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

"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.
TRUE ROMANCE

FADE IN:

DETROIT SKYLINE - TWILIGHT MONOTONE

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.

SERIES OF SHOTS

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:

EXT. CADILLAC BAR - TWILIGHT

Gotham city rises up in the b.g.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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.

(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I love that scene where after he's made it big he's throwing a big cocktail party, and all these highbrows are there, and he's singing, 'Baby You're So Square... Baby, I Don't Care.' 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

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.

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

TITLE CARD: "MOTORCITY"

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 SPIVEY and FLOYD DIXON sit around it. Cocaine is on the table as well as little plastic bags and a weigher. Floyd is black, Drexl 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.

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

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.

DREXL
I heard that.

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

BIG D

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.

(MORE)
BIG D (CONT'D)
So you won't eat pussy?
Motherfucker, you'll be up there
suckin' niggers' dicks.

DREXL
Heard that.

Drexl 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 --

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

Drexl 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 Drexl)
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?

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

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.

Drexl collects the suitcase full of cocaine and leaves.

As he gets to the front door he surveys the carnage, spits, and walks out.

CUT TO:
INT. LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

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.

EXT. LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

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

A BOX OFFICE GIRL reading an Iron Man comic looks at her.

    ALABAMA
    One, please.

    BOX OFFICE GIRL
    Ninety-nine cents.

    ALABAMA
    Which one is on now?

    BOX OFFICE GIRL
    Return of the Streetfighter. It's been on about forty-five minutes.

INT. LYRIC THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT

Alabama walks into the lobby and goes over to the concession stand. A young Usher takes care of her.

    ALABAMA
    Can I have a medium popcorn? A super large Mr. Pibb, and a box of Goobers.

INT. LYRIC THEATER

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

Alabama walks through the doors with her 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?

Jumping at this opportunity.

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

ALABAMA
The Oriental.

CLARENCE
The Oriental in black. He's an assassin.
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
Now, at the beginning he was hired
to kill this guy the cops had. So
he got himself arrested. They take
him into the police station. And
he starts kickin' all the cops asses.
Now, while keeping them at bay, he
finds the guy he was supposed to kill.
Does a number on him. Kicks the cops'asses some more. Kicks the bars out
of the window. And jumps out into a
get away car that was waiting for him.

ALABAMA
Want some Goobers?

CLARENCE
Thanks a lot.

ALABAMA
I thought Sonny was 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.

TIME CUT:

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 Streetfigher.
It was the only movie up to that
time rated X for violence. But we
just saw the R.
ALABAMA
If that was the R, I'd love to see the X.

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.

EXT. LYRIC THEATRE

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

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.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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 you favorite color?

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

CLARENCE
Who's you favorite movie star?

ALABAMA
Burt Reynolds.

CLARENCE
Would you like a bite of my pie?

ALABAMA
Yes, I would.
Clarence scoops up a piece on his fork and Alabama bites it off.

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.

(MORE)
ALABAMA (CONT'D)
Luckily, I had my driver's license or I wouldn't even know my name. 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 couldda 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?

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - NIGHT

It's about 1:30 AM. Clarence has taken Alabama to where he works. It's a comic book store called "Heros For Sale." Alabama thinks this place is super cool.

ALABAMA
Wow. Whatta swell place to work.

CLARENCE
Yeah, I got the key, so I come here at night, hang out, read comic books, play music.

ALABAMA
How long have you worked here?
CLARENCE
Almost four years.

ALABAMA
That's a long time.

CLARENCE
I'm hip. But you know, I'm comfortable here. It's easy work. I know what I'm doing. Everybody who works here is my buddy. I'm friendly with most of the customers. I just hang around and talk about comic books all day.

ALABAMA
Do you get paid a lot?

CLARENCE
That's where the trouble comes into paradise. But the boss lets you borrow money if you need it. Wanna see what Spiderman number one looks like?

ALABAMA
You bet. How much is that worth?

Clarence gets a box off the shelf.

CLARENCE
Four hundred bucks.

ALABAMA
I didn't even know they had stores that just sold comic books.

CLARENCE
Well, we see other things too. Cool stuff. Man From U.N.C.L.E. lunch boxes. Green Hornet board games. Shit like that. But comic books are our main business. There's a lot of collectors around here.

