

"QUAKE!"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. A COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

A 1906 B&W CITY STREET SCENE FLICKERS. Trolleys roll. People walk about, all in hats. Teams of horses pull wagons. Opulent Victorian era buildings line the street. The scene follows trolley tracks of its own. People wave, point in the direction of the camera, and smile.

From one wagon, a TEAMSTER waves and smiles. A TODDLER peers out the back and waves.

A 50'ish professor, CAL Q. LAERTES, speaks.

CAL (O.S.)
So that's Market Street, San
Francisco, in 1906. Remarkable,
isn't it, how happy everyone seems
to be?

HEATHER, a 20-year old student in the gallery, squirms in her seat. She's dressed in schoolgirl slutwear. She makes sure Cal can see her panties.

HEATHER
Yeah, that's because they didn't
know the fate that awaited them.

(Laughter)

CAL
Ahem, that's right, the San
Francisco earthquake of 1906.
Between the quake and the ensuing
fire, over 6000 people burned to
death.

A MALE STUDENT speaks.

MALE STUDENT
(Laughing)
Yo, that's a lot of crispy
critters!

(Laughter)

HEATHER
That's nothing to laugh about, you
dumbass! These were real people.
Just look at them! That could be
you. We should be so lucky.

MALE STUDENT

Yeah, I'm looking at them, and I don't think going through the San Francisco earthquake was so lucky. But that's why I'm taking seismology...So it doesn't happen again.

Heather sucks on a lollipop, suggestively.

HEATHER

Yeah, well it's too bad all the civic leaders didn't burn to death, dumbfuck...They just went ahead and rebuilt like it never happened.

CAL

And here we are, U Cal at Berkeley, on the north end of the San Andreas fault. You two will have plenty of time to debate the wisdom of living here this semester. For now, thank you, Heather, for visiting our class with this excellent film.

The class APPLAUDS her. She chews on her glasses and flashes her panties at him.

HEATHER

The Film Studies Department is always glad to help, Professor Laertes. By the way, what does the Q in your name stand for?

CAL

Quake, Miss Wilson, Quake. I may be the only person on earth named Quake.

MALE STUDENT

Cool! Well, you're in the right field of studies, Professor.

HEATHER

I'd like to make you quake...

Cal picks up a pipe from his desk.

CAL

Ahem. My grandfather was killed

in the 1906 quake and my father in the World Series quake. I've dedicated my life to making sure that never happens again. Class, you may call me Professor Q. But, that's enough about me, your assignment for our next class is the first three chapter of the textbook.

(Groans)

I hope you enjoy the semester and that you will choose seismology in order to make the world a safer place.

The students rise to leave. Heather approaches Cal. She clutches her books so her cleavage is ample.

HEATHER

Professor Q, it's been well established that that film was made a week before the 1906 earthquake. My senior project in Film History is to find out who some of those people are.

CAL

That would be a real asset to my class, Miss Wilson.

HEATHER

Professor Q, do you like my outfit? You don't think it's just too, too, do you?

She spins her skirt and bends down to show her boobs.

CAL

It's quite, um, interesting, Miss Wilson.

HEATHER

Call me Heather. Oh come on, Professor Q, don't tell me you don't fuck the students? That's one of the perks of your job.

CAL

I, uh, I...

HEATHER

Come on, professor...

She fondles his crotch.

HEATHER

You happy to see me, or is this
your sliderule in your pocket?

He clenches his pipe in his teeth. It pops
up like an erection.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Come on, Professor Q, us film
students are filming an orgy
Friday night. You could fuck
yourself silly.

CAL

And have it splashed all over the
internet? And lose my job? I
don't think so.

HEATHER

You could splash your cum on my
glasses. I love it when men cum
on my glasses. Come on, Professor
Q, let me suck your dick. I give
the best blowjobs on campus!

A JANITOR walks in, carrying a mop and bucket.

CAL

(Loud)

Ahem, your research would make
seismology seem all that more
personal. You'll receive extra
credit from me if you come up with
anything. And feel free to come
by my place if you need any
guidance with that research.

HEATHER

(Delighted)

Thank you, Professor Q!

She wheels on her heel and bounces out of the lecture hall.
Cal hobbles out of the lecture hall sporting a huge boner.

A MONTAGE

- Heather in the Cal library, sorting through stacks.
- Heather chews on her glasses.

- Heather going down on Cal in his office.
- Heather at a study table, writing notes from books.
- Heather in an orgy in a fraternity.
- Heather in a police station, looking through records in filing cabinets.
- Heather and Cal in bed, fucking.
- Heather in a dorm room, late at night, typing on a laptop.
- Heather peers intently at the vintage movie.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. HEATHER'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Heather peers at the teamster and the toddler. She winces her eyes and shakes her head and peers again.

HEATHER
(Tired)

Who are you, who are you? Come to me...

EXT. A SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

A STREET SIGN: MARKET STREET. Cable cars CLANG by occasionally.

A SALVATION ARMY BAND plays "Bringing in the Sheaves" on a street corner. Cal, smoking his pipe and is meticulously dressed in professor-wear, hustles by them. He pulls his coat collar up to ignore them.

At the other end of the block he sees a street performer, sixty year old MAJOR FUN, playing guitar and singing on the street. His guitar case is open. A sign scrawled on the inside of the case says, DISABLED VETERAN.

Cal listens, along with several other people. Cal puts a dollar in his guitar case.

MAJOR FUN
Why thank you, kind sir! For you,
here's a song with a San Francisco
flavor.

He performs, "LET'S REBUILD":

MAJOR FUN

(CHORUS):

Let's rebuild! Let's rebuild!
 One thing I can tell you is we've
 gotta rebuild!
 Rebuild on the fault line, rebuild
 under water,
 So people have a future, rebuild
 we oughter!

CAL

(Irritated)

Hey, wait a minute! I'm the
 Professor of Seismology at Cal
 Berkeley!

MAJOR FUN

Well, royalty! All the more
 reason to sing this song to you.

(Sings)

Let's rebuild San Francisco on
 that San Andreas thing,
 We'll have a celebration, we'll
 make the church bells ring!
 No one can ever fault us, tho' the
 ground sure shakes a lot,
 But we've got to rebuild, 'cause
 civic pride we've got!

CAL

(Irritated)

Your damned right! 1906 will
 never happen again. Not to that
 level of destruction.

MAJOR FUN

OK, perfesser, don't get your
 panties in a bunch. You do your
 job and I'll take on N'Awlins.

(Sings)

Let's rebuild N'Awlins below the
 level of the sea,
 We can pump it back out, tho' we
 know it isn't free,
 Killer hurricanes don't happen but
 once in a while,
 Let's rebuild N'Awlins, it'll make
 the people smile!

(CHORUS)

Let's rebuild Port-Au-Prince
because it got knocked flat,
Ran out of land for mass graves,
we can't leave it like that,
The millions who survived will
need a place to live
And we can build it for 'em if
folks give & give & give!

(CHORUS)

Seattle's got Mount Rainier,
Tokyo's got Mount Fuji,
Under sea level in N'Awlins they
dance the boogie woogie,
Hawaii's got Mauna Loa & also
Diamond Head,
We'll rebuild on new volcanoes
once this bunch is dead!

(CHORUS)

One state north of Denver,
Yellowstone pops & boils,
Houston's got hurricanes, but
we've gotta have their oil,
Out in the Pacific we build
resorts by the shore,
If they're swept away by tsunamis,
we'll just build some more!

(CHORUS)

The Mississippi overflows its
banks, it's like living on a
coast,
We can pluck 'em from their
rooftops, at least we can get
most,
It's really fertile farmland when
it's not sitting under water,
So people have a future, rebuild
is what we oughter!

(CHORUS)

This song was brought to you by
the friendly folks at FEMA,
& Pepsi & Coca-Cola, manufacturer
of Zima,
If your house is wiped out, a
single-wide you'll get,

While we rebuild the disaster zone. Smart? You bet!

(CHORUS)

CAL
(Irritated)
Your song is quite irritating. I want my money back!

MAJOR FUN
Ah, come on, perfesser, don't take it personally. You wouldn't take back money from a disabled veteran, would you?

CAL
(Angry)
Yes I would...Just watch me!

Cal reaches into the guitar case. Major Fun grabs his hands.

MAJOR FUN
Hey! That's my money now! That's my lunch! Get your hands off it!

They struggle over the money. Cal pulls free. Major Fun KABONGS him over the head with the guitar. Guitar on his head, Cal staggers into Market Street. He collapses in front of a cop car.

A COP steps out. He gently pulls the guitar off of Cal's head. He looks around and sees Major Fun and the guitar case.

COP
You again! Another one? This is the third one this month!

MAJOR FUN
(Pointing)
Arrest him! He tried to steal my lunch money!

COP
You're going to have lunch at the taxpayers' expense.

MAJOR FUN
(Happy)
That works.

COP
And he's going to have lunch in
the emergency room.

MAJOR FUN
That works, too.

COP
OK, let's go, Major Fun. You can
serenade the prisoners down at the
station.

