

THE VALLEY  
a pilot by  
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TITLE CARD: MOST OF THIS SHIT IS TRUE...

FADE IN:

EXT. MANJAW PICTURES - MORNING (1975)

A push broom whisks soap-scum water down into the gutter. A HOMELESS GUY's scrubbing the wet sidewalk outside this run-down, nondescript warehouse.

TITLE CARD: THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, 1975

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A FILM CREW sets up in front of a hippy bedroom set, adjacent to an office set.

The SOUND GUY checks audio through a boom mic. The A.D. chalks something on a clapper-board. The SCRIPT GIRL makes revisions on pink paper while the GAFFER runs cables. A few TEAMSTERS shoot the shit at craft services.

A behemoth with a beard and John Lennon sunglasses, AL THE DP, locks off the tripod on a 35mm Panavision. BURT MANJAW, a stocky guy, Hawaiian shirt open on chest hair and a gold Star of David, approaches him.

AL THE DP

Hey, Burt.

BURT MANJAW

Al. You get a load of Lilly Swallows yet? Bet you can't wait to shoot her reverse angles, huh, pal?

AL THE DP

Speaking of load --

BURT MANJAW

(lascivious)

Yeah...?

AL THE DP

Mind giving me a hand loading the Panaflex? My camera assist's on the crapper.

Burt just shakes his head, utterly baffled.

SCRIPT GIRL

Oh, Mr. Manjaw? I'm having a little trouble with the script.

BURT MANJAW  
 (approaching)  
 Yeah? Where did you get your degree  
 again, Nancy?

SCRIPT GIRL  
 U.S.C.

BURT MANJAW  
 And in your educated opinion, what's  
 wrong with my script?

SCRIPT GIRL  
 Well, and I don't mean to step on  
 any toes, but... it just feels a  
 little episodic.

BURT MANJAW  
 Episodic, huh?  
 (smirks)  
 Let me ask you something. You ever  
 tried masturbating for an hour and a  
 half? It chafes, sister. Two climaxes  
 per reel: one on the screen, one in  
 the pants. That's how the business  
 works, sweetheart. You want a cohesive  
 story, go work for Polanski.

He leaves her shrinking in embarrassment.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HERSHEL BLOOM (aka RANDY ROCKHARD), early-40s, mustache,  
 dressed all in denim, reads the *L.A. Times* in front of a  
 vanity mirror. Hairy doesn't quite capture his look.

He turns at a KNOCK on the door. Manjaw's leaning in.

BURT MANJAW  
 Set's hot in five, Randy.

HERSHEL  
 Set's always hot on a Burt Manjaw  
 picture.

BURT MANJAW  
 You got that right!

HERSHEL  
 I saw that full page spread you put  
 in *Variety*. Very classy.

BURT MANJAW  
 Thanks. Whoa, nice shoes, m'man!  
 What are those? Snakeskin?

HERSHEL

Alligator. Brings out the green in my eyes, don't you think?

Hershel holds a shoe up against his cheek.

BURT MANJAW

I was gonna say! Hey, you ready to shoot? As if I have to ask.

HERSHEL

Pope shit in the woods? Hey, you hear guys at the Pussycat got acquitted? Even though the Judge declared "Deep Throat" obscene, he still made the cops return all the copies to the theater.

BURT MANJAW

Big win for the good guys. You know, I hear they laughed right in that smug bitch D.A.'s face.

HERSHEL

(laughs)

No shit? Man, I woulda loved to be there for that.

BURT MANJAW

You're tellin me.

INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

LILLY SWALLOWS, a mid-20s girl-next-door type, has just "come out of the shower" wrapped in a towel, a TATTOO of a tiger lily and two swallows on her right shoulder (rare for the era, but it's her gimmick).

A YOUNG GUY's down on his haunches, spritzing her legs with water. He's obviously smitten.

The Script Girl hustles by reading a copy of Freidan's *The Feminine Mystique*. Lilly eyes the book with suspicion.

LILLY SWALLOWS

You know it's pretty self-serving for these women's libbers to say pornography objectifies women. I mean, what's the male actor besides a swinging dick, right?

(nothing; she taps him on the head)

Right?

The Young Guy looks up with a gulp. Nods stupidly.

Manjaw plops down in the director's chair.

A.D.

Quiet on the set, everybody! Quiet  
on set!

EXT. MANJAW PICTURES - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CAR rolls up quiet beside two others, alongside a Paddy Wagon and an unmarked. A PLAINCLOTHES COP sits against the hood of this. Real cowboy-type.

EIGHT BEAT COPS gather in front of the vehicles. The Plainclothes Cop flaps open a copy of

*Variety* and pokes a finger at Manjaw's full-page in-production announcement for *Slick Johnson: Undercover Dick*.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

These lowlifes think they can break  
the law and rub our noses in it.  
They think we don't got the balls to  
arrest every goddamn one of them for  
pimping and prostitution, for unpaid  
parking tickets if that's what it  
takes to get a charge to stick.

Angry mutters. Plainclothes grins. He tears the newspaper ad slowly down the middle, and casts the pieces aside.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

I say, they ain't met us yet!

The Cops nod, give other high-fives and pats on the back.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

No rough stuff now, fellas. Let's  
catch these fuckers with their pants  
down.

SMART-MOUTH COP

Hope that's the only thing we catch.

Chuckles all around. Plainclothes only sneers, and heads for the big double back doors, single-handing a shotgun.

The Beat Cops follow. One holds a BATTERING RAM. The others draw their .38 Specials.

INTERCUT FILM SHOOT WITH THE POLICE

The A.D. moves between camera and set with the slate.

A.D.

Roll sound.

SOUND GUY (O.S.)

Mark.

A.D.

*Slick Johnson, Undercover Dick, scene  
thirty-six-D, take one.*

She CLAPS the slate.

BURT MANJAW

And... action!

THE POLICE SMASH IN the back door and trundle into a hall.

HERSHEL KICKS IN the office door, prop Baretta in hand.

HERSHEL

Freeze, mama! Lemme see them tits!

Lilly raises her hands. The towel falls.

Burt raises an eyebrow, her nudity reflected in his glasses.

HERSHEL (CONT'D)

Shaved? Kinky.

Hershel tears off his clothes, stumbling toward her. Hands grope, tongues explore as the two of them fall into bed.

Lilly moans and Hershel grunts, their sex reflected in the camera lens. Self-conscious, the Script Girl shuffles through pages. Al the DP takes off his sunglasses and wipes them with his t-shirt.

Suddenly the Homeless Guy bursts through the studio doors.

HOMELESS GUY

COPS!

Manjaw leaps from his seat with a bullhorn.

BURT MANJAW

FUCK! GET THE GEAR! THE GEAR!

Everyone abandons their posts. Lilly covers her tits and makes a run for it. Hershel rises from the bed with freaked expression.

HERSHEL

My shoes!

He bounds up from bed, dick flopping as he runs backstage.

Manjaw yells through the bullhorn at Al the DP, as Al breaks down the camera gear.

BURT MANJAW  
MOVE IT, AL, YOU BIG DUMB APE!  
(drops the megaphone)  
Ah, screw it!

Manjaw makes a run for it.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Two Beat Cops have the Young Guy up against a wall. Lilly comes bouncing down the hall, screaming blue murder. As the Cops follow her nudity, the Young Guy slips away.

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A Beat Cop tears open a filing cabinet and scoops files out onto the floor.

An ELDERLY SECRETARY watches in horror as another Beat Cop plucks Hummel figurines off her desk, one by one, and drops them to their shattery deaths.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A Cop kicks the door open. The CAMERA ASSIST, the shit scared out of him, yanks his pants up from his ankles.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Manjaw bursts through the back doors, panting heavily. He starts when he sees the squadron of police vehicles.

BURT MANJAW  
I bet Polanski never had to deal  
with shit like this!

Short of breath, he scurries out of the alley.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hershel slips in, spots his SHOES under the vanity. He scoops them up and kisses them.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (O.S.)  
Hold it right there, dick-job!

Hershel freezes, shoulders drooping. He turns, alligator shoes covering his johnson. Plainclothes stands in the doorway, shotgun raised, gives an appreciative look.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)  
Hands in the air, pal.

Hershel sighs. He raises the shoes.

Plainclothes raises an eyebrow. A few Beat Cops hustle in behind him and react as if they've seen a monster.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

You goddamn freak.

And Plainclothes RAMS THE BUTT OF THE SHOTGUN INTO HERSHEL'S GROIN, doubling him over in agony.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

A Beat Cop pushes the Elderly Secretary's head down as she gets in the back seat of a cruiser.

Two Cops lead the Script Girl, weeping, out the back doors. One Cop smacks her ass and she SLAPS him hard across the face. He wrenches her arm behind her back and pushes her toward the cruisers to the other Cop's chuckling.

Al the DP, and Hershel, still naked and in pain, sit handcuffed in the back of the paddy wagon as another Cop SLAMS the doors.

HERSHEL

Another fucking day in the Valley,  
hey, Al?

The SIRENS BLAST as the paddy wagon drives off. Burt Manjaw peers out from around the corner. He leans back against the wall with a hefty SIGH.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY (1977)

A BLACK SEDAN idles, nestled among everglades alongside steaming blacktop. Frogs and cicadas CHIRP.

TITLE CARD: I-95, NEAR THE FLORIDA/GEORGIA BORDER, 1977

INT./EXT - SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

JIM ST. CHARLES, late-30s black dude in a dark, tailored suit, sits behind the wheel. Binoculars in hand, he scans the road to the north.

