

THE AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE
THE ART AND CRAFT OF SCREENWRITING

STYLE SAMPLER

Prepared by
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LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

by

Robert Bolt

PART ONE

As a background to the SCREEN CREDITS the following:

CLOSE SHOT of the MOTOR BICYCLE. It is large, powerful and in beautiful condition. We can see that it is standing in some kind of country shed with a background of work-bench, petrol cans and so on. A few wild flowers, dandelions and such, are stuffed rather roughly in a jam jar on the work-bench. The shed is open-fronted and the motor bicycle and its background are dappled with sunlight falling through nearby leaves. A MAN comes and stands between us and the machine with his back towards us. We can only see him from the buttocks down. He is wearing heavy motor-cycling boots and slaps onto the petrol tank a pair of gauntlet gloves. CAMERA stays on this while he prepares the machine - filling the tank, adjusting choke and mixture controls, ad lib as needed. He mounts and kicks the starter and moves off frame, with a roar.

PANNING SHOT. The motor-cycle leaves the farmyard into the lane.

As background to FINAL CREDITS, the peaceful farmyard; noise of motor-bike receding to silence. Then sharp cut to:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The MOTOR-CYCLIST. Head and shoulders. On SOUND TRACK engine roaring. He is so heavily begoggled and muffled as to be anonymous but he wears no helmet and his bright hair is ruffled in the slipstream.

MOVING SHOT of the road ahead. At a distance, the road is up. It is too early in the morning for the workers to be there; a NIGHT WATCHMAN yawns over his brazier. A notice says "WARNING. Drain laying. Roadworks ahead". We throttle down and pass the roadworks, still too fast, and bank for a corner. Round the corner a similar roadworks and a similar notice which we see nearer than before, the word "WARNING" looming larger. Again we throttle down and pass the roadworks, again too fast, and are accelerating immediately towards a second corner.

Coming out of the corner a third roadworks ahead. The same notice repeated, this time the word "WARNING" almost filling the screen.

CLOSE SHOT of the MOTOR-CYCLIST. The scarf has slipped a little and we can see his mouth. It is neither smiling nor particularly determined but it sets into a sort of still calm as the CYCLIST accelerates:

Through the roadworks far too fast. We swerve to the left, to the right, tilt, approach a blind bridge, are out of control, spin, crash.

CLOSE SHOT. A piece of the road. The goggles slither along it up to CAMERA.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT. The blind stone eyes of LAWRENCE's bust in a chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral. On SOUND TRACK, the organ. A MAN in very correct civilian clothes, holding his bowler hat, adjusts the central wreath which has fallen askew. He does this not reverently but neatly, severely, and then without a backward glance leaves the chapel (past two SOLDIERS in blues who keep vigil there) and makes his way up the aisle after the rest of the discreetly murmuring, shuffling congregation where an elderly friend, a CLERIC, awaits him.

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. BRIGHTON and his FRIEND pace slowly along the aisle, past memorials to other honoured heroes, which glimmer faintly from the walls. At these the CLERIC glances; then away.

CLERIC

Well nil nisi bonum. But I find something disproportionate in all this.

BRIGHTON

(must defend Lawrence, though he can't disagree)
He was a remarkable chap. By any counts, remarkable.

CLERIC

(interested)
Did you know him well?

BRIGHTON

I knew him.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The steps of St. Paul's. The fashionable CONGREGATION is leaving, watched by a crowd of more ordinary FOLK who are kept aside by a few POLICEMEN. ALLENBY is standing alone, and quite still. He is in civvies and his bearing is modest, but one or two who pass him raise their hats, as though saluting. A REPORTER approaches.

REPORTER

Lord Allenby. Could you give me a few words about Colonel Lawrence?

ALLENBY

(smiles a little)
What, more words...?
(he makes a deliberately
(MORE)

ALLENBY (CONT'D)

formal "statement")
 "The Revolt in the Desert played a
 decisive part in the Middle Eastern
 campaign."

The REPORTER is disappointed.

REPORTER
 Yes sir, but about Colonel Lawrence
 himself.

ALLENBY
 No.
 (politely regretful)
 I didn't know him well you know.

ALLENBY moves away. The REPORTER sees somebody else off
 screen and darts towards BENTLEY and a LADY.

REPORTER
 Mr. Bentley, you must know as much
 about Colonel Lawrence as anybody
 does.

BENTLEY
 (a public "statement"
 which REPORTER takes
 down)
 "It was my privilege to know him
 and to make him known to the world:
 he was a scholar, a poet, and a
 mighty warrior".

REPORTER tips his hat to the LADY and moves away.

BENTLEY
 He was also the most shameless
 exhibitionist since Barnum and
 Bailey.

A MILITARY GENTLEMAN (The M. O. of the final sequence) darts
 up from behind, looming on the step above.

MILITARY GENTLEMAN
 You sir. Who are you?

BENTLEY
 (not a bit put out)
 My name's Jackson Bentley.

MILITARY GENTLEMAN
 (momentarily thrown)
 Oh.
 (recovers instantly)
 (MORE)

MILITARY GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

You whoever you are sir, I heard
your last remark and I take the
strongest possible exception.

(challenging)

He was a very great man.

BENTLEY

(mildly)

Did you know him?

MILITARY GENTLEMAN

No sir, I can't claim I knew him.

(truculent)

I had the honour once to shake his
hand in Damascus!

BENTLEY turns away with politely raised eyebrows. MURRAY
passes with a FRIEND. He growls:

MURRAY

Knew him? No I never knew him. He
had some minor function on my Staff
in Cairo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM. BRITISH H. Q. CAIRO

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE is neatly tinting a map with water
colour. He sits back to look at it, patiently, but without
enthusiasm. A shadow falls across him and he looks up,
interested.

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE's point of view of a basement window.
Outside, the lower half of a camel walks by.

MEDIUM SHOT. We now see that LAWRENCE is seated in a long
narrow room, hardly more than a glorified passage. At each
end a hole has been knocked high up in the wall and a massive
bundle of electric cables proceeds in from one to the other
and out again, dimming the already inadequate light which
comes through a series of semi-circular windows high up in
the wall of the basement. There are six drawing boards with
pots of paint, brushes, T squares, protractors, compasses,
pens and ink, pencils, piles of rolled maps and whatever else
cartographers need. Above the boards hang lamps with metal
shades, and before each board is a stool. At one of these
sits the only other OCCUPANT of the room, a SERGEANT.

LAWRENCE

(gloomily)

Michael George Hartley, this is a
nasty, dark little room.

SERGEANT
'T's right.

LAWRENCE
We are not happy in it.

SERGEANT
(thinking of the trenches)
I am.

LAWRENCE
Then you are an ignoble fellow.

SERGEANT
'T's right.

He lights a cigarette, throwing down the packet and box, while LAWRENCE watches him, and goes on with his work. It is a relationship not uncommon in the Forces; the gulf of class and rank has been bridged by means of a ritualized parody. There is the sound of boots on stone floor. LAWRENCE looks up.

CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and a chirpy CORPORAL enters with a folded newspaper. Beyond him we catch a glimpse of a telephone exchange and a flight of stairs leading upwards from the basement.

MEDIUM SHOT. The CORPORAL walks over towards LAWRENCE. The phlegmatic SERGEANT takes no notice at all.

LAWRENCE
Here is William Potter with my newspaper.

CORPORAL
Here y'are tosh.

LAWRENCE takes the paper, paying for it with a coin from his pocket.

LAWRENCE
(quite simply)
Thanks.
(back to the act)
Would you care for one of Sergeant Hartley's cigarettes?

CORPORAL
Ta.

It is part of the game that no-one shall smile. The CORPORAL takes one of the SERGEANT'S cigarettes as LAWRENCE unfolds his paper.

SERGEANT

Is it there?

CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE holds up the paper at the front page. It, is in Arabic. He is instantly absorbed. The SERGEANT and CORPORAL regard him with the respect which everyone feels for the man with a passion, even uncomprehend.

LAWRENCE

Of course it is. Headlines.

(grimly)

But I'll bet it isn't mentioned in The Times.

(he indicates)

"Bedouin Tribes Attack Turkish Stronghold' And I'll bet there's no-one in the whole of this Headquarters who even knows it's happened.

(he throws down the paper)

Or would care if he did.

MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE finds their sympathetic, bovine gazes upon him and laughs.

LAWRENCE

Allow me to ignite your cigarette.

He strikes one of the SERGEANT'S matches and lights the CORPORAL'S cigarette. Then, he extinguishes the match by very slowly closing his finger and thumb upon the flame, his face very attentive the while. It is a trick the other two have evidently seen before but which evidently still fascinates.

SERGEANT

(dispassionately)

You'll do that once too often. It's only flesh and blood.

LAWRENCE returns to his work, murmuring:

LAWRENCE

Why, Michael George Hartley, you're a philosopher.

CORPORAL

(amiably)

You're barmy.

CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and an M.P. SERGEANT enters.

M.P.
Mr. Lawrence?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
(courteously)
Yes?

M.P.
Flimsy, sir.

He goes towards LAWRENCE.

CLOSE SHOT. The CORPORAL sits down on his own stool as the M.P. enters picture, hands the flimsy to LAWRENCE, and exits. LAWRENCE unfolds the flimsy and his expression changes. The SERGEANT takes no notice, assuming it to be a routine order of some kind. LAWRENCE puts down the flimsy and takes his hat from a nail driven into the wall within reach, and gets down from his stool, his face very still, his eyes excited. The CORPORAL is preoccupied with a burning match which he proceeds to extinguish between his fingers.

CORPORAL
Ow!
(indignantly)
It damn well 'urts!

LAWRENCE
Certainly it hurts.

COOL HAND LUKE

by

Frank R. Pierson

and

Hal Dresner

Based on the novel

by

Donn Pearce

CAST OF CHARACTERSTHE NEWMPEATS - WHO BECOME PART OF THE BULL GANG:LUCAS JACKSON

Cool Hand Luke. His character -- a contradiction in terms, as well as self. He is exuberant, spontaneous, unpredictable. But, intuitively aware of himself as this unique and mysterious life force, he realizes his need for seeming acceptance of things as they have been laid out by others (The System) -- of his need to "play it cool." The heat of the real self and the cool of his surface presents the contradiction. The heat of the real self and the chill of "the system" present the ultimate conflict.

Thematically, he is a lonely realist with an ironic sense (as opposed to rational understanding) of the uselessness of existence in a universe empty of God and devoid of meaning. His smile is a recognition of the absurdity of existence and of the amazing convolutions of human ingenuity in contriving a system that lends apparent meaning to action: the System, which is based on illusion and built of blind faith. He believes that man is only what he makes of himself, since there is no God, or Fate nor implied morality -- only a man's own action to declare who he is and give to himself a sense of worth and purpose. He is an existentialist, who enters this story more or less unawakened and unaware of who he is.

Social rigidities have pressed him into menial jobs -- mechanic, plumber, mason, the blue collar elite -- and each he has invested with a certain untouchable dignity. More important, more meaningful than any job in itself, however, is Luke's attitude toward that job. He has never held them long, just as he has never maintained any relationship long, for always he reaches a point at which the demands of the relationship, the job, conflict with his sense of what is real. Six months of solid success followed by a pyrotechnical binge is his pattern. He is not a conventional rebel: to rebel against the system is only anarchical, or even worse, it is to propose to supplant it with another system, which by definition will be as false in terms of existentialist premises. His purpose is to live with his own life, not reform the lives of others.

While not an ordinary man, he is unusual most significantly in his own sense of self -- and his refusal to surrender that. Circumstance will force him to act out his own martyrdom.

ALIBI (FORMERLY DEACON)

A complainer and whiner, always makes excuses. Gullible,

square, terrified and bewildered by what has happened to him. As guilty as the others (convicted of hit-and-run manslaughter) he is not a professional criminal and always imagines that the "accident" will be rectified and he will be released or, at least, placed somewhere else. He never adjusts to the work or the camp and is a source of mild derision by the men. In an unspoken way, he represents the square middle-class, and the men enjoy their superiority over him.

TATTOO

Seemingly good-natured and an adjuster, he quickly understands the rules and the system and gravitates immediately to Dragline and Koko, the power of the gang. But his surface affability is a front; beneath he is waiting for his chance and when Luke escapes, Tattoo impulsively follows and is caught, put in chains. It is the lesson of the opportunist who lacks real courage.

TRAMP

A drifter, an outsider in any circumstance. He has been self-sufficient most of his life, used to grabbing and running, unused to hard work. He makes the mistake of taking Dynamite's place in the mess-hall and from then on waits quietly to find his "place" in the gang. Passing out on the Hard Road the first day, he quickly adopts in his own way and becomes liked and accepted by the men.

THE BULL GANG:

DRAGLINE

At the top of the prisoner's hierarchy. A giant, simple, sweet dreamer, outgoing, a man's man. He can outwork, out-punch, outtalk and, to hear him say it, out-love any man. Wildly sentimental and not a natural leader, he has a kind of force that other men respond to and that catapults him into his position. But once there he must be unseated. He would rather talk and shove than fight but he is vulnerable to an attack on his manhood or simple abilities. He immediately recognizes Luke's challenge to his crown but accepts a lot of needling before he is driven to fight. He has been chain-ganging for eight years, accepts the system of rules and is an unwitting accomplice to the guards' brutality. But prison has also made him slightly crazed. His vision of the Free World is based on exaggerations of his own experiences. His dreaming aloud is an entertainment to the men but he can lose himself in his fantasies. He is religious, simply and without questioning it, as a matter of convention. Luke's direct confrontation of God frightens him. He admires and loves Luke but is terrified by the idea of God's thunderbolt. He betrays Luke partly out of love and partly out of fear for himself. He doesn't want to die and half-recognizes Luke's reckless death-wish. His speech is extravagant, funny, full of

homespun metaphor and simile.

SOCIETY RED

A Northerner. Educated, cynical, disillusioned. He does not consider himself a part of the bull gang, refers to them as "they." He is a coward and shrinks back from any confrontation with Dragline. In Luke he first sees a fellow intelligence and makes tentative offers of friendship. He is lonely. But Luke's bravery and true defiance shames him. He is more of a catalyst than a participator, a manipulator and opportunist.

KOKO

Dumb, happy, excitable, sentimental, Dragline's loyal stooge. He gains his courage and prestige from his lieutenantship, takes kidding well and immediately accepts Luke's leadership when Dragline points the way. A born follower and disciple, he feels most reverently toward the Picture. But lacking anything but emotional understanding, he is the one who tears up the Picture when he thinks Luke has betrayed the myth of Cool Hand Luke, the indomitable hero.

GAMBLER (FORMERLY ONIONHEAD)

A chainman who once gambled on escaping... and lost. He will bet on anything, not always well. Talkative, Southern, flexible, he gains his prestige from his gambling.

DYNAMITE

The champion hog-gut of the camp until he is dethroned by Luke. Also a chainman for his one desperate attempt to escape. Simple, complacent, likable, he is driven to anger only when his seat in the mess-hall is usurped by Tramp. Forever making the same rattle-skin wallet during free time.

LOUDMOUTH STEVE

A juvenile delinquent from Connecticut. Rude, loud, aggressive with a punk's voice and manners. He tries to play "old hand" to the Newmeat. Is tolerated by the gang because he is the baby and easily put down.

BLACK DICK

Convicted of raping five girls in three days, he is modest about his crime but likes his newspaper-given name "The Sheik of Simonsville." Young, good-looking, his main concern is assessing women. The men find him amusing as indicated by the wry handle they have given him.

MECHANIC

Quiet, young, good-looking, does his work and never complains. Constantly playing with machinery, reading sports car magazines. Cautious but as gullible as the others, he is the last one conned by Luke and Dragline in the egg-eating.

SLEEPY

Laconic, always half-asleep, uncommunicative. It is always surprising when he says something because it is so rare. Southern backwoods.

RABBIT

The Trustee of the bull gang. Anxious to please, rabbit-like in his hopping gait, darting here and there on guards errands. Carries water; collects jackets, etc. A rabbit face, pointed, nervous nose and desperately seeking eyes.

BABALUGATS

Retarded, possibly an imbecile. He is pitied and taken care of by the gang. Given some prestige by being made the official betting commissioner. A nod and simple grin confirms a wager, and he is given a small percentage by the winner because he has no money of his own.

STUPID BLONDE

Described by his name. A big, dumb, likable oaf.

SAILOR

A chainman. Strong, quiet, a good worker, likable.

CHIEF

A big muscular ox, tall, silent, and oldest.

(These are the eighteen members of the bull gang. They work and travel as a unit, always together.)

OTHER CONVICTS:DOGBOY

A trustee, a vile, mean, hostile, cowardly man used by the guards as a symbol of how completely the system can degrade a man: to the point that even they have nothing but contempt for him. Yet he is a person inside: he is only so incapable of coping with men that he is driven to this refuge the system offers. From here he can revenge himself upon the strong who frighten and victimize him; from here he can identify with authority by attacking its victims. He loves his dogs: with them he can afford to feel human: his grief over the death of Big Blue is honest and sincere. Thin, with dead eyes, and high cheekbones with skin stretched tight over them. A pinched, unhappy look. He is capable of a kind of needling humor and playing a joke. It is always cruel.

CARR

A 240-pound behemoth, a floorwalker in the barracks, also a trustee, but one of those whose job is simply to count the laundry, see that order is kept inside the barracks, keep track of time, etc. He does not work on the road, but he has to stay awake all night. The others do not

talk to him nor he to them except in neutral, ritualistic terms: he reads off his rules and punishments by rote, not listening to himself. He has a haunted, anxious face in spite of his brute size.

JABO THE COOK

A hairy man with the temperament of all chefs -- the kitchen heat and pressure of deadlines makes him short-tempered and volatile. A pot belly.

THREE COOKS

FOUR TRUSTEES (NOTE: In addition to Dogboy and Rabbit.)

14 Members of the LITTLE BULL GANG

8 Members of the PATCH SQUAD

(NOTE: Four of the Little Bull Gang also wear chains)

TOTAL: FIFTY MEN IN THE BARRACKS

THE PRISON ADMINISTRATION:

THE CAPTAIN

The embodiment of sweet reason. A mind of spun sugar, and no compassion whatever. A bureaucrat who finds in the system all the structure his universe needs: violate the rules, incur his righteous anger. Nothing is inhuman here -- in his mind -- because everything's ordered. He is one end product of the liberal humanistic revolution: the punishments fit the crimes, everybody knows and understands the rules, so any violations must be assumed to be deliberate defiance and are corrected by so many (count 'em) hits with the sap, or nights in the box.

Because he doesn't enjoy cruelty he must enrage himself before he can really lay into a man. The Captain is lower middle class in origin, but unaware of it: it shows in his pitiful assumption of status symbol: the golf club, the pseudo-educated talk, the picket fence, the fact that he never does any work himself.

BOSS GODFREY

(Walking Boss)... The symbol of authority: faceless, eyeless, loveless, emotionless, relentless. He appears to see through walls and his rifle never misses. Terror incarnate. No one knows who he is, whether he eats with his mouth, if he's married or has children. His role is the entire man, until his glasses are torn from his face, when he is revealed as a blinking, rather frightened and very ordinary man.

BOSS KEAN

Ignorant, superstitious, religious, utterly inexperienced and

incapable of learning: everything implied by Southern redneck. Beefy, with fixed ideas about everything. This screenplay might as well be written in Greek as far as he's concerned. He is capable of softness with dogs and children, but his sympathy to Jackson on the death of Jackson's mother is reflex like that of a mortician: it is conventional to feel and express sympathy -- but Kean's world is black and white and fixed: if a man screws up he gets it and that's that. His eyes are flat and empty, his face bloated with booze, he's very afraid of death.

BOSS PAUL

Strong, mean, young, with a firm voice without a hint of doubt. He serves as the voice of Godfrey, is his system-spawned successor. Sadistic, vicious, unyielding, he is emotionally involved in his job. It is his life. Possibly he enjoys beating a man into submission rather than the passivity of the system going well. But this emotion humanizes him for when a man feels, he can be reached. Thus, he represents some hope for improvement as Godfrey's successor.

BOSS SHORTY

Self-explanatory. He carries his gun high and out front like a badge of authority and importance, takes his lead from the other bosses.

BOSS HIGGINS

Stands out among the other guards only because he is old and shaky and his teeth don't fit. Utterly unable to keep up, he is maintained in position by the system regardless. Like the others he is capable of real rage when the rules are violated, because such violations are a denial of them as men.

BOSS NUMBER SIX

Very thin, his gunbelt slipping off his hips.

BOSS NUMBER SEVEN

BOSS NUMBER EIGHT

WICKERMAN

A huge roll of blubber, who moves slowly inside his cage and usually seen only as a shadowy silhouette, inside the wicker. Pale from being always on night duty and inside, like some creature from a cave.

NOTE: DURING THE DAY OTHER GUARDS MAY FUNCTION AS WICKERMAN, TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE WICKER. AT NIGHT IT IS ALWAYS THE WICKERMAN.

THE TERM WALKING BOSS REFERS TO ANY GUARD ON DUTY ON THE ROAD WITH A WORKING GANG, THOUGH THE PRINCIPAL WALKING BOSS IS

GODFREY.

YARDMAN REFERS TO ANY GUARD ON DUTY INSIDE THE FENCED COMPOUND AND CAN BE ANY OF THE GUARDS ASSIGNED TO THAT DUTY FOR THE PARTICULAR SCENE.

THE FREE WORLD:

ARLETTA

Jackson's mother, a brave, sick lady, who despairs now she's too sick to live as freely and fully as she always did, without regard to others' opinions but always careful as she could be of their feelings. Depressed at the end of her life about the uselessness of it all, but buoyed up by the memories of high points. Strong, merry, the kind to whom it never occurs to stop laughing just because it hurts. She loves Jackson, is bored by her other son John.

JOHN

Who is a hard worker, and another whose fantasies Jackson is forced to bear. It is this quality of enjoying Jackson's up and down life vicariously that makes her dislike him. John's not especially embittered so much as relieved at the load that is going to be lifted off him at her death. A farmer.

BIKINI GIRL

The image of blond-haired American high school sexuality. Unaware of who she is, full of juice.

JOHN-BOY

Jackson's nephew. Freckled, ordinary, curious kind of country boy.

ROOKIE COP

Young, tentative, a gum chewer, southern type. Despite tentativeness, crew cut, straight-backed, stiff-necked. The only slackness about him - the gum chewing jaw.

GEORGIA

A stripper, late twenties, who has been there and back, heard every line. But in spite of herself, she wants to be touched, reached. Luke's cool irks her and she tries to get him in every way. Instinctively, she recognizes he has a "problem" but is interested in discovering it less out of love than to confirm her opinion that life is a crummy deal and everyone -- like her -- is soiled by it.

MATT

The owner of the Girls-Girls-Girls Club. Stocky, fiftyish, ugly. He once served time and now hungers for respectability. He has learned the rules in prison and become, in effect, a boss. He knows that Luke's rebellion is dangerous to the system of which he has become a part. He is protecting

himself and -- he believes -- helping Luke when he turns him in to cool him off.

JEWELL

Another stripper, animated, blonde, sensual.

LAWRENCE

Eight years old. Negro. Curious, lovable, petulant.

BEN

Nine years old. Negro. Skeptical, sure of himself, wise.

SHERIFF

Interested in doing his job as well as possible. Outside the prison system, he does not know of the threat that Luke represents, cannot understand why the Captain chooses to drive the wounded Luke to certain death. Surprised, horrified also by Godfrey's "unmotivated" shot.

FOREMAN

Stocky, harsh, doing his job of running a gang of pick-up laborers.

