

B O D Y D O U B L E

Screenplay

by

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and

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Story

by

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Revised

December 16, 1983

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

POV VAMPIRE BAT -- swooping down to a bathroom window.

2 INT. SHOWER

BAT hovers outside the bathroom window.
Watching a naked woman inside taking a shower.
We SEE HER only from the shoulders up.
Steam rises all around.
Her flesh glows, glistens...
Music: lush, romantic.

The BAT scratches open the window and crawls inside.
The WOMAN is unaware.
Closer and closer the figure approaches her from behind.
A hand reaches out --
Encircling the woman's waist.
The WOMAN turns back in fright --
The vampire BAT, now transformed into a MAN -- JON SCULLY --
Stands there, naked (we see just from the waist up.)

The WOMAN recovers, shuddering under his sensuous power.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER
HOLDING THEM IN A TIGHT TWO-SHOT

The WOMAN turns her head to JON, opening her lips.
JON'S mouth descends upon hers,
Devouring it in a passionate kiss.

JON'S HAND MOVES SLOWLY
DOWN HER NECK --
ACROSS HER SHOULDER --
AND OUT OF FRAME --

VOICE

(off-screen)

Cut! Cut! Cut! Freeze, Jon!

They are ACTORS -- shooting a movie.

The shower is turned off.
JON holds rock still.
Spews a plume of water from his lips.
The WOMAN steps back.
She is wearing a strapless bikini.
Her face is very pretty.
But her body leaves much to be desired -- thin, boyish,
flat-chested.
WARDROBE girl throws a robe over the ACTRESS'S SHOULDERS.
She steps out of the shower.

VOICE

Okay, where's the body?

CONTINUED:

JON continues holding the rigid pose.
 PROP PEOPLE scurry about --
 A HAND jabs a lit cigarette into Jon's mouth.
 He puffs gratefully.

ANOTHER WOMAN steps INTO FRAME.
 She is NAKED.
 And her body is an exquisitely crafted work of art.
 Perfect breasts.
 Wasp-waisted.
 In short, a fabulous figure.
 But her face is rather homely.
 The exact opposite -- in physical attributes -- of the other
 actress.
 She wears a shower cap.
 And is furiously chewing a wad of gum.
 This is a very awkward moment for Jon.

JON
 (trying not to stare
 at her body)
 Hi. I'm Jon Scully.

ANN
 Pleased to meetcha. I'm Ann Murphy.
 Listen, I got an inverted nipple --
 the right one, so you're gonna have
 to keep working on it so it don't go
 in. Okay?

JON
 Uh, sure...fine...

OFF-SCREEN, the DIRECTOR calls for a take:

DIRECTOR
 Okay, people, let's do it. Water!

The shower comes alive --

DIRECTOR
 Steam -- gimme steam!

PROP PEOPLE rush into frame, pump out clouds of steam --

DIRECTOR
 Okay, frame-down --

CAMERA MOVES IN ON ANN'S VOLUPTUOUS TORSO --

DIRECTOR
 All right, Jon, bring your hand
 down just like before.

The SCREEN is now filled with the naked torsos.
 JON'S HAND descends into FRAME --

2

CONTINUED: (2)

And slides over her breasts --
 Touching, caressing --
 Slow and sensuous --
 OVER THIS, SUPER MAIN CREDIT:

BODY DOUBLE

ACTRESS

(off-screen)

I'm gonna get a lot of dates out of
 this one!

AS we hear the DIRECTOR OFF-SCREEN guiding
 Jon's hands around ANN's TORSO --
 We see a MONTAGE OF HEAD SHOTS OF JON AND THE ACTRESS
 INTERCUT WITH BODY SHOTS OF JON AND THE BODY DOUBLE (ANN).
 This MONTAGE concludes with two shots:
 JON boring his FANGS
 into the neck of the ACTRESS followed by --
 Blood streaming down across the BODY DOUBLE'S breasts.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK

The SUN -- a big orange ball
 Sinking slowly below the horizon.
 The CAMERA slowly drops with it --
 Revealing a graveyard.
 The CAMERA cranes down the tombstones
 To the ground,
 And then below it --
 To Jon lying in a coffin two feet beneath the earth's
 surface -- eyes closed:
 A VAMPIRE in a deathly sleep awaiting the night...
 To be reborn.
 The CAMERA moves languorously into a closeup of Jon's face.
 As it comes to a rest --
 Jon's eyes abruptly jerk open.
 We wait for the vampire to rise up from his buried coffin --
 Nothing happens.
 Jon, wide-eyed, lies frozen in space.

We hear off-screen the voice of the DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR

(off-screen)

Action!

No response.

DIRECTOR

(off-screen)

Action -- Jon!

We seem to study Jon's face for an endless moment --

3

CONTINUED:

Searching for any sign of life.
 But there is none.
 All we hear is the low whirring sound of the camera.
 Finally, we hear the DIRECTOR's exasperated voice.

DIRECTOR
 (off-screen)

Cut!

The camera goes silent.

DIRECTOR
 (off-screen)

What's the matter with you -- I told
 you to open the coffin a beat after
 you opened your eyes.

Jon remains deadly still in the coffin.

DIRECTOR
 (off-screen)

Okay, let's do it again -- and
 remember, Jon --

Jon still hasn't moved.

DIRECTOR
 (finally sensing
 something)

...Are you all right?

Jon stares blankly at the lid of the sealed coffin.

DIRECTOR
 (realizing something's
 very wrong)

Get him out of there.

CUT TO:

TOP SHOT. COFFIN on screen LEFT. CAMERA mounted on CRANE
 screen RIGHT.

The CREW frantically pulls the camera back from the coffin.
 A GRIP jumps into the newly created space and
 Starts pulling the plexiglass coffin window off.
 The DIRECTOR reaches past him and
 Drags Jon out of the coffin --
 Jon's eyes are glassy,
 His body is detached, limp, doll-like.
 Another GRIP pulls Jon up and out of the ditch created for
 the coffin and camera set up.
 A CAMERA ASSISTANT helps the director up.
 The director grabs Jon by the shoulder,
 Forcing him to face him.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

DIRECTOR

What's the matter with you.

Jon is zombie-like -- his eyes locked open but seeing nothing. The director shakes him.

DIRECTOR

Talk to me for Chrissakes!

JON

(eyes starting
to focus)

Huh...?

DIRECTOR

What's the matter?

JON

(slowly coming out
of shock)

I just couldn't move -- I just couldn't. I mean -- when they shut the lid -- I closed my eyes. I thought it would be okay. And it was -- it was okay with my eyes closed -- but -- but when I opened them...I was there and the camera was right on top of me -- I couldn't move -- I just couldn't. I couldn't do anything -- I just couldn't move...

DIRECTOR

(knowing he's got a
sick guy on his hands)

Look, Jon -- you look exhausted. Why don't you go home -- we lost the sun anyway.

JON

Let me try it again. I can do it.

DIRECTOR

I know you can -- but we don't have the sun anymore, so go home...we'll call you tomorrow --

JON

Just give me another chance.

DIRECTOR

We're going to, Jon, but we can't do it now -- the sun's down -- so just go on home. We'll call you tomorrow. Christ, you look exhausted. This week of nights is killing everybody.

3 CONTINUED: (3)

JON
(not)
You sure it's okay...

DIRECTOR
No problem. We'll just do it tomorrow.

JON
Okay.

He starts to leave.

JON
I'm sorry.

DIRECTOR
Don't worry about it. I didn't like
the sun anyway. I'll call you.

JON
Okay -- thanks.

JON walks off.

DIRECTOR
(as soon as Jon is
out of earshot)
Who ever heard of a claustrophobic
vampire! I don't believe this.
(to a nearby
assistant director)
Get Norris on the phone and fire
that asshole.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FARMERS MARKET - NIGHT

JON parks in the deserted lot.
Runs inside.
Purchases take-out Chinese dinner for two.
Rushes back into the car, and drives off.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET - DAWN

West Hollywood.
A street of renovated stucco houses.
Jon parks, and gets out.
Looks up, smiles.
Home, at last.
He bolts up the steps, enters the house.

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAWN

Jon hurries down the hallway.
 Goes up a flight of stairs.
 Turns at the landing.
 Digs for his keys.
 And opens the lock.

CUT TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT - DAWN

Jon enters the dark apartment.
 Trying to be as quiet as possible.

CAMERA TRACKS HIM THROUGH LIVING ROOM.

As he steps out of frame, we hold on a framed photo of:
 JON, and his girlfriend, CAROL.

Suddenly, a moan --
 Coming from the bedroom.
 Jon halts.

Listens.

Hears it again.

Like someone dying.

He's alarmed --

Thinks that a burglar has broken in and hurt Carol.

He leaps forward.

Swings the bedroom door open --

JON

Carol!?

And he pales at what he sees.

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO BED.

There, on top of CAROL, is another MAN.

Frozen, in mid-coitus, CAROL stares at JON.

He's rooted to the spot.

Unable to speak or act.

His heart is going through convulsions.

After a moment, JON backs out -- closes the door.

CAROL

Jon, wait --

CUT TO:

8 INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - NIGHT

The evening staff has just arrived.

A few pretty waitresses -- aspiring actresses -- set-up for
 dinner.

Pots and pans clatter in the kitchen.

Behind the bar is DOUGLAS.

Black, out-of-work actor.

8 CONTINUED:

He's cleaning glasses, and studying DRAMA-LOGUE.
Over the bar, the TELEVISION is on.

JON
(off-screen)
Jack Daniel's, neat.

Douglas looks up.
Delighted to see his friend.

DOUGLAS
Hey, Scully, how's that picture
going?

Jon sits at the bar.

JON
Good. Fine.

Douglas waits for more.
But Jon isn't all there.

JON
How's about that drink?

DOUGLAS
(frowning)
Are you serious? You quit drinking,
Scully -- remember?

JON
Just get the drink, Doug.

DOUGLAS
(smiling, kidding)
What happen, they cut your big scene?

Jon merely stares.
The look of a man keeping it all bottled up inside.
Douglas knows that look.
He's seen it often.
And quickly he pours out the liquor.
Jon downs it in one gulp.

JON
Again.

Douglas hesitates for a second --
Then pours.

DOUGLAS
Carol?

JON
(after a long moment)
Carol.

8

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUGLAS

Bad?

Jon sluices down his drink.

DOUGLAS

Sorry, man.

Jon continues drinking.

DOUGLAS

Scully, you look like death warmed over. Sleep's what you need -- not this shit.

JON

(with sudden anger)

I thought you were a fucking bartender -- not a priest!

DOUGLAS

That's right -- I'm a bartender.

JON

Then keep this fucking glass filled.

Douglas gets the bottle and refills Jon's glass. Jon is almost immediately contrite.

JON

Sorry, Doug. Don't pay any attention to me.

DOUGLAS

It's cool. You need a place to stay?

JON

I guess I do.

DOUGLAS

Be my guest.

JON

Listen, I don't wanna --

DOUGLAS

Until you find another place.

Douglas's attention is diverted to the TV. A SOAP COMMERCIAL is in progress. And in it is JON.

DOUGLAS

My, my -- what talent!

8 CONTINUED: (3)

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON IMAGE OF JON HAWKING SOAP.

JON
 (from TV)
 ...Gives that clean, zesty feeling!
 And makes me feel good, all over!

CUT TO:

9 INT. DOUGLAS'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JON attempts to sleep on Douglas's very lumpy, very short couch.
 After trying every conceivable position and failing to find a comfortable one --
 he stands up and walks over to the window,
 lights up a cigarette...
 and waits for the dawn.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ACTORS' EQUITY LOUNGE - DAY

JON makes his way towards the BULLETIN BOARD.
 Posted are separate categories:
 APARTMENTS WANTED, ROOMMATES WANTED, PLAYS CASTING.

JON searches through the ads.
 OFF-SCREEN, the SOUND OF LAUGHTER.
 A distinctive laugh --

Jon turns --
 Sees two actors talking.
 The one with the distinctive laugh has a CAST on his left hand.

Jon remembers something.
 Glances at his wrist-watch.
 And hurries out.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THEATER - DAY

JON comes walking up to the stage entrance.
 He takes a deep breath.
 Straightens his shoulders.
 And enters the theater.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THEATER - DAY

Backstage, lots of auditioning actors milling about.
 JON makes his way towards the casting board.
 Checks for his name.

12

CONTINUED:

A tap on the shoulder --
Jon turns to an old acquaintance, BILLY.

BILLY

Hey there. Fancy meeting you here.

JON

How y'doin', Billy?

BILLY

Great. Terrific. Shit, what a zoo --

Someone walks smack into Billy --

He looks familiar --

Jon realizes it's the actor with the cast on his arm.
His name is SAM BOUCHARD.

SAM

Sorry, sorry...

Billy and Sam smile, recognizing each other.

BILLY

Sam -- whole fuckin' world's here.
You two know each other?

Jon shakes his head.

BILLY

Jon Scully, Sam Bouchard.

They shake.

Jon looks down at his hand.

It's smudged with black makeup.

SAM

Sorry about that. I read for Othello.
Thought the stuff might help me get
into the role. Unfortunately the
director's prejudiced -- not against
blacks, but against good actors.

Jon smiles --

VOICE

Scully! Jon Scully, here!?

JON

Right here!

SAM

Good luck.

Jon nods.

Goes to the stage.

13 INT. THEATER, STAGE - DAY

JON is up on the stage.
 Reading for scene in "Othello."
 His delivery is flat, limp, without energy...
 The liquor and the emotional throttling have worn him down.
 Even as he reads the lines, he knows he's blown it --

The DIRECTOR sighs wearily --

DIRECTOR
 Thank you. Next, please.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. STREET - DAY

JON at a NEWS STAND.
 Buys a copy of DRAMA-LOGUE.
 Turns to the casting page.
 Circles some calls.

CUT TO:

15 INT. EQUITY LOUNGE - DAY

JON writing down numbers from the ROOMMATES WANTED listings.
 He hears that laugh again, looks up --
 Off to the side is SAM BOUCHARD.
 Talking animatedly with another actor.
 SAM and JON nod hello.

Jon walks off after a moment.
 Drops his copy of DRAMA-LOGUE in the garbage.

CUT TO:

16 INT. TV PRODUCTION COMPANY - DAY

Building on La Cienega;
 Jon sits in a waiting room.
 CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING --
 TWENTY-FIVE YOUNG MEN.
 All more or less the same type.
 All looking for the same part.

