

HOLLYWOOD ADJACENT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL CONVENTION GREETING TABLE - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 1, Scene 1 - The Ninth Circle
of Hell, Take 2

The Second AC introduces each scene; this action is intended to convey to the audience a sense of viewing dailies, the raw footage, as it was filmed.

ID badge is being pinned to front of SHARON ROSEMAN's (age 34) formal dress.

SHARON (V.O.)

"Mrs. Doctor Roseman"
Who the Hell **am** I?

INT. PALOS VERDES HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Fly-through of the mid-century styling in an upper middle class home.

The trappings of a certain wealth are subtle, but present; a baby grand Steinway, an original Eames chair, large abstract paintings.

SHARON (O.S.)

(reading)

I am a Trophy wife beauty, arm
candy for his social events; the
past few years, I found myself in a
chair, isolated, in the living room
viewing the world of assassins and
flower children.

For me, the past was the best of
times and the present is the worst
of times. I'm questioning my
patriotism, my sexuality, my drug
use.

A closer view of the items in the house shows a bookcase with a camera, its strap hanging over the edge. The book titles of the day including SOUL ON ICE, FILM/CINEMA/MOVIE, THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE. Authors Camus, Vidal, Barzun mixed with poets Bukowski, Dickenson, and Keats. On the wall we see

family photos of the kids, both formal and candid.

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

Sharon Roseman, that's me, and it's time I look for more.

Married to a surgeon who is physically violent; a mother of three, I cringe at the thought of another PTA meeting, another doctor convention.

I commandeered my husband's brand new, and still unused Pentax 35MM SLR.

I'm setting out on **MY** journey.

I will tell **MY** story and find new meaning to life.

I will become a filmmaker.

INT. SHARON'S PALOS VERDES KITCHEN TABLE - SAME

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 1, Scene 2 - Is too much not enough? Take 9

LA Times headline: "Record quake, dozens killed" is taped to a typewritten page. Sharon is hunched over the typewriter, pounding the keys furiously.

SHARON

(continues reading)

Pentagon Papers headline, ELLSBERG THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA. Nixon is up for re-election. The sixties were over, the fight for equality for women, Blacks, Native Americans colored every decision ordinary Americans, and every politician would make.

Sharon RIPS the page out of typewriter and leafing through a folder titled "Mommy Manifesto," a film by Sharon Roseman, places it several pages into it.

Huffing and puffing, wearing a Go-Go Girl short dress and knee high white boots, shoulder length red hair, KENDRA BARRON (age 32) enters the living room.

She is barely visible underneath the pillows and shoe boxes she is carrying.

KENDRA

Where do you want these? In the trunk?

SHARON

(does not look up)
Not the trunk. No wait, the back seat is full. The trunk. Wrap a towel around the pillows. Careful with the shoes!

KENDRA

(winks as she answers)
Will do! Can I steal your sun hat? It's a furnace outside.

After placing the clothes in the trunk, Kendra sticks her head in the front door and yells to Sharon.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

I'm going to the Shell station and filling up. Want your 16 ounce Cokes?

No answer from Sharon, and Kendra closes the door.

EXT. PALOS VERDES DRIVEWAY - SAME

Sharon exits the front door.

Black overly teased hair, designer bell bottom jeans with platform sandals, a striking beauty, a bohemian sling bag hangs from her left shoulder looking like she just stepped off the cover of Rolling Stone.

Cradled in her right arm, a well-worn Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, makes her struggle to open the car door.

The Pentax 35 mm camera is carefully placed on the passenger seat.

The white 504 Peugeot, parked in front of the house, is packed with suitcases and moving boxes.

The dictionary is placed on the passenger seat, her sling bag tossed on the floor.

INT. SHARON'S PEUGEOT - SAME

C.U of a key entering the ignition as we hear the THUD of the car door close. Only a CLICKING sound, the engine fails to turn over.

Reaching into her purse she finds a pack of True Blue cigarettes. She takes one out and tries her BIC lighter. It sparks but doesn't light. Frustrated, she throws it back into her purse.

In culottes, bikini top and floppy sun hat, the neighbor is picking up the morning paper.

They catch each other's eyes.

Sharon waits one more farewell moment then firmly places her hand on the gear shift, POPS the clutch, wheels SCREECH as she ROARS off; gears GRIND, engine WHINES, leaving the neighbor frozen with a half wave goodbye.

EXT. RANCHO PALOS VERDES - SAME

The winding road ahead is empty. The Peugeot's wheels SQUEAL at every turn.

Sharon reaches for the push button AM radio. With a CLICK of the knob she fine-tunes the STATIC out.

We hear the radio DJ as Sharon drives away from the past and into her future.

KHJ DJ (O.S.)

Gooooood Morgan, LA! Robert W. Morgan and it's 6:12 in the morning. You're listening to KHJ "boss" radio. We have a scorcher building across the Southland, 92 degrees and climbing. What! No AC? Will you transmogrify into a molten mess? No safe place for you! Here's Jose Feliciano with Light My Fire!

Sharon turns up the volume on the radio.

SHARON

(out loud)
Transmogrify?

At the stoplight Sharon reaches over to the dictionary in the passenger seat. Thumbing through she finds 'transmogrify'. Her finger runs down page to the word Transmogrify.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(reads out loud)
"To change or alter greatly, often
with humorous effect"
(yelling)
HA! THAT'S ME.
(horn HONKS behind her)
FUCK YOU! I'M CHANGING JUST LIKE
THE LIGHT.
(sings)
AND GREEN MEANS GO-GO-GO.
(screams)
TRANSMOGRIFY!

EXT. HARBOR FREEWAY - MORNING

Sharon travels North on the Harbor Freeway from the South Bay, passing the downtown LA skyline

Sharon takes the Gower exit and heads north of Franklin on Vine Street into the hills.

EXT. THE CAR PARKED IN THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

She places the car into park and sets the emergency brake with a RATCHETED creak. Sharon exits her car.

The radio DJ is MUFFLED as the car door SLAMS shut. We see Sharon from behind as she faces the Hollywood Sign. She pauses to take it all in.

Sharon's hands rise up. She spins around. Her freedom is stopped mid-flight in her second spin as she finds herself face to face with Kendra. They stare at each other for a moment too long and then embrace.

KENDRA
(excitedly)
You drove too fast. I couldn't keep up! Your new place, it's amazing. Greg left it pretty clean. The last tenant had his gay parties. Music and all the squealing, his words.
He is glad to have a single woman here. Quieter and the bitch up the street won't call the cops every weekend.

SHARON

No guarantee on quieter.

(both laugh)

KENDRA

Let me help you get organized.

Sharon reaches into the car, turns off the chattering DJ and grabs her keys. She turn to Kendra.

SHARON

Thanks. Thanks for being here.

KENDRA

Let's get the boxes into the garage and the suitcases into the house. I'll get the extra key from the movers and bring over the last of your stuff.

Sharon is busy gathering shoe boxes from the trunk.

SHARON

I still have to file my registration cards at the Admin office. Classes start at nine.

KENDRA

(changing topic)
Promised to help you! And I have a surprise for you.

SHARON

Need to get going.

KENDRA

(little tense)
I can come back later.

SHARON

(interest piqued)
A surprise?

KENDRA

You know that antique store on Heliotrope near Melrose?

SHARON

Antique Asylum?

KENDRA

Yeah. Found the perfect housewarming gift - a mahogany book stand...for your grandmother's dictionary. It will have a new home.

SHARON

Wow, I'm really doing this.

KENDRA

You are. We are.

There is a pause while both are looking at each other.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

(coily)

I have another surprise.

SHARON

What's tha...

Cupping her neck, Kendra interrupts Sharon and passionately kisses her.

KENDRA

You need a housewarming gift.

INT. SHARON'S NEW BEDROOM - SAME

Kendra kisses Sharon again and we see her hand glide down to Sharon's jeans. She unbuttons the waist, then slowly slides down the zipper. Breathing rapidly, Sharon stares into Kendra's green eyes; then flinches as she pulls Sharon's jeans to her ankles.

Kendra strokes Sharon's cheek and neck slowly and gently pushes her into the single chair in the house.

Her glance up sees Sharon's closed eyes and panting rhythmically.

SHARON

(gazing into Kendra's eyes)

This is the housewarming I needed.

Both GIGGLE just a little bit, then nuzzle.

EXT. LA CITY COLLEGE FACULTY PARKING - MORNING

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 1, SCENE 3 - Entrances and
exits TAKE 7

JC DURANT (age 35) LOCKS his car. Dressed in hip-hugging bell bottoms, paisley shirt, and ever-present leather satchel, JC strides onto campus.

INT. FACULTY MAIL ROOM - MORNING

JC enters the mail room to pick up the mail and notifications for the first day of school.

A young woman, TIFFANY (age 20), is this semester's new admin assistant.

She looks up and sees JC.

With big eyes wide open, Tiffany immediately jumps to her feet.

TIFFANY

Hello professor! Can I get your mail?

JC

You are new here, oui?

TIFFANY

Yes! Your accent? It's French!
I studied in France for 6 months.
Bon Jour (bone-gur)!

JC

(slight smile)
Bonjour. How exciting for you.

TIFFANY

I started here last week. What is your name?
Oh, I mean department.

JC

Cinema. JC Durant

TIFFANY

(hyper excited)
Cinema! I love movies!
I saw all the movies in French without subtitles.

JC
(warming)
C'est bien. Très bien

TIFFANY
Could I sit in on one of your
classes? I won't ask any questions.

JC
C'est une possibilité.
Come by my office after my last
class.

ALONZO (age 50) the mailroom manager interrupts the flirt
fest.

ALONZO
(nasally high pitched)
Tiffany, please retrieve the new
faculty welcome packets.
(Pause)

ALONZO (CONT'D)
NOW!

Tiffany blushes, glances between JC and Alonzo, and exits.

JC thumbs through the numerous memos careful to avoid the
moist the mimeograph ink.

Alonzo folds his arms.

ALONZO (CONT'D)
(rigid tone)
How may I assist you, Professor
Durant?

JC
I have what I need.

ALONZO
Be sure to read the memorandum
regarding students parking in the
neighborhood.

Historically cinema students are
ignorant of the rules.

JC stands at attention, CLICKS his heels and walks out.

EXT. VERMONT AVENUE RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC - MORNING

DEMETRI KOVACS (age 40) rides his moped helmetless. A cigarette dangles from his mouth, splitting lanes, bumping into rearview mirrors, snaking his way through heavy traffic.

Alternating the roadway with the crowded sidewalks, he looks for each chance to cut in front of someone, desperate to get to the front.

He jumps the curb and cuts through the walkway commons at Children's Hospital.

Nurses and orderlies jump out of the way, exits through the entrance driveway, back onto Vermont.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELIOTROPE AVE. - SAME

With an ear-splitting SQUEAL of tires, ROBERT FITZGERALD (age 19) pulls up and slams on the brakes at an open parking space on the street across from side entrance to the school.

It is the closest spot to the Cinema department equipment room.

He jumps out of the car leaving the door open. Robert attaches a tool belt around his waist. On it hangs a heavy-duty tape measure.

Twirling the measuring tape like a cowboy with a six shooter he attaches one end of the tape to the front car and paces off to the car at the other end.

Nodding to himself approvingly, gets back in his car.

The behemoth vehicle is a 1967 Chevy Caprice station wagon, the back seats removed and more grey body repair paint than original color.

Wearing a purple robe and large curlers in her hair, an elderly lady is peering out her ground floor apartment window watching Robert.

She makes a motion with her hand.

In a white tank-top undershirt displaying his potbelly, her husband, face covered in shaving cream, joins her.

She is holding a hand drawn 'NO STUDENT PARKING' sign.

With a slightly bemused grin, RONNIE RAY in his military green Army surplus Jeep, pulls up beside Robert's window.

RONNIE

Why are you driving that fucking huge car?

ROBERT

Oh, hey. I saw you at registration Monday. Cinema, right?

RONNIE

How long is that thing?

ROBERT

214 inches. And the space is 228. Plenty of room.

RONNIE

Why this beast?

Ronnie REVS his engine in short bursts.

ROBERT

Because I can fit every piece of film equipment in it. I will work on every film.

A car HONKS, Ronnie flips them off and moves up the street to the student parking lot.

Robert REVS his engine, wheels screeching, pulls up and executes a perfect parallel park with inches to spare.

As the parking gate raises, Ronnie inches forward.

He slams on the brakes because Demetri, who does not have a parking pass, has cut him off to get through the gate.

Ronnie HONKS but Demetri has zoomed to the other end of the lot where the motorbikes park.

RONNIE

(annoyed)

Asshole.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING - MORNING

NICK JARAMILLO (age 23) is locking his chopped Honda 750, chaining it to the fence.

He puts on a lanyard displaying his 'Teachers Aide' badge.

Nick is a six foot tall, full-blooded Cherokee with long black flowing hair.

Demetri pulls his duct-taped moped along side Nick's gleaming Honda.

Demetri is swarthy, short and balding; a middle-aged man, and the smoke from his cigarette blows over to Nick, who waves it away. They eye one another.

No words are exchanged, and they exit the lot in opposite directions.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENTS - MORNING

The street is lined with courtyard bungalows. Covered with overgrown morning glories, the fence along the driveway leads to WARREN COVEY'S (age 27) apartment.

INT. COURTYARD BUNGALOW KITCHEN - SAME

Warren Covey, combat veteran, dressed in service fatigues, pulls his dog tags to outside his G.I. green T-shirt.

Lighting a half-smoked reefer on the stove, he takes a deep hit, coughing slightly.

Warren squints in the morning sun shining though a ragged American flag fashioned as a curtain on the kitchen window. He pours a cup of coffee, stirs in a shot of Southern Comfort, and stares into space.