OTHERS

Police, Negro Villagers, Guards, Workmen, etc. Musicians and members of Knights Club in Girls Club, blonde lady in convertible, passers-by.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHERN CITY STREET - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP - PARKING METER

Its irritating head opens a glaring red eye: the red flag pops across the entire screen:

VIOLATION

INSERT: PARKING METER SUPPORT

NIGHT

CLOSEUP of a pipe cutter attached to the motor neck, metal slivers curling out. From O.S. we HEAR -- LUCAS JACKSON cheerfully humming and mumbling Auld Lang Syne and then:

LUKE

Okay, Mister General, you son of a bitch. Sir. Think you can put things right with a piece of tin with a ribbon hangin' on it? Gonna put you right.

CLOSEUP - PARKING METER

NIGHT

as the meter head falls out of FRAME.

NEW ANGLE ON METER

as it falls to the ground amidst a forest of meter stands and Luke's hand comes into the FRAME to pick it up and we SEE him in CLOSEUP for the first time. He is cheerful, wearing a faded GI Field jacket. A bottle opener hangs on a silver chain around his neck. He addresses the next meter.

LUKE

All right, Helen, honey. I lost my head over you. Now it's your turn.

Suddenly the beam of headlights crashes in, FLARING the SCREEN.

ANGLE ON PROWL CAR

NIGHT

sliding up to us, headlights glaring, red toplight revolving menacingly. TWO OFFICERS, black shapes, get out and start warily toward Luke.

ON LUKE

NIGHT

illuminated by the headlights. He grins as the Officers approach, lifts a bottle of beer, opens it and drinks, smiling. On his smile, FREEZE FRAME. ON THE FRAME SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE and as it FADES

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLOSE UP - A YOYO BLADE IN THE SUN - DAY

It swings with a pendulum motion, its shining blade lopping a clump of grass and weeds; it swings on the backstroke, lopping more grass, then moves a little away from CAMERA. FROM CAMERA RIGHT, a pair of feet move INTO the FRAME, the feet of the man swinging the yoyo. They are booted and connected by chains, riveted around the ankles. The feet move further INTO the FRAME and the SHOT WIDENS. We are on:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

and we see the work gang in uniforms (14 men) flailing away with yoyos, short-handled scythes, in the hot sun, guarded by three men. Three of the workers wear chains (Gambler, Dynamite, Sailor). The scene is bleached and hot; the men sweating and dirty in prison shirts and pants. The light shifts during the following:

A MONTAGE OF A FULL DAY - SUPERIMPOSE TITLES AS APPROPRIATE OVER FOLLOWING:

ANGLE ON RABBIT

He is a trustee. He walks up INTO CAMERA and sets up sign:

SLOW DOWN -- MEN AT WORK

ANGLE ON DRAGLINE

9:00 A.M.

He is a giant, covered with sweat and dust. He starts to pull off his shirt.

DRAGLINE

Takin' it off here, Boss.

BOSS KEAN

Yeah, take it off, Dragline!

ANGLE ON BOSS KEAN

11:00 A.M.

pulling out watch, looking at the sun.

ANGLE ON THE BULL GANG

flailing away, most of them naked to the waist.

ANGLE ON KOKO

He is sweating streams.

KOKO

Wipin' it off here, Boss.

BOSS SHORTY

Okay, wipe it off there, Koko.

Koko takes out a limp handkerchief and mops his face.

ANGLE ON GAMBLER

NOON

his yoyo flashing like a sword. He pauses, panting.

GAMBLER

Drinkin' it up here, Boss!

ANGLE ON BOSS KEAN

BOSS KEAN

Awright, drink it up, Gambler.
Water 'em, Rabbit.

NEW ANGLE ON GAMBLER AND GANG

as Gambler takes a drink from a tin cup, passed by Rabbit.

THE GODFATHER
Screenplay by
Mario Puzo
and
Francis Ford Coppola

INT. DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945) - DAY

The PARAMOUNT Logo is presented austerely over a black background. There is a moment's hesitation, and then the simple words in white lettering:

THE GODFATHER

While this remains, we hear: "I believe in America." Suddenly we are watching in CLOSE VIEW, AMERIGO BONASERA, a man of sixty, dressed in a black suit, on the verge of great emotion.

BONASERA

I raised my daughter in the American fashion; I gave her freedom, but taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a boy friend, not an Italian. She went to the movies with him, stayed out late. Two months ago he took her for a drive, with another boy friend. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted; she kept her honor. So they beat her like an animal. When I went to the hospital her nose was broken, her jaw was shattered and held together by wire, and she could not even weep because of the pain.

He can barely speak; he is weeping now.

BONASERA

I went to the Police like a good American. These two boys were arrested and brought to trial. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison, and suspended the sentence. Suspended sentence! They went free that very day. I stood in the courtroom like a fool, and those bastards, they smiled at me. Then I said to my wife, for justice, we must go to The Godfather.

By now, THE VIEW is full, and we see Don Corleone's office in his home. The blinds are closed, and see the room is dark, and with patterned shadows. We are watching BONASERA over the shoulder of DON CORLEONE.

TOM HAGEN sits near a small table, examining some paperwork, and SONNY CORLEONE stands impatiently by the window nearest his father, sipping from a glass of wine. We can HEAR music, and the laughter and voices of many people outside.

DON CORLEONE

Bonasera, we know each other for years, but this is the first time you come to me for help. I don't remember the last time you invited me to your house for coffee... even though our wives are friends.

BONASERA

What do you want of me? I'll give you anything you want, but do what I ask!

DON CORLEONE

And what is that Bonasera?

BONASERA whispers into the DON's ear.

DON CORLEONE

No. You ask for too much.

BONASERA

I ask for justice.

DON CORLEONE

The Court gave you justice.

BONASERA

An eye for an eye!

DON CORLEONE

But your daughter is still alive.

BONASERA

Then make them suffer as she suffers. How much shall I pay you.

Both HAGEN and SONNY react.

DON CORLEONE

You never think to protect yourself with real friends. You think it's enough to be an American. All right, the Police protect you, there are Courts of Law, so you don't need a friend like me. But now you come to me and say Don Corleone, you must give me justice. And you don't ask in respect or

(MORE)

DON CORLEONE (CONT'D)

friendship. And you don't think to call me Godfather; instead you come to my house on the day my daughter is to be married and you ask me to do murder... for money.

BONASERA

America has been good to me...

DON CORLEONE

Then take the justice from the judge, the bitter with the sweet, Bonasera. But if you come to me with your friendship, your loyalty, then your enemies become my enemies, and then, believe me, they would fear you...

Slowly, Bonasera bows his head and murmurs.

BONASERA

Be my friend.

DON CORLEONE

Good. From me you'll get Justice.

BONASERA

Godfather.

DON CORLEONE

Some day, and that day may never come, I would like to call upon you to do me a service in return.

EXT. MALL (SUMMER 1945) - DAY

A HIGH ANGLE of the CORLEONE MALL in bright daylight. There are at least five hundred guests filling the main courtyard and gardens. There is music and laughing and dancing and countless tables covered with food and wine.

DON CORLEONE stands at the Gate, flanked on either side by a son: FREDO and SONNY, all dressed in the formal attire of the wedding party. He warmly shakes the hands, squeezes the hands of the friends and guests, pinches the cheeks of the children, and makes them all welcome. They in turn carry with them gallons of homemade wine, cartons of freshly baked bread and pastries, and enormous trays of Italian delicacies.

The entire family poses for a family portrait: DON CORLEONE, MAMA, SONNY and his wife SANDRA, and their BABY; CONSTANZIA, the bride, and her bridegroom, CARLO RIZZI. As they move into the pose, THE DON seems preoccupied.

DON CORLEONE
Where's Michael?

SONNY
He'll be here Pop, it's still
early.

DON CORLEONE
Then the picture will wait for him.

Everyone in the group feels the uneasiness as the DON moves back to the house. SONNY gives a delicious smile in the direction of the Maid-of-Honor, LUCY MANCINI. She returns it. Then he moves to his wife.

SONNY
Sandra, watch the kids. They're
running wild.

SANDRA
You watch yourself.

HAGEN kisses his WIFE, and follows THE DON, passing the wine barrels, where a group of FOUR MEN nervously wait. TOM crooks a finger at NAZORINE, who doublechecks that he is next, straightens, and follows HAGEN.

EXT. MALL ENTRANCE (SUMMER 1945) - DAY

Outside the main gate of the Mall, SEVERAL MEN in suits, working together with a MAN in a dark sedan, walk in and out of the rows of parked cars, writing license plate numbers down in their notebooks. We HEAR the music and laughter coming from the party in the distance.

A MAN stops at a limousine and copies down the number.

BARZINI, dignified in a black homburg, is always under the watchful eyes of TWO BODYGUARDS as he makes his way to embrace DON CORLEONE in the courtyard.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars. Put another number in the notebook. A shiny new Cadillac with wooden bumpers.

PETER CLEMENZA, dancing the Tarantella joyously, bumping bellies with the ladies.

CLEMENZA
Paulie... wine... WINE.

He mops his sweating forehead with a big handkerchief. PAULIE hustles, gets a glass of icy black wine, and brings it to him.

PAULIE

You look terrif on the floor!

CLEMENZA

What are you, a dance judge? Go do your job; take a walk around the neighborhood... see everything is okay.

PAULIE nods and leaves; CLEMENZA takes a breath, and leaps back into the dance.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars, put another number in the notebook.

TESSIO, a tall, gentle-looking man, dances with a NINE-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, her little black party shoes planted on his enormous brown shoes.

The MEN move on to other parked cars, when SONNY storms out of the gate, his face flushed with anger, followed by CLEMENZA and PAULIE.

SONNY

Buddy, this is a private party.

The MAN doesn't answer, but points to the DRIVER of the sedan. SONNY menacingly thrusts his reddened face at him. The DRIVER merely flips open his wallet to a green card, without saying a word. SONNY steps back, spits on the ground, turns, and walks away, followed by CLEMENZA, PAULIE, and another TWO MEN. He doesn't say a thing for most of the walk back into the courtyard, and then, muttered to PAULIE.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Goddamn FBI... don't respect nothing.

INT. DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945) - DAY

DON CORLEONE sits quietly behind his massive desk in the dark study.

NAZORINE

... a fine boy from Sicily, captured by the American Army, and sent to New Jersey as a prisoner of war...

DON CORLEONE

Nazorine, my friend, tell me what I
can do.

NAZORINE

Now that the war is over, Enzo,
this boy is being repatriated to
Italy. And you see, Godfather...

(he wrings his hands,
unable to express
himself)

He... my daughter... they...

DON CORLEONE

You want him to stay in this
country.

CHINATOWN
by
Robert Towne

FULL SCREEN PHOTOGRAPH

Grainy but unmistakably a man and woman making love. Photograph shakes. SOUND of a man MOANING in anguish. The photograph is dropped, REVEALING ANOTHER, MORE compromising one. Then another, and another. More moans.

CURLY'S VOICE

(crying out)

Oh, no.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

CURLY drops the photos on Gittes' desk. Curly towers over GITTES and sweats heavily through his workman's clothes, his breathing progressively more labored. A drop plunks on Gittes, shiny desk top.

Gittes notes it. A fan whiffs overhead. Gittes glances up at it. He looks cool and brisk in a white linen suit despite the heat. Never taking his eyes off Curly, he lights a cigarette using a lighter with a "nail" on his desk.

Curly, with another anguished sob, turns and rams his fist into the wall, kicking the wastebasket as he does. He starts to sob again, slides along the wall where his fist has left a noticeable dent and its impact has sent the signed photos of several movie stars askew.

Curly slides on into the blinds and sinks to his knees. He is weeping heavily now, and is in such pain that he actually bites into the blinds.

Gittes doesn't move from his chair.

GITTES

All right, enough is enough. You can't eat the venetian blinds, Curly. I just had 'em installed on Wednesday.

Curly responds slowly, rising to his feet, crying. Gittes reaches into his desk and pulls out a shot glass, quickly selects a cheaper bottle of bourbon from several fifths of more expensive whiskeys.

Gittes pours a large shot. He shoves the glass across his desk toward Curly.

GITTES

Down the hatch.

Curly stares dumbly at it. Then picks it up, and drains it. He sinks back into the chair opposite Gittes, begins to cry quietly.

CURLY
(drinking, relaxing a
little)
She's just no good.

GITTES (CONT'D)
What can I tell you, Kid? You're
right. When you're right, you're
right, and you're right.

CURLY
Ain't worth thinking about.

Gittes leaves the bottle with Curly.

GITTES
You're absolutely right, I wouldn't
give her another thought.

CURLY
(pouring himself)
You know, you're okay, Mr. Gittes.
I know it's your job, but you're
okay.

GITTES
(settling back, breathing
a little easier)
Thanks, Curly. Call me Jake.

CURLY
Thanks. You know something, Jake?

GITTES
What's that, Curly?

CURLY
I think I'll kill her.

INT. DUFFY & WALSH'S OFFICE

Noticeably less plush than Gittes'. A well-groomed, dark-haired WOMAN sits nervously between their two desks, fiddling with the veil on her pillbox hat.

WOMAN
I was hoping Mr. Gittes could see
to this personally.

WALSH
 (almost the manner of
 someone comforting the
 bereaved)
 If you'll allow us to complete our
 preliminary questioning, by then
 he'll be free.

There is the SOUND of ANOTHER MOAN coming from Gittes' office -- something made of glass shatters. The Woman grows more edgy.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE - GITTES & CURLY

Gittes and Curly stand in front of the desk, Gittes staring contemptuously at the heavy-breathing hulk towering over him. Gittes takes a handkerchief and wipes away the plunk of perspiration on his desk.

CURLY
 (crying)
 They don't kill a guy for that.

GITTES
 Oh they don't?

CURLY
 Not for your wife. That's the
 unwritten law.

Gittes pounds the photos on the desk, shouting:

GITTES
 I'll tell you the unwritten law,
 you dumb son of a bitch, you gotta
 be rich to kill somebody, anybody
 and get away with it. You think you
 got that kind of dough, you think
 you got that kind of class?

Curly shrinks back a little.

CURLY
 ... No...

GITTES
 You bet your ass you don't. You
 can't even pay me off.

This seems to upset Curly even more.

CURLY
 I'll pay the rest next trip -- we
 (MORE)

CURLY (CONT'D)

only caught sixty ton of skipjack
around San Benedict. We hit a
chubasco, they don't pay you for
skipjack the way they do for tuna
or albacore --

GITTES

(easing him out of his
office)

Forget it. I only mention it to
illustrate a point...

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION

He's now walking him past SOPHIE who pointedly averts her
gaze. He opens the door where on the pebbled glass can be
read: "J. J. GITTES and Associates - DISCREET INVESTIGATION"

GITTES

I don't want your last dime.

He throws an arm around Curly and flashes a dazzling smile.

GITTES

What kind of guy do you think I am?

CURLY

Thanks, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Call me Jake. Careful driving home,
Curly.

He shuts the door on him and the smile disappears.

He shakes his head, starting to swear under his breath.

SOPHIE

A Mrs. Mulwray is waiting for you,
with Mr. Walsh and Mr. Duffy.

Gittes nods, walks on in.

INT. DUFFY AND WALSH'S OFFICE

Walsh rises when Gittes enters.

WALSH

Mrs. Mulwray, may I present Mr.
Gittes?

Gittes walks over to her and again flashes a warm,
sympathetic smile.

GITTES
How do you do, Mrs. Mulwray?

MRS. MULWRAY
Mr. Gittes...

GITTES
Now, Mrs. Mulwray, what seems to be
the problem?

She holds her breath. The revelation isn't easy for her.

MRS. MULWRAY
My husband, I believe, is seeing
another woman.

Gittes looks mildly shocked. He turns for confirmation to his
two partners.

GITTES
(gravely)
No, really?

MRS. MULWRAY
I'm afraid so.

GITTES
I am sorry.

Gittes pulls up a chair sitting next to Mrs. Mulwray --
between Duffy and Walsh. Duffy cracks his gum.

Gittes gives him an irritated glance. Duffy stops chewing.

MRS. MULWRAY
Can't we talk about this alone, Mr.
Gittes?

GITTES
I'm afraid not, Mrs. Mulwray. These
men are my operatives and at some
point they're going to assist me. I
can't do everything myself.

MRS. MULWRAY
Of course not.

GITTES
Now, what makes you certain he is
involved with someone?

Mrs. Mulwray hesitates. She seems uncommonly nervous at the
question.

MRS. MULWRAY
A wife can tell.

Gittes sighs.

GITTES
Mrs. Mulwray, do you love your
husband?

MRS. MULWRAY
(shocked)
... Yes of course.

GITTES
(deliberately)
Then go home and forget about it.

MRS. MULWRAY
But...

GITTES
(staring intently at her)
I'm sure he loves you, too. You
know the expression, let sleeping
dogs lie? You're better off not
knowing.

MRS. MULWRAY
(with some real anxiety)
But I have to know.

Her intensity is genuine. Gittes looks to his two partners.

GITTES
All right, what's your husband's
first name?

MRS. MULWRAY
Hollis. Hollis Mulwray.

GITTES
(visibly surprised)
Water and Power?

Mrs. Mulwray nods, almost shyly. Gittes is now casually but
carefully checking out the detailing of Mrs. Mulwray's dress,
her handbag, shoes, etc.

MRS. MULWRAY
He's the Chief Engineer.

DUFFY
(a little eagerly)
(MORE)

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Chief Engineer?

Gittes' glance tells Duffy Gittes wants to do the questioning. Mrs. Mulwray nods.

GITTES

(confidentially)

This type of investigation can be hard on your pocketbook, Mrs. Mulwray. It takes time.

MRS. MULWRAY

Money doesn't matter to me, Mr. Gittes.

Gittes sighs.

GITTES

Very well. We'll see what we can do.

EXT. CITY HALL - MORNING

already shimmering with heat.

A drunk blows his nose with his fingers into the fountain at the foot of the steps.

Gittes, impeccably dressed, passes the drunk on the way up the stairs.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Former Mayor SAM RAGBY in speaking. Behind him is a huge map, with overleafs and bold lettering:

"PROPOSED ALTO VALLEJO DAM AND RESERVOIR"

Some of the councilmen are reading funny papers and gossip columns while Bagby is speaking.

BAGBY

Gentlemen, today you can walk out that door, turn right, hop on a streetcar and in twenty-five minutes end up smack in the Pacific ocean. Now you can swim in it, you can fish in it, you can sail in it - but you can't drink it, you can't water your lawns with it, you can't irrigate an orange grove with it. Remember we live next door to the ocean but we also live on the edge of the desert. Los Angeles is a

(MORE)

BAGBY (CONT'D)

desert community. Beneath this building, beneath every street there's a desert. Without water the dust will rise up and cover us as though we'd never existed!
(pausing, letting the implication sink in)

CLOSE - GITTES

sitting next to some grubby farmers, bored. He yawns, edges away from one of the dirtier farmers.

BAGBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Alto Vallejo can save us from that, and I respectfully suggest that eight and a half million dollars is a fair price to pay to keep the desert from our streets -- and not on top of them.

AUDIENCE - COUNCIL CHAMBERS

An amalgam of farmers, businessmen, and city employees have been listening with keen interest. A couple of the farmers applaud. Somebody shooshes them.

COUNCIL COMMITTEE

in a whispered conference.

COUNCILMAN

(acknowledging Bagby)
Mayor Bagby... let's hear from the departments again. I suppose we better take Water and Power first.
Mr. Mulwray.

REACTION - GITTES

looking up with interest from his racing form.

MULWRAY

walks to the huge map with overleaves. He is a slender man in his sixties, who wears glasses and moves with surprising fluidity. He turns to a smaller, younger man, and nods. The man turns the overleaf on the map.

MULWRAY

In case you've forgotten, gentlemen, over five hundred lives were lost when the Van der Lip Dam gave way. Core samples have shown
(MORE)

MULWRAY(CONT'D)

that beneath this bedrock is shale similar to the permeable shale in the Van der Lip disaster. It couldn't withstand that kind of pressure there.

(referring to a new
overleaf)

Now you propose yet another dirt banked terminus dam with slopes of two and one half to one, one hundred twelve feet high and a twelve thousand acre water surface. Well, it won't hold. I won't build it. It's that simple -- I am not making that kind of mistake twice. Thank you, gentlemen.

WITNESS

Screenplay by
Earl W. Wallace

&

William Kelly

&

Pamela Wallace

EXT. LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

TITLE SEQUENCE

The faces of several young children are presented in CLOSEUP, as they walk TOWARD US across a ploughed field. On the SOUND TRACK, the haunting SOUNDS OF A GREGORIAN FUNERAL CHANT. The CAMERA PANS UP to the faces of older brothers and sisters, then tog,"w"In to parents and grandparents. These are not familiar faces, but faces from another age, strong and open. All are dressed in the distinctive clothing of the Amish.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Through the last traces of early morning mist another group of black-clad figures make their way down a lane.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

An Amish buggy, black and highwheeled, stark against the landscape, appears, a spirited chestnut in the traces.

Framed in the glass window of the narrow buggy is the stern figure of an Amish man in black topcoat and flatbrimmed hat, his bonneted wife in muted colors, and the face of a boy, attired like his father, peering out.

The horse's breath smokes on the frosty air, the buggy CREAKS on its springs, and there's the rhythmic CLIP-CLOP OF HOOVES on the pavement.

ANOTHER LANE

Two Amish buggies reach a crossroads, join a procession of three others. They disappear as the lane wends through a leafless thicket of hickory.

VALLEY

A BIG SHOT... now the procession numbers almost a dozen buggies... it is headed toward a distant farmhouse.

BARNYARD

Where literally dozens of carriages are parked. The horses have been taken from the traces, removed to the shelter of the barn.

INT. BARN

The horses are stalled or tethered... a long row of men's black overcoats hanging on wall hooks.

INT. SCREENED PORCH

Where dozens of pairs of overshoes, men's, women's and children's, have been set in rows.

END TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

Partitions have been removed, making the central rooms of the farmhouse a spacious hall. The place is packed, a hundred-fifty or more Amish, all sitting in absolute silence on rows of wooden benches.

A wooden coffin rests on a bench in the f.g., and near it the close relatives of the deceased occupy a special place.

RACHEL LAPP

A woman of perhaps twenty-seven. Her face is pale and drawn. In happier circumstances, although there haven't been too many of late in Rachel's life, we would see a robust, sensual woman of full figure, spirit and intelligence.

Eight-year-old SAMUEL LAPP sits next to his mother; he would appear stunned, possibly not entirely comprehending events.

And the patriarch, ELI LAPP; his stubborn, weathered -- yet not unkind -- features grief-stricken.

THE MOURNERS

Their faces...

CLOCK

as it begins to CHIME nine a.m.

FAVORING PREACHER

as he removes his hat. As one, the men in the congregation remove their hats also.

Then the preacher begins to speak in a formal German dialect:

(SUBTITLES OVER)

BISHOP TSCHANTZ

... a brother has been called home.
God has spoken through the death of
our neighbor, Jacob Lapp...

THE FAMILY

Where Rachel, Samuel and Eli are sitting. SOUNDS of emotion and grief not quite suppressed are heard throughout as:

BISHOP TSCHANTZ

... husband of Rachel, father to Samuel, son of Eli.

(and)

His chair is empty, his bed is empty, his voice will be heard no more. He was needed in our presence, but God needs such men, too. That one should be taken so young is a great sorrow. Still, we would not wish him back. Rather we should prepare ourselves to follow him.

TIGHTENING to the Lapps, and...

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

Where the Amish have gathered for the traditional post-funeral, midday meal.

RACHEL

Where she sits among women, accepting their condolences.

