

INFERNO: A LINDA LOVELACE STORY

by

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CAA

EXT. OPEL CADET - DAY

We are looking through the windshield of a 1970 Opel Cadet, a dun-colored car that looks a bit like a boxy version of a Dodge Dart. There's no one there for a long beat; and then LINDA BOREMAN gets in, 24, pretty, brown-haired. She sits at the steering wheel, thinks for a moment, then starts it up. We move with her as she drives past the identical manicured lawns of what we now call a "gated community."

LINDA VOICEOVER  
When I was a little girl, my  
grammaw used to say, the whole  
world is made up of angels.

LINDA smiles out the window as she sees the people in her community. An old lady walks along the sidewalk, her elbow held by a handsome young hippie dude with long hair. The mailman chats with a black woman in an orange cocktail dress. A Jehovah's Witness team in identical shirts and ties talks to a group of little kids.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
She said everything you ever see,  
no matter how bad it seems, it's  
all made up of little angels in-  
side it.

The wind ruffles the trees as a little-league team struggles to make a comeback. A man and woman hold hands on a park bench. He snuggles his head on her shoulder, as if seeking comfort.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
The man on the corner. The trash  
outside your house. The teacher  
that nobody liked and the snake  
in the grass--every bit of it, 's  
all made up of little angels. So  
tiny...ya can't even see 'em.

The sun breaks through the clouds. Two little Mexican girls skip arm in arm, singing a song we can't hear. LINDA's smile is broad now.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
But my grammaw didn't live in the  
world I live in. She didn't see  
the things I see. 'Cause she didn't  
have to.

Somehow, a miracle: a hummingbird flutters right next to LINDA's windshield. It keeps pace with her. It keeps fluttering right outside the window.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
When I was a little girl I  
always believed what grammaw  
said in my heart of hearts.  
You could find a particle of  
good in anything. And any human  
heart.

LINDA'S FACE LIGHTS UP AND IS FILLED WITH JOY AS—

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WE SEE FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET A **LARGE BLACK VAN-**

AND WE ALMOST HEAR THE TWO MEXICAN GIRLS SCREAMING AS THEY JUMP BACK...AND THE BLACK VAN CROSSES THE STOP SIGN-

AND COMES **BARRELING RIGHT AT THE CAMERA-**

**THE VAN SMASHES INTO LINDA'S OPAL CADET--**

INSIDE THE CADET WE GO SPINNING ROUND AND ROUND, 360 DEGREES, TWICE, AS LINDA'S EYES FILL WITH FEAR-

AND WE HEAR A SICKENING SMASH AS THE CADET CAREENS INTO A LIGHT-POST.

EXT. LIGHT-POST - DAY

FAST FAST FAST DOLLY IN/ZOOM IN on the Opal Cadet. Smoke pours out of the hood and the windshield is ENTIRELY SHATTERED AND SMEARED WITH BLOOD. Inside, coughing, LINDA's face has been mashed into hamburger. Her eye is grotesquely contused and some of her teeth are jutting out of a slash across her lower lip, as if they were coming out of her chin. She coughs, sounding as if she were about to throw up.

Somehow she manages to get the dented driver's-side door open.

Coughing, she bends over and looks the asphalt. She coughs and gags at the same time.

Four teeth fall out of her mouth onto the pavement.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Long pan up LINDA's body, from her toes to her head, as she lies in a hospital bed, covered with snakelike tubes, ventilators everywhere, monitors...a woman attacked by machines. Especially surveillance devices.

LINDA VOICEOVER

I used to believe that everything in the world was made up of angels but I don't any more. Now I don't know how to tell you this in a way that'll make any sense, but...

EXT. LAWN - DAY

The lawn in front of LINDA's house. Perfectly manicured. MR. DUFFY, the old duffer across the street, is cutting the grass. A little Asian girl rides on training wheels.

LINDA VOICEOVER

...everything changed for me on that day. The way I saw me, and the world, and everything in it...it all changed that one day. And I couldn't for the life of me tell you why.

REVERSE ANGLE - LINDA THROUGH WINDOW

We see LINDA looking through her front-room window, sitting in a

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chair, her foot up in a cast, in a wheelchair. Her face is still banged up but not nearly as bad as it was.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
An' I'll tell you somethin' else  
I never told anybody before. I had  
a little fantasy...a daydream in  
my mind when I sat at that window  
an' I hadda look at everybody  
goin' on with their lives...

SLOW ZOOM IN ON LINDA, her face impassive...looking, looking...  
as everyday life goes on...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I had a thing I saw in my mind.  
And it's terrible, and I shouldn't  
say this, but I saw this picture  
in my mind every day...an some-  
how it seemed right...

REVERSE ANGLE - THE LAWN

SLOW ZOOM IN from LINDA's point of view on the lawn...the lawn  
across the street...MR. DUFFY's sprinklers go on...the birds fly  
into the trees...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
It somehow got me through it,  
thinkin' a this one thing...  
and I thought about it, every  
single day...

In a moment, LINDA's lawn, the lawn across the street, the trees  
and the houses-

--BURST INTO FLAME--

--and FIREBALLS REACH OUT TOWARD THE CAMERA--

--as these words zoom toward the viewer:

## I N F E R N O

### A L I N D A L O V E L A C E S T O R Y

--and the awesome and terrifying sound of the opening of **MOZART'S**  
**40<sup>TH</sup> SYMPHONY** fills the speakers of the theatre...

THE FORTIETH CONTINUES DURING THE FOLLOWING **MONTAGE**

INT. VFW HALL - DAY

As the FORTIETH goes on swooping, we slowly push in toward a mass of families  
square-dancing at a VFW Hall. As we push in, we SLOWLY ZOOM  
IN toward a sixtyish UNCLE square-dancing with his family...and, on every  
turn, lightly pawing his beautiful young black-haired niece...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
People say to me, Linda, there's

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no such thing as a hell. That's  
a made-up thing in books, and  
it doesn't exist.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL - DAY

Push in on a classroom full of third-grade children. Slow zoom in as we move in on a LITTLE BROWNHAIRED GIRL. A question is asked and with a face full of happiness she raises her hand, then stands up as we LAND ON HER FACE.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
They don't believe that it's  
real, but I'm here to tell you  
that there is a hell.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

FAST FAST PUSH IN on a long hallway filled with small children's coats hung up on pegs. We carom around a corner and into a children's bathroom where the LITTLE GIRL is sitting up on a sink. The TEACHER, looking very sad, kneels on the floor at her feet, his head on her knees, his hand kneading her back. The GIRL bites her lip as we slowly ZOOM IN...as we land we see that tears are flowing...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
There is a hell and there are  
devils and they have pitchforks  
and boiling oil and there is a  
lake of fire. All these things  
are real, an' I can testify it.

INT. GRADUATION - DAY

A BLOND GIRL hugs her enormous GRANDMA on graduation day. She smiles through tears in her cap and gown...slow zoom in on her face.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
'Cause I rode through a lake of  
fire. I been there and I have  
seen things I couldn't tell you  
--things I can't even tell my-  
self.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

In the middle of nowhere, a POLICE CAR zips past a filling station. There's an old ad for a Bob Hope special from like 1961 on a mini-micro-billboard next to the cans of 10W40.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
All that time I didn't even have  
myself to hang onto. All I had  
was my friendship with Jesus  
Christ. And that was enough.

INT. FILLING STATION - DAY

Mozart's Fortieth SWELLS as we BOOM DOWN FROM ABOVE on a dirty desk where the

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hideous FILLING-STATION OWNER is fucking the BLOND GRADUATE...only from his movements it looks more like he's killing her...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
What I need for you to know is  
this: Hell isn't a place. It's  
not somewhere you go when you  
die.

INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

Inside a yellow 1972 Barracuda, LINDA sits silently next to CHUCK, a studly, mustachioed guy who wears sunglasses at midnight.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
...You got to stand watch all  
the time, every minute of the day,  
to make sure you don't wind up  
inside it.

...slow PUSH IN ON LINDA's face as the lights of the nighttime streets flicker over her.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
'Cause I was there, I went right  
through it and I know: it's  
right there, it's everywhere  
around us...right this second.

Mozart's 40<sup>th</sup> segues into the Guess Who's "These Eyes" as we see

TITLE CARD

**July 14, 1970**  
**1:37 pm**

EXT. LAWN - DAY

LINDA's lawn. The wafting keyboard line of "These Eyes" washes over images of LINDA and her friends in bikinis and little fold-out beach chairs on LINDA's lawn.

LINDA is tall and leggy and you can hardly see any scars. She has big reflective sunglasses on. Her two best friends, BECKY and DONNA, are also bikini-clad and sunglasses-wearing, and we pan over them as they pass a Tupperware jug of Tang around and smoke a jay. "These Eyes" gets louder.

DONNA  
Your brother's stupid.

BECKY  
No he isn't. He's just kinda  
slow.

DONNA  
Face up to the fact that Tim's  
a dumbass. It's no reflection  
on you.

BECKY

Just pass that on, willya? Fuck!  
I been dyin' to get high all  
week.

LINDA

Where's your guy?

BECKY

[inhaling] Awwww. Don't talk  
about Timmy any more 'cause  
you're bringin' me down.

LINDA

Where's your guy?

DONNA

What guy?

LINDA

The guy you said was gonna  
take me to the Orange Palm  
and buy me a Mustang and  
whatnot.

BECKY

Oh, Chuck?

BECKY and DONNA look at each other and giggle.

BECKY

You'll know it when Chuck's here.

They burst into giggles again.

DONNA

He likes ta make an entrance.

More goddam giggling.

LINDA

I swear to God, you two are  
like Heckle and Jeckle! Maybe  
you oughta lay off the weed  
for a minute.

DONNA

Don' even say that. I looked  
forward to this shit all week.

BECKY

Trust us, Lind. This guy's your  
friggin' ticket otta town, man.  
He's got the whole thing licked.

LINDA

What whole thing?

BECKY takes off her shades and makes a goofy face at DONNA.

BECKY

CAA

I forgot what the fuck I was  
talkin' about!

The two of them burst into belly laughs.

And then it happens. It comes scre-e-e-e-eaming up the nice gated-community street.

A yellow (and black-striped) 1970 Barracuda, mean-looking muscle car, tearassing right up to LINDA's driveway and ending with a second screeeeeeech. And suddenly These Eyes" gets really LOUD. Right at the best part ("Now the hurtin's on me, yeah/'Cause I'll never be free, yeah"). PUSH IN ON LINDA'S EYES AS SHE SEES THE DRIVER'S DOOR OPEN.

The driver's-side door opens. Out comes a pair of spitshined Frye boots.

We go up a pair of immaculate coulda-been-cut-with-a-razor Levis to a brown leather jacket housing a black button-down shirt that houses a weightlifter chest. On top of it all is a plush moustache, a lantern jaw, and a pair of reflective sunglasses--much harder-looking than LINDA's. This is CHUCK TRAYNOR, 35, a man among men, easy in his own skin, yet somehow always managing to land in a physical attitude that would look just right for a Miller High Life ad.

He stands towering above LINDA's little chaise longue.

CHUCK  
Now is that a Linda Boreman  
that I see before me?

BECKY  
Hi Chuck.

LINDA  
That would be me.

CHUCK  
So...

He extends a hand.

CHUCK  
...What's up, buttercup?

LINDA  
Doin' all right. Yer friends  
a Becky an' Donna?

CHUCK  
Oh I guess they're pals a mine.  
An' ya know what I say. Any  
Palomino is a pal a mine-o.

BECKY and DONNA bust out in shrieky giggles like CHUCK was all four Beatles rolled into one.

CHUCK  
I tell ya what Linda. Maybe you  
wanna put some clothes on, we  
could take a spin in this old



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horse an' see what the town has  
to offer.

LINDA takes off her sunglasses.

LINDA  
I could do that. I got banged  
up in a car accident, I ain't  
seen much of a good time lately.

CHUCK  
Well we gonna rectify that mat-  
ter right quick. Ladies--hate to  
be rude.

BECKY  
No, go on! We got our own fun  
right here.

Another burst of goddam giggles.

OVERHEAD - WIDE - CHUCKMOBILE IN THE DRIVEWAY

As LINDA and CHUCK walk toward the Chuckmobile, we **freeze frame**  
for a moment--

LINDA  
Okay, let's hold it a sec, I'm  
gettin' all ahead a myself.  
Lemme go back to the beginning.

FREEZE FRAME - BRIGHT-FACED GIRL

A sunshiny brown-haired six-year-old LINDA, also in **freeze frame**, smiles off camera.

LINDA  
[v.o.] Now if you'd a seen me  
when I was younger, you'd never  
think I'd get messed up in the  
things I did.

We **unfreeze** and pull back to reveal a THIRD-GRADE CLASSROOM  
where LINDA'S MOM and DAD are beaming as LITTLE LINDA  
shows off a tray of winning butterscotch cupcakes in a  
third-grade contest.

LINDA  
[v.o.] I mean, I was a pretty  
well-brought-up kid for the  
most part.

INT. SHOPPING MALL CIRCA 1962 - DAY

FAST PUSH IN from across a crowded shopping-center thorough-  
fare to LINDA'S DAD talking to an ELDERLY RUSSIAN LADY who  
seems utterly confused.

LINDA  
[v.o.] My dad was an ex-Ana-

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heim cop who retired young  
and became a security guard.

DAD

Lady, I frankly don't care  
where you parked it. We don't  
offer that kinda service here.  
Maybe at Lathrop's they gotta  
golf cart'll take you around  
to look, but this ain't that  
kinda place—

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

FAST FAST FAST PUSH IN on DAD with an ARM AROUND LINDA as  
she holds a basketball and beams. The other girls on  
the team flank her.

LINDA

[v.o.] The first year on the  
job my dad was a pretty well-  
adjusted happy camper but—

Flashbulb, snapshot.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A TEENAGE LINDA cowers in her bed.

LINDA

[v.o.] -then he took to drink-  
ing and he and my mom kinda  
stopped talking.

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The kitchen lights are on. DAD is in the house, clearly  
soused off his ass. We can hear him strewing through  
shit, pushing around pots and pans, digging through  
the knife and spatula drawer.

DAD

God, fucking, dammit, FUCK!

LINDA

[v.o.] It was a funny thing—

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LINDA turns out the light and pretends to be asleep.

LINDA

[v.o.] -the more he got hen-  
pecked by my mom, and never  
stood up to her...the more  
he drank, and the angrier  
he got at night.

INT. LINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful Saturday morning. A radiant LINDA, in a skimpy

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tank top and teeny shorts, pulls a Shasta out of the fridge, pets her dog Shnookums, and shimmies up the stairs to the tune of that lounge-Muzak sixties favorite, "Music to Watch Girls By."

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

LINDA's MOM vacuums LINDA's room. She discovers something nestled behind LINDA's bed.

LINDA ambles her way into the bedroom just at the moment MOM is wagging a Hollywood gossip mag in her face.

MOM

Linda, *what* the hell is this?

We see the cover: **TROY DONAHUE - UNWED AND READY FOR MORE ACTION!**

LINDA

What? It's a magazine, Ma.  
It's what I read at the beauty shop.

MOM

You read about movie stars rut-tin' around and you *hide it behind your bed*?

LINDA

Wh--I'd. I don't know what you're *talking* about.

MOM

Is that what's goin' on up here?

LINDA

[long stunned beat] Excuse me?

MOM

Are you sittin' up here thinkin' dirty thoughts readin' these kinda magazines? Is that how I brought you up? 'Cause I can see, that behavior with the Brannigan kid is starting up again. All over again.

LINDA

I...why do you do this?

MOM

*Why* do I do it? Well, Lind.  
I'll *tell* ya-

Pearl Harbor-style, MOM wallops LINDA in the face--one-two, then a third time, *hard*, leaving LINDA blushing and raw-faced.

MOM

Stick out your hand.

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LINDA is holding back tears with all her might, but she still proffers her hand. Seemingly a master of the quick attack, MOM whips a tiny Bic lighter out of her pocket and burns LINDA on the palm--just enough for her to withdraw her hand.

MOM  
You touch *shit* and that's  
whatcha get.

LINDA finally does burst into tears and runs out of the room--and we follow her, from the front, as she runs down the stairs to safety--

MOM  
JUST REMEMBER. I *ALWAYS GOT AN*  
*EYE ON YOU--*

**Freeze frame.**

LINDA  
[v.o.] But see, here's the  
thing. I don't wantcha to  
think it was all bad times.

EXT. FLORIST'S SHOP - DAY

LINDA poses with a SEMI-CRIPPLED OLD LADY--they each hold up a Van Gogh sunflower. Pull back to reveal a store full of people, Opening Day banners, and MOM and DAD in front of LINDA taking a picture with an old Polaroid camera.

LINDA  
[v.o.] After high school I  
owned a little flower shop  
in town 'cause the owner  
retired. And I wasn't too bad  
at it.

INT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

Teenage LINDA is parked with NOAH, 18, respectably handsome, slightly-more-sensitive-than-a-letter-sweater-kind-of-guy. "I'm Henry VIII, I Am" plays on the radio.

LINDA  
[v.o.] But here's the funny  
part, and maybe this has  
something to do with what  
happened to me: I had a  
real problem with boys.  
Not gettin' 'em, not that  
at all.

The problem was...once I  
*had* 'em.

NOAH is so choked up with admiration his voice comes out as a

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near-whisper.

NOAH

Aw, Lind. I been diggin'  
you for so long. Member  
when I sat next to you in  
American Issues? You just  
smelled like a cucumber.

LINDA smiles; seemingly with some effort.

LINDA

Aw, yeah, I remember that.  
Heheh. Cucumber.

NOAH

You'd write comments on my  
paper and stuff, an' I just  
wanted to touch you.

LINDA

Seriously?

NOAH

Aw, hell yeah. You just had  
that cool hair that'd flip down  
when you were writin' a test.  
I always wanted to just touch  
it.

LINDA

For real?

NOAH

Aw yeah man. I been into you  
for, like, months.

NOAH touches her hair. LINDA responds, leans into the touch  
slightly.

NOAH

I always thought it was so  
cool you stuck up for that  
fat chick Deeann. Everybody  
was all pickin' on her but  
you were real sweet to her.

LINDA looks at NOAH, waiting for something that doesn't seem  
on its way.

NOAH

You're a good person, Linda.  
I totally respect you.

We PUSH IN ON THEIR FIRST KISS. NOAH's kiss is worshipful,  
respectful, but somehow holds something back.

LINDA PUSHES BACK INTO THE KISS, almost overwhelming NOAH,  
who comes out of the clench.

NOAH, emboldened, unbuttons LINDA's chaste butterscotch

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sweater. Beneath it lies a bra that evokes images of field-hockey practice. NOAH paws her breasts--or rather, doesn't paw, exactly, but treats LINDA's breasts as sacred gems to be handled with care.

As NOAH's hands dip down to caress the insides of LINDA's sun-kissed thighs, we see LINDA'S EYES again as ANOTHER NOAH KISS fills the screen.

LINDA

[v.o.] Y'see--now, I see--  
I shoulda been considerate  
with those nice boys I grew  
up with. But for whatever  
reason, I felt I had this  
hankerin' for something...  
Some'm different. I dunno.

*Harder.*

INT. HOUSE - DAY

LINDA

[v.o.] So anyway. Linda  
Boreman. An' Chuck Traynor.  
Day Number One.

CHUCK sips some coffee as LINDA switches from her bikini to a rather bland sundress. She keeps the door open. He sees a little swatch of something till she kicks the door closed gently. CHUCK decorously looks out the window and sips his coffee as "These Eyes" segues into the Guess Who's "No Sugar Tonight."

INT. HEAD SHOP - DAY

In this hippiefied head shop, CHUCK has LINDA try on a "Nehru jacket" (the kind of Indian artifact you might see George Harrison wearing in the "Magical Mystery Tour" era). She laughs hysterically as this foreign garment covers her whole chest like a burger-joint smock.

LINDA VOICEOVER

Now you gotta understand, okay,  
I grew up in the suburbs, but I  
was like a country girl.

INT. STEVO'S STEAK JOINT - NIGHT

CHUCK has MARLON, the headwaiter, pour his very best selection of box wine. Football is playing on the tube and there's a lot of wood paneling. LINDA is gobsmacked.

LINDA VOICEOVER

Chuck just had to put on the  
dog a little bit and I was  
blown away. I went out with  
boys that had paper routes and  
worked at a taco stand. This?  
It was crazy. I felt like the  
Queen of England.

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EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDA and CHUCK stand at the door.

CHUCK  
Good night, Pumpkin Lips.

LINDA  
Pumpkin Lips?

CHUCK  
That's what I call all my  
friends. Only if I really  
like 'em.

CHUCK steals a little peck and walks away fast.

CHUCK  
That one's just a loaner.  
You'll get more later.

LINDA  
Is that a fact?

CHUCK  
[walking away] Yup. Tomorrow  
I wantcha to meet my friend  
Juan Jose. He works in con-  
struction. Otherwise known as  
Pumpkin Lips.

CHUCK's Barracuda is fired up.

LINDA  
You have a good night now, weirdo.

CHUCK  
You know I fully intend to.

And with a scre-e-e-e-e-ech, he's off.

OVERHEAD - LINDA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

LINDA tucking herself into bed. Her hands go underneath the covers.  
She touches herself. She stares up at the ceiling.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
All that night...I thought about  
nothin' but Chuck, until I fell  
asleep. But it took a minute  
till he really won me over. Till  
I knew I was sunk, I was done for.

