailer...

VICTOR'S POV: (OS trailer...)
...Nothing. Very quiet...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
-I'm fat.

OUT OF NOWHERE: The shower faucet SWITCHES ON*. This time VERY VERY LOUD.

Victor jumps/startled. He turns to shut it off and opens the shower curtain when CHARLOTTE, wide eyed and covered in mud, rockets OUT OF THE SHOWER SCREAMING w/ laughter. ATTACKING.

Victor runs out of the bathroom and shuts the door---

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (O.S.)
(*taunting*) You can't leave...

---as Victor runs,

He barely sees out of a mirky window (1/2 second):

OVER 30 PEOPLE OUTSIDE walking/running up to the trailer...

Victor trips over a stack of newspapers. They slide forward. He falls, hitting his head on a toaster*, and lands face down on the front page of a newspaper...

Scratches/laughing from inside bathroom*

Victor raises his head as the newspaper catches his eye.

CU. - Victor. Horrified.

CU. - Faint moon light highlights a picture/headline on the yellowed/coffee stained paper...

A picture of VICTOR with an obituary...

"ACTOR VICTOR BUONO DEAD AT 43."

Victor, wobbly, stands panting... he covers his mouth...

VICTOR BUONO
Oh no - oh no - oh - oh

He pukes. Shadows can be seen and whispers can be heard from the people outside...

The bathroom door EXPLODES open. Victor, red eyed and pissed grabs a shotgun from behind the old couch and points it toward the bathroom...

Angle, bathroom.

Charlotte saunters out - startled when she sees the shotgun pointed at her...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
Vic---

BOOM! Victor SHOOTS her in the STOMACH. She is BLOWN straight through grandma's bedroom door and into the darkness...

Beat. Silence.

Victor bends down to pick up the paper and reads further...

*Various close-ups of obituary.

CU. - Kitchen drawer. Victor opens a junk drawer and takes out shotgun rounds to put in his pocket.

He walks over to CHARLOTTE'S body and stands over her. He lightly kicks her foot. She's dead. Eyes wide and creepy.

*Extended shot - Victor bends down and looks at her. He stands and walks away. HOLD.

The trailer begins to shake VIGOROUSLY...

CU. - Victor. He instinctively points the shotgun to CHARLOTTE. She has not moved.

The MOBILE HOME is then TOPPLED over on it's side in seconds.

Victor goes flying into the wall/ceiling, dropping the shotgun. It goes off --- BLASTING an upside down/falling TV.

Charlotte's dead body, like a rag doll, flies forward and lands directly on Victor. Blood pours on his face from her massive shotgun wound...

AGAIN, the trailer is flipped over...

CU. Window. The wooden cross on grandma's grave SMASHES through it and shatters the glass---

Victor's arm get's cut up---

BEAT. The two are thrown around side to side. Victor attempts to stand-

AGAIN- the trailer rolls. This time it keeps rolling...

We cannot exactly make out what we are seeing- it's a big mess. Everything in the home at one point is airborne. VERY LOUD.

Angle, Victor's POV:

A quick shot through a cracked/dirty window. The street light highlights a figure standing outside of the home giving the trailer another push. (A huge red-headed man in a butcher's outfit.)

UNTIL it is completely demolished. Torn to pieces.

WS. Demolished trailer.

Beat. Silence. A small fire breaks out in the wreckage.

Angle, Victor. He is, once again, down. Beside his head is the framed PICTURE* in the open suit case. (*Camera pushes in...*)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Victor on stage. He unfolds a sheet of paper in his hand... He takes a sip from his drink...

VICTOR BUONO

Here's some skinny poems for fat lovers...

A man in the audience says something very loud to the woman he is sitting with. Victor looks at him and smiles, nervously...

VICTOR BUONO

I see her now beside the fountain.
(beat). We met beside the hanger
and flew away to heaven.

She's my little Hindenburg and I'm
her seven-forty-seven.

The audience laughs..(MORE)

VICTOR BUONO

You can laugh. Go ahead. Some of
the things you skinny people call
your "Low Cal Lovelies" are just as
funny... "Pussy cat, bunny rabbit".

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

Some men call the girl they love
their chickadee or turtledove and
other such foul names I find
revolting.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY (MOS.)

Victor stands alone on a long road surrounded by trees. In
the distance is another person walking up to Victor...

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)

The things that names like these
suggest dine on bugs and live in
nests... and scratch for worms,
when they're not busy moulting.

As the person gets closer; we see it is a female...

CUT TO:

VICTOR BUONO

And pussycats and bunny rabbits
have distressing social habits;
lambs and ducks are sweet, but
spoil the lawn.

But I'm not one to criticize 'cause
lovers see through filtered eyes:
If they dig pink eyes, fangs, and
fleas, right on!

My sweetheart's not like all the
rest, she much more like the things
I like the best...

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY (MOS.)

Victor stands in the road. The woman is closer now and
crying. She carries a ~~(MORE)~~ make-up bag. This is the woman
from the PICTURE*.

VICTOR BUONO (O.S.)

She's my brisket of beauty, my
pretty pink parfait, my tenderloin
of tenderness, my passionate pate.
My canape, cafe au lait.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

My crown rib roast so regal, my
barbecue, and fondue too, my hash,
the kind that's legal...

Victor mouths the words, "Where were you?" -- as he hugs her.
She's beautiful, but flawed.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE

The audience laughs...

VICTOR BUONO

My sweetheart's not at all like all
the rest, she's much more like the
things I like the best.

...the man in the front row is hammered/glassy-eyed and pushy
with his laughter... Victor smiles - annoyed... sips his
drink...

VICTOR BUONO

Her mouth is like a cherry, small
and sweet - her cheeks are apples,
firm and fresh and red. In her
complexion cream and peaches meet.

My tootsie has a tutti-fruity head.
She's as peaceful as a pickle and
as rich as pumpernickel, and as
happy as salami;

She's my hot pastrami mommy. Heaven
sent me as her lover 'cause there's
just so darn much of her.

Victor pause for laugh - nothing...

VICTOR BUONO

She's my manna a la mode sent from
above. Together we're an automat of
love.

CU. Victor's forehead - sweating...

VICTOR BUONO

My sweetheart's not all like the
rest. She's exactly like the things
I like the best.

More laughing. More drinking. The man in the front claps
obnoxiously. Let's out a "WOO!" Victor bends down...

VICTOR BUONO
We're recording. Sir, if you
please. (beat) Just - let's be...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Victor stands. He is cut up and unstable. Puke, dirt and blood cover him. (muddy)

He looks around.

Victor's POV: (shaky) SHOTGUN.

He walks over and picks it up. BEAT. He stands motionless. He takes a cigarette out of his pocket and lights it up. A noise from behind gets his attention. He turns to see ---

The old man from the TRUCK is barely standing with a horrible wound to the stomach. MUDDY. He has one arm is extended and the other held to the wound...