His left eye begins to twitch.
We hear an American Bell UH-1 Huey helicopter circling.
Warren exits through the front door and - into a time frame.

FLASHBACK- 1968

EXT. RAINING IN A VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

Huddled next to a bombed out shelter the monsoon rain is pelting Warren.

Someone shouts and Warren jumps up and runs to the dense jungle. The UH-1 Huey helicopters circle above.

Warren is cold, hungry, and sleep deprived.

His left eye is twitching. He slaps on his combat helmet.

EXT. PRESENT DAY BUNGALOW DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Warren secures the motorcycle helmet to his head and his boot-clad foot kickstarts his motorcycle.

The motorcycle's engine REVS and gear SHIFTS as Warren rides south to Hyperion Avenue.

EXT. BUS STOP ON WILTON AND FOUNTAIN - MORNING

HARRISON SPECTER (age 18.5) runs across the busy street, stumbles. A SCREECH of brakes, an auto CRASH is heard. A small delivery truck rear-ends a pink VW Bug covered with flower decals. A hippie chick and burly truck driver exit their vehicles and run after Harrison.

Harrison climbs aboard the city bus oblivious to the two drivers waving their fists and pounding on the side of the bus as it drives off. The passengers in the bus strains their heads against the windows to see what is happening.

Harrison turns to the older woman sitting across the aisle.

HARRISON

(curious)

What's everyone looking at?

EXT. APARTMENT ABOVE THE FOUNTAIN THEATER - SAME

Dressed in jeans and an Army jacket with cut-off sleeves, two days of beard growth, ARTIE HERNANDEZ (age 25) is standing on the landing, outside the apartment door.

The door to the apartment is open.

ARTIE

Jackie, we need the 7:10 bus for class.

INT. BATHROOM AT APARTMENT - SAME

Carefully applying make-up, a young Egyptian woman, Jackie ABADI HERNANDEZ, is at the bathroom mirror. Checking her makeup from all angles, Jackie is preoccupied. She pauses.

Artie walks back into the one room apartment and cools himself at the SQUEAKY window fan.

ARTIE

Jackie, the bus.

Jackie sees Artie in the mirror. She half smiles.

JACKIE

Cleopatra was the Queen of make-up.
I honor her each morning. And
enhance my natural beauty

ARTIE

You are a beauty.
Cleopatra can go fuck herself,
meanwhile, the chariot is in the
shop and the bus is due any minute.

Going to her purse on the bed, Jackie removes a lipstick, and goes back to the bathroom mirror to apply the lipstick.

Artie is now at the door to the bathroom watching her.

She brushes by him, picks up her purse and circles back without pausing, checking her make-up one last time.

JACKIE

Let's go.

His lips pursed, Artie holds back what he really wants to say, picks up his green Army shoulder bag and follows Jackie out the door.

EXT. APARTMENT LANDING - MORNING

They hurry down the stairs as we hear brakes SQUEAL as the bus stops.

EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - SAME

Artie and Jackie climb aboard the bus, sitting opposite Harrison.

Harrison is staring at Jackie.

Jackie smiles first.

With a slight twitchy response, Harrison smiles back.

His eyes dart from Jackie to Artie and back again.

Unsure, he thinks he may have flirted, or Jackie did. Perplexed, Harrison blushes.

EXT. PRIVATE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sharon turns her car sharply, tires screeching, as she takes the space nearest the exit of the private parking lot.

This luxury she can afford, unlike most of the students who must jockey for the few spaces on and near the campus.

The LOT ATTENDANT (age 65) has a big smile on his face.

LOT ATTENDANT

(thick accent)

\$4.00 Ma'am

SHARON

I will only be 2 hours, then I am back at 1:30. So \$2.00, right?

LOT ATTENDANT

(smiling)

\$4.00. No inna-out.

As Sharon and the Lot Attendant haggle, an orange 1971 Z28 Camaro pulls into the reserved space next to Pay Window. BENJAMIN STEIN (19) exits the car and gathers his tan leather satchel.

Sharon pulls a \$20 dollar bill from her change purse.

LOT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(smiling)

No change for \$20.

SHARON

Well that's all I have. I'll bring change when I finish class.

LOT ATTENDANT

(smiling)

I'm sorry, can no do that.

Benjamin interrupts.

BENJAMIN

I have change for a \$20.

Sharon settles the parking fee. Walks with Benjamin.

SHARON

Thanks for your help.
These parking lot owners are such jerks.

BENJAMIN

(taken aback)
Oh! I guess so.
Are you taking classes?

SHARON

Yes.
(pause)
So, how do you get the reserved
space?

BENJAMIN

My family owns the parking lot.
(pause)
We own the most parking lots in Los
Angeles.

Without hesitation Sharon follows up.

SHARON

Can a get a list of them?
I never know where I am going to
be.

Benjamin looks at her quizzically, then smiles.

EXT. JC EXITS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - LATE MORNING

Sweltering heat is overcoming the morning cool.

Piercing sunshine has students seeking every shaded refuge in
the campus quad.

Coolly in stride, JC continues on the main walkway observing
the variety of students at this economically diverse urban
school.

Books are out, boombox music spits out each group's culture;
Latino, Black, White and Asian.

Students hold signs with messages ranging from chess club to
science club to religious proclamations to protests of an
inhumane society.

Catching the scent of marijuana JC slightly grins to himself.

EXT. TREE LINED QUAD WALKWAY - SAME

JC walks across campus.

The girl students glance as he passes. He does not acknowledge their interest.

Further down the walkway the modern dance students in leotards are doing stretch exercises before the heat of the day overwhelms. Smiling, JC pauses to watch them.

The tall dark Afro-Latin Dance Instructor, YVONNE REID (age 30), steps in front of him blocking his view.

With daggers for eyes, she moves close to JC's face.

YVONNE

(cautioning)

Pas cette fois, Casanova.

EXT. CINEMA DEPARTMENT LUNCH TABLES - SAME

Slowly entering the north end of the campus where the Radio/TV/Cinema departments are located, JC stops and brushes his longish hair away from his face.

His brow is just showing signs of sweat as the heat of the day takes its toll.

JC glances at his watch, takes out a pack of Gitanes, lights another cigarette.

He has time.

A young man STRUMS his guitar, a hippie girl with tambourine, sing Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues".

GUITAR PLAYER

(singing)

Get jailed, jump bail, join the
Army if you fail
Look out kid, you're gonna get hit.

Sharon, seated at the lunch table shelter, puts down her croissant.

She maneuvers her Pentax and with both hands snaps pictures.

Each CLICK of the shutter freezes the action into black and white stills.

Focusing on JC, she fires off shots finishing the remainder of the roll.

A montage of her photos reveals what she captured. JC is unaware that he is being photographed.

SHARON V.O.

(writes in notebook)

He was relaxed and laid back the day I first met him. I had to get his signature to register for his class. We talked about movies. He the Nouvelle Vague and me the classics. I grew up with those movies. We made a connection. He encouraged me to enroll. There was something about his look. The way he carried himself.

I did it.

A new chapter. I'm here.

JC eyes a young vet in a wheelchair with a military haircut in the center of a group of anti-war protestors carrying hand-painted signs: "Peace Now" "Vietnam Vets Against the War" "Bring Our Boys Home" "Opposing the War is Not a Crime!" and "Leave Vietnam to the Vietnamese." Flyers exchange hands.

Sharon reloads the camera and continues to capture the action.

The two grizzled roughhewn vets, Warren and Ronnie, in service fatigues and dog tags, eye the presence of the protestors.

They peer into Sharon's camera as she captures their faces.

The voices of the protestors grow louder.

PROTESTOR 1

Impeach Nixon

PROTESTOR 2

Stop the bombing, stop the war!

These calls add a new layer of sound to the folk singer, and the camera shutter.

PROTESTOR GROUP

(repeating chant)

Hell no, we won't go, hell no we won't go! Hell no, we won't go, hell no we won't go!

WARREN

Hell no I ain't going' back.

RONNIE

Yeah man. Been there, done that.

Surveying this semester's collection of students, JC locks eyes with some, others are just background action.

Sharon snaps more pictures of JC. He looks directly into her camera.

He smiles upon recognizing Sharon, as they have met before. Her camera shutter CLICKS, capturing his smile. JC walks over to her.

Sharon quickly closes her notebook and puts on the lens cap, placing the camera back into the case. She is avoiding his gaze but can sense how close he is.

JC

Hello.
(slight grin)

SHARON

Hello. Bonjour.
(smiling)

JC

Bonjour. You've made it. Ah, yes, Sharon. I signed your registration cards.

Sharon slides the notebook under her bag.

JC (CONT'D)

All the way from the South Bay.
So you speak French in Palos Verdes?

SHARON

Just in Rolling Hills. But I'm in Hollywood now.

JC

Hollywood?

SHARON

Yes, Hollywood. And you?

JC

(deadpan)
Silverlake. The French quarter.

SHARON

Why we're almost neighbors.

JC

Walk with me. A lot of changes for you.

SHARON

Yes, many changes. By the way, here's my card.

JC

Your card? How proper.

SHARON

My card. My new address. My contact information. For the record.

With a slight smile and head nod JC reminds her to file and continues on the way to the Cinema offices.

JC

It's in that building, over there.
It's almost nine.

Ignoring his prompt, Sharon continues, struggling to keep up with his pace.

SHARON

Do you mind if I take pictures during class?

JC

It's against the rules.

SHARON

The rules?

JC

Yes, the rules.

SHARON

(slight smile)

Yes.
Rules are rules.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An open window looks out onto the quad and the protestors.

Sharon and JC walk into the room. JC goes over to the open window.

As he closes the window the room goes silent but we still hear the zeitgeist of the campus as we see the Hare Krishna dance across the quad in front of the protestors.

The room is set-up with individual chairs with tablet arms, facing the blackboard. There is a projection screen, rolled up, that can be pulled down over the blackboard.

As he is closing the window, he hears the camera click, turns and looks at Sharon.

JC

You don't seem to be the kind of woman that follows rules.

SHARON

(After a pause)

What kind of woman do you think I am?

JC

Mysterious.

SHARON

Perhaps.

JC

Flirtatious.

SHARON

Cinematic.

JC

That's to be determined.

SHARON

So, how does this work, do I sit anywhere?

JC

It's open seating. We don't have rules for sitting.

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Scene 4 - Who's who in the zoo,
Take 9

JC's hands adjust the thermostat and we hear the air conditioner kick in.

He places a stack of class syllabi on a table near the door. JC checks his watch, it's 8:55 AM.

The students, mostly strangers to each other, file in and choose seats. Small talk replaces the silence; a hello, names and introductions.

The heat is so overwhelming some are fanning themselves, wiping a brow, and are relieved to hear the rumbling of the air conditioner.

JC

Welcome. Pick up a syllabus. Take any seat

The shutter of Sharon's CAMERA is heard as she snaps more photos. She shoots while she can.

JC looks at Sharon with a grimace, and that melts into a partial smile.

He turns around and we see the faces of Los Angeles Community College Cinema students, Fall 1972.

JC (CONT'D)

This is Cinema 1. Have you made it to the right room?
You are here on this very hot day to begin, to start your journey.
You are here to learn a new language.
The language of film, the craft of cinema.
Making movies.

Several students walk in late and take their seats. There is a moment of awkward silence as JC stops his lecture and he tracks the late students until they find a seat.

JC (CONT'D)

You will study great cinema and create your own projects. This program has opened doors for our graduates.
Look around.

Students instinctively take the prompt and look at the other students, some smiling, others staring.

JC (CONT'D)

The times we live in, the people you meet and the connections you make, will have profound effect on the career you carve out for yourself.

Let's see who is here, the ones who will speak a new language, show us their world, define cinema in the decades to come.

Unraveling the green and white pin-feed roster, JC calls each name, some nod, some say here.

We see close ups of each student as their name is called in the style of Sharon's photography.

JC (CONT'D)

Abadi, Jacqueline

JACKIE

Here, I'm Jackie.

Sharon's camera snaps pictures of her new classmates.

JC continues taking role.

Demetri sticks his head in the classroom door.

DEMETRI

Is this screenwriting class? I need
the screenwriting class.
Anyone know?

Demetri puts his cigarette in the sand ashtray by the door,
then scurries away before anyone can answer.

JC

BART, PAUL and BART, SHEILA. Are
you related?

PAUL AND SHEILA

(in unison)
We're married.

JC

Fitzgerald, Robert

ROBERT

Most people call me Bob.

JC

Hernandez, Arthur

Artie raises his hand.

ARTIE

Yes Sir. Present.

JC

Lynde, Sara

SARA LYNDE sings out, waves her hand, and smiles coyly as she
tilts her head.

SARA

Oh! I'm here!

JC looks up from the roster for the first time, then looks
back down at the roster.

JC

Lindqvist, Vitas

A thin, bony, ghostly white hand raises slowly belonging to VITAS LINDQUIST (age 26).

VITAS

Here.

JC

Ray, Ronnie

RONNIE

Yo. Up here, fifth row.

JC

Spector, Harrison

As he stands up to answer his notebook catches Ronnie's ponytail jerking his head backward.

HARRISON

Present. I mean Here! I'm Harrison, Professor Durant. It's good to meet you..

He is cut off by JC.

JC

Stein, Benjamin

BENJAMIN

Here! Fourth row, third seat from the left. Your right.

JC

If your name was not called it should be on the final roster next class session.

Wrapping up roll call, JC folds the roster and starts the lecture.

JC (CONT'D)

Good. So. What does film mean to you? We will soon find out. Now, about me.

A montage of clips from documentary films of the era is seen while JC speaks: war scenes, devastated towns, people in line to see for food.

JC (CONT'D)

I was born in post-war Europe. I love the cinema.

