

# **OUT OF BUSINESS**

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY

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Registered WGAw 202677

**THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER GROUP**

Hollywood General Studios  
1040 North Las Palmas Avenue  
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FADE IN

1 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH (REALLY SANTA MONICA) PIER - DAY 1  
Establishing shot.

2 ANGLE ON HERMAN'S ADULT BOOKSTORE 2

A small store not far from the carrousel. Except for a sign in the window proclaiming: FREE ADMISSION - ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY, the window is entirely covered by a huge hand-painted sign that reads: FOR SALE - CHEAP. HERMAN, the proprietor, a man in his mid-fifties, comes out of the store to paint the word VERY in front of the word CHEAP. KRONSKY, his compatriot, walks into the shot and watches him work.

KRONSKY

The prospect from New Jersey fell through?

HERMAN

Looks that way. I haven't heard anything more from him.

KRONSKY

You're becoming desperate, huh?

HERMAN

Wouldn't you be? That madman takes office a week from tomorrow.

Both men walk back into the store.

3 INT. HERMAN'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY 3

As the two men enter.

KRONSKY

You really think he'll close you down?

HERMAN

I hate the thought of being here to find out.

KRONSKY

(shakes his head  
sadly)

I'll miss this place. It's one of my few remaining pleasures.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He walks back to the Super-8 movie projection booths and disappears inside one of them. Herman takes a feather duster and busies himself dusting the magazines on the shelves --

until an out-of-breath HARRY FINK (a man mature enough to have ascended to the pinnacle of corporate power, impeccably attired in a conservative business suit) enters to ask...

HARRY

Are you Herman?

HERMAN

Depends what you want.

HARRY

I want to buy you out. I'm Harry  
Fink -- from Hackensack.

HERMAN

(overjoyed)

Mr. Fink! It's a pleasure to  
finally meet you.

HARRY

I was afraid I'd be too late.

HERMAN

So was I.

(as Harry reacts)

If I hadn't heard from you by  
today, I was going to sell out to  
a syndicate in Boston.

HARRY

(looking around)

It's smaller than I expected.

HERMAN

It's no Radio City Music Hall,  
that's for sure. What do you  
want -- a white elephant or a  
gold mine?

HARRY

Good point.

HERMAN

Did you bring a certified check?

HARRY

Not so fast, friend. Slow down.  
You're not dealing with a yokel.

HERMAN

(angry)

That does it!

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED (2)

3

He goes to the phone and begins dialing a number.

HARRY  
(alarmed)  
What are you doing?

HERMAN  
Calling that syndicate in Boston.

HARRY  
Hang up, I got your check.

As he reaches for his wallet, the music swells up.

DISSOLVE TO:

4

EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH POLICE STATION - DAY

4

A small, nondescript building befitting our one-horse (fictitious) town. Out of the building come Police Chief BULL JOHNSON, in full uniform including four star insignia of rank on his shoulders, and TWO YOUNG POLICE OFFICERS. The three bastions of law and order head determinedly for the ancient but well-preserved paddy wagon (with MIRAMAR BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT painted on the door) parked at the curb. OVER THIS:

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

One young officer opens the passenger door for his chief, then gets in beside him. The other young officer goes around to the driver's side, enters, turns on the flashing red lights and pulls away to reveal a telephone pole plastered with a campaign poster that reads:

ELECT MEDWIN DUCK DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
WHEN HE QUACKS, THE BAD GUYS WILL QUAKE

5

EXT. PADDY WAGON TRAVELING ALONG OCEAN HIGHWAY - DAY

5

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

6

INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY

6

We approach TWO FEMALE HITCHHIKERS who pull in their thumbs as we pass. Eventually, we reach a street and turn. Credits continue.

- 7 EXT. MODEST APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 7  
 The paddy wagon pulls to a stop in front. A man (JOSE) waiting just inside the lobby, comes out carrying an American flag, a stand and a Bible. He walks up to the back of the paddy wagon and climbs in with his gear. The paddy wagon takes off again. Credits continue.
- 8 INT. PADDY WAGON TRAVELING ALONG STREET - DAY 8  
 The roadside view is starting to shift from modest apartment houses to modest single family dwellings. Credits continue.
- 9 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SINGLE FAMILY FRAME HOUSE - DAY 9  
 An old woman (MRS. DAVIS) carrying two odd-shaped black cases comes from the house followed by one of the young officers. They walk to the curb where the paddy wagon is parked and get in. Credits continue.
- 10 INT. PADDY WAGON TRAVELING ALONG STREET - DAY 10  
 The houses along the road are getting more substantial. Credits continue.
- 11 EXT. WELL-KEPT PRIVATE RESIDENCE - DAY 11  
 The paddy wagon turns up the driveway and stops in front of the large house. A man inside (JUDGE PUTMAN) looks out a window then comes out of the front door. He's wearing a baggy black robe. He gets in the paddy wagon and it drives off. Credits continue.
- 12 EXT. TUDOR CLUB - DAY 12  
 The paddy wagon approaches, slows and stops in front of this exclusive men's residence-club.
- 13 INT. DUCK'S ROOM - DAY 13  
 MEDWIN DUCK, 29 going on 65, is sitting on his bed, oiling a set of handcuffs. Today, he's district attorney of Miramar County: tomorrow, if all his calculated planning goes well, governor of California. Next to the D.A., on a bedside table, is a Luger in a shoulder holster. Seated at his feet, is a man-eating German shepherd dog. The director's credit appears and the music stops. The PHONE RINGS.

DUCK  
 (answering phone)  
 District Attorney Duck... I'll be  
 right out!

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

He hangs up the phone, straps on the shoulder holster, looks down at the German shepherd and says...

DUCK  
(to police dog)  
Take over, Adolf!

The dog springs to attention as Duck walks out of the room.

14 EXT. TUDOR CLUB - DAY

14

The club's uniformed DOORMAN and Police Chief Johnson are lined up standing at attention at one side of the club's canopied entrance, the two young police officers on the other, forming an honor guard as District Attorney Duck, looking like a civilian Gen. MacArthur about to retake the Philippines, triumphantly emerges from the swank men's club to address the troops.

DUCK  
Let's roll!

He leads the way to the paddy wagon, with Chief Johnson and the two young police officers falling in line behind him.

15 HARRY'S HAND SHAKILY HOLDS UP A LARGE WOODEN Y - DAY

15

HARRY'S VOICE  
Is it centered?

Pull back to take in the scene. Harry, on a ladder, is in the process of converting the HERMAN'S ADULT BOOKSTORE sign hanging above his store into a HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE sign by having removed four wooden letters from the word HERMAN'S -- the E, which he has already replaced with an A, and the three letters MAN which he is replacing with two letters -- R and Y. When he hammers in the Y, which he is now working on, the sign will read HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE. Holding the ladder for Harry, is BETTY BELL, 20, who has the fresh-washed good looks and lithe ease of a farm girl -- which is exactly what she is. A new sign on the window reads: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. WATCH FOR GRAND REOPENING.

BETTY  
Can I let go of the ladder?

HARRY  
If you absolutely must.

Betty lets go of the ladder and steps back to look.

BETTY  
A little more to the right.

16 HARRY, SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS, 16  
moving the wooden Y a little more to the right -- which centers  
it a bit better.

CHIEF JOHNSON'S VOICE  
What the hell's going on?

17 DISTRICT ATTORNEY DUCK, INSIDE THE PADDY WAGON, 17  
puts aside the binoculars to chide the police chief.

DUCK  
Mind your language, Chief! There's  
a woman present!

MRS. DAVIS  
(who's deaf)  
What'd he say?

JUDGE  
(to Duck, annoyed)  
That place isn't even open yet!

DUCK  
It will be, Your Honor.  
(gloating)  
But not for long.

18 EXT. HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY 18  
Betty is again holding the ladder. Harry is hammering the  
Y into the sign. As the camera moves off Harry to favor  
Betty, we hear...

HARRY'S VOICE  
Damn!

BETTY  
Did you hit your finger again?

19 ON HARRY 19  
holding two sections of the broken Y.

HARRY  
I broke my Y.  
He climbs down the ladder.

BETTY  
Why don't you nail both pieces  
in separately?



HARRY

I don't have any more nails.

He begins folding up the ladder.

BETTY

I could get some at the hardware store.

HARRY

I don't have any more money either.

BETTY

You mean with you?

HARRY

(irritably)  
I mean what I say.

He snaps the ladder shut, pinching his hand in the process.

HARRY

Damn!

BETTY

What happened now?

HARRY

(looking at it)  
I pinched my hand.

BETTY

Can I do anything?

HARRY

Take the ladder back to the merry-go-round and say thanks.

BETTY

All right.

She lifts up the heavy ladder and walks off in the direction of the carrousel. The camera remains on Harry, who steps back to examine the sign critically.

walks into the scene and stops to look at Harry looking at his sign.

KRONSKY

It needs another Y -- I think.

20 CONTINUED 20

HARRY  
Professor Albert Einstein.

21 HARRY AND KRONSKY SEEN THROUGH DUCK'S BINOCULARS 21

CHIEF JOHNSON'S VOICE  
That's Kronsky, a regular, according to my intelligence.

22 FEATURING JUDGE PUTMAN 22

becoming progressively more annoyed.

JUDGE  
A regular what?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
Patron of that illicit establishment.

JUDGE  
Alleged illicit establishment.

23 EXT. HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY 23

KRONSKY  
Is it true you're considering charging admission?

HARRY  
Who told you that?

KRONSKY  
I got sources.

HARRY  
It's premature.

KRONSKY  
But true?

HARRY  
Possibly.

KRONSKY  
In my humble opinion, that would be a blunder of gigantic proportions.

HARRY  
Did I ask your opinion?

24 INT. PADDY WAGON

24

Judge Putman looks at his watch and then looks up threateningly at a nervous Duck.

JUDGE

If that place isn't open for business in five minutes, I'm going to the race track!

25 EXT. HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

25

Betty cheerfully re-enters the scene to tell Harry...

BETTY

The merry-go-round man said any time.

HARRY

Any time what?

BETTY

Any time you want to borrow his ladder, you can.

HARRY

Big deal.

KRONSKY

(to Harry)

I don't think I'm going to like you.

HARRY

That's going to keep me up nights.

KRONSKY

It should. I was a very good customer of this store.

HARRY

If you were, you'll be.

KRONSKY

Don't be so sure.

HARRY

You know how far my nearest competitor is?

KRONSKY

I'll be finding out.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

HARRY  
Twenty-seven and three-tenths  
miles.  
(to Kronsky's sur-  
prised reaction)  
I had a scientific survey made.

KRONSKY  
Why?

HARRY  
So I wouldn't screw up again.

26 INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY

26

JUDGE  
(looking at watch)  
Three down, two to go.

27 EXT. HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

27

KRONSKY  
Let me tell you something, Mister.  
I come from a school that taught  
that the customer is always right.  
And until you learn that lesson,  
I'll stay home and watch Charlie's  
Angels.

He walks off in a huff. Betty is plainly disturbed.

HARRY  
(assures her)  
He'll be back.

BETTY  
How do you know?

HARRY  
I know the law.

BETTY  
The law?

HARRY  
Of supply and demand.

He gives her a wink, goes over to the WATCH FOR GRAND RE-  
OPENING sign on the window, takes a leather case from his  
inside jacket pocket, removes a little scissors from it and  
goes over to snip off the WATCH FOR part from the sign.  
Then he takes out his keys, unlocks the door and ushers  
Betty into the store.

28

INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY

28

DUCK  
(taking command)  
Let's go!

He leads the three uniformed police officers out of the paddy wagon, dashing ahead of them towards Harry's store, withdrawing his Luger as he runs.

29

INT. HARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

29

Duck barges in and points his gun at the terrified Harry and Betty.

DUCK  
Freeze!

HARRY  
(throws his hands up)  
Don't shoot! Take whatever you want!

30

CHIEF JOHNSON AND HIS TWO OFFICERS

30

rush into the store, service revolvers drawn.

HARRY  
Thank God!  
(to Betty)  
We're saved! What a fantastic police department!

He puts his hands down.

DUCK  
(screams)  
Put your hands up!

Harry quickly puts his hands up again, and whispers to Chief Johnson out of the corner of his mouth...

HARRY  
Take away his gun, stupid.

CHIEF JOHNSON  
Quiet!

31

MRS. DAVIS AND JOSE

31

now enter the store. Mrs. Davis, the court reporter, opens her cases and removes a folding chair from one and a stenotype machine from the other. Jose, the man with the flag, stand and Bible, is the court clerk.

