

BUNNY KISSES

BY

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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

A hippie coffee house in the 1960's. A duo is playing folk music on a small stage...Some "Kum-bay-ya" type of song.

Earnest looking college students sway in time to the music.

V.O.

We all met in college in the 60's.  
Me, Doyle, Randy, Jeff, and Bunny.  
That's Jeff on the left..

Camera ZOOMS to the guy on the left side of the stage. He's the one with the guitar.

V.O. (cont'd)

Randy didn't play much guitar, but  
boy...he sure had a voice.

Camera ZOOMS to the guy on the right. He has this wonderfully resonant voice.

V.O. (cont'd)

Then there was Bunny. Her real name  
was Bernice...Bernice Kowalski...or  
Kowalczak, or something like that.  
And she was the problem.

Camera ZOOMS on Bunny sitting on the side of the stage. She's staring raptly at Jeff. She's beautiful.

V.O. (cont'd)

Actually...it was Bunny's tits that  
were the problem. They were  
perfect. I mean, just look...

Camera ZOOMS on Bunny's tits. They're fabulous, world-class, perfect tits.

V.O. (cont'd)

The other problem was her name, of  
course. Bunny...Bunny Kisses...the  
"Kisses" came when she decided to  
be an actress. She thought it would  
be a good stage name...It conjured  
up images of this sweet little love-  
bunny. That was just wrong...

The camera starts to PAN around the room.

V.O. (cont'd)

Oh, yeah...that's me over there  
somewhere. I'm probably too stoned  
to recognize myself, though...

The camera keeps SEARCHING. It's about to give up when it  
finds two guys holding up a wall...one big, the other  
smaller. The camera ZOOMS on the smaller guy.

V.O. (cont'd)

No!...Yo!! Over here!!...That's my  
friend Doyle. This is my story. I  
wrote it. Why do they always assume  
that the small guy is the fucking  
intellectual?

Camera ZOOMS on the big guy. MIKE RASMUSSEN. He's wasted.  
After a minute he realizes the camera's on him. He  
rallies...kind of...

MIKE

Boston in the 60's, man. What do  
you guys say now? "It was tight?"  
We used to say "Far fuckin' out".  
And it was...if you weren't there,  
or Berkley, or the Village...  
there's no way to describe it. You  
can ask your parents...but If they  
were there, they don't remember.  
And if they somehow didn't take  
enough drugs to rot their brain  
cells, they'll still never tell you  
what it was really like, because  
they don't want to give you any  
ideas...and you don't have a clue.

Randy and Jeff finish the song. People applaud. They go right  
into a rousing rendition of "Boatman Row".

MIKE (cont'd)

Doyle knew Randy from a Lit class,  
so after the set, he introduced me.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randy, Jeff, and Bunny are seated at a small table off to the  
side of the stage. The 2 guys walk over.

DOYLE

Hi, Randy...I'd like you to meet a  
friend of mine. Mike...Randy,  
Randy...Mike...

RANDY  
Mike...nice to meet you. This is  
Jeff...Bunny...

JEFF  
Hey, guys...

Bunny sticks her chest out a little.

BUNNY  
Hi, Mike...Doyle...Are you guys  
folk music fans?

Doyle and Mike are trying not to stare at her boobs.

DOYLE  
Well...yeah...

MIKE  
Oh, absolutely...sure...

RANDY  
You guys look high.

DOYLE  
We are...it's good weed, too. Want  
to smoke some?

RANDY  
Cool...

DOYLE  
Jeff? Bunny? Want to go outside and  
light up?

Jeff starts to stand up.

BUNNY  
Jeff doesn't smoke pot.

Jeff sits halfway down.

FREEZE FRAME

V.O.  
That should have been my tip-off  
right there. Forget about all that  
"shared cultural values" bullshit  
and "Don't trust anyone over 30"  
crap. That one simple statement  
told me everything I ever needed to  
know about Bunny and about how  
things really were...but for a  
college boy, I was awfully dumb.  
(MORE)

V.O. (cont'd)  
Staring at her rack must've fogged  
my brain, and even if I knew how  
much she was gonna screw up my  
life, it wouldn't have mattered...I  
saw her, I wanted her...That was  
it...

BACK TO:

Randy gets up and he walks outside with Doyle and Mike.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Doyle, Mike, and Randy stand at the end of the alley sharing  
a joint. Randy takes a hit and immediately starts coughing.

DOYLE  
Good shit, huh?

RANDY (GASPS)  
Yeah...

The joint passes. It goes around, comes back to Randy. He  
takes another hit. More coughing. He turns to Mike.

RANDY (WHEEZING)(cont'd)  
What kind of tunes do you like?  
We'll play some next set...

MIKE  
It all sounds great so far...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "CHEERS" TYPE NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

An older Mike is sitting on a bar stool. He looks a little  
stressed, slightly unkempt. He's talking to a well groomed,  
well-to-do gent seated next to him.

MIKE  
I didn't know dick about folk  
music. I liked Ray Charles and  
Motown...So I was just being  
polite.

BACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The joint passes. Randy gets it again. He takes a hit. He coughs. He wheezes.

RANDY (TO DOYLE)  
This is good shit. You have any to sell?

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy and Jeff are doing the last set. They're good. Nice harmony. Jeff's a pretty good guitar player. They're a solid professional act.

Mike and Doyle are sitting at a table listening. The music continues underneath as...

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike is still telling his story. The other guy pushes his glass at the bartender for a refill.

OTHER GUY  
So you became fixated...

MIKE  
It was more than that. I was a little lost. I was kind of a big guy, and I was athletic too. In high school I was a pretty good football player...and somewhere in the back of my mind I had this idea I could play on the Pro level. When I actually got to college...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE - DAY

Guys in pads pounding the shit out of each other. Grunts. Sounds of physical contact.

MIKE O.S.  
...it hit me that there was no chance at all. Not only wasn't I good enough for a scholarship, but pretty much everyone on the field was kicking my ass.

ANGLE ON

Camera PANS over the team practice, searching. It finally finds Mike warming the bench.

MIKE O.S.

I made the team, but only in case  
some 4th string alternate got hurt.  
I was just a warm body that barely  
got to practice, let alone play.

BACK TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randy and Jeff are finishing up. Kids are applauding.

MIKE V.O

So, there I was...having an  
identity crisis, and trying to  
figure out a way to re-invent  
myself.

A BIT LATER - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Doyle are saying goodnight.

BUNNY

Come back now, OK?

MIKE & DOYLE

Sure, we will...

ZOOM ON MIKE

Mike turns to the camera. Jeff and Randy are packing up their equipment in the background, coiling guitar cables, etc...

MIKE

Well, I wasn't sold on the folk  
music thing, but I liked Randy and  
Jeff...and Bunny...God...Bunny...  
Every time I saw her, I could  
barely stop myself from grabbing  
her pineapples.

Mike looks over at Bunny wistfully. She's kind of filing a nail, impatiently waiting for Jeff to finish up.

MIKE (cont'd)

No...Not grabbing them, exactly... just making love to them...I guess you could call it a fetish, or just an obsession...but they were so perfect...And I liked Doyle's weed, so I started hanging out. Now, I was torn up over Bunny, so a relationship with Jeff didn't seem too important. That was wrong too, but back then...

EXT. BEACON STREET - DAY

Mike is loitering a few doors down from Bunny's dorm, kind of keeping out of sight.

Bunny comes out and starts walking toward Mass. Ave. Mike trails her at a distance, trying not to be seen.

INT. MTA SURFACE/SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bunny's headed across the Charles River toward Cambridge. She has her nose buried in a book. Mike is one car back, hiding behind a newspaper...keeping his eye on her.

POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A THEATRICAL BOOKSTORE - DAY

Bunny is browsing the stacks. Mike walks up to her, starts talking.

INT. ELSIE'S - DAY

Elsie's is a sandwich shop off of Harvard Square...an institution for the hungry college crowd. They make these huge sandwiches for about a dollar. You could get them to make sandwiches out of almost anything.

A crazy-quilt mix of preppies, hippies, nerdy engineering students, and foreign-exchange types populate the place.

Mike and Bunny are in line behind a couple of other customers.

CUSTOMER #1

Tuna, Pimento, Swiss cheese and sauerkraut with mayo on a hard roll...hold the pickle.

COUNTERGUY  
That's ninety-five cents...

The customer counts it out.

MIKE (TO BUNNY)  
It's really a coincidence...

BUNNY  
What...?

MIKE  
Us running in to each other like  
this. I hardly ever get across the  
river...

BUNNY  
Yeah...

CUSTOMER #2  
Head cheese, Baloney, Kippers,  
Sprouts...with Russian Dressing on  
date-nut bread.

COUNTERGUY  
A dollar-ten...

MIKE  
I mean...I never go to theatrical  
bookstores. I was just looking for  
this book on show tunes...I took a  
wild guess they would have it. And  
it turned out you were there...

BUNNY  
Uh-huh...

MIKE  
You're not talking very much...

They're next in line.

BUNNY (TO COUNTERGUY)  
Liverwurst, sardines, tomato, hot  
peppers and cream cheese on  
pumpernickel.

COUNTERGUY (TO MIKE)  
You...?

MIKE  
Uh...I'll just have a pastrami and  
swiss on rye...

COUNTERGUY  
That together?

MIKE  
Of course we're together...

Bunny gives him a contemptuous look.

COUNTERGUY  
Two thirty-five...next...

They move down the line, pick up their sandwiches, find a table. Bunny hasn't said anything else. She starts to eat her sandwich.

MIKE  
How come you're so quiet?

Bunny puts down her sandwich.

BUNNY  
You...are never going to get to fuck me.

MIKE (FLUSTERED)  
Where did that come from?

BUNNY  
Listen...if we're going to have any kind of relationship, it has to be predicated on telling each other the truth.

FREEZE FRAME

MIKE V.O.  
What she meant was...she was the only one who could lie...

BACK TO:

INT. ELSIE'S

MIKE  
You think I would lie to you?

BUNNY  
Don't insult me. You want proof?

MIKE  
Yes.

BUNNY

You didn't just bump into me in the bookstore. You followed me there.

MIKE

Damn, how did you know? Did you spot me on the train?

BUNNY

I didn't know. You just told me. I don't believe in coincidence.

MIKE

Ever?

BUNNY

The rules are very simple. You look around, see how the numbers add up. Then you can figure out who did what to who to get what they got. The only challenge is figuring out how to make things go your way.

MIKE

That's a pretty cynical attitude...

BUNNY

Cynical? I'm not the one who lied and maneuvered to get me to have lunch with him.

MIKE

That's not fair...

BUNNY

Fair? Don't make me laugh. The only problem with scamming is that most people aren't very good at it. You, for example, are no challenge at all...

MIKE

Ouch...

BUNNY

Are you denying that you want to fuck me?

MIKE

I want to be your friend.

A busboy has been hovering the B.G. clearing some nearby tables. Now he moves in close to Mike...

FREEZE FRAME

BUSBOY

You actually thought she would believe that?

MIKE

She didn't...She had me dead. That conversation was so out of my control. By then, I didn't know if I was bullshitting her or myself. Of course I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to from the instant I laid eyes on her. I couldn't even sleep at night, I wanted her so bad.

BACK TO:

BUNNY

Spare me...I want to be your... "fri-end"...If you haven't got the balls to go after what you want, you haven't got a chance of getting it. My father left when I was four. My mother got a job as a waitress. If I'm gonna have a different kind of life, I haven't got time for bullshit. If you want to be my friend, how come you keep staring at my tits every 5 seconds?

The CAMERA's on her tits.

MIKE

I don't...

Bunny starts getting up.

BUNNY

OK...thanks for lunch...

MIKE

Wait...All right...I do...I can't help it.

She sits.

BUNNY

Of course you do. Everybody does. Think about what that's like for me.

(MORE)

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 Ever since I was 13 and started  
 growing these. I can't just have a  
 conversation with a man without him  
 staring at my chest. It's so  
 predictable...and so lame...

MIKE  
 Are you saying physical attraction  
 shouldn't matter?

BUNNY  
 Fair enough. But when I'm trying to  
 move past that, it's like...I could  
 be spouting off the next Theory of  
 Relativity, the guy's just totally  
 obsessing about my boobs. I have a  
 fucking brain.

FREEZE FRAME

The busboy has still been hovering...

BUSBOY  
 Don't you think that your whole  
 obsession might be just a little  
 bit infantile?

MIKE  
 What are you saying? That I was  
 breast-fed too much? Too little?

BUSBOY  
 Something like that...

MIKE  
 Pre-Med?...of course. Excuse me,  
 Mr. Psychiatrist...I don't know,  
 and I don't care. I only know that  
 I felt something really primal.

BACK TO:

MIKE (TO BUNNY) (cont'd)  
 What about Jeff?

She thinks for a minute.

BUNNY  
 Jeff wasn't any different...But  
 after about a week, he stopped  
 staring and started talking to me.  
 I appreciate that.

MIKE

How do you know I couldn't be the same? Bunny...please...you have to give me a chance...

BUNNY

God...you're so fucking obvious... Like you think you're the first guy that ever hit on me. I told you...I appreciate how Jeff is with me. I'm gonna help him. He's gonna be a big star. I'm gonna make it happen for both of us. It's my plan.

MIKE

Jesus, Bunny...what I could do with a woman like you...

BUNNY

Not my problem. I've devoted a year and a half to Jeff. Why would I let that go to waste? I've got him trained the way I want. You think I want to start over with you?

MIKE

Bunny...I'd do anything...

BUNNY

You would too, that's what's so pitiful. So just forget it. There's plenty of other women on earth. The only way you'll ever get to fuck me is if I want something from you...

The busboy is still hanging around. Now:

FREEZE FRAME

BUSBOY

What an idiot. You didn't hear that at all, did you?

MIKE

Not a word. I was too busy staring at her snuggle-puppies. But I should have listened to that part.

The camera has panned back to her tits.

BACK TO:

MIKE (cont'd)

You're driving me crazy...