(MORE)

JC (CONT'D)

It was my, and many other's, escape from a horrible reality. This week, we discuss the French cinema. From the caves of Lascaux to tribal campfire stories to a smoke-filled movie house, France is the birthplace of the Cinema experience.

The montage ends.

Removing a well-chewed pencil from her mouth, Sara begins to take notes.

Sharon captures the moment on film; JC, slightly distracted by the shutter CLICK, glances up. Sharon places the camera back in her shoulder bag.

JC continues to speak as he walks around the room. The montage begins again with scenes from movies. THE BICYCLE THIEF, OPEN CITY, THE SEVENTH SEAL, 400 BLOWS, RASHAMON.

JC (CONT'D)

Films with social and political engagement, with much experimentation and inventive visual style and editing. This is the legacy of French filmmakers. Alain Resnais with "Last Year at Marienbad." And the dreamlike atmosphere. Entrancing to some, incomprehensible to others.

The montage ends.

Chewing her gum, Sara is hanging on JC's every word.

JC (CONT'D)

That is all for today. Please be on time for next class as we will begin showing a film.

Students drift out as the class ends. Several students approach the lectern reaching for a copy of the day's film list.

Sharon catches JC's eye. A Chanel scarf over her shoulders contrasts her bohemian look, revealing her economic status.

JC (CONT'D)

Your scarf. Chanel, oui?

SHARON

Oh! Yes.

JC

It is a tradition, when breaking up with a mistress, a Frenchman will gift her with a Chanel scarf and fine lunch.

SHARON

(slight grin)

My scarf drawer is full so I won't be breaking up with any French men.

INT. JC'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 1 Scene 5-Binding arbitration,
Take 3

Sharon is unfastening her scarf.

She holds her wine glass out.

Offscreen someone pours a tasting portion of red wine. She swirls the glass and sniffs the aroma.

SHARON

Hmmm, Hints of chocolate. Petite Syrah?

She tastes silently while looking off screen into the person's eyes.

She holds out her glass again and this time it is filled to one-third.

INT. JC'S BEDROOM THAT EVENING - NIGHT

Two bullwhips cross to form an 'X' on a wall.

The camera slowly pans down to a headboard.

Heavy panting is heard as the headboard shakes.

A Chanel scarf binds crossed hands at the wrists.

Panning down to an overhead shot, Sharon is in the throes of orgasm, her breasts shaking to the rhythm of the headboard.

SHARON

(SCREAMING)

Baise-moi Baise-moi Baise-moi

At the foot of the bed we see JC's ass clenching with each pelvic thrust, JC holds Sharon's ankles, spreading her legs like a wishbone.

At mattress level we see Sharon from the side, head on the pillow.

Exhausted from his loudly proclaimed orgasm, JC falls next to Sharon's head.

They look into each other's eyes and slowly kiss and gently bite each other's lips.

JC

So you **do** speak French in Palos
Verdes

SHARON

(dreamingly)
I'm in the French Quarter now. When
in France, and so on...and so on.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM SEVERAL MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

We see Sharon in the bathroom mirror. Adjusting her top and now fully dressed, Sharon opens the door to the bedroom.

JC is in the bed with covers pulled to his waist.

JC

You are not staying the night?

SHARON

I never stay the night. I always
sleep in my own bed.

Removing the scarf from her purse, she wraps the scarf over her shoulder. With a small smile, she glances back at JC, and exits closing the door behind her.

INT. CLASSROOM LECTURE HALL - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)
Act 1 Scene 6-Back to basics, Take
9

JC

And here in America you have Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as "Bonnie and Clyde" and Burt Reynolds in "Deliverance." We have fifty minutes so we must move quickly. The class syllabus, did you pick one up? This outlines what is expected of you. Read it over and ask any questions you may have when we next meet.

Staring intently, Robert is riveted on JC.

JC (CONT'D)

No doubt you brought your love of film into the classroom. My job is to teach you the aesthetics of film, the language of film.

LENI MUELLER (age 40-50) enters the classroom. JC gestures towards her.

JC (CONT'D)

If you plan to earn a degree, you will need 60 units with grades of 'C' or better. Professor Mueller, our Department Chair, will explain the details.

Warren, dark circles under his eyes, in army fatigues, stares intently into the camera. His mind is elsewhere. Leni, hair pulled back into a tight bun, takes the lectern.

LENI MUELLER

(German accent)

Welcome to the department. Your Cinema program's first semester consists of a hands-on production class.

Jackie twists a strand of hair. Artie reaches over and grasps her hand, whispers in her ear.

ARTIE

(sotto voce)

Don't fuss your hair. It's childish.

Jackie pulls her hand away.

LENI MUELLER

There are two Film Festivals featuring student projects. You are required to submit one project for each.

Benjamin's eyelid is twitching and perspiration runs down his forehead.

The AC makes a RUMBLING noise.

Ronnie, impatient, twirls his pencil in his fingers.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

We work in Super 8; the two film festivals will qualify you for short films in 16 millimeter.

Sara is busy taking detailed notes.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

We have cameras that you check out, no need to purchase your own.

Warren struggles to stay awake, his eyes half-closed as he fights off boredom.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

In the syllabus you will find your supply list. They are available at the student store.

Harrison is playing with his mechanical pencil.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Getting films done on time is required. Turning in a film late for the festival is not acceptable. Your first festival is one week from today.

Students GASP and heads turn to see how everyone else is reacting.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

I am the sole judge of the first festival. The prompt for the film will be posted outside my office tomorrow morning at 8:15.

Leni looks up and scans the room. The students are hanging in suspense for her next words.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Good luck. Ja?

Leni SLAPS her notebook closed and strides out of the room.

JC

As our time is up for today, join the Cinema faculty and fellow students at the department's opening reception, Thursday at four next week, across the street at Bianca's Café, on Heliotrope. I will see you there, oui?

Panicked conversations ensue as the students exit.

WARREN

Geez. I just woke up and now I have to make movie?

ARTIE

(to Jackie)

We can do this.

Jackie turns to Sharon and Sara.

JACKIE

What are you guys going to do?

SHARON

I have no idea. I feel totally caught off guard.

EXT. PRIVATE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Sharon walks off campus to her car. She has parked in Benjamin's reserve space.

She sits in the driver seat, opens her notebook.

The parking attendant is sitting under a sun umbrella, rocking his chair back and forth, fanning himself with the day's Racing Form, staring at Sharon.

SHARON V.O.

(writing in notebook)

The first assignment is due next week.

Would have been nice if JC had given me some idea this would happen. Some lover!

(MORE)

SHARON V.O. (CONT'D)

I have only touched the movie camera once. I haven't finished moving in. Hubby-dear hasn't paid the monthly our lawyers agreed to. Yeah, I'm ready to be a filmmaker. Fuck.

Sharon throws her notebook on the floor of the car.

SHARON

(screaming)

FUCK!

The parking attendant is startled and falls backward in his chair.

Sharon slams the car in reverse and then speeds out of lot.

EXT. LUNCH TABLES NEXT MORNING - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2, Scene 1 - Your assignment is, Take 3

Sharon is at the lunch table reviewing the assignment sheet for the first film project. Robert approaches.

ROBERT

Hey Sharon!

Sharon looks up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I got caught in traffic. Were there any assignment handouts? Did you get one?

Sharon smiles and takes the folded sheet from her sling bag. Robert reaches to take it from her.

SHARON

Whoa! Too grabby.

Robert pulls back feigning surrender. Sharon reads aloud mocking a professorial tone.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(out loud)

The assigned topic is to introduce someone, tell the audience who that person is.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)

All visual, no sound.
This is due next week. Shoot one
roll of Super 8 or multiple rolls
edited to the two minute limit.
Cameras are available starting at
2PM today.

ROBERT

Damn. I have to work. I guess I
could shoot Sunday.

SHARON

Oh. I need to shoot this myself.
I'll never learn otherwise.

ROBERT

Oh. But you have only used a still
camera. I thought I could help. I
want to work on everyone's film.
Cameraman of course.

SHARON

Thanks for offering. I am sure
someone else needs your help.

ROBERT

Hmm. Yeah I guess that's true.
Still, first time shooting on the
very first assignment. You are
brave.

Sharon folds the paper, replacing back in her purse.

SHARON

There was a stack of the assignment
sheet in front of the faculty
offices. Probably still some left.

Robert is just looking at Sharon. His expression shows he is
clearly displeased. He shifts his body, turning away from
Sharon, and folds his arms.

ROBERT

(disappointed)

Yeah. I'm dismissed. Okay. I gotta
go.

Robert gets up and walks away.

SHARON

Robert! Hey! Oh geez...
(under her breath)
I'm not your **mommy**.

EXT. LOS FELIZ BLVD - LATE AFTERNOON

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2, Scene 2 - Fountain of Youth-
Take 1

Sharon and Kendra are in the PEUGEOT.

SHARON

Kendra. Remember the negligée I
bought at Nordstrom?

Kendra looks surprised at first, and then smiles.

KENDRA

Sure. What's up?

SHARON

It's in the box in my trunk.

Sharon pulls over, goes to the trunk brings back the
negligée, handing it to Kendra.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Put it on.

KENDRA

What?

SHARON

Get in the back and put it on.

Sharon drives up the landscaper's maintenance path to the
Griffith Park fountain.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Go! Get up on the steps to the
fountain. The light is perfect!

Sharon fumbles with the movie camera a bit.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Shit! **Where** is the button?

KENDRA

(yelling to Sharon)
What do I do?

SHARON

Just dance around the fountain.

KENDRA

Like this?

Kendra dances around the fountain waving her arms.

We hear the WHIR of the movie camera as Sharon films.

SHARON

(excited)

Yes. Yes. Wave your arms. That's
it! The sun is perfect!

Kendra jumps in the water gets soaked by the spray. The negligée is wet and clings to Kendra's body. She looks back at the camera and her expression goes from joy to panic.

KENDRA

(screaming)

Look out! The gardeners are coming.

SHARON

Quick, get in the car!

Kendra jetés and leaps into the open door of the Peugeot. Sharon BURNS RUBBER kicking up a cloud dust, stopping the gardeners in their tracks. The Peugeot flies off the curb onto the boulevard causing cars to slam on their brakes and swerving wildly and HONKING their horns.

Sharon and Kendra laugh hysterically as they drive into the blazing sunset

INT. CLASSROOM SCREENING 1ST ASSIGNMENT - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2, Scene 2 - The idiot savant,
Take 5

Leni motions with a wave of her hand for students to give their films to Nick, the teachers' aide. Nick pulls down the projector screen and takes the films to the projection stand.

LENI MUELLER

Are we ready Nick? Who is first?

NICK

Ahhh. Sharon R.

Sharon is startled that she is first. She starts to speak but Leni interrupts.

LENI MUELLER

(snapping fingers)

Lights!

The room goes dark.

Sharon's film is showing. The film shows the scenes of Kendra and the camera pans around to see expressions of various student's faces illuminated by the flicking light from the screen.

The film ends and the lights are turned on. Leni stands and all eyes are on her.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

So, what did we see here?

Sharon jumps up from her seat.

SHARON

Listen. It was my first time with that camera. I never used it before. You have to...

Mueller cuts her off.

Shot of Robert smirking.

LENI MUELLER

Quiet, and don't interrupt. **No one** is to interrupt.

Sharon takes her seat.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Who is being introduced? That was the assignment, the creative prompt.

Students look around, some shrug their shoulders.

Sharon is fuming and glares at Mueller.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

I'll tell you. It is woman. It is a universal introduction. What it is not, is also important.

Leni stands and walks around the classroom. She stops at various desks, physically imposing herself in student's personal space.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Mass media influences the culture to idealize the female form, and in turn promotes products from make-up to fashion to meet that manufactured ideal. So, in this trifle of a film, it is **not** the commercial celebration of what is feminine. It **is** the unadorned, the natural, celebrated by the woman herself, not in deference to a commercial command. How is this conveyed? It is the language we see. It is cinematic: the language of film.

The class looks around at each other, some take notes, others nod in agreement.

Sharon's expression is frozen. Leni walks towards Sharon staring into her eyes.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

(to Sharon)

Didn't how to use the camera. Ha!
You are not the class idiot. You
are the class **idiot savant**.

The room is silent, Sharon slowly smiles, tapping her pen on her notebook.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Nick, who is next?

NICK

Harrison S.

Audible GROANS from the room.

Leni SNAPS her fingers.

LENI MUELLER

Lights!

INT. J. SLOANS BAR - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

ACT 2 Scene 3- Networking, they
call it. Take 5

SHARON V.O.

(writing in notebook)

In a seedy part of Hollywood near Melrose and San Vicente, it's 4:00 PM. The neighborhood is a refuge for artists. Affordable rent, absentee landlords and plentiful sources for street drugs. This bar welcomes the residents with open arms.

A hangout for counterculture poets and writers, the mix is a formula for the most imaginative character development. This is a part of life Palos Verdes never sees because it doesn't want to. And I need to.

As the cinema students make their way in, a party atmosphere begins to emerge. A hand drops coins into a dilapidated jukebox and pushes broken buttons.

Sharon takes out a roll of high speed B&W from her bag. She opens the camera, stretches the film roll over the curtain shutter attaches it to the take up spool and snaps the back shut. Looking through the lens she focuses on students mingling in small groups; each hand is holding 50¢-a-mug flat beer, salted to give it some long-gone effervescence.

Robert is in a lighted area by the Service Bar. He is talking to Sara, cigarette in hand, her figure silhouetted against the bar background.

ROBERT

I'm Robert.

SARA

I know.

ROBERT

Bob. You can call me Bob.

SARA

I know. Okay... Bob.

ROBERT

We should grab some dinner sometime.

SARA

If you're trying to pick me up, I'm not interested. Come back when you turn grey.