A YOUNG GIRL, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT enters.
 She looks around.

PA
 Scully, Jon Scully.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

The DIRECTOR sits in his chair.

17

CONTINUED:

A small, greasy megalomaniac.
 With all the imagination of a lawn mower.
 And wearing a dozen gold chains around his neck.

He looks at JON.

DIRECTOR

So what have you been doing lately?

JON

Just started a low-budget horror
 picture.

DIRECTOR

Any TV?

JON

A few guest shots -- Hart to Hart --
Emerald Point...

DIRECTOR

Anything else?

JON

(he's been through these
 bullshit interviews too
 many times -- and his
 hostility starts to show)
 You mean anything good?

DIRECTOR

You're working. That's good, isn't
 it.

JON

Yeah. Sure...

DIRECTOR

Okay. We'll let ya know.

Jon exits.

CUT TO:

18

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

JON sits at the counter eating a sandwich.
 He hears laughter -- that distinctive laugh.
 He looks up --
 In a booth in the rear, SAM BOUCHARD with another ACTOR.
 Both laughing uncontrollably at something Sam has said --

Jon sighs.
 He could use a good laugh...

CUT TO:

19 INT. THEATER - DAY

A playhouse on Melrose.
Small intimate room.
Brick walls.

JON is onstage.

The DIRECTOR and PLAYWRIGHT sit in the front row.

DIRECTOR
What have you been doin' lately?

JON
I just started doing a film. Low
budget, independent thing --
'Vampire's Kiss.'

DIRECTOR
(with a superior smile)
'Vampire's Kiss'...Sounds interesting...

JON
-- Before that I did Petruchio, in
'Taming of the Shrew.'

DIRECTOR
Sounds interesting...But tell us
something about yourself.
Something more personal.

Jon takes a deep breath.
Does he really have to put up with this shit?
Finally:

JON
(deadpan)
I caught my girlfriend in bed with
some other guy's cock in her mouth.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ACTING CLASS - T.B. WRITTEN - DAY

JON is reading for a job as a VOICE DUBBER on a children's
cartoon.
The DIRECTOR, MORAN, is impatient, inarticulate, under lots
of pressure.

MORAN
Okay, you're reading for Hippo
Harry --

He hands Jon a script.

MORAN
Great new character. Kids'll just
love him.

20

CONTINUED:

Jon nods, scans the pages.

Moran flips a switch on the intercom --

MORAN

Okay, send the next guy in.

After a beat, SAM BOUCHARD enters.

He and Jon smile, nod.

It's a small town.

MORAN

Sam Bouchard, Jon Scully. You'll
do the scene together. Sam's
Lennie Lion.

Moran sits.

Turns to the SOUND ENGINEER, in a separate booth in the
rear.

MORAN

Okay, Mel.

Sound engineer flips buttons --

ENGINEER

Rolling.

Jon and Sam stand at their mikes.

MORAN

Whenever you're ready, guys.

JON

I -- my line begins?

MORAN

That's right. C'mon, I haven't
got a lot of time.

JON

Sorry.

Jon takes a deep breath.

Brings his voice up a few notches.

JON

(from script)

You may be the king of beasts, and
you may be the fastest runner in
all the kingdom, but I bet I can
beat you in a race --

MORAN

(cutting in)

Scully, that's not what I want.
Not right. Nope. Again.

JON

Maybe you could tell me a little
more about the Hippo's character?

MORAN

Please, none of this Stanislavsky
shit, okay? Do it again.

Jon and Sam exchange wary glances.

JON

(tries a different
voice and rhythm)

You may be the king of beasts,
and you may be --

MORAN

Hold it. No -- you haven't got it.
That's all wrong.

JON

(cautious and polite)

I'm not sure what it is you want,
Mr. Moran. Maybe if you showed
me a picture of the character --

MORAN

Okay -- here.

Moran snatches a large artist's portfolio, opens it.
Holds up a color drawing of the cartoon character.
A big, dumb, sweet beast.

Jon studies the drawing.

MORAN

Kids'll love him.

Moran snaps the portfolio shut.

MORAN

Satisfied? Now read, please.

Jon turns to the mike -- tries again.
Uses another voice, different intonations.

JON

You may be the king of beasts, and
you may be the fastest runner in all
the kingdom, but I bet I can beat
you in a race right here and now!

20

CONTINUED: (3)

Moran groans.
Shifts in his chair.

SAM

(from script)

You little upstart! Roar! You
dare to challenge me, Lennie Lion?
I'll run your fat legs off then
eat you up!

Moran smiles -- Sam is very good.

JON

We'll see who becomes victorious --

Moran sighs very loudly --

MORAN

No. No. No. That's not what I
want. You're not trying, you're
really not trying at all.

Jon hangs his head.
Nothing is going right for him.

JON

I'm trying -- I just don't know
what you want...

MORAN

This is a great character. I want
depth, and...wonderful feeling.
What more can I say? He's gotta
be great.

Jon can hardly respond to this nonsense --

But Sam does respond -- indignant, and fuming with held-
in rage.

SAM

You are a fucking asshole.

Stunned silence.
Actors are not supposed to act like this.
Moran turns to Sam.

MORAN

What was that?

SAM

I said, you are a fucking asshole.
You've got no right treating
people this way!

20 CONTINUED: (4)

MORAN

Fucking actors --

SAM

Fucking directors! We wouldn't work on this lame cartoon if it was the only job around -- and the networks'll never buy it -- it stinks!

CUT TO:

21 INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

SAM and JON exit the RECORDING STUDIO.
The door SLAMS shut behind them.

JON

You didn't have to do that, Sam.

They walk towards the elevator.

SAM

Ah, hacks like that make me sick. All ego and no talent -- just love pushing people around. Christ, he couldn't direct his way out of a paper bag.

JON

Yeah, still...

SAM

Forget it. Moran's a jerk. Hey, you look like you could use a drink.

Jon ponders this for a second:

JON

Hell, why not?

CUT TO:

22 INT. BAR - NIGHT

JON and SAM in a booth in the rear.
Both a little drunk.
Jon, depressed.
Sam, the sympathetic ear.
A spirit of straightforwardness animates him.
Giving a trim edge to everything he says and does.
A person to trust in the worst of times.

Jon drinks, leans back and sighs.

22 CONTINUED:

SAM

Better?

JON

Getting there. Shit, what a mess.

SAM

You're too hard on yourself.
There're other roles.

JON

That's not it.

Sam remains silent.
Ready to listen.

JON

You married?

SAM

Separated.

JON

Me too -- as of a few days ago.
We weren't married, but it was
almost the same thing.

SAM

What happened?

Jon says nothing.
Not sure if he's ready to confide.

SAM

Sorry, don't mean to pry.

JON

No, it's okay. Jesus, it sounds
so dumb, so damned trite --

SAM

These things usually do.

JON

(leaning forward)

Sam, I caught her in bed with
another guy.

Sam nods in sympathy.

JON

Can you believe that?

SAM

You had no idea?

22 CONTINUED: (2)

JON

No. None, Christ, I keep seeing
it: Carol lying there. Sam,
her face was glowing.

Sam grimaces in full appreciation.

SAM

No wonder you were having such a
rough time.

JON

What about you? What happened?

SAM

With what?

JON

You and your wife?

SAM

Oh. Well, Becky's from a small
farm in Pennsylvania; she couldn't
hack it in L.A. But where else
are you going to get work?

A beat of silence.

A thread of friendship has been woven.

JON

I don't know -- it just feels like
the roof caved in on me.

SAM

Kicked the bitch out, I hope?

JON

No, I didn't.

SAM

Why not?

JON

Her apartment.

SAM

Oh man, you have been through the
shitter. Where you staying?

JON

I got a friend with a floor.

Sam winces.

Thinks for a moment.

He's got an idea --

22 CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

Listen, I really shouldn't be doing this -- but I got a two-week gig coming up. The Seattle Rep's doin' a revival of 'Private Lives.' And y'see, I've been house sitting for a friend -- he gave me a real good deal 'cause he wants someone to look after the place while he's away. Anyway...

Pause...

Sam looks at Jon --

Finally comes out with it:

SAM

D'you like plants?

CUT TO:

23 EXT. HOUSE ON TOP OF A CANYON - NIGHT

Wide establishing shot.

CUT TO:

24 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SAM and JON enter.

Jon shlepping his luggage.

Sam flicks on the light.

Revealing a stunning house.

Deep plush chairs.

Track lighting.

Mirrored walls.

Built-in cabinets.

Huge picture windows overlooking the canyon.

And visible below the house, another group of expensive houses.

A jungle of plants surround the windows.

And a powerful TELESCOPE on a tripod. Pointed at the sky.

Jon whistles, taking it all in.

JON

Your friend must be rich.

SAM

Filthy with the stuff. Anyway, y'gotta water 'em every day after sundown. Got it?

JON

Sure. Hey, listen, Sam, this is really nice of --

24

CONTINUED:

SAM

Puh-leeze! No thanks necessary.
One struggling actor helping out
another. Just don't let the
plants die!

JON

Got it.

Jon wanders around.
Overwhelmed by it all.
Stereo, Betamax, huge tv, a very well-stocked bar.

JON

Holy cow. What a set-up. Where
is he?

SAM

Alan? He spends a lot of time in
Europe. Bedroom's in there. Soon
as I pack up you can put your
stuff away.

Sam goes to the bar.
Pours two drinks.
Hands one to Jon.

SAM

(mock English accent)
To the theater!

They drink.

Sam goes over to the telescope.
Looks through the viewfinder.

SAM

There's one very special feature
to this house...

Sam fiddles with the viewer.
Pans to the side -- up and down.
Finds what he's looking for --

SAM

Come here, Jon. Meet my favorite
neighbor.

Jon approaches.
An expression of doubtful bemusement on his face.

JON

Hey, Sam, what're you --

Sam grabs his arm.
Positions him at the telescope.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Just take a look.

Reluctant, but curious, Jon leans over.
Presses his eye to the lens.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SAM'S HOUSE

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

25A EXT. FAMILY OF 4 HOUSE

Out of focus:
A family of four at the dinner table.

25B INT. SAM'S HOUSE

SAM
(o.s.)
See her?

JON
(o.s.)
Huh? Just a family.

SAM
(o.s.)
Not them, lower.

Jon pans down.
A jiggly movement.

25C EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

Focuses on the window right below the family.
There in the window, a WOMAN.
Standing in the shadows.
A candle on the window sill.
Her face is obscured.
Like an eclipsed sun.
The woman, GLORIA, is drinking wine.
And touching herself.
Slowly, sensually, her breasts.
She puts the wine glass down.
Unbuttons her blouse.
Shrugs it off.
Beneath, she wears a thin silk camisole.
She unhooks her skirt.
It puddles to the floor.
She puts one foot up on a chair.
Touches her leg.
Caresses herself.

CUT TO:

25D INT. SAM'S HOUSE

JON
 at the telescope.
 Fighting a battle.
 And losing.
 He cannot tear himself away.
 Sam smiles.

SAM

Nice, huh?

And Sam retreats into the bedroom to pack.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

POV
 THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

Gloria walks into the bedroom.
 Stands in front of a painting over the bed.
 She puts her hand on the frame.
 It slides to the side revealing a recessed wall safe.
 She turns the combination.
 The safe opens.
 She reaches inside and removes a glittering set of jewels.
 She slowly puts them on --
 Earrings, necklace, rings, belly chain, anklets.
 She slowly lies down on the bed --
 A sparkling vision of flesh and diamonds.

She slips her hands inside the camisole and plays with her nipples.
 Then reaches out with one hand and gets a green jar.
 She opens it.
 Lubricates her fingers.
 Fondles the soft inside of her thighs.
 Touches herself through her panties.
 Rolls the panties off.
 And masturbates.
 Her muscles tense.
 She digs her heels into the bed.
 Her whole body strains upward.

JON

(o.s.)

Oh Jesus...

She writhes.
 Her hand moving quicker and quicker.
 A fine sheen of perspiration shines on her skin.
 She rolls over on her belly.
 Brings her knees up.
 Using both hands now.
 Her body quakes.
 The diamonds flash.

26

CONTINUED:

Her fingers dig deeper.
 Jon squints --
 Trying to glimpse her face.
 But the shadows still obscure it.
 All he can see is her long white-blond hair --
 Whipping back and forth --
 As she gets closer to orgasm.
 Muscles dance beneath taut skin like steel springs.
 And finally --
 Release.
 Making her body ripple and shiver.
 A long powerful orgasm --
 Which gradually dissipates.
 She relaxes.
 Lies very still.
 Reaches out and drains the wine glass.
 Then, she blows out the candle.
 Darkness.

CUT TO:

27

INT. SAM'S HOUSE

JON
 stepping away from the telescope.
 Beads of perspiration on his face.
 More than a little ashamed of himself.
 Sam comes out of the bedroom.
 All packed and ready to go.

SAM

Well? Something, huh? Did you
 get a look at her face?

Jon shakes his head, 'no.'

SAM

Too bad, she's gorgeous.

He glances at his wrist watch.

SAM

Oh shit, I gotta get going.

He scrambles around the room.
 Gathering last-minute items.
 Throws on his jacket --

SAM

Okay, here's the key -- try not
 to make too many long distancephone calls.

Sam grabs his bags.
 He and Jon go to the door.

27 CONTINUED:

JON
Thanks again, Sam. This is really
good of you.

SAM
Hey, you're doing me a favor, too!
Take it easy!

Sam exits.

28 EXT. SAM'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jon stands in the driveway.

JON
Good luck.

SAM
I'll call ya!

Sam steps into his car.
Jon goes back into the house.
Closes the door.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night.

Jon is watching television.
After a moment, he glances at the telescope.
Drawn to it.
Wondering if he wants to look again.
He rises, goes to it.
Stops.
Turns back to the tv.
Once again lifts his eyes to the telescope.

29A EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

Suddenly, in Gloria's apartment --
~~A light in the bedroom.~~

29B INT. SAM'S HOUSE

Jon hurries to the telescope.

CUT TO:

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

29Cpt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

GLORIA sits at her vanity, brushing her hair.
She wears a silk night gown, cut low, slit to the hip.
She puts on some make-up.

29Cpt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

Jon glimpses the front door opening.
He PANS TO THE FOYER.

29Cpt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

A MAN enters Gloria's apartment.
Blue pin-stripe suit.
Repp tie and button-down oxford.
He goes to the coffee table in the living room.
Looks through the mail.
It's too dark to see his face.