GRANDPA BUONO
...Vick. Listen to me (*smacks*),
Vick...

Victor, DISORIENTED, steps toward the old man...

VICTOR BUONO
Grandpa - it's alright. We're
getting out of here. Y'know? -
we're going home now.

Beat. The old man lets go of his wound and stands straight. His face DISTORTS to a malicious, evil grin...

The FIRE grows and spreads. A nondescript wall comes to a crashing fall, making a loud blast. FLAMES.

GRANDPA BUONO
...this *is* home...

The old man takes an aged PISTOL out of his pocket and POINTS IT AT VICTOR with a roar---

VICTOR BUONO
No - No - No - Don't ---

Victor instinctively FIRES his shotgun first at the old man. He falls to the ground...

Before Victor can process what he has just done---

A woman that looks like a 50s HOUSEWIFE attacks him with a flaming piece of rotting lumber -

She hits him in the back and brings him to his knees...

The PICK-UP TRUCK from the BATHROOM/TRAILER rolls back AND OUT OF THE WALL of FIRE. RED HOT aluminum siding attached to grill...

TRUCK RADIO
*"...never had schoolin' but it
 taught me well - with his smooth
 southern style..."*

...speeding backwards; HEADED STRAIGHT for Victor and the HOUSEWIFE ---

Victor quickly rolls left; avoiding truck's path...

TRUCK RADIO
*..."three months later I'm a gal in
 trouble and I haven't seen him for
 a while"...*

The truck RUNS OVER the housewife and continues to roll with her ATTACHED... speeding backwards ALL THE WAY into the woods...

Beat.

A nondescript person/man in a green suit runs towards Victor...

Victor slings the end of his shotgun into the man's face... the man falls...

Victor calmly walks over to GRANDMA'S BUICK and gets in.

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Angle, Backseat. Victor starts the car, backs up and drives down the dark, dirt road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Angle, (Optically zoomed) Victor on stage... (*Following his path*)...

VICTOR BUONO

America. Hear my words and
tremble... Lard Lib is at hand.

Paradise was very nice for Adam and
his madam until they filched the
fruit and took the fall.

We lost our place and fell from
grace and you can bet we can't
forget that eating is the oldest
sin of all.

Since man first fell; they made
life hell for folks who tend to
make things bend -- and I for one,
or two, can take no more!

I sound the call for fat folk all
to follow me to liberty I hold the
lamp beside the kitchen door - too
long have we been forced to be the
slap sticks of society --- to long
have we drunk tab while they drink
wine --

Our cause may seem a hopeless
dream, but faith and pride are on
our side...

Our acids may be fatty, but we're
fine. The time is now and we must
vow to take our place with in our
race and sound our horns and let
our banners flutter...

Being thin is where it's been, but
being fat is where it's at -
forward fellow fatties --- *pass the
butter.*

The audience laughs/Victor clears his throat...

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - NIGHT

Angle, profile. Victor speeds down the road in a BIZARRE
PANIC.

Victor's POV:

As he speeds down the road --- CHARLOTTE stares at him from a ditch. Barely lit by the old, faded beams...

Angle, Rearview mirror --- Victor sees her running fast from the ditch to the road...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Angle, from beyond back windshield --- two feet draped with lace lightly SLOWLY drop into frame from above...

Angle, Victor. Worried. He speeds...

A THUD is heard on the roof of the Buick.

Angle, break lights shine.

Victor quickly pulls into a nearby gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Victor frantically BOMBS into the store and sees the foreign clerk stocking cigarettes behind the counter. He pleads...

VICTOR BUONO
Please; you ---

The clerk turns around... It's CHARLOTTE LUCERO'S grinning FACE on the FOREIGN MAN'S BODY/HEAD.

She hops over the counter and chases Victor as he makes a mad dash out the door...

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

He runs to the side of the station where parked;

And is instantly hit over the head with a large piece of lumber...

He falls to the ground.

Victor's POV: BUICK.

He scrambles to the car and opens the passenger side door. He takes out the shotgun.

Camera (shaky) counters with Victor as he loads the shotgun with the shells in his pocket....

*He drops the ring, quickly picks it up and places it back in his pocket...

Angle, store. Charlotte exits -- girl still dancing in background...

She dances to the side/back of the gas station...

She looks at VICTOR. He is waiting with the shotgun pointed at her...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO
If you shoot me I will just come
back... Bigger. Stronger. Angrier.

VICTOR BUONO
Yeah, but I can buy some time this
way.

BOOM! Victor blasts Charlotte with the shotgun. The blast is loud and echoes with vibration.

Beat.

Victor walks to the BUICK'S truck and opens it. He places the shotgun in and walks to the driver's side door...

CHARLOTTE'S BODY begins to move.

It quickly crawls into a nearby dumpster...

Victor, unaware, gets into the Buick and starts up the car.

Victor's POV:

The nearby dumpster's FLAP opens and slams very quickly...

He looks to see; CHARLOTTE'S body is gone.

Beat.

The dumpster pops/explodes and lands on it's side. Smoke flows like fog...

A BEASTLY 8 ft. Man in a BUTCHER'S APRON crawls out and stands. He looks directly at Victor...

Victor throws the car in reverse and speeds away out of the gas station parking lot...

The MAD BUTCHER chases the car on foot. He can be clearly seen keeping up with the car...

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Victor speeds down the dirt road, easily 60 m.p.h., and looks to his rear view mirror ---

Victor's POV: Mirror - the Mad Butcher is a mere 20 feet behind. Barely detectable by TAIL LIGHTS.

CU. Victor. Panic. "Oh God... Oh God..."

There is a rattle/shaking from the trunk...

The BACK SEATS fall down and Lucero jumps at Victor out of nowhere - Victor fights with Lucero/Drives -

EXT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

The car SWERVES, tires go a bit off road...

INT. GRANDMA'S BUICK - CONTINUOUS

As Victor fights Lucero - it becomes clear that, although clearly Charlotte Lucero, she is different. Taller. More masculine...

Angle, Mirror... The Mad Butcher continues to pursue the Buick at an unbelievable rate of speed. Getting closer. Growling...

Angle, Victor and Lucero - continue to fight. Car continues to negotiate the road and increase in speed -

Victor manually rolls down the window where Lucero's feet kick and scratch...

He attempts to operate the car with his thighs while freeing his hands to pull Lucero's masculine body forward and OUT OF THE WINDOW.

With a fight - Lucero clings to the car LAUGHING.

Victor pushes her COMPLETELY out of the car with one plunge.

Angle, Mirror. The Mad Butcher is struck by Lucero's flailing body and PUMMELED by the velocity. The two are lost in the mirror and quickly turn into a cloud of dust from the dirt road.

