

# Home Movies

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"Home Movies"

FADE IN:

CREDITS SEQUENCE: MUSIC OVER THEME (LIKE "SPIRIT IN THE SKY")

Grainy 8mm home movie, three kids/teens (a girl and two boys) playing football with dad, DENNY DUNHILL, 43, on the beach. OPAL, at age 8, sits on a sand dune, stares off at the family...

OPAL (V.O.)  
We look like a pretty normal family,  
especially in old home movies.

Opal's face comes closer, closer. She tries to cover up, but the camera moves in, relentless. Opal reaches out for it...

The camera angle skews, then is righted...

Opal aims it back at a woman, her mom, FAI, mid-thirties, sexy, hair in a kerchief, who sticks her tongue out, wags her hands behind her ears, mouths "party pooper", and dashes off down the beach after the others.

The camera zooms after her... Fai intercepts a pass and is gang tackled by all the others.

OPAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But we're not normal... not even a  
little bit.

The film speeds up... skips... stops... burns from center out on a white screen. WE MOVE INTO THAT WHITE SCREEN TO...

EXT. A FOREST - DAY

A beautiful Southern Belle, VICTORIA, waits beneath a moss-draped giant oak. The air is thick with a sunny fog, which makes for a dreamy, almost surreal setting. Victoria fans herself. We HEAR a typewriter clacking OS.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
Let me do that for you.

A handsome, dark-haired man, CHARLES, steps out from behind the tree, his chest bare. He drops his scythe.

The typewriter again CLACKS away.

WE SEE a new CHARLES, black, strapping, skin sweaty-slick...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Let me do that for you, ma'am.

Charles drops his scythe. Victoria steps closer to Charles, hands him the fan. He drops that, too. Their eyes lock.

Charles reaches out and rips her dress down at the bodice. He leans in, closer, closer... OS a SCREAM!

EXT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Palm trees whip in a frenzy at the edges of this highway nightclub. An unlit neon dancer sports giant jewels as pasties.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - OFFICE - DAY

Fai, now 40, hair back in a bun, reading glasses on, sits at her IBM Selectric typewriter in a cluttered backroom/office. She listens. Another SCREAM and BREAKING GLASS.

FAI

Goddamned sonofabitch, Wade.

She pushes away from her desk, wheels her chair over to a Gemini Club busty babe calendar that reads March 1972. She lifts the calendar away, revealing a small, 2-way mirror, looks out, and from her POV WE SEE

WADE, 30, wiry, hair Marine-buzzed, arms like Popeye, sleeves rolled up, five day growth, pummeling a Bar Patron.

Fai wheels back to the desk, pulls open a metal desk drawer, retrieves a stubby blackjack.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - DAY

Wade's onslaught continues. The bespectacled, weasel Bar Patron doesn't have a chance against this guy. The sounds of the beating mix with "Green Eyed Lady" or similar.

Topless dancer, TAWNY, 23, tugs at Wade from behind...

TAWNY  
LEAVE'M BE, WADE. PLEASE! GODDAMN!!  
YOU'RE GONNA KILL'M!

The small crowd gives Wade room, as he drags the Bar Patron across the floor by what's left of his hair. Two other dancers stand on the stage, covering up the goods.

ROY, the thickly built Seminole Indian bartender behind them, CRANKS UP THE MUSIC. Fai pushes her way into the fray, rears back with the blackjack.

FAI  
Wade Bishop!

Wade takes an ass-kicking break, looks back over his shoulder, just in time to see Fai's arm arc forward and jack him, right across the side of his head. He drops like a sack of rocks. Tawny kneels beside her fallen beau.

FAI (CONT'D)  
Okay, show's over. Ya'll get back to  
enjoying the titties.  
(kneels over the Bar Patron)  
Three lap dances on the house.

The Bar Patron smiles through his delirium.

Fai makes eye contact with Roy, who nods, kickstarts the dancers on stage, and they begin to grind, while Fai pulls Tawny aside.

FAI (CONT'D)  
We talked about this, Tawny.

TAWNY  
I know, I know. Dammit all to hell.

FAI  
You make sure he's gone before the bus  
gets here, got it? And get some  
concealer on that cheek of yours.

