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CARL LUPO & THE DIRTY MOVIE VERDICTS

A Screenplay

By Edward Murphy

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Post Office Box 958
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FADE IN ON

1. EXT. MISSION CITY POLICE STATION NIGHT

As the picture's title and credits come on the screen, we see three young police OFFICERS exit the station and descend the front steps to a parked police station wagon. Two OFFICERS get in the passengers' side; the other—whose name we will find out is Corporal AL TURK—circles around and gets in the driver's side. TURK closes the door which reads MISSION CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, starts the engine, turns on the flashing red lights and pulls away to reveal a telephone pole plastered with faded campaign posters:

ELECT CARL LUPO
MISSION COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
APRIL 1

DISSOLVE TO

2. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG OCEAN HIGHWAY NIGHT

Credits continue over the wagon as it passes a row of run-down beachfront motels.

3. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG OCEAN HIGHWAY

Through a lot of static, we hear the police DISPATCHER on the radio; and outside, along the highway, we ap-

proach legions of HITCH-HIKERS, who wash in and out of this resort city during the summer. They pull in their thumbs as we pass.

Eventually, we reach a street and turn. Credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

4. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MISSION CITY ELKS CLUB NIGHT

TURK'S police wagon pulls to a stop in front, and a man waiting just inside the entrance comes out carrying an American flag and stand, and a bible. He walks up, climbs in the back of the wagon, and it goes off down the street. Credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

5. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG STREET NIGHT

The roadside view is starting to shift from business to residential; no siren—just the flashing red lights; credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

6. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT HOUSE NIGHT

An old woman carrying two odd-shaped black cases exits the apartment house followed by one of the young OFFICERS. They walk to the curb where the police wagon is parked, and get in. Credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

7. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG STREET NIGHT

Roadside scenery getting more residential; credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

8. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING UP PRIVATE DRIVEWAY NIGHT

We slow to a stop in front of a large house. A man inside looks out a window, then comes out the front door. He's wearing a baggy black robe. He gets in the police wagon and we drive off. Credits continue.

DISSOLVE TO

9. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE NIGHT

The police wagon approaches, slows and stops in front of one of several identical tract houses, one with a big shiny car in the carport next to a row of trash cans with LUPO painted on each of them. Director's credit appears at the last.

10. INT. THE LUPOS' LIVING ROOM

Arabic music is playing on the hi fi and a dark-skinned WOMAN is giving a dozen very white HOUSEWIVES of various shapes and sizes a class in belly dancing at their monthly meeting of the Mission City Chapter of the Movement to Preserve the Status of Women, which is printed on a banner strung across one wall.

We hear door chimes, then a dog barking. One of the dancing HOUSEWIVES—LUPO'S WIFE—yells:

WIFE

Carl?

11. INT. THE LUPOS' BEDROOM

CARL LUPO, mid-thirties, is sitting on the bed, under a large picture of God, oiling a set of handcuffs:

LUPO

Okay, honey.

Next to him on a bedside table is a luger in a shoulder holster. He makes an oily ratchet sound with the handcuffs, stands, straps on the holster and walks out of the room.

12. INT. THE LUPOS' LIVING ROOM

LUPO grabs his suit coat from a closet, crosses to his WIFE and kisses her on the cheek:

LUPO

Behave yourself, you sexy devil.

WIFE

Gonna be late?

LUPO

Negative.

WIFE

I'll wait up.

LUPO looks down at his Doberman pinscher:

LUPO

Take over, Adolph ...

and LUPO crosses to the front door which his two little BOYS are holding open. He says to TURK standing in the doorway:

Let's go, corporal.

13. EXT. AMUSEMENT PIER NIGHT

Mobbed with TOURISTS, it runs from the highway out over a littered city beach, then out over the churning ocean.

14. EXT. LEO'S POLISH SAUSAGE PALACE ON AMUSEMENT PIER

OPAL FROST, twenty, walks up to the crowded counter and hollers:

OPAL
Hey, Leo, two Polish and two beers
in a box when you get a chance.

LEO gives OPAL a nod as he hands change to a customer dressed like a pimp. The customer—who is a pimp named HARRY with a hooker named JOY—turns and says sotto voce:

HARRY
Say, Opal ...

OPAL
Hi, Harry ...What?

HARRY
When are you gonna let me put you
to work turning tricks so you can
make some real bread?

OPAL
(giggling)
I will definitely let you know—

JOY
Hi, babes.

OPAL
Harry propositioned me again, Joy.

JOY
That's all Harry knows how to do—
she takes his arm
—let's go.

HARRY
Tell Opal how much bread you make—

JOY
Nevermind—
(then to OPAL)
—bye, bye ...

and they go off in the direction of the highway as LEO passes OPAL her order.

15. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG OCEAN HIGHWAY NIGHT

The man wearing the black robe is flanked in the back seat by the old woman with the odd-shaped cases and the man with the flag and bible; the two OFFICERS are sitting in the seat behind them; and LUPO is in the front seat next to TURK, checking his luger.

16. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG OCEAN HIGHWAY

The police wagon, its red lights still flashing soundlessly, passes another LUPO political advertisement leftover from the election, this one a big billboard showing LUPO watching a father, mother, son and daughter running into the surf:

MAKE MISSION CITY A FAMILY RESORT AGAIN
ELECT CARL LUPO DISTRICT ATTORNEY APRIL 1

17. EXT. THE DIRTY PICTURE SHOW NIGHT

OPAL crosses the pier with the food to a little arcade, sandwiched between the fun house and the merry-go-round, with a big racy sign out front:

KINKY FLICKS
PORNO PERILS
DAMSELS IN DISTRESS
· VIXENS IN RUBBER
· ANIMAL CRACKERS
...AND MUCH MUCH MORE!

THE DIRTY PICTURE SHOW
(ADULT ENTERTAINMENT)

18. INT. THE DIRTY PICTURE SHOW

OPAL enters and crosses to LEE ST. JOHN, late-twenties, perched behind a little pulpit-like counter engrossed in a magazine called MEATRACK with naked men in a Turkish bath on the cover. He is wearing a purple net tank top and skin-tight jeans.

OPAL

No reading on the job, fella ...

She sets the box of food and beer on the counter.

ST. JOHN

What did you get us?

OPAL

Polish sausage—your favorite.

ST. JOHN

(ecstatically)

Oh, listen ...

OPAL looks toward the back of the place:

OPAL

Many dudes back there?

Ten numbered unpainted plywood booths line an aisle that runs to the back wall—five on each side. The entrance to each booth is covered by a black curtain. Everything

is very still and quiet, except for the whine of the movie machines inside the booths.

ST. JOHN

Yeah—almost a full house.

A YOUTH in a wheelchair wheels himself through the front entrance and up to the counter beside OPAL, who is unwrapping the Polish sausage. He throws a buck at ST. JOHN:

YOUTH

Give me four quarters, man. .

The YOUTH gives OPAL the once-over as ST. JOHN slides him four quarters. OPAL'S got a small but very compact body, a lot of which is covered by her long straight black hair. OPAL'S all hair, tits, ass and legs.

The YOUTH takes the quarters and steers back for the booths.

19. EXT. CORNER OF AMUSEMENT PIER AND OCEAN HIGHWAY

TURK'S police station wagon's sirens come on as it angles sharply onto the pier from the highway. The mobs of TOURISTS quickly press open a corridor for it.

The wagon speeds over the clattering boards, right past HARRY and JOY coming the other way.

JOY

Where in hell are they going?

HARRY

We're not gonna stick around to find out—that's for sure.

20. EXT. THE DIRTY PICTURE SHOW

The wagon screeches to a stop in front. TURK and the other two OFFICERS hop out brandishing their service revolvers, and dash for the entrance. LUPO is hot on their heels, waving his luger.

21. INT. THE DIRTY PICTURE SHOW

TURK barges in and stops short in front of ST. JOHN, who has come down from his pulpit to see what is going on.

TURK

Freeze!

ST. JOHN

(frozen in terror)

Don't ask me Mary!

The other two OFFICERS rush through the entrance, and TURK motions one to accompany him back into the booths. LUPU enters and says to ST. JOHN:

LUPU

I want to see your hands at all times.

ST. JOHN

Yes sir!

The OFFICER in the back is flushing young and old male CUSTOMERS out of the booths and sending them to the front. He flushes two middle-age types out of one booth. TURK drags OPAL out of another:

TURK

Who are you?

OPAL

(scared stiff)

Me?

TURK

What are you doing here?

OPAL

Here?

The YOUTH in the wheelchair comes up behind them:

YOUTH

We're together.

OPAL and TURK turn around to see who said that:

TURK

Who are you?

YOUTH

I'm her ol' man.

TURK

Oh yeah? Well, both of you up front.

OPAL grabs his handles and pushes the YOUTH to the front. There, we see the old woman has removed a stenotype machine and folding chair from her cases: she is a court REPORTER. The man with the flag—who is a court CLERK—enters and makes an announcement:

CLERK

Extinguish all cigarettes and cigars,
Mission County Court is now in session.
Honorable Dewey K. Putman presiding.
Face the flag of our country.

DEWEY K. PUTMAN—the man in the robe—enters, faces the flag and clutches his breast. OPAL and the YOUTH are corraled in a corner with the other CUSTOMERS. PUTMAN leads the pledge in the background, while OPAL bends over and whispers in the YOUTH'S ear:

OPAL

I—really appreciate this—

YOUTH

That's all right—what are
you doing after?

OPAL

I don't know—I can't think
now.

PUTMAN

I pledge allegiance to
the flag of the United
States of America, and
to the republic for
which it stands, one
nation, under God, in-
divisible, with liberty
and justice for all.

A few customers who joined in the pledge put on their hats and nonchalantly start out.

LUPO

You people stay where you are—

PUTMAN

Proceed, Mr. District Attorney.

LUPO

May it please the court, the State
seeks a warrant to search these
premises and seize any obscene matter.

PUTMAN

The court is convened on the premises

to examine the evidence firsthand rather than by affidavit.

LUPO crosses and enters the first booth.

LUPO
(from inside)
Request the clerk mark this State Exhibit A.

The CLERK crosses and ties a large red tag that says EXHIBIT A to the booth. LUPO comes out:

The State contends Exhibit A contains obscene matter—

He goes back in the booth and comes out:

—entitled "The Salesman—"

REPORTER
What was that?

LUPO
—I said "The Salesman."
(Then to PUTMAN)
Request your honor examine for probable cause—
(then to the OFFICERS)
—does anyone have a quarter?

ST. JOHN
I do—

LUPO
Negative, fella.

PUTMAN crosses to the booth:

PUTMAN
I got a quarter.

LUPO crosses to ST. JOHN. PUTMAN enters the booth and we hear the sound of a coin plunking down, followed by the whine of the machine. LUPO speaks in a low voice to ST. JOHN:

LUPO
Let me see your driver's license.

ST. JOHN produces his wallet.

ST. JOHN

Listen, I'll show you what ever you
want ...

LUPO looks at ST. JOHN'S license:

LUPO

Are you Lee St. John?

ST. JOHN

Yes—

LUPO

This your place?

ST. JOHN sneaks a look at OPAL standing behind the
YOUTH in the wheelchair. OPAL looks at the floor. ST.
JOHN turns back to LUPO:

ST. JOHN

Why?

PUTMAN shouts from inside the booth:

PUTMAN

THE COURT IS READY TO MAKE ITS
FINDINGS—

he comes out rubbing his eyes

—there is probable cause to believe
Exhibit A is obscene.

LUPO hands PUTMAN a document. ST. JOHN looks over again
at OPAL. She nervously mutters:

OPAL

I'll get you a first class lawyer.

ST. JOHN

Why do I need a first class lawyer?

PUTMAN

(signing the document)

Let the search warrant sought by the
State issue forthwith. Court adjourned.

TURK and an OFFICER start ripping off the sides of the

booths, exposing the coin-operated moving machines.

ST. JOHN
(to OPAL)

Why do I need a first class lawyer?

LUPO

You're under arrest. Kneel on the floor and reach for the sky—

ST. JOHN

—huh?—

we hear the oily ratchet sound of LUPO'S handcuffs

LUPO

—I SAID KNEEL—

LUPO has the handcuffs out and ready to clamp on ST. JOHN

ST. JOHN
(kneeling)

—why am I being arrested?—

LUPO

—publicly exhibiting obscene matter—
hands behind the back—

LUPO gets ST. JOHN'S hands behind his back.

ST. JOHN

—but this place has been here—

LUPO

—shut up!

LUPO turns to the CUSTOMERS huddled in the corner and yells:

You better get out identification
because nobody leaves here without
producing identification!

As LUPO handcuffs ST. JOHN, TURK approaches with sections of the booths and LUPO says to TURK:

—here, Corporal Turk—

ST. JOHN

(writhing in pain)

—too tight too tight too tight too
tight—

LUPO

(to ST. JOHN)

—sorry about that—department regu-
lations—

(then to TURK)

—take charge of this ...

LUPO shoves ST. JOHN over to TURK, who leads him out

...big fruit.

DISSOLVE TO

22. EXT. MISSION COUNTY JAIL MORNING

A DEPUTY sheriff maneuvers a long bus with barred win-
dows and MISSION COUNTY JAIL on the side past an elec-
trically-operated sliding gate in a high chain-link
fence, and into the jail yard. The only passenger is
the DEPUTY'S PARTNER, who is clutching his shotgun. A
light rain is falling.

The bus crosses the jail yard and disappears in a tight
complex of grim buildings.

23. INT. PRISONER TANK

A tattooed black giant named RAY CHARLES JACKSON is nude
down on the concrete doing one-hand push-ups. Another
prisoner, EDWARD HAMBURGER, is counting for him:

HAMBURGER

...eighteen ...nineteen ...twenty—

HAMBURGER, who weighs about 300, is sitting on an open
toilet taking a crap

—better take a rest now, Ray Charles.

JACKSON hops to his feet. He's six four and has a perfect physique:

JACKSON

Yeah, that's a good idea—

he crosses to ST. JOHN, who is lying in his underwear on one of the several bolted-to-the-floor soiled cots

—I'm gonna rest over here ...

JACKSON sits on the cot near ST. JOHN'S head. ST. JOHN quickly sits up:

ST. JOHN

Listen I beg your—

JACKSON

...this is where I'm gonna rest—

ST. JOHN

(standing)

In that case I'll go someplace else—

He crosses and sits on another cot.

JACKSON

...so will I in that case ...

JACKSON follows and sits next to him. ST. JOHN springs up, crosses to a wall, turns around and faces JACKSON, who is right behind him:

ST. JOHN

Do you mind—

JACKSON

Do I mind what?

ST. JOHN

—leaving me alone?

JACKSON

I'll leave you alone after we rest—

ST. JOHN

You're not my type Mary—

JACKSON suddenly and violently grabs ST. JOHN by **his** cheeks :

JACKSON
You're mine, foxy gorgeous—

ST. JOHN
Wait a minute!—

JACKSON
Which cot you want to use?

ST. JOHN
—will you WAIT A MINUTE AND LET GO
OF MY FACE—

JACKSON lets go

—honestly!

The DEPUTY and his PARTNER appear on the other side of the bars. The DEPUTY is reading from a list of names:

DEPUTY
"Ray Charles Jackson—"

JACKSON
That's me, man—

DEPUTY
—get dressed or go to court naked.

He looks at his list:

"Edward Hamburger—"

HAMBURGER
Yo—

DEPUTY
—get dressed—

ST. JOHN goes up to the DEPUTY:

ST. JOHN
Can I talk to you about—

DEPUTY
No you can't—what's your name?

ST. JOHN

Lee St. John ...

