

WIRED

Screenplay by

EARL MAC RAUCH

Based on the book by

BOB WOODWARD

Third Draft
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Producers: Edward S. Feldman
Charles R. Meeker
Director: Robert Markowitz
Executive Producer: Joel Freeman
Co-Producer: Christine Berardo

"WIRED"

1 OMIT

1 *

2 INT: LOS ANGELES MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

2

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A MORGUE ATTENDANT, the man shaking his head and eating a sandwich, mumbling to himself:

*

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Stupid...stupid...

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL the man pushing a gurney down a corridor, his cargo an oversized corpse in a black plastic zipper bag, a CORONER patch on the back of his bright orange jumpsuit...as he pushes the gurney through a pair of swinging doors marked AUTOPSY...

3 INT AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

3 *

The Morgue Attendant bringing the gurney to a halt next to a shiny autopsy table under a bright surgical lamp...unzipping the bag when a nearby phone on the wall rings.

The attendant, still muttering to himself and laying his sandwich on the autopsy table before stepping over to the phone, picking it up.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Yeah...? Okay, okay...I'll be right there.

...going out as the doors to the autopsy room swing shut. There, before us, is the mound of John Belushi's body, in a half unzipped bag, partially covered by a white sheet. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of the Belushi BELCH. Another moment of stillness and then the ARM OF THE PORTLY CORPSE FLOPS OUT of the bag and lands within striking distance of the attendant's sandwich, scooping it up and delivering it into the body bag with an audible WHOOSH...a CRACK OF LIGHTNING as FIRST TITLE HITS...

4 INT. JUDY BELUSHI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

LIGHTNING outside JUDY'S window, a rare Martha's Vineyard thunderstorm, as she is seen in a dresser mirror, sitting up in bed...next to the dresser mirror a number of framed photographs of her and Belushi...one photo in particular drawing our attention, a picture of Belushi, age 2, standing with his tricycle in front of his lower middle class row house in Wheaton, Illinois...

5 INT. PHANTOM PRODUCTIONS - NEW YORK - NIGHT

5

CLOSE ON a desktop answering machine playing the words of Belushi:

BELUSHI'S VOICE

Hey, Danny...thought I might catch
you working. Listen...I'm coming
home on the red-eye tonight.

The CLICK of a phone receiver signalling the end of the message, as we PAN UP to the face of Belushi's best friend, DAN AYKROYD, as he stands in the darkened office of PHANTOM PRODUCTIONS, the LIGHTNING outside casting eerie shadows on the walls...as he rewinds the message, listens to it again.

6 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

6

As TITLES CONTINUE, the bag falls away and the face of John Belushi is revealed - the famous eyebrow rising heavenward. He squints under the bright overhead light, not knowing where he is...confusion...his hands now moving over the plastic body bag...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

BELUSHI

Holy shit, where the hell am I -- ?
Jesus, what did I take?

Belushi struggling to get out of the black bag like a new-born baby confronting a strange new world...managing at last to wriggle out of the bag, noticing something on his toe...

BELUSHI

What the fuck's this?
(removing his toe tag)
I'm in trouble.
(muttering)
Gotta get my ass outta here.

...hurriedly looking around for something to wear, resorting to tearing the sheet off the gurney, wrapping it around himself like a makeshift toga, and heading out of the room...

7

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

7

...doing his little linebacker dance step seen in Animal House, looking both ways to see if the coast is clear, and noticing for the first time the AUTOPSY sign on the door...

BELUSHI

Shit -- !

...running down the corridor in his toga...

8

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

8

...bursting out of the morgue and running down the steps to the street...as a taxi driven by a MEXICAN CABBIE materializes out of the darkness, screeching to a halt, as Belushi piles in eagerly...

9

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

9

...Belushi letting out a breath of relief...keeping low in the seat to avoid being spotted...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED (2):

9

MEXICAN CABBIE

(seeming to recognize him)

Hey, you're --

BELUSHI

(lying down in the seat)

The Chateau Marmont, and step on it.

MEXICAN CABBIE

You got it.

10 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

10

Aykroyd, six months later, sporting flaming orange hair for his role in Doctor Detroit, pulling the black air raid-style curtains over the windows of his bunker-like office at Universal Studio...talking to someone, unseen, in the room with him.

AYKROYD

Every Italian in the world thought he was Italian. They didn't know from Albanian. They called him 'Beluchi.' 'Hey, Beluchi!' I'd correct them, but it didn't faze the Squaser --

VOICE

The Squaser?

11 EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

11

The familiar hulking shape of the Chateau Marmont Hotel rising above Sunset Boulevard, as the taxi bearing Belushi turns towards it...

12 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

12

Aykroyd lighting a cigarette...in front of him, a tape recorder, running... *

AYKROYD

The Squaser...Belushi...also called him the Tractor Beam, 'cause you know, his size and strength...also the Black Hole, 'cause the dude swallowed everything --

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED (2):

12

AYKROYD (cont'd)

At any rate, the Eye-talian thing became a running gag, and we developed a nickname for the dude: Frank Velasquez, as in, 'I happen to be a close personal friend of Mr. Frank Velasquez. Would you care to give him a blowjob at your earliest convenience.'

13 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

13

The Mexican Cabbie looking at his famous passenger in his rearview mirror, as Belushi now surfaces, sitting up in the back seat...

MEXICAN CABBIE

Hey, I seen your movie.

BELUSHI

Yeah? Which one?

Belushi glimpsing the hack's license posted on the dash... hardly believing his eyes as he reads the guy's name: FRANK VELASQUEZ...

VELASQUEZ

How many were you in?

BELUSHI

(counting on his fingers)

Seven -- so far...

VELASQUEZ

Any T.V. I might've seen you on -- ?

BELUSHI

Ever hear of Saturday Night Live? The schizo Samurai, Marlon Brando, Henry Kissinger, Elizabeth Taylor, Humphrey Bogart -- ?

VELASQUEZ

Naw, I slave on Saturdays. Just another working day for me.

(pause)

What I remember about you, you played a coke addict. You were a funny guy, but you died in the end, all fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED (2):

13

BELUSHI
(squinting, suspicious)
Frank Velasquez...is that your real
name?

VELASQUEZ
My friends call me Angel.

BELUSHI
(trying to open the door)
Angel Velasquez...shit! Lemme
outta here!

14 EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

14

Belushi still attempting without success to open his
door, as the taxi pulls to a stop in front of bungalow
number three...the bungalow still sealed off with yellow
'POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS' tape...

15 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

15

Belushi again trying his door with the same frantic, futile
results, yelling at Velasquez

BELUSHI
I want my stuff!

VELASQUEZ
You won't need it.

BELUSHI
My guitar's in there, my punk tapes --

VELASQUEZ
The pox took it --

BELUSHI
L.A.P.D.?

VELASQUEZ
Anyway, you traveled pretty light --

Belushi staring out his window at the bungalow, dumbfounded...

BELUSHI
What the hell happened in there?

16 INT. WASHINGTON POST NEWS ROOM - DAY

16

BOB WOODWARD standing at the Washington Post teletype, reading the news wire coverage of Belushi's death...

17 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

17 *

CLOSE ON L.A. TIMES HEADLINE: 'JOHN BELUSHI DEAD'...
PULLING BACK TO REVEAL Belushi sitting at the table in Duke's Tropicana Coffee Shop, with Velasquez...Belushi laying aside the paper in disgust.

BELUSHI

It's a crock. I gotta call Judy.
You got a quarter?

VELASQUEZ

You wanna give her a heart attack?

BELUSHI

I gotta tell her I'm okay...order me
a cheeseburger and fries, extra ketchup
and a Pepsi light.

Belushi, still wrapped in his sheet, gets up, approaching
a guy at the next booth for a hand-out...

BELUSHI

Hey, man, you got a quarter?

The man not paying him any attention, looking right through him...Velasquez explaining:

VELASQUEZ

They can't see you John.

BELUSHI

Goddamn - what is this?!

Belushi stupefied, looking at the people in the restaurant as he walks backward toward the phone...

18 ANOTHER ANGLE

18 *

...angrily picking up the phone receiver and checking the coin return slot, when the phone suddenly dials itself, automatically...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED (2):

18.*

BELUSHI

Jesus -

19 INT. LOU CONNORS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

The digital bedside clock reading a quarter past three in the morning, as the phone next to it RINGS and a hand slowly moves to pick it up, a lamp simultaneously being flipped on to reveal LOU CONNORS, a wiry guy in his forties, wearing one earring, and looking absolutely worn out, having been through the worst day of his life...

CONNORS

(into phone)

Hello -- ?

(eyes growing wide)

Who is this?

...as we BEGIN INTERCUTTING, Connors and Belushi...

BELUSHI

Lou, it's me --

CONNORS

You think this is funny?! Impersonating a dead man?! Fuck you. You're sick. You're scum, whoever you are.

*

Connors starting to hang up, only to pause abruptly, hearing Belushi state the password:

BELUSHI

Lou, I want you to call Judy, tell her everything's okay, and I need four hundred dollars.

*

CONNORS

For what?

BELUSHI

Guitar strings.

Connors reaching for a small bottle of Alka Seltzer on the nightstand, reading the label as if this bizarre phone call might somehow have a chemical explanation...

CONNORS

Who the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED (2):

BELUSHI

All right, give me two hundred...
just a measly couple of hundred --

*

Belushi feeling someone tap him on the shoulder, turning
to see Velasquez standing there and pointing at his watch...

BELUSHI

A hundred...a lousy hundred,

CONNORS

I think you're really low. You
know that? The lowest --

Connors slamming down the phone, so upset by the call his
hands are shaking...

...as Belushi turns, looking at Velasquez and cocking one
of those expressive eyebrows...

20 INT. CONNORS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

Connors, unable to get back to sleep, placing another
call...

21 INT. ARNIE FROMSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

...to ARNIE FROMSON, Connor's boss and Belushi's personal manager, sleeping in a velvet jogging outfit next to his WIFE, as he picks up the phone...

FROMSON

Hello -- ? What? You know what time it is?

22 INT. CONNORS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

Connors having switched on his TV out of nervousness, coincidentally finding himself watching news footage of Belushi's body being removed from his bungalow and placed in a coroner's van...

CONNORS

(into phone)

I just got another crank call. The guy said he was Belushi. God, is this a sick fucking town, or what?

23 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

23

Belushi sitting in the back seat of Velasquez' taxi, only picking at his french fries, his hamburger untouched... the taxi moving through traffic...

VELASQUEZ

Cheezbugga, cheezbugga, cheeps...
What's the matter? Not hungry?

A long pause, Belushi as quiet as we'll ever see him...

BELUSHI

I'm only thirty-three years old...
just had my birthday.

VELASQUEZ

So?

BELUSHI

Why am I dead?

VELASQUEZ

'Cause you're stupid. Next question.

BELUSHI

Where're we going?

(CONTINUED)

VELASQUEZ

We're going for a ride, you and me...through your life.

A beat.

BELUSHI

Why?

VELASQUEZ

'Cause the meter's still running.

BELUSHI

What does that mean?

VELASQUEZ

How the hell should I know -- ?
I'm just a working stiff -- I don't
make company policy. I got my orders.

Velasquez looking in his dispatch book...

BELUSHI

I gotta see Judy.

VELASQUEZ

When? The day you got married -- ?
All the nights you were too fucked
up to come home? The nights you
called from the Playboy Mansion -- ?

Belushi grunting, Velasquez looking back at Belushi, the
latter thoroughly depressed, like a big baby on the verge
of tears...

VELASQUEZ

(continuing)

It happens, man. I understand. I
went through the same thing as you
once -- believe me. O.D.'ed in
Oakland eight years ago. 'Course I
didn't make the papers --

BELUSHI

Hey, who are you anyway?

VELASQUEZ

Your guardian angel.

BELUSHI

My guardian angel?! Man, you fucked
up -- !

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (3):

23

VELASQUEZ

Yeah, well, nobody's perfect.

(pause)

So you wanna see Judy, huh?

Velasquez raising the flag on the meter as the meter starts ticking...

24 INT. BLEECKER STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Years earlier, Belushi (as he appeared then) snoring loudly in bed with his wife, sleeping with his mouth open and making more noise than seems possible, first waking up Judy, who had been sleeping with a pillow over her head...and then Aykroyd, who had been asleep at the foot of the bed in a sleeping bag...Judy shaking Belushi, trying to wake him...

JUDY

John -- ? John! John, damn it!

Nothing doing, Belushi only snoring louder, dead to the world...Judy shaking him some more, Aykroyd tickling his feet...

AYKROYD

Hey, dude...Fire Department's here. The smoke's billowing up the stairwell, they're knocking down the door with an axe! Shit, they're not firemen! It's a bunch of Hell's Angels! They've got Judy --

All without results, Belushi continuing to snore...
Aykroyd commenting to Judy:

AYKROYD

Albanian oak.

25 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

25

Judy and Aykroyd in his motorcycle leathers, sitting at the kitchen table with cups of coffee, discussing Belushi... when Belushi himself walks in, yawning, surprised to see them as he heads straight for the refrigerator...

BELUSHI

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED (2):

25

Aykroyd coming over, joining Belushi at the open refrigerator door...

AYKROYD

How're we feeling, dude?

Belushi answering by taking a slice of cold pizza out of the refrigerator, taking a large bite...

BELUSHI

Want a beer?

AYKROYD

(glancing at Judy)

Nah, I'm fine. You and Judy are too good to me.

(pause)

It's the blow, John. Never mind your health...she says you're spending a thou a week on the white stuff.

BELUSHI

Nah -- ! No way.

AYKROYD

That's roughly half the family GNP, dude.

Judy getting up, giving Belushi an angry look on her way out of the room...

BELUSHI

What's the matter?

Judy going back into the bedroom, slamming the door...

BELUSHI

(continuing; shrugging)

Who needs this shit -- ?

JUDY (O.S.)

I don't, that's for sure.

BELUSHI

(to Aykroyd)

What's the matter with her?

AYKROYD

I've gotta get back home to Toronto.

26 EXT. BLEECKER STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

Belushi again wearing the sheet, coming out of the Bleecker Street apartment, walking toward the taxi...

27 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

27

Velasquez putting down his dispatch book and looking out the window.

VELASQUEZ

Back already, huh? Trouble?

28 EXT. BLEECKER STREET - NIGHT

28

Belushi standing on the curb, taking a piss on the taxi's rear tire...his piss evaporating into steam immediately upon impact, owing to the cab's supernaturally hot temperature...

...as in the background Aykroyd climbs on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle, kick-starts it...

BELUSHI

Women--I fucking gave her the best years of my life.

VELASQUEZ

I can appreciate that.

(pause)

That's one of the real advantages of being dead. You can stay out all night if you want to.

BELUSHI

Bullshit. I can't believe I'm dead.

Aykroyd gunning his motorcycle, heading off into the night...

VELASQUEZ

Neither can a lot of people.

29 INT. WOODWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

29

Woodward in his office, listening to Judy's VOICE over the phone.

JUDY (V.O.)

(over filter)

I'm not getting any answers, Bob.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED (2):

29 *

WOODWARD

What aren't you getting answers to?

JUDY

There are strange things going on. They keep talking about heroin. John didn't use heroin. One of the investigators said it was suicide. And there's this woman, Cathy Smith. Supposedly she said she shot him up the night he died. There is so much confusion.

WOODWARD

I'm not Sam Spade, Judy. I write what I find out.

JUDY

You do police stories. And this is a police story.

A pause, Woodward letting the silence hang.

JUDY

(continuing)

I know one thing; he didn't shoot up. I knew my husband--he hated needles. If a doctor got out a needle, John would run from the room--how could he have died from a needle?

30 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

30

Belushi, looking drained in the back seat, becoming animated when he hears a Blues Brothers record come over the radio...

VELASQUEZ

Remember this, soul man -- ?

BELUSHI

Turn it up.

VELASQUEZ

I remember.

31 INT. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE - NIGHT

31 *

Belushi and Aykroyd, dressed in their immortal bee costumes, singing and dancing like maniacs to the famous Memphis soul number "Hold On, I'm Coming"...

32 ANOTHER ANGLE

32

Their rocking number interrupted suddenly by GLENDA WARNER, one of the show's regulars... *

WARNER

Hey, guys...How's it going?

The MUSIC coming to an inglorious halt, Belushi staring at her...

BELUSHI

'How's it going?' 'How's it going?'
We're trying to rehearse a number here. Whadda you mean, 'How's it going?'

