

TRUE ROMANCE

by

Quentin Tarantino

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

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 highborws 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

A Sonny Chiba triple feature.
The Streetfighter, Return of the
Streetfighter, and Sister
Streetfighter.

LUCY

Who's Sonny Chiba?

CLARENCE

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

LUCY

(not believing this)

You wanna take me to a Kung Fu
movie?

CLARENCE

(holding up three
fingers)

Three Kung Fu movies.

Lucy takes a drag from her cigarette.

LUCY

(laughing)

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

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, Drexel is a white boy, but you
wouldn't know it to listen to him.

DREXL

Nigger, get outta my face with
that bullshit.

FLOYD

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

DREXL

That's bullshit.

BIG DON WATTS, a stout, mean-looking black man who's older than Drexel 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

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

DREXL

Preach on, Big D.

FLOYD

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

BIG D

Shit! Nigger you smoke enough sherm your dumb ass'll do a lot a crazy ass things.

(MORE)

BIG D (CONT'D)

So you won't eat pussy?
Motherfucker, you'll be up there
suckin' niggers' dicks.

DREXL

Heard that.

Drex1 and Big D bump fists.

FLOYD

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

(he takes a hit off
of a joint)

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

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)

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

Drex1 and Big D bust up.

FLOYD

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

BIG D

So you do eat pussy!

FLOYD

Naw, naw!

BIG D

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

(to 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.

(MORE)

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 Streetfighter. 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

Alabama, I'd like you to have this.

Clarence hands her the Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commadoes 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)

ALABAMA (CONT'D)

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

ALABAMA

(cuts him off)

What's his name?

CLARENCE

My boss... 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)

ALABAMA (CONT'D)

I couldn't write anymore. I didn't want to ever see you again. In fact, it's stupid not to ever see you again. Last night... I don't know... I felt... I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts. So I just said, 'Alabama, come clean. Let him know, what's what, and if he tells you to go fuck yourself then go back to Drexl and fuck yourself.'

CLARENCE

Who and what is a Drexl?

ALABAMA

My pimp.

CLARENCE

You have a pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

A real live pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

Is he black?

ALABAMA

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

CLARENCE

Is he nice?

ALABAMA

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

CLARENCE

What did he do to Arlene?

ALABAMA

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 Drexel 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. DOWNTOWN 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

Drex1?

MARTY

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

CLARENCE

I gotta talk to Drex1.

MARTY

Well, what the fuck you wanna tell him?

CLARENCE

It's about Alabama.

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

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

Before 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.

Drexel 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.

Drexel'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.

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

DREXL

(to Clarence)

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

(to Marty)

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

(laughing)

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

MARTY

(laughing)

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

DREXL

(to Clarence)

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

CLARENCE
 (hurting)
 Wannabee Nigger...

DREXL
 Fuck you! My mother was Apache!

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 screaming. The other hooker is curled up in the corner. She's too stoned to run, but stoned enough to be terrified.

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

Clarence points the gun at the remaining hooker.

CLARENCE

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

She doesn't move.

CLARENCE

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

The hooker, tears of fear running her mascara, grabs a suitcase from under the bed, and on her hands and knees, pushes it along the floor to Clarence.

Clarence takes it by the handle and wobbles over to Drexl, who's curled up like a pillbug.

CLOSEUP - CLARENCE'S FORGOTTEN DRIVER'S LICENSE

in Marty's bloody hand.

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, probaby not. Beer? You
can drink beer, can't you?

CLIFF

I can, but I don't.

CLARENCE

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

Cliff looks at 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.

Ravencroft puts her script down.

RAVENCROFT

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 Goddamn thing! I've tried to make your parental obligation as easy as possible. After Mom divorced you did I ever ask you for anything? When I wouldn't see ya for six months to a year at a time, did I ever get in your shit about it? No! 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
foreward to the time when we will
all be together again.

Clarence PEELS OUT, shooting a shower of gravel up in
the air.

As the Mustang disappears, Cliff runs his tongue over
his lips.

CLIFF

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

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)
Heeelllllloooooo baaaabbbbbbbyyyy!

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.

ALABAMA

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 fire-plug pitbull type) and VIRGIL (the quiet one).

Sitting in Cliff's reclining chair is VINCENZO COCCOTTI, the Frank Nitti to Detroit mob leader Blue Lou Boyle.

Cliff is knocked to his knees. He looks up and sees the sitting Coccotti. Frankie and Lenny pick him up and roughly drop him in a chair.

