

TRUE ROMANCE

by

Quentin Tarantino

When you're tired of relationships,  
try a romance.

**MASTER**

September 1, 1992

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"His films are a desperate cry from the heart of a grotesque fast food culture."

-French critics on the films of Roger Corman.

"... Beyond all the naivete and stupidity, beyond the vulgarity inherent in the amount of money involved, beyond all this, a certain grandeur had rooted itself into the scheme, and I could still spy a reckless and artistic splendor to the way we had carried it out."

-Clifford Irving on the Howard Hughes hoax.

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TRUE ROMANCE

FADE IN:

1 DETROIT SKYLINE - TWILIGHT MONOTONE 1

BEGIN MAIN TITLES. Gotham city in deep winter. PERCY SLEDGE hammers out, "When A Man Loves A Woman." Dark, overcast, snow-filled skies shroud big black monoliths set in wastelands of a post holocaust city -- occasional car headlights dissect the blackness.

Ansel Adams type city scapes, the CAMERA MOVES INTO the darkness of the vertical monoliths TO FIND occasional human creatures comforting themselves around open fires. Glimpsed, cracked lips and frightened eyes assault the CAMERA THROUGH a haze of cold breath.

A dark planet resembling the pupil of an eye reflects an open fire. Red veins dissect the gray, white void around the planet. It blinks -- it is an eye.

END OF TITLES.

SCREEN TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

2 EXT. CADILLAC BAR - TWILIGHT 2

Gotham city rises up in the b.g.

3 INT. BAR - NIGHT 3

A smoky cocktail bar in downtown Detroit. CLARENCE WORLEY, a young hipster, hepcat, is trying to pick up on an older lady named LUCY. She isn't bothered by him, in fact, she's a little charmed. But, you can tell that she isn't going to leave her barstool.

CLARENCE

In Jailhouse Rock, he's everything rockabilly's about. I mean, he is rockabilly: mean, surly, nasty, rude. In that movie he couldn't give a fuck about anything except rockin' and rollin', livin' fast, dyin' young, and leaving a good lookin' corpse. I love that scene where after he's made it big he's throwing a big cocktail party, and all these highborws are there, and he's singing, 'Baby You're So Square... Baby, I Don't Care.'

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Now, they got him dressed like a dick. He's wearing these stupid lookin' pants, this horrible sweater. Elvis ain't no sweater boy. I even think they got him wearin' penny loafers. Despite all that shit, all the highbrows at the party, big house, stupid clothes, he's still a rude lookin' motherfucker. I'd watch that hillbilly and I'd want to be him so bad. Elvis looked good. I'm no fag, but Elvis was good lookin'. He was fuckin' prettier than most women. I always said if I ever had to fuck a guy... I mean had to cuz my life depended on it... I'd fuck Elvis.

Lucy takes a drag from her cigarette.

LUCY

I'd fuck Elvis.

CLARENCE

Really?

LUCY

When he was alive. I wouldn't fuck him now.

CLARENCE

I don't blame you.

(they laugh)

So, we'd both fuck Elvis. It's nice to meet people with common interests, isn't it?

Lucy laughs.

CLARENCE

Well, enough about the king, how 'bout you?

LUCY

How 'bout me what?

CLARENCE

How 'bout you go to the movies with me tonight?

LUCY

What are we gonna go see?

CLARENCE

A Sonny Chiba triple feature.  
(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

The Streetfighter, Return of the  
Streetfighter, and Sister  
Streetfighter.

LUCY

Who's Sonny Chiba?

CLARENCE

He is, bar none, the greatest  
actor working in martial arts  
movies ever.

LUCY

(not believing this)

You wanna take me to a Kung Fu  
movie?

CLARENCE

(holding up three  
fingers)

Three Kung Fu movies.

Lucy takes a drag from her cigarette.

LUCY

(laughing)

I don't think so. Not my cup of  
tea.

A4 EXT. DINGY HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

A4

4 INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET

4

The SOUNDS of the CITY flow in through an open window:  
CAR HORNS, GUN SHOTS and VOICES. Paint is peeling off  
the walls and the once green carpet is stained black.  
On the bed nearby is a huge open suitcase filled with  
clear plastic bags of cocaine. Shotguns and pistols have  
been dropped carelessly around the suitcase. On the far  
end of the room, against the wall, is a TV, "Bewitched"  
is playing. On the opposite end of the room, by the front  
door, is a table. DREXL SPIVET, FLOYD DIXON, and MARTY  
sit around it. Cocaine is on the table as well as little  
plastic bags and a scale. Floyd and Marty are black.  
Drexel is a white boy, but you wouldn't know it to listen  
to him.

DREXL

Nigger, get outta my face with  
that bullshit.

FLOYD

Naw man, I don't be eatin' that  
shit.

DREXL

That's bullshit.

4

BIG DON WATTS, a stout, mean-looking black man who's older than Drex1 and Floyd, walks through the door carrying hamburgers and french fries in two greasy brown paper bags. 4

FLOYD

Naw man, that's some serious shit.

DREXL

Nigger, you lie like a big dog.

BIG D

What the fuck are you talkin' about?

DREXL

Floyd say he don't be eatin' pussy.

BIG D

Shit, any nigger say he don't eat pussy is lyin' his ass off.

MARTY

I heard that.

FLOYD

Hold on a second, Big D. You sayin' you eat pussy?

BIG D

Nigger, I eat everything. I eat the pussy. I eat the butt. I eat every motherfuckin' thang.

DREXL

Preach on, Big D.

FLOYD

Looky here. If I ever did eat some pussy -- I would never eat any pussy -- but, if I did eat some pussy, I sure as hell wouldn't tell no goddamn body. I'd be ashamed as a motherfucker.

BIG D

Shit! Nigger you smoke enough sherm your dumb ass'll do a lot a crazy ass things. So you won't eat pussy? Motherfucker, you'll be up there suckin' niggers' dicks.

DREXL

Heard that.

Drex1 and Big D bump fists.

FLOYD

Yeah, that's right, laugh. It's so funny, oh it's so funny.

(he takes a hit off  
of a joint)

There used to be a time when sisters didn't know shit about gettin' their pussy licked. Then the sixties came an' they started fuckin' around with white boys. And white boys are freaks for that shit --

MARTY

-- Because it's good!

FLOYD

Then after a while sisters get used to gettin' their little pussy eat. And because you white boys had to make pigs of yourselves, you fucked it up for every nigger in the world everywhere.

BIG D

(solemly)

Drex1. On behalf of me and all the brothers who aren't here. I'd like to express our gratitude --

Drex1 and Big D bust up.

FLOYD

Go on, pussy eaters... laugh. You look like you be eatin' pussy. You got pussy-eatin' mugs. Now if a nigger wants to get his dick sucked he's got to do a bunch of fucked up shit.

BIG D

So you do eat pussy!

FLOYD

Naw, naw!

BIG D

You don't like it but you eat that shit.

(to Drex1)

He eats it.

DREXL

Damn skippy. He like it too.

BIG D

(mock English accent)

Me thinketh he doth protest too much.

FLOYD

Well fuck you guys then! You guys are fucked up!

DREXL

Why you trippin'? We jus' fuckin' with ya. But I wanna ask a question. You with some fine bitch, I mean a brick shithouse bitch -- You're with Jayne Kennedy. You're with Jayne Kennedy and you say; 'Bitch, suck my dick!' And then Jayne Kennedy says; 'First things first, nigger, I ain't suckin' shit till you bring your ass over here an' lick my bush!' Now, what do you say?

FLOYD

I tell Jayne Kennedy 'suck my dick or I'll beat your ass!'

BIG D

Nigger, get real. You touch Jayne Kennedy she'll have you ass in Wayne County so fast --

DREXL

Nigger back off, you ain't beatin' shit. Now what would you do?

FLOYD

I'd say fuck it!

Drexl and Big D get up from the table, disgusted and walk away leaving Floyd sitting all alone.

Big D sits on the bed, his back turned to Floyd, watching "Bewitched."

FLOYD

(yelling after them)

Ain't no man have to eat pussy!

BIG D

(not even looking)

Take that shit somewhere else.

DREXL

(marching back)

You tell Jayne Kennedy to fuck it?



4

FLOYD

If it came down to who eats who,  
damn Skippy.

4

DREXL

With that terrible mug of yours if  
Jayne Kennedy told you to eat her  
pussy, kiss her ass, lick her feet,  
chow on her shit, and suck her dogs  
dick, nigger, you'd aim to please.

BIG D

(glued to TV)

I'm hip.

DREXL

In fact, I'm gonna show you what  
I mean with a little demonstration.  
Big D, toss me that shotgun.

Without turning away from "Bewitched" he picks up the  
shotgun and tosses it to Drexl.

DREXL

(to Floyd)

Alright, check this out.

(referring to shotgun)

Now, pretend this is Jayne  
Kennedy. And you're you.

Then, in a blink, he points the shotgun at Floyd and  
BLOWS him away. Big D leaps off the bed and spins toward  
Drexl. Drexl, waiting for him FIRES from across the  
room. The blast hits the big man in the right arm and  
shoulder, spinning him around. Drexl makes a bee-line  
toward his victim and FIRES again. Big D is hit with a  
blast, full in the back. He slams into the wall and  
drops.

Marty comes out from behind the couch, a big smile on  
his face. He and Drexl collect the cocaine and leave.  
As Drexl is about to exit he surveys the carnage and  
spits. Then he slams the door behind him.

5

INT. LYRIC THEATER - TWILIGHT

5

Sonny Chiba, as "Streetfighter" Terry Surki, dives into a  
group of guys, fists and feet flying and whips ass on the  
silver screen.

Clarence sits, legs over the back of the chair in front of  
him, nibbling on popcorn, eyes big as saucers, and a big  
smile on his face.

6

EXT. LYRIC THEATER - TWILIGHT

6

A cab pulls up to the outside of the Lyric.

6 The marquee carries the names of the triple feature: 6  
The Streetfighter, Return of the Streetfighter, and  
Sister Streetfighter. ALABAMA steps out of the taxi cab  
and walks up to the box office.

7 INT. LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT 7

It's still assholes and elbows on the screen with Sonny  
Chiba taking on all comers.

Alabama walks through the doors with a bounty of food.  
She makes a quick scan of the theater. Not many people  
are there. She makes a bee-line for the front which just  
so happens to be Clarence's area of choice. She picks  
the row of seats just behind Clarence and starts making  
her way down it.

Clarence turns and sees this beautiful girl all alone  
moving towards him. He turns his attention back to the  
screen, trying not to be so obvious. When Alabama gets  
right behind Clarence, her foot thunks a discarded wine  
bottle, causing her to trip and spill her popcorn all  
over Clarence.

ALABAMA

Oh, look what happened. Oh God,  
I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

CLARENCE

Yeah, I'm fine. It didn't hurt.

ALABAMA

I'm the clumsiest person in the  
world.

CLARENCE

(picking popcorn out  
of his hair)  
It's okay. Don't worry about it.  
Accidents happen.

ALABAMA

(picking popcorn out  
of his hair)  
What a wonderful philosophy. Thanks  
for being such a sweetheart. You  
could have been a real dick.

Alabama sits back in her seat to watch the movie.  
Clarence tries to wipe her out of his mind, which isn't  
easy, and get back into the movie. They both watch the  
screen for a moment. Then, Alabama leans forward and  
taps Clarence on the shoulder.

ALABAMA

Excuse me. I hate to bother you  
again. Would you mind too terribly  
on filling me in on what I missed?

CLARENCE

Not at all. Okay, this guy here,  
he's Sonny Chiba.

ALABAMA

The Oriental.

CLARENCE

The Oriental in black. He's an  
assassin. Now, at the beginning  
he was hired to kill this guy the  
cops had --

ALABAMA

Want some Goobers?

CLARENCE

Thanks a lot.

ALABAMA

Isn't Sonny the good guy?

CLARENCE

He ain't so much a good guy as he is  
just a bad motherfucker. Sonny don't  
be bullshittin'. He fucks dudes up  
for life. Hold on, a fight scene's  
comin' up.

They both watch, eyes wide, as Sonny Chiba kicks ass.

THEATER - LATER

On the screen, Sonny Chiba's all jacked up. Dead bodies  
lay all around him. "THE END" (in Japanese) flashes on  
the screen. The theater lights go up. Alabama's now  
sitting in the seat next to Clarence. They're both  
applauding.

ALABAMA

Great movie. Action packed!

CLARENCE

Does Sonny kick ass or does Sonny  
kick ass?

ALABAMA

Sonny kicks ass.

CLARENCE

You shouldda saw the first original  
uncut version of The Streetfighter.  
It was the only movie up to that  
time rated X for violence. But we  
just saw the R.

8

ALABAMA

If that was the R, I'd love to see the X.

8

CLARENCE

My name is Clarence, and what is yours?

ALABAMA

Alabama Whitman. Pleased to meet ya.

CLARENCE

Is that your real name? Really?

ALABAMA

That's my real name, really. I got proof. See.

She shows Clarence her driver's license.

CLARENCE

Well, cut my legs off and call me shorty. There's a pretty original moniker there, Alabama. Sounds like a Pam Grier movie.

(announcer voice)

She's a sixteen calibre kitten, equally equiped for killin' an lovin'. She carried a sawed-off shotgun in her purse, a black belt around her waist, and the white hot fire of hate in her eyes. Pam Grier is Alabama Whitman. Pray for Forgiveness. Rated R... for Ruthless Revenge.

9

EXT. LYRIC THEATRE

9

Clarence and Alabama are outside the theatre. With the marquee lit up in the b.g. they both perform unskilled martial arts moves. Clarence and Alabama break up laughing.

CLARENCE

Where's your car? I'll walk you to it.

ALABAMA

I took a cab.

CLARENCE

You took a cab to see three Kung Fu movies?

ALABAMA

Sure. Why not?

9

CLARENCE

Nothing. It's just you're a girl  
after my own heart.

9

ALABAMA

What time is it?

CLARENCE

'Bout twelve.

ALABAMA

I suppose you gotta get up  
early, huh?

CLARENCE

No. Not particularly.  
(pause)  
How come?

ALABAMA

Well, it's just when I see a really  
good movie I really like to go out  
and get some pie, and talk about it.  
It's sort of a tradition. Do you  
like to eat pie after you've seen  
a good movie?

CLARENCE

I love to get pie after a movie.

ALABAMA

Would you like to get some pie?

CLARENCE

I'd love some pie.

10

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

10

Clarence and Alabama are sitting in a booth at an all  
night Denny's. It's about 12:30 AM. Clarence is having  
a piece of chocolate cream pie and a Coke. Alabama's  
nibbling on a piece of heated apple pie and sipping a  
large Tab.

CLARENCE

Well, enough about the king.  
How about you?

ALABAMA

How 'bout me what?

CLARENCE

Tell me about yourself.

ALABAMA

There's nothing to tell.

CLARENCE

C'mon. What're ya tryin' to be?  
The phantom lady?

ALABAMA

What do you want to know?

CLARENCE

Well, for starters, what do you do?  
Where're ya from? What's your  
favorite color? Who's your favorite  
movie star? What kinda music do you  
like? What are your turn-ons and  
turn-offs? Do you have a fella?  
What's the story behind you takin'  
a cab to the most dangerous part  
of town alone? And, in a theatre  
full of empty seats, why did you  
sit by me?

Alabama takes a bite of pie, puts down her fork, and  
looks at Clarence.

ALABAMA

Ask me them again. One by one.

CLARENCE

What do you do?

ALABAMA

I don't remember.

CLARENCE

Where are you from?

ALABAMA

I might be from Tallahassee. But  
I'm not sure yet.

CLARENCE

What's your favorite color?

ALABAMA

I don't remember. But off the top  
of my head, I'd say black.

CLARENCE

Who's your favorite movie star?

ALABAMA

Burt Reynolds.

CLARENCE

Would you like a bite of my pie?

ALABAMA

Yes, I would.

10

Clarence scoops up a piece on his fork and Alabama bites it off.

10

CLARENCE

Like it?

ALABAMA

Very much. Now, where were we?

CLARENCE

What kinda music do you like?

ALABAMA

Phil Spector. Girl group stuff. You know, like 'He's a Rebel.'

CLARENCE

What are your turn-ons?

ALABAMA

Mickey Rourke, somebody who can appreciate the finer things in life, like Elvis' voice, good Kung Fu, and a tasty piece of pie.

CLARENCE

Turn-offs?

ALABAMA

I'm sure there must be something, but I don't really remember. The only thing that comes to mind are Persians.

CLARENCE

Do you have a fellah?

She looks at Clarence and smiles.

ALABAMA

I'm not sure yet. Ask me again later.

CLARENCE

What's the story behind you takin' a cab to the most dangerous part of town alone?

ALABAMA

Apparently, I was hit on the head with something really heavy, giving me a form of amnesia. When I came to, I didn't know who I was, where I was, or where I came from. Luckily, I had my driver's license or I wouldn't even know my name.

(MORE)

10

ALABAMA (CONT'D)

10

I hoped it would tell me where I lived, but it had a Tallahassee address on it, and I stopped someone on the street and they told me I was in Detroit. So that was no help. But I did have some money on me, so I hopped in a cab until I saw somethin' that looked familiar. For some reason, and don't ask me why, that theater looked familiar. So I told him to stop and I got out.

CLARENCE

And in a theater full of empty seats, why did you sit by me?

ALABAMA

Because you looked like a nice guy, and I was a little scared. And I sure coulda used a nice guy about that time, so I spilled my popcorn on you.

Clarence looks at her closely. He picks up his soda and sucks on the straw until it makes that slurping sound. He puts it aside and stares into her soul.

A smile cracks on her face and develops into a big wide grin.

ALABAMA

Aren't you just dazzled by my imagination, lover boy?  
(eats her last piece  
of pie)  
Where to next?