Victor flips his head around; lets out a nervous/unexplained GIGGLE and accelerates in speed...

Victor looks forward. Very happy. But shaking.

Victor's POV: Dirt Road. At 70 m.p.h.

Angle, from backseat (*HOLD until noted**). Victor breathes heavily. Regains his composure. Lets out a few nervous laughs.

He continues to drive very fast. (*prolonged sequence**) Plays music (*Ronnettes*), eats french fries still in car from burger lunch.

Victor bends down to grab something from the backseat floor board...

WITHOUT WARNING. The Buick hits SOMEONE standing in the middle of the ROAD. At this speed and angle it is hard to detect any appearance other than a white dress and a bow in curly hair...

The Buick PLUNGES to the right and INTO THE WOODS surrounding the dirt road. DEEPER and DEEPER into the woods...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Victor is on stage. He is sweating...

VICTOR BUONO

Ballet. I've never done ballet. I gave it up when my tailor told me the only way he could think of rigging up a pair of tights would be to cut arm holes in the whale skin.

(MORE)

On that day when I slim down to 300 pounds... Oh, I'll do so many things. But until then... I must dream.

Someday when I'm skinny and can tie my shoes with ease.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

I'll do great things and visit
great new places.

I'll contemplate that strange new
world that lies below my knees.

I'll roller skate and ride a horse
in races. I could be a jockey right
now... But my horse is in need of a
truss. And you can't get good odds
if you're riding a cow... And how
do you saddle a bus?

I'll eat Danish pastry with no
sense of guilt. My seams will stay
sewn and my collars won't wilt.
I'll hop aboard airplanes and not
have to mention my need for an
eighteen inch seat belt extension.

Or I may work it out so my body
gets thin while head becomes
terribly fat. I could certainly be
a vice president then and I hope he
can't sue me for that.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC POOL - DAY (MOS.)

Victor sits on the edge of a public pool with his shirt on.
He has his feet in the water.

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)

...I'll swim in the ocean! I can't
now you see -- cause I'm always
attacked by a boat load of kooks
yelling, "Ahab was right! He's as
white as can be!" As they hurl
their harpoons at my flukes...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY (MOS.)

Victor briskly walks past two young, staring children...

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
 ...I'll pass groups of kids and
 delight in their playing and not
 have to pretend I can't hear what
 they're saying...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT (MOS.)

Victor's in the shower crying hysterically under the water...

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
 ...I'll jump in a bathtub that's
 filled to the top and not have to
 fear that the water will slop. I'm
 too big for most bathtubs you see --
 - there's just enough room, if I'm
 luck, for a half pint of water and
 me; but no room for soap or my
 ducky...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - STAGE - NIGHT

VICTOR BUONO (O.C.)
 I'll get me some sneakers - I'll go
 in for sports. Skydiver, short stop
 --- an all around first stringer.
 I'll terrorize the coliseums,
 canvas mats and courts --- I'll be
 a famous quarter back - like...
 What's his name? The swinger....

I'll have a series on channel one:
 Metrecal brings you "The Flying
 Bun"...

I'll... I'll win golden medals and
 trophies of bronze... for skiing
 and driving a car at Le Mans.

Once I went (MORE)
 on Thanksgiving
 day down a slope in Vermont. It was
 snowing. I made it to Montana by
 the 17th of May. And If I hadn't
 hit that moose I'd still be going.

And racing cars is out of bounds
 for people who are stout.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

I'm too big to make the Mesrati scene. And to fit me in a Fiat is impossible to do without a shoe horn and a case of Vaseline.

Yeah..... Someday I'll be skinny and I'll have a lot of fun. I'll live on Cyclamates and cottage cheese... But now I see the waiter has my Baked Alaska done. Set it here and fetch another if you please.

Victor takes down whiskey like a champ...

Drinking and laughing. Smoking. Sweating...

Angle, crowd. Waiters and waitresses comb the aisles...

VICTOR BUONO

I think that I shall never see... My feet. I think it only proper to end this portion of our discussion with a prayer.

Lord, My soul is ripped with riot incited by my wicked diet.

"We Are What We Eat," said a wise old man! And, Lord, if that's true, I'm a garbage can.

I want to rise on Judgment Day, that's plain! But at my present weight, I'll need a crane. So grant me strength, that I may not fall into the clutches of cholesterol.

May my flesh with carrot-curls be sated, that my soul may be polyunsaturated And show me the light, that I may bear witness to the President's Council on Physical Fitness.

And at oleo(MORE)ine I'll never mutter, for the road to Hell is spread with butter.

And cream is cursed; and cake is awful; and Satan is hiding in every waffle.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

Mephistopheles lurks in provolone;
the Devil is in each slice of
baloney, Beelzebub is a chocolate
drop, and Lucifer is a lollipop.

Give me this day my daily slice
but, cut it thin and toast it
twice.

I beg upon my dimpled knees,
deliver me from jujubes. And when
my days of trial are done, and my
war with malted milk is won, Let me
stand with the Saints in Heaven
In a shining robe -- size 37.

I can do it Lord, If You'll show to
me, the virtues of lettuce and
celery.

If You'll teach me the evil of
mayonnaise, of pasta a la Milanese
Potatoes a la lyonnaise and crisp-
fried chicken from the South. Lord,
if you love me, shut my mouth.

Crowd really likes this one. Victor drinks.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Buick is at a stand still in the middle of the woods.
Victor gets out of the car and looks around. It's very dark.
He walks forward and comes to an orange light...

Emerging from the woods it becomes clear. Victor is back at
the TRAILER. The orange light is a large fire that was once
his grandmother's mobile home. The second home still stands
unscathed...

He walks to the middle of the two trailers.

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The sight is flaming and now very muddy.

As he stands to look at the demolished home; MUDDY PEOPLE
stagger up to Victor with hands extended. He looks around on
the ground and sees an ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT with the name
JACKHAMMER factory labeled on the shaft of the bat. He picks
it up...

The MUDDY PEOPLE get closer and closer. Illuminated by distant flames and the street light...

Victor is in the middle of over fifty people attacking him. He swings The Jackhammer left and right picking off each person. The blows get harder and harder...

Victor notices that the majority of the ATTACKERS are blinded by mud. As it is cover a lot of their faces.

He manages to escape the crowd and runs past more attacking, muddy people...

Victor's POV: (shaky camera) The second trailer still stands. He runs all the way to the back of it...

Victor, out of breath, leans against the home. He looks down and sees a flash light -- he picks it up. Turns it on. The beam is low and fading. He quickly switches it off.

Rustling and whispering can be heard along with slight footsteps in the creaky trailer... the mildewed floor boards could crack at any minute...

Victor moves slowly to a nearby window and peeks in ---

Victor's POV: Angle, trough window...