She holds up a little G.I. Joe-size action figure of a black policeman.

ALABAMA
What's this?

CLARENCE
That's a Rookies doll. George Stanford Brown. We gotta lotta dolls. They're real cool.

(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
Did you know they came out with
dolls for all the actors in
The Black Hole? I always found it
funny that somewhere there's a kid playin' with a little figure of
Ernest Borgnine.

He pulls out a plastic-encased Spiderman comic from
the box.

CLARENCE
Spiderman, number one. The one
that started it all.

Clarence shows the comic book to Alabama.

ALABAMA
God, Spiderman looks different.

CLARENCE
He was just born, remember? This
is the first one. You know that
guy, Dr. Gene Scott? He said that
the story of Spiderman is the
story of Christ, just disguised.
Well, I thought about that even
before I heard him say it. Hold
on, let me show you my favorite
comic book cover of all time.

(pulls out another comic)
Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandoes.
One of the coolest series known to
man. They're completely worthless.
You can get number one for about
four bucks. But that's one of
the cool things about them, they're
so cheap.

(opens one up)
Just look at that artwork, will ya.
Great stories. Great characters.
Look at this one.

We see the Sgt. Fury panels.

CLARENCE
Nick's gotten a ring for his
sweetheart and he wears it around
his neck on a chain. Okay, later
in the story he gets into a fight
with a Nazi bastard on a ship. He
knocks the guy overboard, but the
kraut grabs a hold of his chain and
the ring goes overboard too. So,
Nick dives into the ocean to get
it. Isn't that cool?
She's looking into Clarence's eyes. He turns and meets her gaze.

CLARENCE
Alabam, I'd like you to have this.

Clarence hands her the Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandos comic book, he loves so much.

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

Clarence and Alabama make love in his bed. However, while they're not missing a beat during intercourse, Clarence can't shut up. The following dialogue sounds exactly like what it is, a man and woman in the throes of passion trying to carry on a conversation.

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.'

ALABAMA
What would make you think that?

CLARENCE
I dunno. I guess I'm just stupid.

ALABAMA
You're not stupid. Just wrong.

Their lips envelop each other.

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

Clarence's bedroom is a pop culture explosion. Movie posters, pictures of Elvis, anything you can imagine. 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.

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.' 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.

INT. CLARENCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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. 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. (MORE)
(she takes a deep breath, between sobs)
I don't know, maybe there's not. That place you took me to last night, that comic book place.

CLARENCE
Heros For Sale?

ALABAMA
Here goes: you got a boss, right?

CLARENCE
Yeah... I got a boss. I work at 'Heros 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... my boss is called 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. The plan was for me to bump into you, pick you up, spend the night and skip out after you fell asleep. 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 on your TV. Shine reading it. All it says is: 'Dear Clarence.'

(MORE)
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.'

Who and what is a Drexl?

My pimp.

You have a pimp?

Uh-huh.

A real live pimp?

Uh-huh.

Is he black?

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

Is he nice?

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.

What did he do to Arlene?

Slapped her around a little. Punched her in the stomach. It was pretty scary.
CLARENCE
This motherfucker sounds charming!

Clarence is on his feet, furious.

CLARENCE
God damn it, Alabama, you gotta get the fuck outta there! How much longer before he's slappin' you around? Punchin' you in the stomach? How the fuck did you get hooked up with a douche bag like this in the first place?

ALABAMA
At the bus station. He said I'd be a perfect call girl. And that he knew an agency in California that, on his recommendation, would handle me. They have a very exclusive clientele: movie stars, big business men, total white collar. And all the girls in the agency get a grand a night. At least five hundred. They drive Porsches, live in condos, have stockbrokers, carry beepers, you know, like Nancy Allen in Dressed To Kill. And when I was ready he'd call 'em, give me a plane ticket, and send me on my way. He says he makes a nice finder's fee for finding them hot prospects. But no one's gonna pay a grand a night for a girl who doesn't know whether to shit or wind her watch. So what I'm doin' for Drexl now is just sorta learnin' the ropes. It seemed like a lotta fun, but I don't really like it much, till last night. You were only my third trick, but you didn't feel like a trick. Since it was a secret, I just pretended I was on a date. And, um, I guess I want a second date.