Sara flicks the ash from her cigarette.

ROBERT

I was just hoping to get some dinner.

SARA

Do you have any money?

Robert pulls the pockets of his 501's inside out signaling no cash.

SARA (CONT'D)

Humph.

Sara turns and walks away.

Ronnie and Warren are schooling the group at his table on all things military. Harrison and Benjamin hang on every word. Ronnie is hyper, jumping out of his chair to emphasize points.

Warren, seated staring at his half empty beer, verifies Ronnie's outbursts with nods of his head. Jargon idiom....Veteran's Day....Battles Of Vietnam two soldiers talking....sergeant.

Ronnie counting on his fingers.

RONNIE

There are 13 enlisted Army ranks:
Private, Private Second Class,
Private First Class, Specialist,
Corporal, Sergeant, Staff Sergeant,
Sergeant First Class, Master
Sergeant, First Sergeant, Sergeant
Major, Command Sergeant Major, and
Sergeant Major of the Army.

Points to each person, alternating on each syllable.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(eases into chair)

Dry socks in a monsoon. Now **there's**
a business.

Ronnie taps his temple with his index finger.

He downs the shot of tequila in front of him and pours some beer in the shot glass and offers it to wide-eyed, under-age Benjamin.

The WAITRESS 1 swoops in and takes the glass.

WAITRESS 1

No ID. No booze. Or you can leave!

Ronnie holds his hands up in surrender.

BENJAMIN

(Whispers to Harrison)
That was his dirty glass.

The camera moves to another table.

JACKIE

I saw you earlier today, taking pictures. Are you good with a camera?

SHARON

Not bad. I still have a lot to learn. May I take your picture?

Jackie primps her hair, checking her lipstick in the reflection of a table knife.

JACKIE

Of course. Do you want one of you?
It's Sharon, right?

SHARON

Yes, Sharon. I think I'm better behind the camera rather than in front of it.

JACKIE

What do you do with all these pictures?

SHARON

(avoiding the question)
I like your perfume, patchouli, is that patchouli?

JACKIE

Yes.
Are you married?

SHARON

Yes. No. Yes. It's complicated.

JACKIE

All marriages are complicated.

ARTIE

I was thinking of making a movie about the complexities of marriage.

JACKIE

Our marriage?

ARTIE

Every marriage. Ours. Sharon's.
Anyone's.

JACKIE

I want to make documentaries. I am
writing one about immigrating to
America. How immigrants suffer to
come here and suffer more.

They all laugh.

ARTIE

Make it a musical like West Side
Story. Nobody's done a musical
documentary.

JACKIE

Artie, I have to go to work. I
can't be late again.

ARTIE

I heard some advanced students will
be here. Wait a few more minutes.
Let's see who will show. It's a
chance to make contacts.
Networking, they call it.

Robert walks through carrying several soft drinks.

ROBERT

Hi! I forgot your name.

BENJAMIN

Benjamin. Ben. Call me Ben. We're
in the same group for Wednesday.
Can I have a Coke?

ROBERT

It's Pepsi. We are? Which group is
that?

BENJAMIN

Yeah, it's posted on the assignment
board. I think we're the youngest.
I went to Marshall High.

ROBERT

I went to Burbank High.

BENJAMIN

You seem to know about film. I
don't know what I'm doing. I just
held the camera for home movies.

ROBERT

Don't worry. None of us really do.
Kinda why we're here. I know enough
to know I have a lot to learn. What
I want is experience. As much as I
can get.

With a slight smile and confident stride JC enters with his
posse of advanced students. He locks eyes and smiles at Sara.

Elegantly gesturing with a glass of the red wine, JC holds
court with a group of students hanging on each French
accented word.

JC

I have five copies of "Le Cinéma
selon Alfred Hitchcock" - "The
Cinema According to Hitchcock" by
Francois Truffaut, on hold in the
library.
I am listed as a contributor.
Let's see who checks these out
first.

The camera slowly turns away from JC's group and drifts
through the various groups.

The DIN of conversation has gotten louder.

STUDENT 1

(half-shouting)
Have you seen DELIVERANCE?

STUDENT 2

I saw DISCRETE CHARM OF THE
BOURGEOISIE. Foreign films are so
much better. You know,
sophisticated.

STUDENT 1

(dismissive)
Buñuel is full of himself. I find
him banal.

Student 2 shakes their head in agreement.

Carrying drinks and bar food, people turn sideways to go
between random groups. Cigarette smoke swirls as people pass
by; slow motion, dreamlike.

The camera moves another table.

Ronnie and Warren sit by themselves finishing off their third

beer.

RONNIE

Seeing you brings back memories.
Good and bad.

WARREN

Yeah. Too many memories. But look
at you now. Staff Sergeant Ronald
Ray. Live and in-person.

Sarge.

I guess I should still call you
Sarge.

RONNIE

At ease, you made it out alive
Private Covey. We're back home now.
Safe and sound.

WAITRESS 1

You boys ready for another round?

Both nod and she gathers the empties.

WARREN

Safe, **Hmmm**. Well, VC's didn't get
me.

RONNIE

No body bag for **you**. Safe and
sound.

WARREN

That's worth another round.

RONNIE

Yes indeed. I'm buying.

WARREN

Just blows my mind to see you.

RONNIE

You should be proud. You served
your country.

WARREN

Not much choice. Peace Corps
wouldn't take me. But the Army did.
And you?

RONNIE

I enlisted. Thought it was the
right thing to do.

WARREN

I did too, at first. Changed my mind real quick when the D.I. screamed in my ear.

FLASHBACK: WARREN IN FORT MCCLELLAN BOOTCAMP WITH DRILL SERGEANT

EXT:- FIRING RANGE WITH DRILL INSTRUCTOR - DAY

Warren winces with each syllable barked.

DI (O.S.)

Covey, how **DO** you load that weapon? You're doing Boot Camp then you're doing 'Nam. The VC's gonna shoot you dead the minute you get off the chopper if you don't know how to use your weapon.

(pause)

DO-YOU-UNDER-STAND-PRIVATE COVEY?

J.SLOANS IN PRESENT TIME

Waitress 1 loudly slams the beer in front of Warren slightly startling him.

WARREN

By then it was too late. My fate was in someone else's hands.

The jukebox begins to play BAD MOON RISING.

SONG:

I see a bad moon a-rising, I see trouble on the way, I see earthquakes and lightnin', I see bad times today.

RONNIE

Radio Saigon played that song. Over and over.

WARREN

Yeah. I remember. Yeah.

RONNIE

Made the days go faster. It's locked inside my head. Can't separate the music from the madness.

WARREN

(looks up)
Any regrets?

RONNIE

(laughing)

1. **Never** got to see the Bob Hope Christmas Show. 2. **Never** fucked nurse Witkowski.

WARREN

Me either.

(pause)

The Bob Hope show anyway. Where you bunking?

RONNIE

On my sister's couch.

WARREN

I've got an extra bedroom. And some pretty fine weed and some crank. Helps ease the pain.

RONNIE

I just may take you up on that. We've got stories to tell Private Covey. Stories to tell.

WARREN

Yeah Sarge, we do, stories to tell.

Motions to the Waitress 1.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Double shot Southern Comfort, Hon.

Camera moves another table

Robert, approaches Sharon, pulls up a chair from another table. Slides his chair a bit too close to her.

ROBERT

What kind of camera?

Sharon slides her chair back a bit.

SHARON

Pentax, single lens reflex.

ROBERT

You're taking a lot of pictures. It must be a new camera.

SHARON

Yes. It's very new. This camera I do know. May I take your picture?

ROBERT

Sure. So you do know how to use a camera.

SHARON

Listen, I needed to learn the movie camera. It's not the same as shooting stills. Sorry if it messed up your plans.

ROBERT

No, no. Just trying get as much experience as I can. I shot four projects already. If you need me let me know. Have light meter, will travel.

Sharon snaps a couple shots.

SHARON

Don't pose. Just sit there.

ROBERT

(slight flirtation)

I'd like to see your proofs when they're developed.

Robert is cut off by Sara screaming.

All heads turn.

The music from the jukebox stops.

A television is on, the volume is low but the screen says, "Breaking News."

We see a body thrown from an apartment.

The conversations in the room come to a halt and all eyes are on the television.

The bartender turns up the volume to the television, it is loud.

NEWSCASTER

Men in ski masks and carrying automatic rifles in their gym bags broke into several apartments in the Olympic Village in Munich early this morning.

We see horrified expressions on faces throughout the room.

All eyes are glued on the television.

Sharon instinctively documents this moment with more snapshots as the NEWSCASTER continues.

Almost at attention, the two veterans, Ronnie and Warren are staring at the screen.
RONNIE is always on the lookout for an angle, and advantage, and this tragedy was an opportunity

RONNIE

(to Warren)

Do you get it? These are terrorists. We just spent three tours in terror. **This** is our film project. Our ticket to the big time! We know how to film this.

WARREN

It's all yours.
I had my fill of fighting.
Something with animals.
No humans. I want to remake Bambi.

RONNIE

(turns to Warren)

Yeah, that didn't turn out so well for Bambi's Mom.

The TV above the bar shows scenes of bound hostages.

NEWSCASTER

The hostages were murdered in the helicopters where they were manacled and shackled. All of the hostages, five of the terrorists and one German police officer are known dead.

The room is silent.

Sharon cannot breathe. She grabs her camera from the table and escapes into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

ACT 2 Scene 4- Phone tag, Take 1

Dim lighting from flickering incandescent bulbs on a single wire strung across the length of the lot.

Sharon exits J.SLOANS from the rear and goes to her car, hands trembling as she finds her keys and opens the car door. Inside the car she turns on the radio so the music will help calm her.

Hitting button after button all she hears on each station is news. She is visibly shaken from what she has seen.

AM RADIO NEWSCASTER

(breathlessly hyper)

Three of the hostages are in police custody. Two of the Israeli athletes were murdered in their room and nine were murdered at the airfield.

Sharon turns off the radio. She sits in silence.

Through her windshield she sees a phone booth next to the backdoor of the café. She reaches for her coin purse in her bag.

EXT. EXIT DOOR TO THE PARKING LOT - SAME

Customers and fellow classmates started to flow out the back door of J.SLOANS. Sharon hurries to the phone booth before anyone else grabs it.

The vets come up and Sharon waves them off. They stare at her a moment. Ronnie flashes the peace sign and then heads off into the darkness.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - SAME

In the booth, Sharon sorts through change in her coin purse and finds a dime among the many pennies.

She glances at some of the graffiti in the booth.

"Call me for a good time" and "Give Peace a Chance." Numerous happy-face stickers are affixed all over the booth.

She fumbles to place a dime in the payphone and dials.

INT. PALOS VERDES HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTIN ROSEMAN answers the phone on the second ring.

MARTIN

Hello.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(telephone audio)
This is a toll call, please deposit
twenty-five cents for three
minutes.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

SHARON
Operator, I have no change.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Would you like to reverse the
charges?

SHARON
Yes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Your name please.

SHARON
Ms. Roseman.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
You have a collect call from Mrs.
Roseman, will you accept the
charges?

MARTIN
Yes.

SHARON (O.S.)
(telephone audio)
Martin?

MARTIN
Where **are** you?

SHARON
I just heard about Munich.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(telephone audio)
It's all over the news.

SHARON
(tense)
Are the kids Okay?

MARTIN (O.S.)
(annoyed)
They're **fine**.

(MORE)

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

We're not in Germany anymore. And our friends there are nowhere near the action. Everyone's Okay.

SHARON

Let me speak to Jennifer.

SPLIT SCREEN, ACTORS BACK TO BACK

MARTIN

Now's not a good time. It's late. The children are in bed. They don't know about this and I am not waking them. They will be up all night if you scare the **shit** out of them. They have school tomorrow.

SHARON

(angry)

I don't **scare** the shit out of my kids. I don't **hit** them either.

MARTIN

(condescendingly)

There you go again. You're out of control. Take two of the Miltown I prescribed you. Just calm down. The world isn't coming to an end. Just my patience with all your issues.

SHARON

Fuck Miltown. I'll be home this weekend.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS

INTERCUT BETWEEN

MARTIN (O.S.)

(telephone audio)

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

SHARON

They'll want to see me.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I'm not sure *I* want to see you.

SHARON

I have things to say

MARTIN (O.S.)

I don't understand what you could possibly...

SHARON

I have to go.

MARTIN (O.S.)

You're always running.

Martin hangs up with a CLICK

SHARON

I'm in a phone booth. It's late. We need to...Hello? Hello?

Sharon is left holding the phone. It falls from her hands. Her dime drops into the coin return.

Her eye focusses on some of the graffiti in the telephone booth -

"Clapton is God" "Question Authority"
"You have to dance with the dead before you return to the living."

Sharon takes the dime and places the receiver back in the cradle. She punches open the accordion door, strides to her car, slams the door to her Peugeot she speeds off into the night.

The evening ends late with everyone back home

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

ACT 2 Scene 5- The aftermath, Take
5

INT. PALOS VERDES LIVING ROOM - SAME

Martin lights a cigarette and sits in the chair, the one occupied by Sharon for too many years.

Next to him on the coffee table is a picture of Martin and Sharon and their three children, a holiday pose.

Martin stares into space, exhales the smoke with a slight cough, and flicks the ash into an ashtray on the telephone table.

He is alone.

EXT. JACKIE AND ARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie and Artie open the door to their apartment. Artie has had too much to drink. Jackie coaxes Artie back into the apartment.

JACKIE

C'mon Artie. You have to help. Or you sleep on the porch tonight.

ARTIE

OK. Can I barf now?

JACKIE

NO!

Artie is leaning over the railing and vomits to the sidewalk.