ED GORSKI, a fresh-faced white kid at 25, sits shotgun, rumpled dark suit, SLAPPING a baseball into an old glove.

ED

Yankees look good this year. You  
catch them at spring training, Saint?

ST. CHARLES

Reggie fucking Jackson. Straw that  
stirs the drink, my ass.



ED  
 (chuckles)  
 Well who do you like then?

St. Charles gives him a hard look. Ed snickers.

ST. CHARLES  
 I like the Sox.

ED  
 Red or White?

ST. CHARLES  
 What do you think?

ED  
 Ever think about the Sox when you  
 and Cheryl are fuckin'?

St. Charles can't help laughing.

ST. CHARLES  
 You're like a little fucking kid,  
 Ed, I swear --

The WALKIE TALKIE in Ed's lap CRACKLES STATIC.

RADIO VOICE  
 Suspects crossed the border.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - A custom Dodge van rolls up to a  
 Chevette in the ditch.

ST. CHARLES (O.S.)  
 Here's the van.

The DRIVERS get out. A PASSENGER climbs out of the van. The  
 Drivers dap fists, old colleagues, then head for the back of  
 the van.

ED  
 (anxious; into WALKIE-  
 TALKIE)  
 Awaiting orders.

RADIO VOICE  
 (annoyed)  
 Confirm the cargo first, Gorski.

ED  
 (to St. Charles)  
 Christ! We know what they got. They'll  
 be all the way to Times Square before  
 they even get a whiff of our asses!

ST. CHARLES  
My ass is sparkly clean.

Ed takes them. St. Charles places his hands at ten and two, impatient, and revs the engine.

Ed looks through the binoculars.

The Passenger holds up a FILM CAN. The van's full of crates. The Chevette Driver starts counting out bills.

ED  
(into WALKIE-TALKIE)  
Package confirmed!

RADIO VOICE  
Proceed with caution, repeat --

St. Charles SLAMS down on the gas, silencing the walkie.

The sedan ROARS out of the blind. Ed pops the siren light on the top of the car.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - CONTINUOUS

Startled, the Passenger drops the film can. It pops open on the highway and film unspools onto the blacktop.

The Chevette Driver races to his car and slides over the front of it, stuntman-style.

Ed eyes the shells in his .38 Special and SNAPS the cylinder closed.

ST. CHARLES  
You might've wanted to check that earlier.

ED  
Didn't your mother ever tell you you can't be too cautious?

The Van Driver gets in and turns the key. The engine WHEEZES. The Passenger's already sitting shotgun. He sees the sedan approach through the open driver door.

PASSENGER  
Come on, man! Get this piece of shit rollin'!

VAN DRIVER  
Hey, fuck you, man! This baby's custom!

The Chevette's peeling off down the highway.

The sedan SCREECHES up behind the van. Ed and St. Charles get out and crouch-run toward the van, weapons raised.

ED

F.B.I.! Hands on the dash!

Beaten, the Driver puts his hands on the dash. But the Passenger's already out the door and running along the blacktop, looking terrified.

St. Charles and Ed share an amused look.

ED (CONT'D)

I got this.

Ed picks up a rock from the side of the road. He hefts its weight, then hauls back and pitches it --

The Passenger runs, panting. The ROCK PEGS HIM SQUARE IN THE ASS and sends him flying.

VAN DRIVER

Nice arm!

(off their looks)

My boy's in Little League.

St. Charles grabs the Driver by the shoulder and SLAMS him into the side of the van.

ST. CHARLES

(to Ed)

Run this guy, would ya? I wanna see the damage you did.

Ed nods, and St. Charles heads up the road to the moaning Passenger.

ED

(SNAPS on the cuffs)

How old's your kid?

VAN DRIVER

Seven. Can't hit for shit, but hey, at least he ain't a girl.

Ed PUSHES HIM up against the van and pulls his wallet. He flips through to a photo of a blonde kid with a bowl-cut.

ED

You got a seven-year-old at home, and you're running skin flicks across state lines. I'm guessing you know it's illegal.

VAN DRIVER

Gotta put food on the table.

Ed looks off at St. Charles, who's hauling the groaning Passenger to his feet.

ED

Yeah, I guess you do.

VAN DRIVER

Yep. Where'd you learn to pitch like that, hoss?

ED

Pop wanted me to be a ball player.

VAN DRIVER

So why didn't ya?

ED

I fuckin hate baseball.

And Ed yanks the surprised Driver back to the sedan.

EXT. SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA - DAY

PROTESTERS and COPS in the street. Chanting. Signs like "PORNOGRAPHY = VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN" and "GOD HATES SMUT!" and "THE ONLY PLOT IN PORN IS A COMMUNIST PLOT!"

Dozens of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS huddle on the steps.

TITLE CARD: SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO

Out comes a young, hotshot LAWYER. He leads his client to the podium. Scuffed alligator shoes click on the pavement.

The shoes are Hershel Bloom's, Navy jacket slung over his shoulder, ascot tied around his neck. A nervous smile raises his mustache as FLASHES BLAST and PHOTOS SNAP.

A sudden volley of "Mr. Bloom! So-and-So Daily! Such-and-Such Press!" from Reporters. Shouts from Protesters.

MALE JOURNALIST

Mr. Bloom, how does it feel to be acquitted?

HERSHEL

I've been locked up for two years eating *goyische* prison food and watching my ass in the showers. You tell me.

The Press laughs.

FEMALE JOURNALIST  
Mr. Bloom, now that you're free,  
what are your plans?

HERSHEL  
Well, I guess I'll go back to being  
a terrible actor.

More laughter. Among the Protesters, a small group of FEMALE  
FANS shout --

FEMALE FANS  
WE LOVE YOU, RANDY ROCKHARD!

-- and bare their breasts in unison. Photographers SNAP  
pictures. The Press chuckles. Protesters express outrage.

EUROPEAN JOURNALIST  
Mr. Bloom, you've spent the past two  
years in the California Institution  
for Men on charges of prostitution  
and conspiracy to distribute obscenity  
across state lines.

HERSHEL  
There a question buried in there,  
Hans?

Laughter. The European Journalist smirks.

EUROPEAN JOURNALIST  
I wonder how you feel knowing the  
same charges face many of your co-  
stars. That similar charges have  
been laid against private citizens  
for merely handling pornographic  
material.

HERSHEL  
Well, Hans, I think it's a goddamn  
travesty. I mean, what do you want  
me to say, man?

LAWYER  
No more questions.

HERSHEL  
Seriously, don't we have more  
important issues to deal with? What  
about helping our veterans reintegrate  
after Vietnam? Or Proclamation 4311,  
huh? What about that?

LAWYER  
No more questions!

Hershel's Lawyer yanks him away by the arm.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Why does every public forum for you  
have to be another goddamn soap box?  
Aren't you in enough hot water as it  
is?

HERSHEL

Ain't enough hot water in the world,  
amigo.

The Lawyer glares at him. Hershel grins.

HERSHEL (CONT'D)

I'll try to keep the political  
grandstanding to a bare minimum. All  
right?

LAWYER

That's all I ask.

They've reached a Cadillac with tinted windows at the side  
of the courthouse. The back door opens.

In the backseat's an effeminate Hispanic guy with an open  
silk shirt. He's JORGE. Mid-20s, slim, hairless. He smiles.

JORGE

(Hispanic accent)

Hiyee, Hershey!

HERSHEL

Jesus, Mitch! What the fuck is Jorge  
doing here?

LAWYER

I thought you'd be glad to see him.

HERSHEL

Christ! I'm trying to get out of  
the spotlight here, man! A normal  
life, remember? If people find out  
I'm --

(a nod at Jorge)

Walter fuckin Cronkite'll be having  
a laugh-in on the *CBS Evening News*!

The two of them look toward the Reporters at the court steps,  
packing up for the day and heading off.

LAWYER

You're right. I'm sorry.

HERSHEL

It's all right, man. Just can we maybe put some spin on this? Tell people he's my ward, or something?

LAWYER

Like Batman and Robin?

HERSHEL

Yeah. Only, you know, less gay.

They look into the backseat at Jorge. Poor Jorge smiles and twiddles his fingers.

LAWYER

(not likely)

I'll see what I can do.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - TASK ROOM - DAY

A black & white photo of a crazy-eyed wise guy in his mid-50s, silver hair. Written under the photo: "FRANK DONATI."

ED (O.S.)

Frank Donati's our target.

Ed and St. Charles stand in front of a bulletin board with a MAFIA FAMILY TREE. A room full of F.B.I. AGENTS, and not a woman in the bunch, St. Charles the only black guy.

TITLE CARD: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, MIAMI FIELD OFFICE

A starch-collared curmudgeon in his late-50s leans against the back wall, arms across his chest. He's AGENT-IN-CHARGE BILL HANOVER.

Ed points to a photo under a separate tree labeled ASSOCIATES, to "SALVATORE GALLIANO", a fat, smiling mafioso, mid-40s. Beside it, his skinny, evil-looking twin brother, "DOMINIC GALLIANO."

ED (CONT'D)

Sal Galliano and his brother Dominic are the soft spots. We go in through them. These boys head up the entertainment division of the Donati family. They speak directly to the *capo di tutti capi* himself.

A surveillance photo of Donati with the Gallianos at an outdoor cafe, smoking and drinking espresso.