INT. LA CHINOISE - NIGHT

This is a tacky little Orange County Chinese restaurant that  
probably should've fallen over dead in 1966. There is almost  
no one left in the red leather banquettes at this hour, and  
the Chinese waiters and cooks are old as the hills.

CHUCK

So dig this, Lind. I got a bright idea here, got me a friend that works at ABC in New York he's gonna help me get in the door on this.

LINDA

Okay.

CHUCK

So here's the thing. It's like a "Candid Camera" thing. Only you go up to all the little goody-two-shoes girls ya got all over--all the ones that'd never do anything wrong? So then what you do is the host takes 'em to like a real nice fine-dining place an' gets 'em all liquored up? An' then once they get a little lit, you do like a truth-or-dare--they gotta do something in public they'd never ever do--ya see where I'm goin' here? Oh hello there ma'm!

An ANCIENT CHINESE WAITRESS has just hobbled up.

CHUCK

I'll take a egg foo yung anna white rice, wash it down with a Dr. Pepper.

LINDA

Oh, um, and I'll have a beef chop suey with a fried rice anna water.

ANCIENT CHINESE

Ohhhhh, no, don' have a fry rice.

LINDA

[clearly disappointed] Um.

Quick look to CHUCK.

LINDA

Okay. Then. I. Guess I will have a white rice.

Push in/dolly around CHUCK leaning in on the ANCIENT CHINESE WOMAN.

CHUCK

Awright awright--less just hode on a second here. You mean ta tell me this joint calls it-self a *Chinese* restaurant an'



you ain' got *fried rice*?

ANCIENT CHINESE

No maw. Not to-day. No maw fry rice.

CHUCK

Ain't got NO fried rice? Why, that's like me runnin' my tavern an' sayin', "We're fresh otta beer."

LINDA

It's--no. It's *okay*.

CHUCK

It's not okay. The lady wants fried rice, that's what makes the meal the meal, and that's what we're gonna get. Lemme see the manager.

In a huff, the ANCIENT CHINESE LADY disappears.

LINDA

Chuck--seriously. I'm happy to have a white rice--

CHUCK

Linda, I know what you want. I know exactly what you want in your heart of hearts an' it ain't no *white rice*. So let me just handle this, HEY BUDDY--

Suddenly CHUCK is shaking the hand of MANNY, the fortyish, slightly more Americanized Chinese-American manager.

CHUCK

Listen, my friend Linda here ast for a plate a fried rice an' was told you don't *have* it. Now surely for a Chinese joint that is unheard of.

MANNY

Oh, uh--*my apologies*--but it *is* late and--I'm afraid we're all out of fried rice. For today.

CHUCK

For today.

MANNY

Uh-huh. Sorry about that.

CHUCK

Well listen. You tell that cook in there to come out here and I'm gonna give him a lesson in how to make fried rice. From scratch.

MANNY

Sir—

Suddenly CHUCK is up in MANNY's face with a wagging finger, and more—

CHUCK

Do NOT make me raise my voice to you sir now GET that cook out here so's we can have a conversation or you an' me're gonna start goin' in circles.

MANNY scuttles off. LINDA is breathtaken, in one sense or another, and CHUCK calmly returns to his subject.

CHUCK

Anyway. Heck was I sayin'. Yeah. So this idea. It's like "Candid Camera." But ya take girls, like rich girls? Like a Ali McGraw type.

MANNY returns with the Chinese CHEF, who is big, powerful, and not happy about this fried-rice business.

CHEF

Whatchew want?

CHUCK

What do I *want*? It's not a *question* of what I want, it's what this young woman wants, which is a simple dish of *fried rice*.

CHEF

Ain' got no maw fry rice.

CHUCK pauses, and theatrically scratches his ear.

CHUCK

Well I tell you what. We got us *two options* here. One is you can get back in the kitchen an' whip the lady up a plate of fried rice, or number two is you got my bad cracker ass in your kitchen makin' the got-damn fried rice *myself*. So— you lemme know—how's it gonna be?

CHEF

I tell you awreddy. We ain't got n—

CHUCK

[up on his feet in a flash] I DON' WANNA HEAR ONE MORE GOT DAMN WORD COMIN' OUTTA YOUR MOUTH. I ASK YOU PEOPLE FOR ONE THING, ONE

CAA

SIMPLE THING, WHICH IS A GODDAM  
*PLATE A FRIED RICE*, AND THAT IS  
WHAT I'M GONNA GET IF I HAVE TO  
COOK THE FUCKIN' THING MYSELF.  
NOW YOU GET IN THERE AND COOK  
THE GODDAM RICE OR WE *ALL* GONNA  
HAVE SOME PROBLEMS.

A Sergio Leone moment:

LINDA watches the CHEF and MANNY to see what their reaction is.

CHUCK stares down the CHEF, unwilling to budge or blink.

MANNY looks at LINDA, looks at CHUCK.

Humiliated, the CHEF breaks down, huffs off to the kitchen,  
and in a wide shot, we hear the sudden *hissssss!* of sizzling  
fried rice.

MANNY walks away, depressed.

CHUCK sits back down and gets right back to it.

CHUCK  
We getcha your rice in a minute.  
Anyway, like I was sayin'--I  
gotta whole buncha get-rich-quick  
ideas--d'I ever tell ya about the  
one where--

LINDA is looking at CHUCK in a different way than she has  
ever looked at anyone up to this point in the movie. As if  
she were seeing something in CHUCK even he didn't know about  
himself.

LINDA  
[v.o.] Now I have to tell you  
this, even though you'll think  
that I'm not a good person, but  
...right at that moment, right  
there...I fell in love.

EXTREME CLOSE - CHAMPAGNE CORK POPPING

Foam drooling off and--

MONTAGE - SNAPSHOTS

CHUCK and LINDA are getting married at the Madonna Inn in  
Las Vegas. They pose in their slightly chintzified wedding  
attire opposite various minimum-wage personnel connected  
with the Inn's Theme Rooms: a 1776 Redcoat, a kohl-eyed  
Cleopatra, and, with both hairy arms around LINDA and  
CHUCK, a smiling, fat, long-haired Cave-Man.

LINDA  
[v.o.] And then we got hitched.  
It was Chuck's idea, just like  
that. He said "Let's do it,"  
and six hours later, it was done.

CAA

INT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

We see CHUCK talkin' a mile a minute and LINDA noddin' a mile a minute and then we DRAW BACK and SHOOT ACROSS the Nevada landscape--as big and empty and blindingly sunshiny as heaven.

LINDA

[v.o.] Now you gotta understand one thing, I didn't really *know* Chuck at this point--at all. I was just findin' out the simplest little things about him--like how did he make his money.

CLOSE - BIG BLACK DOOR

It cre-e-eaks open and inside, a whole nighttime world is exposed to the light of day. "These Eyes" starts up again from scratch.

LINDA [v.o.]

Chuck owned a joint called the Vegas Inn, and lemme tell ya, to a little girl like me, this was heaven on earth.

We follow a girlish, demure LINDA and a fully badassed-out CHUCK as the two of them walk through the length of the place (Steadicam). CHUCK has his ***hand on the back of LINDA's neck in a proprietary position (a move we will see throughout).***

LINDA VOICEOVER

I got to know Misti, the biker mama that poured the drinks...

MISTI, a tough blond with fake tits, hands off a sidecar to an old rummy.

MISTI

I need more change, Chuckie.

CHUCK

Comin' right up, sweets.

Elsewhere, DAWSON, an elderly waiter of 70 or so, hands off two plates to a Shriner-looking guy and his heavily made-up missus...

LINDA VOICEOVER

You could get a surf 'n' turf in that place for \$5.99 and I could get one free whenever I wanted, with the melted butter for the lobster.

DAWSON

Mornin', Chuck.

CHUCK

Daws, how's your daughter doin'?

CAA

DAWSON

Still in chemo, but I give her  
your prayers.

We MOVE with them toward the wall, where CHUCK steers LINDA  
Like a small animal, and where a giant proud black woman  
with an Afro strides topless atop a panther...and toward the juke-  
box.

CHUCK

...Hey, Lind. I got our song  
right here. Five months from  
now you're gonna be sayin',  
"Hey! They're playin' our song."

PUSH IN FAST as CHUCK punches some buttons, and the whole dark, rock-lined,  
wood-paneled joint lights up with the sound of the Bee Gees' "Fanny Be Tender."

EXT. BREEM - DAY

The Breem is playing "Soldier Blue." Big poster of Candice Bergen  
out in front. LINDA and CHUCK exit the place with a box of Jujubes;  
they look kinda high. The ecstasy of "Fanny Be Tender" continues  
through this.

LINDA VOICEOVER

We'd check in, make sure there  
was enough wine, if there wasn't  
we went to 7-11, and then we'd  
go to the movies in the daytime...

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

PAN OFF the TV, where Arte Johnson is getting frisky on the Dick  
Cavett show, to the bed, where CHUCK and LINDA are surrounded by  
burger-joint bags. They're making out...and CHUCK's mouth pauses  
at her stomach...then moves further southward...we PUSH IN TIGHT  
on LINDA's face...

LINDA VOICEOVER

Chuck liked to do...certain things  
to me...stuff I know my mom  
thought was dirty and evil.

OVERHEAD - CHUCK AND LINDA

CHUCK goes down on LINDA. She seems to be caught somewhere  
between pleasure and panic.

LINDA VOICEOVER

Sometimes Chuck'd say to me,  
"Let yourself go," and I would,  
and I'd enjoy it. But it always  
felt somehow like...I dunno,  
even though I was married...I  
was doin' somethin' wrong.

INT. PAT'S COCKTAILS - NIGHT

CAA

Delirious dolly move in on LINDA and CHUCK at one table among a ton of country-fried-rock fans in a vaguely Confederate-flag-oriented bar in the sticks. CHUCK is filling LINDA's glass with beer from a pitcher and letting the ideas fly fast and furious.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
We didn't talk much about him  
an' me, but we'd hang out an'  
Chuck'd tell me all the ways  
he was gonna make a million  
dollars. He was like a little  
kid. And I just loved to be  
with him and listen.

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

LINDA leaves the place holding a bag of Red Vines. She walks down the street to the Vegas Inn...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I was havin' fun and I was so  
happy to be out in the world.  
Then, one afternoon, everything  
got turned on its ear.

INT. VEGAS INN - DAY

LINDA enters, pulls aside BRITTANY, the new girl.

LINDA  
Hey Britt, you got those re-  
ceipts we needed for Jay?

BRITTANY  
Oh. No, I didn't dig 'em up  
yet.

LINDA  
Okay, 'cause like we really  
need 'em.

LINDA steps to the bar, looking for someone, or something. CHUCK, probably. As Merle Haggard's "The Night the Bottle Let Me Down" arises from the jukebox, MISTI steps away from the bar with a tray of drinks. As she leaves behind-the-bar and enters the Main Floor of the place, she sheds her yellow t shirt. And is topless.

PAN AROUND with LINDA's gaze. All the chicks in the joint are topless. Walking around, serving drinks, chatting with the customers.

LINDA instinctively pulls back, into herself. And looks over at the pool table.

There, BRAESHA, one of the night girls, is splayed out on the pool table. An old GOLFER-looking dude is fucking her on the pool table. And then a big, fuzzy, unwholesome-looking BIKER leans on the side of the pool table and paws sloppily at her breasts.

PUSH IN ON LINDA'S FACE and finally in on HER EYES.

CAA

We see what she sees: the two men on BRAESHA on the pool table in a kind of herky-jerky slow motion. The low rumbling of an animal and the dark braying of an aboriginal instrument--a didjeridoo.

EXT. VEGAS INN - DAY

FAST FAST FAST PUSH IN from across the street as LINDA TEARS out of the bar and leans, her back against the wall, hyperventilating, having a panic attack. And at just this moment the Chuckmobile comes scree-ee-eeching up.

CHUCK

Get in.

LINDA

[panting, not making any sense]

CHUCK

C'mon, get in!

INT. CAR - DAY

CHUCK peels out of the parking spot outside the Vegas Inn.

CHUCK

What's wrong?

LINDA

In there...awww...it's so freaky,  
I'm gonna throw up.

CHUCK

What the fuck?

LINDA

The girls. All the girls were  
topless, Chuck! I mean what  
the hell.

CHUCK laughs, indulgently.

LINDA

And Braesha. Braesha was on  
the table...the pool table,  
and two guys were ballin' her.

CHUCK

Two guys was ballin' Braesha  
*at once?*

LINDA

Well one was ballin' her an'  
the other one was all touchin'  
on her an' stuff.

CHUCK

Uh-huh. An' that's it?

LINDA is speechless.

CHUCK

Well shit hon. Y'know things  
sometimes get outta hand at  
the ole Vegas Inn. You gotta  
get useta that kinda thing.

LINDA

I don't think I could ever get  
useta that.

CHUCK

Oh yes ya could. An' you're goin'  
to. We got some rules we need  
to talk about.

LINDA

Excuse me?

CHUCK

Let's pick us up some burgers.

EXT. BURGERSAURUS REX - DAY

LINDA and CHUCK drive through this Southern California burger shack, which  
kind of looks like it was designed by FRED FLINTSTONE. Cute  
hippie chicks in pelts serve you burgers out of...I guess that's supposed  
to be a Prehistoric Cave?

CHUCK

Now didja call your mother like  
I told ya?

LINDA

Yes.

CHUCK

And you said we ain't comin'  
over ta Sunday supper?

LINDA

I told her I'm never comin'  
back and I'm married to Chuck an'  
that's final.

CHUCK

You tell her to her face?

LINDA

I told her on the phone.

CHUCK

Even better. She can't try to  
weasel ya out of it. That's  
good. Now I gotta let you in  
on a little secret here, girl.  
[to HIPPIE PELT CHICK] Oh  
thank ya so very much hon!  
You got the picalilly in there  
like I like?

HIPPIE PELT CHICK



CAA

Oh yessir!

CHUCK  
[showing off for her] 'Cause I  
likes to rub that picalilly  
all over my fries! Haw ha ha!  
I thank ya darlin'!

HIPPIE PELT CHICK  
Come again folks!

CHUCK pulls out of the drive-through.

CHUCK  
I gotta letcha in on a little  
secret, Lind. Misti and Braesha,  
and Minty the girl at night, and  
Edie and Nikki? They's all a  
buncha straight hookers.

LINDA  
.....Excuse me?

CHUCK  
They fuck for money, hon. Every  
last manjack of 'em. That's how  
they do it.

EXT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHUCK and LINDA are holding some very complicated bags of burgers  
and fries and whatnot, probably some picalilly relish. LINDA has the  
tray of Cokes.

CHUCK  
Thing is, right now...they gonna  
be workin' for me.

As LINDA looks up from her shoes at this, the screen door closes  
right in her face.

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHUCK takes off his shoes, gets a little Rod Stewart on, and  
prepares for a mid-afternoon feast.

LINDA  
I don't understand that.

CHUCK  
A woman has a product, Lind. A  
PRODUCT. Right between her knees.  
And a man's job is to SELL THAT  
PRODUCT and that is what I plan  
to do. Fetch me some napkins, girl.  
Now listen. I been talkin' a  
lot to you about how we gonna  
make us some money, how we gonna  
live the life a Riley, an' I ain't  
just pipe dreamin', sister. I

got me an actual PLAN to make that  
come TRUE. I know how ta provide  
for my woman.

And listen. You're gonna be  
Chuck's madam. You're gonna ans-  
wer the phones, and run the sche-  
dule-

LINDA  
[bringing napkins] Ohhhhhhhh no  
I'm not. I'm goin' to community  
college for astrolo---astronomy, and-

Right then--with a harsh, belllike sound--CHUCK rams the heel of his  
hand into LINDA's face. Particularly into the bridge of her nose.  
She reels backwards, crying.

CHUCK  
YES. You ARE. YOU ARE going to ans-  
wer those phones.

LINDA  
[in tears--of shock, mostly] I  
can't do that...don't make me  
do that...

CHUCK  
"Don't make me do that." I'll  
fuckin' give ya a crack again.  
Why shouldn't I do that?

LINDA  
'Cause it...it goes against my  
beliefs.

CHUCK  
Your "beliefs"?

LINDA  
[lost in a four-year-old's tears]  
In, in my religious beliefs. In  
my love of Christ.

CHUCK  
"Love of Christ." Hon, you're  
gonna be lovin' makin' four hun-  
dred a week plus tip. An' I tell  
you what. We got some more new  
rules around here. Naw, don't  
eat your food, you're fat enough,  
you don't need no more hamburgers.  
Get over here and sit on Chuck's  
lap.

She comes over, at first with great hesitation...

...then, girlish, obedient, does.

CHUCK  
Now. You told me you like a real

CAA

man for a husband and not one of  
those snotnose boys. Izzat right?

LINDA wipes a streak of blood from her nostril.

LINDA  
Mmm. Mmm-hmmm.

CHUCK  
Well then one thing a real man  
does is he makes you speak the  
truth. Like with these burgers.  
You don't need burgers. Hon.

CHUCK is clearly slightly nervous, testing the waters.

CHUCK  
'Cause, 'cause, you're *fat enough*.  
[beat] Say it.

She just stares at him, blankly, as if waiting for him to go on.

CHUCK  
Say, "I'm a fat little fatass."

She starts walking away but he violently pulls her back.

LINDA  
Chuck, noooooo—

CHUCK  
Gitcher ass down here. Now look  
at me. LOOK ME IN THE EYE and  
say, "Chucky, I'm a fat little  
fatass."

She stares at her shoes and sulks. CHUCK giggles.

CHUCK  
Just say it! C'mon. [whispers]  
It's *good for ya*.

LINDA  
I don't want to.

CHUCK  
I ain't askin'. Now SAY IT.

LINDA  
I'm a fat—I'm a little fat fatass.

CHUCK starts chuckling.

CHUCK  
That's right. Now I wantcha to  
walk up and down the length of  
the room and tell me you're a  
fat little fatass. Go.

He smacks her on the ass, hard.

CAA

CHUCK

GO!

She gets up, walks the length of the living room and back, giggling a little as she speaks.

LINDA

"I'm a fat little fatass, I'm a fat little fatass, I'm a fat little fatass..." Whadda you want--

A giggling CHUCK kisses her.

CHUCK

Keep walkin'! You're gonna say more. Say "I ain't got nothin' for tits." Say it.

LINDA paces up and back the living room.

LINDA

[embarrassed] I ain'...got nothin' for tits. I ain't got nothin' for tits.

CHUCK

Say it real loud so Aunt Wilma next door can hear it.

LINDA

I AIN'T GOT NO KINDA TITS. MY TITS, YOU LOOK AT 'EM, THEY SO SMALL, IT'S A JOKE. I AIN' GOT ANY FUCKING TITS.

CHUCK is entranced by his newfound power.

CHUCK

Tell me you're stupid.

LINDA is entranced by his newfound power.

LINDA

[dropping down an octave, looking CHUCK right in the eye... surprised] I'm stupid.

CHUCK

You're stupid.

LINDA

[as if in a trance; looking CHUCK square in the eye] I'm so fucking stupid. I dunno my ass from my elbow.

CHUCK busts up good over this one.

LINDA

CAA

I dunno shit. 'Cause I'm a  
dumbass. I'm a fat-ass dumbass.

As if by remote control...she sits on CHUCK's knee.

CHUCK  
What else?

LINDA  
I'm ugly. I gotta face fulla pock-  
marks, I'M UGLY. Everything I do  
and say is stupid and ugly.

CHUCK  
That's right. It is. 'Cause you ARE.

CHUCK sticks his finger in her mouth and then sets his hands down  
low, separating LINDA's panties from her jeans shorts. He licks  
his fingers even better.

CHUCK  
Tell me again who you are.

LINDA  
I'm stupid.

PUSH IN, framing CHUCK and LINDA from the chest up as CHUCK begins getting her off as  
she sits on his lap.

CHUCK  
Keep goin'.

LINDA  
I'm ugly. I hate my hair and  
my zitty face and I hate the  
way I look.

CHUCK  
Like street trash. Right? Izzat  
right?

LINDA  
And I SMELL. I smell up the joint  
and nobody wants to come in.

CHUCK  
[working her with fingers]  
You fuck up this place so nobody  
comes in and I'll beat you so bad...

CHUCK's finger action is working now. LINDA is butting against his fingers with hip-  
thrusts.

LINDA  
I'm STUPID. I'm STUPID AND UGLY  
and every part of me is a disap-  
pointment. I got nothin'. Nothin'  
to give anybody but a hard time.

CHUCK  
[diligently at work with fingers]

That's right...That's right, honey  
...No goddam good to anyone that  
way...

LINDA  
I should sit in the back seat  
while you FUCK YOUR GIRLFRIENDS.

I'm NOTHIN...huhhhh...I'm a piece a  
dogshit stinkin' up the sidewalk...

CHUCK  
Say it.

LINDA  
I'M A PIECE A DOGSHIT STINKIN' UP  
THE SIDEWALK...unhhh...uhhhhhhhhhhhh-

LINDA has her first real, big orgasm on CHUCK's knee. It leaves her...tremendously embarrassed. And overwhelmed, as if drowning.

She sits up. It is now clear that CHUCK has left a giant stain on the front of his pants. He, too, has come without anticipating it. He tries to cover up this "weakness" with a return to tough-guy-ism.

CHUCK  
Well well. I think we learned something about ourselves today.

Shocked and embarrassed, LINDA curls up on the floor next to CHUCK's La-Z-Boy. She appears to be trying to cover up every part of herself, completely confused, exposed, shredded...*mortified*. CHUCK is already changing pants.