CLARENCE
Thank you. I wanna see you again too. And again, and again, and again. Bama, I know we haven't known each other long, but my parents went together all through high school, and they still got a divorce. So fuck it, you wanna marry me?
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.

CLARENCE

You better not be fuckin' teasin' me.

They seal it with a kiss.

CLOSEUP - ALABAMA'S WEDDING RING - LATER THAT NIGHT

PULL BACK to reveal the newlyweds are both snuggling up together on the couch watching TV. The movie they're watching is "The Incredible One Armed Boxer vs. the Master of the Flying Guillotine." Alabama watches the screen, but every so often she looks down to admire the ring on her hand.

CLARENCE

Did ya ever see The Chinese Professionals?

ALABAMA

I don't believe so.

CLARENCE

Well, that's the one that explains how Jimmy Wang Yu became the Incredible One-Armed Boxer.

We hear, O.S., the TV ANNOUNCER say:

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
We'll return to Jimmy Wang Yu in... The Incredible One-Armed Boxer vs. The Master of the Flying Guillotine, tonight's eight o'clock movie, after these important messages...

Clarence looks at the TV.
He feels the warmth of Alabama's hand holding his.

We see commercials playing.

He turns in her direction.

She's absent-mindedly looking at her wedding ring.

He smiles and turns back to the TV.

More commercials.

DOLLY CLOSE ON Clarence's face.

FLASH ON

Alabama, right after he proposed.

    ALABAMA
    You better not be fuckin' teasin' me.

FLASH ON

In a cute, all-night wedding chapel. Clarence dressed in a rented tuxedo and Alabama in a rented white wedding gown.

    ALABAMA
    I do.

    CLARENCE
    Thank you.

FLASH ON

Clarence and Alabama, dressed in tux and gown, doing a lover's waltz on a ballroom dance floor.

FLASH ON

Clarence and Alabama in a taxi cab.

    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?

Moving on top of her.

CLARENCE
Not for me.

He starts kissing her and moving her down on the seat. She resists.

ALABAMA
(playfully)
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...

CLARENCE
(playfully)
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes...

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

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.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - CLOSE ON NEEDLE - DAY

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.
ALABAMA

... I want you to know for instance I wasn't the school whore. I had a boyfriend in Junior high, David, he played basketball. Then he moved away and I didn't have a boyfriend again for a year. Then at the end of my junior year I got another boyfriend, Glenn.

CLARENCE

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' -- 'manamama.'

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.

CLARENCE

Baby doll, last night was one of the greatest nights of my life. So stop apologizing for making my dreams come true.

FLASH ON

A big mean-looking black man in PIMP clothes.

PIMP

Bitch, you better git yo ass back on the street an' git me my money!

FLASH ON

Pimp on street corner with his arm around Alabama, giving a sales pitch to a potential customer.
PIMP
I'm tellin' you, my man, this bitch is fine. This girl's a freak! You can fucker in the ass, fucker in the mouth. Rough stuff too. She's a freak for it. Jus' try not to fucker up for life.

FLASH ON
Pimp beating Alabama.

PIMP
You holdin' out on me, girl? Bitch, you never learn!

FLASH ON
Alabama passionately kissing the uninterested pimp.

PIMP
Hang it up, momma. I got no time for this bullshit.

BACK TO:
TV WITH KUNG FU ON IT

BACK TO:

CLARENCE'S FACE
There's definitely something different about his eyes.

Clarence springs off the couch and goes into his bedroom. Alabama's startled by his sudden movement.

ALABAMA
(yelling after him)
Where you goin', honey?

CLARENCE (O.S.)
I just gotta get somethin'.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT
Clarence splashes water on his face trying to wash away the images that keep polluting his mind. Then, he hears a familiar voice.

ELVIS PRESLEY (O.S.)
Well? Can you live with it?

Clarence turns and sees that the voice belongs to ELVIS PRESLEY. Clarence isn't surprised to see him.
CLARENCE
What?

ELVIS
Can you live with it?

CLARENCE
Live with what?

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

CLARENCE
Yeah.

ELVIS
You wanna get unhaunted?

CLARENCE
Yeah.

ELVIS
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.

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

CLARENCE
You'd really do that?

ELVIS
He don't got no right to live.