WARNER

You guys the Blues Brothers, right?
You and Danny?

BELUSHI

Of course we're the Blues Brothers.
I'm Jake and this is my brother Elwood.

AYKROYD

That's right. America knows who we are. Get to the point, Glenda -- this had better be good.

WARNER

Oh, I just thought you guys would like to know that Elvis and the Colonel are here --

The Blues Brothers excited by this bit of news, lighting up...

AYKROYD

Elvis and the Colonel -- ? You mean -- ?

WARNER

Yeah, they're backstage in Danny's dressing room. They wanna meet you guys.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED (2):

32

BELUSHI

Tell 'em we'll be right there.

Warner departing, the Blues Brothers talking it over,
hardly able to contain themselves...

BELUSHI

This is incredible...Elvis and
the Colonel...

AYKROYD

You're telling me. If they like
us, maybe we could get the Colonel
to manage our careers --

(turning to the band)

Take five, guys...

33 ANOTHER ANGLE

33

A HAND-HELD CAMERA following the Blues Brothers backstage
and down a corridor...

AYKROYD

Elvis and the Colonel...this is one
to tell the old grandkids about...

34 ANOTHER ANGLE

34

...reaching the dressing room door with the name DAN
AYKROYD on it, the Blues Brothers taking last second pains
to straighten their ties...

AYKROYD

Maybe we should take our hats off.

A beat.

BELUSHI

Nah. Not even our shades.

Belushi opening the door to reveal:

35 INT. AYKROYD'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

35

An overweight ELVIS IMPERSONATOR, wearing a hideous gold
lame Elvis costume, sitting next to the 'Colonel'...not
Colonel Parker but the white-suited, white-goateed COLONEL
SANDERS of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame...both men sitting

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (2):

35

at a table and chowing down on several boxes of fried chicken...

...only now the Colonel looking up, waving a greasy drumstick and saying:

COLONEL SANDERS
Live from New York -- ! It's
Saturday Night!

36 INT. BEN BRADLEE'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Woodward briefing his boss BEN BRADLEE...

WOODWARD
You know, Belushi's widow wants me
to find out what happened to her
husband.

BRADLEE
He's dead.

WOODWARD
(smiling)
Even I know that.
(pause)
But, you know, this is one of those
stories we've always talked about --
that whole Hollywood and drug world
out there.

BRADLEE
You're the straightest guy I know.
Even if they talked to you, you
wouldn't understand what they were
saying. What you've got here is
this guy who was a wild man. Totally
wild.

(pause)
That's your next book.

WOODWARD
I don't know. Did you know he was
from Wheaton?

BRADLEE
Wheaton, Illinois -- ? Jesus Christ!
Billy Graham, Red Grange, you, and
John Belushi. Some mix.

WOODWARD
I never met him, but Judy says he used
to 'do' me.

37 INT. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE - NIGHT

37

Belushi, playing 'Woodward,' walking up to a 'SECURITY GUARD' revealing a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist... the Guard unlocking the cuffs with a key...

GUARD

More Watergate secrets?

BELUSHI

(patting bulging briefcase)
You'd better believe it. I've
been out all night gathering this
stuff.

Belushi marching off...

38 ANOTHER ANGLE

38

...stepping into a Saturday Night Live recreation of a news room, Belushi surreptitiously emptying the contents of his briefcase -- nothing but wadded-up newspapers in the trash...now knocking on a door marked 'ANN LANDERS,' Glenda Warner's VOICE inviting him in...

WARNER

Is that you, Bob?

BELUSHI

Yeah, it's me. Lemme in!

WARNER

It's open.

Warner wearing a half-sprayed bouffant Ann Landers' wig, sitting at her typewriter as Belushi comes in...

BELUSHI

Ann -- you got a minute?

WARNER

(primping a la Mae West)
For you, Bob? Sure. What's on your
mind, as if I didn't know?

Belushi pacing nervously, looking under objects for hidden microphones...

BELUSHI

It's just...uh...they're out to get
me.

(CONTINUED)

WARNER

If you can't trust 'Deep Throat,'
who can you trust?

BELUSHI

Nobody. The public's clamoring for
more dirt on Nixon. Even Bernstein
managed to stumble onto a fresh
revelation. I gotta have something,
too, Ann. C'mon, you never let me
down before --

Belushi glancing off stage to see STAN JOSEPHS, creator
of the show, standing alongside Fromson and discussing
some matter with a MAN in an NBC blazer...the two of
them seeming to be arguing over something...as Warner
produces a letter from her 'IN' box...

WARNER

I shouldn't do this, but --

BELUSHI

You gotta, Ann. Pleeeeease! Is
that another letter -- ?

WARNER

(handing him a letter)

It came this morning. I recognized
the erratic handwriting -- just like
the others.

BELUSHI

(reading letter)

'Dear Ann Landers...Recently my good
friend Hank '-- Kissinger --' someone
I thought I could trust, has joined
my enemies in spreading rumors about
me. He has even told me to quit my
job and move out of my house -- '

(pause)

Good stuff, Ann --

WARNER

Thanks, Bob.

BELUSHI

(back to letter)

'Should I take his advice or continue
to hang tough -- ?' What're you gonna
say?

(CONTINUED)

WARNER

I think he should resign.

BELUSHI

Noooo! I need him!

The two of them suddenly interrupted by the Man in the NBC blazer, who has now walked out on stage under the bright lights and taps Belushi on the shoulder...

MAN

Hi, John -- could we talk a second?

BELUSHI

Who the hell are you?

MAN

I'm probably one of your biggest fans.

BELUSHI

(suspicious)

Yeah -- ?

MAN

Vice-president of the network, business affairs department. I've been trying for weeks to catch up with you. You haven't signed your contract yet, John.

BELUSHI

So? Big deal.

MAN

Unfortunately, you can't be on the show unless you sign it.

BELUSHI

Says who -- ?

MAN

The network.

BELUSHI

You got some I.D.? That peacock on your blazer don't mean shit.

Josephs stepping out on stage, shaking his head...

JOSEPHS

(to the back of the theater)

Raise the lights.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHS (cont'd)

(to Belushi)

C'mon, John -- could we take care of your business, so we can get on with rehearsal? We're live in three hours.

MAN

He has to sign his contract.

Belushi meanwhile reading the contract with a fine eye for detail, Fromson walking over...

BELUSHI

Did Chevy Chase sign this fucking contract?

FROMSON

Everybody signed that fucking contract except you. All cast members are treated the same. If anyone gets a benefit, all the others do, too --

BELUSHI

It says here if I'm disfigured, they can drop me. Sure, that's it -- fuck the workers, throw the crippled worker out the door! Corporate greed --

FROMSON

That can be worked out.

(pause)

And once you're a big star, you can always break it.

Belushi's natural suspicions beginning to dissipate... eyes narrowing nonetheless as he examines the document.

BELUSHI

It's the principle.

(pause)

You're Stanley's manager, aren't you? I need somebody to stick up for me, make sure I don't get fucked over. Would you sign this fucking contract?

FROMSON

I designed this fucking contract!

Fromson's reaction as Belushi hands him the contract...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED (5):

38

BELUSHI

If you manage me, I'll sign.

FROMSON

(indicating)

How can I represent somebody with
mustard on his contract:

39 INT. BELUSHI HOUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

39 *

CLOSE ON a copy of the same Saturday Night Live contract, only this time in the hands of Woodward, as we PULL BACK to REVEAL Woodward sitting at a table in the front room of the Belushis' house on the Vineyard, the ocean pounding the beach right outside... Woodward looking over various documents, contracts, listening to Judy as she moves around the room, a bundle of nerves, edgy, constantly in motion... walking around, pulling things off shelves... books, tapes, a picture of John's grandmother NENA, showing it to Woodward...

JUDY

John's grandmother. He loved this woman.
It was pure love.

Woodward taking the photograph...

JUDY

When's the last time you were in Wheaton?

WOODWARD

I don't go back very often.

JUDY

People are good hearts back there.

(pause)

That's what upsets me the most. After
what's happened, no one will ever know
about his good heart. John was a nice
man.

WOODWARD

I remember this great imposing presence
that your eyes just went to, and remember
watching John and Aykroyd doing the
Nixon-Kissinger prayer scene on resignation
eve, the night before Nixon resigned. And
when I saw that skit on Saturday Night
Live in that first year, I thought, 'Now
it's real.' That made it real.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED (2):

39

JUDY

(smiling)

He had this life pattern of binges -- not just drugs...everything. There was his Napoleonic period. He bought all these Napoleon books, started 'doing' Napoleon...talking in his sleep, obsessed with Napoleon. 'I ride at the head of my men,' was one of his Napoleon lines. 'I will ride a white horse.'

(pause)

Let's go outside.

Judy, looking out the French doors, outside to the cliffs...remembering

39A EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD BEACH HOUSE - EVENING

39A*

John and Judy, out there alone, making love.

40 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD BEACH HOUSE - DAY

40

The memory leaving. Judy and Woodward coming out onto the front porch...the roar of the waves pounding the beach.

*

JUDY

There was a personality change with drugs. Always. The pattern was denial that he was doing them, then deceit -- hiding them, lying -- and then he would tell me. That was an indication, I believed, that he wanted to quit.

WOODWARD

What did he care about the most?
What was he proudest of?

Judy stepping back inside the house, as if having forgotten something...

JUDY

Saturday Night Live.

(reemerging with one of
the Blues Brothers albums)
There's something else I want to show
you. This is the second album.

*

WOODWARD

(looking over album)
You designed it?

(CONTINUED)

JUDY

I designed the covers. The first one sold 2.8 million. It came out in '77. That was an incredible year. John was number one...Saturday Night Live, Animal House, the cover of Newsweek. Animal House ended up doing something like \$200 million.

WOODWARD

(looking for contract)

How much money did John get for Animal House? What was his share of the \$200 million -- ?

JUDY

Thirty-five thousand dollars.

(Woodward's astonishment)

But he had to sign a three-picture deal to get it. That's just the way it was. He had no points. No percentage.

WOODWARD

But that changed. How much did he earn altogether? From everything. Millions?

JUDY

Too much.

WOODWARD

I need documents: telephone records, contracts, deal memos, telephone logs, interviews, scripts, clippings - the paper trail of John Belushi's life.

JUDY

The Belushi tapes.

WOODWARD

(nodding)

That's how I might find out what happened.

(pause)

Look, there are lots of leads. Maybe I'll find something, but maybe I won't. you have to be prepared for that possibility.

JUDY

Well, at least we'll have his life, and people will see it.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED (3):

40 *

WOODWARD

Is that what you want?

JUDY

I want people to see him as he
was. The drugs, but more.

41 INT. OLDS 98 - DAY

41 *

Aykroyd behind the wheel of a big Olds 98 sedan, Belushi
in the front seat next to him, as the boys head cross-
country to California...Belushi idly reading road signs
and lowering his window electronically...

BELUSHI

'Come to where the flavor is'...
'Purina Cat Chow, part of a healthier,
happier life'...'Rice-A-Roni, the
flavor can't be beat.'

...as he reaches for the CB radio...

BELUSHI

Hey, somebody come in. Anybody
out there?

VOICE OVER RADIO

What's your handle? Over.

Belushi reacting to the macho Southern VOICE by adopting
a gay, feminine attitude...

BELUSHI

Hey, it's The Screamer here. We're
pedal to the metal New York to L.A.,
delivering a fine automobile to a
gentleman on the coast. I don't
know where we are, but I'm looking
for some of you fellas. Just where
are you?

VOICE OVER RADIO

We'll find you.

BELUSHI

We're going to be at the truck stop
in just a few minutes, and I'd like
to meet some of you boys.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED (2):

41 *

VOICE OVER RADIO

You Yankees, you make sure you know
what you're sayin', or we'll run your
ass right off the side of this mountain --

AYKROYD

(into mike)

Uh, you can't do that, boys --
we're on a mission from God.

Belushi turning, doing a double take as he sees Velasquez
in the back seat...Velasquez winking...

BELUSHI

Oh, I get it. This is kind of like
the Magical Mystery Tour, huh?

42 INT. 747 - DAY

42

Woodward also on his way to the West Coast, looking over
his notes as his plane flies over the nation's heartland.

43 INT. OLDS 98 - DAY

43

As the Olds passes through the outskirts of Wheaton, soon
driving down tree-lined streets flanked by well-groomed
lawns, neat middle-class row houses...

AYKROYD

So this is the scene of the crime,
huh? Where the Squaser began.
Wheaton, Illinois.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED (2):

43

Belushi looking out the window as they drive past a house throbbing with primitive garage band rock 'n roll... Belushi's reaction as he recognizes the music and the band playing it...

BELUSHI

Jesus...The Ravins...Vic Biondi's house.

(pause)

Let's go back.

AYKROYD

What'd you say, pal -- ?

44 INT. BIONDI HOUSE - DAY

44

The Ravins, Belushi's high school band, rehearsing in the living room of guitar player VIC BIONDI'S house...Belushi on drums...as the song ends...

BELUSHI

Any requests -- ?

BIONDI

'Listen To Me Now' --

BELUSHI

Hey, alright -- ! A special request for 'Listen To Me Now,' yours truly, The Ravins new smash record --

At the mention of the word 'smash,' Belushi takes a 45 rpm phonograph record from a box at his feet and smashes it with one of his drumsticks, throwing the pieces up in the air...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

You want it, you got it!

...as the band begins the song, Belushi enjoying himself, thoroughly transported through his drum-playing...

45 EXT. BIONDI HOUSE - DAY

45

The song 'Listen To Me Now' continuing as the members of the band now content themselves with spray-painting the remaining copies of their record with gold paint and throwing them as frisbees from Biondi's front porch...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (2):

45

Belushi sailing one high into the air, watching its progress like a dream ascending as it floats and floats...

46 ANOTHER ANGLE

46

...all the way across the street, where Velasquez is standing...Velasquez catching the gold record and looking at it...the homemade record label...as Belushi walks up...

BELUSHI

What the hell are you doing here?

VELASQUEZ

Time to go, pal.. Gotta clock in.

BELUSHI

No -- !

(turning his back)

I like it.

Belushi looking across the street, where his high school sweetheart Judy has driven up in a car, looking young and lovely...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

I wanna stay --

VELASQUEZ

John --

BELUSHI

Hell, no! I won't go! I gotta see Judy.

Belushi suddenly losing his head, tackling Velasquez and throwing him to the grass, the two of them rolling over, wrestling...Belushi's greater size giving him the advantage, as he begins to strangle Velasquez.

VELASQUEZ

Belushi -- cut the shit! What the fuck you think you're doing? We're both dead!

(Belushi freezing)

We're dead, man.

Belushi freaking out, jumping up and running across the street toward Judy...

47 ANOTHER ANGLE

47

Judy just getting out of her car, as Belushi runs up, grabs her, kisses her...

JUDY

John -- ?!

BELUSHI

Judy, I love you!

JUDY

(disconcerted)

I love you, too. What's the matter?

BELUSHI

I'm going to marry you, Judy. Don't forget that.

48 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

48

Years later, Belushi, looking terrified, turning away as a GAY NURSE jabs him with a needle...

GAY NURSE

I love the show...watch you all the time.

BELUSHI

Oh, yeah -- ?

GAY NURSE

Every Saturday night.

(noticing his pained expression)

It's just a blood test...not open heart surgery.

(extracting the needle)

Did you feel that?

BELUSHI

Nah...

(rolling down his shirt sleeve)

Remember, when Judy comes in later, she thinks it's just a physical. We're getting married, and I wanna surprise her.

The Nurse nodding, handing Belushi a pen and pad, wanting an autograph...

GAY NURSE

Would you mind?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED (2):

48

BELUSHI

Not at all.

Belushi taking the pad, writing something...

GAY NURSE

You're really a graceful dancer.

BELUSHI

Yeah -- ? You think I'm a pansy?
I also know karate...

GAY NURSE

Me, too. I'm pretty fast.

BELUSHI

Fuck you. I'm faster.

Belushi reading as he writes:

BELUSHI

(continuing)

'Wise up...Drive carefully...'
'Join the Air Force...Stay out of
prison...'

49 EXT. RURAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

49 *

A taxi bearing Belushi and Judy pulling up in front of
a rural Colorado courthouse in a snow storm...John getting out of the taxi, holding Judy's door open
and the two of them heading up the sidewalk...

JUDY

John, this is never gonna work -- ?
You can't get married in an hour
with no preparation --Belushi reaching in his pocket, pulling out a flower, a
wedding ring, certificates...