The DEPUTY looks at his list:

DEPUTY

Get dressed. You're going to court,
too.

24. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SARDINE CANNERY MORNING

The jail bus packed with PRISONERS approaches through the rain, then passes. Beyond the cannery, we see a squadron of fishing boats rocking in their moorings.

25. INT. JAIL BUS TRAVELING

The DEPUTY is driving and his PARTNER is looking out a side window. The PRISONERS—about two dozen of them all wearing coveralls and sneakers and hooked to a long chain that runs down the aisle—are busy throwing burning matches at each other. HAMBURGER leans forward and says to JACKSON sitting in front of him:

HAMBURGER

Were you still in sales before you got
busted, Ray Charles?

JACKSON

Yeah.

JACKSON is seated next to ST. JOHN who—after a pause—
says:

ST. JOHN

What do you sell?

JACKSON

Heroin to dope fiends.

A flying match sticks to ST. JOHN'S hair and starts
smoldering:

ST. JOHN

I see.

HAMBURGER

He drives a chopper, too.

ST. JOHN

I see.

26. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE
MORNING

The rain is hitting a plate near the main entrance in
scribed:

MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE
1955

We pull back to reveal the sprawling network of paste-
boardy facades and towers and turrets and balconies
that is Mission City's number one tourist attraction—
and a joke of a courthouse. The LUPOS' car is parked
in front, with the engine running and the wipers going
and all the windows up; LUPO'S WIFE is behind the wheel
getting kissed.

26A. INT. THE LUPOS' CAR

LUPO'S got her in a zealous embrace.

26B. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE

The jail bus passes a couple parked empty sightseeing
buses and sneaks to a stop behind the LUPOS' car.

The DEPUTY opens the doors, his PARTNER alights and
motions out the chained PRISONERS. One by one they
step off and line up along the sidewalk beside the
LUPOS' car. Suddenly, the car's passenger door swings
open, LUPO gets out laughing, and opens his umbrella
into the faces of a few PRISONERS. Surprised—and ap-

parently exhilarated—to find himself amidst two dozen shackled men, for a moment LUPU just stands there gazing all around at them. Then JACKSON moves himself—and ST. JOHN—over a bicycle stand to get closer to LUPU:

JACKSON

Say, pig, when am I gonna get to talk to a lawyer?

LUPU steps back to be out of JACKSON'S long reach:

LUPU

I don't know, Mr. Jackson. Why don't you just plead guilty. You don't need to talk to a lawyer to plead guilty.

He turns to ST. JOHN:

Neither do you, Mr. St. John.

LUPU laughs derisively at them, then pushes his way past the other PRISONERS along a walkway to the entrance, and goes in the courthouse.

27. INT. MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE LOBBY

As LUPU crosses the cavernous interior, a pretty young girl, wearing a blazer that says MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE TOUR GUIDE, is running through her pitch for a contingent of TOURISTS:

TOUR GUIDE

Mission County courthouse is America's most beautiful public building.

LUPU spots WANDA LEMON, waiting with a bunch of people for an elevator.

He tiptoes up close behind her, and snatches her by the waist. She lets go a startled grunt.

LUPU

How are you this morning, Detective Lemon?

WANDA extricates herself, and faces LUPU, with her back to the elevator.

TOUR GUIDE

(continuing in the background)

The Spanish love of color is evident everywhere.

Note the brilliant Tunisian tiles which line the corridors; the intricately hand-detailed ceilings; and the terra cotta red draperies which match the palacio tile floors.

WANDA

I'm not sure ...

WANDA'S unamused by LUPO'S horseplay.

LUPO

Well, we closed the pornography joint
on the pier.

The DEPUTY'S PARTNER leads the line of prisoners into
the lobby.

WANDA

I know—Corporal Turk told me.

LUPO

Turk's a good soldier. So are you.
The Morals Task Force is everything
I hoped it would be.

WANDA

Thank you. We're still not finished
with the investigation.

LUPO

Okay. Keep me posted.

WANDA

Sometimes you're a little hard to
reach ...

WANDA and the TOURISTS and everybody except LUPO are
trying to get a look at the PRISONERS passing close be-
hind him

...marvelous—

LUPO

What's marvelous?

WANDA

This morning's calendar.

WANDA apparently gets exhilarated by the spectacle of
shackled men, too; she doesn't pay any attention to the
elevator doors opening behind her:

Good morning, Ray Charles ...

LUPO turns around and steps out of the way.

JACKSON

How are you Mrs. Female Pig.

LUPO motions WANDA into the elevator:

LUPO

I guess you're headed for my office?

WANDA

Yeah, I gotta talk to you about
him ...

WANDA and LUPO get in the elevator, and the PRISONERS descend a dark flight of stairs that leads to the courthouse basement.

28. INT. TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR IN COURTHOUSE

Elevator doors open, WANDA and LUPO exit and walk down the sheeny corridor.

LUPO

What's Mr. Jackson on calendar for
this morning?

WANDA

A preliminary hearing—

LUPO

I look at it this way: even if we
have to burn the informant—you can
always get another one. Isn't that
right?

WANDA

I guess.

They come to a SIGN PAINTER, who is just putting the finishing touches on a door:

MISSION COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
CARL LUPO, ESQ.

LUPO

Excuse me.

LUPO opens the door.

29. INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

LARRY FISHER springs to his feet as LUPO and WANDA enter:

FISHER

Can I see you a minute, Wanda?

FISHER is wearing a large leather hat, long black trench coat and no shoes or socks, and he is very nervous and of course highly visible in this neatly-appointed waiting room.

LUPO nods good morning to a well-groomed RECEPTIONIST, ignores FISHER, and opens a door marked PRIVATE.

WANDA walks over to FISHER:

WANDA

Sure, guy, after you talk to Mr. Lupo.

FISHER wips a subpoena out of his pocket and hands it to WANDA:

FISHER

What the hell is this, Wanda?

WANDA

This is your subpoena to testify.

FISHER

That's just it—I ain't gonna testify in no courtroom, Wanda.

WANDA

Come on, guy ...

She puts her arm around him and leads him to the door LUPO entered ...

When you finish testifying, you can go down to the beach. It won't be raining then.

30. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

LUPO is standing behind his desk transferring files from his briefcase to a large metal portable file box with a combination lock. FISHER says to WANDA as they enter:

FISHER

If I testify, I'm dead—

WANDA

(to LUPO)

This is Mr. Fisher, the gentleman who purchased heroin from Mr. Jackson.

LUPO

Do you have any questions you want to ask me before we go into court, Mr. Fisher?

FISHER

I ain't going into court.

LUPO

Sit down, Mr. Fisher.

FISHER sits in a low soft chair. LUPO turns to WANDA:

LUPO

Does he have a copy of his subpoena?

WANDA

Yes.

LUPO

(to FISHER)

Read your subpoena, Mr. Fisher, because it says you are going into court—

FISHER

This ain't a subpoena, this is a death warrant! Jackson will kill me if I testify! You wanta know something? Jackson cut off a dude's head—

LUPO

He can't cut off your head, Mr. Fisher, if he's locked inside the penitentiary—

FISHER
HIS GANG CAN!

LUPO
Oh, come now, Mr.—

FISHER
Jackson's a biker—a black biker!
He's got ten black friends that are
black bikers—

LUPO violently seizes a file from his metal box,
storms around his desk and stands over FISHER looking
at two mug shots of him stapled inside the folder:

LUPO
You are Larry Fisher!

FISHER
No shit, so what?

LUPO
YOU'VE BEEN SUBPOENAED TO TESTIFY,
THAT'S WHAT!

FISHER
Stuff the subpoena up your ass,
Mr. Lupo.

LUPO
You're under arrest.

FISHER
What—

LUPO goes back to his desk:

LUPO
Get him out of my sight—

FISHER
WHAT FOR?

He thrusts a finger at WANDA:

SHE SET UP THE BUY. SHE GAVE ME THE
MONEY—

LUPO

I'm not arresting you for that, Mr. Fisher—

FISHER

—then why—

LUPO

—I'm arresting you for attempting to obstruct justice and ...contempt of court ...

(Then to WANDA)

...NOW GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

WANDA

(to FISHER)

Come on, guy. Kneel down on the floor and place your hands behind your back.

She makes a ratchet sound readying her handcuffs.

FISHER

(standing)

Oh, God ...please, Wanda ...Mr. Lupo ...how do you people expect me to testify ...with Jackson's gang sitting there ...

LUPO

Jackson's gang won't be in the courtroom when you testify—

FISHER

Sure they will—

LUPO

I'll have the courtroom cleared before you take the stand. That's easy to do.

FISHER

What do you mean?

LUPO

We'll have a closed hearing. That's very easy.

FISHER

It is?

LUPO

Sure.

FISHER

Are you positive—

LUPO

Definitely—

FISHER

—not one of Jackson's biker
friends will be in the courtroom—

LUPO

When you testify. Definitely
positive.

FISHER mulls over what LUPO'S saying. Then:

FISHER

Well ...maybe ...just this once ...

WANDA

You don't have anything to worry
about, guy—

and she returns her handcuffs to her purse, puts her
arm around FISHER and starts walking him out.

LUPO

See you later, Mr. Fisher. You
don't have anything to worry about.

FISHER and WANDA exit. LUPO drops the file on his desk,
pushes his telephone intercom button and dials one num-
ber:

Get me the public defender's of-
fice. Phil Davis.

31. INT. DAVIS' OFFICE

PHILIP T. DAVIS, in his forties, is carefully packing a
desk set in a briefcase, and doesn't pay any attention
when the telephone beside him starts to ring. Across
the room near the door, DAISY, the office receptionist,
is emptying the contents of a file cabinet into a card-

DAVIS is kneeling on the floor beside his desk going through a stack of files, holding the receiver in his neck:

DAVIS

Jackson Jackson Jackson—just a minute while I find his file ...

he pulls a file from the stack and opens it

...I got it ...heroin ...sale. Who did he sell it to?

34. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

LUPO has his folder open and is looking at FISHER'S mug shots stapled inside:

LUPO

He sold it to a special undercover agent of the Morals Task Force, Phil—

DAVIS' VOICE

Oh boy—

LUPO

—so why don't you plead him guilty so we can finish early this morning?

DAVIS' VOICE

Guilty to what?

LUPO

To selling heroin—

35. INT. DAVIS' OFFICE

DAVIS

Hey—Carl—you ain't giving me nothing. Give me a little something.

LUPO'S VOICE

All right, all right. I'll reduce the charge from selling to possessing.

DAVIS

(reading his file)

Shit, with his rap sheet he'll go to the joint regardless of what he pleads guilty to—

LUPO'S VOICE

That's right, Phil, because the joint is where Mr. Jackson belongs.

DAVIS watches DAISY pick up the carton she's been filing and walk to the door:

DAVIS

I guess you know, Carl, today's my last day here ...

36. INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE INTERHALLWAY

DAISY lugs the heavy carton past DEPUTY PUBLIC DEFENDERS interviewing DEFENDANTS inside their cubbyhole offices. Unlike the rest of the courthouse, the public defender's office is in disrepair.

37. INT. PUBLIC DEFENDNER'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

DAISY enters and crosses between several hard-at-work CLERKS and SECRETARIES, drops the carton on her reception counter, and sinks in her chair. Two shabby defendants, MILDRED SANCHEZ and her son MANUEL, are on the other side of the counter crowding out PETER MOON, late-thirties, wearing a soaking wet poncho and bicycle leg clips. Behind them another dozen or so DEFENDANTS are cramped on austere benches filling out financial statements or reading tattered magazines.

MILDRED hands some papers to DAISY:

MILDRED

Here's me and Manuel's financials.

DAISY
Thank you, Mrs. Sanchez. You and
your son have a seat and Mr. Davis
will see you shortly.

MILDRED and MANUEL stay where they are.

MOON
(to DAISY)

Excuse me—

The telephone rings and DAISY answers it:

DAISY
Public defender's office—just
a moment, sir—

She hands MOON a paper and says to him:

Have a seat and fill out this
financial—

MOON
But I'm not—

DAISY
(into the receiver)
You were arrested for urinating,
sir? Where? ...In a public
toilet? ...In a women's public
toilet. One moment, sir—
(then to MOON)
Are you a defendant?

MOON
No.

DAISY
Do I know you?

MOON
No.

DAISY
Well, who are you?

MOON
Peter Moon—I'm the new public—

Suddenly from out of nowhere, DAVIS, with his stack of files in one hand, rushes up behind MOON and grabs him by the seat of his pants with the other:

DAVIS

BANZAI!

MOON

Ahhhhh—

DAVIS

(holding out his hand)
I see you've never been in the military, Mr. Moon.

MOON

(warily shaking hands)
How did you know that?

DAVIS

You leave your flanks and rear open—

(then to DAISY)

—notice that, Daisy? Here—

he puts his files on the counter; DAISY is still on the phone

—have you met your new boss yet?

DAISY

(into the receiver)
—take it on line three, Gary—
(then to MOON)
—hi there, I'm Daisy.

MILDRED

You said something about me and my eldest is suppose to see—

DAISY

Oh, yes—

(to DAVIS)

—Mrs. Sanchez and her son are back—

DAISY hands DAVIS MILDRED'S papers

—grand theft avocados.

DAVIS takes the papers without looking at them and says to MOON:

DAVIS

Why don't you come to calendar with us, Mr. Moon, because you're going to inherit everything I can't dispose of this morning.

MOON

Fine.

While MOON removes his wet things, the door to the corridor outside opens, OPAL FROST walks in and crosses to DAISY:

OPAL

I need to speak with a first class lawyer.

DAISY hands her a paper:

DAISY

Okay. Have a seat and fill out this financial statement.

OPAL takes the statement and looks at it. DAVIS is at the door, holding it open:

DAVIS

Let's go, Daisy—

MILDRED

What about me and Manuel?

DAVIS

Go to Judge Putman's courtroom and wait for me there.

MILDRED

Where's Judge Putman's—

DAVIS

(ignoring MILDRED)

Daisy?

OPAL hands the statement back to DAISY:

OPAL
I'm here for a friend, though—

DAVIS
Then your friend will have to fill
it out—

(then)
—let's go, Daisy!

DAISY picks up DAVIS' files and comes around from behind
the counter. OPAL says to DAVIS:

OPAL
I don't even know where he is ...

Now DAVIS is ignoring OPAL.

MOON
What's his name?

OPAL
Lee St. John.

DAISY follows MILDRED and MANUEL out; DAVIS turns to
MOON:

DAVIS
Let's go, Mr. Moon.

MOON starts out; OPAL follows him:

OPAL
Are you a lawyer?

MOON
Yes.

38. INT. COURTHOUSE BASEMENT CORRIDOR

MOON comes out the door, which is framed by an entangle-
ment of dusty pipes that all but hide a little sign that
says MISSION COUNTY PUBLIC DEFENDER. He turns to OPAL;

MOON
Follow that lady and her son.
I'll meet you in the courtroom.

OPAL

Thanks.

She goes after MILDRED and MANUEL, who are starting up the flight of stairs at the end of the corridor.

MOON catches up with DAVIS and DAISY, who went the opposite direction.

DAVIS

We haven't got a lot of time.

MOON

Pretty busy office?

DAVIS

Not really. The new district attorney and I have had a solid working relationship—you'll meet him—Carl Lupo—he's a great guy—so we've been disposing of most of our cases by plea bargaining.

They come to a door that says:

MISSION COUNTY COURT
HON. DEWEY K. PUTMAN
PRESIDING JUDGE

and they enter.