The trailer is very dark. Flames and the crowd of people can be seen through the large shotgun holes from ALDRICH...

Victor moves down, crouching, along side the trailer. He stops at second window. This one is cracked and yellowed*.

Victor's POV: Angle, trough second window...

Distorted from the yellow window --- flames/crowd through holes... And a SLEW of attackers walking single file out of a closet* door. As he watches; easily 12 people walk out of the closet within 4 seconds. And they keep coming...

Angle, Victor. He bends back down, then quickly looks to see where they are all going ---

Angle, through window. The attackers appear to be exiting the trailer through a side door near the kitchen. They walk aimlessly. The moonlight reveals: they are all cover in mud.

Victor hears more whispering...

Beat. He bends down, props The Jackhammer against the trailer and comes to his knees.

Victor stops cold as he hears his name in the faint whispers.

At the bottom of the trailer, on the aluminum skirting is a rectangular opening --- obviously unfinished or a missing piece; as it is perfectly removed and indented slightly on each side...

Victor grabs the flash light and PEERS INTO THE DARKNESS under the trailer. The fading bulb of the flashlight reveals stacks of decaying cinder blocks propping the home up... the rest is clear space, dirt, dead grass and spider webs...

Angle, Victor. He moves aud. right; shines the light directly into the camera --- washing out the frame with the browning bulb...

Victor's POV: flashlight moving slight left to reveal---

A bulging puddle of mud in the center of the clear space. Easily 8 feet in diameter. Alongside the puddle are steps made from scrap pieces of lumber, aluminum siding/skirt etc.

...Countless people emerge FROM THE PUDDLE, up the steps and into the trailer through the closet*...

Victor quickly turns off the flashlight.

He has a slight panic attack. Composing himself.

The crowd on the other side of the trailer gets louder and louder as they grow in numbers by the second.

Victor breathes heavier and heavier...

He pukes on dead grass. Attempting to be silent...

Beat. He regains his composure... and peers back into the dark hole...

He switches back on the flash light. It's BRIGHTER.

A being flops out of the puddle and clings to the side. It struggles to pull itself up and sits alongside the hole; wiping mud from it's face and eyes...

Near the puddle is a PILE of nondescript cloth. Very large. Covered in cob webs. The being grabs what appears to be a medium sized bow from the mound and ties it in it's matted, greasy hair...

As it does this --- it becomes very clear that this is LUCERO. Or at least "A" LUCERO. As this one appears to be shorter, fatter and more Spanish...

Angle, Victor. He BUMPS The Jackhammer --- it skids down the trailer, scraping the wall, and makes a loud ping noise as it falls to ground. VERY LOUD.

Victor QUICKLY flips to see; he realizes the bat has fallen on a HEAP of washers from past construction...

---He flips the flashlight back to the darkness...

LUCERO SLOWLY TURNS HER HEAD TOWARDS THE FADING LIGHT.

Without missing a beat --- Lucero crawls FAST and VIOLENTLY towards VICTOR. He drops the near dead flashlight and runs as fast as he can in the opposite direction...

...this direction has a mid-slant* --- at the speed Victor has began; he FALLS to his face on a ABANDONED COFFEE TABLE* missing a leg. He releases a breath of pain, but has no time to feel --- CHARLOTTE LUCERO is on his tail.

He hops up with a limp and runs for the woods in a panic---

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

---screaming and crying out for mercy. Lucero, mere yards behind him, laughs with a "Muttley" rasp/cackle...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (O.C.)
Se Buono dio con la rodilla en la
mesa! Ha Ha Ha!!!

Victor runs for a bit and stops as it gets very silent...

Beat.

...Victor sniffles a breathy post crying-jag...

He looks up to a large tree.

Beat. He tries to climb it to no avail...

Victor gathers piles of leaves, twigs, branches - what ever he can get his hands on. He sits alongside the tree and proceeds to cover himself in the brush. He sits. Covered. Horrified.

Beat.

Victor's POV: Woods. Very quiet and still. Just as he regains his composure...

The squatty Charlotte Lucero prances forward...

She is dancing and swaying from side to side illuminated by moon light. Her words becomes VIOLENT. Her voice is deep like an old man and DEMONIC...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
Yo le encontraré! Yo le encontraré!
Cuándo yo le encuentro hago tara el
corazón fuera de su hoyo de asno y
violo a su abuela muerta usted
grasa jode! Yo le encontraré...
usted no puede esconder de mí. El
fuego en la montaña corre a chicos
corren. El Diablo en casa del sol
creciente...

She laughs...

CU. Victor's eyes are buried in the brush. Horrified.

...She repeats one phrase to the tune of a song...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
¿Qué Sucedió Jamás al Victor Buono?
¿Dónde hizo esa grasa a chico
pequeño va? ¿Qué Sucedió Jamás al
Victor Buono?

She begins to dance like a child to her song...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
...Querría decir que hacemos bueno
para siempre en tejanos. El dinero
habla pero no puede bailar y no
puede andar querría decir que
hacemos bueno para siempre en bebé
de tejanos...

Slow optical zoom:

CU. Victor. He is covered in brush. Barely visible...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
¿Qué Sucedió Jamás al Victor Buono?
¿Dónde hizo esa grasa a chico
pequeño va? ¿Qué Sucedió Jamás al
Victor Buono?

ECU. Victor's eyes. They widen.

Charlotte Lucero turns and looks directly at VICTOR...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
Allí él es! Allí él es! Hahaha!

She points and hops up and down - not unlike a child...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
Allí él es! Allí él es! Allí él
es! Ahora haré las cosas que
prometo. El Estrangulador chupó.
Usted putea!

She LEVITATES towards Victor. He scampers to a stance and panics for a direction to run...

Lucero jumps on his back and begins to slap/bite/scratch -- all around attack him in every way possible...

CU. Victor's face.

In an attempt to slap her off of his back - SHE BITES OFF HIS THUMB. Victor lets out a chilling SCREAM. Charlotte spits his thumb on to the ground...

Victor, in a fury, backs up into a tree - dropping Lucero to the ground laughing hard...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
...Una mañana que nuestros padres
nos patearon fuera de nuestra cama
nosotros pasamos una vacaciones...

Her cackle becomes a buzz not unlike a swarm of bees...

Victor looks from side to side... finds his thumb and shoves it in his pocket...

CHARLOTTE LUCERO (CONT'D)
Nosotros LOS gonna llamamos
llamamos un dong para una
vacaciones. ¡Qué bien! Usted
encontró el pulgar. A malo no hay
médicos en el purgatorio de
reconectarlo. Hahaha!

Victor lifts a GIANT tree branch and proceeds to SMASH it into LUCERO'S FACE. Over and over and over...