MAJOR FUN
Works again. That'll teach that
egghead to fuck with disabled
veterans.

He spits on Cal, just as an ambulance pulls up. The cop
escorts him to the cop car.

MAJOR FUN
(Sings)
I hear that train a-comin',
It's comin' 'round the bend,
I ain't seen the sunshine since
I don't know when
And I'm stuck in Folsom Prison
And time keeps draggin on...

The cops pushes him into the back of the cop car.

MAJOR FUN
Hey, I know where there's some
great donuts. You want donuts?

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. A POLICE STATION - DAY

A SIGN: MARKET STREET POLICE STATION.

The cop walks in, escorting Major Fun. They both eat
donuts.

They walk up to the booking desk, manned by portly
policeman, FRANK.

COP
Hey Frank, they got great donuts
down on Market Street.

FRANK
You don't say? That tourist trap?
Whodathunkit? Hi, Major
Fun...Just slumming?

COP
Nah, he's going to have lunch.
Says some asshole tried to steal
his lunch money.

MAJOR FUN
Hi Frank, how are the wife and
kids? That was not just any
asshole, that was an educated
asshole.

COP
Those are the worst kind.

MAJOR FUN
Professor of Seismology at Cal, or
so he said.

COP
Wish I could have run his pompous
ass in.

MAJOR FUN
(Laughs)
Hope he enjoys the view from the
inside of my guitar.

FRANK
What's that, the third time this
month? You're going to empty the
town of guitars, Major Fun.

MAJOR FUN
All you gotta do is be homeless
and people think they can fuck
with you. In the Army I used a
machine gun. That asshole was
lucky. Want a donut?

FRANK
Thanks.

MAJOR FUN
Hey, what's for lunch?

FRANK
You'll find out soon enough.

COP
Book 'im, Dan-O. I always like
saying that.

MAJOR FUN
And you always do say that. Hey,
get me a guitar, I'll play you the
theme from Hawaii 5-0.

FRANK
Only in iso...I don't want you El
Kabonging anyone else today. Do
you take requests?

MAJOR FUN
For you guys, anything. And I
wrote a new song called, "Let's
Rebuild." I sang it for the
asshole and he hauled off and
tried to take his money back.

FRANK
Tell it to the judge, MF. But
yeah, I'd love to hear it...I love
your songs.

MAJOR FUN
You guys are the best. Hey Frank,
record me and play it for the wife
and kids.

FRANK
You've got it, MF.

COP
I got your guitar case, Major Fun.
Here you go.

The cop hands him his guitar case and escorts him to the
back.

INT. A CITY JAIL CELL - DAY.

Major Fun sits on the cot in his jail cell. Frank
approaches with some linens and a guitar.

FRANK
Here are some fresh linens for
that cot, Major Fun. And a
guitar...Lannie down in
fingerprinting said you could use

hers. Oh, and here's your pipe
and your pot.

He opens the cell door and hands the items to Major Fun.
He closes the door.

MAJOR FUN
Thanks, Frank.

FRANK
Wow, I never thought I'd be
bringing pot to prisoners to smoke
in jail.

MAJOR FUN
It's medicinal, Frank.

FRANK
Yeah, yeah, they all say that.
Where's your pain?

Major Fun lifts up his pants leg, revealing an artificial
leg.

MAJOR FUN
Got it in the Gulf, they told me.
Head injury, too. I forgot
everything I ever knew.

FRANK
Jesus! Thanks for serving, dude.

MAJOR FUN
I had to relearn everything, even
playing the guitar. Hey, thank
Lannie for me.

FRANK
Thank her yourself. She's right
here.

LANNIE, a 30'ish female cop, walks in.

LANNIE
Sing us a song, Major Fun.

MAJOR FUN
Glad to. Here's a new one I
wrote...The same one that got me
attacked by Professor Asshole.

(Laughter)

MAJOR FUN

(Singing and playing)

Let's rebuild! Let's rebuild!
 One thing I can tell you is we've
 gotta rebuild!
 Rebuild on the fault line, rebuild
 under water,
 So people have a future, rebuild
 we oughter!

Let's rebuild San Francisco on
 that San Andreas thing,
 We'll have a celebration, we'll
 make the church bells ring!
 No one can ever fault us, tho' the
 ground sure shakes a lot,
 But we've got to rebuild, 'cause
 civic pride we've got!

A RUMBLE. The building shakes.

FRANK

Holy shit! This is a big one!

The RUMBLE continues.

A MONTAGE

- In Cal's house, his pipe jumps out of the ashtray and onto the carpet
- Heather is fucking someone, cowgirl up. She squeals with delight.
- In the lecture hall, the mop and bucket skitter across the floor.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. THE JAIL CELL - DAY

Frank opens the cell door. They rush out, Major Fun clutching the guitar. As they run by the booking station, items on the desks RATTLE and CRASH to the floor. Cupboards open and notebooks fall out.

IN THE STREET

They join others who rush out of their buildings into the middle of the street. They have trouble keeping their feet as the ground TREMBLES.

The RUMBLING and TREMBLING subside.

MAJOR FUN
Hey you guys, I think I'd feel
safer sleeping in the park
tonight, if you don't mind.

FRANK
No problem, Major Fun, I might
join you.

MAJOR FUN
Yeah, I'll sing you the rest of
"Let's Rebuild." Thanks for
lending me your guitar, Lannie.

LANNIE
Keep it, it's my backup anyway.

MAJOR FUN
Thanks. Bring your A-guitar down
to the park and play along. And
bring my case, would you? No way
I'm going back in that building
for a while.

LANNIE
Just don't go using it to El
Kabong any more tourists.

MAJOR FUN
Assholes. I only El Kabong
assholes.

LANNIE
Go on, get out of here. See you
tonight.

MAJOR FUN
Bring some Viagra, wouldja? We
could have some splendor in the
grass.

LANNIE
Scram, before I change my mind!
I'll lock you back up in that
shaky building

MAJOR FUN
(Laughing)
See ya!

He walks off.

LANNIE
 (To Frank)
 It's going to be a full park
 tonight.

FRANK
 Yup.

PAN TO:

Where Major Fun is walking across the park.

Suddenly the ground shakes again. People grab park benches and lean on trees as they seek to keep their balance.

Buildings at the edge of the park sway. Major Fun walks backwards, looking up at them.

Beyond him, we see Cal backing towards him in a similar fashion. Cal has a bandage around his head.

They bump and each issues a startled, "HEY!" Then they point at one another with an angry, "YOU!"

The shaking shakes them together and they lean on each other as if dancing.

The shaking stops and they look at each other, at first embarrassed. Then they LAUGH.

MAJOR FUN
 We've gotta stop meeting like
 this!

CAL
 I know. People will talk, right?

They LAUGH again as they separate. Major Fun points at Cal's bandage.

MAJOR FUN
 Hey, I'm sorry man... I was just
 defending my turf.

CAL
 I'm the one who should be sorry.
 I didn't know it came down to
 lunch money. I thought all you
 panhandlers made hundreds.

MAJOR FUN
 Street performers, please, street
 performers. And no, that would

have literally been my lunch money.

CAL

I'm sorry. So did you get any lunch?

MAJOR FUN

Oh yes, courtesy of the City.

CAL

They ran you in? I don't remember much after, "Kabong!"

MAJOR FUN

Oh yes.

CAL

Serves you right.

MAJOR FUN

Hey now! I thought you were sorry.

CAL

I am, I am. Headachey, too. But it's a free country, you can sing what you want.

MAJOR FUN

Thankew.

CAL

Come on, let me buy you some pizza.

MAJOR FUN

Now you're talking! And you can tell me why you think we're so safe on this cracked rock.

CAL

Done! Let's go.

They walk off, Major Fun whistling, "Let's Rebuild."

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

The seismology class is in session. Heather sucks on her suggestive lollipop and flashes Cal.

The bell RINGS. Major Fun peeks his head in and enters, sheepishly.

CAL
Class, this is, uh, a street performer I met in the park. Say hello to Major Fun.

The students SNICKER and then wave and say, "HELLO."

CAL
He's interested in, um, researching the San Francisco earthquake for a song he's writing.

Heather raises her hand.

CAL
The 1906 earthquake, or the next one?

MAJOR FUN
The next one.

A SIGN: AUDITORS

He takes his place in the Auditors' section.

CAL
OK, who knows what yesterday's tremor was rated at?

Every hand goes up.

MALE STUDENT
5.7 on the Richter scale. It was in all the papers.

CAL
An easy question. I just asked it to give you an idea of scale. On the Richter scale, an earthquake multiplier of 0.1 equals what?

MALE STUDENT
It doubles the magnitude.

CAL
And the 1906 earthquake was a

magnitude of what? Heather,
you're auditing from Film History,
but do you know?

HEATHER
I wouldn't be much of an historian
if I didn't. It was 6.7.

CAL
So the earthquake yesterday, as
much as it shook, was a factor of
what, less than 1906?

MALE STUDENT
8.0. It was one eighth the force
of 1906. Wow!