BELUSHI

I got it all right here. It's
gonna work. I've been planning
it for weeks.

Another Angle

The two of them reaching the courthouse door, finding it
locked...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED (2):

49 *

BELUSHI

Shit -- !

Belushi pounding on the door, looking at his watch...

BELUSHI

Open up -- !

JUDY

Honey, I don't think you've
proposed to me yet.Belushi handing her a flower, then the ring, continuing
to pound...

BELUSHI

Open up -- !

...as the door opens to reveal a MAN IN A COWBOY HAT...

MAN IN A COWBOY HAT

You'll have to come back later.

BELUSHI

Tomorrow's New Year's Day! This is
New Year's Eve! We gotta get
married this year! Not next year!

...As Belushi suddenly drops to one knee, begging:

BELUSHI

You have to marry us! My sick mother
flew in from Chicago! We have family
back at the house who've come from
all over the country! We've lived
together for five years and now
everybody expects - demands - that
we get married! If we don't do it
now, we'll never do it, because it's
just too hard to arrange!

MAN IN A COWBOY HAT

You have some I.D.?

Belushi frantically digging in his pockets, looking...

BELUSHI

Shit -- I forgot my wallet.

JUDY

You don't own a wallet.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED (3):

49 *

Judy producing her driver's license and other pieces of identification from her purse, satisfying the judge, who now turns to John...

...John still fishing around in his pants pocket and pulling out a crumpled newspaper article, handing it to the judge...

BELUSHI

All you need to know about me is in there.

The man looking over the article...

BELUSHI

Have you ever seen a television show called Saturday Night Live?

. MAN IN COWBOY HAT

You Chevy Chase -- ? I've heard of him.

BELUSHI

Read the article. My name's John Belushi, your honor.

The man finally opening the door for them. John begins to enter when Judy tugs his sleeve...vulnerable and waiting to be kissed. John, closing his eyes, moves to kiss her. The lips feel strange...opening his eyes again to find himself face to face with Angel Velasquez.

VELASQUEZ

Gotta go.

50 OMIT

50 *

51 OMIT

51 *

52 OMIT

52 *

53 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

53

Belushi, terrified, finding himself back in his plastic body bag in the morgue.

BELUSHI

Jesus -- What's going on?

54 ANOTHER ANGLE

54

The Morgue Attendant seen at the outset coming back into the room, this time with a HELPER, the two men lifting Belushi's body from the gurney to the autopsy table... unzipping the body bag and pulling Belushi out...

55 ANOTHER ANGLE

55

Belushi starting to shiver, lying naked on the stainless steel table beneath the bright operating room lights shining in his eyes like multiple suns...Velasquez suddenly standing over him, looking down:

VELASQUEZ

Sorry, dude --

BELUSHI

Get me outta here -- please. It's so fucking cold! I'm cold!

VELASQUEZ

It's a morgue, pal -- Whadda you expect?

Belushi trying to squirm, move, finding that he can't budge a muscle...

BELUSHI

Get me the fuck outta here!

Two other faces now appearing overhead, from Belushi's POV...an ORIENTAL CORONER and his ASSISTANT, surgical knives gleaming in the light, one of the men lifting first one of Belushi's arms and then the other...

ASSISTANT

Four to five needle marks, probably no more than three days old, on each inner arm at the elbow --

CORONER

I'll begin the incision.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED (2):

55

Belushi's horrified gaze locked on the Oriental eyes of the Coroner, his scalpel coming down...

56 STROBE FLASH - BELUSHI'S POV

56

Belushi as the mad Samurai bringing down his sword...

57 ANOTHER ANGLE

57

Belushi screaming, as the Coroner begins the incision...

58 EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - DAY

58

Woodward, consummate Eastern reporter in a blue wool suit, stepping out of the terminal at LAX into the bright California sunshine and walking toward a taxi...

59 INT. TAXI - DAY

59

The TAXI DRIVER, remarking to his passenger Woodward in the rearview mirror:

DRIVER

Welcome to L.A.

60 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

60

Still with Belushi's POV, bright lights in his eyes, screaming his head off to no avail...the shadowy figures of the Coroner and his Assistant...the incongruous sounds of rock 'n roll emanating from a radio elsewhere in the room, accompanying the Coroner's VOICE, clinical and detached:

CORONER (V.O.).

The bladder is distended, contains an extraordinary amount of urine... perhaps 750 cc's, almost 250 cc's more than any person can stand, suggesting that his brain had not been sending him the normal urge to urinate...not unexpected in an overdose...

61 INT. CONCERT - NIGHT

61

A blast of rock 'n roll from the 'Blues Brothers Band,'

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED (2):

61

the sax section whirling and dancing like crazy, as an ANNOUNCER comes over the P.A.:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the fabulous,
All-Star Show Band, Rhythm and Soul
Revue, the fantastic, the incredible
Bluuuuues Broothers!

The CROWD going wild as the two Blues Brothers hit the stage...

...LENNY JENKINS, an ever-vigilant ex-Secret Service man, watching the entire proceedings from one side of the stage, behind a pair of shades...

62 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

62

Woodward in the L.A. Hollywood Division police station, FRANK THOMAS, a plainclothesman sliding a folder across his desk to Woodward...

THOMAS

Here's the autopsy report.

63 INT. CHATEAU MARMONT BUNGALOW - NIGHT

63

In Belushi's bungalow at the Chateau, a WOMAN'S hand preparing Belushi for an injection, tying off his arm with a black leather belt lined with silver cleats.

64 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

64

Woodward looking over the autopsy report, finding its conclusion remarkable...

WOODWARD

(to himself)

'Accidental' -- ? What is this,
a Saturday Night Live routine?

65 INT. CONCERT - NIGHT

65

Jenkins grabbing a packet of suspicious-looking material that someone has thrown on stage, as the Blues Brothers wail away into the night, Belushi giving a soulful scream... working the crowd into a frenzy...

66 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

66

Belushi's mouth still frozen in a silent scream, his eyes seeing but not believing...

CORONER

His heart...very large...460 grams.
Very large, even for someone his
size, indicating probable hyper-
tension, or the early stages of
high blood pressure --

Belushi wincing in pain under the Coroner's knife, looking up at Velasquez:

BELUSHI

God, it hurts!

66A INT. SECOND CITY - DAY

66A*

Years before, a young Belushi standing alone on stage in the uniform of the late '60's, early '70's...long hair, a beard, bell bottom pants and denim jacket, a headband...

...a bright light shining in his eyes, as if undergoing interrogation, the voice behind it that of DEL CLOSE, director of Second City and early Belushi comedy guru.

DEL CLOSE

There is a light within you! Burn it out! In Vietnam the monks set themselves on fire. Artaud says actors should perform as if they are on fire, signalling through the flames. That's our job as comedians -- to burn as brightly and stand as a symbol: 'I will not give in to this consensus reality!'

66B INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

66B*

The angel Velasquez, standing over the autopsy table, bathed in blinding light...

VELASQUEZ

Think of Brando. Do Brando.
Be brave.

BELUSHI

Brando...

66C INT. SECOND CITY - DAY

66C*

Del Close interchanging with the angel, a gaunt man stepping from the shadows into view...

DEL CLOSE

Let loose the demons! Your inner demons!
That's where your characters come from!
The comedian is like a haunted house,
possessed by different spirits.

66D INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

66D*

Belushi shaping his face into a Brando impersonation...

BELUSHI

Brando...I could've been a contender.
I could've been --

66E INT. SECOND CITY - DAY

66E*

Del Close shaping the raw Belushi...

DEL CLOSE

Comedy is aggression! You think
it's an empty phrase, 'Get out
there and kill 'em!' 'Knock 'em
dead.' 'I murdered 'em!' No!
Comedy is assault! 'The God-
given gift of laughter,' my
ass! Kill 'em! Make 'em laugh
'till they piss on themselves --
laugh till they hemorrhage!

67 INT. BELUSHI FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

67

CLOSE ON television set, Marlon Brando uttering the same
'I could've been a contender' dialogue...as we PULL BACK
to REVEAL...the Belushi family...Belushi's parents ADAM
and AGNES and his brother JIMMY...sometime during Belushi's
high school years...the family, along with an especially
attentive Belushi, watching 'On the Waterfront' on the
family television...Belushi following closely every
nuance of Brando's mannerisms, cocking a Belushi eyebrow
now and then as he leans forward in rapt concentration...

67A INT. SECOND CITY - DAY

67A*

The Second City stage now bare, Del Close talking to
Bob Woodward...

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED (2):

67A*

WOODWARD

You sent John out as a ticking bomb.

DEL CLOSE

You're right. I did. The circuit was carrying too much power and blew. John was a psychic terrorist who blew himself up.

68 INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

68

Belushi doing Brando in front of another mirror, this time in the high school locker room, Belushi in his football uniform...as his high school coach, COACH HAYNES, practically has to drag him away...

HAYNES

C'mon, Belushi -- you gonna play some ball or what?

Belushi putting on his helmet, still doing Brando...

69 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

69

Belushi sitting with Judy in a darkened theater, watching The Godfather...Belushi's arm initially around Judy, but as he becomes more 'into' Brando, he forgets about her entirely...removing his arm and leaning forward in his seat, obsessed with Brando as 'Don Corleone'...

70 INT. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE - NIGHT

70

Belushi doing Brando as 'Don Corleone' on Saturday Night Live, climaxing with a heart attack, as the audience loves it...

71 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

71

Frank Thomas, laying another file on Woodward...

THOMAS

The Cathy Smith transcripts.

WOODWARD

I need to hear the tapes.

*

*

72 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

72

CLOSE ON tape recorder, as a reel of tape is put on,
PULLING BACK to REVEAL Woodward sitting in a small
interrogation room, Thomas now punching a button,
turning on the machine.

*

DETECTIVE ADAMS' VOICE

Do you mind if I look at your arms --
You still have a little discoloration
there.

CATHY SMITH'S VOICE

Yeah, yeah...I've been noticing
that, too.

Frank Thomas punching the rewind button...telling
Woodward.

THOMAS

Let's go back to the start.

*

73 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

73

Belushi still under the hot lights on the autopsy table,
the Coroner moving in for the kill...

CORONER

Let's check the brain.

Belushi trying to scream...

74

INT. CHATEAU BUNGALOW - DAY

74

...only to find his mouth covered by the mouth of his trainer, PAUL FORREST, who is giving the dead form of Belushi CPR with heroic persistence, alternately breathing into his mouth and hitting Belushi's chest with short, powerful blows, cursing and crying hysterically:

FORREST

You stupid fuck! Goddamn it!

75

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

75

The big Olds 98 shooting past us, barreling down a lonesome desert highway out west...

76

INT. OLDS 98 - NIGHT

76

Aykroyd still behind the wheel of the big sedan, when he suddenly becomes aware of Belushi having a nightmare in the back seat, Belushi thrashing, crying out:

BELUSHI

No! No! No! No! No!

Aykroyd reaching back with one hand, shaking him, Belushi waking up in a cold sweat, chest heaving, trying to catch his breath, not knowing at first where he is...

BELUSHI

Ahh...Danny. Thank God it's you.

AYKROYD

You okay, dude?

BELUSHI

Yeah, just a dream. I couldn't breath.

AYKROYD

Sounded like you were snorkeling back there. Too many packs of cigarettes --

(CONTINUED)

BELUSHI

Yeah...

AYKROYD

Or maybe those cactus buttons you
picked when you got out to piss.
Didn't I warn you to leave 'em
alone, dude?

BELUSHI

Yeah...

AYKROYD

I try to take care of you, pal.

BELUSHI

How far to Las Vegas?

Aykroyd clearing his throat, not anxious to break the
news:

AYKROYD

Ah, well, Vegas is history, John.

A beat, Belushi unable to believe his ears...

BELUSHI

What?!

AYKROYD

We already passed Vegas.

BELUSHI

Shit! No -- !

AYKROYD

I tried to wake you.

(pause)

It's not the end of the world, pal.
We'll come back sometime.

BELUSHI

(thoroughly depressed)

Nah, I missed it.

(pause)

Fuck me! No hotels, no slots, no
craps, no casinos, no all-you-can-eat
98 cent breakfasts --

(pause)

How far to L.A.?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED (3):

76

AYKROYD

We're right on schedule -- oughtta make it by sunup. We deliver the car to its rightful owner and then call Arnie.

77 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

77

Woodward in the small room at the Hollywood police station, listening to the tape of Cathy Smith being interrogated by the L.A.P.D....

DETECTIVE ADAMS' VOICE

To begin with, be very candid with me. Don't hold anything back.

SMITH'S VOICE

No, I have nothing to hold back. Was John busted? What happened?

DETECTIVE ADAMS' VOICE

Well, he's dead, for starters.

SMITH'S VOICE

(softly)

He's dead? My God.

DETECTIVE ADAMS' VOICE

Do you mind if I look at your arms?

Woodward's mind recreating the interrogation, as we GO TO:

78 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

78

CLOSE ON Cathy Smith's purse, as we PULL BACK to REVEAL Detective Adams extracting a syringe, needle, and a spoon from the purse as Cathy Smith looks on.

DETECTIVE ADAMS

Okay. Now getting back to this candid part, okay?

(taking out a magnifying glass,
looking at her arms)

You didn't shoot any there? Because it does look like you might have had something fresh --

SMITH

I haven't since Monday...maybe Tuesday morning.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED (2):

78

Detective Adams picking up the syringe and spoon and needle...

DETECTIVE ADAMS

I'll take these from you so you
won't have to worry about the maid
taking them from you.

A sudden CLICK...

79 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

79

Woodward clicking off the tape recorder, looking at
Thomas incredulously...

THOMAS

See -- it wasn't four syringes...
just one.

WOODWARD

You guys let her go?!

(pause)

No real questions about the source
of drugs, the suppliers...Don't you
care?

THOMAS

What're we supposed to do in this
case? We have people on the streets
die of drugs every goddamn day. A
famous comedian dies, and people
expect us to 'solve' it...or that
there is a solution to this. He's
just another junkie who went belly up --

80 INT. OLDS 98 - DAY

80

Coming up Sunset Boulevard, a few years earlier, Aykroyd
and Belushi arriving in L.A., Velasquez in the back seat
of the big Olds, as Belushi looks out at the show biz
billboards...

AYKROYD

Well, we made it, dude...

BELUSHI

L.A., man. I wonder if anybody'll
recognize us.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED (2):

80

Belushi sticking his head out the window...

BELUSHI

Hey! L.A.! It's me, with Danny

Aykroyd! Saturday Night Live!

(sticking his head back in)

Nah, nothin' --

(catching sight of something)

Holy shit! That's Arnie!

Belushi indicating a Mercedes convertible just now going past them in the opposite lane...Fromson riding with Woodward...Belushi flabbergasted...

AYKROYD

Where?

BELUSHI

(excited)

Right there -- ! He's with -- !

Woodward! Bob fucking Woodward!

Shit!

Belushi pointing to the Mercedes convertible bearing Woodward and Fromson, Aykroyd unable to see it...

81 EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

81

Belushi sticking his head out the window again, practically crawling out of the car, yelling at the Mercedes convertible, as it passes in the opposite lane:

BELUSHI

Hey, Arnie!

Fromson unable to hear him, the Mercedes continuing on its way, Belushi withdrawing his head back into the car again...

...turning back to Velasquez in the back seat:

BELUSHI

What the hell's Arnie doing talking to Bob Woodward?

82 INT. FROMSON'S MERCEDES - DAY

82

Woodward in Arnie's Mercedes convertible...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED (2):

82

FROMSON

It's not an article, not even a series of articles. It's a book. Belushi's a book, 'cause it's not just Belushi's story. It's a story about America.

(pointing at the hills above)

Look, Hollywood's so peaceful. What do the stars do? What they've been doing for decades -- drinking and fucking and drugs.

83 INT. OLDS 98 - DAY

83

Velasquez watching Belushi's excitement...

BELUSHI

Bob Woodward -- ! I can't believe it! I used to do him!

VELASQUEZ

Well, now he's doing you.

BELUSHI

Whadda you mean?

VELASQUEZ

He's gonna be your biographer.

BELUSHI

Bob Woodward -- ? My biographer -- ?! Jesus, I'll go down in history --

VELASQUEZ

Yeah, he'll do for you what he did for Nixon.

Belushi's face suddenly clouding with second thoughts...

BELUSHI

Yeah -- that's fucked! Woodward's poison! Why's Arnie talking to him?