BUNNY

You want to know exactly how pitiful you are? I've just spent 10 minutes shredding you...telling you what a loser you are for wanting to get involved with me. I've been rude, cruel, deliberately insulting...and you know what?

MIKE

What...?

BUNNY

If I told you that you could take me to lunch tomorrow, you'd jump at the chance...How does that make you feel?

MIKE

Like a pathetic loser...

BUNNY

You see why I can't respect men? They're just not that smart. They need us to become part of the gene-pool, but they can't conceive of treating us like equals...And we're not, we're better. If anyone ever out-thinks me, it'll be another woman. A man doesn't stand a chance.

The camera has drifted back to her tits.

FREEZE FRAME

The busboy reaches out and pulls the camera up on himself:

BUSBOY

That got him mad. So of course he makes the ultimate mistake. He lets her know what he was thinking. Unfortunately for him, she was paying attention.

BACK TO:

MIKE

Fuck you, Bunny...Now I'm pissed. Not only am I gonna get to fuck you, but I'm gonna work it so that you have to come to me...

FREEZE FRAME

Camera's moving to Bunny's tits, the Busboy drags it back.

BUSBOY

Now here's a clueless guy just riffing 'cause he was mad...but truth is stranger than fiction... You have just witnessed a moment of pure prophecy.

BACK TO:

BUNNY

Don't make me laugh. I've been in control of this little cha-cha since we sat down here, and I've done it by telling you the truth. You want some more truth?

MIKE

I don't know...do I?

BUNNY

No, but I'll give it to you anyway. There are men who love abuse so much that they like to get tied up, pissed on, and spanked with ping-pong paddles. You're not even in their league...You know why?

Mike shakes his head.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Because at least they get off on it. Did you get off on this?...I didn't think so...

She gets up.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Thanks for lunch. Maybe we can do this again sometime.

She laughs, then leaves.

The busboy comes over and starts clearing the table.

BUSBOY

Come on...tell everyone how you handled all of that...

MIKE

What?! I was crushed. I couldn't believe how she nailed me.

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
The sickest thing about it is that  
it only made me want her even more.  
I had to have her. But then events  
took a really strange turn...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Doyle, Mike, and Randy are standing outside a club, smoking  
dope. The joint passes to Randy. He hits. He coughs.

RANDY  
Smooth...

DOYLE  
Yeah...it's Panama Red. From  
Panama.

The doobie goes around. It comes back to Randy. He inhales.  
He gasps, he wheezes...

RANDY  
You think they bring it through the  
canal?

DOYLE  
Oh yeah...I'm sure of it...

The joint passes. It comes back to Randy.

RANDY  
I better not. Got to save my voice  
a little. We have to get up and  
drive to New York for an audition  
tomorrow.

DOYLE  
Hey!...That's great!...

MIKE  
Yeah!...

DOYLE  
Who are you auditioning for?

RANDY  
Some record label. They're looking  
for the next Simon and Garfunkel.  
Bunny set it up...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

CARD ON SCREEN: TWO DAYS LATER

EXT. BEACON STREET - DAY

Doyle and Mike are walking toward Randy and Jeff's apartment. They can hear loud, but indistinct voices from the street as they get close to:

EXT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the steps to the basement apartment Randy and Jeff share. They're about to knock when they hear angry voices from inside.

They stand outside the door and listen to:

RANDY (O.S.)  
Fuck you, it was my fault...

BUNNY (O.S.)  
Face it, dipstick...you just can't sing.

RANDY  
Were you even there!!?? Did you even hear what he said!!??

Doyle knocks. Bunny yanks the door open.

BUNNY  
What!? What do you want?

DOYLE  
Is Randy around?

Bunny looks at Doyle like he's pond scum. Then she gets control of herself and gives the guys a tight smile.

BUNNY  
Come on in...

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is one long room with a kitchen and bathroom at one end. Jeff's bed is behind a screen. Randy's bed is at the other end.

DOYLE  
What's the ruckus?

MIKE V.O.

OK...Doyle didn't look impressive. Actually, he was this very cool guy. He had a very laid back way about him, but he didn't miss much, which made it possible for him to get rich as a drug dealer...which, incidentally, was what he was majoring in.

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JEFF

We're having a little family squabble here...

RANDY

It's about the audition.

DOYLE

What happened?

BUNNY

They didn't like Randy's voice.

RANDY

Fuck you...that's not what he said, you cunt.

DOYLE (TO JEFF)

What happened?

JEFF

Well...he said he liked how we sounded and all, he liked my arrangements and everything...but they're looking for groups with original songs.

BUNNY

Bullshit. That was just a polite way of blowing you off. I know all about auditions. I'm a theatre major...

RANDY

You're a fucking drama queen...

BUNNY

What about groups like The Highwaymen...Peter, Paul, and Mary...Ian and Sylvia.

(MORE)

BUNNY (cont'd)  
They don't write their own songs.  
THEY have record deals.

JEFF  
But, Bunny...

BUNNY  
But Bunny nothing...after all my  
hard work...you two losers fuck it  
up. "Come back when you have some  
so - ongs"...You guys blew it  
'cause you suck.

She storms out...slams the door.

A beat.

DOYLE  
Well...why don't you write some  
songs?

JEFF  
I can't write. I've tried.

RANDY  
Neither can I...

Doyle starts rolling up a number.

DOYLE  
Here...smoke some of this. It's  
guaranteed to open up those brain  
cells.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Four guys sitting around stoned out of their gourds. Jeff  
plays a few chords on his guitar every once and awhile.

RANDY (SINGS)  
The trees are so green in the  
summer...

JEFF  
That sucks.

Randy looks at Doyle. Doyle shakes his head.

DOYLE  
Not good...

INT. APARTMENT - STILL LATER

Jeff's playing some different chords. Doyle's rolling a few more joints.

RANDY (SINGS)  
Every day I wake up....

Waits.

JEFF (SINGS)  
I make a pot of Maxwell House  
coffee...

DOYLE  
That's great if you guys want to  
write coffee commercials.

He lights another reefer.

INT. APARTMENT - STILL LATER

Four guys zoned out and not moving.

Jeff strums some other chords. Randy barely opens his eyes.

RANDY  
That sucks.

Mike's asleep. Doyle opens one eye.

DOYLE  
Yeah...

INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

Mike is sitting at his desk, writing something on a pad, and plunking out some chords on a guitar.

V.O.  
Somehow, the next morning I woke up  
with this melody running through my  
head, and some words to go along  
with it. "The Many-Colored Morning  
Mists of Magic"...I don't remember.  
It was awful. It was pitifully bad.  
But they liked it...

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike's playing the song.

JEFF  
Mike!...This is great.

RANDY  
Yeah...I really like it.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike's drinking buddy, has been kind of dozing off. Now:

BUDDY  
Wait!? What just happened? How are  
you writing music?

Mike motions for the camera to move in on him.

MIKE  
OK. Back up! Let's not get too far  
ahead of ourselves here...

FILM REWINDS BACK TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

Mike is working on the song. This scene will split the frame  
and have young Mike talking across the frame to older Mike in  
the bar.

BAR MIKE  
So you're wondering how I came to  
have a guitar in my hands in the  
first place. See, when I was having  
my little football identity  
crisis...I looked around and asked  
myself, "Well, who gets laid as  
much as jocks?"

BUDDY  
I'm confused...football, music,  
tits. Is this conversation actually  
going somewhere, or can we just  
watch the game?

BAR MIKE  
I'm getting there...Anyway, the  
answer was...musicians. Not the  
guys in the Marching Band...they  
were total dweebs. But if you were  
in a rock and roll band, you had a  
steady stream of women wanting to  
get to know you better.

(MORE)

BAR MIKE (cont'd)

To be sure, it wasn't that Grade "A" type cheerleader pussy I was used to, but some of those arty-type women weren't bad at all, and in fact, some of them could be downright freaky. So I got a guitar, learned to play "Louie, Louie", and got into a frat-rock band.

Young Mike looks up from his desk at Mike in the bar:

MIKE

Will you shut the fuck up already?  
I'm tryin' to work here...

BAR MIKE (SOTTO VOCE)

So, while I didn't like folk music all that much, I recognized that some of it was pretty intricate, and that Jeff was a pretty good guitar player...so I was kind of hanging around trying to pick up some stuff.

Young Mike looks up again.

YOUNG MIKE

Listen, pussy-boy...stop talking about yourself. You're boring the shit out of everyone already...

BAR MIKE

Fuck you...some people might be interested in the backstory.

YOUNG MIKE

No...fuck you, you boring old fart. They just want to see Bunny's rack. So fucking get to it already.

BAR MIKE

Fuck you...I'll come over there and kick your ass in 2 minutes...

YOUNG MIKE

Oh yeah?...fuckin' try it. I'm you, only 20 years younger. Who's gonna kick whose ass?

BAR MIKE

Fuck you...

YOUNG MIKE  
No...Fuck you.

BAR MIKE  
No...fuck...you...

Music comes up and we:

FADE BACK TO:

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Randy and Jeff are singing "The Many-Colored Morning Mists of Magic". It's a pretty bad song, but they're making it sound good, or at least professional.

RANDY & JEFF(SINGING)  
"And the Magic of You is so  
Real"...

They finish. They look at each other.

JEFF  
Very nice...

RANDY  
Yeah...let's do the bridge one more  
time...

JEFF  
And in the first verse...the  
"Colors of the Rainbow" part... I  
think you should have the harmony  
there because the lines cross...  
(sings) "Colors of the Rainbow"....

RANDY  
I like that...

FREEZE FRAME

Mike and Doyle have been sitting on the couch. The freeze catches Doyle with a joint halfway to his mouth as Mike turns to camera:

MIKE  
Like I said...it really sucked. But  
this movie is about me, not  
them...and the one thing that came  
out of that piece of shit was that  
I realized that I could actually  
write music. So I kept going. I  
wrote them a few more tunes...

## MONTAGE

Randy and Jeff singing "THE GHOST OF JOHN HENRY" in a coffee house.

Randy and Jeff singing "JOHNNY KILLED A GOOK" at a college hootenanny/war protest.

Randy and Jeff help fight oppression by singing "BURN THE SUGAR CANE DOWN" in support of striking hotel workers.

PULL BACK TO:

## EXT. A SMALLISH HOTEL ON THE COAST OF MAINE - DAY

There are about a dozen inbred-looking strikers picketing a 30-odd unit motel and cabin joint. The local sheriff, who should be keeping order, is asleep in his patrol car.

The fire department is there too...It must have been a slow day. They're all having coffee and donuts.

Randy and Jeff are just finishing "Burn the Sugar Cane Down".

They finish with a big rousing folkie type ending. Silence. A beat.

STRIKER #1

Hey, college boy! Where's that broad that was with ya?

STRIKER #2

Yeah...why don't ya play somethin' so's she can do a cootchie dance?

## ANGLE ON

In the B.G. One of the strikers has actually been trying to set one of the cabins on fire. He only succeeds in torching his pants. The fire department reluctantly put down their donuts to help him. As they hose him down:

V.O. MIKE

I guess you had to be there... I slowly got better at writing, and Randy and Jeff were getting ready for another audition.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bunny is answering the door. When she sees that it's Mike, she sticks out her boobs and gives him a big kiss.

BUNNY  
Hi, Mike. We're all waiting  
for you.

MIKE  
Great...I think you'll like this  
song a lot.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Randy and Jeff are singing "I Ain't Goin' to War, No-how". They finish with a rousing chorus.

Randy and Jeff look at each other.

RANDY  
This is a hit!

JEFF  
I think so...

BUNNY  
It's great, Mike.

Mike looks at everybody.

MIKE  
You really like it?

BUNNY (SEXY)  
I think you're a genius.

Randy and Jeff launch back into the tune and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A & R OFFICE AT A RECORD LABEL - DAY

Randy and Jeff are finishing "War".

A & R GUY  
Great song...you guys write it?

JEFF  
Well, no...a friend of ours.  
He wrote all the new material.

A & R GUY  
 I'm sorry to hear that. Right now I  
 can only sign groups that write  
 their own stuff.

Bunny sidles up to him, presses her boobs into his arm.

BUNNY  
 But Bob...Mike writes for them  
 exclusively...

A & R BOB  
 I dunno...maybe if he was part  
 of the group.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy and Jeff are on stage singing "War".

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

We see Mike on stage with them. He holds a guitar.

He looks way out of place. He looks like a jock, not a  
 folkie.

As soon as he opens his mouth, he sounds out of place. Mike  
 can't sing worth shit.

FREEZE FRAME

The freeze catches Randy and Jeff in mid note as Mike shakes  
 off a badly out of tune clinker:

CAMERA HAS BEEN ZOOMING ON MIKE, RANDY PULLS IT ON HIMSELF

RANDY  
 So it worked like this...Mike could  
 write, but he had no stage  
 presence. It didn't matter so much  
 in his rock band, 'cause they  
 played frat parties and jumped  
 around like drunk assholes...which  
 they were. But for folk music,  
 which was taken very seriously back  
 then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BITTER END COFFEE HOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A more sophisticated atmosphere than we've seen. More put together décor, more put together people.

A frizzy-haired guy in a black turtleneck sweater is onstage singing a sensitive, artsy, folky-type ballad. Maybe Eric Anderson's "Thirsty Boots".

He's lit by a single overhead spotlight. The room positively reeks coffee-house caricature, except that this is the real deal. Cigarette smokes drifts everywhere. People actually listen to the music, concentrate on the lyrics...

The singer finishes...people applaud wildly.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BITTER END BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is puking his guts out into the toilet.

Jeff and Randy stand nearby trading looks.

INT. BITTER END - CONTINUOUS

Randy, Jeff, and Mike are up on stage singing "I Ain't Goin' to War No-How". They're all wearing matching shirts, like the Kingston Trio. It's no use. Mike still looks like a lummoX.

ANGLE ON

A & R Bob sits with Bunny and another guy in a booth. Bunny has her tits workin' the other guy. He must be Bob's boss.

BOB'S BOSS

Who's the big guy? He looks like a lummoX...not a folkie...

He listens for about 5 seconds.

BOB'S BOSS (cont'd)

I like the song, but I can't sell this to TV. Without TV exposure, forget it. So, Bunny...who else have you got for me to listen to and do you have to drive back to Boston tonight?

"War" keeps playing under as:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jeff drives, Randy and Mike are asleep in the back. Bunny rides shotgun. Every once and awhile Jeff tries to put his arm around her. She angrily rebuffs him.

JEFF

Don't be mad, honey. We tried...

BUNNY

Fuck you, loser...

JEFF MOTIONS TO THE CAMERA TO CLOSE UP ON HIM

JEFF

She must've been pissed at herself, too. It was the big leagues, and the dairy farm did her no good at all. Bob's boss must've had women like Bunny coming at him 5 times a day...Right, honey?

BUNNY

Fucking losers...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - BOSTON - NIGHT

Randy and Jeff are on stage as a duo. They still sound good.

Bunny, Mike, and Doyle sit at a table together. Bunny watches Jeff, Doyle watches Jeff and Randy, Mike watches Bunny. Doyle turns to the camera:

DOYLE

Mike kept writing for them. We were all hoping that something would happen. Finally some local label decided to put "War" out as a single.

Onstage, Jeff and Randy have been singing "I Ain't Goin' to War", it continues under...

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

"I Ain't Goin' to War No-How" is playing on the radio. Jeff and Bunny are dancing around. Mike and Randy and Doyle are carrying on.

DOYLE O.S.  
 ...But the label didn't have enough  
 money for any national promotion,  
 and the record died. They made  
 about 1200 bucks apiece. Bunny was  
 way ahead of everyone of course...

INT. RANDY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeff's packed and is moving out.

RANDY  
 But how'll we rehearse?

BUNNY  
 You'll just come over..(she  
 pouts)...Randy-baby...don't you  
 want Jeff and I to be happy?

RANDY  
 Well...sure. But you'll be  
 way out in Framingham...

Randy turns to the camera:

FREEZE FRAME

RANDY (cont'd)  
 It was getting close to graduation,  
 and Bunny was getting ready to  
 break up the act.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy is standing on the side of the stage, set to go on. He  
 stands there looking at his watch.

He tunes his guitar. He looks at his watch.

Rustles from the audience. He tunes...looks at his watch.

Jeff comes rushing in, grabs his guitar and leaps on stage.

He launches into the opening of "I Ain't Going to War".

Randy glares at him.

He finally starts to play along.

INT. BUNNY AND JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's actually kind of nice. Anything would be after the Beacon street pad. Bunny's managed to add a couple of naïve but homey touches.

Bunny and Jeff are cuddled on the couch watching TV.

JEFF

...But I'm a musician, I don't want to sell TV's...

BUNNY

Jeff...you're going to take that job. In six months you'll be assistant manager...in a few years, a manager...then you can move to corporate...They have a pension plan, retirement, everything...

JEFF

What about me and Randy? He's serious too. We want to make another record...We want to try New York...or L.A....

BUNNY

Randy's going back to Saginaw to teach High School.

JEFF

That's not what he told me....

BUNNY

Yeah?...We'll see about that...

EXT. RANDY AND JEFF'S (NOW JUST RANDY'S) APARTMENT - DAY

Doyle and Mike are about to knock on the door when they hear grunting and moaning from inside.

They look at each other.

MIKE

Let's go...Randy's busy.

DOYLE

Nah...let's wait 10 minutes. I have other stops to make, and I don't want to have to come back. It sounds like he'll be done soon anyway....

EXT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doyle and Mike sit on the steps smoking a joint.

The door opens...Bunny walks out.

She doesn't seem as embarrassed as she should be.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doyle's rolling up a number and telling off Randy.

DOYLE

What the fuck are you doing? Are you crazy?

RANDY

Crazy? You're crazy if you think I'm gonna pass that up.

DOYLE

Jeff's your friend, he's your music partner...don't you have any self-control?

RANDY

Yeah. Try self control when she comes over, shakes her Pom-poms in your face, and starts undressing.

Mike hasn't said anything, he's just been standing there looking distraught. Now:

MIKE (WISTFULLY)

I wouldn't pass it up. It's my favorite fantasy.

DOYLE

You guys are both idiots. Don't you give a shit about Jeff?

RANDY

Jeff? Fuck Jeff. Are you kidding me? Bunny has a perfect set of Double-D's...

A beat.

MIKE

Bobsey Twins...

RANDY

Hooters...

MIKE  
Headlights...

Doyle lights up, takes a hit...passes it.

RANDY  
Points-of-interest...

MIKE  
Milk-buckets...

Doyle finally succumbs:

DOYLE  
Baby pillows...

RANDY  
Bodacious Tatas...

MIKE  
Kahunas...

RANDY  
Whamos...

DOYLE  
(Spanish accent) Chi-chi's, man...

MIKE  
Howitzers...

RANDY  
Cannons...

MIKE  
Torpedos...

DOYLE  
Bazookas...

RANDY  
Bazooms...

DOYLE  
Bazongas...

MIKE  
Melons...

RANDY  
Firm, ripe peaches...

DOYLE  
Grapefruits...

MIKE  
Marshmallows...

Music starts to come up.

RANDY  
Love-bubbles...

MIKE  
Shock absorbers...

DOYLE  
Whamdanglers...you morons...

MIKE  
Whamdanglers...?!!

RANDY  
Man Traps...

Music up and:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy and Jeff are performing, but now, every time they look at each other, they glare hatred.

Mike and Doyle sit sorrowfully at a nearby table. Every once and awhile Mike looks over at Bunny. He just seems confused.

Doyle motions for the camera...

CAMERA MOVES IN TO DOYLE:

DOYLE  
You can't keep shit like that secret...not between 2 guys as close as them. Anyway, Bunny wanted to make sure that Jeff knew she was balling Randy. The problem was that they both needed the money they made from gigging. So for awhile they had to grin and bear it.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bunny and Randy are making out against a parked car. Jeff sticks his head out the door. Bunny maneuvers herself to make sure that Jeff can see Randy's feeling her up.

DOYLE V.O.

That was about it....Jeff took the job. Then we all graduated a couple of months later. Randy went back to Saginaw and became a science teacher. That's the last we heard from him...Oh, wait...he shows up one more time, but that's later. Mike went to New York, and I moved to Florida and started flying weed in through the Everglades.

MONTAGE.

Jeff is selling TV's in an appliance chain store. He wears a white short-sleeved shirt and a tie. He's cut his hair.

Randy is surrounded by high school students, doing a chemistry experiment. He looks pretty groomed, too.

Mike is playing in a rock band, he's letting his hair grow.

Doyle is taking flying lessons.

EXT. FLORIDA AIRFIELD - DAY

Doyle is climbing into the cockpit of a single engine plane. A VERY square-looking instructor gets in the seat alongside him. Doyle has cut his hair too, and is wearing a tie.

The plane starts to taxi.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The instructor talks over the noise of the engine.

INSTRUCTOR

I'm amazed at your progress, son.  
You take to this like a duck to  
water...

DOYLE

I'm motivated, sir...I want to  
get my multi-engine rating...I  
want to fly the big birds...

The instructor watches him fly for a minute.

He makes his mind up.

INSTRUCTOR

You know son...you could help us  
out a lot down here.

DOYLE

How's that, sir?

INSTRUCTOR

Some bad apples have started to fly  
dope into the 'Glades. We're trying  
to get all our pilots to be sort of  
an un-official eye-in-the-sky, if  
you know what I mean...

DOYLE

I do, sir.

INSTRUCTOR

So if you see something suspicious  
while you're getting your hours,  
you make sure to report it...

DOYLE

You can count on me, sir.

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - WHENEVER

Mike's band is working out some new tune. He looks very Rock  
'n Roll. He goes over some parts with the drummer.

The lead singer uses the break to go hang out with his stable  
of groupies.

Mike looks up from the drummer and turns to the camera, then  
takes a big hit off the joint in his hand. As he exhales:

INT. BAR - NIGHT - SPLIT SCREEN

Young Mike tries to pass the joint across the split screen to  
Mike at the bar. Their hands won't go through...Young Mike  
shrugs and passes it to the drummer:

MIKE (IN BAR)

I became what I set out to re-  
invent myself as...a musician. It  
was great...constant party...and I  
started getting pretty good at  
songwriting.

(MORE)

MIKE (IN BAR) (cont'd)  
 Soon some record people were starting to sniff around. I gave a large part of the credit to Randy and Jeff. Somewhere in the back of my mind I felt I owed them. I wasn't even aware of it, but Bunny was...anyway, now I'm getting way ahead of myself.

Buddy doesn't give a shit. He's watching the Laker game.

EXT. ROCK FESTIVAL - DAY

Mike's band is playing to a huge crowd. Mike has become much more comfortable on stage. There's the lead singer, but Mike plays guitar and piano, and doesn't look like such a lummoX anymore. He's dropped some weight, his hair has grown out, he wears some tie-dyed outfit.

EXT. BACKSTAGE AT THE ROCKFEST - DAY

Some suits are buzzing around Mike's band.

Everyone's smiling and shaking hands.

Mike walks a few feet away and turns to camera, which stays focused on a couple of hot groupies. Mike drags the camera over, then he points to some slick-looking music biz weasel:

MIKE

See that guy? That's Walter Jablonski. He was a big shot at RCA records back then. Last time I saw him he was selling used cars. Anyway, he heard us at one of the festivals and offered us a deal. In retrospect, Bunny should have been our manager instead of the guy we wound up with. At least Bunny would have figured it all out. Artie was incompetent as well as a thief.

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The band sits around, signing stuff. Mike is actually trying to read the legalese in the contract.

MIKE

Artie...what does this mean?

Artie is a bald, cigar-chomping, show-biz caricature.

ARTIE  
What, kid?

MIKE  
This publishing stuff? What  
is it?

ARTIE  
Oh, that's just if they sell some  
sheet music or something.

MIKE  
How come you get half and RCA  
gets the other half?

ARTIE  
'Cause they already got a  
publishing company.

MIKE  
What about you?

ARTIE  
I got a publishing company too. You  
got a publishing company, kid?

MIKE  
No, but why shouldn't I have...?

ARTIE  
'Cause it ain't very much money and  
I have to negotiate a separate  
deal, and it's a lotta fuckin'  
work. Look...if I take you guys to  
the top like I think I can...  
well, it's just a little gravy for  
me. Don't you think I deserve it?

MIKE  
Well, yeah...I guess...

Mike signs the contract. Then he turns to camera.

FREEZE FRAME

MIKE (cont'd)  
I was so fucking stupid. Bunny  
would have taken ALL of the  
publishing for herself, but she  
would have kept the band together  
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
and made sure we at least made  
a record.

DISSOLVE TO:

RECORDING STUDIO - WHENEVER

Piles of pizza boxes and empty coffee cups lie strewn around.  
The singer is in the booth, trying to lay down a vocal.

Artie is in the control room, on the phone.

The singer blows a line. The engineer stops the tape. He hits  
the talkback button:

ENGINEER  
You wanna punch that?

SINGER (OVER SPEAKERS)  
Nah...run it from the top.

MIKE (INTO TALKBACK)  
Eddie...why don't you punch that  
part?

EDDIE (OVER SPEAKERS)  
I gotta feel the vibe, man...

ENGINEER  
OK...(slates it)Take 39...

He rolls the song from the top.

MIKE  
Artie...Artie!

Artie looks up from the phone.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Are you producing this or what?  
Eddie's out of control....I want  
to finish this record sometime  
before I die.

ARTIE  
Hey...come on kid...I'm tryin'  
to book you guys on a six state  
tour.

He points at the engineer.

ARTIE (cont'd)  
Larry....you produce.

MIKE

Larry gets paid by the hour.  
He doesn't give a shit. It's  
being charged to us.

ARTIE

Come on, kid. Let me work.

He goes back to the phone. A beat, then he turns to camera:

FREEZE FRAME

ARTIE (cont'd)

And that's how it went. They  
finished three songs on the  
album in five months. And then:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The band is there. So are a bunch of record executives and lawyers.

There's a heated discussion going on between Eddie and Mike, but everyone's doing at least some yelling.

EDDIE

We don't share the same creative vision anymore.

MIKE

What vision?...You dress in tight pants and prance around stage. You don't want to do the fucking work. You want to get high. And it's affecting your voice. You sing like shit.

Eddie turns to one of the suits.

EDDIE

I told you...I want out. This isn't going to work...I'm the singer..I'm the star. You want them....or me.

A general melee breaks out as Mike and Eddie start shoving each other, the lawyers are screaming about suing everyone, a couple of briefcases get thrown, etc.

The camera pans around till it finds Artie behind his desk.

ARTIE

They picked Eddie, but Eddie's  
career lasted about 5 minutes.

He dodges a wineglass that smashes into the wall behind him.

ARTIE (cont'd)

He had no songs, and the record he  
finally made cost a million bucks  
and was so bad they couldn't  
release it. Mike was devastated. I  
think he went to Boston to visit  
some old friends or something...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

They live in an even nicer place now. Bunny has gotten her  
decorating thing more together...stuff actually matches. It's  
a 20-something cozy little nest for two.

Mike sets down his guitar and suitcase. Big hugs all around.

MIKE

Jeff...Bunny...it's really  
great to see you guys.

JEFF

How's show-biz, Mr. Rock-God?

MIKE

A disaster...I'll tell you all  
about it.

BUNNY

Over dinner. Jeff's gonna Bar-  
b-cue.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Jeff's flipping stuff on the grill that sits on the terrace.  
We see him through the glass doors he's got closed to keep  
the smoke outside.

Bunny and Mike are sitting on the couch. Bunny knits while  
she watches Mike watch Jeff bar-b-cue. Then:

BUNNY

How much?

Mike turns toward her.

MIKE  
How much, what?

BUNNY  
How much did you get? For  
your record deal?

MIKE  
Before or after?

BUNNY  
Before or after what?

MIKE  
Before or after I got run  
through the meat grinder?

Jeff sticks his head in.

JEFF  
Medium or well?

MIKE  
Either way. Is there some beer?

BUNNY  
Jeff doesn't drink.

JEFF  
I don't drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Jeff sit around with their guitars, swapping licks,  
jamming on a couple of tunes.

Bunny knits.

Mike is showing Jeff licks now, instead of the other way  
around.

They finish a song.

MIKE  
Man...it feels great to just play  
some music...and not have to deal  
with all that other bullshit.

Bunny puts down her knitting.

BUNNY  
You never told me how much...

MIKE

The band got \$300,000. \$100,000  
as a signing bonus, and \$200,000  
to make the record.

BUNNY

Wow.

MIKE

Yeah...and when the agents, and  
managers, and lawyers got done....  
studio time, expenses....we had  
maybe 15 grand apiece.

BUNNY

They were your songs?

MIKE

Yeah...

Bunny gives him a look that says "I pity you, you  
shmuck...You are such a loser..."

She gets up.

BUNNY

Well, boys...I'm off to bed. Don't  
stay up too late.

She walks into the bedroom, closes the door. Mike grabs the  
camera, pulls it to himself.

MIKE

I saw the look, and even though I  
was a guest in her house, I was  
still pissed at her. She wasn't  
there...she didn't know everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunny's getting ready for bed. Then she turns to the camera.

BUNNY

Mike is so naïve...of course  
I knew everything. Who wound  
up with the money?...Him?...

Bunny starts to take off her blouse.

The camera ZOOMS in a little.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 What?! Now?!...Jesus!! I can't believe it...You call this part of the story? Like this isn't totally gratuitous...Oh, all right...I know I have to sooner or later.

She takes off the blouse. Her bra is sexy and overflowing. She takes it off teasingly.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 These are my babies...Like 'em?

The camera nods. Bunny plays with them.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 Of course you do...you're so fucking predictable. But they are perfect, aren't they?

They are perfect, fabulous tits. Bunny fondles them some more.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 Men are so dumb. I mean really dumb. They shuck and jive, and maneuver and scam...at the end of the day, I flash these at 'em and they're dead....This is a perfect example...this job, I mean. I would've given the producer cash and a blow job to get this part. As soon as he told me I'd have to put 'em on screen, I said, "You mean these?" (she hefts them)...I get another 20 grand. They're idiots.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 Yo!! Hey! It's my story. Let's get back to the living room...

Camera PANS back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Jeff are still jamming. Mike keeps playing while he talks to the camera. Jeff is too involved in the tune to pay attention.

MIKE  
 One of the reasons for my visit was so I could talk to Jeff and try to get a handle on my life and career.

The camera has been slowly PANNING back to the bedroom. Now it's focused on Bunny's tits again.

INT. BEDROOM

BUNNY

See what I mean? It's unbelievable.

MIKE O.S.

Hey!! Yo! Can we get a gay cameraman or something? Get rid of this guy!...

Camera leisurely PANS back to the living room.

BUNNY

Hey! Wait a minute! I'm not done...

Camera quickly PANS back to Bunny. She has a look of disgust on her face.

BUNNY (cont'd)

See how easy that was?..Anyway, I was just going to say that when Mike showed up, I was at this crossroad too. I was ready to lose Jeff and nail Mike when I heard 300 thousand dollars. That was a number I could deal with. When he told me he wound up with 15 G's, I couldn't believe he was that dumb. It was a total turn off.

MIKE (O.S.)

You were ready to fuck me then? I never even suspected that.

BUNNY

You barely knew what day of the week it was when you were anywhere within 200 yards of these. (she plays with them some more) I bet you're remembering what they were like right now...aren't you?.. how they felt and everything...You know...I always thought you were much better looking than Jeff. I used to get so hot just thinking...

MIKE O.S.

Stop it!! Just fucking stop it, you bitch!! Get the camera back on me and Jeff...

BUNNY (LAUGHING)  
 You just never, never, ever  
 learn...Do you?

Camera PANS back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mike and Jeff are working on some guitar licks. The music keeps going as they talk:

MIKE  
 So...what do you think, man...  
 should I get a day job?

JEFF  
 I have to tell you, Mike...Me, I've  
 never been happier. I'm gonna be a  
 manager soon....I have money in the  
 bank. I don't have to deal with  
 asshole club owners...Bunny and I  
 are planning to get married soon.

MIKE  
 It sounds very nice.

JEFF  
 It is very nice. You want a job at  
 the store?...I'll get you a  
 job at the store. In a couple  
 of years you'll be just like me.

FREEZE FRAME

Camera zooms on Jeff:

JEFF (cont'd)  
 When I said that, I could see that  
 Mike suddenly got terrified...of  
 not taking his shot.

BACK TO:

MIKE  
 I'm just not sure...

JEFF  
 Listen...you think I don't pull out  
 my guitar every couple of months  
 and think about what might have  
 happened if the record took  
 off?...Of course I do. But I'm  
 happier now than I've ever been...

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)  
I can give Bunny everything she  
wants...

MIKE  
But I don't have a Bunny. Who  
would be there for me?

Jeff thinks.

JEFF  
Look Mike...I don't know. You gotta  
do what your heart tells you...(off  
Mike's look)..I know, I know...One  
thing I can tell you for sure...You  
have a gift. Look how far you've  
come in a couple of years. Yeah...I  
envy you. You're showing me licks  
now...So if you have the desire,  
you can make it. You have the  
talent.

MIKE  
Like you actually know. You're the  
guy who thought "Many Colored  
Morning Mists of Magic" was a great  
song. But thanks. I mean it.

JEFF  
Mike, Mike, Mike, Mike....

MIKE  
Jeff, Jeff, Jeff, Jeff...

It's a guy moment.

JEFF  
Hey...how 'bout this?

He starts playing another tune. Mike joins in. They play for  
a minute.

Jeff stops.

JEFF (cont'd)  
Mike...I want to tell you one other  
thing. (Mike stops playing) You  
know that situation you were just  
in?... (Mike nods)...Well, you have  
a couple of choices here. You can  
join another Rock band and maybe  
repeat the same experience...  
...maybe repeat the same experience  
4 or 5 times.

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)  
If I were you, I would go study music...I mean really study it...theory, orchestration, all that crap. Then you can write your own ticket. There's always work for guys who can do that stuff. Fuck that Pop-star bullshit.

Mike pulls the camera to him:

MIKE (TO CAMERA)  
It was the best advice I ever got. And for the next 5 years, that's exactly what I did.

MONTAGE.

Mike living in a cabin in the woods with a piano and score paper. He writes, erases...writes, erases.

Jeff at the store. Now he has people working for him. He's getting a little grayer, paunchier.

Doyle is doing dope deals off his yacht.

Mike is in a studio, producing a record.

Randy is surrounded by different kids, doing the same chemistry experiment.

Bunny and Jeff are getting married, then moving into a real house instead on an apartment.

Mike is in a recording studio conducting a string section.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DC-30 AIRCRAFT CABIN - DAY

Doyle is at the controls. There's a co-pilot. The co-pilot has long hair and a beard. They're passing a joint back and forth.

CO-PILOT  
Comin' up on it now...

ANGLE ON

An isolated landing strip surrounded by swamps. There's a channel to the ocean, and a dock where Doyle's yacht is moored.

The plane flies over it. Doyle brings it around.

DOYLE  
Looks clear...

He starts to swing the plane around for a landing approach.

The radio suddenly comes to life.

RADIO  
Doyle...is that you, boy?

Doyle looks at the co-pilot.

DOYLE  
Shit!! Shit, Shit!!!

He picks up the microphone.

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Yes, sir...it's me.

RADIO  
I'm about 10 miles out. I came on this operation about 6 hours ago. I went for help. Now I got the whole damn DEA with me. What're you doing in this neck o' the woods?

DOYLE (THINKS FAST)  
I'm having a little engine trouble, sir. I may have to put it down soon.

RADIO  
Don't you worry, son. We'll be right there.

Doyle takes the plane around one more time.

He turns to the co-pilot, then he starts adjusting the autopilot.

DOYLE  
Let's get the fuck out of here...

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The DC-30 comes around in a beautiful slow arc. As it gets over the field, two figures jump out. Two parachutes open immediately.

The plane starts to drop lower. It's headed toward the yacht.

The plane drops even lower. It's getting closer....

In the distance, a bunch of helicopters and support aircraft are approaching.

The plane hits the yacht and takes it out in a huge ball of fire.

INT. DEA HELICOPTOR - CONTINUOUS

The flight instructor is riding shotgun. After the smoke clears he looks down in the water.

A few dozen bales of weed are floating around.

ANGLE ON

Unfortunately, you can see more bales through an opening in the downed plane's fuselage. He turns to the agent in charge.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

I hope you fry that little shit.

INT. MIKE'S CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Mike is practicing the piano. He's playing some serious, intricate music now. He keeps playing while Doyle talks.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Doyle is dressed in an orange jumpsuit and in handcuffs. He's being led out of a van with a bunch of other prisoners into a courthouse.

Doyle talks to the camera while he walks.

DOYLE

We all kept in touch by phone, or in my case, letter...my phone privileges were a little restricted for awhile. It was hard to find the time to get together. Then Jeff had his mid-life crisis. Most guys have it in their 40's. Jeff had his at age 29. I guess he looked in the mirror one day and saw the end of the road in heart attack city.

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a nice house. Bunny's going through her crochet doily period. They're all over every surface.

Bunny's talking on the phone.

BUNNY

Mike...it's bad. Jeff needs you. You've got to come.

INTERCUT TO:

Mike puts his hand over the phone, turns to camera:

MIKE

Right. Jeff, bullshit. Bunny needed me. I didn't find out till I got there that Randy had triggered the whole thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a nice suburban house with a yard and a picket fence. Very "Leave it to Beaver".

Inside, things are not so serene:

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Jeff, and Bunny are yelling at each other.

MIKE

...Are you fucking crazy?

JEFF

Mike, I'm really serious.

MIKE

You're fucking nuts...and I'm telling you this as a friend.

Mike turns to Bunny.

MIKE (cont'd)

Where did this come from?

BUNNY

Well...Randy was in town for some teachers convention...and one night he had a few drinks, and he called. At first Jeff wouldn't talk to him, but then he did...and one thing led to another, and now they want to put the act back together.

MIKE

Does either of them care that no one listens to folk music anymore?

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

It's like right out of "Saturday Night Fever". Randy is with a group of people on the dance floor doing the Bus Stop.

CAMERA ZOOMS ON RANDY

RANDY (SCREAMING OVER THE MUSIC)

This was in the middle of the 70's.  
Disco was huge.

BACK TO:

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BUNNY

Mike, he wants to quit his job... Randy's gonna leave school in June and move back here. Then they're gonna spend their life savings on making a record. If you can't talk them out of it, you have to help them.

Mike turns to Jeff.

MIKE

Jeff...don't you think you're a little too old to be doing this? Weren't you the one that told me to "fuck that Pop-star bullshit"?

JEFF

Easy for you to say. You took your shot...you're makin' it now...What about me?

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)  
You think I want my obituary to  
read "Jeff Finklestein - TV  
Salesman"?

BACK TO:

INT - DISCO

RANDY (SCREAMING OVER MUSIC)  
The entertainment business is a  
cold business. We were just  
clinging to some dream. I mean...if  
somebody can't cut it, and you do  
them a favor...it's not a favor.  
Not only do they embarrass  
themselves, they embarrass you.

Does some fancy twirl step as we:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Let me think about it for a couple  
of days, OK?

BACK TO:

INT. DISCO

RANDY (SCREAMING)  
He was tryin' to figure out a way  
to stall us, and then let us down  
easy. I knew that. But as usual,  
Bunny was way ahead of the curve.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jeff is leaving for work. Bunny kisses him goodbye at the  
front door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She gets a cup of coffee. Stirs it.

She adjusts her robe so it's a lot looser. Her boobs are just tastefully peeking out of it.

She looks at the camera.

BUNNY  
Not enough? Should I give him  
the full treatment?

She lets her robe really hang open.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
I don't know...I don't want  
Mike to think I'm a total  
slut...(re-adjusts the robe)

INT. DISCO - MORE

RANDY(OVER MUSIC)  
Like she was gonna give him  
time to think...

BACK TO:

Bunny gets up, takes the coffee, walks out of the kitchen.

The CAMERA follows Bunny as she:

Walks through the living room, and into:

INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Mike is still asleep. Bunny puts the coffee on a night table and sits on the bed.

She leans over Mike.

BUNNY  
Mike...Mikey...wakey, wakey...  
I brought you some coffee...

Mike opens one eye. That eye is staring right into you-know-where.

Suddenly there's a tent in the blanket. Maybe Bunny felt the sheet stretch. She looks down.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
Ooohh...we've been having a naughty  
dream, haven't we? What if I said  
that I was having a naughty dream  
too.

(MORE)

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 I know what I was dreaming about.  
 Were you dreaming about these?

She lets her robe fall open all the way.

MIKE  
 Oh my God...

Bunny slides her hand under the sheet. That's it...In a second they're humping their brains out.

As they start ripping their clothes off and getting naked, the camera starts to tastefully PAN up and out of frame.

BUNNY (V.O.)  
 Yo!! Tasteful artsy camera person!!  
 Bring it back down here! I want to  
 show the women of America how to do  
 this right, just in case they don't  
 know already...

Camera PANS back down to the bed.

Mike is top of her, pumping away. Bunny pulls him closer and brings her face up past his head so he can't see it. She's bouncing all over the bed.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 Oh...Mike! Oh, God...Mike! Mike,  
 Mike!! Fuck me...Oh Jesus, oh  
 Jesus!! Do it...Do it!!

It's only when you really look at her face that you can tell that she's...well...slightly bored.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 Oh...Mike!! Oh, baby...God!!  
 Mike!!...

FREEZE FRAME

It catches Mike in mid-stroke, but he turns his head sideways to the camera:

MIKE  
 I didn't stand a chance...And don't  
 think for a second that she forgot  
 the part about me saying I was  
 gonna be in control...She knew that  
 buried deep in my brain was the  
 fact that I swore I would make her  
 come to me. She knew it would play  
 right to my ego.  
 (MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
It was me that forgot the part  
about adding up the numbers.

BACK TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM

They're lying in post-coital bliss. Bunny idly runs her fingers over Mike's chest. Then, all cutesy:

BUNNY  
So you're going to help them?

MIKE  
I'm gonna help them see how  
idiotic this is.

BUNNY  
No...I mean you have to help them.  
They've committed to \$18,000 worth  
of studio time...And that's just to  
start...And they don't have any  
songs...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mike is still talking to Buddy, but Buddy is talking to a pretty hot girl a couple of stools down

MIKE  
To make a long story short... Bunny  
got everything that she wanted. She  
wanted to start a family, so  
instead of Jeff spending his money,  
she got me to burn one of my  
business connections to fund the  
record. I knew better...I knew I  
would never work for that record  
label again. It didn't matter. It  
was 3 months of the best sex I ever  
had. The way that I got the label  
to be interested was to write this  
ballad that they liked. I figured  
that if nobody ever saw Randy and  
Jeff, I could pull it off. Wrong.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Very slick, very "Studio 54". A high-flyin' monied crowd. Everyone looks like they do too much cocaine and packs a gun.

Mike sits at a table with a few record-biz type people. All of them have little matching gold coke-spoons on chains around their necks.

The crowded dance floor moves to the beat of some disco anthem, which slowly fades down and dissolves into the sound of the DJ's voice and a band playing an intro:

DEE-JAY

And now, a special treat... Casa Manana's newest recording artists Randy and Jeff in their debut show, right here...

The CAMERA PANS over to a stage where:

Randy and Jeff start singing "Your Love Hurt Me So". They're dressed in disco suits. They have a back-up band.

They somehow can't manage to hide the fact that they still look somewhat folkie and very out of place.

The arrangement is slick, with syrupy strings (imagine Barry White on his worst day) and totally unlike whatever you would imagine their sound to be.

The crowd gives them about 16 bars before they lose interest.

About 10 seconds after that, the D.J. sees the crowd isn't buying it...or Randy and Jeff...and he cranks up Harold Melvin & the Bluenotes "Bad Luck".

People start to get up to dance again.

The huge sound system in the club drowns out Randy, Jeff, and their entire band completely.

CAMERA ZOOMS OVER TO MIKE

All the record guys have their little vials out and spoons up their noses. They aren't paying any attention to Mike as he talks to camera:

MIKE

It was unavoidable. I had to put them on stage for the suits. They thought I was nuts. They fired me. Whatever.

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
It stopped Randy and Jeff's  
comeback cold. As usual, Bunny was  
hedging her bet.

INT. JEFF AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike and Bunny are in the living room on the couch. She's  
sitting just a little too close.

Jeff's outside Bar-b-cueing.

BUNNY  
Mike...take me back to New  
York with you...

MIKE  
Bunny, I can't. You're married  
to Jeff. He's my best friend. He  
really needs you now...

Bunny does her whole boob number.

BUNNY  
Please, Mikey? These could  
be yours forever.

She wiggles her tits some more.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Camera zooms on Jeff.

JEFF  
I know that he was tempted. I mean,  
who wouldn't be. But...

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE  
I'm sorry Bunny. I couldn't live  
with myself. I can barely live with  
myself now...

EXT. PATIO -MORE

JEFF

And he did feel guilty, too. I know that...Even though we both knew Bunny had manipulated the whole thing. But guys never talk about that kind of stuff.

INT HOUSE - MORE

Bunny smiles wistfully. She looks contrite.

BUNNY

You're right. It would be a terrible thing to do to Jeff....

FREEZE FRAME

The camera closes on Bunny first. She looks positively angelic...maybe a soft aura surrounds her. The camera moves to Mike as he talks.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

INT. BAR - MORE

Buddy has moved a couple of stools down to talk to the babe.

MIKE

Now do you see what kind of evil genius she was? She was ripshit that I wouldn't take her to New York. And what did she do?...She smiled...she didn't yell, she didn't make a scene...But that's the moment when she set me up. Like some chess master who sees checkmate 30 moves ahead but doesn't tell their opponent. They don't want their opponent to resign...they want their opponent humiliated. And even though the endgame was years...and I mean years away...That was the moment when I was gonna go down...

Mike drains his glass, puts it on the bar next to the other 5 or 6 empties...He signals the bartender for another.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE.

Jeff moves up to corporate. Now he wears suits instead of shirts and ties. He drives a BMW.

Mike is conducting a film score. Big studio...big orchestra.

The kids are different, he's got a different haircut, but Randy's doing the same chemistry experiment in the same classroom.

Bunny has a baby girl.

Doyle is being transferred from a high security prison to a Club Fed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a marketing meeting going on. Jeff is leading it, but his boss is there.

JEFF

...so we can carry less static inventory going forward, and still meet more than 90 percent of our sales targets...saving the company around 23 million a quarter...

Jeff's boss is a fatuous asshole.

JEFF'S BOSS

I see a problem with the big picture here, Finkelstein... and that's customer satisfaction. If one customer can't get the appliance they need at the moment they need it, they'll go down the street and get it....and we've lost a customer for life.

JEFF

I would question whether it's a permanent loss considering that we can afford to be a bit more aggressive in our pricing...

JEFF'S BOSS

No, Jeff. I want you to figure out how we can carry more inventory and then write down the cost on the items that don't move so we can take a tax loss...that's the wave of the future...

JEFF

Yes, sir...I'll get right on it.

The boss looks around the room.

JEFF'S BOSS

Anything else?...Anyone?

The meeting starts to break up.

JEFF'S BOSS (cont'd)

And Finkelstein...

JEFF

Yes, sir...?

JEFF'S BOSS

Let me see numbers in 2 weeks. I'm sure you'll see that the numbers will bear me out. After all, I've been in this business a lot longer than you....

JEFF

Yes, sir. I'm sure you're right...

The boss starts to walk out of the room.

JEFF (cont'd)

The numbers, sir...2 weeks...

The boss closes the door behind him.

JEFF (cont'd)

And might I say, sir...that's a very fine toupee, sir...

Jeff looks into the mirror behind his office door. A beat.

He sticks his finger down his throat. Then he turns to the camera:

JEFF (cont'd)

More years passed. We all stayed in touch...But we were pretty much into the rhythms of our own lives.

MONTAGE.

Bunny and Jeff's baby is now a gorgeous little girl.

Randy is doing the same chemistry experiment. Different kids, different clothes.

Doyle is out of jail doing deals again.

Mike is moving into a big L.A.-style house.

JEFF V.O.

We saw each other from time to time. Mike would be back east now and again, or we would go out to LA to take Darla to Disneyland...

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BY THE POOL - MORNING

Mike is already working at a table under an umbrella. Jeff is getting 5 year-old Darla ready to go to Disneyland.

JEFF

Here, honey...you have to wear your mouse ears...that way Mickey knows you're coming...

She puts her on her "Mouska-ears".

DARLA

OK...'bye Uncle Mike...

Darla gets in the car.

MIKE (TO JEFF)

I'm in love with her...she is just so cute...

Jeff gets in the car...Mike goes over and leans in the window.

MIKE (cont'd)

Bye, Darla...make sure Daddy drives carefully. (they start leaving) Isn't Bunny going?

Bunny walks out of the kitchen with a cup of coffee.

BUNNY

I'm a little jet-lagged. I think I'll just relax today and go to Universal Studios tomorrow. That OK, Mike?

MIKE  
Of course....Mi casa, Su casa.  
Whatever you want...

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - LATER

Mike's still working. Bunny walks out in a swimsuit. She grabs a lounge chair and lays out.

Mike starts to sneak a few looks at her. Bunny still looks very good.

Bunny turns on her stomach on the chair. She lifts her head and holds up a bottle of tanning lotion.

BUNNY  
Mike...could you do my back,  
please?

MIKE  
Sure...just a minute.

He writes a couple more notes, then walks over to Bunny's chair. He takes the suntan lotion, starts to spread it.

BUNNY  
Oooh...That feels nice. Could  
you do my legs too?

He does. She writhes around a little.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
This is such a great house...it's  
so secluded. Not like ours. All  
our neighbors can see our pool. But  
not here. Right, Mike?

MIKE  
I work out here a lot. I don't  
want to be disturbed, so it's  
very private.

BUNNY  
I'm glad, because I hate tan  
lines...

She rolls over and takes her top off.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
Could you do my front now?

Mike starts doing her front. Her tits are still fabulous. Soon she slides her bottoms off.

Mike keeps oiling her up. She keeps writhing. Soon she's doing a little moaning.

Mike leans over and kisses her.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
What are you doing?...

MIKE  
I thought...

BUNNY  
You thought wrong...

MIKE  
But...

BUNNY  
But, nothing. You had the chance.  
You blew it.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike to camera:

MIKE  
It was all part of the Master Plan.  
I mean...it's utterly amazing how  
focused she could be. At that  
moment, I wanted her more than  
anyone in the world. She  
manipulated that, and I knew she  
manipulated it, and it didn't  
matter. In fact, to be really  
honest...it was that kinky, dark  
side of her that appealed to me.

BACK TO:

MIKE (cont'd)  
Bunny...please....

BUNNY  
God...you're so pathetic.

She gets up and goes in the house.

INT. GUESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunny's brushing her hair, changing into some casual outfit,  
etc. The camera follows her as she talks:

BUNNY

You may have started to think that I'm some cold, calculating bitch by now. You need to rethink that. I'll give you a little insight into what makes Bunny tick. We'll start with some basic Sociology...

She starts changing her top...camera zooms on her chest...she drags the camera up to her face:

BUNNY (cont'd)

Uh-uh, Buster...up here. I showed 'em all I got paid for. You want 'em back on screen, I want more money...Anyway, here's my point. To say that men just don't understand us is way too simple. If you look around the world, you see that in societies where women aren't in control, people basically live in huts, and the men are very happy living in huts. The men spend their money on guns, toys, booze, other women...they don't care about how they live, and they don't really like change. When you put that control into the hands of the women...what happens? They enhance the community...they build schools, hospitals...they support the arts. Men go buy a big TV and sit around and watch sports with their buddies. They don't care if they live in a cave. I mean...think about the effort it takes to get a guy to pick up his dirty socks. So do we use sex as a weapon? I prefer to think of it as using sex to make the world a better place. That's my mission...and if men were a little smarter, they would see it too.

There's a sort of knocking/scratching on the door.

MIKE O.S.

Bunny...can I come in?

BUNNY

Why? We aren't gonna do the old bouncy-bouncy...

MIKE O.S.

But...I love you...

BUNNY

No, you're obsessed with me...

Bunny turns to camera:

BUNNY (cont'd)

I was still mad that he didn't take me to New York, but I wasn't punishing Mike. I was trying to teach him something important.

Bunny talks through the door:

BUNNY (cont'd)

Do you ever think about me? Do you want me to leave Jeff? Should Darla grow up 3000 miles away from her father?

MIKE O.S. (CRUSHED)

No...of course not...

BUNNY (TO CAMERA)

The one thing you can count on is that a guy is pretty much always thinking about sex. Always. So if I can use that, then just bottom-line it for them, is that wrong? It's the only way you can get them to see the big picture.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike looks very sad...The camera goes to him:

MIKE

The next 5 years were pretty dull. Just more of the same.

MONTAGE.

Jeff is heavier, paunchier. Now he drives a Mercedes.

Mike conducts another film score.

Doyle's doing deals from his new, bigger yacht.

Randy's doing the same chemistry experiment. Different clothes, different kids.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Randy's lecturing to the class. He's bored. He's done this too many times before.

On the lab table is a set-up for fractional distillation of petroleum. In other words, you heat the raw petroleum at one end, and at the other end different chemicals come out such as naptha, benzyne, gasoline, etc.

RANDY

Today we're going to distill raw petroleum. This is how we get gasoline to drive our cars. As you can see, we're heating the raw petroleum in the vessel over here...at the other end, we're starting to see various chemicals..

Two boys in the back are punching each other in the arm.

RANDY (cont'd)

Mr. Petrillo...Mr. Sanders. Do we want to pass this course?

They mumble some response.

RANDY (cont'd)

Do I have to come back there?..

While his attention is diverted, some other kid slides the Bunsen burner under the wrong end of the experiment.

As Randy starts to walk to the back of the lab, the petroleum distillation apparatus explodes in a contained, yet highly satisfactory way.

Soon the room is awash in carbon dioxide as the kids, glad of the excuse, break out the fire extinguishers. Randy is covered in the stuff.

CAMERA GOES FULL ON RANDY:

RANDY

Mike should have been married by that time. It wasn't that he didn't date women. He dated lots of women...some women who were better looking than Bunny.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)  
 Of course, none of them had  
 her..Umm...assets, but they had  
 lots of other stuff going for them.  
 How come you never hooked up with  
 anyone?

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. BAR

MIKE  
 The truth? The thing is, after  
 Bunny, I never found anyone as  
 interesting in that evil way of  
 hers. California women were too  
 nice, East Coast women who moved to  
 L.A. seemed to let their dark sides  
 get bleached out by the sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike is in bed with this beach bimbo. She is gorgeous.

BIMBO  
 But you said you wanted to have  
 sex with me...

MIKE  
 I do want to have sex with you.

BIMBO  
 So why do you want me to say "No"?

MIKE  
 So I'll want to have sex with you.

BIMBO  
 But you want to have sex with me...

MIKE  
 Only if I can't have sex with  
 you...

BIMBO  
 You're confusing me....Look, do  
 you have any more coke?...

Mike gestures at a small vial sitting on a night table. The Bimbo greedily grabs it and starts cutting some lines with a razor blade...as Mike talks, she's snorting a few, oblivious to what he's saying:

CAMERA ON MIKE

MIKE

It was kind of a bleak period for me. Sometimes during school vacations either Bunny or Jeff would bring Darla out for a visit. I liked that kid more and more. Maybe it was particularly because I had none of my own.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike, Darla and Bunny are watching TV. Darla's about 13. There's a mirror on the wall opposite the couch. The TV is in front of it.