COCCOTTI

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

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

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

COCCOTTI

Do you know who I am, Mr. Worley?

CLIFF

I give up. Who are you?

COCCOTTI

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

CLIFF

I've heard of 'Blue Lou Boyle.'

COCCOTTI

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

(taking out a pack
of Chesterfields)

Want a Chesterfield?

CLIFF

No.

COCCOTTI

(as he lights one up)

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

CLIFF

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

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

COCCOTTI

Smarts, don't it? Gettin' slammed in the nose fucks you all up. You got that pain shootin' through your brain. Your eyes fill up with water. It ain't any kind of fun.

(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 be 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 a time --

CLARENCE

No way! The whole enchilada in one shot.

DICK

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

CLARENCE

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

DICK

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

CLARENCE

Is he big league?

DICK

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

CLARENCE

What'dya tell 'em?

DICK

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

CLARENCE

What's this acting class guy's name?

DICK

Elliot.

CLARENCE

Elliot what?

DICK

Elliot 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.

ELLIOT

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

CLARENCE

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

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

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

(calmly)
Step inside and shut the door.

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

VIRGIL

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

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

VIRGIL

Step away from the door, more into the room.

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

VIRGIL

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

ALABAMA

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

Virgil can't help but smile.

VIRGIL

You're cute.

Virgil 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.

VIRGIL

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

He's tearing the motel room up in general. Then he flips the mattress up off the bed, and the black suitcase is right there.

Alabama is crawling unnoticed to where her purse lay.

Virgil flips open the black case and almost goes snowblind.

VIRGIL

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

Virgil closes up the case. Alabama sifts through her purse.

She pulls out her Swiss army knife, opens it up, Virgil turns toward her.

VIRGIL

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

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

VIRGIL

Kid, you gotta lot a heart.

He moves toward her.

Alabama's hands are shaking.

VIRGIL

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

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 a 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

VAAAARRROOOOMMMMM!!! 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 --

DIMES (CONT'D)
 Haven't had a decent bust
 this whole month. Well,
 we mighta come in like a
 lamb, but we're goin' out
 like a lion --

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

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

NICHOLSON
 Nicholson and I.

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

NICHOLSON
 Which wasn't 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 delussions 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 a 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, remeber, 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 dinky elevator MUZAK is playing. They are all silent. Clarence breaks the silence.

CLARENCE
Elliot.

ELLIOT
Yeah?

CLARENCE
Get on your knees.

Not sure he's heard him right.

ELLIOT

What?

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

CLARENCE

I said, get on your fuckin' knees!

Elliot does it immediately. Dick and Alabama react.

CLARENCE

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

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!?

ELLIOT

(petrified)

No.

CLARENCE

(yelling)

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

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 (CONT'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?

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

BORIS
(pointing at
Clarence)
This guy's packing.

LEE
Really?

CLARENCE
Well, I have to admit, walkin'
through the door and seein' those
Soldier of Fortune poster boys
made me a bit nervous. But, Lee,
I'm fairly confident that you came
here to do business, not to be a
wise-guy. 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.

DIMES

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

LEE

We don't want it.

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

Half the cops spin around.

WURLITZER

Freeze!

LENNY

Who are you guys?

WURLITZER

Police.

MARVIN

(to Lenny)

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

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

Clarence and Elvis.

CLARENCE

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

ELVIS

Are you kiddin'? He loves you.

CLARENCE

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

ELVIS

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

CLARENCE

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

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
 (frustrated)
 Shit.

He looks around at the battle zone. The room is torn apart. Nicholson's headless body is covered with coke from the suitcase. Dead bodies are everywhere.

BORIS
 I need an ambulance.

DIMES
 Fuck you!

BORIS
 Fuck you! I'm bleeding here!

Dimes EMPTIES his CLIP into Boris until it's clear Boris isn't going to be needing much of anything.

DIMES
 That was for Cody, you sack a
 shit.

Then a BULLET cuts through Dimes' solar plexus. A shot that came from behind. A shot that came from Alabama.

Dimes collapses to the ground.

Alabama is holding Clarence against her. He looks practically unconscious. Alabama has that fire in her eyes of a mother lion defending her young. All she wants, and all she cares about is the man leaning against her.

She drops the gun to the ground.

ALABAMA
 (tenderly to Clarence)
 C'mon, sweetie, we've got to get
 out of here.

They start to hobble out, then Alabama sees something... the suitcase full of money.

She looks around the carnage of the room, then down at the suitcase.

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)

ALABAMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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