VELASQUEZ

Judy asked him to --

BELUSHI

Danny, too -- ?!

Belushi suddenly turning, venting his frustration on a surprised Aykroyd...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED (2):

83

BELUSHI

Shit, Danny -- ? How could you,
man?! Your own Blues Brother!

Aykroyd throwing up his hands, not having a clue...

AYKROYD

Not me, pal! Not a chance! No
way!

Velasquez tapping Belushi on the shoulder and pointing
out a billboard as they pass by...a billboard for Animal
House...Belushi's mind diverted, thinking back...

BELUSHI

Animal House...1977.

84 INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

84

Belushi standing in Arnie Fromson's office as Arnie pushes
a script across the desk, Belushi picking it up...

FROMSON

They're doing this at Universal.
It's a 'go' picture...Jay Davis
directing. He thinks you're
perfect for the part.

BELUSHI

(opening script)

I'm the lead?

FROMSON

You're 'Bluto.'

85 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

85

Belushi and Velasquez coming down the aisle of a packed
theater, Belushi with a tub of popcorn and a giant Coke,
as the audience howls out loud, laughing at Animal House
on the screen.

VELASQUEZ

Where you wanna sit?

BELUSHI

Down front.

Belushi and Velasquez stepping over people on their way

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED (2):

85

to a couple of seats, Belushi sitting down and looking at the screen...the famous scene of him going through the cafeteria food line...the theater rocking with laughter, as we GO BACK:

86 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

86

...to Belushi as 'Bluto,' stuffing various varieties of food into his mouth all at once...as we PULL BACK to REVEAL Belushi pushing his tray down the cafeteria line as the CAMERA tracks alongside and the film's director JAY DAVIS, a small intense bearded man with glasses, does likewise... throwing small objects such as pencils and paper clips at Belushi and shouting directions:

DAVIS

Take that! Put that in your pocket!
Pile that on the tray! Eat that now,
right there!

Belushi pointing at a dish of food, raising his eyebrows and giving the Samurai grunt...

BELUSHI

(cheeks full of food)

This?

DAVIS

Do it again! One more time!

87 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

87

Back in the theater, Belushi and Velasquez enjoying the movie, eating popcorn...

VELASQUEZ

What a shame, man. You were so
fucking funny, one funny fucking
dude --

88 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

88

Belushi sucking down the jello in one fell swoop, as we...

CUT TO:

89 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

89

Belushi and Velasquez in the same seats but now watching Blues Brothers on the screen, Belushi and Aykroyd as Jake and Elwood Blues in the Bluesmobile...

VELASQUEZ

This is my favorite part.

89A EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

89A*

A set from the movie Blues Brothers, Belushi's trailer nearby...

90 INT. TRAILER - DAY

90

Belushi's trailer-dressing room...Belushi now dressed as Jake Blues, a five-foot-nine ghastly, bloated, semi-adult parody of Bluto...his curly black hair disheveled, his eyes initially closed, now opening in a comatose gaze into empty space...a mound of coke, piled high and white, on a table next to him...

91 ANOTHER ANGLE

91

...as the trailer door suddenly swings open, almost flying off its hinges, and an incensed Jay Davis bounds into the room, enraged at Belushi's condition...

DAVIS

John, you're killing yourself!
This is economically unfeasible.
Don't do this to my movie!

(Belushi's head bobbing
up and down)

Don't do this to me. Don't do this
to Judy. Don't do this to yourself.

(Belushi just staring)

I'm going to get the stills man and
get pictures of this and show it to
you --

Belushi not giving a sign, not even a shrug, no reaction whatsoever...as Davis, at his wits' end, mutters:

DAVIS

There's gotta be a way --

Davis suddenly charging the table and scooping up the white powder and making a run for the toilet...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED (2):

91

...flushing the coke down the toilet, as Belushi lifts his 220 pounds unsteadily, getting to his feet, and begins advancing on the much smaller Davis, when Davis abruptly makes a tight fist, reels back, and hits Belushi square in the face...

DAVIS

(in a state of shock)

My God, I just slugged the star of my movie.

Belushi lowering his head, bursts into tears.

BELUSHI

I'm so ashamed...so, so ashamed.

(throwing his arms around Davis)

Please understand. I need it...

I need it.

92 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

92

The Blues Brothers now on stage live with the Blues Brothers Band, the audience around Belushi and Velasquez going wild, cheering the authentic soul sounds of the fabulous Blues Brothers Rhythm and Soul Revue...

92A INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

92A*

The opening strains of a memorable Blues Brothers' song coming up, as Jay Davis confronts Arnie Fromson across Arnie's desk...

DAVIS

This can't go on! It can't be permitted any longer --

FROMSON

I know John inside out. Don't overreact.

DAVIS

You fuck. You can't make money off a corpse -- !

The Blues Brothers' music getting stronger, leaking in from the next scene...

93 INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

93

Woodward sitting in Fromson's office...listening...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED (2):

93

FROMSON

Judy and Aykroyd knew that John couldn't be controlled. When there was idle time, John would go get drugs, or go get three pizzas, a blow job, or a nap.

WOODWARD

The pizzas weren't the problem, through, were they?

94 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

94

DOCTOR ROBBINS, a respected New York City physician, looks at his patient Belushi sitting across the desk from him...Doctor Robbins preparing to write in his files...

DR. ROBBINS

Let me stress the need to be honest and complete. Do you smoke?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED (2):

94

BELUSHI
Three packs a day.

DR. ROBBINS
Alcohol -- ?

BELUSHI
I'm a social drinker.

DR. ROBBINS
Medications --?

BELUSHI
Valium, occasionally.

DR. ROBBINS
Marijuana?

BELUSHI
Four to five times a week.

DR. ROBBINS
Cocaine -- ?

BELUSHI
I snort daily. That's my main habit.

95 INT. TRAILER - DAY

95

Belushi in bed in his trailer, as Judy goes through his pockets, taking all the drugs she finds into the bathroom and flushing them...Belushi with his eyes open, on the verge of tears, as Judy rejoins him...

BELUSHI
I'm all the way downtown...they
call me at four o'clock, ordering
me out to the set for a dusk shot.
I didn't get on the road till
four-thirty, got caught in traffic --

...suddenly interrupted by Davis, who sticks his head into the trailer...

DAVIS
We're losing the light.

BELUSHI
(screaming)
Fuck you! I'm not ready.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED (2):

95

BELUSHI (cont'd)
Get out of here, or I'll kill you!

Davis hesitating, withdrawing...Belushi in an extremely agitated state...Judy trying to soothe him, stroking his hair...

BELUSHI
(continuing)
I want some coke.

JUDY
No.

BELUSHI
I've gotta have it. I can't do
the scene without it.

JUDY
(holding him)
Why are you so unhappy? *

96 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

96

Belushi continuing the litany of ingested substances,
telling the Doctor:

BELUSHI
...ten to twenty trips of acid,
four different kinds of amphetamines,
and I have a Quaalude habit.

A beat. Dr. Robbins putting the cap on his pen...

DR. ROBBINS
You have a next of kin?

BELUSHI
Judy. She's the most important person
in the world to me.

DR. ROBBINS
Then stop, especially the cocaine.

BELUSHI
Why should I? There's no heroin --
I'm not injecting anything.

(CONTINUED)

- 96 CONTINUED (2):

96

DR. ROBBINS
I want you to see a psychiatrist.

BELUSHI
A shrink? For what?

DR. ROBBINS
Because you're killing yourself.

97 OMIT

97 *

98 INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

98

Fromson continuing, looking at Woodward across the desk from him.

WOODWARD
So what did you do about it?

FROMSON
We got him this guy Dusty Jenkins
to take care of him. The enforcer.

*
*

98A. INT. THEATER - NIGHT

98A*

Belushi watching screen. Velasquez watching Belushi.

98B EXT. FORTY-FIFTH STREET IN NEW YORK - DAY

98B*

John Belushi, a mess, wearing blue corduroy trousers, sneakers and a too-small double breasted sports jacket, leaving a Hagan Daz with his pockets stuffed with Dixie cups of ice cream. His own mouth is stuffed with ice cream as he devours a cone and heads toward the recording studio.

99 OMIT

99

A100 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A100*

DUSTY JENKINS, ex-Secret Service, just tall and heavy enough to be physically impressive, wearing a suit and shades, stepping into a recording studio control room, sipping a cup of coffee, as John Belushi enters:

BELUSHI
Hey, processed hair -- you Dusty?

(CONTINUED)

A100 CONTINUED (2):

Jenkins raising his styrofoam coffee cup in assent, as he peers through the smoked glass into the recording studio where John Belushi is laying down vocal tracks...

JENKINS

Yeah, mine used to look like yours before I fixed it.

BELUSHI'S VOICE

One for you --

(pause)

This is Dusty. He's going to be traveling with me, helping me, taking care of me. Today's the first day.

Another Angle

The music coming back up, Belushi going back to singing with the track, as Jenkins looks around the room...

...at a RECORD PRODUCER, a FAMOUS RECORDING ARTIST, an ENGINEER, a WELL-DRESSED STRANGER toting a fancy walking cane, two GROUPIES carrying three bottles of Champagne...

...the gent with the cane tipping his walking stick in Jenkins' direction, as the RECORD PRODUCER speaks up:

RECORD PRODUCER

I want to wish you a lot of luck. John's hard.

JENKINS

That's what I hear.

...as Belushi stops singing, takes off his headphones in the next room:

BELUSHI

I need a break...gotta smoke?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The door to the studio springing open a second later and Belushi flying in.

BELUSHI

Hey --

JENKINS

How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

A100 CONTINUED (3):

A100*

BELUSHI

Great.

...offering Jenkins a Dixie cup, Jenkins declining, as John, already with a cigarette on his lips, turns and pokes around the room through the usual recording session clutter -- food, drinks, coffee, cigarettes...

John picking up a pack of Dunhills with studied nonchalance, when Dusty cuts in...

JENKINS

Let me see the cigarettes --

BELUSHI

(snapping)

What cigarettes?

What are you talking about?

Jenkins indicates the cigarette John already has in his mouth...

JENKINS

I thought you smoked Vantage.

BELUSHI

(indicates the Dunhill box)

I don't smoke these, but I want to try them.

Jenkins grabbing the Dunhill box and tightening his grip as John swings around, neither man willing to let go, as they both tumble to the floor, wrestling for the box... Jenkins finally pulling it out of John's hand and standing up, flipping open the top...

...a couple of packs of cocaine inside...

John suddenly running around the room, absolutely beside himself...

JENKINS

(to record producer)

Is it your custom to have all these people in the studio when recording?

The record producer shaking his head...

BELUSHI

These are my friends! If I want them here, they can stay.

(CONTINUED)

A100 CONTINUED (4):

A100*

Jenkins ignores Belushi, instead addressing the dude with the walking cane:

JENKINS

(softly)

Here's what we are going to do. You can stay, but the more 'blow' you leave around, the more expensive it's going to be. I have in my possession two grams. I know John can afford it. It's painful when you lose blow, but it's worse when it's wasted. Now if this were Sweet 'n Low...

In one motion Jenkins quickly ripping open the packets and pouring the coke into a cup of COFFEE on the table...

Tears coming to John's eyes as he realizes what has happened and slouches into a chair, hitting the wall with his fists...

RECORD PRODUCER

How're you feeling, John?
Ready to get back to work?

Belushi getting up with a heavy sigh and coming over to Dusty, slapping him on the back...

BELUSHI

I'm not gonna like you.

The two men shaking hands, Belushi turning, going back to the soundproof room...

100 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

100

Belushi watching himself from the audience as the fabulous Blues Brothers' show continues...Jenkins lurking constantly in the background up on stage, intercepting any objects that might contain drugs thrown in Belushi's direction...

Velasquez nudging Belushi in the seat next to him, pointing to his watch...Belushi reluctantly getting up...

BELUSHI

Can I go backstage? I wanna talk to the guys.

VELASQUEZ

Don't gimme that -- I know what you wanna go backstage for. We gotta go.

The two of them heading up the aisle toward an exit that never seems to come closer...the theater seeming to grow and grow, ever more rows of screaming, appreciative fans...until the audience seems hugely disproportionate to the size of the theater, as though the theater has concertinaed into a much larger venue...

101 ANOTHER ANGLE

101

The two of them pausing at the back of the theater finally, for one last look at the Blues Brothers and the vast sea of fans...Velasquez having to pull Belushi away...

102 EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

102

The two of them emerging from the theater, standing under the bright glowing lights for a minute, as a hearse approaches...

VELASQUEZ

Hot -- ?

BELUSHI

(sweating, seeing the hearse)
Let's get outta here.

103 EXT. HEARSE - NIGHT

103

Belushi's casket riding in the back of the hearse...

104 EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

104

A limo driving ahead of the hearse, Fromson and Connors visible through the window, as well as a couple of other MEN we don't recognize...

105 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

105

Velasquez' taxi bringing up the rear of this mini-cortege, Belushi still in his sheet, leaning forward in the back seat, watching the hearse up ahead... *

BELUSHI

(indicating the hearse)

That's me, huh? I'm in there?

VELASQUEZ

There's no funeral without you,
Johnny Boy.

Belushi looking grim...

BELUSHI

Where're we going?

VELASQUEZ

Judy's burying you on Martha's
Vineyard.

BELUSHI

Martha's Vineyard...

(pause)

Jesus Christ, this is suck-o.

(regarding the empty streets)

Where the hell are all the people?

Where're all the people from the
theater?!

(pause)

Can't we pass this guy?

Velasquez stepping on the gas...the taxi shooting forward,
passing the hearse and pulling up alongside the limo...
Belushi looking over at Fromson, rolling down his window,
yelling:

BELUSHI

Arnie -- ! Arnie -- ! Don't talk
to Woodward! Don't tell him shit!

106 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

106

Fromson unable to see the taxi, merely staring out at

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED (2):

106

the L.A. cityscape by night, as the limo makes its way toward the airport...

107 INT. BELUSHI'S HOUSE ON THE VINEYARD - NIGHT

107

Judy telling Woodward the other side, the positive stuff:

JUDY

I mean, he would try to quit.
He said to me one day, 'I'm not
gonna let drugs fuck up my life.'
He said, 'Look me in the eyes.
You can trust me.'

108 EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - NIGHT

108

While the Warner Brothers corporate jet sits on the runway, revving its twin engines, Belushi's casket is pulled from the back of the hearse and is carried toward the waiting plane's open cargo door...

109 EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

109

Woodward at a Malibu party, talking to a studio executive, DAVID BROWER:

WOODWARD

I've got records that show your studio paid Belushi \$2500 a week, in addition to his salary.

BROWER

We're talking about his per diem?

WOODWARD

All his bills were paid by his accountant. Everything. What did he need cash for? That's what he used to buy drugs, everyone says. Belushi told people drugs were built into his contract, by oral agreement.

BROWER

We certainly didn't give him money to go buy drugs. We tend to give a flat fee so we don't get into whether

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED (2):

109

BROWER (cont'd)
 an actor should have 24-hour guards,
 twelve bedroom suites, houses...
 we do a flat fee so we don't get
 into conversations about what is
 proper.

109A INT. MALIBU BATHROOM - NIGHT

109A*

Woodward stepping into a bathroom at the Malibu party,
 closing the door, and producing a small notebook, into
 which he scribbles some notes...

110 EXT. CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

110

The loading CREW carrying Belushi's casket having a hard
 time trying to fit the coffin in the private jet's cargo
 hold, pushing and angling it without success...Fromson
 looking on, becoming impatient, asking the loading Crew
 SUPERVISOR:

FROMSON

What's going on?

SUPERVISOR

It won't fit.

FROMSON

You're telling me his coffin won't
 fit on this fucking plane?!

SUPERVISOR

Doesn't look like it --

FROMSON

Holy shit --

(pause)

So what's next? Whadda we do?

SUPERVISOR

(shrugging)

Take him out of the coffin.

FROMSON

My God. You know who this is?!
 This is John Belushi -- !

SUPERVISOR

He still won't fit.

111 INT. GYM - DAY

111

Forrest, Belushi's trainer, trim and muscular, leading a paunchy Belushi, his stomach hanging over the drawstring of his sweatpants, in a punishing workout...

...as Belushi jumps rope, sweat pouring from him as Forrest tries to fire Belushi's competitive instincts:

FORREST

(pause)

Come on, you gussy, you fat slob!
Clean out your system!

BELUSHI

(panting)

Fuck you!