11

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

11

Clarence's bedroom is a pop culture explosion. Movie posters, pictures of Elvis, anything you can imagine. Clarence and Alabama make love in his bed. However, while they're not missing a beat during intercourse, Clarence can't shut up.

CLARENCE

You know when you sat behind me?

ALABAMA

At the movies?

CLARENCE

Uh-huh. I was tryin' to think of somethin' to say to you, then I thought 'She doesn't want me bothering her.'



11

ALABAMA

What would make you think that?

11

CLARENCE

I dunno. I guess I'm just stupid.

ALABAMA

You're not stupid. Just wrong.

Their lips envelop each other.

12

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

12

The sweaty lovebirds are soaking in a post-passion hot bath. By the look of the comfort they share, it would be hard to imagine that they met not five hours ago. A 45 of Janis Joplin's "LITTLE PIECE OF MY HEART" plays on a rinky-dink TURNTABLE in the b.g.

ALABAMA

I love Janis.

CLARENCE

You know a lot of people have misconceptions of how she died.

ALABAMA

She OD'd, didn't she?

CLARENCE

Yeah, she OD'd. But she wasn't on her last legs or anything. She didn't take too much. It shouldn't have killed her. There was something wrong with what she took.

ALABAMA

You mean she got a bad batch?

CLARENCE

That's what happened. In fact, when she died, it was considered to be the happiest time of her life. She'd been fucked over so much by men, she didn't trust them. She's having this relationship with this guy and he asked her to marry him. Now, other people had asked to marry her before, but she couldn't be sure whether they really loved her or were just after her money. So she said no. And the guy says, 'Look I really love you and I wanna prove it. So have your lawyers draw up a paper that says no matter what happens, I can never get any of your money, and I'll sign it.'

(MORE)

12

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

12

So she did, and he did and he asked her and she said yes. And once they were engaged, he told her a secret about himself that she never knew; he was a millionaire.

ALABAMA

So he really loved her?

CLARENCE

Uh-huh.

13

INT. CLARENCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

13

It's the next day. Clarence wakes up in his bed alone. He looks around and no Alabama, but the skylight to the roof is open. The stairs are down. Clarence pulls on a large ratty fur coat salvaged from a thrift shop and heads for the roof.

14

EXT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (DOWNTOWN DETROIT) - ROOF  
DAWN

14

It is early, a time when even Detroit looks beautiful. Clarence's run-down Victorian apartment building is dwarfed between Gotham City high rises and 70's glass behemoths.

On the roof is an enormous Marlboro billboard -- Monument Valley frames the All American cowboy. On the catwalk, in a strange green underlight, which illuminates the billboard, is Alabama. She is sitting on a yellow plastic collapsible beach chair, swathed in a large overcoat and blanket. This is Clarence's terrace where he often surveys the city. He approaches Alabama along the catwalk. She tries to compose herself.

CLARENCE

What's wrong, sweetheart? Did I do something? What did I do?

ALABAMA

You didn't do nothin'.

CLARENCE

Did you hurt yourself?  
(he takes her foot)  
What'd ya do? Step on thumbtack.

Clarence unfolds a second beach chair and sits next to Alabama.

ALABAMA

Clarence, I've got something to tell you.

(MORE)

ALABAMA (CONT'D)

I didn't just happen to be at that theater. I was paid to be there.

CLARENCE

What are you, a theater checker? You check up on the box office girls? Make sure they're not ripping the place off.

ALABAMA

I'm not a theater checker. I'm a call girl.

Pause.

CLARENCE

You're a whore?

ALABAMA

I'm a call girl, there is a difference, you know. I don't know, maybe there's not.

(she takes a  
deep breath)

Here goes: You got a boss, right?

CLARENCE

Yeah... I got a boss. I work at 'Heroes For Sale.' It's a comic book store. It's great because most of the customers only come in to browse. So I can pretty much do...

ALABAMA

(cuts him off)

What's his name?

CLARENCE

My boss... His name's Lance.

ALABAMA

That's him. He called where I work and ordered a girl for you. He told them that you didn't get out much and he wanted you to get laid... seein' it was your birthday and all. But he didn't want me just to show up. He wanted me to act like I picked you up. How did he know you were gonna be at that theater?

CLARENCE

I go to the movies every year on my birthday.

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

In fact, he called me up this week to find out what my birthday movie would be. Damn... when did he get so nice?

ALABAMA

You're not mad?

CLARENCE

Are you kiddin'? That was one of the best times I ever had. I knew something must be rotten in Denmark. There's no way you could like me that much. I kept waiting all night for the other shoe to drop. I can't tell you how relieved I was when you took off your dress and you didn't have a dick.

ALABAMA

Stop being so goddamn calm about all this! I was sittin' here crying my fucking eyes out thinkin' how I was gonna break the news to you. I was gonna write you a note and say that this was my last day in America. That I was leavin' on a plane this morning to the Ukraine to marry a rich millionaire, and thank you for making my last day in America my best day.

CLARENCE

That dazzling imagination.

ALABAMA

It's all on your T.V. Shine reading it. All it says is: 'Dear Clarence.' I couldn't write anymore. I didn't want to ever see you again. In fact, it's stupid not to ever see you again. Last night... I don't know... I felt... I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts. So I just said, 'Alabama, come clean. Let him know, what's what, and if he tells you to go fuck yourself then go back to Drexl and fuck yourself.'

Clarence pauses a moment after hearing this and then blurts out:

CLARENCE

Look, 'Bama --

ALABAMA

I'm tryin' to come clean so shut up! I've been a call girl exactly four days. And you're officially my third customer. I want you to know I'm not damaged goods. Me becomin' a call girl was strictly a career decision. It's not like I'm a whore -- it's strictly business -- big buck business.

CLARENCE

My boss paid you big bucks?

ALABAMA

I just started last week. I'm in training right now. It will be big bucks business -- it would've been big bucks business -- I'm getting off the track. I want you to know, for instance, in school, I wasn't the school whore or anything. I had a boyfriend in junior high, David, he played basketball. We went together all through freshman high school year. Then he moved away and I didn't have a boyfriend for a year. Then, in the end of my junior year, I got another boyfriend, Glenn.

CLARNCE

What was he?

ALABAMA

Chinese. Anyway, we went together for a little while then broke up. I'm telling you all this so you'll understand I'm not what we call in Florida white trash. I'm a very nice person. And when it comes to relationships I'm totally one hundred percent 'managama' -- 'manamana' --

CLARENCE

You stay with one guy.

ALABAMA

Exactly. If I'm with you, I'm with you. I don't want anybody else. Everything I just said is the truth so maybe you won't hold any lies I said last night against me too much. Now before I continue, I gotta ask you: what did you mean when you said last night was one of the best times you ever had? Did you mean physically?... or --

14

CLARENCE

No! Yes... but no. I'm talking about the whole night. I never had as much fun with a girl as I had with you my whole life.

14

ALABAMA

Yeah, I know. I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts.

CLARENCE

You like Elvis. You like Janis. You like comic books. You like the Partridge family. You like kung fu movies...

ALABAMA

Actually, I don't like kung fu movies that much. That was part of the act. But I have to admit Sonny Chiba does kick ass, Clarence, and I feel really goofy saying this after only knowing you one night and me being a call girl and all. But I think I love you.

CLARENCE

Now don't bullshit me. I've been trying to keep perspective on this whole situation. If you say you love me, and I say I love you and then I throw caution to the wind and let the chips fall where they may and you're lying to me, I'm gonna fuckin' die.

ALABAMA

(holding up palm)

I'm not lying to you. And I swear right now, from this moment forth, I will never lie to you again.

CLARENCE

(as if he can't say it fast enough)

Okay, I love you too I fell in love with you last night.

They just look at each other for a moment.

CLARENCE

What are you feeling?

ALABAMA

I feel like my heart's gotta go pee.

14

CLARENCE

'Bama, I realize we just met last night, but my parents went together all through high school, and they still got a divorce. So fuck it, you wanna marry me?

14

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Will you be my wife?

When Alabama gives her answer, her voice cracks.

ALABAMA

Yes.

CLARENCE

(a little surprised)  
You will?

ALABAMA

You better not be fuckin' teasin' me.

They seal it with a kiss.

15

EXT. CITY HALL - SUNSET (MAGIC HOUR)

15

Clarence and Alabama come out of the chapel happy as clams, man and wife.

CLARENCE

Hello, Mrs. Worley.

ALABAMA

How do you do, Mr. Worley?

CLARENCE

Top o' the morning to you, Mrs. Worley.

ALABAMA

Bottom of the ninth, Mr. Worley. Oh, by the by, Mr. Worley, have you seen your lovely wife today?

CLARENCE

Oh, you're speaking of my charming wife, Mrs. Alabama Worley.

ALABAMA

Of course. Are there others, Mr. Worley?

CLARENCE

Not for me.

15 He hugs her and they kiss. Then, very suddenly, 15  
Clarence starts bear hugging Alabama in a very public  
display of affection. She likes it but still plays coy.

16 EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY 16

Seedy hole in the wall tattoo parlor framed between a  
Chinese take-away and a laundromat. Clarence's car sits  
with two wheels up on the curb.

17 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - CLOSE ON NEEDLE - DAY 17

colorizing a red banner. The banner reads: CLARENCE. A  
little airborne cherub sports the banner. Alabama is face  
down on a table sweating, gripping Clarence's hands. He  
is sporting a mirror tattoo on his upper arm but this time  
the banner reads: ALABAMA and the cherub is releasing an  
arrow from his bow.

An aging English punk rocker wearing baggy shorts, an  
assortment of strange body tattoos and Doc Martins,  
performs the surgery on Alabama's butt. BILLY IDOL'S  
"White Wedding" booms through the small sweaty space.  
As Alabama goes through the painful tattoo, she fills  
Clarence in on her history.

CLARENCE

'Bama, I've got a question. Who  
and what is a Drexl?

ALABAMA

My pimp.

CLARENCE

You have a pimp?

ALABAMA

I had a pimp. I was a call girl.  
Call girls have pimps.

CLARENCE

Is he black?

ALABAMA

He thinks he is. He says his  
mother was Apache, but I suspect  
he's lying.

CLARENCE

Is he nice?

ALABAMA

Well, I wouldn't go so far as to  
call him nice, but he's treated  
me pretty decent. But I've only  
been there about four days. He  
got a little rough with Arlene  
the other day.



17

CLARENCE

What did he do to Arlene?

17

ALABAMA

Slapped her around a little.  
Punched her in the stomach. It  
was pretty scary.

Clarence senses that Arlene is in fact Alabama.

18

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CLOSEUP - TV 18  
- NIGHT

"The Incredible One-Armed Man Vs. The Man With The  
Flying Guillotine" is playing on the TV.

Alabama's new life has begun. She sits on the couch,  
next to Clarence, focused on her ring as opposed to the  
fracas on the TV.

Clarence is focused on the TV, but we sense an awful  
uneasiness from the realization he had in the prior  
scene. Clarence gets up.

ALABAMA

Where you goin', honey?

CLARENCE (O.S.)

I just gotta get somethin'.

19

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 19

Clarence splashes water on his face trying to wash away  
the images that keep polluting his mind. Then, he hears  
a familiar voice.

MENTOR (O.S.)

Well? Can you live with it?

Clarence turns and sees that the voice belongs to a  
familiar Sun Records rockabilly bopping superstar. He  
is Clarence's MENTOR. Clarence isn't surprised to see  
him.

CLARENCE

What?

MENTOR

Can you live with it?

CLARENCE

Live with what?

MENTOR

With that sonofabitch walkin'  
around breathin' the same air as  
you? And gettin' away with it  
every day. Are you haunted?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

MENTOR

You wanna get unhaunted?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

MENTOR

Then shoot 'em. Shoot 'em in the face. And feed that boy to the dogs.

CLARENCE

I can't believe what the fuck you're telling me.

MENTOR

I ain't tellin' ya nothin'. I'm just sayin' what I'd do.

CLARENCE

You'd really do that?

MENTOR

He don't got no right to live.

CLARENCE

Look, he is haunting me. He doesn't deserve to live. And I do not want to kill him. But I don't want ta go to jail for the rest of my life.

MENTOR

I don't blame you.

CLARENCE

If I thought I could get away with it --

MENTOR

Killin' 'em's the hard part. Gettin' away with it is the easy part. Whaddya think the cops do when a pimp's killed? Burn the midnight oil tryin' to find who done it? They couldn't give a flyin' fuck if all the pimps in the whole wide world took two in the back of the fuckin' head. If you don't get caught at the scene with the smokin' gun in your hand, you got away with it.

Clarence looks at the pompadoured superstar.

19 MENTOR 19  
 Clarence, I like ya. Always  
 have, always will.

20 INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 20  
 Clarence loads a snub-nosed .38 and sticks in a heavy  
 athletic sock he's wearing.

21 INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 21  
 Clarence returns.

CLARENCE  
 Sweetheart, write down your  
 former address.

ALABAMA  
 What?

CLARENCE  
 Write down Drexl's address.

ALABAMA  
 Why?

CLARENCE  
 So I can go over there and pick up  
 your things.

ALABAMA  
 (really scared)  
 No, Clarence. Just forget it,  
 babe. I jus' wanna disappear  
 from there.

He kneels down before her and holds her hand.

CLARENCE  
 Look, sweetheart, he scares you  
 but I'm not scared of that  
 motherfucker. He can't touch you  
 now. You're completely out of  
 his reach. He poses absolutely  
 no threat to us. So if he doesn't  
 matter, which he doesn't it would  
 be stupid to lose your things now,  
 wouldn't it?

ALABAMA  
 You don't know him --

CLARENCE  
 You don't know me. Not when it  
 comes to shit like this. I have  
 to do this. I need for you to know  
 you can count on me to protect you.  
 Now write down his address.

22 INT./EXT. RED MUSTANG - DOWNTOWN DETROIT STREETS - TWILIGHT 22'

Image what Bel Air would be like if the crime rate got so bad that people just said "fuck it" and left. The dealers, pimps, and filth of the world have taken over. They just moved right into the large Victorian mansions that at one time were nice. That time is gone for sure, all the houses that still stand are in an accelerated state of decay.

Clarence drives through all of this until he gets to the address written on the TV Guide.

23 EXT. DARK VICTORIAN - TWILIGHT 23

It's pretty late at night. Clarence steps out of his red Mustang. He's right smack dab in the middle of a bad place to be in the daytime. He checks his pulse on his neck, it's beating like a race horse. To pump himself up, he does a quick Elvis Presley gyration.

CLARENCE

(in Elvis' voice)

Yeah... yeah...

Clarence makes his way, more confident than ever, toward the door of a large, dark victorian mansion. Clarence steps up to the massive door of the house. His heart's really racing now. He has the TV Guide that Alabama wrote the address on in his hand. He KNOCKS on the door using the HUGE KNOCKERS.

Marty answers the door.

MARTY

You want somethin'?

CLARENCE

Drex1?

MARTY

Nah, man. I'm Marty. Whatcha want?

CLARENCE

I gotta talk to Drex1.

MARTY

Well, what the fuck you wanna tell him?

CLARENCE

It's about Alabama.

A figure appears in the doorway, wearing a yellow Farrah Fawcett T-shirt. It's our friend, Drex1.

DREXL

Where the fuck is that bitch?

23

CLARENCE

She's with me.

23

DREXL

Who the fuck are you?

CLARENCE

I'm her husband.

DREXL

Well, that makes us practically related. Bring your ass on in.

24

INT. DREXL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

Drexel and Marty about-face and walk into the room continuing a conversation they were having and leaving Clarence standing in the doorway. This is not the confrontation Clarence expected. He trails in behind Drexel and Marty.

DREXL

(to Marty)

What was I sayin'?

MARTY

Rock whores.

DREXL

You ain't seen nothin' like these rock whores. They ass be young, man. They got that fine young pussy. Bitches want the rock they be freak for you. They give you hips, lips and the fingertips.

Drexel looks over his shoulder at Clarence.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

You know what I'm talking about?

Drexel gestures to one of the THREE STONED HOOKERS lounging about on couches in the large living room that has been transformed from something dignified to a cesspool.

DREXL

(to Marty)

These bitches over here ain't shit. You stomp them bitches to death to get the kinda pussy I'm talking about.

Drexel sits down on the couch with a card table in front of it scattered with take-out boxes of Chinese food. The black exploitation movie The Mack with Max Julian is playing on the TV.

24 This is not how Clarence expected to confront Drexl, 24  
but this is exactly what he expected Drexl to be like.  
He positions himself in front of the food table,  
demanding Drexl's attention.

DREXL

(eating with chopsticks;  
to Clarence)

Grab a seat there, boy. Want some  
dinner? Grab yourself an eggroll.  
We got everything here from a  
diddle-eyed joe to a damned-if-I-know.

CLARENCE

No thanks.

DREXL

No thanks? What does that mean?  
Means you ate before you came on  
down here? All full? Is that it?  
Nah, I don't think so. I think  
you're too scared to be eatin'.  
Now, see, we're sitting down  
here ready to negotiate, and  
you've already given up your shit.  
I'm still a mystery to you. But,  
I know exactly where your ass is  
comin' from. See, if I asked  
you if you wanted some dinner and  
you grabbed an eggroll and started  
to chow down, I'd say to myself  
'This motherfucker's carryin' on  
like he ain't got a care in the  
world. Who knows, maybe he don't.  
Maybe this fool's such a bad  
motherfucker, he don't got to  
worry about nothin'. He jus' sit  
down, eat my Chinese, watch my TV.'  
See? You ain't even sat down yet.  
On that TV there, since you been in  
the room, is a woman with her titties  
hangin' out, and you ain't even  
bothered to look. You jus' been  
starin' at me. Now, I know I'm  
pretty, but I ain't as pretty as  
a couple a titties.