CAL
Hard to imagine, isn't it? To
help us get ahold of the impact,
Miss Wilson has done some research
she'd like to share with us. Miss
Wilson?

Heather bounces to the front.

HEATHER
I couldn't have done it without
your personal involvement,
Professor Q.

CAL
Ahem. Yes, well, I was glad to
assist, Miss Wilson.

She pushes a button on a laptop and the 1906 film begins.

HEATHER
OK, my project was to locate some
of the people in this film, which
we can now do, due to digital
enhancement.

The wagon rolls across the tracks. The teamster waves.
She stops the film.

HEATHER
Right here. My record shows this
man was one Harry Rocklin, a
teamster. And here...

The wagon rolls forward. The back comes into view. The
toddler pulls up the wagon's curtain, peers out and waves.

She stops the film.

HEATHER

I wasn't sure, but I was pretty sure this was his two-year old daughter, Harriet. The mother, Goldie, was probably shopping. Looks like daddy had taxi duty.

(Laughter)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Not content with my success, I plunged forward, again encouraged by our fine Prof Q. Here's the real treat: Harriet is still alive, and she's going to be with us today! Seismology geeks, I give you Harriet Rocklin!

The door opens and a centenarian woman is wheeled in, in a wheelchair. An ELDERLY WOMAN pushes her in.

The class stands and APPLAUDS. Harriet is wheeled to Cal's desk, where a microphone awaits. She MUMBLES and Cal situates the microphone where it's effective.

HARRIET

Before you ask, I'm 110 years old.

("Wows" from the class)

HARRIET (CONT'D)

And this young woman is my daughter. She's only 90, so she gets mom taxi duty.

(Laughter)

The class APPLAUDS the daughter.

DAUGHTER

I'll be in the cafeteria, Harriet. I'm exhausted.

HARRIET

You go on, dearie.

She exits.

Cal wheels Harriet to a mic on a table and adjust it so she can speak into it.

HARRIET

You may wonder if I remember much about the Great Quake and fire. I'll have to say most of what I know were stories told to me by my mother. But my first memories were memories of the Quake and the Fire, so I do recall some. I'm told I'm the one in that wagon, so I guess I am.

She points to the picture that looms up behind her.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Are there any questions?

HEATHER

Ma'am you've seen everything from the automobile to space travel. The film gives us some idea of what the era is like...Can you tell us more?

HARRIET

My parents were miners, you know. At least my namesake, my father, Harry, was. I think he wanted a boy.

(Laughter)

My mom, Goldie, was a saloon girl...

The film comes to life.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. 1906 SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The street scene morphs from B&W to color. People bustle about Market Street. 40'ish, handsome HARRY ROCKLIN handles the wagon's team.

HARRY

Harriet, quit looking out the back, you're going to fall out. Come up here.

Harriet, almost 3 years old, appears between and behind his

legs.

HARRIET
OK, daddy, but I no like look at
horsies' peepahpo.

HARRY
Your mother will skin me alive if
you fall out of this wagon. Now
stay up here.

HARRIET
OK, daddy.

The wagon continues on in its rounds.

INT. A VICTORIAN SALOON - NIGHT

It's a smoky dance hall. A pianist plays ragtime. People
drink and gamble. Whores sit on men's laps.

A SIGN on the mirror behind the bar: GOLD NUGGET SALOON.

The 40'ish owner of the saloon, SAL, takes the stage. He's
a classic Victorian era villain with a top hat and pencil-
thin mustache.

SAL
Ladies and gentlemen, now for the
centerpiece of tonight's
entertainment, what you've all
been waiting for, direct from
Paris, France, The Gold Nugget
follies!

WILD APPLAUSE and WHOOPING.

IN THE WINGS, a DANCE HALL GIRL, 30-something blonde
GOLDIE, fixes her garter. She whispers to the DANCE HALL
GIRL next to her.

GOLDIE
Everybody wants me to be from
Paris, France, not Ashtabula,
Ohio. Guess I'd better move
there.

DANCE HALL GIRL
I think they've all moved here.

GOLDIE
Gold has that kind of allure,

honey. Whoop, here we go!

The band PLAYS the can-can and the girls kick out on stage. WHISTLES join the wild applause and HOLLERING.

INT. A DRESSING ROOM - HOURS LATER.

The girls stagger in, exhausted. Goldie collapses in a chair.

GOLDIE

I think I'm getting too old for this schtick.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Why don't youse just quit, then?

GOLDIE

Two year-old at home is why. And my husband's just a teamster.

DANCE HALL GIRL

At least youse is got a husband. All I got is that lecherous mob out there. Have youse fucked Sal yet?

GOLDIE

No, and I'm not gonna. My husband would kill him, literally, kill him. He's already got six notches on his gun handles.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Six notches?! Wow, I wish I had me a man like that. What happened?

GOLDIE

Seven men went in and one man walked out.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Your husband? Wow! Can I fuck him? I always wanted to fuck a gunslinger.

GOLDIE

(Laughing)

No! You keep your hands off of my husband, you slut!

DANCE HALL GIRL

Aw, don't getcher panties all in a bunch. We could have one o' those, whatyacallem? Menage a trois. They're fun! And it sounds like you've got enough man for everybody.

GOLDIE

I woulda said yes, back in the day. I used to like pussy as much as dick. But not since Harry. The man is hung like a horse.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Wow, I ain't never fucked no horse. I'll pay ya.

GOLDIE

Now you're talking! Wait, what am I doing, pimping my man? I'm a married woman!

DANCE HALL GIRL

All respectable like and shit, eh? OK, here's what youse can do. Youse'll join those, whatchamacallem? Those Morons.

GOLDIE

Mormons. You're the moron.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Yeah, those Mormons. See, they can have more than one wife. Then I can fuck your husband, all respectable like.

GOLDIE

Are you proposing to me and my husband?

DANCE HALL GIRL

I guess I am. But he'd better be good! I don't want no loser. I want a real man.

GOLDIE

Look, you're a cute kid and I like you. But I'm not gonna marry you and I'm not gonna let you fuck my husband.

DANCE HALL GIRL

Aw, you're no fun. Tell me about his gunslinging.

GOLDIE

He's not a gunslinger, he was just a miner. But he wouldn't let nobody, especially no greaseball like Sal, give me no crap. Not after he hit it big...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK

INT. ANOTHER DANCEHALL - NIGHT

A SIGN behind the bar: GOLD RUSH SALOON.

Can-can girls dance the can-can. Men drink and gamble. It's a scene much like the earlier one, but once in a while men shoot guns up in the air.

A young Goldie works the tables and sits on MEN'S laps. She sports dollars poking out of her bodice. Men put more dollars there just to get a feel.

She arrives at the table where a young Harry watches her, dreamilly. She sits on his lap.

GOLDIE

Well, Harry, I don't have to ask if you're happy to see me. Is that a gold bar in your pocket?

HARRY

Some day, Miss Goldie, some day.

GOLDIE

How's your claim doing, Harry?

HARRY

Nothing yet, Miss Goldie, but I'm getting close to the mother lode, I can just feel it.

GOLDIE

Yeah, they all say that.

HARRY

I got this, just this morning,
Miss Goldie.

He holds up a large gold nugget.

GOLDIE
Wow, that's pretty impressive,
Harry. You got that out of your
claim?

HARRY
I named it after you, Miss Goldie.
It's now, the Miss Goldie Mine.
And this here assayed at twenty
carats. Reckon this'll buy me a
dance?

GOLDIE
This'll buy you a dance and a
dance between the sheets, miner.

HARRY
Yippee! Let's go! Uh, I ain't
much of a dancer, Miss Goldie.

They head out on the dance floor.

GOLDIE
Just hold me and move around,
Harry. You'll probably end up
holding me up. Gawd, I'm
exhausted!

They dance. Goldie lays her head on Harry's shoulder.

HARRY
Miss Goldie, I reckon you're the
purtiest gal I ever done seen.
I'm'a gonna marry you some day.

GOLDIE
Sorry, miner, I moved out here to
find me a gold miner. You men
mine the gold, us gals mine the
miners.

HARRY
You don't have to look no further,
Miss Goldie, you got him right
here in your arms. That there
gold I gave you is just the
beginning.

GOLDIE
I hope you're right, Harry, I like you. But for now, let's go to bed. Go buy us a room.

HARRY
Yes, ma'am. Coming right up.

INT. A VICTORIAN HOTEL ROOM - HOURS LATER.

The sun rises in the east, out of the hotel room window. Harry and Goldie lie back on their pillows.

GOLDIE
Good Lord, Harry, you fuck like a god and you're hung like a horse...I'm exhausted.

She lights up a cigarette.

HARRY
Thank you, ma'am. That's awful nice of you to say that.

GOLDIE
With a monster like that between your legs, you could have any woman you wanted.

HARRY
I don't want no woman but you, Miss Goldie. I told you, I'm'a going to marry you.

GOLDIE
There are some problems with that, Harry...

HARRY
Like what? People get married all the time. And you already said I fuck like a god.