Beat. He drops the bloody tree branch; now soaked in blood and revealing beneath it's soaked bark...

Beat.

Victor sits back down near the tree. He pulls a folded hanky from his breast pocket and wraps it around his thumbless left hand... very tight...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Victor trudges through the woods. He stops cold in his tracks and stands for a moment. Helpless and shaking...

The ATTACKERS can be heard all around him as we are getting closer to the sight...

Beat. He begins to sob...

VICTOR BUONO

Please... Please... Help me... I can't get through this - what ever this is... I'm scared... Do you - show me mercy and - and forgive my life of... Sin. Regret. (beat) But I don't believe that I have ever sinned *with* regret *without* regretting it...

Beat. Victor quickly takes a pad of paper and pen out of his pocket and jots this down...

Victor looks forward up to see the table he tripped on moments earlier. He wipes the tears from his dirty face and moves closer to it ---

CU. Table. 52" Diameter. Three legs. One missing.

Victor rips off each leg from the weather beaten table.

An ATTACKER runs violently and screams towards him---

---Victor calmly lifts one of the heavy table leg and SMASHES it into his face HARD. The ATTACKER is instantly down...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Victor rolls the large table up the mid-slant* with the legs held under his arm...

He comes to a stop at the OPENING behind the second trailer. He sets the table down and takes a deep breath. He peeks into the window of the trailer ---

Victor's POV: the Attackers are filing out of the closet in larger droves...

Beat.

Victor comes to his knees and grabs the flashlight. Turns in on. It's bright. He quickly turns it off, opens it up and switches the batteries around...

Angle, from HOLE UNDER TRAILER. Victor grabs the sheet of aluminum skirting from the right side of the hole and pulls. It won't come off... he digs dirt from each side to quietly slide it from it's place. He does this with one more sheet of skirting and positions the TABLE TOP just before the expanded hole...

Victor grabs a table leg, the flash light and begins to CRAWL into the HOLE UNDER THE TRAILER --- pushing the table into the darkness...

As Victor crawls --- he turns on the flashlight... it's a lot dirtier and more confined than it looked from the outside... Victor breathes heavy and clouds of dirt form from the movement.

Beat. He stops for a breath and turns off the flashlight.

We hear moving, rustling...

Victor turns the light back on to see: the pile of clothing next to the puddle is closer...

He points the flashlight forward to see ATTACKERS emerging from the puddle and going up the stairs. They look very human.

VICTOR BUONO
(under his breath) Oh Jesus. Okay.
Okay. Okay - alright...

He looks behind to see his way out is farther away now...

WITH OUT WARNING: A HIGH PITCH SCREAM/AN ATTACKER IMMEDIATELY IN VICTOR'S FACE ---

The being is MUDDY and OLD --- the mud appears to temporarily restrict the Attacker's vision;

as it is flat-out wiping the dirt from it's eyes - Victor SLINGS the table leg forward and JABS it in the ATTACKER'S face repeatedly... Bringing it to a twitching fall...

Beat. Victor is fearful to look forward. When he does. He sees that there is NOBODY coming out of the puddle...

Then it starts again... at least 6 people emerge from the puddle and up the stairs. Some instinctively grab clothing from the pile. Some don't...

They stop coming up for a moment...

Victor moves closer. Dragging the table top...

Again, it starts back up with faint moan. Around 6 people pop out of the puddle and up the stairs... one by one.

Beat. Nothing. They stop coming up...

Victor moves closer and STOPS, this time anticipating the RISE of Attackers... With a brief delay --- 6 more beings materialize from the puddle...

...it stops again. This time Victor moves faster towards the hole --- getting closer and closer...

An Attacker pops out of the pool holding TWO FEET. He ROCKETS up the stairs; dragging a second screaming attacker by it's feet. The second attacker manages to break free from the first one's grasp and crawl back into the mud/hole... 10, maybe 15 beings emerge from the puddle this time. Victor is face to face with this... his eyes closed.

Beat. They stop once more and with no time to waste Victor HEAVES the TABLE TOP onto the HOLE. Covering the entire PUDDLE.

Victor scrambles to find the TABLE LEG - he grabs it and props it between the table and the trailer --- wedging the table top from being lifted or moved.

Beat.

Victor moves back slowly. A couple of THUDS come from under the table and puddle ---

CU. Victor's face. Horrified...

Suddenly; the previous (twitching) attacker grabs Victor with a high pitch scream --- Victor fights back; they roll on the ground - all the while; the table top is rising up and down and shaking loose from the...

The two roll. Kicking up dirt. UNTIL the being looks at Victor with utter shock and fear... It moves back and cowers like a puppy... the two exchange looks. It calmly crawls out from underneath the trailer and through the opening from the skirting...

Beat. Victor looks to his left; the table top is shaking, and moving from the underneath. Thuds and moans. The leg will not last long here.

Victor crawls to the table and SITS ON TOP OF IT. The noises remain, but Victor's weight more than sustains the movement.

Beat. Victor takes a nervous, post crying breath...

The table rocks a little... Victor looks up at the muddy stairs and into the trailer...

Beat. THE TABLE TOP BREAKS IN HALF. Victor falls and sinks into the puddle with a loud bellow as the Attackers pull him in and continue to crawl out of the hole...

Victor is gone. The Attackers, at top speed, race to get out of the black, muddy hole and up the stairs....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

CU. Victor gulps down a drink. A waitress sets another glass on the nearby stool.

VICTOR BUONO

Recently I went to the Scripts Clinic in La Hoya. Where for one full week I was completely and relentlessly examined. And released having been told I am healthy as an ox...

While I was there they put me on a 600 calorie a day diet. And that is very hard. Running all of this on 600 calories a day is like is like running the (MORE) Elizabeth on two pints of polyunsaturated salad oil per day.

But I did it and I lost weight. When I was nervous and agitated I went for walks on the beach in front of the clinic.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

La Hoya's quite near the San Andreas Fault. Perhaps the thought of me going into the DT's blew their minds.

Once I turned a Sommer Sault quite near the San Andreas fault. Later when I nursed my knee a telegram arrived for me -- the message part said cool it Victor.... The signature read Dr. Ricktor.

At... At any weight.... I... I enjoyed the walks on the beach in front of the clinic... And I wasn't tempted to stop at any of the Hot Dog stands or the ice cream stands because I've got character... and the clinic's got a sniper on the roof .

This time it was easier. But how many times in the past have I gone into my doctor's office like a naughty child entering church?

Bless me Doctor. I have sinned. Since seeing you last week, the spirit had the will to win but, oh, the Flesh was weak.

You warned me that I must deprive my appetites, and somehow strive to conquer these compulsive drives to eat which now obsess me.

You told me all the foods to ban. You gave me pills to aid the plan. I still outweigh my own sedan. And so I must confess - me.