MIKE V.O.

Bunny always found a way to zing me on those trips. Even though I was always determined not to go for it. But she found a new way every fucking time. And that's what was so ultimately brilliant about her plan...How she kept me off balance and then hit me from the angle I least expected it.

BUNNY

Mike...my neck is sore...could you massage it for a minute?

Mike stands behind the couch and rubs her neck. When he looks down, he can see right down the front of her dress. No bra.

Bunny is checking him out in the mirror. She smiles when she sees him looking. She knows Mike is very turned on.

Bunny turns to look at him.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Thanks, Mike...You're such a sweetie...Isn't Uncle Mike a sweetie, Darla?...

She knows she's really got him.

DARLA  
He's my favorite Uncle...I love  
you, Uncle Mike. Can I sit on  
your lap while we watch TV?

Mike doesn't dare move from behind the couch.

MIKE  
I love you too, Darla. But let's  
wait a few minutes, OK? Maybe I'll  
make some popcorn first. How does  
that sound?

DARLA  
I love popcorn.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike turns to camera:

MIKE  
And she'd never fuck me. She had  
lots of opportunities. She was out  
with Darla 8 or 10 times in those  
years. Jeff mostly stayed in Boston  
and worked. He came out a few  
times. Bunny never came with him. I  
didn't think about it at the time,  
but their marriage must have been a  
little shaky. A few years later,  
the roof fell in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike is watching a ball game. The doorbell rings. He slowly  
gets off the couch. He has to go out of frame to answer the  
door.

MIKE (O.S.)  
Who is it?

Mumbled reply.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Who...?

We hear the door being opened.

MIKE (cont'd)  
 Jesus Christ!! What the fuck  
 are you doing here?

Jeff comes stumbling into the living room carrying a  
 suitcase. He's hysterical.

JEFF  
 I'm fucked!! I'm so fucked!!  
 My fucking life is over!! I'm  
 fucking fucked!!! That bitch!!

FREEZE FRAME

Mike turns to camera:

MIKE  
 Guess who he was talking about...

He turns back to Jeff:

UNFREEZE

MIKE (cont'd)  
 What happened?...What did she do?

JEFF  
 She fucked me!! She fucking  
 fucked me!!...That's what she  
 did....

Mike goes over to the bar, pours Jeff a glass of something.  
 He hands it to him.

JEFF (cont'd)  
 I don't drink.

MIKE  
 You do now.

Jeff swallows it in one gulp. When he stops gasping:

MIKE (cont'd)  
 Want another? Or can we be  
 rational now?

Jeff takes a deep breath.

JEFF  
 Six months ago my regional manager  
 approached me with the idea of  
 taking early retirement. I said I'd  
 think about it. It was just to buy  
 some time.

MIKE

You wanted to keep working? Find another job?

JEFF

Another job?...At my age?...They made it clear to me that I'd be taking early retirement or I'd be given some territory like Fiji and then be fired for not making my quotas. I was pissed...after over 20 years with the company...to treat me like that...

MIKE

So...?

JEFF

The thing is...the offer wasn't enough money. All that pension stuff doesn't kick in until I'm 65. It's tax deferred. So I started skimming. I figured a way to do it so it would look like just a regular type inventory adjustment. There was no way to get caught.

MIKE

But you got caught...

JEFF

Not yet. But I needed a partner to pull it off. Guess who I picked?

MIKE

You didn't...?

JEFF

Mike...she has brass balls like you wouldn't believe. I mean, you already know that...but I'm talkin' about making moves that would put corporate raiders to shame. We stole about 500 grand.

MIKE

What's the problem?

JEFF

I didn't think there would be one. She was affected by this retirement situation as much as me. I thought she would be reliable.

MIKE

You know she's reliable, You can always count on her to do what's best for Bunny...

JEFF

Well, she's gonna lay the whole thing on me. She kept receipts, she's gonna give 'em to my boss, I'm gonna go to jail, and she's gonna get everything.

MIKE

What can you do about it?

JEFF

Nothing. On Monday morning, my boss is gonna check one of the company's accounts. If there isn't \$538,000 in there, I'm fucked.

MIKE

Don't worry, Jeff. The money's going to be there.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike to camera:

MIKE (cont'd)

Got it!! I hear you saying to yourself. This is where Bunny's plan kicks in and she gets her revenge. She gets me to put up the 500 large and she's gonna get that too...Don't flatter yourself. An artist like Bunny is just way, way ahead of you and the eight smartest people you know. If there's 2 dollars on the table, she wants 2 dollars. If there's 5 dollars, she wants 5. You're gonna get zip. Anyway, I had done pretty well over the years. I could handle it. I made sure it got to the bank. Then Bunny called me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Mike picks it up. We INTERCUT to hear both sides of the conversation.

MIKE  
Hello?

INTERCUT

BUNNY  
Hi, Mike...how are you?

In the background, we can see Bunny's on some African Safari.

INTERCUT, etc.

MIKE  
Are you on this planet? How do you think I am? What the fuck are you doing?

BUNNY  
What do you think I'm doing?

MIKE  
I'm not letting you get away with it...

BUNNY  
Don't tell me you put up the money?...You idiot...Where's Jeff?

MIKE  
He's on his way back. I wouldn't be there when he shows up.

BUNNY  
Don't worry. I don't intend to be.

MIKE  
You're already out of the country with the money, aren't you? I should have known that. I swear Bunny...I don't get it. You could've both had the money. Jeff didn't have to go to jail...Why?..

BUNNY  
Jeff's a wimp.

MIKE  
You were married to him for 20 years...

BUNNY  
...And it was time for him to grow up.

MIKE

Bunny...you could have married any guy in the world. You know you could have. You picked Jeff. If you thought he was such a loser...why?

BUNNY

Well, I guess Jeff was my security. I could always get him to do anything I wanted.

MIKE

You could always get any guy to do anything you wanted.

BUNNY

Not any guy...

SPLIT SCREEN:

Bunny turns to the camera:

BUNNY (cont'd)

He just wasn't seeing it.

Camera goes to Mike:

MIKE

Not seeing it?! You almost had my best friend thrown in jail.

Bunny talks across the screen to Mike now.

BUNNY

Oh...I knew you would help him. I mean the big picture. Think about it...when men have arguments, what do they do? They pick up guns and try to kill each other. Now think about how evolution is set up... Think about how society is set up. It's set up to make sure the next generation is going to survive, and not just humans..every species is the same...and it's the female of the species who's in charge of that. With humans, that comes down to money. The males get in the way, and that's just how it is.

MIKE

And that's it!? That's all I'm going to get for reasons!? You're a crazy person...

BUNNY

Ahh...the crazy defense. Anything you can't figure out must be crazy, otherwise you'd understand it...men really are idiots. Anyway, that's not the reason I called. I want Darla to stay with you for awhile. It's gonna get ugly, and I want to spare her as much of it as I can. Is that OK with you?

MIKE

You know it's more than OK....

INT. GATE AT LAX - DAY

Mike's picking up Darla at the airport. He waves as she gets off the plane. She's grown up, too. She's about 17, and beautiful. She runs and gives Mike a big hug.

DARLA

Uncle Mike!! It's so good to see you...

MIKE

I hope you're OK with this.

DARLA

I know what my Mom did to my Dad...it sucks. But I love L.A. and I love you, and I'll make it work out, OK?

MIKE

I love you too, baby. I'm glad you're here.

INT. BAR

Now Mike is talking to the bartender. Buddy is making pretty good time with the babe.

MIKE

I was, too. It was nice to have some hi-energy around the house. I was too set in my ways.

BARTENDER

And you don't think that would be transference from her mother?

MIKE

What!? You know, you're much sicker than me...that's disgusting.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darla's making Mike listen to a rap record. At first he hates it. Then she shows him a couple of hip-hop dance moves. Soon he's boogieing down.

Darla keeps dancing, oblivious to everything but the music, then...while he's attempting to do the Moonwalk, Mike turns to camera:

MIKE

She finished her senior year of high school in Los Angeles. Jeff came out for her graduation. By this time he had moved down to Florida and was working for Doyle. Doyle had a serious operation going again, and Jeff knew pretty much everything about product and inventory control.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY - SPLIT SCREEN

Bunny lounges in a cabana chair. She still looks fabulous, of course. A five-star hotel looms behind her, and Raul the cabana boy puts a pina colada down next to her.

Bunny talks across the screen.

BUNNY

Mike...cut out the bullshit already. You want to blame me for everything...you can, but it's wrong. You all had your own parts to play. Face it. Be a man.

We go to Mike, Darla keeps dancing in the B.G.

MIKE

No...no, no...You did it. You manipulated all of us. You used us, like you use everyone who has something you want...In fact, you are just plain evil.

BUNNY

Hitler was evil. Am I Hitler?

MIKE

I never met Hitler...but I think he had a soft spot for dogs.

BUNNY

Oh, grow up. Jeff is my daughter's father. You think I didn't love him?

MIKE

You cheated on him with anyone who could help you get your way.

BUNNY

Jeff knew the score when he met me.

MIKE

What!?! You told him you fucked me?

BUNNY

No. I loved Jeff. I would never hurt him like that.

MIKE

Oh yeah? What about Randy?

BUNNY

That was different. Jeff wouldn't do what I wanted him to.

MIKE

My point exactly...

BUNNY

Get over yourself. In every relationship one person leads, the other one follows. Or they fight for control all the time and split up. I just need to be in control.

MIKE

Manipulation to get what you want goes way beyond control...

BUNNY

See...that's why you don't think very well...you just have no idea what I want. Get back to Jeff...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse sits in the hot Florida sun. Jeff is supervising some truck loading.

He still wears a shirt and tie, and carries a clipboard. The other workers are more casual, dressed in surfer attire.

Doyle sticks his head out of the office.

DOYLE  
Jeff...yo, Jeff. I want to  
talk to you about something.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doyle is pouring Jeff some coffee.

DOYLE  
Jeff...how long have we known  
each other?

JEFF  
A long time, why?

DOYLE  
So I can be straight with you,  
right? We don't have to bull-  
shit each other, right?

Jeff starts to fear the worst.

JEFF  
I hope so...

Doyle starts taking Jeff's tie off.

DOYLE  
Lose the tie, man. The guys think  
they're working at IBM all of a  
sudden...and the Columbians we met  
with last week thought you were  
from the CIA. I love you, buddy...  
you can relax...

FREEZE FRAME

Doyle turns to camera:

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Pretty soon after that, Jeff set up  
some deal on an off-shore island  
where we basically bought the  
government, and it was Fat City...  
We all thought about Bunny from  
time to time, and how, if she would  
have stuck it out with Jeff, she'd  
have had much more money.

(MORE)

DOYLE (cont'd)  
 But no one knew where she was. Jeff  
 paid Mike back the 500 grand, and  
 Darla started UCLA in the fall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeff, Mike, and Darla are sitting around. There's a Christmas tree. Jeff's lost some weight and dresses hipper. He has a little pony tail.

He looks like he's trying to look like a drug dealer.

MIKE  
 So how's Doyle?

JEFF  
 He sends regards...maybe next time  
 he's going to come out, and we'll  
 all go to some Laker games.

MIKE  
 Sounds great...

JEFF  
 Darla? I wanted to ask you  
 something...now that you're  
 a college hot-shot and all...

DARLA  
 Stop it, Daddy...

JEFF  
 Seriously...do you want your  
 own apartment? I'll pay for it...

Darla looks flustered for a moment.

DARLA  
 Daddy, I like it here with  
 Uncle Mike...(looks at Mike)  
 Is it OK...with you?...

MIKE  
 As long as you want, honey.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike to camera:

MIKE (cont'd)

It was OK. I liked having her around for a couple of reasons... The first was that when I had an assignment out of town, she kept an eye on the house...The second was that she was my radar as far as the women I dated.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike's having a party for a bunch of industry types. People mingle.

Mike has a bleached Bimoid on his arm. He's introducing her to people.

Darla watches from the sidelines for awhile, then motions Mike over to her. He leaves his date for a minute and walks over.

DARLA

That's Stacy?

MIKE

Nice, isn't she?

DARLA

Slut city.

MIKE

I like 'em slutty.

DARLA

She's a cheap slut. She only came so she could meet that producer guy.

She points. Sure enough, Stacy's already on the arm of some important-looking guy.

Mike to camera:

MIKE

She saved me an enormous amount of grief, I'm sure. It didn't get weird until her junior year. She had just turned 21, I think. I had taken about a year off to write an opera. I was sick of dealing with Hollywood people for awhile. I had the urge to "rediscover my art".

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Mike, Doyle, Jeff, Randy, and Darla are seated mid-court two rows up from the floor. The Lakers are playing Seattle. It's close. Kobe dunks one. The crowd stands up and roars:

JEFF DOYLE  
YEAH!!!! GO! GO! GO!

Mike and Randy are on their feet as well.

MIKE RANDY  
Kill the bastards! Bury 'em!! Back on D!! Back on D!!

The crowd settles as Seattle brings the ball back up-court. Darla turns to Mike:

DARLA  
Did you mean that?

MIKE (DISTRACTED)  
What, honey?

DARLA  
Kill them, bury them?

Mike keeps watching the game.

MIKE  
It's just a figure of speech.

DARLA  
So you didn't mean it. Do men say a lot of things they don't mean?

Mike really wants to watch the game.

MIKE  
All the time.

DARLA  
Why?

MIKE  
So they don't have to get involved in touchy-feely conversations...

A beat.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Look...I've known these guys forever...Guys...hey, Yo!

Jeff, Randy, and Doyle are focused on the game.

JEFF DOYLE  
 What? What!?! Come on...  
 They keep watching Kobe. The clock is running down.

MIKE (cont'd)  
 Have we ever had a serious  
 conversation?

DOYLE RANDY  
 What for? No. Why? About what?

JEFF  
 Huh?...I don't know, maybe once.  
 Who cares...Shoot it, shoot it!!