31 CONTINUED

31

JOSE  
(in a loud voice)  
Extinguish all cigars and cigarettes. Miramar Beach Municipal Court is now in session. Honorable Dewey K. Putman, presiding. Face the flag of our country.

32 JUDGE PUTMAN,

32

as if on cue, enters the store, faces the flag, clutches his heart and leads the pledge -- joined in by everyone in the store.

JUDGE  
I pledge allegiance to the flag  
of the United States of America...

33 ON HARRY

33

HARRY  
...and to the republic for which  
it stands...

34 ON BETTY

34

BETTY  
...one nation, under God...

35 ON PUTMAN

35

JUDGE  
...indivisible, with liberty and  
justice for all.

This done, Harry turns to the judge to demand...

HARRY  
Who gave you permission to turn  
my store into a courtroom?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
I told you to be quiet!

HARRY  
Get out of my store -- all of you!

Betty starts to leave. Duck restrains her.

CONTINUED

JUDGE

One more word and I'll hold you  
in contempt of court.

HARRY

(under his breath)  
Fascist!

Putman glares at Harry, who decides he better remain quiet.

JUDGE

(to D.A.)  
Proceed, Mr. Duck.

DUCK

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

JUDGE

The court is convened on the  
premises to examine the evidence  
firsthand rather than by affidavit.

Duck walks to the back of the store and enters the first  
booth.

DUCK

(from inside booth)  
Request the Clerk mark this State  
Exhibit A.

JUDGE

So ordered.

Jose crosses and ties a large red tag that says EXHIBIT A  
to the booth. Duck comes out.

DUCK

The State contends Exhibit A  
contains obscene matter...

He goes back in the booth and comes out.

DUCK

...entitled THE LINGERIE SALESMAN.

MRS. DAVIS

What was that?

DUCK

(shouts at Mrs. Davis)  
THE LINGERIE SALESMAN.

DUCK (Cont.)

(to Putman)

Request Your Honor examine for  
probable cause.

(to police)

Does anyone have a quarter?

No one replies.

JUDGE

(annoyed)

I'll use my own quarter.

He enters the booth and we hear the sound of a coin plunking  
down, followed by the whine of a machine. Duck speaks in a  
low voice to Harry.

DUCK

Let me see your driver's license.

HARRY

Hitler!

But he takes out his wallet and gives Duck his driver's  
license.

DUCK

(examines license)

This license expired in 1958.

HARRY

When you see me driving, give me  
a ticket.

DUCK

Are you Harry Fink?

HARRY

No. I'm Burt Reynolds.

DUCK

Is this your business?

HARRY

I want my lawyer.

Judge Putman shouts from inside the booth.

JUDGE

The Court is ready to make its  
finding.

He comes out rubbing his eyes.

CONTINUED



JUDGE (cont.)

There is probable cause to believe  
Exhibit A is obscene.

Duck hands Putman a document.

JUDGE

(signing the document)

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

He takes off his robe and leaves the store.

start ripping off the sides of the booths, exposing the  
coin-operated movie machines. Harry runs over to try to  
prevent the destruction of his property.

HARRY

Stop that, you hooligans!

DUCK

(to Harry, removing  
handcuffs)

Kneel on the floor and reach for  
the sky.

HARRY

Are you crazy?

DUCK

I said kneel!

HARRY

Who are you -- the queen?

DUCK

I'm District Attorney Duck, and  
you're under arrest.

HARRY

What for?

DUCK

Intent to publicly exhibit obscene  
matter. Put your hands behind  
your back.

Harry puts his hands behind his back, but keeps right on  
talking.

HARRY  
This store has been here for  
nine --

Duck snaps the cuffs on Harry's wrists.

HARRY  
(howls in pain)  
Too tight!

DUCK  
(loosens cuffs a notch)  
Sorry.

The police officers approach with sections of the booths  
and Duck says to Chief Johnson...

DUCK  
Here, Chief, take charge of this  
criminal --

HARRY  
(outraged)  
Criminal?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
Quiet!

DUCK  
-- while I interrogate his  
confederate.

He turns Harry over to Chief Johnson and turns to question  
Betty.

DUCK  
What's your name?

BETTY  
Betty Bell. And I'm not a  
Confederate. My father's great  
grandfather fought with General  
Grant.

On Duck's reaction, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

Establishing shot. The Miramar Beach courthouse, like every-  
thing else about this town, is small. It contains one court-  
room, the District Attorney's office and, in the basement,  
the Public Defender's office.

JACK MOON, the public defender, enters the courtroom carrying a stack of files. His secretary, DAISY, is already seated at the defense table. A motley dozen male prisoners are seated in the jury box. In among them, like a fish out of water, is Harry Fink, still dressed in his conservative business suit. Betty and two other female prisoners are seated behind the prosecutor's table, where District Attorney Duck and his secretary, FRITZIE, are seated. Two defense lawyers, a few spectators, a BAILIFF, a matron, Mrs. Davis and Jose are also present. The camera captures what Jack Moon sees as he walks down the center aisle -- and one of the things Jack Moon sees, he'd like to capture: delectable Betty Bell. He steps inside the bar and stops in front of Betty to ask...

JACK  
(to Betty)  
You're broke, right?

BETTY  
How'd you know?

JACK  
Because that way, I can represent  
you. Settled?

He continues on to the defense table, where he tells his secretary...

JACK  
Daisy, I just met the girl I'm  
going to marry.

DAISY  
(unimpressed)  
You always say that -- until you  
maneuver them onto your water bed.  
Then it's wham, bam, thank you,  
ma'am.

BAILIFF  
Quiet in the courtroom!

JOSE  
Extinguish all cigars and cig-  
arettes. Miramar Beach Municipal  
Court is now in session. Honorable  
Dewey K. Putman, presiding.

Judge Putman enters from his chambers, takes his place behind the bench and begins rifling through a huge stack of files.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

JUDGE

My, we have a long calendar this morning. People versus Fink and Bell.

39 BETTY

39

stands up and the matron indicates that she's to move forward and stand in front of the judge. Jack Moon moves next to her and whispers...

JACK

You Fink?

BETTY

(shakes her head)  
Bell.

40 HARRY FINK,

40

filing down out of the jury box, gets goosed by the other prisoners.

HARRY

Stop that!

BAILIFF

Quiet in the courtroom!

HARRY

They goosed me!

He takes his position, standing next to Betty.

JUDGE

A complaint has been filed charging each of you with 222 counts of intending to show obscene material to the public.

HARRY

I have some complaints too, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I'm sure you do, Mr. Fink. But here, I do the complaining.

A number of the male prisoners laugh. Harry turns to them.

HARRY

What are you laughing at? You're treated like animals, chained together --

CONTINUED

JUDGE  
(bangs his gavel)  
That's enough, Mr. Fink!

HARRY  
Enough? It's too much! It's a  
disgrace!

JUDGE  
Be quiet, or I'll hold you in  
contempt of court!

HARRY  
Do you know that jail downstairs?  
There's not even a seat on the  
toilet!

JUDGE  
I know!

HARRY  
You think that's right -- in the  
richest country in the world?

JUDGE  
This is not the richest country  
in the world. This country is  
going broke!

DUCK  
Your Honor, please.

JUDGE  
(regaining control; to  
Harry and Betty)  
Do either of you have an attorney?

JACK  
Your Honor, I've already talked  
with defendant Bell. She qualifies  
for the Public Defender's office,  
enters a plea of not guilty,  
requests trial by jury and moves  
to be released on her own recog-  
nizance.

JUDGE  
Any objection, Mr. Duck?

DUCK  
Emphatically yes, Your Honor. The  
girl has only been in town three  
days, has no money and no ties  
to the community.

JACK

I'll personally vouch for her appearance, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Motion granted.

He writes something in a file. Moon takes Betty by the arm and leads her off.

JUDGE

Do you have an attorney, Mr. Fink?

HARRY

Do I look like a man who doesn't have an attorney?

JUDGE

Is your attorney in court today?

HARRY

He's in Boston. Mr. F. Lee Bailey.

JUDGE

In that case, Mr. Fink, I would suggest that you avail yourself of one of our fine local practitioners, two of whom are present in this courtroom.

a shyster seated in front of the bar, who clears his throat to attract Harry's attention and then leans forward to hand him his card.

About a dozen male prisoners are here, including a tattooed black giant named RAY CHARLES JACKSON, who is doing one-handed push-ups on the concrete floor. A few of the other prisoners pass the time by throwing lit matches at each other.

as a lit match lands in his hair. He puts it out by slapping himself on the head -- hard.

HARRY

(re self-slap)

Ouch!

43

CONTINUED

43

PRISONER  
(taunting Harry)  
What's the matter, Daddy? You  
mad at yourself?

Some of the prisoners laugh at this.

HARRY  
Animals!

44

ANGLE ON JACK MOON

44

As he enters the room, a salvo of boos and hisses greets him.

PRISONER ONE  
Bout time you got here.

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

JACKSON  
You handling my case?

JACK  
You Jackson?

JACKSON  
Yeah.

CONTINUED

44

CONTINUED

44

JACK  
You don't have a case. You sold  
your stuff to a narc.

JACKSON  
Sheet!

45

HARRY

45

goes over to speak to Moon through the bars.

HARRY  
I'm Harry Fink of Fink and Bell.

JACK  
Isn't Klass handling your case?

HARRY  
Not without a down payment.

JACK  
That's customary. Give him one.

HARRY  
With what? Everything I own has  
been confiscated.

JACK  
(sighs)  
Then I guess I'm your lawyer.

HARRY  
Only until the arrival of F. Lee  
Bailey.

46

EXT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

46

Establishing shot. This is the in place for health food  
connoisseurs on the Miramar Beach pier. Unfortunately, there  
aren't very many. The few there are, usually prefer eating  
at the counter.

47

INT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

47

Jack Moon is seated at the counter. Betty Bell is the waitress  
behind the counter.

BETTY  
There's a minimum charge of fifty  
cents, even if you don't order  
anything. But Cloris frowns on  
that.

CONTINUED



JACK

She frowns on charging for not ordering?

BETTY

She frowns on not ordering.

JACK

In that case...

(studies menu)

Mashed yeast? I thought Woody Allen made that up.

BETTY

He did. But since there are so many requests for it, Cloris invented a dish to go with the joke.

JACK

Is it any good?

BETTY

Everything Cloris makes is good. And healthy.

JACK

(unenthusiastic)

I'll try anything once.

Betty goes to the serving window and calls back to the off screen Cloris...

BETTY

One Woody!

She returns to Moon.

JACK

How did you get this job so fast?

BETTY

I was offered this job and Harry's job before I left the farm. And since they both included a free room, it was a hard choice.

JACK

What made you choose Harry?

BETTY

He was going to pay me for sleeping.

JACK  
That dirty old man.

BETTY  
Not like that. For keeping an  
ear out for the bell.

JACK  
The bell?

BETTY  
Like a fireman. You see, the  
bookstore was open 24 hours a  
day, and say --

JACK  
I get the picture.

We hear the tinkle of a little BELL -- the kind of bell placed  
in 24-hour-a-day adult bookstores to summon the attendant for  
change. No, it isn't surrealism, only...

passing a nauseating-looking plate of mashed yeast through  
the serving window.

CLORIS  
One delicious Woody, ready for  
the discriminating palate.

She's gone again. Hold on Moon, looking at the dish dubiously.

Establishing shot.

Harry Fink makes his way cautiously through the corridor,  
trying to keep his suit from rubbing up against any of the  
maze of dusty basement pipes. He passes a HOOKER, coming  
from the opposite direction, and asks...

HARRY  
Excuse me, Madam, but could you -- ?

HOOKER  
Sure I can, Dad -- but later.  
Now, I have a date with the  
judge.

50 CONTINUED 50

The hooker walks on and Harry notices...

51 A LITTLE SIGN 51

all but hidden in among the pipes, pointing out (with an arrow) the direction of the MIRAMAR BEACH PUBLIC DEFENDER.

52 HARRY 52

follows the arrow.

53 INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 53

Daisy is behind the reception counter. Two shabby defendants, MILDRED SANCHEZ and her son MANUEL, are on the other side of the counter. Behind them, more defendants are cramped on austere benches filling out financial statements or reading tattered magazines. A DRUNK is sleeping on the floor, ignored by all. Mrs. Sanchez hands some papers to Daisy.

MRS. SANCHEZ

Here are me and Manuel's financials.

DAISY

Thank you, Mrs. Sanchez. You and your son have a seat, and Mr. Moon will see you as soon as he returns from lunch.

Mildred and Manuel go to take seats. Harry Fink enters the room and gives the drunk lying on the floor as wide a berth as possible as he makes his way to the counter. Before he reaches Daisy, her telephone RINGS.

DAISY

(into phone)

Public Defender's office -- just a moment, sir.