DANIEL HOCHSTETLER

A brawny-armed, ruggedly-handsome, somewhat raffish looking Amishman. There is something atypical about his face - a slightly sardonic set of mouth, a bold eye, a prominent set of jaw. Not exactly what old Jacob Ammann had in mind, maybe, but a well set-up man nonetheless, and at ease among men.

He's among a group of men including old STOLTZFUS, the local healer, FISHER, BEILER and Beiler's stout young son, TOM.

STOLTZFUS

Lapp was a good farmer. None better.

BEILER

But not the man to buy a horse for you.

(and)

Hochstatler, wasn't it your father sold him that horse with a ruptured testicle?

TOM

(grins)

Told him it was a bee sting made
him limp that way.

HOCHSTETLER

(amused)

That horse had one good ball.
That's all it takes.

The others chuckle. But Hochstetler's attention is still on Rachel.

RACHEL

as Hochstetler looms on the horizon, plants himself like a tree in front of her.

At ease as he was with the men, he's a bit awkward at this. All the women, very much aware of Hochstetler's availability, tune in as Rachel looks up.

HOCHSTETLER

I was sorry ti hear about Jacob.
Let us hope he walks with God.

RACHEL

I'm sure he does, Daniel.

FIELD, LAPP FARM - DAY

It is some time after the funeral and the Lapp family is hard at work breaking ground for the spring ploughing. The death of Jacob has increased the work load on all there - Samuel maneuvers a four-mule team while Rachel and old Eli work nearby, further breaking up the earth. Rachel looks up from the back-breaking labor as several figures approach - it's Daniel Hochstetler and two of his brothers. Without a word they fall in beside Eli and Rachel and take up various tasks associated with the work at hand. Daniel works close beside Rachel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY

A few BRIEF SHOTS of a lone buggy containing the Lapp family take us from the 18th century into the 20th century, the reassuring RATTLE OF THE CARRIAGE WHEELS on quiet backroads, to the ROAR OF TRAFFIC as the buggy wait patiently for a chance to cross a busy interstate highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY, LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY

A huge tractor trailer rig hovers over the frail buggy as it trots down the interstate. The camera cranes up to reveal a procession of vehicles behind the truck waiting for a chance to overtake it.

EXT. PLATFORM, LANCASTER STATION - DAY

Daniel Hochstetler moves through the crowd on the platform. Rachel turns surprised, as he approaches, a faint color coming to her cheek.

RACHEL

Daniel?

HOCHSTETLER

I...I was at the feed store. And I saw your horse, so...

There is an embarrassment between them broken by the arrival of the train.

HOCHSTETLER

(continuing)

You will come back soon?

Samuel can barely contain his excitement as he drags at his mother's hand.

SAMUEL

Quickly, Mother, quickly.

Rachel embraces Eli.

ELI

You be careful out among them English.

She turns to Hochstetler.

RACHEL

I need time Daniel.

EXT. CARPARK, LANCASTER STATION - DAY

Daniel Hochstetler leaps into the driving seat of his open wagon and with a flick of the reins and a whoop sets his horse off at a fast trot.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The ENGINE gives a WARNING BLAST before creeping slowly forward.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING)

As Samuel spots something out of the window that causes him to light up.

HIS POV THROUGH WINDOW

A road runs parallel to the train track, and Hochstetler in his wagon urges his horse almost to the gallop as he attempts to keep pace with the train.

BACK TO SCENE

as Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
I see, darling.

And Samuel cranes to look back, waving, for as long as he can.

EXT. LANCASTER COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train moves across a broad panorama of fields, dotted with dollhouse-sized farms and the tiny figures of Amish farmers working their horse-drawn equipment.

SERIES OF CUTS

as the train continues its eastward journey... Samuel stares raptly out of the window at the changing patterns of the countryside. He points in wonder at a brightly colored hot air balloon as it drifts slowly over timbered hills... he looks unsure as the pattern of field and wood gives way to suburbs, bustling shopping centers, restaurants, car lots and fast food outlets.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SLUMS

as the train travels past dilapidated row houses, streets choked with cars and the gutters with filth.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING)

Now Samuel is staring out the window with some confusion, almost apprehension:

SAMUEL
(MORE)

Is this where we're going?

RACHEL

Of course not. We're going to
Baltimore. It's much nicer in
Baltimore.

AT CLOSE RANGE
Original Screenplay
by
Nicholas Kazan
Story by
Elliot Lewitt
and
Nicholas Kazan

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Winter.

Silence.

Thin barren trees, cold white sky.

Everything motionless.

SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

Thick woods, thin woods, wet leaves on the ground.

Muted colors: blacks, browns, beiges.

A sign: "Brandywine Game Preserve. No Hunting/No Trespassing."

Wind rustles the trees.

We feel the wind. The landscape is still, lifeless, but we sense something moving. Spirits are alive here. Time is alive.

Deeper woods. Austere... bleak... comforting.

A DEER. White deer gazing. Its presence seems like merely another landscape.

A brook, mostly frozen over. Moss on the rocks.

Around the deer: young white birches... oaks... a tall maple with a double trunk. No. No, one trunk is something else... recognizable... A HUNTER, motionless. When we distinguish the human form, the effect is at once startling and reassuring/inevitable.

The deer chews... sweet green shoots.

Geese fly overhead.

A scarf is wrapped around the Hunter's mouth to diffuse his steaming breath.

Wind stirs up fallen leaves.

Easy grace: the way the deer moves its head. Proud antlers.

The hunter holds a rifle, muzzle nestled against his cheek. He is 31, bearded, and handsome. Except the eyes: thin and sunken, like scars.

The deer moves a few steps.

The Hunter eases the rifle upward.

EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The building is white, very brightly lit. Makes it seem like every bottle inside is doubly potent, precious.

The boys loiter outside. Their eyes are glazed: stoned. BRAD, JR., 18, is big-boned, light-haired; his features caught between indifference and a scowl. TOMMY, 16, is prettier, softer, dressed in the same teen/hood outfit, but with a touch of flair.

A wealthy OLDER COUPLE pulls in in a Lincoln Continental. Tommy glances questioningly at Brad, who pays no attention. He's humming an idle tune and staring out at the Baltimore Pike:

Cars flashing by. A bright convertible catches his eye: DRIVER dressed in suede, next to a REDHEAD in a halter top, her hair streaming behind. We sense Brad's thought: there it is, the good life... unachievable...

The words to the tune Brad's humming become almost intelligible.

BRAD JR.

(flat)

At Beneficial... toot toot...
You're good for more...
At Beneficial... toot toot...
Where the money is...
We want to give you...
The full amount you have in mind...

A Datsun station wagon pulls in driven by a SLEAZY SALESMAN-type, 25. Brad hustles toward him. Tommy follows.

BRAD JR.

Excuse me, mister. Excuse me, could
you buy us some beer?

The Salesman takes a few steps toward the store... hesitates, stops.

SALESMAN

Whattaya want?

TOMMY

(nervous)

Beer.

BRAD JR.

(slipping him \$5)

Rolling Rock. Give us two dollars

(MORE)

BRAD JR. (CONT'D)

back.

The Salesman nods, keeps walking.

They watch from outside as he strolls in... past the beer case... to the counter.

TOMMY

What's he doin'?

The Salesman buys a bottle of Gin.

TOMMY

Shit. Shit, he's not getting it. He is screwing us.

Brad does not look perturbed.

TOMMY

Shit. Shit on a stick.

The Salesman comes out, brushes past them, heads for his car.

BRAD JR.

Give us our money.

SALESMAN

How old're you?

BRAD JR.

Fuck you. I'm eighteen.

SALESMAN

And him?

BRAD JR.

(without apology)

Sixteen.

SALESMAN

(getting into car)

Too young to drink.

He starts the motor.

Brad Jr. stares at him.

Then lies down on the hood of the car. As if he's easing into bed.

The Salesman stares at him in astonishment. Starts the car moving.

Brad Jr. is flattened against the hood like a throw rug.

The Salesman swerves slowly back and forth. Brad takes hold of the windshield wipers.

The Salesman speeds up... onto the highway... down the road.

The side of Brad's face is now pressed against the windshield, a foot from the Salesman's. He's staring off: almost placid.

The Salesman hits a good speed and then slows down, does a few final swerves and comes to a stop.

SALESMAN
(confidently)
Okay now. Get off.

Without looking toward the Salesman, Brad holds out his hand for the money.

The Salesman's eyes bulge with anger. He speeds up again.

Brad is smiling mysteriously.

The Salesman hits the brakes. Brad strains to hold on.

BRAD JR.
Go ahead, go on, go on!

He says this without fear or anger. A kind of suicidal exhilaration.

The Salesman keeps speeding up and braking.

BRAD JR.
Keep goin', buddy!

Once more the Salesman speeds up and brakes sharply --

No effect on Brad.

The Salesman shakes his head in disbelief.

Again he pulls the car over.

Brad holds out his hand. Still without looking at the Salesman.

The Salesman gives him the \$5.

Brad takes it, holds out his hand again.

SALESMAN
What?

BRAD JR.
The gin. The gin.

SALESMAN
(scornfully)
On come on, kid --

Brad Jr. finally turns and stares at the Salesman. Something calm, determined, demented in his eyes. Like some communicable disease.

BRAD JR.
(soft, weird)
Hey man, ya know?... We got your
license plates.

A long look exchanged. The Salesman wants no more of this kid. This kid is way too freaky.

He hands Brad the gin.

Brad climbs off the hood, and the Salesman stares at him in disbelief. Then peels away, spewing gravel all over.

Brad pulls his gin out of the bag, frowns at it, throws it away into the grass.

He starts up the long hill toward Tommy. In the background: lush Spring foliage.

As Brad passes the gin bottle, he has second thoughts. Picks it up, wedges it under his arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OXFORD, PA. - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A battered, aged Honda 350 cycle sputters down the street... on its last legs. Brad riding, Tommy in back, holding on with feet and thighs: no arms around his brother's waist, that'd look like a girl. The paper bag with the gin is between them.

They approach a squat corner building: bank by day, hang-out by night. A cluster of three girls, two clusters of boys, and a girl and a boy talking together... they all watch the cycle pass.

Brad and Tommy stare right back.

Then Brad makes a U-turn and returns for a second look:

BRAD JR.
(squinting)
(MORE)

BRAD JR. (CONT'D)

You know those girls?

Tommy winces: doesn't know 'em, doesn't want to:

TOMMY

They're porkers.

Brad nods. They drive on... away.

The camera holds. We observe Main Street. Small tawdry town.

Two Farmers in coveralls climb into a pick-up.

Neon sign: Drug Store... Laundry. Look like some tautological joke.

GRADUALLY THE LIGHT SHIFTS... DARKER... TIME PASSING...

And nothing happens. Town has the metabolism of an oak tree.

In the distance the cycle moves back toward us. Weaving slightly.

Brad is now slightly drunk, Tommy bombed/hung over/in pain. Tommy is clutching Brad's waist.

BRAD JR.

Stay awake, kid. You awake?

(off his silence)

Tommy?

TOMMY

Yeah, I got it.

They cruise slowly past the bank. Brad glances over out of habit.

There are TWO OLDER GUYS in exactly the same position as when Brad first drove past: timeless tableau.

And near them, two girls talking. One of them turns her head -

She's riveting: short black hair, cute face... something about the way she stands there...

Brad can't take his eyes off her. Has to remember to look back at the road... Then back at her. Her eyes meet his, hold, then swerve away.

He's past her. But half way down the block, he slows down... Then stops. Thinks.

BRAD JR.

Tommy...? I might... If I stopped a

(MORE)

BRAD JR. (CONT'D)
 minute, would you be okay?

TOMMY
 No matter what you do, I ain't
 okay.

Brad considers a moment, decides this is consent.

He makes a U-turn, heads back. Glances over: The Girl is
 looking right at him. He has to stop. Does.

He sidles across the street toward them. They're nicely
 dressed; not hicks.

The Two Older Guys see where he's going.

OLDER GUY
 Ain't no use, buddy.

They've tried and failed.

But Brad walks right up to the girl, nods, speaks in a soft,
 shy voice:

BRAD JR.
 Hi.

THE GIRL
 Hello.

An awkward but comfortable silence; an acknowledgement.

He looks back and forth between them. Doesn't know what to
 say, how to begin. Finally asks the girl, indicating the
 other:

BRAD JR.
 Ummm... this is your friend?

THE GIRL
 Yeah. Jill.

BRAD JR.
 Hi Jill.

JILL
 (neutral)
 Hi.
 (long pause)
 You got a name?

BRAD JR.
 (nods)
 Brad?

JILL
You don't sound so sure.

Brad looks at the Girl expectantly. At first she doesn't get what he wants. Then:

THE GIRL
Oh. I'm Terry.

BRAD JR.
(nods)
Terry.

He says this as if it were a confirmation of something.

BRAD JR.
(smiles)
Hi.

She half-laughs; he's repeating himself.

BRAD JR.
Well, I just... I'd like to talk to you if that's okay.

TERRY
Yeah, it's okay.

BRAD JR.
(indicating cycle)
I saw you --
(stops himself)
Well... I... I haven't really seen you down here before.

TERRY
Yeah. My Mom doesn't let me out too much.

He nods.

BRAD JR.
So. Anything goin' on?

JILL
Tonight?

Brad nods.

SCHINDLER'S LIST

Screenplay by

Steven Zaillian

Based on the novel by

Thomas Keneally

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

EXT. RURAL POLAND - SMALL DEPOT, DAY

A small depot set down against monotonous countryside in the far hinterlands of rural Poland. A folding table on the wood-plank platform. Pens, ink well, forms.

A three-year-old girl holding the hand of woman watches a clerk register her name and those of two or three families of farmers standing before him. Finishing, he motions to an SS guard nearby to escort them to a waiting, empty, idling passenger train.

The people climb aboard as the clerk gathers his paperwork. He folds up his little table, signals with a wave to the engineer, and climbs up after them.

The nearly-empty train pulls out of the sleepy station.

EXT. TRAIN STATION, CRACOW, POLAND - DAY

TRAIN WHEELS grinding against track, slowing.

FOLDING TABLE LEGS scissoring open. The lever of a train door being pulled.

NAMES ON LISTS on clipboards held by an ARMY OF CLERKS moving alongside the tracks.

CLERKS (O.S.)
 ... Rossen ... Lieberman ...
 Wachsberg ... Groder ...

HUNDREDS OF BEWILDERED RURAL FACES coming down off the train. FORMS being set out on the folding tables. HANDS straightening pens and pencils and ink pads and stamps.

CLERKS (O.S.)
 ... when your name is called, go
 over there... take this over to
 that table...

TYPEWRITER KEYS rapping a name onto a list. A FACE. Keys typing another NAME. Another FACE.

CLERKS (V.O.)
 ... you're in the wrong line, wait
 over there... you, come over
 here...

A MAN is taken from one long line and led to the back of another. A HAND hammers a rubber stamp at a form. Tight on a FACE. Keys type another NAME. Another FACE. Another NAME.

CLERKS (V.O.)
 ... Gemeinerowa ... Gottlieb ...
 Biberman ... Steinberg ...

As a hand comes down stamping a gray stripe across a registration card, there is absolute silence... then MUSIC, the Hungarian love song, "Gloomy Sunday," distant, like an echo... and the stripe bleeds into color, into BRIGHT YELLOW INK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CRACOW - NIGHT

The song plays from a radio on a rust-stained sink.

The light in the room is dismal, the furniture cheap. The curtains are faded and the wallpaper's peeling, but the clothes laid out across the single bed are beautiful.

The hands of a man lay a tie against a shirt on the bed, then try it against another. Arm sliding through the sleeve of the first shirt, buttoning it. Pulling cufflinks through holes. Knotting a tie. Folding a handkerchief and tucking it into the pocket of double-breasted linen jacket - all with great deliberation.

A bureau. Some currency, cigarettes, shot glass, bottle, passport... and an elaborate gold-on-black enamel Hakenkreuz, or swastika, which gets pinned to the lapel of the elegant dinner jacket.

Oskar Schindler steps back to consider his reflection in the mirror. He likes what he sees. He almost looks reputable in his one nice suit. Even in this awful room.

The love song from the radio segues to another, simpler version, without vocals, and -

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CRACOW - NIGHT

A spotlight slicing across a crowded, smoke-choked club finds on a small stage, performing the same song, a man embracing an accordion and another bowing a violin.

Below, drinking, socializing and conducting business, is a strange clientele: SS and Army officers, gangsters and girls and entrepreneurs, thrown together by the circumstance of war.

Oscar Schindler steps into the club and, with a 50-Zloty note pinched between his fingers, gestures, "one." He's shown to a table, a decent one, where another 50-Zloty note slipped from his billfold lures three waiters to him like fish to bait.

As the waiter who made it there first steps away with the order, Schindler calmly surveys the room, the faces, stripping away all that's unimportant to him, settling only on details that are:

The rank of this man, the higher rank of that one... a conspicuously empty table, the best in the place by the stage, with a little "reserved" card on it... money, a payoff of some kind as it's slipped into a hand that disappears into the pocket of an SS uniform.

A WAITER SETS DOWN DRINKS

in front of the SS officer who took the bribe. He's at a table with his girlfriend and a lower-ranking officer. Some businessmen hover, eager for an invitation to join.

WAITER
From the gentleman.

The waiter indicates a table across the room where Schindler, seemingly unaware of the SS men, flirts with a girl with a big camera.

CZURDA
Do I know him?

His sergeant doesn't. His girlfriend doesn't.

CZURDA
Find out who he is.

Czurda watches his sergeant make his way over to Schindler's table. There's a handshake and introductions before his man - and Czurda can't believe it - accepts the chair Schindler's dragging over.

CZURDA
What is he doing?

Czurda waits, but then his man doesn't come back; he's forgotten, apparently, he went there for a reason. Eventually, and it irritates him, Czurda has to get up and go over there. To his girlfriend -

CZURDA
Stay here.

His girlfriend watches him cross toward Schindler's table. Before he even arrives, Schindler is up and berating him for leaving his date way over there across the room, waving at the girl to come join them, motioning to waiters to slide some tables together.

WAITERS ARRIVE WITH PLATES OF CAVIAR

and another round of drinks for the party in Schindler's corner that has swelled to eight people.

CZURDA

The SS doesn't own the trains, somebody's got to pay. Whether it's a passenger car or a livestock carriage - which, by the way, you have to see - you have to set aside an afternoon, come down to Prokocim and see this.

SCHINDLER

I've been meaning to.

CZURDA

Let me get this one.

Czurda makes a half-hearted move for his wallet.

SCHINDLER

Are you kidding, put it away.

Schindler's money is already out. He pays the waiter, tipping him extravagantly, and sweeps the room with his eyes again.

CZURDA

Since we've reserved the trains, logically we should pay. But this is a lot of money. This is thousands of fares.

(pause)

The Jews. They're the ones riding the trains, they should pay.

He laughs at the audacity of the SS making the Jews pay for their own fares on cattle cars, and looks to Schindler, but his attention is on a table across the room where three more high-ranking SS men, without dates, watch the girls who have replaced the Rosner brothers on stage. The instant Schindler's billfold comes back out a waiter appears out of nowhere.

WAITER

Sir?

THE THREE GIRLS

from the stage show changing out of their costumes. One answers a knock on the dressing room door and the waiter is revealed with an armful of flowers.

FROM THE STAGE WINGS

the waiter points out Schindler, across the club, shaking the hands of the dateless SS men. There -

TOFFEL

You aren't by any chance related to General Schindler.

SCHINDLER

It's funny you should ask. Actually-
(sees something)
Excuse me.

He's noticed the approaching girls and turns their way, groaning elaborately.

SCHINDLER

No, no, no, you didn't have to come out here to -

CLUB GIRLS

Thank you, sir.

SCHINDLER

No, I told him, Tell them they were wonderful, thank them for the show, tell them they don't have to feel they have to come out here - and now here you are.

He shakes his head in embarrassment, like this is the last thing he wanted, and -

SCHINDLER

I'm sorry, let me introduce you to my friends here.

He gestures to the three SS officers at the table.

A TABLECLOTH BILLOWS

as a waiter lays it down on another table that's been added to Schindler's growing encampment. Seating the girls on either side of the SS officers, he motions to a waiter to refill the men's drinks and moves among his many other guests.

REEDER

I'll tell you what I mean by cooperative. Two days after the law's passed that all Jews have to wear the star, Jewish tailors are
(MORE)

REEDER (CONT'D)

turning them out by the gross in a variety of fabrics.

Schindler laughs along with the others politely while supervising the placement of more arriving food. That interests him much more than politics.

SCHINDLER

(to someone else)

How're you doing, everything all right here?

TOFFEL

They'll be cooperative to avoid worse. It's human nature. "We'll do this, to avoid that."

REEDER

But then it's something else. Which they do to avoid the next thing. Which they do to avoid the next thing.

Returning to the head of the table, Schindler sweeps the room again with his eyes, noting the arrival of - and the fuss that's made over - an SS Oberfuhrer, or colonel.

TOFFEL (O.S.)

They'll manage. They always do. Beg, borrow, steal, bargain, it's what they do. They weather the storm.

REEDER (O.S.)

Yeah, well, this storm's different. This storm's being managed by the SS.

As the colonel and his date are led across the club to the reserved table by the stage, great deference is afforded him by waiters, the maitre 'd and the businessmen in the club.

A ROAR OF LAUGHTER

erupts from Schindler's party in the corner. His guests have increased to ten or twelve and they're convulsing with laughter as he moves among them pouring from two bottles of cognac.

SCHINDLER

No, wait, that's not it -

SS OFFICERS

No, no, please -

SCHINDLER

No, the other one turns to him and,
nervous as hell, says, Quiet,
Frank, don't make trouble.

Now it's hysteria. They're having trouble staying upright in
their chairs. They're teary-eyed, exhausted from all the
laughing, their faces aching.

SCHINDLER

That reminds me -

SS OFFICERS

(begging him)

No, no, no -

Across the room, at the reserved table, the SS colonel,
Schermer, stares; nobody's having a better time than those
people over there. He gestures to an officer coming past -
Czurda - the one who, a couple of hours ago, sent his own man
to find out who the hell Schindler was.

SCHERNER

Who is that?

CZURDA

(like everyone knows)

That's Oskar Schindler. He's an old
friend of... I don't know...
somebody's.

THE GIRL WITH THE BIG CAMERA

screws in a flashbulb as she approaches some businessmen
sitting sullenly at a table. Before she can even ask if they
want a picture -

BUSINESSMAN

No, thank you.

All the important people, including Scherner, are over at
Schindler's table(s), engaged in animated conversation until
he clinks at a goblet with the tines of his fork, gaining
their attention. Rising -

SCHINDLER

My friend, Oberfuhrer Scherner
here, asked earlier if I've come to
Cracow for business or pleasure.

Schermer's right there, in the chair next to Schindler's.

SCHINDLER

(MORE)

I told him, and this is the truth,
I've never been able to tell the
two apart.

He gestures very subtly to the girl with the camera to get ready to take a picture, and picks up his glass.

SCHINDLER
Does everybody have a drink?

They do, the last of many, and raise them for a toast.

SCHINDLER
I'd like you to drink with me to this city, which - with its industries, its rail system, its nightlife, its beauty - holds for us all, I believe, greater opportunities, for both business and pleasure, than we've yet imagined. To Cracow.

EVERYBODY
To Cracow.

As they all clink their glasses, Schindler nods to the girl with the camera. The bulb flashes and the noise of the club suddenly drops out as the moment is caught forever - Oskar Schindler, surrounded by his many new friends, smiling urbanely.