Clarence takes out an envelope and throws it on the table.

CLARENCE

I'm not eatin' 'cause I'm not  
hungry. I'm not sittin' 'cause  
I'm not stayin'. I'm not lookin'  
at the movie 'cause I saw it seven  
years ago.

(MORE)

## CLARENCE (CONT'D)

It's The Mack with Max Julian, Carol Speed and Richard Pryor, written by Bobby Poole, directed by Michael Campus, and released by Cinema Releasing Company in nineteen-seventy-four. I'm not scared of you. I just don't like you. In that envelope is some payoff money. Alabama's moving on to some greener pastures. We're not negotiating. I don't like to barter. I don't like to dicker. I never have fun in Tijuana. That price is non-negotiable. What's in that envelope is for my peace of mind. My peace of mind is worth that much. Not one penny more, not one penny more.

You could hear a pin drop in the room. Once Clarence started talking, Marty went on full alert. Drex1 stopped eating and the whores stopped breathing. All eyes are on Drex1. Drex1 drops his chopsticks and opens the envelope. It's empty.

DREXL

It's empty.

Clarence flashes a wide Cheshire cat grin that says "That's right, asshole." Silence.

DREXL

Ooooooooo eeeeeeee! This child is terrible. Marty, you know what we got here? Motherfuckin' Charlie Bronson. Is that who you supposed to be, Mr. Majestyk? Looky, here, Charlie, none of this shit is necessary. I ain't got no hold on Alabama. I jus' tryin' to lend the girl a helpin' hand.

Before Drex1 finishes the sentence, he picks up the card table and throws it at Clarence, catching him off guard.

Marty comes up behind Clarence and throws his arm around his neck, putting him in a tight choke hold.

Clarence, with his free arm, hits Marty hard with his elbow in the solar plexus. We'll never know whether that blow had any effect because just at that moment Drex1 takes a flying leap and tackles the two guys.

All of them go crashing into the stereo unit and a couple of shelves that hold records, all of which collapse to the floor in a shower of LP's.

24

Marty, who's on the bottom of the pile hasn't let go of Clarence.

Since Drexl's on top he starts slamming his fists into Clarence's face.

Clarence, who's sandwiched between these two guys, can't do a whole lot about it.

DREXL

Ya wanna fuck wit' me?  
(hits Clarence)

Ya wanna fuck wit' me?  
(hits Clarence)

I'll show ya who you're fuckin' wit'!

He hits Clarence hard in the face with both fists.

Clarence, who has no leverage whatsoever, grabs hold of Drexl's face and digs his nails in. He sticks his thumb in Drexl's mouth, grabs a piece of cheek and starts twisting.

Marty, who's in even worse of a position, can't do anything but tighten his grip around Clarence's neck until Clarence feels like his eyes are going to pop out of his head.

Drexl's face is getting torn up but he's also biting down hard on Clarence's thumb.

Clarence raises his head and brings it down hard, crunching Marty's face and busting his nose.

Marty loosens his grip on Clarence's neck.

Clarence wriggles free and gets up onto his knees.

Drexl and Clarence are now on even footing, but awkward footing it is. The two are going at each other like a pair of alley cats, not aiming their punches, just keeping them coming fast and furious. They're not doing much damage to each other because their positions, almost like a hockey fight.

Marty sneaks up behind Clarence and smashes him in the head with a stack of LP's. This disorients Clarence. Marty grabs him from behind and pulls him to his feet.

Drexl socks him in the face. One, two, three! Then he kicks him hard in the balls.

Marty lets go and Clarence hits the floor like a sack of potatoes. He curls up into a fetal position and holds his balls, tears coming out of his eyes.

Drexl's face is torn up from Clarence's nails.

---



24 Marty has blood streaming down his face from his nose and onto his shirt. 24

DREXL

(to Marty)

You okay? That stupid dumb-ass didn't break your nose, did he?

MARTY

Nah. It don't feel so good but it's all right.

Drexel kicks Clarence, who's still on the ground, hurting.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

You see what you get when you fuck wit' me, white boy? You're gonna walk in my goddamn house, my house! Gonna come in here and tell me! Takin' that smack in front of my employees. Shit! Your ass mus' be crazy.

(to Marty)

I don't think this white boy's got good sense. Hey, Marty.

(laughing)

He must o' thought it was white boy day. It ain't white boy day, is it?

MARTY

(laughing)

Nah, man, it ain't white boy day.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

Shit, man, you don't fucked up again. Next time you Bogart your way into a nigger's crib and get all in his face, make sure you do it on white boy day.

CLARENCE

(hurting)

Wannabee Nigger...

DREXL

Fuck you! My mother was Apache!

Drexel kicks him again. Clarence curls up. Drexel bends down and looks for Clarence's wallet in his jacket. Clarence still can't do much. The kick to his balls still has him down. Drexel finds the wallet and pulls it out. He flips it open to the driver's license.

24

DREXL

24

Well, well, well, looky what we  
got here. Clarence Worley. Sounds  
almost like a nigger name.

(to Clarence)

Hey, dummy.

He puts his foot on Clarence's chest. Clarence looks up  
at him from the ground.

DREXL

Before you brought your dumb ass  
through the door, I didn't know  
shit. I just chalked it up to  
au revoir, Alabama. But because  
you think you're some macho  
motherfucker, I know who she's  
with. You. I know who you are,  
Clarence Worley. And I know where  
you live, 4900 116th Street,  
apartment 48. And I'll make a  
million dollar bet Alabama's at  
the same address. Marty, take the  
car and go get 'er. Bring her  
dumb ass back here.

He hands Marty the driver's license. Marty goes to get  
the car keys and a jacket.

DREXL

(to Marty)

I'll keep lover boy here entertained.

(to Clarence)

You know the first thing I think  
I'll do when she gets here? I  
think I'll make her suck my dick  
and I'll come all in her face.  
I mean it ain't nuttin' new. She's  
done it before. But I want you as  
an audience.

(hollering to Marty)

Marty, what the fuck are you  
doing?

MARTY (O.S.)

I'm trying to find my jacket.

DREXL

Look in the hamper. Linda's been  
dumpin' everybody's stray clothes  
there lately.

While Drexel has his attention turned to Marty,  
Clarence reaches into his sock and pulls out the .38.  
He sticks the barrel between Drexel's legs.

24 Drexl, who's standing over Clarence, looks down just in time to see Clarence pull the trigger and BLOW his balls to bits. Tiny spots of blood speckle Clarence's face.

Drexl shrieks in horror and pain and falls to the ground.

MARTY (O.S.)

What's happening?

Marty steps into the room.

Clarence doesn't hesitate. He SHOOTS Marty four times in the chest.

Two of the three hookers run out of the front door screaming. The other hooker is curled up in the corner. She's too stoned to run, but stoned enough to be terrified.

Drexl, still alive, is lying on the ground, howling, holding what's left of his balls and dick.

Clarence points the gun at the remaining hooker.

CLARENCE

Get a bag and put Alabama's things in it!

She doesn't move.

CLARENCE

You wanna get shot? I ain't got all fuckin' day, so move it!

The hooker, tears of fear running her mascara, grabs a suitcase from under the bed, and on her hands and knees, pushes it along the floor to Clarence. Clarence takes it by the handle and wobbles over to Drexl, who's curled up like a pillbug.

CLOSEUP - CLARENCE'S FORGOTTEN DRIVER'S LICENSE

in Marty's bloody hand.

Clarence puts his foot on Drexl's chest.

CLARENCE

(to Drexl)

Open your eyes, laughing boy.

He doesn't. Clarence gives him a kick.

CLARENCE

Open your eyes!

He does. Drexl looks up at him from the floor. The tables have turned.

24 CLARENCE 24  
You thought it was pretty funny,  
didn't you?

25 He FIRES. And the bullet comes out of the GUN (1000 FPS CAMERA) and heads RIGHT TOWARDS us. When it REACHES us, the SCREEN goes AWASH IN RED. 25

26 INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 26

The front door swings open and Clarence walks in with a whole bounty of take-out food. Alabama stands up to greet him.

CLARENCE  
I killed him.

She stops short. He heaps the fast food onto the coffee table and starts to chow down.

CLARENCE  
Help yourself. I got enough.  
I am fuckin' starvin'. I think  
I ordered one of everything.

He stops and looks at her.

CLARENCE  
I am so hungry.

He starts eating french fries and hamburgers.

ALABAMA  
(in a daze)  
Was it him or you?

CLARENCE  
Yeah. But to be honest, I put  
myself in that position. When I  
drove up there I said to myself,  
'If I can kill 'em and get away with  
it, I'll do it.' I could. So  
I did.

ALABAMA  
Is this a joke?

CLARENCE  
No joke. This is probably the  
best hamburger I've ever had. I'm  
serious, I've never had a  
hamburger taste this good.

Alabama starts to cry. Clarence continues eating, ignoring her.

CLARENCE

Come on, Bama, eat something.  
You'll feel better.

She continues crying. He continues eating and ignoring her.  
Finally, he spins on her yelling:

CLEARANCE

Why are you crying? He's not worth  
one of your tears. Would you rather  
it been me? Do you love him?

(no answer)

Do you love him?

(no answer)

Do you love him?

She looks at Clarence, having a hard time getting a  
word out.

ALABAMA

I think what you did was...

CLARENCE

What?

ALABAMA

I think what you did...

CLARENCE

What?

ALABAMA

I think what you did...

CLARENCE

What?

ALABAMA

... was so romantic.

Clarence is completely taken aback. They meet in a long  
passionate lovers' kiss. Their kiss breaks and slowly the  
world comes back to normal.

ALABAMA

I gotta get outta these clothes.

CLARENCE

I have your things right here.

He picks up the suitcase and drops it on the table in  
front of them.

ALABAMA

(comically)

Clean clothes. There is a God.

26 Clarence flips open the suitcase. Alabama and her husband's jaws drop. 26

ALABAMA

Clarence. Those aren't my clothes.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. PACKARD PLANT - MORNING 27

The dilapidated Packard automobile plant that's been closed for a good thirty years. It's more akin to a ghost town than a one-time thriving factory. Its only employee, CLIFFORD WORLEY, the forty-five year old ex-cop, present security guard, is getting off from the graveyard shift. Cliff walks out to his Chevy Nova that has a security logo on its side doors, and climbs in. He drives off.

28 INT./EXT. CLIFF'S CAR (STREET OUTSIDE PACKARD PLANT) - MOVING - MORNING 28

Cliff is singing "Litty Bitty Tear" a capella as he drives away from the plant and toward the sunrise. He passes a large "Welcome To The Motor City" sign on the side of the road.

29 EXT. TRAILER PARK - MORNING 29

Cliff's Nova pulls in as he keeps crooning. He pulls up to his trailer to see something that stops him short.

CLIFF'S POV (THROUGH WINDSHIELD) - TRAILER PARK

Clarence and Alabama are waiting for him in front of his trailer.

CLOSEUP ON CLIFF

Upon seeing Clarence, a little bitty tear rolls down Cliff's cheek.

BACK TO POV

Clarence and Alabama walk over to the car. Clarence sticks his face through the driver's side window.

CLARENCE

Good morning, Daddy, long time no see.

30 INT. TRAILER HOME - MORNING 30

All three enter the trailer home.

CLIFF

Excuse the place, I haven't been entertaining company as of late.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Sorry if I'm acting a little dense, but you're the last person in the world I expected to see this morning.

Clarence and Alabama walk into the living room.

CLARENCE

Yeah, well, that's okay, Daddy. I tend to have that effect on people. I'm dying of thirst, you got anything to drink?

He moves past Cliff and heads straight for the refrigerator.

CLIFF

I think there's a Seven-Up in there.

CLARENCE

(rummaging around the fridge)  
Anything stronger?  
(pause)  
Oh, probaby not. Beer? You can drink beer, can't you?

CLIFF

I can, but I don't.

CLARENCE

(closing the fridge)  
That's about all I ever eat.

Cliff looks at Alabama. She smiles sweetly at him.

CLIFF

(to Alabama)  
I'm sorry... I'm his father.

ALABAMA

(sticks her hand out)  
That's okay, I'm his wife.  
(shaking his hand vigorously)  
Alabama Worley, pleased to meetcha.

She is really pumping his arm, just like a used car salesman; however that's where the similarity ends, because Alabama's totally sincere.

Clarence steps back into the living room, holding a bunch of little ceramic fruit magnets in his hand. He throws his other arm around Alabama.

CLARENCE

Oh yeah, we got married.  
(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

(referring to magnets)

You still have these!

(to Alabama)

This isn't a complete set. When I was five I swallowed the pomegranate one. I never shit it out, so I guess it's still there. Loverdoll, why don't you be a sport and go get us some beer? I want some beer.

(to Cliff)

Do you want some beer? Well, if you want some, it's here.

He hands her some money and his car keys.

CLARENCE

Go to the liquor store --

(to Cliff)

Where is there a liquor store around here?

CLIFF

Uh, yeah... there's a party store down 54th.

CLARENCE

(to Alabama)

Get a six-pack of something imported. It's hard to tell you what to get 'cause different places have different things. If they've got Fosters, get that. If not, ask the guy at the thing what the strongest imported beer he has is. Look, since you're making a beer run, would you mind too terribly if you did a food run as well? I'm fuckin' starvin' to death. Are you hungry, too?

ALABAMA

I'm pretty hungry. When I went to the store I was gonna get some Ding-Dongs.

CLARENCE

Well, fuck that shit, we'll get some real food. What would taste good?

(to Cliff)

What do you think would taste good?

CLIFF

I'm really not very --



CLARENCE

You know what would taste good?  
Chicken. I haven't had chicken  
in a while. Chicken would really  
hit the spot about now. Chicken  
and beer, definitely, absolutely,  
without a doubt.

(to Cliff)

Where's a good chicken place  
around here?

CLIFF

I really don't know.

CLARENCE

You don't know the chicken places  
around where you live?

(to Alabama)

Ask the guy at the place where  
a chicken place is.

He gives her some more money.

CLARENCE

This should cover it, Auggie-  
Doggie.

ALABAMA

Okee-dokee, Doggie-Daddy.

She opens the door and starts out. Clarence turns to his  
dad as the door shuts.

CLARENCE

Isn't she the sweetest goddamn  
girl you ever saw in your whole  
life? Is she a four alarm fire,  
or what?

CLIFF

She seems very nice.

CLARENCE

Daddy, 'nice' isn't the word. Nice  
is an insult. She's a peach. That's  
the only word for it, she's a peach.  
She even tastes like a peach. You  
can tell I'm in love with her? You  
can tell by my face, can't ya? It's  
a dead giveaway. It's written all  
over it. Ya know what? She loves me  
back. Take a seat, Pop, I gotta talk --

CLIFF

Clarence, just shut up, you're giving  
me a headache! I can't believe how  
much like your mother you are.

(MORE)

30

CLIFF (CONT'D)

30

You're your fucking mother through and through. I haven't heard from you in three years. Then ya show up all of a sudden at eight o'clock in the morning. You walk in like a goddamn bulldozer... don't get me wrong... I'm happy to see you... just slow it down. Now, when did you get married?

CLARENCE

Daddy, I'm in big fuckin' trouble and I really need your help.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. BY WATER/TRAILER PARK - DAY

31

Clarence has just told Cliff the story of what's happened to him. They are strolling at the edge of the water.

CLIFF

I don't fuckin' believe this!

CLARENCE

Look, I know this is pretty heavy-duty, so --

CLIFF

-- Stop talking.

Cliff pauses and collects himself.

CLIFF

What do you want from me?

CLARENCE

What?

CLIFF

Stop acting like an infant. You're here because you want me to help you in some way. What do you need from me? You need money?

CLARENCE

Do you still have friends on the force?

CLIFF

Yes, I still have friends on the force.

CLARENCE

Could you find out if they know anything?

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I don't think they know shit about us. But I don't wanna 'think,' I wanna 'know.' You could find out for sure what's goin' on.

(pause)

Daddy?

CLIFF

What makes you think I could do that?

CLARENCE

You were a cop.

CLIFF

What makes you think I would do that?

CLARENCE

I'm your son.

CLIFF

You've got it all worked out, don't you?

CLARENCE

Look, goddamnit, I never asked you for a goddamn thing! I've tried to make your parental obligation as easy as possible. After Mom divorced you, did I ever ask you for anything? When I wouldn't see ya for six months to a year at a time, did I ever get in your shit about it? No! The whole time you were a drunk, did I ever point my finger at you and talk shit? No! Everybody else did. I never did. Now I need help and you can help me. I'm basically a pretty resourceful guy. If I didn't really need it, I wouldn't ask. And, if you say no, don't worry. I'm gone. No problem.

Alabama drives up in the red Mustang and comes out of the car with the beer.

ALABAMA

The forager's back.

CLARENCE

Thank God. I could eat a horse if you slap enough catsup on it.

ALBAMA

I didn't get any chicken.

CLARENCE

How come?

31 ALABAMA 31  
It's nine o'clock in the morning.  
Nothing's open.

32 INT. OUTSIDE OF CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 32  
FOUR YOUNG ACTORS are sitting on a couch with their sides  
in their hands silently mouthing lines. One of the  
actors is DICK RITCHIE. The casting director, MARY  
LOUISE RAVENCROFT, steps into the waiting room, clipboard  
in hand.

RAVENCROFT  
Dick Ritchie?

Dick pops up from the pack.

DICK  
I'm me... I mean that's me.

RAVENCROFT  
Step inside.

33 INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 33  
Ravencroft sits behind a large desk. Her nameplate rests  
on the desktop. Several posters advertising "The Return  
of T.J. Hooker" hang on the wall.

Dick sits in a chair, holding the sides in his hands.