CHUCK  
Say listen, homes. You're gonna be my #1 phone answerer at Traynor's Gentlemen's Club. And that's final.

LINDA  
[still trembling] It sure is *not*...

LINDA is rummaging on the floor to find where she had left a deviled egg. A pissed-off CHUCK, in his underwear, grabs it from her hands and hurls it against an ugly off-white wall.

CHUCK  
And I'm gonna tell you one more time. You're gonna be Chuck Traynor's madam.

LINDA  
And I'll tell you for the umpteenth time that I am not. That whole *business*.

CHUCK  
You gonna answer them phones and do what I pay you to do.

LINDA

CAA

No!

CHUCK appears to be stalemated.

CHUCK  
Okay. FINE. That's just jim fuckin'  
dandy. Then ya know what. I'm gonna  
give you another job. 'Cause I'll  
be goddammed you live here and  
don't earn your keep.

She looks back at him, scared.

CHUCK  
Just keep it up, lady.

He slams the bedroom door and LINDA shudders.

In a tiny voice, LINDA speaks, almost to herself.

LINDA  
You can't make me do what I don't  
wanna do.

Voom! The bedroom door flies open.

CHUCK  
What?

LINDA  
Nothing.

CHUCK comes running back out into the living room.

CHUCK  
What the fuck did you just say?

LINDA  
Nothing, I just—

Some rage button is tripped.

In a sudden flurry, CHUCK starts KICKING HER with his glossy  
sharp-toed Frey Boots. LINDA curls into a fetal ball on the floor  
as the KICKING GOES ON. These are swift, hard, sharp kicks—all over.

CHUCK  
Ya gonna DISRESPECT ME. Huh. In  
my OWN HOUSE, YOU are gonna dis-  
respect me. YOU GONNA WALK IN HERE  
AND DISRESPECT ME! I gotchew outta  
that house, I OWN YOU, completely.  
Don't you *EVER* DISRESPECT A MAN like  
that again. C'mere.

CHUCK picks up the beaten, kicked, crying LINDA and takes her  
INTO THE HALLWAY. He lays her down on the stairs. In a  
heartbeat, with absolutely no preparation, CHUCK turns from  
savage violence to strange tenderness.

CAA

CHUCK

Now let's take a look at what we  
got here.

He opens her shirt, revealing lots of kick-bruises to the  
breastbone, and the breasts. Also, some purple bruises on her  
hip and a lot--a *lot*--on her back.

CHUCK

Now looky here. Looky here.

Sinuously, his fingers trace the bruises. This makes LINDA moan.

CHUCK

You got all marked up here an'  
all over there. What about this  
one? Is that a tender one?

LINDA, somehow *defiantly*, nods.

CHUCK

It is. Well let me kiss that. Let  
me kiss the bruise.

He bends down to kiss.

CHUCK

Does that feel good?

Shamefaced, LINDA nods.

CHUCK

How 'bout this--does *this* feel good?

He touches, light, feather-touches, all over the bruises and welts.

CHUCK

Zat feel good when I blow like this?

He blows ever so lightly, like a little zephyr, over the bruises.

CHUCK

And then when I touch 'em too?

He pushes hard on them, and each time LINDA cries out.

CHUCK

Lookit that. You got 'em on your  
booby too. On the soft part. Right  
there. And there.

In a similar light, teasing way, CHUCK runs his fingers over her panties.

CHUCK

It hurts. Doesn't it?

CHUCK and LINDA look at each other. They are both astonished  
and baffled. Then:

CHUCK mashes his mouth violently against LINDA's and before she or  
we fully gather what's going on, in seconds, he's mounting her on



CAA

the stairs, rubbing her violently against the stair.

They are fucking, and CHUCK is on top, not caring whether he's grinding LINDA into the stairs like the whole thing was a cheese grater. Quickly he lets out a yelping orgasm...and LINDA comes too. Her arms flap like fish around CHUCK's back, but he's done his business; he gets up to move on.

OVERHEAD - WIDE

We see LINDA remain on the floor, covered in bruises, half naked, panting in the aftermath of an experience she completely does not understand. She is terrified, embarrassed and utterly confused.

The Bee Gees song from the Vegas Inn is heard playing on somebody's radio in another apartment.

INT. - IN BED THAT NIGHT

LINDA and CHUCK stare up at the ceiling. The Bee Gees go on playing. Both of them stare at the ceiling in bewilderment and fright, aware that they are now on a rollercoaster ride neither one quite understands.

LINDA

[v.o.] At that time in my  
life...these are the things  
I knew about Chuck Traynor.

EXT. BLEAK INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

FAST FAST FAST PUSH IN on a little boy in an almost GI Joeish Halloween costume making a muscle, flanked by three KOREAN BOYS dressed as ghouls and ghosts...

LINDA

[v.o.] Chuck grew up as an  
army brat, an' he spent part  
of his childhood in South Ko-  
rea.

EXT. CHUCK'S DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

A quick, zinging montage of the façade of a very posh Rancho Cucamonga house circa 1970--complete with real pink flamingoes, a kind of prehistoric koi pond, "lush" birds of paradise, and a little fat Mexican lady who serves tea to the white people in the backyard.

LINDA

[v.o.] And you might think  
that his dad was some kinda  
bully in a uniform that beat  
his kid...but I never saw  
that. I don't think that was  
true.

INT. CHUCK'S DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

LINDA sits with MR. TRAYNOR, a sort of pudgy Chuck McCann type in a loud-ish seventies leisure suit, who is talking a mile a minute, and MRS. TRAYNOR, a kind of face-lifted,

CAA

bewigged Carol Channing type who smiles and nods at everything her husband says. CHUCK sits down and pours some Mr. Pibb for one and all.

MR. TRAYNOR

'Cause at the end a the day,  
I know what people are after  
in terms of basic home protection.  
It's some'm Chucky is damn good at--damn good.  
Readin' a person an' knowin' exactly what they want. What they're after.

MRS. TRAYNOR

That's exactly right, Chris.  
We always said that.

CHUCK

Ma--howzat brisket doin'?

MRS. TRAYNOR

[to LINDA] He always gets  
frisky right before lunchtime!  
Keep it cool, Chuckles. We'll  
get there in the Lord's time,  
kiddo.

CHUCK

[seemingly nervous, or embarrassed?] Can you believe how  
these people bust my balls,  
Lind? Guys, come outside. I  
got some'm for ya. Picked it  
up in Tahoe.

IN THE FRONT OF THE LIVING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Slow zoom in on the front driveway, where CHUCK pulls out of the front seat a pair of FUZZY DICE in the form of PILLOWS for MR. and MRS. TRAYNOR. LINDA hands off the dice as if they were the Miss America tiara. She beams.

LINDA

[v.o.] I didn't see one bad  
thing about these people, not  
one. They'd show me Chuck's  
third-place wrestling ribbons  
every time I came over there.  
They just *showered* that boy  
with love. I'll tell ya what,  
though, there was one thing  
at the end a that day that  
always struck me as really  
weird:

INT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

CHUCK sits at the steering wheel, fuming. They are about to leave MR. and MRS. TRAYNOR's house. He's not turning the

CAA

key in the ignition.

LINDA  
C'mon, sweets. Let's go. It's gonna get cold by the time we get back. [beat] And the heat ain't workin' so great.

CHUCK  
I KNOW it's not. Awright? [beat]  
Fuck!

LINDA rubs his extremely manly neck.

LINDA  
What is it, hon?

CHUCK  
I just.  
*Nice fucking people.*  
Y'know? NICE.  
They just.

"Fucking nice fucking people."

He turns to her, almost pleadingly.

CHUCK  
Do you know what I'm sayin'?

LINDA, baffled, shakes her head no.

CHUCK  
Fuck it.

He puts the key in, kicks it up, peels out. Wide shot of the Chuckmobile peelin' out.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

PUSH IN from outside, where a bunch of Mexican-Indian kids are playing on the world's shittiest, rustiest swingset, to INSIDE, where LINDA is putting on makeup and watching "Soul Train," and then PUSH IN FURTHER to the bedroom... where CHUCK is lying on the floor. Convulsing.

LINDA  
[v.o.] One last thing I found out about Chuck. He had really bad diabetes...and he'd go into seizures if he didn't get his medicine...

LINDA runs in, hoists him up, CRADLES HIS FACE IN HER HANDS. It's still twitching as we go into a **FREEZE FRAME**.

CLOSE - NEEDLE

CAA

Filling up with insulin.

LINDA

[v.o.] He showed me how to shoot him up if I hadda save his life.

EXT. SAHARAN MOTEL - DAY

Outside this skanky Hollywood motel, the Chuckmobile pulls up. LINDA and CHUCK sit sipping Cokes from a burger joint. LINDA is still in at least half a daze.

LINDA

[v.o.] And that's all I knew about Chuck the day we pulled up at the Saharan Motel.

CHUCK

[sighing] Awright. So you said you don't wanna help me at my business--fine. I got no beef with that.

LINDA

Thank you.

CHUCK

But I think it's only fair an' right that you do some other work. And so I hooked ya up with some real respectable characters, these are big local businessmen, and I want you to help me out and meet them today. Okay? Izzat asking too much?

LINDA

I guess not.

CHUCK

Okay then, let's go.

CHUCK and LINDA walk to Room #17.

Once we go inside, dark, primitive, aboriginal sounds are heard.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is full of paunchy, gray, fiftyish businessmen in Johnny Carson brand sportcoats. We dart around the room with LINDA's eyes. They have eighteen-year-old Scotch and smoke Carlton cigarettes. The curtains are drawn and the whole place is freaky dark, like a vampire's pad. CHUCK is palpably made tense by these guys--who don't look or act like much more than clerks at the local Bank of America. But then, CHUCK doesn't live in a suit-and-tie world.

MR. RIEHLE

Hey Chuck.

CHUCK

Hey Rich real gladcha could  
make it.

MR. RIEHLE

This must be Linda.

CHUCK

The one an' only.

MR. RIEHLE

Linda Lindy Lindie-loo. Look  
at you.

CHUCK

Linda. These are some a my  
very good friends. These  
gentlemen know how to move  
and shake. These are the real  
people in the world.

LINDA is backed up against the curtains. She looks at the door just as  
CHUCK locks it behind him.

LINDA

Hi everybody.

All the guys say hi back. The dudes in the back start inching forward.

MR. BAKER

Linda, Charles tells us you're  
a girl with an open mind.

CHUCK

Shit yes among other things!

CHUCK cracks his own bad self up. The guys smile in the way that bankers  
do with a customer they dislike.

MR. BAKER

Chuck said you like to come  
down low. Is that right that  
you like to come down low?

LINDA completely does not understand.

LINDA

I'm...y'know, I like to have  
a good time.

A lurid chuckle swells through the place.

LINDA

[gaining confidence] I am...  
one that likes to let her  
hair down.

More laughter.

LINDA

On a rare occasion when I'm  
with good friends.

MR. RIEHLE

Chuckles. Come on. Let's get  
the party started. You can  
have a belt, honey.

LINDA

Oh, thank ya no, I don't drink.

The cynical laughter that fills the room!

LINDA

Gentlemen, will you excuse me  
a minute.

LINDA heads to the bathroom. CHUCK, nodding at the fellows, follows after  
her.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

LINDA locks the bathroom door behind them. We perceive something LINDA  
*does not*--a split second of CHUCK getting  
his CHUCK on. Then:

LINDA

All right. So dig. After we  
get done talkin' to these  
guys, we gotta get those re-  
ceipts over to Jay, an' I  
told Janeen we'd get to the  
dry cleaning--

CHUCK

Gitcher clothes off.

LINDA

What? [beat] Why? You wanna-  
in *here*--?

CHUCK

Gitcher clothes off hon you're  
gonna fuck these guys.

A long silence, with LINDA's wide eyes.

LINDA

Excuse me?

CHUCK

I said--

LINDA

What the fuck are you talking  
about?

CHUCK grabs her cheeks and smooshes them together, making a big, ugly  
goldfish-like pooched-out mouth.

CHUCK

Now LISTEN. You told me you don't wanna answer my phones an' that's fine. But these boys offered me four hunnert bucks to fuck you and I took their money and you are going to go out there right now and give these men their money's worth. And that's all she wrote, sister, that money's spent.

LINDA

I am not--are you NUTS? Do you think that I'd--

CHUCK shoves her against the wall, choking off her breath with one powerful right arm.

CHUCK

Listen to me. Do you know who these guys are? These are not your silly-ass friends eatin' a goddam Fudgsicle, these are real fucking guys an' they pay real money. You listening to me? You make them happy we got money in the bank, we get some'm real goin' here.

CHUCK senses something slipping, some kind of backslide, then instantly ramps it up to eighty miles an hour:

CHUCK

Now you saw what I did last night I will not HESITATE to stomp your guts out with those boots right this minute. Now you know that I will do that. I will fucking kick the shit out of you until there is no life left, is that clear to you?

Suddenly realizing, and accepting the lack of options, LINDA bursts into tears.

LINDA

Please don't do this...seriously...I'll pay you the four hundred myself...seriously...I'll borrow it from my sister...I'll get you five hundred...

CHUCK

Fuck that shit, honey, I got repeat business from these cats. Y'unnerstan' what those words mean? REPEAT BUSINESS.

CAA

Now you are walking out  
there, butt-ass naked, NOW.  
Now GIT that shit off.

LINDA is now in a state of tears so great she can almost not speak.

LINDA  
Please don't do this...I'd  
rather die...I'm serious...  
I'd rather die than do this...

She bows down at his feet, putting her hands on his legs.

LINDA  
Please don't do this...please  
don't...I'd rather die...I  
couldn't go on living after  
that...

CHUCK  
Listen to me. LISTEN TO ME!  
You wanna die, I'll go out in  
that car, you saw that Ruger  
Redhawk .44 I got in the glove.  
Guess what? I'll blow your  
fuckin' face all over these  
walls. You think a buncha  
square business guys give a  
fuck about a dead hooker?

Through her tears, LINDA, stunned, mouths the word, *Hooker?*

CHUCK  
You think they're gonna go cryin'  
to the cops? I'll fuckin'  
blow your skull all over this  
wall in a hot second. You  
just fuckin' try me, girl.

LINDA is in a hyperventilating, weeping panic.

CHUCK  
Now you wipe that shit off,  
you get your shit together and  
get your NAKED ass in that room  
in three minutes or I'm comin'  
in here to knock you the fuck  
out. Now GIT your shit together.

CHUCK takes off, slamming the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHUCK takes a long pull off some of the men's eighteen-year-old Scotch,  
and really, nobody's too happy about that.

CHUCK is clearly a little insecure around these rinky-  
dink Burbank versions of what are to him the businessmen  
who run the world--the men in neckties he sees on a  
Monopoly board.



CHUCK

How we doin' today, fellas, we  
feelin' all right?

The response is not overwhelming. CHUCK sidles up to MR. RIEHLE.

CHUCK

[sotto voce, sort of apart  
from the other business chaps]  
I bet you got a lotta respon-  
sibilities. Am I right? Lotta  
duties.

MR. RIEHLE

[am I being flattered? or not?]  
I guess so. After a manner of  
speaking.

CHUCK

'Cause here's the thing, you  
*know this*, when you got a lotta  
responsibilities...it ain't  
necessarily like you *like* what  
you do. Oh no. Far from it.

He pours some more booze. This *really* doesn't go over well.

CHUCK

I got me a lot more...how do I  
put this...human type feelings.  
I like a love song. I like  
tea for two and all that kinda  
business. No I mean it. But  
you understand. You understand,  
don't you?

MR. RIEHLE doesn't get it, is waiting for more information.

CHUCK

Business is business and that  
is that. And you know: the job  
becomes the man, am I right?

MR. RIEHLE

So how's Lindy-Loo doin' in there?

Suddenly embarrassed at his revealingness, CHUCK reverts to  
full CHUCK mode.

CHUCK

[to the entire room] Nothin' to  
fear, gents--little case a  
stage fright. She'll be out in  
two shakes of a lamb.

He pulls really hard on that vintage Scotch. After a moment, the bathroom  
door opens. The moment has the strange quality of a virgin walking up the  
aisle to a wedding ceremony. LINDA walks out bare naked, but in a  
completely asexual way, like a frightened child walking to a bath.

CAA

The gentlemen all look strangely astonished, as if CHUCK provided them with something special they didn't anticipate. CHUCK, not understanding, but sensing the excitement, smiles in pride.

MR. CHESTER  
Hello, Linda.

LINDA  
[staring at floor] Hello.

MR. RIEHLE stands next to LINDA, fondling her right breast as listlessly as if it were a kumquat at the Farmers Market.

MR. RIEHLE  
[to the tune of a song from  
"Mary Poppins"] Jig jiggity jig  
jiggity jig jig ja-ree.

MR. CHESTER  
We're very happy that you  
came here today.

MR. DUSEL  
Yeah. We appreciate it a lot.

MR. RIEHLE  
[still fondling] Home again,  
home again, jiggity jig.

DUSEL and CHESTER glances at the others, and before you know it, there is much of clanking of beltbuckles, and suddenly there are five middle-aged, extremely out-of-shape men standing bare naked in the middle of the room. CHUCK looks absurdly out-of-place, so dressed for a Marlboro Man ad is he.

CLOSE - LINDA ON THE BED

VERY TIGHT on LINDA's face as she is helped up on the bed and laid out in an upright, all-fours position. Various torsos of the middle-aged man pass in front of her face as she looks toward the mirror.

REVERSE - LINDA LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR

LINDA sees herself in the bedroom mirror as the various paunchy dudes file past, reaching for a glass of Scotch or a condom.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
In that moment, it was strange,  
I only thought a one thing.

The aboriginal, primitive sounds morph into an abstract, Philip Glass-like minimalist music.

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

From the GIRL LINDA's point of view, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a bad suit is sitting on her bed as she watches a commercial for buttermilk pancakes on TV. Her point of view shifts around as she tries to see around his portly form.

LINDA VOICEOVER

CAA

I thought about my uncle, his  
name was Dudley Clayton, and  
I remember him sittin' on my  
bed when I was a kid, and there  
was this ad on TV I always  
useta like. And I remember  
he was in the way, he was just  
*in the way*, and I could smell  
this cheap shitty cologne he  
useta get for ninety-nine cents,  
it was like Aqua Velva but a  
million times worse. And I  
could never get that smell out  
of my room.

CLOSE - LINDA

As MR. BAKER gets on the bed to mount LINDA from behind, we see in slow  
motion an unnamed man pinching LINDA's face...mooshing it in strange ways  
like an ape playing with a dead animal...toying with the face in a way  
that seems totally devoid of sexual interest, just curious...and the  
aboriginal sounds recur.

CLOSE - LINDA IN THE BATHROOM

LINDA takes a mouthful of Lavioris and spits it out.

OVERHEAD - LINDA IN THE BATHROOM

LINDA throws up into the bathroom sink.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

LINDA has just taken a long, hot shower. Her skin is so red it might have  
gone on for an hour. There is a long pause before LINDA speaks.

LINDA  
O Lord. [pause] Please.  
Reach your arms out to me.  
Put me in your arms and  
protect me...

LINDA starts to cry.

LINDA  
I know your love is my shield.  
I know that no harm can come  
to me, 'cause, 'cause you  
love me, and you would ne-  
ver...never, never let bad  
things happen to me.

LINDA's crying keeps her from going on.

LINDA  
I know...you sacrificed so  
much for us. I know you love  
us. Please help me now.  
Protect me now...I love you,  
Lord...please help me...

CAA

LINDA cries as she slides down to the floor of the shower.

SLAM TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CHICLET is a cute girl of about 20 or 22, about 4'11" with a long mane of curly hair. She talks on the phone behind a cruddy old desk with her feet, in flip-flops, up on the desk. CHUCK ushers LINDA into CHICLET's executive suite, one hand possessively on the back of her neck.

CHICLET  
[on the phone] Thass right, girlfrenn, you got it abso-  
lutely right. Oh, I'll be  
got-damned if he thinks he's  
gettin' Vonda for seventeen  
fifty. [beat] Fuck that noise,  
he can walk down to Fortieth  
Street at those prices! I  
ain't givin' this shit away  
for free! [beat] Awright hon,  
don't work too hard. I catchya  
on the flipside.

CHICLET hangs up the phone and is ready for business. Somehow a teenage hippie chick has turned hardened mogul in a short span of time.

CHICLET  
Chucky, always a pleasure.

CHUCK  
Linda, I wantcha ta meet the  
one the only Chiclet.

LINDA  
[extending hand] Hello.

CHUCK  
Lookit the way she shakes hands,  
ya think she's fuckin' Natalie  
Wood.

CHICLET lets out a weird guffaw, too large for her body.

CHICLET  
[looking LINDA over] So what  
are we thinkin', Chucky, we  
gonna do some business?

CHUCK  
Ya goddam right. Linda ain't  
exactly a thoroughbred but  
she's a goddam decent work-  
horse.

CHICLET  
Yeah? This another one a your  
chicks you're trickin' out ta  
the freaky-deaky crowd?

CAA

CHUCK

Ya got that right sister! This  
here girl's gonna work for  
the Hundred Neediest Cases!

CHICLET has another bellowing laugh at LINDA's expense and extends a hand  
to high-five CHUCK, Black Panther style.

CHICLET

Haw ha! RIGHTeous!

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A rinky-dink, small-towny supermarket. Leftover produce and D-grade  
breakfast cereal. LINDA pushes a cart and CHUCK hovers behind.

LINDA

[v.o.] Pretty soon, almost all  
the traces a the old Chuck I  
knew? They were long gone.