On Monday, I awoke at eight determined to reduce my weight, dry toast and ~~(MORE)~~ all I ate.

Then Satan came to test me. The pills had made me feel so great I felt I ought to celebrate... I made french toast and licked the plate. Bless me, doctor, bless me.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

On Tuesday as I lay in bed I still
had sixty pounds to shed, but the
thoughts of cheesecake filled my
head and started to enslave me.
"The Devil can't trick me," I said,
"I want the cheesecake, but instead
I'll eat two loaves of diet bread!"
Save me, doctor, save me.

On Wednesday I went quite insane:
At eight I switched on Jack
LaLanne, by nine I was a knot of
pain; then Satan came to snare me.
By ten I couldn't stand the strain,
I dialed a famous chicken chain,
"Send two with malts and three more
plain!". Spare me, Colonel, spare
me.

But Thursday brought the worst
disgrace: On Thursday... I was very
base; I looked the Devil in the
face - I should have known he'd
trap me. I got into a kind of race
which I soon won with easy grace.
The race was in a pizza place -
Slap me, someone, slap me.

And now it's Friday and I'm back, a
saturated cul de sac, a hopeless
munchomaniac, but nothing can
suppress me. So put some fresh
pills in my sack, I'm ready for the
fiend's attack; But while I wait
I'll have a snack - Pass the bread,
if you please. And bless me...

The crowd claps and laughs. Victor Smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

ECU. - Victor's face. Covered in mud. Eyes sealed.
Illuminated by fire. Loud moaning, screams, roars and
laughter can be heard...

His eyes open slowly. He looks to his left. He looks to his
right...

As he begins to stand; camera pulls back:

Victor's shirt and jacket have been removed, revealing his horribly out of shape midsection...

Camera slowly revolves around Victor... pulling away farther and farther....

HUNDREDS of ATTACKERS surround him. A LARGE Gladiator style ARENA has been build out of CARDBOARD and DEBRIS from the wreckage. It's MASSIVE. FIRE EVERYWHERE. The attackers hold torches and various makeshift weapons. Growling and hollering.

He looks left...

The second mobile home still stands.

Victor looks down to the ground and sees The JACKHAMMER. He picks it up quickly ---

A muddy being runs forward screaming - VICTOR SMASHES HIM IN THE FACE with the bat.

Another Attacker holding a torch approaches from his left; Victor turns and DROPS THE JACKHAMMER - He grabs the attacker by the head and breaks his neck. Victor catches the attacker's falling torch and holds it forward as dozens of muddy attackers surround him...

Victor growls at the beings as if talking to an unruly dog.

VICTOR BUONO

Back off! Just- Get back! Back!
Bah! G'Bah!

Victor continues to fight off the attackers to make his way into the second trailer --- walking backwards.

Victor opens the front door and quickly gets inside--- He trips and lands on his back in the middle of the doorway. Legs hanging over the edge of the stairs. He kicks off a few ravenous attackers and shuts/locks the door...

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

He makes his way to the back of the trailer and reaches a bathroom - rumbles and shakes can be heard from outside the trailer. Victor walk back to the front of the trailer and sees the giant crowd outside...

Beat. Victor stands still for a moment. Out of breath.

A slight noise from the back of the trailer becomes audible...

Beat. Victor stands still...

He reaches for a large cut of rotting lumber on the floor - picks it up and holds it for defense as the noise works it's way down the creaky hallway ---

A light cough is heard as an OLD WOMAN shuffles into the dimly lit living room...

It's Grandma... she is pale. Her hair is wispy. She grips a Kleenex...

She coughs hard... looks around... notices Victor.

Beat.

GRANDMA BUONO

You were always a fat person. A disappointment and a burden. Now they want your blood. And I'm pulling for them. This is the way it works. I found my spot - you can't be in here. Go on.

She begins to walk to the back of the trailer.

Victor stands shocked. A door slams in the back of the trailer.

Beat. He is motionless... he lowers the rotting wood and sheds a tear. He quickly wipes it away...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Victor is on stage. Tipsy...

~~Y~~MORE BUONO

In 1938 I was born. Properly. Sufficiently. And despite a few hysterical shepherd, quietly. 9 months after; *my life* began.

March 3rd. I am. As of now... I am. I'm not very much. But...

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

Even the smallest crumb of bread is still bread. Whatever bread is. Well, I may not be as big as a crumb, but I'm just as good as a crumb and as much me as a crumb as a crumb - so there. I am. Now... What am I? I am sleepy.

March 10th. I'm a boy. I mean I'm gonna be. It's all settled in advance because I got 22 pair of ordinary chromosomes plus one X-chromosomes - and... and a Y-chromosomes... and I like bugs. Whatever bugs are.

A lot of other things have already been decided in advance too... I'll have myopic light blue eyes like my mother - and I'll be left handed like my father. And 6 ft. 4 inches tall with big bones and big feet like my mother's father. And - and I'll love music like my uncle Jeff! And I'll be able to play the piano as well as anyone who's 6'4, big footed, left handed and myopic --- and I'm going back to sleep.

March 17th. You know it's funny... I know so much about me already and I don't even know what my mother looks like. And she doesn't even know I'm living here... Under her heart. But she's warm I know.... And soft. And kind to give cradle to an imperfect stranger and share with him her blood...

March 24th. My - my heart started beating all by itself and it scared the heck out of me! Better get use to it... It's gonna go on for a long time....

April 14th.(MORE) etin... Flaaaa...
Aaahaha! Is that Rabbit sick!?
Whatever a rabbit is. Whatever sick is....

But now my mother and father know; they're probably workin' on names.
(whispering) David. David.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

May 5th.... It's very nice here...
 Warm always and safe.... On the
 other hand.... I've got another
 hand now too...There's really
 nothing to do... When I was little
 it was enough just to be... Just to
 be. All I had was awareness; which
 was great. But a foot's fun too.

What's good of having a mouth
 without a puppy's ear to put in it
 or ten whole fingers without an
 uncle's eye to stick 'em in... With
 all due respect mom; I WANT OUT.
 Or is it... In?

We can't go on like this forever -
 I'm gonna be 6'4 remember? With
 light blue eyes.... Whatever blue
 is. Whatever light is.... I'm
 healthy and ready and willing to
 stand on my rights... And if that's
 not enough I'm ready to kick.

May 19th. Today, my mother killed
 me.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

THE FOLLOWING IS WHAT HAPPENS AND WILL BE WORKED OUT IN
 DETAIL:

***A long choreographed battle sequence between Victor Buono
 and the attackers. All varying in age, clothing, race and
 size - some from memories, flashbacks and previous scenes***

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - NIGHT

Victor KICKS open the front door, still shirtless, and starts
 BLASTING a shotgun in one motion --- the attacking crowd
 backs away quickly...

