

5

"THE JERK"

Steve Martin
Carl Gottlieb
Michael Elias
Carl Reiner

REVISED:

2/14, 2/23, 2/26,
2/28, 3/1, 3/2,
3/5, 3/6, 3/7, 3/8,
3/9, 3/12, 3/13, 3/15

FINAL DRAFT

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213/653-9511

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT 1

Glamorous opening night crowds arriving at a hit show; limousines discharging women in furs, men in tuxedos. Flashbulbs pop for celebrity arrivals, CHIMES announce curtain time, the lobby lights blink invitingly. We MOVE IN on this, as if arriving for the show, only to PAN OFF TO an alley alongside the theatre, where a squalid derelict lies half-conscious against the wall, hands clutching a ratty paper bag wrapped around a bottle of Muscatel, meager belongings crammed into a battered old suitcase tied with clothesline and a necktie.

2 CLOSE ON THE BUM 2

It's NAVIN, red-eyed and whiskered, the bottom of the barrel. He looks directly INTO CAMERA.

NAVIN

My story...? I have not always been like this. I once had wealth, power, and the love of a beautiful woman. Now, I only have two things... My dignity... and my pride...

A janitor hoses the alley down directly spraying Navin.

NAVIN

(continuing;
recovering)

It was never easy for me...

MUSIC OPTICAL EFFECTS begin to lead us into a FLASHBACK.

NAVIN

(continuing)

... I was born a poor black child...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

2.

3 EXT. SHARECROPPER'S CABIN IN MISSISSIPPI - DAY 3

It's a lazy Sunday afternoon, and a black family (MOTHER, FATHER, grandma, and eight children ranging from 24 to 7 years of age) are quietly absorbed in routine tasks. Two black men, Uncle Sonny and Cousin Brownie play a rousing gospel type song and the family joins in; some of the others keep time and play harmonica. Navin, dressed and placed as one of the family, is nodding happily out of tempo. When the blues finishes, he is the only one to applaud. As he looks around sheepishly:

CUT TO:

4 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 4

The family is at dinner, Mother is serving.

MOTHER

Here's cornbread, and greens, and some of those hog maws you like, and leave room for some sweet potato pie...

FATHER

Mother, ain't you forgettin' something?

MOTHER

Not at all -- listen, everybody, today is Navin's birthday and I cooked him up his favorite meal...

The family reacts with joy and enthusiasm.

NAVIN

Gee, Mom -- thanks.

MOTHER

(producing a tray)
Tunafish salad on white bread with mayonnaise, a Tab, and a couple of Twinkies...

The Twinkies have candles stuck through the cellophane. Everyone sings as Navin gets his birthday meal.

TAJ

~~Mmm-mm~~ -- I know you're gonna like that shit.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ELVIRA

(age twelve)

Here, Navin -- I made it in school...

She gives him a little leather wallet.

TAJ

I got you somethin' too...A
half bottle of Lilac Vegetal.
I got it at an estate sale.

He hands Navin an unwrapped bottle. The others press
around with inexpensive, sincere gifts, including the
littlest kid's contribution, a grade-school crayon
family portrait: nine black faces and one conspicuously
blank white one.

FAMILY

(AD LIB)

Here you are... This is for you
... Hope you like it... etc.

5 CLOSE ON NAVIN

5

He is overwhelmed by this generosity.

NAVIN

Thank you... thank you... God
bless us, every one...

His eyes fill with tears, and he bolts from the
table, disappearing into a bedroom.

TAJ

What's the matter now?

ELVIRA

Momma, why's Navin crying?

MOTHER

Because you all made him so happy.
Eat your dinner. I'll talk to
him...

She goes in after him, carrying the Twinkies.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

There are three beds in the room. Navin is lying on
the quilt, sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MOTHER

I brought your Twinkie.

NAVIN

I'm not hungry.

MOTHER

You feelin' 'different' again?

NAVIN

It's like I don't belong here,
like I don't fit in.

MOTHER

Son, it's your birthday, and it's
time you knew. You ain't our
natural-born child.

NAVIN

I'm not?

MOTHER

You was left on our doorstep, and
we raised you like you was one of
us.

NAVIN

You mean I'm going to stay this
color... ughhh.

MOM

Oh, son, I'd love you if you was
the color of a baboon's ass.

They hug. Navin is hugging his Mom, trying to absorb
this information. Taj, the eldest, sticks his head in
the door.

TAJ

I wrapped your sandwich in
cellophane, just how you like it.
You wanna come in and sing some
blues?

NAVIN

No thanks. There's something
about those songs, they -- they
depress me.

Taj exits, and a moment later we HEAR the family launch
into a full Mississippi Delta rural BLUES. Mom leaves
Navin and goes to join them.

7 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

Navin is lying in the middle of a double bed with his four black brothers. In the background we can HEAR the RADIO PLAYING.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

... And that concludes this Sunday night Gospel Hour, live from the Four Square Gospel Church of Divine Salvation in St. Louis, Missouri, the Reverend Willard Willman, Pastor.

Navin stares into the night. The program changes.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, Music Throughout the Night; music in a mellow mood.

One of the Fifties' most forgettable standards in a stupid Lawrence Welk Society Orchestra arrangement. Navin looks up, caught by something. It's his theme, his music.

The rhythm continues, Navin begins to snap his fingers and tap his foot, this time definitely on the beat. He climbs over his brothers, and glides into the living room.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

The music has shifted to another danceable 4/4 FOX-TROT. Navin is box-stepping and dipping like crazy. The light goes on from his parents' bedroom, and his Mother, sleepy in curlers and nightdress, emerges. Others in the family wake up to see what's going on.

FATHER (O.S.)

What in the hell is that noise?

MOTHER.

Navin -- is that you?

NAVIN

Elvira, Leroy, Mom, Dad, Satch, Pierre... Listen! This is a music I've never heard before! Listen to it! It speaks to me. Oh, I know there's life out there... It's the kind of music that tells me to go out there and be somebody!

(he sings)

YOU... STOLE MY HEART AWAY... YOU...

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

MOTHER

But Navin...

FATHER

(sighs)

Let him go.

NAVIN

What happened? Come on back.
I know you out there. Come
on back.

They stare at him in amazement as he waltzes around
the room in ecstasy, and we...

FADE OUT.

8A

EXT SIDE OF HOUSE DAY

*

Navin and Dad stop behind the house.

DAD

Son, now that you're goin' out
in the world, there's somethin'
you should know. See that?

(he points to the ground)

That's shit.

(he reaches in his pocket
and takes out a can)

And this is Shinola.

NAVIN

Shit...Shinola.

DAD

Son, you gonna be all right.

9

EXT. CABIN - DAY

9

Navin is bidding his family goodbye.

MOTHER

And remember -- the Lord loves
a working man.

NAVIN

Lord loves a working man.

*

FATHER

And, son, don't never, ever
trust Whitey.

NAVIN

Don't trust Whitey. Lord
loves a working man. Don't
trust Whitey. Daddy. Pierre,
don't forget to grow up.

*

6B

CONTINUED

6E

FATHER

Let the boy go. We got
work to do.

MOTHER

I hope you find whatever it
is you're lookin' for, son.

NAVIN

I will -- I know it's out there.

TAJ

(takes Navin aside)

It's out there and if you catch
it, go to a doctor and get rid
of it.

NAVIN

Goodbye, Taj. Grandma.

Hugs and kisses all around. Profound, sincere fare-
wells. This is goodbye. Navin steps away, and walks
proudly out through the garden gate. Then he stands
in the road, puts out his thumb, and waits for a hitch.
The family stands around patiently, then, one by one,
drift off -- the kids to school, Pop to work, Mom
into the house. Navin waits, and waits.

10 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

10

The family is seated around the dinner table eating
their dinner.

MOTHER

I sho' do miss Navin...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ELVIRA

Is he ever comin' back?

FATHER

Take his place settin' away...
it's makin' us too goddamn sad!

TAJ

I'll take his...
(grabs a ear of
corn from platter)

MOTHER

(wearily)
I wonder if he's doin' all right?Elvira gets up from the table and goes to the window
and shouts outside.

ELVIRA

How you doin', Navin!

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

11

Navin is still standing in the same spot.

NAVIN

I'm okay!... Don't worry about me.
I think I see a car coming!... Oh...
wait!... No, it's a truck!

12 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

12

MOTHER

God, take care of our little boy.

13 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

13

A dilapidated farm truck has just stopped in front of
Navin. It is driven by an elderly FARMER.

FARMER

How far you goin', son?

NAVIN

St. Louis. How far are you going?

FARMER

(pointing)
Well, I'm just goin' up to that
fence there.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

We SEE a fence which is about twelve feet by where Navin is standing. Navin debates for a moment -- he throws his bag into the truck and hops in.

14 INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT 14

The truck starts up and begins to roll.

NAVIN

(enthusiastically)

Hi!... I'm Navin Johnson... What's your name, sir?

FARMER

Well, here we are.

Navin gets out of the truck and retrieves his bag. As the truck drives off and makes a right turn, Navin shouts:

NAVIN

Thanks for the company!... I hope I can repay you someday!

Navin turns back toward the road and puts his thumb out.

15 QUICK CUTS - NAVIN ON THE ROAD 15
thru thru
18 18

-- Getting a lift with a big semi.

-- Hitching in the rain.

-- Trudging down an empty highway, a large city in the distance.

-- Getting out of a car in a downtown area.

19 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 19

The sign outside reads: "FIREBIRD MOTEL"

20 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 20

Navin is pleased with his room; it's sparse, but clean. What a bargain! He walks over to the window and pulls the drapes open. A ROARING 747 flies towards his face. At the last moment, it gains altitude and skims over the roof of the motel.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

21

Navin is sound asleep. We HEAR a SCRATCHING at the door, then a DOG BARKING. Navin wakes; he hears it, too. The barking becomes more insistent. Navin goes to the door and opens it. There is a dog, barking frantically.

NAVIN

What is it, boy?... Trouble?...
Well, what is it?... An accident?...

The dog growls negatively.

NAVIN

(continuing)
... A drowning?...

The dog growls negatively again.

NAVIN

(continuing)
A fire!

The dog barks excitedly. Navin rushes into the room and collects his belongings.

NAVIN

(continuing)
I've heard about dogs like you!
You're gonna get your picture in
the paper...You're gonna be famous.
Come on, we got to warn everybody!...
Gosh...this is exciting!

22 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

22

Navin runs to a door and pounds.

NAVIN

Woof!... Woof!... I... I mean
fire! Fire! There's a fire!

He continues to run down the hall knocking on doors, shouting "Fire!" The motel doors begin to open and people start exiting from their rooms.

23 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

23

Navin and the dog stand as the motel empties out: hookers, Shriners, tourists, salesmen, etc. They assemble in the parking lot in front of the motel. Navin bends down to talk to the dog.

(CONTINUED)

10.

23

CONTINUED:

NAVIN

Who do you belong to pooch?

Navin reads the tage.

NAVIN

(continuing)

There's no name...You don't
belong to anybody...It just says
you're allergic to penicillin...
Well, I'll give you a name,
Lifesaver...You saved all these
lives...

The dog puts his head down.

NAVIN

(continuing)

You're going to be my dog, Lifesaver!

FIRST TOURIST

Hey!... There's no fire!

SECOND TOURIST

Who yelled fire?!

THIRD TOURIST

I was sound asleep!

FOURTH TOURIST

I was watching T.V.!

NAVIN

I was taking a shower!

The crowd grumbles and returns inside the motel.

ELDERLY LADY

That's a nice dog, mister. What's
his name?

NAVIN

Oh, him?... Shithead.
(walks away and
turns back to dog)
C'mon, Shithead.

24

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

24

A truck pulls up, drops off Navin and the dog. They
head for the office.

25 INT GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

25

An older man, HARRY HARTOUNIAN, the imigrant owner of this station, is stacking cans of engine additive.

HARRY

(mopping)

Hey! Where're you goin? *

NAVIN

To the bathroom. *

HARRY

You need a key. *

NAVIN

Oh! Can I get one? *

HARRY

No, it's only for customers who by gas. *

NAVIN

I'm buyin' gas. *

HARRY

I don't see your car. *

NAVIN

I just need enough for my lighter. *

HARRY

And my wife didn't want me to come in today. I would have missed a whole lighter fill up. It's hanging on the wall. *

NAVIN

Thanks. (Gets key) *

26 NAVIN

26

with difficulty, drags the brake drum and unlocks the door to the restroom and enters it. We HEAR the SOUND of Navin PEEING. Harry stands by the door and yells at Navin.

HARRY

Hey... pop top!

NAVIN (O.S.)

Huh?...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HARRY

Hey... silverbird! I'm talking
to you.

Navin continues peeing.

HARRY

(continuing)

You want to be president of Texaco
Oil?

NAVIN (O.S.)

Sure!

HARRY

Clean up the sink in there!

NAVIN (O.S.)

Then I'll be president of Texaco Oil?

HARRY

(mimicking)

Then I'll be president... Whatever
happened to working your way up?
Kids today!... They don't want to
start at the bottom and work their
way up... they want to start at the
top and work their way sideways!
You're not working here ten minutes
and already you want to be president!

NAVIN (O.S.)

But, sir, I don't work here.

HARRY

(cunning)

Oh, not even for... a dollar-ten an
hour?

The bathroom door opens slowly and we SEE Navin staring
in disbelief.

NAVIN

Wha... you'll pay me \$1.10 if I
work here an hour?

HARRY

You betcha.

NAVIN

(catching on)

What if I work two hours?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

HARRY

Then I pay you \$2.20. Just like that.

NAVIN

What about eight hours?

HARRY

\$8.80.

NAVIN

What about fourteen and one-half hours?...

HARRY

\$15.95.

NAVIN

What about nine and three-quarters?...

HARRY

\$10.72-1/2.

NAVIN

What about eighteen hours and twenty-six min...

HARRY

(interrupting)

Look!... However long you work, I pay you \$1.10 an hour.

(pointing)

See that mop, see that bucket, you know what to do.

NAVIN

Yes, sir!

Navin proceeds to mop the inside of the bucket.

27 QUICK CUTS

27

Navin mopping the garage floor.

28 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

28

One hour later. Navin approaches Harry at the register.

HARRY

What?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

NAVIN

I's been an hour. You owe me
\$1.10.

HARRY

So?

NAVIN

(repeating,
patiently)

It's been an hour, so you owe me
a dollar and ten cents.

HARRY

Oh.

--

He fishes in register, gives Navin a dollar and a
dime. Navin thanks him, and sprints back to work,
happy at his new job.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 MONTAGE

29

Navin working like a demon, washing, polishing, stack-
ing, straightening. Every now and again he checks
the clock on the wall. Each hour, he approaches Harry
for another hour's wages. Finally...

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

30

HARRY

Look. I tell you what. Instead
of paying you \$1.10 every hour...

Navin gives him a suspicious look. Is Whitey trying
to cut his wages?

HARRY

(continuing)

You keep track of how many hours
you work, and I'll pay you at the
end of the week.

NAVIN

Let me get this straight. You'll
pay me for every hour I work in a
week?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

HARRY

Sure.

Harry nods appreciatively.

NAVIN

Fifty, sixty, even seventy hours?
\$1.10 for each hour?

HARRY

Absolutely.

Navin indicates "This is a great deal -- This old man must be nuts..." They shake hands on it.

NAVIN

Remember -- as many hours as I want...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

31

Navin is on a ladder, hanging what is obviously his own hand-lettered sign -- "OPEN ALL NIGHT."

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ROADSIDE - THE NEXT DAY

32

Navin is posting a letter at a mailbox across the way from the gas station. He turns and sprints back to the gas station as we HEAR:

NAVIN (V.O.)

'Dear Mom, I got this great job in a gas station. I don't want to say just how much I'm getting, but let's just say it's a lot. I'm enclosing two dollars...

The following should fade down as the next comes up:

NAVIN (V.O.)

(continuing)

'... it's a lot of fun working and Mr. Hartounian is really nice. He is teaching me how to be impatient. Well, I've got to go now. What do you think I do?... Write letters all day? Your loving son, Navin.'

33 OMITTED 33
 & &
 34 34

35 EXT. STATION CARPORT - DAY 35

Navin crosses to a dolly that slides under a car. On it are a blanket and a small pillow which he makes up as a bed. Hartounian enters.

HARRY

How come you got no place to stay?

NAVIN

Well, I wanted to get a decorator first..., and the carpeting I want just isn't available now...

HARRY

(gently)

Navin, you're the son I've always wanted, and I'm glad I didn't get him because now that I see it... I don't want it... Come with me.

They start to walk.

HARRY

(continuing)

You're just like me, a dreamer... Fifty years ago I come to this country with nothing. Today I got this gas station, a little split-level in the suburbs and a telephone. People call me up... Hello, Mr. Hartounian, it's a pleasure to talk to you on the phone.

Navin follows Harry into the toilet.

35A INT. TOILET - DAY 35A

A man is at the urinal.

HARRY

Navin -- I'm gonna give you a nice place to stay.

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED

35A

NAVIN

This is fabulous. I can put the
kitchen over here...And I'll put
up a wall...it'll give the impression
of two rooms. *

HARRY

Not this. In there!

Harry opens a door in the back wall of the toilet.

--

36 INT. NAVIN'S ROOM - DAY

36

They enter. Harry turns on a naked light bulb and illuminates a bare storage room... oil, batteries and car parts are stored.

HARRY

It's a great place -- no kitchen, no bathroom, no windows; it's a masterpiece of understatement... I'll put a bed in here, a bigger bulb... I'll bring some sheets from home and you're set for life.

NAVIN

Gosh! How much will it cost me?

HARRY

Nothing. Someday when you're rich and famous, you'll send me a postcard.

Navin thinks it over... Finally:

NAVIN

A postcard, huh? Well, okay, it's a deal.

They shake hands.

HARRY

(takes out a pencil)

Navin, you're a good boy... I'm writing something down here... I'm going to put it in this little envelope...

(does so and hands it to Navin)

... and someday when you're at the bottom of the barrel and the bottom starts to fall out... And you can't stand the pain and you feel like you're walking around with your pants around your ankles, you open this up and you'll read something that'll take the pain away.

NAVIN

(looks at envelope)

Thanks, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Navin turns and hits his head on a jutting beam. He screams, plops onto a crate and starts opening the envelope.

HARRY

What're you doing?

He grabs the envelope.

NAVIN

I'm in pain.

HARRY

You don't waste wisdom like this for a pain like that.

He stuffs the envelope in Navin's pocket.

HARRY

(continuing)

Save this for a big pain.

37 INT. NAVIN'S ROOM - DAY

37

neatly furnished in gas station leftover: chairs made from tires, crates, jacks holding up a table-top, etc. Navin is staring at a new phone. SOUND: RING.

Navin lets it RING four or five times.

NAVIN

(runs to door and
shouts out)

Mr. Hartounian! It's working!
It's ringing!

38 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

38

HARRY

I know. I rang you... Can I hang
up now?

NAVIN (O.S.)

No... Let me see if the talking
part works...

39 INT. NAVIN'S ROOM

39

Navin runs back to the phone and gingerly picks up the receiver and stares into it at arm's length.

HARRY (V.O.)

Hello, hello... Mister, I'm talking to you!

NAVIN

Harry, it works great! It's unbelievable... It's a miracle! It sounds like you're in the next room. Harry, I owe you so much.

39A INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

39A

HARRY

No. I owe you. At last I know the true meaning of the word shmuck.

40 OMITTED

40

41 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

41

Navin is stacking new oil cans out of cartons and putting them in a rack. Harry and his wife, a gorgeous 30-year-old, voluptuous blonde, drive up in their new Impala to the gas pump. Harry gets out of the car to talk to Navin.

NAVIN

Mr. Hartounian, you said you weren't going to come in today.

HARRY

I want to show you something... Look at this...

(points to wife
in car)

Navin, this is my wife, Lenore.

NAVIN

Pleased to meet you... Harry has told me so little about you.

LENORE

Pleased to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

HARRY

The only reason a woman of such pulchritude is bothering with a person like me is because I make a good living.

(beat)

This is the first time I'm leaving you alone on a Sunday.
If anything happens to this station, this woman here will leave me like a shot! Do you know what I mean?...
No more...

He makes a humping gesture and starts back to his car.

HARRY

(continuing)

Look at it this way... Guard the station with your life!... My sex life is in your hands!

Harry starts out.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

43

A dilapidated, low-riding Buick drives ominously and noisily into the station... Inside are four rough-looking PUNKS. The car undulates as it comes to a stop. Navin comes to car.

NAVIN

I can fix those shocks.

1ST PUNK

No, we just want some gas man.

NAVIN

Okay...But it's Sunday and we only take credit cards.

1ST PUNK

Oh, all the cash is locked up?

NAVIN

Oh, no... not locked up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

NAVIN (CONT'D)

We got a lot of cash, but it's
just that I'm not allowed to have
cash coming in or going out because
the banks are closed you know. People
today will kill you for a buck. You
know the type...they'd rip me apart.
You can't flash this kind of money.
That's why we got to have a credit card!

He flashes a wad of money.

1ST PUNK

(exchanges glances
with rest of crowd)

Hey, Turk! Don't we got a credit
card back there?

44 ANGLE ON TURK

44

who roots through several ladies' handbags until he
produces a credit card and gives it to 1st Punk.

1ST PUNK

You take a Master Charge?

He hands it to Navin.

NAVIN

Yes...

(takes card)

Thank you. You want a fill-up, uh...

(looks at card)

Mrs. Nussbaum?

1ST PUNK

(with thick, Spanish
accent)

I'm Mr. Nussbaum... This is my
wife's card.

2ND PUNK

I'll vouch for him.

NAVIN

Right!

45 ANOTHER ANGLE

45

Navin starts to gas car and absentmindedly thumbs
through Master Charge cancellation book, suddenly
recognizing that Mrs. Nussbaum's card was stolen...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

NAVIN
(incredulously,
mumbles)

Stolen!

Navin bolts to the office.

46 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

46

Navin races in, grabs the phone and dials the police number, which is tacked above the phone.

NAVIN
(agitatedly,
into phone)
I've got it! Just send a police car over... Oh?... Mrs. Nussbaum's card... I've got the guys who stole it...

SOUND: CAR HORN.

NAVIN
(continuing)
They're calling me... Hang on, I'll be right back.

Navin exits.

47 EXT. GARAGE - DAY

47

Navin comes up to car.

1ST PUNK
Throw a couple of tires in the trunk and put it on the card.

NAVIN
Yessir!

Navin races out.

48 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

48

Navin runs to phone.

NAVIN
(into phone)
I'm back... It's worse than I thought!

(MORE)

48 CONTINUED:

48

NAVIN (CONT'D)

They're not only going to stick us for gas but they're grabbing tires and everything... They're really socking it to us... It's Hartounian's Gas Station... at the corner of...

SOUND: CAR HORN.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Hold on.

(starts out; stops;
into phone)

Don't worry. I can keep 'em here
... I saw this trick in the movie...

He runs off.

49 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

49 *

Navin runs out carrying two new tires.

NAVIN

Got your tires.

Navin opens the trunk and throws them in... He then retrieves a heavy chain that has a hook on both ends... He slides under the rear end of the car and hooks it to the axle. Then he slithers across to a church sign planted in front of a small Protestant Church. He then ties the chain around it... We HEAR a HYMN coming from the church. Navin scurries back to the gas pumps.

1ST PUNK

Hey, Pinky! What you doing back
there?

NAVIN.

(caught)

Uh...

(grabs cans of
oil)

You're low on oil back here.
Just throwing in a few extra cans.

He throws oil cans in and slams trunk. He puts card
into machine and starts writing.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NAVIN
(continuing)
Anything else?

1ST PUNK
Yeah! We'll take that money you
got in your pocket.

NAVIN
Okay. I'll put that on the card...

He does so. He brings the card around to be signed.

1ST PUNK
Can I come around tomorrow and
sign that? --

NAVIN
Oh sure...
(looks at bill)
Hey, your bill comes to \$209.53!
Every number different... You won
an oven mitt... Let me go get it.

Navin runs off.

50 INT. CAR - DAY

50 *

1ST PUNK
You guys want to stick around
for an oven mitt?

He starts car.

51 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

51 *

In the b.g. we can SEE the car.

NAVIN
(on phone;
casually)
Whew... I got 'em... Job well done.
They're hooked... Four guys in a
Buick. They'll be here for a
while... Don't worry, I've rigged
it. It's a blue job... A seventy-
three, four door...

52 EXT. GAS PUMPS - DAY

52 *

The car starts to move out of the station... The chain
grows taut.

53 ANGLE ON LAMP POST

53

The lamp post starts to bend slowly. The lamp post is uprooted along with the sidewalk and church. You HEAR STRAINS and GROANS of PIPES breaking and the foundation being torn away. Sparks flying from the electric wires that are now broken. The church begins to roll forward as it is being pulled by the car.

54 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

54

Navin on phone. In the b.g. you SEE the car towing the church.

NAVIN

... One headlight out... and oh yeah... it's going South on Hurtado Street and it's pulling a sign and a small church... No ... I don't know the license number ... but, if you see a blue Buick pulling a church on a chain that would be the one...

55 ANGLE ON THE MOVING CHURCH

55

We see at the alter the groom, best man and minister. Left behind, the bride, father escorting, and the maid of honor. Sitting in the pews, family and friends. *

56 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

56

Navin is sobbing his heart out.

HARRY

(sympathetically)

Navin... believe me, I'm not mad at you... What did I lose?... A couple of tires?...

NAVIN

(sobbing)

You trusted me... It was my first Saturday night alone and I lost ... over... two hundred dollars ... of your money.

HARRY

Look at the bright side... we also lost a church!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

HARRY (CONT'D)

I should kiss you. If you would have told me that I could get rid of 300 anti-semites for less than a dollar each I would have told you you were crazy! Fire you? I should start you a pension fund.

NAVIN

(overcome)

Gee, Mr. Hartounian...

Navin suddenly sees something that dramatically changes his mood from tears to jubilation.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Geeee, Mr. Hartounian!

(shouts)

Oh, my God!

Navin races out.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

57

Navin runs toward a man exiting a phone company van. The man is carrying several new phone books. Navin rushes up and practically tears one of them from the man. He quickly and intensely riffles through it. Suddenly, elation! Navin runs towards Harry carrying the thick telephone directory.

NAVIN

(shouting)

The new phone book's here!...

The new phone book's here!

HARRY.

I envy you... I wish I could get so excited about nothing.

He holds open the book.

NAVIN

Nothing???... Here I am -- page 73. Look at that... Johnson, Navin, R. I'm somebody now. Millions of people look at this book every day!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

NAVIN (CONT'D)

It's just this kind of spontaneous publicity, your name in print, that makes people.

HARRY

There's only one thing that makes people...

He makes a humping gesture and sound.

NAVIN

You know, when I first came to this city, I didn't have a job, I didn't have any money, and now, just a few months later, I'm in print! Things are going to start happening to me now.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INDOOR PISTOL RANGE - CLOSEUP OF TARGET

58

A paper bull's-eye hanging at an indoor range. We HEAR a SHOT and a BULLET hole appears at the furthest outside edge of the target. Three more SHOTS are FIRED with no visible effects and a fifth and sixth hit the paper, missing badly.

59 ANGLE ON THE GUNMAN

59

A squat, powerfully built, bushy-haired MADMAN is FIRING fiercely, muttering to himself.

MADMAN

Sons of bitches, sons of bitches, bastards, no-good bastards, rotten bastards, bitch bastards...

He tries several guns with great concentration but continues to miss the target, cursing all the while. He packs up his guns.

60 OMIT

60 *

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MADMAN
Bastards, vegetarian bastards.
Die, you Navy bastards...

CUT TO:

61 INT. MADMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

61

*

He has several guns laid out in front of him and is installing a silencer on the meanest-looking one. Satisfied, he removes a phone book from a drawer, opens it randomly and points his finger to a name.

62 INSERT - CLOSEUP - PHONE BOOK

62

"JOHNSON, NAVIN R., 253 1/8 Elm Street."

MADMAN V.O.
Johnson...Sounds like a typical
bastard!

*

63 EXT. VIEW OF NAVIN THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

63

*

Navin emerges from the office and crosses to the pumps while the cross hairs of a telescopic sight waver erratically around him.

64 CLOSEUP - MADMAN SITTING IN HIS CAR

64

parked across the street peering through the rifle sight.

MADMAN
Bastard, random son-of-a-bitch,
typical run-of-the-mill bastard.

65 CLOSEUP - NAVIN IN CROSS HAIRS - AT CAR

65

NAVIN
(to driver)
Fill'er up?

MADMAN (V.O.)
Gotchya, you average son-of-a-bitch.
Harmless bastard... die!

The back of the driver's head, STANLEY FOX, pops INTO FRAME blocking the Madman's view of Navin.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MADMAN (V.O.)
(continuing)
Typical blocking of the view of
a goddammed average victim
bastard!

NOTE: During following scene, we will INTERCUT the
CLOSEUP'S SEEN in the telescopic sight.

66 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

66

A middle-aged entrepreneur named Stanley Fox, an en-
thusiastic man wearing glasses extends his hand.

STAN
Fill'er up, son, and a little
bit extra! Stan Fox buying
gas...

Navin shakes it, caught up in his enthusiasm.

NAVIN
(salutes)
Navin R. Johnson selling it,
sir... Check the oil, sir?

STAN
Check away Navin R. Johnson!

Navin moves to the hood. The cross hairs FOLLOW erra-
tically as Stan moves to Navin blocking the view again.

MADMAN (V.O.)
Son of a blocking bastard!

STAN
Let's check the oil together!

NAVIN
Oil rag at the ready, sir!

They go to the hood and Navin pulls at the dipstick.
Stan's glasses slip off his nose.

STAN
Damn these glasses!

He slides them back up his nose.

STAN
(continuing)
Hurry, son, time's a wastin'.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

STAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to the john. Don't
forget to check those tires...

He leans over and the glasses slide again.

STAN

(continuing)

Damn these glasses, son...

NAVIN

Yes, sir...

(points to the
glasses)

I damn thee!...

Stan walks away and gets nearly to the bathroom, when
an idea occurs to Navin.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Sir!

Stan turns.

NAVIN

(continuing)

I can fix those glasses!

STAN

You can? Well, here...

Stan tosses the glasses in the air toward Navin. We
do a SLOW MOTION SHOT ala the bone toss in "2001."
The MUSIC SOARS. Navin's hand reaches out and grabs
them.

67 CLOSEUP - NAVIN IN MIDDLE OF CROSS HAIRS

67

MADMAN (O.S.)

Now you die!... You movie going
bastard!

Navin walks OUT OF FRAME.

MADMAN (O.S.)

(continuing)

Shit!

67A MADMAN WITH GUN CASE GETS OUT OF CAR, SCRAMBLES UP
HILL AND HIDES BEHIND A BUSH.

67A

68 CLOSEUP - SOLDERING IRON 68

and Stan's glasses... A small crude handle is being welded to the center of the glasses.

69 ANGLE ON NAVIN 69

working on glasses. He looks up and calls.

NAVIN

Sir?

Navin exits.

CUT TO:

70 INT. OFFICE - DAY 70 *

Navin enters and comes towards Stan. Navin is now wearing Stan's glasses which have a small crude handle attached to the center.

NAVIN

Done!

(demonstrating)

You see, sir, when you keep taking them on and off, it puts pressure on the hinge. This handle puts the pressure on the frame, where it belongs. Just like the tie-rods on a '72 Buick.

Stan tries them on.

STAN

Well, I'll be!

(does it again)

It works!... This your idea?

NAVIN

Aw... it's nothing...

STAN

You know, I make a pretty good living selling shit like this. Tell you what, if I can develop this gizmo, I'll split with you fifty-fifty.

NAVIN

Sure!...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

STAN

What a day.

He marches outside to his car. Navin follows, so do the cross hairs of the gun sight.

71 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

71

STAN

(gets into car)

Well... I've got a trunk load of shit to sell!...

(through window)

Here's a dix for the gas...

(Navin leans into car)

Keep the change... By the way, how can I reach you, Johnson?

NAVIN

(proudly)

Oh, I'm in the book!

Stan drives off leaving Navin vulnerable to the Madman.

72 CLOSEUP - NAVIN

72

in cross hairs -- half out of circle.

MADMAN (O.S.)

Dead center! Say your prayers, half-breed!

73 CLOSEUP OF THE TRIGGER BEING SQUEEZED

73

SOUND: Dim EXPLOSION of a SILENCER.

74 ANGLE ON NAVIN

74

standing next to stacked cans of oil. On one of the cans a hole seemingly APPEARS from nowhere. Navin picks it up as oil pours from it. Another can pops a hole.

NAVIN

Hey, Harry! Look at this!
What's the matter with these cans?

All greasy, Harry slides out from under a car.

75 ANGLE ON MADMAN

75

MADMAN

(aiming)

Die, Milk Face!

He SHOTS.

76 ANGLE ON NAVIN

76

More cans pop holes.

NAVIN

These cans are defective!
They're springing leaks!

76A ANGLE ON MADMAN

76A

MADMAN

Die gas pumper!
(he pulls trigger)

77 ANGLE ON NAVIN

77

Four more cans pop holes. Navin ducks behind pump.

HARRY

(shouts; as he
ducks behind pump)Run for cover or you're going to
spring a leak!

NAVIN

Huh?

HARRY

(shouts)

We don't have defective cans!
We got a defective person out
there! Get out of there!A BULLET SHATTERS the pump's indicator causing
it to RING incessantly.

NAVIN

He hates these cans. Stay
away from the cans!

Both run toward service department.

78 ANGLE ON MADMAN

78

Clicks trigger. The gun is empty.

MADMAN

(to gun)

Suck my toes.

78 CONTINUED:

78

He throws the gun down, picks up another without a silencer and starts SHOOTING.

79 INT. SERVICE DEPARTMENT -

79

Harry is crouched behind a cabinet.

HARRY

Run!!

Navin runs toward a coke machine.

SOUND: LOUD GUNSHOTS.

NAVIN

There's cans in here too!

Navin runs to office door. BULLETS CRASH THROUGH the office WINDOW.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Cans!! This guy should not be around cans!

More GUNSHOTS. Navin runs toward car.

HARRY

He doesn't want to put holes in the cans! He wants to put holes in you.

As Navin turns from car to go to Harry, BULLETS riddle the rear windshield and trunk.

NAVIN

Oh my God! I'm endangering your life. Cover me.

HARRY

You're covered.

80 OMITTED

80

...Then an artillery BARRAGE of GUN FIRE.

Navin runs to jacked-up car and releases it with one quick motion.

NAVIN

He's after me!

Navin gets into car.

NAVIN

(continuing)

You save yourself! I'll distract him!

(whistles)

Shithead, c'mon!

80A MADMAN running down hill toward his car firing as he goes.

80A

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

81

The car starts up... Four new tires that were leaning against the rims fall away as the car starts out. Shithead runs down the wooden stairs and heroically leaps into the car as it takes off... The car clanks down the street on its rims, the engine is racing. As the car moves moderately fast:

More BULLET HOLES pop into the side of the car.

82 ANGLE ON MADMAN

82

He is still FIRING, but at the last second, he notices Navin has escaped, driving the incapacitated car away from the scene. A conservative driver, the Madman cautiously pulls out into the lane after allowing several cars to pass.

MADMAN

(to himself)

C'mon, lady... You gonna sit there all day or are you gonna move?

82 CONTINUED:

82

MADMAN

Damn! 25 mile zone!...
He ran a stop sign! You've
got the right of way but you
are certainly abusing it...
Halt! Halt!... The White
Knight ran another stop sign.
He should be shot! Take that,
Margaret!

*

NAVIN

(inside car)

Do you know him? Did you do
something on his lawn? I don't
know him!

*

MADMAN

Illegal U-turn. There's never
a policeman around when you
need one...I don't see an
animal crossing sign, Poochie.
Do you?...I'm following too
close. I may be a lot of
things but I'm not a tailgater.
If he only had tires I could
flatten them.

*

83 ANOTHER ANGLE 83

What follows is a very mild chase, with Navin driving his tireless rims and the Madman signalling politely and slowing for every traffic light and stop sign.

MADMAN

(seeing Navin
turn a corner)

There goes that average asshole!
I could get him if this wasn't a
thirty-five-mile zone!

84 EXT. CARNIVAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 84

It's late, the crowds have thinned to zero, and the carnies are tearing down, preparing to move on to the next town.

85 ANGLE ON THE ACCESS ROAD 85

Navin's car, about eight lengths ahead of the Madman, pulls into a lot and dies. Navin frantically tries to start his car.

86 ANGLE ON THE MADMAN 86

He swings into a parking lot, only to discover a sign indicating "Authorized Vehicles Only." He takes a SHOT at Navin, then, muttering to himself, circles the lot looking for a legal parking spot.

MADMAN

(seeing the sign)

Bastards. No-good parking bastards.
Sons-a-bitches...

87 ANGLE ON NAVIN 87

running for his life, GUNFIRE in the background. The first contingent of the carnival is already loaded, so Navin jumps on the tailgate of one of the trucks and crouches there, hiding. Shithead leaps on.

88 ANGLE ON MADMAN 88

He is emptying his weapon at the "Authorized Vehicles Only" sign. Distracted. Angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

88

MADMAN

Die, you authorized vehicles only!
Die! Die!

ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

89

Navin on the tailgate. It slams up by some unseen hand, and the truck starts up and swings off down the road. During Navin's speech, we SEE SHOTS of the truck driving through the night.

NAVIN (V.O.)

So, Mom, when I told Mr. Hartounian I'd come back, he said, 'Don't be a putz! See the world. Me you've seen already'... I took his advice and got a job with C.F. Ferlinger's Traveling Sideshow and Carnival as a weight guesser. Frosty, my boss, told me there's a big future in weight guessing. Enclosed is fourteen dollars for my loving family. P.S. Is Grandma still farting?... I sure miss her fried chicken.

CARNIVAL MUSIC UP.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

90

QUICK SHOTS of Ferlinger's carnival: the midway, freak shows, food stands, ferris wheel, various rides, and booths where games of chance still are played.

ANGLE - MIDWAY

91

Crowds moving along, ESTABLISH "GUESS YOUR WEIGHT" sign. Navin is working the booth.

NAVIN

Get your weight guessed. Right here, only a dollar. Guess 'em up. Be guessed by a professional... If you're seeking thrills this is it. Actual live weight guessing...

large, round rube, WADE, saunters up confidently to the booth. He speaks to his date with an Oklahoma accent.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED

WADE

Hey honey, let's see how good this
guy is...What do I win? *

NAVIN

Well sir, you win anything on the
lower shelf in this corner...on this
side of the stereo and below the
clock radio. Anything in this three
inches. Anything between the ashtray
and the thimble, that includes the
chicklets but not the erasers. *

WADE

Well, looks like it's worth takin'
a gamble on...Guess away... *

NAVIN

Ninety-eight pounds. *

Wade steps on scale.

WADE.

No, I'm 170...I'll take those
Chicklets.

(to girlfriend)

First thing I ever won. Thought
he had hisself a rube. *

Navin walks over to his mentor, FROSTY, a wizened
old carnie boss.

NAVIN

Frosty, I'm just no good at this
...I've already given away eight
pencils, two hula dolls, and an
ashtray and we've only taken in
fifteen dollars.

FROSTY

We've taken in fifteen dollars
and given away fifty cents worth
of crap!

NAVIN

(tremendous revelation)

Ahhh!...That clears up a lot of
things! *

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3) 91

He exits. An O.S. ROAR of a motorcycle attracts Navin's attention. He looks up.

92 NAVIN'S POV 92

On a platform elevated above the crowd, he sees a dramatic-looking GIRL standing on the seat of a motorcycle. She is wearing a scanty, and tacky, leather-and-chains Hell's Angels outfit. She is hit by spotlights on three sides. A banner above her announces, "Patty and Her Flaming Wall of Death." She flashes a phony smile to the crowd and does a spectacular stunt that whisks her out of sight. CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE Navin, in awe. *

CUT TO:

93 EXT. MIDWAY - DAY 93

Navin is walking down the midway eating a corn dog. He is attracted to the arena where Patty is practicing. He stops and watches her, fascinated. Patty spots him, roars by, tosses her helmet to him, and does a daring trick. She then skids to a stop in front of Navin and lewdly eyes him up and down.

PATTY

Grr... Wanna guess my weight, Greenie?

Navin stares at her, smiling, and nods a big yes. She is a tough broad named Patty Bernstein. She's aggressive and a real carny.

NAVIN

I saw you last night... You were great!

PATTY

Yeah, right. Turn around.

Navin does so. She ogles his tush.

PATTY

(continuing)
Turn back. Go like this.

She makes a humping gesture. Navin does it.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

PATTY

(continuing)

You're okay. Give me a bite of that corn dog?

NAVIN

What about germs?

PATTY

Put a rubber over it. Get on!

She grabs the dog and takes a bite out of it.

CUT TO:

94 INT. PATTY'S TRAILER - DAY

94

Her room is a messy bachelor's pad: the bed is unmade, magazines are scattered about, along with beer cans and overflowing ashtrays. Playgirl pin-ups of nude men decorate the walls. Remains of yesterday's breakfast are still on the table.

NAVIN

What a great place!... You can tell so much about a person by the way they live!... Just looking around here I can tell that you're a genuinely dirty person.

PATTY

You know what I'd like to do? Guess your weight...

NAVIN

That would be interesting for me ... Nobody ever guessed my weight.

PATTY

Put your arms up.

Navin does and Patty reaches around and grabs his buttocks, thrusting his pelvis onto hers.

NAVIN

Hey!... You really try to be accurate!

Patty hefts his ass, weighing each cheek separately.

(CONTINUED)

NAVIN

(continuing;
aroused)

Hey... is it getting hot in here?...
Wait a minute!

He pushes her away, bends over, and stares at his crotch.

NAVIN

(continuing)

What's happening to my 'special purpose'?

Patty puts her arms around Navin from behind him and rubs his chest.

PATTY

What's your 'special purpose'?

NAVIN

When I was a kid, my mom told me that was my special purpose and someday I'd find out what my special purpose was...

PATTY

Today's the day!

She shoves Navin onto a ratty bunk, she crosses to the window, pulls a blackout curtain shut and dives onto the bed. OVER the obscured writhing figures, we HEAR:

NAVIN (V.O.)

'Dear Mom... Guess what?... Today I found out what my "special purpose" is for. Gosh, what a great time I had! I wish the whole family could have been here with me... Maybe some other time as I intend to do this a lot... every chance I get.

94 a EXT. FLAMING WALL OF DEATH - DAY

94 a

Navin, dressed in weight quesser outfit, watches Patty as she prepares to do her stunt. Navin continues voice over, as he eats popcorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

NAVIN (V.O. Con't)

I think next week I'll be able to
send more money as I may have extra
work...My friend Patty promised me
a blow job. Your loving son...
Navin.'

94 b Patty smashes into the flaming wall, picks herself up,
bows to the audience...and marches out of the arena
about twenty paces from Navin.

PATTY

Yo!

She points like a platoon leader toward her tent. Navin
follows like a puppy dog eating his blueberry tart.

95 EXT. CARNIVAL LOT #3 - DAY

95

Patty, twenty paces ahead, snorts, clears her throat and spits an oyster on the midway.

A farmboy passes by. Patty makes a lewd noise under her breath and shakes her hand as if to say "hot-cha". Navin notices this and smiles. The farmboy passes. Navin makes a lewd noise, impersonates Patty's lewd gesture and looks toward Patty for approval.

96 OMITTED

96

97	MONTAGE - QUICK CUTS - CARNIVAL ON TOUR	97
98	D-- Navin in various jobs: Loading a truck.	98
99	-- Truck tires rolling.	99
100	-- Signs: Pocatello; Grand Junction, Cody; Beaver; White River; Sparks.	100
101	D-- Navin setting up wooden booths.	101
102	N-- Midway, lights flashing, rides in action.	102
104	N-- Navin guessing weights of people.	104
105	N-- Patty, taking a husky roustabout off to her place, passing Navin who waves cheerfully.	105
106	-- Shot of motorcycle parked next to a ferris wheel,	106
107	N-- A gondola rocking wildly.	107

PAN UP TO:

DISSOLVE TO:

108	INT. PATTY'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAWN	108
-----	-------------------------------------	-----

Patty and Navin are lying in each other's arms.

PATTY

Let me freshen your drink.

*

She pours tequilla into his mouth.

*

NAVIN

You know what I respect about you Patty...That you don't kiss on a first date...Do you think we'll ever get to know each other well enough to kiss?

*

PATTY

We don't have to...You're my man. I've spread the word...It's like we're married.

*

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

NAVIN

But we're not married.

PATTY

We are... Look at my ass.

NAVIN

What?

PATTY

Go ahead. Look.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

She turns, revealing something to Navin that we don't see. Navin stares in amazement, stunned. Several moments pass.

NAVIN

Gosh -- you got my last name...
Johnson... right there under J's...

PATTY

It's permanent.

NAVIN

Wow! First I get my name in the
phone book and now I'm on your
ass... boy, I'll bet more people
see this!

They snuggle.

PATTY

Hey, since this is our wedding
night, let's do something kinky?

NAVIN

I'm ready for anything!

PATTY

Tonight, you get on top!

109 INT. FROSTY'S MOBILE OFFICE

109

Navin is uncrinkling dollar bills which he takes from a large canvas money bag. During the scene, he unfolds the bills and steam-irons them. Navin then sighs very loudly during which Frosty looks over the top of his glasses and makes a mark on the wall next to four other marks.

NAVIN

Frosty, what are those marks?

FROSTY

That's how many times you sighed...
What's the matter, kid?

NAVIN

I don't know.

He sighs.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

FROSTY

(marks the wall)

You unhappy here, kid?

NAVIN

Yeah... I think so... Make another mark.

Frosty makes a mark, Navin sighs.

NAVIN

(continuing)

I'm a weight guesser! A weight guesser! I'm obsolete. There are machines now that'll guess your weight for a penny.

FROSTY

I've seen this before. You're ready to move on... I can sense it. You need a change, don't you?

NAVIN

I'm not doing enough here.

FROSTY

I saw it coming... A kid like you outgrows this penny-ante carnival stuff pretty fast. You need a horizon.

(to himself)

Frosty, time to push another one of your birds from the nest.

110 EXT. TRAIN - CARNIVAL #4 - ANGLE ON TRAIN WHEELS
- DAY

110

We HEAR a TRAIN WHISTLE. Steam escapes from between the wheels. There is a loud CHUG from the engine. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND REVEALS Navin perched on the cab of a miniature train ride. Navin is wearing an engineer's costume with a hat that says "Engineer Fred." The train pulls up to the loading platform. All the kids disembark and run to their parents. Navin gets out, checks about the engine, oiling it, etc. He notices a lovely girl, MARIE, standing near the ticket booth. She is looking around frantically. Navin approaches her and leans over the fence. In an attempt to gain her attention, he doffs his cap and makes a train sound.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

NAVIN

Whooooooo... whooooooo...

MARIE

... Have you seen a five-year-old boy, blond hair... and he's wearing a T-shirt that says 'bullshit' on it?

NAVIN

No...

Suddenly, there is a gasp from the crowd.

111 ANGLE ON TRAIN

111

It has started up without the engineer! Running the train is a small BOY wearing a T-shirt that says "Bullshit."

MARIE

Billy!

The train is gaining momentum. The crowd yells, "Save that child."

NAVIN

Here, hold this...

He gives her the oil can.

MARIE

Get him! He'll get hurt.

NAVIN

Better take these, too.

He hands over his wallet and keys. Navin runs after the train and leaps onto the caboose.

112 ANGLE ON CHILD

112

He is having a good time making the train go faster, oblivious to the danger.

113 ANGLE ON NAVIN

113

It's a familiar scene, the hero risking his life as he leaps from car to car.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

About halfway to the cab, he realizes the train is approaching a tunnel. He jumps off, runs around the tunnel and hops back on the train. He makes his way to the cab and pulls the emergency brake as the child shoves an ice cream cone in his face. The train grinds to a halt as the crowd cheers. He picks up the child, holds it up for Marie to see. He leaps off the train and jumps through the roof of a miniature city hall. Extricating himself, he destroys several more houses. He walks over to Marie and hands her the child.

MARIE

(very direct
and honest)

Oh, thank you. It would have been so embarrassing to go home without Billy. Here's your keys and your wallet... Oh, and this fell out...

She hands him a prophylactic.

NAVIN

Ha! Those guys!

He jauntily throws it away.

MARIE

Listen, what you did just now was very brave. Is there any way I could repay you?

NAVIN

Repay me? Uh-uh -- no way I could ever accept anything from a mother for saving her child.

MARIE

He's not my child. I'm just baby-sitting for a friend.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

NAVIN

Oh, well... would it be too much
if I asked for a kiss?

MARIE

No.

Navin picks up the boy and kisses him. *

NAVIN

You're a real little dickens. *

MARIE

So are you. Thank you. *

Marie kisses Navin. She backs up as if to leave.

NAVIN

Oh, Miss?

MARIE

Yes?

NAVIN

Uh, I was just now standing here
and I got to thinking that if you
weren't doing anything tomorrow...

Navin gets nervous and mealy-mouthed and the words
come out garbled and unintelligible.

MARIE

What?

NAVIN

(again unintelligible)
I thaw maybe yu wan go wi mu...

MARIE

Are you trying to ask me for a
date...?

NAVIN

Uh... ya... uh...

MARIE

Once for no, twice for yes.

Navin slaps his foot on the ground twice.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

MARIE

Okay, you're pretty cute.
Three-thirty tomorrow at
the 'Round-Up'.

Navin has lost all his saliva. He nods. Marie leaves
and Navin finally gets out a word. They are about
twenty feet apart.

NAVIN

Do you have any boyfriends?

MARIE

Not really.

NAVIN

Are they crazy! If I was a feller
I'd be around all the time.

MARIE

Well, see if you can work it out.
We have a date tomorrow.

Navin watches as she walks off.

NAVIN

(shouts)

What's your name?

MARIE

Marie. What's yours?

NAVIN

I'll tell you tomorrow. It'll
give us something interesting to
talk about.

114 EXT. "ROUND-UP" - RIDE AREA - DAY

114

Marie, dressed for her date with Navin, walks in and
looks at the watch...

115 EXT. MIDWAY - DAY

115

Navin peers out from behind a tent and races to
another one, trying to avoid being seen by Patty.
He is carrying a small bouquet of daisies.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

From nowhere Patty, on her motorcycle, wearing black leather and helmet, roars in, zigs in and out and around tents and booths and SCREECHES to a halt in front of Navin.

PATTY
(getting off cycle)
What's up, muchacho? *

NAVIN
(frightened)
For you...

He offers her Marie's flowers. She rips the tops off and stuffs them in her pocket, leaving Navin with the stems. *

PATTY
Thanks.
Navin, you know the other day
when I showed you the tattoo? *

NAVIN
Yeah yeah...

PATTY
I forgot to tell you something...

NAVIN
What?

PATTY
This!

She proceeds to beat the living daylights out of Navin, slapping, slugging and kicking.

PATTY
(continuing)
That's what's going to happen if
I ever catch you looking at another
broad.

NAVIN
I'm glad you told me.

PATTY
And remember I did this without
anger...
(mounts her cycle)
And, I stayed away from your crotch...

She peels out.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

MARIE

Or a girl?

NAVIN

That too...You can call a
girl she. Lots of things
are called she...

They walk off.

117 INT. NAVIN'S TENT - DAY

117

It is sparsely decorated. They are sitting on two
folding chairs, eating from a cup.

MARIE

(as she takes her
last spoonful)

That was really good pizza.

NAVIN

You won't find a better cup
of pizza anywhere.

MARIE throws the cup away....PAUSE.

MARIE

What do we do now?

NAVIN

I know what I's like to do
I'd like to guess your weight.

MARIE

My weight?

NAVIN

Yea...let's see...
Uh...um...you weigh 105.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED.

117

MARIE

I weigh 108.

NAVIN

108? I'm never off by that much.
(Looks her over.)

NAVIN

Oh, yeah... I hadn't looked there yet.

MARIE

Why?

NAVIN

(shyly looking away)
Oh. I haven't finished with your
face.

Marie is moved by his ingenuousness.

MARIE

(looks away, changing
subject, refers to
dog)

What's his name?

NAVIN

Shithead.

MARIE

Now that is a coincidence?

NAVIN

You had a dog named Shithead?

MARIE

No, that's what my Mother
called my Father.

NAVIN

You have beautiful skin.
(reaches for her
face)

May I?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

MARIE
(softly)

Yes.

NAVIN
(kneads her face,
as he would dough)
Are you a model?

MARIE
No, I'm a cosmetologist.

NAVIN
Wow... that is so impressive...
Unbelievable. It must be tough
to handle the weightlessness...

Marie looks at him quizzically.

NAVIN
(continuing)
Can I ask you a personal question?

MARIE
What is it?

NAVIN
Now, be totally honest. Do you
have a boyfriend?

MARIE
Kind of.

NAVIN
I know this is our first date,
but do you think that the next
time you make love to your
boyfriend you could think of me?

MARIE
Well, I haven't made love to him
yet.

NAVIN
Do you think it's possible that
someday you could make love with
me and think about him?

MARIE
Who knows? Maybe someday you and
he could make love and think about
me.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

117

NAVIN

Gosh, I'd just be happy to be in there somewhere. What's this guy's name?

MARIE

Rod Shafter.

NAVIN

Rod Shafter? The guy who sings over at the Ramada Inn?

MARIE

Uh, huh.

--NAVIN

Boy, he's great... He must make a lot of money.

MARIE

Two hundred and fifty dollars a week.

NAVIN

(he is shocked)

What? \$250 a week? No person on this earth deserves to make that kind of money. He better spread that around.

MARIE

Well... he gave me this.

He fingers a chintzy horoscope necklace.

NAVIN

Well, here's a little something to remember me by...

He thrusts his lips toward hers and gives her the worst off-center kiss in the history of the movies.

MARIE

Do you have a girlfriend?

NAVIN

(cautiously)

Does it matter?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (4)

117

In the distance we HEAR a MOTORCYCLE growling.

MARIE

Well, I'd like to think you
were available.

NAVIN

Oh, I'm available...

118 ANOTHER ANGLE

118

The motorcycle grows LOUDER and closer and Patty
drives through the curtains of the tent in a rage.

PATTY

You son of a bitch!
(she revs the
engine loudly)
Did you forget about my ass?

NAVIN

No, no...I've been thinking
about it.

(to Marie)

She tattooed my name on her ass.

Marie is shocked. *

NAVIN

Oh, not just my name...lots
of names and sayings... *

She's got one up here that
says...
(he indicates inside
of his thigh)
... 'slippery when wet.' *

MARIE

(to Navin)

How do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

PATTY

Let's just say he couldn't miss it.

(to Navin)

What is she? Some great piece of ass?

NAVIN

She's no great piece of ass...

(to Marie)

I mean...

On that indignity, Marie gets up to leave.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Hey, we're all adults, let's reason this thing out. Now, Marie here is a type of person who...

PATTY

(grim)

If this gash doesn't get her buns out of here, I'm going to drive this bike up her butt.

She starts to dismount her bike.

NAVIN

... while Patty tends to be more direct.

PATTY

And as for you, farmboy... we're married!

Patty approaches Navin menacingly. The moment she is within range, Marie steps between them and hauls off and decks Patty with one fast punch. Patty sinks to the floor. Navin is dumbfounded.

NAVIN

Gee, you protected me. You must really like me.

Marie looks at Navin disdainfully, gives him a Bronx cheer, and storms out of the tent.

119 EXT. TENT - DAY

119

Marie emerges from the tent, fuming.

120 EXT. CARNIVAL PARKING AREA - DAY

120

Marie is getting into her car, a perky Vega. Navin is chasing after her. She starts the car and drives slowly.

NAVIN

Wait! Wait, wait, wait...!

MARIE

What is it, married man?

NAVIN

(laughing it off)

Patty's funny... what a character
... We're not married... My ass
is clean. You can look...

(opens his belt)

Her name isn't there. It's a
one way marriage.

She continues driving.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Where are you going?

MARIE

The Ramada. At least Rod isn't
married.

She drives off. Navin mutters to himself.

NAVIN

Rod Shafter.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. MENAGERIE TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

121 *

Navin is leaning against the cage, talking to an animal keeper.

NAVIN

Hey, Glassie, suppose you had
this elephant with a thorn in
his paw...do you have something
he can smoke that can knock him
out for awhile...

GLASSIE

I think I can help you.

CUT TO: *

122 INT. RAMADA INN LOBBY - ESTABLISHING SHOT 122

Navin enters, looks around, heads for a sequined billboard on an easel.

123 ANGLE ON BILLBOARD 123

"Monday is Disco Night in Don Quixote's Windmill...
Featuring the Hop-lites with Rod Shafter!"

124 ANGLE - NAVIN 124

He takes in the information, turns, and we FOLLOW him out of the lobby.

125 EXT. RAMADA INN - NIGHT 125

Navin walks along the side of the building to what is a kitchen/backstage entrance. He enters and we...

CUT TO:

126 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 126

We are back in the Ramada again. Navin looks up and down the hallway. Some members of the HOP-LITES enter the hallway from a dressing room on their way to the stage. They are all white and look it. Navin button-holes one of them.

NAVIN

I'm looking for Rod Shafter.

HOP-LITE

Why, is your sister pregnant, too?
He'll be out in a minute.

He drifts off, leaving Navin more determined than ever. A moment later, a MACHO VEGAS TYPE emerges wearing tight slacks and a form-fitted polyester shirt open to the navel.

NAVIN

Rod?

The man nods.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

NAVIN
 (continuing)
 Hey, good to see you, man...

Navin extends his hand to shake, Rod is about to do a jive handshake.

ROD
 What's happening, brother...?

NAVIN
 (holding out
 a joint)
 Want to smoke some joint?

Rod checks the corridor.

ROD
 That's very groovy of you, my
 man...

He takes a short quick hit and passes out directly, unconscious. Navin watches him hit the floor, then drags him into a closet.

127 INT. DON QUIXOTE LOUNGE - NIGHT

127

The Hop-lites are finishing a number without their vocalist. The lead guitar player takes the mike, the band vamps under. It's showtime.

HOP-LITE
 And now, ladies and gentlemen,
 the Ramada Inn takes great pride
 in presenting the man who wrote
 'Teddy Love.'

There is a smattering of applause.

HOP-LITE
 (continuing)
 And was one of the original
 Blowfish... Here he is, the
 President of the United States
 of Disco... Rod Shafter!!!

The band hits a chord and Navin appears, hair slicked down, wearing Rod's tuxedo, ready to roll...

128 ANGLE ON STEVE AND LEAD GUITAR

128

HOP-LITE
What happened to Rod?

NAVIN
He had a terrible accident.

THE BAND
(stoned and
delighted)
All right!

NAVIN
(sings)
A-ONE, A-TWO, A ONE TWO THREE,
A-ONE, A-TWO, A ONE TWO THREE
FOUR, A FOUR A THREE, A TWO ONE
THREE FOUR ONE. TWO THREE FOUR
FOUR THREE TWO ONE...

He launches immediately into this phony Las Vegas lounge song, with lyrics improvised on the spot. The Hop-lites fumble along behind him.

NAVIN
(continuing)
And now I'd like to sing, 'Animal
Lips.' Hit it, boys.

They play a chord.

NAVIN
(continuing;
sings)
ANIMAL LIPS... Thank you...
(sings)
THERE'S SO MANY KINDS OF ANIMAL
LIPS. THERE'S MOOSE LIPS AND
GOOSE LIPS, AND DOG LIPS AND
LITTLE TINY CAT LIPS. HORSES
HAVE FAT LIPS, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

CUT TO:

129 AUDIENCE - ONE TABLE

129

PATRON
Hey, this guy is good.

130 ANGLE ON MARIE 130
 She's hiding her face.

131 ANGLE ON NAVIN 131

NAVIN

I'm a single guy... not married
 at all... and there's someone in
 the audience who's kinda special
 to me -- no, not you, sir...

Audience laughs.

NAVIN

(continuing)

... And I'd like to dedicate this
 song to her...

132 ANGLE ON MARIE 132

Terror.

133 ANGLE ON NAVIN 133

NAVIN

(sings)

I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS FOR YOU
 NOT AN ORDINARY THERMOS FOR YOU
 BUT THE EXTRA BEST THERMOS YOU
 CAN BUY
 WITH VINYL AND STRIPES AND A
 CUP BUILT RIGHT IN,
 OH, I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS
 FOR YOU...

BAND

(picking it up)

FOR YOU, FOR YOU...

NAVIN

AND MAYBE A BAROMETER TOO...

BAND

FOR YOU, FOR YOU...

NAVIN

WHAT ELSE COULD I BUY, SO ON
 ME YOU'LL RELY
 A REAR-END THERMOMETER, TOO.

134 ANGLE ON AUDIENCE 134

They're going wild. Applause, cheering, whistles.

135 ANGLE ON MARIE 135

She is weakening.

136 ANGLE ON NAVIN 136

Navin is jumping up for his big finish. He takes a beer from someone in the crowd, spilling it all over himself as he swigs it. He then checks out the girls in the room.

NAVIN

Let's see, which one do I want?

(points to Marie)

I'll take that one! Thank you, thank you very much. What a great audience! And now, it's dance time! Hit it, boys!

They start a dance tune. Navin dances around like crazy, off the stage and into the crowd, over to Marie and dances her right out of the lounge as the crowd applauds wildly and the Hop-lites play inspired disco.

137 OMITTED 137
thru thru
148 148

149 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 149

MUSIC: "Tonight You Belong To Me."

Marie and Navin are having a cook-out by themselves on the beach. They are in jovial spirits, and are singing, Navin on the ukelele. Lyrics to come.

As Navin plays a musical break, Marie reaches into her beach bag and pulls out a shiny brass trumpet and proceeds to play it beautifully... they finish the song.

NAVIN

While you were playing that trumpet,
I had the craziest fantasy that I
could rise into the air and float
right into the end of the trumpet...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

NAVIN (CONT'D)

(he has to pick
up the trumpet to
illustrate)

... Right around these valves and
down this tube and come right up
against your lips and give you a
kiss.

MARIE

Why didn't you?

NAVIN

I didn't want to get spit on me.

--

He takes her head in his hands and moves it toward him for a kiss. She strains to pull away from him; she tightens her mouth into a thin line and all the muscles in her neck strain to pull away. They are deadlocked. They fall over panting from the strain. They rest for a moment and start up again, going through a shorter version ending up exhausted on the sand.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Was it good for you too?

MARIE

I really do want to kiss you, but
I'm afraid.

NAVIN

Oh, I would've kept my tongue in.

MARIE

No, I mean I'm afraid if I kiss
you I'll fall in love with you.

NAVIN

You would?

MARIE

And I don't want to.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

NAVIN

You don't?

MARIE

My mother sacrificed
everything to send me through
cosmetology school.

NAVIN

She did?

MARIE

She has a dream for me to
be something. To marry someone
with power... money... vision...
someone with a special purpose.

NAVIN

(elated)

I got one! I've got a special
purpose!

He rises.

NAVIN

(continuing)

This is great. Your Mom's going to
love me. This is fantastic. And I
was afraid to tell you about it!

He pulls her up. She looks at him with love and com-
passion, takes him and kisses him.

150 INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

150

Navin is staring at the ceiling. Marie is dozing next
to him. Navin turns toward Marie, rises on his elbow
and stares down at the lovely face that is lit by a
shaft of moonlight.

NAVIN

(softly)

Marie, are you awake?

(no answer)

Good. You look so beautiful and
peaceful... you almost look dead.
And I'm glad because I want to say
something that has always been very
hard for me to say -- Rubber Baby
Buggy Bumpers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

NAVIN (CONT'D)

I've never been relaxed enough around people to be able to say that. You give me confidence in myself. I've decided that tomorrow when the time is right, I'm going to ask you to marry me. If that's okay with you, just don't answer...

She sleeps.

NAVIN

(continuing)

You've made me so happy.

He curls up next to her.

151 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

151

Navin is luxuriating in a bubble bath... the water is running...

NAVIN

(singing)

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, by Noel Coward.

We HEAR MARIE O.S. from the bedroom, SINGING with him.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Honey, who's the happiest guy in the world?

152 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

152

Marie, dressed, is sitting at a desk writing. Shit-head is lying on the bed.

MARIE

You are.

153 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

153

NAVIN

That's right. And who's the happiest gal?

154 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

154

Marie turns, her eyes brimming with tears. She opens her mouth to answer but can't... In her hand is a letter she is in the process of folding.

NAVIN (O.S.)

That's right!

(sings)

I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS FOR YOU...

Marie puts the letter in an envelope, slides it under the bathroom door... picks up a packed valise, stops for a moment to look at the bathroom, then turns and leaves quietly, as Navin continues singing.

155 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

155

NAVIN

(singing)

'... AND A CUP BUILT RIGHT IN.'

(speaks)

Honey, there's a question I'd like to pop but I've been afraid ... that you might say no... But this seems like the right time and place... so here goes! Honey, will you marry me?

156 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

156

Shithead at open front door, growls.

157 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

157

NAVIN

(splashes happily)

Yahoo! C'mon in here and let's seal it with a kiss... Get in the tub with me!... This only happens once in a lifetime. C'mon, honey, into the tub!

Shithead comes dashing into the room and leaps into the tub.

NAVIN

(continuing;
sweetly)

Not you, Shithead. Where's Marie?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

SHITHEAD

(Barks)

NAVIN

What letter?

Navin sees the letter lying in a puddle of water. He opens it and reads silently.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Oh, no!!!

158 INSERT - THE LETTER

158

is a runny blur. Only "Dear Navin" and intermittent words are legible.

NAVIN

(reads the blurry
letters in blurry
double talk)

Dear Navin...

159 ANOTHER ANGLE

159

Navin gets out of the tub, shielding his private parts by holding Shithead in front of him.

NAVIN

(shouts)

Mariel

He races out.

160 EXT. MARIE'S STREET - DAY

160

Navin, naked, holding Shithead in front of him, spots a stray dog.

NAVIN

(whistles)

C'mon, boy!

He picks up dog, covers his behind with him and runs down the street shouting.

(CONTINUED)

164 ANGLE ON ROUND-UP

164

It slow to a halt.

HUSKY

(amazed)

He wants off...

(calls)

Baldo, Iggy, peel him off!

Baldo and Iggy go to fetch Navin. They are a pair of not-too-bright "CARNIES" who have been standing with a group of other slow-witted carnival workers.

165 ANGLE ON NAVIN

165

as Baldo and Iggy carry him off and set him in front of Frosty and the group. Navin is a wreck. His hair standing out like a porcupine. His face is dirty and covered with perspiration. All the bizarre looking carnies are staring at him.

NAVIN

(with raging
emotion)

What are you looking at? Haven't you ever seen a man so broken that he had to spin? I went through every emotion up there... from anger to... to... What's another emotion?

BALDO

Fear?

STEVE

No.

IGGY

Hate?

NAVIN

(shouts)

Hate!... Oh do I hate!... And I went through... uh... uh...

(CONTINUED)

HUSKY

Hunger?

DOODLES

Hunger ain't an emotion.

HUSKY

Is love one?

NAVIN

Yes, love!... I went from anger to hate to love... to... to... uh...

-SLATS

(real dumb-
looking guy)

Ennui...?

ALL

Yeah, ennui?... How about ennui?...
What about pride?... Or prejudice?
... Sloth?... Adultery...?

NAVIN

Wait a minute... Wait a minute!
(pulls out letter
and waves it)

I don't have to know what this
letter says... I've got to make
me worthy of her... Look at me!
Iggy, would you want to marry
me and have my children?

IGGY

No.

NAVIN

Well, I'm going to make something
of myself.

IGGY

Well, maybe then...

NAVIN

Right now, I'm nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAVIN (CONT'D)

I'm a fly speck... a... a gnat...
a... a...

IGGY

A stink bug.

NAVIN

Yeah... I'm a...a...

SLATS

A pimple on a piece of shit.

-NAVIN

Yeah, yeah. Hit me!

HUSKY

A goat dingleberry.

BALDO

A poo-poo face.

IGGY

A scum bag!

NAVIN

Okay... I accept it all... I'm all
of those things... and more.

BALDO

A fungus fart?

NAVIN

Yes! She's sensitive... She
could see those qualities in me
... that's why she left. But
I'm going to change. How?

IGGY

Read more.

SLATS

Become a more interesting person.

BALDO

Get rid of unwanted hair forever?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (3)

165

HUSKY
Learn basic hygiene.

NAVIN
(quietly sighs)
None of you can help me. I've
got to do it alone.

With his eyes toward the horizon, he wanders off.

166 EXT. CARNIVAL ROAD - DAY

166

Navin, bag packed, leans forlornly up against the fence. Next to him sits his dog, panting at Navin.

NAVIN
(to the dog)
This is not going to be easy,
Shithead. We've been together a
long time. But I've got to head
on down that road.
(tears well up in
Navin's eyes)
... and there'll be times out
there when there won't be enough
food for two. And I won't be
able to take care of you the way
you should be. Now go on... go
away!

The dog takes off like a rocket.

NAVIN
(continuing)
Hey, wait a second!

The dog comes back. Navin goes back into his weeping.

NAVIN
(continuing)
You'll find a family who will give
you a real home, with other dogs
to play with. Now go on...

The dog shoots off again.

NAVIN
(continuing)
Come back here!

The dog stops, then trots back to Navin.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

NAVIN
 (continuing)
 ... with loving little kids and
 a warm fireplace. I never liked
 you anyway. Now beat it.

This time, as the dog starts to bound away, Navin leaps
 on him.

NAVIN
 (continuing)
 Okay, little fella, I can't stand
 it. You can come with me.

He snaps a leash on Shithead.

167 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

167

Navin is dragging the dog by the leash.

NAVIN (V.O.)
 You'd like her, Ma... Her name is
 Marie Kimball... She's so white,
 she's gone beyond white almost to
 black. She's worth every pain
 I'll have to go through... And so,
 Mom, with my faithful dog leading
 the way... I'm out to become the
 man she desires. I'm only going
 to take jobs that lead somewhere
 big. Your loving son, Navin.

168 EXT. PARK - DAY

168

Navin, dangling upside-down from a rope connected to a
 tree in the middle of nowhere, playing the violin. A
 passerby stops and reads the sign setting in the fiddle
 case.

169 INSERT - SIGN

169

"Please give... serious student
 needs violin lessons."

170 BACK TO SCENE

170

The passerby's hand reaches in and takes a quarter
 from the case.

171 OMITTED 171

172 OMITTED 172

173 OMITTED 173 *

173x EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 173x *

We see a long shot of the auto graveyard, cars stacked one on another, squashed flat. In the far distance, Navin writes something on a piece of paper. As the camera moves in, Navin props up his hand-lettered sign, "Used cars, 10 cents."

174 OMITTED 174 *

175 OMITTED 175 *

176 INT. NAVIN'S SLUM APARTMENT - MORNING 176

Navin is asleep in bed, the want ads open beside him. We HEAR a CAR START UP in the garage directly below him. The NOISE, vibration and fumes wake him up. Blue smoke drifts up through the floor. Navin wakes, checks the clock, and reacts.

NAVIN

Oh, no, I missed my interview.
(he yells out the window)

Mr. Hutchins! What happened?

MR. HUTCHINS (O.S.)

Overslept!

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

NAVIN

Mr. Hutchins...! This room is supposed to fill up with fumes at nine a.m. and it's now nine-thirty!

MR. HUTCHINS (V.O.)

Well, excu-u-u-use me!

CUT TO:

177 INT. STEVE'S SLUM APARTMENT - MORNING

177

He is writing a letter home. In the b.g., out the window, we SEE a dark sedan driven by the Madman, come INTO VIEW.

178 ANOTHER ANGLE

178

The Madman, using binoculars, spies on Navin as he writes.

178A INT. CABIN - CLOSEUP - MOM - DAY

178A

reading a letter.

MOM

'Dear Mom, sorry today's letter is a little late but Mr. Hutchins overslept. I haven't heard from Marie. Things couldn't be worse. I can only send you forty-nine cents this week as I've lost all my jobs.'

(she shakes coins
out of envelope)

Bless his heart.

179 INT. NAVIN'S APARTMENT

179

Navin preparing a meal.

MOM (V.O.)

'I've been eating well, though. The hospital gives out free meals of orange juice and cookies and all I have to do is give them a pint of blood. I ate there all week three times a day.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

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

I decided to quit when I cut myself shaving and only air came out. My rent is due, and it turns out Shithead is allergic to commercial dog food. About the only thing he can eat is medallions of white veal sauteed in butter with shallots, finished with white wine and lemon slices.

Navin flames the dish and serves the dog.

MOM (V.O.)

(continuing)

I have to go now as someone is staring at me through binoculars. Your loving son, Navin.'

180 ANOTHER ANGLE

180

Navin glances out the window and sees the occupant of the car. The Madman gets out, pats the inside of his coat, and advances toward the apartment. Navin looks alarmed; his eyes zoom in on the Missouri plates. He panics. He flattens himself against the wall.

NAVIN

Shithead! Attack! Attack!

The dog attacks Navin.

NAVIN

(continuing)

No!!

Navin looks out the window in fear. He grabs a handful of popcorn and bolts out the door.

181 OMITTED

181

&
182

&
182

182A EXT. NAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

182A

Navin comes face to face with the Madman, throws the popcorn into the Madman's face and runs off.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED:

182A

MADMAN

You son of a bitch!

And he scrambles to his feet and sets off in hot pursuit.

183 EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

183

Navin enters, running, out of breath, exhausted. He crouches by a steel door and quietly tests the handle. It's locked. From O.S. we can HEAR the cautiously approaching FOOTSTEPS of the pursuer. They slow down as they reach the alley. Navin is too exhausted to move another step. Besides, he's trapped.

MADMAN

Johnson?

He turns the corner and starts walking towards the terrified Navin. His hand disappears inside his coat.

NAVIN

(sings)

Whenever I feel afraid...

The Madman looming overhead, hand in his coat as if to draw a weapon. The hand emerges, holding an envelope.

MADMAN

You'll have to sign for this.

NAVIN

I have to sign before you shoot me?

Navin signs.

MADMAN

I'm not going to shoot you. That was the old me... I was mixed up at the time. I had a bad marriage and I had just stopped smoking... I'm okay now. I'm a private detective. S'long.

Madman walks away, back into the night, whistling a happy tune. Navin opens letter... reads.

184 INSERT - THE LETTER

184

A simple, enigmatic letterhead: "The Berendo Corporation, 1 Berendo Square, New York, New York." That's it, except for a handwritten note, barely legible.

NAVIN (O.S.)

(reading note)

'Dear Mr. Johnson: Please call on me in Suite 2650 at the Century Plaza Tower in Los Angeles. I have something of great importance to impart to you.'

The signature is an unreadable scrawl.

CUT TO:

184A EXT. CENTURY TOWER - DAY

184A

185 INT. CENTURY PLAZA TOWER - DAY

185

It's the twenty-sixth floor. The elevator doors open and a very hesitant Navin, dressed in a shabby jacket and tie, clutching the crumpled message, starts down the hall to Suite 2650. He gets to the door and opens it with trepidation.

186 OMITTED
thru
191

186
thru
191

192 INT. OFFICE - DAY

192

A vaguely familiar man comes out from behind a desk, dressed very well, wearing glasses with a little handle in the center. He's different from the last time we saw him, a better haircut and a very hearty laugh. He roars at Navin for a long time. It's STANLEY FOX, the entrepreneur, formerly of Fox Enterprises.

FOX

Remember me?

NAVIN

No, but don't feel bad.

(CONTINUED)

FOX
Fox. Stanley Fox. Remember, the
gas station. Boy, you're one hard
guy to find. The glasses handle.
Look --

He shows him the professional, finished model on his
reading glasses.

NAVIN
Oh, yeah... the glasses handle.

FOX
We call it Opti-Grab.

NAVIN
Opti-Grab? ..

FOX
"Opti" (points to eyes) from
optical and "Grab" from grabbing
it.

NAVIN
Wow...Optical-Grabbing.

FOX
Navin my boy, we're in business.
Fifty-fifty, just like we said.
And right in here (picks up
envelope) I have your first
check for two-hundred and fifty
big ones.

A broad grin crosses Navin's face.

NAVIN
Two-fifty? That's what Rod
Shafter makes.

FOX
That's just the beginning.
There's gonna be more, lots
more!

NAVIN
Wow. Can I cash this?

FOX
It's your money -- you can do
anything you want. It's a
cashier's check.

NAVIN
That's great. I can use this.

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

SOUND: INTERCOM.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(discreetly
interrupting)You have an eleven-thirty with
Mr. Adams.

FOX

Navin, I gotta run.

NAVIN

(shows check)

Thanks for this.

Fox is already on his way out.

FOX

Don't thank me. You earned it.
Don't let that money turn your
head around.

He's gone.

NAVIN

(shouts)

Don't worry, my head is on
straight.

193 INT. BANK - DAY

193

Navin walks in and goes directly to one of the assis-
tant managers, MR. COFFER. A narrow-minded bank man-
ager who is wearing an Opti-Grab.

NAVIN

Sir.

Coffer takes a long time to finish some paperwork,
then looks up.

NAVIN

(continuing)

What's that on your glasses?

COFFER

Keeps the pressure off the stems.
Can I help you?

NAVIN

(suavely)

I have a cashier's check here...
I'd like to cash it.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

COFFER

How much is it for?

NAVIN

Two hundred and fifty 'Samoans.'

Navin removes the check from the envelope and, without looking, lays it on the desk.

194 INSERT - THE CHECK

194

It is for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

195 ANGLE ON COFFER AND NAVIN

195

Coffer picks up the check as if it were contaminated and examines it. He looks twice.

COFFER

Is this a joke?

NAVIN

No.

COFFER

You want to cash this?

NAVIN

Well, I could take fifty dollars and deposit the rest.

COFFER

(warming up)

Sit right down, Mr. Johnson.

Navin feels he's won the Bank of America over with his two hundred dollar deposit.

COFFER

(continuing).

I'll need a piece of identification.

NAVIN

(searches in his battered wallet)

I have a temporary driver's license and my astronaut application card.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

Coffer pokes the cards around with his finger, unwilling to even pick them up.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Oh, and here's my old 4-H membership... it's expired, though... I gotta renew it.

Coffer takes the I.D. and the check and goes straight to the biggest desk in the bank. As Navin watches, a top management meeting takes place with lots of looks in his direction. Navin waves, nods and smiles. One of them, on the phone, nods approval and scribbles something on the check.

COFFER

Everything's in order. Now, would you endorse this?

He slides the check face-down to Navin, who signs it. Coffer initials the endorsement.

COFFER

(continuing)

... And fill out this deposit slip.

196 ANOTHER ANGLE

196

He takes pen in hand and turning the check over, routinely starts copying the info. Navin gradually notices the magnitude of the check. We SEE only the barest change of expression. Navin looks up and slowly his head makes a 360-degree turn and clicks back into place. His face is euphoric.

NOTE: Navin prefers that he not be required to do this without special effects.

197 INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - DAY

197

Harry is reading a postcard while his wife LENORE stands by. He is wearing an Opti-Grab.

HARRY

(reading)

'Dear Harry: Guess what? I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams. But I haven't forgotten our deal. Here's that postcard I promised you. I bet you thought you'd never get it, huh? Your friend, forever, Navin.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Lenore)

This boy has integrity. He promised me a postcard. And that's why this little postcard will always have a special place...

(taps his heart)

... in my heart attack.

198 EXT. NAVIN'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

198

Navin parks his new pink Mustang in front of his shabby apartment. He springs out, resplendent in a new Tyrolean hat with a long feather, a floor-length, white scarf, and sunglasses. He opens the trunk, the white scarf dragging in the mud, and removes two velvet paintings, a clown and a nude, and a big table lamp. Folded up in his coat pocket is a newspaper. The headline of a small feature article is VISIBLE: "YOUNG INVENTOR STRIKES IT RICH." Shithead, wearing a cap, sun glasses and sporting a pipe, follows Navin.

199 INT. NAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

199

The PHONE RINGS. Navin enters, carrying his paintings and lamp. He is startled. He has never received a real phone call before. He goes to the window.

NAVIN

(yelling for all to hear)

See! You get a phone call!...
Yello... Who?... Mrs. Kimball...
You're Marie's mom! You read about me?... No, I don't know where Marie is... I've been trying to contact her. Yes, I would love to know! Wait, I'll get a pencil.

He hangs up the phone. While he collects a pencil and paper, it RINGS again. He answers.

NAVIN

(continuing)

The May Company in Los Angeles...
I'd be glad to... what's the message
'I decided not to kill myself if you marry that carnival bum Nathan Johnson' -- I'll give it to her...
'Bye, Mrs. Kimball.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

NAVIN (CONT'D)

(to Shithead)

Shithead, I know where she is. Now I can find out why she left me... plus I can deliver this message from her mom about this carnival bum Nathan Johnson -- wait a minute... Shithead, she didn't mean Nathan Johnson... she meant Navin Johnson, that's me! So that's it! So that's why she wouldn't marry me! She didn't want her mother's blood on her hands.

200 EXT. MAY COMPANY - DAY

200

Navin enters.

201 INT. MAY COMPANY - COSMETIC DEPARTMENT - DAY

201

Navin goes up to a FEMALE EMPLOYEE who, from the back, resembles Marie. Navin, ecstatic at finding his love, grabs her shoulders and spins her around. Their lips are inches apart. Navin realizes his mistake and casually asks:

NAVIN

Uh, does Marie Kimball work here?

FEMALE CLERK

Oh, she's over there, in men's makeup.

NAVIN

(winces)

Men's makeup? Ugh.

202 INT. MEN'S MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

202

A small crowd is watching Marie demonstrate. She has just applied a blue facial mask to a short, elderly gent, IRVING. His wife TILLIE is watching. Irving is wearing a shower cap and a smock. Navin enters and stops short at the sight of Marie.

MARIE

Putting on Mask-O Derm took just fifteen minutes... and when we peel it off, he'll look twenty years younger.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

TILLIE

(looks heavenward)

Allevei. (Yiddish for "Let it be so")

MARIE

We'll let this dry and in the meantime, Madame, we can pick out the eye shadow and lip tint for him.

We FOLLOW them to another counter.

MARIE

(continuing)

I think with your husband's coloring, a deep tone would bring out his lips... and this Nature Beige will feature his eyes wonderfully.

TILLIE

Let's try everything.

203 ANGLE ON NAVIN

203

Navin peers out from behind a display of facial mask jars, smiles, and ducks mischievously OUT OF FRAME.

203A ANGLE ON IRVING

203A

sitting stoically. He hears something from below counter. He looks down.

IRVING

(mumbles incoherently through mask)

What?

A hand comes INTO FRAME waving a hundred-dollar bill.

204 ANGLE ON MARIE AND TILLIE

204

at another counter. A men's wig display.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

MARIE

(holding a long
blond wavy wig)

You don't have to make your
decision now but just think about
this color for Irving. It'll give
him height.

(checks watch)

Ah, let's go unmask your husband.

They cross to Irving, who has been replaced by Navin,
who is now wearing a blue mask, cap and smock.

MARIE

(continuing)

I am now going to peel off our
Mask-O Derm.

(she starts)

Irving's skin will be tighter,
firmer and he'll look like a
different man... you'll be amazed.

She pulls off the mask and reveals Navin, smiling devil-
ishly.

MARIE

(continuing; looks
at Navin, then at
mask -- amazed)

Jeez, this shit really works!

NAVIN

(stands, grabs her)

Remember this?

Gives her an off center kiss.

MARIE

(takes his face in
her hands, looks at
him with passion)

My darling, darling...

Kisses Navin tenderly.

TILLIE

(shouting)

You, Blondie! Leave my Irving
alone!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: (2)

204

TILLIE (CONT'D)

(starts hitting
Marie with her
pocketbook)

Irving!

(wallops Irving)

What are you doing? You'll get
another bladder attack... Stop!
She'll suck out your temporary
fillings! That Blondie!

Navin and Marie continue kissing. Tillie continues
pummeling them.

NAVIN (V.O.)

(over-above scene)

'Dear Mom, here's this month's
check: twenty thousand dollars.
Things are beginning to look up.
But the big news is, Marie and...

204A CLOSEUP - NAVIN AND MARIE IN WEDDING ATTIRE

204A

NAVIN (V.O.)

... I were married! We couldn't
wait. We decided to get married
that night. Luckily, we found a
certified priest at the "Hollywood
View Apartments" who could marry
us.'

205 INT. DARK HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

205

CAMERA PANS OFF Navin and Marie to crossed human bones
being held by black voodoo dancer. He dances back, re-
vealing Navin and Marie, dressed in formal wedding
outfits. They stand in the midst of a combination
voodoo, Haitian ritual. There are firepots, graven
images, native dancers rattling bones. Tom-toms thump
and the voodoo dancer wearing a mask leaps in front of
them and plunges a knife into a three-foot human doll.
The music stops abruptly.

VOODOO MINISTER

You may kiss the bride.

A flash camera goes off as Navin and Marie kiss.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

STEVE (V.O.)
 (continuing the
 letter)
 'We were both glad we had a
 religious wedding. Anyway,
 you'll be glad to know that money
 hasn't changed our lives that
 much. Our one little extravagance
 is a live-in butler and housekeeper.'

206 INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - ANGLE ON HOBART AND HESTER
 - DAY

206

An English butler and maid, are asleep in a single bed.
 Navin and Marie are tippy-toeing around the kitchen
 setting up breakfast so as not to wake the help.

NAVIN
 (in kitchen,
 whispers)
 Do you want toast?

MARIE
 (whispers)
 No, the toaster has a bell on it
 ... it might wake them...

Navin brings two slices of white bread to table.

MARIE
 (continuing)
 Boy, we all slept late today.

NAVIN
 I think they were making love
 last night.

SOUND: CHEAP CHIME DOORBELL.

Navin jumps and opens door. .

MAILMAN
 (wearing an Opti-Grab,
 loud and cheerful)
 Good morning!...

NAVIN
 Shhhhhh!...

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

HOBART
(grumpily with a
very English accent)
No good to shush him now... we're
wide awake.

MARIE
We're sorry.

HESTER
(grouchily)
Not as sorry as you're going to
be if it ever happens again.

They continue grumbling as they put their robes on.

MAILMAN
Registered letter, sign here.

Navin signs.

NAVIN
Thank you.

Mailman exits.

MARIE
What is it?

NAVIN
(awestruck)
Another check!

HOBART
Let me see that!
(takes it)
Just as I thought nearly three-
quarters of a million dollars.
Sir, it would
seem that with this kind of income,
you would buy a bigger home with
servants' quarters. Then Hester
and I won't be self-conscious when
we fuck.

207 EXT. SMALL COTTAGE - DAY

207

Navin, Marie, Hobart, Hester and a real estate agent
exiting cottage.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

HESTER

(very politely)

Sir, if I may venture an opinion
 ... I believe that you and Mrs.
 Johnson will find this house
 more than adequate and will be
 very happy here.

HOBART

(sweetly)

Especially when you consider that
 it comes with detached servants'
 quarters.

He gestures.

208 ANOTHER ANGLE

208

We PAN to a spectacular mansion on the estate.

NAVIN

(quietly analytical)

You know, may I say something
 here...

(gestures with
forefinger)

... Now I may be wrong...

MARIE

Oh no, I don't think you're going
 to be wrong... because when you
 do this...

(impersonates his
gesture)

You're never wrong...

NAVIN

(still gesturing)

Well, that's good.

(macho attitude)

We'll take the goddamned servants'
 quarters!

Gestures. CAMERA PANS to an adjacent mansion on a
 rolling hill.

209 EXT. MANSION - CLOSEUP OF SID SPECTOR - DAY

209

a handsome, graceful, gay designer.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

SID

Mrs. Johnson, Navin...

(he thrusts up his
hand in a stop
motion)

Stop! When you bought your home from Sid Spector, you didn't buy just a home, you bought my balls! Three years ago, a design popped into my head. But I knew none of my clients could live in Sid Spector's dream. This design needed someone special, someone with vision. And when you walked into my office, I said, 'These are they! These are they!' Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, this house is I. It is a complete living organism. There are sheets on the bed, a roast in the oven, and some fabulously wonderful people in the party room. By accepting this key, you are promising Sid Spector that you will live a life of fun, more fun, and just when you think there's no more fun, you squeeze the fun tube that extra little bit and squish out the fun that will separate you from the 'corn pones'.

(gives Navin the key)

Alice, welcome to Wonderland!

(he throws open
the door)

Ciao!

210 INT. MANSION

210

The CAMERA MOVES INTO the house SHOWING us Navin and Marie's POV. What we SEE is an extraordinary example of a house decorated to a lavishness and richness that they could never have dreamed possible for themselves. The CAMERA GOES THROUGH to REGISTER the house which is replete with artwork, the latest and most original in furniture design with gadgets, lavish tapestries on the walls. In the kitchen we SEE the roast cooking. In the dining room, we SEE the table set for dinner, candles lit. A door slides open and reveals a dark disco room, with flashing lights, loud MUSIC and dozens of dancing guests -- they wave at camera.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

 NAVIN (O.S.)
 (mEEKly)
Hellooooo!

 MARIE (O.S.)
Hi!

The CAMERA MOVES UP a stairway, -PASSING INTO the master
bedroom.

211 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

211

A floral pattern print is repeated everywhere, the walls, the bedspread, drapes, lamps, ottomans and everything else. The CAMERA MOVES TO DISCOVER Navin and Marie wearing the squarest clothes, gaping. They are in awe of their new home. Navin is holding an open box of Cracker Jacks... Marie is carrying a plastic purse.

NAVIN

I can't believe this. It's amazing.

MARIE

It's really us.

NAVIN

Yes! He's really captured our personalities. Sid Spector's a genius. His wife must be so proud of him.

MARIE

(takes Navin in
her arms)

This is perfect.

They kiss.

MARIE

Mmmm... this room gives me ideas.

NAVIN

I know what you mean... Wanna play a little baseball?

MARIE

(sensuously)

I'd love to.

212 INT. BEDROOM - ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR - DAY

212

Navin comes through wearing a handsome robe. He picks up a pipe and a drink and casually stretches out on the bed.

213 ANGLE TO INCLUDE WINDOW

213

A baseball crashes through the window and lands on the bed. Navin picks up the ball... He is furious.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

He races to the window.

NAVIN

(shouts)

What the hell's going on out
there?

SOUND: DOORBELL.

Navin throws the ball on the bed and exits, drink in
hand.

214 INT. FRONT DOOR OF MANSION - DAY

214

Navin opens the door. It is Marie, holding a bat and
oversized glove. She is wearing a tight shirt and
cut-off jeans, her baseball cap askew.

MARIE

(little girl's
voice)

Mister, can I have my ball back?

NAVIN

Sure, Punkin! It's upstairs in my
bedroom.

He takes her hands and they go upstairs.

NAVIN

(continuing)

What's your name?

MARIE

(baby talk voice)

I don't know...

They continue up steps as:

NAVIN (V.O.)

Dear Mom... Marie and I are getting
along swell, but I've got a lot to
learn about handling my money and banks.

215 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

215

Hobart looking out window in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

STEVE (V.O.)
 (at a weird desk,
 signing things)
 What with signing checks, learning
 about credits and debentures,
 certificates of deposits... you
 have to be careful... Poor Hobart.

Navin looks toward window.

216 NAVIN'S POV - HOBART'S COTTAGE

216

Hester, blindfolded, is tied to a stake... Bank security
 guards FIRE at Hester... Her head slumps to her chest.

NAVIN (V.O.)
 His dear wife, Hester, had to pay
 a substantial penalty for early
 withdrawal.

216A BACK TO SCENE

216A

NAVIN (V.O.)
 Enclosed is this week's check.
 Your loving son, Navin.

NAVIN
 Sorry about your wife, Hobart.

HOBART
 Federal regulations, sir... Oh,
 dear me, your wife bought you a
 new gold chain, I almost forgot.
 I suppose I'm still not over
 Hester's death.

NAVIN
 (gaily, adding the
 chain to his growing
 collection)
 Well, these things take time,
 Hobie...

HOBART
 (lightly)
 So I'm told... And here's your
 drink, sir, like the one you saw
 in the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

216A CONTINUED:

216A

Navin takes out an ad torn from a magazine. The male model is dressed like Navin holding a drink.

NAVIN
(reading and
holding a drink)
See that... 'Be Somebody...'

He compares himself to the photo.

HOBART
Very good, sir... Oh, some charity people are here to see you.

NAVIN
No! Send them away! There're a lot of people more deserving than me...I couldn't take charity. Not now... with all this...

HOBART
No, sir, they want you to give.

NAVIN
Oh.

217 OMITTED

217

218 CLOSEUP - DR. FORBES

218

DR. FORBES
(solemn, earnest
and direct)
I don't want to beat around the bush with you, Mr. Johnson. You have money and there are people out there who need it. Families who haven't eaten in years.

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

DR. FORBES
(continuing)
I could show you these photographs ... but I won't.
(he produces a portfolio)
... Because I don't think you could take them... You live up here in an ivory tower... alone.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

DR. FORBES (CONT'D)
Well, there's a world out there...

NAVIN
(cutting him off)
You don't think I know that? I've
been there. I was there. I have
been was there. You don't think I
can look at a few photographs...?

Dr. Forbes holds up the photograph. The CAMERA cannot
see them.

NAVIN
(continuing)
Ahhhhhhh! Check book! Check book!
Where's the check book?!

He finds it and quickly writes a check.

219 CLOSEUP - A TEXAN

219

dressed in leisure suit.

MAN
(extends his hand)
Val Thompson from Abilene, Texas.

Navin, seated in a swivel chair, spins around and with
his legs extended sweeps everything off the top of
his desk.

NAVIN
Yes?

MAN
My plane... The seats are worn...

NAVIN
What? The seats are worn on your
plane?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

NAVIN (CONT'D)

You shyster... I have just given money to people who have been sucking rocks for two years... And you come to me with this petty, frivolous... I'll bet you can't even see the cracks in the leather.

MAN

(depressed)

Yes, you can. Some are beginning to tear open.

NAVIN

Well, get some good saddle soap.

MAN

(breaking down)

I've tried saddle soap, Carnuba wax, boot polish, Linseed oil... I'm embarrassed to take people in my plane. I had to put towels over the seats and tell them that the seats was wet.

NAVIN

(crying)

Oh, my God, towels!

MAN

(sobbing)

Life ain't worth living. Unless I get fifteen hundred dollars, I'm afraid of what I might do.

NAVIN

(to the intercom)

Miss Woods, make out a check for fifteen hundred dollars.

MAN

(overcome)

Oh, thank you! Now I can take my friends to the Super Bowl like a man, not a bum.

220 CLOSEUP - FATHER DeCORDOBA

220

carrying an 8mm threaded projector.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

FATHER

I am Father Carlos Las Vegas De Cordoba.

NAVIN

Father, you seem like a religious man. How can I help you?

FATHER

By giving me three minutes of your time to see some film of a great ugliness that is spreading in my country.

He plugs in the projector.

NAVIN

Oh, God, I'll bet it's disgusting ... Hobart, are you over your grief enough to close the blinds?

HOBART

(lightly)

Oh, yes, sir... one can't mourn forever.

Hobart closes the blinds.

FATHER

You will not believe what you're about to see... that human beings could have sunk so low that they can take pleasure to do this to another of God's creatures... I hope you have a strong stomach, Senor.

NAVIN

Roll the ugliness.

221 OMITTED

221

222 ANGLE - SCREEN

222

The film rolls. It is grainy, black and white, documentary-style footage, shot under impossible conditions and smuggled out of the country. The camera pans around inside a smoky, crowded arena, much like a cock fight. Many spectators are holding cats. There is a tiny stage and a curtain. The curtain parts and a Mexican (Navin in thin moustache, hair pomaded and ill-fitting tuxedo), enters carrying a box. He bows to the crowd and places the box on a table. From it he takes out three or four little kittens and places them on the table.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

There are quick cuts to the vicious, cheering crowd, and then closeup shots of the innocent, unsuspecting kittens...

NAVIN (O.S.)

Good Lord! I've heard about his
cat juggling...

On the film, Navin's hands reach in and pick them up. Cut to wide shot of Navin juggling the kittens (stuffed), with the crowd in the background cheering madly and barbarically.

223 ANGLE ON NAVIN

223

overcome with emotion.

224 ANGLE ON SCREEN

224

Film runs out. The screen turns white. Navin jumps up. We SEE the white screen over his shoulder.

NAVIN

(shouts)

Stop it! Stop it!

(as if the film
just stopped)

Good! Father, could there be a
God that would let this happen?
How much do you want?

FATHER

I didn't come here for money. I
wanted to show you my film... I
really want to direct.

SOUND: INTERCOM BUZZER.

HOBART

Mr. Johnson, some Con Men are here
to see you.

NAVIN

The Con Men? Yes... they called
this morning. Tell the Con Men I'll
be right down.

225 Omitted

225

(CONTINUED)

226 EXT. POOLSIDE AREA - DAY

Navin and the three con men are strolling around the pool, drinks in hand.

1ST CON MAN

So, if your initial investment is half a million and the apartments are up by March, you could have 'X' amount of dollars rolling in by the end of this year.

NAVIN

(very business-like,
sagely)

'X' amount? Oh, excellent.

1ST CON MAN

Oh, yes, and you'll be able to depreciate the entire building for the full amount.

NAVIN

Hmm. Depreciate! Very good.

1ST CON MAN

And we found a way to get around this fair housing crap.

NAVIN

Hmm. Good.

3RD CON MAN

We're going to keep the rents high by appealing to a select group of people.

NAVIN

Select... hmm.

1ST CON MAN

The eggplants.

NAVIN

No, we don't want any vegetables.

1ST CON MAN

No, the jungle bunnies.

NAVIN

They'll eat the vegetables.

2ND CON MAN

We can be straight with him, we're going to keep out the niggers.

NAVIN

The what?

1ST CON MAN

The niggers. We'll keep 'em out.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

NAVIN

(stops)

Sir, you are talking to a
nigger!

227 ANOTHER ANGLE

227

He quickly slips his robe off, kicks off his slippers and jumps into a Bruce Lee karate stance with an appropriate shout. He is stripped to the waist, his body oiled like a muscleman. He proceeds to annihilate three Con Men with a series of SLOW MOTION, choreographed karate blows. Navin kicks the last Man directly in the balls and then Navin falls to the ground, in pain, clutching his foot... the Man stands unperturbed, smiling.

228 OMITTED

228

229 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

229

MARIE

Don't be so hard on yourself.
How could you know that was
Iron Balls MacGinty?

Navin and Marie are seated at a table. Navin, wearing a dozen gold chains; is emptying a bottle of wine. WAITER enters with two dishes.

WAITER

Ah, your escargots.
(serves them)
Would monsieur care for another
bottle of the Chateau Latour?

NAVIN

Yes, but no more 1966... we want
to splurge. We want some fresh
wine... the freshest you've got...
this year's... no more of this old
stuff.

WAITER

Oui, m'sieur.

NAVIN

He doesn't realize he's dealing
with sophisticated people here.

He starts out.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

NAVIN

(shouts suddenly)

Marie, don't look down. Look in my eyes. Waiter!

WAITER

Oui, m'sieur.

NAVIN

(whispers)

There are snails on her plate. Now get them out of here before she sees them. Marie, don't look! Look away! You would think at a fancy restaurant like this at these prices, you would be able to keep the snails off the food! Take them away and bring us the melted cheese sandwich appetizers you talked me out of.

Waiter exits.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Can you imagine in a restaurant like this... they didn't have the little bamboo umbrellas for the wine... and now snails on your plate and what is this? They put a velvet box under my napkin.

MARIE

Honey, that's a gift I got for you today at Fiorello's. Fiorello's is so fabulous. I can't even go back to the old places anymore. Oooh, guess who I saw there! Del Melman. The guy who hosts 'Good Time America'... He bought the cheapest watch they had... I was so embarrassed for him, I almost died...

NAVIN

Oh! Another gold chain!

He looks at his chest, already laden with gold chains, pendants, medallions, charms, etc. It is an imposing sight.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: (2)

229

NAVIN
(continuing)
I love you...

230 ANOTHER ANGLE

230

He puts the chain around his neck and leans over to kiss her. It's the straw that broke the camel's back. Navin struggles to maintain his balance, but the combined weight of the gold is too much for him. He struggles in vain, and then collapses head-first into the butter plate. Marie lifts him up; his head reels backwards. He flies off his chair, and with superhuman strength, rises to his feet. He totters and spins in different directions, but the weight of the gold carries him across the room and finally into the table of elegant diners. As Navin falls into the collapsing table, he screams:

NAVIN
Check!

231 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

231

The ever-present disco party can be SEEN in the next room. Navin is drinking and dictating the letter into a machine.

NAVIN
(drunken voice)
... And so, Mom, writing these letters to you is still one of my greatest pleasures. The communication between a mother and son is so special, so intimate, I guess you might say it's sacred. Your loving son, Navin... Copies to Salsbury and Randall, Attorneys at Law, and Navin Johnson Letters Collection, Harvard University. P.S. Guess what? Marie and I are really drinking a lot. It's great! We get wobbly and real funny. You'd be so proud of us.

He shuts off the dictaphone. Marie enters from disco party with a drink in hand and a gigolo at her side... she pushes him away.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

MARIE

Oh, Tony... you're so predictable.
 (laughs a hollow,
 joyless laugh
 and becomes
 suddenly tearful)
 Are we turning into people who
 can't handle money and power?

NAVIN

Uh huh.

MARIE

And we'll always be surrounded by
 these kind of friends?

NAVIN

Uh huh...Isn't it great! They'll
 write articles about us in these tabloids.
 (holds one up)
 They'll say, 'What went wrong?'

MARIE

Is that what we want?

NAVIN

Sure. We made a vow to Sid Spector.
 We don't want to be a couple of
 corn pones do we? *

MARIE

I don't want to be a corn pone. *

NAVIN

No...you should become one of
 those...Uh, what do they call
 'em...dilletantes! *

MARIE

I wouldn't sell my body!

NAVIN

No, you're thinking of debutant.
 You've got to start taking lessons
 in things like macrame and disco
 dancing. And take some yoga from
 that Top Ramen guy. *

MARIE

Oh, I see... We're going to be
 superficial.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

231

NAVIN

Right! No more 'ficial. Right now we're only 'ficial, from this day forward we're going to be superficial. Bye-bye, 'ficial; hello superficial!

232 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

232

It is a board meeting with Navin presiding. Twelve members of Navin's corporation sit around a conference table. Some wearing Optigrabs. Navin's legs are up resting on the table, and he's a little crazy.

NAVIN

So, we're all agreed, gentlemen, the Optigrab Corporation family dinner will be held at The Palace of Sin. Now it's time for our nap. Heads down, everyone.

They all put their heads down. He waits a moment.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Okay, nap's over.

(suddenly serious)

Gentlemen, good news... A lot of people have thought that I'm a one invention inventor. Well, not so... I have some new ideas. One...

He gets up from behind his desk. His legs, which have been propped up on the table all this time, remain at the desk while Navin parades. The executives gasp.

NAVIN

(continuing)

That's right -- my newest invention. Comedy gag legs. Everyone will want these, from the schoolteacher to the duck hunter. And I have another invention. Bernstein, how much is the cheapest calculator?

BERNSTEIN

Eight dollars?

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

NAVIN

You know why they cost that much?
They're accurate. See this...

(holds up a homemade
looking calculator)

Punch in ten times four...

He gives it to Bernstein; Bernstein does so.

NAVIN

(continuing)

What've you got?

BERNSTEIN

Thirty-seven. What kind of
calculator is that?

NAVIN

It's not a calculator; it's an estimator,
and it gets close but it only costs two
dollars. People have been paying
a big price for accuracy... this
is good for the average guy who
wants to know approximately what
ten times four is. Next, a new idea
in jigsaw puzzles...

(takes cover off a
large press-like
machine)

Now, as you know, Optigrab has
recently purchased an original
painting by Rembrandt...

(points to it hanging
on the wall; takes
the Rembrandt off
the wall)

What happens to the millionaire
who loves puzzles but hates to
buy bad reproductions?

(raises press and
slips painting
into it)

Who can he turn to?

(pulls lever; the
press closes on
the painting)

Us! Optigrab, manufacturers of the
two million dollar fine-art jigsaw
puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

232

Jig-sawed pieces of the painting come tumbling out of a chute; Navin throws pieces on the table.

NAVIN

(continuing)

There's a little bit of fun
for the sheik! All right,
gentlemen...

(sings)

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT,
GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM...
MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY,
MERRILY, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM...
Now, all the vice-presidents...

Some members join in singing.

NAVIN AND EXECUTIVES

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT... etc.
Now, marketing... ROW, ROW, ROW
YOUR BOAT, etc.

233 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - THAT DAY

233

Marie, tipsy, is seated on a sofa in front of a coffee table. On it is an empty bottle of wine and two glasses. A swarthy Latin dressed in a black "suit of lights". Navin enters, carrying his briefcase. *

NAVIN

Hi, honey.

MARIE

(slightly tipsy)

Oh, hi, dollface...

NAVIN

(curiously)

Everything okay?

MARIE

Remember how you told me to take
unnecessary lessons? I just took
a lesson. *

LATIN INSTRUCTOR

And a very good student, too. *

Adios Senora. *

He exits.

NAVIN

Oh, good, you took Flamingo
Guitar from that Flamingo... *

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

MARIE

No, knife-throwing.

NAVIN

Knife-throwing's great!

MARIE

I can almost do it.

NAVIN

Well, let me see your stuff...

He backs against the wall.

234 ANGLE

234 *

MARIE

Now turn sideways and put a balloon
in your mouth... Do you have a
balloon?

(CONTINUED)

234 ANGLE (CONTINUED):

234

NAVIN

Yes...

He whips a full-blown balloon out of his breast pocket and clenches it between his teeth.

NAVIN

Throw it hard so it'll stick! *

MARIE

(drunkenly weaving,
and aiming a sinister
butcher knife)

One, two...three, four...five, six...

...and she throws.

MARIE

Aw, I missed.

C.U. Navin.

NAVIN

It's okay.

MARIE

I can't do anything right.

235 WIDESHOT OF NAVIN

235

The knife is through his fly; he is nailed to the wall.

NAVIN

Honey, you worry too much.

He pulls the knife out and crosses to a five-gallon Sparkletts bottle bearing a Chateau Lafite Rothschild label; from it Navin draws a wine glass full of rich, red wine. *

NAVIN (con't)

Do you realize that in two short months we have acquired the phoniness that it takes some people a lifetime? C'mon, let's toast!

(NOTE: He gets the Waterford Crystal from a paper-cup type dispenser.)

236 INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

236

CLOSEUP of Marie, radiant, her head tossed back. She is in the midst of a torrid disco dance. SHOT WIDENS TO INCLUDE the jumping party. Dancers, drinkers, etc. Marie is dancing up a storm. With her is Navin dancing in a stiff, lummox-like way.

*

NAVIN

(dressed in a
sharp tuxedo)

Those disco lessons really paid
off, honey.

237 ANOTHER ANGLE

237

The party is in full swing. On one wall is a giant Advent T.V. screen showing an old western movie. Navin and Marie at this point do a short, wild and stunning disco-like dance to be choreographed. They finish in a blaze of triumph. They are overapplauded and overcomplimented. "Navin baby, you're too much," "Dollface, just super!" etc.

MARIE

(looks off toward
Advent)

Oooh, honey, here's that interview
you did yesterday.

(shouts)

Everybody, we're going to watch
Navin on the T.V. Shut off the
music. Get your drinks and sit
down.

NAVIN

Aw, nobody wants to see this.

MARIE

Shhhh, there you are.

238 ANGLE ON SCREEN

238

Closeup of Navin smiling.

*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

American Time News Magazine turns
its probing eye on Navin Johnson,
inventor of the Opti-grab, that
little glasses handle that sold
10 million units in a few short
months.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

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

Featured on the covers of Time,
Newsweek and many other major
periodicals.

CUTS of celebrities on magazine covers sporting Opti-
grab.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Mr. Johnson, you've become a
millionaire overnight... Who are
you?

NAVIN

Who is Navin Johnson? Well, Navin
is a complex personality as are
most of the small breed of modern
day Renaissance millionaires...

PICTURES of Navin being interviewed CONTINUE ON the
SCREEN in CUTS. Through the following, Navin charac-
terizes the Announcer's descriptions.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The interview with Mr. Johnson
went on for about fifteen minutes
and throughout it all, Mr. Johnson
was charming, incisive, self-
effacing, animated and highly
emotional.

238a Steve pantomimes above.

239 Omitted

239

240 ANGLE ON ANNOUNCER

240

ANNOUNCER

We had planned to show you the
entire Johnson interview, however,
when we returned to our studio
our news department informed us
of a sensational development in
the Johnson story....

It seems a group of irate citizens lead
by the celebrity Mr. Carl Reiner
has initiated a class action suit
against Mr. Johnson and his Opti-
Grab. Here's what Mr. Reiner said
today at a press conference.

(CONTINUED)

241 INT. HOTEL PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DRAPED WALL AND PODIUM) 241

CARL is staring cross-eyed INTO CAMERA. In front of him are a hundred microphones on a podium or desk.

CARL

When Opti-Grab came out, I thought it was the greatest thing ever, and I bought a pair. And this is the result... *

He indicates his crossed-eyes.

CARL (CON'T)

That little handle is like a magnet; your eyes are constantly drawn to it, and you end up cock-eyed. And as a director I am constantly using my eyes and the Opti-Grab device has caused irreparable harm to my career. Let me show you a clip from my latest picture, where my faulty depth perception kept me from yelling 'cut' at the proper time. *

242 A FILM CLIP 242

rolls on the SCREEN of a car driving off a cliff and rolling off it. As the car is about twenty feet over the cliff, we HEAR CARL YELL "CUT."

(CONTINUED)

243 BACK TO CARL

243

CARL

If I had yelled out in time, those actors would be alive today. That's why I am spearheading the ten million dollar class action suit against Mr. Johnson and his irresponsible selling of a product he didn't even test on prisoners.

244 INT. PARTY - NIGHT

244

ANGLE ON the party crowd. They are stunned. A couple of the partygoers remove their glasses to reveal crossed eyes. Navin smiles sickly.

The partygoers drift off with excuses. "Boy, it's ten after seven," "Another phony..." "Nouveau Riche..." "He got what he deserved," "He made my mother cock-eyed." This last man is being restrained and dragged off.

NAVIN

Honey, why the gloom; this is not the end of the rainbow... I'm Navin Johnson... inventor. I've got art jigsaw puzzles... the the the ear movies. This is a parking ticket to me. Only instead of five dollars, it's ten million.

MARIE

(crying)

I don't care about losing the money; it's losing all the stuff.

NAVIN

We're not going to lose our stuff. This is America. I'm going to receive a fair trial from an impartial jury.

245 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

245

We PAN ACROSS a row of twelve jurors. They are all cross-eyed. The FOREMAN rises.

FOREMAN

We find for the plaintiff.

*

117.

246 ANGLE ON JUDGE

246

We only SEE the side of his head, with Navin in b.g.

JUDGE

I award to Mr. Reiner and the other nine million nine hundred, eighty-seven thousand six hundred fifty-two plaintiffs, the full amount of the suit.

Navin takes out his pocket estimator and calculates.

NAVIN

But, you honor, that's between 99 cents and a \$1.15 per person approximately. I'll be wiped out.

247 ANGLE ON JUDGE

247

This time we SEE his face. He is cross-eyed.

JUDGE

(he bangs the gavel,
missing the block)
Court is adjourned.

248 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

248

Navin sits at a desk, drinking. We SEE movers in the b.g. carting out a sofa. There are piles of envelopes on one side of the desk, and piles of blank checks on the other. Navin is writing diligently. He is wearing a short robe and is looking a mess.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Pay to the order of Mrs. Wilbur Stark, one dollar and nine cents.
Signed Navin R. Johnson.

He puts it in the envelope, licks it, stamps it and adds it to the stack. He starts another.

NAVIN

(continuing)

Mr. Iron Balls McGinty...
(suddenly he wheels around)
What...?

There is nothing and no one there.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

NAVIN
 (continuing)
 One dollar and...
 (he takes another
 drink)
 ... nine...
 (he's crazy)
 Huh? What's this?! Lint...!
 This lint. It's driving me
crazy!

249 MARIE

249

enters. She is wearing the gingham dress she wore in
 the first bedroom scene. She is crying slightly.

NAVIN
 Why are you crying?... and why
 are you wearing that old dress?

MARIE
 Because I just heard a song on the
 radio that reminded me of the way
 we were.

NAVIN
 What was it?

MARIE
 'The Way We Were.' Look at us...
 we've hit bottom.

NAVIN
 Oh, no... maybe you hit bottom,
 but I haven't hit bottom yet.

He stands up. We SEE his pants are down around his
 ankles.

NAVIN
 I've got a ways to go. And besides,
 I'm gonna bounce back and when I
 get to the top again, I'll buy you
 a diamond so big it'll make you
 puke!

She comes to him and speaks warmly.

MARIE
 Oh, honey, I don't want to puke.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

249

MARIE (CONT'D)

I don't want wealth. I want you like you used to be. What happened to that man? *

NAVIN

Me? What happened to the girl I fell in love with? The girl who believed in me. Well there's plenty of places I can go! *

MARIE

Well go! The sooner you're out of my life, the sooner I can go back to being that wonderful girl in the gingham dress that you sang the Thermos song to!

NAVIN

Well I'm going then and I don't need anything. Just this ashtray...

(picks it up)

... and that's it... the ashtray and this remote control...

(picks it up)

... the ashtray and the remote control and that's it... And this paddle game...

(picks up paddle)

... and that's it... and this chair. *

By this time Navin has worked his way just outside the open front door. Marie is still inside.

NAVIN

What do you think I am...some kind of Jerk? *

With tears in her eyes, Marie watches him go stumbling across the lawn. *

250 ANGLE ON NAVIN

250

She slams the door. Wham! Navin looks indignant. He turns and walks out the gates with his pants around his ankles, and his ashtray, TV remote control and paddle and chair. *

- 251 EXT. BEL-AIR - NAVIN 251
QUICK SHOTS of Navin trudging down a hill in Bel-Air...
- 252 INT. BUS - QUICK SHOT OF NAVIN ON BUS 252
- 253 OMITTED 253 *
- 254 EXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY 254
QUICK SHOTS of Navin walking through crowds in Century City, looking up at Stan Fox's office building.
- 255 INT. CENTURY PLAZA OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 255
THROUGH the PLATE GLASS in the lobby, we can SEE Navin shuffling across the concourse still in bathrobe, drink in hand, pants around ankles, paddle-ball in pocket. People give way to let him through as he heads into the lobby and waits for an elevator.
- 256 INT. STAN FOX'S OFFICE - DAY 256
The office is stripped bare with only one empty file cabinet and a door on two saw-horses for a desk. Stan Fox is packing things in a box to go on the road. There is a meek looking young man sitting shyly in a corner.

NAVIN

Stan, I got some more ideas.

STAN

(elated)

Yeah, yeah...Looks good, Looks good...Good luck with them...!
I got a new boy -- Medford Baxter! Found him at a bus stop. Kid's a genius. He came up with a surefire money maker...

Stan opens his coat to reveal a thick leather belt with pouches around his waist.

STAN

(continuing)

A bible belt! Carries all your bibles! Old Testament, New Testament, King James Version, New Revised Version, The Gay Bible, it's got everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED

256

STAN (CONT'D)

It's a church around your waist.
Pow! Sinner! Come on Medford.

(puts on Western Hat)

There's a lot of twenty-four ninety-five out there, and it's got our name on it. Navin, one minute you're up, one minute you're down. Think of it this way...we killed two minutes!

NAVIN

Wait for me.

257 EXT. STAN FOX'S OFFICE - DAY

257

Navin exits the building and sits on a bench. There is an old magazine nearby. Navin picks it up in his delirium and stares at it. The shimmering effect on the cover changes the face of the girl into Hartounian's face.

HARTOUNIAN (V.O.)

... And some day when you're at the bottom of the barrel, and you're walking around with your pants down around your ankles, you'll take out this little piece of paper I'm giving you and you'll read something that'll take the pain away.

258 ON NAVIN

258

Navin takes his wallet out of his pants and finds the tattered envelope. He opens it and we SEE it as he unfolds dramatically the piece of paper.

258A INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

258A

It reads: "For a good time, call Trudy, 555-1212."

258B ON NAVIN

258B

Navin looks up.

NAVIN

(Calls)

Trudy...! Trudy...!

258B CONTINUED

258B

An elderly lady carrying a striped thermos and a lunch bag, passes Navin. He follows the lady around a corner. The camera stays put on the empty scene, and moments later, the woman appears carrying Navin's chair, remote control, etc. Navin appears with the thermos and wanders off forlornly.

*

259-
265

OMMITTED

259-
265

265-
266 OMMITTED

265- *
266

Navin, in tattered bum clothes, looks at his watch ruefully, unstraps it and enters the shop. A moment later, he steps out of the shop carrying a beat-up saxophone. He looks puzzled, puts it under his arm and walks off.

266a EXT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

266 a

Navin approaches the window and watches a pretty young girl taking a pizza from an oven. As she is cutting it, she feels Navin's eyes on her and looks up. He looks so pathetic that her maternal instincts take hold. She wants to do for this man what the girl in Midnight Express did for her lover in the Turkish prison. She refers to her lips; Navin shakes his head no. She thrusts her breasts forward and shimmys them. Navin says no; he instead points to the pizza. She understands, and with great compassion squishes the pizza against the wall while Navin tries to eat the pizza against the glass.

267 Omitted

267

268 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

268

MUSIC: Trumpet solo of "What'll I Do"

Navin watches as a bum rushes out into the traffic and cleans a car windshield with a rag. The driver gives the bum a coin. A beautiful, gleaming Ferrari pulls to a stop at the light near Navin. He runs up to the car removing a filthy rag from his coat pocket, and in an attempt to clean the windshield, smears a thick film of oil and food all over the windshield, totally obscuring the driver's view. Navin holds out his hand for a tip as the car speeds away.

269 OMMITTED

269 *

270 EXT. GUTTER - NIGHT

270

We are back to the scene on page one. The rain has stopped. Navin lays in the gutter talking INTO the CAMERA. The theatre is letting out.

NAVIN

So that's it. It's an old story,
one that you've probably heard
before, but I never thought it
would happen to me.

He takes a swig from the thermos. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to end the movie, and then we START TO FADE OUT, when a voice interrupts. A Big, black sedan pulls up. A BLACK DRIVER pokes his head out the window.

TAJ

Hey, any of you bums ever heard
of Navin R. Johnson?

NAVIN

(a drunken voice)
I've heard of him!

TAJ

Born in Mississippi?

NAVIN

Uh huh...

TAJ

He once had wealth, power, and
the love of a beautiful woman?

NAVIN

Uh huh...

TAJ

Inventor of the Opti-grab?

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

270

 NAVIN
I was just telling these guys...!

 FATHER
Son!

 NAVIN
Daddy...!
 (Navin kisses Dad)

He looks in the car.

 NAVIN (con't)
Mom...
 (kisses Mom)
Elvira...the whole family...
Taj!

 TAJ
 (holds Navin off)
Don't kiss me!

Marie steps out of the back seat wearing a white dress.

 MARIE
Navin?

He goes to embrace her, hesitates, and then takes her
with abandon, and licks his face.

 MARIE
I called them the night you left.

 NAVIN
How did you ever find me?

 DAD
I don't know. This is the
first place we looked.

 MOM
We're takin' both of you home.
You're going to live with us.

 TAJ
Turns out, Dad's a financial
genius.

 DAD
All I did was take the money
you sent us and embarked on a
periodic investment in a no-
load mutual fund.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

270

TAJ

He leveraged his ass deep into
soy beans and cocoa futures.

ELVIRA

Right on!

NAVIN

I picked up this thermos for you.
I would kiss you but I'm too dirty.

MARIE

Dirt doesn't bother me...but the
smell does.. Phew!

DAD

You better get back with the dog
until we hose you down.

MARIE

I love you, Navin.

NAVIN

I love you, too.

FATHER

Open all the windows.

MOTHER

Yeah, every one of them.

More weeping and embracing as they get into the car and as
the car drives off...

NAVIN (V.O.)

I was so glad to be going home.
I remembered that last day when I
sang and danced with my family on
the porch of the old house.

CUT TO:

270A EXT. PORCH

270A*

Replay of the original scene of Navin and family dancing.
on the porch to the tune of "Pick A Bale O' Cotton".

NAVIN (V.O.)

But things changed, and with all the
additions to the family, we had to tear
down the old house, even though we loved
it and build a bigger one.

(CONTINUED)

270B EXT. PORCH OF NEW HOUSE - DAY

270B

Cut to exact angle of original scene, revealing the family all dressed in white dancing and singing on the porch and in front of an exact copy of the original shack twice the size.

THE END