EXT. CRACOW - DAY

From a loud speaker mounted on a truck negotiating a narrow street issues a voice alerting the Untermensch (the subhumans) of Cracow to the latest of many restrictive edicts, this one forbidding the kosher preparation of meats.

It's September, 1939. General Sigmund List's armored divisions, driving north from the Sudetenland, have taken Cracow, and the signs of the Occupation are everywhere:

A poster on a wall depicting a virginal Polish girl handing food to a hook-nosed Jew with a shadow like Satan's. Another with the slogan (Subtitle) "Jews = Lice Typhus."

A shop window displaying a picture of a human skull with lines indicating the smaller circumference, and therefore lesser intelligence, of the Judaic brain.

A soldier docking the side-locks of an Orthodox man with his infantry bayonet.

EXT. ALLEY AND CENTRUM, CRACOW - DAY

A young man emerges from an alley pulling off his Jewish armband. Crossing the Centrum past German soldiers and trucks, he pockets it, pulls a small crucifix on a chain out from under the collar of his silk shirt and approaches a high-spired and ornate cathedral.

The ubiquitous loud speaker on the truck rumbling past announces another edict, this one reducing Jewish Poles' rations to half that of non-Jewish Poles'.

GOOD FELLAS

Written by

Nicholas Pileggi

and

Martin Scorsese

Based on the book by Nicholas Pileggi

JUNE 11, 1970: QUEENS, NEW YORK.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

A smoky, overdecorated cocktail lounge and nightclub on Queens Boulevard. Sergio Franchi is in full voice on the JUKEBOX. It is after midnight. It has been a long night.

Balloons and empty glasses litter the place. BILLY BATTS, a 50-year-old hood in an out-of-date suit, holding court at the bar. We see a younger, more sharply-dressed HOOD walk in with a beehive girl friend and hug Batts.

HOOD

Billy. You look beautiful. Welcome home.

BATTS

(laughing and turning to the bartender)

What are you having? Give 'em what they're drinking.

We see four other men, including HENRY HILL and JAMES CONWAY, standing near Billy Batts at the bar, raise their glasses in salute. TOMMY DEVITO and another beehive blonde enter. Billy Batts looks up and sees Tommy.

BATTS (CONT'D)

Hey, look at him. Tommy. You grew up.

TOMMY

(preening a little)

Billy, how are you?

BATTS

(smiling broadly at Tommy and the girl)

Son of a bitch. Get over here.

Tommy walks over and Billy, too aggressively, grabs Tommy around the neck. Tommy doesn't like it.

TOMMY

(forcing a laugh)

Hey, Billy. Watch the suit.

BATTS

(squeezing Tommy's cheek, a little too hard)

Listen to him. 'Watch the suit,' he says.

A little pisser I've known all my life. Hey, Tommy, don't get too big.

TOMMY

Don't go busting my balls. Okay?

BATTS

(laughing, to the crowd at (MORE))

BATTS (CONT'D)

the bar)
 Busting his balls?
 (to Tommy)
 If I was busting your balls, I'd
 send you home for your shine box.

Tommy's smile turns to a glare as he realizes Billy is making fun of him. The men at the bar are roaring with laughter. His girl is looking glumly at her shoes.

BATTS
 (to the hoods at the bar)
 You remember Tommy's shines? The
 kid was great. He made mirrors.

TOMMY
 (almost a threat)
 No more shines, Billy.

BATTS
 Come ooonnn. Tommeeee. We're only
 kidding. You can't take a joke?
 Come ooonn.

We see that Tommy is still angry, but begins to relax with Billy's apparent apology, but as soon as Billy sees that Tommy is beginning to relax, he contemptuously turns his back on Tommy.

BATTS
 (facing the bar)
 Now get the hell home and get your
 shine box.

Henry quickly steps in front of Tommy who is about to explode. Batts is facing the bar and does not see just how furious Tommy has become.

HENRY
 (gently wrestling Tommy
 away from the bar)
 Come on, relax. He's drunk. He's
 been locked up for six years.

TOMMY
 I don't give a shit. The guy's got
 no right.

HENRY
 Tommy. He doesn't mean anything.
 Forget about it.

TOMMY
 (trying to wrestle past
 (MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Henry)
He's insulting me. Rat bastard.
He's never been any fuckin' good.

HENRY
Tommy. Come on. Relax.

TOMMY
(to Henry)
Keep him here. I'm going for a bag.

Tommy roughly grabs his girl's arm and storms out.

HENRY
(rejoining James and Billy
Batts at the bar)
Batts. I'm sorry. Tommy gets
loaded. He doesn't mean any
disrespect.

BATTS
He's got a hot head.

We see the last two guests get up to leave. Henry puts another dollar in the jukebox and moves back behind the bar and starts to total the register receipts.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE OF SUITE

From HENRY'S POV behind the bar, we see the guests leave and suddenly we see Tommy in the doorway. Henry walks around the bar and approaches Tommy.

We see James and Batts are still seated at bar with their backs to the door.

BATTS
They're fucking mutts.

We see James nod.

BATTS
I seen them. They walk around like
big shots and they don't know shit.

JAMES
A guy gets half a load on. He
mouths off.

BATTS
When I was a kid, I swear on my
mother, you mouth off, you got your
(MORE)

BATTS (CONT'D)
fucking legs broke.

CUT TO:

HENRY

approaching Tommy who is carrying a large folded package under one arm.

Tommy, followed by Henry, walks over to the bar where James and Bill Batts are talking. Tommy drops the package on the floor.

Billy Batts looks up.

James turns around and sees that Tommy has a gun in his hand.

James immediately grabs Batts's arms and we see Tommy smash the gun into the side of Batts's head. We see Tommy hit Batts again and again as James continues to hold Batts's arms.

JAMES
(to Henry, while pinning
Batts's arms)
Quick! Lock the door.

We see Tommy club Batts to the ground with James holding Batts's arms.

CUT TO:

HENRY

locking the door.

CUT TO:

BATTS'S INERT FORM

on the floor.

We see Tommy unfold the package he had dropped near the bar.

It is a plastic, flower-printed mattress cover.

Tommy and James start putting Batts's legs into the mattress cover.

Henry is standing over them as James and Tommy struggle to fit Batts's body in the mattress cover.

HENRY
What are we going to do with him?
We can't dump him in the street.

JAMES

(to Henry)

Bring the car 'round back. I know a place upstate they'll never find him.

Tommy is looking brightly at Henry, as he and James finally zip Batts in the mattress cover.

TOMMY

I didn't want to get blood on your floor.

EXT. REAR DRIVEWAY - SUITE - NIGHT

Darkness. The open trunk of Henry's car. The mattress cover is being shoved into the trunk by the three men. It is heavy work.

HENRY

Batts's made. His whole crew is going to be looking for him. This is fucking bad.

TOMMY

There's a shovel at my mother's.

INT. TOMMY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darkness in the kitchen. We hear noise of doors opening and tools being banged around in the dark.

TOMMY

Sshhh. You'll wake 'er up.

Suddenly the light in the entryway goes on, and we see Tommy's MOTHER, in housecoat, beaming at her son and his friends.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN TABLE

where Tommy's Mother hovers over the seated Tommy, Henry and James. The table is filled with plates and coffee cups and the debris of dirty dishes.

MOTHER

(to all)

Have some more. You hardly touched anything. Did Tommy tell you about my painting?. Look.

We see her reach next to the refrigerator and pull up a couple of oil paintings she props on the edge of the table.

MOTHER

(proudly)

They want me to do a portrait next.

I'm gonna do the Mona Lisa.

CUT TO:

WINDOW

where we see Henry's car with the body in the trunk, still parked at the curb.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Finally on their way, Henry is driving. James, in the passenger's seat, and Tommy, in the rear seat, embracing the shovel, are dozing off. The sleepy HUMMING sound of WHEELS is suddenly interrupted by a THUMPING sound. At first, Henry thinks he has a flat, but the THUMPING is too irregular. James awakens. His eyes are on Henry. Tommy leans forward from the rear seat. Silence. THUMP!

Silence.

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY - NIGHT

Car pulls off the road onto the grass. Henry, James and Tommy, still holding the shovel, get out of the car.

TOMMY

Jesus Christ! Miserable bastard!

Henry opens the trunk and steps back. In the trunk light we see the mattress cover squirming around. We hear MUFFLED GROANS.

TOMMY

(raising the shovel)

Can you believe this no-good fuck?

The prick! He's still alive.

Tommy suddenly smashes the shovel into the moving, bloody mattress cover. He smashes it again and again and again. Cursing Batts with every swing.

TOMMY

Rat bastard.

(swings shovel)

No-good, low-life fuck.

Tommy swings shovel again and again.

Soon the mattress cover stops squirming and Tommy stops swinging the shovel. He is exhausted. Tommy and James get back in the car. Henry is facing the open trunk.

TILT UP and FREEZE ON Henry's face slamming the trunk shut.

HENRY (V.O.)

As far back as I can remember, I
always wanted to be a gangster.

MAIN TITLE - GOOD FELLAS

UNFREEZE and --

DISSOLVE TO:

HENRY - AS CHILD

looking out his bedroom window.

TITLE EAST NEW YORK: BROOKLYN. 1955

HENRY (V.O.)

To me, being a gangster was better
than being President of the United
States.

HENRY'S POV - GRIMY ONE-STORY CABSTAND - NIGHT

with a faded "Pitkin Avenue Cabs" sign above the door.

It's after midnight. We see a half-dozen, immaculately-dressed hoods wearing diamond pinky rings and silk shirts, lounging around the cabstand talking and sipping coffee.

HENRY (V.O.)

Even before I first wandered into
the cabstand for an after-school
job, I knew I wanted to be a part
of them. It was there I belonged.

HENRY'S POV

We see a Cadillac pull up the to cabstand. We see the car rise slightly when two huge, dapper hoods get out.

On hood #1 we see large diamond pinky ring on a sausage-thick finger.

On hood #2 we see a broken-nosed hood's tie hanging loosely across his monogrammed shirt like a silk bandolier.

HENRY (V.O.)

To me it meant being somebody in a neighborhood full of nobodies.

On the sidewalk we see the two hoods who just got out of the car hug and playfully shove TUDDY VARIO, the sloppily-dressed, solidly-built hood who runs the cabstand.

HENRY (V.O.)

They weren't like anyone else. They did whatever they wanted. They'd double-park in front of the hydrant and nobody ever gave them a ticket. In the summer when they played cards all night, nobody ever called the cops.

We see Tuddy laughingly try to push them away.

HENRY (V.O.)

Tuddy Vario ran the cabstand and a pizzeria and a few other places for his brother, Paul, who was the boss over everybody in the neighborhood.

We see a laughing hood #1 slyly slip behind Tuddy and grab him around the neck, while hood #2 starts feigning punches to Tuddy's ample midsection.

TRUE ROMANCE

Written by

Quentin Tarantino

FADE IN:

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 bar-stool.

CLARENCE

In "Jailhouse Rock," he's everything rockabilly's about. I mean, he is rockabilly; mean,

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

surly, nasty, rude. In that movie he couldn't give a fuck about anything except rockin' and rollin', livin' fast, dying young and leavin' a good looking corpse. I love that scene where after he's made it big he's throwing a big cocktail party and all these highbrows are there, and he's singing, "Baby You're So Square... Baby, I Don't Care." Now they've 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've got him wearing penny loafers. Despite all that shit, all the highbrows at the party, the big house, the 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 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 about me what?

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

LUCY
What are we gonna 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
I don't think so.

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The SOUNDS of the city flow through an open window. CAR HORNS, GUNSHOTS and VOICES. Paint is peeling off the walls and the once green carpet is stained black.

On the bed is a huge open suitcase filled with clear plastic bags of cocaine. Shotguns and pistols have been dropped carelessly around the suitcase. On the far end of the room against the wall is a TV. "Bewitched" is playing.

On the opposite end of the room, by the front door, is a table. DREXL SPIVEY and FLOYD DIXON sit around it. Cocaine is on the table as well as little plastic bags and a weigher.

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

DREXL
Motherfucker get outta my face with that bullshit.

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

DREXL
That's bullshit.

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

FLOYD
Naw man, that's some serious shit.

DREXL
You lie like a big dog.

BIG D
What the fuck are you talkin' 'bout?

DREXL
Floyd says he don't be eatin' pussy.

BIG D
Shit, any nigger says 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
Motherfucker, 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 pussy --
(MORE)

FLOYD(CONT'D)

but if I ever did eat some pussy, I sure as hell wouldn't tell no goddamn body. I'd be ashamed as a motherfucker.

BIG D

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

DREXL

Heard that.

Drexl and Big D bump fists.

FLOYD

Go on, laugh pussy eaters. You two look like you be eatin' pussy. You got pussy eatin' mugs.

(he takes a hit off a joint)

There used to be a time when sisters didn't know shit about gettin' their bush 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.

Drexl and Big D bust up.

FLOYD

Thing is, now if a brother wants to get his dick sucked he's gotta 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 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 you a question. You with some fine bitch, I mean a brick shithouse bitch -- you 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 sucking shit 'til 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 you' ass."

BIG D

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

DREXL

Time out, motherfucker, you ain't beating 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 (CONT'D)

(yelling after them)

Ain't no man have to eat pussy!

BIG D

(not even looking)

(MORE)

BIG D (CONT'D)

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
and suck her dog, 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," Big D picks up the
shotgun and tosses it to Drexel.

DREXL (CONT'D)

(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 Drexel.

Drexel, waiting for him, FIRES from across the room.

The BLAST hits the big man in the right arm and shoulder,
spinning him around.

Drexel makes a bee-line towards his victim and FIRES again.

Big D is hit with a BLAST, full in the back. He slams into
the wall and drops.

Drexel collects the suitcase full of cocaine and leaves.

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

INT. LYRIC TREATER - NIGHT

Sonny Chiba, as "Streetfighter," Terry Surki, dives into a group of guys, fists and feet flying, whippin' 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 (rat on the floor).

EXT. LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

A cab pulls up 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 cab and walks up to the box office.

The 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 - NIGHT

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

Alabama walks through the door with her bounty of food. She makes a quick scan of the theater. Not many people are there. She makes a beeline 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 obvious.

When Alabama gets right behind Clarence, her foot hits 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 to 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. Hold on, a fight scene's comin' up.

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

INT. LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

On the screen, Sonny Chiba's all jacked up. Dead bodies lie 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 shoulda 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. What's yours?

ALABAMA

Alabama Whitman. Pleased to meet ya.

CLARENCE

Is that your real name, Alabama?

PULP FICTION

Written & Directed by

Quentin Tarantino

Stories

by

Quentin Tarantino
&
Roger Roberts Avery

THREE STORIES..
ABOUT ONE STORY...

PULP (pulp) n. 1. A soft, moist, shapeless mass of matter.

2. A magazine or book containing lurid subject matter and being characteristically printed on rough, unfinished paper.

American Heritage Dictionary New College Edition

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COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

A normal Denny's, Spires-like coffee shop in Los Angeles. It's about 9:00 in the morning. While the place isn't jammed, there's a healthy number of people drinking coffee, munching on bacon and eating eggs. Two of these people are a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN. The Young Man has a slight working-class English accent and, like his fellow countryman, smokes cigarettes like they're going out of style. It is impossible to tell where the Young Woman is from or how old she is; everything she does contradicts something she did. The boy and girl sit in a booth. Their dialogue is to be said in a rapid-pace "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" fashion.

YOUNG MAN

No, forget it, it's too risky. I'm through doin' that shit.

YOUNG WOMAN

You always say that, the same thing
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

every time: never again, I'm
through, too dangerous.

YOUNG MAN

I know that's what I always say.
I'm always right too, but --

YOUNG WOMAN

-- but you forget about it in a day
or two --

YOUNG MAN

-- yeah, well, the days of me
forgittin' are over, and the days
of me rememberin' have just begun.

YOUNG WOMAN

When you go on like this, you know
what you sound like?

YOUNG MAN

I sound like a sensible fucking
man, is what I sound like.

YOUNG WOMAN

You sound like a duck.
(imitates a duck)
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,
quack, quack...

YOUNG MAN

Well take heart, 'cause you're
never gonna hafta hear it again.
Because since I'm never gonna do it
again, you're never gonna hafta
hear me quack about how I'm never
gonna do it again.

YOUNG WOMAN

After tonight.

The boy and girl laugh, their laughter putting a pause in
there, back and forth.

YOUNG MAN

(with a smile)
Correct. I got all tonight to
quack.

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get anybody anymore coffee?

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh yes, thank you.

The waitress pours the Young Woman's coffee. The Young Man lights up another cigarette.

YOUNG MAN

I'm doin' fine.

The Waitress leaves. The Young Man takes a drag off of his smoke. The Young Woman pours a ton of cream and sugar into her coffee.

The Young man goes right back into it.

YOUNG MAN

I mean the way it is now, you're takin' the same fuckin' risk as when you rob a bank. You take more of a risk. Banks are easier! Federal banks aren't supposed to stop you anyway, during a robbery. They're insured, why should they care? You don't even need a gun in a federal bank. I heard about this guy, walked into a federal bank with a portable phone, handed the phone to the teller, the guy on the other end of the phone said: "We got this guy's little girl, and if you don't give him all your money, we're gonna kill 'er."

YOUNG WOMAN

Did it work?

YOUNG MAN

Fuckin' A it worked, that's what I'm talkin' about! Knucklehead walks in a bank with a telephone, not a pistol, not a shotgun, but a fuckin' phone, cleans the place out, and they don't lift a fuckin' finger.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did they hurt the little girl?

YOUNG MAN

I don't know. There probably never was a little girl -- the point of the story isn't the little girl. The point of the story is they

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(CONT'D)

robbed the bank with a telephone.

YOUNG WOMAN

You wanna rob banks?

YOUNG MAN

I'm not sayin' I wanna rob banks, I'm just illustrating that if we did, it would be easier than what we been doin'.

YOUNG WOMAN

So you don't want to be a bank robber?

YOUNG MAN

Naw, all those guys are goin' down the same road, either dead or servin' twenty.

YOUNG WOMAN

And no more liquor stores?

YOUNG MAN

What have we been talking, about? Yeah, no-more-liquor-stores. Besides, it ain't the giggle it usta be. Too many foreigners own liquor stores. Vietnamese, Koreans, they can't fuckin' speak English. You tell 'em: "Empty out the register," and they don't know what it fuckin' means. They make it too personal. We keep on, one of those gook motherfuckers' gonna make us kill 'em.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm not gonna kill anybody.

YOUNG MAN

I don't wanna kill anybody either. But they'll probably put us in a situation where it's us or them. And if it's not the gooks, it these old Jews who've owned the store for fifteen fuckin' generations. Ya got Grandpa Irving sittin' behind the counter with a fuckin' Magnum. Try walkin' into one of those stores with nothin' but a telephone, see how far it gets you. Fuck it, forget it, we're out of it.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well, what else is there, day jobs?

YOUNG MAN
(laughing)
Not this life.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well what then?

He calls to the Waitress.

YOUNG MAN
Garcon! Coffee!

Then looks to his girl.

YOUNG MAN
This place.

The Waitress comes by, pouring him some more.

WAITRESS
(snotty)
"Garcon" means boy.

She splits.

YOUNG WOMAN
Here? It's a coffee shop.

YOUNG MAN
What's wrong with that? People
never rob restaurants, why not?
Bars, liquor stores, gas stations,
you get your head blown off
stickin' up one of them.
Restaurants, on the other hand, you
catch with their pants down.
They're not expecting to get
robbed, or not as expecting.

YOUNG WOMAN
(taking to idea)
I bet in places like this you could
cut down on the hero factor.

YOUNG MAN
Correct. Just like banks, these
places are insured. The managers
don't give a fuck, they're just
tryin' to get ya out the door
before you start pluggin' diners.
(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(CONT'D)

Waitresses, forget it, they ain't
takin' a bullet for the register.
Busboys, some wetback gettin' paid
a dollar fifty a hour gonna really
give a fuck you're stealin' from
the owner. Customers are sittin'
there with food in their mouths,
they don't know what's goin' on.
One minute they're havin' a Denver
omelette, next minute somebody's
stickin' a gun in their face.

The Young Woman visibly takes in the idea. The Young Man
continues in a low voice.

YOUNG MAN

See, I got the idea last liquor
store we stuck up. 'Member all
those customers kept comin' in?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

Then you got the idea to take
everybody's wallet.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh-huh.

YOUNG MAN

That was a good idea.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you.

YOUNG MAN

We made more from the wallets than
we did the register.

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes we did.

YOUNG MAN

A lot of people go to restaurants.

YOUNG WOMAN

A lot of wallets.

YOUNG MAN

Pretty smart, huh?

The Young Woman scans the restaurant with this new
information.

She sees all the PATRONS eating, lost in conversations. The tired WAITRESS, taking orders. The BUSBOYS going through the motions, collecting dishes. The MANAGER complaining to the COOK about something. A smiles breaks out on the Young Woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pretty smart.
 (into it)
 I'm ready, let's go, right here,
 right now.

YOUNG MAN

Remember, same as before, you're
 crowd control, I handle the
 employees.

YOUNG WOMAN

Got it.

They both take out their .32-caliber pistols and lay them on the table. He looks at her and she back at him.

YOUNG WOMAN

I love you, Pumpkin.

YOUNG MAN

I love you, Honey Bunny.

And with that, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny grab their weapons, stand up and rob the restaurant. Pumpkin's robbery persona is that of the in-control professional. Honey Bunny's is that of the psychopathic, hair-triggered, loose cannon.

PUMPKIN

(yelling to all)
 Everybody be cool, this is a
 robbery!

HONEY BUNNY

Any of you fuckin' pricks move and
 I'll execute every one of you
 motherfuckers! Got that?

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

PULP FICTION

INT. 174 CHEVY (MOVING) - MORNING

An old, gas-guzzling, dirty, white 1974 Chevy Nova BARRELS down a homeless-ridden street in Hollywood.

In the front seat are two young fellas -- one white, one black -- both wearing cheap black suits with thin black ties under long green dusters. Their names are VINCENT VEGA (white) and JULES WINNFIELD (black). Jules is behind the wheel.

JULES

-- okay now, tell me about the hash bars?

VINCENT

What do you want to know?

JULES

Well, hash is legal there, right?

VINCENT

Yeah, it's legal, but it ain't a hundred percent legal. I mean you can't walk into a restaurant, roll a joint, and start puffin' away. You're only supposed to smoke in your home or certain designated places.

JULES

Those are hash bars?

VINCENT

Yeah, it breaks down like this: it's legal to buy it, it's legal to own it and, if you're the proprietor of a hash bar, it's legal to sell it. It's legal to carry it, which doesn't really matter 'cause -- get a load of this if the cops stop you, it's illegal for them to search you. Searching you is a right that the cops in Amsterdam don't have.

JULES

That did it, man -- I'm fuckin' goin', that's all there is to it.

VINCE

You'll dig it the most. But you know what the funniest thing about Europe is?

JULES

What?

VINCENT
(MORE)

It's the little differences. A lotta the same shit we got here, they got there, but there they're a little different.

JULES

Example?

VINCENT

Well, in Amsterdam, you can buy beer in a movie theatre. And I don't mean in a paper cup either. They give you a glass of beer, like in a bar. In Paris, you can buy beer at MacDonald's. Also, you know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in Paris?

JULES

They don't call it a Quarter Pounder with Cheese?

VINCENT

No, they got the metric system there, they wouldn't know what the fuck a Quarter Pounder is.

JULES

What'd they call it?

VINCENT

Royale with Cheese.

JULES

(repeating)

Royale with Cheese. What'd they call a Big Mac?

VINCENT

Big Mac's a Big Mac, but they call it Le Big Mac.

JULES

What do they call a Whopper?