FORREST

(pause)

Come on! Come on! Breathe!
Breathe!

112 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

112

Forrest, administering ever more frantic doses of CPR to the already deathly blue Belushi, screaming:

FORREST

Breathe! Breathe!

113 INT. GYM - DAY

113

Forrest still trying to light a fire in Belushi, as Belushi karate kicks a heavy punching bag...

BELUSHI

(inhaling and exhaling)

Back in high school, they told us
in football to put guys out of the
game and I did it...step on some
poor jerk's hand, break someone's
knee. I killed a couple of guys...
just part of the game. 'When the
ball snaps, you'll hear your nose
break.' That was my line.

FORREST

Cut the gab -- breathe, Belushi!
Kick it! Kick it!

114 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

114

Belushi hitting a diving board in SLOW MOTION, going up in the air gracefully and now landing with his ass on the moving board, seeming to sit for a moment before disappearing beneath the water with barely a ripple...

115 INT. MORTON STREET LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

115

Belushi on the living room sofa of his Morton Street apartment, Judy in the background, Jenkins sitting across from him...

BELUSHI

(loud enough for Judy to hear)

I don't go anywhere without Judy.
Never leave her behind. Take care
of her. Remember that.

JENKINS

I'll get up with you in the morning
and put you to bed at night. I'll
try to handle everything -- cars,
food, phones, security, travel
arrangements --

BELUSHI

(picking up phone, dialing)

Now, as far as my problem...I suppose
you know that in this business drugs
are one of the biggest problems,
along with alcohol. Well, I'm no
drinker.

(into phone)

I'd like to order a steak dinner...
two steaks, fries, and salads...I
have this good friend who's coming
over to pick it up. The name is Jenkins.

(hanging up)

I'm sure it comes as no surprise that
people in this business need something
to keep themselves and their minds
going. You need drugs. You've got
to be on top. I use drugs to be alert
to the comic possibilities in
everything around me --

The last statement so patently absurd that even Belushi
has trouble swallowing it...the two men just sitting
together in a awkward silence...

116 OMIT

116*

117 INT. BELUSHI'S HOUSE ON THE VINEYARD - NIGHT

117

Judy on the same subject:

JUDY

He would try to give it up, but people would offer it to him. We'd go to a party...people would slip it in his pocket or leave it in the bathroom for him. Do you know how hard that is?

(pause)

That's what they expected, like he was letting them down if he refused.

WOODWARD

So he was afraid of letting them down?

118 INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

118*

A tough trendy after-hours club in New York where dancers slam into one another in the smoky din of incredibly high decibel rock 'n' roll...

Belushi running into an actress friend, WENDY HUNTER, with her current boyfriend, Aykroyd. Wendy putting an arm around Belushi's middle, amazed at how good he looks, how much weight he's lost.

WENDY

My God, look at you! Clean living must agree with you --

BELUSHI

You think so, huh -- ? Three months of working my tail off, getting all the shit out of my system, all the filthy disgusting impurities --

WENDY

Well, it worked --

BELUSHI

(pointing at his face)

See these? Cheekbones. Haven't seen these since high school.

119 INT. CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

119

The corpse of Belushi, now in a body bag, being placed in a seat aboard the corporate jet and strapped in. Fromson performing the macabre task of buckling his seat belt...

120 INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

120*

Aykroyd greeting his best pal that night in the after-hours joint...

AYKROYD

When'd you get back in town, pal?

BELUSHI

About a half hour ago.

(handing his drink to Wendy)

Here, hold my club soda. I gotta hit the john.

Belushi heading off for the bathroom, a surreptitious look passing between him and Wendy...

AYKROYD

God, he looks great.

WENDY

(not as sure)

Looks like it.

121 INT. CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

121

The bagged body of Belushi riding upright, as we're
CLOSE ON the plastic bag where his face should be...his
words to Velasquez audible through the bag:

BELUSHI

Get me outta here, man -- ! Please!

C'mon, pal -- anybody there?

(pause)

Say something, man --

(pause)

I gotta go piss. I'm sweating
piss, man. I gotta go, real bad.

Get me outta here -- I'll change!

I'll go'straight! No more fuck-ups!

122 INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

122

Aykroyd and Woodward sitting in the Blues Bar, Aykroyd
venturing an opinion:

AYKROYD

How do I think he died? What do
I think caused him to die? Cigarettes.
I mean, it sounds naive, doesn't it -- ?
But I think he died because he smoked
three packs of cigarettes a day and
it was a respiratory problem. And he
probably choked to death.

...as Belushi suddenly crashes through the roof and lands
on the floor amid falling debris and plaster, Aykroyd
continuing as though nothing has happened...

AYKROYD

(continuing)

This was a guy who smoked a lot.

(MORE)

.(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED (2):

122 *

AYKROYD (cont'd)

And maybe the combination of just
what heroin he had and the massive
consumption of cigarettes --

Belushi meanwhile getting to his feet unsteadily, shaking
the dust off...

BELUSHI

Jesus Christ -- I'm all right!
I fell out of a fucking airplane
right into the Blues Bar, just
like a fucking Timex --
(to Aykroyd)

Hey, Danny -- ! Fucking bloodsucker
Woodward! Shit -- ! Goddamn vulture!
Preying on wives and widows!
Couldn't you even wait till my
body's cold... ? Nooooo -- !
I'll get you, Woodward, if it's
the last thing I ever do!

123 through 133 OMIT

123 through 133 *

AL34 INT. BELUSHI HOUSE IN WHEATON - DAY

AL34*

The high school Belushi coming down the stairs of his parents' house in Wheaton, wearing a suit and tie, trailed by his brother Jimmy...

B134 ANOTHER ANGLE

B134*

Belushi and Jimmy reaching the foot of the stairs, A VOICE from the living room calling out:

VOICE

Johnny?

C134 ANOTHER ANGLE

C134*

Belushi coming into the living room where his FATHER and MOTHER are sitting with his GRANDMA NENA the latter in her customary black...her face lighting up the second she sees John, opening her arms...

GRANDMA NENA

Johnny Nena's, Johnny Nena's --

John coming over, kissing his grandmother...

BELUSHI

Hi, Grandma Nena --

Belushi's father Adam asking the suit and tie-clad high school senior:

ADAM BELUSHI

You're really going, huh? Acting.

Belushi nervously fingering the knot of his necktie...

BELUSHI

It's just an audition, just for the summer. You said I needed to get a job --

ADAM BELUSHI

Why not work with me in the restaurant?

Belushi trading looks with his father, his brother fidgeting for an awkward moment. As a car HORN sounds outside...

BELUSHI

'Bye Dad -- gotta go!

134 INT. STAN JOSEPHS' OFFICE - DAY

134

Belushi, with a beard, haranguing Joseph as Josephs is in the middle of doing a dozen things at once, trying to organize the show to be known as Saturday Night Live...

BELUSHI

Television's crap! It's shallow, mindless, degenerate. The network is run by pigs; the censors would never allow anything good; my own personal T.V. is covered with spit!

JOSEPHS

So what're you doing here?

BELUSHI

I heard you might represent something new. But I'm skeptical.

JOSEPHS

Well, when you make up your mind, come back and audition.

Belushi exploding, pounding the desk...

BELUSHI

I gotta audition?! To be on this fucking show -- ? Who needs it? Not me, pal!

Belushi turning, striding out of the office, slamming the door behind him...Stan Josephs' saying to no one in particular, loud enough to be heard through the door:

JOSEPHS

Looks like we lost Belushi. Who else can we get for the part?

The office door suddenly springing open again, Belushi sticking his head back in the room, still raging:

BELUSHI

Glenda Warner didn't have to audition!
Aykroyd didn't have to audition!
Fuck you! It's not even prime-time!

Belushi going out again, slamming the door...

135 LATER

135

The Josephs interview in the same office, Woodward sitting

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED (2):

135

across from him...the walls of the room now adorned with the trappings of success...photographs of the famous, mementoes from the Saturday Night Live years...

JOSEPHS

Belushi worried me, and he worried NBC. Certain things could not be done or said on network TV, let's face it. I myself was not looking for a guerrilla takeover, just a pirate operation. But a repertory company needs a variety of forms and shapes to hang characters on. John would be the beefy one.

136 INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

136

A high school-aged Belushi, in his football uniform, standing in front of his high school TEAMMATES in the locker room, imitating a coach...

BELUSHI

Awright, today's the big one. Stomp fingers, break arms, legs, necks, kick, bite! Bash, crash, dislocate, rend! Send our opponents to the hospital, cover the field with blood --

(pause)

Coach Lawson, you wanna say a few words...if you can stand up -- ?

(as an intoxicated second coach)

Awright! How many of you guys beat off last night?

Unknown to Belushi, one of the COACHES now appearing behind him, taking in the show...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

How many times do I have to tell you? Don't masturbate -- ! It saps your strength. Did any of you touch yourselves before the game?

(sneering)

I'll just bet you did -- a small minority.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED (2):

136

Belushi suddenly turning, seeing the COACH, and abruptly transforming himself into a totally animalistic football player, putting on his helmet with a growl and leading the charge for the field...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

Awright! Cut the shit -- let's go!

136A INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

136A*

Woodward talking to another guest at the Malibu party, ROBERT BLAIR, a major Hollywood agent...

WOODWARD

You were his agent...Did you know he had a drug problem?

BLAIR

The last time I saw the guy he couldn't even walk down to his limo.

WOODWARD

So what did you do?

BLAIR

I called two guys from the mailroom and they carried him down. Then I called his manager, then Aykroyd.

136B EXT. BELUSHI'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

136B*

John and Jimmy Belushi coming out on their front porch, John still in his coat and tie casting an uncertain glance at the street where his high school drama teacher GERALD SIMMONS is waiting for John in his car...

JIMMY

So what's it gonna be -- ?
Hollywood or football?

137 OMIT

137*

138 OMIT

138*

139 OMIT

139*

140 OMIT

140*

141 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

141*

Back at the Malibu party, David Brower and his WIFE sitting on a sofa across from Woodward...

BROWER

Just a couple of nights before he died, my wife and I saw him at a private club on Sunset. John was eating a lot, I was trying to talk script --

142 INT. ON THE ROX -- NIGHT

142

Brower, his wife, and Belushi, sitting at a table... Belushi looking burned out and sloppy, eating a cheeseburger...

...two scripts on the table, one brought by Brower, The Joy of Sex, the other represented by Belushi... Noble Rot...

BROWER

There's something inherently funny about sexual awakening, and in your hands it would be hilarious.

Belushi unmoved, finishing his cheeseburger and indicating the Noble Rot script...

BELUSHI

How can you not think this is funny? So it doesn't read funny...it's character. I can make it funny. It's like...great wine from rotten grapes...Noble Rot!

Brower unresponsive, again indicating The Joy of Sex...

BROWER

This is the answer to our problems, John.

143 EXT. BELUSHI HOUSE IN WHEATON - DAY

143

The high school Belushi, walking to the waiting car parked in front, driven by:

144 INT. CAR - DAY

144

Gerald Simmons, thirty-four year old Wheaton high school drama teacher, smiling as John gets into the car... commenting on his appearance:

SIMMONS

You're taking this serious, huh?
I didn't recognize you.

BELUSHI

I'm not sure I really wanna do this. Can we talk a minute -- ?
Someplace -- ?

Simmons nodding, the car in motion...

145 EXT. WHEATON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

145

Simmons' car pulling into the Wheaton High School parking lot, behind Grange Field, the high school football stadium.

146 INT. CAR - DAY

146

A silence, as Belushi looks toward the stadium...

BELUSHI

I can't believe Red Grange used to play here...I'd've clobbered him...

(pause)

Here's the thing: I need a scholarship to go to college. My dad's two restaurants in Chicago aren't going that well, and there's not much money. And I don't wanna go in the Army. If I don't have a draft deferment, I'll probably get sent to Vietnam, where I could get killed.

SIMMONS

Makes sense to me.

BELUSHI

Football looks like not only a path to college and out of the Army, but a career. I gotta choose -- football or acting.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED (2):

SIMMONS

Slow down...we're not talking about a career, just summer stock. You keep fretting about the future --

Okay. (pause)
What about football as a career? I don't know much about the National Football League except that 170-pound linebackers are a rarity. You could get killed in football.

Belushi thinking, nodding...

BELUSHI

All right -- let's go to the audition.

Simmons putting the car in gear again, only to have Belushi change his mind once more...

BELUSHI

No -- stop.

SIMMONS

Again -- ?

BELUSHI

I'm hungry. Could we get something to eat?

Simmons suspecting that it's more nerves than hunger, pulling the car over...

147 INT. BLUES BAR - DAY

147

Woodward polling Aykroyd on the same matter...

WOODWARD

Did he ever talk about The Joy of Sex to you? That they wanted him to get into a diaper?

AYKROYD

Well, like any other producer and packager, I would have said to him, 'Hey, this is what they know you as. C'mon, you can do a little bit of this shit. This is funny, it makes people laugh. Come on, don't be so uptight. You've got too goddamn much self-respect.'

148 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

148

Simmons' car pulling up in front of the house where the summer stock auditions are to be held...a dozen or so cars in evidence, no place to park.

149 INT. SIMMONS' CAR - DAY

149

Belushi with butterflies, again changing his mind...

BELUSHI

Nah...let's go. I can't go in.

SIMMONS

We're late --

BELUSHI

Yeah, screw it. I don't wanna be an actor.

SIMMONS

You sure?

BELUSHI

Yeah, let's go --
(the car moving forward)
Stop the car.

The car stopping, Belushi regarding the number of cars in front of the house.

BELUSHI

(continuing)

A lot of people, huh? A lot of people reading for a couple of parts -- they probably all think they're pretty hot shit.

SIMMONS

You've got nothing to worry about. You're the most talented sonofabitch I've ever seen, much less taught. Just go in there and kill 'em.

BELUSHI

Yeah, you're right.

Simmons smiling, as Belushi gets out...

150 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

150

...and heads up the sidewalk to the front door of the

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED (2):

150

house, straightening his tie at first, then loosening it Belushi-style, as he draws back his hand to ring the buzzer...

151 INT. STAN JOSEPHS' OFFICE - DAY

151

A knock at Josephs' office door, Josephs looking up from his desk:

JOSEPHS

Yes -- ? Who is it?

The door flying open and the savage Samurai known as Belushi bounding into the room, wearing a bathrobe, his hair pulled back in a ponytail, wielding a shower curtain rod as a sword and grunting pseudo-Japanese syllables...

...Josephs jumping out of his chair as Belushi charges, Belushi pursuing him around the room before turning his mind to Josephs' desk, where he proceeds to knock everything off of it with a sweep of his arm, and now treating it as a pool table...

...becoming Samurai Pool Hustler, shooting imaginary balls into imaginary pockets, chalking his 'cue stick,' and grunting in Josephs direction...

...PEOPLE having begun to stick their heads into the room, laughing, Josephs himself breaking up at Belushi's hilarious performance...

152 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

152 *

Simmons waiting outside the house where the auditions are being held, as Belushi comes out, followed by the summer stock

DIRECTOR, the latter signalling Simmons behind Belushi's back that Belushi was fabulous...Belushi, however, looking rather downcast as he walks by:

BELUSHI

I blew it.

153 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

153

AYKROYD

I remember the Blues Bar, this little
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED (2):

153

AYKROYD (cont'd)

bar the two of us had, and many's
the night Johnny was there tending
bar, man...popping beers and pouring
drinks, man, sitting, working behind
the bar...and we're just sitting there
watching a football game or playing
tank or, ah, pinball --

154 INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

154

At the mention of 'pinball,' a hitherto darkened pinball machine in a dark corner of the Blues Bar suddenly comes alive, lighting up, bells RINGING, as if someone is playing it...Belushi turning, looking that way, seeing the game's illuminated display panel...the face of Belushi and the words 'BLUTO GOES TO HOLLYWOOD...'

BELUSHI

What the hell's that?

Belushi crossing the Blues Bar to the pinball machine, staring at it with a sense of wonder...the machine seeming to play itself, the ball temporarily stuck in a hole marked 'HOLLYWOOD' and an animated figure resembling Belushi on the display board, the animated figure walking toward an animated limo...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

What the hell is going on? What
kind of fucking game is this?

VELASQUEZ

It's called 'See Yourself.'

Velasquez indicating the animated figure getting into the limo...the limo careening crazily all over the illuminated board, before the board suddenly flashes, 'TILT' and the game is over...

BELUSHI

Lemme try.