RAVENCROFT  
Well, the part you're reading for  
is one of the bad guys. There's  
Brian and Marty. Peter Breck's  
already been cast as Brian. And  
you're reading for the part of  
Marty. Now, in this scene you're  
both in a car and Bill Shatner's  
hanging on the hood. And what  
you're trying to do is get him off.  
(picks up copy of  
script)  
Whenever you're ready.

DICK  
(reading and pantomiming  
he's driving)  
Where'd he come from?

RAVENCROFT  
(reading from  
script, lifelessly)  
I don't know. He just appeared  
like magic.

---

33

DICK  
 (reading from script)  
 Well, don't just sit there.  
 Shoot him.

33

She puts her script down, and smiles at him.

RAVENCROFT  
 Well, Mr. Ritchie, I'm impressed.  
 You're a very fine actor.

Dick smiles.

34

EXT. TRAILER HOME - DAY (LATER)

34

Alabama is amusing herself by doing cartwheels and handstands. Clarence gives her direction and applause from where he sits on the hood of his 1965 red Mustang. Cliff comes out of the trailer, having been on the phone.

CLIFF  
 They have nothing. In fact, they think it's drug-related.

CLARENCE  
 Do tell. Why drug related?

CLIFF  
 Apparently, Drexl had his big toe stuck into shit like that.

CLARENCE  
 No shit?

CLIFF  
 Yeah. Drexl had an association with a fella named Blue Lou Boyle. Name mean anything to you?

CLARENCE  
 Nope.

CLIFF  
 If you don't hang around his circle, no reason it should.

CLARENCE  
 Who is he?

CLIFF  
 Gangster. Drug dealer. Somebody you don't want on your ass. Look, Clarence, the more I hear about this Drexl fucker, the more I think you did the right thing. That guy wasn't just some wild flake.

CLARENCE

That's what I've been tellin' ya.  
The guy was like a mad dog. So  
the cops aren't lookin' for me?

CLIFF

Naw, until they hear something  
better, they'll assume Drexl and  
Blue Lou had a falling out. So  
once you leave town, I wouldn't  
worry about it.

Clarence sticks his hand out to shake. Cliff takes it.

CLARENCE

Thanks a lot, Daddy. You really  
came through for me.

CLIFF

I got some money I can give you --

CLARENCE

Keep it.

CLIFF

Well, son, I want you to know, I  
hope everything works out with you  
and Alabama. I like her. I think  
you make a cute couple.

CLARENCE

We do make a cute couple, don't we?

CLIFF

Yeah. Well, just stay outta trouble.  
Remember you got a wife to think  
about now. Quit fuckin' around.

(pause)

I love you, son.

They hug each other.

Clarence takes out a piece of paper and puts it in  
Cliff's hand.

CLARENCE

This is my friend Dick's number in  
Hollywood. That's where we're  
heading. We don't know where we'll  
be, but you can get hold of me  
through him.

Clarence turns towards Alabama's direction and yells at  
her.

CLARENCE

'Bama, we're outta here. Kiss  
Pops goodbye.

34

Alabama runs across from where she was and throws her arms around Cliff and gives him a great big smackeroo on the lips. Cliff's a little startled. Alabama's bubbling like a Fresca. 34

ALABAMA

'Bye, Daddy. Hope to see you again real soon.

CLARENCE

(mock anger)  
What kind of daughterly smackeroo was that?

ALABAMA

Oh, hush up.

The two get into the Mustang.

CLARENCE

(to Cliff)  
We'll send you a postcard as soon as we get to Hollywood.

Clarence STARTS the ENGINE. The convertible roof opens as they talk.

CLIFF

'Bama, take care of that one for me. Keep him out of trouble.

ALABAMA

Don' worry, Daddy. I'm keepin' this fella on a short leash.

Clarence slowly starts driving away.

CLARENCE

(to Cliff)  
As the sun sets slowly in the west, we bid a fond farewell to all the friends we've made... and with a touch of melancholy, we look forward to the time when we will all be together again.

Clarence PEELS OUT, shooting a shower of gravel up in the air. As the Mustang disappears, Cliff runs his tongue over his lips.

CLIFF

The son of a bitch was right. She does taste like a peach.

Yes the earth is flat. An 18-wheeler WIPES FRAME to reveal Clarence and Alabama at a pay phone in front of a derelict gas station. Alabama lounges on the hood of the car while Clarence bee-bops around the pay phone to the accompaniment of THE BIG BOPPER's "Chantily Lace."

CLARENCE

(big bopper voice)

Heeeelllllloooo baaaabbbbyyy!!

(NOTE: We INTERCUT both sides of the conversation.)

DICK

(unsure)

Clarence?

CLARENCE

You got it.

DICK

It's great to hear from you.

CLARENCE

Well, you're gonna be seein' me shortly.

DICK

You commin' to L.A.? When?

CLARENCE

Tomorrow.

DICK

What's up? Why're you leavin' Detroit?

CLARENCE

Well, there's a story behind all that. I'll tell you when I see you. By the way, I won't be alone. I'm bringin' my wife with me.

DICK

Get the fuck outta here!

CLARENCE

I'm a married man. Wanna say hi to my better half?

DICK

Get the fuck outta here!

Before Dick can respond Clarence puts Alabama on the phone.



ALABAMA

Hi, Dick. I'm Alabama Worley.

DICK

Hello, Alabama.

ALABAMA

I can't wait to meet you. Clarence told me all about you. He said you were his best friend. So, I guess that makes you my best friend too.

He starts dictating to her what to say.

CLARENCE

Tell him we gotta go.

ALABAMA

Clarence says we gotta be hittin' it.

DICK

What?

CLARENCE

Tell him we'll be hittin' his area some time tomorrow.

DICK

Wait a minute.

CLARENCE

Ask him if he got the letter.

ALABAMA

Did you get the letter?

DICK

What letter?

ALABAMA

(to Clarence)

What letter?

CLARENCE

(to Alabama)

The letter I sent.

ALABAMA

(to Dick)

The letter he sent.

DICK

Clarence sent a letter?

CLARENCE

Has he gotten his mail today?

ALABAMA  
Gotten your mail yet?

DICK  
Yeah, my roommate leaves it on the TV.

ALABAMA  
(to Clarence)  
Yes.

CLARENCE  
(to Alabama)  
Has he looked through it yet?

ALABAMA  
(to Dick)  
Ya looked through it?

DICK  
Not yet.

ALABAMA  
(to Clarence)  
Nope.

CLARENCE  
Tell him to look through it.

ALABAMA  
(to Dick)  
Get it.

DICK  
Let me speak to Clarence.

ALABAMA  
(to Clarence)  
He wants to speak with you.

CLARENCE  
(to Alabama)  
No time. Gotta go. Just tell him to read the letter, the letter explains it all. Tell him I love him. And tell him as of tomorrow, all his money problems are over.

ALABAMA  
(to Dick)  
He can't. We gotta go, but he wants you to read the letter. The letter explains all. He wants you to know that as of tomorrow, all of your money problems are over.

DICK  
Money problems?

CLARENCE  
Now tell him goodbye.

35

ALABAMA

35

Bye-bye.

CLARENCE

Now hang up.

She hangs up the phone.

36

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

36

DICK

Hello, hello. Clarence? Clarence's wife?... I mean Alabama... hello?

Extremely confused, Dick hangs up the phone. He goes over to the TV and picks up the day's mail. He goes through it.

37

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

37

Cliff's Chevy Nova pulls into the park and stops in front of his trailer. He gets out and walks up to the door, in his hand is a fast food soda cup.

38

INT. TRAILER - DAY

38

He steps inside his doorway and then, before he knows it, a gun is pressed to his temple and a big hand grabs his shoulder.

GUN CARRIER

Welcome home, alchy. We're havin' a party.

Cliff is roughly shoved into his living room. Waiting for him are four standing men: FRANKIE (young wise guy), LENNY (an old wise guy), TOOTH-PICK VIC (a fire-plug pitbull type) and VIRGIL (the quiet one). Sitting in Cliff's reclining chair is VINCENZO COCCOTTI, the Frank Nitti to Detroit mob leader Blue Lou Boyle. Cliff is knocked to his knees. He looks up and sees the sitting Coccotti. Frankie and Lenny pick him up and roughly drop him in a chair.

COCCOTTI

(to Frankie)

Tell Tooth-Pic Vic to go outside and do you-know-what.

Frankie tells Tooth-Pick Vic in Italian what Coccotti said. He nods and exits.

Cliff's chair is moved closer to Coccotti's. Virgil stands on one side of Cliff. Frankie and Lenny ransack the trailer. Virgil has a bottle of Chivas Regal in his hand, but he has yet to touch a drop.

COCCOTTI

Do you know who I am, Mr. Worley?

CLIFF

I give up. Who are you?

COCCOTTI

I'm the Anti-Christ. You get me in a vendetta kind of mood, you will tell the angels in Heaven that you had never seen pure evil so singularly personified as you did in the face of the man who killed you. My name is Vincenzo Coccotti. I work as council for Mr. Blue Lou Boyle, the man who your son stole from. I hear you were once a cop so I can assume you've heard of us before. Am I correct?

CLIFF

I've heard of 'Blue Lou Boyle.'

COCCOTTI

I'm glad. Hopefully that will clear up the how-full-of-shit-I-am question you've been asking yourself. Now, we're gonna have a little Q and A, and at the risk of sounding redundant, please make your answers genuine.

(taking out a pack  
of Chesterfields)

Want a Chesterfield?

CLIFF

No.

COCCOTTI

(as he lights one up)

I have a son of my own. About your boy's age. I can imagine how painful this must be for you. But Clarence and that bitch whore girl friend of his brought this all on themselves. And I implore you not to go down the road with 'em. You can always take comfort in the fact that you never had a choice.

CLIFF

Look, I'd help ya if I could, but I haven't seen Clarence --

Before Cliff can finish his sentence, Coccotti slams him hard in the nose with his fist.

COCCOTTI

Smarts, don't it? Gettin' slammed in the nose fucks you all up. You got that pain shootin' through your brain. Your eyes fill up with water. It ain't any kind of fun. But what I have to offer you, that's as good as it's ever gonna get, and it won't ever get that good again. We talked to your neighbors, they saw a Mustang, a red Mustang, parked in front of your trailer yesterday. Mr. Worley, have you seen your son?

Cliff's defeated.

CLIFF

I've seen him.

COCCOTTI

Now I can't be sure of how much of what he told you. So in the chance you're in the dark about some of this, let me shed some light. That whore your boy hangs around with, her pimp is an associate of mine, and I don't just mean pimpin', in other affairs he works for me in a courier capacity. Well, apparently, that dirty little whore found out when we were gonna do some business, 'cause your son, the cowboy and his flame, came in the room blastin' and didn't stop 'til they were pretty sure everybody was dead.

CLIFF

What are you talkin' about?

COCCOTTI

I'm talkin' about a massacre. They snatched my narcotics and high-tailed it outta there. Wouldda gotten away with it, but your son, fuckhead that he is, left his driver's license in a dead guy's hand. A whore hiding in the commode filled in all the blanks.

CLIFF

I don't believe you.

COCCOTTI

That's of minor importance. But what's of major fucking importance is that I believe you. Where did they go?

CLIFF

On their honeymoon.

COCCOTTI

I'm gettin' angry askin' the same question a second time. Where did they go?

CLIFF

They didn't tell me.

Coccotti looks at him.

CLIFF

Now, wait a minute and listen. I haven't seen Clarence in three years, yesterday he shows up here with a girl, sayin' he got married. He told me he needed some quick cash for a honeymoon, so he asked if he could borrow five hundred dollars. I wanted to help him out so I wrote out a check. We went to breakfast and that's the last I saw of him. So help me God. They never thought to tell me where they were goin'. And I never thought to ask.

Coccotti looks at him for a long moment. He then gives Virgil a look. Virgil, quick as greased lightning, grabs Cliff's hands and turns it palm up. He then whips out a butterfly knife and slices Cliff's palm open and pours Chivas Regal on the wound. Cliff screams.

Coccotti puffs on a Chesterfield.

Tooth-pick Vic returns to the trailer, and reports in Italian that there's nothing in the car.

Virgil walks into the kitchen and gets a dishtowel. Cliff holds his bleeding palm in agony. Virgil hands him the dishtowel. Cliff uses it to wrap up his hand.

COCCOTTI

Sicilians are great liars. The best in the world. I'm a Sicilian. And my old man was the world heavyweight champion of Sicilian liars.

(MORE)

## COCCOTTI (CONT'D)

And from growin' up with him I learned the pantomime. Now there are seventeen different things a guy can do when he lies to give him away. A guy has seventeen pantomimes. A woman's got twenty, but a guy's got seventeen. And if ya know 'em like ya know your own face, they beat lie detectors all to hell. What we got here is a little game of show and tell. You don't wanna show me nothin'. But you're tellin' me everything. Now I know you know where they are. So tell me, before I do some damage you won't walk away from.

The awful pain in Cliff's hand is being replaced by the awful pain in his heart. He looks deep into Coccotti's eyes.

CLIFF

Could I have one of those Chesterfields now?

COCCOTTI

Sure.

Coccotti leans over and hands him a smoke.

CLIFF

Gotta match?

Cliff reaches into his pocket and pulls out a lighter.

CLIFF

Oh, don't bother. I got one.  
(he lights the  
cigarette)  
So you're a Sicilian, huh?

COCCOTTI

(intensely)

Uh-huh.

CLIFF

You know I read a lot. Especially things that have to do with history. I find that shit fascinating. In fact, I don't know if you know this or not, Sicilian's were spawned by niggers.

All the men stop what they are doing and look at Cliff, except for Tooth-pick Vic who doesn't speak English and so, isn't insulted.

Coccotti can't believe what he's hearing.

COCCOTTI

Come again?

CLIFF

It's a fact. Sicilians have nigger blood pumping through their hearts. If you don't believe me look it up. You see, hundreds and hundreds of years ago the Moors conquered Sicily. And Moors are niggers. Way back then, Sicilians were like the Wops in northern Italy. Blond hair, blue eyes. But, once the Moors moved in there, they changed the whole country. They did so much fuckin' with the Sicilian women, they changed the bloodline forever, from blond hair and blue eyes to black hair and dark skin. I find it absolutely amazing to think that to this day hundreds of years later, Sicilians still carry that nigger gene. I'm just quotin' history. It's a fact. It's written. Your ancestors were niggers. Your great, great, great, great grandmother was fucked by a nigger, and had a half nigger kid. That is a fact. Now tell me, am I lyin'?

Coccotti looks at him for a moment then jumps up, whips out an AUTOMATIC, grabs hold of Cliff's hair, puts the barrel to his temple, and PUMPS three bullets through Cliff's head. He pushes the body violently aside.

Coccotti pauses. Unable to express his feelings and frustrated by the blood on his hands, he simply drops his weapon and turns to his men.

COCCOTTI

I haven't killed anybody since 1974. Goddamn his soul to burn for eternity in fucking hell for making me spill blood on my hands! Go to this comedian's son's apartment and come back with something that tells me where that asshole went so I can wipe this egg off of my face and fix this fucked up family for good.

Tooth-pick Vic taps Frankie's shoulder and, in Italian, asks him "what was that all about?"



38 Lenny, who has been going through Cliff's refrigerator 38  
has found a beer.

When he closes the refrigerator door he finds a note  
being held on by a ceramic banana fruit magnet that says:  
"Clarence in LA: Dick Ritchie (Number and address).

LENNY

Boss, get ready to get happy.

39 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 39

The red Mustang enters Los Angeles.

40 INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING 40

Dick's asleep in a reclining chair. He's wearing his  
clothes from the night before. His roommate FLOYD is  
lying on the sofa watching TV.

The sound of four hands KNOCKING on his door wakes Dick  
up. He shakes the bats out of his belfry, and opens the  
door, and finds the cutest couple in Los Angeles standing  
in his doorway.

Clarence and Alabama immediately start singing "Hello My  
Baby" like the frog in the old Chuck Jones cartoon.

CLARENCE AND ALABAMA

'Hello my baby,  
Hello my honey,  
Hello my ragtime gal --'

DICK

Clarence?! What the -- ?

Alabama throws her arms around Dick, and gives him a  
quick kiss. After she breaks, Clarence does the same.

CLARENCE

Long time no see, little buddy.

Clarence and Alabama walk right past the stunned Dick and  
into his apartment.

CLARENCE

Wow. Neat place. Oh, Alabama,  
this is Dick. Dick, this is my  
wife Alabama. Why don't we get  
some breakfast?

DICK

Your wife?

41 INT. CLARENCE'S MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY 41

The three drive down a Hollywood street en route to a  
motel.

41 Clarence behind the wheel, Dick sitting next to him and 41  
Alabama in the back seat.

ALABAMA

... when my mom went into labor, my dad panicked. He never had a kid before, and crashed the car. Now, picture this: their car's demolished, a crowd is starting to gather, my mom is yelling, going into contractions, and my dad, who was losing it before, is now completely screaming yellow zonkers. Then, out of nowhere, as if from thin air, this big giant bus appears, and the bus driver said, 'Get her in here.' He forgot all about his route and just drove straight to the hospital. So, because he was such a nice guy, they wanted to name the baby after him, as a sign of gratitude. Well, his name was Waldo, and no matter how grateful they were, even if I'da been a boy, they wouldn't call me Waldo. So, they asked Waldo where he was from. And, so there you go.

CLARENCE

And here we are.

DICK

That's a pretty amazing story.

CLARENCE

Well, she's a pretty amazing girl. What are women like out here?

DICK

Just like in Detroit, only skinnier. Oh, guess what? I had a really good reading for 'T.J. Hooker' the other day.

ALABAMA

You're gonna be on 'T.J. Hooker'?

DICK

Knock wood.

CLARENCE

Did you meet Captain Kirk?

41 DICK 41  
 You don't meet him in the audition.  
 That comes later. Hope, hope.

42 EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - DAY 42  
 We see the Hollywood Motel sign. PAN TO the parking lot where Clarence, Dick, and Alabama pull up in the red Mustang. They all climb out of the car and start walking to the lobby.

43 EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CARPORT - DAY 43  
 They all walk in and make their way to the reception area. Alabama walks ahead.

DICK  
 You're really in love, aren't you?

CLARENCE  
 For the very first time in my life.  
 (pause)  
 Do you know what that's like?

Clarence is so intense Dick doesn't know how to answer.

DICK  
 (regretfully)  
 No I don't. Clarence, what the hell are you doing in L.A.?

44 INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY 44

Dick's jaw drops open. Before him is the suitcase full of cocaine. Dick gently picks up a bag and fondles it.

Clarence smiles, holding a bottle of wine. Alabama's watching cable TV.

DICK  
 Holy Mary mother of God.

ALABAMA  
 This is great, we got cable.

CLARENCE  
 (to Alabama)  
 Bama, you got your blade?

Keeping her eyes on the TV, she pulls out a Swiss Army knife with a tiny dinosaur on it from her purse, and tosses it to Clarence. Clarence takes off the corkscrew and opens the wine.

In a couple of hotel plastic cups he pours some wine, a big glass for Dick, a little one for himself. He hands it to Dick. Dick takes it and drinks.

44

44

DICK

This shit can't be real.

CLARENCE

It'll getcha high.

He tosses Dick the knife.

CLARENCE

Do you want some wine, sweetheart?

ALABAMA

Nope. I'm not really a wine gal.

Using the knife, Dick snorts some of the cocaine. He jumps back.

DICK

It's fuckin' real!  
(to Clarence)  
It's fuckin' real!

CLARENCE

I certainly hope so.

DICK

You've got a helluva lot of coke there, man!

CLARENCE

I know.

DICK

Do you have any idea how much fuckin' coke you got?

CLARENCE

Tell me.

DICK

I don't know! A fuckin' lot!

He downs his wine. Clarence fills his glass.

DICK

This is Drexl's coke!?

CLARENCE

Drexl's dead. This is Clarence's coke and Clarence can do whatever he wants with it. And what Clarence wants to do is sell it. Then me and Bama are gonna leave on a jet plane and spend the rest of our lives spendin'. So, you got my letter, have you lined up any buyers?

DICK

Look, Clarence, I'm not Joe  
Cocaine.

Dick gulps half of his wine. Clarence fills it up.

CLARENCE

But you're an actor. I hear these  
Hollywood guys have it delivered  
to the set.

DICK

Yeah, they do. And maybe when I  
start being a successful actor  
I'll know those guys. But most  
of the people I know are like me.  
They ain't got a pot to piss in or  
a window to throw it out of. Now,  
if you want to sell a little bit  
at a time --

CLARENCE

No way! The whole enchilada in  
one shot.

DICK

Do you have any idea how difficult  
that's gonna be?

CLARENCE

I'm offering a half a million dollars  
worth of white for two hundred  
thousand. How difficult can that be?

DICK

It's difficult because you're  
sellin' it to a particular group.  
Big shots. Fat cats. Guys who  
can use that kind of quantity.  
Guys that can afford two hundred  
thousand. Basically, guys I don't  
know. You don't know. And more  
important, they don't know you.  
I did talk with one guy who  
could possibly help you.

CLARENCE

Is he big league?

DICK

He's nothing. He's in my acting  
class. But he works as an  
assistant to a very powerful movie  
producer named Lee Donowitz. I  
thought Donowitz could be  
interested in a deal like this.  
He could use it. He could afford  
it.

---

CLARENCE  
What'dya tell 'em?

DICK  
Hardly anything. I wasn't sure  
from your letter what was bullshit,  
and what wasn't.

CLARENCE  
What's this acting class guy's name?

DICK  
Elliot.

CLARENCE  
Elliot what?

DICK  
Elliot Blitzler.

CLARENCE  
Okay, call 'em up and arrange a  
meeting, so we can get through  
all the getting to know you stuff.

DICK  
Where?

CLARENCE  
(to Alabama)  
Where?

ALABAMA  
The zoo.

CLARENCE  
(to Dick)  
The zoo.  
(pause)  
What are you waiting for?

DICK  
Would you just shut up a minute  
and let me think?

CLARENCE  
What's to think about?

DICK  
Shut up! First you come waltzing  
into my life after two years.  
You're married. You killed a guy.

CLARENCE  
Two guys.

---

44

DICK

Two guys. Now you want me to help you with some big drug deal. Fuck, Clarence, you killed somebody and you're blowin' it off like it don't mean shit.

44

CLARENCE

Don't expect me to be all broken up over poor Drexel. I think he was a fuckin', freeloadin', parasitic scumbag, and he got exactly what he deserved. I got no pity for a mad dog like that. I think I should get a merit badge or somethin'.

Dick rests his head in his hands.

CLARENCE

Look, buddy, I realize I'm layin' some pretty heavy shit on ya, but I need you to rise to the occasion. So, drink some more wine. Get used to the idea, and get your friend on the phone.

45

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - CLOSEUP - GORILLA - DAY

45

An 800-lb. gorilla eavesdrops on the conversation. PULL BACK. Dick and ELLIOT BLITZER are standing in front of the cage. One look at Elliot and you can see what type of actor he is, a real GQ, blow-dry boy. Clarence is eating a box of animal crackers and Alabama is blowing soap bubbles.

ELLIOT

So you guys got five hundred thousand dollars worth of cola that you're unloading --

CLARENCE

Want an animal cracker?

ELLIOT

Yeah, okay.

He takes one.

CLARENCE

Leave the gorillas.

ELLIOT

-- that you're unloading for two hundred thousand dollars --

CLARENCE

Unloading? That's a helluva way to describe the bargain of a lifetime.

DICK  
(trying to chill  
him out)

Clarence...

ELLIOT  
Where did you get it?

CLARENCE  
I grow it on my windowsill. The  
light's really great there and  
I'm up high enough so you can't  
see it from the street.

ELLIOT  
(forcing a laugh)  
Ha ha ha. No really, where does  
it come from?

CLARENCE  
Coco leaves. You see, they take  
the leaves and mash it down until  
it's kind of a paste --

ELLIOT  
(turning to Dick)  
Look, Dick, I don't --

CLARENCE  
(laughing)  
No problem, Elliot. I'm just  
fuckin' wit' ya, that's all.  
Actually, I'll tell you but you  
gotta keep it quiet. Understand,  
if Dick didn't insure me you're  
good people, I'd just tell ya,  
none of your fuckin' business.  
But, as a sign of good faith,  
here it goes. I gotta friend in  
the department.

ELLIOT  
What department?

CLARENCE  
What do you think, eightball?

ELLIOT  
The police department?

CLARENCE  
Duh. What else would I be talking  
about? Now stop asking stupid  
doorknob questions. Well, a year  
and a half ago, this friend of  
mine got access to the evidence  
room for an hour.

(MORE)



45

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

45

He snagged this coke. But, he's a good cop with a wife and a kid, so he sat on it for a year and a half until he found a guy he could trust.

ELLIOT

He trusts you?

CLARENCE

We were in 4-H together. We've known each other since childhood. So I'm handling the sales part. He's my silent partner and he knows, if I get fucked up, I won't drop dime on him. He's kinda paranoid. Now, no farther you understand. I didn't tell you nothin' and you didn't hear nothin'.

ELLIOT

Sure. I didn't hear anything.

Elliot is more than satisfied. Clarence makes a comical face at Dick when Elliot's not looking. Dick is wearing an "I don't believe this guy" expression. Alabama is forever blowing bubbles. The gorilla's trying to catch them without success.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

46

We're in the snack bar area of the zoo. Alabama, Dick and Elliot are sitting around a plastic outdoor table. Clarence is pacing around the table as he talks. Alabama is still blowing bubbles.

CLARENCE

(to Elliot)

Do I look like a beautiful blonde with big tits and an ass that tastes like French vanilla ice cream?

Elliot hasn't the faintest idea what this is supposed to mean.

ELLIOT

What?

CLARENCE

Do I look like a beautiful blonde with big tits and an ass that tastes like French vanilla ice cream?

ELLIOT

(with conviction)

No. No, you don't.

46

CLARENCE

Then why are you telling me all  
this bullshit? Just so you can  
fuck me?

46

DICK

(trying to calm  
him down)

Clarence...!

CLARENCE

(to Dick)

Let me handle this.

ELLIOT

Get it straight. Lee isn't into  
taking risks. He deals with a  
couple of guys and he's been  
dealing with them for years.  
They're reliable. They're  
dependable. And they're safe.

CLARENCE

Riddle me this, Batman. If  
you're all so much in love with  
each other, what the fuck are you  
doing here? I'm sure you got  
better things to do with your time  
than walk around in circles  
staring up a panther's ass. Your  
guy's interested because with  
that much shit at his fingertips  
he can play Joe fuckin' Hollywood  
till the wheels come off. He can  
sell it, he can snort it, he can  
play Santa Claus with it. At the  
price he's paying, he'll have the  
freedom to be able to just throw  
it around. He'll be everybody's  
best friend. I'm not puttin' him  
down. Hey, let him run wild.  
Have a ball, it's his money. But  
don't expect me to hang around  
forever waiting for you guys to  
grow some guts.

Elliot has been silenced. He nods his head in agreement.

47

INT. PORSCHE (PCH IN MALIBU) - MOVING - DAY

47

Movie producer, LEE DONOWITZ, is driving his Porsche  
through the winding Hollywood Hills, just enjoying being  
rich and powerful. His cellular car PHONE RINGS, he  
answers.

47

LEE

47

Hello.

(pause)

Elliot, it's Sunday. Why am I talking to you on Sunday? I don't see enough of you during the week, I gotta talk to you on Sunday? Why is it, you always --

48

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

48

Elliot is on the zoo pay phone. Clarence is next to him. Dick is next to Clarence. Alabama is next to Dick, blowing bubbles. All of this dialog INTERCUTS BETWEEN the zoo and Lee driving his car.

ELLIOT

(on phone)

I'm with that party you wanted me to get together with. Do you know what I'm talking about, Lee?

LEE

Why the hell are you calling my phone to talk about that?

ELLIOT

Well, he's here right now and he insists on talking to you.

49

INT. PORSCHE (IN TUNNEL) - MOVING - DAY

49

In the tunnel Lee's VOICE ECHOES.

LEE

Are you out of your fucking mind?

50

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

50

ELLIOT

He said if I didn't get you on the --

Clarence takes the receiver out of Elliot's hand.

CLARENCE

(into phone)

Hello, Lee, it's Clarence. At last we meet.

51

EXT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

51

Virgil's knocking on Dick's door. FLOYD, Dick's roommate, answers.

VIRGIL

Hello, is Dick Ritchie here?

51

FLOYD

Naw, he ain't home right now.

VIRGIL

Do you live here?

FLOYD

Yeah, I live here.

VIRGIL

Sorta roommates?

FLOYD

Exactly roommates.

VIRGIL

Maybe you can help me. Actually, who I'm looking for is a friend of ours from Detroit. Clarence Worley? I heard he was in town. Might be traveling with a pretty girl named Alabama. Have you seen him? Are they stayin' here?

FLOYD

Naw, they ain't staying here. But I know who you're talking about. They're staying at the Hollywood Holiday Inn.

VIRGIL

How do you know? You been there?

FLOYD

No, I ain't been there but I heard him say it. Hollywood Holiday Inn. Kinda easy to remember.

VIRGIL

You're right. It is.

52

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

52

Clarence is still on the phone with Lee. We still INTER-CUT between the zoo and Lee.

CLARENCE

Lee, the reason I'm talking with you is I want to open Dr. Zhivago in L.A. And I want you to distribute it.

LEE

I don't know, Clarence. Dr. Zhivago's a pretty big movie.

CLARENCE

The biggest. The biggest movie you've ever dealt with, Lee. We're talkin' a lot of film. A man'd have ta be an idiot not to be a little cautious about a movie like that. And, Lee, you're no idiot...

LEE

I'm not saying I'm not interested. But being a distributor's not what I'm all about. I'm a film producer. I'm on this world to make good movies. Nothing more. Now, having my big toe dipped into the distribution end helps me on many levels. But the bottom line is -- I'm not Paramount. I have a select group of distributors I deal with. I buy their little movies. Accomplish what I wanna accomplish. End of story. Easy, businesslike, very little risk.

CLARENCE

Now that's bullshit, Lee. Every time you buy one of those little movies, it's a risk. I'm not selling you somethin' that's gonna play two weeks, six weeks, then go straight to cable. This is Doctor Zhivago. This'll be packin' 'em in for a year and a half. Two years! That's two years you don't have to work with anybody's movie but mine.

LEE

Well then, what's the hurry? Is it that the rights to Doctor Zhivago are in arbitration?

CLARENCE

I wanna be able to announce this deal at Cannes. If I had time for a courtship, Lee, I would. I'd take ya out, I'd hold ya hand, I'd kiss ya on the cheek at the door. But I'm not in that position. I need to know if we're in bed together or not. If you want my movie, Lee, you're just gonna have to come to terms with your fear and desire.

53 Pause. Clarence hands the phone to Elliot.

53

CLARENCE  
(to Elliot)  
He wants to talk to you.

ELLIOT  
(into phone)  
Mister Donowitz?  
(pause)  
I told you, through Dick.  
(pause)  
He's in my acting class.  
(pause)  
About a year.  
(pause)  
Yeah, he's good.  
(pause)  
They grew up together.  
(pause)  
Sure thing.

Elliot hangs up the phone.

ELLIOT  
He says Wednesday at three o'clock  
at the Beverly Wilshire. He wants  
everybody there.  
(pointing at  
Clarence)  
He'll talk to you. If after  
talkin' to you he's convinced  
you're okay, he'll do business.  
If not, he'll say, 'Fuck it' and  
walk out the door. He also wants  
a sample bag.

CLARENCE  
No problem on counts.

He offers Elliot the animal crackers.

CLARENCE  
Have a cookie.

Elliot takes one.

ELLIOT  
Thanks.

He puts it in his mouth.

CLARENCE  
That wasn't a gorilla, was it?

aimed right at her.

54

EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - DAY

54

The red Mustang with Clarence and Alabama pulls up to the hotel. Alabama hops out, Clarence stays in.

ALABAMA

You did it, Quickdraw, I'm so proud of you. You were like a ninja. Did I do my part okay?

CLARENCE

Babalouey, you were perfect, I could hardly keep from busting up.

ALABAMA

I felt so stupid just blowing those bubbles.

CLARENCE

You were chillin', kind of creepy even. You totally fucked with his head. I'm gonna go grab dinner.

ALABAMA

I'm gonna hop in the tub and get all wet, and slippery, and soapy. Then I'm gonna lie in the waterbed, not even bother to dry off, and watch X-rated movies 'til you get your ass back to my lovin' arms.

They kiss.

CLARENCE

We now return you to Bullitt already in progress.

He slams the MUSTANG in reverse and PEELS OUT of the hotel. Alabama walks her little walk from the parking lot to the pool area. Somebody WHISTLES at her, she turns to them.

ALABAMA

Thank you.

She gets to her door, takes out the key, and opens her door.

55

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

55

She steps in only to find Virgil sitting in a chair placed in front of the door with a sawed-off shotgun aimed right at her.

55

VIRGIL

(calmly)

Step inside and shut the door.

She doesn't move, she's frozen. Virgil leans forward.

VIRGIL

(calmly)

Lady, I'm gonna shoot you in the  
face.

She does exactly as he says. Virgil rises, still aiming  
the sawed-off.

VIRGIL

Step away from the door, more  
into the room.

She does. He puts the shotgun down on the chair, then  
steps closer to her.

VIRGIL

Okay, Alabama, where's our coke,  
where's Clarence, and when's he  
coming back.

ALABAMA

I think you got the wrong room,  
my name is Sadie. I don't have  
any Coke, but there's a Pepsi  
machine downstairs. I don't know  
any Clarence, but maybe my husband  
does. You might have heard of him,  
he plays football. Al Lylezado.  
He'll be home any minute, you can  
ask him.

Virgil can't help but smile.

VIRGIL

You're cute.

Virgil throws a punch which catches Alabama square in the  
face lifting her off of the ground and dropping her flat  
on her back.

56

INT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

56

Clarence, in his car, driving to get something to eat,  
singing to himself.

CLARENCE

(singing)

'Land of stardust, land of glamour,  
Vistavision and Cinerama,  
everything about it is a must,  
to get to Hollywood, or bust...'



57

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

57

Alabama's lying flat. She actually blacked out for a moment, but the salty taste of the blood in her mouth woke her up. She opens her eyes and sees Virgil standing there, smiling. She closes them, hoping it's a dream. They open again to the same sight. She has never felt more helpless in her life.

VIRGIL

Hurts, don't it. You ain't hurt that bad. Get on our feet, Fruitloop.

Alabama wobbily complies.

VIRGIL

Where's our coke? Where's Clarence? And when's he comin' back?

Alabama looks in Virgil's eyes and realizes that without a doubt she's going to die, because this man is going to kill her.

ALABAMA

Go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut.

Virgil doesn't waste a second. He gives her a punch straight to the stomach. The air is sucked out of her lungs. She falls to her knees. She's on all fours gasping for air that's just not there. Virgil whips out a pack of Lucky Strikes. He lights one up with a Zippo lighter. He takes a long, deep drag.

VIRGIL

Whatsamatta? Can't breathe? Get used to it.

58

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

58

Clarence walks through the door of some mom and pop fast food restaurant.

CLARENCE

Woah! Smells like hamburgers in here! What's the biggest, fatest hamburger you guys got?

The IRANIAN GUY at the counter says:

IRANIAN GUY

That would be Steve's double chili cheeseburger.

58

CLARENCE

58

Well I want two of them bad boys.  
Two large orders of chili fries.  
Two large diet Cokes.

(looking at menu  
on wall)

And I'll tell you what, why don't  
you give me a combination burrito  
as well.

59

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

59

Alabama is violently thrown into a corner of the room.  
She braces herself against the walls. She is very  
punchy. Virgil steps in front of her.

VIRGIL

You think your boyfriend would go  
through this kind of shit for you?  
Dream on, cunt. You're nothin'  
but a fuckin' fool. And your  
pretty face is gonna turn awful  
goddamn ugly in about two seconds.  
Now where's my fuckin' coke?!

She doesn't answer. He delivers a spinning roundhouse  
blow to the head. Her head slams into the left side  
of the wall.

VIRGIL

Where's Clarence?!

Nothing. He gives her another kick to the head. This  
time from the other side. Her legs start to give way.  
He catches her and throws her back. He slaps her  
lightly in the face to revive her, she looks at him.

VIRGIL

When's Clarence getting back?

She can barely raise her arm, but she somehow manages,  
and she gives him the middle finger. Virgil can't help  
but smile.

VIRGIL

You gotta lot of heart, kid.

He gives her a spinning roundhouse kick to the head that  
sends her to the floor.

60

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

60

Clarence is waiting for his order. He notices a CUSTOMER  
reading a copy of Newsweek with Elvis on the cover.

CLARENCE

That's a great issue.

60 The Customer lowers his magazine a little bit.

60

CLARENCE

Have you read the story on Elvis.

SUBSCRIBER (CUSTOMER)

No. Not yet.

CLARENCE

You know, I saw it on the stands, my first inclination was to buy it. But, I look at the price and say forget it. It's just gonna be the same old shit. I ended up breaking down and buying it a few days later. Man, was I ever wrong.

SUBSCRIBER

Liked it, huh?

CLARENCE

It's probably the single best piece I've ever read about Elvis in my life.

He takes the magazine from the Subscriber's hands and starts flipping to the Elvis article.

CLARENCE

It tries to pin down what the attraction is after all these years. It covers the whole spectrum of fans, the people who love his music, the people who grew up with him, and the fanatics, like these guys. I don't know about you, but they give me the creeps.

SUBSCRIBER

I can see what you mean.

CLARENCE

Like look at her. She looks like she fell off of an ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down. Elvis wouldn't fuck her with Pat Boone's dick.

Clarence and the Subscriber laugh.

61 INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

61

Alabama's pretty beat-up. She has a fat lip and her face is black and blue. She's crawling around on the floor. Virgil is tearing the place apart looking for the cocaine. He's also carrying on a running commentary.

VIRGIL

Now the first guy you kill is always the hardest. I don't care if you're the Boston Strangler or Wyatt Earp. You can bet that Texas boy, Charles Whitman, the fella who shot all them guys from that tower, I'll bet you green money that, that first little black dot that he took a bead on, was the bitch of the bunch. No foolin', the first one's a tough row to hoe. Now, the second one, while it ain't no Mardigra, it ain't half as tough as the first. You still feel somethin' but it's just so diluted this time around. Then you completely level off on the third one. The third one is easy. It's gotten to the point now I'll do it just to watch their expression change.

He's tearing the motel room up in general. Then he flips the mattress up off the bed, and the black suitcase is right there. Alabama is crawling unnoticed to where her purse lay. Virgil flips open the black case and almost goes snowblind.

VIRGIL

Well, well, well, looky here. I guess I just reached journey's end. Great. One less thing I gotta worry about.

Virgil closes up the case. Alabama sifts through her purse. She pulls out her Swiss army knife, opens it up, Virgil turns toward her.

VIRGIL

Okay, Sugarpop, we've come to what I like to call the moment of truth --

Alabama slowly rises clutching the thrust out knife in both hands. Mr. karate man smiles.

VIRGIL

Kid, you gotta lot a heart.

He moves toward her. Alabama's hands are shaking.

VIRGIL

Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna give you a free swing. Now, I only do that for people I like.

61

He moves close. Alabama's eyes study him. He grabs the front of his shirt and rips it open. Buttons fly everywhere. 61

VIRGIL

Go ahead, girl, take a stab at it.

(giggling)

You don't have anything to lose.

Virgil's right, she doesn't have anything to lose. Virgil's also right about this being the moment of truth. Letting out a blood-curdling yell, she raises the knife high above her head, then drops to her knees and plunges it deep into Virgil's right foot.

Talk about blood curdling yells.

Alabama is kicked in the teeth with Virgil's left foot.

Virgil bends down and carefully pulls the knife from his foot, tears running down his face.

While Virgil's bent down, Alabama SMASHES an Elvis Presley whiskey DECANTER that Clarence bought her in Oklahoma over his head. It's only made of plaster so it doesn't kill him.

Virgil's moving toward Alabama, limping on his bad foot.

VIRGIL

Okay, no more mister nice-guy.

Alabama picks up the hotel TV and tosses it to him. He instinctively catches it, and with his arms full of television, Alabama cold-cocks him with her fist in his nose, breaking it.

Her eyes go straight to the door, then they go to the sawed-off shotgun by the door. She runs to it, bends over the chair for the gun. Virgil's left foot kicks her in the back sending her flying over the chair and smashing into the door.

Virgil furiously throws the chair out of the way and stands over Alabama. Alabama's lying on the ground laughing. Virgil has killed a lot of people, but not a one of them has ever laughed before he did it.

VIRGIL

What's so funny?!!

ALABAMA

(laughing)

You look so ridiculous.

61 She laughs louder. Virgil's insane. He picks her off the floor, then lifts her off the ground and throws her through the GLASS SHOWER DOOR in the bathroom. 61

VIRGIL

Laugh it up, cunt. You were in hysterics a minute ago. Why ain't you laughing now.

Alabama laying in the bathtub grabs a small bottle of hotel shampoo and squeezes it out in her hand.

Virgil reaches in the shower and grabs hold of her hair.

Alabama rubs the shampoo in his face. He lets go of her and his hands go to his eyes.

VIRGIL

Oh Jesus!

She grabs a hold of a hefty piece of broken glass and plunges it into his face.

VIRGIL

Oh Mary, help me!

The battered and bruised and bloody Alabama emerges from the shower. She's clutching a big, bloody piece of broken glass. She's vaguely reminiscent of the Tasmanian Devil. Poor Virgil can't see very well, but he sees the figure coming towards him. He lets out a wild haymaker that catches her in the jaw and knocks her into the toilet.

She recovers almost immediately and takes the porcelain lid off of the back of the toilet tank.

Virgil whips out a .45 AUTOMATIC from his shoulder holster, just as Alabama brings the lid down on his head. He's pressed up against the wall with this toilet lid hitting him. He can't get a good shot in this tight environment, but he FIRES anyway, hitting the floor, the wall, the toilet, and the sink.

The toilet LID finally SHATTERS against Virgil's head.

Virgil falls to the ground.

Alabama goes to the medicine cabinet and whips out a big can of Final Net hairspray, pulls a Bic lighter out of her pocket, and just as Virgil raises his gun at her, she flicks the Bic and sends a stream of hairspray through the flame, which results in a big ball of fire that hits Virgil right in the face.

He FIRES off TWO SHOTS. One which hits the wall, another that hits the sink pipe, sending water spraying.

77.

61 Upon getting his face fried Virgil screams and jumps 61  
up, knocking Alabama down, and runs out of the bathroom.

Virgil collapses onto the floor of the living room.  
Then, he sees the sawed-off laying on the ground. He  
crawls toward it.

Alabama, in the bathroom, sees where he's heading. She  
picks up the .45 automatic and fires at him. It's empty.  
She's on her feet and into the room.

He reaches the shotgun, his hands grasp it.

Alabama spots and picks up the bloody Swiss army knife.  
She takes a knife-first-running-dive at Virgil's back.  
She hits him.

He arches up, FIRING the SAWED-OFF into the ceiling,  
dropping the gun, and sending a cloud of plaster and  
stucco all over the room.

Alabama snatches the shotgun.

Arched over on his back Virgil's eyes make contact with  
Alabama's eyes.

The FIRST BLAST hits him in the shoulder, almost tearing  
his arm off. The SECOND hits him in the knee. The  
THIRD plays hell with his chest.

Alabama then runs at him, hitting him in the head with  
the butt of the shotgun.

Ever since she's been firing it's as if some other part  
of her brain has been functioning independently. She's  
been absent-mindedly saying the prayer of Saint Francis.

#### ALABAMA

'Lord make me an instrument of  
they peace,  
where there is hatred, let me  
love,  
where there is despair -- hope,  
where there is darkness -- light,  
where there is sadness -- joy,  
oh, divine master, grant that I  
may not seek to be consoled --  
but to console,  
that I may not seek to be  
understood --  
but to understand,  
and it is in dying that we are  
born to eternal life.'

Clarence, who's been hearing gunshots, bursts through the  
door, gun drawn, only to see Alabama, hitting a dead guy  
on the head, with a shotgun.

61

CLARENCE

61

Honey?

She continues. He puts his gun away.

CLARENCE

Sweetheart? Cops are gonna be here any minute.

She continues. He takes the gun away from her, and she falls to the ground. She lays on the floor trembling, still continuing with the downward swings of her arms.

Clarence grabs the shotgun and the cocaine, and tosses Alabama over his shoulder.

62

EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - DAY

62

Everybody is outside of their rooms watching as Clarence walks through the pool area with his bundle. SIRENS can be heard APPROACHING.

63

EXT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

63

Clarence is driving like mad. Alabama's passed out in the passenger seat. She's muttering to herself. Clarence has one hand on the steering wheel and the other stroking Alabama's hair.

CLARENCE

Sleep, baby. Don't dream. Don't worry. Just sleep. You deserve better than this. I'm so sorry. Sleep, my angel. Sleep peacefully.

64

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

64

A wonderful, gracefully flowing SHOT of the Hollywood Hills. VAAAARRROOOOOMMMM!!! A silver PORSCHE is driving hells bells, taking quick corners, pushing it to the edge.

65

INT. SILVER PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

65

Elliot Blitzer is the driver standing on it.

A blonde, glitzy COKE WHORE is sitting next to him. They're having a ball. Then they see a red and blue light flashing in the rear-view mirror. It's the cops.

ELLIOT

Fuck! I knew it! I knew it!  
I fucking knew it!  
(MORE)



ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I should have my head examined  
driving like this!

(pulls over)

Kandi, you gotta help me.

KANDI (COKE WHORE)

What can I do?

He pulls out the sample bag of cocaine that Clarence  
gave him earlier.

ELLIOT

You gotta hold this for me.

KANDI

You must be high. Uh-uh. No way.

ELLIOT

(frantically)

Just put it in your purse!

KANDI

I'm not gonna put that shit in  
my purse.

ELLIOT

They won't search you, I promise.  
You haven't done anything.

KANDI

No way, Jose.

ELLIOT

Please, they'll be here any  
minute. Just put it in your bra.

KANDI

I'm not wearing a bra.

ELLIOT

(pleading)

Put it in your pants.

KANDI

No.

ELLIOT

You're the one who wanted to drive  
fast.

KANDI

Read my lips.

She mouths the word "no."

65

ELLIOT

After all I've done for you, you  
fucking whore!!

65

She goes to slap him, she hits the bag of cocaine instead, it rips open. Cocaine completely covers his blue suit, at that moment Elliot turns to face a flashlight beam. Tears fill his eyes.

66

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

66

Elliot is sitting in a chair at a table. Two young, good-looking, casually-dressed Starsky and Hutch type police detectives are questioning him. They're known in the department as NICHOLSON and DIMES. The dark-haired one is Cody Nicholson, and the blond is Nicky Dimes.

NICHOLSON

Look, dickhead, it's your bad luck that we caught you speeding! And it's your bad luck that you had a bag of uncut cocaine in your --

DIMES

Not a tiny little vial --

NICHOLSON

But a fuckin' Baggie.

DIMES

Now don't sit there and feed us some shit.

NICHOLSON

You got caught. It's all fun and fuckin' games till you get caught. But now we gottcha. Okay, mister Elliot actor, you've just made the big time --

DIMES

You're no longer an extra --

NICHOLSON

Or a bit player --

DIMES

Or a supporting actor --

NICHOLSON

You're a fuckin' star! And you're gonna be playin' your little one man show nightly for the next two fucking years for a captive audience --

DIMES

But there is a bright side though.  
If you ever have to play a part of  
a guy who gets fucked in his ass  
on a daily basis by throat-slitting  
niggers, you'll have so much  
experience to draw on --

NICHOLSON

And just think, when you get out  
in a few years, you'll meet some  
girl, get married, and you'll be  
so understanding to your wife's  
needs, because you'll know what  
it's like to be a woman --

DIMES

'Course you'll wanna fuck her in  
the ass. Pussy just won't feel  
right anymore --

NICHOLSON

That is, of course, if you don't  
catch A.I.D.S. from all your  
anal intrusions.

Elliot starts crying. Nicholson and Dimes exchange  
looks and smiles. Mission accomplished.

INT./EXT. ELEVATOR - GOING DOWN - DAY

Coccotti, Frankie, Lenny, and another hood, who we  
haven't met before, MARVIN, are standing in a glass  
elevator on their way to the penthouse ballroom of  
Detroit's finest hotel. They're all in tuxedos.

COCCOTTI

So what's the good word?

LENNY

Sorry, Vincenzo, no Virgil. I  
checked with Nick Cardella, who  
Virg was supposed to leave the  
product with, he never showed.

COCCOTTI

Now, children, somebody is stickin'  
a red hot poker up my asshole and  
what I don't know is whose hand's  
on the handle.

FRANKIE

You think Virgil started gettin'  
big ideas?

COCCOTTI

67

It's possible. Anybody can be carried away with delusions of grandeur. But after that incident in Ann Arbor, I trust Virgil.

MARVIN

What happened?

LENNY

Virgil got picked up in a warehouse shakedown. He got five years, he served three.

COCCOTTI

Anybody who clams up and does his time, I don't care how I feel about him personally, he's okay.

MARVIN

(to other wise guys)  
Maybe Virgil dropped it off at Cardella's. Cardella turns Virgil's switch to off, and Cardella decides to open up his own fruit stand.

LENNY

Do you know Nick Cardella?

MARVIN

No.

LENNY

Then where the hell do you get off talkin' that kind of talk -- ?

MARVIN

I didn't mean --

LENNY

(to Marvin)

Shut your mouth. Nick Cardella was provin' what his word was worth before you were in your daddy's nutsack. What sun do you walk under you can throw a shadow on Nick Cardella? Nick Cardella's a stand up guy.

COCCOTTI

Children, we're digressing. And I wanna be happy for my son's reception, so can we get productive?

67

LENNY

67

Another possibility is that rat fuck whore and her wack-a-doo cowboy boyfriend out-aped Virgil.

COCCOTTI

Knowing Virgil, I find that hard to believe. But, they sent Drexl to hell, and Drexl was no faggot. So you see, children, I got a lot of questions and no answers. Find out who this wing and prayer artist is and take him off at the neck.

They all nod their heads.

COCCOTTI

In the meantime we've gotta cake as tall as Frankie here. So hang around for a bit. Meet my new daughter.

They all laugh.

68

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN KRINKLE'S OFFICE - DAY

68

CAPTAIN BUFFORD KRINKLE is sitting behind his desk, where he spends about seventy-five percent of his days. He's your standard rough, gruff, no-nonsense, by-the-book type police captain.

KRINKLE

Nicolson! Dimes! Get in here!

The two casually-dressed, sneaker-wearing cops rush in.

NICHOLSON

Krinkle, this is it. We got it, man. And it's all ours. I mean talk about fallin' into somethin'. You shoulda seen it, it was beautiful. Dimes is hittin' him from the left about being fucked in the ass by niggers, I'm hittin' him from the right about not likin' pussy anymore, finally he just starts cryin', and then it was all over --

DIMES

Krinkle, you're lookin' at the two future cops of the month. We have it, and when I say we, I don't mean me and him, I'm referring to the whole department. Haven't had a decent bust this whole month. Well, we mighta come in like a lamb but we're goin' out like a lion --

KRINKLE

Both you idiots shut up, I can't understand shit! Now, what's happened, what's going on, and what are you talkin' about?

DIMES

Okee dokee. It's like this, Krinkle; a patrol car stops this dork for speeding, they walk up to the window and the guy's covered in coke. So they bring his ass in and me an' Nicholson go to work on him --

NICHOLSON

Nicholson and I.

DIMES

Nicholson and I go to work on him. Now we know something's rotten in Denmark, 'cause this dickhead had a big bag, and it's uncut too, so we're sweatin' him, tryin' to find out where he got it. Scarin' the shit outta him --

NICHOLSON

Which wasn't too hard. The guy was a real squid.

DIMES

So we got this guy scared shitless and he starts talkin'. And, Krinkle, you ain't gonna fuckin' believe it.

NICHOLSON

It seems a cop from some department, we don't know where, stole a half a million dollars of coke from the property cage and he's been sittin' on it for a year and a half. Now the cops got this weirdo --

DIMES

Suspect's words --

NICHOLSON

To front for him. So our boy, Elliot Blitzer, is workin' out a deal between them and his boss, a big movie producer named Lee Donowitz.

DIMES

He produced Comin' Home in a Body Bag.

KRINKLE

That Vietnam movie?

NICHOLSON

Uh-huh.

KRINKLE

That was a good fuckin' movie.

DIMES

Sure was.

KRINKLE

Do you believe him?

NICHOLSON

I believe he believes him.

DIMES

He's so spooked he'd turn over his  
momma, his daddy, his two-panny  
granny, and Anna and the King of  
Siam if he had anything on him.

NICHOLSON

This rabbit'll do anything not to  
do time, including wearing a wire.

KRINKLE

He'll wear a wire?

DIMES

We talked him into it.

KRINKLE

Dirty cops. We'll have to bring in  
internal affairs on this.

NICHOLSON

Look, we don't care if you bring in  
the state militia, the volunteer  
fire department, the L.A. Thunderbirds,  
the ghost of Steve McQueen, and twelve  
Roman gladiators, so long as we get  
credit for the bust.

DIMES

Cocaine. Dirty cops. Hollywood.  
This is Crocket and Tubbs all the way.  
And we found it so we want the fucking  
collar.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "THE BIG DAY"

EXT. LINCOLN BOULEVARD (LAX) - SUNRISE

Clarence's red Mustang is parked on top of a hill just  
off of Imperial Highway. As luck would have it, some-  
body has abandoned a ratty old sofa on the side of the  
road.

69

Clarence and Alabama (whose face is beat up from the fight with Virgil) sit on the sofa, sharing a Jumbo Java, and enjoying the sunrise and wonderful view of the LAX Airport runways, where planes are taking off and landing. A PLANE TAKES OFF, and they stop and watch.

CLARENCE

Ya know, I used to fuckin' hate airports.

ALABAMA

Really?

CLARENCE

With a vengeance, I hated them. I used to live by one back in Dearborn. It's real frustrating to be surrounded by airplanes when you ain't got shit. I hated where I was, but I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't have any money. It was tough enough just tryin' to pay my rent every month, and here I was livin' next to an airport. Whenever I went outside, I saw fuckin' planes takin' off. I'm tryin' to watch TV, fuckin' planes takin' off drownin' out my show. All day long I'm seein', hearin' people doin' what I wanted to do most, but couldn't.

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Leavin' Detroit. Goin' off on vacations, startin' new lives, business trips. Fun, fun, fun, fun.

Another PLANE TAKES OFF.

CLARENCE

But knowin' me and you gonna be nigger rich gives me a whole new outlook. I love airports now. Me 'n you can get on any one of those planes out there, and go anywhere we want.

ALABAMA

You ain't kidding. We got lives to start over. We should go somewhere where we can really start from scratch.



69

CLARENCE

I been in America all my life. I'm due for a change. I wanna see what TV in other countries is like. Besides, it's more dramatic. Where should we fly off to, my little turtle dove?

69

ALABAMA

Cancun

CLARENCE

Why Cancun?

ALABAMA

It's got a nice ring to it. It sounds like a movie, Clarence and Alabama go to Cancun. Doncha think?

CLARENCE

But in my movie, baby, you get top billing.

They kiss.

CLARENCE

Don't you worry 'bout anything. It's all gonna work out for us. We deserve it.

MONTAGE

Everyone is getting ready for the big day.

70

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

70

Dick, Clarence and Alabama are just getting ready to leave for the drug deal. Floyd lies on the couch watching TV. Alabama's wearing dark glasses to hide some of the damage caused by Virgil.

CLARENCE

(to Floyd)

You sure that's how you get to the Beverly Wilshire?

FLOYD

I've partied there twice. Yeah, I'm sure.

DICK

Yeah, well, if we get lost, it's your ass.

(to Clarence)

Come on, Clarence, let's go. Elliot's going to meet us in the lobby.

CLARENCE

I'm just making sure we got everything.

(to Alabama)

You got yours?

She holds up the suitcase. The PHONE RINGS. The three pile out the door. Floyd answers the phone.

FLOYD

Hello?

(puts his hand  
over the receiver)

Dick, it's for you. You here?

DICK

No. I left.

He starts to close the door, then opens it again.

DICK

I'll take it.

(takes the receiver)

Hello.

(pause)

Hi, Catherine, I was just walkin' out the --

(pause)

Really?

(pause)

I don't believe it.

(pause)

She really said that?

(pause)

I'll be by first thing.

(pause)

No. Thank you for sending me out.

(pause)

'Bye-bye.

He hangs up and looks at Clarence.

DICK

(stunned)

I got the part on 'T.J. Hooker.'

CLARENCE

No shit? Dick, that's great!

Clarence and Alabama are jumping around. Floyd even smiles.

DICK

(still stunned)

They didn't even want a callback.

They just hired me like that.

(MORE)

70

DICK (CONT'D)

70

Me and Peter Breck are the two heavies. We start shooting Monday. My call is for seven o'clock in the morning.

CLARENCE

Ah, Dick, let's talk about it in the car. We can't be late.

Dick looks at Clarence. He doesn't want to go.

DICK

Clarence.

CLARENCE

Yeah?

DICK

Um, nothing. Let's go.

They exit.

71

EXT. HOTEL/LAX - DAY

71

We see the airport and MOVE IN CLOSER ON a hotel on the landscape.

72

INT. HOTEL (LAX) - ROOM - DAY

72

Lenny can be seen putting a shotgun together. He is sitting on a bed.

Toothpick Vic ENTERS the FRAME with his own shotgun. He goes over to Lenny and gives him some shells.

Marvin walks THROUGH the FRAME cocking his own shotgun.

The bathroom door opens behind Lenny and Frankie walks out twirling a couple of .45 automatics in his hands.

73

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

73

A room at the Beverly Wilshire. Nicholson and Dimes and four DETECTIVES from Internal Affairs are in a room on the same floor as Donowitz. They have just put a wire on Elliot.

NICHOLSON

Okay, say something.

ELLIOT

(talking loud into the wire)

Hello! Hello! Hello! How now brown cow!

73

DIMES

73

Just talk regular.

ELLIOT

(normal tone)

'But soft. What light through  
yonder window breaks? 'Tis the  
East and yonder Juliet is the  
sun. Oh, arise fair sun and kill  
the envious moon that is sick and  
pale with grief --'

WURLITZER

(to the IA Officer at  
the tape machine)

Are you getting this shit?

The IA Officer at the tape machine gives a thumbs up.  
Nicholson, Dimes, and WURLITZER huddle by Elliot.

DIMES

Now, remember, we'll be monitoring  
just down the hall.

ELLIOT

And if there's any sign of trouble  
you'll come in.

NICHOLSON

Like gangbusters. Now remember, if  
you don't want to go to jail, we  
gotta put your boss in jail.

DIMES

We have to show in court that,  
without a doubt, a successful man,  
an important figure in the  
Hollywood community, is also  
dealing cocaine.

NICHOLSON

So you gotta get him to admit on  
tape that he's buying this coke.

DIMES

Hope you're a good actor, Elliot.

CUT TO:

74

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

74

Marvin, Frankie, Lenny and Vic in a rented Caddy.

75

INT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

75

Clarence, Dick and Alabama en route. Dick refers to  
Alabama's beat-up face.

75

DICK

You got that playing basketball?

75

ALABAMA

Yeah. I got elbowed right in the eye. And if that wasn't enough, I got hurled the ball when I'm not looking. Wham! Right in my face.

Clarence makes a turn and they pull into the Beverly Wilshire parking lot.

76

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE PARKING LOT - DAY

76

Clarence, Alabama and Dick get out of the Mustang. Dick takes the suitcase.

CLARENCE

I'll take that. Now remember, both of you, let me do the talking.

Clarence takes out a .45. Dick reacts. They walk and talk.

DICK

What the fuck did you bring that for?

CLARENCE

In case.

DICK

In case of what?

CLARENCE

In case they try to kill us. I don't know. What do you want me to say?

DICK

Look, Dillinger, Lee Donowitz is not a pimp --

CLARENCE

I know that, Richard. I don't think I'll need it. But something this last week has taught me, it's better to have a gun and not need it than to need a gun and not have it.

Pause. Clarence stops walking.

CLARENCE

Hold it, guys. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm pretty scared. What say we forget the whole thing?

Dick and Alabama are both surprised and relieved.

DICK

Do you really mean it?

CLARENCE

No. I don't really mean it. Well, I mean this is our last chance to think about it. How 'bout you, 'Bama?

ALABAMA

I thought it was what you wanted, Clarence.

CLARENCE

It is what I want. But I don't want to spend the next ten years in jail. I don't want you guys to go to jail. We don't know what could be waiting for us up there. It'll probably be just what it's supposed to be. The only thing that's waiting for us is two hundred thousand dollars. I'm just looking at the downside.

DICK

Now's a helluva time to play 'what if.'

CLARENCE

This is our last chance to play 'what if.' I don't want to do it. I'm just scared of getting caught.

ALABAMA

It's been fun thinking about the money, but I can walk away from it, honey.

CLARENCE

That rhymes.

He kisses her.

DICK

Well, if we're not gonna do it, let's just get in the car and get the fuck outta here.

76

CLARENCE

76

Yeah, let's just get outta here.

The three walk back to the car. Clarence gets behind the wheel. The other two get in. Clarence hops back out.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, guys. I gotta do it. As petrified as I am, I just can't walk away. I'm gonna be kicking myself in the ass the rest of my life if I don't go in there. Lee Donowitz isn't a gangster lookin' to skin us and he's not a cop, he's a famous movie producer lookin' to get high. And I'm just the man who can get him there. So what say we throw caution to the wind and let the chips fall where they may.

Clarence grabs the suitcase and makes a beeline for the hotel. Dick and Alabama exchange looks and follow.

77

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY

77

Elliot's walking around the lobby. He's very nervous. Clarence enters the lobby alone, carrying the suitcase.

He spots Elliot and goes in his direction. Elliot sees Clarence approaching him. He says to himself quietly:

ELLIOT

Elliot, your motivation is to stay out of jail.

Clarence walks up to Elliot, they shake hands.

ELLIOT

Where's everybody else?

CLARENCE

They'll be along.

Alabama and Dick enter the lobby and join up with Clarence and Elliot.

ELLIOT

Hi, Dick.

78

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

78

Nicholson, Dimes and the other detectives are surrounding the tape machine. Coming from the machine is Elliot and Clarence's conversation.

78

DICK (V.O.)  
How you doin', Elliot?

78

CLARENCE (V.G.)  
Well, I guess it's about that  
time.

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
I guess so. Follow me.

79

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

79

The four of them are riding up in the elevator. As  
luck would have it, they have the car to themselves.  
Rinky dinky elevator MUZAK is playing. They are all  
silent. Clarence breaks the silence.

CLARENCE  
Elliot.

ELLIOT  
Yeah?

CLARENCE  
Get on your knees.

Not sure he's heard him right.

ELLIOT  
What?

Clarence hits the stop button on the elevator panel  
and whips out the .45.

CLARENCE  
I said, get on your fuckin' knees!  
Elliot does it immediately. Dick and Alabama react.

CLARENCE  
Shut up, both of you, I know what  
I'm doin'!

80

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

80

Pandemonium.

DIMES  
He knows.

NICHOLSON  
How the fuck could he know?

DIMES  
He saw the wire.

NICHOLSON  
How's he supposed to see the wire?



80 DICES 80  
He knows something's up.

NICHOLSON  
He's bluffing. He can't know.

81 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY 81

Clarence puts the .45 against Elliot's forehead.

CLARENCE  
You must think I'm pretty stupid,  
don't you?

No answer.

CLARENCE  
Don't you!?

ELLIOT  
(petrified)  
No.

CLARENCE  
(yelling)  
Don't lie to me, motherfucker.  
You apparently think I'm the  
dumbest motherfucker in the world,  
don't you?! Say: Clarence, you  
are, without a doubt, the dumbest  
motherfucker in the whole wide  
world. Say it!

82 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 82

DICES  
We gotta get him outta there.

NICHOLSON  
What'er we gonna do? He's in  
an elevator.

83 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY 83

CLARENCE  
Say it, goddamn it!

ELLIOT  
You are the dumbest person in the  
world.

CLARENCE  
Apparently I'm not as dumb as you  
thought I am.

ELLIOT  
No. No, you're not.

83 CLARENCE 83  
 What's waiting for us up there?  
 Tell me or I'll pump two right in  
 your face.

84 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 84  
 NICHOLSON  
 He's bluffing ya, Elliot. Can't  
 you see that? You're an actor,  
 remember the show must go on.

DIMES  
 This guy's gonna kill him.

85 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY 85  
 CLARENCE  
 Stand up.  
 Elliot does. The .45 is still pressed against his  
 forehead.

CLARENCE  
 Like Nick Carter used to say: if  
 I'm wrong, I'll apologize. I want  
 you to tell us what's waitin' for  
 us. Up there. Something's amiss,  
 I can feel it. If anything out of  
 the ordinary goes down, believe  
 this, you're gonna be the first  
 one shot.

86 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 86  
 NICHOLSON  
 He's bluffin'! I knew it. He  
 don't know shit.

DIMES  
 Don't blow it, Elliot. He's  
 bluffin'. He just told you so  
 himself.

NICHOLSON  
 You're an actor, so act,  
 motherfucker!

87 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY 87  
 Elliot still hasn't answered.  
 CLARENCE  
 Okay.  
 With the .45 up against Elliot's head, Clarence puts  
 his palm over the top of the gun to shield himself from  
 the splatter.

---

87 Alabama and Dick can't believe what he's gonna do. 87

Elliot, tears running down his face, starts talking for the benefit of the people at the other end of the wire. He sounds like a little boy.

ELLIOT

I don't wanna be here. I wanna go home. I wish somebody would just come and get me 'cause I don't like this. This is not what I thought it would be. And I wish somebody would just come and take me away. Just take me away. Come and get me. 'Cause I don't like this anymore. I can't take this. I'm sorry but I just can't. So, if somebody would just come to my rescue, everything would be alright.

88 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 88

Nicholson and Dimes shake their heads. They have a "well, that's that" expression on their faces.

89 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY 89

Clarence puts down the gun and hugs Elliot.

CLARENCE

Sorry, Elliot. Nothing personal. I just hadda make sure you're alright. I'm sure. I really apologize for scaring you so bad but, believe me, I'm just as scared as you. Friends?

Elliot, in a state of shock, takes Clarence's hand. Dick and Alabama are relieved.

90 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 90

Nicholson and Dimes listen open-mouthed, not believing what they're hearing.

91 INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY 91

Floyd is lying on the couch, watching TV. He hasn't moved since we last saw him.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

FLOYD

(not turning away  
from the TV)

It's open.

91 The door flings open and the four wiseguys rapidly enter the room. The door slams shut. All have their sawed-offs drawn and pointed at Floyd. 91

FLOYD

Yes?

LENNY

Are you Dick Ritchie?

FLOYD

No.

LENNY

Do you know a Clarence Worley?

FLOYD

Yes.

LENNY

Do you know where we can find him?

FLOYD

He's at the Beverly Wilshire.

LENNY

Where's that?

FLOYD

Well, you go down Beachwood...

92 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S ROOM - DAY 92

Clarence knocks on the door.

The door opens and reveals an extremely muscular guy with an Uzi strapped to his shoulder standing in the doorway. His name is MONTY.

MONTY

Hi, Elliot. Are these your friends?

ELLIOT

You could say that. Everybody, this is Monty.

MONTY

C'mon in. Lee's in the can. He'll be out in a quick.

They all move into the room, it is very luxurious. Another incredibly muscular guy, BORIS, is sitting on the sofa. He, too, has an Uzi. Monty begins patting everyone down.

MONTY

Sorry, nothing personal.

92 He starts to search Clarence. Clarence backs away.

92

CLARENCE

No need to search me, daredevil.  
All you'll find is a .45 caliber  
automatic.

Boris gets up from the couch.

BORIS

What compelled you to bring that  
along?

CLARENCE

The same thing that compelled you,  
Beastmaster, to bring rapid-fire  
weaponry to a business meeting.

BORIS

I'll take that.

CLARENCE

You'll have to.

The TOILET FLUSHES in the bathroom. The door swings  
open and Lee Donowitz emerges.

LEE

They're here. Who's who?

ELLIOT

Lee, this is my friend, Dick,  
and these are his friends:  
Clarence and Alabama.

BORIS

(pointing at  
Clarence)

This guy's packing.

LEE

Really?

CLARENCE

Well, I have to admit, walkin'  
through the door and seein' those  
Soldier of Fortune poster boys  
made me a bit nervous. But, Lee,  
I'm fairly confident that you came  
here to do business, not to be a  
wiseguy. So, if you want, I'll  
put my gun on the table.

LEE

I don't think that will be  
necessary. Let's all have a seat.  
Boris, why don't you be nice and  
get coffee for everybody.

---

92

They all sit around a fancy glass table except for Boris, who's getting the coffee, and Monty, who stands behind Lee's chair. 92

CLARENCE

Oh, Mr. Donowitz --

LEE

Lee, Clarence. Please don't insult me. Call me Lee.

CLARENCE

Okay, sorry, Lee. I just wanna tell you that Coming Home in a Body Bag is one of my favorite movies. After Apocalypse Now, I think it's the best Vietnam movie ever.

LEE

Thank you very much, Clarence.

CLARENCE

You know, most movies that win a lot of Oscars, I can't stand. Sophie's Choice, Ordinary People, Kramer vs. Kramer, Gandhi. All that stuff is safe, geriatric, coffee table, dog shit.

LEE

I hear you talking, Clarence. We park our cars in the same garage.

CLARENCE

Like that Merchant Ivory claptrap. All those assholes make are unwatchable movies from unreadable books.

Boris starts placing clear glass coffee cups in front of everybody and fills everyone's cup from a fancy coffee-pot that he handles like an expert.

LEE

Clarence, there might be somebody somewhere that agrees with you more than I do, but I wouldn't count on it.

Clarence is on a roll and he knows it.

CLARENCE

They aren't plays, they're not books, they certainly ain't movies, they're films.

(MORE)

- 92 CLARENCE (CONT'D) 92  
 And do you know what films are?  
 They're for people who don't like  
 movies. Mad Max, that's a movie.  
The Good, the Bad and the Ugly,  
 that's a movie. Rio Bravo, that's  
 a movie. Rumblefish, that's a  
 fuckin' movie. And Coming Home  
in a Body Bag, that's a movie.  
 It was the first movie with balls  
 to win a lot of Oscars since  
Deerhunter.
- 93 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY 93  
 They're all listening to this.
- DIMES  
 What's this guy doin'? Makin' a  
 drug deal or gettin' a job on the  
New Yorker?
- 94 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 94
- CLARENCE  
 My Uncle Roger and Uncle Jerry, both  
 of which were in 'Nam, saw Coming  
Home in a Body Bag and thought  
 it was the most accurate Vietnam  
 film they'd ever seen.
- LEE  
 You know, Clarence, when a veteran  
 of that bullshit war says that, it  
 makes the whole project worthwhile.  
 Clarence, my friend, and I call you  
 my friend because we have similar  
 interests, let's take a look at  
 what you have for me.
- 95 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COP'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 95
- NICHOLSON  
 Thank God.
- 96 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 96  
 Clarence puts the suitcase on the table.
- CLARENCE  
 Lee, when you see this, you're  
 gonna shit.
- 97 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY 97  
 The four wiseguys are at the desk.

97

97

LENNY  
 (quietly, to the  
 others)  
 What was that guy's name?

MARVIN  
 Donowitz.

FRONT DESK GUY  
 How can I help you, gentlemen?

LENNY  
 (as he stuffs a  
 hundred dollar bill  
 into his pocket)  
 Yeah, we're from Warner Brothers.  
 What room is Mr. Donowitz in?

98

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

98

Lee's looking over the cocaine and sampling it.

CLARENCE  
 Now that's practically uncut. If  
 you desire, you could cut it a  
 helluva lot more.

LEE  
 Don't worry, I'll desire. Boris,  
 could I have some more coffee?

CLARENCE  
 Me, too, Boris.

Boris fills both their cups. They both, calm as a lake,  
 take cream and sugar. All eyes are on them. Lee uses  
 light cream and sugar, he begins stirring his cup.  
 Clarence uses very heavy cream and sugar.

LEE  
 (stirring loudly)  
 You like a little coffee with  
 your cream and sugar?

CLARENCE  
 I'm not satisfied till the spoon  
 stands straight up.

Both are cool as cucumbers.

LEE  
 I have to hand it to you, this is  
 not nose garbage. This is  
 quality. Can Boris make anybody  
 a sandwich? I got all kinds of  
 sandwich shit from Canter's in  
 there.



98

ALABAMA

98

No, thank you.

DICK

No. But thanks.

CLARENCE

No thanks.

Lee continues looking at the merchandise. Alabama writes something on her napkin with a pencil and slides the napkin over to Clarence. It says: "You're so cool" with a tiny heart drawn on the bottom of it. Clarence takes a pencil and draws an arrow through the heart. She takes the napkin and puts it in her pocket.

Lee looks up.

LEE

Okay, Clarence, the merchandise is perfect. But, whenever I'm offered a deal that's too good to be true, it's because it's a lie. Convince me you're on the level.

99

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COP'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

99

NICHOLSON

If he don't bite, we ain't got shit except possession.

DIMES

Convince him.

100

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

100

CLARENCE

Well, Lee, it's like this. You're getting the bargain of a lifetime because I don't know what the fuck I'm doing. You're used to dealin' with professionals. I'm not a professional. I'm a rank amateur. I could take that and I could cut it and I could sell it a little bit at a time and make a helluva lot more money. But, in order to do that, I'd have to become a drug dealer. I'm not a drug dealer. And I don't want to be a drug dealer. Deal with cut-throat junkies, killers; worry about gettin' busted all the time. Just meeting you here today scares the shit outta me and you're not a junkie, a killer or a cop, you're a fucking movie producer.

(MORE)

100

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

100

I like you and I'm still scared. I'm a punk kid who picked up a rock in the street, only to find out it's the Hope Diamond. It's worth a million dollars, but I can't get a million for it. But you can. So I'll sell it to you for a couple a' hundred thousand. You go make a million. It's all found money to me anyway. Me and my wife are minimum wage kids, two hundred thousand is the world.

LEE

Elliot tells me you're fronting for a dirty cop.

CLARENCE

Well, Elliot wasn't supposed to tell you anything. He's not a dirty cop, he's a good cop. He just saw his chance and he took it.

LEE

Why does he trust you?

CLARENCE

We grew up together.

LEE

If you don't know shit, why does he think you can sell it?

CLARENCE

I bullshitted him.

Lee starts laughing.

LEE

That's wild. This fuckin' guy's a madman. I love it. Monty, go in the other room and get the money.

Clarence, Alabama and Dick exchange looks.

101

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

101

Nicholson makes a hole with his thumb and forefinger. Dimes smiles and sticks his finger through the hole. They are triumphant.

102

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

102

The four wiseguys are coming up.

103 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 103

LEE  
(pointing to Alabama)  
What's your part in this?

ALABAMA  
I'm his wife.

LEE  
(referring to Dick)  
How 'bout you?

DICK  
I know Elliot.

LEE  
And Elliot knows me.

Monty brings in a briefcase with the money and puts it on the table.

LEE  
Wanna count your money?

CLARENCE  
Actually, they can count it. I'd like to use the little boy's room.

104 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COP'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 104

They all stand.

DIMES  
Okay, boys, let's go get 'em.

105 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM 105  
- DAY

Clarence steps inside the bathroom and shuts the door. As soon as it's shut, he starts doing the twist. He can't believe he pulled it off. He goes to the toilet and starts taking a piss.

He hears the RHYTHMIC SNAPPING of a FINGER. He turns and sees the extreme closeup of the Big Bopper's hand.

MENTOR  
Clarence, I gotta hand it to ya.  
You were cooler than cool.

106 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 106

Everything's just as it was.

Suddenly, Nicholson, Dimes and the four Detectives burst into the room, guns drawn.

NICHOLSON AND DIMES

Police! Freeze, you're all under arrest.

Everybody at the table stands up. Boris and Monty stand ready with their Uzis.

NICHOLSON

You two. Put the guns on the floor and back away.

MONTY

Fuck you! All you pigs put your guns on the floor and back away.

LEE

Monty, what are you talking about? Do what they say.

DIMES

This is your last warning! Drop those fuckin' guns.

BORIS

This is your last warning! We could kee all six of ya and ya fuckin' know it! Now get on the floor!

DICK

What the fuck am I doing here?

LEE

Boris! Everybody's gonna get killed! They're cops!

MONTY

So, they're cops. Who gives a shit?

BORIS

Lee, something I never told you about me. I don't like cops.

DIMES

Okay, let's everybody calm down and get nice. Nobody has to die. We don't want it and you don't want it.

LEE

We don't want it.

The four wiseguys burst through the door, shotguns drawn except for Frankie, who has two .45 automatics, one in each hand.

Half the cops spin around.

106

WURLITZER

106

Freeze!

LENNY

Who are you guys?

WURLITZER

Police.

MARVIN

(to Lenny)

Do we get any extra if we have to  
kill cops?

107

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM  
- DAY

107

Clarence and his Mentor.

CLARENCE

How do you think I'm doin' with  
Lee?

MENTOR

Are you kiddin'? He loves you.

CLARENCE

You don't think I'm kissin' his  
ass, do you?

MENTOR

You're telling him what he wants  
to hear, but that ain't the same  
thing as kissin' his ass.

CLARENCE

I'm not lyin' to him. I mean it.  
I love Coming Home in a Body  
Bag.

MENTOR

That's why it don't come across  
as ass kissin', because it's  
genuine and he can see that.

The Mentor fixes Clarence's collar.

MENTOR

I like ya, Clarence. Always have.

108

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

108

This is a Mexican standoff, if ever there was one.  
Gangsters at one end, with shotguns. Bodyguards at  
the other end, with machine guns. And cops in the  
middle, with handguns.

Dick's ready to pass out.

108 Alabama's so scared she's peed on herself. She places her hand on her stomach. 108

For Elliot, this has been the worst day of his life and he's about had it.

ELLIOT

Officer Dimes? Officer Dimes?

Dimes looks at Elliot.

ELLIOT

This has nothing to do with me anymore. Can I just leave and you guys just settle it by yourselves?

DIMES

Elliot, shut the fuck up and stay put!

LEE

(to Elliot)

How did you know his name? How the fuck did he know your name? Why, you fuckin' little piece of shit!

ELLIOT

Lee, understand, I didn't want to --

NICHOLSON

Shut the fuck up!

LEE

Well, I hope you're not planning on acting in the next twenty years 'cause your career is over, as of now. You might as well burn your SAG card! To think I treated you as a son! And you stabbed me in the heart!

Lee can't control his anger anymore. He grabs the coffee pot off the table and flings hot coffee in Elliot's face.

Elliot screams and falls to his knees.

Instinctively, Nicholson SHOTS Lee twice.

Lee flops backwards over the couch and onto the floor.

Alabama screams.

Boris lets loose with the UZI, painting Nicholson red with BULLETS.

DIMES

(screaming)

Cody!!

Nicholson flies backwards.

108 Vic FIRES his SHOTGUN, hitting Nicholson in the back, jerking Nicholson's body back and forth and then onto the floor. 108

Clarence opens the bathroom door.

Dimes hits the ground FIRING.

A SHOT catches Clarence in the face.

Alabama screams.

Clarences staggers backwards into the bathroom and falls onto the floor.

It might have been a stand-off before, but, once the firing started, everybody's either hitting the ground or running for cover.

Dimes, Alabama, Dick, Lenny, an IA officer and Wurlitzer hit the ground.

Boris dives into the kitchen area.

Monty tips the table over.

Marvin dives behind a sofa.

Frankie runs out of the door and down the hall.

With BULLETS flying this way and that, some didn't have time to do anything. Two IA officers were hit straight away.

Vic takes an UZI HIT and goes down FIRING.

Elliot gets it from both sides.

Alabama is crawling across the floor like a soldier in war, towards the bathroom.

Marvin brings his SAWED-OFF up from behind the sofa and FIRES. The SHOTGUN BLAST hits the GLASS TABLE and Monty. Monty stands up, screaming.

The cops on the ground LET LOOSE, hitting Monty.

As Monty goes down, his finger hits the trigger of the UZI, SPRAYING FIRE all over the room.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - DAY 109

Cop cars start arriving in twos at the front of the hotel.

CUT TO:

110 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 110

Alabama is still crawling toward Clarence.

The suitcase full of cocaine is beside Dick. Dick grabs it and tosses it in the air. Marvin comes from behind the sofa and FIRES. The suitcase is hit in mid-air and white powder goes everywhere. The room is enveloped in cocaine.

Dick takes this as his cue and makes a dash out of the door.

An IA officer goes after him.

Lenny makes a break for it.

Wurlitzer goes after him, but is pinned down by Marvin.

Alabama reaches Clarence.

ALABAMA

Sweetie?

CLARENCE

I... I can't see you... I've got blood in my eyes...

She starts furiously trying to clear the blood out of his face.

ALABAMA

Sweetie... Sweetie... don't you die on me!

CUT TO:

111 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S TERRACE - DAY 111

Frankie runs down the hall, right into a cluster of uniformed police.

He FIRES his .45s, hitting two just before the others CHOP him to ribbons.

CUT TO:

112 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - DAY 112

The hallway is empty but we hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING fast. Dick comes around the corner, running as if on fire. Then we see the IA Officer turn the same corner.

IA OFFICER

(aiming gun  
at Dick)

Freeze, asshole!



112 Dick screeches to a halt and raises his arms.

112

DICK

I'm unarmed!

IA OFFICER

Put your hands on your head, you sonofabitch!

He does. Then coming from O.S., a SHOTGUN BLAST tears into the IA Officer sending him into the wall.

DICK

Oh shit!

He starts running again and runs OUT OF the FRAME. Then Lenny turns the corner and runs down the hall.

Dick runs into the elevator area. He hits the buttons. He's trapped, it's like a box.

Lenny catches up. Dick raises his hands. Lenny aims the sawed-off shotgun.

DICK

Look, I don' know who you are but whatever it was that I did to you, I'm sorry.

(looks up, tears  
welling in his  
eyes)

Oh, God, if you just get me outta this, I swear to God I'll never fuck up again. Please, just let me get to 'T.J. Hooker' on Monday.

Two elevator doors on either side of them open up.

Lenny looks at Dick. He drops his aim and says:

LENNY

Lotsa luck!

Lenny dives into the elevator car. Dick jumps into the other.

113 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

113

Dimes and Wurlitzer call to Marvin behind the couch.

DIMES

Okay, black jacket! It's two against one now. Toss the gun out and lie face down on the floor or die like all your friends.

The shotgun is tossed out from behind the couch.

113 Boris has caught a lot of buckshot but he'll live. 113  
He's sitting up against a wall.

Dimes and Wurlitzer have their guns drawn and aimed at the couch. From where they are they can also see Alabama and Clarence, although they don't seem to pose as much of a threat right now as Marvin.

DIMES  
Now come out with your hands raised!

MARVIN  
(from behind the couch)

No!

Dimes and Wurlitzer exchange glances and then look back at the couch.

DIMES  
Why the fuck not!?

MARVIN  
'Cause you're gonna shoot me!

WURLITZER  
Come out from behind the couch!

DIMES  
Now!

BORIS  
I need an ambulance!

WURLITZER  
Shut the fuck up!

BORIS  
I need a fucking ambulance!

WURLITZER  
Would you --

Suddenly, Marvin jumps up from behind the couch with a snub-nose REVOLVER. He BLASTS off THREE SHOTS.

DIMES  
That dumb fuck!

Then Dimes notices the blood in Wurlitzer's stomach.

Wurlitzer drops his gun.

WURLITZER  
Oh damn. Looks like I took one.

Wurlitzer sits down in the shot-up couch.

Damn.

Dimes leans next to Wurlitzer.

DIMES

It's not that bad, it's not that bad... I'll call for an ambulance.

But Wurlitzer is dead.

DIMES

(frustrated)

Shit.

He looks around at the battle zone. The room is torn apart. Nicholson's headless body is covered with coke from the suitcase. Dead bodies are everywhere.

BORIS

I need an ambulance.

DIMES

Fuck you!

BORIS

Fuck you! I'm bleeding here!

Dimes EMPTIES his CLIP into Boris until it's clear Boris isn't going to be needing much of anything.

DIMES

That was for Cody, you sack a shit.

Then a BULLET cuts through Dimes' solar plexus. A shot that came from behind. A shot that came from Alabama.

Dimes collapses to the ground.

Alabama is holding Clarence against her. He looks practically unconscious. Alabama has that fire in her eyes of a mother lion defending her young. All she wants, and all she cares about is the man leaning against her.

She drops the gun to the ground.

ALABAMA

(tenderly to Clarence)

C'mon, sweetie, we've got to get out of here.

They start to hobble out, then Alabama sees something... the suitcase full of money.

She looks around the carnage of the room, then down at the suitcase.

113 And with Clarence under one arm and the suitcase gripped tightly in the other, she walks out of the room. 113

114 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY 114

Lenny is holding a woman hostage with the shotgun held to her head.

Fifteen COPS, all with their guns aimed at Lenny, are trying to talk him out of it.

The lobby is a scene of total chaos.

COP #1

It doesn't have to be this way,  
son!

LENNY

(yelling)  
Fuck you! I'll blow this bitch's  
brains to kingdom come!

COP #2

Put the gun down!

LENNY

I said fuck you! I want a car  
here, takin' me to the airport,  
with a plane full o' gas... and  
a million bucks!  
(pauses)  
Small bills.

At another part of the lobby the elevator doors open up. Clarence and Alabama hobble out.

Amid all the chaos nobody (miraculously) notices... or cares to notice... Clarence and Alabama as they slowly walk out.

Just before they're out of the building the police OPEN FIRE on Lenny and yank the woman away from him. People scream.

Alabama and Clarence slip out the door and into the parking lot.

115 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - PARKING LOT - DAY 115

As they pass the police cars and firetrucks, amid all the chaos, we hear Alabama's voice:

ALABAMA (V.O.)

Sometimes I'm asked by Clarence  
what I was thinking as we walked  
a suitcase full of cash under the  
noses of a hundred cops.

115 Alabama and the delirious Clarence get into the red Mustang. With Alabama at the wheel they drive away. 115

ALABAMA (V.O.)

I smile and play coy with him and have never yet told him what was going through my mind.

116 INT. RED MUSTANG (CALIFORNIA COAST) - MOVING - DAY 116

Clarence is sleeping with his head in Alabama's lap. His face is covered with bandages. She drives, pensively thinking to herself.

ALABAMA (V.O.)

Amid the chaos of that day, when all I could hear was the thunder of gunshots, and all I could smell was the violence in the air, I look back and am amazed that my thoughts were so clear and true. That three words went through my mind endlessly. Repeating themselves like a broken record.

They pass through the Tijuana border gate.

ALABAMA (V.O.)

You're so cool. You're so cool. You're so cool.

117 EXT. MEXICO BEACH - DAY 117

A little boy with nappy black hair and striking blue eyes runs into his mother's arms. His mother is Alabama. Next to her is Clarence, wearing an eyepatch. They pick the little boy up and walk down the beach, their pants rolled up, the water lapping at their feet, and the warm wind blowing in their hair.

ALABAMA (V.O.)

And sometimes Clarence asks me what I would have done if he had died. If that bullet had been two inches more to the left. To this I always smile as if I'm not going to satisfy him with a response. But I always do. I tell him of how I would want to die, but that the anguish and want of death would fade like the stars at dawn. And that things would be much as they are now. Perhaps. Except, maybe, I wouldn't have named our son... Elvis.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END