VINCENT

I dunno. I didn't go into a Burger King. But you know what they put on french fries in Holland instead of ketchup?

JULES

What?

VINCENT
Mayonnaise.

JULES
Goddamn!

VINCENT
I seen 'em do it. And I don't mean
a little bit on the side of the
plate, they fuckin' drown 'em in
it.

JULES
Uuccch!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY (TRUNK) - MORNING

The trunk of the Chevy OPENS UP, Jules and Vincent reach
inside, taking out two .45 Automatics, loading and cocking
them.

JULES
We should have shotguns for this
kind of deal.

VINCENT
How many up there?

JULES
Three or four.

VINCENT
Counting our guy?

JULES
I'm not sure.

VINCENT
So there could be five guys up
there?

JULES
It's possible.

VINCENT
We should have fuckin' shotguns.

They CLOSE the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COURTYARD - MORNING.

Vincent and Jules, their long matching overcoats practically dragging on the ground, walk through the courtyard of what looks like a hacienda-style Hollywood apartment building.

We TRACK alongside.

VINCENT

What's her name?

JULES

Mia.

VINCENT

How did Marsellus and her meet?

SPECIES

by

Denis Feldman

FADE IN

... the barest ripple of light through dark water...

We're descending, rotating slowly...

From CAMERA POV -- Sound of BREATHING... heavy... labored...

TRILLING MOTION -- dream-like -- shimmer of delicate fanning movement swings to reveal the fins of a deep sea eel -- eel turns its head to show a mouthful of needle sharp teeth...

BREATHING heightens... eel slithers on... breathing settles back to normal...

Ahead a faint LIGHT wiggles in the darkness...

Behind it, an Angler Fish comes into view -- dangling its luminescent lure above a gaping slit filled with a row of spiked teeth, its large eyes swiveled upward... its cartilaginous plates shine in its own glow...

TERROR! SCREEN DARKENS... something approaching from overhead...

Sweeping wings of a ray pass through TOP of SCREEN...
attached to his underside by its flat suctioned head, a
Remoras fish feasts on the ray's blood...

The first great theme of Nature -- PREDATION...

All animals live off the energy collected by other living
things -- Thus: a million forms of attack and defense...

BREATHING suddenly ACCELERATES...

From below -- something prehistoric coming at us -picking up
speed -- double-lobed front of a hammerhead shark --

Over the panicked breathing -- the EXAGGERATED WHOOSH of its
charge...

TERRIFIED BREATHING'S POV

Shark's mouth, gleaming teeth in its fleshy underside.
WHOOSH is deafening...

SURPRISE! -- Sudden BLUR of red from OUR POV --

A gigantic blue-tipped claw CLANKS SHUT between the stalked
eyes! CRUNCH of cartilage as it slices the shark's head up
the center!

A pair of GREEN EYES start open...

WIDEN to reveal the startled face of a twelve-year-old girl,
flush, damp with sweat, still breathing hard from the fright
of her NIGHTMARE.

WIDE SHOT reveals she lies curled in a nest of cardboard and
refuse, halfway above the railroad tracks on a wood covered
hillside. She is barefoot, wrapped in a dirty white lab coat.

Now fully awake, she climbs to her feet and starts up the
steep incline to the bridge above.

BRIDGE

Speeding cab RATTLES across. Headlights BLINK off the
concrete supports, suddenly GLARE off the Girl in her
begrimed lab coat...

LATINO CABBIE stares at the girl... wandering alone out here
at night. What's wrong with her?! Mutters to himself:

CABBIE

Pfff!...

(sound of disgust at all
the fools in the world)

He pulls to a stop next to her...

CABBIE

You crazy -- out here at night?!

She eyes him cautiously, approaches slowly... sniffs the air... comes closer to the window...

On the passenger's seat, Cabbie's lunch in an over-stuffed brown bag.

Her Pupils contract --

HER POV

PASTEL COLORED MIST rises out of the bag's twisted mouth.

CABBIE

What you doing here?

She looks at him... says nothing.

Cabbie reluctantly makes a decision that'll cost him fifteen or twenty bucks...

CABBIE

I'll take you to safe place.
Shelter. You understand?

He reaches over and swings the door open.

CABBIE

Get in.

Girl hesitates... eyes his lunch... slides in, leaving the door behind her open.

He reaches over to close it.

CABBIE

Don't your parents teach --

EXAGGERATED WHOOSH of his pants sliding across the vinyl.

She goes alert.

CLOSE UP: his half open mouth, his gleaming teeth moving forward --

She starts back, swats out at him with her hand.

Her nails extend like a cat's claws -- sail across his throat-

CABBIE

What's wrong with...?

He is startled at the GURGLING SOUND of his voice... leans back... eyes go wide as he sees -- his shirt, a growing red stain... blood pours out of his slashed throat...

He clutches his neck to staunch the bleeding.

Looks at her questioningly...

CABBIE

Why did you do that?

He reaches out to touch her -- she stabs his arm with her nails... his fingernails slide over her forearm as he falls limp on the wheel...

HORN BLARES!... She jumps -- Body slumps -- HORN STOPS...

Tilted back against the seat, still at the ready, she watches him curiously...

DAWN

Slow drip of blood into a dark puddle.

The Cabbie's body lies over the wheel... the girl sits next to him. His lunch bag in her lap, she calmly eats his sandwich.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND CAR

Reflected in the side window the outline of the L.A. skyline against the pink light of daybreak.

EXT. BRIDGE - LATER

Cordoned off with yellow police tape. A uniformed military man stands near the cab talking into a cellular phone. Policemen wait in a clump outside the tape.

EXT. DESERT - NOON

Dozens of investigators in biological safe-suits sift through the burnt-out rubble of what once was a sizable building out here in the middle of nowhere.

Head of the investigation, watching from a distance, holds a cellular phone to his ear. His eyes narrow as he listens...

He turns and scans the opposite horizon where an endless train FLASHES across the desert floor... he says something...

AT THE OTHER END OF THE SITE, the military man walks to the railing, looks down... at the tracks running under the bridge.

DOWNTOWN L.A.

TWO BARE FEET walking along the stained and trash strewn sidewalk.

CLUTTER OF NOISE... street sounds...

TILT UP... to the dirty lab coat spattered with blood (nobody cares) ... the Girl's face...

She looks around fascinated at everything...

A bird swoops down to the sidewalk and picks at a discarded bun, drags it several hops, another bird swoops down, pulls it the other way, two more swoop in...

Girl turns to see...

Hamburger stand. SIZZLE. Fry cook scrapes the grill...

Her eyes sharpen...

HER POV

A cloud of PURPLE STEAM rises off the searing metal...

PINK FUMES drift up from a hot dog passed over the counter -- hand with money takes dog... hand with dog takes money... First hand stuffs dog in its mouth. Second hand puts money in cash register.

INT. WAREHOUSE MARKET - DAY

CLATTER of cash registers, as lines of people buy their food in bulk.

Girl watches from doorway... down the rows -- food in abundance... at the counters, bags filled with fruit, detergent, red meat... again, money changes hands.

ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Girl, taking in welter of activity around her, on the other side of steamy glass, chickens an rotisserie drip fat...

Man coming toward her, looks at her bare feet -- he quickly looks away... She scans sidewalk...

Black high heels CLICK along... TILT UP past swishing hem to well-dressed woman... PAN TO man in dark suit -- TILT DOWN to heavy wing tips...

GIRL'S FACE: drinking in everything...

PARKING LOT - DAY

CLOSE ON a sizable wad of bills... WIDEN to show a self-satisfied garment manufacturer pull a bill off the roll and hand it to the parking attendant.

BIG SPENDER strides out of the lot -- the Girl falls in behind.

RATTY HALLWAY of a jobbers building. Building materials crimp lobby. Big Spender walks into open elevator -- Girl steps in behind him.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Door slides shut on Girl's face: surprise, concern.

Spender leans over, hits third floor button -- it lights up -- he leans back...

Girl's face registers terror as old elevator bucks into motion... looks at Spender... He show's no emotion...

He turns to her --

BIG SPENDER

Which floor?

She smiles submissively, and points to top.

He turns to get it.

Her nails extend!

WHAP!... she slashes at the back of his neck! Severs the spinal cord. His head drops forward, bounces on his chest --

Soundlessly, he turns wildly in all directions like a headless chicken... bumps against door... back wall... nowhere to go... twitches strangely... and drops to the floor...

THIRD FLOOR

The BUZZ and CLATTER of a hundred sewing machines and the hundred illegals pounding to make their quota.

In the b.g., elevator door slides open... Girl stands calmly next to the collapsed body.

Nobody looks up. A hundred worker bees, heads down at their buzzing machines...

... the elevator door slides closed.

TOP FLOOR

Half finished. Abandoned. Victim of commercial glut.

The Girl drags Big Spender's body out of the elevator.

EXT. NEW GUINEA - DAY

Backs of three naked tribesmen standing, with spears poised, on rocks over a stream. They have fished this way for over 200,000 years.

VOICE (O.S.)
Professor Arden?

The three men turn -- all three wear only long penis covers. Except the one in the center, who also wears red rimmed glasses. His name is PROFESSOR DONALD ARDEN.

HIS POV

Two military men stand looking intently at him.

UNDERGROUND LAKE

LAURA BAKER, her red hair fanned out in the milky water, laden with microscopic life. Lamp in her hand is only source of illumination.

Pure white salamander swims through beam. She nets it.

ABOVE

Female assistant waits in a row boat in the cavernous space. Only light up here is from the halogen lamp in the boat -- glints off cave walls and black water.

Laura breaks the surface.

Row of specimen bottles. Each contains albino species. Laura deposits eyeless salamander into one... looks up ... surprised to see --

Another boat... coming toward them, light in the bow ... inside two men in military uniform.

Laura watches their approach, wondering what they could possibly want.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Young man in his early twenties lays on the couch. He's what used to be called simple. Bearded analyst (DR. ROTH) sits behind him.

DOCTOR
Are they still teasing you?

YOUNG MAN
Sometimes they do.

DOCTOR
Because it makes them feel better.
If someone else is less, it makes
them feel more.

YOUNG MAN
Because they're not afraid of me,
they know I won't fight back.

DOCTOR
Yes, that too.

Door opens...

Military man steps in.

GOOD WILL HUNTING
An Original Screenplay
by
Ben Affleck & Matt Damon

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE - DAY

INT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE, SOUTH BOSTON - EVENING

The bar is dirty, more than a little run down. If there is ever a cook on duty, he's not here now. As we pan across several empty tables, we can almost smell the odor of last night's beer and crushed pretzels on the floor.

CHUCKIE

Oh my God. I got the most fucked up
thing I been meanin' to tell you.

As the camera rises, we find FOUR YOUNG MEN seated around a table near the back of the bar.

ALL

Oh Jesus. Here we go.

The guy holding court is CHUCKIE SULLIVAN, 20, and the largest of the bunch. He is loud, boisterous, a born entertainer. Next to him is WILL HUNTING, 20, handsome and confident, a soft-spoken leader.

On Will's right sits BILLY MCBRIDE, 22, heavy, quiet, someone you definitely wouldn't want to tangle with. Finally, there is MORGAN O'MALLY, 19, smaller than the other guys. Wiry and anxious, Morgan listens to Chuckie's horror stories with eager disgust.

All four boys speak with thick Boston accents. This is a rough, working-class Irish neighborhood and these boys are its product.

CHUCKIE

You guys know my cousin Mikey Sullivan?

ALL

Yeah.

CHUCKIE

Well, you know how he loves animals right? Anyway, last week he's drivin' home...

(laughs)

ALL

What? Come on!

CHUCKIE

(trying not to laugh)

I'm sorry, 'cause you know Mikey, the fuckin' guy loves animals, and this is the last person you'd want this to happen to.

WILL

Chuckie, what the fuck happened?

CHUCKIE

Okay. He's drivin' along and this fuckin' cat jumps in front of his car, and so he hits this cat --

Chuckie is really laughing now.

MORGAN

-- That isn't funny --

CHUCKIE

-- and he's like "shit! Motherfucker!" And he looks in his rear-view and sees this cat -- I'm sorry --

BILLY

Fuckin' Chuckie!

CHUCKIE

So he sees this cat tryin' to make it across the street and it's not lookin' so good.

WILL

It's walkin' pretty slow at this point.

MORGAN

You guys are fuckin' sick.

CHUCKIE

So Mikey's like "Fuck, I gotta put this thing out of its misery" -- So he gets a hammer --

WILL/MORGAN/BILLY

Oh!

CHUCKIE

-- out of his tool box, and starts chasin' the cat and starts whackin' it with the hammer. You know, tryin' to put the thing out of its misery.

MORGAN

Jesus.

CHUCKIE

And all the time he's apologizin' to the cat, goin' "I'm sorry." BANG, "I'm sorry." BANG!

BILLY

Like it can understand.

CHUCKLE

-- And this Samoan guy comes runnin' out of his house and he's like "What the fuck are you doing to my cat?!" Mikey's like "I'm sorry" -- BANG -- "I hit your cat with my truck, and I'm just trying to put it out of its misery" -- BANG! And the cat dies. So Mikey's like "Why don't you come look at the front of my truck." 'Cause the other guy's all fuckin' flipped out about --

WILL

(MORE)

Watching his cat get brained.

Morgan gives Will a look, but Will only smiles.

CHUCKIE

Yeah, so he's like "Check the front of my truck, I can prove I hit it 'cause there's probably some blood or something" --

WILL

-- or a tail --

MORGAN

WILL!

CHUCKIE

And so they go around to the front of his truck .. and there's another cat on the grille.

WILL/MORGAN/BILLY

No! Ugh!

CHUCKIE

Is that unbelievable? He brained an innocent cat!

BLACKOUT:

The opening credits roll over a series of shots of the city and the real people who live and work there, going about their daily lives.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

We see a panoramic view of South Boston.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Will sits in his apartment, walls completely bare. A bed, a small night table and an empty wastebasket adorn the room. A stack of twenty or so LIBRARY BOOKS sit by his bed. He is flipping through a book at about a page a second.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chuckie stands on the porch to Will's house. His Oldsmobile idles by the curb. Will comes out, and they get in the car.

EXT. M.I.T. CAMPUS, ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

We travel across crowded public housing and on to downtown. Finally, we gaze across the river and onto the great cement-domed buildings that make up the M.I.T campus.

INT. M.I.T. CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is packed with graduate students and TOM, PROFESSOR LAMBEAU (52) is at the lectern. The chalkboard behind him is covered with theorems.

LAMBEAU

Please finish McKinley by next month. Many of you probably had this as undergraduates in real analysis. It won't hurt to brush up. I am also putting an advanced Fourier system on the main hallway chalkboard --

Everyone groans.

LAMBEAU

I'm hoping that one of you might prove it by the end of the semester. The first person to do so will not only be in my good graces, but go on to fame and fortune by having their accomplishment recorded and their name printed in the auspicious "M.I.T. Tech."

Prof. Lambeau holds up a thin publication entitled "M.I.T. Tech". Everyone laughs.

LAMBEAU

Former winners include Nobel Laureates, world-renowned astrophysicists, Field's Medal winners and lowly M.I.T. professors.

More laughs.

LAMBEAU

Okay. That is all.

A smattering of applause. Students park their bags.

INT. FUNLAND -- LATER

The place is a monster indoor funpark. Will, Chuckie, Morgan and Billy are in adjoining batting cages.

Will has disabled the pitching machine in his and pitches to Chuckie. The boys have been drinking. Will throws one to Chuckie, high and tight. Several empty beer cans sit by the cage.

CHUCKIE

Will!

Another pitch, inside.

CHUCKIE

You're gonna get charged!

WILL

You think I'm afraid of you, you big fuck? You're crowdin' the plate.

Will guns another one, way inside.

CHUCKIE

Stop brushin' me back!

WILL

Stop crowdin' the plate!

Chuckie laughs and steps back.

CHUCKIE

Casey's bouncin' at a bar up Harvard. We should go up there sometime.

WILL

What are we gonna do up there?

CHUCKIE

I don't know, we'll fuck up some smart kids.

(stepping back in)

You'd prob'ly fit right in.

WILL

Fuck you.

Will fires a pitch at Chuckie's head. Chuckie drives to avoid being hit. He gets up and whips his batting helmet at Will.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ROOFTOP - EARLY AFTERNOON

SEAN MAGUIRE (52) sits, FORMALLY DRESSED, on the roof of his apartment building in a beat-up lawn chair. Well-built and fairly muscular, he stares blankly out over the city.

On his lap rests an open INVITATION that reads "M.I.T. CLASS OF '67 REUNION".

While the morning is quiet and Sean sits serenely, there is a look about him that tells us he has faced hard times. This is a man who fought his way through life. On his lonely stare we:

CUT TO:

EXT. M.I.T CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

A thirty year REUNION PARTY has taken over the lawn. A well-dressed throng mill about underneath a large banner that reads "WELCOME BACK CLASS OF '72". We find Professor Lambeau standing with a drink in his hand, surveying the crowd. He is interrupted by an approaching STUDENT.

STUDENT

Excuse me, Professor Lambeau?

LAMBEAU

Yes.

STUDENT

I'm in your applied theories class. We're all down at the Math and Science building.

LAMBEAU

It's Saturday.

STUDENT

I know. We just couldn't wait 'till Monday to find out.

LAMBEAU

Find out what?

STUDENT

Who proved the theorem.

EXT. TOM FOLEY PARK, S. BOSTON - AFTERNOON

In the bleachers of the visiting section we fins our boys, drinking and smoking cigarettes. Will pops open a beer. The boys have been here a while, and it shows.

Billy sees something that catches his interest.

BILLY

Who's that? She's got a nice ass.

Their P.O.V. reveals a girl in stretch pants talking to a beefy-looking ITALIAN GUY (BOBBY CHAMPA).

MORGAN

Yah, that is a nice ass.

CHUCKIE

You could put out a pool in that backyard.

BILLY

Who's she talking to?

MORGAN

That fuckin' guinea, Will knows him.

WILL

Yah, Bobby Champa. He used to beat the shit outta me in kindergarten.

BILLY

He's a pretty big kid.

WILL

Yah, he's the same size now as he was in kindergarten.

MORGAN

Fuck this, let's get something to eat...

CHUCKIE

What Morgan, you're not gonna go talk to her?

MORGAN

Fuck her.

The boys get up and walk down the bleachers.

WILL

I could go for a Whopper.

MORGAN

(nonchalant)

Let's hit "Kelly's".

CHUCKIE

Morgan. I'm not goin' to "Kelly's Roast Beef" just cause you like the take-out girl. It's fifteen minutes out of our way.

MORGAN

What else we gonna do we can't spare fifteen minutes?

CHUCKIE

All right Morgan, fine. I'll tell you why we're not goin' to "Kelly's". It's because the take-out bitch is a fuckin' idiot. I'm sorry you like her but she's dumb as a post and she has never got our order right, never once.

MORGAN

She's not stupid.

WILL

She's sharp as a marble.

CHUCKIE

We're not goin'.

(beat)

I don't even like "Kelly's".

INT. M.I.T. HALLWAY - LATER

Lambeau, still in his reunion formal-wear, strides down the hallway, carrying some papers. A group of students have gathered by the chalkboard. They part like the red sea as he approaches the board. Using the papers in hand, he checks the proof. Satisfied, he turns to the class.

LAMBEAU

This is correct? Who did this?

Dead silence. Lambeau turns to an INDIAN STUDENT.

LAMBEAU

Nemesh?

Nemesh shakes his head in awe.

NEMESH

No way.

Lambeau erases the proof and starts putting up a new one.

LAMBEAU

Well, whoever you are, I'm sure you'll find this one challenging enough to merit coming forward with your identity. That is, if you can do it.

INT. CHUCKIE'S CAR DRIVING IN SOUTH BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

The street is crowded as our boys drive down Broadway. They move slowly through heavy traffic, windows down. Chuckie sorts through a large "KELLY'S ROAST BEEF" BAG as he drives.

MORGAN
Double Burger.

Will holds the wheel for Chuckie as he looks through the bag.

MORGAN
(same tone)
Double Burger.

Chuckie gets out fries for himself, hands Will his fries.

MORGAN
I, I had a Kelly's Double Burger.

CHUCKIE
Would you shut the fuck up! I know what you ordered. I was there!

MORGAN
So why don't you give me my sandwich?

CHUCKIE
What do you mean "your sandwich"? I bought it.

MORGAN
(sarcastic)
Yah, all right...

CHUCKIE
How much money you got?

MORGAN
I told you, I just got change.

BOOGIE NIGHTS

by

Paul Thomas Anderson

EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

CAMERA holds on this PACKED disco on Van Nuys Blvd.

TITLE CARD: "San Fernando Valley, 1977"

A CADILLAC SEVILLE pulls up to the valet area and CAMERA (STEDICAM) moves across the street, towards the car, landing in close:

From the Seville steps, JACK HORNER (50s) and AMBER WAVES (early 30s). CAMERA follows them (this is one continuous shot) as they pass the crowd, greet a DOORMAN and enter --

INSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB. Twice as packed inside as outside. Music is full blast. Amber and Jack are greeted by:

MAURICE t.t. RODRIGUEZ (30s), owner of the nightclub. Puerto Rican. Wearing a suit and fifteen gold chains.

MAURICE
Jackie-Jack-Jack and Miss Lovely
Amber Waves --

AMBER
Hi, Maurice.

JACK
You bad ass little spick. How are
(MORE)

JACK(CONT'D)

you, honey?

MAURICE

Pissed off you ain't been around --

JACK

-- I been on vacation.

MAURICE

Don't stay away this long from my club ever again, Jackie-jack-Jack.

JACK

I promise.

Maurice takes Amber's hand and gives it a kiss.

MAURICE

You are the foxiest bitch in ten counties.

AMBER

You're such a charmer.

MAURICE

(to Jack)

I got you all set up at your booth. I wanna send over some clams on the half-shell.

JACK

Beautiful.

MAURICE

Just remember, Jack: I'm available and ready. Cast me and find out --

JACK

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Amber and Jack head off towards the booth. CAMERA stays with Maurice, follows him to the bar area, where he shouts some orders to a WAITER.

MAURICE

Clams on the half shell to Jack and Amber -- over there -- go!

The WAITER takes off to the kitchen, Maurice walks onto the dance floor and greets three people:

REED ROTHCHILD, 20s, tall and skinny, BECKY BARNETT, 20s, black girl in silk, BUCK SWOPE, 20s, black guy in cowboy gear.

MAURICE
Hello there, kiddies.

REED/BUCK/BECKY
Hi, hey, hi, Maurice.

MAURICE
Having a good time?

BECKY
Excellent.

MAURICE
Great, great, great.

Maurice moves away to greet some more people. CAMERA stays with Reed, Becky and Buck, does a 360 around them. Reed and Becky Disco Dance. Buck does some Cowboy-Type Moves.

Moments later, the WAITER carrying clams on the half-shell passes and CAMERA picks up with him, follows him to Jack's booth, where he presents them.

WAITER
Compliments of Maurice.

JACK
Thank you.

AMBER
Can I get a Marguerita, please?

JACK
Seven-Up, here --

The WAITER exits, CAMERA PANS with him for a moment, leading to a young girl wearing rollerskates, ROLLERGIRL (aged 18). She always, always wears rollerskates. CAMERA PANS with her back to Jack's booth.

ROLLERGIRL
Hi.

JACK
Hello, honey.

AMBER
(to Rollergirl)
Did you call that girl today?

ROLLERGIRL
I forgot.

AMBER

If you don't do it tomorrow, then
it's the weekend and you'll never
be able to get in to see her --

ROLLERGIRL

OK.

Rollergirl scratches her crotch as she speaks. Amber notices;

AMBER

What's the matter down there?