Tawny starts to say something, but before she can get it out, Wade takes a swipe at Fai with a long folding knife.

TAWNY  
WADE, NO!

Fai falls back. Wade moves over her.

WADE

You let him touch my girl, you bitch!

Tawny pulls at Wade, but he kicks her aside, sends her flying on top of the Bar Patron, who was just getting up.

Wade straddles Fai, the blade between them.

We hear a CACHUCK, as Roy racks a shotgun at the bar.

ROY

I'll cut you right in two, Wade, and it won't be even halves, neither. Get out!

A BEAT, as Wade eyes Fai, then the shotgun.

He snaps his blade closed, deposits it into his hip pocket, backs out, eyes pasted on Roy and the gun.

WADE

I won't forget this, red man. I won't.

Roy follows Wade with the barrel of the shotgun.

ROY

I'll keep it in mind. Now git, before I take your damned scalp!

Wade kicks over tables as he goes, trips, falls face forward, pops up like a cork in the water, stumbles to the exit.

Tawny kicks off one of her huge platform heels, slides out a tiny silver box from the back of the heel, opens it, pops a pill, walks unevenly toward the dressing room. Fai's eyes follow her.

Roy returns the shotgun to its place behind the bar.

EXT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - DAY

Wade climbs into his pickup, blows up a ton of dust and TEAR ASSES away, just as a school bus grinds to a stop and Opal, 12, climbs out. A boy leans out the window.

BOY

Hey, Opal. You booby dancin' tonight?

Opal flips him off, walks unfazed into the club. Bus chugs off.

INT. DENNY'S EDITING ROOM - DAY

Denny, late 40's, is on the phone.

DENNY

I said I'll take care of it. I'll take care of it. Okay?

(...)

There ya go. Love you, snookums.

He kisses the phone, hangs it up on the wall, leans in over his hand crank film viewer, turns the crank...

WE SEE tiny flashes of two people having sex flying by. Tacky porno music in the bg.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Damn nice stuff. Damn nice...

He's interrupted by a KNOCK at the door behind him. A very chesty, half-naked BLONDE steps in.

CHESTY BLONDE

(giggling)

I'm ready for my closeup, Mr. Dunhill.

DENNY

Lester here yet?

A big black man, LESTER, 35, leans in behind the blonde.

LESTER

Sorry, Mister D. Got stuck with a delivery down in Titusville.

DENNY

You ready to deliver here?

LESTER

(big old grin)

A'ways ready, Mr. D. Question is, this fine lady here ready for me?

CHESTY BLONDE

Guess we'll find out, now, won't we?

DENNY

Let's make some movie magic.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - OFFICE - DAY

Opal's at her mom's desk doing her homework. She looks up at the calendar. Can't help but be distracted by it. She

gets up, walks over to it, slides a Johnny Walker Red box over, climbs up, lifts the calendar back.

OPAL'S POV:

A bar patron primps.

BACK TO OPAL:

She sticks out her tongue, picks her nose, shoots him a bird with the snot finger.

DARLA (O.S.)  
Better not let mom catch you doing that.

Opal turns to find her sister DARLA, 18, prettiness played down, lifting the plastic covering off her mother's typewriter and rolling through the typed page.

OPAL  
You better not let her catch you doing that.

DARLA  
I'm so scared. Where is she?

OPAL  
Dressing room.

DARLA  
Where's her purse? My fuel injector's screwed. I'm in a piss for fifty bucks.

Opal shrugs. We sense a ritual in this.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
Okay, how much?

OPAL  
(lifts two fingers)  
Seagrams 7.

Darla looks to the half wall of liquor boxes.

DARLA  
Dependable old Canadian blend.

She pulls out a Seagrams 7 box and retrieves a cloth purse and some dough. She puts the purse back, shoves the box back in place, and hands Opal a couple of bucks.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
You're an extortionist.

OPAL  
And you're a thief.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Fai dabs Tawny's face with make-up.

FAI  
There, all pretty again.

TAWNY  
Sure don't feel pretty.

FAI  
Don't let this get away from you,  
Tawny. And don't make it my problem...  
because you won't like the way I fix  
it.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI OFFICE - DAY

Fai walks in, eyes Opal hard at her homework.