39. INT. COURTHOUSE BASEMENT HOLDING TANK

DAISY, DAVIS and MOON walk into a large room with a circular steel cage in the middle that looks like the kind they use at the circus to contain wild animals. Clustered inside the thing are the PRISONERS that got off the jail bus. A few LAWYERS are standing around the perimeter talking through the bars to their clients inside. We can see that this room is also used to warehouse the phony paintings and cheap tapestries and other items used to decorate the big rooms and corridors upstairs.

DAVIS introduces MOON to the DEPUTY and his PARTNER, but we can't hear anything over the din of several charged conversations going on at once.

Then DAVIS walks up to the bars:

DAVIS
I'm Mr. Davis, the public defender—

but the PRISONERS cut him off with a salvo of boos and hisses. HAMBURGER, who is sitting on the crapper again, smoking a roll of toilet paper, shouts:

HAMBURGER
HELLO, DUMPTRUCK ...

DAVIS turns around and grabs the files from DAISY, as the other PRISONERS chime in on the "Dumptruck" theme. He says to her:

DAVIS
One's on the john again. Wait upstairs.

DAISY tries to look past DAVIS:

DAISY
Is he good looking?

When she finally locates HAMBURGER, he curls his lips in a broad smile, and DAISY says

I'll wait upstairs.

DAISY exits. MOON moves in closer. DAVIS opens a file and asks HAMBURGER:

DAVIS
What is your name?

HAMBURGER
I got a real lawyer this time,
Dumptruck—

DAVIS
(looking around the cage)
Who's Ray Charles Jackson?

ST. JOHN sticks his face in front of DAVIS:

ST. JOHN
Can I talk to you?

DAVIS
Right. I spoke with the district
attorney—

and JACKSON knocks ST. JOHN on the floor:

JACKSON
(to DAVIS)
Like you are supposed to be my
lawyer—

DAVIS
Are you Jackson?

JACKSON
Yes!

DAVIS
Good. I spoke with the district—

JACKSON
WHERE THE FUCK YOU BEEN? WHEN WE
GONNA TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER-FUCKING
CASE?

DAVIS turns around and says to MOON:

DAVIS
Pardon me, Mr. Moon. This is con-
fidential—

JACKSON
SHIT CONFIDENTIAL, WHAT ABOUT MY
CASE!

DAVIS
You ain't got a case, Mr. Jackson—

JACKSON
Listen, you dumptruck son of a bitch,
don't come in here five minutes be-
fore my preliminary hearing and tell
me for the first time I ain't got no
case!

DAVIS turns again to MOON, who hasn't budged:

DAVIS
Will you please wait upstairs?

MOON
Why?

DAVIS
So I can confer with my client.

MOON
Okay.

MOON slowly walks away. Now DAVIS tries a more familiar approach to JACKSON:

DAVIS
You sold your stuff to a God damn narc, you big dumb shit!

JACKSON
A narc? Man, you crazy. He was just a piss ant junky snitch.

DAVIS
He was a narc, man. I know because I talked to the D.A. All right? But the D.A. offered us a deal—

JACKSON
Shit, I know his deal—

DAVIS
All right. The D.A. will let you plead guilty—

JACKSON
I ain't pleadin'—

DAVIS
—let me finish—to simple possession and the D.A. will drop the sales charge.

JACKSON
Tell the D.A. to stuff that deal up his pig ass!

ST. JOHN is trying to get DAVIS' attention:

ST. JOHN
Can I talk to you when you're finished—

DAVIS
(to JACKSON, ignoring ST. JOHN)
I think it's a good deal—

JACKSON

That's why you a fuckin' useless
dumptruck of a lawyer.

DAVIS angrily slaps his file closed and starts to walk
away.

DAVIS

Fine, we'll have a trial then!

ST. JOHN

Hey, wait—

JACKSON

(to DAVIS)

And I guess you gonna represent
me at my trial?

DAVIS looks around to make sure MOON'S gone, then turns
back to JACKSON:

DAVIS

I guess I am, Mr. Jackson.

JACKSON

Yeah, that's what I thought. Okay.
Tell the D.A. I'll take his fuckin'
deal.

40. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM DAY

LUPO removes a file from his metal box with the combina-
tion lock as PUTMAN calls the next case:

PUTMAN

The State versus Lee St. John. Is
the defendant present?

ST. JOHN stands in the jury box, which is overflowing
with the other PRISONERS; even MOON is in there, talk-
ing to JACKSON.

ST. JOHN

Present.

OPAL is in the crowded AUDIENCE next to MILDRED, trying
to see what's going on. The mammoth courtroom's walls
are covered with show card murals.

CLERK

Come forward and stand before the bench.

The DEPUTY motions ST. JOHN out of the box. ST. JOHN presses past the other PRISONERS, crosses in front of half a dozen of JACKSON'S BLACK BIKERS positioned in the first row, and stands before PUTMAN and the old woman court REPORTER.

LUPO pushes aside his file and leans toward DAVIS, who is sitting near him at counsel's table. Only snatches of PUTMAN arraigning ST. JOHN in the background can be heard through the exchange between LUPO and DAVIS:

LUPO

Say, Phil, does Ray Charles Jackson want our deal?

DAVIS

No. You'll have to put on the preliminary hearing. Sorry, killer.

LUPO

Are you serious?

DAVIS

Yep.

LUPO

Well that's just peachy! Then we'll just put on the prelim! But tell your client to prepare to spend a long time in the penitentiary—

PUTMAN

A complaint has been filed charging you with ten counts of publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Is Lee St. John your true name?

ST. JOHN

Yes, sir, but I would like to explain that I did not know—

PUTMAN

Are you, or will you be, represented by an attorney?

ST. JOHN

—I did not know—**had I known that adult entertainment—that showing—**

PUTMAN

(to ST. JOHN)

Answer the question! Do you have an attorney?

DAVIS laughs at LUPO:

DAVIS

I'm pulling your leg, Carl, can't you tell? Jackson wants to take your deal!

ST. JOHN
(to PUTMAN)
I'll have to plead not guilty.

LUPO
(to DAVIS)
I don't have time to play games.

LUPO is quite unamused by DAVIS' kidding, and he turns his attention to ST. JOHN and PUTMAN.

PUTMAN
(to ST. JOHN)
What did you say?

ST. JOHN
Not guilty—

PUTMAN
Don't you say that until I ask you
how you plead—

ST. JOHN
Sorry—

PUTMAN
—put this case at the foot of the
calendar. The State versus Charles
Hamburger.

PERCY BARRYMORE springs from his seat in a sectioned-off area crowded with LAWYERS. DAISY is seated in this area with the public defender files.

BARRYMORE
Good morning, your honor!

HAMBURGER comes down from the jury box. ST. JOHN is still standing before PUTMAN:

ST. JOHN
I don't know what that means, sir—

DAVIS slides his chair close to LUPO:

DAVIS
He'll take your deal, Carl.

LUPO pretends his attention is on PUTMAN and BARRYMORE.

BARRYMORE
(to PUTMAN)

Percy Barrymore for Charles Hamburger—

PUTMAN

A complaint has been filed charging
the defendant with four counts of
felony bookmaking.

LUPO turns again to DAVIS, while in the background
BARRYMORE addresses PUTMAN, and the DEPUTY whispers to
ST. JOHN to take his seat.

LUPO

To tell you the truth,
I'm thinking about with-
drawing our deal—

DAVIS

Jackson will take it,
I'm saying!

LUPO

Then stop the games.

ST. JOHN

Can I say something, judge—

PUTMAN

(to the DEPUTY)

Remove this man—

and the DEPUTY hauls ST. JOHN over to the jury box.
OPAL stands, but MILDRED pulls her down.

BARRYMORE

Request defendant be released on his
own recognizance—

PUTMAN

Granted.

LUPO jumps to his feet to object as BARRYMORE and HAM-
BURGER start away:

LUPO

Could I be heard—on the question of
bail, your honor—

PUTMAN

The State versus Ray Charles Jackson—

LUPO

—your honor, before you call the next case, your honor—

PUTMAN

We're running behind, Mr. Lupo—

LUPO

—I object to the court releasing Mr. Hamburger, your honor—

PUTMAN

Sit down, Mr. Lupo.

The DEPUTY takes a couple steps toward LUPO, just in case the new district attorney didn't understand what the judge said. LUPO sits down.

This is the time set for a preliminary hearing. Is the defendant present?

DAVIS rises as DAISY comes over and hands him a file. He says to PUTMAN:

DAVIS

He is, your Honor, but I believe—

PUTMAN

(to LUPO)

How long do you estimate this hearing will take, Mr. Lupo?

LUPO

(rising)

Sixty seconds, your honor. The defendant is going to waive a preliminary hearing and plead guilty to possession of heroin, an included offense.

JACKSON and MOON are standing side by side in the jury box:

MOON

No he's not, your honor.

LUPO

(to DAVIS)

Who's he?

PUTMAN
(to MOON)

Who are you?

MOON
Peter Moon—I represent Mr. Jackson—

REPORTER
I can't hear you—

MOON
Peter Moon!

REPORTER
—thank you.

DAVIS
(to PUTMAN)
Mr. Moon is my replacement, your
honor—

PUTMAN
(to LUPO)
What's your time estimate, Mr.
Lupo?

LUPO
Could—could this case—go to the
foot of the calendar?—

PUTMAN
The State versus Mildred Sanchez
and Manuel Sanchez!

DAVIS
That's also a public defender case,
your honor.

LUPO motions MOON to follow him, then walks up the aisle and exits the courtroom. MOON says something to JACKSON, leans over and says and gives something to ST. JOHN, then squeezes out of the crowded jury box and walks up the aisle toward the exit. He passes MILDRED and MANUEL coming to the front, then stops a second to speak to OPAL. We can hear PUTMAN arraigning MILDRED and MANUEL in the background.

OPAL
What the hell is going
on?

PUTMAN
Are Mildred Sanchez and
Manuel Sanchez your true

MOON
Cool it—everything's
under control.

OPAL
It is?

names?

MILDRED
Right—

PUTMAN
A complaint has been
filed charging you both
with stealing avocados,
a felony.

MOON continues up the aisle toward the DEPUTY'S PARTNER
stationed at the door.

41. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

LUPO is standing next to two large doors which swing
open as MOON exits. LUPO holds out his hand to shake:

LUPO
Carl Lupo, I didn't catch yours.

MOON
Peter Moon.

In the background, we can see and hear the TOUR GUIDE
approaching with her contingent of TOURISTS, who are
gawking at the bogus art and fixtures that deck out the
high corridor.

LUPO
Why don't you want to
plead guilty if we re-
duce the sales charge
to possession?

MOON
Because Jackson doesn't
want to.

LUPO
Why?

MOON
Because I told him not
to—

TOUR GUIDE
—and every item of decor
has been selected with
great care and respect
for craftsmanship. Note
the heavy carved benches
and doors are enriched
with brass-studded leath-
er. The lighting fixtures
are Spanish lanterns of
hammered iron.

LUPO

Why?—

MOON

—because if he pleads
to possession, he'll go
to the joint.

The TOUR GUIDE reaches the courtroom doors, turns to
the TOURISTS and shushes all the ooing and ahing, then
gingerly opens one door and lets them all file in.

LUPO

The joint is where he belongs, you
clod! What's the difference whether
he pleads guilty or a jury finds him
guilty?

MOON

None—

LUPO

That's just it! If you force a
jury trial—you're going to lose—
I'm going to win. He sold his
heroin to a special agent of—

MOON

Who?

LUPO

—the police. He sold his heroin
to the police! I have an airtight
case! You're going to lose—

MOON

So what?

MOON turns to go back in the courtroom as the last TOUR-
IST goes in:

Let's try to get this preliminary
hearing going—

LUPO grabs MOON'S sleeve:

LUPO

Why do you want to have a jury
trial so much?

MOON

Why not have one?

LUPO

Because a jury trial will be a disgraceful waste of time and taxpayers' money.

MOON

I don't care about the taxpayers—
and he goes in the courtroom.

42. INT. JURY DELIBERATION ROOM

FISHER is sitting at the end of a long table surrounded by twelve chairs:

FISHER

Sorry. Jail clothes stir up lousy memories in me.

WANDA is standing at the other end of the table, holding a pair of coveralls and sneakers. Behind her is a closed door.

WANDA

But you'll look so much better in these, guy—

FISHER

No way, Wanda—

WANDA

—and you can take them off as soon as the hearing is over, I promise.

FISHER

Nope.

WANDA

Okay, you win.

She opens the door a little and peeks out into PUTMAN'S courtroom.

43. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

PUTMAN

The State versus Ray Charles Jackson.
Call your first witness, Mr. Lupo.

As JACKSON struts down from the jury box, LUPO turns around and looks at the BLACK BIKERS in the first row.

LUPO

Before we do, your honor, the State moves to clear the courtroom.

PUTMAN

Oh, Mr. Lupo, why do you want to do that?

LUPO

Our first witness' testimony is of a particularly sensitive nature.

PUTMAN looks out over the hushed courtroom. The vast chamber is packed to the walls. Every seat is taken. The side aisles are filled with people standing. The rear is mobbed with TOURISTS, and we can hear the TOUR GUIDE whispering

TOUR GUIDE

—memorable episodes in Mission County history have been immortalized on the walls by famed muralists—

PUTMAN

Do I hear any opposition?

MOON is standing in front of ST. JOHN seated in the jury box, taking a financial statement from him.

MOON

(to PUTMAN)

Yes, sir. We submit that the constitutional guarantee to a public trial includes the guarantee to a public preliminary hearing.

PUTMAN

(to the DEPUTY)

How much time will we waste temporarily billeting everybody someplace else?

DEPUTY

(sizing up the crowd)

Forty-five minutes—minimum, your honor.

PUTMAN

(to LUPO)

Motion denied. Call your first witness—

LUPO

But your honor—

PUTMAN

Call your first witness, Mr. Lupo!

LUPO

Larry Fisher.

REPORTER

Who?

LUPO

Larry Fisher!

The DEPUTY knocks on the door to the jury deliberation room.

44. INT. JURY DELIBERATION ROOM

WANDA

Hurry up, guy!

We hear a toilet flushing, and then FISHER comes out of the little bathroom zipping his fly:

FISHER

They clear the courtroom yet?

WANDA

I guess so. They're ready for you.

FISHER

I don't want to do this anymore, Wanda,
so don't ask me—okay?

WANDA

I know just how you feel, guy—

FISHER

Just this one time—okay, Wanda?

WANDA

Right.

She steps back and opens the door. FISHER walks out into the courtroom.

45. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

FISHER stops dead in his tracks and turns ashen when he sees JACKSON sitting right in front of half a dozen of his BLACK BIKERS. For an instant, FISHER considers making a mad dash out of the courtroom. Then he decides to go back to where he came from, so he turns around, but the jury room door closes shut from the inside. Frightened and angry, FISHER marches over to LUPO who is pretending to read a file. LUPO won't look at him.

FISHER

Mr. Lupo, could I speak to you
for—

CLERK

Raise your right hand.

MOON watches FISHER spin around, face the CLERK and raise his right hand. MOON then turns back to ST. JOHN, while the CLERK swears FISHER in the background.

MOON

Do you understand what
to say now when the
judge calls your case
again?

CLERK

Do you swear to tell
the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but
the truth so help you
God?

ST. JOHN is holding a little
slip of paper.

FISHER

ST. JOHN

I just have to read
this—

Y-Yeah—

CLERK

State your name and

MOON
Right.

spell your last.

ST. JOHN
You're very kind.

FISHER
Larry Fisher. F-I-S-
H-E-R.

ST. JOHN waves to OPAL in the AUDIENCE as the CLERK motions FISHER into the witness stand.

MOON
Is she ...your girlfriend?