He strides into the bedroom.
Gloria goes to greet him.
Puts her arms around his neck --
He pushes her away --

We see her face for the first time.
Uncompromisingly beautiful.
Fair skin, blue eyes, and high cheekbones.

Again she tries to hold and kiss him.
And again he wants no part of her.
They argue.
The man opens her pocketbook, takes out her wallet.
Snatches all her cash.
She protests.
The man counts the money.
Screams at Gloria.
(We cannot hear)
He grabs her by the hair and drags her into the bedroom.
He pushes her toward the head of the bed and points
toward the safe.
She shakes her head.
He springs at her, fists raised.
Gloria cowers and weeps.
He slaps her face.
She falls back.
He stands over her.
She shakes her head back and forth.
He takes a coke snorter from his pocket and jams it
up his nose.
He stares at her for a second and then hits her again.

29Cpt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

JON

Bastard...

29Cpt INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

Gloria is crying helplessly.
 She opens the safe -- careful to conceal the combination --
 and pulls out a handful of cash.
 He grabs it and stuffs it in his pocket.
 Turns to the closet, takes out a suitcase, and packs.
 Changes his jacket.
 He starts to leave.
 Gloria says something --
 Which makes him explode.
 And he leaps at her pummeling her with his fists.
 She collapses to the floor, hysterical.
 The man stands over her.
 Grabs the bottle of wine by the bed.
 Drinks from it.
 Then spills the remainder over Gloria.
 He stalks out.
 Gloria lies very still.
 After a moment, she rises, staggers into the bathroom.
 Closes the door.

29Cpt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

Jon PANS THE TELESCOPE TO THE FOYER.

29Cpt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

Just in time to see the MAN exit.

29Cpt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

Jon PANS BACK TO GLORIA'S BEDROOM.

29Cpt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

She comes out of the bathroom.
 Holding a damp washcloth to the side of her face.
 Weeping and trembling, she crawls into bed.
 Curls into a tiny ball.
 And shudders like a wounded animal.

CUT TO:

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MORNING

JON sits at a breakfast table.
 Sipping a cup of coffee.
 A phone lies on the table before him.
 He picks it up and dials.

JON

(talking on the phone)

Hi, Marie. Is Frank there?

30pt INT. FRANK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

MARIE

(over the phone)

Hi, Jon -- he's on the other line. I'll buzz him -- I know he wants to talk to you.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON waits, taking a sip of coffee.

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK clicks on the line.

FRANK

Where the fuck have you been?
I've been calling all over town.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON

Carol and I are having some problems
-- I've been staying at a friend's.

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK

Well, you got a few more --
Rubin fired you.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON

What?

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK

You know -- fired. Like you don't have a job anymore. He gave me some bullshit about artistic differences -- What happened?

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON

Nothing. How can he do that?

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK

Easy. You only had done one scene -- and in half of it they shot you from the neck down. They get a new face to stick on your body -- and they're home free.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON
They can do that?

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK
They're doing it right now.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON
I got to talk to Rubin.

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK
Forget it, Jon -- they already
hired another guy.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON
How do you know?

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK
He's my client.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON
(hurt)
Thanks, Frank.

30pt INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK
Fuck you, Scully -- I only get
you the jobs. You blow them.

30pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon slams down the phone.
Thinks for a minute. Then heads for the door.

31 INT. SHOWER SET - DAY

The actor replacing JON is biting into the actress's neck.

RUBIN watches from beside the camera.
JON walks over to him.

JON
You said you were going to give
me another chance.

31 CONTINUED:

RUBIN is surprised by JON'S sudden appearance --
 But surprise does little to lighten his mood.
 It's bad enough he has to reshoot this shower scene --
 Now he's faced with the disgruntled actor he just fired.

RUBIN

Look, Scully -- I got a picture
 to make here. I got twenty-five
 days to make it. I got no
 time to fuck around with a
 claustrophobic vampire that freezes
 up on me every time he lies down
 in a coffin.

JON

I'm not claustrophobic.

RUBIN

Then what happened -- stage fright?

JON

I don't know -- it's never happened
 to me before.

RUBIN

And it's never going to happen
 to you again. Goodbye, Scully.
 I've got to get back to work.

JON

But you promised me another
 chance.

RUBIN

Hey -- I lied. Big fucking
 deal!

CUT TO:

32pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON is watering the plants.
 He looks out at GLORIA'S house.

32pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUDDENLY, A LIGHT FLICKERS IN GLORIA'S WINDOW
 AND SHE APPEARS --

32pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON leans down and looks through the telescope.

CUT TO:

32pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

GLORIA stands by the window.
The candle is lit.
She sips her wine.
Touches herself.
Face in tantalizing shadow.
But every detail of her body clearly visible.
She puts down the wine glass.
Unbuttons her blouse.
Again she wears the silk camisole.
Unhooks her skirt.
Raises a foot up on the chair.
Opens the safe and puts on the jewels.
Her masturbation ritual proceeds.
Exactly as on the previous night.
And probably every night...
Afterwards, she blows out the candle.

32pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon PANS to the FOYER.

32pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's empty, dark.

32pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye --
A DIM FLASH OF LIGHT
Jon PANS to the CORNER WINDOW --

32pt EXT. NEARBY - ROOF-TOP - NIGHT

To a nearby ROOFTOP, below.
There, on the roof of the adjacent house --
A RED MAN --
Smoking a joint.
And watching GLORIA'S BUILDING.
Jon HOLDS on the RED MAN:
An INDIAN.
Broad nose.
Mirrored sunglasses.
Short rope-like pigtails. Black head-band.
Tall and powerful.
Greasy leather pants.
Chains around his neck.
Wellington boots.
A real primitive monster --

And he appears to be staring right at GLORIA'S WINDOW...

32pt CONTINUED:

After a moment, the INDIAN finishes the joint --
And slips away into the darkness.

32pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon whips the telescope back --

32pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria is in bed.
Fast asleep.

33 EXT. JON'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jon drives up, gets out of his car.
Carrying a package of groceries.
Heading into the house.
He glances down the hill, to GLORIA'S HOUSE.

Gloria's garage door opens.
And Gloria appears.
Driving a white Mercedes convertible.

Jon stares at her face in the blazing sunlight.
It's devastatingly beautiful.

Gloria pulls out of the driveway.

Jon stands there.
Watching --

And SUDDENLY, THE INDIAN in a dark car,
down the street,
Jams his car into gear --
And follows Gloria.

Jon looks on, alarmed.
Apprehensive, curious, and uncertain --
He feels small jabs of panic as he watches the woman
being stalked.

After a moment, Jon makes a decision.
Puts the bag of groceries down in the driveway,
Jumps into his car.
And follows them...

CUT TO:

34 EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Gloria's car turns into a shopping mall driveway.
The Indian's car continues on down the block.

Jon follows Gloria's car into the driveway.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT OF RODEO COLLECTION
SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Gloria pulls in, gets out of her car, and walks
over to a row of phone booths.
Jon stops his car, gets out,
And follows her.

Gloria stops at a phone booth.
Slips inside.
Makes a call.
Right next to her, another phone is occupied by a MAN.

Jon stands off to the side --

After a beat, the MAN leaves...

The empty phone booth beckons Jon.

He enters.
Picks up the phone, makes believe he's talking.
He strains to hear Gloria's side of the conversation.

GLORIA

(muffled)

...I've got to see you...yes...
he hit me again...it was awful...
I've got to talk to somebody...I
just can't take it anymore...today...
yes, I need you...you must come --

She listens.
Smiles.

GLORIA

...yes...The Dunes...be there at
one o'clock...I'll wear something
special...you'll see...

She hangs up.
Leaves the phone booth.
Walks on.

Jon watches her walk away.
He's not going to follow her.

Then suddenly, the INDIAN steps out of a doorway --
And falls into step behind Gloria.

Jon bolts out of the phone booth.

Gloria steps on an escalator that goes up into the mall.
The INDIAN follows --

CUT TO:

36

EXT. LOUISA BELLINI'S - DAY

GLORIA enters the store.

36

CONTINUED:

Jon looks around --
Sees the INDIAN across the mall, watching
Bellini's store-front.

Joe enters Bellini's.

CUT TO:

37

INT. BELLINI'S - DAY

GLORIA wanders through the first floor.
Jon right behind her.

She stops at a counter.
Examines lipstick shades.

Jon looks up --
Glances out the street window --

Across the mall, the INDIAN is waiting, watching...

GLORIA goes to the elevators.
Doors slide open.
She gets in.
Jon too.
Five other people enter.
The doors slide shut.

CUT TO:

38

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Jon stands at the back of the car.
Gloria is near the doors.
The elevator stops.
Two people get off.
The doors close.
The elevator goes up, stops once again.
Three people get off.
Leaving Jon alone with Gloria.
The elevator travels up --
Gloria turns, slides her eyes over Jon --
Eye contact between them for a split second --
Then she turns away --

The elevator stops.
Gloria gets off.
Jon follows.

CUT TO:

39

INT. BELLINI'S LINGERIE DEPT - DAY

GLORIA looks through a rack of teddies.
Pulls one out: white lace, snap crotch, see-through cotton.
She runs her fingers over the fine fabric.

Jon hangs back, behind a rack of night-gowns.
Playing the idle shopper.

39

CONTINUED:

All around him, beautiful young women with money to burn on a whim.

Gloria glances at her wrist watch.
Picks a satin garter belt off the rack.
Holds it against her hips.
Smiles.
Picks out some more items:
Tiny underpants, silk camisole, French bra...
Holds each item up to her body.

Jon stares at her...

SALESLADY

(off-screen)

Can I be of some assistance?

Startled, Jon turns --

JON

No, no...just browsing. Wanna
get my wife something...

The saleslady frowns.
She's heard that before.
A long suspicious look, then she walks off.

Jon looks up --
Just in time to see Gloria enter the dressing room.

He walks towards the dressing rooms.
Stops, looks --
Out of the corner of his eye, a reflection --
One mirror reflecting off of another.
He can see into the dressing room.
Just a sliver --
Gloria slips out of her dress --
Shrugs off her blouse --
Tries on a bra --

Jon is frozen to the spot.
Gazing into the wall mirror --
Catching small glimpses of Gloria's body...

CUT TO:

40

EXT. BELLINI'S - DAY

GLORIA exits the store.
Walks across the mall.
Swinging from her arm: a BELLINI'S SHOPPING BAG.

JON exits BELLINI'S.
Looks across the mall for the Indian.
But the Indian is gone...
Jon continues trailing Gloria.

40 CONTINUED:

She pauses for a second.
 Right next to her, a TRASH CAN.
 She drops the shopping bag into the trash.
 Crosses the street.

Jon hurries over to the basket.
 Lifts out the Bellini bag.
 Opens it.
 Inside he finds her underwear -- her old underwear...
 He looks up --
 Whatever she purchased, she is now wearing.
 Jon notices a blue-haired MATRON staring at him
 in horror --
 He looks at the underwear in his hand --
 And in the flush of embarrassment shoves them in
 his jacket pocket.
 Runs to catch up with Gloria.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Gloria gets in her car.
 And drives out the exit.

Jon gets in his car and follows her.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. STREET - DAY

Gloria drives toward the beach.
 Jon follows behind her in his car.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DUNES - DAY

Gloria enters the hotel.
 Jon looks around for the Indian...
 Not around...
 After a beat, Jon goes inside.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DUNES - DAY

Gloria at the front desk.
 Registering for a room.
 She takes the ROOM KEY from the clerk, walks on...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. DUNES PATIO OVERLOOKING BEACH - DAY

Gloria sits alone at a table, drinking.
 JON sits at the bar, sipping a beer.

45 CONTINUED:

GLORIA looks up at the wall clock: One o'clock.
 Expectantly, she looks towards the entrance.
 A handsome MAN enters --
 Gloria sighs, drinks.
 The MAN joins another table.

GLORIA again looks at the clock...
 Then she looks around the room.
 And sees Jon.
 For an instant, their eyes meet.
 Jon holds her gaze for a long moment --
 Then looks nervously away.
 Gloria motions for another drink.

CUT TO:

46 INT. PATIO - DAY

Later.

CAMERA HOLDS ON WALL CLOCK: One-forty.

Gloria gulps another drink.
 She's hurt and angry.
 Whoever she was supposed to meet has not showed up.

Suddenly, a BELL BOY enters the lounge.

BELL BOY

Gloria Revelle! Message for
 Gloria Revelle!

Gloria looks up, raises her arm.
 Jon reacts.
 This is the first time he's heard her name --

The Bell Boy goes over to Gloria.
 Hands her a message.
 She tips him.
 Reads the note --
 Becomes very agitated.
 Crumples the note, and throws it down on the table.
 She belts down the last of her drink, gets up, walks off.

Jon goes over to her table.
 Retrieves the note --
 Reads it:

I can't make it...Business. Call you later.

Love, Philip

47 INT. DUNES - LOBBY - DAY

GLORIA stalks past the front desk.

47 CONTINUED:

Slams down the KEY to the room.
Exits the hotel.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. DUNES - DAY

Gloria walks away from the hotel.
Crosses the street toward the beach.
After a beat, Jon comes out of the Dunes.
He looks around.
Catches a glimpse of her as she walks onto the beach.
He hurries to catch up.

Gloria glances over her shoulder --
Looks directly at Jon --
Then walks on.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. BEACH - DAY

Gloria strolls along.
She sits on a bench.
Roots in her pocketbook for a cigarette.
Lays the pocketbook down on the bench.
Once again looks up -- at Jon...

He's standing by a tree a few yards back.
Watching her.
Screwing up his courage, he steps out, walks toward her.
He's going to talk to her...
Gloria sees him approaching.
The ghost of a smile crosses her lips...

Jon senses something --
Sees someone --
A familiar form breaking into a sprint --
Heading for Gloria.

The Indian darts out --
Snatches GLORIA'S POCKETBOOK --
Dashes away --

Gloria looks up --
Too stunned to react.

JON GIVES CHASE --

Runs across the beach --
Follows the Indian into the underbrush.

Breaks through brush --
Glimpses the Indian slipping behind a huge boulder

Jon goes round the boulder --
Follows a narrow path into some dense thickets.

CONTINUED:

Hears twigs breaking --
 He slows up --
 Cautious --
 It's a very isolated spot --

Silence --
 Then a loud crack!

Jon follows the sound --
 Thrashes through a thick growth --

And breaks into a small secluded clearing --

And runs smack into the Indian.