ST. CHARLES

Franco Adolfo Donati, or "Drill Bit" Donati, as he's known to friends and enemies, is a cold-blooded killer. We've all heard the rumors how he got the name, stabbing Tasso "Tasty Pie" Pianini to death with a machine shop drill bit at Miami Correctional in '69.

GHOULISH AGENT

Thirty-seven times.

ED

That's the word on the street. And while no one has come forward to testify, Donati's meteoric ascent to the top of the food chain after his release all but proves it. Even the big names in New York tread light around this guy.

ST. CHARLES

Now the Galliano Brothers have been big in the Miami smut scene since they wore short pants. The two of them started up the Naked Angels chain out in Coconut Grove --

MEAN STEAK AGENT

They make a mean steak burger.  
(looks around)  
I heard.

The fellas laugh.

ST. CHARLES

The Gallianos work exclusively with a hack director who calls himself Burt Manjaw.

Directly under the Galliano Brothers is a photo of our friend Burt Manjaw.

ED

Manjaw did one mainstream film under his given name that flopped harder than *The Molly Maguires*. Legend has it he worked with Coppola in the sixties, when the Godfather himself was making skin flicks.



ST. CHARLES

Manjaw's also the dude who made Randy Rockhard a star with those *Slick Johnson* movies.

ED

Randy Rockhard, otherwise known as Hershel Bloom.

ST. CHARLES

Whom you might remember from *The State of California versus Hershel Bloom*.

ED

Now that's an obscenity trial, fellas. Don't go looking for it at your local X-Rated theater.

More chuckles. Agent Hanover grumbles to himself.

ST. CHARLES

Now Burt Manjaw distributes his films through several smaller distribution houses.

ED

That's where Detectives Samson and Julia in Dade County P.D. come in.

ST. CHARLES

They've been making illegal dupes of pornographic films for going on two years, building a rep with the criminal element.

ED

The Gallianos approached them a few months back looking to expand their East Coast market.

ST. CHARLES

That's where we hit him. Drill Bit has yet to see the potential of home video. But he will, and he'll be champing at the bit to put porn right into our very own living rooms.

ED

Now some of you might be thinking, hey, this could really spice up my marriage.

MASTURBATING AGENT

Or hurt my tennis game.

The room cracks up. Ed waits till it stops to get serious.

ED

The fact is, pornography funds crime syndicates like the Donati Family. And it is only gonna get worse with a little invention called the home video player.

St. Charles pats the Panasonic U-Matic videotape machine.

ST. CHARLES

Donati's poured a lot of money into pornography. He's got a lot of rivals out there, but he'll stop at nothing to keep that heavyweight title.

ED

And you better believe that includes homicide.

INT. F.B.I. MIAMI OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

St. Charles and Ed leave the task room. St. Charles has got a file folder under his arm, while Ed pushes the heavy video machine on a rolling table.

ST. CHARLES

I think that went well.

Agent Hanover steps out of the room behind them, hands deep in his pockets.

AGENT HANOVER

Gorski! St. Charles!

They stop but don't turn, visibly disappointed.

AGENT HANOVER (CONT'D)

My office.

INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ed closes the door behind them, "AGENT-IN-CHARGE WILLIAM HANOVER" stenciled on the glass.

Agent Hanover sits down behind his desk. Incense burns somewhere near the middle of all the junk. Hanover angrily wafts some of the smoke away.

AGENT HANOVER

Sorry about the incense, boys. My spiritual advisor says this crap'll help with my temper.

Ed and St. Charles stand at the desk, hands behind backs.

ED

Maybe you're not burning it right,  
sir.

St. Charles snorts, holding back laughter.

Agent Hanover grunts and opens a desk drawer. He pulls out a stack of magazines. Tosses them on the desk. Titles like *Playboy* and *Funbags* and *Classic Muff*.

ST. CHARLES

I guess now we know what sort of man  
reads *Playboy*.

Ed chuckles. Hanover affords St. Charles a sneer.

AGENT HANOVER

The wife found these in my son's  
underwear drawer, I'll thank you to  
know.

ED

Could have been worse. It could have  
been *Lady's Circle*.

ST. CHARLES

Or *Tiger Beat*. My little girl's got  
those things pasted up all over her  
room, like a shrine to famous white  
boys.

AGENT HANOVER

You wanna hear what I have to say,  
or would you rather crack wise?

Ed and St. Charles turn to each other and shrug.

AGENT HANOVER (CONT'D)

Good. Now despite a possible brutality  
case, you boys managed to get two  
more low-level scumbuckets off the  
streets today. So I guess this should  
come as no surprise to either of  
you.

ED

Sir?

AGENT HANOVER

It's been decreed from on high that  
your little undercover operation is  
a go. You boys are going deep.

Ed can't contain his excitement. He grabs Hanover by the cheeks and plants a kiss on his forehead. Hanover wipes it off with a handkerchief in distaste as Ed HOOTS on his way out of the office.

ST. CHARLES

Admit it, sir. You're gonna miss us  
just a little bit.

AGENT HANOVER

Not fucking likely.  
(cheerful wave)  
Don't forget to write!

EXT. MANJAW PICTURES - DAY

A cleaner, more professional version of its former self. A placard by the doors announces:

CASTING CALL

"KERBIE THE FUCK BUG"

A BURT MANJAW PICTURE ADULTS ONLY!!!

A line-up of '70s hair-dos, GIRLS in bikini tops and MEN in shorts and leisure suits, winds around the corner.

Some sneak tokes of grass, drink beer, dap fists and ad lib jive-talk, ask each other's signs and flirt, bragging about bit parts in well-known movies.

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Burt Manjaw bounces a few times on the bed in the old hippy bedroom set. Modern, expensive film equipment. Al the DP leans against a brand-new Panaflex.

BURT MANJAW

Not Herbie, Al, for Christ's sake.  
It's Kerby. The Fuck Bug. "Kerby's  
back, and this time he's horny."  
How's that for a tagline, huh?

AL THE DP

The car fucks people, Burt?

BURT MANJAW

What, are you Gene Shalit? Got a Phd  
in film, do ya?

AL THE DP

A Masters.

BURT MANJAW

Yeah? How much can you press? Thirty, forty pounds?

AL THE DP

Bench-press?

BURT MANJAW

No, garlic press, you putz! Of course the car doesn't fuck people! It makes broads horny, numb-nuts!

AL THE DP

I'm just telling you, if the car's gonna be fucking people, we're gonna need an effects guy. I don't do in-camera.

Burt lets out an exasperated sigh and turns to the A.D.

BURT MANJAW

Send in some fucking meat!

The first two ACTORS step in: a tall, lanky black guy in a loin cloth, who calls himself BLACK MANDINKA; the PORN STARLETT's a bleached blonde in a tank top and cut-off jeans. Possibly a drug-addict.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)

Be still my beating hard-on...

Burt approaches the girl, looks her up and down. Mostly down. Then he extends a hand.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)

What's your name, lovely?

PORN STARLETT

Call me whatever you want, baby.

BLACK MANDINKA

They call me the Black Mandinka.

BURT MANJAW

(eyes on the girl)

I don't give a shit what they call you.

(to the A.D.)

Honey, get Man-dingbat the fuck outta here, would ya?

BLACK MANDINKA

I'll have you know, I played Othello in the Park!

BURT MANJAW

Then you should be used to tragedy.

(to the Starlett)

Come, fair Desdemona! Let us make  
the beast with two backs.

Manjaw leads the confused Starlett toward the stage. The  
A.D. escorts Black Mandinka toward the doors.

BLACK MANDINKA

(to the A.D.)

I was Claude in an all African-  
American production of *Hair*!

A.D.

I'm sure it was revolutionary, Mr.  
Mandinka. Just leave your resume  
with the lady at the desk, okay?  
We're always looking for fresh meat.

(catches herself)

I mean, "talent."

Burt sits on the edge of the bed, guiding the girl to her  
knees. She lets her tank top fall, exposing smallish breasts.  
Burt unzips his skin-tight stonewashed jeans.

BURT MANJAW

I hope you're ready, sugar. You're  
about to get Manjawed.

CUT TO:

A PROJECTOR IMAGE

of a 35mm CREDIT SEQUENCE. Hershel Bloom, cool in a jean  
jacket, slides across the hood of a car, pistol in hand. A  
funky '70s soundtrack commences. TITLE CARD:

RANDY ROCKHARD as Hershel, as Randy Rockhard, and Jorge,  
decked out like one of the Warriors, strut in slow-mo toward  
the camera.

SLICK JOHNSON in Hershel slams a HOOKER up against a wall,  
grabs her tit, and jams his tongue down her throat.

*LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS*

He punches a DRUG DEALER. Receives discreet fellatio in an  
alley from the Hooker. Jorge likes what he sees. Hershel  
nods back, coolly. a BURT MANJAW PICTURE FREEZE-FRAME on  
Hershel as he looks toward the sunset from a viaduct. Jorge  
looks over Hershel's shoulder.

PRODUCED BY

THE GALLIANO BROTHERS

INT. SOLID GOLDE DISTRIBUTION - OFFICE - DAY

The Telecine projector WHIRS. The videotape records.

Ed and St. Charles watch the transfer. Ed scrawls "gay sidekick?" in a small spiral notebook. Tucks it into his jacket pocket.

TITLE CARD: SOLID GOLDE DISTRIBUTION, MIAMI

ST. CHARLES

Tell you one thing about Randy  
Rockhard: that dude is all man.