CHUCK

Can't you *pick that shit up*?  
Girl, you must be half nigger,  
you're always on CPT. Ya know  
what that is? Cullid People Time!  
[beat] Shit, man, for a fat  
chick you sure got shut outta  
the tits department. I mean  
I dunno how ya get a big belly,  
no waist, an' tits like a coupla  
moldy figs. Hold it, don't go  
so goddam fast, I wanna lookit  
this shit. Huh. Onion dip. I  
don't think we need any more a  
that. You Hoover down that shit  
like they was givin' it away.  
Shit makes your breath stink  
anyhow. You smell half the  
time like you been eatin' pussy  
an' all it is is onion dip. I  
dunno where you got that shit  
from. Got DAMN, girl, I just  
remembered, I told ya pick up  
some 10-40 motor oil. An' ya  
didn't do it, didja?

LINDA nods yes.

CHUCK

Well at least ya got that straight.  
I gotta write the shit down fif-  
teen times before ya remember it  
once. Ya get the wrong weight  
in there it fucks up the whole...  
calibration. An' ya know some'm  
else, ya can lay off that pan-  
cake makeup you're puttin' on  
all the time. Look like a goddam  
three-dollar whore. Or a corpse.  
Ya look like your own goddam

CAA

grandmother layin' in the coffin.

LINDA starts to get teary.

CHUCK

Oh, now, don't be startin' that  
shit. Where's the goddam corn  
chips at.

INT. DODGE DUSTER - DAY

LINDA sits in the car with CHICLET, who hands her a plastic dry-cleaning  
bag full of clothes.

CHICLET

Now remember. Tie the lace up  
very tightly. That's all that  
matters, all he cares about is,  
Is the lace tied up tightly?  
So just do that.

LINDA

Is...he gonna hurt me?

CHICLET

Just do the lace up real tight  
hon and you'll be just fine.

CHICLET starts up the car in a hurrying, get-out-of-the-car way.

CHICLET

I'll pick ya up in half an hour.

EXT. DOOR - DAY

LINDA rings a bell at a dirty door at the end of the fleatbittenest  
apartments in town.

The door opens. ERNEST, the most thoroughly generic-looking sixty-year-old  
man in Anaheim County, answers.

ERNEST

You're Linda?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the living-room table, a Life magazine features a beaming Joe Namath.  
Grandma-like candy in a dish. The Pittsburgh Steelers on TV with the sound  
turned down. LINDA sits in an absurd, forties-style Shirley Temple little-  
girl costume.

Eventually, ERNEST enters the room in an undershirt and work pants.

LINDA

[lifeless, wooden] Hey Mister.

ERNEST

Oh. Hello.

He sits next to her on the couch.

CAA

LINDA  
I'm eleven years old, Mister.

ERNEST  
Oh. [pause] No! Is that right?

LINDA  
Mm-hmm. I'm just eleven years  
old, Mister.

ERNEST  
Ohhhhhhh.

A pause. LINDA has clearly forgotten her lines.

LINDA  
I never...I haven't had a  
man touch my boobies before.

ERNEST  
Ohhhhhh...really?

LINDA  
No, never.

ERNEST scrunches a bit closer to her.

FROM OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

Two small Mexican kids play kickball. Through a crack in the door we can see ERNEST crowding LINDA. His arm wraps around her neck like an ape's. He paws her breasts, not violently, but thickly, cloddishly. LINDA stares straight ahead, fixing her focus on the TV.

CLOSE - TV

The referee steps forward, his arms shooting out from his sides.

INT. DODGE DUSTER - DAY

CHUCK is driving. CHICLET is in the passenger seat, LINDA in the back. CHICLET clears her throat and spits out the window.

CHICLET  
Now dig, hon, this is gonna be  
quick, Albert's into two chicks,  
so we don't gotta be here long.  
All we do is kinda make like  
we're foolin' around with each  
other, I get your bra off and  
I start squeezin' you a little  
bit, an' then I'll make like I'm  
goin' down on you an' he'll get  
off by then. He's a quick one.

LINDA nods briskly.

CHICLET  
Awright let's go. Catch ya on  
the flip, Chuckie.

CAA

CHUCK

Thirty minutes an' I'll be back.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

This apartment complex looks like some kind of decayed forties village for oldsters. CHICLET gives a hearty rap at the door, and ALBERT, an obese, seventyish Jewish-tailor type, answers the door.

ALBERT

Awwwhhhhh. Come in, girls, ya catch your death outside.

CHICLET

Heyyyyyy, Albert.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

LINDA, CHICLET and ALBERT stand stiffly in ALBERT's living room--which is approximately as morguelike and grandma-esque as ERNEST's.

ALBERT

All right girls. You want some iced tea?

CHICLET

Nawww, we're cool, Al.

ALBERT

I got some nice dresses. My late wife--they'll be a little big.

CHICLET

Hey, we got no problem with that.

ALBERT

Good. 'Cause if it doesn't--

LINDA

Excuse me. Sir.

ALBERT and CHICLET look at LINDA.

LINDA

Excuse me. I don't. I don't know how to say this. But...I need help. My boyfriend. He beats me. He beats me and he rapes me and if I don't go on jobs, like this one, he puts a gun to my head. A real gun and he has it in his glovebox and I need help.

CHICLET

Are you fucking kidding me?

LINDA

No.

CHICLET



CAA

Are you fucking serious?

LINDA

Yes.

CHICLET

Little Chucky? My little Chucky?

LINDA

Yes.

CHICLET

Put a gun to your head and beats you up?

LINDA

Yes.

CHICLET

You mean alla his macho bullshit isn't an act?

LINDA doesn't know how to respond to this.

CHICLET

I'll fuckin' cut the guy's dick off when he's sleeping. You think I'm fucking kidding I'm not. I'll do it. He's dying to fuck me. I'll go over ta your house and pass out and when he's asleep I'll hack the fuckin' thing off.

ALBERT, LINDA and CHICLET look at each other.

CHICLET

Just try me if you think I won't do it 'cause I will, in a New York fucking minute.

ALBERT

Jesus. This is terrible. Are you serious?

LINDA

I swear to God I'm not lying, I need help. Please, guys, you gotta help me out.

ALBERT and CHICLET look at each other.

LINDA

I need to call the police. They can pick me up.

CLOSE - PHONE

LINDA's hands pick up the phone, she starts dialing-

CAA

ALBERT's hands cut off the call. Pan up to ALBERT's and LINDA's faces. The low rumble of Pink Floyd's "One of These Days" begins.

ALBERT  
I don't need cops around here.  
I'm sorry, honey.

LINDA looks to CHICLET. CHICLET throws up her hands, like, What the hell am I gonna do!

LINDA  
When's Chuck gonna be back?

CHICLET  
Not for at least twenty minutes.

LINDA  
I gotta call my friend Donna.  
She's gotta pick me up.

LINDA goes to dial--CHICLET touches her on the shoulder.

CHICLET  
Linda. [beat] Just go.

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

"One of These Days" picks up in tempo as we PUSH IN FAST/ZOOM IN on LINDA and CHICLET exiting the apartment complex onto the street.

LINDA sees the street where the Duster just was.

LINDA looks at CHICLET. CHICLET looks around for signs of the Duster.

LINDA WALKS INTO THE STREET. WE MOVE WITH HER (STEADICAM) as she crosses the spot where the car just was.

She crosses the street. She gets up onto the sidewalk on the other side of the street.

We hear the chugging of a car as LINDA KEEPS WALKING.

The chugging gets louder as LINDA KEEPS WALKING.

Suddenly offscreen we hear:

CHICLET  
CHUCK SHE'S GETTIN' AWAY!  
MOVE YOUR ASSSS, MAN, SHE'S  
GETTIN' AWAY! GO ON, GET  
HERRRRRR!

LINDA BREAKS INTO A RUN.

WE STAY CLOSE ON HER AS SHE IS HURLING DOWN THE STREET.

SUDDENLY **CHUCK BREAKS INTO FRAME** AND CLAMPS AN ARM ON HERS.

CHUCK  
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE PARDNER.

CAA

It takes a second for LINDA to actually acquiesce, stop, and surrender to CHUCK's grip.

CHUCK  
That's as far as we're goin'  
today. C'mon.

LINDA rebels against his grip, and he JERKS HER, almost to the ground.

CHUCK  
DON'T MAKE ME pound you to  
the ground in broad daylight  
girl. You get in the car.

She stands still, defiantly staring into space.

CHUCK  
Don't you make me break your  
jaw out here now GET IN THE CAR.

LINDA looks over at the car. WHIP-PAN WITH LINDA'S LOOK TO THE DODGE DUSTER where CHICLET is sitting in the passenger's seat with her feet up eating Red Vines.

INT. DODGE DUSTER - DAY

The car is moving down the street. PAN FROM CHUCK and CHICLET IN THE FRONT SEAT...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I never understood why Chiclet  
ratted me out that day. Some-  
times I think she hated Chuck  
worse than I did. But that's  
how people are. They see an  
opportunity like that? They  
can't resist it.

...to LINDA alone in the back.

MONTAGE - "WICHITA LINEMAN"

To the tune of Glen Campbell's version of Jimmy Webb's "Wichita Lineman," we see the following:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

PUSH IN FAST as LINDA and CHUCK enter the front door.

CLOSE - BED

CHUCK's suede jacket is slammed on the bed.

CLOSE - FEET

CHUCK kicks off a pair of cheap dress shoes.

CHUCK pulls on the spitshined Frye boots.

CAA

The Frye boots do a horrific dance of death as they kick the tar out of LINDA's ribs, hands, sides.

CLOSE - PILLS

We see a giant prescription for PERCODAN for LINDA BOREMAN. Two horse pills come out of the jar into LINDA's hands.

CLOSE - LIPS

Swallowing the Percodan.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
This was right about the time  
I started getting Percodan,  
'cause Chuck was kickin' me  
up so much. He was leavin'  
marks...

INT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

CHICLET drives the car. CHUCK sings along with a song in the passenger's seat. LINDA is in the back seat, all zombied out.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
...and the johns were start-  
ing to ask questions, I had  
to make up some cockamamie  
story. But the Percodan worked.  
I felt better.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

LINDA walks around, in a particularly depressing style of hooker garb, looking for her handbag.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I was always lookin' for ways  
out, always lookin' for some  
kinda escape route...an' then  
one day I heard this weird bump.

LINDA hears something.

She goes slowly stalking down the hallway of her and CHUCK's apartment.

She sees a light in the bathroom.

As LINDA rounds the corner we see CHUCK on the floor.  
Rolling. Contorting. Slightly purple-faced. In the throes  
of a diabetic seizure.

LINDA bends down and picks up CHUCK's face. He is speechless.  
Wide-eyed, because clearly he can see death right next to  
him.

LINDA LOOKS IN HIS EYES.

She looks down the hallway. We can see sunlight glinting  
through the screen door that leads OUT. An extremely slow  
push down this hallway, to freedom.

CAA

LINDA looks in CHUCK's eyes again. He is helpless. Needy.  
Without a voice.

Hold on this for a moment. Then:

EXTREMELY TIGHT INSERT

A syringe goes into CHUCK's diabetes medicine.

EVEN TIGHTER INSERT

The syringe goes into CHUCK's skin. **Freeze frame.**

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Please don't be angry with me.  
This was one of those moments,  
I only ever had a few, when  
I actually heard Christ's voice  
speakin' to me. And He wouldn't  
let me let that man die.

INT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

Apparently about two seconds later, LINDA is being dropped  
off at a job by CHUCK, who, unlike Lazarus, doesn't seem  
overly fazed by being raised from the dead.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
And here's the thanks I got.

CHUCK  
Try an' wrap this shit up by  
two thirty, okay? I got a game  
on.

EXT. SHITTY HOUSE - DAY

In the hellhole of Garden Grove, California, LINDA knocks at a door. Her  
face is as blank and impassive as we've ever seen it.

Cre-e-e-eak! The door opens. LEONARD, 400 pounds and on crutches, opens  
the door, as if it were a big imposition.

LINDA  
Ready for the usual, Leonard?

LEONARD  
If you say so, Lind.

LINDA  
Let's get it on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CHUCK is sacked out on the couch in his underwear with a giant bag of  
Funyuns. LINDA sits next to him, prim, zombified, tensely upright.

CHUCK  
[yawning] Awwwwwww shit. I'm  
tellin' ya, man: workin' long

hours like this: really takes  
it outta me.

LINDA  
Um, I got a call when you were  
in the shower from Garces and  
Monique.

CHUCK  
[falling asleep] What'd they  
want?

LINDA  
They wanted to know if I could  
do a double.

CHUCK  
[yawning more] Pretty fuckin'  
late for that.

LINDA  
Yeah, but they sounded like  
they were really up for it.

CHUCK  
Well, shit. [beat] If you can  
hit 'em up for an extra twenty,  
ya gotta do it. There's no pas-  
sin' that up.

LINDA  
Yeah. That's what I thought.

A long silence. The sound of Johnny Carson being kissed by a pygmy  
chimpanzee.

LINDA  
Then I'm gonna just go over  
there then.

CHUCK doesn't even acquiesce. LINDA leaves the frame.

OVERHEAD - BARRACUDA

From on high we see LINDA pull the Barracuda out of the driveway. We re-  
enter the sinister pulse of Pink Floyd's "One of These Days."

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

LINDA pulls onto the freeway. LINDA's eyes reflected in the light in the  
rear-view mirror.

ANOTHER EXCHANGE - NIGHT

LINDA moving onto the 5 Freeway. Clearly terrified out of her mind, she  
lights up a Newport--something she never, ever does.

EXT. MOM AND DAD'S - NIGHT

LINDA pulls up.

CAA

LINDA bangs on the front door.

MOM  
[opening the door] Jesus, what  
the hell you bangin' like that for?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We have our first real glance of MOM and DAD together. MOM is hard, clearly a lifelong hard worker, and DAD is a gentler, softer-spoken man. They both must have been near forty when they had LINDA.

LINDA  
You're not listening to me. He's like  
...an animal. He's...the things  
he's done to me, I can't even  
describe it. There are so many  
things I can't even tell you  
all the things 'cause I'd be so  
ashamed to even say it in fronta  
you. He has a gun.

A pause. MOM shrugs, like, I don't get it.

LINDA  
He has a gun in the glovebox and  
he's always tellin' me he's gonna  
use it on me if I don't do what  
he says.

MOM and DAD share a secret look.

LINDA  
He hits me. He pounds me right  
in the face if I don't do what  
he says or I don't do it right.  
I think he broke my nose once.  
And he *kicks*, he has these steel-  
toe boots and he kicks me and  
kicks me so hard sometimes I  
pass out. One time I had blood  
in my stool once after he was  
kickin' at me all night. And...

LINDA fights it and fights it and fights it but tears well up.

LINDA  
I don't wanna say this but...he  
makes me have sex with other peo-  
ple...and he made me have sex  
with *women*...

LINDA can't go on.

MOM  
All right, okay. We get it.  
Now listen. I been around  
a lotta couples in my  
life. All right? And I've seen

a lotta bad arguments and people  
gettin' into a lot of violent  
stuff and punchin' each other—

LINDA  
But this *isn't like that*—

MOM  
[overlapping] And it's all he  
said she said and everybody's  
got their point a view. I'm  
sure Chuck'd have a different  
version a things if he was the  
one sittin' here. But I know  
you gotta be *patient*, and you  
gotta work things out between  
y—

LINDA  
THIS IS NOT LIKE THAT, HE BEATS  
ME AND HE RAPES ME, HE KICKS ME  
TILL I THROW UP. [beat] DON'T  
YOU UNDERSTAND.

DAD  
[cutting in] All right--look.  
We're not gonna get anywhere  
like this. What's important right  
now is Linda, you take a load  
off, I'm gonna make you some hot  
chocolate and you sit downstairs  
in the rec room and you *relax*.  
And we're not gonna do anything  
right now.

MOM almost glares at DAD--almost, but not quite a glare.

DAD  
Now you just go downstairs and  
rest and take a load off your  
mind, you don't worry about any-  
thing. We talk to the pastor  
tomorrow, we talk to a *counse-*  
*lor*. But tonight we're not gonna  
do anything but go easy. Awright?

LINDA snuffles, nods, walks downstairs.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA is in a nightgown--something from her teenage days. She's curled up  
on the couch with "Laugh-In" on the TV. She looks upstairs.

MOM and DAD are on the phone. DAD leans around the corner and looks down  
at LINDA with love, giving her an A-okay signal.

A MOMENT LATER

LINDA has turned the lamp in the rec room off and is watching the news. A  
ring comes at the doorbell.



CAA

Heavy organ music, as in "Last Year at Marienbad," starts churning as MOM and DAD walk down the hallway to the front door, out of frame.

They return with **CHUCK, walking down into the rec room.**

Like a dog spotting an uneaten steak, CHUCK sidles right up to LINDA and "tenderly" wraps an arm around her.

LINDA stiffens, going into shock.

DAD

Honey...we made a promise to  
Chuck...the day he took you  
down the aisle and made you  
his wife. We said we'd never  
interfere in his affairs.  
And you know I'm good to my  
word, I'd never come between  
a man and his wife.

LINDA starts to shudder as the arm tightens and CHUCK *kisses her on the top of the head.*

CHUCK

I'm gonna treat Linda like she's  
never been treated in her life.  
Starting tonight. Honey, you  
ain't never been treated like  
this before.

A tear falls down LINDA's cheek.

MOM

Honey...I wish you woulda just  
brought Chuck by the house more.  
Ya didn't have to be embarrassed.  
I woulda given you our blessing.

CHUCK

Ya hear that, hon? Ain't gonna  
be no more stories. No more  
makin' up things, no more tel-  
lin' stories outta school. It's  
gonna be nothin' but roses an'  
champagne between us from now  
on--izzat right, Mrs. Boreman?

MOM

I just love both a you kids.

INT. CHUCKMOBILE - NIGHT

The Barracuda comes to a halt right in front of CHUCK's apartment. LINDA sits in a state of panicky fright. CHUCK eats out of a box of candy.

CHUCK

You think I'm gonna hit you?

LINDA dares to look in CHUCK's direction.

CHUCK

CAA

I'm not gonna hit you. Honest  
Injun. An' I want you to know  
some'm.

CHUCK reaches to articulate something.

CHUCK  
I just...Y'know? Honestly? I'm  
hurt. I mean I am a little put  
out about this.

I do and I do to provide for you.  
I put food on the table. I keep  
you in the shit you want. And I...

I know how to keep a woman happy.  
An' I do that. I do.

So I just want you to know that I  
am *disappointed*. I'm not angry. I'm  
disappointed.

So I'm not gonna punish you.

CHUCK pours the candy from the box into his mouth.

CHUCK  
You're gonna punish yourself.  
Pull down your pants.

Silence and stillness.

CHUCK  
Do not make me say that again.

LINDA pulls down her pants, revealing a pair of sad, teenage-looking  
underpants that she obviously put on at MOM's.

We can see the side of the candy box: **RED HOTS.**

CHUCK  
Now you're gonna take a handful  
a these an' push 'em up inside ya.  
You gonna carry 'em around till...

...he consults his watch...

CHUCK  
...one a.m. tomorrow. Now: if  
any of 'em happen to "just fall  
out"?

He leans in close.

CHUCK  
That's when the hittin's gonna  
start.

EXTREME WIDE

CAA

LINDA looks out into space. She looks at CHUCK. She looks at the candy box. She looks into space. A long pause. Then:

EXTREME CLOSEUP

LINDA shakes five Red Hots into the palm of her hand. Hold a long beat, then:

TITLE CARD

**Monday, April 22, 1972**  
**4:37 pm**

EXT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

WE PUSH IN (as if from a passing car) on LINDA in the passenger's seat, looking older, with her hair done up in curly ringlets. Her expression is more weary than zombified. The Moody Blues plays on the 8-track.

LINDA VOICEOVER

It was really pissin' Chuck off that no matter how much business we did in L.A., we could never get ahead. Couldn't even get an apartment with central air. So some guy he knew told Chuck he had a groovy business opportunity in New York City...so we drove out there. He wouldn't tell me what we were goin' there for, so you can imagine: I expected the worst.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE OF BIG MAN TALL MAN - DAY

The Chuckmobile pulls up to this retail outlet in the middle of New Mexico. The medium-rare-steak mountains of the state loom larger around this men's shop in the middle of nowhere. Lots of huge picture windows, and inside two balding SALESCLERKS shooting the shit. WHIP-PAN OVER to CHUCK and LINDA in the car.

LINDA

[v.o.] On the way out there, we made a little pit stop in New Mexico.

CHUCK

Awright. Now go in there, get me some nice stuff in a 33 large, not a 32 and not a 34, make it a 33 and make sure it's got some room in the neck. And don't *pay* nothin' for it.

LINDA

What?

CHUCK

I said don't *pay no money* for it, just give 'em up a piece a ass when they ask for it.

CAA

LINDA looks at him. A long look. We can't tell quite what's in it.

Then she opens the door to go.

As she walks the long walk to Larry's House of Big Man Tall Man...

LINDA VOICEOVER

Now I cannot tell you exactly how  
or why this happened, but something  
happened in that moment, some'm just  
clicked. And as hard as things got,  
I think I'm still alive right now  
because a that exact moment right  
then.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE OF BIG MAN TALL MAN - DAY

Jingle goes the door as LINDA walks in and walks up to the CLERKS.

LINDA

Heyyyyyyy, good morning. Um, I wan-  
ted to see if you gentlemen had  
some men's shirts-

CLERK 1

[with a leery eye-roll to 2]  
That'ssssss--what we *do* here-

LINDA

--right. With a size 20 neck and  
size 44 arms.