LUPO
Were you in front of
the Mission City sar-
dine cannery at five-
thirty in the afternoon
last June fourteenth,
Mr. Fisher?

ST. JOHN
No—she worked for me.

MOON
Why didn't she get ar-
rested?

FISHER
I don't remember the
date.

ST. JOHN
She got away.

MOON
Excuse me.

LUPO
About June fourteenth,
Mr. Fisher. Were you
there?

FISHER
Was I--there? Oh. I guess--yeah--
I was there.

FISHER watches MOON cross and sit next to JACKSON at counsel's table.

LUPO
Did somebody there sell you a bal-
loon of heroin for twenty-five dollars?

FISHER
Well--yes--I guess so--

LUPO
And do you see that somebody in the
courtroom?

FISHER
Nope.

LUPO
I said do you see that somebody in
the courtroom?

FISHER
Nope.

LUPO
(to PUTMAN)
Request your honor direct the wit-
ness to answer the question.

PUTMAN
He did—twice. Ask him another
question.

LUPO
(to FISHER)
I want you to look around the
courtroom—Mr. Fisher—and tell us—
if you will—

FISHER
I don't see him! He's not here!

Pause. LUPO is boiling.

PUTMAN
Any more questions?

Another pause. No answer. Then to FISHER:

Step down, please.

FISHER steps down from the witness stand and is immedi-
ately out the door.

Any more witnesses?

Another pause, and again no answer.

Do I hear a motion?

MOON
Yes—the defense moves to dismiss
the complaint—

PUTMAN
Granted, defendant released from
custody. The last matter on the

calendar is the State versus St. John.

ST. JOHN stands up.

I'll ask you once again, Mr. St. John, do you have an attorney?

ST. JOHN

No, sir, but I would like one—

Then he reads from the slip of paper he has

"—however I am without funds and cannot afford to hire an attorney, therefore I respectfully request to be represented in all subsequent proceedings by the public defender."

MOON

We have a financial statement, the defendant qualifies for our services and a plea of not guilty is entered on his behalf. We request the case be set for jury trial and the defendant be released on his own recognizance.

PUTMAN

Do I hear any opposition?

At long last LUPO says something:

LUPO

You certainly do, your honor.

PUTMAN glances at his watch and says:

PUTMAN

Proceed, Mr. Lupo—

46. EXT. MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE DAY

The rain has stopped and the sun is shining as ST. JOHN, OPAL and MOON exit the courthouse and walk along the walkway toward the street. ST. JOHN is back in his purple net tank top and skin-tight jeans, and MOON has

on his leg clips and is carrying his poncho.

OPAL
(to MOON)

You are one hell of a first class lawyer, Peter—

MOON

Well, the hard part will be convincing twelve jurors that your films have redeeming social value.

(Then to ST. JOHN)

Did the police give you a written inventory of what they seized?

They approach the TOUR GUIDE standing on the sidewalk in front of the empty jail bus, addressing a new group of TOURISTS.

ST. JOHN pulls a crumpled paper from his pocket and looks at it:

ST. JOHN

They gave me this at the county jail. They grabbed ten films.

He hands the paper to MOON. As MOON reads it, the DEPUTY and his PARTNER come out of the courthouse leading the PRISONERS shackled to the chain again. The TOURISTS just stare at the men at first. Then, when the PRISONERS begin boarding the bus, one TOURIST takes a picture, a few more do the same, and soon there is an eruption of snapping Instamatics.

The TOUR GUIDE ushers her group toward the courthouse entrance:

TOUR GUIDE

Now we shall enter this fabulous structure—

TOUR GUIDE

(in the background)

—and notice the charming irregularity of line which appears throughout. Romantic turrets and towers rise imaginatively above the roofline. Graceful arches, curved staircases and open air galleries add spice and variety to the smooth white walls. Windows are not set in monotonous rows. They come unexpectedly, often in whimsical shapes, sometimes softened by the balconies or by the lacy iron grillwork.

MOON
(still reading ST. JOHN'S paper)
What's "The Salesman" about?

OPAL giggles:

OPAL
Would you like to see it?

MOON
Sure, do you have an extra copy?

MOON kneels down and starts to unshackle his ten-speed from the bicycle stand.

OPAL
No—but we can probably get one from our distributor—

MOON
I'd like to get all ten right away and screen them—

OPAL
Okay—

MOON
—at my house for a friend of mine who's an expert.

OPAL
Expert?

MOON
Yeah.

He gets on his bicycle.

OPAL
What kind?

MOON
Fucking—

OPAL
What—

MOON
—fucking expert—

OPAL

—what do you mean, Peter?

MOON

He teaches people how to fuck.

47. EXT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET FROM COURTHOUSE

WANDA is in the front seat peering through binoculars and holding a telephone receiver to her head. We can hear the phone ringing at the other end of the line, and WANDA is irritated by the fact that her party isn't answering.

48. EXT. WALKWAY IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE: SEEN THROUGH WANDA'S BINOCULARS

OPAL, MOON and ST. JOHN laughing, and WANDA'S party still isn't answering.

49. INT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET FROM COURTHOUSE

The phone rings and rings, and WANDA is getting exasperated.

50. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

The telephone on LUPO'S desk, ringing.

51. INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

The corridor door flies open and LUPO storms in carrying his metal file box.

RECEPTIONIST

Your private line is ringing, Mr. Lupo—

LUPO stamps into his office, and slams the door closed.

52. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

He wildly throws his metal box into a chair, and files and papers sail in every direction. Then he snatches the receiver from the ringing telephone:

LUPO

Yeah!

53. INT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET FROM COURTHOUSE

WANDA

Listen, if you want to be posted on what we're doing—

LUPO'S VOICE

Where are you?

WANDA

—we're gonna have to make a better arrangement than this—

LUPO'S VOICE

I said where are you.

WANDA

Look out your window.

54. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

LUPO goes to his window with the phone and looks out at MOON, OPAL and ST. JOHN.

55. EXT. WALKWAY IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE

OPAL

Shall I bring my bathing suit?

MOON

Not necessary—

OPAL

What if I get cold?

MOON

Lee and I will keep you warm—

MOON reaches out and puts his arm around her

—won't we, Lee?

56. INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

LUPO

(into the receiver)

Don't let those people out of your sight.

DISSOLVE TO

57. EXT. MOON'S HOUSE ON THE BEACH NIGHT

MOON'S bicycle and a couple cars are parked outside his frame house at the end of a long, gravel access road that courses through the sand dunes.

Around in front, on the ocean side, is an open sun deck, presently occupied by three people watching a movie.

58. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

DR. STANLEY GOODFELLOW, early forties, is balls ass naked in a wide chaise lounge with a delicious female in a tiny bikini named DUFFY, who is taking down everything GOODFELLOW says on a dictation pad. ST. JOHN is behind them manning the projector. During this sequence, which runs through SCENE 72, we never actually see the movie they are watching.

GOODFELLOW

...mother climbs off the salesman's face ...and darts across the room to

father—whose pants are now down
around his ankles ...and proceeds
to orally copulate him—

he takes a sip of his drink and says to DUFFY

—you got all that?

She finishes writing, looks up at the screen, and says
softly so ST. JOHN won't hear:

DUFFY

Yeah, Stanley, but—you know—it's
awful hard to concentrate on what
you're saying—

GOODFELLOW

Why's that, Duffy?

DUFFY

—because—this movie's turning me
on!

She grabs her drink and takes a gulp.

GOODFELLOW

Oh, I know what you mean—this turns
me on too.

DUFFY

No!

GOODFELLOW

Yes.

DUFFY

Dirty movies turn on Dr. Stanley
Goodfellow?

GOODFELLOW

Yes, but that's not what I mean.

DUFFY

Explain, Stanley ...

GOODFELLOW

Seeing you get turned on is what
turns me on—more than seeing the
movie.

ST. JOHN
Hey—did you two get that?

GOODFELLOW
Huh? Oh, yes—take this down, Duffy.

DUFFY gets her pad:

Is that father? ...

ST. JOHN
No, the salesman.

GOODFELLOW
Yes, the salesman ...seems to be
having an orgasm inside ...

ST. JOHN
Daphne.

GOODFELLOW
Yes, it's hard to tell in the close-
ups.

59. EXT. SURF IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

OPAL is making a splashy attempt to swim over to MOON
in water up to his shoulders. The surf is calm under
a full moon.

OPAL
How about ...standing still?

MOON
I would if I could stop shivering
because this ocean must be fifty-
five!

OPAL makes it to him and grabs his shoulders, pooped.

OPAL
You want to go in, is that what
you're trying to tell me, Peter—

MOON
Something like that—

OPAL

Okay, chicken, let's go in.

As they come out of the water, we see that they are not wearing anything, either.

Are you sure you don't need a bathing suit around here?

MOON

Like I told you, hundreds come here naked every day all summer long.

We see a small cabin boat at anchor a distance offshore.

Why do you think I live here?

60. INT. SMALL CABIN BOAT

TURK is at a porthole squinting through WANDA'S binoculars. WANDA is right beside him.

WANDA

Is that her, Al?

TURK

I think so. She was inside a booth.

61. EXT. SURF IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE: SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

OPAL and MOON pick up their towels and start drying off.

TURK'S VOICE

I think she's the one. It's hard to tell.

WANDA'S VOICE

I wouldn't have released anybody from that joint without first taking their picture—

62. INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN

TURK hands the binoculars to WANDA:

WANDA

—I always take everybody's picture, Al—

TURK

I know you do, Wanda.

WANDA takes a look.

63. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE: SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

OPAL and MOON wrap themselves in their towels and walk up the beach toward ST. JOHN, GOODFELLOW and DUFFY on MOON'S sun deck.

WANDA'S VOICE

Some people have no shame.

TURK'S VOICE

You should see this beach in the daytime—it's an outrage.

64. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

GOODFELLOW

(dictating to DUFFY)

...father ejaculates ...between mother's eyes ...and the semen rolls down her nose ...into her open mouth....

DUFFY

You know, Stanley ...

GOODFELLOW

Yes, Duffy?

DUFFY

...seeing you get turned on seeing me get turned on turns me on more than seeing the movie.

GOODFELLOW

Now that really turns me on.

MOON and OPAL come up steps onto the sun deck:

MOON

Opal and I are gonna have a drink.
Who wants a refill?

GOODFELLOW

Not right now, Peter. Duffy and I
are having trouble concentrating.

DUFFY

Later, Peter—

MOON

Lee?

ST. JOHN

Can I be the bartender?

MOON

You sure can ...

and MOON and OPAL and ST. JOHN go in the house.

65. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON

(to ST. JOHN)

Two scotches and soda—

(then to OPAL)

—okay?

OPAL

Okay.

MOON kisses OPAL:

MOON

Have you got an age card?

He sits down at the extra-large living room bar.

OPAL

I ain't twenty-one just yet—

MOON

I didn't think so—

OPAL

—but I will be pretty soon.

She sits on the stool next to him.

MOON

Good. I'll have a party for you.

ST. JOHN goes behind the bar to make the drinks. MOON says to him:

What do you think of Dr. Goodfellow?

ST. JOHN

Well—he is a very interesting man—
but it was getting a little stuffy
for the three of us—who is she,
anyhow?

MOON

Duffy is Stanley's most recent pro-
tégée—

ST. JOHN

I see—

MOON

—he's training her to be a sex
therapist.

66. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

GOODFELLOW

(dictating to DUFFY)

...Daphne wrestles to her feet ...
bestraddles the salesman .. and pees
on his chest—

DUFFY

(eyes riveted to the screen)

Oh, Stanley ...

and GOODFELLOW starts passionately kissing DUFFY all
over her face and neck and body.

67. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK: SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

GOODFELLOW unhitches DUFFY'S top.

WANDA'S VOICE

What are they doing?

TURK'S VOICE

If I was up there, I'd arrest them
both on the spot—

68. INT. SMALL CABIN BOAT

WANDA

Let me have those binoculars, Al.

TURK passes the binoculars to WANDA:

TURK

I want to write this all down.

69. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

GOODFELLOW tugs at DUFFY'S bottom.

DUFFY

...no, no, Stanley—somebody might
come ...

GOODFELLOW

...sex ought to be a spectator sport ...

70. INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN

TURK has a yellow pad:

TURK

Tell me what they're doing, Wanda.

71. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK: SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

GOODFELLOW climbs on top of DUFFY:

WANDA'S VOICE
(like describing a robbery in progress)
To me it looks like he's committing an
act ...

72. INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN

WANDA
...of sexual intercourse upon her
person—

TURK
What a slob—

WANDA
—makes you want to gag, doesn't it,
Al ...

and she passes the binoculars back to TURK, who looks
again:

TURK
And this is what they're trying to
program the school children to do.

73. EXT. LEO'S POLISH SAUSAGE PALACE ON AMUSEMENT PIER
DAY

JOY and HARRY and OPAL are seated at the counter. JOY
is downing a glass of beer, HARRY is feeding on a Polish
sausage, and OPAL is looking across the pier at a MAN
whitewashing the DIRTY PICTURE SHOW sign.

HARRY
(to OPAL)
When do you want to go to work for
me? I got a space for you—

OPAL
Buy me something to drink, Harry.

HARRY
(yelling to LEO)
Something for Opal, Leo—
(then to OPAL)
—what do you want?

LEO comes over.

OPAL
(to LEO)

Just a cup of coffee—and a glass of beer.

WANDA

Glass of beer for me, too—

OPAL turns in her stool, and WANDA puts her purse down on the counter

—mind if I sit here, hon?

OPAL

I don't mind.

WANDA

Thanks. My name's Wanda—what's yours?

WANDA unsnaps her purse.

OPAL

Me, I'm Opal.

HARRY is eyeing WANDA up and down. She says to him:

WANDA

Hiya, what's your name?

A tiny microphone and transmitter are inside WANDA's purse on top of her handcuffs and other police articles.

HARRY

Harry is my name—

74. INT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED AT CORNER OF AMUSEMENT PIER AND OCEAN HIGHWAY

TURK is monkeying with the controls of a tape recorder on the front seat. There is a little static:

WANDA'S VOICE

What do you do, Harry?

HARRY'S VOICE
I'm a businessman.

WANDA'S VOICE
You look very successful.

75. EXT. LEO'S POLISH SAUSAGE PALACE ON AMUSEMENT PIER

LEO puts down the beers and coffee. OPAL is watching the MAN whitewash the sign. WANDA taps her on the shoulder:

WANDA
Your beer—and coffee—

OPAL
Oh—

OPAL sips a little of each, then turns back to the MAN.

WANDA
Is that your place?

OPAL
Huh? Oh, no—I worked there.

WANDA edges her purse a little closer to OPAL:

WANDA
What?

76. INT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED AT CORNER OF AMUSEMENT PIER AND OCEAN HIGHWAY

OPAL'S VOICE
I used to work there.

WANDA'S VOICE
Porno movie place, wasn't it?

OPAL'S VOICE
That's right—we got busted,

77. EXT. LEO'S POLISH SAUSAGE PALACE ON AMUSEMENT PIER

OPAL quaffs her beer and slides off her stool:

OPAL

Ciao, everybody.

HARRY turns from his conversation with JOY:

HARRY

Let me know when you want to go to
work—

OPAL

I'll do that Harry—bye, Joy—

and she starts to walk in the direction of the highway.
WANDA calls:

WANDA

Why you leaving?

OPAL

(buoyantly)

Because ...I have to telephone ...
my attorney.

WANDA takes her purse from the counter and softly says
into it:

WANDA

Pick her up, Al.

78. EXT. MISSION CITY POLICE STATION DAY

LUPO trots up the front steps. His big car is parked
behind WANDA'S unmarked police car down at the curb.

79. INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

OPAL, sobbing uncontrollably, is seated on a little
chair inside this claustrophobic box of a room, facing
WANDA, who is also seated on a little chair. WANDA is
reading from her Constitutional Rights Card:

WANDA
Next, Opal, you have the right to an attorney—

OPAL
—an attorney—

WANDA
—a court-appointed attorney free of charge if you can't afford one. Do you understand that right?

OPAL
—an attorney?

WANDA
Yes. Now. Having all these rights in mind, do you wish to talk to me?

OPAL
—talk to you—

80. INT. POLICE STATION DETECTIVES' ROOM

LUPO is standing behind TURK watching OPAL and WANDA'S conversation on a television screen:

WANDA
Yes, talk to me—

OPAL
—talk to you?

LUPO turns to TURK:

LUPO
This is a waste of time.

TURK
We want to give her her rights before we take a statement—

LUPO
You already took a statement—

TURK
You mean out on the pier—

LUPO

—right, you already got a statement—

TURK

—I know, but we just want to make sure she gets her God damn rights—

LUPO

But you're wasting your time. She wasn't in custody out on the pier—

WANDA'S VOICE

—talk to me—

LUPO

—she wasn't entitled to any rights out on the pier—Miranda versus Arizona didn't apply out on the pier—

OPAL'S VOICE

—OH, WANDA—I DON'T KNOW I DON'T KNOW—

81. INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

WANDA

I want to be sure I have this straight, Opal. You do not know if you want to talk to me—

LUPO flings open the door:

LUPO

Book her on ten counts of publicly exhibiting obscene matter!

OPAL

(in convulsive bursts)
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO—

and then OPAL vomits into her own lap. WANDA hands her a Kleenex and says:

WANDA

Then do you want to talk to me?

OPAL doesn't answer. LUPO starts up again:

LUPO

Book her book her book her book her—

OPAL

STOP IT! I'LL TALK TO YOU! I worked at the Dirty Picture Show. Give me a paper and I'll sign a confession—please—don't lock me in a cell—I won't be able to breathe ...What else do you want to know?

WANDA

You worked for Lee St. John?

OPAL

—yes, yes, yes—oh, Wanda, ask me another question—please—don't lock me in jail—I'll tell you whatever you want to know—I'll do whatever you want me to do—anything under the sun—

Lights inside WANDA'S brain are flashing. She turns to LUPO:

WANDA

What do you think, Mr. Lupo?

LUPO

You mean you want to use her—

WANDA

—as a replacement—

LUPO

—for the other one—

WANDA

—Fisher—

LUPO

I'm happy just to prosecute the fruit—so if you want to use her—

WANDA

(to OPAL)

Do you want to do some work for us—

OPAL
Well, sure—

WANDA
—as an informant—

OPAL
Informant?

WANDA
—for the Morals Task Force?

OPAL
Gee, Wanda, I don't know if I could—

LUPO
Book her book her—

OPAL
Oh, no—please, no—

WANDA
Then if you work out—no charges will
be filed—right, Mr. Lupo?

LUPO
If she works out—right.

OPAL
Are you sure no charges will be filed?

LUPO
Positive.

DISSOLVE TO

82. INT. PUTMAN'S CHAMBERS DAY

LUPO'S metal box of files is on a heavy wooden conference table and LUPO is sitting behind the box, next to PUTMAN.

LUPO
Hamburger has to plead guilty to
one count of felony bookmaking.

He is talking to PERCY BARRYMORE, seated on the opposite side of the table.

BARRYMORE
You can do better than that, Carl—
what about misdemeanor betting?

The room is strangely overbig like so many others in this weird courthouse. The DEPUTY is standing over in a corner.

LUPO

Why should I when I have a video tape recording of Hamburger making a detailed confession?

BARRYMORE

So the guy won't have to carry a felony conviction with him for the rest of his life. All he did was accept a couple bets—and he's willing to plead to the misde—

LUPO

I don't care about that, Percy! I don't care about that. That's not a defense. I care about evidence. What's your defense? What's your defense evidence?

BARRYMORE

There isn't any defense evidence to a video tape-recorded detailed confession—

LUPO

Then stop wasting the taxpayers' time and money playing games and accept the deal!

BARRYMORE

Maybe we'll just have to set this case for jury trial—

PUTMAN

Setting cases for jury trial is not why we have Settlement Day, Mr. Barrymore—

BARRYMORE

That's so true, your honor, but—

PUTMAN

—and as presiding judge of Mission County Court, I do not intend to jam a court calendar I worked two years to clear—

BARRYMORE

—but my—

PUTMAN

—wait a minute—jam with senseless

ridiculous time-consuming jury trials
in cases without real issues to try!

BARRYMORE

But my client—

PUTMAN

Your client would be well advised to
accept the offer made by the prosecu-
tion! So why don't you go out and
tell your client I said that—

BARRYMORE

(rising)

I certainly will do that, your honor—

PUTMAN

—and tell him to bring his toothbrush
if he wants a trial.

BARRYMORE

(exiting)

Why's that your honor?

PUTMAN

Because he's going directly in the
slammer if the jury finds him guilty.
Tell the next counsel to come in.

83. INT. PUTMAN'S WAITING ROOM

PUTMAN'S CLERK is banging at a typewriter, his REPORTER
is knitting a sweater and some LAWYERS gripping expen-
sive briefcases are waiting in line along one wall. At
the head is MOON with a stack of files under his arm
standing beside a door which says DO NOT ENTER. It opens
and BARRYMORE walks out gesturing MOON in. MOON enters.

84. INT. PUTMAN'S CHAMBERS

As MOON approaches the conference table, LUPO buries his
face in his box of files, going through them and pulling
out some. LUPO says to PUTMAN in a disparaging tone;

LUPO

The public defender cases.

PUTMAN
(to MOON, gesturing)
Sit there, counsel,

MOON sits where BARRYMORE sat. After a moment, LUPO, with great effort, forces himself to look and speak at MOON;

LUPO
Which cases do you want to talk about first?

MOON shrugs his shoulders,

PUTMAN
(looking at his list)
Well, now, let's see here. The State versus St. John—ten counts of publicly exhibiting obscene—oh yeah, I remember this—
(to LUPO)
—what is the State willing to take?

LUPO
Guilty plea to one count.

PUTMAN
(enthusiastically)
I see. Dismiss the other nine—
(to MOON)
—what about that, counsel?

MOON
(to LUPO)
No deal on sentence?

LUPO
Of course not—

MOON
(to PUTMAN)
Better just set the case for trial—

PUTMAN
Wait a minute, counsel—

MOON
—he can do a year on one count, any one count—

PUTMAN

—this is Settlement Day, remember? We don't "just set the case for trial" here, okay? We talk the case over—kick around ways to dispose of it.

MOON

All right. If the State will dismiss the ten counts of exhibiting obscene matter and refile one count of disturbing the peace, Mr. St. John will plead no contest on the condition that his sentence not exceed a suspended thirty-five dollar fine.

LUPO

That's ridiculous.

PUTMAN

(to MOON)

Obviously, counsel, you know something about this case we don't. So tell us. What's your defense?

PUTMAN and LUPO wait for MOON to answer. Then PUTMAN says:

Well what is it? You can't expect the State to buy a pig in a poke. What is it?

MOON

It's a secret.

PUTMAN

A secret? How can the State know whether to accept your offer if your defense is a secret?

MOON

I don't know. That's why I say better just set the case for trial.

PUTMAN

Oh, counsel, you don't want to talk this case over. You just want to eat up the court's good time with mindless jury trials—

MOON

Well defenses are secrets—

PUTMAN

—yeah, yeah, sure they are. Very well—

(to the DEPUTY)

—call in the clerk and the reporter and the defendant so I can make an order.

The DEPUTY exits.

85. INT. PUTMAN'S WAITING ROOM

The DEPUTY comes out of PUTMAN'S chambers and crosses to the CLERK and the REPORTER:

DEPUTY

Judge's going on the record—

REPORTER

What?

CLERK

(to REPORTER)

Let's go!

The CLERK gets his docket book, and the REPORTER her stenotype machine, and they go in. The DEPUTY continues across the waiting room and up a couple steps to another door, which he opens.

86. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

The DEPUTY enters from the same door behind the bench that PUTMAN uses when court is in session:

DEPUTY

Mr. St. John?

The huge courtroom looks different when it's practically empty. A few PRISONERS are seated in one corner of the jury box under the eye of the DEPUTY'S PARTNER. A few other DEFENDANTS, who are not in custody, are seated in the first couple rows of the audience section. HAMBURGER is huddled there with BARRYMORE, and ST. JOHN is alone by the aisle.

ST. JOHN
(rising)

Yes, sir?

DEPUTY
They're ready for you in chambers.
Follow me.

87. INT. PUTMAN'S CHAMBERS

The CLERK and the REPORTER are seated ready to proceed.

PUTMAN
(to CLERK)
When is the first available trial
date?

CLERK
(looking in his docket book)
I guess tomorrow, your honor—

PUTMAN
This case will go to trial tomorrow.
Where is the defendant so
we can go on the record?

LUPO
Excuse me, your honor, but I just
wonder if tomorrow is perhaps a bit
too soon—you see, my schedule for
the rest of this week is so incredibly
tight, I—

PUTMAN
This case goes to trial tomorrow,
Mr. Lupo!

LUPO
—yes, sir—

PUTMAN
Now where is the defendant?

CLERK
The deputy went in the courtroom to
get him, your honor—

PUTMAN

Is he in or out of custody?

MOON

He's out, your honor—on his own recognition—you released him at—

PUTMAN

He was out, Mr. Moon.

PUTMAN looks over and sees ST. JOHN in the doorway with the DEPUTY:

Let the record show the defendant is present with his counsel, his O.R. status is revoked and bail is set at ten thousand dollars.

Have a seat, Mr. St. John—

(Then to MOON)

—now he's in.

88. INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM DAY

OPAL is sitting on the reception counter talking to DAISY:

OPAL

How do you get along with your new boss?

DAISY

What a character.

OPAL

Been to his beach house, yet?

DAISY

Everybody in this office has—

The phone rings.

Wait—

She picks it up:

Public defender's office ...

OPAL slides off the counter, roams over to a bulletin

board and nosily reads the papers pinned to it. The room, as before, is crowded with DEFENDANTS, most of them filling out financial statements. Suddenly the door flies open, MOON comes busting in, and irately plops his stack of files on the counter. DAISY covers the receiver and says to him:

DAISY

Friend here to see you, Peter.

MOON turns around and sees OPAL:

MOON

What the hell happened to you?

OPAL

Hi, Peter.

MOON

I thought you were going to call me—

OPAL

I haven't had a chance, Peter—
I've been terribly busy—

MOON

Doing what?

OPAL

Well—working—

MOON

Working doing what?

OPAL

Oh—I take, you know, surveys—
for this, you know, company—it's
a crummy job—I'm just doing it
until I find something better.
Where's Lee?

MOON

Ask the dirty fascist who revoked
his O.R.—

OPAL

Huh?

MOON

—only because we asked for the trial we're supposed to be entitled to—come on.

He starts back toward his office. OPAL follows:

OPAL

He went back to jail?

89. INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE INTERHALLWAY

MOON

Directly—without passing "Go," without collecting two-hundred dollars. Of course, if you can lay your hands on ten-thousand, you can bail him out.

OPAL

That's horrible.

MILDRED and MANUEL SANCHEZ come out of a DEPUTY PUBLIC DEFENDER'S cubbyhole. MOON says to MILDRED:

MOON

How'd you make out?

MILDRED

My eldest got probation.

MOON

What did you get?

MILDRED

Twenty weekends.

MOON

Too bad.

MOON and OPAL enter DAVIS' former office.

90. INT. MOON'S OFFICE

MOON closes the door, takes OPAL in his arms and gives her a wet kiss.

MOON

Don't stay away so long next time.

OPAL

I really enjoyed myself that night,
Peter.

MOON glances at a big wall clock as he crosses to a refrigerator:

MOON

It's almost quitting time—

he pulls open the door and takes out a jug of wine

—how about a nip of vino?

OPAL

No thanks.

As MOON pours himself a paper cupful, OPAL roams around checking out the office, which now looks something like a general's field headquarters. Maps and charts cover the walls, and sophisticated photographic and electronic equipment is spread over a large work table. Framed diplomas, desk sets and most other conventional lawyer's trappings are nowhere to be found.

MOON sits in his chair and throws down a good snort.

MOON

I guess you've turned twenty-one
since I last saw you?

He throws down another.

OPAL

My birthday's today—

and she goes around behind him and looks at a large map of Mission County with pins sticking in it—

MOON

Well, happy birthday, baby!

She's standing with her lovely backside only inches from his face, which is turning lecherous:

OPAL

Your office looks like the Situation

Room in the basement of the White House.

His hands vanish under her mini-skirt and with one swift yank he pulls her panties all the way down to the floor.

Stop that, Peter, I have to leave now—

MOON

Goodness gracious—

he reaches down and picks them up

—they match my tie—

and he stuffs them in the breast pocket of his suit coat like a handkerchief.

OPAL

Give them back—I'm cold—

MOON clears a space on his desk:

MOON

Get up here, lie back and look at the ceiling—

OPAL

What for?

MOON

—desk work—

He loosens his tie and unbuttons his collar.

OPAL

Peter, I can't—not now—I have to go—

The door opens and DAISY comes in carrying files:

DAISY

Oh, excuse me, I hope I'm not walking in on anything—

OPAL

No, I was just on my way out, Daisy—

MOON
(to DAISY)
Opal's twenty-one today.

DAISY
Really?

She drops the files on the table.

I am bushed—

MOON
Pour yourself and Opal a drink.

DAISY
I might just do that—

she grabs the jug and notices OPAL'S panties

—what's that sticking out of
your pocket?

MOON
Opal's pants.

DAISY
What are they doing there?

She fills two paper cups.

MOON
(to OPAL)
Yeah—what about that, Opal?

DAISY hands OPAL one of the cups:

DAISY
Yeah—what about that, Opal?

OPAL
Okay. One drink. Then I gotta
go to work.

DAISY
Happy birthday.

91. INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN NIGHT

Hands remove a small cake, which reads HAPPY BIRTHDAY OPAL, from a box. The hands are HARRY'S. He sticks a candle in the top, which he lights, then walks out of the kitchen with it.

92. INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM

HARRY enters the dimly lit room with the cake and crosses toward OPAL, who is standing near a hallway leading back to the bedrooms. OPAL seems on edge, and doesn't see him approaching.

HARRY

Surprise surprise—

OPAL

What? Oh, Harry, you definitely shouldn't have done this—

HARRY

Whenever one of my people has a birthday, I always do—

he puts the cake on a table, then turns and says

—ain't that right, girls?

Three of HARRY'S GIRLS and a MAN, who is a customer, are draped around the secondhand furniture. One GIRL, seated next to a large leather handbag, is kind of nodding and dozing, and seems a little spaced out. The next GIRL is dealing cards to herself, and the third GIRL has the MAN'S shoes and socks off and is playing with his feet.

93. INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

JOY is seated on a water bed:

JOY

How long have you known Opal?

For the first time in the picture, we see LUPU not wearing a suit, and he really looks different. He is dressed casually—slacks, sportshirt, windbreaker—like a typical John, sitting there next to JOY.

LUPO

Not too long.

JOY

What do you do for a living?

LUPO

I work on the loading deck at the cannery. How long have you been here, Joy?

JOY

I've been with Harry a long time
I have—

and she takes off her blouse. LUPO clears his throat:

LUPO

How much is an "all night"?