Belushi stepping up to the game, trying the flippers, pressing the replay button, more balls coming up...

VELASQUEZ

God's a big fan, John.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED (2):

154

BELUSHI

A big fan of what?

VELASQUEZ

God's such a big fan of John
Belushi, he's giving him one
more chance --

(putting several quarters
on top of the machine)
-- till the quarters run out.

Belushi shooting a new ball out of the chute...

155 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRPORT - NIGHT

155

Warner Brother's Corporate jet landing at the airport on
Martha's Vineyard, a hearse waiting.

156 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

156

Aykroyd wondering 'what if'...

AYKROYD

And had I been with him that night
with Cathy Smith and everything, and
he said, 'I want you to come on and
try this stuff,' I probably would
have been right there alongside him --
I liked the guy so much. I would
have done anything for or with him --

157 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

157

The funeral procession, Aykroyd on his Harley-Davidson,
dressed in black leathers...

158 OMIT

158*

159 EXT. FROMSON'S TERRACE - DAY

159*

Fromson and Woodward sitting on Fromson's terrace across the street from the Beverly Hills Hotel, Woodward asking:

WOODWARD

Did he want to die, do you think?

FROMSON

We tried to help him. I loved him like a son. Even from a fiduciary standpoint, a guy who's getting a million and a half a pop, a million and a half per picture, you don't let him destroy himself, even if he's doing his damndest. But you can't police a guy twenty-four hours a day every day of his life.

(pause)

One morning he came to my office on Sunset Boulevard. He had clearly been up all night, and he looked disgusting, like he hadn't changed clothes or washed in days. He gave me a bear-hug, and he reeked of a foul odor -- He was overweight and a mess. An embarrassment. I said, 'John, you've got to stop. You've gotta get some help, or --'

160 INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

160

...as we go to live action, Belushi's telling a concerned Fromson:

BELUSHI

I can handle it. I have the heart of a high school senior.

FROMSON

You're going to kill yourself. You're going to put yourself out of show business. You can't do this -- you can't abuse yourself.

BELUSHI

Look -- I'm not paying you to be my best friend! I don't ask what you do after six o'clock, don't ask me! No one's gonna tell me what to do!

FROMSON

You can't tell me not to love you! I'm not talking about goddamn business! I'm talking about your life!

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED (2):

160*

BELUSHI

I know --

(the two of them hugging)

I know what you're saying. You worry
about your business. I'll worry
about me.

160A INT. BELUSHI'S PARENTS HOUSE

160A*

Jimmy picking up a phone at home...

JIMMY

(into phone)

Yeah --

160B EXT. FROMSEN'S PATIO - DAY

160B*

Arnie Fromsen at the other end of the line, calling from his
house in Beverly Hills...

FROMSEN

(into phone)

Jimmy, we're worried about John.

INTERCUT Jimmy and Fromsen

JIMMY

Yeah, I've been looking for him.
Grandma Nena's real sick, and
John needs to go see her.

FROMSEN

Judy's worried. Maybe you can
do something.

JIMMY

Like what -- ?

FROMSEN

I think it's time for the younger
brother to be the older brother.
You've got to talk to him.

160C EXT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

160C*

Jimmy pulling up in his jeep in front of the Chicago Blues Bar, a lot of cars parked on the street, loud rock 'n' roll blaring from inside the bar...

160D INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

160D*

John behind the bar, pulling caps off beers, mixing drinks for his friends...a diverse lot encompassing cops and Hell's Angels...

...as Jimmy comes in, walks behind the bar...

BELUSHI

Hey, what'll it be -- ?
How's the play?

Jimmy putting his arms around his brother and pulling a pack of coke from his pocket...

JIMMY

We gotta talk...

BELUSHI

Gimme that -- !

John taking a swipe at the coke, Jimmy putting it in his pocket and grabbing John's arm...

JIMMY

You've got to come with me.

...pulling John toward the door...

BELUSHI

Okay, okay, okay, okay !

160E EXT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

160E*

The two of them emerging from the Blues Bar, John pulling free...

BELUSHI

Let's hit the town together --

JIMMY

No. We're going home.

(CONTINUED)

160E CONTINUED (2):

160E*

BELUSHI

I wanna go out, not home.

JIMMY

Home!

BELUSHI

So you wanna fight?

JIMMY

Yeah!

Belushi rolling up his sleeves, taunting:

BELUSHI

If I win, we go out. If you win,
we go home.

The two brothers squaring off, from certain angles looking like mirror images at one another...but Jimmy's quicker, in better shape, swinging hard and landing a fist to John's mouth...John shaking it off, his lip already swelling...

BELUSHI

This is like East of Eden, the
brother's fight scene.

(dropping his fists)

Shit, I'm winded. I've had it.
You win.

The two of them trying to catch their breath, looking at one another...

JIMMY

You've gotta go see Grandma
Nena. She's had her third
heart attack, John. You
gotta go see her.

BELUSHI

Nah...if she's waiting to say goodbye
to me, she'll keep living till I
get there. That's why I can't go.
If I go, she'll die.

JIMMY

You've gotta go.

A161 INT. GRANDMA NENA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

A161*

The sun already creeping through the blinds in Grandma Nena's room, as John steps in, plainly having just gotten home after being out all night...

...Jimmy visible in the hallway behind him, halfway pushing John into the room...

BELUSHI

Grandma -- ?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Grandma Nena, matriarch of the family, opening her black and expressionless eyes as John comes over to the bed, kneels down...

BELUSHI

How you feel -- ?

Nena turning her head, looking at him, tears in her eyes...

GRANDMA NENA

Johnny Nena's...Johnny Nena's...

BELUSHI

Did you hide my socks today?
Remember, you always used to hide
my socks, so I'd have to come to
you every time I'd get dressed?

GRANDMA NENA

Johnny Nena's...

BELUSHI

I was your favorite...and you're my
favorite, too --

Tears in John's eyes as Nena strokes his hair and John curls up in bed beside her...

161 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - NIGHT

161

Aykroyd recalling.

AYKROYD

I mean, we talked about it, Judy
and myself...his two wives...
maybe institutionalization --

WOODWARD

His two wives?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED (2):

161

AYKROYD

Oh, absolutely...I was his wife.
 No question about it. He had two
 wives. In our relationship...I
 was the wife, the supervisor, the
 clean-up person, the attendant,
 the one who did the dirty work
 with hours at the typewriter,
 writing us scripts, answering
 mail, watching the business end --
 (pause)
 I was at the end of my rope, too.
 It was three people in a bad
 marriage.

162 INT. JUDY'S MORTON STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

162

After the call from Belushi on his answering machine,
 Aykroyd and Judy sitting at her kitchen table, the
 apartment full of cats...an episode of Police Story
 flickering on the T.V....

JUDY

How'd he sound?

AYKROYD

Tired. You know...uh...strained.

JUDY

He's not the only one.

AYKROYD

If he doesn't come home by this
 weekend, I'll fly out to L.A. and
 bring him back somehow.

JUDY

How?

Aykroyd merely repeating:

AYKROYD

I'm his partner. We can't let him
 spend another weekend out in that
 environment. He needs some time away
 from the biz.

JUDY

I may have to put myself on the line.
 I have to start looking out for myself,
 my shrink keeps telling me...

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED (2):

162

AYKROYD

That's another thing: he hates
your fucking shrink. He hates
shrinks.

JUDY

Don't I know --

AYKROYD

If he's not home by tomorrow,
I'll go get him. Tomorrow's
the limit.

163 OMIT

163*

164 INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

164

The words 'Free Play' suddenly flashing on the Blues Bar
pinball machine...

BELUSHI

Awright!

165 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

165

Aykroyd remembering...

AYKROYD

As a last resort I had a scenario
where his trainer and I would have
gone with handcuffs, handcuffed him
behind his back, just grabbed him
and taken him away and he would have
screamed and kicked and howled...

165A INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

165A*

Back in the New York after hours club, the music and the 'scene'
still going strong...

166 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

166*

...as Belushi comes into the rock club bathroom, looking good, happy as a lark...a PUNK ROCKER at the sink washing his hands and now calling out to Belushi as he leaves:

PUNK ROCKER

Hey, Beloosh, how's it going, man?

BELUSHI

Great.

The Punk Rocker at the sink tapping the metal shelf above the sink where he has just left a packet of cocaine...

PUNK ROCKER

I love your new image, playing a serious, romantic role...

BELUSHI

Right. Time magazine loved it, too, called me the new Spencer Tracy.

PUNK ROCKER

Well, Spencer, more power to you.

The Punk Rocker again tapping the packet of cocaine on the metal shelf and now going out. Belushi looking at the cocaine but shaking his head, heading over to the urinal instead...

BELUSHI

Thanks, but no thanks. Enough of that shit.

(unzipping his pants)

Jesus, some people -- got their fucking nerve.

Belushi standing there pissing, noticing a packet of cocaine resting atop the urinal right in front of him...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

Must be 'Giveaway Coke Night'...

...closing his eyes, looking away, doing anything to help him resist the allure of the coke, as he now flushes the urinal and heads over to the lavatory, again having to tune out the waiting packet of coke as he washes his hands...

...pushing the soap dispenser and getting a handful of cocaine, quickly panicking, washing it off, and reaching for a paper towel, pulling a towel only to have at least a dozen packets of cocaine tumble out...

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED (3):

166

By now in the clutches of sheer terror, Belushi trying the door, finding it impossible to leave...one of his hands pushing on the door while the other one pulls it...

Belushi quickly retreating into a toilet booth, sitting down on the toilet and resting, trying to regain his composure, when he sees them...several huge lines of coke laid out on the floor at his feet, Belushi staring at them, breaking out in a cold sweat, trying to resist, but slowly, surely being drawn down...getting off the toilet and on all fours getting down on the floor, his legs protruding under the stall door as he begins to snort a line...

...when suddenly a net drops, Belushi finding himself ensnared in a fishing net...

167 ANOTHER ANGLE

167

Judy, Aykroyd, and Fromson pulling Belushi under the toilet stall door, Belushi screaming and kicking...wrapped in the fishing net...

168 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRPORT - NIGHT

168

Belushi's body, ready for the hearse, having been taken out of the corporate jet and laid on the plane's wing, when the wind whips open the body bag, revealing the corpse's face, alabaster white in the moonlight...

169 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - NIGHT

169

Back to Aykroyd, wishing he had it to do over again:

AYKROYD

It would have been hard on his soul.
I don't know. Better to let him go
to his demise than to hurt his spirit
and soul that much, I think. He was
clearly the captain of his own ship.

170 INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

170*

Belushi returning to where he left Wendy holding his club soda, Wendy at once realizing that he's not the same man who just went into the bathroom...his nostrils red, his

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED (2):

170

eyes funny...

BELUSHI

(very agitated)

I just did a hit of coke. My God,
I can't control it.

Wendy, filled with a sense of horror...frightened...

170A INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

170A*

Belushi's blank dead gaze reflected in the glass of the
pinball machine...

170B INT. LIMO

170B*

Wendy telling Woodward in the back of a limo:

WENDY

I was attracted by his inability
to handle his own intensity, but
that was the first time I had
seen him afraid. That's when I
knew he could die. It was the
gaze of an addict.

171 OMIT

171*

172 OMIT

172*

173 INT. MORTON STREET APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

173

...as he wakes up in bed next to Judy, sitting straight
up, trying to laugh, unable to breathe...

BELUSHI

I'm out of control! What'd I
take, heroin?

174 INT. BLUES BAR - NIGHT

174

...as the last ball goes down the tubes and the machine
winds down to zero, the power and lights going out...the
machine definitely dead this time.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED (2):

174

BELUSHI

Shit -- ! I was just kidding.
Can't you take a fucking joke --?!
(pause)
Judy knew I was kidding --

VELASQUEZ

Did she -- ?
(pause)
Let's go, John. God has a saying --

BELUSHI

What?

VELASQUEZ

Life's not for everyone.

175 INT. MORTON STREET APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

175

Belushi and Judy lying in bed together, looking at one another in the darkness...Belushi coughing...

JUDY

You're doing this to yourself.
Why? You sound like a drowning
man --

BELUSHI

Don't worry about the heroin thing --
I was just kidding.

JUDY

Then why bring it up?

BELUSHI

Look me in the eyes. You can trust
me.

175A EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD CEMETERY - DAY

175A*

Judy and Woodward at Belushi's gravesite, Judy walking around, picking up beer bottles and other litter left at the grave by fans...

JUDY

What John wanted to be was a
rock star.

(CONTINUED)

175A CONTINUED (2):

175A*

WOODWARD
That's the Blues Brothers.

JUDY
Yeah, but it didn't stop the
drugs.

...Judy picking up one note, smiling to herself as she reads
what a fan has written:

JUDY
'You could have given us so many
more laughs, but nooooo -- '
(pause)
'But nooooo -- '

WOODWARD
Did you ever talk to him
about it? Ask him to stop?

JUDY
Many times.

175B INT. MORTON STREET APT. - DAY

175B*

John watching the '79 Super Bowl game on T.V., as he and
Judy discuss their future...

BELUSHI
You've got to understand.
It's my life-style. Things
will be better when I'm dead.

The phone ringing, Judy and John both reaching for it at the
same time...Judy getting there first:

JUDY
(into phone)
Hello -- ? No, John's not
here right now - sorry.

...hanging up, as John demands:

BELUSHI
Who was it?

JUDY
What does it matter? They'll
call back.

(CONTINUED)

175B CONTINUED (2):

175B*

BELUSHI
Could have been important.

JUDY
(exploding)
This is important, damn it!
(pause)
Are you listening? If drugs
are your life-style, then I
don't think we can live together
and have a successful marriage
because it causes too many
problems between us.

BELUSHI
I don't need the drugs. It doesn't
have to be my life-style. I'll
change.

Judy smiling, throwing her arms around him...

JUDY
Great. Tomorrow you're thirty
years old. It's time you grew
up.

The phone ringing again and John lunging for it, this time
picking it up without any competition...just as Judy unplugs
the phone jack from the wall...

JUDY
I'll get dinner ready.

...and Blues Brothers' music comes up, washing over from
the next scene...

JUDY (V.O.)
The next day the Blues Brothers'
album hit number one on the charts.

175C INT. RECORD PROMOTION CONVENTION - NIGHT

175C*

The Blues Brothers receiving an award from the recording
industry. Judy watching from the background...the large
crowd giving John and Dan three standing ovations.

175D EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD CEMETERY - DAY

175D*

Judy looking sad, wishful...

JUDY

I tried everything to be
close to him.

175E INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

175E*

A record company hospitality suite...food, champagne, and
coke everywhere...the Blues Brothers the guests of honor...

...as Judy watches John take a hit of cocaine and goes to
him, reaching his side, exchanging looks and, finally, doing
a line of coke herself...

175F INT. TAXI - DAY

175F*

Belushi back in the taxi with Velasquez, wearing his sheet and
heading down Sunset Boulevard, looking out the window at a
number of Belushi lookalikes standing on the sidewalk...

BELUSHI

What the hell is that?

VELASQUEZ

Now that you're dead, you're
bigger than ever.

BELUSHI

Fuck you. I'm tired of talking
to you. I want to talk to your
boss.

VELASQUEZ

Soon, John. Real soon.

176 OMIT

176*

A177 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD CEMETERY - DAY

A177*

Judy and Woodward heading back to the car parked outside the cemetery...

WOODWARD

Tell me about his last movie.

JUDY

It was bad, a very bad experience.
John felt the film wasn't funny.
He got crazy. And he decided
that only new music could save
the movie.

177 INT. ROBERT BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

177

ROBERT BOYD, a sixty-year-old former cellist with the L.A. Symphony, sits at his desk, half-petrified with fear as an overweight Belushi with a headband on, glowers at him above the NOISE of a punk rock song from the group, Fear...

BELUSHI

This is Fear!

BOYD

You're telling me.

BELUSHI

The name of the band! This has
gotta be in the movie --

BOYD

I can't quite understand the lyrics.

BELUSHI

I'll turn it up.

...which he does, turning the volume up to an ear-shattering level, Belushi beginning to move around, slam-dancing around the room, while the film's rattled PRODUCERS try to find a way out, the two of them looking at their watches at the same time.

PRODUCER

We have a meeting.

(heading for the door)

John, you and Robert talk it over.
We'll talk later.

The Producers going out, Belushi coming over to Boyd's desk, picking up the phone, dialing...