(without really looking at Harry, she hands him a paper and says...)

Have a seat and fill out this financial --

HARRY

I filled that out yesterday -- in court! Don't you remember?

Daisy holds up a finger to quiet Harry.

CONTINUED

DAISY  
(into phone)  
You were arrested for urinating,  
sir? Where? ... In a public  
toilet? ... In a women's public  
toilet.

HARRY  
I'm Harry Fink --

Daisy holds up her finger again.

DAISY  
(into phone)  
Mr. Moon will contact you in the  
holding cell, sir.

She hangs up and turns her attention to Harry.

DAISY  
Yes, Mr. Fink?

HARRY  
I'd like to call my lawyer.

DAISY  
I'm sorry, but Mr. Moon is out  
to lunch.

HARRY  
I don't mean him. I mean Mr.  
Bailey.

DAISY  
You want to phone Boston?

HARRY  
I want to phone Sydney.

DAISY  
Sidney Bailey?

HARRY  
Sydney, Australia. Mr. Baily  
is vacationing there.

returns from lunch, gingerly steps over the drunk, takes the  
telephone messages that Daisy has accumulated for him and at  
the same time asks her...

JACK

Anything earth shattering?

DAISY

Mrs. Sanchez and her son are back...

(handing him Sanchez  
papers)

...grand theft avocados.

Moon takes the papers and phone messages and starts for his office.

HARRY

That's how you greet a client --  
by ignoring him?

JACK

(happy to see him)

Mr. Fink! You're just the man  
I want to see!

HARRY

Look, you'll see! God gave you  
eyes. Be grateful. Use them.

JACK

I will. From now on. I promise.  
Please come into my office.

He holds the swinging door open for Harry. Which makes Mrs. Sanchez jump to her feet and announce...

MRS. SANCHEZ

We were here first.

JACK

I'll be with you in a moment,  
Mrs. Sanchez.

MRS. SANCHEZ

We ain't got all day.

JACK

I know.

He ushers Harry into his office.

The office looks something like a general's field office. A large map of Miramar Beach, with pins sticking in it, covers the wall. Framed diplomas, desk sets and most other conventional lawyer's trappings are nowhere to be found.

JACK

Harry -- do you mind if I call you Harry?

HARRY

Why should I mind? That's my name.

JACK

Harry, I was just talking to Betty --

HARRY

Who?

JACK

Betty Bell. Your codefendant.

HARRY

Oh, the girl.

JACK

Since she really hadn't started working for you yet, I'm going to try to get the District Attorney to drop the charges against her. Is that okay with you?

HARRY

I have a better idea. Since I was reopening a business that had been flourishing here for nine years -- and was closed down before my first customer came in -- why don't you better get the District Attorney to forget the whole thing.

JACK

Good point. I will.

It could be the setting for a "man of distinction" ad in THE NEW YORKER.

DUCK

I'd like to help you, Mr. Moon, but my hands are tied by Section 311 of the Penal Code.

JACK

Come off it, Duck.

DUCK

Mr. Duck. You are familiar with the Section, I assume.

JACK

No prosecutor in the state has tried to enforce that section for years.

DUCK

Exactly the point I made when I campaigned for office. Everybody in town knew I was going to put that place out of business.

JACK

Both of the defendants are from out of town. The girl came here to work around the clock in order to earn enough money to keep her father's farm from going under. Did you know that?  
the law or pay the penalty.

JACK

Quack, quack, quack. See you during the hunting season, Duck. Come prepared to have your feathers rumpled.

He turns and walks out of the office.

57 EXT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

57

Establishing shot.

58 INT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

58

Jack Moon is at the counter, studying the menu -- with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm.

JACK

I think I'll have the magic mushrooms today.

BETTY

You sure love health food.

JACK  
I hate health food.

BETTY  
Then why -- ?

JACK  
It's you I love, Betty. Why can't  
I make you understand that?

BETTY  
Don't be silly, Jack.

JACK  
You think it's silly to be in love?

BETTY  
No.

JACK  
You think it's silly to be in love  
with you?

BETTY  
I think it's silly for you to be  
in love with me.

JACK  
Why?

BETTY  
Because you don't even know me.

JACK  
I know everything I have to know  
about you.

BETTY  
Do you know that I'm engaged?

JACK  
(howls)  
Engaged?

BETTY  
To be married.

JACK  
Since when?

BETTY  
Since my senior year in high  
school.



58 CONTINUED (2)

58

JACK

Forget the magic mushrooms. See you in court -- four weeks from tomorrow.

He gets up and leaves the restaurant.

59 INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

59

Establishing shot.

60' INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

60

Harry is seated at Jack Moon's desk, holding the phone to his ear. Jack Moon, very agitated, is pacing the room.

JACK

(disbelief)

Nobody's a virgin any more.

HARRY

She is.

(into phone)

Bailey, not Dailey. Bailey, like Barnum and Bailey... I don't want to talk to anybody at the circus. I want to talk to F. Lee Bailey... F, like in For Cryin' Out Loud, why are Australian telephone operators so stupid?

JACK

But she's engaged to be married.

HARRY

Is it against the law for a virgin to be engaged?

(into phone)

What do you mean he's not there? Look again!

JACK

How can a girl who's been engaged since her senior year in high school be a virgin?

HARRY

You want me to show you the doctor's note?

JACK

What doctor's note?

CONTINUED

HARRY  
 (into phone)  
 What bull?

JACK  
 (repeats)  
 What doctor's note?

HARRY  
 (into phone)  
 Istanbul? Where's that? ... Do  
 you have a number there?

JACK  
 How could you possibly -- ?

HARRY  
 (to Moon, irritably)  
 I can't hear!  
 (into phone)  
 Not you, operator. You, I can  
 hear... That's in Turkey?  
 (writes number down,  
 then hangs up phone)  
 Is it day or night in Turkey?

JACK  
 How would I know? You have a  
doctor's note attesting to her  
 virginity?

HARRY  
 And a bill. You know what that  
 thief charged me to look for her  
 hymen?

JACK  
You sent her for that doctor's  
 examination?

HARRY  
 Naturally.

JACK  
 Why?

HARRY  
 To make sure she wasn't a lady of  
 the evening.

JACK  
 (furious)  
 You mean a hooker couldn't work  
 for you?

HARRY  
What's a hooker?

JACK  
A lady of the evening.

HARRY  
I wish you'd speak English.

JACK  
I wish you'd answer my question.  
Why would you discriminate against  
a hooker?

HARRY  
Because there could be a conflict  
of interest.

JACK  
Conflict of interest?

HARRY  
She could let her customers thumb  
through all my magazines without  
ever buying.

JACK  
Who'd ever think of that?

HARRY  
A successful businessman has to  
think of everything. Who'd know  
Turkish time?

JACK  
Forget about that. We're talking  
about Betty.

HARRY  
Forget about Betty.

JACK  
I've been trying to. But I can't.

61 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH PIER - DAY

61

Establishing shot.

62 INT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

62

Jack Moon is seated at the counter, waiting for his lunch  
to arrive from the kitchen and talking to Betty.

CONTINUED

BETTY  
I can't move in with you, Jack.

JACK  
Who's going to stop you?

BETTY  
Cloris would be horrified.

JACK  
Cloris is a dingbat.

passing a horrible looking concoction through the serving window, looks over at Jack and says...

CLORIS  
I heard that, naughty boy.

She disappears into the kitchen again. Betty puts the horrendous dish before Jack -- who ignores it.

JACK  
Don't you understand, Betty. I'm your lawyer. A lawyer isn't allowed to fool around with a client.

BETTY  
Even if he loves her?

JACK  
Not if she's engaged.

BETTY  
Is that true?

JACK  
Of course it's true. A lawyer can't lie. That's called perjury, and it's strictly a no-no.

BETTY  
Do many of your clients move in with you?

JACK  
During the critical phase, when I'm preparing their defense, all of them do.

BETTY

Is Harry also going to move in with you?

JACK

I can only accommodate one client at a time.

BETTY

Then shouldn't it be Harry? After all, it is his bookstore.

JACK

Didn't you ever hear the expression ladies first?

BETTY

Didn't women's lib make that a no-no?

JACK

Not to me.

BETTY

Where would I sleep?

JACK

In the client's wing.

BETTY

Is that a separate bedroom?

JACK

It's whatever you want it to be.

64 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH PIER - DAY

64

Harry Fink, looking for the address on a piece of paper he's holding, finds it -- Cloris' Place -- and enters.

65 INT. CLORIS' PLACE - DAY

65

Harry looks around, spots Jack and goes to the counter to sit next to him.

HARRY

I finally got through to F. Lee Bailey.

JACK

And?

CONTINUED

HARRY

He refused to accept a collect call.

JACK

You had me worried there for a minute, Harry. I was afraid I was going to lose you.

HARRY

Don't be afraid. You're now chief counsel for the defense.

JACK

I'll try to be worthy of the honor.

HARRY

Does this town have a mission that gives free board and lodging?

JACK

Why?

HARRY

I've been evicted from my hotel.

Betty, who has overheard Harry's colloquy with Moon, comes over to say...

BETTY

Don't worry about it, Harry. You can move in with Jack.

Betty is beaming. Harry and Jack, aren't.

Jack Moon lives in a modern luxury apartment on the beach. By day, beautiful young people in bikinis lie in the sun, swim and play volleyball on the sand. At night, they drink Perrier, listen to rock 'n' roll on their stereo tape-deck systems and make love. Our establishing shot of the locale should include a view of the shimmering water and glimmering lights from boats berthed in the nearby marina and anchored out at sea. Accompanying this overall view, we hear Harry and Jack having a conversation, obviously in Jack's apartment.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

HARRY'S VOICE

Where's the client's wing?

JACK'S VOICE

There is no client's wing.

HARRY'S VOICE

You told Betty there was a client's wing.

JACK'S VOICE

I lie.

67

INT. MOON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

67

Harry (still dressed as he was in Scene 64)

and Jack are standing in an attractively-furnished man's bedroom. A gigantic trunk and a smaller valise, obviously Harry's, are on the floor.

HARRY

Where am I going to sleep?

Jack points to the water bed.

HARRY

(after looking around)

Where are you going to sleep?

Jack points to the water bed.

HARRY

Where was Betty going to sleep?

Jack points to the water bed.

HARRY

Are you what they call A.C.-D.C.?

FLIP TO:

68

JACK AND HARRY,

68

huffing, puffing, pushing and pulling, manage to hide away Harry's heavy trunk in a large closet, restoring Jack's bedroom to the neat state it was in prior to Harry's invasion. As soon as this is done -- even before Jack can catch his breath -- Harry asks...

HARRY

Want to start now?

CONTINUED



JACK  
(alarmed)  
Start what?

HARRY  
Preparing my defense.

JACK  
Are you kidding?

HARRY  
Why should I be kidding?

JACK  
Look, Harry, if I want to work  
nights, I could go into private  
practice and get rich.

FLIP TO:

A great room with picture window that looks out at sand and sea. Jack is relaxing in an easy chair, with a beer in his hand. Harry, also holding a beer, walks around the room like a cat in new surroundings, sticking his nose -- and hands -- into everything.

JACK  
Was F. Lee Bailey really your  
lawyer?

HARRY  
Practically.

JACK  
What do you mean practically?

HARRY  
He represented my family.

JACK  
In a criminal complaint?

HARRY  
When my father was accused of  
raping the caterer's helper.

JACK  
You're kidding.

HARRY  
You think it's funny for a man's  
father to be accused of rape on  
his eightieth birthday?

CONTINUED

JACK

I think it's hilarious.

HARRY

I think you're sick.

JACK

Did Bailey get your father off?

HARRY

He didn't get the chance. My father settled out of court.

JACK

How?

HARRY

By marrying the caterer's helper. My stepmother is 41 years younger than me.

JACK

Is your father still alive?

HARRY

That wench killed him off within a year.

JACK

Too much sex?

HARRY

Too many tortillas. Mexican bitch! That was the end of Fink's Finery.

JACK

Fink's Finery?

HARRY

The F.W. Woolworth of Hackensack.

JACK

Your father's business?

HARRY

(nods)

It was world-famous throughout all of northeastern New Jersey.

JACK

Were you in business with your father?

HARRY

Not when he died. If I were, Fink's Finery would have remained the household words for quality at a price.

JACK

What were you doing?

HARRY

At the time, I was ass deep in my battle to put Coca Cola out of business.

JACK

Which I take it you lost.

HARRY

Eventually. It was a close fight, though. I damn near flooded the east Jersey shore with six different soft drinks before the bank fore-closed -- chicken-hearted bastards!

JACK

Six different soft drinks?