The huge red man springs up --
 Swings --
 Clipping Jon in the jaw --
 Jon crumbles to the ground --

The Indian flees.

Groaning, Jon sits up.
 Gloria's pocketbook lies nearby.
 He reaches for it.

Footsteps approaching --
 Jon looks up, afraid --

Gloria appears, pushing her way into the clearing.

She goes over to him.
 Kneels by his side.

GLORIA

Are you all right?

Jon tests his jaw -- he's okay.

JON

Where'd he go?

GLORIA

Forget it -- pocketbook's right here.

JON

Better check it.

Gloria shrugs.
 Touches his jaw.

GLORIA

I said, are you all right?

49 CONTINUED: (2)

Jon shivers from her touch.
He nods.

JON

Fine.

GLORIA

Thanks.

Pause.
Her eyes rivet him.

GLORIA

I saw you -- back there, and in
the hotel. You've been following
me, haven't you.

He searches for words...

GLORIA

Why? Did my husband hire you?

JON

(dismayed)

No, that's not it -- it's...

A beat, then:

GLORIA

(softly)

What?

A long steady silence.

His eyes say it all.

Slowly, tentatively, they move towards each other.
Briefly brushing their lips together.
It is a moment both erotic and romantic.
The kiss extends, becomes more forceful and passionate.
Helpless, sick with lust, they embrace.
The flood-gates have opened.
Hungrily touching, kissing, furiously groping --
Gloria is overwhelmed --
They sink to the sand.
Jon gathers up her skirt --
Revealing the thinnest, sheerest garter belt and silk
stockings...
Opens her blouse to a lacy bra...
Gloria is almost lost --
But her eyes snap open --
She can't believe that she's doing this --
Making love to a stranger --

49

CONTINUED: (3)

GLORIA

(voice edged with
panic)

No -- no --

She struggles --
Shakes her head back and forth --

JON

Please -- I thought --

Gloria is on the verge of tears.

GLORIA

I can't do this -- I can't...

Suddenly, a BIG RED BALL comes bouncing through the thicket.
And rolls right up to them.A LITTLE GIRL struggles through the tangled brush --
Running after her ball.
Behind her, NANNY tries to keep up.The LITTLE GIRL breaks through the brush.
Looks around for the ball --

And sees JON and GLORIA splayed out on the ground.

The LITTLE GIRL stands there --
Staring with wide eyes --
Taking it all in --GLORIA senses the little girl --
Looks up --
Stunned --
Squirms out of Jon's grasp --
Grabs her pocketbook, and runs --Confused, Jon leaps to his feet, desperately trying to
tuck in his shirt.

The LITTLE GIRL giggles.

NANNY joins her:

NANNY

What are you looking at, Lizzie?

Lizzie points.
Nanny looks.
Her jaw drops open --

It looks as if Jon has been exposing himself to Lizzie.

NANNY howls!
Screaming for help at the top of her lungs --

49 CONTINUED: (4)

A beach patrol car screeches to a halt.
Two cops jump out and rush into the brush.

NANNY runs to the COPS.

Points --

The cops see JON fleeing across the dunes.

CUT TO:

50 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ECU:

A page in the TELEPHONE BOOK.

Jon's finger runs down a column of names.

Stops at the listing: R&G Revelle 12469 Canyon Drive...

232-1198

He copies down the number on a scrap of paper.

CUT TO:

51pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Minutes later.

JON stands at the bar.

The scrap of paper in his hand.

He stares at the telephone.

Turns and looks out the window, towards her house.

51pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are out.

She's not home yet.

51pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon pours himself a drink.

CUT TO:

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Minutes later.

In the kitchen.

Jon slaps together a peanut butter sandwich.

Bites into it.

Throws it down.

Goes into the living room.

Looks out the window.

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A LIGHT in GLORIA'S house goes on.

CUT TO:

52pt CONTINUED:

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

GLORIA heads straight to the bar.
Pours herself a huge drink.
She goes over to the window, looks out.
Seems to be staring straight at Jon.

She puts down her drink.
Lets down her hair.
Unbuttons her blouse.
Turns and goes into the bedroom.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon PANS to BEDROOM.

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria steps out of her skirt.
Shrugs off her blouse.
Kicks off her heels.
And slips into a robe.
She lights a cigarette.
Walks back into the living room.
Drinks some more.
Then wanders into the kitchen.
Putters around in the refrigerator.

CUT TO:

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON straightening up.
He turns, looks towards the telephone.
Her phone number scribbled on the memo pad.
He goes to the phone, picks up the receiver.
Starts to dial --
One digit, two digits, the third...
Stops dialing.

JON

(acting it out)

Hi, Gloria, remember me? I'm
the guy you almost fucked
at the beach today.

He laughs with no humor whatsoever.
Hangs up.
Back to the telescope.

CUT TO:

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

Gloria pours herself another drink.
Downs it.
Goes to the phone, and dials --

CUT TO:

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

OFF-SCREEN, JON'S PHONE SHRIEKS

JON jack-knifing up!
He stares at the ringing phone.
It can't be...

He bolts over.
Grabs up the receiver.

JON

Yes!?

And a familiar voice responds:

SAM

(filtered throughout)

Hey there, how you doin'?

Jon recovers.
A deep breath, then:

JON

Sam...hiya. How's everything
going?

Jon picks up the phone, carries it across the room.
Peers through the telescope.

Conversation with Sam continues as we:

CUT TO:

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

POV
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

GLORIA talks on the phone...

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

SAM

Great, great. Everything okay
over there?

52pt CONTINUED:

JON

Fine, no problems.

SAM

And how's my favorite neighbor?
Still with the midnight shows?

JON

Uh-huh...

SAM

Hey, you sound a little preoccupied?

JON

No, sorry.

SAM

Just called to see how things
were going. By the way, any
messages for me?

JON

No, nothing.

SAM

Oh, well. Gotta run. I'll be
in touch.

Jon holsters the receiver.

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria hangs up too.
Walks through her bedroom --
Into the bathroom.
Runs water in the tub --
Adds oil and bubblebath.
Peels off her stockings.
Goes to the linen closet for a towel.
Back into the bathroom.
Closes the door half-way.
Drops her robe.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE --
JON SEES THE DOOR OF A CLOTHES CLOSET IN THE BEDROOM
OPENING.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

HE PANS OVER --

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AND SEES THE INDIAN HOLDING A HUGE ELECTRIC DRILL.

52pt CONTINUED:

JON

Oh God...

The color drains out of his face.

JON PANS BACK TO THE BATHROOM.

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria is testing the water with her toe.

PANS BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM --

The INDIAN goes to the head of the bed, slides the picture aside -- there's a hole in the safe.

He slowly pulls open the safe door and reaches inside. His hand emerges holding a fistful of jewels.

PANS BACK TO GLORIA --

Pinning up her hair.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Lock the door! Lock the door!

Jon grabs the phone and dials her number. It rings --

52pt INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria reacts to the ringing phone. Goes into the bedroom. Picks it up --

GLORIA

Hello...?

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Lock the --

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

The INDIAN LEAPS FROM BEHIND THE BED -- POUNCES ON GLORIA!

The phone drops to the floor.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Oh God! Oh God!

Muffled through the receiver, he HEARS GLORIA SCREAM. The INDIAN pins her to the floor with his foot -- Choking her.

52pt CONTINUED:

JON

Nooooooooo!

Grabs the phone.
Dials 911.

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The INDIAN turns on the drill.
Gloria struggles beneath his foot.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE

The phone rings in Jon's ear --
And rings --
And rings --

52pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

The Indian lowers the spinning drill toward her chest.

52pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

At last, 911 answers.

VOICE

911. Emergency.

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

There's a woman being murdered!
Gloria Revelle. 12469 Canyon
Drive! Got that!?

52pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

VOICE

Your name please?

52pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

For Chrissake, he's killing her!
Get over there!

JON bolts away from the telescope.
Runs out of the house.

52pt EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA HOLDS FOR A BEAT --
THEN QUICKLY MOVES INTO TELESCOPE EYEPIECE --
GLIDES THROUGH THE LENS --
JOURNEYS ACROSS THE YAWNING SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO
HOUSES --

53

AND INTO GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The INDIAN drives the whirling bit into her body.
 Gloria flips over, knocking the Indian off his feet.
 She scrambles into the bathroom.
 The Indian goes after her. Gloria grabs a shampoo bottle.
 Swings, and cracks the red man on the side of his head.
 He staggers for a moment --
 Gloria tries to run --
 He grabs her leg.
 She falls, smacks her face on the cold tile floor.
 Lies there, stunned, lip split and bleeding.
 The Indian pulls her up.
 Holds her by the throat --
 And bends her over backwards --
 Into the tub --
 Gloria thrashes.
 Fights with waning strength.
 Her head goes under.
 She struggles to the surface.
 Sputters, gags --
 Is forced under again.
 Bubbles rise and pop.
 The Indian holds her down.
 Five seconds.
 Ten seconds.
 Twenty.
 Her hands clench and unclench in the air.
 Finally, she goes limp.
 He releases her.

We HEAR HIM RUNNING AWAY --
 CAMERA HOLDS ON BATHTUB --
 AS GLORIA'S FACE BOBS BENEATH THE WATER.
 FRAMED BY THE RAINBOW COLORED BUBBLES.
 Dead.
 THE BATHWATER RUNS OVER THE EDGE --
 SPILLS TO THE FLOOR --
 CAMERA FOLLOWS WATER AS IT CREEPS OUT OF THE BATHROOM --
 AND INTO THE LIVING ROOM.
 THEN PANS UP, ANGLING ON FRONT DOOR.
 WE HEAR POUNDING.

JON

Open up! Open up!

More pounding.
 And finally the door is kicked in.

JON and a JOGGER burst inside.
 Rush past the CAMERA.
 To the bathroom.

CAMERA HOLDS ON DOORWAY
 And the INDIAN EMERGES FROM THE FOYER CLOSET --
 Quietly sneaks out of the house.

53 CONTINUED:

CAMERA TRACKS INSIDE GLORIA'S HOUSE
 THROUGH THE FOYER, LIVING ROOM, BEDROOM --
 WHERE WE FIND JON STANDING AT THE BATHROOM DOOR.
 STARING AT GLORIA.
 SOAP BUBBLES FLOAT IN THE AIR.

CUT TO:

54 INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A dismal gloomy room.
 Naked light bulb.
 One table, two chairs.
 Walls peeling institutional green.

Pale and weary, Jon sits alone at the table.
 After a beat, the door opens.
 In walks JIM MACLEAN, 45, Detective.
 Thin, meticulously dressed.
 Formidable, utterly composed.
 Without a moment to waste on trivialities.

MACLEAN

I'm Detective MacLean. I'll
 be handling this investigation
 from now on.

Jon looks up at him.

MacLean sits.
 Browses through his file.

MACLEAN

I see you're an actor.

JON

Yeah.

MACLEAN

Ever been in anything?

JON

Some TV shows, small parts in a few
 films, a bunch of commercials.

MACLEAN

(shaking his head)
 Right, right. I've seen you.
 That soap commercial; that's you
 isn't it?

Jon nods.

MACLEAN

Very interesting. You make a
 living?

54

CONTINUED:

JON

On and off.

MACLEAN

Good looking boy. Talented.
Scully, I got a real problem
with you.

JON

What d'you mean?

MACLEAN

I mean, you're my only witness
to this murder -- and you're a
peeper. In my book, that's a
pervert and a sex offender.

John's eyes widen.

JON

Hey, listen --

MACLEAN

Save it. I ask the questions.

Pause.

MACLEAN

(now, cold as ice)

Why were you spying on Gloria
Revelle?

JON

I already told the other officer --

MACLEAN

Tell me. I like hearing the truth
-- it improves with repetition.

Jon takes a deep breath.

JON

It just happened. Listen, I was
fooling around, looking through
the telescope...I guess it kind
of got out of control --

He breaks off.
Real pain in his eyes.
MacLean shows nothing.

MACLEAN

And the Indian?

JON

He was watching her too.

54 CONTINUED: (2)

MACLEAN

How many times did you see him?

JON

Once, he was on a roof-top. The next day I saw him following her. I followed too. Then he disappeared for a while, I thought it was okay. But he showed up again, out of nowhere -- stole her pocketbook.

MACLEAN

You looked through the mug-shots? There are not too many Indians.

JON

Yeah, he's not there.

MACLEAN

You're sure?

JON

Positive. I got a real good look at him.

MACLEAN

You told the reporting officer that you thought this Indian was a suspicious looking character right from the start. That right?

JON

Yes.

MACLEAN

Then why didn't you call the police?

Jon is taken aback, unprepared for this.

JON

I -- I guess --

MACLEAN

(scornful)

I'll tell you why, Scully. Because one pervert doesn't squeal on another.

JON

I'm not a...

MACLEAN

Pervert, Scully. The word's pervert. You think not, huh?

54 CONTINUED: (3)

JON

That's right, I'm not.

MACLEAN

I used to head up the rape squad in this precinct. Once collared an animal -- repeat rapist. I asked him why he raped. He said to me, I'm no rapist, I make love to 'em.

JON

It's not the same thing. You don't understand.

MACLEAN

I understand just perfectly. I understand that you were so busy peeping on her you didn't bother to warn the poor woman that some other animal was casing her house. I hope you're proud of yourself.

Jon closes his eyes.

Purses his lips together.

In a way, what he says is true; he knows it.

JON

(to himself as much
as to MacLean)

I should've warned her.

MACLEAN

That's right, you should've.

JON

After he stole the pocketbook I should've told the police.

MACLEAN

But you didn't. You were too busy peeping on her, getting your rocks off. Tell me, Jon, what do you like to watch best, what's your bag? Bedroom stuff? Bathroom?

He shakes his head back and forth.

Denying it all.

JON

Are you out of your mind!? I told you, it just happened. Besides, you're acting as if I killed her! I tried to save her!

54 CONTINUED: (4)

MacLean sniffs his contempt.

MACLEAN

Come on, Scully, come down from
the cross and join the rest of us
mere mortals.

He lights a cigarette.
Blows a perfect set of smoke rings.

MACLEAN

Tell me, when this Indian snatched
the pocketbook, you got it back
for her, that right?

He nods.

MACLEAN

You talked to her?

Joy says nothing.
Very wary now.

MACLEAN

Come on, you musta said something.

Jon shrugs.

MACLEAN

She thanked you?

JON

I guess.

MACLEAN

So you two did talk.

Jon is silent.
Looks down at the table.

MACLEAN

Do I have to sit here and watch
your sinuses drain?

JON

Just small talk, you know.

MACLEAN

No, I don't. Were you coming
on to her? Maybe you were doing
a number on her head; freaking
her out with how much you know
about her private life.

54 CONTINUED: (5)

JON

No! You're way off base.

MACLEAN

Am I? Scully, why were you following the lady? I mean, after all, you weren't just peeping -- you were going whole hog. Following her tail like a hound.

Jon refuses to answer.

MACLEAN

Were you working with this Indian? Setting up the break-in? But it got out of control and you panicked? Is that it?

Jon is dumbfounded.
He can hardly believe his ears.

JON

Of course not! I had nothing to do with that guy! Nothing! MacLean, you -- you're --

MACLEAN

Watch it, kid, I don't like getting insults from scum like you.

JON

Maybe I oughtta see a lawyer.

MACLEAN

You got something to hide?

JON

No. I've already told you the truth.

MACLEAN

Why were you following Gloria Revelle?

Long pause.

JON

I got scared for her; when I saw that guy following her --

MACLEAN

But Scully, you kept on her tail even after this guy disappeared!

54 CONTINUED: (6)

JON

I know. I guess -- I guess I
wanted --

MACLEAN

You wanted to what?

JON

Nothing.

JON jams his hand into his pocket to get his cigarettes.
As he pulls them out, GLORIA'S PANTIES tumble onto the
floor. MACLEAN reaches down and picks them up.

MACLEAN

What's this, Scully?

JON

Pants -- underpants.

MACLEAN

Yours?

JON

No.

MACLEAN

What are you doing with them?

JON

She dropped them in the trash.

MACLEAN

Who?

JON

Gloria.

MACLEAN

And you just picked them up.

JON

Yeah.

MACLEAN

Why!?

JON

I don't know.

MACLEAN

Come on, Scully, tell me the truth.
You fucked her and kept 'em as a
souvenir.

54 CONTINUED: (7)

JON

No!

MACLEAN

No, what!? No, you didn't fuck her, or no, you didn't keep 'em as a souvenir!?

JON

No to both of 'em!

MACLEAN

Maybe you're just a harmless pantie sniffer -- that it?

JON

You got a dirty mind, MacLean.

MACLEAN

That's a laugh. You peep on her, you follow her, you fuck her, you keep her little panties as a memento, then you witness her murder. And on top of all that you were seen exposing yourself to an eight year old girl at the beach. That was you, Scully, don't deny it. I got a description of the perp that fits you like a glove.

Jon groans.

MACLEAN

Busy boy, Scully.

JON

You're twisting everything around. I didn't expose myself to that little girl. She saw us -- me and Gloria --

MACLEAN

(jumping right in)

Ah, the truth at last. So you did fuck Gloria Revelle. On the beach. Sounds kind of uncomfortable. Well, now tell me -- while you were fucking her, did you decide to kill her too? Fuck her and kill her, sounds right.

JON

I didn't kill her!

(MORE)

54 CONTINUED: (8)

JON (CONT'D)

And I didn't -- we didn't -- well,
we just didn't -- ...Jesus! I'm the
one who called the cops, remember!?

MACLEAN

Tell me about Richard Revelle.

JON

Who?

MACLEAN

Gloria's husband. Friend of
yours?

JON

No. Never met him.

MACLEAN

Sure?

JON

'Course I'm sure.

MACLEAN

Was he around when Gloria got
nailed?

JON

No. Why? You think he had
something to do with it?

MACLEAN

Do you?

JON

I don't know! How the hell should
I know!

MacLean muses for a second --

MACLEAN

Gloria was a rich lady -- very
rich. When rich wives get dead,
I always go after the husband.
Only problem is, you saw a thief
-- an Indian kill Gloria. Mr.
Revelle is not an Indian.

MacLean sighs.
Snaps his note-pad shut.

54 CONTINUED: (9)

MACLEAN

Scully, I'm not gonna hold you.
I got a witness who backs up
your story. But I want you to
think real hard about this:
you're half the reason Gloria
Revelle got murdered. If you
hadn't have been so busy getting
off by peeping on her -- if you'd
called the police about that man
you saw -- Gloria would still be
alive today.

He gets up, walks out.
Sullen and grieving, Jon puts his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

55 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Busy and crowded.
JON sits drinking alone at the bar.
He signals for another.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOLLYWOOD PACIFIC MOVIE THEATER --
NIGHT

JON walks out of the movie, smoking a cigarette.
Utterly depressed.
Guilty, ashamed, desolate.
He crosses the street and gets in his car.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jon driving aimlessly.
Suddenly he stops his car, looks about.
And realizes that he's on his old block.
Where he and CAROL shared an apartment.
He looks up.
There's a light in her window.

CUT TO:

58 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

JON knocks on her door.
Footsteps from inside --
Someone peers through the peep-hole.
Locks click open.
CAROL, clutching her robe around her, opens the door.
She looks at him, surprised.

58

CONTINUED:

JON

Sorry. I know it's late...

CAROL

(stepping out into
the hallway)

Are you all right?

JON

Yeah...

He pauses for a beat.
Knowing how wretched he seems.

JON

No, actually I'm a mess. Can
I come in? I need to talk.

Carol winces almost imperceptibly.
Bites her lower lip.
She glances nervously over her shoulder.
Speaks very low --

CAROL

Jon, listen, this isn't a good
time --

And from inside the apartment, a MAN'S VOICE:

VOICE

Carol? You okay?

CAROL

(sticking her head
in the apartment)

Fine! I'll be in in a minute.

She turns back to Jon.
Shrugging.
Grim-lipped.

Jon turns.
Walks away.
Salt on the wound.

CAROL

Jon, we'll talk, real soon. Jon,
are you all right? I'm worried
about you.

Jon halts at the staircase.
Looks back at her.

JON

I'm fine. Just very, very dumb.

58 CONTINUED: (2)

And he walks down the stairs.

CUT TO:

59pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON stares at the telescope.
Walks slowly towards it.
He stops, looks out the window.

59pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Across the way, Gloria's house is dark.
The blinds lowered and shut.

59pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He touches the telescope; grips it tight.
And for a moment it seems as if he's going to smash it.
Instead he pivots the head.
So that it points to the floor.
Then he snaps his own blinds shut.

CUT TO:

60 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Later.

Bathed in the blue-gray flicker of the TV --
Jon is sprawled on the floor.
Carving a hole in a fifth of Bourbon.
He is drunk, and very far away.
On the tube: Johnny Carson doing his monologue.
Jon takes notice.
Groans.
Crawls over and flicks through the stations.
Kojak. Nightline. Maude. Carl Sagan...
With a sigh, Jon flips over to CABLE.

We see the logo: 'Hollywood Cable TV'

And FADE IN TO:

L.A. AT MIDNIGHT

AL GOLDBERG interviewing PORN QUEEN, SAMANTHA.

GOLDBERG

Okay fans, we're back with the
sensational Adult Film Star,
Samantha. Her newest flick, 'Busy
Beavers,' will be opening this
Friday at the World Cinema.
Samantha, this film has something
for everyone. But tell me, which
was your favorite scene?

60

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Well, Al, I like the come shots. I really dig it when a guy comes in my face. So I really enjoyed the scene with the three guys coming all at once all over me.

GOLDBERG

That's very interesting, Samantha. 'Cause y'know come shots are getting to be kind of a problem for some of the new adult stars. They claim, some of them at least -- that it's degrading.

SAMANTHA

Oh no, not at all. I guess I'm just an old fashioned girl.

GOLDBERG

So your position on sperm?

SAMANTHA

I love it!

Goldberg smiles happily.

GOLDBERG

And now a word from our sponsor.

TV IMAGE CUTS TO:

THE COMMERCIAL:

EXTERIOR ANGLE on the PUSSYCAT CINEMA.

ANNOUNCER

The Pussycat Cinema! L.A.'s classiest X-Rated movie house. This week, see the film that everyone's talking about: 'Peepers.'

JON hears the title of the film.
Sits up.

CUT TO:

THE 'PEEPERS' TRAILER:

A YOUNG MAN in a dormitory room picks up BINOCULARS. Goes to a window and looks out.

POV

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS --

60

CONTINUED: (2)

The WINDOWS OF A GIRL'S DORMITORY --

BINOCULARS PAN FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW --
Revealing nubile young co-eds in various states of
undress.

And finally zeroing in on one particular room.
Where a girl is masturbating --

JON looks blankly at the screen.
Almost too drunk to absorb what he's seeing.
But this clip --
Something so familiar about it --

Jon leans forward towards the TV --
Starting to concentrate on the image...

The ACTRESS is DARK-HAIRED and beautiful.
She wears a thin silk camisole.
Bikini underpants.
She lubricates her fingers from a green jar.
Rolls off her panties.
And touches herself --

JON stares --
Hardly believing what he sees.

She rolls over on her belly --
Brings up her knees.

Jon grabs the edge of the TV.
Pales --
Because he is once again watching Gloria...

The TRAILER ENDS.

CUT BACK TO:

EXTERIOR ANGLE on the PUSSYCAT CINEMA.

ANNOUNCER
'PEEPERS.' Now playing at the
Pussycat Cinema. And for you
home viewers, you can pick it up
on video cassette at Hollywood
Video, 6713 Hollywood Boulevard.

FADE BACK TO:

AL GOLDBERG and SAMANTHA.

GOLDBERG
Samantha, let's talk about --

Jon shuts the TV off.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. HOLLYWOOD VIDEO - NIGHT

JON stares at a display for 'Peepers' in the window.

He goes inside and starts talking to the salesman at the rentals counter.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the TV SCREEN.

The SCENE from the TRAILER.
In fuller detail.

The YOUNG MAN closes the lights in his dorm room.
Opens a desk drawer.
Pulls out the binoculars.
Goes to the window.

POV
through the binoculars:

As he pans from window to window of the GIRL'S DORM.
Settling on the DARK-HAIRED ACTRESS.

This is the scene Jon's been waiting for.
He grips the arms of his seat --

She sips wine.
Lights a candle.
Unbuttons her blouse.
Beneath, she wears a thin silk camisole.
Unhooks her skirt.
Raises one leg on a chair.
Caresses herself.

Jon is riveted.

She reclines on the bed.
Touches her nipples.
Lubricates her fingers from a green jar.
Rolls off her panties.
And masturbates --

Jon feels dizzy.
As if the earth has opened at his feet.
The actress's routine is EXACTLY LIKE GLORIA'S.

She rolls over on her belly.
Brings up her knees.
Buries her face in the pillow.

Jon goes white.
Because he is looking at Gloria's naked body...
He pushes the video recorder pause button --
And freezes the body on the TV screen.

62 CONTINUED:

He picks up the cassette box from the bed
and looks --
Locates the dark-haired actress who masturbates.
Her name is printed beneath the photo: HOLLY BODY.

CUT TO:

63 INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Jon is talking to the salesman.

JON

Excuse me...

SALESMAN

Yes?

JON

I was just wondering -- there's an
actress in the film, Holly Body...?

SALESMAN

Yeah?

JON

That's not her real name, I
guess, huh?

SALESMAN

Smart. You go to college or
somethin'?

JON

Terrific actress. What's her
real name?

SALESMAN

Hey, pal -- we just rent them --
they make their own dates.
In case you can't get her, there's
a massage parlör right next door.

JON

Look, I've gotta get in touch
with her --

SALESMAN

Yeah, you and a million other
guys.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. HOLLYWOOD VIDEO - NIGHT

Jon starts walking away from the store.
Stops.

64 CONTINUED:

Goes back.
Looks at the 'Peepers' display.

BIG CLOSE-UP:

DISTRIBUTED BY THE BLUE MOVIE GROUP.

CUT TO:

65pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning.

Jon dials a number on the PHONE.

65pt INT. CORSO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY
(filtered throughout)
Movie Group.

65pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON
Hello. I was wondering if you
could help me. You're the company
that distributes 'Peepers,' right?

65pt INT. CORSO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY
Yes...?

MALE VOICE
(filtered throughout)
Hey, I'm not just some fucking stunt
cock -- I'm an actor --

SECRETARY
Excuse me for a second.

Jon hears the secretary talking to the male voice.

SECRETARY
I'm sorry -- you're just going to
have to wait like everyone else.

MALE VOICE
I have been waiting -- for over an
hour.

SECRETARY
The auditions are running a little
late.

65pt CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE

Do you know how many pictures I've made with Holly?

SECRETARY

I'm sure you've made a lot -- but you haven't made any with Mr. Corso.

MALE VOICE

Hey, I don't need this shit. I got a reputation in this business!

65pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon hears fast footsteps followed by the sound of a door slamming.

65pt INT. CORSO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The secretary comes back to the phone.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry. What did you want?

65pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON

(thinking fast)

Say...how late are you auditioning today?

65pt CORSO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY

Six o'clock.

65pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JON

Thank you.

Jon hangs up the phone.

66 INT. OFFICE - BLUE MOVIE GROUP - DAY

Jon waits with a group of actors.
Studies a two-page scene.
The secretary looks up from a list on her desk.

SECRETARY

Scully -- Jon Scully?

Jon stands up.

JON

Right here.

66 CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

Mr. Corso will see you now.

CUT TO:

67 INT. CORSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Corso is seated behind his desk.

Jon stands before him reading a scene.

JON

I like to watch.

CORSO

(reading Holly's lines)

Makes you hot, does it?

JON

Yeah.

CORSO

Makes me hot, too. Real hot. C'mon
over here -- I'll show you how hot.Corso picks up a Polaroid camera from the desk and
starts to adjust the lens.

CORSO

Strip down -- I want to take some
pictures.

JON

Sure.

Jon starts taking off his clothes.

JON

What are we watching.

CORSO

Huh?

JON

What are we watching?

CORSO

I don't know -- nothing. What are
you -- some kind of Method actor?
You need something to watch?

JON

No -- it's just the lines --
It says -- I like to watch.

67

CONTINUED:

CORSO

Well, we can't afford any body for you to watch. This fucking picture is already two days over budget. Tomorrow is it! Fine!

JON

We could watch each other.

CORSO

What are you? An actor or a director.

JON

I'm just trying to help.

Jon has finished undressing.
Stands before Corso -- naked.
Corso snaps a few flash pictures of his body.

CORSO

That's all the help I need.

JON

All you need's a mirror -- I'll bring it myself.

CORSO

(thinking over Jon's suggestion)

That's not a bad idea. Okay, Scully, you got the job. See you tomorrow at eight -- and bring that mirror.

CUT TO:

68

INT. PORNO MOVIE SET - DAY

Holly Body.
Young, voluptuous -- and completely naked.
Precociously sensual --
With the spark of devilry in her eyes.

She stares directly into the camera.

The camera moves back to reveal that Holly is a reflection in a full-length mirror that Jon holds in front of him.

JON

I like to watch.

HOLLY

Makes you hot -- doesn't it.

CONTINUED:

JON

Yeah.

HOLLY

Makes me hot, too. Real hot. C'mon
over here -- I'll show how hot.

Jon walks out from behind the mirror. He's naked.
He stops before Holly.
She takes his hand.
Slowly kisses the fingertips.
Places them on her breast.
And moves his hand slowly around.
Jon's breathing comes faster.
Holly moves his hand down her body --
Pressing it between her legs.
Jon moves around behind her,
Kissing the back of her neck and shoulders.
They both face the mirror now --
Watching their own arousal.

JON

(improvising as he
stares at Holly
in the mirror)

I like to watch.

HOLLY

(moaning with
excitement)

I like to watch, too.

They make mad passionate love.
When they're in the midst of their final orgasm --
The camera moves back to reveal Corso seated
next to the camera.
He can't believe what he's just witnessed --
It's the hottest sex scene he's ever seen.
There's only one problem...

CAMERAMAN

(switching off the
camera)

Where's the come shot?

CORSO

What?

CAMERAMAN

The come shot! I thought we were
shooting Flesh Dance -- not Last
Tango.

68 CONTINUED: (2)

CORSO

(getting the point)
 Hey, Scully -- what the fuck's
 the matter with you. Where's
 the come shot?

JON

(stands up, spent and
 limp, not knowing
 what the hell Corso's
 yelling about)
 Come shot?

HOLLY

(realizing Jon doesn't
 understand)
 Get off his case, Frank. We just
 fucked our asses off and all you
 care about is the fucking come shot.

CORSO

Holly -- I can't believe this guy --
 He didn't give us a come shot.

HOLLY

Oh, shut up, Frank. Get the stunt
 cock in and I'll get your come shot
 faster than you can reload that
 camera.

CUT TO:

69 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Holly is putting on her coat.
 Jon pokes his head in the door.

JON

Thanks for your help out there --
 would you let me buy you a drink?

HOLLY

(looking at him like
 he's a total stranger)
 Drink? I don't even know you.

JON

(improvising fast)
 Look -- I'm talking about business.
 You know that mirror in there --
 that was my idea.

HOLLY

So -- you're a genius.

JON

No -- but I could make a better film than Corso with my eyes closed.

HOLLY

Films cost money.

JON

I got money.

HOLLY

Then what are you doing in fuck films?

JON

I wanted to meet you.

HOLLY

Why?

JON

I think you're sensational -- I want you in my picture.

HOLLY

Really.

JON

That's right.

Holly looks Jon over slowly, sizing him up.

HOLLY

Do you always get what you want?

JON

(staring back)

I sure as hell try.

HOLLY

(shaking her head --
impressed)

I knew there was something going on out there -- more than fucking.

JON

How about that drink?

HOLLY

Why not.

(smiling)

You know, there is an upside to this business.

69 CONTINUED: (2)

JON

What do you mean?

HOLLY

I know you're not just taking me out to get me loaded so you can jump on my bones.

JON

Why not?

HOLLY

'Cause you already have.

70 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jon and Holly are having a drink.

HOLLY

So you want to star me in your picture.

JON

That's right. I've been admiring your pornos for years.

HOLLY

(suddenly hard)

Don't call them pornos -- there's nothing pornographic about them. They're adult films.

JON

Okay. Adult films.

HOLLY

Don't ever be disrespectful!

JON

I'm sorry -- I didn't mean to be. How did you get started in adult films?

HOLLY

I kept passing this place called Illusion Studios on the way to the bus going to work in Portland -- this nude modelling studio, you know, a body painting place. And I kept looking at it. I didn't think I had such a great body except once when I was lying at the bottom of a bathtub -- stoned out of my head -- I had this acid flash when I was looking at myself in the mirror.

(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

It was the most beautiful body I had ever seen -- and it was mine! So when I got fired from my nurses aide job, instead of going home, I walked into this place -- what else was I going to do? I had no job, no money -- and they hired me to do nude modelling for these camera freaks. Being naked didn't bother me -- I used to run around naked all the time when I was a kid so I'd never been self-conscious and people have always been super respectful of me...So a real photographer comes in one day and wants me to do a picture with him. So we start out doing loops. They got a good response -- so we started doing features. You want some of my credits?

JON

Sure.

HOLLY

All rightee, I think I can remember most of them: 'Gidget Gets It,' 'Dracula Sucks,' 'Back Seat Babes,' 'Fast Flesh,' 'Misty Mozart,' 'Two Males for Sister Sara,' 'White Women of Africa,' and 'Peepers.' That's more or less my major credits.

JON

You're busy.

HOLLY

I'm good -- and I can keep a guy rock hard for hours. You don't need any fluffers when you hire me -- You're really serious, huh?

JON

Of course.

HOLLY

Okay, good. Just a few things I like to get straight, right up front, so that there're no misunderstandings later on: I do not do animal acts; I do not do S&M or any variations of that particular bent; no water sports either. I will not shave my bush, and absolutely no fist-fucking.

(MORE)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I get ten percent above scale, and
I do not work without a contract.

Jon looks at her with a mixture of amazement and
admiration.

This girl is an original.

JON

Fine. No problems. Tell me, you
ever do any specialty work?

Holly says nothing for a long beat.
A bit wary now.

HOLLY

Like what are we talking about --
say, you got a name?

JON

Oh, sorry. Jon, Jon Scully.

HOLLY

Right pleased to meet you.

She shakes his hand.

HOLLY

Well, Jon, what kind of specialty
work you looking for?

JON

What have you got?

Holly shrugs.
Pulling back.

JON

(senses her retreat)
Listen, Holly, I'm just trying
to get to know you.

HOLLY

Then tell me what you want. That
way I get to know you.

JON

Woman alone, getting herself off.
It's got to be very hot.

HOLLY

Is that all!? Hell, I got a
routine that's a sure ten on the
peter-meter.

70 CONTINUED: (3)

JON

Right. I've seen it. A few times.

HOLLY

I'm known far and wide for that little bit of business. Truth to tell, I been working that out since I was a bitsy girl.

Jon smiles.
So does she.

JON

You ever play private parties?

She searches his face.
Very cautious now.

HOLLY

That what you looking for?

JON

No, just making conversation.

She stands.

HOLLY

Well, I don't like this conversation. Nice meeting you Jon. I got an appointment with Dustin Hoffman I just cannot miss.

JON

Holly, please, wait a minute --

She stops.

JON

I have to know what kind of people I'm going to be hiring. You can understand that, can't you?

She studies his face.
Likes what she sees.

HOLLY

Maybe.

She sits again.

JON

(charming her)

Listen, I want you to know that I saw 'Peepers,' and thought that you were just sensational. Really fantastic. You've got --

70 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLY

A great body?

JON

A nice smile.

She looks at him.
That smile again.

HOLLY

My word. What kind of producer
are you!? Broke, I suspect.

Jon glances at his watch.
Starts fixing his tie.

JON

Listen, it's late, why don't we
continue this over dinner?

HOLLY

Business or pleasure?

JON

Business.

HOLLY

(feisty, but not
belligerent)

Liar.

JON

Okay; business and pleasure.

Holly thinks it over.

HOLLY

You married?

JON

Nope.

HOLLY

(flirtatious)

Well, you do not look too
dangerous.

JON

I'm a nice pornographer -- I mean
adult film producer.

HOLLY

You are a kick, that's what you
are. Okay, let's go. I'm starved.

CUT TO:

71

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They've finished dinner.
 Now they sip wine, and smoke cigarettes.
 Holly is mellow -- but still very sharp.
 Jon, liking this girl more each minute, still tries to
 get information.

JON

So when my uncle died and left me
 this money, I figured I'd quit
 acting and get into production.
 I've been talking to the people
 over at the Blue Movie Group about
 a co-production deal.

HOLLY

I know them. They did 'Peepers.'
 A bit of advice, Jon: watch out
 for their definition of net profits
 -- it's not in the dictionary.

She sips her wine.
 Jon pours more.

HOLLY

(mischievous)

You trying to get me high? You're
 going to blow your budget doing it.
 Hell, I was swilling Kentucky shine
 right from my mommie's tit.

JON

You from Kentucky?

HOLLY

Correct. Beauty, Kentucky;
 population, one-thousand two-
 hundred.

JON

Beauty?

HOLLY

Beauty. And it was not. Black
 hills, black mines, and black
 lung.

JON

Sounds kind of depressing.

HOLLY

That is one huge understatement.
 My word, beat town; only thing
 to do on a Saturday night was
 drink beer or slash your wrists.

71

CONTINUED:

Holly drains her glass.
So does Jon.
They smile.

JON

More?

HOLLY

Why not?

Jon signals the waiter for another bottle.

JON

What's your real name?

HOLLY

Holly Rosedale.

JON

Nice name.

HOLLY

Body's better for my business.

Jon shakes his head.

JON

You're beautiful, smart, funny --
I still don't get why you're doing
these films.

HOLLY

Well, I tried nuclear physics
for a while, but it did not
satisfy my intellectual desires.
I figured fuck films were the
next logical step.

The waiter arrives; pours for both of them.

JON

You're teasing me.

HOLLY

(leaning towards him)
I think that's why I like you so
much -- you are one easy tease.

She downs her drink in one big gulp.
Takes a big theatrical sigh --

HOLLY

I'll tell you, Jon, this guy I
once knew, he's a psychologist --
Jewish guy, real smart -- say
pumpkin, you Jewish?

71 CONTINUED: (2)

JON

No.

HOLLY

Too bad. I just loooove Jewish
guys. Anyway, he told me that
I'm trying to get back at my Pa.
-- doing fuck films and all. Me,
well, I just like the work. Lord,
you got blue eyes.

Jon smiles.

JON

You like blue eyes?

Holly shrugs.
Teasing without malice.
An independent, pretty shrug.

HOLLY

Might be...

Pause.
They drink.

HOLLY

I am somewhat loaded. I am. I
can tell because my tongue is
numb and cleaving to the roof of
my mouth. You got me drunk you
unscrupulous cad you.

Suddenly, an old friend of Jon's appears at the table.
KIMBERLY HESS, actress; cultured, coy, adores Chekov.

KIMBERLY

Jon Scully, imagine...

Jon stands up.
Kisses her cheek.

JON

(off-guard; not
prepared for this)
Kimberly, how are you?

KIMBERLY

Fine, just lovely.

Kimberly looks at Holly.

KIMBERLY

(to Jon)
Aren't you going to introduce me
to your friend?

71 CONTINUED: (3)

JON

Oh, sure. Kimberly, meet Holly.

KIMBERLY

Hello.

HOLLY

Howdy.

Awkward pause.

Kimberly is checking Holly out.

KIMBERLY

So, Jon, you working?

JON

Here and there.

KIMBERLY

(to Holly)

Jon and I have worked together a few times.

HOLLY

(thinks that Kimberly
is a porn actress)Funny we don't know each other.
I thought I knew everyone in the
business.

KIMBERLY

(thinks that Holly is
a regular actress)Really? Well, I don't see how
someone can know everyone!

Holly is perplexed --

JON

(jumping in)

Well, it's a funny business.

KIMBERLY

(to Jon)

Jon dear, listen: just got back
from Seattle, this little theater
folded, and I was wondering --

JON

Seattle? Which show?

KIMBERLY

'Private Lives.'

71 CONTINUED: (4)

JON

No kidding. Then you must know
Sam, Sam Bouchard.

Kimberly draws a blank.

KIMBERLY

Who's that?

JON

Sam Bouchard; he had a role in
it. You must know him.

Kimberly shakes her head.

KIMBERLY

There was no Sam Bouchard in the
cast. You must've heard wrong.

Jon frowns, puzzled, and agitated.

JON

Kimberly, are you sure there was
no Sam Bouchard in the cast?
Medium height, light hair, real
nice guy...

KIMBERLY

Jon, dear, I assure you, there was
no male of that description with
the troupe -- believe me, I knew
them all.

JON

That sonofabitch...

KIMBERLY

Problems, Jon?

JON

No, nothing I can't handle.
Someone just played a little joke
on me.

KIMBERLY

Happens in the best of families.
Anyway, I've been trying to ask
you -- heard about any parts that
might be right for you know who?

JON

No, sorry.

KIMBERLY

Oh well, back to the ranks of the
unemployed.

71 CONTINUED: (5)

Holly thinks of something:

HOLLY

Hey, I got a tip for you!

KIMBERLY

Really. How generous.

HOLLY

Simon La Farge is casting a picture right now -- you know him?

Kimberly shakes her head.

HOLLY

Where you from, outer space?

KIMBERLY

Well, I --

HOLLY

Listen, just tell'm that you're a friend of mine -- he owes me a favor.

Holly writes down a phone number on a napkin. Gives it to Kimberly.

HOLLY

Almost forgot. You mind working with ladies?

KIMBERLY

Why...why, of course not, acting is acting --

HOLLY

Fine. I think that's just admirable. Real professional. Me, I can't get into it. So, good luck -- say hello to Simon for me.

KIMBERLY

(confused)

Sure...thanks...Uh, by the way, what's the film about?

Holly smiles.

HOLLY

You got to be kidding.

Kimberly looks at the phone number. Smiles weakly at Jon and Holly, waves, and walks off.

71 CONTINUED: (6)

HOLLY
Funny kinda girl to be doing adult
films.

JON
Yeah, I guess.

Pause.

HOLLY
Well now, what is next on the
evening's agenda?

Jon thinks for a second.

JON
My house?

CUT TO:

72 INT. JON'S CAR - NIGHT

HOLLY snuggles next to JON,
Nuzzles his ear seductively.
She's quite drunk.

HOLLY
Say, Pumpkin, you got a pool at
your place?

JON
Uh, no, no, I don't. Why?

HOLLY
Oh, I simply love to swim. First
thing I had some bread in my
pocket, I just ran out and rented
me one of those fancy apartments
with a pool on the roof. You
know, Waterside Towers -- why
right there --

She points out the window.

HOLLY
That's my building. Hey, you
remember that scene in 'Peeper'?
Shot that right in my pool.
Listen, let's go to my place
instead -- a little skinny-dip
does wonders for the soul.