He looks to his right;

Victor's POV: isolated section of Arena --- a 1940s era
 mother smiles as she cradles a sleeping baby...

He looks to his left;

Victor's POV: isolated section of Arena --- a child (6 yo)
 chases a puppy and falls/disappears into a deep mud puddle.

The puppy stops, turns and stares blankly into the puddle. Then at Victor.

Angle, Victor. His attention is drawn behind him by a tapping sound. He turns to see the 6 year old boy from the puddle (now muddy) staring at him through a murky window in the abandoned trailer ---

Victor BLASTS a few ATTACKERS that get too close --- he makes his way to the edge of the ARENA --- there is an opening... Victor throws the shotgun through the hole and follows by crawling through.

CU. Victor's back - the aluminum slices his back up a bit. The attackers grab and scratch...

EXT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Victor gets through and picks up the shotgun. A few attackers start to crawl/chase after Victor. He picks them off with shotgun blasts... Until there is nothing left to shoot. By then the Attackers have backed off completely...

Beat.

Victor looks forward; breathing very heavily. He reaches in his pocket and removes a pack of cigarettes... Victor lights one up and begins to walk...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Angle, Victor on stage from behind. The spotlight is blinding...

VICTOR BUONO

I enjoy traveling in Europe. The past three years I have made three films in Italy. The land of my fathers. And godfathers. My father's parents were born in Florence. The most gracious and noble of ladies - and then there's Bela Naples; stretching forth her arms to meet all weary travellers.

A torch wielding ATTACKER emerges stage LEFT approaching Victor...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
My first night in Naples I was
taken to a recital by a German
soprano. She sang beautifully.

...Victor Spots the attacker and clubs him over the head with
the end of the microphone stand. He falls to the stage
floor...

VICTOR BUONO (CONT'D)
But somewhere between her first
selection and Thursday - she, for
some perverse reason, elected to
include three arias from Madam
Butterfly. In German. Out loud. She
sang them well.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Victor punches out a few attackers with his bare hands.
Cigarette in mouth...

VICTOR BUONO (O.S.)
But hearing Madam Butterfly sung
well in German is not unlike seeing
Swan Lake danced well by the San
Diego Chargers.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

DOZENS of ATTACKERS approach Victor. He picks them off one by
one as he continues with the program. The audience continues
to laugh at the act as if nothing else is happening on
stage...

VICTOR BUONO
Ah yes! And then there's beautiful
Venetia. Torino. And the seductive
Val d'Aosta. All of Italy - most of
Italy is ~~Charming~~ (MORE) and seductive.
Certainly all Italians are.

With the exception of Rome and
Romans. I do not like Rome. Aside
from the art... It is Bakersfield
with tomato sauce. The traffic is
unbelievably bad;

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)
 especially in Vatican City where
 the Carabinieri wait behind pillars
 in hopes of finding a presbyterian
 making an illegal left turn. I ran
 a red light and got caught by the
 Vatican Carabinieri...

I paid my fine right on the spot -
 10 dollars and one hail Mary.
 Coarse the laws of ancient Rome are
 even more... Are even more hard. *I*
actually want to say the laws of
 ancient Rome are even harsher.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT - NIGHT

Victor slings the shotgun from side to side picking off
 ATTACKERS...

VICTOR BUONO (O.S.)
 "Those who broke the Laws of Rome
 were stoned upon this spot. A lot
 of Romans still get stoned; but *few*
of 'em get caught"

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

VICTOR BUONO
 If any of you, by the way are
 planing to spend any time in Roman
 hotels... I must warn you never to
 undress. Even when bathing. Unless
 you are militantly immodest as the
 chambermaids are.

Chambermaid(MORE) work in Rome are
 very hard to shock - they wait
 until your naked. Then they enter.
 Then they knock.

I'll never forget the rapture I
 experienced when I left Rome for
 the first time....

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

After saying a prayer for the
repose of the soul of Nero who had
the good sense to burn it down a
long time ago - I went downtown -
removed a coin from the Trevi
fountain and penned these thoughts
on the bicep of a floating wino:

"Rome eternal, high and palmy; home
of Cesar and salami. Sun-washed
city - peaceful, holy, full of art
and ravioli. Buy a treasure! Rich
and strange! Count your
blessings... Count your change.

Marble fountains filled with coins -
by hopeful spinsters from Des
Moines. See the lovers; a bankrupt
duke. And a bulging widow from
Dubuque.

She loves his blue eyes and white
hair! He loves her blue-white
solitaire. A starving painter, a
lonely matron; She needs a paint
job and he needs a patron...

Piazza Navona, Piazza d'Espagna,
Viva Bernini! Viva Lasagna! A
marble Venus veiled in dust with a
chopped off chin and a busted bust.
Mighty Mars; the God of battle...
His nose is a paper weight now; in
Seattle.

Power fades and Glory tumbles...
Atsaway the pizza crumbles".

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Victor comes the BUICK, opens the door and pops the truck. He
removes a white collared shirt and jacket from a suit case
and puts it on.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Victor walks down the dirt road. Slowly. He is very tired.
HEADLIGHTS emerge over a MILE away...

Beat. A loud horn BLARES. Victor turns to see the lights. He begins to RUN. Faster and faster... the car gets closer and closer as it accelerates in speed. The horn blows VERY LOUD. It's Lucero's STUDEBAKER.

Victor and the Studebaker are a mere five feet apart. She is toying with him.

INT. STUDEBAKER - CONTINUOUS

Angle, through windshield - Victor runs into the woods...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Victor runs through the woods. The Studebaker comes to a stop. The door SLAMS followed by laughter. Victor runs without stopping. He has gained ultimate strength...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Victor on stage. Sweating. Drunk... Slurring words...

VICTOR BUONO

I have something here that doesn't
involve fat lovers; although we're
the best. At least the most...

I have grown so weak and weary of
the silly modern theory that in
order to be known as chic one must
not look well fed.

According to the magazines of one
cannot wear tapered jeans... one
might as well wear saddle bags and
tennis shoes and oily rags or
simply wear a comfy shroud cause
socially your dead.

Now... Just because some... Lazy
gland has ~~(MORE)~~ somewhat out of
hand.... And caused me to expand...
into the shape in which you find
me.

I see no cause to hide my face;
I've got my share of manly grace.
It just got wadded in one place.

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)

And some got stuck behind me.

To me it's inconceivable that one
can find believable the thought
that one must have a shape exactly
like his chum.

I simply won't apologize for being
of a grander size...

When everyone's a seedless grape
it's great to be a plum. If the
girls refuse to dig me... Just
because I'm not a pigmy; then I try
to make 'em see my view that beauty
comes in barrels too...

And precious gem stones grown in
clumps... and treasures can be
found in dumps. And silver hides in
heaps.