CLARENCE
Look, Elvis, 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.

ELVIS
I don't blame you.

CLARENCE
If I thought I could get away with it --
ELVIS
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 Elvis.

ELVIS
Clarence, I like ya. Always have, always will.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CLOSE ON SNUBNOSEED .38 - NIGHT

which Clarence loads and sticks in a heavy athletic sock he's wearing.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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.

CUT TO:

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

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.

Between the houses, in what was once spacious grounds, there now exists only no-man's lands where all of the deals take place. The living dead of the drug world wander about.

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

EXT. DOWTOWN DETROIT STREET - TWILIGHT

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...

He starts walking into the large open field.
EXT. NO-MAN'S LAND FIELD - TWILIGHT

Clarence has a beat to his stride that says "confidence." But with each step into the dimly lit expanse, thoughts of "what the hell am I doing" begin creeping into his mind.

In the b.g., against the dilapidated mansions, Clarence can see the eerie glow that at one time may have been fireflies... today it's crack pipes.

Clarence approaches JUPITER, a diseased-looking dealer/junkie who thinks Clarence is there to score.

JUPITER
My man, let me show you to the white lady.

This stops Clarence cold.

JUPITER
I got crack, crank, smack, dope... man, I sell hope. Send you to the moon and back. Then some.

Clarence walks past him like a man on a mission.

JUPITER
Chill, man, life ain't that bad.

And Jupiter walks off to confront another customer.

Clarence makes his way, more confident than ever, toward the door of a large, dark Victorian mansion.

EXT. DARK VICTORIAN - TWILIGHT

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
Drexl?

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

CLARENCE
I gotta talk to Drexl.
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, Drexl.

DREXL
Where the fuck is that bitch?

CLARENCE
She's with me.

DREXL
Who the fuck are you?

CLARENCE
I'm her husband.

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

INT. DREXL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drexl 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 Drexl 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.

Drexl looks over his shoulder at Clarence.

DREXL
(to Clarence)
You know what I'm talking about?
Drexl 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.

Drexl 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. This is not how Clarence expected to confront Drexl, 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. (MORE)
DREXL (CONT'D)
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. 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. Drexl stopped eating and the whores stopped breathing. All eyes are on Drexl. Drexl 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
Ooooooo eeeeee! 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 Drexl 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 Drexl 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.

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.

Clance 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.

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

**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.

Drexl 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)
Wannabbe Nigger...

DREXL
Fuck you! My mother was Apache!

Drexl kicks him again. Clarence curls up.

Drexl 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.

Drexl finds the wallet and pulls it out. He flips it open to the driver's license.

DREXL
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'S POV
as he looks up.

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.

BACK TO SCENE

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.
(MORE)
DREXL (CONT'D)
(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 Drexl has his attention turned to Marty,
Clarence reaches into his sock and pulls out the .38.
He sticks the barrel between Drexl's legs.

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 scream-
ing. 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.

BACK TO SCENE
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. It's now...

DREXL'S POV
from the floor.

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

He FIRES.

CLOSEUP

The bullet comes out of the gun and heads RIGHT TOWARDS us. When it REACHES us, the screen goes AWASH IN RED.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door swings open and Clarence walks in. Alabama jumps off the couch and runs toward Clarence, before she reaches him he blurts out.

CLARENCE
I killed him.

She stops short.
CLARENCE
I've got some food in the car,
I'll be right back.

Clarence leaves. Except for the TV PLAYING, the room is quiet. Alabama sits on the couch.

Clarence walks back into the room with a whole bounty of take-out food. He heaps it 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.

(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
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.

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

ALABAMA
Clarence. Those aren't my clothes.

CUT TO:
EXT. CLIFF'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

A big white Chevy Nova is driving down the road with a sunrise sky as a backdrop. The song "Little Bitty Tear" is heard acappella.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

CLIFFORD WORLEY is driving his car home from work, singing this song gently to the sunrise. He's a forty-five year old ex-cop, present security guard. In between singing he takes sips from a cup of take-out coffee. He's dressed in a security guard uniform.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MORNING

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.

INT. TRAILER HOME - MORNING

All three enter the trailer home.

CLIFF

Excuse the place, I haven't been entertaining company as of late. 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 dyin' 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, probably 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 the girl. She smiles sweetly at him.