INT. WARREN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Warren is back in his Atwater kitchen, picks up the joint he left in the ashtray early this morning. Walks into his bedroom, takes off his dog tags and opens up a drawer.

He places them next to his automatic. Picking up the pistol, he checks the clip, then the chamber.

The phone rings.

Warren, pauses, then replaces the pistol and closes the drawer.

He answers the phone.

WARREN

(flat)
It's midnight.

RONNIE (O.S.)

(excited)
I got the ideas for our second film festival projects.

WARREN

It's late. I'm tired. Not now. Besides it's not for another month.

RONNIE (O.S.)

(hyper)
Hear me out.
We use the terrorist raid in Munich as our theme.

(MORE)

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

I direct it from the military POV,
you know, the tactics and problem
of not killing civilians. You
direct it from the terrorist POV.

Silence.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You there?

WARREN

Yeah. Go on.

RONNIE (O.S.)

I can get camo uniforms and prop
guns from the Army surplus where I
got my jeep.

WARREN

Hmmm. OK.

Pause.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I like it.

RONNIE

Brilliant!
Let's meet tomorrow after class at
the store. It's on Victory in
Burbank. Yeah. Victory. Ain't that
beautiful?

WARREN

(yawning)

Yeah. Tomorrow. I'm hitting the
sack.

Warren hangs up. He sparks up the roach by lighting a match
with his fingernail.

The lights go out.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2, Scene 6 - Rosebud, by any
other name, Take 1

JC flips the projector on and we see the opening sequence of
Citizen Kane.

JC

Tuesday we show CITIZEN KANE. You are not watching, you are studying. See a new language being formed. The language of film. Here is a taste of film genius.

JC starts the projector and talks over the sequence.

JC (CONT'D)

Closely watch the opening newsreel sequence of Citizen Kane. This was Orson Welles' first film. He produced, directed, starred and co-wrote the film at the age of 25. Film historians consider this to be the greatest film ever made. Any of you close to that age. Are you the next Orson Welles?

Students look around at each other.

JC turns off the projector and flips on the light.

JC (CONT'D)

Is this the greatest film ever made? What makes a good film? Is it technical innovation? Is it the challenge to powerful people who were still alive?

Sharon doodles in her notebook.

JC (CONT'D)

Are the characters **reliable** narrators? Immerse yourself in their persona. Conclude with something you would do differently.

JC places his papers inside his satchel and starts his announcement.

JC (CONT'D)

Now for some fun things. I remind you we have scheduled a department orientation. The department arranged to have Bianca's just for the Cinema department.

It is mandatory. It is exclusive. Cinema students only. A good time for you to get to know your classmates, your future crew members.

(MORE)

JC (CONT'D)

Talk about your courses. Talk about your life. Tomorrow night. Meet at six.

Your instructors will be there as well as some students a year ahead and a few alumni.

There will be food and a no-host bar; ID required, no sharing with underage students. Dress casually.

Vitas, shoes are required by the health department.

The class laughs; Vitas smiles and laughs too.

JC (CONT'D)

Okay, end of class. See you tomorrow.

EXT. PAY PHONE OUTSIDE FELLINI'S - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2, Scene 7 - Sangria secrets,
Take 4

Sharon searches through her large shoulder bag looking for change, finds a few dimes and places one in the pay phone. We hear ringing.

There is no answer. Sharon hangs up and the coin drops into the return. She runs her finger over the sign painted in gold matching the style of Fellini's LA STRADA poster.

INT. FELLINI'S - NIGHT

Sharon, Robert, Benjamin, and Artie are looking over the menus.

Jackie is the waitress, and she is at the service bar for the pitcher of SANGRIA to bring to the table.

ROBERT

(looks at menu)

What is a Scampi? Sure costs a lot.

BENJAMIN

It is a shrimp appetizer. We had it all the time in Italy.

ROBERT

You've been to Italy?

ARTIE

It is really good. Lots of garlic.

JACKIE

Boys, if you don't have fake IDs, drink from someone else's glass. I can't afford to lose my job. The ABC was in last week.

ROBERT

(offering toast)
To movies!

BENJAMIN

Yes, to movies and new friends.

ARTIE

Don't make a toast with tap water. Wait 'til she brings the pitcher. This is the best Sangria you will ever have.

BENJAMIN

Sangria is from Spain. We had it in Madrid.

ROBERT

You've been to Spain, too? Shit. I went to Griffith Park Zoo yesterday.

Jackie brings the pitcher, pours each glass.

ARTIE

Can you taste the secret ingredient?

Artie slides the glass to Robert.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Use a straw.

ROBERT

Whatever it is, it's sweet. Very sweet.

ARTIE

Peach juice. Peach juice is their secret ingredient.

Sharon lights a cigarette.

SHARON

Not so secret anymore.

Jackie is standing beside the table and pours the Sangria.

BENJAMIN

(worried)

What happens if they find out the ID is fake? Do you get fired?

JACKIE

No. I keep my job. You go to jail.

ARTIE

Don't worry. Sharon will bail you out on Monday morning.

Everyone laughs except Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

(little buzzed)

What will my parents say?

SHARON

They'll say "today you are a man."

Everyone laughs, except Benjamin.

ROBERT

(to Sharon)

Wow, you're fun. Why are you doing college again?

SHARON

Nursing school, not college. Never made a living as a nurse. I raised a family. Now it's my turn. I read the news and I have ideas about what it means. They're different. I need to make a film about how I see things. It might be selfish, but it is what I need to do.

ARTIE

Oh. That's heavy stuff. Every artist has to be kinda selfish. It's all about them.

Robert finishes off Sharon's glass of Sangria.

ROBERT

I saw "The Godfather" last night at Grauman's. Great film.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I want to see it again. We should all go together.

BENJAMIN

The book was a quick read, couldn't put it down. I want to see it.

ROBERT

The book sucked; the movie is great. The music is still with me.

Robert, a bit drunk, starts humming the GODFATHER theme, out of tune, he moves into full operatic mode.

Sharon looks at her watch, sees her glass is now empty.

SHARON

Sorry kids. I have to go.

Sharon flicks the cigarette ash into the ashtray, gathers her things and leaves through the front door.

EXT. PAY PHONE OUTSIDE FELLINI'S - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

ACT 2 Scene 8 - Dinner plans, Take
2

She puts a dime in the pay phone outside the restaurant.

SHARON

Cookie. It's Sharon. Please put Martin on. I need to speak to him.

Pause as COOKIE says something too muffled to understand.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I know he doesn't want to talk to me. Please, just get him.

After a pause, MARTIN is on the line.

MARTIN

(telephone Audio)

What is it?

SHARON

We need to talk.

MARTIN

(sarcastically)
You've decided to come home?

SHARON

I'll be home Friday night. I can make dinner. We can talk and figure this out. I think we can make this work.

MARTIN

(sternly)
There isn't anything to figure out. You made your choice. You are confusing the kids, and me for that matter.

SHARON

There is plenty to figure out. I am still their mother. I am still your wife. It doesn't have to end. It needs to change. More Friday. I have to go.

MARTIN

You always have to go.

INT. PALOS VERDES KITCHEN - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)
ACT 2 Scene 9- Meat loaf again?,
Take 4

With a steaming hot meatloaf held with oversize oven mitts, Sharon enters and places it in the center of the table.

Martin, and children JORDAN, JASON and JENNIFER are all seated around the table.

Jason immediately reaches out with his fork. Sharon swats his hand away with the spatula.

JASON

Ow!

SHARON

This isn't feeding time at the zoo.

Sharon sits opposite Martin.

Martin cuts up the meatloaf serving large portions to the kids. Sharon puts mashed potatoes and broccoli florets on each plate.

Jason takes a big bite of the meatloaf before everyone is served.

JASON

Yuck!

Jason spits out the meatloaf which flies across the table.

MARTIN

(tense)

Jason. If you sit at this table you are going to be civilized. Put that back on your plate.

Jason uses his cloth napkin to pick it up.

SHARON

Christ! Not the napkin. That stain will **never** come out.

MARTIN

Not your problem. Cookie does the laundry.

SHARON

(Looking down)

Hardly the point.

Martin takes a bite.

MARTIN

(angrily)

Oh geez. This is awful.

Sharon looks up. She has not touched her food.

JASON

And I **hate** broccoli!

Jason stabs the broccoli with his fork starts flinging pieces at his sisters.

MARTIN

(low growl)

That's it!

Martin jumps up and grabs Jason by the arm, shoving him on the floor. Jason gets up and flips Martin off with both hands walking away.

Martin storms out of the dinning room.

Sharon is sitting there, frozen. The two girls get up to leave.

JORDAN

Sorry. But it wasn't very good.

Taking Jennifer by the hand they leave Sharon sitting alone. Standing up, she takes the meatloaf and dumps it in the sink.

SHARON

(bitter)

There you go. Cookie does the laundry. Cookie does the dishes. Cookie can shove the meatloaf up her **ass**.

Sharon grabs her purse off the counter and heads out the front door.

At the door, Martin forcefully grabs her by the upper arm.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Don't even!

Martin pauses a moment and releases her arm.

MARTIN

(nasty chuckle)

So you come back to cook us poisoned meatloaf?

Thanks a lot.

SHARON

The poison isn't in the meatloaf.
It's in this family.

Sharon walks down the driveway to her car, without a whimper, tears stream down her face.

The front door SLAMS.

INT. BIANCA'S CAFÉ, DEPARTMENT RECEPTION - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

ACT 2 Scene 10 - The Intelligencia,
Take 2

THOMAS (TOM) PRESCOTT, (age 49) Radio/TV/Cinema, Division Chair speaks. He taps the microphone to test it.

TOM

one-two-three...Testing

Feedback squeals and people wince.

TOM (CONT'D)

(unctuously)

Can I get your attention? It's time for a few quick introductions. I'm Dr. Thomas Prescott, PhD, but we are informal here, you can call me Tom.

He flashes a big toothy grin, straightens his bow tie and looks around the room.

TOM (CONT'D)

Your faculty welcomes our new students to Fall 72. I want you to meet Leni Mueller, Cinema department chair. She wrote several grants for equipment and our facilities now rival USC and UCLA.

Polite applause from the new students, the advanced students just glance at each to see if any of them dare applaud.

SARA

(whispers to Sharon)

Leni wears the same pantsuit and jacket every day. I call it a Mansuit. Everyone calls her Mussolini's Mistress.

SHARON

(giggling)

Really? Funny. I'll keep an eye out for fashion tips.

TOM

And this is ARNIE SEMPLE, he is the man who will teach you the art of screenwriting. Arnie is also an expert on Documentary film.
AAANNND, drum roll please.

He glances over to JC and Leni expecting a sound effect; Leni continues lighting JC's cigarette and both just stare back with deadpan expressions.

TOM (CONT'D)

He is also in the middle of finishing his second book on screenwriting.

Applause with some whistles and hoots.

TOM (CONT'D)

And JC Durant, you have met, teaches film history and film production.

Applause, catcall whistles and man grunts.

TOM (CONT'D)

I raise my glass to all of you.

SARA

And JC, he is well, you know, French, very French. He keeps staring at me.

SHARON

Really? I think he flirts with everyone. And he is from Belgium.

Sharon lights a cigarette, then lights Sara's with her cigarette.

SARA

We need to stick together.

Sara gestures back and forth with cigarette.

SHARON

Why?

SARA

There are so few of us. Jackie, the old lady, you know, me, you. We can support each other.

SHARON

Agreed. I'm not afraid of the guys, well, not most of them.

Sharon blows a smoke ring.

Sara smiles and sips her drink.

SARA

(serious)

But as to JC, remember, I saw him first.

SHARON

I'll keep that in mind.

Flicking the ash off her cigarette, Sharon nods with a half smile.

EXT. KENDRA'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

SECOND AC

ACT 2 Scene 11 - Weed, whites and wine, Take 3

Kendra is driving on the 101 Freeway towards Hollywood. Clothes, folded, on the seat, books, framed pictures.

Looks at her watch, wonders what else to bring.

KENDRA

(talks to self)

Flowers? White Chocolate? Ah. Wine! Papers!

INT.- SHARON'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Sharon hears a KNOCK, opens her front door that evening.

JC

May I come in?

SHARON

(surprised smile)

Entrez-vous. I wasn't expecting you this early.

JC

I brought wine. A Pinot Noir this time.

SHARON

(spanglish accent)

Great. And I have a joint, Oaxacan zee best.

INT. HIGH END LIQUOR STORE - EVENING

Kendra is asking the clerk for the red wines, specifically Pinot Noir.

KENDRA

No, the one on the upper shelf.

CLERK

Ma'am, That is an expensive bottle.
May I suggest...

KENDRA

(flashing anger)

First, It's Ms.
Second, I told you which bottle.

CLERK

As you wish Ma'am.

KENDRA

And a pack of True Blue and
Virginia Slims. Where are the Zig
Zags?

CLERK

Ma'am?

KENDRA

(annoyed)

Rolling papers?

CLERK

We do not carry them. Perhaps You
should try the headshop on Las
Palmas. I understand they...

Exasperated, Kendra grabs her change and exits.

EXT. KENDRA DRIVING TO SHARON'S PLACE - NIGHT

Kendra sees a Volvo sports car in Sharon's driveway. Annoyed, she squeezes into a small spot further up the narrow street. She gathers the wine and snacks and makes her way back to Sharon's.

The lights are out but she sees the flicker of candlelight. Smiling, she skips up the stairs. Surprised the front door is locked, she uses the extra keys from the movers and enters the side door to the kitchen.

Placing the groceries on the counter she hears noises from the living room. She looks into the room and sees JC mounting Sharon from behind, doggie style.

KENDRA

(screaming)

What the fuck? Who the **fuck** is this?

JC and Sharon jump up, both stark naked.