GOLDIE
No problem on that score, Harry. I could fuck you every day for the rest of my life.

HARRY
And you will, Miss Goldie, you'll see. So what kind of problems?

GOLDIE

Well, I've got my mom, Beatrice, with me. She's an invalid, from the polio, and I care for her.

HARRY

You're a good daughter, Miss Goldie, you've got the right name, 'cause you've got a heart of gold. Your mom ain't no problem, once I hit the mother lode. I'll care for both of you. I'm'a gonna buy you a big ol' mansion in San Francisco and watch you furnish it with purty things from all over the world.

GOLDIE

I believe you would, Harry. So go work the Miss Goldie Mine. But there's also Spike and Bruiser.

HARRY

The owner and the bouncer? Aw, they ain't so bad.

GOLDIE

That Bruiser's big as a house. He's thrown grown men through the wall.

Harry pats his pistol, in its holster on the headboard by his head.

HARRY

They don't call the Colt 45 The Peacemaker for nothing, Miss Goldie. And I've got two of 'em, Buster and Bull. I'm a dead aim...I was state champion pistol back in Ohio and Corps pistol champion at West Point. I'll pick a fly off Bruiser's shoulder before I kill 'im.

GOLDIE

There's a lot of big talkers with guns out here, Harry.

HARRY

There's about a hundred Johnny Rebs that have heard Buster bark and Bull roar, my dear.

She runs her hand over a triangular scar between his chest and his shoulder.

GOLDIE
What's this?

HARRY
Bayonet. Johnny Reb had me pinned to a tree. He hesitated and met Buster and Bull. I won't hesitate with Spike and Bruiser. Reno Cemetary ain't full yet.

GOLDIE
You're from Ohio, too? I'm from Ashtabula.

HARRY
Akron here. See, Miss Goldie? We're just meant to be. It's fate.

GOLDIE
I hope you're right, Harry, 'cause I feel awfully good in your arms. Hold me.

They snuggle together. She puts her head on his chest. Outside, the dawn gets brighter.

GOLDIE
It's not just Spike and Bruiser, they've got a whole gang of men. They must have put a dozen men in the Reno cemetary.

HARRY
They'll get their turn, if they lay a hand on you.

GOLDIE
Harry, you're so sweet, but so naïve. Don't you see? They own me.

HARRY
Own you? That ain't right! Nobody can own somebody else. Didn't we fight the Civil War about that? My own brother died in the Ohio Regulars, down in Chickamauga.

GOLDIE
There are more than one way to own
someone, Harry. You freed the
slaves, but I'm a financial slave.

HARRY
What do you mean?

GOLDIE
They brought me out here. I
started out thousands of dollars
in debt. And they make sure I
stay in debt. So the only way out
of Reno is if someone buys me out.

HARRY
Well, that's what I'm'a gonna do,
then. Miss Goldie, do you have
you any dreams?

GOLDIE
I used to dream of a big mansion
in San Francisco, just like you
described.

HARRY
Then I'm'a gonna get you one.

She kisses him, passionately.

GOLDIE
Gawd, Harry, get me out here!

He pops a huge tentpole under the sheets.

GOLDIE
But not too soon! My gawd, Harry,
you've named your guns...What do
you call that gun?

HARRY
I reckon you get to name him,
ma'am.

GOLDIE
I'm going to name him The Monster,
Harry. A fun monster. Come here
and fuck me, again and again!

HARRY
My pleasure, ma'am...For a
lifetime!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - PRESENT DAY.

Heather wakes up.

CAL

Miss Wilson...Heather! Earth to Heather, come in, Heather.

HARRIET

Was I boring you, dear?

HEATHER

Oh no, ma'am, just the opposite. I was just imagining what it was like for dance hall girls back in the gold fields.

HARRIET

And how was it?

HEATHER

I think I would have made a good dance hall girl. And your father sounds like quite a man.

HARRIET

He was the best man I ever knew. Still is...

FLASHBACK

INT. A MINE

Harry chips away with his axe. A torch lights the wall of the mine.

Small bits of gold appear. He admires them in the torch light.

HARRY

Beautiful! But too little.

He places them in a satchel.

HARRY

More and more babies. Where's

your mother, little babies,
where's mother?

He props up the ceiling with a timber.

HARRY
Aw, fuck it, I'm gonna let fly.

He takes a huge swing at the wall. A large wall of debris falls down, revealing a thick gold streak.

HARRY
Eureka! I did it! It's you!
You're so beautiful!

He holds up the torch. He runs his hand over the pure gold seam.

HARRY
Goldie, I'm comin' for ya!
Yeehaw!

Ingots of gold yield to his axe. He fills his satchel and lugs it down the shaft.

EXT. AN ASSAY OFFICE - DAY

A SIGN: ASSAY OFFICE, RENO, NEVADA.

Harry runs out of the assay office. He pumps his fists in victory. Men run and ride up in all directions. A crowd forms at the bottom of the steps.

HARRY
Yeehaw! I'm rich! We're rich!
We're all rich, boys! I'm hirin'!
Sign on, we're goin' big time!

Men gather around and Harry signs them on. They run and ride off.

Goldie walks up. She hugs Harry, elated. They kiss, excitedly. He lifts her off the ground. The men CHEER.

HARRY
Come on, Goldie! I ain't got time
for this business stuff, I got a
mine to run. You sign 'em up,
I'll put 'em to work!

They kiss again, excitedly. The men CHEER, wave their hats, and WHOOP.

Harry mounts a horse. It rears up, he waves his hat, then YEEHAWs and rides off to the CHEERS of the men. Goldie signs up the men.

At the end of the sidewalk, SPIKE and BRUISER watch. Spike's eyes narrow. Bruiser pounds his fist into his palm.

EXT. THE MINE - DAY

A derrick rises above the mine. Gold ore-laden ore cars are pulled out by a steam engine.

Harry tallies the ore on a clipboard. An OLD TIMER walks up to him.

OLD TIMER

Dang, Harry, I ain't seen nothing like it since '49. That thing go all the way to Chiny?

HARRY

If it does, I'll sign up some coolies...There's enough money for the whole world. But it ain't about money, Old Timer, it's about a woman.

OLD TIMER

Yeah, I heard tell you're sweet on that Goldie down at the saloon. I don't think Spike's gonna let her go cheap.

HARRY

He's going to let her go, I'll promise you that.

(Shouting)

OK, posse, mount up! We got a load o' gold to get to the mill! Let's ride!

A HALF DOZEN MEN mount up and ride off with Harry and a wagon full of ore.

INT. THE SALOON - DAY

Harry walks in, dressed in his Sunday best. Spike and Bruiser await him.

HARRY
I come for Miss Goldie, Spike.

SPIKE
(Unctuous)
Well, well, Harry Rocklin. I
heard you done real well down at
the Miss Goldie Mine, Harry.

HARRY
I reckon I done all right.

SPIKE
I heard it was the richest vein
since the Gold Rush.

HARRY
I reckon that's right,
Spike...We'll see.

SPIKE
Well, seeing as you've done
yourself proud, the price for Miss
Goldie has gone up.

HARRY
I figured.

SPIKE
She's now worth a hundred thousand
dollars.

HARRY
A hundred thousand? I can't get
that much out of that mine in a
year!

SPIKE
Aw, Harry, I thought you were in
love?

HARRY
I am. Too much to wait a year.
You'll just raise the price on her
again.

SPIKE
I might. What are you going to do
about it?

HARRY
You know what, Spike? You're a

lyin', cheatin' polecat. I ain't doin' business with you, not for one red cent.

SPIKE

Well, that's too bad, Harry, because I'll be fucking your woman tonight. Then she might meet with a terrible accident, who knows?

BRUISER

Heh, heh, heh...

Bruiser cracks his knuckles and then pounds his fist into his palm. Goldie peers out a crack in the door of her room, in fear.

HARRY

You ain't seen the last of me, Spike.

SPIKE

Yeah, yeah, they all say that. Say Harry? I might let all the boys fuck her, too. Bruiser last of all...He loves sloppy seconds.

Bruiser again CACKLES and cracks his knuckles and then pounds his fist into his palm. He pounds his fist through a table.

Harry wheels around on his heels and storms out of the saloon. He mounts his horse and rides with his posse.

They stop at the end of the street. A RIDER addresses Harry.

RIDER

What you gonna do, Harry? There are seventy-two of them and only six of us.

HARRY

Kill 'em! All of 'em! The Rebs had four hundred thousand at Chickamauga and we killed half of them.

RIDER

Yeah, but you had half a million. We only got half a dozen.

HARRY

I've got a surprise for Spike and his gang...Let's ride.

They ride off.

INT. GOLDIES'S ROOM - NEXT DAY.

Goldie packs her things. She's dressed in lace gloves and Victorian travel wear.

She takes a long drag from a cigarette in a long cig holder. She trembles as she takes it out of her teeth. She puts it out and packs the holder.

A DERRINGER. Goldie picks it up, hands shaking. She places it in her cleavage.

A CLOCK TICKING, SLOWER AND SLOWER: 1155.