HARRY

(nods)  
Tangiest-tasting temperate thirst-quenchers ever. God, they were good.

JACK

What were they called?

HARRY

One-Up, Two-Up, Three-Up --

JACK

(laughs)  
You actually had me believing you, Harry.

HARRY

(insulted)  
I'll show you the ads I ran in the BERGEN SENTINEL.

He rushes towards the bedroom.

FLIP TO:

strewn over Jack Moon's bedroom floor. Pull back to see Harry frantically rummaging through the now almost empty trunk in a desperate search for the old newspaper ads.

HARRY

I know they're here somewhere.

JACK

I believe you, Harry.

HARRY

No, you don't. You're just saying that so I won't mess up your apartment.

JACK

It's too late for that.

HARRY

We could call the BERGEN SENTINEL, but it folded.

JACK

You want another beer, Harry?

HARRY

Nah. It goes right to my bladder.

JACK

We got indoor plumbing.

HARRY

In my opinion, you drink too much beer.

JACK

You and my mother would get along well.

HARRY

It's not nice for an educated man to drink so much beer. You're not a bum.

JACK

Go to sleep, Harry.

FLIP TO:

HARRY

Which side of the bed do you like to sleep on?

CONTINUED

JACK  
It's immaterial to me.

HARRY  
I'd like to sleep on the right side.

JACK  
Fine.

HARRY  
My wife insisted on having the right side. Now, I'm divorced.

JACK  
You take the right side, Harry.

HARRY  
Of course, if you're not comfortable on the left side, we could alternate.

JACK  
You know the trouble with you, Harry? You can't take yes for an answer.

72 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

72

TWO GIRLS are taking an early morning stroll along the deserted beach -- completely nude.

73 INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

73

Harry Fink, already dressed, sees something on the beach that causes him to put aside his morning newspaper and stare out the picture window in disbelief.

74 JACK MOON,

74

in his undershorts, walks into the room rubbing his eyes.

JACK  
You're up early.

HARRY  
Are you sure?

JACK  
Am I sure it's early?

HARRY

Are you sure I'm up?

JACK

Pretty sure. Sleepwalkers don't usually engage in conversation.

HARRY

(points out window)  
What's that?

JACK

(looks where he  
points)  
Mabel and Eloise.

HARRY

What are they wearing?

JACK

Nothing.

HARRY

Then I'm not dreaming.

JACK

They moved here after they closed the nude beach in San Diego.

HARRY

If I showed a movie of those two girls walking around like that, I'd be arrested.

JACK

If our new district attorney saw those two girls walking around like that, they'd be arrested.

HARRY

They're not exactly hiding.

JACK

Nobody is up this early.

HARRY

I'm nobody?

JACK

I didn't mean --

HARRY

I know what you meant. Somebody, isn't evicted from a crummy hotel for not paying rent.

JACK

Stop feeling sorry for yourself.

HARRY

I'm entitled. I am nobody. All my life, I've been nobody.

JACK

I'm sure that's not true.

HARRY

I know better than you. Even my father thought I was alien issue.

JACK

Alien issue?

HARRY

On his deathbed, he accused my mother of hanky-panky with the chauffeur.

On Jack's reaction, we...

FLIP TO:

Jack and Harry are having breakfast together -- which Harry made.

JACK

This is the best breakfast I've had in months.

HARRY

Big deal, Montgomery Fink's son cooks to earn his keep.

JACK

Montgomery Fink? Was that your father?

HARRY

Either he, or the chauffeur.  
(a beat)

You got my defense strategy mapped out yet?

CONTINUED

JACK

Relax, Harry. You're not due back in court for a month.

HARRY

When are you going to start preparing for my trial?

JACK

I'm not.

HARRY

What do you mean you're not?

JACK

There isn't going to be a trial. There hasn't been a trial in Miramar Beach in two years.

HARRY

How come?

JACK

Judge Putman believes in settling everything in chambers.

HARRY

Is that good?

JACK

For everyone concerned. Defendants usually get a break, and so do the taxpayers. The chief justice of the California Supreme Court commended Judge Putman for having the clearest calendar in the state.

HARRY

What happens to those animals I was locked up with?

JACK

Some plead guilty and go to jail.

HARRY

What if they don't plead guilty?

JACK

They usually do -- to a lesser charge than the one they were arrested for. That's called plea bargaining.

CONTINUED



HARRY  
I'm not pleading guilty.  
(a beat)  
Am I?

JACK  
Probably. To one count. If the  
D.A. agrees to dismiss the remain-  
ing 221 counts.

HARRY  
Can I go to jail for one count?

JACK  
You can, but you won't. I'll be  
able to work out a deal where  
you'll pay a fine and get a  
suspended sentence.

HARRY  
What if I can't pay the fine?

JACK  
Then, you'll go to jail.

HARRY  
I better wire my son for money.

JACK  
I didn't know you have a son.

HARRY  
I disowned the long-haired bastard  
years ago.

JACK  
Where is he?

HARRY  
In London -- making records.

JACK  
What kind of records?

HARRY  
Ear-splitting.

Jack is studying the menu without much enthusiasm.

JACK

I guess I'll try the mother's eggplant.

BETTY

You'll love it, Jack.

(goes to serving window  
and calls back)

One mother hen!

(returns to Jack)

How are your strategy sessions with Harry going?

JACK

About par for the course.

BETTY

Are you thinking about your strategy for me?

JACK

All the time.

BETTY

Is it hard?

JACK

Very. But I'm optimistic about the outcome.

BETTY

Can I do anything to help?

JACK

Probably. But we can't discuss it here.

BETTY

Why not?

JACK

Because this place might be bugged.

FLIP TO:

We're on a deserted part of the pier, away from the shops and people. Jack and Betty, the only ones in sight, are seated on a bench overlooking the ocean.

CONTINUED

BETTY

Did you ever hear any jokes about the farmer's daughter?

JACK

Quite a few.

BETTY

My father said that it was my job to prove all those jokes were lies.

JACK

That's a rotten job for a pretty girl.

BETTY

Not if you believe in God.

JACK

Can't we leave God out of this?

BETTY

How can we? He's everywhere.

JACK

I know. But --

BETTY

You believe in God, don't you, Jack?

JACK

Sure. But that doesn't mean --

BETTY

My father said that wherever I was, I should never do anything I wouldn't do in Heckmeyer's window.

JACK

Does your father think Heckmeyer is God?

BETTY

Heckmeyer runs the general store.

JACK

Your father talks too much.

BETTY

He is a big talker, but don't you think he's right?

CONTINUED

JACK

About what?

BETTY

About always behaving like you're in Heckmeyer's window?

JACK

Heck no! Do you want to spend the rest of your life in Heckmeyer's window?

BETTY

No, but --

JACK

If you did that, you'd never be able to go to confession.

BETTY

I don't anyway. I'm Lutheran.

JACK

Lucky for you.

BETTY

If I were Catholic, I'd go.

JACK

What would you have to confess?

BETTY

(after a long pause,  
quietly)

The lust in my heart.

JACK

Do you lust in your heart, Betty?

BETTY

Doesn't everyone?

Jack looks at her -- and moves in to embrace her. But she's too quick for him and manages to get up before he can pin her down.

BETTY

We came here to discuss strategy, Jack. Remember?

JACK

Of course. But public defenders, like God, move in mysterious ways. You've got to trust me, Betty.

BETTY

I do, Jack. But I'll trust you more if there are more people around.

She begins walking towards the stores -- and people. Jack sighs -- and reluctantly joins her.

79 MOON'S APARTMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

79

Jack drives his late model sports car into his garage.

80 INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

80

Harry, in pajamas and bathrobe, is waiting as Jack enters.

HARRY

I've been waiting up for you.

JACK

Don't do that any more, Harry.

HARRY

Do you know what time it is?

JACK

I know.

HARRY

You shouldn't stay out so late when you have work the next morning.

JACK

You're getting to sound more like my mother every day.

HARRY

Does your mother live here in town?

JACK

She lives on the road.

HARRY

What road?

JACK

She travels around the country, replacing Bibles that have been stolen from hotel rooms.

HARRY

Does she get paid for that?

JACK

I never thought of asking.

HARRY

What do you talk about?

JACK

Mostly, my debauched lifestyle.

CONTINUED

Jack goes off to get a beer. Harry mumbles -- more to himself than to Jack -- though it's audible to Jack...

HARRY

Children! Ungrateful snotnoses!

JACK

(returns with beer)

What brought that on?

HARRY

I got a wire from my son.

He hands Jack the wire.

JACK

Can I read it?

HARRY

Why do you think I gave it to you -- to eat?

JACK

(reads)

"You said I'm dead. Only God can resurrect the dead and you're not God. Thank God."

HARRY

You know what that means?

JACK

That you're not God.

HARRY

That God knows when I'm going to be able to pay you the money I owe you.

JACK

You better apply for welfare, Harry.

HARRY

A Fink on welfare? Bite your tongue! I'll get a job.

JACK

Where?

HARRY

God knows.

JACK

I hope so.

---

CONTINUED

HARRY

Is it possible for me to sue my son for support?

JACK

Does he have any money?

HARRY

He's a millionaire.

JACK

It's possible.

HARRY

You want the case?

JACK

No.

HARRY

What do you mean no?

JACK

I mean I don't want the case.

HARRY

I'll give you half of every dollar you squeeze out of that ungrateful long-haired bastard.

JACK

That's very generous of you, Harry. But the answer is still no.

He goes to switch on his tape deck. Harry holds his hands over his ears and walks off to the bedroom.

81 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH - DAY

81

Beautiful people on the beautiful beach.

82 ANGLE ON JACK AND BETTY

82

sitting on the sand in swimsuits.

BETTY

Why don't we ever discuss my case,  
Jack?

JACK

What do you think we've been  
discussing?

BETTY

The man I'm going to marry.

JACK

You're not going to marry him,  
Betty.

BETTY

Yes, I am.

JACK

Everybody thinks they're going to  
marry their high school sweetheart.  
Nobody does.

BETTY

Lots of people do.

JACK

People without any imagination.

CONTINUED



BETTY  
Nice, decent, simple people.

JACK  
Not people who lust.

BETTY  
I'm sorry I ever mentioned that word.

JACK  
It's a great little four letter word.

He tries to kiss her.

BETTY  
Cut it out, Jack. I'm engaged.

JACK  
No, you're not. There's a statute of limitations on high school engagements.

BETTY  
What does that mean?

JACK  
That if you don't get married within three years, the engagement expires.

BETTY  
You made that up.

JACK  
I wouldn't dare. I could be disbarred for giving misleading legal advice to a client.

BETTY  
You should be.

JACK  
Would you really like to see me disbarred?

BETTY  
(reluctantly admits)  
No.

JACK  
Would you like to see me disrobed?

BETTY

No!

JACK

What would you like?

BETTY

I'd like to see you beat me into  
the water!

She gets up and runs towards the ocean, with Jack in hot pursuit.

Harry is leaning back in a recliner, holding an ice pack over his eye. A gorgeous gal in a string bikini (GWEN) barges into the room without bothering to knock.

GWEN

Hi, Pops. Where's Jack?

HARRY

I am not your Pops. If I were,  
and I caught you entering a man's  
apartment, other than your husband's,  
in your present state of attire,  
I would disinherit you and die  
of shame.

Jack enters from outside. Gwen is overjoyed to see him.

GWEN

We're having a bang-up party,  
Jack. Want to come?

JACK

Can't, Gwen. I have to work.

Harry lifts the ice pack off his shiner to see if he's heard right, as Gwen asks in astonishment...

GWEN

On Saturday?

JACK

(shrugs)

It happens.

Gwen leaves.

HARRY

What are you working on?

JACK

Betty.

HARRY

Is she still a virgin?

JACK

Unfortunately.

A look of satisfaction comes over as much of Harry's face as is visible under his ice pack.

JACK

What happened to your eye?

HARRY

I think I got a case.

JACK

A case of what?

HARRY

A case for an ambitious attorney.

JACK

Forget that I asked.

HARRY

At least I'll be collecting  
worker's compensation.

JACK

For what?

HARRY

For a job-connected injury.

JACK

What job-connected injury?

HARRY

You know that stand on the pier  
where you pay a quarter to throw  
a baseball and hit the dummy?

JACK

Yeah.

HARRY

I was the dummy.

CLORIS

Why should she plead guilty?

JACK

So I can make a deal to keep her out of jail.

CLORIS

But she's innocent. Innocent as a new-born babe. Do you understand what I'm saying, Mr. Moon?

JACK

(passionately)

Believe me, I do.

CLORIS

What I'm saying is that she's as innocent as virgin snow -- as a distinguished Miramar Beach gynecologist is prepared to testify, provided his overdue bill is paid.