FAI  
What's going on in here?

OPAL  
Nothing.

FAI  
Hmm...  
(sniffs)  
I smell gasoline. Was Darla here?

Opal nods, without looking up at Fai.

FAI (CONT'D)  
Did she find my purse?

OPAL  
Don't remember.

FAI  
How much will make you remember?

Opal holds up three fingers. Fai goes for the Seagrams box and her purse. She pulls out a wad of cash, peels off three ones for Opal, sits down on the edge of her desk, adjusts the plastic cover on the IBM.

FAI (CONT'D)  
(hands over the bills)  
You're an extortionist.

OPAL  
I get that a lot.

EXT. GEMINI BEACH - DAY

Waves are blown out. Heavy onshore winds.

SAM DUNHILL, 16, long blonde hair parted down the middle, tanned, thin, sits behind a windbreak of two surfboards with CHUCK, 16, same exact hair, heavy, constant sniffer.

Chuck takes a long pull on a joint, hands it off to Sam.

CHUCK  
I don't give a crap what my old man says. I gotta get back in there.

SAM  
I can get you in, but it'll cost you.

CHUCK  
Dickhead.

SAM  
(after a long toke)  
Don't get heavy on me, man. My parents get in a major bucket of shit if a minor gets caught inside. You know that.

CHUCK  
I got me a brand new fake as hell I-D. Says I'm twenty-fucking-one, bro. Twenty- fucking-one.

Sam hands the doobie back to Chuck.

SAM  
I'll think about it.  
(stares out to the waves)  
Man, that would be so bitchin' a right if it wasn't so blown out.

CHUCK  
Whoa... Let's go back out, man...

SAM  
Cool.

But a shadow passes over them...

LUCAS (O.S.)  
Let's not, okay, boys. Let's not.

Sam and Chuck turn to see Deputy Sheriff LUCAS SMALL, 42, fat as the day is long, pencil thin moustache, sucking on a strand of sea oat. In the other hand, a baggie of pot.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
So, how's that surf today, boys? Is it bitching?

CHUCK  
That is not mine, sir!

Sam eyeballs Chuck.

LUCAS  
Hell, I know that. Get your ass on home.

Chuck, surprised, falls all over himself, grabbing his board.

CHUCK  
Okay...  
(as he dashes off...)  
Thanks, Dad.

Lucas opens the baggie, sniffs deep.

LUCAS  
Smells like the good stuff.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 - DAY

Tawny stands on the shoulder, holds out a thumb. A van quickly stops. She climbs inside. The van pulls away.

INT. TAWNY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Wade, sprawled out across the sofa, beer cans everywhere. His eyes locked on the TV: "All in the Family"

WADE  
Tell that fuckin' commie like it is, Archie. Don't take any of his shit, man!

A DOOR SLAMS OS. Tawny walks into the living room, stops when she spots Wade, turns off the TV.

TAWNY

Well, thank you so very much.

WADE

Damn right. You should thank me. I watch out for you, woman.

TAWNY

Watch out for me? You hit me. You hurt me. You embarrass me at work.

WADE

Well, fuck work. What kind of work is that, anyways? Huh?

TAWNY

It's work that pays money. You know? Keeps you in beer, pizza, gas for your pickup and whatnot.

That really rips Wade. He snatches a half-full beer bottle off the coffee table.

WADE

You want your beer back?

He flings the bottle right at her, just missing her.

TAWNY

Screw you, bastard. I don't need you. I got better things in my life. I want you outta here now! Hear?!

He lunges for her, trips over the table, as she runs off down the hallway, into a bedroom and locks the door behind her.

Wade storms down the hallway.

WADE

Whatta you mean, you got better things in your life? What, like strippin' for a bunch of horny old coots? Answer me! Tawny, open up this door. I'll bust it down, I swear I will!

HALLWAY

He bangs his fist against the door, hard, several times. Then both fists, fast, furiously, one after the other. The door's rattling. Suddenly he shifts his tack, tears...

WADE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Open up. I won't do nothing.  
I just get crazy when they touch you.  
I don't mean bad by you. I swear.

TAWNY (O.S.)

Okay, okay. Just don't mess up my damn  
door. You go back out in the living  
room. I'll come out, okay?

WADE

Okay, sug. Whatever you say. When you  
comin' out?

TAWNY (O.S.)

Soon as you get gone from the hallway.

WADE

I'm goin' back out on the sofa right  
now, okay? I'll be waitin' for you,  
and we'll talk all this out, babe.

INT. TAWNY'S BEDROOM

Tawny listens behind the door. Satisfied he's gone, she  
turns the lock on the knob, takes a breath, pulls it open  
slightly, peeks out. He's gone...

A HAND reaches in and grabs her by the neck.

WADE

What else you got going on in your  
life's so great, huh? Tell me, bitch!  
TELL ME!

Wade carries a screaming and kicking Tawny by the neck  
until he tosses her down on the bed.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - OFFICE - DAY

Opal continues her homework. Fai pecks away at her  
keyboard. Opal takes a break.

OPAL

Can I read it?

FAI

No one reads my work, you know that.

OPAL

Somebody does.

FAI  
Yeah, who?

Fai continues typing. Opal shrugs.

INT. DENNY JR.'S APARTMENT - DAY

DENNY JR., 20, types a letter. His roommate TREY, 21, walks in with a stack of mail. He shows Denny a thick envelope.

TREY  
It came, I saw, I open...  
(tears open the envelope)  
Your old man is so fucking cool, bro.

Trey pulls a reel of 8mm film out of the envelope, heads over to a small projector on a dining room table.

DENNY, JR.  
Not here, Trey. Take it somewhere else. I can't watch that sick shit.

Trey gleefully tucks the projector under his arm, heads off into his tiny bedroom, a glint in his eye. Denny goes back to typing.

Trey pokes his head out the door.

TREY  
Do you have any vaseline? I'm out.

DENNY, JR.  
Bite me, Trey.

TREY  
How about motor oil? I'm not fussy.

Denny grabs a book, heaves it at Trey, who closes the door just in time.

TREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Saliva it is!

He throws the pen aside, ducks his head back into his room and pulls the door closed.

Denny types:

"When can you come up and visit me? I miss the shit out of you."

In the bg, Trey MOANS...

INT. DENNY'S STUDIO - DAY

TIGHT ON sweaty skin, black, white, too close to focus but definitely in action. MOANING, female, male.

Denny's behind his camera, right on top of the action, a baseball cap on backward.

DENNY  
Hold on, Lester. Not yet.

LESTER  
Don't know how much longer I can, Mr. D.

DENNY  
Think about something else. Your wife.

PHONE RINGS OS.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Cut, cut. Cut it.

LESTER  
Damn, too late. Sorry about that.

DENNY  
Okay, take five, guys.

Lester and the Chesty Blonde roll over.

CHESTY BLONDE  
Denny, would you...

Denny tosses her a towel.

INT. DENNY'S EDITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denny grabs for the phone, picks it up, screams into it...

DENNY  
THIS BETTER BE IMPORTANT!

His face tells us it is.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Christ. I'll be right down. Do me a favor and don't say anything to Fai.  
(...)  
Thanks.

He hangs up the phone.

Lester leans in the doorway.

LESTER  
Good to go again, Mr. D.

INT. GEMINI BEACH SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lucas leans into Denny's '69 Wisteria El Dorado.

LUCAS  
See you tonight?

DENNY  
Thanks again, Lucas.

LUCAS  
Your father's a good man, Sam. You try  
an' be good, too.

Sam, riding shotgun, grunts. Lucas steps back, and the El Dorado peels away. Sam's surfboard, sticking out of the trunk, sails across AIA. The El Dorado skids to a stop.

INT. EL DORADO/MOVING - SUNSET

Denny and Sam drive along without saying anything at first. Denny stares over at Sam.

DENNY  
Know why they call it dope?

SAM  
Let's see if I can remember what you  
told me the last zillion times. Um,  
because it makes you a dope, right?

DENNY  
Right.

SAM  
So, you never blew a little weed?

DENNY  
I didn't say that.

SAM  
And you turned out okay.

DENNY  
You wanna just be okay? Or you wanna  
make something outta your life?

Sam doesn't answer... for a beat.

SAM

It's not like you gotta be a genius to run the Gemini.

DENNY

Oh, and that's what you wanna do?

SAM

Hell, yes, that's a great job. Surf in the morning. Go to work when the wind comes up. Look at naked chicks all night...

DENNY

No future in it.

SAM

Big deal. Who needs a future?

DENNY

You do. You need a future. What, are you nuts in the head, boy?

SAM

(mumbles)

No genius... like you, that's for sure.

Denny stands on his BRAKES, steers the Caddy off the highway onto a shoulder.

DENNY

You got a smart mouth on you, huh?

SAM

No.

DENNY

Sure you do. You know what you are?

SAM

I know you're gonna tell me.

DENNY

You're a punk. That's what.

SAM

And you're porn monger. Know who told me that?

DENNY

Yeah, probably. But you're dying to tell me. So knock yourself out.

SAM  
My big brother. Your son... the good  
one. The gem of Gemini.

Denny stares out the windshield, the sun all but gone.

DENNY  
Look, you might not be as lucky as your  
brother with this draft thing.

SAM  
Lucky? Hah! You mean the draft board  
might not wanna take your free booze  
and boobs to keep me outta Vietnam,  
like they did Denny?

DENNY  
Damn right. That's what I call lucky.  
Now, get out. You walk home and think  
about it. Take your board with you.

Sam stares daggers at his father. He pops the door open,  
stomps to the back of the car, pulls his board out, the  
nose flapping, and stands there on the side of the road.

The El Dorado pulls away. Sam's zories come flying out the  
driver's window...

EXT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - NIGHT

The bejeweled dancer crackles to full neonized reality, as  
cars cram the parking lot.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Fai consoles a sobbing, newly-battered Tawny.

TAWNY  
I didn't know where else to go.

FAI  
You could go to the cops, Tawny.

TAWNY  
No, I'd have to bail him out. Once I  
did, he'd kill me.

Fai looks over to TRIXIE, 42, the oldest dancer in the  
club.

FAI  
Keep an eye on her, Trixie, okay?

TRIXIE

You bet.

Trixie sits down beside Tawny, hugs her.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

I ever tell how I met number 4, Merle?

TAWNY

Uh-uh...

Fai ducks out the door...

HALLWAY

Denny's waiting, smoking a cigar.

Fai meets him there in the hallway.

FAI

I mean it this time. I won't have this happening to my girls.

DENNY

Yeah.

Fai starts off.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Fai, honey. You, uh, finish up yet?

FAI

Yeah... All done. On my desk.

DENNY

Attagirl.

FAI

I'm going home now.

DENNY

See you later...

His eyes focus on her ass, as she walks away.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Fai?

Fai stops, turns slowly. For a brief moment, she's the old Fai, young, beautiful, hair flying slow-motion around her neck as she twirls.

FAI

Uh-huh?

The real Fai's back in place now. A beat.

DENNY  
You ever regret getting into this  
business with me?

FAI  
You came in with me, remember? My old  
man's business?

DENNY  
Still. Teaming up with me.

FAI  
(winks)  
Yeah, all the time.

DENNY  
You're a real beauty, you know. A  
jewel.

Fai blows him a kiss, whirls, walks away.

EXT. DUNHILL HOME - NIGHT

A Duster pulls up. Opal climbs out of the passenger's  
side, starts up toward the middle class, two-story house.  
Fai climbs out.

FAI  
Guess your sister's not home yet.

OPAL  
Guess not. Said her car's fucked.

FAI  
Excuse me, what'd you just say?

Opal shrugs, waits at the front door. Fai rattles around  
with her keys...

FAI (CONT'D)  
Where this language comes from I'll  
never know...

BONE-SKINNY DUDE (V.O.)  
C'mon, you fuckers!

EXT. A DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

A BONE-SKINNY DUDE waves two cars up to the starting line.

BONE-SKINNY DUDE

Okay, you got two minutes to make your deal.

Darla's Camaro steadies at the line. She climbs out, walks over to a Firebird where a smarmy FIREBIRD DRIVER and his hottie Girlfriend meet her. They're between idling hotrods.

The Girlfriend licks in the Firebird Driver's ear.

DARLA

Fifty bucks okay?

FIREBIRD DRIVER

If you win?

DARLA

When I win.

FIREBIRD DRIVER

Yeah, what if I win?

DARLA

Can't afford for that to happen.

FIREBIRD DRIVER

So, you got no bucks, huh?

DARLA

Tapped.

The Firebird Driver eyes Darla up and down, pulls his Girlfriend closer, tongues her long and deep.

FIREBIRD DRIVER

I win. You do that.

DARLA

(disgusted)

What, to you?

FIREBIRD DRIVER

No... to her.

The Girlfriend gasps. A beat, as Darla sizes them both up.

DARLA

You're on.

Firebird Driver pats his girlfriend's ass, climbs into his car. Darla hops into her Camaro.

Their engines race. Bone-skinny raises his left arm, lets it drop. The cars blast off. They're neck and neck.

Darla looks over at Mr. Firebird, who grins, eases up past her... until Darla kicks it, new fuel injector firing perfectly, and DARLA'S CAMARO BLOWS RIGHT BY HIM.

Both cars turn and drive slowly back to the starting line. Darla hops out.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
Damn straight!

She kisses the hood of her Camaro.

Firebird Driver reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet. His Girlfriend runs up and hugs him.

FIREBIRD DRIVER  
Too bad. I really wanted to win that one... bad, you know.

He squeezes his squeeze, lifts a fifty from his wallet.

Darla eyes them both again, but the Girlfriend mostly.

DARLA  
Yeah?

She reaches out, pulls the Girlfriend close to her, plants a huge one on her lips, tongue and all... until the Firebird Driver finally has to pull her off.

FIREBIRD DRIVER  
What the...?! You weirdo freak!

Darla grins, snatches the fifty, folds it into her T-shirt breast pocket, climbs into her Camaro, guns it backward, spins a donut, and speeds off.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - NIGHT

Tawny, bills in her g-string, bandage on her forehead, too much foundation on, is kicking at Wade, who's pounding his fist into another Bar Patron's face.

Roy gunbutts Wade, and as he's dropping, Tawny grabs a vodka bottle and smashes it over his head.

TAWNY  
Son of a bitch bastard!

Roy pulls her away and down off the stage that circles the bar. Denny and Lucas, now in civvies, unceremoniously drag Wade toward the back room through the crowd.

INT. DUNHILL HOME - NIGHT

OPAL'S BEDROOM

Opal sits on her bed counting her dollar bills.

OPAL (V.O.)

I have my own ways of making money.  
Saved up eleven hundred so far. When I  
turn 16 I'm planning to haul ass out of  
Gemini Beach... somewhere far away from  
this crazy-ass family.

She takes her latest earnings, tucks them inside a headless Shirley Temple doll, which she sets beside her on her bed, before jamming Shirley's head back on.

FAI'S BEDROOM

Darla creeps in, finds her mother's purse on the chair near the window. She looks behind her, turns back to the purse, lifts it off the chair.

FAI (O.S.)

How much you need now?

Darla turns to Fai, who's towel-drying her hair, shows her the fifty bucks.

DARLA

I'm putting back.

Darla opens Fai's purse, stuff the fifty inside.

FAI

I appreciate that.

DARLA

Don't mention it. Just a loan.

Fai watches Darla walk out.

FAI

Everything okay in your world, Darla?

DARLA

Sure, why wouldn't it be?

FAI  
 You ever want to talk or anything?  
 Boys. Life. Whatever.

DARLA  
 No, I'm cool.

Fai nods slowly. Darla pulls the door closed behind her. Fai sits on her bed, stares into her bureau mirror.

INT. JEWEL OF GEMINI - OFFICE - NIGHT

Wade sits in Fai's desk chair. Lucas finishes duct taping his head both ways so his mouth is shut. Tape all across his mouth and under his nose. Wade's eyes are exploding, his face going white.

LUCAS  
 Oh, shit, can't breathe, can you?

Wade shakes his head furiously. Lucas pulls out his pocket knife. Without even taking aim, he rakes the blade across Wade's mouth, cutting a flap between his lips.

Wade sucks a huge breath of air down. A trickle of blood.

WADE  
 (through the tiny hole)  
 Fuchoo...