She looks outside. She sees six riders approaching at the end of Main Street.

EXT. RENO MAIN STREET - HIGH NOON.

Harry and his men ride up Main Street. They sport cavalry sabres on the left sides of their saddles.

Bruiser and A HALF DOZEN MEN walk up the other end of Main Street. The two groups approach each other.

Spike walks out of his saloon. He's got deep scratches on his face and neck.

SPIKE

You're dumber than you look,
Harry. I've got another sixty men
if these ones don't get you.
We've killed better men than you.

HARRY

Ain't no better men than us, you
weasel. I've killed a hundred of
you in a single day.

SPIKE

Yeah, yeah, you and the Union
Army. Big fucking deal! I'm the
one with the army today, asshole.

Goldie appears in the upstairs window. Harry glances at her.

SPIKE

That's a mean one you're coming after, Harry. She about tore my jugular out last night.

He runs his fingers along his neck wounds.

HARRY

She's thoughtful, Spike, leaving you for me.

Spike nervously backs into the saloon doors.

HARRY

Enough talking, I've got some polecats to kill. It's high noon, Bruiser. Draw, you slow sack of shit.

BRUISER

You gotta get offa your horse, Harry. Rules is rules.

HARRY

This is a gunfight, Bruiser...There ain't no rules!

BRUISER

Heh, heh, heh. Spike was right, you are dumb. Shooting from a moving horse...

Bruiser and his men draw. Harry and his men cut them down. Two men lie dead, the others writhe, wounded.

Harry and his men charge on horseback. Bullet WHIZ on and around Bruiser and his men. They take on more bullets.

Harry and his men run out of bullets while charging Bruiser and his men. Harry holsters his pistols and he and his men unsheath their sabres. The wounded Bruiser men stagger to their feet only to be cut down by Harry's men's sabres.

INSIDE THE SALOON

Spike watches and gnashes his teeth.

UPSTAIRS

Goldie CHEERS on Harry.

Harry and his men pull up at the end of Main Street. They

dismount. Another sixty-six men walk out, tapping their holstered guns.

A wagon storms out into the end of the street. It pulls away, revealing a Gatling gun. Harry cranks the crank and it CHATTERS away. The sixty-six men fall like cordwood. A few survivors run into adjoining buildings. Harry's men mount up and charge to mop them up.

Harry turns the Gatling gun on Spike's saloon. He FIRES away at the first floor. Bullets CHATTER through the wall, sending Spike on hands and knees behind the bar.

Harry mounts up and rides down the street with an incendiary grenade in one hand and a pistol in the other. Spike peeks his head out from behind the bar. Harry lets fly with the grenade and the first floor is engulfed in flame. Spike staggers out into the street in flames.

Goldie clambers through the window. She skitters to the edge of the first floor roof. Harry rides up below her. She jumps and lands on the horse behind him. As he circles to ride off, she pulls out her derringer and empties two bullets into Spike.

GOLDIE
Die, mother-fucker!

Spike falls to the ground, dead. Harry and Goldie ride off at a gallop.

HARRY
Nice shooting.

GOLDIE
Nice shooting, yourself. Where'd you get the Gatling gun?

HARRY
With money, you can get anything.
Yeehaw!

They CHEER, wave their hats and ride away.

INT. A MODERN-DAY LADIES ROOM - DAY

Heather sits on a toilet, masturbating.

HEATHER
Mmmm, Mmmm, Omigawd, Omigawd!

A CHORUS of OMIGAWD, OMIGAWDS! join hers in an orgiastic

chorus of masturbation.

EXT. A VICTORIAN STREET - DAY

A SIGN: MARKET STREET.

Horse-drawn wagons pull up to the curb in front of an opulent mansion.

Goldie steps out of an ornate wagon, dressed in Victorian finery. A DRIVER offers her a hand, then rushes around to the other side. He offers his hand to her mother, BEATRICE, similarly splendidly dressed.

Beatrice looks around as delivery men haul in ornate furniture and paintings.

BEATRICE

Oh Goldie, it's beautiful! But do we deserve it?

GOLDIE

We do, mom, we worked our butts off since Ashtabula. We don't deserve Harry, but God sent him to us anyway.

BEATRICE

Oh my, it's overwhelming.

Harry walks up, dressed in a top hat and tails.

HARRY

If it's overwhelming now, Mother Beatrice, wait until you see the inside.

He offers them his elbows and they walk towards the mansion.

HARRY

I ordered a few trinkets to have it furnished when you arrive. But I want you two lovely ladies to do the real shopping, to make it your own.
Come!

They step INSIDE. A Grand Foyer greets them. Two sweeping staircases lead upstairs. Gilded Era architecture glistens everywhere.

BEATRICE

Oh my!

They walk into the opulent living room. Statues and fountains abound.

GOLDIE

And just to think, a week ago that skunk, Spike tried to rape me. I made him pay for that, that weasel!

HARRY

He's burning in hell, now, where he can't hurt you. Hey, isn't this what gold country's all about?

He whirls about. She whirls with him.

GOLDIE

What shall we call it? People name their mansions, you know.

HARRY

Casa Del Oro, the House of Gold. But it's not about the gold, it's about the lady of the house, the woman of my dreams, Goldie.

They fall in one another's arms. She CRIES with joy. She WHISPERS in his ears.

GOLDIE

What have I done to deserve you? As soon as mom's out of sight, I want to fuck your brains out in that massive four-poster canopy bed!

HARRY

(Laughing)
Oh, OK, do I hafta?

(Laughs again)

For you, dear, I'll even do that!

He whisks her into his arms and carries her up the circular staircase.

GOLDIE

Mom, the butler will show you around the rest of the house!

We'll be upstairs, discussing the,
um, furnishings.

BEATRICE

Have a nice time, dear! I'll see
you at supper.

(To herself)

Damn, like mother, like daughter!

A MONTAGE

- Goldie and Beatrice shop in an opulent Victorian furniture store. They point and furniture is lifted out the door.
- The furniture is hauled into Casa Del Oro.
- The same, in a furnishings store. Opulent carpets and drapes are hauled out of the door.
- The carpets are rolled out and the drapes hung in Casa Del Oro.
- The same, in a nursery. Opulent statues are hauled out on wagons.
- The statues are placed in the ornate gardens in Casa Del Oro. Fountains are turned on.
- The same, in a haberdashery. Gorgeous gowns are carried away.
- Goldie, Harry and Beatrice welcome guests in an elaborate formal party.
- The same, in a jewelry store. The women try on gorgeous tiaras and necklaces.
- Goldie, Harry and Beatrice welcome guests in an elaborate formal party. SEVERAL WOMEN LAUGH behind their fans at Goldie.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. CASA DEL ORO - NIGHT

Harry and Goldie's bedroom.

Harry smokes a pipe and reads in silk pajamas. Goldie walks in from the bathroom in a gorgeous silk bathrobe. She takes off the bathrobe and gets in bed. She turns away from Harry.

HARRY

(Putting up his pipe)

What's the matter, Missus Rocklin?

Your money getting to you? Money bags too heavy walking to the bank?

(Pause)

GOLDIE
It's not that, Harry. Casa Del Oro is beyond my wildest dreams.

HARRY
(Putting his arm around her)
What, then? I wants my gal to be happy, I do.

GOLDIE
We don't fit in San Francisco society, Harry. Our money can't buy us access to the old families. I've seen those rich bitches talking behind their fans. They see us as new money. To them, we're still miners, hillbillies.

HARRY
They'd better watch it, I'm the West Point pistol champion.

GOLDIE
You could hire a dozen killers, Harry, that's not the answer. Culture and refinement come with training.

HARRY
Get training, then. I'll join you. I'll bring in the finest teachers in town. Those rich bitches will be curtsying to you in no time.

GOLDIE
You'd join me?

HARRY
Sure. I get tired of just counting my money all the time.

GOLDIE
(Kissing him)
Oh Harry, you're the best! I love you!

HARRY
 We'll start right away. You'll be
 the talk of San Francisco in no
 time. You're my champion.

GOLDIE
 (Kissing him)
 Love you, love you, love you!

INT. CASA DEL ORO - DAY

A MONTAGE

- The dining room. A TEACHER shows Goldie, Beatrice and Harry the right spoons to use and how to properly sip soup. They SLURP loudly, causing the teacher to wince.
- The living room. A TEACHER shows Goldie and Beatrice how to walk like ladies, with a book on their heads. The books fall off, the women fall and everyone LAUGHS.
- Goldie walks in heels down the circular staircase, book on her head. Near the bottom she falls, into Harry's waiting arms. They LAUGH.
- A VOICE COACH coaches them on a Victrola.

VOICE COACH
 Rubber baby buggy bumpers...

GOLDIE
 Rubbie bugger bugger booger. Fuck
 it, I'll never get it!

VOICE COACH
 Ahem, proper ladies don't say, um,
 well, you know, that "F-word."

GOLDIE
 (Exasperated)
 Well, fuck that, fuck you, and
 fuck them, too!