ROLLERGIRL

I gotta go pee.

AMBER

Well go, then.

CAMERA stays with Rollerqirl, following bar across the dance floor. She passes Buck, Becky and Reed, says hello, dances a moment, then continues on -- into the clearing off the dance floor, heading for the bathroom. She passes something, CAMERA moves away towards this something:

A bus boy cleaning a table, EDDIE ADAMS, aged 17. CAMERA moves into a CU -- blending to SLOW MOTION (40 fps) for a moment.

(Note: in the text Eddie Adams will be referred to as Dirk Diggle.)

ANGLE - JACK'S TABLE

Jack turns his head, looks across the dance floor and sees this kid cleaning the table.

ANGLE - DIRK DIGGLER

He looks up, catches Jack looking back at him, then turns away, disappears into a back room.

CAMERA DOLLIES in on Jack, who at that moment, is approached by a figure entering FRAME. Short, buffed out LITTLE BILL (late 40s). This is Jack's Assistant Director.

LITTLE BILL

Jack.

JACK

Hey, Little Bill.

LITTLE BILL
(MORE)

Whatsa schedule look like? Are we still on day after tomorrow?

JACK
I wanna do it the day after the day after tomorrow.

LITTLE BILL
For sure? 'Cause I wanna call Rocky, Scotty, Kurt and all those guys --

Jack's attention is with the backroom that Dirk entered. He stands and heads away.

JACK
Absolutely. But I wanna keep it small. I wanna keep a small crew on this one --

LITTLE BILL
-- a relaxed deal.

JACK
Exactly.

LITTLE BILL
Do you have a script yet?

JAM
Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day --

Jack is off across the dance floor.

INT. BACKROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk is washing dishes. A few others around. Jack enters and approaches. MUFFLED SOUNDS FROM THE SONG OUT FRONT.

JACK
Hey.

DIRK
Hey.

JACK
Do you know where, uh...? I'm lookin' for the bathroom.

DIRK
You're way the wrong direction. You gotta go back out and to the left --

JACK
(MORE)

-- how old are you?

DIRK
... I gotta work permit. I got the -

JACK
No, no, no. Not like that.

DIRK
I'm... old enough.

JACK
Jesus. Where you from? You work here? Wait with the answer - how long you worked here?

DIRK
A month.

JACK
I haven't been here in a month. That's why I don't know you. I would know you if you'd been here more than that right?

DIRK
I guess go.

JACK
Maurice give you a job here?

DIRK
Yeah.

JACK
Why you wanna work here? What do you make?

DIRK
I'm not supposed to say how much I make.

JACK
Maurice is a friend of mine.

DIM
You shouldn't... well... you'll have to ask him...

JACK
You live around here? Canoga? Reseda?

DIRK
(MORE)

Um, no... I'm from... do you know where Torrance is?

JACK
How do you get here?

DIRK
I take the bus.

JACK
What do you wanna do?

DIRK
... what...?

JACK
You take the bus all the way from Torrance to work as a busboy in a Van Nuys nightclub. Why don't you work in Torrance?

DIRK
I don't want to.

JACK
Why not?

Dirk doesn't answer.

JACK
Shit, I'm asking so many personal questions I hope you don't mind. I get going, I get going and I'm really... I like to get to the point.

DIRK
Oh yeah?

JACK
Listen! Maybe you think, what? You think I'm some old queen trying to get in your pants or something like that -- but that's not it. And I'm tryin' to figure a way to tell you that without it sounding like a load of crappy poo-poo. Y'see: You got so many shmoes out there that ain't the real thing that when a guy like me with something legitimate to offer comes along, it's a pain in the ass for me to try and convince you of what I might have --

DIRK
You got ten bucks?

JACK
Ten bucks? Yeah, I got ten bucks.

DIRK
You wanna watch me jack-off, that's cool if you got ten bucks.

JACK
Guys come in, ask you to jack-off for them?

DIRK
Sometimes.

JACK
You've done it tonight -- yet?

DIRK
Couple times.

JACK
And you can do it again?

DIRK
If you want... if you got ten bucks.

BEAT. Jack looks Dirk over head to toe.

JACK
You a dancer?

DIRK
... I like to dance...

JACK
No... you're a dancer... right?

DIRK
Yeah. I'm a dancer.

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

By

Christopher McQuarrie

Pleased to meet you,
Hope you guessed my name
But what's puzzlin' you
Is the nature of my game.

- The Rolling Stones
"Sympathy for the Devil"

BLACK

The lonely sound of a buoy bell in the distance. Water slapping against a smooth, flat surface in rhythm. The creaking of wood.

Off in the very far distance, one can make out the sound of sirens.

SUDDENLY, a single match ignites and invades the darkness. It quivers for a moment. A dimly lit hand brings the rest of the pack to the match. A plume of yellow-white flame flares and illuminates the battered face of DEAN KEATON, age forty. His salty-gray hair is wet and matted. His face drips with water or sweat. A large cut runs the length of his face from the corner of his eye to his chin. It bleeds freely. An un-lit cigarette hangs in the corner of his mouth.

In the half-light we can make out that he is on the deck of a large boat. A yacht, perhaps, or a small freighter. He sits with his back against the front bulkhead of the wheel house. His legs are twisted at odd, almost impossible angles. He looks down.

A thin trail of liquid runs past his feet and off into the darkness. Keaton lights the cigarette on the burning pack of matches before throwing them into the liquid.

The liquid IGNITES with a poof.

The flame runs up the stream, gaining in speed and intensity. It begins to ripple and rumble as it runs down the deck towards the bow.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT - BOW

A stack of oil drums rests on the bow. They are stacked on a palette with ropes at each corner that attach it to a huge crane on the dock. One of the barrels has been punctured at it's base. Gasoline trickles freely from the hole.

The flame is racing now towards the barrels. Keaton smiles weakly to himself.

The flame is within a few yards of the barrels when another stream of liquid splashes onto the gas. The flame fizzles out pitifully with a hiss.

Two feet straddle the flame. A stream of urine flows onto the deck from between them.

The sound of a fly zipping. Follow the feet as they move over to where Keaton rests at the wheel house. CRANE UP to the waist of the unknown man. He pulls a pack of cigarettes out of one pocket and a strange antique lighter from the other. It is gold, with a clasp that folds down over the flint. The man flicks up the clasp with his thumb and strikes it with his index finger. It is a fluid motion, somewhat showy.

Keaton looks up at the man. A look of realization crosses his face. It is followed by frustration, anger, and finally resignation.

VOICE (O.S.)

How are you, Keaton?

KEATON

I'd have to say my spine was broken, Keyser.

He spits the name out like it was poison.

The man puts the lighter back in his pocket and reaches under his jacket. He produces a stainless .38 revolver.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ready?

KEATON

What time is it?

The hand with the gun turns over, turning the gold watch on its wrist upward.

The sound of sirens is closer now. Headed this way.

VOICE (O.S.)

(MORE)

Twelve thirty.

Keaton grimaces bitterly and nods. He turns his head away and takes another drag.

The hand with the gun waits long enough for Keaton to enjoy his last drag before pulling the trigger.

GUNSHOT

The sound of Keaton's body slumping onto the deck.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DECK. Below is the stream of gasoline still flowing freely.

The sound of the gasoline igniting. The flame runs in front of us towards the barrels, finally leaping up in a circle around the drums, burning the wood of the pallet and licking the spouting stream as it pours from the hole.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DOCK, away from the boat.

The pier to which the boat is moored is littered with DEAD BODIES. Twenty or more men have been shot to pieces and lie scattered everywhere in what can only be the aftermath of a fierce fire-fight.

A CRANE COMES INTO VIEW. A huge loader for hoisting cargo onto waiting ships. The faint hum of its diesel engine grows slightly louder.

At the base of the crane is a tangle of cables and girders giving life and stability to the crane. The mesh of steel and rubber leaves a dark and open cocoon beneath the base of the crane.

MOVE INTO THE DARKNESS.

Sirens are close now. Almost here. The sound of fire raging out of control.

SIRENS BLARING. TIRES SQUEALING. CAR DOORS OPENING. FEET POUNDING THE PAVEMENT.

MOVE FURTHER, SLOWER, INTO THE DARKNESS.

Voices yelling. New light flickering in the surrounding darkness.

SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION.

Then silence. TOTAL BLACKNESS.

We hear the voice of ROGER "VERBAL" KINT, whom we will soon meet.

VERBAL (V.O.)

New York. - six weeks ago. A truck loaded with stripped gun parts got jacked outside of Queens. The driver didn't see anybody, but somebody fucked up. He heard a voice. Sometimes, that's all you need.

BOOM

INT. DARK APARTMENT - DAY - NEW YORK - SIX WEEKS PRIOR TO PRESENT DAY

The black explodes with the opening of a door into a dark room. Outside, the hall is filled with blinding white light. Shadows in the shapes of men flood into the room. We can make out men in hoods with flashlights. They are laden with weapons.

VOICES

POLICE. SEARCH WARRANT. DON'T MOVE.

It is a blur of violent action and sound. Beams of flashlights cut the darkness in all directions.

FINALLY:

A dozen flashlights land on one man. He lies naked in bed, emerging from a deep sleep. He squints at the flood of blinding white light, more annoyed than frightened. He nearly laughs at the sound of countless guns cocking. He is McMANUS. Age twenty-eight.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. McManus?

MCMANUS

Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)

Police. We have a warrant for your arrest.

MCMANUS

Will they be serving coffee downtown?

Two dozen black gloved hands grab him and yank him out of bed.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

TODD HOCKNEY, a dark, portly man in his thirties stands behind the counter ringing up a customer. Several others stand in line.

Hockney finishes with the first customer and turns to the second. This customer carries no items in his hands. He looks at Hockney with a steely, concentrated stare. The five customers behind him, all men in suits, watch closely.

HOCKNEY
Can I help you?

Hockney's voice is gruff and distinctly Long Island.

CUSTOMER #1
Todd Hockney?

HOCKNEY
Who are you?

All six men INSTANTLY PRODUCE GUNS and aim them at Hockney.

CUSTOMER #1
Police.

HOCKNEY
We don't do gun repair.

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - DAY

FRED FENSTER, a tall, thin man in his thirties strolls casually down the street. He is dressed conspicuously in a loud suit and tie with shoes that have no hope of matching. He smokes a cigarette and chews gum at the same time.

He happens to glance over his shoulder and notice a brown Ford sedan with four men in it cruising along the curb. He picks up his step a little. The Ford keeps up.

He looks ahead at the corner. He tries to look as comfortable as he can, checking his watch as though remembering an appointment he is late for. The Ford stays right on him.

SUDDENLY, he bolts. He gets no more than a few yards before cars pour out of every conceivable nook and cranny. Brakes are squealing, radios squawking, guns cocking. Fenster is surrounded instantly. He stops short and flaps his hands on his thighs in defeat.

INT. MONDINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

An attractive man and woman walk quickly through the front of a small New York cafe. They are charged with nervous, excited energy.

The man is DEAN KEATON, a well-dressed, sturdy looking man in his forties with slightly graying hair. He looks much better than he did in the opening scene. The woman with him is EDIE FINNERAN, age thirty-three, poised and attractive - easily the calmer of the two.

They come to a staircase at the back of the restaurant leading down to a dark room. Edie takes Keaton's arm and stops him.

EDIE

Let me look at you.

Keaton is uncomfortable in his suit, or perhaps the situation. Still, he smiles with genuine warmth.

Edie straightens his tie and picks microscopic imperfections from his lapel.

EDIE

Now remember, this is another kind of business. They don't earn your respect. You owe it to them. Don't stare them down but don't look away either. Confidence. They are fools not to trust you. That's the attitude.

KEATON

I'm having a stroke.

EDIE

You've come far. You're a good man.
I love you.

Keaton blinks then stammers, looking for a response.

PAUSE

EDIE

Live with it.

She kisses him and runs down the steps with Keaton close behind. Keaton playfully grabs her ass, and she nearly stumbles down the stairs.

INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS

They come to the bottom of the steps giggling and jabbing each other. Once off the stairs they instantly transform as though hit with cold air. They assume a cool, professional exterior and walk two feet apart. One would look at them and see only two business associates here to ply their trade.

They walk across the dimly lit dining room to a table in the far corner where two men are already waiting. The first is STEPHEN YULE, age fifty-five, the other is ANTHONY SUMMERS, age sixty. Both men are impeccably dressed with a distinguished air. They stand and smile.

SUMMERS

Eddie, nice to see you.

EDIE

Sorry we're late.

YULE

Nonsense. Sit, please.

SUMMERS

You must be Mr. Keaton.

EDIE

I'm sorry. Dean Keaton -

Summer's hand is already out.

SUMMERS

Anthony Summers. Pleased to meet you.

They shake hands. Keaton takes Yule's hand next.

YULE

Stephen Yule. My pleasure.

Everyone sits at the table. All faces are smiling.

LOW ANGLE: UNDER TABLE

Eddie's hand reaches out and finds Keaton's leg. Her hand runs high up his inner thigh and squeezes firmly.

Her face is absolutely calm, giving no hint of what her hand is doing. Keaton smiles and clears his throat.

KEATON

Shall we begin.

EXT. LA LANTURNA RESTAURANT

A blue Ford sedan pulls up in front of the restaurant. Five very serious-looking men in suits get out of the car and walk inside. In the lead is SPECIAL AGENT DAVID KUJAN (Pronounced Koo-yahn), U.S. CUSTOMS. Thirtyish, dark-haired and determined.

INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS

YULE

Eddie brought us your proposal, and I'll be honest. We're very impressed. A bit skeptical, I must admit, but impressed.

KEATON

Skeptical.

SUMMERS

We find the concept brilliant, but New York is hard on new restaurants. We want to be sure you'll have staying power. If we're going to give you this much money, how can we be sure we'll see our money come back long term?

Keaton looks at Edie and smiles confidently.

KEATON

It's simple gentlemen, design versatility. A restaurant that can change with taste without losing the overall aesthetic. Our atmosphere won't be painted on the walls.

SUMMERS

This was the part of the proposal that intrigued us, but I'm not sure I follow.

KEATON

Let's say for example -

VOICE (O.S.)

This I had to see myself.

Keaton looks up. He sees David Kujan. Behind him are the very serious looking guys in suits.

Keaton is not happy to see them.

KEATON

Dave. I'm in a meeting.

KUJAN

Time for another one.

KEATON

This is my attorney, Edie Finneran.
(gesturing)
This is Anthony Summers and Stephen
Yule. Everyone, this is David
Kujan.

KUJAN

Special Agent Kujan. U.S. Customs.
(gestures to men behind
him)
These gentlemen are with the New
York police department. You look
great, Keaton. Better than I would
have thought.

SUMMERS

Is there a problem, Mr. Keaton?

KUJAN

The small matter of a stolen truck-
load of guns that wound up on a
boat to Ireland last night.

Summers and Yule's confusion is giving way to suspicion.

YULE

Mr. Keaton?

KEATON

If you will excuse us for a moment,
gentlemen.

KUJAN

We need to ask you some questions
downtown. You'll be quite awhile.

Summers starts to get up.

SUMMERS

We should leave you to discuss
whatever this is.

KEATON

Please. Sit.

Keaton stands up and throws a wad of money on the table to cover the check. He looks at Edie. She moves to stand, but he sits her back down with a hand on her shoulder.

KEATON

Enjoy the meal.

(to Edie)

I'll call you.

Kujan takes him by the arm, but Keaton yanks away.

He looks out over the dozens of other faces in the restaurant. Everyone is looking at him with some level of surprise. If Keaton is humiliated by the whole affair, he hides it well.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

FOLLOW A PAIR OF FEET as they shuffle across the cement floor. The shoes are shabby and worn, as are the wrinkled pants that hang too low and loose at the cuffs. The right foot is turned slightly inward and falls with a hard limp. It is clear that the knee does not extend fully.

GO

Written by

John August

EXT. A DITCH - NIGHT

A full moon and crickets CHIRPING. Somewhere in the night, DANCE MUSIC is blaring, but here it's only a whisper with a beat.

Water trickles out of a jagged pipe. Splashing up mud, the riverlet weaves through hamburger wrappers and sunbleached beer cans, spent condoms and an old Rolling Stone.

The tiny stream ripples past glass and trash and the body of a woman. Face up, breathing. Dead grass caught in her braids. Her name in ROMA MARTIN. She's eighteen, black and bleeding.

Bleeding a lot.

She tries to push herself up, but the dirt around her crumbles. Her legs are useless. Despite it all, there's a smile of perverse joy to her face, like she's just remembered the punchline to a favorite joke.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
You know what I like best about
Christmas? The surprise.

INT. A DARK PLACE - DAY? NIGHT?

Pitch black. We hear an ENGINE and ROAD NOISE.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
It's like, you got this box, and
you're sure you know what's in it.

SPARKS. A cigarette lighter flares.

We're in the trunk of a car with SIMON BAINES (22), a skinny Brit with surfer hair. He looks around, realizes where he is. Panicked, he starts POUNDING and KICKING.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 You shake it, you weigh it, and
 you're totally convinced you have
 it pegged. No doubt in your mind.

The lighter goes out. It's black again.

INT. JAVA JUNCTION - DAY

A tiny cafe in Hollywood. CLAIRE MONTGOMERY (19) sits at a booth, hair wet and eyes wired. We keep tight on her as she talks to an unseen guest.

CLAIRE
 But then you open it up, and it's
 something completely different.
 Bing! Wow! Bang! Surprise! I mean,
 it's like you and me here.

She takes a sip of coffee, smiles. She has a bewitching smile.

CLAIRE
 I'm not saying this is anything
 it's not. But c'mon. This time
 yesterday, who'dda thunk it?

TITLE OVER BLACK:

PART ONE:

"X"

Christmas MUZAK plays. A baby CRIES.

FADE IN:

INT. RUNDOWN SUPERMARKET - DAY

A cash drawer slides shut.

On the far side of the checkout stand, a STRINGY-HAIRED WOMAN counts food stamps. Her eyes are sunken, black. She's got a screaming BABY on her arm and two rambunctious BOYS in the cart. They're wearing pajamas and raincoats.

It's five a.m., and the store is almost empty.

Containers of frozen orange juice spin endlessly on the conveyor belt. Ronna Martin -- the girl in the ditch -- is bagging groceries.

RONNA
Paper or plastic?

She wears a green apron with a red Yule Save More' button.

RONNA
Paper or plastic?

She's been working for fourteen hours, and it shows. Her intonation doesn't change at all.

RONNA
Paper or plastic?

STRINGY-HAIRED WOMAN
Both.

Finally satisfied she has all her stamps, the Woman starts looking through the receipt. In the cart, the boys knock gum from the stand.

STRINGY-HAIRED WOMAN
You didn't double my coupons.

RONNA
They're at the bottom. In red.
Where it says, double coupons.

She finishes one bag and starts another. The Woman is watching her carefully.

STRINGY-HAIRED WOMAN
You can't do that. You can't put
Windex in the same bag as food.
It's poison.

Ronna fishes out the Windex and makes a big show of wrapping it in a plastic bag.

STRINGY-HAIRED WOMAN
Don't think you're something you're
not. I used to have your job.

Ronna puts the bag in the cart. Looks her dead in the eye.

RONNA
Look how far it got you.

INT. SUPERMARKET AISLE - DAY

Ronna pulls off her apron as she heads for the back. In the BACKGROUND, the Stringy-Haired Woman is bitching to an overweight STORE MANAGER.

INT. STORE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dark and dusty, with boxes of expired snack foods. Off screen, a SOAP OPERA plays on TV.

MALE VOICE #1

Don't forget, detective. I was cleared of all charges.

MALE VOICE #2

I don't care how many high-priced lawyers you bring in. Eden Valley will never stand for your kind of scum.

By the clock on the timecard machine, it's eleven a.m.

Ronna is asleep on the couch. A light sweeps over her as the outside door opens. It doesn't wake her.

Simon -- the skinny Brit from the trunk of the car -- sees Ronna asleep. Approaching quietly, he leans over her, his lips just an inch from hers. Her nose crinkles, smelling his breath. He almost kisses her, decides against it.

Instead he digs through her backpack, finally finding gum. He also finds a letter, which he skims. It's not good news.

He finishes to see Ronna awake and staring at him. He hands the letter over, embarrassed.

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Simon follows Ronna as she walks to the bus stop.

SIMON

They wouldn't evict you at Christmas. You'd be ho-ho-homeless.

She's ignoring him.

SIMON

Is that why all the overtime? How much do you owe?

RONNA

Three eighty.

SIMON
That's nothing.

RONNA
More than I got.

SIMON
I'll give you twenty right now for
a blowjob.
(off reaction)
Handjob?

He stops, letting her walk away. After a beat...

SIMON
(calling out)
Ronna! Do you want my shift?

She stops.

RONNA
Are you serious?

SIMON
I haven't punched in yet. I could
have 24-hour ebola. Switterman is
so short he'll have to you put you
on.

She only half believes him. Simon's not prone to benevolence.

SIMON
Besides, I really want to go to Las
Vegas. I'm told it's extraordinary.
I could get a group of friends to
go.

RONNA
You don't have friends, Simon. You
have a funny accent and a thin coat
of charm, that's all.

SIMON
Rather harsh for someone who's
doing you a favor.

RONNA
No, I'll take it. Thank you.

Beyond exhausted, she starts walking back to the store. After
a beat...

SIMON
(MORE)

Ronna? Are you certain I couldn't
have a blowjob?

RONNA
(finger and thumb)
Thin coat of charm.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Shedding her coat, Ronna retrieves her time card from the rack. Claire -- the girl from the coffee shop -- is sorting through old Corn Nuts.

CLAIRE
Ronna. Are you still here?

RONNA
24 hours, 7 days a week.

She slides the time card in. The machine BANGS down.

EXT. BEHIND A SUPERMARKET - DAY

Ronna shares a cigarette with MANNIE (17) and Claire. They're on break.

MANNIE
Judy Garland.

RONNA
George Peppard.

CLAIRE
P... P... Paul Lynne.

MANNIE
Lucille Ball.

We MOVE CLOCKWISE with a rapid, snooze-you-lose pace.

RONNA
Burt Lancaster.
(to Mannie)
Can you drive?

CLAIRE
L... L...

MANNIE
If you don't mind The Beast.

RONNA
I love The Beast.

CLAIRE
Lane Staley.
(off reaction)
Alice in Chains.

RONNA
He's not dead yet.

MANNIE
It's true.

CLAIRE
(substituting)
Laurence Olivier.

Ronna takes the cigarette from Mannie.

MANNIE
Omar Shariff.

RONNA
Steve McQueen.

CLAIRE
M... M...

MANNIE
Don't say Molly Ringwald.

CLAIRE
Marilyn Monroe.

MANNIE
Mickey Mantle.

RONNA
Shit! MMMMMMMMMMMMMalcolm X.

Claire just stand there confused, mouthing "X... X..." Mannie takes back the cigarette from Ronna.

CLAIRE
You can't say Malcolm X.

RONNA
He's famous, he's dead.

MANNIE
That's like a rule or something.
Nothing starts with X.

RONNA
That's not my problem.

MANNIE
 (to Claire)
 You can challenge.

CLAIRE
 Okay, I challenge. Give me one dead
 celebrity that starts with X.

Ronna takes the cigarette back from Mannie.

RONNA
 This is bullshit. You're conspiring
 against me.
 (takes a drag)
 I'm always working the fucking
 register.

She's winning no sympathy. Mannie starts to hum the "Tic Tac
 Dough" theme. She slugs him in the arm. Hard.

RONNA
 X... X... There is one. I know I
 thought of one before.

The door behind Claire suddenly opens, nearly smacking her.
 The Store Manager squints in the light.

SWITTERMAN
 Break was over four minutes ago.
 Who's up front?

Claire looks at Mannie. Mannie looks at Ronna. Ronna crushes
 the cigarette under her foot, resigned to martyrdom.

RONNA
 I am.

INT. SUPERMARKET / CHECKOUT LANE - DAY

Ronna rips off a receipt, handing it to a CLUTCHY OLD WOMAN.
 Starts scanning someone else's groceries. Mannie is digging
 out returns from under Ronna's checkstand. He suddenly looks
 up.

MANNIE
 Xerxes.

RONNA
 What?

MANNIE
 Xerxes. Some dead pharaoh guy.
 Starts with X.

RONNA
That wasn't it. I never heard of
fucking "Xerxes."

FARGO
Original Screenplay
by
Joel Coen & Ethan Coen

The following text fades in over black:

This is a true story. The events depicted in this film took place in Minnesota in 1987. At the request of the survivors, the names have been changed. Out of respect for the dead, the rest has been told exactly as it occurred.

FLARE TO WHITE

FADE IN FROM WHITE:

Slowly the white becomes a barely perceptible image: white particles wave over a white background. A snowfall. A car bursts through the curtain of snow. The car is equipped with a hitch and is towing another car, a brand-new light brown Cutlass Ciera with the pink sales sticker showing in its rear window.

As the car roars past, leaving snow swirling in their draft, the title of the film fades in:

FARGO

Green highway signs point the way to MOOREHEAD, Minnesota/FARGO, North Dakota; the roads for the two cities diverge; a sign says WELCOME TO NORTH DAKOTA and another just after says NOW ENTERING FARGO, ND, POP. 44,412.

The car pulls into a Rodeway Inn.

LOBBY

A man in his early forties, balding and starting to paunch, goes to the reception desk. The clerk is a woman of about the same age.

CLERK
(MORE)

And how are you today, sir?

MAN

Real good now. I'm checking in, Mr. Anderson.

As she types into a computer:

CLERK

Okay, Mr. Anderson, and you're still planning on staying with us just the night, then?

ANDERSON

You bet.

HOTEL ROOM

The man turns on the TV, which shows the local evening news.

DAVE MOORE (ANCHOR)

-- whether they will go to summer camp at all. Katie Jensen has more.

KATIE

It was supposed to be a project funded by the city council; it was supposed to benefit those Fargo/Moorehead children who would otherwise not be able to afford to attend a lakeshore summer camp. But nobody consulted city controller Stu Jacobson...

RED LOBSTER

Anderson sits alone at a table finishing dinner. Muzak plays. A middle-aged waitress approaches holding a pot of regular coffee in one hand and decaf in the other.

WAITRESS

Can I warm that up for ya there?

ANDERSON

You bet.

The man looks at his watch.

THROUGH A WINDSHIELD

We are pulling into the snowswept parking lot of a one-story brick building. Broken neon at the top of the building identifies it as the Jolly Troll Tavern. A troll, also in neon, holds a champagne glass aloft.

INSIDE

The bar is downscale even for this town. Country music plays on the jukebox. Two men are seated in a booth at the back. One is short, slight, youngish. The other man is somewhat older, and dour. The table in front of them is littered with empty long-neck beer bottles. The ashtray is full.

Anderson approaches.

ANDERSON

I'm, uh, Jerry Lundegaard. Uh, Shep Proudfoot said --

YOUNGER MAN

Shep said you'd be here at 7:30. What gives, man?

JERRY

Shep said 8:30.

YOUNGER MAN

We been sitting here an hour. I've peed three times already.

JERRY

I'm sure sorry. I... Shep told me 8:30. It was a mix-up, I guess.

YOUNGER MAN

Ya got the car?

JERRY

Yah, you bet. It's in the lot there. Brand-new Ciera.

YOUNGER MAN

Yeah, okay. Well, sidddown then. I'm Carl Rolvaag and this is my associate Gaear Grimsrud.

JERRY

Yah, how ya doin'. So, uh, we all set on this thing, then?

YOUNGER MAN

Sure, Jerry, we're all set. Why wouldn't we be?

JERRY

Yah, no, I'm sure you are. Shep vouched for you and all. I got every confidence in you fellas.

They stare at him. An awkward beat.

JERRY

... So I guess that's it, then.
Here's the keys --

CARL

No, that's not it, Jerry.

JERRY

... Huh?

CARL

The new Oldsmobile, plus forty
thousand dollars.

JERRY

Yah, but, the deal was, the car
first, see, then the forty
thousand, like as if it was the
ransom. I thought Shep told you --

CARL

Shep didn't tell us much, Jerry.

JERRY

Well, okay, it's --

CARL

Except that you were gonna be here
at 7:30.

JERRY

Yah, well, that was a mix-up, then.

CARL

Yeah, you already said that.

JERRY

Yah. But it's not a whole pay-in-
advance deal. I give you a brand
new vehicle in advance and --

CARL

I'm not gonna debate you, Jerry.

JERRY

Okay.

CARL

I'm not gonna sit here and debate.
I will say this though: What Shep
told us didn't make a whole lot of

(MORE)

CARL(CONT'D)

sense.

JERRY

Oh, no, it's real sound. It's all worked out.

CARL

You want your own wife kidnapped?

JERRY

Yah.

Carl stares. Jerry looks blankly back.

CARL

... You -- my point is, you pay the ransom, what eighty thousand bucks, I mean, you give us half the ransom, forty thousand, you keep half. It's like robbing Peter to play Paul, it doesn't make any --

JERRY

Okay, it's -- see, it's not me payin' the ransom. The thing is, my wife, she's wealthy, her dad, he's real well off. Now, I'm in a bit of trouble --

CARL

What kind of trouble are you in, Jerry?

JERRY

Well, that's, that's, I'm not go inta, inta -- see, I just need money. Now, her dad's real wealthy -

CARL

So why don't you just ask him for the money?

Grimsrud, the dour man who has not yet spoken, now softly puts in with a Swedish-accented voice:

GRIMSRUD

Or your fucking wife, you know.

CARL

Or your fucking wife, Jerry.

JERRY

Well, it's all just part of this -- they don't know I need it, see.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, so there's that. And even if they did, I wouldn't get it. So there's that on top, then. See, these're personal matters.

CARL

Personal matters.

JERRY

Yah. Personal matters that needn't, uh --

CARL

Okay, Jerry. You're asking us to perform this mission, but you, you won't, uh, you won't -- aw, fuck it, let's take a look at that Ciera.

MINNEAPOLIS SUBURBAN HOUSE

Jerry enters through the kitchen door, in a parka and a red plaid Elmer Fudd hat. He stamps snow off his feet. He is carrying a bag of groceries which he deposits on the kitchen counter.

JERRY

Hon? Got the growshries.

VOICE

Thank you, hon. How's Fargo?

JERRY

Yah, real good.

VOICE

Dad's here.

DEN

Jerry enters, pulling off his plaid cap.

JERRY

How ya doin', Wade?

Wade Gustafson is mid-sixtyish, vigorous, with a full head of gray hair. His eyes remain fixed on the TV.

WADE

Yah, pretty good.

JERRY

Whatcha watchin' there?

WADE
Norstars.

Jerry is looking.

JERRY
... Who they playin'?

WADE
OOOoooh!

His reaction synchronizes with a reaction from the crowd.

KITCHEN

Jerry walks back in, taking off his coat. His wife is putting on an apron.

JERRY
(nodding at the living
room door)
Is he stayin' for supper, then?

WIFE
Yah, I think so.

Calling through the door:

WIFE
Dad, are you stayin' for supper?

WADE (O.S.)
Yah.

DINING ROOM

Jerry, his wife, Wade and Scotty, twelve years old, sit eating.

SCOTTY
May I be excused?

JERRY
Sure, ya done there?

SCOTTY
Uh-huh. Goin' out.

WIFE
Where are you going?

SCOTTY
Just out. Just McDonald's.

JERRY

Back at 9:30.

SCOTTY

Okay.

WADE

He just ate. And he didn't finish. He's going to McDonald's instead of finishing here?

WIFE

He sees his friends there. It's okay.

WADE

It's okay? McDonald's? What do you think they do there? They don't drink milk-shakes, I assure you!

WIFE

It's okay, Dad.

JERRY

Wade, have ya had a chance to think about, uh, that deal I was talkin' about, those forty acres there on Wayzata?

WADE

You told me about it.

JERRY

Yah, you said you'd have a think about it. I understand it's a lot of money --

WADE

A heck of a lot. What'd you say you were gonna put there?

JERRY

A lot. It's a limited --

WADE

I know it's a lot.

JERRY

I mean a parking lot.

WADE

Yah, well, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot -- ha ha

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

ha!

JERRY

Yah, well, it's a chunk, but --

WADE

I had a couple of lots, late fifties. Lost a lot of money. A "lot" of money.

JERRY

Yah, but --

WADE

I thought you were gonna show it to Stan Grossman. He passes on this stuff before it gets kicked up to me.

JERRY

Well, you know Stan'll say no dice. That's why you pay him. I'm asking you here, Wade. This could work out real good for me and Jean and Scotty --

WADE

Jean and Scotty never have to worry.

WHITE

A black line curls through the white. Twisting perspective shows that it is an aerial shot of a two-lane highway, bordered by snowfields. The highway carries one moving car.

INSIDE THE CAR

Carl Showalter (Rolvag?) is driving. Gaear Grimsrud stares blankly out. After a long beat:

GRIMSRUD

Where is Pancakes Hause...

CARL

What?

GRIMSRUD

We stop at Pancakes Hause.

CARL

What're you, nuts? We had pancakes for breakfast. I gotta go somewhere I can get a shot and a beer -- and

(MORE)

CARL(CONT'D)

a steak maybe. Not more fuckin' pancakes. Come on.

Grimsrud gives him a sour look.

CARL

... Come on, man. Okay, here's an idea. We'll stop outside of Brainerd. I know a place there we can get laid. Wuddya think?

GRIMSRUD

I'm fucking hungry now, you know.

CARL

Yeah, yeah, Jesus -- I'm sayin', we'll stop for pancakes, then we'll get laid. Wuddya think?

GUSTAFSON OLDS

Jerry is sitting in his glassed-in salesman's cubicle just off the showroom floor. On the other side of his desk sit an irate customer and his wife.

CUSTOMER

We sat here right in this room and went over this and over this!

JERRY

Yah, but that TruCoat --

CUSTOMER

I sat right here and said I didn't want no TruCoat!

JERRY

Yah, but I'm sayin', that TruCoat, you don't get it and you get oxidization problems. It'll cost you a heck of lot more'n five hunnert --

CUSTOMER

You're sittin' here, you're talkin' in circles! You're talkin' like we didn't go over this already!

JERRY

Yah, but this TruCoat -

CUSTOMER

We had us a deal here for nineteen-five. You sat there and darned if

(MORE)

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

you didn't tell me you'd get this
car, these options, WITHOUT THE
SEALANT, for nineteen-five!

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM

by

Darren Aronofsky & Hubert Selby Jr.

Based on the book

by

Hubert Selby Jr.

ON THE TV --

-- is Tappy Tibbons, our-America's favorite television personality. His charismatic personality shines for the entire world to see.

Right now, he's Waltzing majestically with one of his SUPERMODEL assistants. His audience cheers wildly.

Suddenly, the plug is pulled. The TV flickers off and we --

CUT TO:

THE PRESENTATION TITLES, THEN -

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

HARRY GOLDFARB, young 20's, is an eccentric kid with a seductive smile.

He tries to stop his mother, SARA GOLDFARB, from locking herself in the closet.

HARRY
Ma! Ma! C'mon, Ma!

SARA
Harold. Please. Not again the TV.

She slams the door closed and Harry talks to the shut door.

HARRY
Why do you haveta make such a big deal out of this? Eh? You know you'll have the set back in a couple of hours.

No answer.

HARRY
Why ya gotta make me feel guilty?
(frustrated)
Ahhh...

Harry walks across the room to the early eighties TV with ridiculous rabbit ears.

Sara locks the door and retreats to the back of the closet.

Harry starts to push the set on its stand when suddenly it jerks -- almost falling. Harry spies a thick bicycle chain going from around the TV to the radiator.

HARRY

Jesus! Whatta ya tryin' to do, eh?
You tryin' to get me to break my
own mother's set? Or break the
radiator?

Harry marches to the closet.

HARRY (CONT'D)

... an' maybe blow up the whole
house? You tryin' to make me a
killer? Your own son? Your own
flesh and blood? WHATTA YA DOIN' TA
ME? YOUR OWN SON!!!

Then, a thin key slowly peeks out from under the closet door. Harry works it out with his fingernail and yanks it up.

HARRY

Why do you always gotta play games
with my head for krist's sake? Don't
you have any considerations for my
feelings? Why do you haveta make my
life so difficult?

And then, meekly from the closet --

SARA

Harold, I wouldn't. The chain isn't
for you. The robbers.

HARRY

Then why didn't you tell me? The
set almost fell. I coulda had a
heart attack.

Sara shakes her head in the darkness.

SARA

You should be well, Harold.

HARRY

Then why won't you come out?

Harry tries to open the locked closet door but can't.

HARRY
See what I mean? See how you always
gotta upset me?

Harry walks to the TV, unlocks the chain and starts to wheel the TV towards the front door. He pauses by the closet.

HARRY
Ma? Ma? C'mon out? Please, Ma.

No response. Inside, Sara hugs her knees. Then, he throws up his hands, mumbles --

HARRY
Eh, screw it.

-- and pushes the set carefully out of the apartment.

In the closet, Sara hears the door shut. She continues to rock back and forth, her eyes shut, mumbles to herself --

SARA
It's not happening. And if it
should be happening it would be
alright, so don't worry, Seymour.
It'll all work out. You'll see
already. In the end it's all nice.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK --

-- and the title: "REQUIEM FOR A DREAM"

TITLES BEGIN --

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Waiting for Harry is TYRONE C. LOVE, young twenties, leaning against the wall, playing skillfully with a Yo-Yo.

Taking his time, Tyrone helps Harry wheel the set to the dingy elevator.

TYRONE
Sheeit, this mutha' startin' to
look a little seedy, man.

HARRY
What's the matter, ya particular
all of a sudden?

TYRONE

Hey, baby, ah don't care if it's
growin' hair just so's we get our
bread.

EXT. SARA'S BUILDING - BRIGHTON BEACH, BROOKLYN - DAY

Lining the front of the building in beach chairs are ten
female YENTAS absorbing the sun and passing judgement on
Harry.

Harry says hello and is greeted by a chorus of fake,
sarcastic 'hellos' in return.

EXT. STREETS OF BRIGHTON BEACH AND CONEY ISLAND

Harry and Tyrone carefully navigate the TV through the
streets of the old Brooklyn neighborhood.

They go under the elevated train, past the giant, dying
projects, across the boardwalk, beneath the shadows of the
towering parachute jump and through the cracking and boarded-
up amusement park.

THE TITLES END.

A HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

ON THE SCREEN IN WHITE LETTERS: "SUMMER"

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Old and squat MR. RABINOWITZ shakes his head as Harry and
Tyrone push the set into his store.

He stands behind a cage of bulletproof glass with all of the
pawn shop's possessions.

MR. RABINOWITZ

So look, the table too already.

HARRY

Hey, what do you want from me? I
can't schlep it on my back.

MR. RABINOWITZ

You got a friend.

TYRONE

Hey man, I ain't my leper's
schlepper.

Harry chuckles.

MR. RABINOWITZ

Such a son. A goniff. Your mother
needs you like a moose needs a hat
rack.

The pawn shop owner clucks his tongue and slowly counts out
the money.

QUICK HIP-HOP MONTAGE:

Lighter flicks -- liquid on spoon SIZZLES -- tourniquet snaps
-- needle SUCKS -- hand SLAPS vein -- a thunderous RUSH of
liquid -- and finally an ecstatic SIGH.

INT. TYRONE'S DIVE PAD - LATER

Tyrone's pad is run down but it'll do. Tight on Harry back-
spinning a record on the turntable and halting the beat. Then
he lets the other turntable spin and start a new tune.

TYRONE

Sheeit, that's some boss scag,
baby. I mean DYN-A-MITE.

HARRY

Yeah, man, something else.

Harry calmly watches the record spin.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT - LATER

Tyrone and Harry sit at the counter of an all-night donut
shop, sipping hot chocolate and eating chocolate Crullers.

TYRONE

Ya know what we oughta do, man?
Huh? We oughta get a piece of this
Brody shit and cut it and off it,
ya dig?

HARRY

This stuff's good enough to cut in
half and still get you wasted. We
could double our money. Easy.

TYRONE

That's right. An' then we buy a
couple a pieces an' we got
something' else goin', man. It sure
would be righteous.

HARRY

In no time we'd get a pound of pure straight from the Italians.

TYRONE

No hassles. That's all I want, no hassles.

Just then, a hulking Cop sits down on the stool next to Harry.

Tyrone and Harry both fall silent and slowly sip their hot chocolates.

Harry looks down at the Cop's gun. It's maybe six inches from his hand.

Slowly, he reaches over and undoes the safety latch on the Cop's holster.

Tyrone's eyes fill with fear.

The WAITRESS comes over and gives the Cop his coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get you a --

Just then, Harry yanks the gun out of the holster. The Cop spins around. Harry retreats --

COP

Hey! Hey!

Harry smiles as the Cop charges. Tyrone snickers. Then Harry tosses the gun over the Cop's head. Tyrone catches it. The Cop chases Tyrone.

Harry and Tyrone laugh as they toss the gun back and forth just over the frustrated Cop's head. The Cop slips and falls on his ass and we -

CUT BACK TO:

Reality. Five minutes earlier --

WAITRESS

Anything else? Huh?

Tyrone butts Harry. Harry looks up at the Waitress who stares at him. The towering Cop looks over as well.

WAITRESS

Well.

HARRY

No, no. Just the check.

The Cop returns to his donut.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Mr. Rabinowitz shakes his head as Sara enters. He pulls out a ledger book that is labeled "Sara Goldfarb's TV."

MR. RABINOWITZ

Good evening, Mrs. Goldfarb.

SARA

Good evening, Mr. Rabinowitz,
though I'm not so sure how good it
is. And you?

MR. RABINOWITZ

Uh, so what can I say? Are you
wanting your TV?

SARA

Yes, if you don't mind.

Sara pulls a crinkled ten dollar bill out of the corner of her blouse and hands it to Mr. Rabinowitz.

MR. RABINOWITZ

Mrs. Goldfarb, can I ask you a
question, you won't be taking it
personal?

Sara shrugs.

MR. RABINOWITZ

How many years we know each other?
(he nods his head)
Who's to count? Why don't you tell
already the police so maybe they
could talk to Harry and he wouldn't
be stealing no more the TV.

SARA

Oooo, Mr. Rabinowitz, I couldn't,
Harold's my only child. He's all I
have.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sara chains the TV to the radiator again. She turns on the set, adjusts the rabbit ears and watches whatever is on.

Sara smiles as she settles into her chair. She ceremoniously removes the plastic wrapper from around a box of chocolates.

Immediately, she pulls out a chocolate-covered cream and lets it dissolve in her mouth. Her eyes shut in gentle ecstasy.

EXT. SEACOAST TOWER - DAY

Looking straight up at the thirty-story building with sharp eyes is MARION. She is beautiful, fresh, and in her young 20's.

Harry, with a stack of newspapers under his arm, comes up from behind and kisses her on the neck.

CUT TO:

SEACOAST TOWER'S FOYER

Harry randomly presses one of countless buzzers. An Old Lady responds a moment later.

OLD LADY
Hello? Who is it?

Harry mumbles into the speaker. He and Marion try to hold their laughter.

OLD LADY
Who?

Harry mumbles again. When the buzzer rings we're on --

THE ELEVATOR

-- in black-and-white video. A security camera watches Harry and Marion jump around as they head to the --

TOP FLOOR

PING! Harry dips his head out the open doors.

All clear. He grabs Marion and they dash to the --

STAIRWELL

-- where red, bold warnings on the emergency exit roof door threaten alarm if the door is opened.

MARION
What do we do now?

Harry, still cool, smiles and sticks out his head. Marion spits out her gum.

Then, he pulls out a wire and with the gum he shorts the alarm.

Then, he kicks the roof door open. White light rushes in.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM

Her phone RRRINGS and Sara leans towards it but she continues to adjust the rabbit ears on her set, torn between the priority of the two activities.

Finally, four rings later, she lunges for the phone and flops down in her viewing chair. She is greeted by a CHEERY VOICE.

SARA

Hello?

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)

Mrs. Goldfarb? Mrs. Sara Goldfarb?

SARA

It's me. Speaking.

The voice is so enthusiastic that she looks over to the TV to see if it's coming from there.

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)

Mrs. Goldfarb, this is Lyle Russel from C.C.I. Industries.

SARA

I'm not interested in --

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)

Wait, Mrs. Goldfarb. I'm not selling anything. Nothing. I just want to offer you a chance to be on television.

SARA

Television?

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)

That's right, Mrs. Goldfarb.

SARA

Look, I don't have any --

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not looking for money, Mrs.

(MORE)

CHEERY VOICE (CONT'D)

Goldfarb. I'm calling to tell you you've already won. Your name was selected from a long list of available contestants. You've been chosen and you now have an opportunity to be on television.

SARA

Me? On television?

Sara's eyes light up.

LYLE RUSSEL (O.S.)

That's right, Mrs. Goldfarb. You on television.

SARA

I never thought I'd be on television. I'm just a...

LYLE RUSSEL

I know how you feel Mrs. Goldfarb. Do you like game shows?

SARA

No... I mean yes... I a... On the television???

LYLE RUSSEL

C.C.I. Industries discovers contestants for most of America's favorite television shows.

SARA

Ooooooo... Me... me... on... oh I can't...

LYLE RUSSEL (O.S.)

Yes, Mrs. Goldfarb, you. Congratulations! I can't tell you why you are so lucky, but you are. Congratulations!

Sara falls against the back of the viewing chair, one hand clutches desperately at the phone, the other on top of her dress. Her eyes bulge, her mouth hangs open.

LYLE RUSSEL (O.S.)

You will receive all necessary information in the mail, Mrs. Goldfarb. Goodbye and... God bless.

Click! Sara tries to catch her breath. She awakens from her ecstasy when the phone beeps its off-the-hook sound.

INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Sara picks up a framed photo. The picture was taken on Harry's high school graduation day years ago. Harry, in the middle, is an eighteen-year-old in cap and gown. Sara's husband Seymour hovers over Harry's left shoulder.

On Harry's right is a younger-looking Sara. She is 30 pounds lighter, has brilliant red hair and wears a red dress and gold shoes. Sara stares at her outfit.

Then she rushes to the closet. As she hums a tuneless monotone, she carefully pulls out the last dress on the hook. She ceremoniously removes the dry-cleaning plastic and smiles at her red dress.

She puts it on. In the mirror she looks over one shoulder and then the other. She tries to zip up the back, but after half an inch and many minutes of exertion she gives up.

On her hands and knees, she searches through mounds of shoes for the special pair. She pulls out the gold shoes and dusts them off. Shakily, Sara puts them on. She smiles at herself in the mirror.

THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS

by

Wes Anderson & Owen Wilson

INSERT:

A first edition copy of *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

On the dust jacket there is an illustration of a cream-colored note card that looks like a wedding invitation. The title of the book is engraved on the card.

The next page says Chapter One.

NARRATOR

Royal Tenenbaum bought the house on Archer Avenue in the winter of his thirty-fifth year.

CUT TO:

A five-story limestone townhouse. A forty-three-year-old man in a raincoat rings the front doorbell. He is Royal.