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED (2):

177

BELUSHI

Isn't this the greatest fucking
piece of music you've ever heard?
(into phone)

Mr. Big Time Oscar-winning Hollywood
Director! Fucking cocksucker --
Don't tell me to down the music!
Fucking wimp, whadda you know about
music?!

Belushi lighting cigarette after cigarette, smoking only
a little of each and leaving them everywhere, lighting
one with another...

Boyd noticing several such cigarettes burning holes on
his desk, a couple even next to the little NO SMOKING
sign...as Belushi angrily jerks the phone around as he
speaks, accidentally unplugging the phone from the wall
but continuing to rage, not aware of what has happened...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

Fucking cocksucker, motherfucker...
fuck you! You little shithead...

Belushi continuing the nonstop onslaught of obscenities
as he cradles the phone on his shoulder and opens one of
Boyd's desk drawers, as if looking for something...but
miscalculating, pulling the drawer out too far, spilling
its contents all over the floor...

Belushi now attacking the desk, pulling out other drawers,
as Boyd makes good his escape, piloting his swivel chair
out of harm's way. Belushi continuing his harangue to the
nonexistent person at the other end of the line...

BELUSHI

(continuing)

Whadda you have to say to that?

(pause)

That's what I thought! Fuck off!

178 INT. JILL WALTERS' LOFT - NIGHT

178

JILL WALTERS, a small woman in punk clothes, moves her
camera close to Belushi, as Belushi, wearing a leather
jacket, paces like a caged animal...his eyes trying to
avert the lens of the camera.

BELUSHI

You got any props?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED (2):

178

Jill handing him two scarves, one of which he puts around his neck and ties the other around his head like a bandana...

...Belushi emptying his pockets, taking out, among other things, his On The Waterfront video cassette...now putting on a pair of shades and putting a small globe on his shoulder...giving a quarter smile...as Jill snaps off several shots.

179 INT. BELUSHI'S HOUSE ON THE VINEYARD - NIGHT

179

Judy telling Woodward:

JUDY

It was bad. I wasn't seeing much of him. He would, intentionally or not, leave behind little clues about what was happening. I would just sort of follow the trail of litter he left behind.

180 INT. FROMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

180

Judy sticking her head into Fromson's outer office, asking Fromson's ASSISTANT:

JUDY

(angry)

Where the fuck's Arnie? Is he here?

181 INT. JILL WALTERS' LOFT - NIGHT

181

Belushi, now wearing a ski mask, looking menacing, like an overweight executioner...as Jill moves in, snapping away...Belushi's eyes penetrating and haunting...

JILL

There's my bad boy.

182 INT. CONNORS' OFFICE - DAY

182

Judy going next to the office of Connors, Connors taken off guard as Judy bursts in, slams down on his desk a vial of pills...Judy livid:

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED (2):

182

JUDY

What the fuck gives -- ?! Are
you people orchestrating his
habit?! Assisting it?

(Connors picking up the vial)
Why does he have Dexamyl? Why
Dexamyl? That's like speed --

CONNORS

It was a forty thousand dollar
looping session. John had to be
on. It was the only way to make
sure he'd stay awake.

JUDY

(leaning across his desk)
Let him fall asleep! Let him fuck
up! Don't you understand -- ? That's
the only way he'll learn --

(pause)

You don't love him. I do.

183 INT. MORTON STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

183

The bedroom in the apartment on Morton Street back in
New York, Judy packing Belushi's suitcase very lightly...

JUDY

I'm only packing you three shirts,
so you'll come home soon.

Judy planting a kiss on his cheek, putting her arms around
his girth...

BELUSHI

(distracted)

Right, that's plenty. Three days
in L.A. is the limit. We gotta get
this fucking script in.

184 INT. CHATEAU BUNGALOW - NIGHT

184

Belushi asleep on the bungalow couch wearing a black
bathrobe with a leopard skin sash, while TOM PERINO sits
in an armchair writing on a yellow legal pad...papers,
food, bottles, ashtrays strewn around, as Perino hears
a knock at the door...

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED (2):

1:

PERINO

Who is it?

CONNORS (O.S.)

Lou.

PERINO

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

The door opening, Connors looking like he has just been pulled out of bed against his will, along with a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN who seems alarmed by the chaos...

PERINO

Welcome to the bunker.

CONNORS

Well, I'm here. What needs to be done?

PERINO

As you can see, John is asleep.

(to Belushi)

John, Lou's here. Lou's here.

Belushi waking up long enough to say:

BELUSHI

Hi, Louie.

Belushi going back to snoring...

CONNORS

How's the script coming?

PERINO

It's coming along great. It should be done by morning, unless John decides to help.

BELUSHI

(opening one eye)

Fuck you!

(regarding the Woman)

You the typist -- ?

WOMAN

I'm here about the job.

BELUSHI

Have a seat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED (3):

184

BELUSHI (cont'd)

(the Woman sitting)

Let me tell you something about what the job entails. I'm writing a screenplay called Noble Rot, about the wine business in Northern California with my co-screenwriter, Tom Perino. You probably know him from Saturday Night Live. My character's an alcoholic wine producer named Johnny Glorioso. It's a very funny piece, and you'll be called on to do some typing.

WOMAN

It's what I do.

BELUSHI

Fine.

(pause)

Do you use drugs?

WOMAN

Very little. I take a line or two occasionally.

BELUSHI

I'm the same way -- a rare user. We should get along fine.

185 INT. OFFICE - DAY

185

Woodward, accompanied by a pair of obviously high-priced ATTORNEYS, stepping into an office where a surprisingly attractive and well-groomed Cathy Smith is sitting.

WOODWARD

Cathy...Bob Woodward. I've talked with your attorneys, and now I'd like to talk to you.

186 INT. CHATEAU BUNGALOW - NIGHT

186

Belushi, now up and moving around with a vengeance, throwing the already disorganized room into total mayhem... looking for something, telling Connors:

BELUSHI

I'm going nuts. I can't find my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED (2):

186

BELUSHI (cont'd)
phone numbers, my messages.

Connors helping him, going through random piles of
paper...script pages, cocktail napkins, matchbooks...

PERINO
Careful not to make a mess in here.

BELUSHI
I'm out of razor blades.

The Woman typist somehow continuing to type in the midst
of the disarray, as Belushi quickly tires of the search
and goes to the wall, where he takes down a painting
encased in a glass picture frame...laying the picture
frame on the table and doling out several lines of cocaine
on the glass, muttering:

BELUSHI
(continuing)
Shit -- we need a grinder -- !
Louie?

Connors still trying to get Belushi's disaster of an
appointment book together...cocktail napkins, little scraps
of paper with phone numbers on them sticking out all over...

CONNORS
What?

BELUSHI
The coke has lumps in it --

CONNORS
So -- ?

BELUSHI
We need a grinder to finish the
script --

CONNORS
You know what time it is? It's
very late, John.

187 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

187*

Her attorneys present, Cathy Smith sitting across from Woodward...

WOODWARD

I have all of these notes,
all of the chronology, and
we're going to go over it.
Judy and Aykroyd weren't
there, but you were. We're
going to go through it once,
and we're going to go through
it again and again.

SMITH

You're going to clean me out.

188 INT. BARBARA'S PLACE (SCRIPT SERVICE) - DAY

188

The following morning, EMPLOYEES of Barbara's typing
and Xerox service looking out to see Belushi's limo
pull up in front and Belushi jump out, his two fists
full of script pages...Belushi running in, one EMPLOYEE
trying to be of assistance but Belushi demanding:

BELUSHI

Where's the manager's office?!
This is a special job --

189 OMIT

189*

190 ANOTHER ANGLE

190*

Belushi in the tiny manager's office with the MANAGER
of the establishment, Connors, Forrest, LIMO DRIVER and
the TYPIST...utter confusion reigning.

BELUSHI

I want burgundy covers, a wine
color, for the binders.

MANAGER

Purple is supposed to be bad luck.
No one ever wants scripts in purple.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED (2):

190

BELUSHI

Fuck it -- that's superstition,
and I want it typed so it's exactly
a hundred and twenty-six pages --
exactly.

MANAGER

What color lettering on the cover?

BELUSHI

(to anyone who will listen)

I don't know -- this is Judy's field!
Why the hell isn't Judy here? I wasn't
meant to do this --

(pause)

There a liquor store around here?
Let's get some beer and soda water.

190A EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD CEMETERY - DAY

190A*

JUDY

Continental Divide failed.
Neighbors failed. He was
frightened.

191 OMIT

191*

192 INT. 747 - DAY

192

Fromson relaxing for the first time in days, as he lets
out a long exhalation and opens his briefcase, taking out
a crisp new script with a burgundy cover and gold embossed
letters reading Noble Rot...

193 INT. BROWER'S OFFICE - DAY

193

The same thing happening in Brower's office, as he opens
his copy of Noble Rot and tells his secretary over the
intercom:

BROWER

Hold my calls.

194 INT. LAWYERS' OFFICE - DAY

194*

Woodward listening:

SMITH

I gave a lot of parties, sold to hundreds of people - many I knew, many I didn't. Some were just faces, or people in cars, or chauffeurs in limousines. Several drivers delivered movie scripts with cash inside.

WOODWARD

Okay. Lets start in the beginning. When did you meet him?

195 INT. BROWER'S OFFICE - Day

195

The subdued, stone-faced look of Brower saying it all, as he lays aside the script, telling his secretary:

BROWER

Get me Belushi's agent.

196 INT. ROBERT BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

196

Blair with the same look of disaster on his face, punching the panic button to his secretary:

BLAIR

Leave a message at Arnie Fromson's hotel in London. Have him call me the minute he gets there.

197 INT. OFFICE - DAY

197

Cathy Smith recalling:

SMITH

I had met John and talked with him briefly during the second season of Saturday Night Live, and also during the filming of 1941, when he'd been doing lots of coke. I'd never associated him with heroin.

198 INT. LONDON HOTEL ROOM - DAY

198

Fromson, looking jet-lagged and weary, on the phone to L.A. from his London hotel room, having yet to unpack...

FROMSON

How much trouble are we in?

199 INT. ROBERT BLAIR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

199

Blair working late in L.A., mincing no words:

BLAIR

Big, major, total. No one will ever make this picture. Not only does the script fail, it's not what we sold to the studio. It's not Bluto in any form, and there's no romance. In the end he even dumps on the girl.

Begin INTERCUTTING Blair and Fromson...

FROMSON

I couldn't find a sustained laugh in the whole script -- no laughs. I felt like jumping out the window. If this is the movie where John is going to let his pants down again, I don't see any pants on the floor.

BLAIR

No pants on the floor --

FROMSON

What about the studio?

BLAIR

I've been ducking them till I could talk to you. We've gotta discuss this and work out a strategy. Somebody's gotta level with John. It's not funny.

200 EXT. FROMSON'S TERRACE - DAY

200

Fromson telling Belushi one day by the pool:

FROMSON

We're at one of those crucial points in your career. You're still big money for the studios -- they'll pay close to \$2 million for a picture -- but that enthusiasm is going to run down if there's a fuck up on the Joy of Sex deal. Animal House was a 1978 movie. That was really the last hit. It's 1982. We need a big hit, and we need it now.

201 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

201

A continuation of an earlier scene, the hand of a WOMAN shooting up Belushi as he leans back on the bed, transported to instant Nirvana...

202 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

202

A perfect, idyllic day on the Vineyard...not a cloud in the azure sky, as Belushi bastes his simmering lobsters over a pit of coals, PULLING BACK to REVEAL Velasquez sunbathing on a towel nearby and reading a paperback book...elsewhere on the Belushi beach, Judy, Aykroyd and Aykroyd's MOTHER...Aykroyd now calling over...

AYKROYD

John, we're outta beer, pal. Any more suds in the house?

BELUSHI

I don't know. Judy -- ? Ask Judy.

Belushi turning his own attention back to the empty towel where Velasquez had been lying...Velasquez walking toward the waves and diving in...Belushi watching Aykroyd walk over to Judy and now turning his gaze back out to sea, seeing no sign of Velasquez...as Aykroyd returns...

AYKROYD

No suds, pal. Looks like a store run. C'mon, we can take the jeep. My Mom'll watch the lobsters if that's what you're worried about --

Actually, it's Velasquez on Belushi's mind...still no sign of him as Belushi looks out to sea.

BELUSHI

No, that's cool. Let's go.

He and Aykroyd heading off toward the house and Aykroyd's jeep, Belushi glancing back at the sea once more, no sign of anyone...

203 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

203

Aykroyd responding to a Woodward question:

AYKROYD

The best time -- ? I'd say the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (2):

203

AYKROYD (cont'd)
best time was last summer...the
beach. John was completely clean,
and...

203A EXT. BEACH - DAY

203A

Belushi and Aykroyd in Aykroyd's jeep, speeding over the beach,
when they encounter a shark lying on the sand...Belushi
pointing:

BELUSHI
Jesus...look, a shark!
Is it dead?

Aykroyd stopping the jeep, Belushi jumping out...

AYKROYD
I'm not a betting man, but, off
hand it looks extremely dead, John.

BELUSHI
How do you know?

AYKROYD
(shrugging)
Tell it a joke. If it laughs,
you'll know the dude's okay.

Belushi approaching the shark, crouching down beside it on
one knee, and beginning:

BELUSHI
Okay, see, there was a priest,
a minister and a rabbi --

...Aykroyd shoves a tape in his cassette deck...

AYKROYD
You gotta hear this tape. It's
a great old heavy metal tape.

The MUSIC coming on, a strange humorous blend of heavy
metal and guitar...as Belushi gets back in the jeep...

AYKROYD
Dead -- ?
(Belushi nodding)
If this don't bring it back to
life, nothing will.

(CONTINUED)

203A CONTINUED (2):

203A*

BELUSHI

Wow, what is it? What's it called?

AYKROYD

'The 2000 Pound Bee,' by The Ventures.

BELUSHI

It's killer -- another fucking bee song.

The SOUND of The Ventures, playing 'The 2000 Pound Bee' rekindling old memories...

AYKROYD

The bee.

(face toward the sun)

Great day...If you had to die on a day like today, this is the kind of music to go out with -- just like our friend the shark.

BELUSHI

No shit.

AYKROYD

Can you imagine laying this tune on a church full of grief-stricken people, your parents -- ? Would that be great or what?

BELUSHI

(nodding)

Great.

AYKROYD

I'll probably go on my bike someday, I'll just go down...and that's that... there'll be no tears --

BELUSHI

Right.

AYKROYD

No tears. And I'll probably hear about you, because of your clumsiness... maybe get a hot dog in your throat or something...and I'll remember --

BELUSHI

No tears.

(CONTINUED)

203A CONTINUED (3):

203A*

AYKROYD

'Cause the dude did exactly what he wanted.

(indicating the cassette)

And I'll play this for all the people.

BELUSHI

Same here.

204 OMIT

204*

205 INT. AYKROYD'S AIR RAID SHELTER - DAY

205

Aykroyd, still as Doctor Detroit, telling Woodward:

AYKROYD

In the house the other night a song came up:

'It's been a hard day for Johnny,
you don't have to cry no more.
One more mile, one more mile to
go. It's been a hard day for
Johnny, you don't have to cry
no more.'

And I wept.

206 INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

206*

Belushi, looking wired and wasted...sitting slumped in a chair in On The Rox, in front of a rerun of Saturday Night Live on the big screen T.V., laying out several fat lines of coke on the table...now turning, hearing a VOICE over his shoulder...

VOICE

Hey, dude -- What's going on?

Belushi looking up at RONNIE RAY, member of the Blues Brothers Band, Belushi smiling for the first time in ages, embracing him.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED (2):

206*

BELUSHI

Ray -- !

RAY

Party over here!

Ray slumping into a chair next to Belushi, indicating the lines of coke on the table...

BELUSHI

(nodding)

Wanna race?

Each man starting at opposite ends of each line of coke and snorting, racing to see who can get to the middle of the line first...

Belushi 'winning' every line easily and slumping back in his chair...

BELUSHI

Did you get any?

RAY

A little.

Belushi glancing instead toward the doorway where the shadowy figure of Cathy Smith has appeared...

BELUSHI

(getting up to go)

I gotta split. I can't wait to get out of this fucking town. I hate this fucking place. I hate the people, I hate the bullshit. I hate the studios. You come into this town for 48 hours, and then you better get your ass out. Thank God I'm leaving here. Thank God this will be my last night in L.A.

207 INT. JENKINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

207

Jenkins picking up the phone in his suburban Washington D.C., home...