Kobe shoots, scores...the crowd gets up, cheers...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Darla's in bed, drifting off to sleep. The sound of Mike playing the piano drifts up thru the house. It's pretty gorgeous. Mike can play. Camera goes to Darla:

DARLA  
 I realized tonight I still had a  
 lot to learn about men. With the  
 guys I dated, I always felt...I  
 don't know, like I had to be on  
 guard every second...

Darla smiles as she drifts off.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jeff, Randy, and Doyle are out front with their luggage, waiting for their ride to the airport. Big hugs all around as a taxi pulls up. They pick up their bags:

Bunny gets out of the taxi.

There's stunned silence for a moment. Then:

RANDY	DOYLE
How DARE you!!	You bitch! YOU BITCH!!
JEFF	MIKE
AAAhhhhh!!!	You have a lot of Goddam nerve!

Then, Darla runs out of the house.

DARLA  
Mom!!

BUNNY  
Hi, honey...God, you look great.

They hug.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS - SPLIT SCREEN

Everyone has their own little hunk of screen, and everyone's talking at Mike on the barstool.

MIKE  
I couldn't believe she had the balls to show up like that.

BARTENDER  
OK. But you felt...?

MIKE  
Are you serious? Ask them how it made THEM feel. We hated her.

He looks at the other guys.

BARTENDER  
Well? Is that right?

JEFF  
Uh...she ruined MY life. Hello?

RANDY  
She totally used ME.

DOYLE  
She's the biggest bitch I ever met.

MIKE  
See? What did I tell you.

BUNNY  
Actually, Mike...I came to talk to you. I didn't realize the rest of your uh, "posse" would be here...

BACK TO:

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - SINGLE SCREEN

BUNNY

...But it's OK. They might as well hear it...Mike, if you still want me, I want us to be together.

Silence. Like a bomb dropped.

MIKE

Wha...?

BUNNY

You heard me. You all heard me. We have a lot of good years left. If you want me, I'm yours.

MIKE

Jesus...

JEFF

Are you NUTS?!! After what she did to ME? You could even consider it?

Mike plainly IS considering it. He's checking her out.

RANDY

You don't know what you're getting into...no, you actually DO know what you're getting into. Are you completely INSANE?

DOYLE

I'd lose all respect for you, bro.

Mike is standing there, stunned. But he's looking.

BUNNY

Mike? I'm not going to grovel. I don't do that. What do you say?

Mike looks at Bunny. He looks at Jeff. He looks at Randy, he looks at Doyle. He looks back at Bunny...

MIKE

Bunny, I...

Bunny smiles at Jeff, a gloating smile.

MIKE (cont'd)

...I don't think so...

BUNNY

Mike...it's your last chance.

MIKE

I'm over you Bunny Kisses. I'm free at last, free at last. Great, God...um...I don't know, whatever it is.

He starts walking in the house.

BUNNY

Mike, you're going to live to regret this...

He keeps walking inside. The guys start high-fiving each other. Bunny turns to Darla.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Well...come on. Let's you and I have lunch and spend some time together. You're SO grown up...

They get into the taxi and drive off.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mike is playing the piano when Darla walks in. She sits next to him on the bench, gives him a big hug.

MIKE

How was lunch? And dinner? And...

DARLA

It was great. I love my Mom.

MIKE

I loved her too. For so long.

DARLA

So how come...?

MIKE

Too much baggage, I guess. Is she going to be OK?

DARLA

Mom? Oh, yeah...she's OK. You're dead meat, but she's gonna be fine.

Mike turns quizzically, but Darla puts a finger to his lips, then kisses him goodnight.

INT. DARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's in bed listening to the music drifting up through the house. The camera goes to her.

DARLA

Don't ask me to explain the next part. It's complicated. And don't any of you old guys get the idea it could happen to you. You're just old guys with beer guts, and it's disgusting the way you hit on all my friends. Maybe if you could play the piano like that or something, but maybe when you can explain everything about love and attraction you start to analyze it like a business deal...and all the mystery disappears...which would make it suck in some other way...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - MORNING

Mike's working, as usual. The work isn't going very well...he keeps erasing stuff.

Darla comes out of the house carrying coffee.

MIKE

I didn't hear you come in last night. Big date?

DARLA

Girls night out...we went slumming over in the Valley.

MIKE

Fun?

DARLA

Too boring. My friends have no taste in bars or men.

Mike goes back to work. Darla goes to one of the lounge chairs and lays out.

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - LATER

Darla's laying on her stomach. She lifts her head. She holds up a bottle of suntan lotion.

DARLA  
Uncle Mike...can you do my  
back?

MIKE  
One minute...

Mike erases more notes. Then he puts down his work and goes  
and sits on the edge of her chair.

He doesn't really pay attention to the fact that she has the  
strap of her top untied.

He starts to apply the suntan lotion. After a few moments:

DARLA  
Ooh...That feels good. Can  
you do my shoulders.

Mike starts doing her shoulders. After awhile:

DARLA (cont'd)  
You should have been a masseuse.  
You have great hands.

MIKE  
Piano player fingers...

DARLA  
I could hire you out to all my  
friends. Their boyfriends hate to  
do this. Do my legs, please...

Mike starts doing her legs.

DARLA (cont'd)  
Oh!!...and I forgot to tell  
you the best thing....

She turns over and sits up. Her top stays on the chair.

She has her mother's tits. A long beat.

Darla quickly covers up.

DARLA (cont'd)  
Oh God!...I'm Sorry!!

MIKE  
I'm not looking! I'm not looking!

Mike covers his eyes.

FREEZE FRAME

V.O.

But I was looking. I looked, she knew I looked, she made sure I looked, she liked the fact that I looked, she knew I liked looking, and she wanted me to know that she liked my looking.

BACK TO:

DARLA

God...I'm so embarrassed.

Mike turns away.

MIKE

Put your top on.

She does. Mike starts to get up.

Then he sits back down.

MIKE (cont'd)

I can't get up yet.

Darla looks at his crotch.

DARLA (GIGGLES)

Did I do that?

MIKE

Yes.

DARLA

I'm sorry...

MIKE

It's OK. Give me a minute.

A beat.

DARLA

Did you like them?

MIKE

Shut up. I'll never be able to get up out of this chair.

DARLA

Sorry.

A long beat.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike's seated at the table. Darla comes out of the kitchen carrying 2 plates.

She sets one down in front of Mike and then sits down with the other one.

They eat in silence for a minute.

DARLA

Uncle Mike...we have to talk.

MIKE

We have to forget it that it ever happened.

DARLA

No. Not yet. Not until I say what I have to say.

MIKE

And that is...?

DARLA

Well God, Uncle Mike...it's not like you're some grubby boy with sweaty hands breathing down my neck...I've known you my whole life. I love you...I know you love me. You'd never do anything to hurt me. I feel safe with you.

MIKE

What's your point?

DARLA

Well...I guess I'm trying to say that I know you're not seeing anyone right now and you must be kind of lonely and all...So if it happens again...it's OK if you look at me. I liked knowing that I affected you like that...

FREEZE FRAME

MIKE V.O.

The thing is...even at that moment...I wasn't surprised by her little speech. Do you know why? It's because all I could think about was what was under her sweater.

(MORE)

MIKE V.O. (cont'd)  
 I wasn't paying any attention to  
 the words coming out of her  
 mouth...I was hoping that she would  
 lift up that sweater and that she  
 wasn't wearing a bra underneath it.

DARLA V.O.  
 Hi...it's me, Darla. You see what  
 we're dealing with here, girls? I  
 can't believe it, they're morons.

MIKE V.O.  
 Hey!! Go away...it's my story.  
 Unless you're gonna take that  
 sweater off...

DARLA V.O.  
 Yuck. Not now...Not if you ask  
 like that...

MIKE V.O.  
 Not if I ask at all. Of course it  
 was only on her terms. You see how  
 sick this all is? Anyway, after  
 that it became kind of a game  
 around the house. She'd flash me,  
 but I'd try to make like I didn't  
 know, or if I knew, that I wasn't  
 staring too hard...which of course  
 I was, but it made her try harder  
 to get me to stare at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE.

Darla sunning herself by the pool. She casually takes off her  
 top and rubs on suntan oil.

Darla coming out of the shower. She "accidentally" drops her  
 towel.

Darla in a pool chair. In a swim suit, but her legs are  
 slightly apart, and she's rubbing herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darla's getting ready for bed. She looks at the camera, then  
 slowly pulls her top off.

DARLA

Aren't they great? I was going to name them. I was going to name this one Stanley and this one Livingston...But now I think that's a little immature. Watch this...

She starts rubbing a little oil on them.

DARLA (cont'd)

I've been doing this before I flash Mike now. It's like an added little kick for him...Hey...don't get the wrong idea. I love Uncle Mike. I'm not just teasing him. He's gonna get the cookies pretty soon.

FREEZE FRAME

MIKE V.O.

You know where it all had to lead. I mean, that was inevitable. There was one moment when I could have stopped it, but I didn't. It was when I learned that Bunny had surfaced in Newport, Rhode Island. She had landed some rich guy 10 years older than her. I almost sent her a wire saying that her daughter was out of control and to come get her. But I didn't think that Bunny cared. She hadn't called Darla, she hadn't written...And I was too scared to tell Jeff. Finally, on June 23rd...now remember that date, 'cause it's important. On June 23rd...

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - AFTERNOON

Mike is sleeping in a lounge chair. Darla comes over with a martini. She checks that he's asleep. She undoes the strap of her top, shrugs a little so its loose.

DARLA

Uncle Mike...Uncle Mike...  
Wake up...want a martini?

She leans over him. He opens his eyes. Her top slides off. She leans closer.

MIKE

I can't stand it...!

DARLA  
You don't have to...

She reaches for his trunks. He reaches for her boobs. In about 5 seconds they're doing it in the lounge chair.

DARLA (cont'd)  
Oh God!!...Oh...Mike!! God!!  
Fuck me!!...Mike!! Oh...God!!

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - LATER

They're in the pool cooling off.

DARLA  
That was so hot.

MIKE  
It was.

DARLA  
It was like incest. That made it even better.

FREEZE FRAME

V.O.  
Right there, I knew that I had finally found a woman with Bunny's dark, kinky side. As much as I had loved Darla all her life just as a person, at that moment I knew she was my soulmate. I wouldn't be able to live without her. For the next year, we were just unbelievably happy. Then she graduated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's Darla's graduation party. She looks radiant, she's surrounded by her friends, Mike looks very proud.

The door opens. Jeff walks in.

MIKE  
Hey, man. It's great you could make it...

Jeff shoves Mike against the wall.

JEFF  
Don't "Hey man" me...I  
talked to Bunny.

MIKE  
So?

JEFF  
You fucked her, didn't you?

MIKE  
Who?

JEFF  
Bunny...you fucked her in my  
house. In my bed.

MIKE  
Do you care? After the way she  
fucked you?

JEFF  
She says you're fucking Darla.

MIKE  
How would she know? I haven't  
talked to her in 2 years.

JEFF  
She talked to Darla. You just  
have to fuck all my women,  
don't you?...

MIKE  
Jeff...

JEFF  
Don't Jeff me, you devious shit.  
You're fucking dead meat. I know  
people now. I could have your legs  
broken. Or your dainty little piano  
fingers. I could make you  
disappear...they'd never even  
find your body.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike turns to the camera:

MIKE

He probably could, too. I wasn't that worried, though. I figured he would cool off after awhile.

BACK TO:

Jeff shoves Mike back into the wall and then punches him in the gut.

FREEZE FRAME

Mike is doubled over in pain as he talks to the camera:

MIKE (cont'd)

That surprised me. Jeff wasn't the violent type. But what really hurt was...

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Darla's packed and ready to leave.

DARLA

I'm sorry, Uncle Mike. I just think it's better for awhile... Just until things cool down.

She kisses him goodbye. She leaves.

Mike looks around at his empty house. He turns to the camera.

MIKE

Have you figured it out yet? I bet you're too fucking slow to see Bunny's hand all over this. And even if you got that, you're probably thinking that Jeff is gonna hire a hit man or something. Look, if it's any consolation, I didn't see it either. I didn't see it until after it was all over. The shit hit the fan 2 days later.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike is taking in his mail.

A guy gets out of a car that's parked across the street. He starts walking over to Mike.

MAN

Are you Mike Rasmussen?

Mike looks around. There's a few people on the street. A hit man wouldn't come in broad daylight like this, would he?

MIKE

Yeah...

MAN

This is for you.

He reaches into his coat. Mike starts to turn to run. Then the man pulls out a subpoena.

INT. MIKE'S LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

The attorney is looking over the subpoena.

MIKE

What does it mean? What the fuck does it mean?..

LAWYER

It's pretty straightforward. You're being sued for sexual harassment and being asked for damages in the amount of 22 million dollars.

MIKE

But she came on to me!!

LAWYER

Kind of hard to prove that... parents not in the picture...you more or less acting like a kind of guardian...she's dependant on you for a place to live...emotional coercion...It's a good thing she's over 18 or you'd be looking at hard time. It doesn't look good. I'd try to settle.

MIKE

Fuck...OK, try to settle.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The phone rings. Mike answers. It's his lawyer. We INTERCUT to get to hear both sides of the conversation.

LAWYER

They'll settle. I have a number.  
They say it's not negotiable,  
and it's only good for 24 hours.

INTERCUT

MIKE

What's the number?

INTERCUT

LAWYER

\$8.65 million.

INTERCUT

Mike turns to the camera:

MIKE

I was worth about 8 and a half million at that time. It was Bunny...she was clearing the table. I sat back in sheer admiration...I hated her, but it was fucking brilliant. Every single piece fell right into place exactly the way she wanted it. Jeff had me to go to when he needed to save his ass, but I couldn't go to Jeff. She had taken that away from me. I couldn't even go to Doyle. He wouldn't go around Jeff when they had so many other deals at stake.

He turns back to the phone.

MIKE (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)

I have to fight it.

LAWYER

We'll get creamed.

MIKE

I have to try.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mike is at the defense table. Darla sits across at the prosecution.

Every time he tries to look at her, she bursts into tears. Jeff and Bunny sit behind her. Bunny smiles evilly at Mike, and Jeff glares hatred.