JACK

Her virginity isn't the issue.

CLORIS

It should be. That's the way girls in this town get in trouble.

JACK

Not Betty. Her trouble is having been hired to work in the adult bookstore.

CLORIS

(turns to Betty)

I'll give you an advance in salary to hire a competent attorney.

(to Jack)

Do you know a competent attorney, Mr. Moon?

JACK

I'm a competent attorney.

CONTINUED

CLORIS  
Don't blow your own horn. It's  
gauche.

JACK  
(to Betty, pleading)  
Don't you understand, Betty? If  
we don't accept a deal, you could  
be sentenced to 111 years in jail.

Betty gasps.

CLORIS  
Are you sure about that?

JACK  
Positive.

CLORIS  
(to Betty)  
Maybe you better let him deal.

86 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH - NIGHT

86

Establishing shot.

87 INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

87

Jack and Harry are seated at a table, playing MONOPOLY.

HARRY  
Will I get my pictures and books  
back?

JACK  
I'm afraid not, Harry.

HARRY  
You expect me to let a quarter of  
a million dollars go down the  
drain?

JACK  
What are you talking about? You  
only paid ten thousand dollars  
for that garbage.

HARRY  
I'm figuring in the profit.

JACK  
Forget about your profit. Take  
the loss and stay out of jail.

CONTINUED

HARRY  
You sure I'll stay out of jail?

JACK  
Pretty sure.

HARRY  
Only pretty?

JACK  
The D.A. has to approve the deal.

HARRY  
I don't trust that lunatic.

JACK  
Trust me, Harry. Remember, I have  
an ace in the hole.

HARRY  
What ace?

JACK  
Judge Putman. He'll do almost  
anything to avoid going to trial.

HARRY  
Only almost?

JACK  
Don't worry, Harry. If the D.A.  
won't agree to a straight probation  
deal, we insist on going to trial.

HARRY  
And risk 111 years in jail?

JACK  
And bluff the judge into pressur-  
ing the D.A. into accepting our  
deal.

Harry's turn has landed him on CHANCE. He takes the card and  
reads...

HARRY  
(reading "CHANCE"  
card)  
"Go directly to jail."  
(looks up)  
Do you believe in omens?

88 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

88

Establishing shot.

89 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

89

Judge Putman is at his desk, surrounded by Jack Moon, D.A. Duck, Jose, the clerk and Mrs. Davis, the court reporter.

JACK

Your Honor, my clients will reluctantly plead guilty to one count, if the State will agree to dismiss the remaining 221 counts and --

DUCK

Unacceptable.

The three other men in the room can't believe their ears. The court reporter is sure she heard wrong.

MRS. DAVIS

Did he say -- ?

JUDGE

(irritably)

He didn't say anything, Mrs. Davis. This is off the record.

(to D.A.)

What would the State consider acceptable, Mr. Duck?

DUCK

The only plea the State will consider in this case, Your Honor, is a plea of guilty to all 222 counts.

FLIP TO:

90 INT. MOON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

90

Harry and Jack are in bed.

HARRY

How can it be a blessing in disguise?

JACK

Because now Duck is going to have to prove his case in court.

HARRY

He will.

CONTINUED

JACK

There are hundreds of adult bookstores all over this state. Why do you suppose the police don't close them down?

HARRY

They're being bribed?

JACK

It's because the police know that when they do close them down and the case goes to trial, nine times out of ten, the jury either hangs or finds for the defendant.

HARRY

In this case, I'll be the one to hang.

JACK

No, you won't. I'm going to bring in experts to prove that your books and pictures aren't obscene by today's standards.

HARRY

They're obscene by any standards.

JACK

Not according to the experts.

HARRY

They're crazy.

JACK

Maybe. But they're distinguished authorities with imposing credentials that have impressed judges and juries throughout this state.

HARRY

How come Duck doesn't know this?

JACK

He does. But for reasons of his own, he prefers to test the waters again.

HARRY

I hope he drowns.

JACK

I think he will.



90 CONTINUED (2)

90

HARRY

Either he, or me.

He turns, uncomfortably, trying to make peace with the water bed.

91 CLOSE ON A RUSTY FILE CABINET

91

A man's hand brushes away the dust and spider webs on the top drawer, which we now can read is designated: CURRENT JURY PANEL.

92 JURY COMMISSIONER RON WURSTER,

92

a florid, profusely sweating political appointee, pulls open the drawer, takes out a file marked COMPLETED APPLICATIONS, goes to his phone and dials the number of the first prospective juror.

WURSTER

(into phone)

Hello. Is this Mortimer Farnsworth?

93 INT. ALCOVE PHONE - DAY

93

A man in his fifties (ABNER CALDERWOOD) is on the phone.

CALDERWOOD

(on phone)

Who is this?

94 INTERCUT THEIR PHONE CONVERSATION

94

WURSTER

This is Ron Wurster, Miramar Beach Jury Commissioner.

CALDERWOOD

Are you related to Mayor Wurster?

WURSTER

He's my brother. Are you Mr. Farnsworth?

CALDERWOOD

Farnsworth died fourteen months ago.

WURSTER

I'm sorry to hear that. Who are you?

CALDERWOOD

I married his widow.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

WURSTER  
Congratulations.

CALDERWOOD  
Thanks.

WURSTER  
Would you also like to take his  
place on the jury panel?

95 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH CIVIC CENTER - DAY

95

Establishing shot.

96 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

96

Police Chief Johnson, in full uniform, stands by Fritzie's  
desk as she announces his arrival.

FRITZIE  
(on phone)  
Chief Johnson is here, sir.

97 INT. DUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

97

DUCK  
(on phone)  
Send him in.

He hangs up and Chief Johnson enters.

DUCK  
Well?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
I found just the man.

DUCK  
Where?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
In Brazil.

DUCK  
Is he reliable?

CHIEF JOHNSON  
He's a rock. Next to him, G.  
Gordon Liddy is a blabbermouth.

DUCK  
What's his name?

CONTINUED

CHIEF JOHNSON

Kraus.

DUCK

Good name.

CHIEF JOHNSON

He's a good man, Mr. Duck.

DUCK

He better be -- if you expect to go to Washington with me.

CHIEF JOHNSON

I thought you were going to Sacramento.

DUCK

First. And from there, on to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

CHIEF JOHNSON

And then Washington?

DUCK

That is Washington, Chief. As high as you can get in Washington.

CHIEF JOHNSON

The Washington Monument?

DUCK

The White House!

CHIEF JOHNSON

Hot-diggity-dog!

DUCK

Where is this Kraus now?

CHIEF JOHNSON

He's at my place, growing a beard.

DUCK

Wise precaution, Chief, but no time. Have him put on a falsie and get to work. I want to know everything about every member of that jury panel before I have to make my first choice. Understand?

CHIEF JOHNSON

When you say everything, do you mean -- ?

97 CONTINUED (2)

97

DUCK

Everything!

CHIEF JOHNSON

That could be risky, sir.

DUCK

The founders of this country didn't worry about taking risks, Chief Johnson. Neither did the men who took Watergate. Go get 'em!

CHIEF JOHNSON

(salutes)

Yes, sir!

(as he leaves)

Hot-diggity-dog! I ain't been this excited since I manned a fire hose for Bull Connor in Birmingham!

As soon as he leaves, Duck picks up his phone to buzz his secretary and tell her to...

DUCK

(on phone)

Get me Mike Wallace in New York.

98 CLOSE ON RUTH GRESHAM,

98

a bubbly matron, excitedly talking on her kitchen telephone.

MRS. GRESHAM

(on phone)

Lenore, I have the most exciting news. I'm going to be on a jury.

99 MIRAMAR BEACH TELEPHONE COMPANY BUILDING - DAY

99

Establish, then ZOOM down to a...

100 MANHOLE COVER IN THE STREET

100

outside the telephone company building. Keep ZOOMING until the camera seems to penetrate the manhole cover where, deep underground, we find...

101 KRAUS,

101

a stern little man with a fanatic's eyes and a bushy beard, sitting near a cable that carries thousands of separate telephone lines, 40 of which are hooked up to a jerry-built concoction

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

that enables Kraus to hear -- and illegally record -- the telephone conversations of all the members of the Miramar Beach jury panel.

LENORE'S VOICE

I thought they don't have jury trials here any more.

MRS. GRESHAM'S VOICE

I thought so, too. Evidently, we were wrong.

Kraus pulls his beard -- which is false -- aside, in order to scratch his face.

102 CLOSE-UP: TYPEWRITTEN LIST OF 40 NAMES ON THE "JURY PANEL" 102

Two of the 40 names have red dots next to them, 13 have blue dots. Four names have X's in front of them.

CHIEF JOHNSON'S VOICE

The four with the X's next to their names are 100 per cent clean.

103 ANGLE ON CHIEF JOHNSON AND D.A. DUCK 103

going over the list, in the district attorney's office.

DUCK

I'll use my peremptory challenges on those.

CHIEF JOHNSON

Thirteen others -- the ones with the blue dots next to their names -- ain't too clean, but we might have a hard time blackmailing 'em.

DUCK

How come?

CHIEF JOHNSON

God-damn permissive society. Used to be a time you caught a guy jacking off, you had him by the short hairs. Now they write to Dear Abby and she tells 'em it's perfectly okay, be her guest.

DUCK

What are the two red dots?

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

CHIEF JOHNSON

Get those two guys on the jury  
and you can't lose.

DUCK

I'll try my darndest.

(notes first name)

What's the story on Red Eggert?

104 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

104

RED EGGERT, a shifty-eyed little man, comes into the courtroom, hands the Bailiff his SUMMONS TO APPEAR FOR JURY DUTY, is given a juror's badge and pointed to a seat in the spectator section, where about half of the 40 members of the jury panel are already seated.

CHIEF JOHNSON'S VOICE

He listed his occupation as patron  
of the arts, but he's really a  
bookie.

DUCK'S VOICE

(delighted)

My favorite bookie.

105 INT. DUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

105

DUCK

(looking at second  
red dot juror's name)

What do we have on Peter Kelleher?

106 ROTUND PETER KELLEHER

106

waddles into the courtroom, deposits his jury summons in the box, takes his juror's badge and heads for his seat among his fellow jury panelists.

CHIEF JOHNSON'S VOICE

He's a towel man in the Y.M.C.A.  
locker room -- and a closet queen.

DUCK'S VOICE

Beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 ALL 40 MEMBERS OF THE JURY PANEL

107

are now seated, filling all but the last three spectator seats.

CONTINUED

Jack, Harry and Betty are seated at the defense table.  
Duck is at the prosecutor's table.

JOSE

Extinguish all cigars and cigarettes.  
 Miramar Beach Municipal Court is  
 now in session. Honorable Dewey  
 K. Putman, presiding.

Judge Putman enters from his chambers and takes his seat  
 behind the bench.

JUDGE

(to jury panel)  
 Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.  
 You have the honor of being  
 the first group of jurors empaneled  
in Miramar Beach in more than  
two years.

a suave, urbane prospective juror leans over, smiles seductively  
 and whispers to the STUNNING BLONDE sitting next to him...

READE

Lucky us.

The blonde gives Reade an icy stare, gets up and moves into the  
 empty seat next to her.

JUDGE

All of the little yellow juror's  
 identification cards that you  
 filled out earlier have been  
 placed into the octagonal metal  
 drum on the clerk's desk. The  
 clerk will turn the drum and with-  
 draw 14 cards at random. When  
 your name is called, please step  
 into the jury box.

(to clerk)

Spin the drum, Jose.

Jose attempts to turn the drum, but it's frozen solid. The  
 Bailiff rushes over to lend a helping hand. One pushes while  
 the other pulls -- in vain.

beckons the Bailiff over with his finger and whispers...

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

JUDGE  
Get a can of oil.

MRS. DAVIS  
What'd he say?

FLIP TO:

110 CLOSE-UP: A FISH BOWL

110

containing the 40 yellow cards of the jury panel. A hand reaches in and pulls one out.

111 JOSE

111

reads the name on the card he has just pulled from the fish bowl -- which now stands where the octagonal drum had been.

JOSE  
(reading name)  
Ruth Gresham.

Mrs. Gresham, acting as though she won the Irish Sweepstakes, flutters toward the jury box.

112 FEATURING HARRY FINK

112

glaring at Mrs. Gresham.

JACK  
(leans over and whispers)  
Why are you glaring at her?

HARRY  
(whispers back)  
She looks like my wife.

JACK  
Stop glaring, start courting.

A word to the wise is sufficient and Harry's glare is immediately transformed into an unctuous smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 JUDGE PUTMAN

113

is addressing the 14 jurors (12 regulars, 2 alternates) seated in the jury box. The other members of the jury panel who had been seated in the spectator section are no longer present in the courtroom.