(To Harry)
 Harry, what am I gonna do without,
 "fuck it?" This is too hard!

HARRY
 Proper ladies can be spanked,
 though, that's why I keep that
 twenty-foot bullwhip on the four
 poster. You wanted this, you're
 going to stick it out! Now,
 rubber baby buggy bumpers...

GOLDIE
 (Pouting)
 Aw, Harry, you're a meanie. OK,
 rubber baby booger boogies...Ack!

VOICE COACH
 Rubber baby buggy bumpers...

A MONTAGE

- The dining room. Goldie, Beatrice and Harry use the right spoons to use and properly sip soup, to the delight of the teacher
- The living room. Goldie and Beatrice now walk beautifully, delighting the admiring teacher. Harry offers her them his elbows and they walk like royalty.
- Goldie walks in heels down the circular staircase, Beatrice down the opposite one. Near the bottom a beaming Harry offers them his elbows and they walk like royalty into the living room
- The voice coach coaches them on a Victrola.

VOICE COACH
 Rubber baby buggy bumpers...

GOLDIE
 Rubber baby buggy bumpers...

VOICE COACH
 How now, brown cow?

BEATRICE
 How now, brown cow?

VOICE COACH
 How much wood would a woodchuck
 chuck if a woodchuck could chuck
 wood?

HARRY
 A woodchuck would chuck all the
 wood that a woodchuck could chuck.

VOICE COACH
 Unique New York.

GOLDIE
 Unique New York.

VOICE COACH

I couldn't have said it better myself! You're ready for Queen Victoria!

GOLDIE
(Hugging Harry)

Yes!

VOICE COACH
When is your fundraiser again?
You'll want me there, of course?

GOLDIE
Fuck, yes! Just kidding,
professor...I know proper ladies
and all...

VOICE COACH
...Indeed!

GOLDIE
It's next Friday. The governor
and his wife will be there.

VOICE COACH
Excellent! Well, I've done all I
can do, and I must say, you've
been excellent students. I'll
leave those cylinders for you for
practice. Good day.

FADE IN:

EXT. CASA DEL ORO - NIGHT

Ornate wagons drive up to the exterior staircase.
Chauffeurs let out SOCIETY TYPES in full formal wear.

INSIDE

Half of the living room is full of GUESTS already. The MEN
gather by the fireplace and smoke cigars. The WOMEN gossip
together.

A BUTLER announces the guests. The huge doorknocker
KNOCKS. He lets in a SOCIETY COUPLE.

BUTLER
Mister and Mistress George and
Elaine Simpson, of Simpson Lumber!

The SIMPSONS hand their capes to a VALET and then walk

inside. The door KNOCKS again.

BUTLER
Mister and Mistress Tyler and
Mehitabel Vanderbilt, of
Vanderbilt Shipping.

The VANDERBILTS hand their capes to a VALET and then walk inside. The door KNOCKS again.

BUTLER
Ladies and gentlemen, the governor
of the great state of California,
Governor Samuel Mayer and his
wife, Martha Mayer.

The guests APPLAUD.

The MAYERS hand their capes to a VALET and then walk inside.

BUTLER
Ladies and gentlemen, the Governor
and his wife complete the guest
list for this evening. Your
hosts, Harold, Goldie and Beatrice
Rocklin, sincerely hope you enjoy
their hospitality this evening.
Ladies and gentlemen, your hosts,
the Rocklins!

Harry exits the first floor double doors between the staircases, that lead to the dining room. Beatrice and Goldie appear at the top of the respective staircases. VALETS attend to their trains as they elegantly descend.

Harry offers his elbow first to Beatrice, then to Goldie. They form a reception line at the door to the dining room. The butler announces the guests.

BUTLER
Master Rocklin, Lord and Lady
Windsor of Devonshire, England.

HARRY
(Bowling)
Lord and Lady Windsor, how kind of
you to come. Welcome to Casa Del
Oro.

LORD WINDSOR
Bloody good show, Rocklin, old
chap! Why, you Yanks will have

more gold than us British in no time. Why, if it wasn't for South Africa, I'd dare say you'd have it already.

HARRY

The Lady Goldie Mine has been very good to me, Lord Windsor. I'd like to present its namesake, my wife, Goldie.

LORD WINDSOR

(Kisses the back of her hand)
Lady Goldie, the U.S. should have royalty...you'd be her queen!

GOLDIE

How kind of you to say so, Lord Windsor. May I present my mother, Beatrice?

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

HEATHER

Wow, that sounds so romantic! Did they ever accept your parents into society?

HARRIET

Well, they did appear regularly on the society page, so I guess so. Maybe it was just because of their money, I don't know.

HEATHER

Was it the fire that took your fortune, Harriet?

HARRIET

Their fortune, I never knew it. No, dear, they lost everything when the mine ran out...

EXT. CASA DEL ORO - DAY

Furniture and statues are carried out and loaded onto wagons. Harry, Beatrice and Goldie watch.

HARRY

Well, easy come, easy go, that's a mining saying. I'll just go back to the gold fields.

BEATRICE

Harry, you didn't tell us everything was leveraged.

HARRY

A hundred to one ratio. That gold rush was some kind of wild ride!

GOLDIE

Casa Del Oro's going to be hard to leave, but I was getting bored with society anyway. I guess you can take the dance hall girl out of the dance hall, but you can't take the dance hall out of the dance hall girl.

HARRY

You can go back to work in the saloons, but not as a whore. You're mine now.

GOLDIE

Don't want to kill another seventy-two men, Harry? Don't worry, darling, I only have eyes for you. Dancing, I've still got a few years left in me.

HARRY

Anyone touches you, just let me know. I've still got Bull and Buster.

GOLDIE

And I get to say, "fuck" again!

BEATRICE

Fuck, yeah! Oops...It's been a while since I've said that. It did feel kind of good, though.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

The seismology class is in session.

A SIGN: AUDITORS. Major Fun sits in the AUDITORS section.

Harriet addresses the class. The picture of her peeking out from the wagon glows behind her.

The class leans forward on their elbows, mesmerized with her story.

HEATHER

Wow, I didn't know you said "fuck" back then! Oh, sorry, Prof Q...I mean...swore.

HARRIET

(Laughing)

You didn't make it up, dear. I suppose it started when Adam and Eve lost the Garden.

....So, we moved back to the poor side of town, down by the waterfront. Mom went to work in a saloon and dad drove a team, the team you saw in that movie.

HEATHER

Did your dad have to shoot up any more saloon owners?

HARRIET

No, he found her a respectable joint...

FADE OUT

FLASHBACK

FADE IN:

INT. A SALOON - NIGHT

A SIGN: GOLD RUSH SALOON.

Can-can girls kick up their heels, to the delight of the patrons. Goldie serves drinks.

The owner, 40-something, well-heeled ERNIE, and his wife, 40-something fashionista CLAUDIA, watch from the owner's table. Goldie approaches them.

GOLDIE
Ernie, Claudia, looks like a good night...The joint is packed.

ERNIE
I'm loving it, Goldie. Should be good tips tonight.

CLAUDIA
Just keep flashing them tits, Goldie, you'll make a haul.

GOLDIE
Just so nobody fondles me. Harry will put 'im six feet under.

ERNIE
Don't worry about it. When Ernie puts out the word, everybody knows to leave you alone. Besides, I got my own security. Say, where is Harry tonight?

GOLDIE
Night shift, they put him on the night shift. In fact, this joint is on his circuit.

Harry walks in from the back. He approaches Ernie's table.

HARRY
Hey, baby.

(Kisses Goldie)

Evening, Ernie. Evening, Claudia. Your iceboxes are all topped off.

CLAUDIA
I never doubted it, Harry. You and Goldie are the best...I could use a hundred employees like you.

ERNIE
Here's your check, Harry, plus a nice tip. And if Goldie keeps raking in those tips, you'll be able to move back uptown.

HARRY
That's the plan. Ain't nothing gonna stop us.

A TREMOR. The saloon ROCKS. Glasses and bottles fly off the shelves and SMASH on the floor. The patrons and dance hall girls SCREAM.

Ernie jumps up.

ERNIE

(Shouting)

Don't panic, everybody! Move in an orderly fashion towards the nearest exit. I repeat, move in an orderly fashion towards the nearest exit!

(To Goldie and Harry)

Come on, let's get out of here!
This one's lasting a long time!

They walk briskly, along with the crowd, toward the front door.

ERNIE

(Shouting)

Don't panic, no shoving! Move briskly, but in an orderly fashion.

They walk outside, in the street, along with crowds that empty out of every building.

ERNIE

(To Claudia)

Damn! This one's gonna cost us a thousand bucks!

FADE OUT

FLASH FORWARD

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

The seismology class is in session. Harriet addresses the class. The picture of her in the wagon shimmers on the screen behind her.

Once again the class is entranced, leaning forward on their elbows to catch every word.

HARRIET

My folks said that was about a week before the Great Quake.

HEATHER

About the same time that movie was made.