JOY

What do you mean by an "all night"—stay in here with just me all night?

LUPO

Sure.

JOY

I'll have to ask Harry—

and she starts to put her blouse back on.

LUPO

That's all right. How much is a "you know what"?

JOY

A straight fuck?—

LUPO recoils whenever he hears a female say "fuck "

—or a blowjob?

LUPO

A straight ...

JOY

Fifty.

LUPO takes out his wallet. JOY pulls off her jeans.
LUPO removes fifty dollars:

LUPO
Fifty dollars?

JOY
Si, senior.

LUPO
You know I ...want to get laid,
Joy—

JOY
I know you do, babes—

and she takes off her bra.

LUPO
What if I ...come off my jollies
right after we start?

JOY
It'll only cost your forty-five—

LUPO
What if I come off my jollies
before we start?

JOY
You can rest here free of charge
until you're ready to come off
your jollies again—

she takes the fifty dollars from him, stuffs it in her
purse, switches off the light, slips off her panties
and lays back on the bed

—any more questions?

LUPO
Negative.

JOY
Come here—

LUPO
Hold it—

JOY
What?

LUPO
—hold it right there ...

He switches on the light.

JOY
Why?

LUPO
You're under arrest!

94. INT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED OUTSIDE HARRY'S
MOTEL

WANDA and TURK are in the front seat, and TURK'S tape
recorder is between them and turned on:

JOY'S VOICE
What is this?

LUPO'S VOICE
You're under arrest for sollicita-
tion and prostitution.

WANDA
Let's go.

95. EXT. WANDA'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED OUTSIDE HARRY'S
MOTEL

The car's doors fly open and WANDA and TURK and the oth-
er two OFFICERS jump out with their pistols drawn and
run past LUPO'S sedan into the poky office of one of
the rundown beachfront motels we drove by in SCENE 2.

96. INT. HARRY'S MOTEL OFFICE

TURK leads the raiding party around behind the vacant
reception desk to a door marked PRIVATE and bangs on
it with his fist:

TURK
Police officers! Open this door!

TURK steps back and cocks his foot.

97. INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM

The GIRL and the barefoot MAN tear into the back hallway, knocking OPAL'S cake on the floor enroute. HARRY, who was just about to cut the cake, and the other GIRLS just stare at the door paralyzed. Then with a deafening crack it comes sailing off its hinges into the living room, followed by TURK, the two other OFFICERS and WANDA. TURK yells at HARRY:

TURK
Drop that knife, fella—

which HARRY does, and then TURK and an OFFICER run into the hallway.

98. INT. HARRY'S HALLWAY

The OFFICER opens one door, TURK opens another.

99. INT. HARRY'S BATHROOM

The barefoot MAN is patting shaving later on his face, and the GIRL is sitting on the toilet next to him:

GIRL
You gotta lot of nerve—

TURK
Step into the living room.

The GIRL stands up and walks out of the bathroom, followed by the MAN.

100. INT. HARRY'S HALLWAY

As the GIRL and MAN return to the living room, the OFFICER flushes out another GIRL and MAN, who both look like they tried to get dressed in a hurry.

TURK walks to a door at the end of the hallway and opens it.

101. INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

LUPO has his luger trained on JOY, who is kneeling on the floor naked, reaching for the sky. When he sees TURK in the doorway, he stuffs the luger in his belt and dashes out of the room.

102. INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM

LUPO runs in as the OFFICERS are hooking the GIRLS and the MEN to a chain, and he proceeds to check all the GIRLS' arms. When he reaches the last, he raises it close to his face:

LUPO

Tracks.

He stares into the GIRL'S eyes—this is the one who seemed spaced out—then turns to an OFFICER:

Flashlight.

The OFFICER removes his flashlight and slaps it into LUPO'S outthrust hand like it was an ophthalmoscope. LUPO shines the flashlight into each of the GIRL'S eyes:

Pinpointed.

He seizes the leather handbag and turns it upside down. Narcotics and paraphernalia of every description spread over the table: caky heroin, balloons, syringes, needles, spoons, etc. Then the shadowy room is flooded with blinding white light.

As our eyes adjust, we see WANDA panning everybody and everything with a whining super 8 movie camera in the center of a bank of sunglasses.

LUPO

(yelling)

Besides prostitution, book everybody for possession of heroin and

paraphernalia—

and he grabs OPAL and escorts her out, stepping in her birthday cake as he goes.

103. EXT. HARRY'S MOTEL

When they get outside, LUPO lets go of OPAL:

LUPO

Get out of here. We'll be in touch with you—

and he walks toward his car, trying to get the cake off his shoe. OPAL stands there a moment, then runs after him:

OPAL

Wait a minute—

LUPO

(mumbling to himself)

What in the heck did I step in?

OPAL

—I want to talk to you—

LUPO

Cake ...cake—

he opens his car door and scrapes his shoe on the edge.

OPAL

See, I told Wanda that I didn't want to do this anymore, and she said to talk to you—

LUPO

Talk to me about what?

He gets in the front seat and closes the door.

OPAL

—about not doing this anymore—
about the charges—

LUPO

What about the charges?

OPAL
—not being filed against me—

LUPO
I'll let you know when we're
finished with you. Don't ever
talk to me about not filing
charges—

OPAL
I just thought—

LUPO
—that's something the district
attorney decides—not you, not
Wanda.

OPAL
I see.

LUPO
I'm glad you do.

and he speeds off.

104. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM DAY

At last we are panning the faces of twelve honest-to-God JURORS, rather than prisoners, seated in the jury box. But the courtroom is dark and quiet, except for the flutter of a projector being operated by LUPO who is looking somber and foreboding. MOON, ST. JOHN and GOODFELLOW are seated at counsel's table, and they are trying to look blasé. Everybody's eyes are on the collapsible screen which has been set up across the room.

Thereon, we see a beefy young man in a loud sport coat kneeling on the floor in a Middle America living room. He inserts a plug into a wall socket behind the couch. The cord leads to an electric dildo in the hands of a very well-preserved woman in her late-thirties lying on the couch besieged with dildos of every description and color. Two empty display suitcases are at her feet. It is afternoon.

LUPO makes a face.

105. INT. MIDDLE AMERICA LIVING ROOM

The dildo SALESMAN stands up and looks down at the woman as she fondles the twitching mass of neoprene. She says something to him and a TITLE pops on the screen below: "Have you got something bigger than this?"

Cut to a big close-up of the SALESMAN smiling ear to ear; then tilt down and stop at the crotch of his pants; then pull back as they both start rapidly undressing.

106. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

MOON sneaks a sidelong look at the JURORS, and we see that they are wearing different expressions, which range from blank, to ruffled, to embarrassed, to amused. One juror, whose name we will learn is CHARLES MILLER, actually looks exhuberant.

The TOURISTS in the audience section—who just happen to occupy only the seats which have a view of the screen—also wear mixed expressions.

Now on the screen, the SALESMAN is going up and down on top of the woman.

107. EXT. MIDDLE AMERICA BUNGALOW

A comely teen-aged girl carrying school books hops up front steps, opens the front door and walks inside.

108. INT. MIDDLE AMERICA LIVING ROOM

The startled SALESMAN snaps to his feet. The woman sees the girl, bolts upright and gasps. TITLE: "Daphne!"

Horrified, DAPHNE gasps. TITLE: "Mother!"

109. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

LUPO screws his face into an expression of disgust.

110. INT. MIDDLE AMERICA LIVING ROOM

MOTHER and the SALESMAN furiously start gathering up the dildos and putting them back in the suitcase.

DAPHNE is bewildered. She doesn't know what to make of this. Then curiosity overcomes her. She cautiously approaches the other two, and she picks up one of the dildos—a funny green one with nodules. The others stop putting the dildos away and watch DAPHNE apprehensively. "What a comical-looking thing this green dildo is," we can imagine DAPHNE saying to herself. She starts to chuckle. So do the others. "Oh, what the hell," DAPHNE says to herself, and she starts rapidly disrobing.

111. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

LUPO grimly turns to the jury box.

But a lot of the JURORS are really fascinated—if not titillated—by this film. None of them is scowling like LUPO is. MILLER is enjoying himself no end.

112. INT. MIDDLE AMERICA LIVING ROOM

Now the SALESMAN, DAPHNE and MOTHER are intertwined in a serious threesome.

113. EXT. MIDDLE AMERICAN BUNGALOW

A distinguished-looking handsome man in his forties with a briefcase walks up the steps.

114. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM DAY

GOODFELLOW is in the witness stand attentively listening to LUPO'S question:

LUPO

"Attention, women! Classes now forming for those of you who never or rarely experience orgasm."

LUPO lowers the classified ad section of an edition of the Mission City Chronicle:

Sound familiar, Dr. Goodfellow?

GOODFELLOW

Yes, I've kept that ad going for some months now.

LUPO

And I take it you teach girls how to ...is that correct?

GOODFELLOW

Reach an orgasm, yes.

LUPO

Thank you, doctor. Now, would you be kind enough to tell the good ladies and gentlemen of the jury just how you do that?

GOODFELLOW

Certainly. First I dismantle whatever folklore the patient believes. Next I show her how to properly masturbate—

LUPO

Hold it right there. You show women how to masturbate?

GOODFELLOW

I sure do, Mr. Lupo—

LUPO

(victoriously)

No further questions, Dr. Goodfellow.

MILLER and a couple other JURORS snicker, and the DEPUTY gives them an intimidating stare.

PUTMAN

(to MOON)

Redirect?

MOON

(to GOODFELLOW)

As I understand your testimony then, not one of the ten films introduced by the State into evidence is obscene

in your opinion?

GOODFELLOW

Not one.

MOON

Not even a film such as "The Salesman"—

GOODFELLOW

Correct—

MOON

—which graphically shows sexual intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus, urination, incest—is obscene?

GOODFELLOW

Not in my opinion.

MOON

Why?

GOODFELLOW

Because the film is not utterly without redeeming social value, which is the legal criterion for obscenity—

MOON

But what redeeming social value is there in—

GOODFELLOW

We know fellatio and cunnilingus and urination and incest occur in human society, whether we approve or disapprove. So the film depicts something which actually takes place. The film shows what goes on. Therefore, the film has some value to society. And that which has some social value, cannot be utterly without social value. Therefore, the film falls short of the legal criterion.

MOON

One last question. Could a film like "The Salesman" ever harm anyone?

GOODFELLOW

No.

PUTMAN
(to LUPO)

Recross?

LUPO
(to GOODFELLOW, quickly)
Suppose a man with a little penis
saw it?

REPORTER
I didn't get that—

GOODFELLOW
I beg your—

LUPO
Suppose a man with a little penis
saw "The Salesman"?

GOODFELLOW
Suppose he did.

LUPO
Come now, Dr. Goodfellow. You're
a psychologist. A big penis like
the salesman's could present a
threat to a man with a little penis—

GOODFELLOW
I didn't think the salesman's penis
was that big—

General laughter in the courtroom.

LUPO
Well—I guess you should know—
having seen as many as you have—

GOODFELLOW
Oh, I don't know, Mr. Lupo—

LUPO
Isn't it a fact, sir, that you are
a practicing nudist?

MOON
Objection, irrelevant—

PUTMAN
(looking at his watch)
Overruled—

LUPO
No further questions.

PUTMAN
(to GOODFELLOW)
Step down, please.

GOODFELLOW returns to his seat at counsel's table; PUT-
MAN turns to the JURORS:

We're about to recess for the
weekend, ladies and gentlemen.
You are not to talk about this
case with anyone, including your
family. Go down to the beach
and forget all about it.

115. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

A flying frisbee arches across the clear blue sky into
the hands of LARRY FISHER. As we pull back we see a
thick CROWD, seventy-five percent of which is young and
nude.

At the rear, LUPO is parked on a beach towel unnoticed,
wearing hat, sunglasses and bathrobe. His attention is
down the coastline, and he produces a pair of binocu-
lars and looks in that direction.

116. EXT. ROCK FORMATION ON THE BEACH: SEEN THROUGH LUPO'S
BINOCULARS

The rocks extend just to the water's edge.

117. EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF ROCK FORMATION

WANDA and TURK and the other two OFFICERS are in full
uniform on horseback wearing riot helmets. WANDA turns
to the others and says:

WANDA

All set?

The others nod.

Let's go—

and she switches on her camera, which is attached to the side of her helmet skydiver style. As the posse circles the rock face, they pass where someone has painted:

ENTERING THE PEOPLE'S FREE BEACH

118. EXT. ROCK FORMATION ON THE BEACH: SEEN THROUGH LUPO'S BINOCULARS

WANDA & Co. galloping straight for us.

119. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

LUPO brings down the binoculars and coolly sizes up the CROWD in front of him. He watches the frisbee sail over FISHER'S head and land in the center of three nude GIRLS sitting on a blanket having a lot of fun drinking wine and listening to music. FISHER runs to retrieve it, then stops and looks real hard down the beach:

FISHER

What the hell is that?

The three GIRLS turn and look.

At first it is hard to discern without binoculars. Then we can make out the four horsemen—approaching under full steam.

GIRL

Horses ...horses ...

FISHER

And pigs!

Now we can make out the uniforms.

FISHER turns and runs through the CROWD:

FISHER

Here come the pigs—here come the
pigs—they're coming on horses!

Naked people everywhere quickly begin putting on their
bathing suits. Never have we seen so many getting
dressed so fast at once. LUPO runs down to the three
GIRLS:

LUPO

Stop that—you were naked—stop
putting that on—you're under ar-
rest—

WANDA and TURK and the others ride into the CROWD.
WANDA and TURK dismount; the others attempt to contain
the CROWD with their horses. TURK has several sets of
handcuffs and a long chain. LUPO runs over yelling:

LUPO

—get these people—all these
people here—they were in the
nude—they're under arrest—

then LUPO spots FISHER down by the water

—him—there—that one—

WANDA

Larry Fisher—

LUPO

—right, he's under arrest—

and LUPO and WANDA run toward him. As they approach,
FISHER edges backward into the water. LUPO and WANDA
stop when they reach the water, and WANDA yells to
FISHER:

WANDA

Hold it right there, Larry—

FISHER

I don't trust you, Wanda—not
anymore—

As WANDA holds FISHER'S attention, LUPO borrows an OF-
FICER'S billy club, doffs his bathrobe, silently slips
into the water a distance down the beach and begins to
circle around behind FISHER to cut him off.

WANDA
Is that any way to talk to a friend,
guy?

FISHER
You're not my friend, Wanda—

WANDA
Yes I am—

FISHER
You lied to me, Wanda.

FISHER is in water up to his waist, and still moving backwards. He's going to try to make a swim for it.

WANDA
I never did, guy—

FISHER
Sure you did—

and he backs into LUPO, who grabs him by the arm:

LUPO
Freeze, Fisher—

FISHER comes around with a right to the side of LUPO'S face. LUPO is momentarily dazed, and FISHER starts away in another direction. LUPO starts after him, catches him and whacks him ...THWACK! ...on the head with the billy club. FISHER screams. LUPO steps back. Blood streams down FISHER'S face. He moves toward LUPO, and ...THWACK! ...LUPO hits him again. Now FISHER tries to get away. THWACK! ...LUPO hits him again.

On the beach, general pandemonium ensues. People start screaming and running in every direction.

120. EXT. MOON'S JACUZZI PATIO

DAISY
I could stay here the rest of my
born days—

and we pull back to reveal DAISY, OPAL and MOON luxuriating in the nude in his Jacuzzi pool, which is in the center of a little patio surrounded by a high wooden

fence behind his house. We can hear the people down on the beach screaming.

MOON

Wait a minute—what's that?