CONTINUED



113 CONTINUED

113

JUDGE

You're not to talk about the case with each other or with anyone else -- and that includes members of your family, wives, husbands, children, parents, friends, mistresses, lovers, maids, reporters, waiters, elevator operators, telephone operators or even your pet parakeet -- until the trial is over and you retire to deliberate your verdict.

114 FEATURING THE DEFENSE TABLE

114

HARRY

(whispers to Jack)  
You coming home to eat?

JACK

I guess so.

HARRY

Don't be late.

115 JUDGE PUTMAN

115

is still addressing the jury.

JUDGE

If anyone contacts you about this case, or tries to discuss it with you or to influence you in any way whatever, you're to immediately report that fact to the Bailiff. Do any of you have any questions about that -- or about anything?

116 PAN THE JURORS

116

A number shake their heads. No one has a question.

JUDGE'S VOICE

Then you're dismissed until 10 a.m. tomorrow.

As the jury gets up to leave, the camera moves in to concentrate on Peter Kelleher, one of the two "red dot" panelists the D.A. was going to "try his darndest" to have selected. On his way out the fat little juror deliberately makes his way over to the other "red dot" juror -- Red Eggert.

CONTINUED

KELLEHER

I've always had an affinity for patrons of the arts.

EGGERT

'Zat so?

KELLEHER

Are you a devotee of the ballet?

EGGERT

Huh?

KELLEHER

Ballet. You know -- like in THE TURNING POINT.

He attempts to execute a pirouette -- with results that at best could be described as ludicrous.

EGGERT

Oh, that. Nah. I can't stand that fruity stuff.

Although Kelleher is deeply offended by Eggert's insensitive remark, something about the little bookie still attracts the rotund Y.M.C.A. towel man and he makes no attempt to go his separate way.

117 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

117

As Eggert and Kelleher -- along with the other jurors -- leave the courtroom.

KELLEHER

I can't help feeling that if you'd just expose yourself to a first-rate ballet, you'd find it a terribly exhilarating experience.

EGGERT

I ain't exposing myself.

KELLEHER

Why stifle the creative you?

Eggert stops and turns to face his tormentor.

EGGERT

Look, stop following me.

KELLEHER

(hurt)  
I'm not following you.

CONTINUED

EGGERT

You're following me.

KELLEHER

No, I'm not.

EGGERT

Ask anybody.

He turns to grab the first available person: Jack Moon.

EGGERT

(to the surprised Moon)  
Ain't he following me?

KELLEHER

You're not allowed to talk to him.  
He's the defense counsel.

JACK

(trying to extricate  
himself gracefully)  
He's right.

Smiling pleasantly, Moon makes a fast disappearance. The camera remains with our two "red dot" jurors.

KELLEHER

I wasn't following you. Everybody  
on the jury is walking in the same  
direction. It's the only way out.

EGGERT

(sees he's right)  
All right, you weren't following  
me. But stop pestering me.

KELLEHER

I wasn't pestering you.

EGGERT

No? What were you doing?

KELLEHER

I figured since we're going to be  
spending the next week or so in  
intimate --

EGGERT

(emphatically)  
Uh, uh. Nothing intimate.

KELLEHER

I didn't mean --

CONTINUED

EGGERT

I know what you meant.

KELLEHER

You mean what I subconsciously might have meant?

EGGERT

I know what you meant. And the answer is no. N-O! I'm a ladies' man. Always have been. Always will be. Get the picture?

KELLEHER

(sadly)

I get it. I get it. You don't have to hit me over the head.

EGGERT

Good. Because if I have to, I will. I used to be a prize fighter.

KELLEHER

(admiringly)

It shows. You have a marvelous physique.

EGGERT

Cut that out!

KELLEHER

Can't I even compliment you?

EGGERT

Not about my physique.

KELLEHER

Why does everything have to have a sexual connotation?

EGGERT

Don't try to confuse me.

KELLEHER

I'm not trying to confuse you. But I am trying to stimulate you --

EGGERT

Watch it, buster --

KELLEHER

Oh, stop putting on that Mr. Tough Guy act. It ill becomes a patron of the arts.

EGGERT

I'm not a patron of the arts. I'm a bookie.

KELLEHER

(shocked)  
You lied about your occupation?

EGGERT

I had to. You think they'd of let a bookie sit on a jury like this?

KELLEHER

You wanted to be on this jury?

EGGERT

Who wouldn't?

KELLEHER

Why?

EGGERT

I bet we get to see two days' worth of Super-8 movies.

KELLEHER

So?

EGGERT

You know what that stuff costs to see in the adult bookstore?

KELLEHER

No.

EGGERT

A quarter for only a couple of minutes.

KELLEHER

How do you know?

EGGERT

Where do you think I spend my days?

KELLEHER

(shocked)  
Didn't you hear the judge ask if any of us ever patronized such places?

CONTINUED

117 (4)

117

EGGERT

I heard. Didn't you see what happened to the few jerks who admitted they did.

KELLEHER

They were excused.

EGGERT

Exactly.

118 MOON'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

118

Establishing shot.

HARRY'S VOICE

(accusingly)

Why do you always play with yourself?

119 INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

119

Jack is playing solitaire and drinking beer. Harry is seated in an easy chair, reading the newspaper.

JACK

Because you won't play with me any more.

HARRY

I'm too worried to play games.

JACK

It doesn't do any good to worry, Harry.

HARRY

You don't worry because you expect it to do good. You worry because you're a worrier. Which I wish you were.

JACK

Why do you want me to worry?

HARRY

Because then I'd worry less.

JACK

That's ridiculous.

HARRY

That's true.

CONTINUED

A few moments of silence while Jack continues his game of solitaire and Harry continues to stew.

HARRY  
Shouldn't you be preparing for  
the trial?

JACK  
You can't prepare in advance for  
a trial like this, Harry.

HARRY  
I bet F. Lee Bailey could.

JACK  
You'd lose.

HARRY  
With you as my lawyer, that's a  
decided possibility.

JACK  
I wasn't talking about your case.

HARRY  
I was. You don't work hard enough.

JACK  
I work as hard as the next guy.

HARRY  
But not like the great ones. Not  
like the people who leave their  
mark. Edison worked all the time.  
The man never slept.

JACK  
Neither do I, since I've been  
sharing my bed with you. I never  
saw anybody toss and turn as much  
as you do -- unless they're having  
sex.

HARRY  
(disparagingly)  
Some bed.

JACK  
What's the matter with it?

HARRY  
Don't get me started, the night  
before you have to defend me.

CONTINUED

JACK

That's the best water bed money can buy. Jacqueline Onassis couldn't sleep on a better water bed.

HARRY

If God wanted Jacqueline Onassis to sleep on water, he would have made her a fish.

JACK

You never told me you don't like sleeping on a water bed.

HARRY

I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

JACK

I had no idea you cared about people's feelings, Harry.

HARRY

Do you have any idea how you're gonna keep me out of jail?

JACK

Don't worry about it.

HARRY

That's easy for you to say. You're not the one who'll be going to jail for 111 years.

JACK

I told you before, Harry, and I'll tell you again. A hundred and eleven years is the maximum... and any sentence you get will definitely be less than the maximum.

HARRY

With you working a minimum, I wouldn't bet on it.

Court is not yet in session. As spectators, litigants and lawyers arrive, the camera slowly pans the empty seats reserved (we see from hand-lettered cardboard signs conspicuously displayed on each) for: MIKE WALLACE - 60 MINUTES; NBC NEWS;



120 CONTINUED

120

CBS NEWS; ABC NEWS; TIME; NEWSWEEK; NEW YORK TIMES; LONDON TIMES; LOS ANGELES TIMES; CHICAGO TRIBUNE; ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH; PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN; SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE; CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR; WALL STREET JOURNAL. The final empty seat in the "WORKING PRESS" section is reserved for the MIRAMAR BEACH GAZETTE -- but not for long.

121 JACK OBERLANDER,

121

a ruffled, bleary-eyed knight errant, looking like a fugitive from THE FRONT PAGE, saunters in, removes the "RESERVED FOR MIRAMAR BEACH GAZETTE" sign from his seat, hands it to the Bailiff, settles himself in comfortably, closes his eyes and immediately falls off to sleep.

122 FRITZIE, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SECRETARY,

122

enters the courtroom and goes to join her tense-looking boss at the prosecution table.

DUCK

Were you able to get through to  
60 MINUTES?

Fritzie nods "yes."

DUCK

Is Mike Wallace coming?

Fritzie shakes her head "no."

DUCK

Any of the others return my call?

Fritzie shakes her head "no."

DUCK

Not even the NEW YORK TIMES?

Fritzie shakes her head "no."

DUCK

I'll remember this when I get to  
Washington.

FRITZIE

How will you get to Washington  
without media coverage?

DUCK

Did George Washington have media  
coverage crossing the Delaware?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

122

Fritzie shakes her head "no."

DUCK

Did Paul Revere have media coverage  
when he made his midnight ride?

Fritzie shakes her head "no."

DUCK

That's how I'll get to Washington!

123 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

123

Harry and Betty enter the courthouse together and head down the  
corridor towards the courtroom.

124 JACK MOON,

124

coming up from his basement office, converges with his two  
clients and the three head for the courtroom together.

HARRY

(to Jack, displeased)  
Why didn't you get a haircut?

JACK

I didn't have time.

HARRY

A likely story.

JACK

I put on my gray flannel suit,  
didn't I?

HARRY

Sure. Because I took it out of  
the closet, ironed out all the  
creases and laid it out like a  
butler.

JACK

Thank you, James. That will be  
all.

(to Betty)

How are you feeling?

BETTY

Scared.

All three enter the courtroom together.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 125

The judge is on the bench, the jury in its box and the D.A. is in the midst of his impassioned opening statement.

DUCK

Every person who exhibits or distributes obscene matter is breaking the law. Every person. That's what the law says.

126 HARRY 126

leans over to ask Moon...

HARRY

Is ignorance of the law an excuse?

JACK

No.

DUCK

Harry's Adult Bookstore. What an innocuous-sounding name. Who could blame a literate, intelligent adult who passed a store with a name like that from going inside to browse?

127 THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER 127

from the MIRAMAR BEACH GAZETTE is snoozing through the D.A.'s opening remarks.

DUCK

And what a contaminated cesspool he -- or she, for that matter, for today's adult woman is fully as capable of entering a bookstore as her male counterpart --

128 MOST OF THE JURORS 128

are listening intently.

DUCK

...what a contaminated cesspool that poor, decent, innocent woman -- your wife, mother or sister, perhaps -- would unknowingly and unwittingly have stepped into.

129 HARRY 129

leans over and whispers to Moon...

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

HARRY

This is the beginning of fascism  
in America.

DUCK

But not in Miramar Beach. Not  
any more. For, after you've seen  
the kind of filth masquerading as  
legitimate, salable merchandise --

130 PAN THE JURORS

130

DUCK

...and see it you will -- every  
last disgustingly obscene photo-  
graph, magazine, book and Super-8  
motion picture...

---

Red Eggert, the wiry little bookie, is beaming expectantly from  
ear to ear.

131 INT. MOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

131

Harry checks the roast in the oven and goes into the living room  
just as Jack Moon enters from outside.

HARRY

Mitzie called.

JACK

Thank you.

He puts away his attache case, hangs up his jacket and goes  
to get a beer.

HARRY

Who's Mitzie?

JACK

A girl.

HARRY

I know that.

JACK

So why'd you ask?

HARRY

Why is a girl calling you in the  
middle of my trial?

JACK

Why didn't you ask her?

CONTINUED

HARRY

Don't they know you're too busy  
for girls now?

JACK

Am I?

HARRY

Aren't you?

JACK

I'm a lot busier than usual now,  
but I hope I'm never too busy for  
girls.

HARRY

Don't joke, Jack.

JACK

Who's joking?

HARRY

It's not only me, you know. If  
you screw up, Betty also goes to  
jail.

JACK

I'm not going to screw up, Harry.

HARRY

How long do you think she'll  
remain a virgin in jail?

JACK

She's not going to jail. Neither  
are you.

HARRY

That's not what Duck said. What  
kind of a name is Duck?

JACK

A foul name.

HARRY

Hey, that's funny. Do you know  
you made a funny?

JACK

Did you put up dinner yet?

HARRY

Can't you smell it?

CONTINUED

JACK  
Is that what smells?

HARRY  
Don't joke about my cooking, Jack.  
I might have to do it for a living.

JACK  
You are doing it for a living.

HARRY  
No, I'm not. I'm keeping a strict  
count of every dollar I borrow  
from you. Some day, you'll get  
it all back.