With them are two DETECTIVES: one white, SAMSON, sitting at the Telecine, and one Cuban, JULIA, holding up the wall. Both dressed like smut peddlers, necklaces and plaid pants and open silk shirts and pinkie rings.

DETECTIVE JULIA

You got that right.

ST. CHARLES

I saw this down at the Pussycat on South Hill. Rockhard nails this one Nubian chick. Classiest interracial fuck scene of all time, not counting *Behind the Green Door*.

DETECTIVE JULIA

That's a classic. Almost a shame it's illegal.

DETECTIVE SAMSON

(resentful)

Almost.

ED

So how does this machine work?

DETECTIVE SAMSON

In due time, Gorski. It's pretty technical and boring as shit. But Uncle Sam don't pay us to have fun, he pays us to duplicate.

DETECTIVE JULIA

Video, it's gonna change the entire industry, asere. Pretty soon, we'll be able to enjoy porn in the living room. You just watch.

DETECTIVE SAMSON  
That'll be the day.

DETECTIVE JULIA  
Detective Samson, eternal optimist.

DETECTIVE SAMSON  
What about you, Saint? Think we'll be able to flick a switch someday, have this shit playing right in our laps?

ST. CHARLES  
I don't know about all that.

ED  
So this is the whole undercover operation right here?

DETECTIVE JULIA  
Yeah, the dupe factory, and the warehouse back there.

Julia nods toward the warehouse, with its stacks and stacks of videotapes on skids.

DETECTIVE SAMSON  
And the fake drug deals.

DETECTIVE JULIA  
And the prostitution.

ST. CHARLES  
Prostitution?

DETECTIVE SAMSON  
We got a couple of girls. They do bachelor parties, mostly.

DETECTIVE JULIA  
The whole enterprise looks strictly legit to the criminal element. And that's why we're all here, am I right?

ED  
What happens with the dupes?

DETECTIVE JULIA  
We sell them to distributors, the X-rated cinemas --

DETECTIVE SAMSON  
It's where a large part of our operating budget comes from.

(MORE)



DETECTIVE SAMSON (CONT'D)  
 The rest is from Mister and Missus  
 American Taxpayer.

DETECTIVE JULIA  
 Bet you guys never thought the "blue"  
 in the good ol' Red, White and Blue  
 stood for blue movies, did you?

Ed and St. Charles share a look.

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - EVENING

A HIPPIY COUPLE fools around on the bed like corpses thumping  
 together. Zero heat.

Al films them. Manjaw smokes in the director's chair, a  
 bullhorn in his free hand.

BURT MANJAW  
 I swear I've seen hotter shit on  
*Little House, Al.*  
 (to the actors)  
 Kids.  
 (into the bullhorn)  
 KIDS!  
 (off their looks)  
 It's been said acting is being private  
 in public, but this is one show that  
 can safely stay in the bedroom. You  
 two are the absolute nadir of passion.

The Hippies look at each other, clueless.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 (to Al)  
 Am I wrong that these two have got  
 less chemistry than a Petri dish?  
 That because of their unequivocal  
 lack of anything remotely resembling  
 sexuality, my schlong has literally  
 retracted into my body out of sheer,  
 unadulterated boredom?

AL THE DP  
 Maybe if I popped a few soft lights  
 over the bed --

BURT MANJAW  
 We don't need any soft lights, Al,  
 you fucking nasal drip! What we need  
 is --

Burt leaps out of the director's chair.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 (into the bullhorn)  
 -- WHAT WE NEED IS A STAR, AND THESE  
 TWO FUCKIN PEACENICKS ARE BLACK HOLES!

Startled, the Hippies pack up and head off stage.

HIPPIE CHICK  
 Establishment whore!

BURT MANJAW  
 Yeah, yeah, I hope your *chakras* get  
 all out of whack, sister!

HIPPIE GUY  
 Hey, fuck you, dude!

The Hippies leave, flipping birds.

BURT MANJAW  
 So much for the sexual revolution,  
 huh?

Al shrugs, loading a new magazine into the camera.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 We need a goddamn star, Al. Kids  
 these days, they're caricatures.  
 There's nothing there I haven't seen  
 in a dozen *After School Specials*.

Burt plops back into his chair.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 My kingdom for a goddamn star...

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

EXT. HOLY CHILD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A pair of Mary Janes descend the cement stairs. A girl with chipped red fingernails tugs white socks up to her skinned knees.

TITLE CARD: HOLY CHILD HIGH SCHOOL, LA BREA

Van Halen's "Secrets" plays nice and mellow as MARY O'DELL, a baby-faced blonde at 16, an hourglass figure stuffed into her Catholic school uniform, grabs her friend CHRISSY -- 17, a twiggy brunette trying hard to be pretty -- by the arm.

They skip arm-in-arm down the walkway. At the sidewalk, both girls turn on their heels and give the school the finger. Then they double over in LAUGHTER.

STUDENTS pile out the front doors behind them.

CHRISSY

Got a dime?

Mary pats her skirt dramatically.

MARY

Fresh out.

CHRISSY

Well how do you expect this little plan of yours to work if you don't even have change for Ma Bell?

Mary winks at her friend.

MARY

Watch and learn, Chris.

She grabs a passing boy by the rock band patch-covered jean jacket.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hey, studmuffin.

STUDMUFFIN looks her up and down, playing it cool.

STUDMUFFIN

Mary. *Que pasa?*

MARY

Got a dime?

STUDMUFFIN

I don't know. Why don't you check?

She reaches both hands into the front pockets of his jeans and tugs him toward her, surprising him, pressing him against her breasts as she rummages.

MARY

What's this? That feels like a whole roll of dimes.

CHRISSY

Mary!

MARY

(shrugs)  
Okay, maybe a half roll.

Chrissy snickers behind her hand. The boy turns red.

STUDMUFFIN

You wish.

She smiles wide, looking Studmuffin dead in the eyes until he looks away shyly. Then she simultaneously pushes him away and brings up a shiny new dime.

MARY

Thanks, sweetie. C'mon, Chris.

They head off across the street, GIGGLING, Studmuffin stunned and embarrassed. Finally he snaps out of it.

STUDMUFFIN

Hey! You guys owe me a dime!

CHRISSY

Call someone who cares!

And they laugh again, heading for the payphone.

INT. HOLY CHILD HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Mary steps in and cautiously approaches the plain-Jane SECRETARY behind the desk who's on the phone.

Mary's got a whole different demeanor now, playing the role of innocent school girl.

MARY

Um, excuse me? I'm Mary O'Dell.

The Secretary raises a finger. She nods, cradles the phone.

SECRETARY

Mr. Bloom? Father Daniels will see you now.

Mary turns to see Hershel Bloom stand up from the row of orange Bakelite chairs and smooth his slacks, wearing a tweed jacket with suede elbow patches.

Her eyes flash with recognition. Hershel smiles at the secretary, doesn't even glance at Mary.

HERSHEL

Wish me luck.

The Secretary gives him goo-goo eyes.

SECRETARY

Luck.

She watches him enter the Principal's office, then turns to Mary.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Yes?

MARY

(points to the door)

Who was that?

The Secretary's eyes narrow in suspicion.

SECRETARY

Name, please.

MARY

Mary O'Dell. You called for me on the PA?

SECRETARY

Oh, yes, Mary. I just spoke with your mother. It seems your grandmother's taken ill. They've brought her to the hospital.

Mary does a decent job acting mortified.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Now don't worry, the doctor said she's in stable condition.

MARY

Oh, thank goodness. Just when they thought she was getting better, you know?

(nods at the office)

Who was that man just now?

SECRETARY

Never you mind, sweetie. You get home now and tend to your grammy.

Mary gives another look to the office door, curious.

MARY

Yeah... Thank you, Miss Tandy.

Then she heads out.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hershel sweats, scrunched up in a too-small chair, smiling so wide he might split his face.

Across the desk, FATHER DANIELS flips through Hershel's resume. Scowling. Finally, he peels off his glasses and looks up at Hershel.

Hershel's smile widens even further.

FATHER DANIELS

I see you were in Vietnam. Terrible conflict. Godless heathens, the lot of them.

Hershel's frown only lasts a moment.

HERSHEL

I couldn't agree more, sir.  
(catches himself)  
Father.

Father Daniels smiles.

FATHER DANIELS

And your teaching experience, that was --

HERSHEL

Five years of tenth grade English.

FATHER DANIELS

-- at a public school.

HERSHEL

Well, yeah.

FATHER DANIELS

"Yeah"?

HERSHEL

Yes, it was. But we had a great record.

FATHER DANIELS

Still, it was a public school.

HERSHEL

Yeah -- yes.

Father Daniels smiles, puts his glasses back on and returns his gaze to Hershel's resumé.

FATHER DANIELS

Subsequent to your time in the military, you seem to have quite a significant gap in employment. Eight years, in fact. I served in Korea myself, albeit as chaplain, so I understand how difficult it can be to transition, shall we say, from daily combat back to a normal life,  
(MORE)

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)  
 a job, a -- Are you married, Mr.  
 Bloom?

HERSHEL  
 No, sir. Father.

FATHER DANIELS  
 And the employment gap?

HERSHEL  
 Injured in combat. Sent home early.

FATHER DANIELS  
 Oh. You were... shot?

HERSHEL  
 (shakes his head)  
 Caught some shrapnel in the a-- the  
 backside. I wasn't able to walk for  
 a while. House-bound.

FATHER DANIELS  
 A shame. Though perhaps it was for  
 the best. The Lord works in mysterious  
 ways.