BAILIFF

All rise...

Everyone stands. Camera goes close on Mike:

MIKE

At first the trial went  
very badly for me.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is on the stand.

JEFF

He's one of my oldest friends...  
And I was between jobs and  
careers. I thought my daughter  
would be safe staying there.

CAMERA GOES CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE

I could have had my lawyer bring up  
the fact that Jeff was between  
careers as an embezzler and a dope  
dealer, but I let it slide.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunny's on the stand. She's really selling it.

BUNNY

We were going through such a bad  
time...It was such a painful  
divorce. I asked if she could stay  
there for awhile...and I trusted  
him...and I'm so sorry...(she looks  
at Darla) Forgive me, baby!!

Mother and daughter burst into tears.

FREEZE FRAME

Camera zooms on Mike at the defense table:

MIKE

She was good. That's why I couldn't let her win. I had to find something...I kept having the feeling in the back of my mind that it was there...I just couldn't think of what it was. For a couple of weeks they paraded my friends, Darla's friends on and off the stand...Remember the part about humiliation. Bunny was gonna get her pound of flesh...And then, it finally came to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S STUDY - DAY

Mike's paying his bills.

He writes a check for the gas company.

He writes a check for his telephone.

He brings out a bill from Alliance Security.

A beat.

He stares at it.

Then he turns to the camera with a big smile:

MIKE

It was a good thing that they were saving Darla for the grand finale.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Darla's on the witness stand. Her lawyer is smug. She's already counting her 40 percent.

DARLA'S LAWYER

So Ms. Finklestein...to sum up... you would say that the defendant, Mr. Rasmussen...gave you several alcoholic beverages, and then he threatened to throw you out into the street if you didn't perform certain sexual services for him?

DARLA (SOFTLY)

Yes...that's right...

DARLA'S LAWYER

And further Ms. Finkelstein, when you tried to say "no" to the defendant, he threatened to use his influence as a UCLA faculty member to stop you from getting your degree?

DARLA

Yes, that's right...

FREEZE FRAME

Camera on Mike at defense table:

MIKE

Well, I was a faculty member. I taught some stupid composers class on Tuesday nights. I didn't know one other teacher there.

BACK TO:

Darla's lawyer gives the mostly female jury the look that says, "Can you believe what this pig did to this poor innocent child?" They mostly look like they're buying it.

DARLA'S LAWYER

Your witness...

Camera goes to Mike as his lawyer gets up.

MIKE

I had instructed my attorney very carefully. It had to be done just right.

MIKE'S LAWYER

Now Darla...I'd like to clarify just a couple of things in your testimony...Is that OK?

DARLA

Every word of my testimony is the truth.

MIKE'S LAWYER

I'm sure it is...I just need to make sure of some of the dates.

DARLA

OK...I have nothing to hide...

MIKE'S LAWYER

A few months back you gave a deposition about this matter. Is that right?

DARLA

I remember.

MIKE'S LAWYER

Was that deposition accurate?

DARLA

Of course.

MIKE'S LAWYER

Do you remember the first time you and Mr. Rasmussen had sexual relations?

DARLA

Yes.

MIKE'S LAWYER

In your deposition you stated that it was on the 24th of June of last year. Is that correct?

DARLA

I remember the day because it was the same day that I started summer school.

MIKE'S LAWYER

And before that date there was nothing of a sexual nature between you and Mr. Rasmussen?

DARLA

Before then...he was my Uncle Mike. I knew him since I can remember. And he was so nice to me. Once he even took me to Disneyland.

MIKE'S LAWYER

So, before June 24th, he never made a pass at you? Never tried to seduce you?

DARLA

Never.

MIKE'S LAWYER

Before that date you never made a pass at him?

DARLA  
Never!! I would never!

FREEZE FRAME

Camera goes to Mike:

MIKE  
I couldn't help it. I looked over  
at Bunny and smiled. (He does) She  
knew something was up, and for the  
first time, she got nervous.

BACK TO:

Bunny leans over and starts frantically talking to Darla's  
lawyer.

Mike's lawyer walks to the defense table and picks up a  
couple of video tapes.

MIKE'S LAWYER  
Your Honor...I would like to  
introduce these video tapes into  
evidence as defense exhibit "D"...

Darla's lawyer LEAPS out of her seat.

DARLA'S LAWYER  
Objection! We haven't had any  
of this available to us in  
discovery...

MIKE'S LAWYER  
Rebuttal evidence, your Honor... it  
pertains to plaintiff's testimony  
that nothing of a sexual nature  
transpired before June 24th.

JUDGE  
Mr. Donovan...an explanation,  
please. Where did you acquire  
those tapes and what do they  
contain?

MIKE'S LAWYER  
These tapes are from 2 security  
cameras mounted on Mr. Rasmussen's  
house, your honor...

FREEZE FRAME

The camera pans around the room while Mike speaks. People  
have various expressions of shock and awe on their faces.

MIKE

And that was it. I had forgotten about those cameras. A few years back some salesman called me while I was working. Just to get rid of him I bought the product. Every 5 seconds, rain or shine...day or night, they took a picture. And those tapes showed it all. Every time Darla flashed me out by the pool...every little pose. The case was over...And then:

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darla's still on the stand.

DARLA

She did it! (points at Bunny) She made me do it! Oh Mike, I'm sorry...I'm so sorry. She said if I didn't go along she would make trouble for Daddy!...

She runs over to Mike, throws her arms around him.

DARLA (cont'd)

Please, please forgive me. Let me come home...I'm so sorry...

Mike turns to the camera as Darla weeps into his shoulder.

MIKE

Well, what could I do? I still loved her. There was Jeff, of course.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Mike is talking to Jeff in a quiet corner. Bunny is nowhere to be seen.

MIKE

I swear to God...she did come on to me, Jeff. I couldn't help myself.

JEFF

Well, she reminds me an awful lot of her mother...

MIKE  
She does...

A beat. Jeff turns to camera:

JEFF  
There was an awful lot unsaid  
in those 2 sentences.

BACK TO:

MIKE  
You know I would never, ever  
hurt her. You know that, right?

JEFF  
I know...But it's still weird.

MIKE  
Yeah. It is weird. Definitely.

JEFF  
It's weird...

MIKE  
Yeah...

They hug in a guy way.

FREEZE FRAME

The camera first goes to Jeff:

JEFF  
Finally, I was cool with it. As  
long as she was happy...

Camera wheels around and goes to Mike:

MIKE  
So Darla and I went home and we  
were gloriously happy again.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Buddy is helping the babe on with her coat. As they start to  
leave the bar together, Buddy sees Mike still yakking at the  
bartender. He pauses for a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIKE'S POOL - DAY

Mike is at his work table, writing something. He looks up at the camera.

MIKE

After about six months, I had this really frightening little thought...Darla had learned everything from Bunny...I mean she studied with the Jedi Master of manipulation and mind control. She had all Bunny's moves down. I asked myself, "What would Bunny have done in the same situation?" The answer is...Just what Darla did...look out for number one. The game was over. Bunny lost. But Darla could save herself and live to fight another day. I wonder about it sometimes...

Darla comes out of the house dressed in a sexy bikini, carrying a pitcher of lemonade. Mike waves to her. She blows a kiss at him.

MIKE (cont'd)

..Then I think...Is she with me because she loves me, or is she just waiting, biding her time, lurking...so I let down my guard? Then I think, well...it doesn't matter. She's still with me. Then I think how easy it was for her to create that whole little scene in the courtroom, and how she got me to do just what she wanted.

Darla comes over with the lemonade.

DARLA

Hi, honey...who are you talking to?

MIKE

Oh, nobody...just kind of talking to myself...

She pours him a glass of lemonade.

DARLA

Well, don't get involved in a long conversation. We have dinner plans.

She giggles prettily, then leans down to kiss Mike.

DARLA (cont'd)  
I'm going to take a quick dip, OK?

She straightens up and walks toward the pool. Mike turns back to the camera.

MIKE  
See...most people would think a  
fifty year-old guy with a 22 year  
old girl...only Hugh Hefner can get  
that lucky.

Darla dives cleanly into the water. She starts to swim some laps. Hazy shapes start to take form in the pool.

The shapes morph into Playboy-bunny type swimsuit models. They lounge around and seductively decorate the pool.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Me... now I wonder if it's not some  
insidious form of punishment, and  
we're just so incredibly dense that  
we don't even have a clue that it's  
punishment. They're so far ahead of  
us it's just scary...So, who's  
really getting what they want? Me?  
Or her? I guess some naïve people  
would say, "They're both getting  
what they want"...I don't buy that  
for one second. There's no way that  
I'm in control of any of it.

Darla gets out of the pool and starts to towel herself off.

The decorative models start to evaporate, slowly fading into mist.

MIKE (cont'd)  
So let me ask you...is the problem  
that we can't stop having these  
adolescent sex fantasies, or is the  
real problem that women have gotten  
caught up in this whole stupid male  
adolescent sex fantasy thing too? I  
mean, the way we objectify them and  
turn them into being little sex-  
goddesses and all? Is that it? Is  
that what you think? See..I knew  
you didn't get it, you moron. That  
just gives them more leverage.

Darla strolls over, sits down next to Mike. She strokes his chest lightly.

DARLA  
You know, I love to swim when it's  
hot out. It makes me feel so...I  
don't know...so sexy...

She kisses him...a sexy, lingering kiss. Mike starts to  
respond, running his hands over her butt.

DARLA (cont'd)  
What are you working on, honey?

MIKE  
Still writing my opera...

He starts to untie her top.

DARLA  
Still...? When are you going to get  
a real job?

MIKE  
This is a real job.

He keeps working on her top. She giggles prettily.

DARLA  
I mean a job someone pays you for.  
I want to go on a nice long cruise.

He's almost got it undone.

MIKE  
Let's talk about it later, OK?

Darla sits up.

DARLA  
Oh...I almost forgot. We're going  
to the Robinson's party tonight.  
And I want you to wear something a  
little hipper, so don't just grab  
one of those stupid shirts you  
always wear...wear a jacket.

Mike resigns himself to not getting any.

MIKE  
And a tie?

DARLA  
At least a turtleneck...

Mike turns back to the camera.

MIKE

Now do you understand? I mean, think about it like this... If you were held captive in a prisoner of war camp, and they made you bust your ass every day at some stupid job...and they told you what to wear, and what to do, and then...instead of just shutting the fuck up and maybe slamming you with a rifle butt every once and awhile... instead, they complained every fucking minute...You'd have Amnesty International there in 2 seconds investigating human rights violations...but if some woman does it, you just go along with the program because she shakes her tits in your face...

Darla scowls at the camera briefly, then turns back to Mike.

DARLA

And stop talking to those people already. You have a lot to do before the party. You said you'd fix those drapes in the bedroom, and clean out more of the garage...

She stands up, pulling Mike along with her.

MIKE

Well...I gotta go. I still haven't figured it out. I guess I never will figure it out...which is unfortunate, since my opera is about all this men and women stuff, and I still don't have an ending...

INT. MANSION - SUNSET

A great house in Newport, Rhode Island. It reeks old money. Bunny is very much the lady of the house now. She's dressed in a chic European-designer housecoat. She's older, but still looks very good. Maybe a little less sexy, but more regal.

BUNNY (TO CAMERA)

Mike still seems confused, but confused is OK...he just refuses to get the part about adding up the numbers. If he ever does, maybe we're in trouble.

(MORE)

BUNNY (TO CAMERA) (cont'd)  
 But I'm not that worried, and since  
 you made it this far, I guess I'll  
 let you in on the secret...It's all  
 about sleight-of-hand and  
 deception, and men are just so  
 easily distracted...

A man in a business suit enters the scene. It's Bunny's new  
 husband, HAROLD. Harold looks expectantly at her.

HAROLD  
 Now, Bunny? Can we now?

BUNNY  
 Not yet Harold, can't you see I'm  
 still busy?

HAROLD  
 But you said....

BUNNY  
 Harold! Sit down. Sit down over  
 there. I mean it.

She points to a chair. Harold sits.

Bunny turns back to the camera.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 The thing that's so hard for Mike  
 to get is that it's just not about  
 him...He keeps saying how it's HIS  
 story, and he thinks it's over and  
 he won or lost or something...but  
 bottom line...he's not even  
 important, and he'll never figure  
 THAT out.

Harold starts to get up. Bunny points him back at the chair.  
 He sits right back down.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
 It's all so simple...You know, we  
 can never figure out why men are so  
 fascinated with sports. It's so  
 silly...

Harold starts to get up again. Bunny looks disgustedly at  
 him, then sighs in resignation.

She motions Harold over and starts to take off the housecoat.

Underneath it she wears a chic dominatrix outfit. Harold  
 crawls over to her, starts to shine her vinyl boots.

BUNNY (cont'd)

I'm sure that a woman must have invented sports as a distraction just so that she could get them to go hunting in the morning..."Oooh, Og... you run fast...you chase the buffalo... Oooh...Thag...you big and strong... you kill the buffalo" It's just too easy. I bet she was even smart enough to let them think it was their own idea. I'd like to have met her...But there is one thing that did get done right in this little circus...and it's making sure that we got these (she hefts her tits). If men had gotten them, they'd just sit around and play with them all day long and nothing would ever get done...

Harold looks up at her questioningly. Bunny briefly inspects her boots, then smiles down at him in approval.

Harold glows with pride.

FADE OUT.

DURING CREDITS

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Buddy motions Mike over to a quiet spot away from the bartender and the babe.

BUDDY

Can I give you some advice?

MIKE

Sure...what?

BUDDY

Look, Pal...you are one of the dumbest guys I ever met in terms of broads...and the most confused.

MIKE

What do you mean?

BUDDY

All you do is talk about yourself and your problems. It's boring as shit.

(MORE)

BUDDY (cont'd)  
You want to get with a broad, talk  
to her about HER. She don't want to  
hear your crap. OK?

He punches Mike lightly on the arm, smiles at him, then turns  
and gives Mike a wink as he escorts the babe out the door.

ROLL MORE CREDITS