A beat. The two exchange a glance together, this time not "Va-voom," but  
"What a fucking nitwit."

CLERK 2

Lady, are you buying shirts for  
an orangutan?

CLERK 1

A size 20 neck and 44 arms?

LINDA

Yes.

Beat.

CLERK 2

And you're *sure* about that?

LINDA

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm--yep!

EXT. CHUCKMOBILE - DAY

CHUCK is looking through the glass. He sees the CLERKS erupt in laughter.  
LINDA, "shamefaced," walks out of the joint.

CHUCK

Jee-ziss fuckin' *Christ!*

CAA

[beat] You fuckin' diipshit!

LINDA gets back in the car.

LINDA  
See, I told 'em—

CHUCK  
Don't say another goddam thing.

CHUCK fires up the car and takes off.

CHUCK  
[ever so slightly pouty] I saw  
the whole goddam sorry affair.  
[beat] Y'know, Lind, it's really  
fuckin' sad when you can't even  
*give free pussy away.*

EXT. TIMES SQUARE 1972 - DAY

Grindhouses triple-billing "The French Connection" with "Hit Man" and "Goodbye Uncle Tom." Toxic cheese steaks and bus exhaust. We slowly zoom in on a WINDOW in an anonymous office building towering above the Forty-Deuce slime...

MAN'S VOICE  
Now Linda, I know ya probably  
have an idea in your head of  
what you imagine this to be...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dolly around CHUCK and LINDA, who sit before THE MAN. CHUCK has his hand around the back of LINDA's neck in his usual position. This chap is an Italian-American of possibly forty years, with what looks like a jet-black toupee sitting atop an otherwise gray-haired head. Gold chains and Carlton in hand. The MAN is smooshed behind a desk piled with three years' worth of papers. Most of them look like unpaid bills.

MAN  
...but this is a whole other  
kettle of fish. Now I've made  
what we call loops--eight mil-  
limeter stuff. Just straight  
intercourse.

CHUCK erupts in a giant "Pffft!" at the MAN's "delicate" language.

MAN  
[noting the hostility] This is  
not going to be that kind of  
picture. There is one thing  
lacking in the adult-film au-  
dience, and that is women. They  
will not come to see the stuff  
for love or money. And there is  
one kind of picture that I know  
women like, and I intend to  
make an adult film in that genre.

CAA

CHUCK

That *what*?

The MAN pauses, glaring at CHUCK.

MAN

It's gonna be...a romantic comedy.

LINDA erupts in giggles and touches CHUCK on the sleeve.

LINDA

Oh, I love that!

MAN

Well let's put it this way. I don't know that I would say "romantic." But I would certainly say comedy. Linda, do you know a picture called "The Philadelphia Story"?

LINDA

[brightening] Oh, of course I do! That's Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart. And--oh, what's that lady's name, I like her.

MAN

Katherine Hepburn.

LINDA

Yeah, of course! How could I be so stupid! Yeah, I love Katherine Hepburn!

MAN

What I am proposing to make here is an X version of that kind of picture. Something that's frolicsome and fun. [looking at CHUCK] Not heavy and dark and *mean*...like adult film is now.

CHUCK

Now let's just hold on a second here. I was told this was a fuck-and-suck picture. And I'm here to tell you: if you want fuck and suck, my Linda is your girl. If you want some...fuckin'...Jane Fonda or whatnot, you gotta look somewhere else. Come on, Lind.

He grabs her hand and takes her to go.

CHUCK

[to MAN] I was under the mistaken impression you was a businessman.

LINDA looks sadly at the MAN as they are about to leave the room.

CAA

LINDA  
Wait a minute.

CHUCK looks up, ready to explode.

LINDA  
Mr. Damiano, I think we all  
got off on the wrong foot here. I  
think you might not know who this  
man is.

DAMIANO, the man at the desk, stubs out his Carlton.

LINDA  
This is Chuck Traynor. And if  
Chuck Traynor knows one thing  
it's talent. He knows what I'm  
good for and he sure as heck  
knows how to use it. So knowin'  
my husband as good as I do I  
gotta tell you, ya gotta take  
it on faith that this man knows  
what I can and can't do.

So all you gotta do...*sir*...  
is show him a little respect.

DAMIANO is wide-eyed. Suddenly he understands all.

DAMIANO  
Of course. *Absolutely*. Chuck.  
Let's step back a beat or two.  
Please, take a seat.

CHUCK sits down again, a pacified child.

DAMIANO  
Now here's the scoop. You got  
some'm special here in Linda.

He looks to LINDA, sending her secret signals in a secret language that he  
knows just what she's up to.

DAMIANO  
I'm not sayin' she's the best  
lookin' chick in this city.  
I'm not sayin' she can act  
her way out of a paper bag.  
I'm not even sayin' I'd go  
so far as to ball her myself.  
But what I *am* sayin' is she's  
got a special somethin'--a  
kinda fresh quality, an'...  
a desire to please. That's  
what my buyers want. An' what  
I'm sayin' is, we can exploit  
the living shit out of that.

CHUCK smiles at LINDA like he just got a whole birthday cake  
all to himself.

CAA

CHUCK  
Hot damn, Jer, now you're speak-  
in' my language!

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

On a sheet on a wall, Katherine Hepburn can't believe her luck--she's squeezed right between a wisecracking Cary Grant and a gulping-gee-whiz Jimmy Stewart.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
That guy's name was Gerard Damiano, and I have to tell you something: as much as I hate the adult film business, Gerry Damiano was the nicest person other than my high-school friends I ever met up to that point.

In the house, GERRY pushes on LINDA a bag of grindhouse popcorn. She never looks up from the screen as she digs her fingers into it, so entranced is she by the movie...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
As messed-up as it sounds, he actually treated me with a lot of respect.

KATE, CARY and JIMMY walk away from the camera arm in arm in arm...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Now I wanna tell you something you probably won't believe, if you know anything about me. The two weeks that followed were the nicest two weeks of my life up to that point. It wasn't perfect... but it was like a little vacation from all the pain Chuck caused me.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Inside this little studio, GERRY, a glowering CHUCK, and several UNDERPAID PA's stand behind the camera. On the other side, LINDA, in a starched, actually fairly expensive-looking nurse's uniform, stands, tiny light stands pointed at her.

Title card:                      **DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA**  
   **April 29, 1972**  
   **8:37 am**

GERRY  
Awright, now Linda, the fellas ast me to do a little screen test, but don't get nervous or anything--it's just a formality.

CHUCK  
So DON'T fuck it up.



GERRY tries to contain shooting CHUCK a look.

GERRY

So here's what I want you to do.  
Just...sing a song. A nice  
song that you like, somethin'  
you feel *comfortable* with.

And while you're doin' it...  
take off the nurse's uniform.

LINDA

Take it off?

GERRY

Yup. Till you're naked as a  
jaybird, dear.

LINDA hesitates. She doesn't even look at CHUCK--just at the others...who  
are clearly uninterested, just there to do their job.

LINDA

So... I can do any song?

GERRY

Anything that feels good.

LINDA

Can I do a song from "West  
Side Story"?

GERRY

Love "West Side Story"!

GERRY turns to a homely FORTYISH P.A. CHICK.

GERRY

[to P.A.] Leonard Bernstein.  
[to LINDA] Go right ahead, ho-  
ney.

LINDA

I can do this real good. I  
learned it in high school.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETER LINDA

We see, as in a rough, scratchy print shown in a porno theatre in 1972,  
LINDA in her nurse's uniform. The sound is similarly boxy and ugly as in  
an old porno.

LINDA's post-Percodan, zombie ways evaporate suddenly as the memory of  
Leonard Bernstein's score overtakes her.

LINDA tap...tap...tap...taps her foot to get the beat. Suddenly out of  
nowhere she begins. Her performance is not "good." But it has spirit.

LINDA

I feel pretty!

CAA

Oh so pretty!  
I feel pretty, and witty,  
and briiiiiight!  
And I pity! Any girl!  
Who iiiiisn't meeee to-  
niiiiight!

LINDA starts swaying to the tune.

LINDA  
I feel charming!  
Oh so charming!  
It's alarming! How charming!  
I feeeeeeeel!

LINDA starts stripping off the nurse's garments. She kicks off her shoes first, and starts peeling off her stockings.

LINDA  
Seeeeee...the pretty girrrrrrl...  
in the mirrr-or there...  
Who can that at-TRAC-tive girl  
beeeeeee?  
SUCH a pretty face.  
SUCH a pretty smile.  
SUCH a preeeeeeeetty meeeeeee.

LINDA starts taking off the smock...

LINDA  
I feel stunning.  
And entrancing!  
Feel like running! And dan-  
cing! For joyyyyyyy!

She peels off the bra.

LINDA  
For I'm loved...for I'm  
loved...

She takes off her panties.

LINDA  
...by a pretty...wonderful...  
boyyyyyyyyyyy!

INT. STUDIO - DAY

CHUCK is unsmiling. GERRY and his CREW are stunned. In what way, not so clear. Finally, GERRY claps his hands once.

GERRY  
Cut!  
  
That was terrific. Was that  
terrific, guys?

All of a sudden, as if on cue, the P.A.s start clapping, "rush the stage," put their arms around LINDA and tell her how beautiful and talented she is. Meanwhile, GERRY taps CHUCK on the sleeve and hails him over.

GERRY  
You trained her?

CHUCK  
Aw yessir.

GERRY  
Ya did good, Chuck.

Y'know...there's something  
about Linda. She seems really  
...depressed. In a way I  
find...extremely hot. Y'know  
what I mean?

CHUCK has absolutely no idea. But he sure knows when his  
ass is being kissed, and he pumps GERRY's hand like he's  
running for office.

CHUCK  
Ger...you are for sure a man  
that can see the future!

GERRY walks into the fray of congratulators. Something new we've never  
seen on CHUCK: a smile of surprise and pride.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

GERRY and CREW sit in a motel room that's done up, if you want to use that  
expression, as a doctor's office.

GERRY is sitting back in his director's chair like he was Orson Welles,  
pontificating about the difference between "erotica" and "pornography" to  
some not-great HIPPIE CHICK he's trying to bang.

HARRY REEMS, the male lead, is doing card tricks for a big-breasted nurse  
type named CAROL CONNORS. HARRY is a slightly schlemiel, poor man's  
Elliott Gould type, but oddly rugged and handsome, and clearly the light  
source of humor, resilience and good energy in this world.

In the back, in the dark, CHUCK is talking a mile a minute in LINDA's ear.  
He seems a bit tense, and is constantly flicking his gaze around, checking  
out the lay of the land. He has his hand on LINDA's neck.

CHUCK  
So I'm tellin' ya, that laun-  
dromat's like six miles outta  
town. So right when we wrap  
you gotta put an egg in your  
shoe and *beat it*.

LINDA  
I get it.

CHUCK  
Also we gotta load up on gro-  
ceries for tomorrow. I needs  
my Gatorade, so ya gotta re-  
*mind me*, we gotta find a place's  
got some Gatorade around here.

LINDA

Mm-hmm.

CHUCK

'Cause they ain't got that at every Piggledy-Wiggledy. You listenin' to me?

LINDA

Mm-hmm.

GERRY

Lin-da!

LINDA

Yes!

GERRY

Dear, your closeup awaits!

THE SET - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

LINDA is sitting on a table next to HARRY, who is playing with a stethoscope. GERRY is consumed with Technical Issues.

HARRY

Hey Linda. Lind. Check this out. Mrs. Schmeckelstein goes to the gynecologist. She's about 75 years old. This young doctor is doing the exam...

HARRY fiddles with the reflective-circle on his forehead and pretends to be fiddling with Mrs. Schmeckelstein's parts.

HARRY

...and he's looking around an' poking and prodding, and finally Mrs. Schmeckelstein looks up at him and says, "Young man--could I maybe ask a kvestion?" He says, "Certainly ma'm!" She goes, "So tell me...your mother. She knows from *this* you make a living?"

LINDA cracks up laughing.

HARRY

Which reminds me. Pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel sticking out of his ass. Bartender goes, "Hey, Pirate--you know you got a steering wheel stickin' outta your ass?" Pirate goes, "Arrrrr, I know! It's drivin' *me nuts!*"

CAA

LINDA absolutely busts a gut laughing. GERRY returns to the matter at hand.

GERRY

Reems--you wanna lay off the Shec-  
ky Greene for a minute and maybe  
we can make a picture?

HARRY

Awright! Elia Kazan over here!  
Let's do it! Let's go for the  
gold, people.

GERRY

Okay. So this is the scene  
right after you tell Harry  
you can't have an orgasm.  
Now I wanna play to your  
strengths. I was think-  
in'...maybe you might...find  
this funny!

GERRY looks to HARRY to confirm that he's leading LINDA in the right direction.

GERRY

I mean...you're good at laugh-  
ing, right? Doesn't that come  
easy to you?

LINDA looks off camera to CHUCK. He has his arms folded over his chest and is *glaring at her*.

LINDA

.....No.

Nuh-uh, I'm not a real good  
laugher.

GERRY is crestfallen.

GERRY

Oh. [pause] Um, what if...  
you're real scared. You find  
the whole thing terrifying.

LINDA looks at CHUCK. His gaze is hard and expressionless and he is conceding nothing one way or another.

LINDA

[far-off] ...That's better...

HARRY

Hey, I got it.

HARRY *very quickly* shoots a very serious you-get-me? look at GERRY, then *focuses right back* on LINDA.

HARRY

What if you cry.

CAA

Silence in the room.

HARRY  
Wouldn't that be funny? [beat]  
I think that'd be so funny if  
you just thought this was like  
the saddest thing in the world  
--you got your little ding-a-  
ling in your throat. Then you  
discover you're the biggest  
gobbler since the butterball  
turkey.

LINDA laughs, eases the tension.

HARRY  
I think that'd be so funny.

The crew chuckles and mutters over this.

GERRY  
That's good. You like that, Linda?

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON LINDA

LINDA looks at CHUCK (who is off camera). A long look.

LINDA  
I can do that.

GERRY  
Awright, let's give it a shot.  
Everybody ready? Annnnnnnd:  
*Action.*

Then:

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE LINDA AND HARRY

In the grainy, slightly degraded image of a worn-out print of "Deep Throat," we see LINDA sitting next to "Doctor" HARRY...and she *bursts into tears*. These are not the pretend tears of a virgin in a sex farce. They are real, Linda Boreman tears. She goes on crying for a moment before she can begin; HARRY is clearly disturbed. Then she carries on, reading GERRY's scripted lines.

LINDA  
[weeping] I get excited...

HARRY  
Where?

LINDA  
[still weeping] You'll laugh...

HARRY  
No, no, Miss Lovelace! I wouldn't  
laugh!

LINDA  
I get excited...

CAA

The sobs almost prevent her from pointing at her throat.

LINDA  
...here!...

HARRY busts out laughing. Which causes LINDA to cry more.

HARRY  
Oh, Miss Lovelace, let me have  
a look at this. Open your  
mouth.

She does.

HARRY  
Wider. Wider. Ahhh. Ahhh!

LINDA  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

HARRY  
Ahh, ahh...ah, ahhh...

LINDA  
[still sobbing] Uhhh. Uhhh.

HARRY  
Oh! Well, there it is! You  
little bugger! There it is!

LINDA  
What?

HARRY  
Your clitoris! It's deep down  
in the bottom of your throat!

LINDA bursts into *even deeper, chestier sobs* now. We see her for a  
moment GLANCE OFF CAMERA...

CLOSE - CHUCK

We see CHUCK standing far behind camera, arms folded, scowling.

HARRY  
[o.c.] Now, now, Miss Lovelace!  
Having your clitoris deep down  
in your throat is better than  
having no clitoris at all!

TWO-SHOT OF LINDA AND HARRY

LINDA  
That's easy for you to say!  
What if your balls were in  
your ears?

HARRY  
[pretending to think] Well

CAA

then...I could *hear* myself  
*coming!*

LINDA sobs harder.

HARRY  
Oh, Miss Lovelace, now we  
have the problem solved, now  
all we have to do is find a  
solution!

LINDA  
Like what?

TIGHTER TWO-SHOT OF LINDA AND HARRY

HARRY  
Like...like deep throat!

LINDA  
Deep what?

HARRY  
Deep throat! Have you ever ta-  
ken a penis all the way down  
into the bottom of your throat?

LINDA  
No...I tried but I choked!

HARRY  
Ah, now you see it's a matter  
of discipline! You have to  
learn to relax your muscles!  
You have to regulate your  
breathing to the movement  
of your head!

LINDA  
You make it...sound so easy...

HARRY  
Well it is! [beat] Try it!  
[beat] You'll *like* it!

LINDA  
Well...

She LOOKS OFF CAMERA AT CHUCK AGAIN.

LINDA  
[oddly quiet] What have I  
got. [beat] To lose.

HARRY  
Now! You try it with me.

HARRY goes to unbutton his pants...

GERRY  
Annnnnnd...cut!



CAA

WIDER - DEEP THROAT SET

GERRY leans in to clap both of the "kids" on the shoulder.

GERRY  
That's fuckin' fantastic,  
guys! That's a million-dollar  
scene!

HARRY  
This is good stuff, Linda!  
Good good stuff! You're a  
regular Lucy Ball!

LINDA  
[still crying] Oh I ain't  
nothin'.

This spells silence. Kills the room.

PUSH IN FAST ON GERRY DAMIANO WHO LOOKS RIGHT-

THEN WHIP-PAN TO THE CREW-

--who rush the set to congratulate LINDA.

CRAFT SERVICE GIRL  
That was so so funny!

LINDA  
[wiping her nose] Thanks.

BOOM GUY  
No seriously! That was some  
funny shit. Ain't nobody  
seen this in an X before.

LINDA  
[blowing nose] Aw you're nice.

HARRY  
Linda, you are without a doubt  
the funniest cocksucker I have  
ever worked with.

A loud round of only semi-forced laughter.

HARRY  
Except for this cocksucker over  
here! Gerry, do the song again.

GERRY  
[a capella] Deeeeeeep throat!  
Deeper than deeeep your throat!

Now the whole CREW--well, almost all of them--join in.

ALL MINUS CHUCK  
Don't row a boat!  
Don't get your goat!

CAA

That's all she wrote!  
Deeeeeeeep throoooooat!

HARRY gives LINDA noogies. CAROL CONNORS sits in HARRY's lap, singing.

ALL MINUS CHUCK  
Deeeeeeeep throoooooat!  
Deeper than deeeeeeep your throooooat!  
Don't row a boat...

PUSH IN ON CHUCK. Alone. Standing on the sidelines. Even the teenage PA's are giving LINDA a peace-love-brotherhood handshake. No one's saying a word to him.

ALL MINUS CHUCK  
Don't get your goat!  
That's all she—

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA and CHUCK's motel room. A sad affair. A clown grimaces on the wall. Elsewhere, a topless black woman looks strident in an oil painting. LINDA primps, probably for a party.

CHUCK  
Do I not get you everything  
you need?

LINDA  
Yes you do.

CHUCK  
Didn't I getcha that mood  
ring you said you wanted?

LINDA looks down at it: black.

LINDA  
Yeah that was real thoughtful.  
Very sweet.

CHUCK  
Yeah. I mean, I may not be in  
a friggin' '75 edition Caddy,  
like Gerry's fuckin' mob pro-  
ducers, but I *provide* like a  
man, do I not?

LINDA  
Yeah, honey, hunnert percent.

CHUCK  
Uh-huh. 'Cause sometimes ya  
don't act like it.

What was all that shit about  
today.

LINDA  
What "shit"?

CHUCK

All that laughin' an' gigglin' and tellin' jokes an' *bullshit*. Why the fuck was that necessary?

LINDA

What do you mean?

CHUCK

Why the fuck you gotta be *smilin'* all the time, like a *fuckin'* moron?

LINDA

I don't get it. You don't like it that, that I look sad all the time, then I'm *smilin'* and then, and then you don't like it.

CHUCK

[beat] Are you fuckin' *sassin'* me?

LINDA

I'm just sayin'. You don't like it when I'm cryin', you don't like it when I'm laughin', I can't do anything right.

CHUCK leans in and grabs her face, pooching out her cheeks again, goldfish style.

CHUCK

NO. No you CAN'T fuckin' do anything RIGHT. 'Cause you're fuckin' stupid, as stupid as *they* are. Think people go to see a fuckin' porno to hear some corny jokes, this is BULLSHIT. We're otta here tomorrow morning.

LINDA

NO WE ARE NOT.

CHUCK is frozen in rage.

LINDA

We made a commitment and we are gonna finish this picture.

CHUCK

"Finish this picture"? Who the fuck you think you are, lady, Gloria Swanson? You know what you are? A COCKSUCKER. A hired cocksucker, trained by me. And don't

CAA

ever think you're better than  
me.

These words trigger some rage button in CHUCK.

INT. DEEP THROAT SET - NIGHT

Everybody but CHUCK and LINDA is smoking weed, sipping shitty white box wine, and GERRY is relaxing with a cigar. CAROL CONNORS and a skinny PA GUY are playing the bongos. Suddenly you can hear CHUCK from the other room.

CHUCK  
DON'T YOU EVER-*EEVERRR!*—  
THINK YOU ARE BETTER THAN ME!

There are thumps. It might be furniture moving. There are screams. There is a sound of begging.

CHUCK  
DON'T YOU FUCKIN' MOVE, DON'T  
YOU *FUCKIN' MOVE AWAY FROM ME!*  
*LOOK AT ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU!*  
I WANNA KNOW, RIGHT NOW, WHO  
THE *FUCK* YOU THINK YOU ARE!

There is a sound of slapping and a sound of whimpering. We pan slowly across the face of HARRY REEMS...and GERARD DAMIANO...and CAROL CONNORS...and all the CREW...

They are wistful. They are silent. They are hearing everything. And nobody lifts a finger to do anything.  
And suddenly everyone, even boss-man DAMIANO, is staring at his shoes.

DEEP THROAT SET - THE NEXT MORNING

Everyone is fast at work. But nobody is laughing or telling jokes. The mood is deadly grim. Even HARRY isn't up to his old hijinx. The climax of all this arrives when CHUCK enters the room, trying to spellbind the crew with the Traynor charm.

CHUCK  
Folks: I know you're tired  
of Gerry's fuckin' chicken  
cacciatore, so outside: cole-  
cut sandwiches. Courtesy of  
Charles P. Traynor.

A feeble whoop-di-do response. CHUCK starts stalking the joint like he's Roger Corman or something, inspecting the work of the Little People. He comes up on an EXTREMELY CUTE HIPPIE-CHICK PROPS GIRL, who is replacing an ashtray.

CHUCK  
Hey babe. Remember I said,  
you an' your husband an' me

an' Lind were gonna go to that shindig at Sharkey's steak joint, I tole ya Jan-Michael Vincent was gonna be there for his birthday?

PROPS  
[in another world] Mm-hmm.

CHUCK  
Well it's Sunday night. All kindsa people gonna be there, 's gonna be a riot. Ya still hip to it?

PROPS  
Yeah I guess. See where we are by Sunday night.

CHUCK  
Awright well pencil me in your dance card. Gerard! How goes the world, friend. Don't mean to pester ya, I ain't one to stand between a genius and his work.

GERRY  
Chuck, y'know what? I'm runnin' outta coffin nails—you think you could go down to that joint Cartwright's and pick me up a carton?

GERRY hands CHUCK a wad of bills. It's much too much for a carton of cigarettes.

GERRY  
And here.

He piles on a few more.

GERRY  
Pick yourself up a carton.

CHUCK stares evenly at GERRY.

CHUCK  
I don't want your money, Ger.

He hands the cash back.

CHUCK  
I'm happy to fetch your goddam cigarettes. And hey! [to all CAST and CREW] We wrap this shit up by six, mai tai's on Traynor!

The following is double feeble:

CAA

ONE AND ALL  
Ayyyyyyyyy. Nice one! Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCK takes off, making a secret hand signal to LINDA. She nods, dutifully. A MAKEUP GIRL is covering up the bruises on LINDA's legs. They're enormous.

MAKEUP GIRL  
This'll just take a second.

LINDA  
Yeah. [beat] I fell down.

A long pause. Somebody is hammering in the background.

LINDA  
I do that a lot. I'm klutzy.  
[beat] I come from a klutzy family. [beat] My mom falls down.

A long pause. LINDA lights a Newport.

LINDA  
Runs in the family I guess.  
[beat] Say, ya know I wouldn' mind goin' back to Nate's happy hour again. Y'know. Get outta the house a little.

MAKEUP GIRL  
[no change of expression] Yup. We're leavin' at six. Make sure to be ready.

LINDA nods.

MAKEUP GIRL  
By six. Okay?

MAKEUP GIRL looks LINDA in the eye to make sure she gets it. Then goes right back to the bruises.

EXT. STUCKEY'S - DAY

LINDA sits in the Chuckmobile as CHUCK talks on a pay phone. He's agitated, looks pissed off.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
And that was the end of that-- no party at the end, no shaking hands--just like being done with a john. We were drivin' back from Florida to New York an' Chuck was havin' a hard time with his "businesses"...

CHUCK  
[on phone] Oh yeah? Well tell her just 'cause I'm outta town don't mean this becomes her party.

CAA

See, this is MY setup. This is MY action. Is this comin' through to you, Dwayne? Am I makin' myself perfectly fuckin' clear here?

INT. HOTEL - DAY

In a posh hotel, LINDA and CHUCK walk toward the elevator.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Somehow, Chuck found a girl in Pittsburgh who got me a job doing deep throat...for *forty dollars*. He started talkin' that stuff up the minute we left the set. He sure hated Damiano and everybody that worked on "Throat," but he knew he had some'm here that was worth somethin'.

LINDA touches the elevator button and the door opens. She looks at CHUCK and we TURN AROUND with her look: a glaring, scowling CHUCK, pointing at his watch, as if to say, Chop chop.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
An' all he could figure out to get for it was forty bucks.

The door closes on LINDA.

CLOSE ON CHUCK'S EYES as he watches the elevator lights: the elevator climbs...six, seven, eight...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LINDA gets off the elevator. She looks at her watch: **1:10**.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER - AT A WINDOW

LINDA looks out onto the driveway of the hotel. No sign of the Chuckmobile. She looks at her watch: **1:20**.

She punches the elevator button.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

LINDA gets off the elevator. Looks around the lobby, left, right--no CHUCK.

She walks out into the bright light of the front driveway.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

She walks down into the parking garage.

There, a 1968 Cadillac sedan is waiting.

Inside are BECKY, her friend from the beginning of the story, and BECKY's husband RICK. Quickly, LINDA hustles into the car--FAST PUSH IN as the passenger's side door closes in our face.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

CAA

Speeding down the freeway at what feels like 100 mph.

BECKY

Linda...what the fuck is goin' on? We saw some a those movies. I know you wouldn'a done that if you were in your right mind. He had to have drugged you or somethin'. Right?

LINDA

Rick. You wanna turn left here. No. *Immediate* left.

CLOSE - TV SET

SARAH MILES is walking down a sandy beach holding a parasol in David Lean's "Ryan's Daughter." Maurice Jarre's heartbreaking "Rosie's Theme" is heard. WHIP-PAN AROUND to reveal-

CLOSE - LINDA ON THE COUCH

watching the movie, Dr. Pepper in hand. She is clearly a bit choked up. RICK and BECKY putter about in the kitchen nook nearby. The phone rings. Slow zoom in on BECKY as she picks up.

BECKY

Hello?

CHUCK

[on phone] Hey Beck Chuck Traynor.

Long pause.

BECKY

Yeah. [beat] What's goin' on.

CHUCK

Hey listen I'm just wonderin' if you heard anything from Linda.

BECKY

[pause] Mmmmm nope, not a thing.

CHUCK

Izzat a fact?

LINDA turns around, suddenly understands everything, then walks right up to BECKY. She makes no-no-no hand gestures.

BECKY

No, Chuck, I ain't heard nothin'.

CHUCK

Oh. [beat] Well allrighty then. [beat] You just let me know in case you hear of her. We had a little spat an' she went runnin'



off into the night. [beat] I'm  
just real worried about her is all.

BECKY  
You got it, Chuck.

CHUCK  
Okay. Catch ya on the flipside.

Click. BECKY hangs up. LINDA's face is harder and colder  
than we have ever seen it--she looks as if she is about  
to fly into a rage.

LINDA  
Beck. I am *not* going back there.

BECKY  
Hon. I know. I'm not suggesting  
you oughta--

LINDA  
I don't give a shit *what* hap-  
pens, you can give me up, you  
can bring him straight to my  
bed, he's gonna have to gun  
me down in broad daylight, be-  
cause I am NOT GONNA GO BACK TO  
THAT--

BECKY  
LINDA WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT THE  
FUCK UP.

Now listen.

Rick an' I ain't gonna  
give you up. Now just RELAX.  
I'll figure out how to getcha  
to Donna's. We'll getcha up  
there by...Tuesday. Okay?

LINDA plants herself down at the kitchen table, swills down her Dr.  
Pepper, sullen. Nods.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDA is sleeping in the "guest bedroom." This whole place is a nasty-  
ass biker pad with biker memorabilia everywhere, porny calendars with  
half-naked women, racist cartoons on the wall, the whole nine.  
WHIP-PAN OVER to BECKY's chair, where she is sitting reading Irving  
Wallace's "The Seven Minutes" in paperback while the phone rings.  
Quickly, so as not to wake LINDA, BECKY picks it up.

BECKY  
Hello?

CHUCK  
[scratchy connection; possibly  
drunk or high?] Listen, bitch...  
I got a good notion to come

CAA

down there and take my wife  
back with me. You hear me? An'  
I gotta coupla cranked-up nig-  
gers up here'll fuck yer ass  
good in the process. An'—

BECKY hangs up the phone.

EXTREME WIDE

BECKY sitting in the living room, realizing what is happening. She struggles not to hyperventilate. We see LINDA in the "guest room," sleeping peacefully.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

It's the following morning. A sleepy LINDA is walking around in pajamas, from the bathroom to the hallway leading to the living room...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I learned one thing in this life  
and that's nobody's perfect. Even  
the people you think they've  
got nothing but godliness in 'em  
...they're not perfect either.

LINDA walks into RICK and BECKY's bedroom. Lots of pictures of them, their family...

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Only one person ever was perfect  
an' that was Jesus Christ.

...and on the nightstand is a lamp, some matches, a few crumpled packs of cigarettes...

...and a mirror with a few crumbs of cocaine on it, a little hash pipe...some amyl nitrate...a LOT of rubbers...

...and a tiny super-8 projector.

LINDA pulls the curtains in the room.

She turns on the projector: an image flickers of a dazed, drugged-looking LINDA standing in a room in bikini bra and panties.

A large, hairy, muscular man enters frame. LINDA looks frightened. He reaches over and PULLS THE BIKINI TOP OFF.

PUSH IN ON LINDA, breathing loud and fast--then SWERVE OVER TO PUSH INTO THE PROJECTOR LIGHT--

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LINDA sits looking at a Family Circus cartoon, eating oatmeal. In the other room, RICK and BECKY are watching football. THE PHONE RINGS.

LINDA  
I'll get it.

Pink Floyd's "One of These Days" starts up again. LINDA picks up.

CAA

LINDA  
Gunderson residence?

CHUCK  
[on phone] Look out the window.

LINDA parts the curtains. ZOOM IN on a dirty, shitty-looking gray van.

CHUCK  
You see that? I got Juan Jose  
and Duwayne out there. They  
got a couple a machine guns.  
You don't walk out that door  
in about five seconds, they'll  
come in there and wipe that  
fuckin' place out.

We see what LINDA sees: a dimly perceptible CHUCK in the passenger's  
side...and a driver who looks like any dopy, half-bored kid.

CHUCK  
And I tell you what else. I  
got bombs.

Something is passing over LINDA...a trance...

LINDA  
You got...bombs?  
CHUCK  
That's right. I got fuckin'  
bombs. I blow that place to  
kingdom come. You just fuckin'  
test me, sister, you think I  
won't.

LINDA goes deeper into the trance...

LINDA  
You got...machine guns...and  
bombs?...

CHUCK  
That's right, girl. You heard  
me, girl. I turn that place  
into Vietnam you don't come  
bookin' out that door in about  
five seconds. Now go.

LINDA gently hangs up the phone and walks, in a steady, deliberate gait,  
up to BECKY and RICK.

RICK  
[ingesting cheese popcorn]  
What's goin' on.

LINDA  
He's got bombs.

A pause. BECKY looks up. LINDA is fogged over, elsewhere.

BECKY

What?

LINDA

Chuck. He's got bombs and machine guns and he's gonna blow the whole place up.

RICK

Linda. [beat] What the fuck are you talking about?

LINDA

Right there--he's outside--in the van! He's got machine guns and bombs. He'll blow you up. You guys aren't *safe*.

BECKY

Linda--will you relax? Chuck doesn't have "bombs"--

LINDA

He has *bombs*. And machine guns. He'll kill you guys. I love you guys 'cause you stuck up for me. You're not safe. I gotta protect you 'cause you're not safe.

BECKY

Linda would you--

LINDA turns on her heels and heads purposefully for the door.

LINDA

I gotta protect you guys 'cause you're not safe.

EXT. STREET - DAY

FAST PUSH IN as LINDA exits BECKY and RICK's house and walks toward the gray van.

As if by magic, the side door of the van opens. We hear a voice.

CHUCK

Git in there, girl.

LINDA steps inside. The van door closes, engulfing her in darkness.

INT. BACK OF THE VAN - DAY

LINDA looks at CHUCK. CHUCK looks at LINDA.

They both seem glad to be back together.

CHUCK leans in as if he's going to give her a kiss. Then, after about three quarters of a second of a head move:

CAA

CHUCK

Sit yer fat ass down back  
there. [turning aside] On  
the *floor*.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

LINDA sits across a desk from a DOCTOR in a white, sterile,  
refrigerator-like office.

DOCTOR

Miss Boreman, I understand we  
live an age of free love and  
experimentation and so on. But  
as a physician I have to tell  
you...[embarrassed] I don't know  
how to put this in a delicate  
way...

We see LINDA. She seems to have reverted to her old, zombified, post-  
Percodan self.

DOCTOR

[half a stage whisper] When you  
have...*anal sex*...it's necessary  
for you to use lubricant. This  
kind of violent penetration...  
while it might be pleasurable  
for you in the moment...is going  
to damage the mucous membrane in  
your rectum.

LINDA

[fully zombied out] Oh. I under-  
stand. That was a mistake. So I  
made a mistake.

DOCTOR

Well. I don't know if I'd say  
a "mistake"—

LINDA

I won't ever do *that* again, pro-  
mise. [vacantly raising hand for  
an oath] Scout's honor.

As if in a farce, CHUCK comes barreling through the door right at that  
second.

CHUCK

Awright Doc! You guys had yer pri-  
vate time. Now it's Chuck Time.  
Let's get down to talkin' turkey.  
Lind, get that shirt off.

LINDA mindlessly peels off her blouse, revealing herself to be braless.

CHUCK

Now, Doc, come on over here  
and let's kick the tires for

CAA

a second.

CHUCK and the DOCTOR square off on either side of LINDA's torso. LINDA stares into space.

CHUCK  
So what yer telling me is that  
for \$475 I can pop 'em up like  
this—

CHUCK holds and molds LINDA's left breast.

CHUCK  
--like sort of a Cadillac-fin  
shape?

The DOCTOR holds and molds LINDA's right breast at the same time.

DOCTOR  
I'd say that shape's a little  
severe. More of a perky--kind  
of a snub-nose sort of thing.  
[leaning in to CHUCK] Does that  
make sense?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A topless, shoeless LINDA, with new Cadillac-fin post-surgery breasts pointing up to heaven, wearing an absurd, dirty apron, makes CHUCK some scrambled eggs while he sits at the table chewing sausage links and reading Screw magazine.

CHUCK  
Now go easy, don't kill me  
with that butter an' shit!

LINDA VOICEOVER  
And then, friends, what happened?  
  
A miracle happened.

The phone rings.

CHUCK  
Yello?

GERRY  
[on phone] Chuck? It's Gerry Da-  
miano. We gotta get Linda over  
to the Carlyle. IMMEDIATELY.

CHUCK  
What for?

GERRY  
What for? What the fuck, Chuck,  
don't you read the papers? "Deep  
Throat."

CHUCK  
What about it?

CAA

GERRY

What about it? It's a smash fucking hit! It's sellin' out around the clock. And furthermore—

Before GERRY has finished his sentence, CHUCK has dropped the phone and is ripping the apron out of LINDA's hands. SMASH CUT TO—

INT. BATHROOM AT THE CARLYLE - DAY

CHUCK is schooling LINDA, who is dressed in a weird, lacy outfit that suggests the prom at the Little House on the Prairie.

CHUCK

Now remember. Remember remember. When it comes to cocksucking, or doing anal, I want smiles, I want high energy, I want big excitement.

LINDA

I understand.

CHUCK

And when it comes to me--the sky's the limit. Say twelve-inch cock, say I fuck for nine hours, say whatever. Now I'm not sayin' this for ego, Lind. 'Cause I want to get stroked, far from it. I'm just sayin'. We gotta make this shit up so we can build up a...what's the word I was just usin'...

LINDA

A brand name.

CHUCK

Exactly. That's it. A brand name. Okay? So positive energy, high energy, go get 'em.

LINDA exits. CHUCK rubs his forehead in the manner of a panicking college basketball coach.

MONTAGE - LINDA'S "DEEP THROAT" PRESS JUNKET

PUSH IN from below--at about the knee level--on LINDA as she answers prefab questions. She wins the cooing, cackling crowd of all male-reporters as if she'd done this a million times.

IN THE GREEN ROOM

LINDA

I was put on this earth for one thing and one thing only --sucking a footlong cock!

IN THE PINK ROOM

CAA

LINDA

To me, there is nothing more delicious than gism. I love it! I like to smear it all over my face like Ponds Cold Cream!

IN THE GRAY ROOM

LINDA

I once took on a pro football team--and I don't just mean two at a time! I mean *more*!

IN THE MAUVE ROOM

LINDA

Is there *anything* in this life I like more than cocksucking? Okay. Well, one thing. On OCCASION.

PUSH IN for the two beats of big build-up.

LINDA

I love it when my man Chuck socks it to me in the ass.

Four hundred flashbulbs snap, crackle, pop. Push in on LINDA's "high excitement" smile.

EXT. RIVERLY THEATRE - DAY

This posh Upper East Side theatre has a big marquee that reads **DEEP THROAT**. The lines are enormous. And not just bridge-and-tunnel shlubs: these look like extras from a Woody Allen movie.

LINDA VOICEOVER

And then I had my fifteen seconds of fame. For just a moment, everybody in America knew who I was.

TV - "THE TONIGHT SHOW"

RED BUTTONS sits next to JOHNNY, who taps a pencil in time to his own inner glee.

RED BUTTONS

Just saw that picture "Deep Throat" last night--fantastic! Hell of a picture!

CARSON

Ya liked "Deep Throat" didja?

RED BUTTONS

Oh, I tell ya! That girl Linda Lovelace's got one head on her shoulders!



CAA

Massive Pavlovian laugh response.

TV - LOCAL NEWS

A middle-aged WOMAN in a down overcoat speaks to a reporter.

DOWN OVERCOAT

I think this Linda Lovelace chick  
is disgusting! I don't want my  
husband thinkin' he's gonna get  
*that* kinda treatment!

TV - DAVID STEINBERG

The seventies comic does a stand-up act on TV.

STEINBERG

Y'know, if Linda Lovelace thinks  
she's gonna parlay this "Deep  
Throat" thing into a real movie  
career, she's gettin' played  
for a sucker. Oh, wait--she al-  
ready *is one!*

Laughs all around.

INT. POSH HOTEL - NIGHT

CHUCK, dressed for nighttime action, stops LINDA as they  
go to the door. Clearly they are about to go to a posh party.

LINDA

Y'know, Ger said I might get to  
go on Dick Cavett next week.  
I gotta figure out what to wear  
on that, he's like a real edu-  
cated guy, I gotta be all so-  
phisticated. I'm thinkin' pants.

He looks down at her--longingly. He seems to want to  
caress her and then he does, smoothing a tangle of her  
brown curls off her cheek. He seems about to kiss her.  
Instead, he summons something up inside himself.

CHUCK

Y'know you fucked up several  
things in that Al Goldstein  
interview today.

Some trigger in LINDA is hit. She goes backwards.

LINDA

Oh, I know. I am a major fuckup.

CHUCK

Several important details.

LINDA

I know. I apologize.

CAA

CHUCK looks sad and tired.

CHUCK  
You know I don't stand for  
that shit.

LINDA  
Oh. [beat] No sir.

CHUCK  
And I hate to treat you like a  
child, but if you act like a  
child...

JUMP CUT TO:

FAST PUSH IN ON CHUCK

who is spanking LINDA, with her posh dress rolled up over  
her hips, spanking and spanking and spanking, as we PUSH  
IN on CHUCK's face...we see the face of a weary, lonely man who  
is very tired of his job.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The grooviest of Hollywood parties in Malibu, California. In one corner,  
BRIAN DEPALMA and JOHN MILIUS fight over the bean dip while JENNIFER  
SALT and MARGOT KIDDER do lines on a mirror. JAMES CAAN pretends to box  
a YOUNG BLACK KID while KRIS KRISTOFFERSON and STEVEN SPIELBERG argue  
over the soundtrack LP to "Station Six Sahara." CHUCK and LINDA are a  
little underdressed.

CHUCK  
Did you hear that "Throat" is  
outgrossing the new John Wayne  
picture? Honey, we're bigger  
than the Duke. Man, on that  
next one--"Throat Part Two"?  
I am gonna get PAID IN FULL,  
my darlin'.

LINDA  
Oh my God.

A man walks up to LINDA and CHUCK. But not any old man. THE ONE AND ONLY  
SAMMY DAVIS, JR. With his wife, ALTOVISE, silent by his side, like a  
mute butler in a horror movie.

SAMMY  
Hey man! You must be Chuck  
Traynor, man! Pleased ta  
meetcha!

CHUCK  
[coked out of his mind] Ohhhh  
yeeeeeeaaaaahh--Sammy! I got all  
your records.

SAMMY  
Ya don't say.

CHUCK

Yeah, shit. I got like. [beat]  
All that shit.

SAMMY

And you must be the *beautiful*  
Linda Lovelace.

LINDA

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Davis.

SAMMY

I come here bearing two greet-  
ings for you groovy people. One:  
Linda, I'm doin' a promo on a  
telethon for highway safety.  
Get people to buckle up so they  
don't crack up on the highways.  
You're smokin' hot right now and  
I'd love to have you come and  
do a spot.

LINDA squeals with joy.

LINDA

Oh Mr. Davis! I'd love to do it!  
Please can I do it, Chuck?

CHUCK

[sippin' on that fine Scotch]  
Fuckin' A right yer gonna do it.  
That's the road to the—

LINDA

[trying to shut up this layer of  
conversation] --brand name, right.  
Oh, Mr. Davis, I'd be so honored!

SAMMY

Number two, I'd like to invite  
you to the home of a very good  
friend of mine...Mr. Hugh Hefner.

He hands them two invites.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - NIGHT

The limos and the Bentleys roll up. The valet parkers are eyeball-  
scorching Bunnies.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The *luxe et volupte* of the Playboy Mansion. Top-shelf champagne and  
five-star cuisine. And many women, Bunnies and mere hangers-on, who  
represent the most beautiful element of that slightly boho, sort of  
Laurel Canyon, slightly coky/porno chic look of the period.

Chuckles all around as clompity-clomp high heel shoes are heard coming  
down a heavenly flight of stairs.

HEFNER FLUNKY

CAA

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you  
tonight's guest of honor, Miss  
Linda Lovelace.

CHUCK whispers in FLUNKY's ear.

HEFNER FLUNKY  
And her personal advisor, Chuck  
Traynor.

More whispering.

HEFNER FLUNKY  
Personal *manager*, Chuck Traynor!

Applause all around.

LINDA comes down the stairs and talks to stars she's never heard of. She  
basks in the spotlight. CHUCK is only semi-digging it: he's scoping the  
room for emotionally battered hot chicks.

Then, a sound is heard: the heraldic opening of Black Sabbath's "Spiral  
Architect."

And down a spiral staircase walks *The Man*, the Man of Men, in his grape-  
colored velvet bathrobe, chewing a pipe, tiny glass bottle of Pepsi in  
hand.

It's HEF. Surrounded by two white girls with frizzy Afros.

HEF  
Well! If that isn't a little  
Linda Lovelace I see before me!

LINDA  
Mr. Hefner!

HEF  
You know you've done a great thing  
for this business, Linda. And you  
too, uh-

HEFNER FLUNKY  
Chuck.

HEF  
Chuck, right! You brought some  
good nature and fun to the erotic  
film. You made it possible for  
Middle America to enjoy their  
sexuality again--and maybe try  
something new!

AMBITIOUS FEMALE EDITOR  
Y'know Hef, we get letters every  
week from people out there saying  
they tried deep throat for the  
first time--and they love it!

HEF  
Now isn't that terrific, Lind?

CAA

Doesn't that make you feel like  
you're actually doing a *service*?

CHUCK

Say Hef!

Now here's an oddity: for the first time in the movie, CHUCK is actually nervous, humble, and altogether *servile*.

CHUCK

I know ya got a lotta big ballers  
to greet at the Mansion here to-  
night, but I'd love to peel ya  
aside for ten seconds!

HEF

Shoot, Chuck.

CHUCK pulls HEFNER aside. And everyone is *stunned* at the chutzpah.  
Stunned that it worked!

THE PARTY - A WHILE LATER

LINDA is looking dazed and somewhat...embarrassed? BOBO, a beautiful,  
tall, curly-haired girl, 24, is talking LINDA's ear off.

BOBO

I like amyl a lot more than  
downs. 'Cause when I was a kid  
Mother Superior tole me I had a  
depressive personality. So I  
need that liftoff. It makes my  
clit so hard, it feels like a  
pretzel kind of, y'know?

Suddenly CHUCK is making three a crowd: he gets right in LINDA and  
BOBO's conversation. And he's wicked nervous.

CHUCK

Lind. Okay? Ya need to  
get yer ass out on the  
courtyard in *fifteen minutes*.  
Lind, you don't fuck this one  
up, y'know what we're gonna  
get? GRAY CARD. Y'know what  
that is?

BOBO

[nodding solicitously] Lifetime  
pass. Yeah, you want that, Lind.

LINDA

What are we doing?

CHUCK

Not important, just BE THERE,  
COURTYARD, FIFTEEN minutes.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Rich revelers with champagne flutes file up.

CAA

There is a bed outdoors with film lights trained upon it.

CHUCK walks up, hand on the back of LINDA's neck, and walks her to the bed.

CHUCK  
Just kinda kneel face down  
and get your tushy up to the  
crowd.

HEF enters to much hubbubbery.

HEF  
Ladies and gentlemen we have  
a really impressive night here  
tonight. We have the fantastic  
Miss Linda Lovelace with us  
tonight.

Applause.

HEF  
And according to her husband  
Chuck Traynor here...Linda has  
a predilection we haven't seen  
even in her exotic movies! So  
tonight you are gonna see a  
match between...Miss Deep Throat  
Herself...annnnnd...my own  
pride and joy...Fritz!!!

Enter TWO BUNNIES walking FRITZ, a German Shepherd on a leash.

FRITZ  
Woof.

All laugh, start buzzing about the once-in-a-lifetime event they're about to see. LINDA goes into shock.

BOBO, the girl from before, comes up with champagne flute in hand and whispers in LINDA's ear.

BOBO  
Hey Lind! Y'know, to make sure  
Fritz'll get up there...just  
stay real still. If ya wiggle  
around they get freaked out,  
ya gotta be still as a rock, 'kay?

LINDA looks up, dazed.

BOBO  
Good luck!

WIDE - FROM ABOVE

HEF is at the center, the master of ceremonies.

HEF

CAA

Here we go ladies and gentlemen,  
and may the best man--or rather  
woman--or perhaps *pooch*--win.

CLOSE - FRITZ

He is standing there, wagging his tail, tongue out.

FROM FRITZ'S POINT OF VIEW

LINDA, kneeling on the bed, her rump in the air.

LINDA  
Come on. Come on, baby!

LINDA waggles her rump.

LINDA  
You want it. You wanna get  
up there, baby!

FRITZ turns his head cockeyed.

LINDA  
You know you want that sweet  
coochie, Fritz! Get up!

LINDA waggles her rump some more.

LINDA  
*Come on, sweetheart!* Come on!  
Get up there!

WIDER

There is widespread disappointment and consternation among the partiers.

LINDA  
Come on! You know you want it!

FRITZ BARKS, really loud, then backs off four steps. Laughs all around.

LINDA LOOKS ALL AROUND AT THE LAUGHING FACES.

HEF steps in.

LINDA  
*Come on, baby--*

HEF  
All right. This was an experi-  
ment. Fritz had a little tummy  
cold all week, so this might  
not have been the best time.  
Another day, friends!

Lots of "Awww!" as people quickly file back to the prosciutto-and-champagne receiving line. CHUCK gets right in there quick.

CHUCK  
[more hurt than angry] Couldn't

CAA

even get *Fritz*. God *dammit*, Lind!

He stomps off. HEF helps LINDA up, puts her back together.

HEF

Hey, you gave it a good shot.  
You've got a lotta heart.

LINDA goes to go, but HEF stops her.

HEF

HEY. Linda. I just want you to  
know.

I don't in any way *blame* you for  
this.

OVERHEAD - PENTHOUSE BEDROOM SUITE

From above we see CHUCK making out with a naked ALTOVISE and SAMMY  
making out with a naked LINDA in a big circular swinger bed.

LINDA VOICEOVER

Looks like I was pretty far down  
and out with all these fancy  
people, doesn't it? But I got my  
revenge, the very next day.

CLOSE - LINDA BLOWING HARRY REEMS

We see the famous "money shot" from "Deep Throat" in which NURSE LINDA  
is going down on HARRY REEMS. Only, for our purposes, all the naughty  
bits are blacked out with a GIANT RED BOX on the screen.

Suddenly gongs are gonging and rockets are bursting midair as LINDA gets  
HARRY off.

WHIP-PAN AROUND TO -

SAMMY DAVIS' PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM

where SAMMY, ALTOVISE, CHUCK and LINDA are watching.

SAMMY

Man, that is some *crazy* shit,  
that deep throat! It blows my  
mind! I think about that shit  
*all the time!*

SAMMY wraps an arm around LINDA.

SAMMY

Say, Lind...I'd be interested  
in practicin' that deep throat  
myself.

LINDA

Oh. [shutting down] Well. I'd  
be happy to go down on ya, Sam.  
If it's all right with Altovise.



CAA

ALTOVISE, watching the film, disgustedly raises a hand and makes a "Tsssss!" noise.

SAMMY  
No, now see...I was thinkin' not  
so much a being the *throatee*...  
and more of being the *throater*.

Ya copy me?

The wheels are turning in LINDA's head.

LINDA  
Chuck would love that.

SAMMY  
Mmm.....really?

LINDA  
*Love it.*

SAMMY  
Cool! Let's get some music on.

SAMMY gets up. Puts on "The Candyman Can."

He comes over and kneels down at CHUCK's feet.

CHUCK  
Hey, what's up, Samuel. You  
gonna give me a shoeshine?

SAMMY takes that in, hatefully, for a second.

SAMMY  
No, Charles, I'm gonna do you  
one better.

SAMMY unzips CHUCK's fly. And buries his head in his lap. We see the top of his head doing deep-throat motions.

CHUCK looks in horror and humiliation to LINDA.

LINDA shrugs, as if to say, "Oh well!"

ALTOVISE goes back into her knitting.

The "Love Theme from Deep Throat" on the TV mixes with "The Candyman" as we go PUSHING IN ON CHUCK, over SAMMY'S BOBBING SHOULDERS, to reveal CHUCK's face. He is getting his cock sucked by an Afro-American male with ten million dollars more than he has.

INT. SCI-FI SET - DAY

LINDA stands next to a sort of ROBOT-SLASH-COMPUTER that looks as if it were made of old, chewed-on Legos. It has a little sine-wave where its voice should be that wiggles, like the opening titles of "The Outer Limits."

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Right around this time Chuck put

CAA

together a movie called "Deep Throat Part Two." Now with a title like that alone, you'd think it'd do some business, but it never got released. Why? 'Cause the screenwriter's name was Chuck Traynor.

The robot wiggles its "arms."

COMPUTER  
You-see-Linda. I-don't-want-to-be-a-computer. I-want-to-make-spaghetti. I-love-spaghetti.

CUT TO:

As in a ripped-up print, we move to a sequence a few beats later, where the COMPUTER is atop LINDA (still, for some reason, in her "Deep Throat I" nurse's uniform), fucking her.

COMPUTER  
Ohhhhhh. Ohhhhhh. I-like-spaghetti. Ohhhh. Ohhhhhh. Spaghetti-gooooood.

SMASH TO:

A POSTER

that reads **RONNY SUMMER IS MR. LAS VEGAS!**

The face on the poster belongs to a sixtyish homosexual wearing a black turtleneck and, for Christ's sake, *an ankh*. He is more overripe in his queerness than Jack Cassidy petting a cat in "The Eiger Sanction."

MORE POSTERS

Ronny Summer demonstrating moves from "West Side Story"! Ronny laughing--head thrown back!--with Vegas showgirls. Ronny Summer hanging out with Hal Prince and Stephen Sondheim. Ronny Summer laughing it up with Angela Lansbury and Elaine Stritch.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
This is the moment when the door started to open. [beat] The door *out*.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

In this Vegas hotel restaurant, LINDA and CHUCK have breakfast with the great RONNY SUMMER. RONNY focuses all of his attention on LINDA--kindly, patiently, warmly, gently.

RONNY  
What I'm saying is, "Linda in '76!" is gonna be a whole new Linda Lovelace. Not the scarlet woman we all know from the movies. A corn-fed, fresh-faced American girl--*which is what you are!* Now I know you can sing like an angel, and

CAA

I know you can dance too--  
better than the old shuffle-  
ball-flap.

LINDA giggles. She knows what this means. CHUCK doesn't. Ha ha.

RONNY

So we're gonna use that. We're  
gonna mold it. We're gonna  
make it so Ed Dweier and all the  
local critics are gonna come  
in here and say, "I never thought  
I'd say it, but that Linda Love-  
lace is gol-darn good."

As RONNY keeps talking, and LINDA keeps nodding, and CHUCK keeps  
scowling, we hear LINDA's voice.

LINDA VOICEOVER

That was one thing I loved--loved.

Well, two things. Ronny was kind  
of a homo type. So Chuck couldn't  
bribe him with my body.

And two, Ronny would never--never  
ever, under any circumstances--  
swear. He just couldn't stand ris-  
que language around him.

RONNY

[resuming] We're gonna try it out  
here, work out the kinks for a  
few months, then it's Broadway  
here we come, baby. I guarantee  
it! [Burgess Meredith voice] So  
whaddaya say, kiddo?

LINDA

[overjoyed] I'm in!

CHUCK picks up the tab, stands up out of frame.

CHUCK

We'll think about it.

INT. THE CHUCK AND LINDA PAD - DAY

Malibu. Glass walls overlooking the beach. CHUCK's designer's slightly  
white-trash version of the mod décor we saw at the first Hollywood  
party. Telltale crumbles of cocaine here and there.

LINDA VOICEOVER

Between the bath towels and the  
cocktail napkins and the advance  
we got for "Linda in '76!," me  
an' Chuck were livin'...not like  
porno folks, but real actual mo-  
vie stars.

CAA

CHUCK is out back flipping meat on the barbecue. LINDA is reading John Updike's "Couples."

CHUCK  
Guy's old as the hills. Plus,  
the man is a straight-up fag.

LINDA  
Chuck, he's in the choreogra-  
phy business! They're all a  
little...funny.

CHUCK  
Can't trust a fag, man. Seri-  
ously. You don't know what  
they're thinkin'. I mean, I  
know, he's all respected in  
his chosen profession and what-  
not. But I just don't trust it.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

RONNY sits at a table with LINDA. We go circling 360 degrees around the table as RONNY does his My Fair Lady routine on LINDA. In the background, out of focus, CHUCK has arms folded.

RONNY  
Try this. "Red leather, yellow  
leather, good blood, bad blood."

LINDA  
Red yella--leatha leatha-

RONNY  
No no. Listen to me. Watch how  
I form the syllables with my  
mouth. "Red...leather...yellow  
leather...good blood, bad blood."  
Now you try.

LINDA  
Red, leather, yellow, leather,  
good--good blood bad blood.

RONNY  
Very good. Now this: "Seventeen  
Sicilian stranglers went slipping  
slyly through St. Stephen's sepul-  
chre."

LINDA giggles.

LINDA  
I can't remember all that!

RONNY  
With me. "Seventeen..."

TOGETHER  
"...Sicilian stranglers...went  
slipping...slyly...through St.

Stephen's...sepulchre."

LINDA

Sepaker.

RONNY

Se-pul-chre. [beat] It means a tomb.

CHUCK

[out of focus] Uh, Linda? I'll be in the coffee shop when yer done with all this bullshit.

A loud clanging of the doors in the background. RONNY forces himself not to notice this.

RONNY

Again:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

RONNY sits with LINDA at a table, no CHUCK in sight.

LINDA VOICEOVER

The more Ronny put the focus on me, the less Chuck mattered to anybody. And he knew he couldn't mark me up or all the money for the show would be kaput.

RONNY

I've never had a girl like you. So incredibly...open. And real. It's really quite extraordinary. You're just a gem. Gem in the rough.

INT. MALIBU HOME - DAY

LINDA does stretching exercises while CHUCK is on the phone.

CHUCK

So why'd they turn the power off, John? [beat] I paid that shit six months in advance already. [sudden bug-out] WHY, WHY, I'll tell ya why, 'cause you're NOT DOIN' YOUR JOB, JOHN. [beat] 'Cause. [beat] I got a lotta THINGS to do here. [beat] THINGS. Like overseein' the show. [beat] Shit, man, I gotta have eyes in the backa my head?

ANOTHER PHONE LINE RINGS. LINDA picks up while CHUCK paces in the background, drinking a bodybuilder shake.

LINDA

Hel-LO? Oh! Ya don't say! Ya DON'T SAY!

CAA

Then something comes out of her: a long, fluted, a-hi-hi-ha laugh of the kind you might hear from Fay Wray or some other "delicate," "genteel" film beauty of the thirties. CHUCK picks up a barbell and starts bicepping himself.

LINDA  
Then we'll have to see about  
that then! [flirtatious] A-  
won't we? Eeehee! Eheeheeheha!

CHUCK  
Lind. [beat] LIND. [beat] We  
need corn beef 'n' cabbage.

LINDA  
[to CHUCK] Have Shelley do it.  
[on phone] Uh-huh. You like  
those other steps. Y'know, I  
do too, and I'll tell ya why-

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

LINDA and COMPANY stand in front of a BIG AMERICAN FLAG with LINDA's face on it--red red lips. Banners everywhere read "Linda in '76!"

CHUCK, either furiously enraged or coked out of his gourd, is pacing about pointlessly in the rehearsal room, which is choked with STAGE MANAGERS, CHOREOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANTS, BACKERS who wish they could smoke a cigar in here, and LOW-PAID FLUNKIES. Not to mention CHORUS--a team of extremely buff gay male dancers in red-white-and-blue costume.

RONNY  
Here we go, friends. From ze  
top. Monsieur Martine, ya wanna  
take it?

MARTINE, the Filipino music director, sits at the piano.

MARTINE  
A-five-six-seven-eight.

The dance begins. LINDA stands in the center, unveiling herself in a red-white-and-blue swimsuit.

CHORUS  
Linnnnnnnn-daaaaa!  
Linda in '76!  
She'll show ya how to get your  
kicks!  
She certainly will get in her  
licks!  
Vote LINDA IN '76!

No more Watergate and no more war!  
No more high prices when you go  
to the store!  
She'll give you what this  
great naaaation-  
Was MADE for!  
No more dirty tricks!

CAA

With Linda in '76!

The CHORUS stomps around LINDA, humming "Hum, hum, hum, hum," as if in a Battle Hymn of the Republic style.

LINDA  
Hel-lo everybody! I'm Linda  
Lovelace! And I'm so glad you  
all could COME tonight--oops!  
I swore I wouldn't say anything  
dirty.

RONNY  
Cut! Hold it.

RONNY steps up.

RONNY  
Remember, Lind, I said this be-  
fore. I SAID THIS FOUR TIMES  
ALREADY AT LEAST: start with your back turned  
and then turn out on "Hello  
everybody."

LINDA  
Okay you got it.  
CHUCK is pacing furiously at this point. He goes to light up a cigarette  
and then a LITTLE ASIAN ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER says no-no-no.

MARTINE  
Five-six-seven-eight.

CHORUS  
Linnnnnn-daaaaaaaaa!  
Linda in '76!  
She'll show you how to get  
your kicks!  
She certainly will get in  
her licks!  
Vote LINDA IN '76!

No more Watergate and no more  
war!  
No more high prices when you  
go to the store!  
She'll give you what this  
great naaation-  
Was MADE for!  
No more dirty tricks!  
With Linda in '76!

LINDA whips around.

LINDA  
Hello everybody! I'm Linda Love-  
lace! And I'm so glad you could  
all COME tonight--oops! I pro-  
missed I wouldn't say anything  
dirty! Well anyway! We got a  
heck of a show for ya tonight!  
We got-

CHUCK

Hold it HOLD IT! Stop the music!  
JUST CUT IT! I got some'm ta  
say here, people.

Everybody, in fear, stops.

CHUCK

Now lemme tell you somethin'. I  
been real patient up to now. Be-  
cause *this...*this right here...

He wraps a meaty arm around LINDA.

CHUCK

This is my discovery. This is my  
talent. This is my property. An'  
I been lettin' you folks make a  
horse's ass outta me for weeks  
now. An' I bit my tongue an' I  
had ENOUGH. One. I want all the  
future script changes to come  
through ME. Not Summers. Not you  
fellas in the pinstripe suits.  
Through CHUCK TRAYNOR, period.  
Or you ain't gettin' nothin'--  
nothin' at all--from Miss Linda  
Lovelace. Two. I want consul-  
tation. On the direction. On  
the choreography. On the god-  
dam spangly blue socks these  
tutti-fruttis up here got on  
their feet--

He grabs the ankle of one of the CHORUS MEMBERS, who clearly trembles in  
fright.

CHUCK

I mean, what the fuck is this  
supposeta be? I thought this  
show was supposeta appeal to  
MEN. Men who want a see a girl  
who sucks cock, greatest cock-  
sucker in fifty states. Am I  
right? This show ain't meant  
for some old queers in Malibu.  
It's meant for MEN who want to  
see a *fine* woman doin' what...  
a fine woman does to 'em. Be  
it cocksuckin', anal, front 'n'  
back--

A VERY BRAVE STAGE MANAGER'S ASSISTANT comes up to stop this party right  
now but CHUCK gets IN HIS FACE.

CHUCK

DON'T you think you gonna stop  
me, Mister, if you want this job.  
You want that job you better sit



CAA

your ass right down right quick.

ASSISTANT steps out of frame.

CHUCK

Now, folks, things is changin'  
right now, isn't that right Linda.  
I SAID ISN'T THAT RIGHT LINDA.

LINDA stares at her shoes. Then *walks clean away from CHUCK*, all the way to the back of the room, where, in time-honored star fashion, she holds her head in anguish as TWO TEENAGE PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS tend to her misery.

CHUCK

Look. Now ya got her all *scared*.  
I tell you what. I'm gonna take  
me five minutes an' cool off. An'  
if I come in here and things ain't  
real different--you, yeah YOU,  
Summers--lookit me! I'm not just  
comin' after you. I'm comin' after  
your nieces and nephews--

A gasp and words of horror ripple through the room.

CHUCK

--I'm comin' after your mom an'  
dad, and you guys, Mr. Wall Street,  
you think I won't do it ta you too?  
I'll blow your fuckin' house to  
kingdom come you think I won't.

BACKER #3 pipes up at last.

BACKER #3

Security! Get this fuckin' guy outta  
here!

CHUCK

I'll fuck your mama that's what it  
takes. YOU JUST TRY ME, FELLAS.

TWO BLACK SECURITY GUARDS ARE IN THE ROOM AND ON CHUCK'S SHOULDERS before he's finished his last sentence.

CHUCK

YOU FUCKIN' TRY ME, FELLAS. LINDA!  
I'LL EAT YOU SONS A BITCHES FOR  
LUNCH. THIS AIN'T OVER--

EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

CHUCK is hurled out on the street. He stands there for a second, getting his Marlboro Man on again.

After a moment, he walks to a pay phone.

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

CAA

PUSH IN FAST ON THE COUCH where LINDA is crying. RONNY SUMMERS has his arm around her. She's drinking a Dixie cup of water.

RONNY  
This is not gonna happen again.  
I promise.

LINDA  
Really?

RONNY  
Never, never again. We're gonna  
go to a whole different world.  
You're not gonna ever hafta look  
at this or hear it again.

SLOW MOTION: RONNY SUMMERS VERY TENDERLY KISSES LINDA ON THE FOREHEAD.

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

CHUCK rolling calls.

CHUCK  
Yup. Yeah Christie? Hey guess  
what it's ole Chuckie here. Hey  
listen I'm stuck out here on  
Beverly just westa LaBrea an'  
I tell ya what, I left my wallet  
in my other pants pocket. I  
need a pick-up. [beat] From  
YOU, Christie. [beat] Yeah, I'm  
out here like a hobo, now git  
it in gear, girl, I need ya out  
here! [beat] Gittin' yer goddam  
HAIR done? Well you can wait on  
that, I'm out here freezin' like  
a Eskimo! [beat] Wh. Hello. HELLO.

CHUCK SMASHES SMASHES SMASHES THE RECEIVER INTO THE PAY PHONE.

CHUCK  
God-damn cocksuckin'!

He puts in another handful of change.

CHUCK  
[changing tack] Hello? Mrs. Ludo-  
vico? Hey, Charles Traynor here.  
Good to meet you. I really enjoy-  
ed that, yes. Hey real quick: is  
your daughter around?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

LINDA lies with her head in RONNY's lap. For a long while. We look at her staring off.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
Friends: the day finally came.  
I'm not sure how. I'm not sure why.  
But the day came.

CAA

LINDA sits up. She kisses RONNY on the forehead. He closes his eyes with a smile. She walks out of his hotel room.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

LINDA walks through the hotel lobby.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - DAY

LINDA walks past the valet parkers and into the hydraulically controlled front door.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE LOBBY - DAY

LINDA walks up to the front desk.

DESK CLERK  
Good morning, Beverly Wilshire  
Hotel, how can I help you?

LINDA  
I'd like to check in.

DESK CLERK  
Your name?

PUSH IN ON LINDA's face.

LINDA  
Maria Rodriguez.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

LINDA is naked as a jaybird. But for the first time, not frightened, or ashamed, just herself. She steps into the bathtub and the water zooms up to her neck.

She takes a big giant purple glass swirly thing that looks like a Faberge egg and pours it into the tub. Instant bubbles!

Title card:

# **SIX DAYS LATER**

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA is going over lines in her script. There is "calm music" (i.e., Muzak) on the hi-fi in her fancy suite. The phone rings.

LINDA  
Hello?

CHUCK  
[on phone] Hey Linda it's me--  
hey don't--hey don't--don't  
hang up. 'Kay?

LINDA  
.....Okay.

CAA

CHUCK  
Awright. Now dig.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CHUCK in what looks like a very shabby, sub-Motel 6, kind of motel room.

CHUCK  
Dig it. [breath] Brodsky is gonna give us the money to finish the show. All of it. But he knows that Linda Lovelace Enterprises is half me and half you. And he don't *trust* you, Linda! He trusts me. I put the ole Chuck Traynor on him and he *trusts* me. But he knows this whole kettle a fish is only movin' forward if YOU and ME are together. Like a couple. Like a team. If not, it's kaput! Contract gets tore up! We got NOTHIN' honey! And we only got like twenty grand in the bank! And fifteen a that is goin' ta your boyfriend Summers to pay his directing fee! So, here's what I'm saying.

CLOSER ON CHUCK

CHUCK  
You gotta get back together with me. And I mean...purely for financial purposes. I mean, you don't wanna be husband and wife? Hey, I AM your husband. I never been nothin' but good to you and held your hand all the way to the top. But shit, you wanna sleep on the couch, you go for it. Whatever. Just so long's when Brodsky's around, ya make it seem like you and me's a coupla regular Ozzie and Harriets. But otherwise, shit, I don't care what you do. But we have GOT to be together, without us together there is NO CONTRACT and there is NO MONEY. Are you hearin' me? We got a MILLION got-damn dollars this thing plays in Vegas FOR SIX MONTHS. Now you wanna piss that shit all away 'cause you're cranky at me? That's a bunch a bullshit. You know it and I know it.

CAA

A pause in which we can hear CHUCK's nervous breathing.

INT. LINDA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA is seated, not crying, not hyperventilating, very calm.

LINDA

Okay. Now I've heard what you want. Let's talk about what I want.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHUCK

WHAT YOU WANT? Shit, what you SHOULD want, sister, is to be with the man that took you places! What you SHOULD want is to be with the man that PROVIDES for you, the one person outside all this Hollywood bullshit that actually KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.

'Cause I do know who you are.  
Do I not?

Silence.

CHUCK

You know that about me. Don't you. That I know what you want. I know what you SAY you want but I know what you really want and I am there to give it to you. I will always give it to you.

CHUCK's tone has changed. His voice has dropped down low.

CHUCK

You know that will never change between us. You know what you need. And what you crave. And you know nobody can give it to you like I can.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA

Chuck--I gotta go--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHUCK

YOU ARE NOT GONNA "GO," YOU ARE NOT "GOIN'" ANYWHERE TILL WE GOT THIS SHIT STRAIGHTENED OUT. Now I am your husband and you are my wife and that is how it's going to be, forever and ever. PERIOD. Or until I say I'm done with it.

CAA

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A long pause. LINDA thinks.

LINDA

No.

I got to go now.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FARTHER OFF

We are several paces *further back*. CHUCK shrinks within the frame.

CHUCK

Dammit--Linda--do not hang up on me! Awright? Now listen! We do NOT have to be husband and wife! Okay? We don't even hafta be goddam *friends*! We can be fuckin' bitterest enemies, but I need you to come in here, meet with Brodsky, tell him that we are still together, which is gonna trigger that money so we can finish the show so we can start the show so we can become fuckin' millionaires! You dig me? We need this, Linda!

STILL FARTHER OFF

CHUCK shrinks further within the frame.

CHUCK

I need this. Okay? I worked hard for you. HARD. And I'll be goddamned if I piss it all away because you and me got in a goddam husband-and-wife SPAT. That's ridiculous. Now all I'm saying is ten minutes. Ten minutes. Okay? We go over to Brodsky's office, I tell him, "Okay, we're gettin' the money on Monday," and you come in, all kissy-kissy, we do our thing, you walk outta there, YOU NEVER HAVE TO FUCKIN' SEE ME AGAIN. How's that? Once the money drops I swear to fuckin' Christ I will stay FIVE HUNDRED FEET away from wherever the fuck you are. Just don't let that money go away, girl. PLEASE. I'm beggin' you here. You wanna hear that? You wanna hear me beg? I'm beggin' you. Please. We're THIS CLOSE. Don't fuck it up. Don't do it. Please don't fuckin' wreck it like this, PLEASE. It'd be a fuckin' travesty. Now HONESTLY.

CAA

Whaddaya say?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An extremely long pause, then.

LINDA

You take care a yourself, Chuck.

Quietly, thoughtfully...LINDA hangs up the phone.

EXTREME WIDE - CHUCK'S MOTEL ROOM

CHUCK is alone, holding a phone with no one on the other end. Suddenly he looks small, and pale, and weak, and, strangely, quite old.

LINDA'S HOTEL ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

LINDA is crying her eyes out. It's as if the whole previous story of her life were pouring out of her. RONNY SUMMERS is holding her head, looking at her tenderly.

Finally, she breaks out of her sobbing to speak to RONNY.

LINDA

Do you...could you just...  
could you love me? [sobbing]  
Just for a little while?  
I just...I know, it's not  
your way but...could you...  
just, like, pretend? To love  
me? For a little while?

RONNY SUMMERS is overcome with emotion.

He pulls LINDA's mouth into his--and kisses her. As if devouring her.

EXT. CHEZ BEBERT - DAY

Outside this beautiful restaurant, right around the corner from Gertrude Stein's home in Paris, LINDA and RONNY and MANY OTHER GLOSSY BROADWAY PEOPLE sit with glasses of red wine, laughing about an old story.

LINDA VOICEOVER

It was...like a dream. The money  
came back, for a different show,  
with no Chuck Traynor attached.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

SUMMERS pulls the sheet off the bed. Inside is a blushing, naked LINDA. A fully clothed SUMMERS attacks a giggling LINDA, mashing his mouth into hers.

LINDA VOICEOVER

And Ronny and I...we had the most  
beautiful summer. It was almost like  
it had made up for everything that  
happened.

CAA

EXT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

RONNY PRESSES HIS MOUTH INTO LINDA'S. You can see a softness in her face, a giving-in, that is new.

LINDA VOICEOVER

And I know Ron was old and all,  
but he was passionate! I never  
had anybody love me like that.  
Never. It was...it just was like  
I was dreaming.

She pulls out of the kiss, looks into RONNY'S eyes. He touches her face, very delicately--reverently.

LINDA VOICEOVER

I had never felt love like that.  
Someone who loved *everything* about  
me. I just felt so warm and at peace.  
I was in so much joy right then.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

RONNY and LINDA'S apartment looks out on the Strip in Las Vegas. RONNY is getting done up in a tux while LINDA sips a chic, Linda Ronstadt-like rose and reads Cosmo.

LINDA

Hon. Can we go to that new steak  
place next to the Sands? 'S called  
--something like...Brazilian?

RONNY

It's called Hajijian. And no.  
Or yes. I dunno. Let's get this  
show on first.

LINDA

Hey, sweet. You think my Aunt Darlene could come see this? She lives in Missouri. It would mean so much to her to show her all the nice places we go to in Vegas.

RONNY

[brushing hair] Swell. Now we got old Aunt Darlene comin' in, gotta take her to the steakhouse too.

LINDA

Aw, it'd be nice. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I need a couple bucks--a little "advance" on next time's paycheck.

RONNY is in the bathroom, sneaking a teeny little line of blow.

RONNY

Oh, for the love of Pete. What is it this time?



LINDA

Oh, it's just my fur...I spilled ink on it...Charlie had some really fancy ink for the score, and he was—

RONNY rubs a touch more on his gums.

RONNY

I KNEW IT. I knew I'd get into this and I said you'd be different and here it is--the same, same, SAME goddam white-trash BULLSHIT I knew I was gettin' myself into!

LINDA

What...?

RONNY

Everybody told me, but I said, *Noooooooooo*, this one's gonna be *different somehow!* This one's gonna be a REAL PERSON!

LINDA

What...what are you TALKING about?

RONNY

What the FUCK do you think I'm doing here, Missy? What the fuck do you think you are to me? A fuckin' MONEY OPPORTUNITY. And what are ya doin'? Spending all my goddam money! I oughta have my fuckin' head examined! Plus I figured I was gettin' a hot piece a ass into the bargain, an' I gotta tell ya, I ain't so impressed in that department either!

LINDA

Why are you talking to me like this?

RONNY

I SEE HOW YOU LOOK AT ME. You see me, you see an *ooooooooold* man, old man, right? Well, how 'bout this? I'll show ya how fuckin' old I am.

RONNY SMACKS LINDA OFF THE SOFA ONTO THE FLOOR.

RONNY

GET UP! COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW OLD YOUR FUCKIN' OLD MAN IS!

LINDA starts backing up. She has a little stream of blood coming out of her left nostril.

RONNY

Things are changin' around here  
from NOW ON. I've had it with  
this bullshit! It's gonna be  
"Yes sir, Mr. Summers" and "No,  
Mr. Summers" and things are gonna  
be THE WAY I WANT 'EM TO BE!

RONNY picks up an expensive bibelot off the coffee table and aims it  
like a baseball.

RONNY

Starting right now. Things are  
gonna be JUST like I like it.  
Take that fuckin' dress off.

LINDA

Wh...?

RONNY

TAKE IT OFF! Take that fuckin'  
dress off and CRAWL over here,  
on your FUCKING KNEES!

LINDA

Wh----I-----wh-----

Suddenly, LINDA goes berserk.

SHE PUSHES RONNY OVER THE COFFEE TABLE, which SHATTERS, onto the floor.

She gets over him and starts wailing and POUNDING ON HIM.

LINDA

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK I  
AM? HUH? YOU TELL ME. YOU TELL  
ME THAT. WHO THE FUCK DO YOU  
THINK THAT YOU ARE TO TALK TO  
ME LIKE THAT? WHO ARE YOU?  
YOU'RE NOTHING! YOU'RE NOBODY.  
LOOK ME IN THE FACE! WHO THE  
FUCK DO YOU THINK I AM?

RONNY is stunned, bloody, helpless, looks like a senile old man or a  
frightened baby. LINDA picks the receiver up from the phone.

LINDA

ANSWER ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU!  
WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK I AM?

RONNY

I--nn--nn--no--no----

LINDA IS POUNDING RONNY'S FACE WITH THE RECEIVER--

LINDA

ANSWER ME! WHO AM I! WHO THE  
FUCK DO YOU THINK I AM! WHO!  
THE FUCK! DO YOU THINK! I AM!

CAA

With a deafeningly loud *bzzzzzzzz*, LINDA leaves the receiver on the floor. SUMMERS is battered and near unconscious. She stands up.

She starts hyperventilating.

LINDA  
Huhhhhhh...oh my God...oh my  
God...

SHE RACES TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR.

LINDA  
Ohhhhhhhh...what's happening?  
What's happening to me?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

FAST FAST FAST PUSH DOWN THE HALLWAY as LINDA RUNS TOWARD US,  
hyperventilating, crying, panicky-

She stops at one of the doors and POUNDS AND POUNDS AND POUNDS ON IT.

LINDA  
Excuse me-excuse me-can you  
help me-

It is a tiny, terrified MEXICAN MAID. She slams the door shut.

LINDA  
PLEASE CAN YOU HELP ME.

LINDA runs further down the hallway. Pounds on another door.

LINDA  
HELP! HELP ME!

The door opens. LINDA is bloody, wild-eyed, hyperventilating.

LINDA  
Please please please please  
can you help me can you help  
me?

The MIDWESTERN COUPLE inside start crying and shut the door FAST.

LINDA runs down the hallway...

LINDA  
Help me...please help me...

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

LINDA wanders through the lobby of the Beverly Wilshire, bloody-faced,  
hyperventilating, "hysterical"...

LINDA  
Help me...can you help me  
please...

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

CAA

...and onto the street, where she goes stumbling...

LINDA  
He'p me...he'p me...please  
help me...

Suddenly a shriek:

LINDA  
PLEASE HELP ME!

A CAR SCREECHES AS IT ALMOST RUNS HER OVER. Arms out, LINDA goes up onto the hood. It stops and SMASH CUT TO -

TITLE CARD:

DECEMBER 15, 1980  
9:43 pm

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Behind LINDA is a series of posters reading "Inferno: The Linda Lovelace Story." Pictures of an anguished, soulful LINDA.

At the podium, LINDA has glasses, is dressed in a frumpy manner, and looks much older than four years later.

LINDA  
And so I must say that I get up in the morning and I say *Thank God that we have a President Reagan gettin' sworn into office.* Because I've met with his people and I know that they know pornography is as evil and hurtful as I know it is. We need to put a stop to this industry at the beginning of the eighties...so by the time this millennium ends, pornography will be like a bad dream we barely remember.

I escaped my inferno for one reason and one reason only-- because of my love of Jesus Christ My Lord and Personal Saviour.

Who's that guy laughing in one of the back rows?

LINDA  
He is my best friend...maybe the only true friend I ever had. I hope He can be your best friend too. Thank you.

A scattering of applause. Some hands are raised.

LINDA

Yes, you.

COLLEGE FEMINIST

Linda, I read your book. And I just wonder: do you realize that in telling the story in the way you do, you're going to do nothing but excite the Chuck Traynors of the world? Do you understand that they view your story as pornography?

A scattering of "Yeah!" and "That's right!"

SEXY DECONSTRUCTIONIST

I have to just add one thing too: don't you view yourself--as a character in the book "Inferno"--as always already co-signing and enabling everything Chuck ever did to you? I mean, are you so naïve as to think that there's such a think as genuine innocence?

RADICAL SEPARATIST

That's very true. I also have to ask you: do you think Chuck Traynor--or Ronny Summers, or whoever else hurt you and victimized you--do you think they're really so different from any other men? Don't you think your story, rather than being scary and bizarre, is really the story of how men are?

LINDA is trapped.

LINDA

I...

You know, people come up to me some times at these things and they use big words that I don't know. And I don't know how to answer their questions. And I'm sorry for that, I am. I should've learned and I should've studied and that's my fault. But all I can say is this.

My grammaw told me one basic thing when I was a girl and that's never lie. And I promise you, I promise all the people in America, I have never lied to you. And I never would tell a lie.

And everything I've told you is true.

And...

CAA

And I don't know what else to say  
about that.

LINDA and her PUBLISHER look out at the crowd. They're not buying it.  
Or, maybe, not getting it.

Awkwardly, with a squeak of the microphone, LINDA gets down from the  
podium. And leaves.

Suddenly the speakers of the theatre are filled with the tender sound of  
ERIK SATIE'S "GYMNOPIEDIE #2." An end-of-life music, a song of rest and  
peace and accounts settled and grudges let go. And an inner fulfillment.

MONTAGE - LINDA 1980

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A heavier, still curly-haired, glasses-wearing LINDA pushes a cart.  
There are small children in it. It doesn't look like a nice supermarket.  
LINDA blends into the masses of moms with carts.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I left the business and I didn't  
look back. I didn't have a pot to  
piss in and I still don't. But I'll  
tell you, I feel a lot of peace.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Track along hallway down to an open office door. Inside, LINDA pours a  
garbage can into a bigger garbage can on wheels.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I've had to do a lot of things I  
didn't like to do. And it's hard  
sometimes to remember the good  
times and the money and the people  
I met. But I'm proud to be where I  
am.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDA stands outside her house, looking at HER KIDS and the NEIGHBOR  
KIDS running on the yard. In a moment, her husband, ED, comes out and  
puts an arm around her. He's a doughy fellow with a handlebar moustache  
and coke-bottle glasses. It's clear he loves her very much.

LINDA VOICEOVER  
I met my man Edward at a local bar  
and we became good friends. That's  
how I think of us, good friends.  
And he takes care of me now.

INT. BED - NIGHT

LINDA turns out the light. ED is already asleep. We are very close to  
her face. She is still awake.

LINDA VOICEOVER

CAA

Oh, and I forgot one thing: I did see Chuck, just one more time, right before I got out of the business.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LINDA is entering a posh Vegas restaurant with SOLOMON, a rich banker dude with gray hair, though a youngish face. They are moving toward their table.

CHUCK

...Linda?

LINDA stops. She puts a hand on SOLOMON's arm.

LINDA

Chuck.

CHUCK

Hey! How ya doin' girl!

LINDA

All right. This is Mr. Solomon.

SOLOMON

Hello.

CHUCK

Hey! I'd like you to meet my good friend...Marilyn Chambers!

MARILYN, a sunny, nurse-like blonde, smiles, puts down her champagne flute.

MARILYN

Hello!

CHUCK

You may've seen Marilyn in that movie "Beyond the Green Door," she was *dynamite*! We're in town 'cause we got some deals takin' off. So how you doin'? You look all right!

LINDA

I'm good. We're just...gonna have some supper-

CHUCK

Well, don't let me bother yall none, you enjoy your dinner, the shrimp scampi is terrific! Great to meet ya, sir, and Linda, take care!

CHUCK and LINDA have one last look at each other. If these two other people weren't here, they might say more.

CAA

LINDA

Okay. B'bye.

LINDA and SOLOMON walk away.

As they walk, LINDA notices CHUCK unconsciously *putting his hand around MARILYN'S neck*--in the same possessive gesture he always used with her.

INT. BED - NIGHT

LINDA, awake, looking out.

LINDA VOICEOVER

But that's all behind me now.  
I just feel glad that my  
friendship with Christ is so  
strong, I know he is what got  
me out of my bondage. And I  
have trouble sleeping some  
nights, but then I close my  
eyes...

She does.

LINDA VOICEOVER

...and I think about my beautiful children, and I think of them playing...and laughing... and I feel my husband's hands all curled around me...and making me feel all warm and safe ...and I look outside my window ...and the stars are shinin' bright...

We pan up to a supernally bright, starry night sky.

LINDA VOICEOVER

...and I think I'm safe now, I'm safe at last, an' nothin' is bad, an' everythin' is good as far as I can look.

Printed on the stars are title cards:

**Chuck Traynor went on to become a small businessman until his death of a heart attack in 2001.**

**Linda worked odd jobs in Denver, Colorado. She got into an accident in her sport utility vehicle on April 3, 2002, sustaining severe injuries.**

**Her husband took her off life support on April 22, 2002.**

The sound of Satie's "Gymnopedie #2" takes us into the end credits.