JENKINS

Jenkins --

208 INT. MORTON STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

208

Aykroyd and Judy, following their conversation in an earlier scene, have reached a consensus of sorts, electing to call the watchdog...Aykroyd with the phone to his ear:

AYKROYD

Jenks -- Elwood here. Look, Judy and I talked. What are you doing now? Are you free?

(pause)

I think it's time you and John got together again. Here's Judy --

Judy taking the phone...worried, her voice tense, asking Jenkins:

JUDY

(into phone)

Would you be free again to spend some more time with John?

(pause)

Right away, if possible.

Begin INTERCUTTING Jenkins and Judy:

JENKINS

I can pack in fifteen minutes and get the first flight to L.A.

JUDY

No...he's supposed to come home tomorrow, but if he doesn't...

209 EXT. ON THE ROX PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

209

Belushi exiting the private office at On The Rox, pale and sweating, Cathy Smith behind him...

SMITH (V.O.)

All shooting that night at On The Rox was in the private office.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED (2):

209

SMITH (cont'd; V.O.)

I shot John and myself each five times. It was always at his request. John was drinking wine because of his movie he was working on about the wine business.

209A INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

209A*

Woodward in his hotel room, working late, pouring over a mountain of notes and clippings while listening to a tape recorder playing back his interview with Aykroyd...

210 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

210

Belushi and Cathy Smith coming out of On The Rox and crossing to the parking lot filled with Hollywood low life...PEOPLE in LEATHER, ROCK and ROLLERS, and GROUPIES in bizarre costumes recognizing Belushi, patting him on the back, slipping things in his pockets...as Belushi reaches his rented Mercedes, tells Cathy Smith:

BELUSHI

You drive.

211 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

211

Woodward getting into a taxi in front of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, telling the driver, turns revealing himself to be Velasquez:

WOODWARD

Chateau Marmont --

212 INT. MAROON MERCEDES - NIGHT

212

Cathy Smith behind the wheel of the Mercedes, heading down Sunset...Belushi in the front seat beside her, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead, as he looks suddenly pale, telling her:

BELUSHI

Pull over -- I'm gonna be sick.

Cathy Smith pulling over to the curb, as Belushi opens his door and throws up, heaving and gasping...slowly getting back in, closing the door...

SMITH

John -- are you all right? What are you sick from?

212 CONTINUED (2):

212

BELUSHI

I don't know. I ate all this greasy food. Let's go.

213 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MARTHA'S VINEYARD - TWILIGHT

213

The end of the day, Belushi sitting out on the front porch of his house, staring out to sea, the empty towel of Velasquez still on the beach...as Judy steps out of the house, asking:

JUDY

You all right?

BELUSHI

Yeah --

(getting up)

Just gonna walk down the beach.

Belushi walking away from the house toward Velasquez' beach towel...standing over the beach towel and reaching down to pick up the paperback book left by Velasquez, as we're CLOSE ON the book, a copy of Wired...

Belushi staring at the book, hardly able to grasp its meaning, his own posthumous biography...

BELUSHI

Shit -- ! Wired -- ?!

...now slumping to his knees, sitting down on the beach towel, beginning to read...hearing the VOICE of Cathy Smith, like a Siren from the waves:

SMITH (V.O.)

I love driving a Mercedes.

214 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

214

Cathy Smith pulling up at a stoplight on Sunset next to a taxicab...

Belushi sitting in the front seat glancing over at the taxi, seeing, of all people, Woodward in the taxi's back seat.

215 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD BEACH - TWILIGHT

215

Belushi still reading Wired on the beach in front of his house on Martha's Vineyard...as Judy now comes out on the front porch, calls to him:

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED (2):

215

JUDY

John -- ! It's getting dark!

Belushi standing up, facing the sea... *

BELUSHI

I'll be in in a minute!

(hurling the book in anger)

He didn't get it! Shit!

112.

215 CONTINUED (2): 215

...starting toward the house but unable to put the book out of his mind, now reversing his steps and coming back to pick it up, finding his place and beginning to read the last chapter...

216 INT. BUNGALOW BATHROOM - NIGHT 216

Belushi throwing up in the bungalow bathroom, beneath the stern and unblinking gaze of a Karl Marx poster hanging over the toilet...

217 EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT 217

Woodward's taxi pulling up in front of the bungalow.
DIANE JORDAN, the hotel manager, standing there, unlocking the gate for him.

217 A INT. BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 217

Diane Jordan admitting Woodward to the bungalow, flipping on a light...the room cleaned and unoccupied...Diane taking Woodward through...

218 ANOTHER ANGLE 218

...into the bedroom, indicating the bed...

DIANE
Where he died.

Woodward already having a sense of the room from his interviews, moving toward the draperies...

WOODWARD
The patio...the sliding doors...

Woodward going over, pulling back the drapes, looking out the glass door at the patio table, when the phone RINGS suddenly, startling both Woodward and us...Diane going over to answer it, murmuring something into the phone and now hanging up, telling Woodward:

DIANE
I have to get back. Just drop the key off when you've finished.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED (2):

218

WOODWARD

Thanks.

Woodward watching Diane leave the room, the sound of the bungalow front door closing behind her.

219 ANOTHER ANGLE

219

Woodward heading back toward the living room, pausing to step into the bathroom, where surprisingly, the poster of Karl Marx is still hanging above the toilet. Woodward eye to eye with Karl Marx, noticing what someone has written in felt-tip pen across the bottom of the poster... 'Wise Up'...

SMITH (V.O.)

The only laugh or good time John had that last week was the tail end of the monologue of Saturday Night Live --
(pause)

He was afraid of failing. Every day he would have cash -- always seemed to have \$1000 in cash and five, six, seven grams of coke always on him --

Woodward in his mind's eye hearing the sound of someone picking up a RINGING phone...

VOICE

You coming down?

220 ANOTHER ANGLE

220

A MONTAGE of images flickering through Woodward's head as he steps into the living room...his mind flashing back to what it must have been like that night...

...a figure in the shadows dialing, speaking into the phone:

VOICE

You coming down?

The front door opening and Belushi coming in with Cathy Smith...

Belushi slumping in a chair, his head drooping...

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED (2):

220

VOICE

John, what's up? You okay?

BELUSHI

Yeah. I just took a couple of
'ludes.

Woodward eyeing the picture on the wall, the one with the
glass frame...

Belushi now taking down the picture, laying it on the
table, getting out the coke...

VOICE

I'd better go.

Belushi strumming his guitar mindlessly amid open half-
empty bottles of wine...

The phone RINGING, startling Woodward out of his reverie,
as he picks up, listens to a voice at the other end...

WOODWARD

(into phone)

There's no one here by that name.

...hanging up, the images in his head happening faster
now...Woodward hearing the sliding glass door in the
bedroom open...Woodward getting up, taking a few steps
toward the bedroom, seeing another shadowy FIGURE come
through the sliding glass door...

...Cathy Smith looking up as the Figure comes into the
living room, Cathy intimidated by his stare, Belushi
raising his head in his chair...

BELUSHI

Hey, help yourself.

VOICE (The Figure)

Thanks, man.

Woodward looking over at the thermostat, where Belushi
appears, announcing as he turns up the heat:

BELUSHI

I feel cold. Everyone out.

SMITH

Do you want me to leave?

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED (3):

220

BELUSHI

No, stick around. Can you get some more coke?

SMITH

It's kind of late. You haven't had any sleep for days. Why don't you go to sleep?

Belushi producing a little more coke from his pocket, handing it to her...

BELUSHI

Shoot me up..

221 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

221

Woodward standing in the bathroom doorway, watching Cathy Smith prepare an injection, mixing coke and heroin with some water from the tap...

222 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

222

...injecting herself first, then Belushi...turning and looking in Woodward's direction...

CLOSE ON Woodward, little beads of sweat breaking out on his forehead, as he looks back at Cathy Smith and Belushi.

BELUSHI

I'm still cold.

SMITH

Why don't you go get under the covers? I'll turn on the heat.

Cathy Smith helping Belushi to his feet, helping him into the bedroom...

223 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

223

Woodward following into the bedroom, watching as she turns back the covers, helps Belushi get into bed, undressing him, taking off his Wilson jogging suit...

SMITH

Go to sleep. I'll be back in a minute.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED (2):

223

Woodward stepping aside, as Cathy Smith goes past him into the living room, where she sits down and begins to write a letter. Woodward meanwhile moving closer to the bed, Belushi having begun to make strange noises, heavy, choked-up sounds...coughing...wheezing...

Cathy Smith appears in the doorway...

SMITH

John -- you all right? You hungry?
I'm gonna go get something to eat.

BELUSHI

Don't leave --

His voice almost plaintive, Cathy Smith returning to the living room, where she calls room service, Woodward still by the bed, watching Belushi begin to snore loudly... hearing Fromson telling him:

FROMSON (V.O.)

It's a book. You oughtta do a book.
It's a great story -- not just about
John, but about America.

The sun up now, Woodward in the chair, turning to see Cathy Smith, wearing John's jogging suit, sitting out on the patio, having toast and coffee...

224 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

224

Woodward moving over to Belushi's closet while Belushi lies snoring, looking in the closet and finding next to nothing, the three shirts Judy packed for him...

...as Cathy Smith comes into the room from the patio, walks over to the bed...

SMITH

John -- you don't sound right. You
want a glass of water?

(no response, nudging him)

I'll be back in a little bit. I
wanna go put a bet on a horse. I'm
taking your car.

Belushi turning over under the covers restlessly, as Cathy Smith gathers her paraphernalia, puts it in her purse and leaves the room...

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED (2):

224

A look of dread crossing Woodward's face, as the front door slams, and he and Belushi are alone at last...

225 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MARTHA'S VINEYARD - TWILIGHT

225

The sun setting, as Belushi looks up from reading Wired long enough to see Velasquez walking this way through the tide, just now emerging from the sea after all this time...

...Belushi looking back at the book, thoroughly involved, flipping a page...

BELUSHI

(to Velasquez)

You did it! You told Woodward everything! My own guardian angel -- !
You should've watched out for me --

226 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

226

Woodward at his bedside as Belushi turns restlessly, beginning to make more of those strange noises, coughing, chest heaving, and suddenly his obese body rears up in bed, Belushi crying out:

BELUSHI

I'm outta control! What'd I take,
heroin?

This time it's no joke...his body falling back, head hitting the pillow with no life signs...Woodward, leaning closer, when without warning one of Belushi's eyes pops open, staring at a startled Woodward.

BELUSHI

Do something, Woodward.

WOODWARD

Ah, Jesus --

Belushi again closing his eyes, head dropping back on the pillow...a beat...

BELUSHI

Scared the shit outta you, didn't I?
(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELUSHI (cont'd)

I wanna hear some music. Turn on the radio, will you, Woodie?

The radio by the bed switching on mysteriously, automatically, tuned to a New Wave rock station, as Woodward leans closer, Belushi motioning him closer with one finger, whispering...

BELUSHI

I'm not going!

(pause)

That's what you're waiting for, isn't it? You vulture, fucking bloodsucker. That's what you want -- 'I watched Bluto breathe his last' -- told by Bob Woodward. Well, fuck you.

(pause)

You've got a lot of fucking nerve, Woodie. Don't you ever stop?

WOODWARD

To understand your death, I have to understand your life. The drugs, John...Why?

BELUSHI

Maybe they're part of some CIA experiment. Ever think of that? The government's always fucking around with people's lives. Remember those LSD guys from the '50's? Maybe I gave my life for my country -- huh?

(pause)

You could write that, Woodward. People would believe it, coming from you -- but nooooo! You gotta write all this negative shit.

(sneering)

Mister Self-righteous...Mister Pulitzer Prize...You never told a lie? You never gangbanged Nixon when he couldn't defend himself?

WOODWARD

Why didn't you ever want to go home? What was so painful that you didn't want to see when you closed your eyes at night?

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED (3):

226

CLOSE ON Belushi -- closing his eyes.

227 INT. WHEATON LIVING ROOM - DAY

227

John's father standing in the living room back in Wheaton, telling him:

ADAM BELUSHI

I told you, you should've gone into the restaurant business.

228 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

228

The deathbed Belushi:

BELUSHI

I had an unhappy childhood.

WOODWARD

(shaking his head)

My parents split up --

BELUSHI

Vietnam -- ?

WOODWARD

You didn't go.

BELUSHI

Society fucked me over, like Lenny Bruce -- ?

WOODWARD

You made it big. The whole country loved you. You were a living folk hero.

BELUSHI

Then I give up. Nixon resigned -- that's probably it.

WOODWARD

So it's gonna end without an answer.

Belushi laying his head down, pulling the covers up...

BELUSHI

It's cold. So you're gonna just sit here and watch me die, is that it?

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED (2):

228

WOODWARD

It's too late to do anything else.

Belushi again closing his eyes.

229 INT. TRAILER - DAY

229

Belushi lying in his trailer that day of the fight with Davis, Judy beside him...

BELUSHI

(crying)

You couldn't possibly understand.
You don't know what it's like to
be me.

230 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

230

Belushi, still cold, remembering:

BELUSHI

God, I loved Judy.

WOODWARD

It's a shame.

BELUSHI

What's a shame?

WOODWARD

You know how you used to give
autographs and sign your pictures,
'Wise up' -- !

(Belushi nodding)

That was an old Wheaton expression.

BELUSHI

Right. Old Wheaton expression.

WOODWARD

'Wise up.' Too bad you never did.

BELUSHI

Yeah? So what'd you find out that
I didn't already know, Mr. Straight-A,
Honor Society?! We expected you to
come up with something. What'd you
find out?

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED (2):

230

WOODWARD

You did it to yourself, John. And
nobody stayed around to stop you.

Belushi, once more, closing his eyes.

231 INT. PHANTOM PRODUCTIONS OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

231

Aykroyd, phone to ear, talking to Belushi in L.A....

AYKROYD

Do me the solid favor of your life, John --
the solid favor of my life. Come
with me on this Navy cruise. We'll
have time to clean out and discuss
our next project. Come on, man.

232 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

232

Belushi tossing his copy of Wired across the room...
Woodward starting to get up...

BELUSHI

You know why they loved me?
'Cause I never gave a fuck --
(pause)
Where's the angel? They're never
around when you fucking need them.

234 EXT. BEACH - MARTHA'S VINEYARD - TWILIGHT

234

Belushi on the beach, laying aside the book, tears in
his eyes...looking up to see Velasquez blocking his light...

VELASQUEZ

It's time, pal. We'd better go in.

Belushi getting up, the two of them walking up to the
house...

235 ANOTHER ANGLE

235

Velasquez waiting as Belushi goes up on the front porch,
tries the door...

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED (2):

235

BELUSHI

It's locked.

VELASQUEZ

She's not there.

(signalling him)

This way...

Belushi coming down from the front porch, following Velasquez up toward some sand dunes.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE

236

The two of them coming over the crest of a sand dune and seeing a long funeral procession on the road below them, Aykroyd in the lead on his motorcycle.

BELUSHI

Look, it's Danny --

(walking on)

Jesus Christ...You know Woodward

didn't know who the fuck I was.

(a long beat, a look to Velasquez)

Who the fuck was I?

237 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

237

Belushi's last breath.

238 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

238

The casket being lowered into the gaping hole in the ground, as the most important people in Belushi's life stand around the grave...JAMES TAYLOR singing 'That Lonesome Road' as flakes begin to fall...Belushi remarking to Velasquez:

BELUSHI

Snow! It's snowing!

VELASQUEZ

Time to get in the ground, pal --

Belushi trying to reach out to Judy...

BELUSHI

Can't I just -- ?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED (2):

238

VELASQUEZ
(shaking his head)
Time to go down, John. Ready?

Belushi about to step into the grave...

BELUSHI
Do I get to come back?

Belushi and Velasquez EVAPORATE...as we hear:

BELUSHI
Nena...?

239 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

239

Woodward standing at the bed, looking down on the corpse...

240 ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

240

The bungalow, empty now, as Woodward walks to the front door with the key Diane Jordan gave him...Woodward giving one last look and turning off the lights, as...

...the unmistakable SOUND of 'The 2000 Pound Bee' comes up, and that childhood photograph of John Belushi standing in front of his parents' house with his tricycle fills the screen...

...the photograph now DISSOLVING into movement, as the haunting face of the little Albanian BOY turns and John Belushi walks to the house and up the front stairs to the porch. Awaiting him there, Grandma Nena, in her traditional black, opening her arms to embrace him.

FADE OUT.

THE END