JON
(nuzzling her ear)
Another time, okay? There's something
I want you to see at my house.

72 CONTINUED:

Holly smiles mischievously --

HOLLY

And what might that be, I wonder?

CUT TO:

73 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON leads HOLLY into the living room.
Flicks on the light.
She nods, impressed.
Walks over to the couch:

HOLLY

Casting couch, I presume?

Jon shrugs.
Goes over to the bar.
Pours two drinks.
In the mirror, he sees Holly sitting on the couch.
Slipping off her shoes --
Jon stares for a long second at the TELESCOPE.
At the shut blinds --
He turns, brings Holly her drink.
Sits beside her.

JON

Listen, Holly --

HOLLY

L'chaim!

They clink glasses.
Holly downs her drink.

HOLLY

Before we, uh -- well you know.
I do want to get one thing
straight: I got that part we been
dancing round all evening?

Jon nods.
Starting to hate himself.

JON

Sure, you got it.

HOLLY

Good. Outstanding. Okay, no more
business --

She stands up on the couch.
Strips off her dress.
Stands there in her bikini underpants and see-through bra.
Jon stares --

73

CONTINUED:

Holly slides into his arms.
Kisses him on the lips --

JON

Holly...?

HOLLY

Mmmm...?

JON

Something I gotta tell you.

HOLLY

Oh-oh! You want something weird!
Jon honey, please don't turn out
to be some kinda golden shower
boy!?

Jon sits back.

JON

I don't want to make a picture
with you.

Pause.

Holly stares at him.

HOLLY

Come again?

Jon leans back on the couch.
Gives a relaxed little laugh.
Now playing a new role -- idle rich kid.

JON

I'm not interested in being a
film producer -- y'see, what
happened --

Holly pulls away --

HOLLY

What are you interested in?

Jon smiles reassuringly --

JON

You.

(beat)

Look, I saw you in the house
those other nights.

HOLLY

What's that?

73 CONTINUED: (2)

JON

That little show you put on. The candle, the wine, the jewels, your masturbation routine. I was watching from here.

Nonplussed, Holly shakes her head.
Still too drunk to make sense of it all.

Jon points to the telescope.

JON

It wasn't Gloria. It was you.
You were the girl in the window,
right?

Silence.
Holly starts to get dressed.

JON

(turns on the charm)
Holly, come on, I saw you. The truth is I thought you were so spectacular, I went through this whole act just to meet you.

Holly looks at him, frowning --

HOLLY

Look -- I don't get you.

JON

Just tell me if I'm right:
That was you down there in the Revelle house?

Holly stares fixedly at him.
Revealing nothing.

JON

Well?

HOLLY

What's it to you?

JON

That means you were?

HOLLY

It means nothing of the sort.
I am not saying yes, and I am not saying no. Why are you so interested?

73 CONTINUED: (3)

JON

Oh God, just one of my crazy friends playing a little joke on me, that's all. You know how it is with the idle rich.

Holly frowns, shrugs.

HOLLY

It was me.

Jon smiles

JON

I knew it. Holly, how'd it get set up?

HOLLY

Huh? Listen, Jon, I think I better scoot along now --

JON

Holly, please, just satisfy my curiosity. It was a joke somebody played on me -- one of my friends, I'm not sure who it was. Tell me who hired you, please?

HOLLY

You were the one I was playing to?

JON

That's right.

Holly takes a deep breath.

HOLLY

And there's no part for me?

JON

No, sorry.

HOLLY

Oh well, you win some, you lose some.

JON

Sam Bouchard arranged it all, right? Hired you to do your routine?

HOLLY

Didn't give no name. Hey listen, I don't want no trouble.

73

CONTINUED: (4)

JON

No trouble, Holly. Hey, it was just a practical joke -- on me. Nobody's going to get into trouble -- just tell how Sam pulled it off.

HOLLY

I'm getting a migraine.

JON

C'mon, Holly.

HOLLY

Oh, all right! I got this call from some guy. Said he saw my self-help routine in 'Peepers,' and wanted to hire me to do it in private. Said he had a friend who got off by peeping.

JON

He didn't tell who he was?

HOLLY

No -- no names. He just sent me money by messenger, the key to the house, and a nice blond wig --

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS!

Jon gets it.

JON

Hello...?

SAM

(filtered throughout)
Hey there, how you doing?

JON

Sam, hi -- listen, hold on a minute --

Jon cups his hand over the mouthpiece.
Turns to Holly --

JON

(whispering)
Holly, come here, listen to this guy's voice --

HOLLY

This is getting mighty tired --

73 CONTINUED: (5)

JON

Come on! Help me out!

With a big sigh, Holly goes over.
Puts her ear to the phone --

JON

Sorry, Sam, just caught me in the shower. Good to hear from you.

SAM

Not really, pal. I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you. Seattle Rep went bust. I'm heading back to L.A. Sorry, but you're gonna have to find another place to crash.

JON

Oh well, that's show biz.

SAM

I feel really shitty about this.

JON

No problem. I already know of a place I can stay.

SAM

Great. Listen, soon as I get back -- sometime late tomorrow -- we'll go out and have some drinks, okay?

JON

Sure. That'll be great.

SAM

So long.

JON

Bye-bye.

Click!

Jon turns to Holly.

JON

Was that him? The guy who hired you over the phone?

HOLLY

Yup. That was him. Hey, we finished with all this?

Jon paces back and forth.
Dropping all pretense -- he sits her down on the couch.

73

CONTINUED: (6)

JON

Holly, I want you to listen to me
very carefully --

HOLLY

Now what?

JON

I'm not an idle rich kid.

HOLLY

No -- you're a pathological liar.

JON

No.

HOLLY

You're a cop?

JON

No.

HOLLY

Why should I believe anything you
say?

JON

Follow me, now: you were hired
for two nights work, right? You
were instructed to walk in, do
your act, and leave, correct?

She nods.

JON

Do you know why?

HOLLY

You just said it was a joke some
guy was having on you.

Jon shakes his head, "no."

HOLLY

It wasn't no joke...

JON

No, it wasn't. The truth is, a
woman was murdered --

Holly's eyes open wide with fright.
She shoots up from the couch.

HOLLY

Murder! Oh shit! I don't wanna
hear one more word!

73 CONTINUED: (7)

Jon holds her by the shoulders.

JON

Listen, we were set-up. Someone wanted to make sure that I witness a murder, so they hired you to do your act. Meanwhile, they arranged it that I'd be watching you -- they wanted me to think that the woman who lived there -- Gloria Revelle, was the one who was getting off. They figured that I'd see it once -- get hooked, and keep watching. Holly, are you listening?

HOLLY

I've heard enough -- thank you.

JON

Holly, the man who hired you -- he's a murderer.

Holly bites her lower lip.
She's scared now.
Involved in something she wants no part of.

Jon rushes over to the window.
SNAPS OPEN THE BLINDS!

73pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

See that house over there? That window? That's where you were, right? And here I was, watching you through the telescope.

SMASH CUT:

73pt EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TELESCOPIC SHOT --
FROM ACROSS THE STREET!
SOMEONE IS IN GLORIA'S HOUSE!
WATCHING JON AND HOLLY.

BACK TO:

74 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

...now do you understand?

74

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

I understand that you been lying to me since the moment we first met! I don't know what the fuck to believe anymore, and what's more I don't give a shit!

She starts for the door --
Whirls angrily around --

HOLLY

I shoulda known -- tellin' me what a nice smile I had. No real producer would say that in a million years!

Jon rushes over.
Blocks her path to the door.

JON

I'm really sorry about all that. Holly, look, come with me to the police. Help me clear this thing up.

HOLLY

Police! You crazy, son!? Nooooo!
I'm out of here!

JON

Please, Holly, help me out --

HOLLY

And don't try following me home.
I got friends who will break your legs.

Holly knees him in the balls!

HOLLY

Got the picture!?

Bleating like a lamb, Jon crumples to the floor.
Holly runs out.
Jon lies on the floor.
Holding on for dear life.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Holly exits the house and starts walking down the driveway.
Jon runs after her.

75 CONTINUED:

JON

Holly, please.

Holly looks around, sees Jon --
And starts running away.

Jon gives up.
Retreats to the house.

CUT TO:

76pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon at the telephone.
Furiously dials.

76pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

VOICE

(filtered)

Homicide. City of Los Angeles.

JON

Detective MacLean, please.

Pause.

MACLEAN

(filtered throughout)

MacLean.

76pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

I was set-up.

76pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

Who the hell is this?

76pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Jon Scully, listen --

76pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

Scully...? Oh, yeah, this city's
busiest sex offender.

76pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Cut it out, will ya. Just listen
for a minute 'cause I'm gonna tell
you who killed Gloria Revelle.

Silence.

JON

MacLean, you there?

76pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

I'm listening. Is this a confession?

76pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

No! Just pay attention.

Jon takes a deep breath.
Collects his thoughts.

JON

Gloria Revelle's husband set me up
to witness her murder. He's an
actor, his stage name is Sam
Bouchard. A few days ago --

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK --

77 INT. EQUITY LOUNGE - DAY

JON makes his way to the BULLETIN BOARD.
Searches through the notices.

JON

(voice-over)

I was looking for an apartment.
I noticed this guy, Sam Bouchard,
standing around and talking --

OFF-SCREEN, the SOUND OF LAUGHTER.
Jon turns --
Sees SAM talking to another actor.

SHIFT POV.

WE NOW SEE FROM SAM'S ANGLE --
WHAT JON IMAGINES TO BE SAM'S POV:

JON stands at the bulletin board.
Looking through the ROOMMATES WANTED notices.
A harried, tired young man, in need of a place to stay.

77 CONTINUED:

JON

(voice-over)

He was looking for his eye-witness.
 Someone who needed a place to
 stay, and someone who needed a
 friend. In other words, a sucker.
 I guess I fit the bill just
 perfectly. He noticed me...

CUT TO:

78 INT. THEATER -- DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES:

FROM SAM'S POV --

BILLY and JON stand at the 'Othello' casting board,
 talking.

SAM maneuvers, walks right into Billy --

JON

(voice-over)

I thought it was just coincidence
 that we kept meeting, y'know it's
 a small town for actors. But now
 I realize that he was throwing out a
 net. He was following me. Watching,
 observing...

Billy introduces Sam to Jon.
 They shake hands.

CUT TO:

79 INT. THEATER - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES:

Jon is up on the stage.
 Reading poorly for 'Othello.'

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING --
 SAM STANDING IN THE WINGS.
 WATCHING JON'S AUDITION.

JON

(voice-over)

...Trying to figure out if I was
 right for the role of witness to
 his wife's murder...

CUT TO:

80 INT. EQUITY LOUNGE - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES:
FROM SAM'S POV.

JON at the bulletin board.
Sam looks him over.
Jon looks up, nods to Sam.
Then walks off.
Drops his copy of Drama-Logue in the garbage...

JON
(voice-over)
He saw what a rough time I was
having...

SAM retrieves the Drama-Logue.
And sees all the CASTING CALLS Jon circled.

JON
(voice-over)
...and figured that of all the
out-of-work actors in town...

CUT TO:

81 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES --
SAM'S POV:

JON at the counter eating a sandwich.

JON
(voice-over)
...I was the most vulnerable.

Jon turns, notices Sam.
Sam nods, then turns back to the actor he is
"interviewing."

JON
(voice-over)
Every time I saw Sam Bouchard, he
was with someone else, another
actor; he was interviewing them,
playing up to them, being the
good friend...

Sam says something.
The actor laughs...

CUT TO:

82 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES.
SAM'S POV:

82 CONTINUED:

JON and SAM reading together.
 Sam sees an opportunity to get Jon's trust and friendship.
 Steps in and defends Jon --

JON

(voice-over)

He managed to get a reading with
 me. Naturally, I fucked it up.
 So, we had a few drinks. He got
 my whole story out of me...

CUT TO:

83 INT. BAR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK:

JON and SAM drinking and talking --

JON

(voice-over)

...how I'd just split up with my
 girlfriend, and was sleeping on a
 friend's floor. He offered me a
 place to stay; told me some story
 about having to leave town and he
 needed someone to house-sit for him.

CUT TO:

84pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

JON and SAM in the living room.
 Sam goes over to the telescope.
 Beckons to Jon to come and look.

JON

(voice-over)

He got me to look through the
 telescope! He set the whole thing
 up! He told me that there was
 this neighbor in the house next
 door who did this little number on
 herself every night. He knew I'd
 look -- and keep looking!

CUT TO:

84pt EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV THROUGH THE

FLASHBACK:

TELESCOPE

84pt CONTINUED:

GLORIA IN BED MASTURBATING --

JON

(voice-over)

That's why I never saw her face...

CUT TO:

85 INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE --

HOLLY LIES ON THE BED --

WE SEE THE LIGHTS CAREFULLY ARRANGED --
SO THAT HER FACE IS OBSCURED BY DARKNESS...

JON

(voice-over)

It was always in shadow...

CUT TO:

86pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RESUME JON on the phone with MacLean.

86pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

(filtered throughout)

Scully, you sound like one of
those conspiracy nuts -- plots all
around you. Take my advice --

86pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Listen to me! Will you just
listen for a second!

CUT TO:

87 INT. GLORIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

RESUME FLASHBACK --

SAM BOUCHARD CUTS THE CAST OFF HIS LEFT HAND...

JON

(voice-over)

Sam Bouchard is Gloria's husband,
Richard Revelle...

HE PUTS ON A REPP TIE AND SUIT JACKET.

87 CONTINUED:

LOOKS LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN --

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

FLASHBACK:

GLORIA'S HUSBAND SLAPS HER
WE CAN'T SEE HIS FACE --

JON

(voice-over)

He changed his clothing, and when
I saw him, it was only from the
back...

CUT TO:

88 INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE --

SAM BOUCHARD, WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW,
STUFFING THE CASH FROM THE SAFE IN HIS POCKET.
GLORIA SAYS SOMETHING WHICH MAKES HIM EXPLODE --
AND HE LEAPS ON HER --

JON

(voice-over)

He hired the Indian to kill
her...

CUT TO:

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

END FLASHBACK --

RESUME JON on the phone with MACLEAN --

JON

He set me up in this house
to be the witness. He hired a
porno actress to be the bait.
A nice little piece of theater...

89pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

(filtered throughout)

Scully, I've been trying to build
a case against the husband, but
it hasn't panned out because of
your testimony that Gloria was
killed by an Indian --

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

That's just it! That's what he wanted! It looks like a burglary -- but it's murder, all set-up with me as the witness. I'm Sam's -- I mean, Richard Revelle's alibi! Don't you see!?

Pause.

JON

MacLean, you believe me -- you've got to!

89pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

Sounds crazy --

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

I know, but it's the truth.

89pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MACLEAN

Maybe you better come down here; we'll talk.

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

I'm on my way.

He hangs up.

Starts for the door.

Glances out the window --

SEES HOLLY --

At the foot of the driveway watching the passing cars moving up and down the road.

She's waving her hand back and forth, trying to hitch a ride home.

Many cars pass her by.

Finally a dark car screeches to a halt before her.

The man inside, his face obscured by the reflections on the front windshield, reaches across the front seat and opens the passenger door.

Jon gasps in horror as the light from a street lamp flashes across his face -- it's the INDIAN.

Holly hesitates before the open door. She and the driver start talking.

89pt CONTINUED:

The blood drains from Jon's face --

He yells out the window:

JON

Holly!

But his voice is swallowed by the wind.
He leans out, screams again --

JON

HOLLY!

She hears nothing.
She moves closer to the open car door -- still talking
to the Indian.
Jon leaps for the phone.
Dials.
The phone rings --

JON

Come on! Come on!

Still ringing --
The seconds ticking by --

89pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

VOICE

(filtered throughout)
Homicide. City of Los Angeles.

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

Detective MacLean. Hurry, it's an
emergency!

89pt INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

VOICE

That line is busy. Hold please.

89pt INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon slams down the phone.
Bolts out of the house.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JON comes shooting out of the house.
He frantically looks down the hill.

90

CONTINUED:

HOLLY nods her head and steps inside the Indian's car.
 He reaches by her and pulls the door closed.
 Slips the car into gear --
 And it starts off down the road.
 Jon jumps into his car and takes off after them.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Jon is closing in on the Indian's car as all the freeway traffic begins slowing to a halt. On the exit ramp ahead, Jon sees the flashing lights of police cars surrounding an overturned Honda Civic that has smashed into a guard rail. From behind, Jon hears the siren of another approaching police car. He stares helplessly through the rear window of the Indian's car as he reaches over Holly's shoulder into the back seat and slowly emerges with a length of pipe. Holly leans forward in her seat trying to see what's happening at the accident site before her. The Indian moves the pipe up so it's a few inches behind Holly's head. If she turned her head around, she'd brush it with her nose --

Jon screams out her name...
 But his cry is lost in the scream of the approaching police siren.

The Indian brutally bashes the pipe into the back of Holly's skull.

She slumps down on the front seat, vanishing from Jon's view.
 Jon throws open the front door of his car --
 and leaps onto the freeway.

We hear a deafening blast.
 Jon turns to look behind him --
 And is blinded by the advancing police car brights.
 He rushes back toward them and would be run down --
 if it weren't for an alert officer at the wheel who jams on the car's brakes.

The police car jolts to a stop as Jon stops before the driver's half-opened window.

JON

(frantic and crazed)
 He's killing her! We've got to stop him!

OFFICER

Would you please return to your vehicle!

91

CONTINUED:

JOHN

What are you talking about!
A woman is being killed in
there.

Jon excitedly points out the Indian's car.
The officer looks in the direction of Jon's extended arm.
Two cars ahead of where they are standing --
The Indian sits alone,
Waiting for the traffic to start moving again.
The officer looks back at Jon --

There's a note of impatience in his voice.

OFFICER

Would you please return to your car!

The Indian's car starts to move forward slowly,
Passing the accident,
And off onto the exit ramp...
The Indian is getting away --
And the cops are doing nothing to stop him.

JON

Fuck you --

Jon turns away from the police car and starts
toward the Indian's car.

The door of the police car flies open --
And the officer jumps out onto the highway,
grabbing Jon by the arm.

OFFICER

(mad)

Look, asshole! There are people
hurt in that car up there. We
have to get there -- I don't have
time to run you in -- so get back
in your car and get the fuck out
of our way!

JON

You've got to help me -- he's getting
away --

OFFICER

Look, buddy -- I gave you your chance.
Now you're coming with me!

He starts dragging Jon back to the police car.
Jon desperately looks after the Indian's car --
It is about to disappear down the ramp...

91 CONTINUED: (2)

Another girl is going to die and Jon's just sitting by -- letting it happen. First, Gloria...and now Holly. Jon can't let this happen again. In a sudden display of manic energy, Jon slams the COP head-first into the windshield of his car, runs back to his car, jumps inside, rams his way out of the car lane, speeds past the accident and down the exit ramp -- after the Indian.

The other COP gets out of the car with gun drawn, thinks twice about firing after Jon in all the traffic, helps his partner off the hood and back into their car.

He pulls out the mike to the car radio -- and starts talking fast into it.

CUT TO:

92 EXT WOODS - NIGHT

The site of a shallow grave.
The INDIAN stands in the plot, digging.
On the ground adjacent to the grave lies
HOLLY'S MOTIONLESS BODY.

The INDIAN finishes digging, throws the shovel to the ground, and reaches toward Holly --

The silent woods are pierced by the sudden crack of a branch breaking.

The Indian freezes.
His only movement is his eyes
slowly panning the trees on both sides of the grave...
He sees nothing.
On the ground Holly rolls back her head and sighs.
SHE'S ALIVE.

The Indian looks down at her --
His dark eyes register no emotion.
He proceeds to pull her down into the grave.
After he's placed her body face up on the floor of the grave, he pulls himself out.
He picks up the shovel and then stops...
noticing something at his feet --
On the ground is Holly's large, flat, rectangular leather purse.
The Indian kicks it down into the grave and starts to shovel dirt after it.
The cold dirt hitting Holly's face begins to revive her...
As her eyes flicker open,
she sees a shovelful of dirt crash down on her.
She tries to shield her face but her motor responses are still slow and uncoordinated.
The dirt continues to splatter across her half-raised hand and down on her face.

92

CONTINUED:

She slowly moves her hand attempting to brush the dirt away --
 But before she can,
 Another shovelful of dirt cascades down upon her.

Holly sputters, gasping, spitting,
 trying to clear the dirt out of her mouth so she can
 cry out for help.
 But when she finally gets the dirt out of her mouth,
 opening it wide, to scream --
 her pathetic attempt is brutally cut short by yet another
 shovelful of dirt...

CUT TO:

A stealthily approaching POV of the INDIAN --
 Shoveling dirt into the grave.
 His back is to us
 As he shovels --

Without emotion.
 Methodical.
 Relentlessly
 BURYING HOLLY ALIVE.

CUT TO:

Holly down in her grave, buried in dirt.
 Gasping.
 Crying.
 Suffocating.
 Attempting hysterically to push herself
 up from under the dirt.

CUT TO:

HOLLY'S POV.
 The Indian shoveling.
 Suddenly JON leaps out of the darkness,
 knocking the Indian to the ground.
 The shovel falls out of the Indian's hands,
 clanging to the earth.

CUT TO:

JON on top of the INDIAN.
 Smashing him in the face
 with his fists.
 Under the onslaught of Jon's head punches,
 the Indian's face starts to fall away --
 as if afflicted by some horrible skin disease...
 Jon is jolted by what he sees.

This momentary pause gives the Indian time
 to counter-attack.
 He smashes Jon across the jaw, knocking him back.

92

CONTINUED: (2)

A ferocious battle ensues
 with Jon getting the better of it,
 beating the Indian to a pulp.
 They end up on the lip of the grave --
 Jon throttling the life out of the Indian
 with both his hands clutched around his throat.
 Face to face --
 Jon is shocked to see what emerges from under the
 Indian's pulpy face...

Teeth clenched, gasping for breath,
 IS SAM -- GRINNING OUT AT JON
 underneath the Indian's latex face.

Jon's mouth drops -- when suddenly
 TWO HANDS REACH OUT OF THE GRAVE,
 seize his ankles and pull him off the edge.

Jon plunges down into the grave.
 He turns to face his attacker.
 IT'S HOLLY.

Before he can protect himself,
 she knees him in the balls --
 and Jon sinks to his knees in shock and pain --

When, from above,
 the shovel crashes down on his head.
 Jon slumps over -- blacking out.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOLLY standing over the grave --
 smoking a cigarette.
 SAM is patting the new filled grave with the
 back of the shovel.

HOLLY

You didn't have to hit me so hard.

SAM

It had to look convincing.

HOLLY

Real convincing -- you almost
 knocked me out.

SAM

Stop bitching. Christ, it was only
 made of rubber.

HOLLY

So is a blackjack.

92 CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

It worked -- he came to your rescue --
and now he won't be bothering either
of us any more.

HOLLY

This little routine is going to
cost you a bundle.

SAM smoothes the surface of the grave and inspects it
with a critical eye --

SAM

What do you think?

HOLLY

I think about fifty thousand.

Seeing she's missed the point of his expert landscaping,
Sam lets it pass.

SAM

Don't be so small minded, Holly.
There will be enough money to pay
you handsomely for your fabulous
acting services -- but don't be a
pig -- or we'll both end up on
Death Row.

HOLLY

Hey -- I'm not some two-bit
blackmailer -- just pay me what
you owe me -- and you'll never
hear from me again.

SAM

Spoken like a fine woman of
principle.

SAM is just about to drop the shovel out of view
when suddenly --

A BRIGHT LIGHT FLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE.

VOICE

(from the blackness)

Hey -- what are you two doing down
here?

SAM and HOLLY freeze in their tracks.
They slowly turn in the direction of the light.
Standing twenty-five yards away is the OFFICER
Jon slugged on the freeway.

92 CONTINUED: (4)

OFFICER

I said -- what are you two doing
down here?

SAM

(thinking fast -- throws
his arm around Holly's
shoulder)

My girl and I were just going for a
walk.

OFFICER

In the middle of the night...
in the middle of nowhere?

SAM

(giving Holly a loving
smile before turning
back to the officer)

It's not nowhere to us -- its our
own memory lane.

OFFICER

Don't you know this place is infested
with coyotes -- they attacked a camping
party last week.

SAM

(shocked)

Really? I didn't realize it was
so dangerous.

OFFICER

C'mon up here -- I'd like to see
some identification.

SAM

Of course.

(taking Holly by the
arm)

Be careful, dear.

They walk over Jon's grave and start up the hill toward
the officer.

OFFICER

Did you see anybody else down
here?

CUT TO:

Beneath the ground --
JON, glassy-eyed,
arms extended over his head,
hands clamped on the edges of Holly's purse.
He's created a two-foot-square airspace around his head.

92

CONTINUED: (5)

We hear the sounds of Sam and Holly's retreating footsteps.

The CAMERA moves into Jon's face --
HE'S ALIVE --
BUT FROZEN IN CLAUSTROPHOBIC TERROR!

If he could only CRY OUT --
he would be saved from this premature burial...
But his last hope slips away with the sound of
Sam and Holly's footsteps.

DIRECTOR

Cut!

CUT TO:

93

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK

The DIRECTOR beside a camera.

DIRECTOR

What's the matter with you --
I told you to open the coffin a
beat after you opened your eyes.

We are back in the first scene of the movie --
JON the claustrophobic vampire, lies frozen in his
coffin...
Everything -- the whole movie -- has been a HORRIBLE
FANTASY IN JON'S TERRIFIED MIND --
SAM, GLORIA, HOLLY have all been imaginary figments
racing through Jon's brain in the long seconds
he has lain frozen with fear.

DIRECTOR

Okay, let's do it again -- and
remember, Jon --

Jon still doesn't move.

DIRECTOR

(sensing something's wrong)
Get him out of there!

The CREW MEMBERS leap from behind the camera,
seize hold of Jon,
and start to pull him out of the coffin.

JON SUDDENLY BURSTS OUT OF HIS IMMOBILITY --
violently shoving the helping hands away.

JON

No! Get away from me.

The madness in his face brings his rescuers to a dead
stop.

93

CONTINUED:

They slowly back away behind the camera.

DIRECTOR

Take it easy -- we're just trying to help!

JON

(cutting and sarcastic)

Help?! I can help myself, thank you.

DIRECTOR

Jon, why don't you just cool off. We can do this shot next week.

JON

Don't lie to me. If I don't do this shot -- you're going to fire me.

DIRECTOR

Don't be ridiculous -- I wouldn't think --

JON

(cutting him off)

Save the speech, Rubin. I know about your deep personal commitment to the actor. So what if I'm a little claustrophobic -- you'll work around it, right?

DIRECTOR

That's right, Scully -- and I don't think I like your attitude.

JON

If we get this shot, I think you'll like it a whole lot better -- so turn your fucking camera on -- we're losing the sun.

RUBIN shakes his head.
Sighs in exasperation.
And turns to the cameraman.

RUBIN

Let's go for it again.
(back to Jon)
And you better do it right
Scully -- You're one pain in the ass I don't need.

CUT TO:

The SUN -- a big orange ball

93 CONTINUED: (2)

Sinking slowly below the horizon.
 The camera slowly drops with it --
 Revealing a graveyard.
 The CAMERA cranes down the tombstones
 To the ground,
 And then below it --
 To JON lying in a coffin two feet beneath the earth's
 surface -- eyes closed:
 A VAMPIRE in a deathly sleep awaiting the night...
 To be reborn.
 The CAMERA moves languorously into a closeup of Jon's face.
 As it comes to rest --
 Jon's eyes abruptly jerk open.
 There's a beat --
 And then...

JON OPENS HIS MOUTH AND ROARS.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The woods.
 JON rises up from his grave.
 Like some satanic monster.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. HILL - NIGHT

SAM, HOLLY, and the OFFICER look down at JON in terror.

The movie hasn't been JON'S fantasy --
 Only the last scene with the director has been imagined.
 Jon has broken through his claustrophobia --
 And now he turns his anger on his tormentors.

JON JUMPS UP OUT OF THE DIRT
 and races up the hill toward SAM and HOLLY.
 The OFFICER gets in front of them,
 pointing his light at the approaching whirlwind.

OFFICER

Hey, what's going on here?

Jon smashes his fist into the OFFICER'S face,
 knocks HOLLY to the ground with the back of his hand,
 and seizes SAM by the throat.

JON

(pounding his fist into
 SAM'S face)

You fuck!

95

CONTINUED:

JON keep hitting SAM --
knocking him senseless --
as we crane up to reveal
the OFFICER'S partner racing from the road --
to the rescue.

THE END