HERSHEL  
 Don't I know it.

Father Daniels raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

FATHER DANIELS  
 Mr. Bloom, I'm going to be perfectly  
 candid with you now, I hope you don't  
 mind.

HERSHEL  
 Please.

FATHER DANIELS  
 I spend much of my free time with  
 the National Catholic Office for  
 Motion Pictures, what was once called  
 the National Legion of Decency. I  
 rather prefer that name, don't you?  
 One knows what to expect.

Hershel rises from his chair, seeing where the priest is  
 going with this.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)  
 Sit down, Mr. Bloom.  
 (MORE)

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)

You visit me in my office, pull me away from my duties, you can indulge me a moment longer, I think.

Hershel sits, seems to shrink in the chair. He takes out a pack of smokes, shakes one out and puts it in his mouth. Father Daniels gives him a disapproving glare.

HERSHEL

If I'm gonna stand in front of the firing squad, I should at least get a last cigarette.

The priest nods. Hershel lights it. Takes a good drag.

FATHER DANIELS

My work with the Office asks me to view a great many films most men in my position wouldn't be able to sit through. I suppose my time in Korea prepared me with a certain amount of, shall we say "desensitization." I have witnessed the horrors of war, Mr. Bloom, but none have prepared me for the depravities I've seen at the N.C.O.M.P.

He removes a handkerchief from his desk, belches into it.

HERSHEL

Listen, Father, I know what --

FATHER DANIELS

Women prostrate, fondling each other's genitals. Two men inserting themselves simultaneously into a single orifice.

A man --

(holds back vomit)

-- pleasuring himself with his own mouth!

Hershel's visibly impressed by that last one.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)

It is my duty before God to condemn these so-called "films", and their participants. My hope, Mr. Bloom, is that God can forgive you your transgressions.

He stifles another belch with his handkerchief.



FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)  
 Lord knows I haven't the stomach for  
 it.

HERSHEL  
 (standing)  
 I guess we're done here.

FATHER DANIELS  
 You may go, yes. Oh, and Mr. Bloom?

Hershel turns at the door.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)  
 You really didn't think I'd let a  
 Christ-killer teach in my school,  
 did you?

This stings harder than the rest, but Hershel hides the hurt  
 with a final drag of his smoke, drops it at his feet.

Father Daniels leans over the desk to see Hershel's alligator  
 boot grind the butt into the hardwood.

HERSHEL  
 You have yourself a great afternoon,  
 padre.

That said, he leaves the office.

EXT. THE GORSKI APARTMENT - DAY

Ed stands under a steamy shower, letting it wash over his  
 face, spitting out water.

HOLLY GORSKI, 21, blonde and pregnant in her bathrobe, enters  
 with a cup of coffee, hands it to him as he steps out of the  
 shower.

He sets it on the toilet tank. Takes her by the hand and  
 dances her around the bathroom, humming tunelessly. She  
 laughs.

HOLLY  
 Eddy Bear! You're soaking wet!

He pulls her close. She yelps and runs from the bathroom. Ed  
 follows, naked and dripping, into the bedroom, arms raised  
 and grunting like Frankenstein's monster.

Later, they sit at the kitchen table in the sun, dipping  
 toast into runny eggs. Traffic sounds from the balcony.

Ed looks up from the sports pages, at Holly concentrating on  
 the crossword puzzle. She catches his look.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 What's a seven-letter word, "say  
 that thou didst blank me"? Starts  
 with F.

ED  
 (counting fingers)  
 F-U-C...

Holly laughs.

HOLLY  
 It's Shakespeare, you nut!

ED  
 (thinks)  
 Forsake?

Holly writes it in. It fits, and she smiles. He smiles back.

Ed, dressed for work, pours his coffee in the sink. He leans  
 in to kiss Holly on the lips, a hand on her belly. She kisses  
 back, smiling.

ED (CONT'D)  
 Don't wait up, Holly.

HOLLY  
 We won't.

Ed kisses her belly, then heads for the door.

ED  
 Love love love.

HOLLY  
 Love love love.

Ed shuts the door behind him. Holly looks at the door for a  
 moment, sighs heavily. Then she picks up the pen and gets  
 back to the crossword. Her pen hovers over the word "FORSAKE."  
 It taunts her.

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - OFFICE - DAY

A new set of Hummels on the desk. The same Elderly Secretary  
 from 1975 smiles when Burt enters.

BURT MANJAW  
 Nancy said you called for me?

ELDERLY SECRETARY  
 Sal and Dominic are waiting to see  
 you, dudel.

BURT MANJAW  
 The Gallianos are here?  
 (then)  
 And how many times do I gotta tell  
 you not to call me "dudel" around  
 the office? It's Burt.

ELDERLY SECRETARY  
 (chastised)  
 Burt. They're at the theater.

BURT MANJAW  
 They're at Passions? Oy vey.

He kisses her on the forehead.

BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 Wish me luck, hey, Ma?

The Elderly Secretary, apparently BURT'S MOTHER, smiles.

ELDERLY SECRETARY  
 Luck, *bubbeleh*.

He leaves the office.

EXT. PASSIONS THEATER - DAY

The marquee announces *THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN* and *SLICK JOHNSON, PRIVATE DICK - MATINEE ONLY*.

Posters of explicit pictures grace the outer walls: *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Behind the Green Door*, *Jade Nights*, advertised as "*Slick Johnson's 1st film!*" etc.

Manjaw steps out of a taxi.

DOM GALLIANO (looking the same as his photo at the FBI HQ in Miami) smokes out front. SAL GALLIANO stands by the

*Jade* poster, admiring Lilly Swallows's butt with his hands deep in his pants pockets.

BURT MANJAW  
 Salvatore. Dominic. You boys feeling  
 nostalgic, or what? *Slick* fucking  
*Johnson*...

He chuckles nervously, wipes his sweaty hands on his pants, then holds one out for Dom to shake. Dom just eyeballs him through a haze of smoke.

Sal shakes Burt's hand, then wipes his own with a handkerchief from the lapel pocket of his leisure suit.

DOM GALLIANO  
We'll talk inside, huh?

BURT MANJAW  
(shrugs)  
You're the boss.

Dom crushes out his cigarette on the sole of his shoe as Sal approaches the ticket booth.

SAL GALLIANO  
Three adults for the *Slick Dick*  
picture, please and thank you.

DOM GALLIANO  
You don't gotta say "adults." It's X-  
rated, you whack-job.

Dom gives Burt a look like "You believe that?" Burt grins.

INT. PASSIONS THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

As Sal bends to pump butter onto his popcorn, Burt notices a Baretta 92 in the shoulder holster under Sal's jacket.

Dom tears open a candy bar wrapper with his teeth as they head inside.

A decent-sized theater. A few people sit around, mostly near the back, men and women gabbing and eating. Dom and Burt follow Sal down the rows.

DOM GALLIANO  
So how ya doing, Manjaw?

BURT MANJAW  
Good, Dom, thanks for asking.

DOM GALLIANO  
Good? That's interesting.

BURT MANJAW  
Is it?

Sal stops at the middle row, in front of a YOUNG COUPLE.

SAL GALLIANO  
Excuse us.

The kids pull up their legs. Sal squeezes through. Burt gestures for Dom to follow, not about to sit between them.

DOM GALLIANO  
Ladies first, Manjaw.

Burt takes a deep breath, then follows Sal to a seat.

SAL GALLIANO  
 (re: his snacks)  
 Hold these a sec, would ya?

Burt takes the soda and popcorn. Sal lays his handkerchief down on a seat and sits. Burt hands him his snacks and flops down beside him.

SAL GALLIANO (CONT'D)  
 What were we talking about?

BURT MANJAW  
 You said it's interesting --

SAL GALLIANO  
 Right, the other day I asked Dom, I wonder how Manjaw's doing? You know what he said?

Burt turns to Dom, close enough to kiss. Receives a dead-eyed stare.

BURT MANJAW  
 "Good"?

DOM GALLIANO  
 I did not say good, Manjaw.

SAL GALLIANO  
 He did not say good.

DOM GALLIANO  
 What I did say, Manjaw, was "I don't care how he's doing, so long as he's doing it on the cheap."

Burt looks to Sal, then back to Dom. Suddenly, Dom breaks out laughing. Sal joins him. Burt laughs too, pretending not to be scared.

SAL GALLIANO  
 He did say that.

DOM GALLIANO  
 Because you, my friend, are the Paul to our Peters. You make your movies, and we make money. You enjoy making your beaver pictures, don't you?

BURT MANJAW  
 We prefer to think of them as art films.

SAL GALLIANO  
 Oh yeah? I don't know about you, but  
 I ain't never jacked-off to the  
 Moaning Lisa.

DOM GALLIANO  
 You could do worse.

SAL GALLIANO  
 I've done worse.

The brothers LAUGH.

DOM GALLIANO  
 Whatever you call them, so as long  
 as you're making them, you're happy  
 as a clam. Would I be correct to  
 presume that?

BURT MANJAW  
 Sure.

DOM GALLIANO  
 "Sure"?

BURT MANJAW  
 Yes. Of course. Dom, what are you--?

SAL GALLIANO  
 SHUT THE FUCK UP, MANJAW!

Burt's jaw CLACKS shut. The Young Guy SHUSHES them.

SAL GALLIANO (CONT'D)  
 Did you fucking shush me? You got  
 any idea who the fuck I am?

The Young Guy shies away, faking innocence.