JC

(yelling)

Get out of here!

JC charges Kendra

SHARON

(screams)

Stop! I know her!

KENDRA

(screaming)

You fucking **bitch**. You God damn slut!

Kendra throws the house keys hitting Sharon in the face.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Fuck you if think I will help you buying furniture. Or **anything** else!

The next door neighbor's lights come on. At their window, the silhouette of a woman with large curlers peers through the curtains, then closes them. We see the silhouette of her picking up the phone and gesturing wildly.

Kendra storms out. We hear her REVVING the engine. She throws Sharon's clothes onto the street, SQUEALING the wheels and horn HONKING. Kendra continues her profanity-laced tirade as she drives off.

INT. SHARON'S BATHROOM SEVERAL MINUTES LATER - SAME

JC is gently applying a band-aid to a cut on her forehead. Both are still naked. Sharon looks up at him, eyes tearing. He hugs her. She looks up and gently kisses him.

SHARON

I am so sorry.

(pause)

It's best if you go.

JC

Yes. Will you be Okay?

SHARON

You know, I think I will be.

INT. FACULTY OFFICES BULLETIN BOARD - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 2 Scene 12 - Lights, Camera,
Action, Take 2

The second film festival assignment is posted outside the faculty offices. Students are taking notes from the sheet.

HARRISON

(reading out loud)

For the first assignment everyone
is to shoot a film that is at least
10 minutes.

Harrison turns to everyone standing behind him.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Which is at least five rolls of
Super 8 film. Maybe more!

EXT. WESTWOOD FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING

Ronnie and Warren arrive for their film shoot and park in the employee lot. They start unloading all the military props from the back of the Jeep.

A car pulls into the parking space next to them. A well dressed WOMAN 1 (age 40) gets out.

WOMAN 1

You have to park in Armory lot.
These are for the Federal building
staff.

Ronnie looks up from gathering the props out the back of the Jeep and stands up straight holding several prop machine guns.

Woman 1 screams and runs into the Federal building.

RONNIE

(laughing)

Ha! See how real these look!

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Our films are gonna be great. Hey, maybe we should get her to play a part.

WARREN

Pretty sure she doesn't want anything to do with us. So where are the crew and actors?

RONNIE

They should be here any minute. Oh wait I think that's them.

WARREN

Wow. They are already in costume. Those guns look real.

RONNIE

Uhh. They aren't supposed to have guns. They're gonna be the hostages.

A bullhorn blasts out.

FEDERAL POLICE

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! GET ON THE GROUND.

Warren and Ronnie look at each other, pause, and then drop to the ground screaming their serial numbers.

RONNIE

RA29483762

WARREN

RA46983791

Federal Guards with weapons aim at Ronnie and Warren surround them. They are handcuffed and being led into the Federal Building.

The film crew and actors are just arriving, holding costumes and tripods.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

Hey. No worries. Just a misunderstanding

WARREN

Let JC know we're gonna be late for class today.

INT. STUDENT STORE - DAY

The students are lined up to buy supplies for their project.

VITAS

(Swedish accent)

I need to buy rolls of film for my assignment.

CLERK

Are you in Photography or Cinema?

VITAS

Cinema.

CLERK

(rapidly)

OK. We have 16mm and Super 8. 400 foot and 50 foot plus 200 foot magazines. Daylight balanced, tungsten balanced and B&W. Which do you want.

VITAS

(clueless)

Uhhhhh. I missed the lecture on types of film.

CLERK

Um, I need to know which kinds...there's a line of people, you know.

Harrison is next in line behind Vitas and offers his advice.

HARRISON

If you are shooting in daytime get Daylight balance. You need to turn in a ten-minute film. And it is two minutes a roll.

VITAS

Ok. Five rolls of Daylight. Super 8.

HARRISON

(anxious)

Only 5 rolls? What if you make a mistake? And what about splicing tape?

VITAS

There are no mistakes. I believe film is a metaphysical exercise. The film will make itself.

Harrison stares at Vitas as he leaves, and takes a sniff of his nasal decongestant, sneezing loudly as a result.

EXT. DAY - CINEMA LUNCH TABLES

Vitas knows which people either own or checked out cameras this week.

VITAS

(serenely)

Here is a roll. Please film today.
Whatever you want today. I will pay
to have the rolls developed.

INT. NEXT DAY - STUDENT WORKROOM

Vitas approaches Robert to splice all the developed rolls together. Viewing the footage Robert is confused.

ROBERT

(agitated)

None of this makes any sense. It's
all different stuff. It just
doesn't make sense. A lot of it is
out of focus. What am I supposed to
do with it?

VITAS

(calmly)

That's ok. Just splice all the
rolls together. I will buy you an
Astro Burger if you can finish
editing today.

Robert just looks at Vitas shaking his head in disbelief and proceeds to assemble the five rolls.

ROBERT

(cautioning)

I hope you know what you're doing.

Pause, Robert looks up from the film viewer.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Can I get fries with the burger?

INT. LECTURE HALL FILM FESTIVAL 2 - DAY

Vitas' film is the last shown for the festival.

The projection screen is showing Vitas's movie final scene.
It is out of focus with waving camera.

A trash can is knocked over, rolls down street, and the tail
leader ends the film.

It is a jumbled mess, much as Robert described.

Some students are giggling, others swearing.

RONNIE

What bullshit!

WARREN

It'll win an Academy Award

ARTIE

What the fuck?

Harrison leans over to the row in front where Sharon and Sara are sitting, his head between them. They recoil at his intrusion.

HARRISON

I think I can explain what Vitas was trying to do. It's a metaphysical...

SHARON

Please don't.

SARA

Please don't.

The three Cinema instructors are seated in the back of the hall.

JC

Quiet down, please. Who did the filming?

Five students raise their hands.

ARNIE SEMPLE

Who was responsible for the editing?

Robert hesitantly raises his hand.

Leni slowly drags a puff on her cigarette, says nothing and then flicks the ash. Arnie, sitting next to Leni, looks down at his shoes.

Walking out of the hall the students who worked on the film collectively worried they would be blamed for the utter disaster.

STUDENT 1

(shaking head)

If I get a 'F' because of that Scandinavian scuzball...

STUDENT 2

(yelling)

Thanks a lot Vitas. We better not fail this assignment.

VITAS

Please don't worry. I am responsible for the film. Everything will be alright.

ROBERT

You probably should have asked to turn it in late. Nobody will want to work on your films now.

Robert places a reassuring hand on Vitas's shoulder

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I will. But it needs to be perfect before you show it to anyone.

VITAS

(smiling)

I don't believe in perfection. I learn by doing and making mistakes and doing things again. Doing is better than perfecting.

ROBERT

That is kind of weird.
(pause)
Do I still get the burger?

VITAS

(smiling)

With fries!

INT. NEXT DAY - FACULTY OFFICES BULLETIN BOARD

The department secretary is posting each professor's choices for festival winners on a separate typed sheet of 8.5 x 11 department letterhead.

Slowly running his finger down the list, Robert's jaw drops. Vitas was the winner on all three lists.

ROBERT

What the fuck? What the fucking fuck?

INT. VARIOUS CLASSROOMS - DAY

In each professor's class the students are outraged. "Why did Vitas win?" is the collective cry.

INT. SCREENWRITING CLASS - DAY

The room is filled with crosstalk. Some students were laughing, others shouting expletives about the winner.

ARNIE SEMPLE

(raised voice)

Everybody! Hey! Everyone, just accept the results and move on. I have a new Hollywood saying "You're only as good as you're next film."

Today we are looking at opening title sequences and their role in storytelling. This is WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.

INT. LENI'S CLASS - DAY

LENI MUELLER

Stop whining. It was my choice far and above any of the pitiful attempts shown. You will not always win. Not everyone will like what you do. Period. Get over it. Subject closed.

Leni pulls down the projection screen over the blackboard, turns, looks up to the projector stand and SNAPS her fingers.

LENI MUELLER (CONT'D)

Lights!

INT. CINEMA 1 CLASSROOM - DAY

Angrily confronting JC, ROBERT goes on a full rant; JC listens expressionless.

ROBERT

We were taught skills. Specific skills.

Robert stands up from his seat and is talking to the students. He then turns directly facing JC.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(mocking French accent)
'Skills essential to the cinematic
language'

Several outbursts from students are heard.

WARREN Whoa, cowboy! **SARA** That's **rude!**

Robert looks around, then faces JC again.

ROBERT
(angrily)
We were lectured, drilled and
tested. Why are you making this all
worthless? It's a joke! It was a
terrible film.
(To Vitas)
I am sorry, You are a nice guy, but
it was shit, the film was shit.
(turning to JC)
He never went to the technical
tutorials. The film was shit! And
he never actually did anything! No
filming, no editing. **Zero, zip,
nada!**

Robert stays standing, staring at JC expecting an answer.

JC lets the moment mature.

JC
(to Robert)
Vitas demonstrated the greatest and
most vital skill for a film maker.
(pause)
He got people to do the things he
needed done.

JC looks over the class which is sitting a bit stunned, in
silence.

JC (CONT'D)
Samuel Goldwyn, the 'G' in MGM, a
producer from the golden age of
Hollywood movies.

He once said "If I were in this
business only for the business, I
wouldn't be in this business."

(MORE)

JC (CONT'D)

So I challenge each of you to think about why you are here and what you hope to accomplish.

SHARON (V.O.)

(writing in notebook)

Robert just stared at JC. It felt like minutes, but it was seconds. The classroom was silent. Robert finally sank into his seat, stunned by the profound lesson he just received. JC's understanding of film, of what is required to make films, makes him special. And that is what I love about him.

INT. ENTRY TO PROJECTION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 3 Scene 1 - The decisive moment, Take 12

After the lectures on Citizen Kane are finished, Benjamin is tasked with taking several reels back to the film vault. The reel cases are heavy.

He sees Nick by the door to the screening hall.

BENJAMIN

Nick, could you help me return the CK reels to the library? It's all the way across campus and there are six of them.

NICK

(smiles)

Of course!

Dressed in a biker's studded leather jacket, Nick has chains attached to his belt and leather boots.

They make their way up the stairs to the projection booth. Benjamin is fretting over rewinding the reels.

BENJAMIN

I have never run the rewinding machine. I heard it could cut your fingers off if you make the wrong move.

Benjamin is not mechanically inclined and fumbles with reel

cases.

NICK

(assuring)

Never fear, Nick is here. I think
we can figure it out.

The steps up to the booth are through a small darkened tunnel. Benjamin and Nick get to the projection room door. Benjamin fumbles with the keys, clearly nervous.

Slowly, Nick reaches from behind and takes Benjamin's hand and guides the key into the lock. Benjamin turns. Nick is smiling and looking deep into Benjamin's wide open eyes.

Nick gently kisses him on the lips. Benjamin closes his eyes and they kiss again.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD WALKWAY - DUSK

We see Benjamin and Nick walking across the campus quad. Casting occasional glances, they say nothing.

EXT. CINEMA LUNCH TABLES - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 3 Scene 2 - Casting call, Take
4

SHARON V.O.

(writing in notebook)

No one is immune from the temptations that arise from working closely with people. Exploitation, empathy, solidarity are the residuals of knowing someone too well, and not well enough.

We cinema students were just getting our creative chops aligned, when intimacy and doubt, self-discovery and self-loathing informed each of the decisions we made.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD WALKWAY - SAME

Paul Bart, the oldest student in the cinema program, is walking across the campus in his tie-dye tank top and a bandana around his balding head.

SHARON (V.O.)

(writing in notebook)

Paul's underground sex parties are the whispered gossip on campus. He is constantly on the prowl for willing young students to partake in his swing party enterprise. Paul approaches anyone and everyone in the cinema department. So many underage students. He has to tread carefully.

EXT. CINEMA DEPARTMENT LUNCH TABLES - DAY

Lurking around the lunch tables Paul is checking out the young couples.

Smiling, he approaches Jackie and Artie.

PAUL

I just overheard you guys talking about a cool location for your next project.

ARTIE

You're listening to our conversation?

JACKIE

Artie, let him talk. Yes, we need a house, you know, big. Like for rich people.

PAUL

My place is perfect! Big driveway and double garage. You guys should come by Friday night. I have parties I think you'll like.

ARTIE

I think we have something plan----

JACKIE

(cuts off Artie)

We have nothing planned. We should bring something?

PAUL

Oh don't worry. There is plenty of food. Maybe a bottle of your favorite wine?

Harrison has been listening at the next table. He brings his

food tray over.

HARRISON

(breathlessly)

I heard you talking, I was just sitting over there. Does your place have a pool? I want to shoot my film at a pool. I figured out a way to record sound underwater. You see, you need...

PAUL

How old are you?

HARRISON

Uh, I'm 18 and 4 months. You see...

Paul cuts Harrison off abruptly.

PAUL

Our pool is drained.

Paul turns his attention to Artie and Jackie.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I hope to see you two there. It will be a blast! Let me tell you about...

Harrison places his food tray with pizza slices on the bench. He leaves to get his drink he forgot at the counter. Paul sits without looking, right on the two triangles of pizza.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(writes on napkin)

Here is my number
Call and I will add your names to
the guest list.

Jackie takes the napkin.

Paul gets up and leaves as Harrison comes back with a bottle of YooHoo. Artie, Jackie and Harrison just look at the pizza stuck on Paul's ass, one on each cheek. Harrison is about to yell after him but Jackie puts her hand on his shoulder to stop him. Harrison, worried, looks at Jackie. She and Artie are giggling.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE STUDENT PARKING LOT - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 3 Scene 3 - Demetri cuts a
deal, Take 2

Wiping his sweaty brow and pulling a deep drag on his half-smoked cigarette, Demetri watches Paul approach the students. He hears Paul's pitch to Artie and Jackie. Demetri's eyes open-wide when Paul gets up from the table.

DEMETRI

(European accent)

Paul! Hey Paul! You gotta minute?

PAUL

Not now Kovacs.

Stepping up his pace, he continues walking.

DEMETRI

(laughing)

You are in a big hurry for a man
with pizza on his ass. You supposed
to eat it with your mouth first.

Paul reaches around to his rear end.

PAUL

Aw godammit!

Paul peels off the pizza and chucks into the trash barrel.

DEMETRI

So Pauly, I hear you have sexy
parties at your big house.

PAUL

Hey! Keep your fucking voice down.
They are invitation only. Seventy-
five bucks cover.

DEMETRI

(surprised)

Seventy-five! Why are you talking
to them?

Gestures to Artie and Jackie.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

They don't have a pot to piss in!

PAUL

They have a quality I like.

DEMETRI

I can see their quality. You want pretty parties.

PAUL

Still thirty-five bucks.

DEMETRI

(sensing an opening)
Give me a discount for paying couples I bring. Thirty-five bucks! You still get forty!

PAUL

(laughs dismissively)
Twenty dollar discount. No Forties, no Fatties.

INT. TABLE AT BIANCA'S CAFÉ - EVENING

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)
Act 3 Scene 4 - Eve, meet serpent,
Take 4

Demetri makes his move and cozies-up to Paul's wife, Sheila. She is the weak link.

DEMETRI

Sheila, I admire you and Paul. You two built a lively little operation. Now is the time to make it grow, big. Really big!

SHEILA

(cautious)
Oh Demetri. It is really Paul's doing. He knows business. We were very successful dry cleaners in the Valley!

WAITRESS 2 brings two coffees in large cups.

WAITRESS 2

My shift is over. Please pay the tab now.

There is a very pregnant pause as Demetri and Sheila stare each other down to see who will pay.

DEMETRI

Oh! Of course, I will pay.

He fumbles for pocket change, pays the exact amount, no tip.

Waitress 2 just glares, and then leaves as she unties her apron and throws it on the counter.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

(Dismissively)

Ha! The Valley. Where tired people go to wrinkle like a prune. You want more than that. That's why you moved into a Hancock Park mansion.

SHEILA

(won't look at Demetri)

Well...

DEMETRI

I am the only one who can make you and Paul rich. You will be very rich! Help me talk to Paul.

You're his wife, his successful business partner. He will listen to you. I will convince him. I just need to talk to him.

SHEILA

You are making me uncomfortable. I don't like this.

DEMETRI

(cautionary tone)

You don't know how uncomfortable it can be. Too much money you are letting blow in the wind. My contacts can make you rich..

Pausing, he reads Sheila's body language as she hunches her shoulders.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

(Menacing tone)

Or make you, well, just imagine the worst.

Demetri takes a deep drag on the cigarette and flicks his ash on the floor.

WAITRESS 3 SLAMS an ashtray on the table.

Sheila is visibly scared. Her eyes welling up with tears, takes her purse and leaves without saying a word.

EXT. CINEMA LUNCH TABLES - DAY

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 4 - Me Tarzan, Take 2

Harrison sees a group of students sitting around the tables. Sharon, Jackie, Ronnie and Warren are trying to stay cool in the shade.

Harrison starts to tell a story.

HARRISON

(excited)

Hey guys. Did I ever tell you about my grandfather? He was a sound effects editor on Tarzan movies. He won an Oscar for the yell.

Nobody moves and keep fanning themselves.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

You know the famous yell.

Harrison CROAKS out a yell.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

(wiping drool)

Pappy, we called him Pappy, used multitrack channeling, reversing recording.

Harrison's verbal treatise is greeted with yawns and fumbling for cigarettes.

JACKIE

Sharon, do you have a lighter?

Sharon reaches in her bag and hands Jackie her BIC.

Jackie turns to Ronnie.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And a cigarette?

Sharon laughs. Ronnie hands her a crumpled pack with one smoke left in it.

HARRISON

(breathlessly excited)

He says the Beatles used the same technics at Apple Studios.

(MORE)

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Pappy earned a patent! You know what else he...

WARREN

(Interrupts)

Hey kid, try one of these.

Warren takes a joint out of his shirt pocket and hands it to Harrison.

WARREN (CONT'D)

It instantly makes you more interesting.

Several people chuckle.

Harrison looks perplexed, waves his hand rejecting the gift.

HARRISON

I don't smoke. I mean I have never really smoked one. My friends have and I was with them. One time...

Warren tears the joint in half.

WARREN

Take this. Just a few puffs should do the trick. Just before you go to bed.

HARRISON

Do I look tired?

WARREN

Oh Jesus H. Christ. Just smoke the fucking thing.

Harrison takes the half joint.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Report the results to Ronnie first thing in the morning!

RONNIE

What?

Everybody laughs, except Harrison.

INT. HARRISON'S BEDROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 3 Scene 4 - Son of Cheetah,
Take 1

Harrison smokes the joint as directed. He falls asleep and begins to dream he is in the LAX Proud Bird ballroom at the technical Academy Awards. It is twenty years in the future. The Emcee announces Harrison wins the Oscar for technical achievement in Cinema.

Dressed in a loincloth and accompanied by a chimpanzee named Pappy after his grandfather, Harrison's acceptance speech was, of course, the Tarzan yell, which scares the baby chimp who promptly bites Harrison in the crotch.

Harrison is carried out by Paramedics to an ambulance. As the ambulance roars off sirens blaring, Pappy the chimp runs after the ambulance screaming and holding the OSCAR.

Waking up from the dream, Harrison turns over to his side.

There is a bit of drool as he smiles and goes back to a deep sleep.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)

Act 3 Scene 5 - Sara bonds with
Mrs. X, Take 4

JC

We have a rare opportunity for a willing student to work on a UCLA Masters thesis film. It is not a paying job, but you will become rich with experience.

Students comment to each other.

RONNIE

Work for free? I don't think so.

BENJAMIN

My grandparents are visiting. I can't.

HARRISON

What did he say?

Sara raises her hand, waving it to JC.

JC

We have a volunteer! See me after class for the details.

INT. UCLA SOUND STAGE - DAY

Sara shows up to UCLA shoot early. Sara asks one of the crew where Lisbeth is.

SARA

I'm looking for Lisbeth?

CREW 1

Are you the LACC student?

SARA

Yes. I need to speak with Lisbeth.

CREW 1

(chuckles)

She'll be here in a minute. You know she's your professor's ex-wife.

SARA

Oh! No. I didn't.

CREW 1

Yeah. The other two quit once they found out. Your the third one this semester. Plus Lisbeth demands a lot for no pay.

SARA

Well, I know what volunteer means.

CREW 1

No food either. Hope you brought a lunch.

Lisbeth walks into the stage.

LISBETH

Are you Sara?

SARA

Yes, I...

LISBETH

(interrupts)

My actress didn't show up. I need you take the part.

SARA

Yes. I mean sure. What...

LISBETH

Go see Tilda. She'll explain the part.

Lisbeth walks over to the camera crew.

SARA

Uhhhh. Tilda is...

CREW 1

The bald-headed dyke. Over there.

Crew 1 points to table with a mirror and some make-up lights.

Sara pumps Lisbeth during the week long project, getting as many intimate details as possible to help her get JC's attention. She volunteers herself for the explicit S&M scene in Lisbeth's film, knowing JC would see it.

It was a risky move for Sara. Her father is a retired air force officer, strict, conservative, and religious.

Sara is his golden child who can do no wrong...until now.

LISBETH (O.S.)

(Swedish accent)

OK, clear the set. Just camera for this scene. It's MOS and I have the perfect music for the scene. So I am playing it during the filming. It helps get you in the mood.

Sara is listening intently

We see Sara's left profile. She is looking across her shoulder at the camera. Slow dolly out and we see she is flat against a wall. Pulling out further out we see she is wearing fur-lined wrist restraints

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

Ok. Roll camera.

CAMERAMAN 1

Rolling.

LISBETH (O.S.)

Action!

Sara is nude, against a dark wood wall. Stepping into the frame, A silhouetted woman in a sheer negligé is holding a coiled bullwhip in her hand. The woman releases the whip, uncoiling to the ground.

She proceeds to CRACK the whip against the wall where Sara is manacled. With each CRACK Sara flinches.

To Sara, the risk is worth getting the kind of attention from JC that she craved, both sexually and for her career.

INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 5 - Undercover mom,
Take 7

Sharon escorts her kids from the weekend visitation to her husband Martin who works one day a month at the VA Hospital.

SHARON

Jordan, wait with Jennifer here.
Your dad will be off his shift
soon.

They hug and kiss goodbye.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I am going to find him and let him
know you're here. Jen, don't eat
too many bagels.

They giggle.

As she goes to see the Charge Nurse, Sharon sees Sara in the intensive care unit in the VA nursing home.

She is suspicious, and so is careful not to be seen by Sara.

Looking at the names on Nurse's Duty board, it turns out Sara's father is in critical condition on High Alert medication.

Martin walks up to the nurse station.

MARTIN

The kids are here?

SHARON

The lounge. With plenty of bagels

Martin signs some papers and puts them in the file rack.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Marty, I saw someone I know go into the ICU. Who is the patient in bay 7?

Martin looks at the duty board.

MARTIN

Yeah, he's Brigadier General Lynde. Top brass. Ran some defoliation unit at Tan Son Nhut.

A pain in the ass for the staff nurses. He makes written complaints about nurses, orderlies, pretty much anyone.

Martin returns a clipboard to the nurse's station.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

There's a bunch of airmen from his squadron here. Exposure to some defoliation chemicals.

Messed them up, uh, yeah, that's supposed to be secret.

But it is pretty serious.

(pause)

So who's your friend?

SHARON

Just a student from class.

Exiting through the lobby, Sharon pauses as she sees Sara collecting her father's retirement check at the front office cashier and leaving.

Sharon retreats to the vending machine nook to avoid being seen.

INT. SHARON SITS IN HER CAR - NIGHT

SHARON V.O.

(writing in notebook)

A General in the Air Force. And Sara grew up as a military brat. The Veterans Administration pays for his health care...and more. This is where Sara gets her money. She did not have a job. She has her Laurel Canyon apartment, her sports car.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 5 - Not so mellow
Limoncello, Take 4

After one of the student film shoots, Sharon drops off Sara at her Laurel Canyon studio apartment above Canyon Market and Liquor.

The canyon is home to all the major rock stars, and the coolest place to live in ultra-hip Hollywood; and it is not cheap to rent there.

SARA

Wanna see my new apartment? I just moved from a dump on Franklin. Besides, the landlord was way too friendly.

SHARON

Isn't parking a nightmare up here?

SARA

I paid for two spaces. One for me and the other for visitors.

SHARON

Visitors?

SARA

Park next to the 240Z.

SHARON

Huh? I don't know what that is.

SARA

The blue car. It's easier to get out if you back in.

Ignoring the advice, Sharon pulls in head first, the tires SCREECH as brakes are hit just short of the brick wall.

SHARON

Got anything to drink?

Car doors SLAM shut.

INT. SARA'S LAUREL CANYON APARTMENT - SAME

Both Sara and Sharon are slouched back in sofa and chair.

A nearly empty bottle sits on the coffee table along side Sharon's purse with an open bag of chocolate Biscotti.

Finishing off the Limoncello, Sharon casually confronts Sara.

Sharon is slurring her words and gesturing with her cigarette.

SHARON

My soon-to-be ex volunteers at the VA once a month. That's where we exchange the kids after visitation.

Sara's face stops smiling, turns slowly and glares at Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(disapproving)

I know about the condition of your father. This apartment...your little sports car... I saw you collecting his pension check...

Sara cuts Sharon off.

SARA

(screaming)

That-is-private. You have no right sticking your nose in my personal life!

SHARON

(voice raised)

Pretty good scam you have going here. Keep him on life support while you cash the checks.

SARA

(almost growling)

Don't judge me! At least he is still taking care of me, which was all he ever really cared about. Look at yourself! You abandoned your kids; your whole family and your money comes from your ex-husband. I see my father every day. You see your kids once a month, **if** you can fit it in.

Sara throws her drink in Sharon's face, retreats to her bedroom and slams the door.

Sharon stares blankly at the shattered glass on the floor.

Rhythmic sobbing comes from the bathroom. Without a change in expression tears start to stream down Sharon's face.

She gets up and approaches the bedroom door, but stops, turns and picks up her purse and goes to the front door, takes one more look back.

Head down, Sharon turns and leaves quietly, closing the door after her.

VISUALS OF NEWS REPORTS, NEWSPAPERS, POLICE BUSTS

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 6 - LACC meets the
LAPD, Take 3

Sara's explicit sex scene in LISBETH'S film becomes the subject of an LAPD Vice Squad investigation into pornography in college cinema programs.

We see a montage of evidence photos in B&W; short clips from LISBETH's film

Sara's exploits are shown in newspaper articles and photographs covering LISBETH's film project.

Shot of her father throwing down the newspaper as he finds out what she has done. His monitors start to beep, sounding an alarm.

Montage of TV footage showing the LAPD Vice Squad raid of the swing party operations Paul has been running and his arrest for drugs and running a prostitution ring. Demetri as part of Paul's operation, has his passport seized as he is handcuffed and put into a police car.

Paul, Shelia and Demetri, in prison garb, are placed in holding cells, and jail doors slam close with a loud CLINK.

INT. TAVERNA NUOVA - NIGHT

SECOND AC

(slate clapper)
Act 3 Scene 7 - Benjamin goes down
low, Take 1

Nick greets Benjamin at the maître d' station.

NICK

I am meeting some friends nearby in a bit. This is one of my favorite places. Affordable and good.

(pause)

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

So, what was so urgent?

BENJAMIN

(hushed tone)

Did you hear what happened to Paul and Demetri? Not to mention Sara?

NICK

Of course! It's all over the news. The school admins are freaking out. They are on a witch hunt in the cinema program.

BENJAMIN

(whispering)

That's what I am scared of.

Nick stands up.

NICK

I can't hear you whispering. Let's take a table in the back.

Benjamin starts to pick up the water glasses and breadsticks

NICK (CONT'D)

Put that down. They'll bring us fresh. *Gulia! Dei grissini freschi per favore, tesoro mio.*

Throwing a kiss, Nick gestures to the table in the back.

BENJAMIN

(surprised)

You speak Italian!

NICK

Mainly food and wine. I took a year off from school and rode from Brindisi to Milano with my friend, Angelo.

BENJAMIN

Angelo?

NICK

(smiling)

His father works for Ducati.

Benjamin has a blank look on his face.

The WAITRESS 4 brings the breadsticks and water

NICK (CONT'D)
It's a motorcycle.

Nick picks up a breadstick and gestures at Benjamin.

NICK (CONT'D)
A great motorcycle.

Guila, due bruschette alla checca,
amore mio.

BENJAMIN

I love bruschette!

Nick smiles and takes a breadstick, dips it into the marinara sauce.

NICK
So what do you know about the porno
raids?

Benjamin cringes at the word porno.

BENJAMIN
I talked to Sheila, Paul's wife.
She said she could get me in. It
was legal as long as I didn't
drink. I almost went. I would have
been arrested!

Nick tosses his breadstick over his shoulder, rolling eyes.

NICK
(angry chuckle)
Didn't you listen to me? I told you
not get involved them. Look where
you'd be now if you had gone to
those parties.

Nick gets up out of his chair, walks to Benjamin, with one hand on table the other on the back of the chair, Nick bends close to Benjamin's ear; his long black hair dangling in his face.

NICK (CONT'D)
(breathy whisper)
Listen to me. Stay away from the
Barts, and especially Demetri. They
will steal your soul.

Benjamin just looks up at Nick as he turns to go, taking the plate of bruschetta from the approaching Waitress.

He watches him walk into the bar section of tavern disappearing into the cigarette smoke swirling around him.

WAITRESS 4 (O.C.)

(heavy accent)
I see Nick left you without food.
What can I get you?

BENJAMIN

(wearily)
Can I get the ossobuco?

WAITRESS 4

(soothingly)
It is a good choice.

BENJAMIN

(exasperated)
Finally, I made a good choice. Does
it come with bread?

WAITRESS 4

All you want, caro mio.

EXT. DRAKE'S LIQUOR LOCKER - NIGHT

Benjamin leaves the tavern after paying for his dinner. He walks down the street passing an antique store, a poster and frame shop, their windows lighting the sidewalk

Stopping at a liquor store he picks up a free newspaper from the messy racks by the front door. Glancing through the paper he turns to the personal ad section. He reads a display ad for a club. The tagline reads: "Where men meet men dressed like their dreams."

BENJAMIN

(mumbling softly)
This is my decision. This I am
doing. My decision. The heck with
the risk.

He tosses the paper towards the rack, but hits an older couple exiting the liquor store.

Startled, the couple glare at him as they pass; they could be his parents.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Oh sorry.

Pauses a moment, then turns back to face the old couple.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

No, fuck you! It's my decision. I'm going!

The couple recoils from Benjamin.

Benjamin picks up the paper, tears out the address for the ad; it's only a block away.

He walks leaving his car at the restaurant so no one sees it at the club.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

(a low chant)

Meet men dressed in my dreams, meet
men dressed in my dreams.

EXT. SILVER SADDLE CLUB - NIGHT

The SILVER SADDLE is on a small side street. The front has no entrance door, just a small sign "Enter in the Rear."

Benjamin walks down the steps on the side of building to the parking lot and sees the ten-foot-high neon sign. It is a cowboy wearing only a Stetson, chaps and twirling a lasso. He winks every couple of seconds.

Benjamin is just standing there staring at the sign. There are two huge bouncers at the front door wearing chaps and cowboy boots like the neon sign.

The GREETER, wearing a skin tight buckskin jumpsuit with eight inch fringe, beckons Benjamin

GREETER

Yoo-hoo. The entrance is over here.
We have real cowboys and Indians
inside.

Benjamin walks to the entrance.

GREETER (CONT'D)

(lilting)

Oooh, nice jacket. Zeidler's ?

BENJAMIN

(grinning)

Yes it is!

GREETER

I need to see some ID cowboy. Or
are you an Indian?

Benjamin fumbles his wallet out and removes his driver
license

GREETER (CONT'D)

(sing songy)
Oh, you just turned 18! Gooooood
News. No cover charge for you.

Benjamin puts his license and wallet back in his jacket

GREETER (CONT'D)

Our hostess with the mostess will
show to a ring side seat at the go-
go cage. ENJOY!

Benjamin walks into the dark foyer and looks up to see the
silhouette of a tall Indian, a graceful brave with a single
feather in a head band. Stepping into the light the Indian
fully lit.

Benjamin freezes.

It is Nick, wearing only a loincloth and showing his bare
chest with developed breasts.

Nick's face drops as he recognizes Benjamin.

NICK

Benjamin? What are you doing here?

Benjamin screams and runs back out the entrance.

Nick yells after him but the bouncers stop him

BOUNCER 1

Hold on Pocahontas, you can't go
outside like this. Get a coat.

Benjamin has run out of sight.

NICK

Ahh shit. Never mind. Another hope
is dashed. I'll track him down
tomorrow.

BOUNCER 1

(lasciviously)
My goodness, another scalp for
Nicki.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 5 - Suicide is painful,
Take 5

Sharon's phone rings.

ER NURSE (O.S.)

(telephone audio)

Miss Roseman. This is nurse
Stanton. Cedars-Sinai Emergency. We
found your card with a Sara Lynde.
Are you related?

SHARON

(worried)

Yes, uh no. Why? What happened?

ER NURSE (O.S.)

Can you come to the hospital right
away?

SHARON

Yeah, no. I'll come. Is she
alright?

ER NURSE (O.S.)

She is conscious and communicating.

INT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

Sharon enters the hospital and sees Sara in the lobby in a
wheelchair with an IV attached.

Sara will not look at Sharon.

ER NURSE

She apparently ingested over ten-
thousand MG of Meprobamate. The
paramedics found a doctor's sample
packet of Miltown beside her. Any
idea who her doctor is?

Sharon, looking at the sample packet, realizes Sara took the
Miltown from her glove compartment.

SHARON

I think they're mine. My husband is
a physician at St. Mary's.

ER NURSE

Mrs. Roseman, care needs to be taken with drugs of this...

SHARON

Yeah, yeah. I'll take care of it.

The ER Nurse just shakes her head, turns and walks back to the desk.

Sharon comes over to Sara, gently puts the tips of her fingers under her chin and lifts her face. Sara, tears in her eyes, looks at Sharon. They embrace with tears flowing. Sharon wheels Sara out of the front of the hospital to her Peugeot.

Head down and walking on the street is Benjamin. He just kept walking after running away from Nick and the SILVER SADDLE. He is across the street from the Emergency Room Hospital.

Benjamin backs into a shadow to watch. The orderly is helping Sara into Sharon's car. Benjamin steps under a streetlight and just stares as they drive off.

Collapsing to the curb, tears stream down Benjamin's face.

BENJAMIN

Why am I crying?

SHARON V.O.

(writing in notebook)

As the many relationships that formed early fell apart, took new shape, or started to mature, each of these new young filmmakers were experiencing what would inform the rest of their careers. Life is not easy for those who make movies, they simply get to tell their stories, their way, with one of the greatest artistic tools. Just another day in HOLLYWOOD
ADJACENT

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 8 - Ready when you are
C.B., Take 7

Ronnie and Warren are setting up Sharon's 16mm advanced project shoot.

The Peugeot is parked in an alley with Robert, Warren and Ronnie running straps through the car and over the roof.

SHARON

I need the camera to be directly over the actors.

WARREN

Robert needs to be as far forward as possible to see their faces. You should check the camera angle.

SHARON

I am not climbing on top of the car

Flicks her cigarette.

ROBERT

(assuring)

I will get the face in the shot.

RONNIE

Okay. Climb up and I will hand you the camera.

Cupping his hands like a step on a ladder. Ronnie helps Robert crawl up on top and holds the camera over the open sunroof.

ROBERT

I need a body in the seat to frame this up.

EXT. PREPPING THE CAR - SAME

Robert is being strapped to the top of the roof, holding the fifteen-thousand-dollar Eclair camera.

WARREN

(comfortingly)

It's okay if you die. It's the call of duty.

RONNIE

Just don't drop the fuckin' camera. My shoot is tomorrow.

EXT. DRIVING WITH ROBERT ON TOP OF CAR - SAME

Red lights start flashing. A motorcycle cop is putting on the siren and the Peugeot pulls to the side of road.

OFFICER 1

(pointing)
I want your license.

SHARON

I can explain, it's my car..

OFFICER 1

(sternly)
Then I want your license too!
Everyone out of the car.
And you, off the roof.

ROBERT

I am strapped in.

OFFICER 1

NOW!

Ronnie takes the camera and Warren removes the straps.

The soundman, actors and Sharon exit the car through a tangle of cords.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

(yelling)
OK, YOU! OFF THE ROOF!!

Robert struggles to move but he is stuck

ROBERT

My pants are stuck in the sunroof.

OFFICER1

You guys were in the service?

RONNIE

Yes sir.

WARREN

Yes sir.

OFFICER 1

Get him off the roof. NOW!

Warren and Ronnie look at each other, shrug their shoulders.

INT. BACK SEAT OF CAR - SAME

In his whitey-tighty briefs, Robert is sandwiched between Ronnie and Warren. Robert complains.

ROBERT

Those are new jeans. Twelve dollars.

WARREN

(Chuckling)

Did your Mommy buy your panties?

RONNIE

I am just glad he isn't going commando.

Everyone laughs, except Robert.

EXT. BACK PASSENGER WINDOW OF PEUGEOT CU - SAME

Shot from a camera car alongside. Through the rear seat window we see gestures and animated discussion with Warren and Ronnie laughing.

Car wheels SCREECHING, gears SHIFTING.

The car speeds ahead of the camera car and we see the pants stuck on the roof, filled with air FLUTTERING like an airport runway windsock.

FREEZE FRAME

WHAT BECAME OF THE CINEMA CLASS OF '72

Sound- HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD-- Doris Day

TEXT SCROLL

Jackie divorced Artie and married an Olympic Gold Medal Decathlete, raised five girls and produced a reality show featuring her family that is still in re-runs.

We see scenes of Jackie's show being promoted on TV.

TEXT SCROLL

Ronnie became a unit still photographer, married a nine-fingered woman, his fourth wife, and the love of his life.

We see Ronnie preparing to photograph an action sequence on set.

TEXT SCROLL

Warren opened an exotic animal rescue sanctuary in the hills of Temecula, and tells everyone he meets that animals are better company than people.

We see Warren hug lions and handling large snakes.

TEXT SCROLL

Sara married JC and founded a cutting edge special effects studio. Together they bought a Napa Valley winery and JC manages their Michelin Star restaurant at the Big Sur Inn.

We see Sara playfully feeding JC a morsel of food in their restaurant.

TEXT SCROLL

Vitas made only one film. A commercial for a small computer company that aired during the Superbowl, the only time it was ever shown. He was paid in cash and stock options. Vitas never had to work again.

Grainy footage with a waving camera shows Vitas running along a tropical beach, smiling.

TEXT SCROLL

Benjamin, with his life partner Nick, opened the first gay disco in Los Angeles. Benjamin was elected mayor of the new city, West Hollywood, making his parents proud.

News footage of Benjamin and Nick sitting on seat backs of a convertible in a Gay Pride parade, waving to the crowd.

TEXT SCROLL

Harrison invented new cinema sound technology and holds 30 patents, making him one of the wealthiest people in the entertainment industry.

Close up of Harrison wearing hi-tech earphones. As the camera dollies back, he is asleep on an ultra modern chaise, a bit of drool on the side of his mouth while his baby chimpanzee sits on his stomach eating a banana.

TEXT SCROLL

Robert landed a job as Greensman on an obscure TV series. He moonlights as a feature screenwriter, hoping to sell his first script any time now.

We see Robert typing furiously on a laptop, seated by the window in a busy Starbucks working out his next story idea.

TEXT SCROLL

Sharon won the DGA award Outstanding Directing and the Cannes Film Festival Palme d'Or for her film HOLLYWOOD ADJACENT.

The camera dollies in on an active movie set and moves to a C.U. on the back of the Director's chair emblazoned with Sharon's name and the DIRECTOR title just above.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT AFTER THE SUNSET BLVD SHOOT - NIGHT

SECOND AC

Act 3 Scene 9 - To Serve and
Protect, Take 1

We hear the RUMBLING sound of a motorcycle pulling up into Sharon's driveway. A KNOCK is heard on the front door.

From the outside, the door opens and Sharon's eyes look up.

The camera pulls back to reveal a silhouette of a holster and gun at the waist.

A gloved hand holding something reaches toward Sharon.

SHARON

(sheepishly)

Oh! My license. Didn't realize I
lost it. How can I thank you?

OFFICER 1

No need to thank me, Ma'am. Part of
the job.

Looking at OFFICER 1's waist Sharon asks with a question in her eyes

SHARON

Are those handcuffs just for
criminals?

CUT TO BLACK

Sound- YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES by Rudy Vallee

Roll credits-

CREDITS END WITH THE CLAPPER BOARD THROWN INTO A KIT BOX AND
THE LID SLAMMED SHUT.

FADE OUT.

THE END