Lucas leans closer.

LUCAS  
 Sorry, didn't quite catch that.

Lucas uses his knife to make the hole just a little bigger.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
 There, try now.

WADE  
 Fuck you!

Lucas slaps him hard against the cheek.

LUCAS  
 If you can't say something nice...

Denny walks in, gas can in hand.

DENNY  
 All filled up. Ready here?

Lucas nods, lifts Wade out of the chair with one hand, drags him toward the open back door.

EXT. EL DORADO/MOVING - NIGHT

Car hauling ass out of Gemini Beach.

ON WADE in the back seat. His eyes crazy. He sucks air through the flapping duct tape.

DENNY

You put the plastic down back there?  
Last guy pissed himself. White  
leather's gorgeous but can be  
problematic.

Lucas leans back, revolver pointed at Wade, uses it to poke under Wade's pants.

LUCAS

So far so good.

DENNY

Whadda ya think? Same place as last  
time?

LUCAS

Worked out pretty good, didn't it?

DENNY

Yeah, guess it did.

CLOSE ON WADE'S FACE, growing more frantic by the second.

Wade shakes from side to side, his flap flapping more and more, GRUNTING.

DENNY (CONT'D)

(looks in the rearview)  
We got company?

Lucas turns, looks out the rear window.

LUCAS

Sure do.

WADE'S FACE lights up...

EXT. A LANDFILL - NIGHT

Lucas and Denny wrestle a kicking Wade out of the El Dorado. Denny grabs a gas can out of the trunk, dragging Wade along.

DENNY

Now, now, c'mon. Be a big boy.

Lights flash across them. Wade's pickup pulls up: Denny, Wade and Lucas in the headlight beams.

WADE

(pinch mouth)

Yeah! Fuchoo...

Roy leans out the driver's side window.

ROY

Where you want it?

Wade's eyes close.

DENNY

Behind that pile of shit.

Roy drives the pickup past Denny, grabs the gas can as he goes, pulls the truck behind a huge pile of shit.

EXT. INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY - NIGHT

Sam and Chuck in a fishing boat near a bank of reeds.

CHUCK

Can't believe your old man made you walk home, bro. So uncool.

SAM

Yup. How come your old man didn't rag on you?

CHUCK

Because I know things.

SAM

Yeah, what kind of things?

Chuck hands Sam a joint, looks up... High flames, smoke in the distance.

CHUCK

Check it. Something's burning.

EXT. A LANDFILL - NIGHT

Wade, all tied up, still muzzled, watches his pickup truck go up in flames. Lucas, Roy and Denny stand over him.

ROY  
Should we throw'm in now?

Denny kneels down beside Wade.

DENNY  
Well, this is it.

He reaches down and tears off the tape, bringing 4 days of growth with it. Wade instinctively SCREAMS. Denny bitch slaps him across the cheek.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
How do you like it, punk?

Wade's eyes are bulging, darting, like a scared animal.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Get undressed.

WADE  
Huh?

DENNY  
Take your goddamned clothes off. No sense burning perfectly good clothes.

WADE  
No, please, man, please. Don't do this to me.

Lucas jabs him with the gun. Wade peels off his shirt. Starts on his belt...

DENNY  
Like I tell the girls. All about technique. Anybody can undress.

Wade opens his waistband, suddenly takes off running, pants falling down around his knees.

ROY  
Let me.

Roy picks up a hunk of sea coconut, brings it back by his ear, fires it like a football, nails Wade square in the back, knocks him flat on his chest. Roy jogs off toward his prey.

LUCAS  
That arm. He's still got it.

DENNY  
Sure does.

Roy drags Wade back to Denny's feet. Wade's bawling like a little brat kid now.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Finish up. Shoes and undies.

Wade, totally resigned now, gushing tears, unties his work boots, pulls them off...

LUCAS  
God, I forgot how bad this place stinks. Hell of a place to end up.

Wade rises slowly, pulls down his undies.

ON ROY, who eyes the naked Wade and tsks...

ROY  
Compensation...

LUCAS  
Pretty obvious.

DENNY  
We ready now?

Lucas and Roy nod. Wade even nods, as he falls to his knees.

WADE  
I'm sorry... I'm so damned sorry.

DENNY  
Okay, cover his head.

WADE  
NO!

Roy pulls a pillow case out of his jacket, fights Wade as he puts it around his head, knots it off at the bottom.

Wade tips over, tries to crawl away... but the others carry him off to the Caddy.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Where you taking me!?

DENNY  
 Shut the hell up and count yourself  
 lucky we're taking you somewhere and  
 you're still able to ask where.

They dump him in the trunk of the Caddy. Denny sighs,  
 slams the trunk closed. BLACK.

PRE LAP a funky, 70's techno beat.

INT. BACKSTAGE/THE DEEP END BAR - NIGHT

Dark, the music louder... Roy and Lucas hold a still bagged  
 and wilting Wade by the elbows.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
 Are you ready for a special treat?

A crowd ROARS BACK, "YEAH!"

ROY  
 That's our cue.

He and Lucas untie Wade, unbag him and push him out through  
 a black draping...

INT. THE DEEP END BAR - NIGHT

Wade staggers out onto a stage, shields his eyes from the  
 bright spotlight, then immediately covers his privates with  
 his hands.

Roy peeks out through the drapes.

ROY  
 Dance, you sonofabitch, or they'll eat  
 you alive. This crowd has taste.

Wade turns back to the crowd of gay biker dudes, real nasty  
 looking fellas.

The music really revs up. Wade looks back to Roy, who  
 shrugs, smiles, gestures for him to start hoofin' it.

Wade begins a slow, kind-of retarded grind, hands still  
 over his privates... and the bikers jeer him.

WE MOVE TO THE BAR

Where JULES, 50ish, wearing only a leather apron hands  
 Denny a draft.

JULES

Whatta you want me to do with him, you know, after?

Denny slugs down some brew, folds some money into Jules' hand.

DENNY

Make sure he... goes away.

Jules turns back to the stage, revealing his broad bare ass.

Denny drinks his beer and enjoys the spectacle of Wade taking some real heat from the regulars.

EXT. THE DEEP END BAR - NIGHT

Denny's Caddy kicks up sand as it pulls away from the bar, lined out front with motorcycles.

WE MOVE OFF THE CADDY TO the neon sign above the driftwood style building. The sign reads "The Deep End".

INT. ANATOMY CLASS - DAY

Denny Jr. sits with Trey in this huge studio classroom of young men. A PROFESSOR stands below on the small stage, a skeleton beside him. He turns to the board/white screen and clicks a clicker. The female reproductive system slide appears on the screen.

PROFESSOR

Well, my young future doctors. The female reproductive system. Something I'm sure you're all somewhat familiar with, though not as familiar as you'd like to be.

Trey raises his hand. The Professor signals to him.

TREY

Professor Montford, if you have any questions about female parts or anything, my friend Dennis Dunhill is something of an expert.

A huge laugh from the class. Denny, Jr. tugs Trey back into his seat, stands up himself.

DENNY, JR.

When we get to the hand, especially as it pertains to flexibility and motion, Trey Ashlock's your man, sir.

Another laugh. Touché.

PROFESSOR

Shall we get back to the subject at hand, then, gentlemen?

WE MOVE CLOSER toward the screen into the blobby areas representing the mammary glands, until we're practically inside the blob itself...

INT. DENNY'S STUDIO - DAY

It's a repeat of our opening, only set up in Denny's shop. A phony oak tree in the middle of smoke machine fog. Victoria, our Chesty Blonde, fans herself.

LESTER

Let me do that for you, Miss.

Lester steps out from behind the tree, his chest bare. He drops his scythe.

FAI (O.S.)

Cut!

Denny lowers his camera. Fai walks into the shot, her script in hand, peers over the glasses.

FAI (CONT'D)

Lester, the line is, "Let me do that for you, ma'am..." not, "miss." It's a huge difference. It speaks to race and time. We're talking history here. Stick to what's on the page, okay?

LESTER

Yes, ma'am. Sorry. I'm ready.

Fai looks up at him.

FAI

Yes, you are. You certainly are.

Victoria's top falls off on its own. Denny adds more smoke... Fai goes back to her script... and we...

FADE OUT.