DOM GALLIANO  
 Cool it, Sal. You want them to call  
 the cops?

Sal grumbles and eats a handful of corn.

DOM GALLIANO (CONT'D)  
 I'm sure you can understand our  
 curiosity. Beaver pictures or art  
 films, if Manjaw enjoys making them  
 so much, as he so claims, why is he  
 dragging his heels in the casting?

Burt just looks at him.

SAL GALLIANO  
 Answer the question, Manjaw!  
 (to the Young Couple)  
 Nothing to add that time, huh? No  
 shush? No clucking tongue of  
 disapproval?

The Young Couple gets up and moves to the back.

The LIGHTS DIM. A cool '70s soundtrack begins as the projector  
 lights flicker over their faces.

BURT MANJAW  
 I'm not dragging my heels, Dom. We  
 need a star, right? I still haven't  
 found her.

DOM GALLIANO  
 It is the business of our business  
 to make stars. You think Linda  
 Lovelace was a star before *Deep Throat*  
 came out?

SAL GALLIANO  
 She was banging horses, from what I  
 hear.

DOM GALLIANO  
 Georgina Spelvin, Constance Money,  
 Seka --

SAL GALLIANO  
 -- the Ivory Snow queen.

DOM GALLIANO  
 Right. Now what do all these names  
 have in common, Manjaw?

BURT MANJAW  
 They were nobodies?

SAL GALLIANO  
 Nobodies.

DOM GALLIANO  
 So long as there's a cock in the  
 honeypot, people don't give shit one  
 who's doing the fucking.  
 (re: the movie)  
 Case in point.

On the screen, HERSHEL kicks in the door, Baretta in hand.

HERSHEL (ON SCREEN)  
 Freeze, mama! Lemme see them tits!

Lilly Swallows drops her towel. The camera pans lovingly down her body, past her tattoos, to her smooth backside.

Sal shifts uncomfortably in his seat, popcorn in his lap. The moans begin. The grunts. The raunchy funk music.

SAL GALLIANO

Whatever happened to that Lilly Swallows?

BURT MANJAW

She disappeared after the bust. We ain't exactly pen pals, fellas.

DOM GALLIANO

What about whatshisname?  
(nods at the screen)  
This guy.

SAL GALLIANO

Randy Rockhard. The eleven inches that made ten million. You know I heard he used to teach high school English?

DOM GALLIANO

Now he's teaching America's teens how to bang.

The Gallianos LAUGH.

BURT MANJAW

Randy and I aren't on speaking terms.

SAL GALLIANO

Maybe because you let him do two years in Chino.

DOM GALLIANO

Chino ain't exactly Club Med, Manjaw.

SAL GALLIANO

Poor bastard probably took it up the ass in there so many times he forgot what God intended it for.

Again, they LAUGH.

BURT MANJAW

Look, I'll find someone, okay, fellas? End of the week. I promise.

DOM GALLIANO

You'd better, Manjaw. Time and tide wait for no man.



SAL GALLIANO  
Remember who you're working for. Mr.  
Donati ain't no gravy train.

DOM GALLIANO  
That's right. Now shut the fuck up  
while we enjoy the movie.

Dom reaches into his pants and moves his hand up and down.  
Burt turns to Sal. Sal gestures to the unmoved box of popcorn  
in his lap.

SAL GALLIANO  
Want some corn?

Burt eyes the EXIT sign, but he's stuck.

DOM GALLIANO  
Quit squirming, Manjaw.

So Burt looks straight ahead at Hershel's grunting face, the  
final insult.

EXT. BOTTOMS UP! CLUB - AFTERNOON

The name of the bar written in neon on the cracked brick  
facade. A sign below this says:

OUR DRINKS ARE BOTTOMLESS LIKE OUR GIRLS!

INT. BOTTOMS UP! CLUB - AFTERNOON

A young, spaced-out STRIPPER twirls around the pole,  
bottomless.

Hershel sits below her with his elbows resting on the stage,  
shot glasses lined up in front of him beside an empty bottle.

Hershel pounds one down. Another. Struggles to focus.

HERSHEL  
Great fuckin shoes!

He paws drunkenly at her foot. She kicks at him.

STRIPPER  
Hands off, asshole!

A burly BOUNCER approaches.

BOUNCER  
There a problem, Candy?

STRIPPER

Yeah, there's a problem. This asshole  
won't keep his hairy palms off me.

Hershel squints at his palms. The Bouncer looks down at  
Hershel with disdain. Then recognition hits. He grins.

BOUNCER

Holy shit! Candy! Do you know who  
this is? This is Randy fucking  
Rockhard!  
(off her ignorance)  
The porn star!

Hershel shakes his head.

STRIPPER

Him? He looks like a fag.

HERSHEL

Hey, fuck you, you drugged-out cooze!

The Stripper shoots him the finger.

STRIPPER

Fuck you, ya queer! Talkin bout my  
shoes, how about I put my shoe up  
your ass, huh? I bet you'd like it!

HERSHEL

Fuck you!

BOUNCER

Yeah, fuck you, Candy. Randy Rockhard  
ain't no queer. Hey, what are you  
drinking, man? You want another  
bottle?

HERSHEL

No, that's not -- Sure, I'll have  
another, but I'm not --

The Bouncer sits, puts an arm around Hershel's shoulders.

BOUNCER

I seen all your pictures, man. You,  
Hugh Hefner, and James Bond. Personal  
fuckin idols.

STRIPPER

Jesus, why don't you suck each other's  
dicks already?

BOUNCER

Shut the fuck up, Candy.

HERSHEL

Look, I'm not gay, and I'm not Randy  
fuckin Rock-- !

The Bouncer picks up the empty bottle. Instinctively, Hershel swings out at him.

Too slow. Idol or not, the Bouncer grabs Hershel's fist, pins his arm back, and yanks him off the stool.

HERSHEL (CONT'D)

Whoa! Hey, cool it, man! I thought  
you loved my movies!

BOUNCER

Fuck your movies, man! I could ball  
chicks way better than you.

STRIPPER

Nah, I bet even gay-boy here's got  
you beat with that wee little thing  
of yours, Roy.

HERSHEL / BOUNCER

SHUT UP, CANDY!

Leaving her in stunned silence, the Bouncer hauls Hershel toward the door.

EXT. BOTTOMS UP! CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open, ejecting Hershel into the harsh light of day. Hershel stumbles into the heap of garbage bags on the curb.

The Bouncer wipes his hands of Hershel and disappears behind the closing door.

Hershel struggles to raise up out of the trash. Then he settles in.

HERSHEL

Fuck...

INT. O'DELL GARAGE - NIGHT

Mary creeps in through the house door. Shelving runs along the back wall, filled with boxes and tools. She squeezes past a car under a tarp on her way to the far corner, then kneels and lifts a box off a stack. Another.

She removes the lid off the bottom box, peers inside.

A cornucopia of porn magazines: *Hustler*, *Oui*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, a *Club International* from 1976 with pubic hair clearly displayed on the cover.

Mary sifts through these, looking for a specific magazine. She finds it, removes it gingerly from the stack without displacing the others.

A *Playboy* titled More Sex in Cinema. On the cover, a female theatergoer has slipped a hand into her panties.

Mary's eyes light up as she flips through the magazine. Past photos of nude models, ribald cartoons, cigarette ads, a Vargas pinup. A secret world meant only for men.

And then, the title *Sex in Cinema - 1975* over a repro of the *Jaws* poster. Mary flips slower now. Tim Curry in *Rocky Horror*. Warren Beatty getting blown in *Shampoo*.

And finally, the picture she's been looking for, a still from *Slick Johnson: Private Dick*.

She slides her finger from Hershel's photo to the text below: *Seasoned pro Lilly Swallows takes all 11 inches of Randy Rockhard in "Slick Johnson" sequel "Private Dick." Months before its release, Rockhard (Hershel Bloom) was arrested for pandering in a landmark case against the industry.*

MARY

Gotcha.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A FLASH BULB POPS.

Hershel stands drunkenly in front of the height chart, clothes dirtied from falling in the trash.

COP (O.S.)

Turn to the left.

He wobbles to the left. The PHOTO SNAPS and he pukes on his shirt.

INT. O'DELL GARAGE - NIGHT

The RATTLE of the garage door startles Mary. She slides the magazine back into place as the door rolls up, returns the lid, stacks the box back on top.

Quickly she tears the tarp off the shiny new cherry red Corvette. As the headlights of the car outside catch her, she plays "caught in the act."

A shimmering black Lincoln Continental Mark V stops just feet from her.

MARY'S DAD climbs out in a tux, angry. MARY'S MOM follows, mink stole and clutch purse.

MARY'S DAD

Well well well! If I didn't see it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it!

MARY'S MOM

I told you she'd been sneaking in here at night, Louis.

MARY'S DAD

I know what you said, Dotty!  
(to Mary)  
Well? Explain yourself, girl!

Mary breaks down in fake tears and runs into her father's arms, surprising him.

MARY

I'm so sorry Daddy I just wanted to see the car it's just so shiny and pretty I just wanted to look at it, but I won't do it again I promise I won't, please don't be mad at me!

Mary's Dad finally gives in, puts his arms around her as she blubbers, pats her back. Mary's Mom shakes her head and rolls her eyes, same old story.

Over her Dad's shoulder, Mary wipes her tears. And grins.

INT. SOUTHSIDE PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Ed zips up his fly and turns to look at himself in a dingy full-length mirror. Brown polyester pants with white loafers, a leather bomber jacket, open shirt. The shelves behind the mirror are loaded with all kinds of junk.