NARRATOR

Over the next decade, he and his wife had three children, and then they separated.

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

Royal sits at the head of a long table. He is surrounded by his children.

CHAS is twelve, with curly hair, dressed in a black suit and a tie. MARGOT is ten, with a barrette in her hair, wearing a knitted Lacoste dress and penny loafers. RICHIE is eight, with long hair, parted on the side, dressed in a Bjorn Borg-style tennis outfit and a headband.

Chas wears a blank expression, Margot looks as if she is about to cry, and Richie has tears all over his face.

MARGOT

Are you getting divorced?

ROYAL

(gently)

At the moment, no. But it doesn't look good.

RICHIE

Do you still love us?

ROYAL

Of course, I do.

CHAS

(pointedly)

(MORE)

CHAS (CONT'D)

Do you still love Mom?

ROYAL

Very much. But she asked me to leave, and I had to respect her position on the matter.

MARGOT

Was it our fault?

ROYAL

(long pause)

No. Obviously, we had to make certain sacrifices as a result of having children, but no. Lord, no.

RICHIE

Why'd she ask you to leave?

ROYAL

(sadly)

I don't really know anymore. Maybe I wasn't as true to her as I could've been.

CHAS

Well, she says --

ROYAL

Let's not rehash it, Chassie.

An Indian man with salt-and-pepper hair, dressed in pink pants, a white shirt, and a white apron, comes in from the kitchen with a martini on a tray. He is PAGODA.

NARRATOR

They were never legally divorced.

Pagoda hands Royal the martini.

ROYAL

Thanks, Pagoda.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

A gallery of the children's art, done mostly in crayon, but with beautiful frames and careful lighting. The subject matter includes: spaceships, wild animals, sailboats, motorcycles, and war scenes with tanks and paratroopers.

A stuffed and mounted boar's head with its teeth bared hangs in the stairwell.

A label on it says Wild Javelina, Andes Mountains. Under the stairs there is a telephone room the size of a closet. Old messages are tacked to the walls, and children's heights are marked on the door frame.

A thirty-three-year-old woman with a scarf around her neck and sunglasses on top of her head talks on a rotary telephone. She is Etheline. Richie sits on her lap reading an *Atlas of the World*. Margot sits on a footstool reading *The Cherry Orchard*. Chas stands in the doorway with a slip of blue paper in his hand.

NARRATOR

Etheline Tenenbaum kept the house and raised the children, and their education was her highest priority.

Etheline says into the telephone:

ETHELINE

I'll hold, thank you.

CHAS

I need \$187.

ETHELINE

(pause)

Write yourself a check.

Chas hands Etheline the slip of blue paper.

INSERT:

A check made out in the amount of \$187. Etheline signs it.

CUT TO:

Chas taking back the check. Etheline says into the telephone:

ETHELINE

Bene. Si. Grazie mille.

Etheline hangs up. There is a schedule of activities -guitar, ballet, yoga, scuba-diving -- written on a chalkboard behind her and divided into columns labelled Chas, Richie, and Margot. She changes an Italian lesson from 4:30 to 5:30.

NARRATOR

She wrote a book on the subject.

INSERT:

A copy of Etheline Tenenbaum's book, *Family of Geniuses*. On the dust jacket there is a photograph of the three children conducting a press conference in a room crowded with journalists. It appears to have been published in the late seventies.

CUT TO:

The press conference. Chas points to a reporter.

CHAS

The gentleman in the blue cardigan,
please.

REPORTER

Thank you. I have a two-part
question.

CHAS

Go ahead.

INT. CHAS' BEDROOM. DAY

Chas' room looks like a businessman's office, except it is very small and has bunk beds. There is a desk with an Apple II computer and an electric coffee pot on it. There is a water cooler in the corner, with a paper cup dispenser.

Chas stands talking on the telephone while Etheline brings in his lunch on a tray.

NARRATOR

Chas Tenenbaum had, since elementary school, taken most of his meals in his room, standing up at his desk with a cup of coffee, to save time.

On a shelf in an alcove there are ten cages connected together by plastic tubes. White mice with tiny black spots all over them race around inside the cages. Chas feeds one of them a drop of blue liquid from a test-tube.

NARRATOR

In the sixth grade, he went into business, breeding Dalmatian mice, which he sold to a pet shop in Little Tokyo.

There are twenty-five pin-striped suits in boys, size twelve and an electric tie rack hanging in the closet. Chas pushes a button on the tie rack and the ties glide along a track.

NARRATOR

He started buying real estate in his early teens and seemed to have an almost preternatural understanding of international finance.

There is a small weight-lifting bench and a punching bag in the corner. There is a set of exercise charts neatly drawn with felt-tip pen tacked to the wall. Chas bench-presses about fifty pounds on a small barbell.

NARRATOR

He negotiated the purchase of his father's summer house on Eagle's Island.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

A house in the country. Chas crouches in the bushes with a B.B. gun. Across the lawn he sees two younger boys with B.B. guns drop down from a tree. One of the boys is Richie, and the other has nearly-white blond hair. He is Eli. He wears Apache warpaint.

Chas gets Richie in his sights.

ROYAL

Hold it, Chassie.

Chas freezes. He looks up and sees Royal watching from the roof with a B.B. gun trained on him. Royal is dressed in khaki pants, sunglasses, and no shirt.

CHAS

What are you doing? You're on my team!

ROYAL

(hesitates)

There are no teams.

Royal fires. Chas screams and fires back as Royal scrambles away, laughing.

NARRATOR

The B.B. is still lodged between two knuckles in Chas' left hand.

INT. MARGOT'S BEDROOM. DAY

The walls of Margot's room are red, with little running zebras painted all over them. There is a collection of African masks hanging in the corner. Margot sits at a small metal stand, typing on an I.B.M. typewriter.

NARRATOR

Margot Tenenbaum was adopted at age two. Her father had always noted this when introducing her.

CUT TO:

A cocktail party. Royal introduces Margot to a group of elderly men in black tie.

ROYAL

This is my adopted daughter, Margot Tenenbaum.

Margot nods politely.

CUT TO:

A wall filled with bookshelves. There are thousands of books of plays. Margot takes out a copy of *The Iceman Cometh*.

NARRATOR

She was a playwright and won a Braverman Grant of fifty thousand dollars in the ninth grade.

There is mock-up of a stage set for a play that appears to have taken place in a network of tree houses on a tropical island. Margot places a tiny canoe beneath a palm tree.

NARRATOR

She and her brother Richie ran away from home one winter and camped-out in the African Wing of the Public Archives.

EXT. MUSEUM. DAY

Richie and Margot sit on a bench in front of a large Gothic building. Richie has on a backpack with a sleeping bag attached to it. Margot carries a small red suitcase. They both look extremely disheveled and tired.

A single-file line of students in Catholic school uniforms goes past them following a museum guide. Eli is at the end of the line. He stops and stares at Margot and Richie.

RICHIE

Hi, Eli.

ELI

You said I could run away, too.

MARGOT

No, I didn't. And don't tell anybody you saw us.

CUT TO:

Richie and Margot sharing a boy scout sleeping bag on a bench in a gallery of wildlife dioramas in the darkened museum. Margot reads a book about sharks by the light of a flashlight. Richie is asleep.

NARRATOR

Four years later, she disappeared alone for two weeks and came back with half a finger missing.

INSERT:

A pair of knitted gloves. One finger has been clipped-off at the middle knuckle and is being sewn-up.

INT. RICHIE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Richie's room is in the attic. There is a chemistry set, a drum set, and a long shelf filled with tennis trophies. Richie sits on the edge of his bed.

NARRATOR

Richie Tenenbaum had been a champion tennis player since the third grade.

There are thousands of matchbox cars arranged on every available inch of space on tables, desks, and windowsills. Richie parks a little Maserati next to a dune buggy.

NARRATOR

He turned pro at seventeen and won the U.S. Nationals three years in a row.

There is a H.A.M. radio set in the corner of the room. Richie sits at the console wearing a set of headphones. There is a map of the world on the wall, with colored pins stuck in different cities.

NARRATOR

(MORE)

He kept a studio in the corner of the ballroom but had failed to develop as a painter.

CUT TO:

A ballroom with vaulted ceilings and a giant chandelier on the top floor of the house.

One corner is filled with seventeen almost identical portraits of Margot looking over the top of a book with an irritated expression. Etheline helps Richie hang a new portrait among the others.

NARRATOR

On weekends, Royal took him on outings around the city.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Royal and Richie stand among a group of Puerto Rican men as two large, vicious-looking pit bulls with scars all over them snarl at each other. Royal yells along with the others:

ROYAL

Vamos! Andale!

Royal throws a fifty dollar bill into a pile of money on the sidewalk. Richie throws in a dollar.

NARRATOR

These invitations were never extended to anyone else.

CUT TO:

The second floor of the Tenenbaum house. Chas sits alone in one window. Margot sits alone in the next. They both watch as Royal and Richie get out of a gypsy cab in front of the house, sharing a bag of peanuts and laughing.

There is a slightly run-down thirty-five story apartment building across the street. Eli sits alone in a window.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY

A two-room apartment with a crucifix on the wall. Eli finishes making his bed and folds it into the couch. An elderly woman works at a sewing machine in the next room.

NARRATOR

Richie's best friend Eli Cash lived with his aunt in a building across the street.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Eli walks up the front steps of the Tenenbaum house and rings the doorbell. He wears a set of house keys on a string around his neck. Pagoda opens the door. He is dressed in pajamas, slippers, and a bathrobe. He lets Eli inside.

NARRATOR

He was a regular fixture at family gatherings, holidays, mornings before school, and most afternoons.

CUT TO:

The Tenenbaum house at night. There are strings of colored lights glowing around the front door and white paper bags with candles in them on the steps. Royal rings the front doorbell. He carries a small package wrapped in red and pink-striped paper with a white ribbon on it.

NARRATOR

The three Tenenbaum children performed Margot's first play on the night of her eleventh birthday.

INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT

There are twenty eleven-year-olds wearing party hats. Margot, Chas, and Richie are in costumes. Margot is a zebra, Chas is a bear, and Richie is a leopard. Eli is dressed in pajamas. Royal sits at a table with them, drinking a glass of whiskey.

NARRATOR

They had agreed to invite their father to the party.

There is a small stage set across the room for a play that appears to have taken place on a ship.

CHAS

What'd you think, Dad?

ROYAL

It didn't seem believable to me.

Chas looks to Margot. She is silent. Royal says to Eli:

ROYAL

Why are you wearing pajamas? Do you live here?

RICHIE

He has permission to sleep over.

Royal shakes his head.

CHAS

Did you think the characters were --

ROYAL

What characters? It was just a bunch of little kids dressed in animal costumes.

MARGOT

Good-night, everyone.

Margot quickly collects her unopened presents from the table. She puts Royal's aside and sets it in front of him.

ROYAL

Sweetie. Don't get mad at me. That's just one man's opinion.

The lights go down. Royal looks across the room. Etheline stands in the doorway with a birthday cake on a tray. The candles are lit. She looks furious. Pagoda stands at the light switch. Everyone begins to sing Happy Birthday. Margot walks out of the room, and the singing disintegrates.

NARRATOR

He had not been invited to any of their parties since.

Etheline blows out the candles.

EXT. ROOF. DAY

There is a large antenna for Richie's H.A.M. radio and a wooden coop with a falcon in it. The falcon has a hood over its eyes. Richie opens the coop, carefully removes the falcon's hood, and feeds him some sardines from a tin.

NARRATOR

In fact, virtually all memory of the brilliance of the young Tenenbaums had been erased by two decades of betrayal, failure, and disaster.

Richie carries the falcon on his arm to the edge of the roof.

RICHIE

Go, Mordecai.

The falcon spreads its wings and lunges into the sky.

MONTAGE :

(The names of each of our characters and the names of the actors playing them appear over the following shots.)

Royal Tenenbaum sits in a chair in his hotel suite with no shirt on and a towel wrapped around his face.

CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND

Written by

Chuck Barris and Charlie Kaufman

MUSIC IN: OMINOUS ORCHESTRAL

TEXT. WHITE ON BLACK:

This film is a reenactment of actual events. It is based on Mr. Barris's private journals, public records, and hundreds of hours of taped interviews.

EXT. NYC STREET NIGHT

SUBTITLE: NEW YORK CITY, FALL 1981

It's raining. A cab speeds down a dark, bumpy side-street.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Looking in his rearview mirror, the cab driver checks out his passenger: a sweaty young man in a gold blazer with a "P" insignia over the breast pocket. Several paper bags on the back seat hedge him in. The young man is immersed in the scrawled list he clutches in his hand. A passing street light momentarily illuminates the list and we glimpse a few of the entries: double-coated waterproof fuse (500 feet); .38 ammo (hollowpoint configuration); potato chips (Lays).

CUT TO:

GONG SHOW

An excerpt from The Gong Show (reenacted). The video image fills the screen. We watch a fat man recite Hamlet, punctuating his soliloquy with loud belching noises. The audience is booing. Eventually the man gets gonged. Chuck Barris, age 50, hat pulled over his eyes, dances out from the wings to comfort the agitated performer.

PERFORMER

Why'd they do that? I wasn't done.

BARRIS (AGE 50)

I don't understand. Juice, why'd you gong this nice man?

JAYE P. MORGAN

Not to be. That is the answer.

The studio audience laughs.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The cab slobes to a stop in front of a liquor store. The young man gets out, jogs through the rain toward the fluorescent storefront. The cab driver waits, listens to staticky reports in a foreign language on his radio. The meter is running. The back-seat is piled high with bags.

CUT TO:

GONG SHOW

Chuck Barris spastically dances on the screen along with Gene Gene the Dancing Machine. Barris turns to the camera, points at it.

BARRIS

We'll be right back with more stuff.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The back of the cab is filled with even more bags and boxes. The cab stops. The young man gets out and confers with a shady looking guy on the corner. The young man pulls out a big wad of cash. Money and a small package change hands. The meter in the cab is at thirty-five dollars and change.

CUT TO:

GONG SHOW

Chuck Barris is being sniffed in the crotch by a large dog. The audience howls with glee. Suddenly the video image explodes. Slow motion sparks and shards of glass shoot toward the camera. We pull back to reveal we're in a darkened, messy hotel room. We pan across the walls, past taped-up, yellowed newspaper clippings with headlines like "Gong Show a New Low in Television", "The Dumbing of America", and "Chuck Barris is the Decline of Western Civilization." We come to rest on a naked middle-aged man crouching in the shadows in the corner, holding a gun. This is Chuck Barris, The television continues to sputter, spark, and smoke. There is a knock at the door.

BARRIS

(mumbly)

Fuck. Shit. Piss.

Naked Barris, still holding the gun, seems panicked. He hesitates, trying to determine his options. Should he answer the door? Should he climb out onto the window ledge? Finally, he creeps to the door and peeks out the peephole for a long moment. He unlocks the door, opens it. The sweaty, young man, a bellhop, stands there with his many bags. He tries to appear casual as takes in the sight: a naked Chuck Barris holding a gun, an exploded, smoking TV set in the background.

BARRIS

(weakly)

More stuff?

BELLHOP

Yes sir, Mr. Barris. Everything you

(MORE)

BELLHOP (CONT'D)

requested. Except I couldn't find
a...
(consults list)
... DH-10 directional fragmentation
mine.

BARRIS

Well, it's late.
(mumbling and bowing)
But thank you. Thank you for
trying. You are a scholar and a...

Barris trails off, gives a quick glance both ways down the
hall, then motions for the bellhop to enter. The bellhop
places the bags on a table, fishes in his pocket and pulls
out some bills.

BARRIS

Keep it. It's okay. Keep it. You
are a scholar and a...

Barris trails off.

BELLHOP

(eyes averted)
Thank you, sir.

Suddenly Barris becomes agitated.

BARRIS

Why are you not looking at me like
that? Do I look ugly to you?
(runs to the mirror)
It's the not sleeping. I'm not
sleeping, see. I have a lot on
my...

Barris trails off. There is a pause. The bellhop attempts to
make conversation.

BELLHOP

(re: exploded TV)
Um, another Gong Show rerun, sir?

The naked Barris approaches the bellhop, drapes his arm over
the young man's shoulder and walks with him.

BARRIS

(conspiratorially)
You know what I'd do? -- And don't
tell anybody -- I'd rub... I'd rub
Alpo brand dog food on my dick so
the dogs would stick their noses
into my... dick. Guaranteed big
(MORE)

BARRIS (CONT'D)

laugh, right? That was my trick, my great contribution to the world. How wouldn't I degrade myself, I ask you.

There is a silence.

BARRIS
(screaming)
I ask you!

BELLHOP
I... I... I don't know, sir.

Suddenly Barris punches himself in the head, flops down on the unmade bed. The bellhop glances at Barris's bare ass, looks away.

BELLHOP
Mr. Barris, maybe if you just don't watch the show every night, you wouldn't have to --

BARRIS
I always pay for the damn tv's, don't I?
(turning to face him)
Don't I?!

BELLHOP
It's -- Yes, you do, sir, and we appreciate that -- It's just that there've been complaints from some of the other guests, and Mr. Andrews, the assistant manager, requested that I --

BARRIS
Still? Complaints? I specifically used the silencer this time. Specifically!

BELLHOP
Well, the people in 917 found a bullet lodged in their wall. And while we want to accommodate you -- we certainly value your patronage -- there is an issue of customer safety.

Barris lets this sink in.

BARRIS
Yes, of course.

Barris finds his pants draped over a chair, pulls out his wallet, holds some more money out to the bellhop.

BARRIS

My apologies. Buy -- 917, is it? -- buy them a magnum of your finest champagne. And... and your finest spackle. Oh, and get me a bag of plastic army men while you're out. I forgot to tell you before.

The bellhop sighs, takes the money.

BELLHOP

Thank you for your understanding, sir.

The bellhop exits.

BARRIS

(calling after)

And some black socks! Seven black socks, you rascule!

Barris locks the door, dumps the contents of the bags onto the floor, fishes through the mess for a cigar, puts the cigar in his mouth, and studies himself in a full length mirror.

BARRIS

Bellhop Johnson was clearly repulsed by the sight of me. And why not? I'm wrinkled...

(searches for simile, then proudly)

... like a prune. Covered in liver spots...

(searches for simile)

... like an old guy. My hair is falling out in clumps, leaving exposed patches of white, sickly scalp. A flabby inner-tube of fat hangs from my waist, practically obscuring my bedraggled prick -- dark and shriveled and dead. Still leaking urine even though I left the toilet ages ago. My toenails are yellow and crumbling. My ears are clogged with coarse hairs and brown, smelly wax. My asshole itches. Hemorrhoids abound. George Orwell said every man has the face he deserves by fifty. Does every

(MORE)

BARRIS (CONT'D)

man have the asshole he deserves by fifty, as well? Does every fifty year old asshole have the asshole he deserves?

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

This feels real, verite. The actual Chuck Barris, smoking a cigar, is being interviewed. He stands outside his villa in St. Tropez, older than the middle-aged Barris depicted in the hotel room, and talks to someone off-camera.

ACTUAL BARRIS

It was 1981. I had holed myself up in this New York hotel. Parker Hotel. Terrified of everything. Ashamed of my life.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Ashamed? What do you mean?

Barris walks through a small vegetable garden as he talks, occasionally adjusting a stake or pulling out a weed.

ACTUAL BARRIS

When you're young, your potential is infinite. You might do anything, really. You might be great. You might be Einstein. You might be Goethe. Then you get to an age when what you might be gives way to what you have been. You weren't Einstein. You weren't anything. That's a bad moment. But I remembered something Carlyle wrote: "... there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." I realized my salvation might be in recording my wasted life, unflinchingly. Maybe it would serve as a cautionary tale. Maybe it would help me understand why.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Barris, now in a hotel terrycloth bathrobe and a porkpie hat, sits at a desk and types manically.

BARRIS (V.O.)

My name is Charles Prescott Barris. I have written pop songs, I have been a television producer. I am responsible for polluting the

(MORE)

BARRIS (CONT'D)

airwaves with mind-numbing, puerile entertainment. In addition, I have murdered thirty-three human beings. I am damned to hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

It's sepia. Three year old Chuck, dressed somewhat girlishly and sporting a blonde pageboy haircut is being posed on a pony by a photographer. His mother stands by anxiously as the boy totters on the animal.

BARRIS (V.O.)

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1931, my early childhood remains accessible to me only as a series of elliptical, enigmatic memories.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

A smiling butcher hands a slice of bologna to young Barris, who puts it in his mouth.

BARRIS (V.O.)

The taste of bologna fresh from the butcher.

EXT. CEMENT YARD - DAY

A baby doll is set afire. Young Barris dances around it.

BARRIS (V.O.)

The sickly sweet smell of a burning babydoll on a crisp autumn day.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Young Barris rolling on the ground in battle with another boy, as a crowd of children look on.

BARRIS (V.O.)

A constant, inarticulate rage leading to fist fight after fist fight.

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MORNING

Young Barris watches dust motes lit by the early morning sunlight pouring through his bedroom window.

BARRIS (V.O.)

The calm I felt watching dust
(MORE)

BARRIS (CONT'D)

suspended in the early morning
sunlight.

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young Barris sits on the floor and watches a shadow of a man walking upstairs on the wall. The young boy is clearly terrified.

BARRIS (V.O.)

I remember fear.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Toddler Barris watches his mother changing her clothes. He studies her pendulous breasts. She looks down, smiles warmly.

BARRIS (V.O.)

Love.

MOTHER

You like the way mommy looks,
Chuckie?

BARRIS (AGE 4)

Yes.

MOTHER

I bet you would like to be a mommy
some day, wouldn't you?

BARRIS

Yes, mommy. Please.

MOTHER

C'mere, you.

His mother lifts the little boy to her breasts and presses his face against them. He is in heaven.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Four-year-old Chuck sits at the dining room table with several other four-year-olds. They all wear party hats. Barris's father, a milquetoast middle-aged man enters in birthday hat, carrying a cake decorated with four lit candles. He leads all the children in "Happy Birthday Dear Chuck" as young Chuck beams, then blows out the candles.

BARRIS (V.O.)

Rejection.

BARRIS (AGE 4)

Where's mama?

FATHER

Mama's not feeling well. She's
resting. She'll be down later.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - A BIT LATER

The children are playing pin the tail on the donkey. Chuck
picks up a plate of cake and heads upstairs.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens. Chuck, holding the plate of cake, peeks in.
His mother is sitting on the floor in the corner, hollow-eyed
and naked. She rocks back and forth. Chuck tentatively
approaches her. She is unaware of his presence. As he gets
close he sees several photographs of himself surrounding her
on the floor, torn in half.

INT. NURSERY - DAY

Young Chuck peeks in as his mother sits in a rocking chair
and holds Barris's infant sister. She fusses with the bows
and frills on the baby's outfit. The light in the room is
golden and warm.

BARRIS (V.O.)

Expulsion.

We move in on the little boy's devastated face, then follow
him as he turns and walks down the hall into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

A sixteen-year-old Barris lies on his back on his bed lazily
tossing a football in the air. TUVIA, a ten year old girl,
sits on the floor playing with a puppy. In the background,
throughout the scene, we hear the inept playing of scales on
a bass violin.

BARRIS (V.O.)

When I was sixteen, I had an
experience with my sister's friend
Tuvia that left an indelible
impression.

BARRIS

My sister's no Walter Page, huh,
Tuvia?

TUVIA

I don't know who that is.

BARRIS

Of course you don't.

(beat)

Why are you waiting around anyway,
listening to this cacophonous
cacophony, when you could be in
your own abode disrupting the lives
of your own siblings?