HARRIET

Daddy used to love to take me on his ice delivery runs. Of course, I was too young to remember. My first memories in life were the Quake and The Fire...

The image behind her jumps to life.

EXT. MARKET STREET - 1906

The street scene morphs from B&W to color. People bustle about Market Street. HARRY handles the wagon's team.

HARRY

Harriet, quit looking out the back, you're going to fall out. Come up here.

Harriet, almost 3 years old, appears between and behind his legs.

HARRIET

OK, daddy, but I no like look at horsies' peepahpo.

HARRY

Your mother will skin me alive if you fall out of this wagon. Now stay up here.

HARRIET

OK, daddy.

The wagon continues on in its rounds. Harry pulls up to the alley behind the Gold Rush Saloon. He hefts Harriet out of the back of the wagon and places her on the loading dock.

HARRY

OK, Harriet, you can go in. Go say hi to Aunt Claudia.

HARRIET

It getting cold back there, daddy.

Aunt Claudia! Aunt Claudia!

She runs inside. Harry hefts two large blocks of ice out of the wagon in tongs. He goes

INSIDE

and opens the kitchen's icebox and places the two blocks of ice inside. Claudia comes in, carrying Harriet.

CLAUDIA
Beautiful day, Harry. Beautiful
kid, too.

HARRY
April in San Francisco...Makes a
man glad to be alive. So does
she.

He tousles Harriet's head. She clambers into his arms.

CLAUDIA
Goldie home asleep?

HARRY
Was. She's probably up by now,
doing chores.

CLAUDIA
She's a good one, Harry, you ought
to keep her.

HARRY
Think I will, seeing as I had to
shoot up half of Reno to get her.

CLAUDIA
She told us you ran out of places
to notch your guns. Hey Harry,
you should quit teamstering and
work for us as a bouncer.

HARRY
It's tempting, but I ain't as
quick as I was. You need young
guns in this town. Besides, they
lock people up for gunfighting any
more. Nope, my gunslinging days
are over. Besides, I got me a
two-year old to watch out for now.

CLAUDIA
Another keeper.

HARRY
 You betcha. I lived through too
 much to let some young gun take
 her pappy from her.

CLAUDIA
 OK, Harry. Well, here's your
 check.

HARRY
 Thank you. I'd best be on my way.

CLAUDIA
 Watch out for the Salvation Army
 Band. They want to save your
 soul.

HARRY
 It's done been saved, long ago.
 Another reason I ain't shooting
 nobody.

CLAUDIA
 Shucks, Harry, you're no fun.

HARRY
 I might go bang their big bass
 drum for 'em. Come on, young
 lady, let's go play some music.

HARRIET
 Yay!

He carries her

OUTSIDE

and puts her in the back of the wagon. They ride back out
 to Market Street.

A SALVATION ARMY BAND, consisting of a COLONEL PREACHER,
 MAJOR TAMBOURINE PLAYER, CAPTAIN TRUMPET PLAYER and a
 SERGEANT BASS DRUM PLAYER, play "Bringing in the Sheaves"
 on a street corner.

Harry parks the wagon and lifts Harriet out.

PREACHER
 Repent! The end is at hand! Oh,
 hello, Harry, hello little miss.

HARRIET

(Holdign up three fingers)
I'm Harriet and I'm this many.

MAJOR
My, so big! Can you shake a
tambourine?

She nods a yes and takes the tambourine from the Major.

MAJOR
Bang the drum, Harry?

HARRY
I thought you'd never ask. Gimme
those drumsticks.

He hefts the drum on his shoulders.

HARRY (Cont'd)
How about "Battle Hymn of the
Republic?" My daddy and my
brother marched to that one.

PREACHER
A good end-times song...Let's do
it.

They PLAY. The major holds Harriet and helps her with the
tambourine.

ALL
(Singing)
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are
stored,
He has loosed the fateful
lightning of His terrible swift
sword,
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE GOLD RUSH SALOON - NIGHT (Early morning)

A few patrons remain. Others lie drunk at their tables.
Ernie, Claudia and Goldie mill about, tired, but trying not

to show it.

A PIANO PLAYER plays and sings:

PIANO PLAYER
(Singing)
The party's over, it's time to
call it a night.

(Announcing)
That's all folks, five a.m., time
to close up.

The saloon girls YAWN and get their wraps and stagger out. Goldie and Claudia pour pitchers of water on drunks, who protest loudly.

GOLDIE & CLAUDIA
Come on, closing time! Up and at
'em, time to go home!

The building SHAKES. A ROAR! Glasses and bottles FLY off the shelves and tables and SMASH on the floor. The patrons SCREAM and steady themselves against the shaking.

GOLDIE
Holy shit, this is a big one!
Everybody out!

The patrons, except those passed out at their tables, scramble out of the exit door.

Goldie, Ernie and Claudia try to roust the passed-out DRUNKS as the building shakes.

GOLDIE
Come on, wake up! Earthquake!

A ROAR. The building shakes violently. Goldie and Claudia look around themselves, aghast. They try to pull the drunks out, unsuccessfully.

The building shakes violently again.

ERNIE
Come on, we'd better get outta
here!

They rush

OUTSIDE

and stand with the others in the street. They hold one

another as the ground and the buildings shake.

INSIDE

The upper floors collapse onto the drunks with a CRASH.

OUTSIDE

Flames ROAR from several buildings.

Suddenly, the saloon wall CRACKS and falls towards them. The women SCREAM and everyone races backwards away from the descending wall. It barely misses them as it CRASHES down. Bricks fly against several patrons and all are covered with dust that shoots forth.

Flames engulf the saloon and add their fury to the mounting fire of the buildings around it. Everyone in the streets shield their faces with their arms against the mounting holocaust.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - PRESENT DAY

Harriet continues to lecture the enthralled students. The bell RINGS.

HARRIET

Oh my dear! How I have gone on!

The students protest her stopping vociferously.

STUDENTS

Go on! More, more!

CAL

It's alright to continue, Harriet. There's no class after this one.

HARRIET

Well, I suppose that would be alright...Just let me wet my whistle.

The students CHEER as she downs a glass of water.

CAL

While she's dousing her whistle, let's talk about dousing the Great Fire of 1906. How many were

killed?

Several students raise their hands, along with Major Fun.

CAL
OK, our auditor, Major Fun...

MAJOR FUN
Six thousand. And change.

CAL
Correct, thank you. Now, how many
do our computer models predict
will be killed if a similar event
happened today?

The students raise their hands, including Heather.

CAL
OK, our auditor from the Film
Studies Department...Heather?

HEATHER
Six hundred...And change.

CAL
Right, only six hundred. And
change.

Harriet has finished her long drink of water.

HARRIET
(Irate)
Change?

The students class is hushed.

HARRIET
Only six hundred? And change?
You call human lives, change?

Cal hangs his head.

CAL
Well, I, uh, that is...

Harriet points a bony finger at him.

HARRIET
(Angry)
Young man, have you ever seen
someone burn to death?

CAL
Well, I, uh...

The students smile in amusement at his discomfort.

HARRIET
(Angry)
Well, have you?

CAL
Well, I, uh, that is... No.

HARRIET
I thought not! Let me tell you,
it's not a pretty sight...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SALOON'S STREET - DAWN, ca. 1906

Return to the scene of the earthquake in the street of the saloon:

Flames engulf the saloon and add their fury to the mounting fire of the buildings around it. Everyone in the streets, including Goldie, Ernie and Claudia, shield their faces with their arms against the mounting holocaust.

HORSES, tied to wagons in front of buildings that haven't collapsed, rear up and WHINNY.

GOLDIE
Omigawd! Harry, Harriet, mom!

ERNIE
(Pointing)
Our wagon's still intact! Take it, go! This is our house and we've got no kids! Go to them!

He runs towards the wagon and steadies his two horses. The women run behind him and Goldie jumps on the driver's side.

Ernie unties the horses. The horses gallop off, causing whiplash to Goldie.

ERNIE
I ain't never seen Gin and Tonic run so fast!

Goldie careens through the burning street scene. Buildings

and the street still shake violently. She races down the street, barely missing collapsing buildings.

Finally, she races out of the crowded city and into a rich neighborhood, the neighborhood of Casa Del Oro. Even here, buildings collapse and fires rage.

She careens the team towards a flaming Casa Del Oro.

GOLDIE
(Pulling the reins)
Whoa!

The horses stop, SNORTING.

(Patting the horses)
Steady, now...

She looks past the wrought iron fence surrounding Casa del Oro. Flames leap out the window.

Suddenly, a PERSON jumps out of an upstairs window, aflame. ANOTHER PERSON, also aflame, staggers out of the front door, screaming. S/he collapses on the front lawn, dead.

GOLDIE
Omigawd! Harry! Harriet! Gin,
Tonic, let's go!

She flips the reins, violently.

ERNIE
(Shouting)
Heyah, Gin! Heyah, Tonic!
Giddap!

Her head snaps back as the horses bolt into a full gallop again. She again holds on for dear life as the wagon once again races past burning, shaking houses.