JACK  
That would get me in trouble with  
the I.R.S. I'm claiming you as a  
dependant.

HARRY  
Can you do that?

JACK  
Why not? You are.

HARRY  
Don't I have to be a blood relative?

JACK  
Is a man's wife a blood relative?

HARRY  
That's different. You can't put  
me in the same category as a wife.

JACK  
Even if I put you in the same bed?

HARRY  
Don't ask me. You're the lawyer.

JACK  
I'm not a tax lawyer.

HARRY  
So ask a tax lawyer. Lawyers are  
glad to help each other. Which  
reminds me -- did you call Goldberg?

JACK  
You're not going to start that  
again, are you, Harry?

132 CONTINUED (3)

132

HARRY  
What would it hurt to have a  
little help?

JACK  
I don't need an associate counsel.

HARRY  
Humor me, Jack. Call Goldberg.

JACK  
Arthur Goldberg isn't going to  
associate himself with your defense,  
Harry.

HARRY  
How can you be so sure?

JACK  
For heaven's sake -- the man was  
a United States Supreme Court  
justice!

HARRY  
Why do you think I suggested him?

133 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH CIVIC CENTER - DAY

133

Establishing shot.

134 INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

134

Harry comes storming into Moon's office.

HARRY  
Did you see that huge crowd of  
free-loading chiselers waiting to  
get into the courtroom?

JACK  
Yeah. I didn't realize how many  
people like dirty movies.

HARRY  
There are kids on that line who  
can't be more than 14 years old!

JACK  
I know.

HARRY  
What are you going to do about  
that?

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

JACK

What can I do about it?

HARRY

Tell the judge those pictures are  
for adults only! Paying adults!

135 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

135

Putman, Moon, Duck, Mrs. Davis.

JUDGE

You have a point, Mr. Moon.  
(to D.A.)

What does the State say about  
that?

DUCK

The State abhors secrecy, Your  
Honor, and strongly urges that the  
trial be open to the public.

JUDGE

What puzzles me, Mr. Duck, is that  
the State also abhors the movies in  
question, which it insists will  
contaminate the public. It would  
seem to me that while the jury is  
being shown the allegedly obscene  
movies, limiting courtroom visitors  
to members of the working press  
would be a prudent and proper  
course of action. So ordered.

He gets up from his desk and walks off to his bathroom, leaving  
Duck scowling and Moon smiling.

136 CLOSE-UP: SIGN ON COURTROOM DOOR

136

It reads: ONLY WORKING PRESS ADMITTED.

137 INT. OUTSIDE COURTROOM - DAY

137

Kronsky, the old adult theatre patron, walks up with confidence  
and attempts to enter the courtroom.

BAILIFF

(blocking his way)

Are you a member of the working  
press?

CONTINUED



137 CONTINUED

137

KRONSKY

I am.

BAILIFF

Let me see your press card.

Kronsky takes his wallet out of his pocket, takes a card out of his wallet and hands it to the Bailiff.

BAILIFF

(studying card)

International Order of Tailors  
and Pants Pressers?

KRONSKY

(nods proudly)

A charter member.

138 CLOSE ON DARKENED DEFENSE TABLE

138

We hear the whine of a movie projector and see Jack Moon describe what's being projected to Daisy, who takes it down in shorthand.

MOON

...Mother climbs off salesman's  
face and darts across room to  
father...

139 LONG SHOT

139

District Attorney Duck is projecting the Super-8 classic "THE LINGERIE SALESMAN" onto a portable motion picture screen that's visible to everyone in the courtroom (but not to the audience).

MOON

...whose pants are down around  
his ankles.

140 ANGLE ON THE "WORKING PRESS" SECTION

140

Still unoccupied, except for the MIRAMAR BEACH GAZETTE reporter, who is now fully awake and watching the portable movie screen in rapt attention.

144 PAN THE JURORS

144

Reactions encompass the gamut of emotions -- from Red Eggert's expression of sheer ecstasy to the expression of horror and disbelief on the blood-drained face of the OLD WOMAN in the front row. As the camera reaches Peter Kelleher, the rolly-polly Y.M.C.A. towel man cries out...

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

KELLEHER

Stop the picture! Turn on the lights!

A furious Red Eggert, in the row behind Kelleher, slaps him on the back of his head and says...

EGGERT.

You crazy?

As the projector stops and the lights come on, Kelleher says...

KELLEHER

(pointing off)

Look!

145 THE OLD WOMAN JUROR

145

in the front row is slumped back in her seat, a motionless mass.

146 FEATURING JUROR ROY ROSSER,

146

a substantial, take-charge individual.

ROSSER

Is there a doctor in the courtroom?

147 FEATURING JUROR TOM READE

147

READE

I used to be a lifeguard.

He rushes over to examine the inert mass of protoplasm.

KELLEHER

Is she dead?

READE

(shakes his head)

She fainted.

148 FEATURING JACK MOON

148

JACK

The defense moves for a mistrial, Your Honor.

JUDGE

First, Mr. Moon, would you mind if we move the indisposed juror to a more comfortable position?

DISSOLVE TO:

149 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH - NIGHT

149

Establishing shot.

150 INT. MOON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

150

Harry is listening to an old recording of Ginny Simms singing "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," when a GORGEOUS GAL we've never seen before barges into the apartment to say...

GORGEOUS GAL

Hi.

HARRY

Are you Mitzie?

GORGEOUS GAL

Who's Mitzie?

HARRY

That's what I've been trying to figure out.

GORGEOUS GAL

Do you have an egg?

HARRY

I have two eggs -- which I need for breakfast. Hughes Market, which is open all night, has dozens of eggs: big, small, brown, white...

GORGEOUS GAL

(looking around)

Jack around?

HARRY

Jack is engaged --

GORGEOUS GAL

(stunned)

Since when?

HARRY

(continuing)

-- in the most important trial of his life.

GORGEOUS GAL

I didn't know that.

HARRY

(leading her out)

Now, you know. So be a good girl -- don't come, don't call and get your eggs at the market.

CONTINUED

He opens the door and shows her out. A moment later, Jack comes from the shower, wearing a bathrobe.

JACK

Is somebody here?

HARRY

You're here and I'm here and now that you've had a nice shower, we'll sit down and plan my defense.

JACK

I'm going out.

HARRY

You went out yesterday.

JACK

Who's counting?

HARRY

I am. You can't go out every night and expect to sparkle in court the next day.

Moon is about to blow his stack -- but decides not to. He is tired.

JACK

Maybe you're right, Harry. Do you mind if I turn off this noise?

He turns off the phonograph.

HARRY

Ginny Simms is noise?

JACK

You're the only man in America who still plays 78s.

He goes to the refrigerator for a beer.

HARRY

Why do we want a mistrial?

JACK

Look, Harry, I'm not going to discuss my trial strategy with you.

HARRY

I don't blame you. Why should you? After all, what's 111 years in jail?

JACK

First of all, there's always a chance the D.A. might decide not to proceed with a second trial.

HARRY

With this D.A.? Fat chance.

JACK

Fat or not, a chance is a chance -- and I'm taking every chance that comes my way. With one juror excused and only one alternate left, if I can get two more people off that jury, the judge will have to grant my motion for a mistrial.

HARRY

I don't think that's a good idea.

JACK

I don't care what you think.

HARRY

I think two of the women on that jury have a thing for me.

This, Moon does care about.

JACK

What kind of thing?

HARRY

A yen.

JACK

Are you usually right about things like that?

HARRY

Always.

151 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

151

Establishing shot.

152 CLOSE-UP: A MAN'S HAND HOLDING A BOOKLET "THE FLAMING REDHEAD" 152

Although the cover page bears the imprint "A QUALITY BOOK" we somehow suspect there's X-rated material inside. On top of this booklet is placed another "QUALITY BOOK" titled: "THE MAD TEMPTRESS." Pull back to see the man holding both "quality

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

books" -- juror Red Eggert -- who deftly manages to palm one of the booklets, which he surreptitiously slips into his pocket as he passes the other booklet to the juror on his right.

153 AT THE DEFENSE TABLE

153

Harry turns to Moon, furious.

HARRY

He just swiped another one! I'm gonna tell the Bailiff!

JACK

Don't be stupid, Harry. That's the cheapest and best jury insurance you could possibly buy.

154 INT. OUTSIDE COURTROOM - DAY

154

It's lunch time and the camera spots Red Eggert leaving the courtroom. Right behind him, is Peter Kelleher.

KELLEHER

(shocked, disapproving tone)

Did you ever see anything like that?

EGGERT

What?

KELLEHER

Those filthy little "quality" books.

EGGERT

Oh, yeah. Ain't they great?

KELLEHER

You have such a wry sense of humor.

EGGERT

Don't start in with me, huh?

KELLEHER

Can't I ask you -- ?

EGGERT

No. Don't ask me nothing.

KELLEHER

Can't we even have a business relationship?

CONTINUED

EGGERT

(indignant)  
What do you think I am?

KELLEHER

I know what you are.

EGGERT

(ready to fight)  
What do you mean by that?

KELLEHER

You're a bookie.

EGGERT

(surprised)  
You bet on the ponies?

KELLEHER

Sometimes. When it's legal.

EGGERT

It ain't legal in this state.  
Except at the track.

KELLEHER

Who says it has to be this state?  
Do you carry Irish Sweepstakes  
tickets?

EGGERT

Nah.

KELLEHER

What about tickets to the New York  
State Lottery?

EGGERT

Who buys New York State Lottery  
tickets in California?

KELLEHER

I do. At least one a month.

coming out of the courtroom together.

HARRY

(looking off)  
Incredible.

JACK

What?

155 CONTINUED

155

HARRY  
That juror who looks like my ex-  
wife.

156 RUTH GRESHAM - HARRY'S P.O.V.

156

The matronly juror is off by herself, lingering in the corridor.

HARRY  
See her standing there, waiting  
to see me close-up.

He shakes his head in amazement.

JACK  
(dubiously)  
Are you sure that's what she's  
doing?

HARRY  
Positive. In matters like this,  
I'm the expert.

He moves away from Jack and Betty, walks over to Mrs. Gresham  
and, with all the charm he can summon, says...

HARRY  
Nice day, isn't it?

MRS. GRESHAM  
Say one more word to me and I'll  
report you to the judge.

Harry, too embarrassed to return to Jack and Betty, takes  
refuge in the nearby men's room, passing debonair juror Tom Reade,  
who comes out, walks over to the smiling Mrs. Gresham and says...

READE  
Where shall we have lunch?

They walk off together.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 EXT. MINI PARK - DAY

157

Harry, batting .500, is with the second female juror he thought  
had a yen for him, a spare, sad-faced woman approximately his  
own age (EILEEN HELLERT). They are sitting on a bench, eating  
hero sandwiches and sipping soft drinks.

MRS. HELLERT  
It's so lonely being a widow.

CONTINUED



HARRY  
(sycophantically sympathetic)  
I know.

MRS. HELLERT  
Serving on this jury is a godsend.

HARRY  
In that case, I'm glad I was  
brought to trial.

MRS. HELLERT  
(cloyingly coy)  
Aren't you glad for another reason,  
too?

HARRY  
Of course.  
(puzzled)  
What other reason?

MRS. HELLERT  
If not for this trial, we might  
never have met.

HARRY  
You know, you're right. The more  
I think about it, the more I  
realize this trial is a blessing  
in disguise.

MRS. HELLERT  
How did you happen to become a  
smut peddler, Harry?

HARRY  
(hurt)  
Is that what you think I am?

MRS. HELLERT  
Aren't you?

HARRY  
I'm a businessman.

MRS. HELLERT  
Why would a legitimate businessman  
open an adult bookstore?

HARRY  
Didn't you read the summer issue  
of AMERICAN CAPITALISM?

MRS. HELLERT  
I'm afraid I missed that one.

157 CONTINUED (2)

157

HARRY

The lead article pointed out that the two most profitable businesses in the United States today -- from a standpoint of capital investment -- are adult bookstores and nursery schools.

MRS. HELLERT

Is that a fact?

HARRY

Is is if you believe AMERICAN CAPITALISM.

MRS. HELLERT

Oh, I do.

HARRY

(still smarting)  
Smut peddler.

MRS. HELLERT

I'm so sorry I called you that.

HARRY

If I opened a nursery school, would that make me an educator?

MRS. HELLERT

It would to me.

158 ANGLE BEHIND THEIR BENCH

158

Where the D.A.'s special investigator, Kraus, surreptitiously takes a Polaroid photograph of the defendant and the juror lunching together. While waiting for the color picture to self-develop, Kraus unconsciously pulls aside his false whiskers to scratch his face.

159 CLOSE-UP: COLOR PHOTO OF HARRY AND MRS. HELLERT

159

lunching together.