CLIFF
(to girl)
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, please to meetcha.

She is really pumping his arm, just like a used car
salesman, however that's where the similarities end,
because she'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.
(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.
(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
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 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.
(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)

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 God damned 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. 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)
CLIFF (CONT'D)
You're your fucking mother through and through. I haven't heard from ya 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.

INSERT - BLACK TITLE CARD - "HOLLYWOOD"

INT. OUTSIDE OF CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

FOUR YOUNG ACTORS are sitting on a couch with sides in their hands silently mouthing their 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.

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

She 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 his 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. (MORE)
RAVENCROFT (CONT'D)
(picks up copy of
script)
Whenever you're ready.

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

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

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

She puts her script down, and smiles at him.

RAVENCROFT
That was very good.

DICK
Thank you.

RAVENCROFT
If we decided on making him a
New York type, could you do that?

DICK
Sure. No problem.

RAVENCROFT
Could we try it now?

DICK
Absolutely.

Dick picks up the script and begins, but this time with
a Brooklyn accent.

DICK
Where'd he come from?

RAVENCROFT
(monotone as before)
I don't know. He just appeared
like magic.

DICK
Well, don't just sit there,
shoot him.

Ravnecroft puts her script down.
RAVCROFT
Well, Mr. Ritchie, I'm impressed.
You're a very fine actor.

Dick smiles.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY
Cliff's completely aghast. He just stares, unable to come to grips with what Clarence has told him.

CLARENCE
Look, I know this is pretty heavy duty, so if you wanna explode, feel free.

CLIFF
You're always makin' jokes. That's what you do, isn't it? Make jokes. Makin' jokes is the one good thing you're good at, isn't it? But if you make a joke about this -- (raising his voice) -- I'm gonna go completely out of my fucking head!

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? 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 Goddamnit 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! It was always:
'Okay,' 'No problem,' 'You're a busy
guy, I understand.' 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. you see, I know that you're
just a bad parent. You're not
really very good at it. But I
know you love 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 about it. I'm gone. No
problem.

Alabama walks in through the door carrying a shopping bag.

ALABAMA
The forager's back.

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

ALABAMA
I didn't get any chicken.

CLARENCE
How come?
ALABAMA
It's nine o'clock in the morning.
Nothing's open.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Clarence and Cliff stand by Clarence's 1965 red Mustang. Alabama is amusing herself by doing cartwheels and handstands in the background.

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 in 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 looking for me?

CLIFF
Nah, 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 gotta wife to think about now. Quit fuckin' around.

(pause)
I love you, son.

They hug each other.

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

CLARENCE
This is Dick's number in Hollywood. We don't know where we'll be, but you can get a hold of me through him.

Clarence turns toward Alabama's direction and yells to her.

CLARENCE
Bama, we're outta here. Kiss pops goodbye.

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

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

ALABAMA

Don't 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 tase like a peach.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick's apartment is standard issue for a young actor.
Things are pretty neat and clean. A nice stereo unit
sits on the shelf. A framed picture of a ballet
dancer's feet hangs on the wall.

The PHONE RINGS. Dick answers.

DICK

Hi, Dick here.
INT. HOTEL SUITE (LAS VEGAS) - SUNSET

Top floor, Las Vegas, Nevada hotel room with a huge picture window overlooking the neon filled strip and the flaming red and orange sunset sky.

Clarence paces up and down with the telephone in his hand.

CLARENCE
(big bopper voice)
Heeelllllllooooomoo baaaaabbbbbbyyyyy!

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 comin' to L.A.? When?

CLARENCE
Tomorrow.

DICK
What's up? Why're ya leavin' Detroit?

Clarence sits down on the hotel room bed. Alabama, wearing only a long T-shirt that has a big picture of Bullwinkle, crawls up behind him.

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.

DICK
Get the fuck outta here!
CLARENCE
Believe it or not, I actually
tricked a girl into falling in
love with me. I'm not quite sure
how I did it. I'd hate to have
to do it again. But I did it.
Wanna say hi to my better half?

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?

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

He said don't go nowhere. We'll be there sometime tomorrow.

DICK
Wait a minute --

CLARENCE
Tell him not to eat anything.
We're gonna scarf when we get there.

ALABAMA
Don't eat anything.

DICK
Alabama, could you tell Clar --
CLARENCE
Ask him if he got the letter.

ALABAMA
Did you get the letter?

DICK
What letter?

ALABAMA
(to Clarence)
What letter?

CLARENCE
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
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
No time. Gotta go. Just tell him to read the letter, the letter explains 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 he loves you. And he wants you to know that as of tomorrow, all of your money problems are over.

DICK
Money problems?

CLARENCE
Now tell him good-bye.

ALABAMA
'Bye, 'bye.

CLARENCE
Now hang up.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY
Dick hears the CLICK on the other end.

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.

INSERT - BILLS
Southern California Gas Company.
Group W.
Fossenkemp Photography.
Columbia Record and Tape Club.
ANGLE ON LETTER

It's obviously from Clarence. Addressed to Dick. Dick opens it.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A lower, middle-class trailer park named "Astro World" which has a neon sign in front of it in the shape of a planet.

A big, white Chevy Nova pulls into the park. It parks by a trailer that's slightly less kept up than the others. Cliff gets out of the Chevy. He's drinking out of a fast food soda cup as he opens the door to his trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

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 fireplug 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-Pick 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.
(MORE)
COCCOTTI (CONT'D)
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. 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.

(MORE)
COCCOTTI (CONT'D)
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.

(MORE)
CLIFF (CONT'D)
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?"

Lenny, who has been going through Cliff's refrigerator 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.

TITLE CARD: "CLARENCE AND ALABAMA HIT L.A."

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
The red Mustang enters Los Angeles.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING
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
Hi, guys.

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

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

CLARENCE
Wow. Neat place. Let's get some breakfast. Oh, Dick, this is Alabama, Alabama, this is Dick.

INT. PINK'S HOT DOG STAND - DAY
The Pink's employees work like skilled Benihana chefs as they assemble the ultimate masterpiece hot dog.

EXT. PINK'S HOT DOG STAND - PATIO - DAY
Clarence, Alabama, and Dick are sitting at an outdoor table chowing down on chili dogs.
Alabama is in the middle of a story.

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.

He knocks the table and then looks at it.

DICK
... Formica. I did real well. I think she liked me.
CLARENCE
Did you meet Captain Kirk?

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

ALABAMA
(finishing her hot dog)
That was so good I'm gonna have another.

DICK
You can't have just one.

Alabama leaves to get another hot dog. Clarence never takes his eyes off her.

DICK
How much of that letter was on the up and up?

CLARENCE
Every word of it.

Dick sees where Clarence's attention is.

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.
(looks at Alabama)
How'd you two meet?

Clarence leans back thoughtfully and takes a sip from his Hebrew cream soda.

CLARENCE
Do you remember the lyric?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - DAY

We see the Hollywood Holiday Inn sign. PAN TO the parking lot where Clarence's empty red Mustang is parked.
INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - CLOSEUP - DICK'S JAW - DAY

drops. His hand reaches O.S.

CLOSEUP - SUITCASE

The reason for all the jaw dropping... the suitcase is full of cocaine! Dick's hand ENTERS FRAME and fondles a bag.

BACK TO SCENE

Clarence smiles, holding a bottle of wine.

Alabama's watching the 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.

   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!

   (MORE)
DICK (CONT'D)

(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.

(MORE)
DICK (CONT'D)
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 at 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 Blitzer.

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.

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.

CLARENCE
Don't expect me to be all broken up over poor Drexl.
(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
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.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - CLOSEUP - PANTHER - DAY

A black panther, the four-legged kind, paces back and forth. PULL BACK. Dick, and ELLIOT BLITZER are walking through the zoo. One look at Elliot and you can see what type of actor he is, a real GQ, blow-dry boy. As they walk and talk, 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. 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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

DICK
(trying to calm him down)
Clarence...!

CLARENCE
(to Dick)
Let me handle this.

ELLIOIT
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.

INT. PORSCHE (MULHOLLAND DRIVE) - MOVING - DAY

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.
LEE

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 --

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

Elliot is on the zoo pay phone. Clarence is next to him. Dick is next to Clarence. Alabama is next to Dick, blowing bubbles.

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

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - DAY

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

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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

INT. PORSCHE (IN TUNNEL) - MOVING - DAY

In the tunnel Lee's VOICE ECHOES.

LEE
Are you out of your fucking mind?

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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.
EXT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

VIRGIL
Hello, is Dick Ritchie here?

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.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

Clarence is still on the phone with 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.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - DAY
stopped in traffic on Sunset Boulevard.

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

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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...

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - DAY
Still stuck on Sunset Boulevard, traffic's moving better now.

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.

Traffic breaks and Lee speeds along. The b.g. whizzes past him.

LEE
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.
EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - DAY

Porsche is now speeding down a beachside road.

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

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY

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.

Pause. Clarence hands the phone to Elliot.

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.
(MORE)
ELLiot (CONT'D)

(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?

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

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.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

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.

VIRGIL
(calmingly)
Step inside and shut the door.

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

VIRGIL
(calmingly)
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 jumps up and does a mid-air kung fu kick which catches Alabama square in the face lifting her off of the ground and dropping her flat on her back.

INT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

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...'

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

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 side kick
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.

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

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.

CLARENCE
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.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

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
kick, 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.

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - CLOSEUP - BURGERS - DAY

SIZZLING on a GRIDDLE. Chili and cheese are put on
them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

The Customer lowers his magazine a little bit.

CUSTOMER
Yeah, I subscribe. It's a pretty
decent one.

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.

SUBSCRIBER
That good, huh?

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, the artists he inspired; Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, 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.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

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.
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.

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.

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.

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.

He moves close.

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

VIRGIL
Go ahead, girl, take a stab at it.

(giggling)
You don't have anything to lose.

CLOSEUP - ALABAMA'S FACE

Virgil's right, she doesn't have anything to lose. Virgil's also right about this being the moment of truth. There is a ferocity in women that comes out at certain times, and it's just there under the surface in many women all of the time. The absolute feeling of helplessness she felt only a moment ago has taken a one hundred-eighty degree turn into "I'll take this mother-fucker with me if it's the last thing I do" seething hatred.

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.

CLOSEUP - VIRGIL'S FACE

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 one of them has ever laughed before he did it.

VIRGIL
What's so funny?!!

ALABAMA
(laughing)
You look so ridiculous.

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.

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.

Upon getting his face fried Virgil screams and jumps 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.

CLARENCE
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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - DAY

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

EXT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

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.
EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

A new motel. Clarence's red Mustang is parked outside.

INT. MOTEL 6 - CLARENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alabama, with a fat lip and a black and blue face, is asleep in bed.

INT. NOWHERE - ?

Clarence is in a nondescript room speaking directly TO CAMERA. He's in a HEADSHOT.

CLARENCE
I feel so horrible about what she went through. That fucker really beat the shit out of her. She never told him where I was. It's like I always felt that the way she felt about me was a mistake. She couldn't really care that much. I always felt in the back of my mind, I don't know, she was joking. But, to go through that and remain loyal, it's very easy to be enraptured with words, but to remain loyal when it's easier, even excusable, not to -- that's a test of one's self. That's true romance. I swear to God, I'll cut off my hands and gouge out my eyes before I'll ever let anything happen to that lady again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

A wonderful, gracefully flowing SHOT of the Hollywood hills. Off in the distance we hear the ROAR of a CAR ENGINE.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

VAAAARRROOOOOMMM!!! A silver PORSCHE is driving hells bells, taking quick corners, pushing it to the edge.

INT. SILVER PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

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! 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."

ELLiot

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

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 flash-light beam. Tears fill his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

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, sunshine, we found a sandwich bag of uncut cocaine --

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!

(MORE)
NICHOLSON (CONT'D)
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. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN KRINKLE'S OFFICE - DAY

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.

(MORE)

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.

(MORE)
NICHOLSON (CONT'D)
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 --

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 real 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.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Detroit. Very fancy restaurant. Four wise guys, FRANKIE, LENNY, DARIO and MARVIN, are seated at a table with Mr. Coccotti.
COCCOTTI
-- And so, tomorrow morning comes, and no Virgil. I check with Nick Cardella, who Virgil was supposed to leave my narcotics with, he never shows. 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
It's possible. Anybody can be carried away with delusions of grandure. But after that incident in Ann Arbor, I trust Virgil.