INT. HARRY & GOLDIE'S TOWNHOME - DAWN

Harry carries a sleeping Goldie up the stairs towards his bedroom. A clock on the wall shows 5 a.m.

He stops by Beatrice's room and looks in. Beatrice is asleep, peacefully.

Harry enters his room and places the sleeping Goldie in her young girl's bed in their room.

HARRY
(Quietly)

Sleep on, now, sweetheart.
Daddy's work is done and mommy
will be home soon.

He kisses her, softly.

HARRY
(Singing quietly)
He hath loosed the fateful
lightning of His terrible swift
sword; His truth is marching on...

He takes off his shirt and then his shoes.

Suddenly, the building shakes violently. Harry steadies himself, holding the post of the headboard.

He looks around, apprehensively.

The building shakes again, violently, and it continues to shake.

HARRY
(Singing quietly)
Holy shit! What the fuck?

He looks up.

HARRY
Sorry, Lord.

The building shakes violently again and keeps shaking.

HARRY
I'll be damned!

He makes his way to the stairwell. Suddenly, it collapses and a plume of fire shoots upward. It ignites the hallway and licks at the ceiling.

Beatrice appears across the hall, in the door to her bedroom. She SCREAMS as the flames shoot forth and shields herself against them. Harry waves her back and they both back into their respective rooms.

IN HER ROOM

Beatrice backs towards the window as the flames engulf her door.

IN HIS ROOM

Harry races for Harriet's bed, just as she awakens. She

sees the flames and SCREAMS. Harry holds her tightly.

HARRY
Hold on, honey, I tell you what
we're going to do...

He lays her down and wraps her in blankets. He secures a pitcher of water by a basinette just before it shakes over onto the floor. He pours it on his head, over his torso and soaks Harriet as she winces her eyes shut tightly and SHRIEKS.

Harry tries running towards the door, but is beaten back by the flames. Harriet SCREAMS. Harry backs towards the window.

OUTSIDE

Goldie pulls hard against the reins as the wagon pulls up.

GOLDIE
Whoa, Gin! Whoa, Tonic! Steady,
girls!

The team stops and Goldie jumps out.

She sees Beatrice's silhouette in her window and Harry and Harriet's in theirs. The house is almost fully engulfed in fire behind them.

GOLDIE
Omigawd, mom! Omigawd, Harry,
Harriet!

She tries to make her way towards the house, but is beaten back by the flames. She CRIES as she watches, helplessly.

INSIDE

Beatrice's room, the flames engage the far wall of her bedroom. Beatrice holds her arms against the flames. Finally, she turns to open the window. She leans down and puts her finger in the window lift.

OUTSIDE

GOLDIE
No, mom, no! The fire will
just...

Beatrice opens the window and the flames shoot through the room and out of it, engulfing her and she hurtles, aflame and SCREAMING, to the ground below.

Goldie SCREAMS and runs towards her mother. But suddenly, the wall breaks free and collapses in her direction. She SCREAMS and scurries back.

She sees Harry in the window riding the burning building down as it collapses.

The flames from the building shoot towards Goldie and then upward.

Suddenly, Harry runs forth from the flames. His legs are aflame, but his upper body and Harriet are unburned, though steaming.

GOLDIE
Harry! Omigawd!

Harry tosses Harriet to Goldie, who catches her. Harry collapses on the ground. He rolls around and beats the flames on his legs. Goldie sets Harriet down and joins in on putting Harry out by throwing garden soil on him.

When Harry's flames have been extinguished, Goldie turns to Harriet. She unwraps her from her blankets and they kiss and hug one another.

GOLDIE
Stay here, Harriet. I don't want
you to see this.

Harry winces in pain. Goldie walks over to check out his wounds. His legs are covered with second- and third-degree burns. Goldie kneels beside him. He steadies himself enough to lay his head on her bosom. She strokes his hair.

GOLDIE
Oh, my hero, my big, brave hero!

HARRY
Is Harriet alright?

GOLDIE
Not even singed.

HARRY
Thank God!

Behind them, the flames of the street have turned into a critical mass. They look as they ROAR higher. They hold one another as the flames are joined above their heads by the flames from across the street, making an arch of fire.

HARRY
Your turn to be the hero...Better
get us out of here!

Goldie helps Harry stagger towards the wagon and then helps him in. She then helps Harriet in and she hugs her father as Goldie again mounts the driver's seat.

She flicks the reins and the horses gallop through the arch of flames. Harry grimaces in the back as he bounces around, but he still holds Harriet to comfort her.

At one intersection, the flames are so close and the arch so narrow that Goldie must duck down. As it hurtles through, one side and the back of the wagon catch on fire. Harry kicks at the flames as best he can while Harriet SCREAMS.

GOLDIE
(To herself)
Oh, shit!

The now almost fully-engulfed wagon hurtles down San Francisco hill towards the Bay.

GOLDIE
(Shouting towards the back)
There's only one chance! Hold on!

She races down a burning pier and launches the wagon into the Bay below. She's thrown clear.

Her purse, around her neck, contains Harry's first gold nugget, the one he gave her back in Reno. It's so heavy it pulls her under. She looks up at the wagon and the horses as she sinks.

She struggles to secure the nugget and finally pulls it out, gives it one last look, and then lets it sink to the bottom

She GASPS as she breaks the surface. The city, just beyond the pier, is aflame.

Nearer, the wagon HISSES, but stays afloat, barely. She grabs the side of the wagon and pulls herself towards the back.

GOLDIE
Come on, Harry, come on!

(LONG PAUSE)
Harry breaks the surface out of the back of the wagon,

struggling with his burned legs, but holding the sputtering Harriet.

GOLDIE
Harry! Harriet! Oh, thank God!

She clutches the floating Harriet. Harry grabs the side of the wagon and they embrace and kiss, both themselves and Harriet. The city burns behind them.

They look at the city, aghast but relieved to be alive.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. THE LECTURE ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Harriet finishes addressing the class. The class is silent, mesmerized.

HARRIET
Those were my first memories, the memories of the San Francisco great quake and fire.

(To Cal)
And young man, that's what it's like to see people burning! Those were my first memories.

The class APPLAUDS her, slowly at first and then with vigor.

HARRIET
Heather tells me I'm the last survivor of the Great Quake, so I guess I am. Are there any questions?

HEATHER
Family? We know you have a daughter.

HARRIET
I've survived three husbands. I had ten children, thirty grandchildren and, last I checked, I have one hundred and five great-grandchildren.

"WOW's" from the students. Cal APPLAUDS her and the

students and Major Fun join in.

CAL
Harriet, it's been a treat having
you with us!

The class applauds her again.

CAL
We'll see who did their reading.
Who can tell me the chance of
another Great Quake of the
magnitude of the 1906 one hitting
the Bay area again in the next 40
years?

Hands go up all over the lecture room, including Heather's.

CAL
Heather? And you, a film studies
major?

HEATHER
I got fascinated, Prof Q. It's
sixty percent.

CAL
Very good.

Suddenly, the building shakes.

School items CRASH off the walls and onto the floor. The
windows SHAKE. Tiles fall from the ceiling.

The students SCREAM and look about as the building shakes
violently.

CAL
Earthquake! You know what to do!
Per your drill, get out quickly
and orderly!

The students rush towards the exits, looking all around
them.

Harriet watches the effects of the quake. She GASPS,
stiffens and then slumps over, unconscious.

EXT. THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

The students, Major Fun and Cal mill around.

Cal calls the roll.

CAL
 ...and Heather Smith. And you,
 Major Fun. That's everyone.

HEATHER
 Omigawd! Not everyone! Professor
 Q, what about Harriet?

Everyone PAUSES and looks at one another apprehensively.

MAJOR FUN
 She's still inside! Come on,
 let's go!

Everyone rushes

INSIDE

INT. THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

The students, Major Fun and Cal rush into the Lecture Hall.
 They find Harriet slumped over.

Major Fun feels her pulse.

CAL
 Is she...?

Major Fun nods his head, "Yes." Heather and several of the
 other girls GASP and, weeping, fall into the arms of the
 boy students.

Major Fun lifts up Harriet's head to reveal a smile on her
 face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. CASA DEL ORO - DAY

The top of the stairway of the mansion. Harriet, young
 again, is clothed in a gorgeous Victorian evening gown.

She notices a light below her. Turning towards it, she
 sees that the living room is festooned for a Victorian
 formal party. GUESTS mill about in formal wear.

From the far bedroom at the opposite end of the stairway, Harry and Goldie make their appearance. They're at the peak of their lives and dressed in Victorian formal wear.

They walk slowly toward the entranced Harriet. They stand on either side of her and offer her their elbows. A young Beatrice appears from a bedroom behind them, also festooned in a beautiful gown.

At the bottom of the stairway, the BUTLER appears. He faces the guests and announces:

BUTLER

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to
you, your hosts for this evening,
Harry and Goldie Rocklin,
Goldie's mother, Beatrice, and
their daughter, Harriet.

The guests APPLAUD. The Rocklins descend the staircase in regal fashion to the applause of the guests.