DAISY

I don't know and I don't care—

MOON

Seriously—what is that?

OPAL

Somebody drowning, Peter?

MOON climbs out of the swirling water:

MOON

Be right back.

He flings a towel around him and enters the house.

121. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON goes to the window and peeks out through the curtains.

122. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

From MOON'S viewpoint we see the OFFICERS at a distance trying to control the frenzied CROWD, but they're not having much success. People are escaping every which way. LUPO is chasing the three GIRLS, and they are headed in the general direction of MOON'S house.

123. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

MOON strolls out and inhales the crisp salt air. Then as the GIRLS run by, he breathes out of the side of his mouth:

MOON

Run around behind the house and I'll let you in.

The GIRLS cut around the side and MOON strolls back in.

124. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON shuts the door and dashes to the rear.

125. EXT. REAR OF MOON'S HOUSE

The three GIRLS are ganged outside a door in the fence. It opens and they zip inside.

126. EXT. MOON'S JACUZZI PATIO

MOON slams the door shut and bolts it. The one GIRL starts to say:

GIRL

We sure do appreciate this—

MOON

Hurry—inside—

and the GIRLS and OPAL and DAISY go in the house.

127. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON locks the door; OPAL begins introductions:

OPAL

I'm Opal, and this is my friend,
Daisy—

MOON

Close all the curtains—

and he grabs a little tape recorder from the bar and dashes out on the sundeck.

128. EXT. MOON'S SUN DECK

MOON crosses and peers around the side of the house.

129. EXT. SIDE AND REAR OF MOON'S HOUSE

LUPO has passed the house and is racing inland on the gravel access road.

MOON jumps down on the sand and walks after him. When MOON reaches the rear of the house, LUPO goes off the road and disappears behind a sand dune.

MOON stops and waits.

LUPO reappears looking baffled.

MOON

Can I help you with something?

LUPO walks back to MOON:

LUPO

What happened to those girls I was chasing?

MOON

Girls you were chasing?

LUPO

Don't get cute with me, Mr. Moon—

MOON

Get out of my backyard or I'll call the police.

LUPO is eyeing MOON'S house:

LUPO

Who's inside?

MOON

None of your business—

LUPO

I have a good mind to kick your door down and go in and find out.

MOON thrusts his tape recorder up to LUPO'S face:

MOON

Then you better state your probable cause for the fucking record, my friend, because if you don't have any, you're gonna be one sorry son of a bitch.

LUPO

(squelched)

Well—I'll deal with you—in court, I'll deal with you ...

130. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM DAY

LUPO is making his closing argument to the JURORS:

LUPO

You people had to sit through hours of filth and depravity—every kind of obscene ugliness is shown in these ten movies—I hesitate to call them movies—semen and urine and filth everywhere.

LUPO'S WIFE is sitting proud in the first row.

If these movies are not obscene—as Mr. Moon and Dr. Goodfellow claim—then no movie is obscene—because these movies show every kind of perversion possible.

He points to MOON and GOODFELLOW, sitting on opposite sides of ST. JOHN at counsel's table:

Don't let them bamboozle you with cunning slippery arguments for sexual anarchy.

ST. JOHN leans over and whispers to MOON:

ST. JOHN

Why do you take that from him?

MOON

To draw fire away from you—I'm not on trial—

LUPO

Such as Dr. Goodfellow's testimony that he considered the large number of these movies sold each year in forming his opinion that they have redeeming social value.

LUPO stands behind GOODFELLOW

Do you have any idea how much heroin, cocaine and LSD are sold each year, Dr. Goodfellow?

He returns to the JURORS:

Ladies and gentlemen, these ten movies are obscene. They are obscene matter. The defendant admits he exhibited them to anyone willing to spend a quarter. The defendant is guilty of publicly exhibiting obscene matter as charged.

131. EXT. MISSION CITY ELKS CLUB DAY

The LUPOS' car is parked out front.

132. INT. MISSION CITY ELKS CLUB DAY

A BARTENDER puts two vodkas and tonic on a tray, which a WAITRESS picks up and carries through the CROWD. She passes PUTMAN'S CLERK, drinking at the bar with some cronies, and weaves her way over to a booth occupied by LUPO and his WIFE. LUPO is wearing a sequined fez, and laughing like hell:

LUPO

I'm telling you, honey, I never had so much fun cross-examining a defendant—

The WAITRESS serves the drinks and leaves; LUPO'S WIFE says to her:

WIFE

Thank you—

(and then to LUPO, laughing)
—I was there—I saw you—I didn't
think you were going to make it—

LUPO
I wanted to bust out laughing
every time the big fruit opened his
mouth. "Do you know how the semen
we scraped off the partitions got
there Mr. St. John?"

WIFE
(laughing)
...yeah ...yeah ...

LUPO
(his impersonation of a fairy)
"How could I, Mr. Lupo, I was busy
making change!"

WIFE
(her impersonation)
...Say, fellah—

LUPO
I'll strike you with my purse ...

The WAITRESS comes back:

WAITRESS
You have a telephone call, Mr.
Lupo.

133. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

Empty except for ST. JOHN seated at counsel's table and
the DEPUTY standing at the CLERK'S desk holding the
phone:

DEPUTY
Mr. Lupo?

The DEPUTY looks at the closed door to the jury deliber-
ation room:

The jury has a verdict.

134. INT. MISSION CITY ELKS CLUB

LUPO is using the telephone behind the bar:

LUPO

I'll be there in five minutes—

and he hangs up and looks at the BARTENDER.

135. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM DAY

The door behind the bench opens, PUTMAN enters, takes his seat and says to the DEPUTY:

PUTMAN

Bring in the jury.

The DEPUTY opens the door to the jury deliberation room.

136. INT. JURY DELIBERATION ROOM

The JURORS are standing and sitting in little groups talking and laughing and drinking coffee.

DEPUTY

The judge is ready.

MILLER turns around and says:

MILLER

Huh? Oh—

(then)

—they're ready for us everybody.

137. INT. PUTMAN'S COURTROOM

The JURORS file out past the CLERK and the REPORTER, and take their seats in the box.

PUTMAN

Who is your foreman?

MILLER stands holding a stack of verdict forms:

MILLER

I am, sir.

PUTMAN

Has the jury reached verdicts on all ten counts?

MILLER

Yes, sir—

PUTMAN

Read them.

LUPO is at his table; MOON, ST. JOHN and GOODFELLOW at theirs; and LUPO'S WIFE, WANDA, TURK and OPAL at different locations in the otherwise empty audience section.

MILLER

"The State, plaintiff, versus Lee St. John, defendant. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count one of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter—

LUPO is confused and bewildered and thinks maybe because of the vodka he didn't hear the guy right—

Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count two of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter—

but this time the words "not guilty" visibly jolt LUPO into a state of shocked disbelief. MILLER says to PUTMAN

—does your honor want me to read each verdict?

PUTMAN

Yes.

As MILLER goes on and on in the background, it becomes evident what all ten verdicts will be.

At the same time, LUPO'S state gradually changes from shocked disbelief to solid

MILLER
Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not

infuriation.

WANDA stands up and traipses out of the courtroom. LUPO watches her. Then TURK gets up and he walks out.

Now LUPO motions "let's go" to his WIFE. She stands. So does LUPO, and he starts out.

guilty of count three of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count four of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not—

PUTMAN
(to MILLER)

Excuse me.

(then to LUPO)

Have a seat please until the verdicts are in.

(then to MILLER)

Go ahead.

For a moment, it looks like LUPO is going to defy PUTMAN and continue out; but then he drops back into his chair and just sits there smoltering. An open law book is on the table in front of him, which he slams closed.

PUTMAN looks down at him, but doesn't say anything.

Now a series of tortured expressions pass across LUPO'S face. Apparently MILLER'S chant is causing him physical pain. He locks his eyes shut, then splays them wide open and holds them on MOON.

When MILLER reads the last "not guilty," MOON glances at LUPO long enough to grin and wink at him.

MILLER

—not guilty of count five of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count six of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count seven of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count eight of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count nine of the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter. Verdict. We the jury find the defendant not guilty of count ten of

the complaint, publicly exhibiting obscene matter.

PUTMAN

Does either side wish the jurors polled?

MOON

No, your honor.

PUTMAN

Mr. Lupo?

Pause. No answer.

All right. Court adjourned—

and PUTMAN exits. MOON, GOODFELLOW and ST. JOHN go over and shake hands with MILLER and the other JURORS coming out of the box. LUPO doesn't budge. He just sits there about to explode with rage and watches everybody go up the aisle and out the large swinging doors. At the end of the line is OPAL and she turns around and steals a quick glance at him, then disappears with the others.

137A. INT. THE LUPOS' BEDROOM DUSK

Oily handcuffs on the table next to the bed on which LUPO is sprawled fully-dressed holding a vodka and tonic in one hand and aiming his luger at the large picture of God with the other when his WIFE enters with their little BOYS:

WIFE

Are you gonna be okay, honey?

He puts the gun down next to the handcuffs, drinks the vodka and tonic and holds out his glass:

LUPO

Make me another one of these.

WIFE

How about some dinner instead?

LUPO has obviously had several drinks:

LUPO

Negative.

WIFE

Listen to me, Carl. You'll have more trials—

LUPO

Oh, sure, more jury trials—

WIFE

But you'll win them, Carl, you will. They'll stand—you'll see—and they'll say: "Verdict, guilty, we find the defen—"

LUPO

(fiercely)

You wanta know what I think of jury trials?

WIFE

What?

LUPO

I hate them I detest them!

WIFE

Why, Carl?

LUPO

(screaming)

BECAUSE JURORS ARE IDIOTS ...

and he wings his empty glass at the picture of God and stomps out of the room.

137B. INT. THE LUPOS' LIVING ROOM

LUPO crosses to a table and pours himself another vodka, without the tonic:

LUPO

Trial by jury is a joke.

He gulps it down, then turns and heads back to the bedroom. His WIFE just stands there with the BOYS afraid to say anything. LUPO says to her:

But we'll see who gets the last laugh.

137C. INT. THE LUPOS' BEDROOM

LUPO crosses to the table and pockets his gun and handcuffs.

138. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

GOODFELLOW is behind the bar, crooked, naked, trying to make three highballs. Hot music is blaring on the hi fi, and a very swinging party is in progress. Next to GOODFELLOW is DAISY, pretty crooked, wearing a loose-fitting shorty bathrobe, drinking something pink, and talking to MOON, who is seated on the other side of the bar at the end near a wall:

DAISY

I don't think it would be right for me to go, Peter—I don't think it would be fair to Opal.

MOON sees GOODFELLOW start out from behind the bar balancing the three highballs on a tray:

MOON

Stanley?

GOODFELLOW

Yeah—

MOON

Tell those people to come in and
join the party.

MOON'S pretty crooked, too. He isn't wearing a shirt,
and from the waist down we can't see what he's wearing.
A telephone is on the bar in front of him.

GOODFELLOW

Okay ...okay ...

GOODFELLOW threads his way through the crowded room.
Over half the guests are wearing bathing suits or pieces
of bathing suits, and one couple, who are dancing, are,
like GOODFELLOW, not wearing anything. The rest of the
GUESTS are wearing street clothes—for the time being,
anyway—including ST. JOHN, DUFFY, and the three GIRLS
LUPO chased up the beach. Almost everybody has a drink
in their hand, and everybody seems to be having a good
time.

GOODFELLOW opens the door leading out to the Jacuzzi
patio.

139. EXT. MOON'S JACUZZI PATIO

GOODFELLOW

Everybody out of the Jacuzzi because
Peter says we gotta drink these in-
side.

MILLER turns to his wife VIRGINIA; they are in their
bathing suits in the little Jacuzzi pool:

MILLER

What the hell, Virginia—

VIRGINIA

How many times do I have to tell
you, Charles—I don't want to—

MILLER

Jump in, Dr. Goodfellow—there's
plenty of room—

VIRGINIA

I'm getting out of here—

and she starts to climb out. MILLER grabs her arm:

MILLER

It's all right, dear, he has a
Ph.D.

VIRGINIA

I couldn't care less, Charles.

Lightning and thunder signal an approaching storm.

MILLER

Then you stay here and I'll go
inside.

140. EXT. SIDE AND REAR OF MOON'S HOUSE

Parked cars everywhere, and a distance behind the house,
a man atop a sand dune is peering through binoculars in
a howling wind.

141. EXT. MOON'S JACUZZI PATIO: SEEN THROUGH THE MAN'S
BINOCULARS

The wooden fence partly cuts off our line of sight, but
we can see GOODFELLOW with his arm around MILLER escort-
ing him into the house.

142. EXT. SAND DUNES TO THE REAR OF MOON'S HOUSE

LUPO brings down the binoculars and deliberates a mo-
ment. He looks done in. Then he climbs down to the
gravel access road and starts walking toward TURK'S
police station wagon hidden in the sand dunes about a
hundred yards inland. More lightning and thunder.

143. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON is still seated at the end of the bar, and he's
kind of turned in his stool. He says to DAISY:

MOON

How much vacation time you got

coming?

DAISY

A week—that's no problem—

MOON

What the hell is the problem?

DAISY

You're going with Opal, damn it—

MOON

But Opal wants you to come—

he looks down at his lap

—don't you Opal?

No answer.

Opal? Hey, Opal?

OPAL comes up a little musted and bleary-eyed, wearing a white bikini:

OPAL

Yeah, Peter?

MOON

Do you want Daisy to go to Reno, Nevada with us?

OPAL

We going to Reno, Nevada?

MOON

Yes.

OPAL

What for—we gonna get a divorce, Peter?

MOON

No.

OPAL

We gonna get married?

MOON takes a swallow of his drink:

MOON

Maybe.

DUFFY
(yelling)

Hey, Peter, I want to jitterbug
with you!

She's across the room at the turntable, going through
a stack of albums.

MOON slides off his bar stool and says to OPAL:

MOON

Take five.

As MOON zippers up his jeans crossing to DUFFY, he meets
the three GIRLS LUPO chased taking off their clothes.
Standing by is MILLER, already naked and holding open
the front door. MOON says to him:

Where you going, Mr. Miller?

MILLER

Down for a dip before the rain,
Mr. Moon—and won't you come and
join us?

MOON

Wait a minute—

MOON closes the door

—you might get busted down
there—

GIRL

Naw—it's almost dark—

MOON

Listen, take a tip from me and
use the Jacuzzi—

MILLER

(sad-faced)

Virginia's using it.

DUFFY turns up a loud nineteen-fifties rock-and-roll
piece, grabs MOON and starts jitterbugging with him.
MILLER does the same with the GIRL, and two guys grab

the other two GIRLS, and now there are a lot of bare asses on the dance floor.

OPAL is on MOON'S stool talking to DAISY, who is still behind the bar:

OPAL

(excitedly)

What about Stanley? Ask him to come. Duffy won't mind.

GOODFELLOW is wandering around looking for a dance partner.

DAISY

He's writing a sex cookbook.

She smiles at him and he heads over. The telephone on the bar rings and she answers it by force of habit:

Hello? ...I can't hear you—who?
...Just a minute—

she hands the receiver to OPAL

—it's for you.

OPAL

What?

GOODFELLOW breathes into DAISY'S ear:

GOODFELLOW

I've had my eye on you—

DAISY

You have?

OPAL

For me?

GOODFELLOW
(to Daisy)

Want to dance?

DAISY

Sure—

OPAL

Who is it, Daisy?

DAISY

She didn't say—

and DAISY goes off with GOODFELLOW.

OPAL

(into the receiver)

Who is this?

144. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

WANDA

(into the receiver)

Hi, Opal, this is Wanda—Mr. Lupo's
here—

and she passes the receiver over the seat to LUPO in
the front.