DARIO
What happen?

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.

BACK TO KRINKLE

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 Elliot 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.

BACK TO COCCOTTI

MARVIN
May be Virgil dropped it off at Cardella's.
(MORE)
MARVIN (CONT'D)
Cardella turns Virgil's switch to off, and Cardella decides to open up his own fruit stand.

LENNY
Excuse me, Mister Coccotti,
(to Marvin)
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
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. Another possibility is that rat fuck whore and her wack-a-doo cowboy boyfriend out-aped Virgil. 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.

TITLE CARD: "THE BIG DAY"

EXT. IMPERIAL HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

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

ALABAMA
How come?

CLARENCE
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
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 kiddin, we got lives to start over. We should go somewhere where we can really start from scratch.
CLARENCE
I been in America all my life. I'm due for a change. I wanna see what TV in other countries are like. Besides, it's more dramatic. Where should we fly off to, my little turtle dove?

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 gets ready for the big day.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

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. 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL/LAX - DAY

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

INT. HOTEL/LAX - ROOM - DAY

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.

CUT TO:
INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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!

DIMES
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:

INT. RED MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

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

DICK
You got that playing basketball?

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.

They stop at a red light. Clarence looks to Alabama.

CLARENCE
Red light means love, baby.

Clarence and Alabama start kissing.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - PARKING LOT - DAY

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.

CLARENCE
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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY

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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

The four of them are riding up in the elevator. As luck would have it, they have the car to themselves. Rinky dink 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.
ELLIOI

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'!

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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?

DIMES
He knows something's up.

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

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!?

ELLIOI
(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!

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY  

DIMES  
We gotta get him outta there.

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY  

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.

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY  

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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY  

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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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!

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

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

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. (MORE)
ELLiot (con'T'd)
I'm sorry but I just can't. So, if somebody would just come to my rescue, everything would be alright.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY
Nicholson and Dimes shake their heads. They have a "well, that's that" expression on their faces.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY
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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY
Nicholson and Dimes listen open-mouthed, not believing what they're hearing.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY
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.

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.

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...

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

He starts to search Clarence. Clarence backs away.

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?

ELLIOIT
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.

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

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. 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.

(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
It was the first movie with balls to win a lot of Oscars since Deerhunter.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY
They're all listening to this.

DIMES
What's this guy doin'? Makin' a drug deal or gettin' a job on the New Yorker?

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

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.

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

NICHOLSON
Thank God.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY
Clarence puts the suitcase on the table.

CLARENCE
Lee, when you see this, you're gonna shit.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY
The four wiseguys are at the desk.
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?

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

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 saitsfied 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?

(MORE)
LEE (CONT'D)
I got all kinds of sandwich shit from Canter's in there.

ALABAMA
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.

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

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

DIMES
Convince him.

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

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.

(MORE)
CLARENCE (CONT'D)
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. 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.
INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

The four wiseguys are coming up.

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

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.

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

They all stand.

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

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - 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 Elvis' hand.

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

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

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

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.

Freeze!

Who are you guys?

Police.

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

Clarence and Elvis.

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

Are you kiddin'? He loves you.

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

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

I'm not lyin' to him. I mean it. I love Coming Home in a Body Bag.
ELVIS
That's why it don't come across
as ass kissin', because it's
genuine and he can see that.

Elvis fixes Clarence's collar.

ELVIS
I like ya, Clarence. Always have.

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

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.

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

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 SHOOTS 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.

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

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:

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

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

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.

(CONTINUED)
ALABAMA

Sweety?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - DAY

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:

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

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!

Dick screeches to a halt and raises his arms.

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.

**CUT TO:**

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

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.

Boris has caught a lot of buckshot but he'll live. 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.

WURLITZER
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
(frusted)
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, sweety, 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.

And with Clarence under one arm and the suitcase gripped tightly in the other, she walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY

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.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - PARKING LOT - DAY

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.

Alabama and the delirious Clarence get into the red Mustang. With Alabama at the wheel they drive away.
ALABAMA (V.O.)
I smile and play coy with him and have never yet told him what was going through my mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RED MUSTANG (CALIFORNIA COAST) - MOVING - DAY

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.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICO BEACH - DAY

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.

(MORE)
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