ED

I can't do this, Saint.

ST. CHARLES

You don't like the threads we can get you new ones.

ED

I dig the clothes, man. It's going deep. How am I gonna tell Holly I gotta leave her for... hell, who knows how long?

ST. CHARLES

You better tell her. Julia and Samson set up a meeting with Burt in two weeks.

ED

Two weeks? With Manjaw?

ST. CHARLES

No, Reynolds. Him and Sally invited us to his nightclub. I hear it's a stone groove.

Ed almost cracks a smile.

ST. CHARLES (CONT'D)

But hey, if you think busting delivery men and sweet old ladies for shipping porn to undercover cops is a more efficient use of government time and money, by all means, torch the operation.

Ed says nothing. He knows St. Charles is right.

St. Charles looks behind them, where THE SURGEON works on an I.D. with tweezers, through a magnifying lamp. He's an old Soviet defector, and looks the part.

ST. CHARLES (CONT'D)

How are those I.D.s looking, chief?

THE SURGEON

Ve are almost done.

ED

Wouldn't it have been easier for the Bureau to handle this?

ST. CHARLES

You want to get buried in red tape, ask the Bureau. You want to go on a paper trip, you're gonna need a damn good I.D. In Miami, you visit The Surgeon.

Ed lets it go.

THE SURGEON

And ve are finish.

The Surgeon pushes aside the mirror lamp. Ed and St. Charles approach and look down at their new DRIVER'S LICENSES.

Ed reaches out for his, the name on it MICHAEL SNOW. The Surgeon SLAPS his hand. Ed pulls it back, stung.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

Is not dry yet.  
 (to St. Charles)  
 Yours is ready.

St. Charles picks up his new license. Ed peeks over his shoulder. Saint's new name is RICHARD HANSOM.

ST. CHARLES

Still feels kinda ghoulish stealing names from dead kids.

ED

At least you can give yourself a cool nickname.

ST. CHARLES

You know how long it took to find the obituary of an Afro-American kid named Dick Hansom?

ED

I don't know. Half an hour?

ST. CHARLES

Yeah, I got lucky.  
 (then)  
 You know, you could always call yourself Mick. Or Mickey.

THE SURGEON

Like the mouse!

ST. CHARLES

(grins)  
 Like the mouse.

ED

Mickey Snow, huh?

Ed turns to check himself out in the mirror. He nods, warming up to it.

ED (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm Mickey Snow. How ya doin?  
 I'm Mickey.

ST. CHARLES

It's no Dick Hansom, but it ain't half bad.

The Surgeon agrees with a nod and a shrug.

EXT. MANJAW PICTURES - MORNING

The sun rises over the old studio.

INT. MANJAW PICTURES - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A radio alarm clock BUZZES on the hippy bedroom set's night stand.

With a GRUNT, Burt Manjaw rolls over on the sofa, half-covered by an afghan. He sits up, slaps the alarm off, stretches his arms and YAWNS.

He picks a half-smoked cigarette out of a stacked ashtray and lights it. The place was always post-party trashed, but apparently some of it is functional.

He takes a baggie of coke out of his jeans, cuts some out into lines on a magazine photo spread from the '77 Oscars, Rocky's producers raising Stallone's arms like a champ, Faye Dunaway accepting her award, Mark Hamill and C-3P0.

Burt looks at this like a man whose lost his dreams.

BURT MANJAW

That should be me schmoozin with C-3P0, goddammit.

He SNORTS up a line. He sits back a moment, enjoying the buzz. But something draws him back to the table.

One-sheets for *Kerbie the Fuck Bug*, a full-page ad in *Variety*, script pages in white and pink and yellow.

Suddenly angered, Burt swipes them all off the table, a little girl having a tantrum. He sinks back onto the sofa, weeps with his head in his hands.

AL THE DP (O.S.)

Everything all right, Burt?

Burt looks up, startled.

Al's standing by the camera equipment. Burt wipes his tears.

BURT MANJAW

Yeah. Of course. Just doing my primal scream therapy.

(SCREAMS)

Perfectly normal behavior, right?  
How long you been standing there?

Al shrugs. Burt gets up, begins to clean his mess.



BURT MANJAW (CONT'D)  
 All right, let's get ready, huh?  
 Long day of auditions. Gotta find  
 the Gallianos a star in a couple  
 days or they're gonna feed me my  
 balls.

Al thinks about it for a moment.

AL THE DP  
 That's not gonna taste good, Burt.

Burt chuckles, setting the scripts back on the table.

BURT MANJAW  
 No, Al, it is not.

He shakes his head -- "That's our Al."

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mary sits on her bed in her pajamas, a little girl's bedroom  
 with lace and sparkles and teddy bears.

She's got the phone beside her and a phone book and pen in  
 her lap. She dials a number, waits as it RINGS. Once, twice.  
 Finally it CLICKS.

MARY  
 Hi, may I please speak with Hershel  
 Bloom?

A moment. Then disappointment.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Oh. No, sorry to bother you. Thank  
 you. G'bye.

Mary hangs up, then picks up the pen and crosses off another  
 BLOOM, H. Already more than a dozen have been crossed off  
 above this one.

She picks up the receiver, dials a number. ZIP! CLACKETY-  
 CLACKETY- CLACK. ZIIIP! CLACKETY-CLACKETY-CLACKETY.

It RINGS. RINGS again. There's a CLICK.

MARY'S DAD (OVER PHONE)  
 (mid conversation)  
 I'm calling him right now, Dotty. I  
said I'd call him.

Mary lowers the phone and shouts at her door:

MARY  
I'M ON THE PHONE, DAD!

INT. O'DELL KITCHEN - DAY

Mary's Dad cradles the phone, and turns to his wife, who's drinking coffee in hair rollers at the table.

MARY'S DAD  
Maybe we ought to get Mary her own  
line.

Mary's Mom just shakes her head in bewilderment.

INT. DRUNK TANK - DAY

Hershel naps on the cot, vomit stains on his clothes.

Another DRUNK unzips and pisses in the toilet by Hershel's head. Pee splashes on his face and he wakes, spitting.

HERSHEL  
Jesus! What the hell?

The GUARD comes by, BANGS his nightstick on the bars.

GUARD  
Hershel Bloom? Today's your lucky  
day.

HERSHEL  
You know, I was just thinking that.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Hershel leaves the building, trying not to stagger. Lo and behold, the Plainclothes Cop from '75 waits on the sidewalk.

PLAINCLOTHES COP  
Pretty eager to get back in the  
slammer, hey, palomino? Just can't  
pound you as well on the outside,  
can they?

HERSHEL  
Do I know you, asshole?

Plainclothes lowers his sunglasses. Hershel recognizes him.

HERSHEL (CONT'D)  
Aw, shit, man! What the hell do you  
want?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

What happened back then, I needed a big bust, get my name in the papers. Nothing personal.

HERSHEL

That shotgun to the nuts felt pretty fucking personal.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Rookie mistake. Look, would you rather spend another night in the drunk tank? Just lemme drive you home. It's murder getting a cab around here.

HERSHEL

(re: the taxi)

There's one right over there.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

That's a UC.

(off Hershel's blank look)

Undercover Cop. My car's over here.

Plainclothes heads off. Hershel glances back at the cab, then follows.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Plainclothes holds out a pack of Tareyton's.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Cigarette?

HERSHEL

I quit.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Yeah, relaxing the nerves with smooth tobacco flavor. Who needs that?

Hershel just rolls down the window.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

It's a joke, man. Loosen up.

HERSHEL

The fuck do you want?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

What the fuck do I want? What do you want, Bloom?

(MORE)

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

You think passing out drunk in a heap of garbage outside a strip club is gonna help you get that plum teaching job? Pardon the intrusion, Captain Fantastic, but you ain't exactly the portrait of a guy who's got his shit together.

Hershel squints out into the street. Gigolos hustling on the sidewalk, whites, blacks and latinos. A drunk couple stumble arm-in-arm and fall on their asses, laughing.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry you had to take the fall for those scum fucks. But I'll tell you who's not sorry: Burt Manjaw. He's out there in his ivory tower in the Valley, acting like he's untouchable, holding auditions for illegal movies in broad fuckin daylight.

HERSHEL

What the fuck do I care what Burt's doing?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Because he let you be his sacrificial lamb, that's why. Because the mafia financed every one of his movies, and the blood from their shady dealings is as much on your dick as it is his.

HERSHEL

We just wanted to make movies. Have a good time, shake up the system a little. Why can't you people just leave us alone?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

"Us"?

HERSHEL

(covering)

That life's in the past. I've put it behind me.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Yeah, that must be why you take the long way home past Manjaw Pictures every night. For closure.

HERSHEL

This is a violation of my fucking constitutional rights, man! I've done my time!

PLAINCLOTHES COP

We're not the bad guys, Bloom. Burt Manjaw and Sal and Dominic Galliano are the bad guys. They should have gone down, not you. You help us, you get a little payback, and you get to wash a little of that *Cosa Nostra* blood off your hands.

HERSHEL

You want me to squeal on my friends. Is that right? You want me to go right back into the business and rat out my fucking friends.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

"Friends"? You self-deluded--  
(catches himself)

The money they all made off you, Bloom, they could've bailed you out three times over. But they didn't. All you are to them is a big dick with dollar signs on it.

HERSHEL

And if I say no?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Photos of you and your boy toy, Jorge Jiminez, a Cuban illegal in this time of strife between our countries, end up on the editor's desk of every paper from here to Jew York.