To heck with all your fashion
trends, I'd rather be myself my
friends... I love to be a limousine
when all the rest are jeeps.

The crowd laughs HARD. Victor sticks his bottom lip out and
sniffles in a joking manner. Then smiles...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER

Victor is running down an empty highway at top speed. It's
silent. Nothing is around him...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Victor bows on stage...

(MORE)

Crowd laughs and rises...

The audience applauds....

VICTOR BUONO

Thank you. Thank you. In - In
closing...

VICTOR BUONO(cont'd)
I would like to put the word out
that I would sell my soul for a
slice of cheesecake right now...

BEAT - Totally off cue:

A man wearing a cartoonish devil costume prances on to the stage from beyond a curtain in the wings. He dances between fallen attackers and carries a silver platter to Victor...

THE DEVIL
...mmm you were saying?

...the devil lifts the cover from the platter; revealing a huge, fluffy piece of cheesecake...

Victor does a Jack Benny-style head turn to the audience...

The audience goes into a roar of laughter as Victor grabs the cake with his bare hands and takes an enormous bite.

The devil dances around as Victor breaks character and looks to the back of the auditorium...

A shadow of a woman stands... watching...

CU. Victor's face. Beard covered in cake. He is in a trance - staring at the woman...

The devil continues to dance, the audience continues to applaud and LAUGH AT VICTOR BUONO.

INT. DESERT INN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camera counters with Victor as he runs feverishly down the backstage hallway...

INT. DESERT INN - STAGE - NIGHT

Victor waves to the audience. Bows. And makes his way off stage.

Camera whip-pans LEFT into CU. And PULLS BACK on---

ANNOUNCER
Let's put 'em together for VICTOR
BUONO!

Camera whip-pans RIGHT and PUSHES FORWARD on---

INT. DESERT INN - STAGE - NIGHT

...the SAME announcer...

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen --- Please
help me and welcome this man to the
stage right now --- you may
remember him as Mr. Memory from
"Good Night Saturday"---

INT. DESERT INN - HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Victor is booking it down the hallway --- he reaches a
backstage area where the make-up girl quickly powders his
face down...

MAKE-UP GIRL
You okay? You ready?

The announcer SHOUTS on-stage...

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
...Ladies And Gentlemen!....

VICTOR BUONO
(*to girl*) What time is it?

She checks her watch...

MAKE-UP GIRL
11:42.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
VICTOR BUONO!

Victor quickly/nervously draws his attention forward...

VICTOR BUONO
...I'll see you Wednesday.

CU. Victor looks very nervous. The audience is cheering ---

Stage lights COVER his face as the curtain pulls back. Victor
smiles and walks onto the stage.

INT. DESERT INN - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Victor bows. Mouths the words "thank you" to his audience. He signals to a nearby waitress; then picks up the microphone with ease...

He lights a cigarette.

VICTOR BUONO
My name is Victor Buono... And I'm
fat...

The audience laughs... audio fades w/ picture...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIZZA JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Victor sits in a booth by himself.

A waitress comes over with a pen and paper...

WAITRESS
Hello.

VICTOR BUONO
Hi.

WAITRESS
Can I start you off with something
to drink?

VICTOR BUONO
Cola. And actually... Can I get a
large pepperoni? If you please.

WAITRESS
Sure - I'll get that right out.

VICTOR BUONO
Thank you.

The waitress walks away -

Victor sits motionless for a few moments. Then reaches into the briefcase to his side... he pulls out a small black book and sets it on the table...

The waitress returns with Victor's drink...

VICTOR BUONO
Thank you...

Victor looks around... BEAT.

He stands. Walks forward...

We hear laughter - Victor instinctively looks to his right and smiles/adjusting his tie.

INT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Victor washes his hands and face. (Quick cuts)

He stares at himself in the mirror...

The bathroom lights fade down slowly...

Victor's grandma EMERGES in the MIRROR. She smiles.

VICTOR BUONO
Grandma...

She talks --- and talks. We can only hear her faintly... but cannot make out actual words...

VICTOR BUONO
Grandma? Grandma I can't understand you...

Victor; frustrated - eyes watering.

GRANDMA BUONO
...if you can help...

She is smiling and talking away - we cannot hear her...

GRANDMA BUONO
It's alright - I'm - it's going to be fine...

Grandma pulls back --- Victor touches the mirror. She is gone. He looks down-

Victor's POV:

CU. - the sink is covered in "mud".

Angle, Victor/mirror. The lights fade up. CHARLOTTE LUCERO stands behind him and exits the frame left (mirror) JUST AS WE SEE HER.

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Victor walks back to his booth and sits. His pizza is waiting on him. He picks up the pie server and dishes a giant piece on his plate. Takes a big bite.

*Quick shots; tighter and tighter - Victor eating, looking around. Paranoid.

Various/shaky shots of people staring at Victor.

He opens the "black book" on the table and scrambles through the pages nervously. Various scribbling in different color ink. "...unhappy being fat..." "...my mother killed me..."

Angle, other side of booth...

Victor stops. Holds a wallet sized photo in his hands. As he looks at it --- he begins to well up with tears...

CU. - Photo. It's a girl. (memory/theater)

EXT. HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

Victor hangs over the third floor balcony smoking a cigarette. His tie is down and top buttons undone...

VICTOR BUONO (V.O.)

...Here He lies who made our lives
a hell... Still so stiff and waxen
and disdainful; he hated us and yet
we wish him well- we only wish his
death had been more painful.

INT. PIZZA JOINT - CONTINUOUS (MOS.)

Victor is eating vigorously... He looks up to notice; someone has entered the restaurant... BEAT.

The man looks familiar. He is dirty...

Angle. Victor. He stops cold...

VICTOR BUONO (V.O.)

...He passed in the quintessence of
contentment, with fluffy pillows,
priests, and scented tallows. So
pardon our residual resentment,
cause pricks like him should cash
out on the gallows.

CAMERA/SLOW MOTION ---

Victor slowly enters frames as he stands from the booth.
Still chewing pizza - he lights a cigarette and looks to the
man that has just entered ---

The man looks at him.

A second man enters with even MORE dirt on his clothes and a
KNIFE.

Lovin' Spoonful's Summer In the City begins to play low...

Victor bends down into the BOOTH and brings back up a
SHOTGUN...

Two MORE MEN and a WOMAN stare at Victor...

VICTOR BUONO (V.O.)
Why is he within a coffin? He
pushed his luck just once too
often. The rites are completed and
so we depart... with a smile... on
our lips... and a stake in the
heart...

Camera pushes in FAST as VICTOR takes a drag from his
cigarette and exits frame LEFT; PUMPING the RIFLE with a
FEARLESS expression on his dirty fat face...

Summer in the City plays LOUD over credits. END.