160 ANGLE TO INCLUDE DUCK, MOON, HARRY AND MRS. DAVIS

160

huddled around Judge Putman, in chambers.

JUDGE

(to Harry, furious)  
Didn't you hear me tell you never to contact any member of the jury?

CONTINUED

HARRY  
(surprisingly hostile)  
I did not!

JUDGE  
Are you deaf?

HARRY  
No!  
(points to Mrs. Davis)  
But she is! If she weren't,  
there'd be a record you'd be able  
to check to see for yourself!

MRS. DAVIS  
What'd he say?

JUDGE  
Nothing! This is off the record,  
Mrs. Davis!  
(to Moon)  
I know what you're up to, counselor,  
and it's not going to work!

JACK  
I'm not up to anything, Your Honor.

JUDGE  
You're trying to get me to dis-  
qualify enough jurors so that I'll  
have to declare a mistrial!

JACK  
I swear --

JUDGE  
I do the swearing in these chambers!  
And I swear that if there's any more  
hanky-panky between your client and  
any member of the jury, I'm going to  
set his bail at \$25,000 -- and hold  
you in contempt of court!

161 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH PIER - NIGHT

161

Establishing shot.

162 INT. CLORIS' PLACE - NIGHT

162

JACK  
I'll have the mother's eggplant.

BETTY  
You had that yesterday.

CONTINUED

JACK

I think I'm becoming addicted to it.

She turns to place the order. When she returns to him...

JACK

Want to go to the late movie after work?

BETTY

I have to write a letter.

JACK

To Bob?

Betty nods.

JACK

You wrote to him yesterday.

BETTY

Think you're the only one who's addicted?

JACK

I think Bob is a very lucky man.

BETTY

I'm the lucky one.

JACK

What have you told him about me?

BETTY

Nothing.

JACK

You mean he doesn't know the real reason I'm defending you?

BETTY

He doesn't even know I'm on trial.

JACK

You're kidding.

BETTER

It's better that he doesn't. It would upset him very much.

JACK

Betty, the man is going to be a minister. He's going to have to get used to hearing about people's troubles.

BETTY  
Where we'll locate, they don't  
have book stores like Harry's.

JACK  
Or men like me?

BETTY  
You're not that different from  
Bob. You're both fine, decent...  
handsome men.

JACK  
Who love the same woman.

BETTY  
You just think you love me, Jack.

JACK  
If that's true, there's a big  
difference between Bob and me.

BETTY  
What big difference?

JACK  
I'm a thinker. He's a doer. And  
what I wouldn't give to change  
places with him.

163 EXT. MIRAMAR BEACH - NIGHT

163

Establishing shot.

164 INT. MOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

164

Harry, in shirtsleeves, is listening to some of his old 78s.  
The BELL RINGS. Harry gets up, turns off the phonograph  
and goes to the front door. A good-looking woman is standing  
outside.

WOMAN  
Is Jack in?

HARRY  
Are you Mitzie?

WOMAN  
I'm his mother.

HARRY  
(delighted)  
Come in, Mrs. Moon. Make yourself  
at home. Can I get you something  
to eat -- or drink?

CONTINUED

MRS. MOON  
Who are you?

HARRY  
I'm Harry Fink.

MRS. MOON  
What are you doing here?

HARRY  
I live with your son.

MRS. MOON  
Oh, my God!

She almost faints. Harry helps her over to the couch.

HARRY  
What's the matter?

MRS. MOON  
I knew my son was different, but  
somehow I never expected this.

HARRY  
What?

MRS. MOON  
You.

Harry finally sees what Mrs. Moon thinks she sees.

HARRY  
Oh, I'm not what you think.

MRS. MOON  
What are you?

HARRY  
I'm on trial.

MRS. MOON  
For what?

HARRY  
For selling obscene books.

MRS. MOON  
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

HARRY  
I am.

MRS. MOON  
How could you even think of doing  
anything like that?

HARRY  
I had a scientific survey made.

MRS. MOON  
What on earth for?

HARRY  
So I wouldn't screw up again.

MRS. MOON  
Evidently, you did.

HARRY  
Worse than ever before.

MRS. MOON  
Don't you think it's time to mend  
your ways?

HARRY  
Past time.

MRS. MOON  
I'm glad you agree. Wait here.

She gets up and starts out.

HARRY  
Where are you going?

MRS. MOON  
To get you one of my books.

She leaves.

165 CLOSE-UP: THE HOLY BIBLE

165

lying closed on a coffee table.

166 PAN TO INCLUDE A HALF-EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE

166

on the same coffee table. Pull back to include Harry and  
Jack's mother seated with drinks in their hands.

HARRY  
For a lady who gives away free  
Bibles, you're okay.

MRS. MOON  
I drink too much.

HARRY  
It runs in your family.

CONTINUED

MRS. MOON  
That's for sure. You should have  
seen Jack's father. They called  
him Full Moon.

HARRY  
Full Moon.  
(he drinks)  
Sounds like quite a character.

MRS. MOON  
(affectionately)  
He was. Tell me, how is my son?

HARRY  
He's a nice boy. I'm thinking of  
adopting him.

MRS. MOON  
(shocked)  
You can't do that!

HARRY  
Sure I can. I looked into it.

MRS. MOON  
He's not up for adoption!

HARRY  
Don't worry about details. When  
the time comes, I'll take care  
of everything.

MRS. MOON  
But he has a mother!

HARRY  
So he'll have a stepfather, too.

MRS. MOON  
Not unless I get married again!

HARRY  
I appreciate the proposal, but no  
thanks, lady. I'm too old to  
undertake the aggravation.

MRS. MOON  
I wasn't proposing, Mr. Fink.

HARRY  
Fine. You didn't propose and I  
didn't accept, so we can remain  
friends.



166 CONTINUED (2)

166

MRS. MOON  
(in exasperation)  
Why do you want to adopt my son?

HARRY  
To make sure my son, a long-haired  
no-goodnick, doesn't inherit my  
fortune.

MRS. MOON  
Do you have a fortune, Mr. Fink?

HARRY  
A quarter of a million dollars --  
in obscene books, photographs,  
movies and assorted sex stimulators.

167 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

167

Establishing shot.

168 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

168

Jack Moon is making his opening statement to the jury.

JACK  
You're going to hear a lot about  
contemporary standards. At the  
end of this trial, the judge will  
instruct you in the law. He'll  
tell you that the law requires you  
to apply contemporary standards to  
all of the books, pictures and  
movies the district attorney has  
shown you.

169 ANGLE ON THE JURORS

169

listening, with varying degrees of interest.

JACK  
What are contemporary standards?  
There's no big mystery about that.  
We're talking about today's standards.

170 WORKING PRESS SECTION

170

The local reporter is again asleep, the world press still absent.

JACK  
Times change. We all know that.  
We might not like the changes.  
We might yearn for...

171 JUROR TOM READE

171

begins writing on his pad.

JACK'S VOICE

...the good old days, for the way things were. But, like it or not, we have to live in today's world.

Finished writing, he shows what he's written to the juror on his right -- Mrs. Gresham.

172 CLOSE-UP: TOM READE'S PAD

172

He has written: KNOW WHAT I YEARN FOR?

JACK'S VOICE

Today, in every major city of the world, there are adult bookstores.

173 RUTH GRESHAM,

173

having read Tom Reade's note, reaches for her own pad and pencil to respond with a two-word answer which we can read as it's written: YOU'RE BAD.

JACK'S VOICE

Today, in the state of California, it's possible to receive four advanced degrees in human sexuality.

174 FEATURING JACK MOON

174

JACK

Before this trial ends, you're going to see three expert witnesses: a noted psychologist, a Methodist bishop -- and a surprise celebrity you all know and love -- come into this courtroom, sit in this witness chair, and -- after taking the oath to tell the truth -- tell you that in today's world -- by contemporary standards -- the adult bookstore is here to stay.

175 EXT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

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Harry and Jack are seated at an outdoor table of a self-service fast-food restaurant, having lunch.

HARRY

Who's the surprise celebrity?

CONTINUED

JACK  
You'll see.

HARRY  
What's the big secret?

JACK  
I'm not sure I have him yet.

HARRY  
But you said --

JACK  
I'll have some celebrity.

They eat in silence for a few moments. Until Harry asks...

HARRY  
Do they really give college degrees  
for looking at dirty movies?

JACK  
You better believe it, Harry.

HARRY  
(shakes his head in  
amazement)  
What's this world coming to?

JACK  
We're eliminating a lot of the  
hypocrisy.

HARRY  
Please, Jack. Save it for the  
jury.

JACK  
I mean it. For centuries, sex has  
been a hush-hush subject. You  
know why?

HARRY  
Because it's dirty.

JACK  
It's not dirty. It's perfectly  
natural.

HARRY  
Natural? Did you see those Super-8  
movies?

JACK  
Those Super-8 movies are entitled  
to Constitutional protection.

HARRY  
Don't talk nonsense. George Washington didn't freeze at Valley Forge so that Harry Fink could show dirty movies.

JACK  
Yes, he did!

HARRY  
Me, you'll never convince. I just hope the jury is more gullible.

Betty joins them with her lunch.

Jack is working. Daisy enters to put some papers on his desk.

JACK  
No sign of Dr. Spencer?

DAISY  
Uh uh.

JACK  
(worried)  
If he doesn't get here soon, I'm going to have to put him on the stand cold.

A frightened DR. KARL SPENCER is being grilled by D.A. Duck, in the presence of Police Chief Johnson.

DUCK  
Dr. Spencer, are you asking us to believe that an innocent young high school girl positioned herself in the middle of the road, forced you to stop your car, exposed herself and asked you to perform an unnatural act right in the middle of a cornfield?

DR. SPENCER  
That's exactly what happened.

CHIEF JOHNSON  
Not according to the girl.

DR. SPENCER  
She's lying.

CHIEF JOHNSON  
Why would she do that?

DR. SPENCER  
I don't know.

DUCK  
(to Chief Johnson)  
I'll speak to her myself, Chief.  
With some of today's young girls,  
anything is possible.

(to Maudlin)  
Why did you come to town, Dr.  
Spencer?

DR. SPENCER  
To testify for the defense in an  
obscenity trial.

(looking at his watch)  
For which I'm going to be late.

DUCK  
You're not going to be late, Doctor.  
I'm the prosecutor -- and I'll be  
listening very carefully to every  
word you say -- trying to determine  
whether or not you're a degenerate.  
Do you read me?

DR. SPENCER  
Yes, sir. But --

DUCK  
But what, Doctor?

DR. SPENCER  
Scientifically speaking, there is  
no such thing as a degenerate.

DUCK  
Legally speaking, Doctor, there  
is. And in Miramar Beach, if I  
find one, he goes to jail. See  
you in court.

He nods to Chief Johnson, who leads the badly shaken psychologist  
out of the room. In b.g., Duck picks up his phone, buzzes his  
secretary and says...

DUCK  
(into phone)  
Fritzie, send in the complaining  
witness.

178 A YOUNG BLONDE SEXPOT, DORIS,

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enters the room just as Dr. Maudlin is leaving. Seeing him, she stops to accost him with the one-word epithet...

DORIS

Pervert!

Spencer cringes and is led off by Chief Johnson. Doris closes the door and approaches the district attorney's desk.

DORIS

How did I do, Uncle Medwin?

DUCK

Wonderful, Doris. You're a regular little Shirley Temple.

179 EXT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

179

Harry, Jack and Betty are again seated at a table, having lunch.

HARRY

(glum)

That's some expert you brought in.

JACK

I can't understand what happened. Everything he said was exactly opposite from everything he's written on the subject.

HARRY

Are we paying him?

JACK

Sure. He was our witness.

HARRY

We should ask the D.A. to go halfies.

JACK

Wait till you see our next witness.

HARRY

If he's anything like the first one, let us plead guilty and beg the court for mercy.

JACK

(brimming with excitement)

He's George Scale.

BETTY

(excited)

The actor?

CONTINUED

MISSING  
PAGES

Harry goes his way. The camera remains with Jack and his mother, who look into the nursery school.

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BETTY, SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW,  
reading THE FLAMING REDHEAD.

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JACK  
There she is, Mother. Isn't she beautiful?

MRS. MOON  
(straining to see)  
What's she reading?

Jack looks -- and almost faints.

JACK  
We better not disturb her now.  
He tries to lead her off.

MRS. MOON  
(resisting)  
You brought me here specifically to introduce me to her.

JACK  
To show her to you, Mother.  
You'll meet her next time.

As he leads her off...

MRS. MOON  
You're crazy.

JACK  
It runs in the family.

The music rises, the camera moves back and we...

FADE OUT

THE END