(mimes the headline)

"PORN'S FAMOUS DICK QUEER AS THREE-DOLLAR BILL."

Plainclothes pulls the car over and reaches into his jeans.

HERSHEL

Jesus! Put that away, man!

Offended, Plainclothes holds up a business card.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

It's my card, you prick. Even if I was a fag, you think I'd whip it out on the job?

Hershel stares him down. Then he takes the card and looks at it: DET. CALVIN JOHNSON L.A.P.D., and his phone number.

HERSHEL

"Detective Johnson"? You gotta be fuckin kidding me.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

You didn't think you're the only Slick Johnson around town, did you? Dream on, pal.

Hershel looks at him. DETECTIVE JOHNSON (Plainclothes Cop) looks back. It feels like a moment. Hershel looks away, struck shy, tucking the business card into his own jeans.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You can walk the rest of the way, can't you?

Hershel looks out the window. Prostitutes and garbage and graffiti. He shrugs.

HERSHEL

Why not? Be an excellent capper to a great fucking day.

He gets out. The Detective leans out the passenger window.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Call me if you have a change of heart.  
(shrugs)  
Or whenever.

Hershel eyes him suspiciously. Detective Johnson flashes a million-dollar grin and peels out from the curb.

Hershel watches him drive off, not sure what to make of what just happened.

INT. THE GORSKI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moonlight through the window. Holly snores softly on her back when the door opens. Ed enters in silhouette.

He undresses quietly in the dark. Slips under the covers.

Holly wakes.

HOLLY

Eddy Bear?

ED

(caught)  
Hey, sweetie.

He kisses her on the forehead. She smiles and nuzzles into his chest, sleepy. He smooths her hair.

HOLLY

Long day?

ED

The longest. How's our little lawman?

HOLLY

He kicked up a storm as soon as I climbed into bed. But he's been quiet at least a few hours.

ED

So he's a boy now, is he?

HOLLY

I'm too tired to argue, Eddy. Want some warm milk?

ED

I'm good. Back to sleep, okay?

But she's already drifted off. For a beat, the only sound is her relaxed breathing.

ED (CONT'D)

Hon?

HOLLY

Mmm?

Ed considers how to start, opens his mouth to say something. Closes it. Then:

ED

Love love love.

HOLLY

(half-asleep)

Love love love.

Ashamed, Ed stares up at the moonlit ceiling sighs.

INT. HERSHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hershel lies in bed, shirtless, arms behind his head. Beside him, Jorge sleeps peacefully with a thumb in his mouth. Hershel creeps out of bed, leaves the room.

INT. HERSHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He's got the radio on, playing The Guess Who's "Undun" real low so Jorge won't wake.

He drags the telephone out onto the balcony, sits down in the chair in front of a bottle of scotch.

He picks up the bottle. Beneath it, a newsprint photo of himself, the byline: X-RATED FILM STAR RELEASED FROM PRISON. Disheartened, he chugs from the bottle.

HERSHEL

Fuck it.

He picks up Detective Johnson's business card, reaches for the phone.

RING. It's not the phone. RING-RING.

The doorbell. Hershel sets down Det. Johnson's card and the phone.

He pads across shag carpeting to the door. Opens it.

MARY's standing in the hall in a denim jacket and jeans.

HERSHEL (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

As the music comes to its crescendo, Mary gives him a coy look, and DROPS THE JACKET. She's NAKED UNDERNEATH. Drop-dead gorgeous.

And for once, Hershel doesn't know what to say.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

A CROCODILE lumbers out of the swamp and onto the road.

Sun and swamp land and trees. A shiny brown Chrysler Cordoba drives by.

TITLE CARD: I-95, NEAR THE FLORIDA/GEORGIA BORDER, ONE WEEK LATER

INT./EXT. CORDOBA (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A mellow groove plays on the 8-track.

Ed (as Mickey Snow, cultivating a nice mustache) drives, and St. Charles (as Dick Hansom, growing out his hair) rides shotgun. Ed smokes, anxious.

ST. CHARLES

So what did you tell Holly?

ED

Huh? Oh.

(MORE)



ED (CONT'D)

(lying)

I, uh... I told her we'd be okay.  
Nothing would change.

ST. CHARLES

Good boy.

ED

What did you say to Cheryl?

ST. CHARLES

You know I can't lie to that woman.  
She's got ESP, or some shit. Can't  
even blame a fart on the dog.

Ed LAUGHS.

ED

So you told her everything?

ST. CHARLES

I told her as much as she wanted to  
know. Left out what she didn't.

ED

Like...?

ST. CHARLES

Like I didn't say we'd be in constant  
danger of getting caught, that we'll  
always be looking over our shoulders  
for the gun at our backs. And the  
deeper we get, the more drugs and  
pussy and all manner of shit they're  
gonna lay at our feet, like we're a  
couple of Roman emperors instead of  
two dudes on the job. And somehow,  
amidst all that, we gotta keep a  
level head. We gotta remember, we're  
not there to have fun, or make  
friends. We're there to bust some  
heads.

Ed absorbs this as he drives. Then:

ED

Coming up on the state line here...

St. Charles looks out at the road, then at Ed. He grins,  
with a look like "You ready?" Ed returns the grin.

A moment later they pass the road sign: WELCOME TO GEORGIA  
*One of the original thirteen colonies.*

ST. CHARLES

And we are officially outlaws.

ED

I thought I'd feel different when we crossed that line, you know? I mean we're criminals now, man. We just broke the law, the same damn law we're ready to bust heads for. But I don't any different. I feel exactly the same. You?

ST. CHARLES

It's just a line. People cross lines every day and don't even think twice about it. Thing you gotta remember is, we're working for the good guys here. No moral quandary about it.

Ed nods. Then he spots something. Nods up ahead.

ED

This them?

Up ahead, a WHITE CUBE VAN's parked at a rest stop.

ST. CHARLES

Should be. You ready?

ED

Not like we can turn back now, right?

St. Charles just looks at Ed, while tucking a Colt .45 down the front of his pants.

EXT. REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

Ed pulls the Cordoba up alongside the outhouses, throws it in reverse, and backs up to the van.

Two guys get out of the van, a dude who looks like he just left a BLACK PANTHER rally, and a white guy who thinks he's the MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Ed and St. Charles climb out of the Cordoba.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

You Snow and Hansom?

ST. CHARLES

I'm Dick. He's Mickey.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

You both look like dicks to me.

The Midnight Cowboy snickers.

BLACK PANTHER  
(raised fist)  
What it is, my black brother?

ST. CHARLES  
Cut the shit, "brother." We're in  
fuckin Georgia.

BLACK PANTHER  
(lowers his fist)  
Man, you ain't even that handsome.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY  
(to Ed)  
Spades, huh, man?  
(to St. Charles)  
No offense.

ST. CHARLES  
Why would I be offended, coming as  
it is from an ignorant, cousin-fucking  
piece of chicken shit like yourself?

MIDNIGHT COWBOY  
(laughing)  
Shit, man, this guy tells it like it  
is. I like it!

BLACK PANTHER  
Quit sucking the man's dick.  
(to Ed and Saint)  
You dudes got the merchandise?

ED  
What do you think? We drove all the  
way out here from Miami to use the  
shitters?

The Black Panther and the Midnight Cowboy turn to each other,  
sizing up the situation. Then they CRACK UP.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY  
Yeah, I guess not. All right, then.  
Let's make a deal.

Ed goes around back and opens the trunk. He hauls out a DUFFEL  
BAG. Then another.

ED  
(to St. Charles)  
That's okay, Dick. I'll get it.

St. Charles snaps out of it and hurries over. He hauls one bag over while Ed brings the other. Ed unzips his, full of VIDEOTAPES.

The other guys peer in. Look unimpressed.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

This is it? Where's the film?

ST. CHARLES

You're looking at the future of X-rated right here: a little thing called home video. We got a dozen copies here of each of the newest films currently in theaters. Promises to more than double the profits you're making now at half the cost.

Again, the two thugs share a calculating look.

BLACK PANTHER

Mr. Donati didn't say nothing about "video."

ED

Mr. Donati don't know about it yet. But he will. And believe me, my friends, he will thank you for introducing it to him.

ST. CHARLES

Fact is, we're so confident in this venture, we'll throw in a tape player absolutely free.

Black Panther and Midnight Cowboy share another look.

BLACK PANTHER

Half the price, huh?

INT./EXT - CORDOBA - MOMENTS LATER

Ed and St. Charles climb in. St. Charles holds a briefcase in his lap. He pops it open. Stacks and stacks of bills.

ED

Piece of cake.

Suddenly the CUBE VAN ERUPTS IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL!

Ed and St. Charles duck as the Cordoba's BUMPER RISES A FOOT IN THE AIR, the EXPLOSION ringing in their ears.

They turn to each other, identical expressions -- "What the fuck just happened?"

Bits of the outhouse rain down around them. A TIRE SLAMS DOWN on the roof, startling them into action. A snakeskin COWBOY BOOT cracks the windshield.

Saint tucks the briefcase under his feet as Ed throws the transmission into drive.

They peel out of the rest stop, kicking up dirt. SCREECH onto the highway.

ED (CONT'D)

Saint?

ST. CHARLES

Yeah, Ed?

Ed glances at the flames flickering, black smoke rising in the rearview mirror as they make distance on the highway.

ED

We're fucked.

FADE OUT.