LUPO

I want you to leave the party un-
seen right now.

145. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

OPAL

Where—where are you?

She has to strain her ear to hear over the loud music.
She glances at a curtained window, then at MOON.

He's really into the number he's doing with DUFFY.

OPAL says a few more things that we can't make out, and
then hangs up.

146. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

From a distant point of view, we can see how desolate
the area is. More thunder and lightning.

146A. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO silently waits with his eyes fixed on the gravel road ahead. TURK is behind the wheel beside him. Then a little smile creeps over LUPO'S ruby lips.

147. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

From LUPO'S viewpoint, we see OPAL hurrying toward the station wagon:

LUPO'S VOICE

Here she comes.

148. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO gets out. OPAL runs up and slides in the front seat. LUPO gets in next to her and closes the door.

149. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

PUTMAN'S CLERK with his flag and bible is in the back seat next to WANDA:

CLERK

Mission County Court is now in session—

and next to him is PUTMAN wearing his black robe:

PUTMAN

Swear the witness.

The CLERK raises his right hand and eyeballs OPAL:

CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help you God?

In the seat behind them are the two OFFICERS and PUTMAN'S REPORTER, who has her stenotype machine set up.

OPAL

Yes—will somebody tell me what's—

CLERK

State your name.

OPAL

Opal Frost—what's going on here?

LUPO

What's going on in Peter Moon's house?

OPAL

Huh? ...Nothing ...A party ...

LUPO

What kind of a party, Miss Frost?

OPAL

...just a party—

REPORTER

Keep your voice up, please—

OPAL

Just a party.

LUPO

Oh, baloney. A sex orgy is what is going on in Peter Moon's house, Miss Frost, a sex orgy to which you are a sworn material witness. So stop playing little games and tell us all about it. What are Mr. Moon and his guests doing?

OPAL

Just talking ...

LUPO

What else?

OPAL

...and drinking ...

LUPO

What else?

OPAL

...and dancing

What else? LUPO

...nothing else ... OPAL

I can't hear you— REPORTER

Nothing else! OPAL

150. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

GOODFELLOW'S got DAISY on the floor in a corner:

DAISY
You think we should ask your
therapist if she wants to watch?

Good idea— GOODFELLOW

and he straightens up and yells

—hey, Duffy—

DAISY
I was only kidding.

DUFFY is at the hi fi with MOON going through more al-
bums:

DUFFY
Excuse me a minute—

and she goes over to see what GOODFELLOW wants. MOON
crosses to the bar and pours himself another drink.
Then, he looks around the room, crosses and opens the
door to the Jacuzzi patio:

MOON
Hello there, Mrs. Miller—

151. EXT. MOON'S JACUZZI PATIO

VIRGINIA'S still in the pool:

VIRGINIA
Would you mind sending Charles out,
Mr. Moon?

MOON
Okay. Say, you haven't seen a girl
in a white bikini?

VIRGINIA
No.

152. INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM

MOON crosses to ST. JOHN:

MOON
Do you know what happened to Opal?

ST. JOHN
Yeah—she went out.

MOON
Where was she going?

ST. JOHN
I don't know.

MOON goes out the front door.

153. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO isn't saying a word; he's just glowering at OPAL
as PUTMAN questions her:

PUTMAN
You haven't observed any conduct of
a sexual nature?

OPAL
Right.

PUTMAN
None whatsoever?

OPAL

Right.

PUTMAN
(to LUPO)

Do you have any more questions?

LUPO tries a different tack:

LUPO

Well, all right, Miss Frost. All right. For the moment we'll drop that subject and move ahead to another.

OPAL

Thanks.

LUPO

You're welcome. Now then. Who in there is using what drugs?

OPAL

Drugs?

LUPO

Yeah—you know, Miss Frost—heroin, cocaine and LSD?

OPAL

Oh, I haven't seen nobody use drugs—

LUPO

You haven't seen anybody injecting or snorting or swallowing or smoking anything?

OPAL

No, no—

LUPO

You're a liar—

PUTMAN

Mr. Lupo—

LUPO

—she's a liar—

PUTMAN

—I think—

LUPO

First she lies about the orgy, now she lies about the drugs. You don't believe this broad, do you?

PUTMAN

Any more questions, Mr. Lupo?

LUPO

Can't you tell she's lying?

PUTMAN

Very well—this court finds no probable cause to issue a warrant—

LUPO

Don't you know what's really going on in there?

PUTMAN

So far you have failed to produce one spark of sworn testimony—

LUPO

Because if you don't know, I'll tell you—

PUTMAN

Fine, if you want to be sworn as a witness—

LUPO

—oral copulation's going on, sodomy's going on—

REPORTER

You're going too fast—

LUPO

—crimes against nature are going on, crimes against the State are going on—

REPORTER

—wait, I didn't get that—

LUPO

—heroin's going on, cocaine's going

on, LSD's going on—

PUTMAN
How do you know this?

REPORTER
—PLEASE STOP—

LUPO
THE HOUSE IS FULL OF SEX PERVERTS
AND DOPE FIENDS—THAT'S HOW I KNOW!

PUTMAN
This witness is excused—court is
adjourned.

The REPORTER is crying.

LUPO
This little slut is not excused.

PUTMAN
Let's go, Corporal Turk.

TURK
Yes, sir—

and TURK starts the engine.

LUPO
I am not finished with this witness.

PUTMAN
The court is. Let her out.

LUPO
I have more questions to ask her.

PUTMAN
Let her out your side, Corporal
Turk.

TURK opens his door and gets out.

154. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO
(to OPAL)

You stay right where you are—

TURK
(to OPAL)

Step out here, Miss—

and OPAL slides across the seat and gets out.

LUPO
(to TURK)

Don't let her go back there—

PUTMAN
(to TURK)

Let's get out of here!

155. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

TURK gets back in and closes the door.

LUPO
(to PUTMAN)

Don't you see, we can't let her
go back there—

PUTMAN

Mr. Lupo, you just don't have any
God damn probable cause—at least
you don't have any this evening.
Can't you understand that, Mr. Lupo?
Maybe you'll have probable cause
another evening. But you don't this
evening. So let's go home.

LUPO

But there won't be another evening—
and she's gonna tell him we were
here—

He looks out the windshield and—

156. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

—from LUPO'S viewpoint we see OPAL walking back in the
direction toward MOON'S house:

LUPO 'S VOICE

—it's gotta be this evening—

157. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED ON GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO

—wait a minute—let me go grab
her—

PUTMAN

God damn it, no!

TURK starts to turn around and LUPO opens his door:

LUPO

—wait, I'll bring her back—

158. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

As the police wagon completes its turn, LUPO lunges out
and runs after OPAL:

LUPO

Hold it right there!

OPAL turns around, sees LUPO running toward her, then
continues walking in the direction of MOON'S house.
LUPO keeps coming, overtakes her and blocks her path:

I said hold it.

OPAL

Get out of my way.

LUPO

Where do you think you're going?

OPAL

Back to the party—

LUPO

No you're not, you're going with
me—

and he grabs her arm and starts to walk her inland.
She bursts out laughing:

OPAL
Where to, Mr. Lupo—

the road leading inland is empty; the police wagon is gone

—I think your friends cut out on you.

LUPO
(undaunted)
Just keep walking.

Then, OPAL shouts:

OPAL
WAIT A MINUTE—

and she yanks loose:

—I'm not going anywhere with you!

LUPO reaches in his back pocket and takes out his handcuffs:

LUPO
I had thought maybe I wouldn't have to use these.

OPAL
You can't put those on me.

LUPO
I can't? Down on your knees, you're under arrest.

OPAL
What in the hell for?

LUPO
What in the hell for? Let me see—for publicly exhibiting obscene matter.

OPAL
Shit, are you still on that kick?

LUPO
I'm afraid so, Miss Frost.

OPAL
Well you're a bit late, Mr. Lupo,
so do me a big favor, will you, and
fuck off!

She turns and walks away.

LUPO
(livid)
You are not going back to that party—

and he bolts after her, grabs her by the arm again and they struggle; but he can't seem to get the handcuffs on her, so he begins to drag her inland. As OPAL tugs and pulls and tries to get loose, she picks up a jagged rock with her free hand and cracks LUPO on the back of the head. He yelps and turns and she swings again fast and smashes him hard in the face with it. He lets go of her, crying:

My eye my eye you hit me in my eye ...

OPAL takes off and LUPO stumbles after her

...Stop ...You're under arrest ...

OPAL keeps going and LUPO draws his luger from under his coat

...for assault on an officer ...

159. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

MOON is roving around with his drink in his hand:

MOON
Hey Opal? Where are you?
(Then at the top of his lungs)
I WANT YOU TO FINISH WHAT YOU WERE
DOING.

160. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

OPAL
(running)
PETER ...I'M COMING ...

161. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

MOON looks inland and hears in the distance

OPAL'S VOICE

...Peter ...

but nobody can be seen on the horizon, just the tops of the sand dunes.

161A. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO

(running, stumbling, yelling)

...under arrest ...FOR ESCAPE FROM
LAWFUL CUSTODY—

and he starts firing, wildly.

OPAL

(running as fast as she can)

...PETER!...

161B. EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MOON'S HOUSE

MOON hears the gunfire and tears up the beach.

162. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

LUPO, stumbling, tripping—and then he stops. OPAL is face down in the gravel and a thick stain of blood is swelling over the ass and crotch of her white bikini. A light drizzle begins to fall. He returns his luger inside his coat. OPAL pushes herself around on her back and looks down at her crotch, which is blood-stained in the front, too:

OPAL

You didn't have to ...shoot me ...
you didn't—

MOON runs up and falls to his knees beside her

MOON

What happened, Opal—what happened
to you?

MOON'S eyes well with tears.

OPAL

...he didn't have to shoot me ...
he didn't have to.

MOON stands up flushed with rage. He has a savage look in his eyes.

LUPO puts his hand inside his coat, ready for any kind of attack. Then OPAL lets out a just awful groan and begins to writhe in delayed-action pain:

OPAL

Somebody help me somebody help me
somebody help me—

MOON drops back beside her:

MOON

Wait, Opal—I'll telephone—an ambulance—please don't die—

and he dashes off in the direction of his house.

163. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING ALONG RESIDENTIAL STREET NIGHT

The wagon plows through a torrent of rain with its red lights flashing.

164. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING

TURK is driving; WANDA is in the front seat beside him; and we can hear the police DISPATCHER on the radio.

MOON is in the back seat between the other two OFFICERS; he's still in his jeans, wrapped in an army blanket, looking pale and bushed, and he's shivering.

165. INT. THE LUPOS' BEDROOM

We hear LUPO and his WIFE having sexual intercourse beneath the large picture of God. LUPO is huffing and puffing like mad, balling the daylights out of his WIFE under the covers. His luger and handcuffs are on the table next to the bed, and the rain outside is blowing

against the windows.

166. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON TRAVELING

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Calling Task Force One, over.

WANDA snatches the receiver:

WANDA
Task Force One—go ahead.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Assault victim Opal Frost just
died of gunshot wounds at Mission
County Hospital emergency room.
Reclassify investigation homicide.

WANDA
Ten four, dispatch—over and out.

MOON begins to weep.

167. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

TURK'S wagon pulls up and stops in front of the house.

168. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED IN STREET IN
FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

WANDA
(to TURK)
Go ahead. I'll wait here.

169. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED IN STREET IN
FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

TURK and the two OFFICERS in the back seat hop out and
run through the downpour to the front door. A sudden
gust of wind blows over a LUPO trash can and carries
it across the lawn leaving a trail of rubbish.

170. INT. THE LUPOS' BEDROOM

LUPU is working himself into a frenzy. We hear the door chimes, followed by Adolph barking, but LUPU doesn't stop.

WIFE

Carl ...is somebody at our door?....

LUPU doesn't answer, evidently because he's just about to reach an orgasm. The chimes sound again:

...who's ringing our chimes, Carl?

No answer.

Carl?

Still no answer. She pushes him off her, and he lets go with a series of sharp grunts.

171. EXT. THE LUPOS' HOUSE

While TURK and the other OFFICERS wait outside, we can hear Adolph barking and growling inside. Then the lights come on, the front door opens, and LUPU appears in a bathrobe with his luger in his hand and the dog snarling at his side.

LUPU

Corporal Turk—I want to see you first thing in the morning in the district attorney's office—

TURK

Would you mind stepping over to the vehicle, Mr. Lupo?

172. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED IN STREET IN FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

MOON

How many Carl Lupos do you think there are?.

WANDA

Sorry, Mr. Moon, department regulations.

173. EXT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED IN STREET IN FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

LUPO and the OFFICERS run to the wagon. When they get there, TURK says to LUPO:

TURK

Give me your luger before we get in.

LUPO

Why—I never did before?

Nobody answers.

Okay, I'll give it to you, but give it back when we're done.

LUPO hands over his luger, TURK opens the door, WANDA slides over and LUPO climbs in.

174. INT. TURK'S POLICE STATION WAGON PARKED IN STREET IN FRONT OF THE LUPOS' HOUSE

LUPO and MOON stare at each other, then LUPO turns to WANDA and says:

LUPO

Where did you pick him up?

175. EXT. JAIL BUS TRAVELING ALONG CITY STREET MORNING

Packed with prisoners.

176. EXT. INTERSECTION DOWN THE STREET FROM MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE

MOON on his bicycle approaches a red light, coasts to a stop and waits for it to change green. Then the jail

bus pulls alongside him and LARRY FISHER hollers out a window near the back:

FISHER

Hey Mr. Moon, you gonna be in court with me this morning?

MOON

Yeah, I'll be there—

177. INT. JAIL BUS

FISHER

Because I want you to get me cut loose on my O.R., see—

but the bus pulls away before he can finish. The DEPUTY at the wheel makes an announcement:

DEPUTY

I don't want no talking or horsing around disembarking—okay gentlemen?

LUPO

Hey, deputy—

DEPUTY

Just do what you're told and you won't pick up a new beef—

LUPO

—I got a question.

LUPO is seated near the front, wearing coveralls and sneakers and hooked to the chain like the rest of the PRISONERS.

DEPUTY

What is it, Mr. Lupo?

A burning match lands in LUPO'S lap:

LUPO

Why is a political prisoner like myself ...

another match hits him ...

unable to lay his hands on the plain stationery he needs to file a writ of habeas corpus—

other PRISONERS holler "yeah ...yeah ...right on ..."

—so he can find out—

PRISONERS

Yeah, deputy ...yeah ...

they start to shower LUPO with matches

LUPO

(hollering to be heard)

—EXACTLY WHAT IS COMING DOWN?

178. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MISSION COUNTY COURTHOUSE

LUPO'S WIFE, ex-public defender PHIL DAVIS and lawyer PERCY BARRYMORE are waiting on the sidewalk. A group of TOURISTS are on the lawn clustered around the TOUR GUIDE, who is telling them:

TOUR GUIDE

Many of our visitors ask who created this timeless masterpiece—it being only natural to wonder—and the answer is the Mission County cultural revolution of the nineteen-fifties created it.

The jail bus approaches and stops in front of LUPO'S WIFE, DAVIS and BARRYMORE. The DEPUTY'S PARTNER alights and motions out the PRISONERS with his shotgun. When LUPO steps off, he says:

LUPO

Who is charging me?

BARRYMORE

The attorney general's office,
Carl.

BARRYMORE, DAVIS and LUPO'S WIFE walk with LUPO along the walkway toward the courthouse entrance.

LUPO

What with?

BARRYMORE doesn't answer. LUPO turns to DAVIS:

