

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS

-- 3RD DRAFT --

SCREENPLAY BY ALEX COX & TOD DAVIES

BASED ON THE BOOK BY HUNTER S. THOMPSON

BLACK SCREEN

Roll Credits.

Title: "HE WHO MAKES A BEAST OF  
HIMSELF GETS RID OF THE  
PAIN OF BEING A MAN."

-- DR. JOHNSON

The VOICE OF RAOUL DUKE is heard.

DUKE VOICEOVER  
We were somewhere around Barstow  
on the edge of the desert when the  
drugs began to take hold.

WHOOSH. The BLACK SCREEN gets wiped away by the WHITE  
DESERT and the RED CHEVY CONVERTIBLE that races down the  
highway at a hundred miles an hour....

Leaving behind it nothing but the DESERT.

ON THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS EXT DAY

Following the RED CONVERTIBLE.  
The convertible, top down, plows forward manically like a  
RED SHARK slicing through bloody water.

AT THE WHEEL

RAOUL DUKE, a.k.a. HUNTER S. THOMPSON, skeletal, bald,  
sunglassed, beer in hand.

Beside him, turning the music up, up, UP, DR. GONZO (real  
name withheld)--swarthy, stocky, firebreathing bull. He  
wears ONE BLACK GLOVE.

DUKE V/O  
I remember saying something like:  
"I feel a bit lightheaded. Maybe  
you should drive..."

But in the car, nothing is said. DUKE stares straight  
ahead.

Oblivious to the bloody NICKS this procedure has left  
behind.

DUKE V/O  
Suddenly there was a terrible roar  
all around us and the sky was full of  
what looked like huge bats, all swooping  
and screeching and diving around the car.  
And my voice screaming: "Holy Jesus!  
What are these goddamn animals?"

DUKE continues to look steadily ahead.  
DR. GONZO looks lazily at him.

DR. GONZO  
Did you say something?

DUKE shakes his head, pulls over with a screech to the side  
of the road.

DUKE V/O  
No point mentioning those bats, I  
thought. The poor bastard will see  
them soon enough.

He gets out of the car, goes to the trunk, OPENS it.

IN THE TRUNK -- a heavy drug and drink inventory.  
Like a mobile police narcotics lab.

DUKE surveys the cache.

DUKE V/O  
We had two bags of grass, seventy-five  
pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high  
powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half

full of cocaine, a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers....Also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.

He scrambles a new selection into a kit bag, grabs another six-pack of beer, and slams the trunk shut.

DUKE V/O

Not that we needed all that for the trip, but once you get locked into a serious drug collection, the tendency is to push it as far as you can.

DUKE gets into the car and takes off down the road.

AS THE RED SHARK DISAPPEARS INTO THE DISTANCE --

DUKE V/O

The only thing that really worried me was the ether. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible and depraved than a man in the depths of an ether binge. And I knew we'd get into that rotten stuff pretty soon. Probably at the next gas station.

IN THE RED SHARK

DUKE continues his straightahead drive.  
The RADIO NEWS wars with MUSIC from a TAPE RECORDER in the front seat.

RADIO NEWS

A House Subcommittee report says illegal drugs killed 160 American GI's last year-

40 of them in Vietnam...Drugs were suspected, it said, in another 56 military deaths in Asia..."Drug suppression in Vietnam is almost completely ineffective," the report said, "partially because some presently unknown corrupt officials in public office are involved..."

DR. GONZO turns the MUSIC up, drowning out the news.  
He washes a couple of pills back with a new beer.

DR. GONZO

Man, this is the way to travel.

DUKE

Wait till you see those goddamn bats.

UP AHEAD - AT THE SIDE OF THE DESERTED ROAD

A LONE HITCHHIKER spots them, jumps up and down to get their attention.

DR. GONZO

Let's give this boy a lift.

DUKE

We can't stop here! This is bat country!

DR. GONZO grabs the steering wheel. The car swerves to the shoulder.

DR. GONZO

As your attorney, I advise you to act normal.

THE RED SHARK SCREECHES TO A GRAVEL SPEWING HALT. The HITCHHIKER, delighted by his luck, races to the car. A poor Okie kid with a big grin.

HITCHHIKER

Hot damn! I never rode in a convertible before!

And he STOPS DEAD. DUKE and DR. GONZO look out at him with HYPER NORMAL FIXED SMILES.

DUKE

Is that right? Well, I guess you're about ready, eh?

Somewhat reassured, the HITCHHIKER scrambles into the back seat. DR. GONZO turns with a strange expression.

DR. GONZO

We're your friends. We're not like the others.

DUKE

(sharply)

No more of that talk, or I'll put the leeches on you.

DR. GONZO

Did you know that this same lonely desert was the last known home of the Manson family?

The HITCHHIKER considers getting out. Too late. The RED SHARK roars off down the road.

#### DOWN THE ROAD

The HITCHHIKER sweats bullets. DR. GONZO sings along to the tape player. DUKE, also sweating bullets, keeps staring at the HITCHHIKER in the rearview mirror.

The HITCHHIKER meets his gaze with a weak smile.

DR. GONZO

(reassuringly)

It's okay. He's admiring the shape of your skull.

DUKE

(roaring over the road noise)

THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD PROBABLY  
UNDERSTAND --

The HITCHHIKER stares at him, not blinking, gritting his teeth.

DUKE  
(yells)  
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

The HITCHHIKER nods.

DUKE keeps turning around to talk. Dangerous at that speed.

DUKE  
That's good. Because I want you to know that we're on our way to Las Vegas to find the American Dream. That's why we rented this car. Can you grasp that?  
(HITCHHIKER nods again)  
I want you to have all the background.  
(to DR. GONZO)  
Here, you drive.

Still babbling intently at the mesmerized HITCHHIKER, DUKE trades his foot for DR. GONZO's on the accelerator, and climbs over him. DR. GONZO slides into the driver's seat. DUKE can now focus on the HITCHHIKER.

DUKE  
This is a very ominous assignment-- with overtones of extreme personal danger.

The HITCHHIKER stares at him, terrified.

DUKE  
Now, I don't want you to be afraid. I'm a Doctor of Journalism, goddamnit!  
(WHACKS the BACK OF THE DRIVER'S SEAT with his fist)  
This is important, goddamnit! This is a true story!

The CAR swerves sickeningly, then straightens out.

DR. GONZO  
(screams)  
Keep your hands off my fucking neck!

The HITCHHIKER looks as if he's decided to take his chances jumping. But DUKE grabs him and drags him back down.

DUKE  
I want you to understand that this man at the wheel is my attorney! He's not just some dingbat I found on the Strip. Shit, look at him! He doesn't look like you or me, right? That's because he's a foreigner. I think he's probably Samoan. But it doesn't matter, does it? Are you prejudiced?

HITCHHIKER

Hell, no!

DUKE

I didn't think so. Because in spite of his race, this man is extremely valuable to me --

He waves his hand, meaning to slap DR. GONZO on the thigh, but hits a SIX PACK instead.

DUKE

Hell, I forgot all about this beer. You want one?

(HITCHHIKER shakes his head)

How about some ether?

HITCHHIKER

What?

DUKE

Never mind. Let's get right to the heart of this thing. You see, about twenty-four hours ago we were sitting in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel --

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, 1971 EXT DAY

A calm, beautiful, pastel Los Angeles day. PALM TREES wave dreamily.

DUKE V/O

-- in the patio section, of course. Under a palm tree.

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL POLO LOUNGE INT DAY

A uniformed DWARF, carrying a PHONE ON A TRAY, makes his way through the glitteringly well-heeled POLO LOUNGE CROWD. ACTRESSES with long straight hair and hot pants. Affluent ROCK PROMOTERS with long fluffy hair and beads.

A PIANIST plays a mild version of "PUFF. THE MAGIC DRAGON."

DUKE V/O

...hiding from the brutish realities of this foul year of Our Lord, 1971.

ON THE PATIO can be seen DUKE and DR. GONZO, the latter clad in white rayon bell bottoms and a khaki undershirt, the former in a frayed Acapulco shirt, levis, dirty white sneakers, and shades. The table is littered with glasses and overflowing ashtrays.

Both of them are so drunk, they can hardly speak.

A uniformed DWARF approaches, bearing a pink TELEPHONE on a silver tray

DWARF

This must be the call you've been waiting for all this time, sir.

DUKE takes the PHONE, listens. He hangs up. Turns to face DR. GONZO.

DUKE

That was headquarters. They want me to go to Las Vegas at once and make contact with a Portuguese photographer named Lacerda. He'll have the details.

DR. GONZO

What kind of story is this?

DUKE

The Mint 400. It's the richest off-the-road race for motorcycles in the history of organised sport--a fantastic spectacle in honor of some fatback grossero named Del Webb who owns the luxurious Mint Hotel in the heart of downtown Las Vegas. All I have to do is check into my soundproof suite...

DR. GONZO

Suite?

DUKE nods.

DR. GONZO

God hell! I think I see the pattern!

DR. GONZO stands up, turns around twice in his excitement, tucks his undershirt into his pants, and POUNDS the table so hard that glasses fly everywhere.

DR. GONZO

This one sounds like real trouble! You're going to need plenty of legal advice before this thing is over. And my first advice is that you should rent a very fast car with no top and get the hell out of L.A. for at least forty-eight hours.

DUKE rises. They head for the lobby.

DR. GONZO

This blows my weekend, because naturally I'll have to go with you--and we'll have to arm ourselves.

DUKE

(nods thoughtfully)

Why not? If a thing like this is worth doing at all. it's worth doing right. This is the American Dream in action! We'd be fools not to ride this strange torpedo all the way out to the end.

DR. GONZO

Indeed. We must do it.

They march out.

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL EXT DAY

DUKE and DR. GONZO hurry out the door.

DUKE  
The first thing we need is drugs, and  
a super-sensitive tape recorder.  
And some Acapulco shirts.

DR. GONZO  
As your attorney I advise you to buy a  
motorcycle. How else can you cover a  
thing like this righteously?

DUKE  
We gotta get hold of a Vincent Black  
Shadow.

DR. GONZO  
What's that?

DUKE  
Fantastic bike. Two thousand cubic  
inches. 200 brake-horsepower at 4,000  
r.p.m. on a magnesium frame, with  
styrofoam seats and a total curb weight  
of 200 lbs.

The CAR VALET drives up DUKE's old PINTO - brown paint job,  
rusted-out, smashed door panels. The exact opposite of the  
VINCENT BLACK SHADOW.

DR. GONZO  
You better call New York for some cash.

They get in and take off, muffler dragging on the ground.

POLYNESIAN BAR EXT DAY

The PINTO parked haphazardly outside, a BUNCH OF BRIGHTLY  
COLORED SHIRTS hanging in the rear window. An ORGY OF  
CONSUMPTION has been unleashed.

DUKE V/O  
Getting hold of the drugs and shirts  
had been no problem, but the car and  
tape recorder were not easy things to  
round up at 6:30 on a Friday afternoon  
in Hollywood.

POLYNESIAN BAR INT DAY

DR. GONZO yells into a PAYPHONE in a darkly lit corner.

DUKE carries over four Singapore Slings. He tosses the  
ornamental parasols into the pot of a plastic rubber plant.



They join many other parasols there.

DR. GONZO

(hand over the PHONE)

Seventeen calls, but I finally located a car with adequate horsepower and the proper coloring.

(into PHONE)

Hang onto it. We'll be there in thirty minutes.

(shouts)

What? OF COURSE the gentleman has a major credit card! Do you realize who the fuck you're talking to?

DUKE

(hands him a drink)

Don't take any guff from these swine.

(GONZO slams the PHONE down)

Now we need a sound store with the finest equipment. Nothing dinky. One of those new Belgian Heliowatts with a voice-activated shotgun mike, for picking up conversations in oncoming cars.

GONZO nods curtly and goes back to working the phone.

POLYNESIAN BAR EXT DAY

DUKE and DR. GONZO emerge from the bar, carrying drinks. They drive away

DUKE V/O

We made several more calls and finally located our equipment in a store about five miles away. It was closed, but the salesman said he would wait, if we hurried...

SUNSET BOULEVARD EXT DAY

TRAFFIC JAM. The PINTO caught in it. DUKE honks the horn as an AMBULANCE lumbers past.

DUKE V/O

But we were delayed en route when a Stingray in front of us killed a pedestrian.

DUKE leans on the horn.

SOUND STORE EXT DUSK

A "CLOSED" sign up. DUKE pounds on the door. DR. GONZO's face is pressed to the window glass.

DUKE V/O

The store was closed by the time we got there. There were people inside.

but they refused to come to the double-glass door until we gave it a few belts and made ourselves clear.

Things turn ugly. TWO SALESMEN holding TIRE IRONS come to the door. A negotiation goes on through the mail slot.

DUKE V/O

Finally, we managed to negotiate a sale.

The SALESMEN open the door just wide enough to shove the SQUAD EQUIPMENT out, and write down the credit card number as DUKE holds the card against the glass.

SALESMAN

(through the slot)

Now take that stuff and get the hell away from here!

DR. GONZO

(shaking his fist)

We'll be back. One of these days I'll toss a fucking bomb into this place! I have your name on this sales slip! I'll find out where you live and burn your house down!

(mutters)

That'll give him something to think about.

DUKE tosses the equipment in the PINTO, and they drive away.

DUKE V/O

We had trouble, again, at the car rental agency.

[PAGE 12 MISSING FROM THE SCREENPLAY]

RUNDOWN BEACH HOUSE      EXT      NIGHT

DUKE and GONZO ferry drugs into the RED SHARK.

DUKE V/O

We spent the rest of that night  
rounding up materials and packing  
the car.

They disappear. The RED SHARK glitters in the moonlight.  
In the distance, the SOUND of someone SHOUTING as they JUMP  
INTO THE SURF.

DUKE V/O

Then we ate some mescaline and went  
swimming in the ocean. Somewhere around  
dawn we had breakfast in a Malibu coffee  
shop --

PASADENA FREEWAY EXT DAY

The RED SHARK drives east.

DUKE V/O

-- then drove very carefully across  
town and plunged onto the smog-shrouded  
Pasadena Freeway, heading East.

DESERT ROAD EXT DAY

The HITCHHIKER stares, glassy-eyed, at DUKE.

DUKE

Do you understand?

(HITCHHIKER nods)

I know what you're thinking. You're  
thinking: "Old elephants limp off to  
the hills to die: old Americans go out  
to the highway and drive themselves to  
death with huge cars."

HITCHHIKER

No, no --

DUKE

(earnestly)

But our trip is different. It is a  
classic affirmation of everything right  
and true in the national character.  
It is a gross, physical salute to the  
fantastic possibilities of life in this  
country. But only for those with true  
grit. And we're chock full of that.

DR. GONZO

Damn straight.

DUKE

My attorney understands this, despite  
his racial handicap. But you --

The CAR veers off the road and screeches to a halt. DR.  
GONZO clutches his heart.

DR. GONZO

My heart! Where's the medicine?

DUKE reaches in the kit bag, pulls out FOUR AMYL CAPSULES.  
Each man breaks two under his nose.

DR. GONZO  
Turn up the fucking music!  
My heart feels like an alligator!  
Volume! Clarity! Bass!

He flails his arms. DUKE turns up the radio and tape  
machine full bore, cackling wildly.

DUKE  
What the fuck are we doing out here in  
the desert when we both have bad hearts?

Both COLLAPSE LAUGHING. The HITCHHIKER starts scrambling  
out, over the trunk lid. DR. GONZO hunches around to face  
him. The HITCHHIKER freezes.

DR. GONZO  
The truth is. we're going to Vegas  
to croak a scag baron named Savage  
Henry. I've known him for years, but  
he ripped us off--you know what that  
means, right?

The HITCHHIKER is speechless. DR. GONZO snarls.

DR. GONZO  
Savage Henry has cashed in his check!  
We're going to rip his lungs out!

DUKE  
And eat them! The bastard won't  
get away with this! What's going on  
in this country when a... sandbagging...  
scumsucker... doctors of journalism...

Blood rushes to DUKE's head. DR. GONZO cracks another amyl  
under his nose. The HITCHHIKER's feet hit the asphalt and he  
starts running back towards Baker.

HITCHHIKER  
Thanks for the ride! Thanks a  
lot! I like you guys! Don't  
worry about me!

DUKE  
(yells)  
Wait a minute! Come back and  
have a beer!

DUKE leans back against the seat, breathing hard.

DUKE  
I'm worried about that boy.

DR. GONZO  
Good riddance. We had a real freak  
on our hands. Did you see his eyes?

DUKE opens the door and reels around to the driver's side.

DR GONZO opens a fresh bottle of tequila.

DUKE

Move over. We have to get out of California before that kid finds a cop.

DR. GONZO

Let's turn around and drive back to the Polo Lounge. They'll never look for us there.

DUKE stomps on the accelerator.

DUKE

It's absolutely imperative that we get to the Mint Hotel before the deadline for press registration. Otherwise we might have to pay for our suite.

GONZO hands a WHITE BLOTTER to DUKE.

As the RED SHARK disappears into the desert --

DR. GONZO'S VOICE

Your half of the acid. Chew it up like baseball gum. We have thirty minutes before we turn into wild animals. As your attorney, I advise you to drive at top speed.

The SHARK vanishes into a heat haze. Leaving nothing but the desert and the distant figure of the HITCHHIKER, still running, behind.

BLACK SCREEN

DUKE'S VOICE

Pay no attention to this swine. Actually, we're both Doctors of Journalism, and we're here in Las Vegas to cover the main story of our generation.

LAS VEGAS MINT HOTEL      EXT      DAY

DUKE, sweating profusely, holding his beer, hands over the RED SHARK to a PARKING ATTENDANT.

DR. GONZO, behind him, paws frantically through the luggage luggage on the sidewalk, looking for his .357 MAGNUM.

DR. GONZO

Let's forget this bullshit about the American Dream. The important thing's the Great Samoan Dream.

DUKE stares fixedly at the TICKET the ATTENDANT gives him.

DUKE

I need this, right?

ATTENDANT

It's okay. I'll remember your face.

DR. GONZO finds the MAGNUM, sags with relief, pockets it.  
The TWO MEN march toward the HOTEL LOBBY.

DUKE

Get the story. Never lose sight of  
the primary responsibility.

DR. GONZO

What is the story?

DUKE looks at him blankly as they ENTER THE HOTEL.

DUKE V/O

Nobody had bothered to say. We  
would have to drum it up on our own.  
Horatio Alger on drugs. Pure Gonzo  
journalism.

MINT HOTEL LOBBY INT DAY

DUKE and GONZO walk to the registration line, past an array  
of CONSUMER GOODS - including several mannequins, one of  
which is dressed in a blue blazer, captain's hat with gold  
braid, tan pants and silk scarf.

DR. GONZO

(manically)

First thing -- immediately -- room  
service. We need four club sandwiches,  
four shrimp cocktails, a quart of rum.  
nine grapefruit. Vitamin C.  
WE'LL NEED ALL WE CAN GET.

EVERYONE IN LINE TURNS AND STARES AT THEM.

DUKE

Let me handle this.  
(mutters to himself as they  
push to the front of the line)  
Be quiet, be calm... name, rank, and  
press affiliation, nothing else...  
ignore this terrible drug, pretend  
it's not happening...

And he comes face to face with the STONY-FACED WOMAN  
RESERVATIONS CLERK. As he stares at her, babbling, her FACE  
BEGINS TO MORPH. Shimmers around the edges. Goes rubbery.

DUKE

Hi there. My name... ah, Raoul Duke...  
on...on that list, that's for sure.  
Free lunch, final wisdom, total  
coverage... why not? I have my  
attorney with me, and I realize of  
course that his name is not on the  
list, but we must have that suite.  
Yes. Just check the list and  
you'll see. Don't worry. What's the

score here?

RESERVATIONS CLERK

(face MORPHING back to normal;  
she holds out an ENVELOPE)  
Your suite's not ready yet. But  
there's somebody looking for you.

DUKE

(shouts)

No! Why? We haven't done anything yet!

At this, the RESERVATIONS CLERK MORPHS into the green jowls  
and fangs of a MORAY EEL... DUKE screams, lunges back at DR.  
GONZO, who reaches out and takes the ENVELOPE.

DR. GONZO

I'll handle this. This man has  
a bad heart, but I have plenty of  
medicine. My name is Dr. Gonzo,  
Prepare our suite at once.  
We'll be in the bar.

They stagger across an insanely crowded lobby toward the  
BAR. No one pays any attention to them.

MINT HOTEL BAR INT DAY

They enter the BAR. decorated with a NAUTICAL THEME.

DUKE

(muttering)

There's so much blood on this floor,  
we're going to have to order golf shoes  
just to walk.

They sit at TWO BAR STOOLS at the edge of the lobby. DUKE  
holds onto the decorative fish netting to keep his balance.

His POV -- the MINT 400 REGISTRATION DESK.

DR. GONZO

(at a BARTENDER)

Two cuba libres, beer and mescal  
on the side.

(opens the ENVELOPE)

From your contact, Lacerda. He  
wants to meet us.

ANGLE ON DUKE'S HORRIFIED FACE. His POV again --  
the bar is now populated by GIANT REPTILES. One of them  
gnaws on a GIANT BIRD'S neck. BLOOD flows freely across the  
floor.

DUKE

But what about our room? And the  
golf shoes? We're right in the  
middle of a fucking reptile zoo! And  
somebody's giving booze to these  
goddamn things! It won't be long before  
they tear us to shreds.

A GROUP OF REPTILES AT THE REGISTRATION DESK stares at them.  
blood dripping from their fangs.

DUKE

How many have they killed already?  
Holy shit! Look at that bunch over  
there! They've spotted us!

DR. GONZO

(downs his drink; gets up)  
That's the press table. That's where  
you have to sign in for our credentials.  
You handle that. and I'll check on the  
room.

DUKE

No, no. Don't leave me.

But when he looks, DR. GONZO has disappeared. He looks  
around at the GHASTLY REPTILE ZOO. Carefully, he detaches a  
MARLIN SPIKE from the nautical decorations at the bar, and,  
holding it raised in his fist, walks OUT OF FRAME --

LIGHTNING FLASH

HISSES and SCREAMS as of a ferocious battle with REPTILES.

FADE IN FROM WHITE --

MINT HOTEL SUITE INT DUSK

DUKE, still clutching the MARLIN SPIKE, stares wildly out  
the window. Myriad colors flash across his face. Behind  
him, at the door, DR. GONZO signs for a large room service  
order from a vaguely reptilian WAITER.

DUKE

Look outside.

DR. GONZO

Why?

DR. GONZO escorts the cart the length of the suite, to where  
DUKE is transfixed by the gigantic neon sign outside the  
window - millions of colored balls racing around a  
complicated track, giving off a loud hum...

DUKE

There's a big... machine in the sky...  
some kind of electric snake... coming  
straight at us.

On the room service cart lie four club sandwiches, four  
shrimp cocktails, a quart of rum and nine grapefruit.  
DR. GONZO pulls one apart with his hands.

DR. GONZO

Shoot it.

DUKE

Not yet. I want to study its  
habits.



DR. GONZO turns on the TV. The NIGHTLY NEWS. A BUDDHIST MONK, protesting the war, sets himself on fire.

He goes over to the corner, pulls on the chain to close the drapes.

DR. GONZO

Look. You've got to stop this talk about snakes and leeches and lizards and that stuff. It's making me sick.

DUKE

Don't worry.

DR. GONZO

Worry? Jesus. I almost went crazy down there. They'll never let us back in that bar - not after your scene at the press table.

DUKE

What scene?

DR. GONZO

You bastard! I left you alone for three minutes. You scared the shit out of those people, waving that goddamn marlin spike around and yelling about reptiles. You're lucky I carne back in time. They were ready to call the caps. I said you were only drunk, and I'd take you upstairs for a cold shower. Hell... the only reason they gave us press passes was to get you out of there.

(paws through the kit bag)

That straightened me right out.

The PHONE rings. DUKE cautiously picks it up.

DR. GONZO

I must have some drugs. What have you done with the mescaline?

DUKE grabs the kit bag from GONZO, finds the mescaline. They both pop some pellets.

DUKE

(to PHONE)

Hello?

DR. GONZO

Maybe you should go easy on the mescaline. That acid's still working on you.

VOICE ON PHONE

Thompson? Hunter S. Thompson? Innes here. About that ape.

DUKE

(screams; drops the PHONE)

OH MY GOD! They're on to us! That

man KNOWS MY REAL NAME!

DR. GONZO tackles him again. hangs up the phone. He whips the .357 MAGNUM from his waistband and holds it to DUKE'S HEAD.

DR. GONZO

(cooing)

Don't you remember? You gave your real name to some guy you met in the bar. He was telling you about a trained ape. You told him you wanted to buy it, you fool.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

DUKE

(moans)

Oh my God. Who's that?

DR. GONZO sticks his gun in his waistband and goes to the door. DUKE turns his attention to the TELEVISION. The LAOS INVASION. Explosions. Men fleeing in terror. A Pentagon general pointing at a map.

DR. GONZO opens the door to LACERDA, the photographer. Healthy, eager, fit.

LACERDA

(shakes hands)

Duke? I'm Lacerda. Your photographer. Got your press passes? Good, good. Too bad you missed the bikes checking in. My, that was a sight. Husquavarnas. Yamahas, Kawasakis, couple of Triumphs, here and there a CZ...all very fast! What a race it's gonna be. Well. We start at dawn. Get a goodnight's sleep. I know I will!

And with a cheerful wave, he's gone.

DR GONZO turns back to the business at hand.

DUKE

That's good. They'll probably have a big net ready for us when we show up.

DR. GONZO

As your attorney I advise you not to worry about me. Let's carve up this grapefruit, make a fine rum punch. maybe toss in some more blotter... What's that you're watching?

He and DUKE watch the TELEVISION in silence. BURNING, TWISTED WRECKAGE.

DR GONZO charges like a bull at the TELEVISION.

DR. GONZO

(lunges for the dial)

TURN THAT SHIT OFF!

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

THE SOUND OF MOTORCYCLES REVVING THEIR ENGINES.

DESERT EXT DAWN

SUNRISE. A cool, bright DAWN.  
The SOUND OF SHOTGUNS BLASTING. And MOTORCYCLES REVVING off  
screen. CRANE DOWN as the RED SHARK drives up to the MINT  
GUN CLUB. GUYS taking dawn TARGET PRACTICE.

DUKE V/O

The racers were ready at dawn. Fine  
sunrise over the desert. Very tense.  
But the race didn't start until nine.  
so we had to kill about three long hours  
in the casino next to the pits. That's  
where the trouble started.

RACE BAR TENT INT MORNING

Crap tables. Smoke. Drunken shouting. Might as well be  
the middle of the night on the Strip.

DUKE, his ever-present beer in hand, makes his way through  
the crowd toward the BAR, where a drunken REPORTER slides  
off his barstool.

DUKE V/O

The bar opened at seven. There was  
a "koffee and donuts canteen" in the  
bunker, but those of us who had been up  
all night in places like the Circus  
Circus were in no mood for coffee and  
donuts. We wanted strong drink.

DUKE slides onto a newly vacated barstool next to the  
REPORTER.

A HOODLUM in a Vincent Black Shadow t-shirt bellies up to  
the bar.

HOODLUM

God damn! What day is this--  
Saturday?

DUKE

More like Sunday.

HOODLUM

Hah! That's a bitch, ain't it? Last  
night I was home in Long Beach and  
somebody said they were runnin' the  
Mint 400 today, so I says to my  
old lady, "Man. I'm goin'." So she gives  
me a lot of crap about it, so I start  
slappin' her around, and the next thing  
you know two guys I never seen before  
are beating me stupid. Then they gave  
me ten bucks, put me on a bus, and when

I woke up it was dawn and here I was in downtown Vegas, and for a minute all I could think was, "O Jesus, who's divorcing me this time?" But then I remembered, by God! I was here for the Mint 400. And, man, I tell you, it's wonderful to be here. Just wonderful to be here with you people.

DUKE tries fruitlessly to get the BARTENDER's attention.

REPORTER

(lunges across bar: grabs BARTENDER)  
Senzaman wassyneeds!

DUKE

Fast up with it! Why not five?  
(smacks the bar with his palm)  
Hell yes! Bring us ten!

REPORTER

(screams)  
I'll back it!  
(slides to his knees)  
This is a magic moment in sport! It may never come again! I once did the Triple Crown, but it was nothing like this.

A FROG-EYED WOMAN claws at him, tries to haul him up.

FROG-EYED WOMAN

Stand up! Please stand up! You'd be a very handsome man if you'd just stand up!

REPORTER

Listen, madam. I'm damn near intolerably handsome down here where I am. You'd go crazy if I stood up!

A bright-eyed, camera-hung LACERDA appears.

LACERDA

(to BARTENDER)  
Club soda, please.  
(to DUKE)  
Man, it's great out there! Getting ready for the race. Last minute bolt tightening, taping the headlights, topping off oil in the forks...

DUKE

Lunatics.

LACERDA

What?

DUKE

I said, and here we are, the absolute cream of the sporting press, gathered to cover it.

LACERDA grins. A SHOUT goes up from outside.

LACERDA  
That's it! The flag's going down.  
Meet you outside!

He hurries out through the crowd. DUKE, carrying two drinks, follows.

Much shouting. But the crowd's too thick to get through in time. All they can see is a FLAG GOING DOWN and a CLOUD OF DUST.

The SOUND OF THE RACE STARTING.

A CHEER goes up, and the CROWD turns, streams back into the tent.

REPORTER 2  
Well, that's that. They'll be  
back in an hour or so. Let's go  
back to the bar.

RACE BAR TENT EXT DAY

DUKE and GONZO run outside. Nothing. Except for a THICK CLOUD OF DUST. LACERDA enthusiastically photographs the DUST.

LACERDA  
(shouts)  
I'll just keep trying combos of film  
and lenses till I find one that works  
in this dust!

DESERT EXT DAY

The HUGE IMPENETRABLE CLOUD OF DUST.  
The SOUND OF MOTORCYCLES RACING.

A moment later, the RED SHARK races out of the dust. LACERDA at the wheel. DUKE next to him, coughing, choking, trying to find the trail. DUKE drinks a beer.

DUKE  
Wait! I hear one! Over there!

The RED SHARK bounces over boulders. A BIKE sounds on the opposite direction.

LACERDA  
No! There!

They are LOST IN THE CLOUD OF DUST. Coughing, they stop. Listen.

The SOUND OF A MOTOR VEHICLE DRAWING NEAR. SHOTS BEING FIRED. SHOUTING AND HOOTING.

DUKE stands, like a lone gunfighter preparing to meet the enemy.

OUT OF THE DUST - A DUNE BUGGY races toward them, loaded down with THREE RETIRED MILITARY MEN, drunk as hell, heavily armed.

Their RADIO blares "THE BATTLE HYMN OF LIEUTENANT CALLEY."

The DUNE BUGGY is decorated with Screaming Eagles carrying American Flags in their claws. A slant-eyed Snake being chopped to bits by a buzz-saw made of stars and stripes. A machine gun mount on the passenger side.

The DUNE BUGGY races over and stops, MUSIC BLARING. All have to YELL to make themselves heard.

DUNE BUGGY DRIVER  
We're looking for the race. Where  
is the damn thing?

DUKE  
Beats me. We're just good patriotic  
Americans like yourself.

The DUNE BUGGYISTS eye LACERDA, who is clearly not of the white American persuasion.

DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #1  
(sings along with radio)  
"We responded to their rifle fire with  
everything we had..."

DUNE BUGGY DRIVER  
(suspiciously)  
What outfit you fellows with?

DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2 eyes them, automatic weapon held across his chest.

DUKE  
The sporting press. We're friendlies.  
Hired geeks.

The DRIVER and DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2 exchange looks.

DUKE  
If you want a good chase, you  
should get after that skunk from  
CBS News up ahead in the black jeep.  
He's the man responsible for THE  
SELLING OF THE PENTAGON.

All in the DUNE BUGGY brighten.

DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #1  
HOT DAMN!

DUNE BUGGY PASSENGER #2  
A black jeep, you say?

And they ROAR away.

DUNE BUGGY DRIVER  
THANKS FOR THE TIP!

LACERDA screeches off in the opposite direction, waking DR. GONZO, who has been asleep in the back seat of the SHARK, and yanking DUKE down in a heap on the seat, spilling his beer.

DUKE  
You're fired. Take me back to the pits.

CUT TO:

DESERT HIGHWAY EXT DAY

The RED SHARK drives out of the dust cloud, onto the highway back toward Las Vegas, past a GIANT BILLBOARD that says:

DON'T GAMBLE WITH MARIJUANA!  
IN NEVADA: POSSESSION--20 YEARS  
SALE--LIFE!

DR. GONZO sits with his feet up on the back seat -- dressed in a new blue blazer, captain's hat with gold braid, tan pants and silk scarf.

DR. GONZO  
Is that mescaline working for you?  
It's not working for me.

LAS VEGAS STREETS EXT NIGHT

LACERDA has been left at the hotel. DUKE, beer in hand, drives. DR. GONZO, in his nautical outfit, scans The Vegas Visitor. They each take another mescaline pellet.

DR. GONZO  
How about "Nickel Nick's Slot Arcade"?  
"Hot Slots," that sounds heavy.  
Twenty-nine cent hotdogs....

DUKE  
We should go see the Debbie Reynolds show at the Desert Inn. I don't know about you, but in my line of business, it's important to be Hep.

DR. GONZO  
Mine too. But as your attorney I advise you to drive over to the Tropicana and pickup on Guy Lombardo. He's in the Blue Room with his Royal Canadians.

DUKE  
Why?

DR. GONZO  
Why what?

DUKE  
Why should I pay out my hard-earned dollars to watch a fucking corpse?

DR. GONZO

Look. Why are we out here? To entertain ourselves, or to do the job?

DUKE

The job, of course.

DESERT INN EXT NIGHT

He turns suddenly, and, after a series of bumps, the RED SHARK comes to a halt.

A DOORMAN appears, waving his hands and screaming.

DOORMAN

What the hell are you doing?  
You can't park here!

DUKE

Why not?

PULL BACK to reveal the RED SHARK parked on the sidewalk in front of the DESERT INN. The MARQUEE says: TONIGHT. DEBBIE REYNOLDS.

DR. GONZO leaps from the car, hands the DOORMAN a bill.

DR. GONZO

We want this car parked! I'm an old friend of Debbie's. I used to romp with her.

The DOORMAN pockets the bill, hands them a parking stub. Our HEROES hurry toward the hotel.

DUKE

That was quick thinking.

DR. GONZO

What do you expect? I'm your attorney. And you owe me five bucks. I want it now.

DUKE hands it over.

DESERT INN HOTEL LOBBY INT NIGHT

The REPORTER from the Mint 400 chants his story into a lobby phone, surrounded by PLASTIC PALM TREES.

REPORTER

LAS VEGAS AT DAWN--the racers are still asleep, the dust is still on the desert. \$50.000 in prize money slumbers darkly in the office safe at the fabulous Mint Hotel. And the cream of the sporting press is here, as always, with a sturdy police escort... yes, operator, that word was police...



DUKE and GONZO enter, pass him by, hurrying toward the GRAND BALLROOM--which is guarded by a MAN IN A WINE-COLORED TUXEDO.

DUKE V/O

This was Bob Hope's turf. Frank Sinatra's. Spiro Agnew's. The lobby reeked of high-grade formica. Clearly a high-class refuge for Big Spenders.

DUKE, the mescaline kicking in again, stares at a huge photograph of DEBBIE REYNOLDS and the BEE GEES. His eyes come to rest of DR. GONZO, arguing with the MAN IN THE WINE-COLORED TUXEDO.

GONZO

What do you mean it's full?  
Fuck seats. We're old friends of Debbie's. We drove all the way from L.A. for this show, and we're goddamn well going in.

Argument. More BILLS exchange hands.

DUKE V/O

Finally, after a lot of bad noise. he let us in. Provided we would stand quietly in back and not smoke.

GRAND BALLROOM STANDING ROOM INT NIGHT

Our HEROES stand, transfixed, at a STAGE that we never see. DUKE's hand automatically reaches inside his pocket for a HASH PIPE.

DUKE V/O

We promised, of course, but the tension had been too great.

The SOUNDS OF A HIGHLY BLANDIZED ROCK SONG waft from the stage.

DUKE

Did the mescaline just kick in?  
Or is that Debbie Reynolds in a silver Afro wig?

DR. GONZO

(yells)

JESUS CREEPING SHIT, WE'VE  
WANDERED INTO A TIME CAPSULE.

HEAVY HANDS grab them from behind as DUKE jams the PIPE back into his pocket.

DESERT INN EXT NIGHT

Our HEROES are thrown through the front door, as the RED SHARK is driven up.

WINE-COLORED TUXEDO

If Debbie has friends like you guys,  
she's in worse trouble than I thought.

The RED SHARK drives away, DUKE at the wheel. GONZO stands  
on the passenger side, yelling.

DR. GONZO

We'll see about this! You paranoid scum!

DUKE

We'll go to the Circus Circus Casino.  
They'll never fuck with us there.

The TAILLIGHTS disappear down the street.

DR. GONZO'S VOICE

I'm telling you, this mescaline isn't  
working. Where's the ether?

CIRCUS CIRCUS PARKING LOT EXT NIGHT

RED SHARK parked. DUKE smokes the hash pipe in front.

DR. GONZO appears from the trunk bearing ether. He pours it  
on two kleenex, which both men hold up to their noses.

They get out of the car, laughing hysterically, falling over  
each other, reeling like drunks in an early Irish novel.

DUKE V/O

This is the main advantage of ether.  
Total loss of all basic motor skills--  
severance of all connection between  
body and brain. Which is interesting,  
because the brain continues to function  
more or less normally. You can actually  
watch yourself behaving in this terrible  
way, but you can't control it.

CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO INT NIGHT

At the TURNSTYLES, DUKE and GONZO bounce off the walls,  
crash into OLD LADIES, giggle helplessly as they try to pay.

DUKE V/O

Ah, devil ether. A total body drug.  
The mind recoils in horror, unable to  
communicate with the spinal column.  
Hands flap crazily, unable to get money  
out of pocket...garbled laughter and  
hissing from the mouth...always  
smiling...

The ATTENDANTS help the MEN with their money and tenderly  
escort them through the turnstyles.

DUKE V/O

Ether is the perfect drug for Las  
Vegas. In this town they love a drunk.

Fresh meat. So they put us through the  
turnstiles and turned us loose inside.

CIRCUS CIRCUS REVOLVING MERRY-GO-ROUND BAR INT NIGHT

DUKE and GONZO sit, glassy-eyed, on the revolving platform,  
gazing ahead of them. GONZO shakes uncontrollably. The  
other PATRONS stare.

DUKE V/O

Four stories above our heads, a  
half-naked fourteen year old girl  
was being chased through the air  
by a snarling Wolverine and six nymphet  
sisters from San Diego. Suddenly  
the Wolverine was locked in a death  
battle with two silver-pained Polacks  
-- seizing the animal they fall towards  
the crap tables -- shoot the pasties  
off the nipples of a ten-foot bull-  
dyke -- win a cotton-candy goat.

A loudly-dressed MIDWAY HUSTLER steps up to them. He  
carries a large CAMERA attached to a long TUBE.

HUSTLER

Stand in front of this fantastic  
machine, my friends, and for just  
99c your likeness will appear.  
two hundred feet tall, on a screen  
above downtown Las Vegas!

(he sticks the CAMERA in  
DR. GONZO's face)

Say whatever you want, fella.  
They'll hear you, don't worry about  
that. Remember, you'll be two  
hundred feet tall!

DUKE

This is what the whole hep world  
would be doing on Saturday night  
if the Nazis had won the war.

DR GONZO pisses his pants. The HUSTLER, disgusted, turns  
away.

DR. GONZO

This place is getting to me.  
I'm getting the Fear.

DUKE

Nonsense. We came here to find  
the American Dream, and now we're  
in the vortex. You must realize  
that we've found the main nerve.

DR. GONZO

That's what gives me the Fear.

DUKE

Look over there. Two women fucking  
a Polar Bear.

DR. GONZO  
(shouts)  
Don't fuck around! One more hour  
in this town and I'll kill somebody!

He leaps up, shivering and sweating, runs to the edge of the turntable.

DR. GONZO  
When does this thing stop?

DUKE carefully gets up, walks past him off the turntable.

DUKE  
It's not ever going to stop.

He reaches out to grab GONZO, who, recoiling in fear, is carried around one more time.

DUKE V/O  
We were both out of our heads.  
If we wanted to avoid jail, the  
thing to do was leave quietly.

Duke leaps on to the merry-go-round and shoves GONZO from behind. GONZO goes down with a hellish scream.

DUKE leaps off the turntable, hurries away. GONZO scrambles after him.

DR. GONZO  
Somebody pushed me!

DUKE  
The bartender. He didn't like  
you flirting with the Polar Bear.

DR. GONZO  
Jesus! Let's get out of here!  
Where's the elevator?

DUKE  
Don't go near that elevator. That's  
just what they want...trap us in a steel  
box and take us down to the basement.  
And don't run. They'd like an excuse  
to shoot us.

They disappear into DARKNESS.

DUKE V/O  
No, This is not a good town for  
psychedelic drugs. Reality itself  
is too twisted.

MINT HOTEL INT NIGHT

An ELEVATOR DOOR opens to reveal a BRIGHT LIGHT--and the SMILING FACES of LACERDA, the BLONDE TV REPORTER and HER CREW.

MINT HOTEL ELEVATOR INT NIGHT

DUKE and DR. GONZO stagger into the bright light of their hotel elevator. Both are a mess.

A shaking GONZO hovers moonily around a BLONDE TV REPORTER.

LACERDA  
(to DUKE)  
Ran into a guy named Innes.  
He's looking for you. Something  
about an ape.

BLONDE TV REPORTER  
(babbles nervously to DR. GONZO)  
Exciting race, wasn't it? Did you  
see the finish?

DR. GONZO  
I was in the finish.

BLONDE TV REPORTER  
What? What class were you in?  
I mean what did you ride?

DR. GONZO  
I RIDE THE BIG ONES. THE REALLY  
BIG FUCKERS!

DUKE laughs, tries to defuse the situation.

DR. GONZO turns slowly and ominously.

DR. GONZO  
Pardon me, lady, but I think there's  
some kind of ignorant chicken-sucker  
in this car who needs his face cut open.

From his pocket, he pulls out a GLEAMING HUNTING KNIFE.  
The ELEVATOR DOOR opens and closes. Nobody moves.

DR. GONZO  
You cheap honky faggots! Which one  
of you wants to get cut?

DUKE, sweating, watches the ELEVATOR NUMBERS. Their floor.

MINT HOTEL HALLWAY INT NIGHT

GONZO emerges from the elevator, nonchalantly sheathing his knife. DUKE looks back into the silent elevator as the doors close. We do not see inside.

MINT HOTEL SUITE INT NIGHT

DR. GONZO  
(laughs manically)  
Spooked! Did you see that? They  
were like rats in a death cage!

DUKE

Where'd you get that knife?

DR. GONZO

Room service sent it up. Along with the other stuff. I wanted something to cut the limes.

DUKE surveys the room. AN INCREDIBLE ARRAY OF EXPENSIVE GOODS sent by room service. Liquor. Baccarat crystal. A full set of calfskin luggage. Six hundred bars of Neutrogena soap. Everything but limes.

DUKE

What limes?

DR. GONZO

They didn't have any. They don't grow in the desert.

He opens a new bottle of tequila with his teeth and chugs it. DUKE watches him warily. GONZO slices a grapefruit into quarters, then eighths, then sixteenths, then starts slashing aimlessly at the residue.

DUKE V/O

One of the things you learn, after years of dealing with drug people, is that you can turn your back on a person, but never turn your back on a drug. Especially when it's waving a razor-sharp hunting knife in your eyes.

DUKE

Look. I've got to get some rest. Why don't you take a shower or something.

DR. GONZO eyes him malevolently. Turns with the tequila bottle, tucks another one under his arm, and lumbers toward the bath.

DR. GONZO

That girl in the elevator understood. It's serious. She's in love with me now.

DUKE sags with relief. Too soon. DR. GONZO stiffens as another paranoid thought races through his addled brain. Stiffens and ominously turns.

DR. GONZO

You made a deal with him.

DUKE

What? Who?

DR. GONZO

That Portuguese son of a bitch. Lacerda! I knew it! He's stolen my woman! They're upstairs together now! And you put him onto her!

He lunges at DUKE, who whips a CAN OF MACE from the kit bag.

DUKE  
MACE! YOU WANT THIS?

He waves the CAN wildly. GONZO stops. Hisses.

DR. GONZO  
You bastard! You'd do that,  
wouldn't you?

DUKE  
(laughs)  
Why worry? You'll like it.  
Nothing in the world like a mace  
high. Forty-five minutes on your  
knees with the dry heaves...

DR. GONZO  
You cheap honky sonofabitch...

DUKE  
There's no choice. I can't go  
to sleep with you wandering around  
with a head full of acid and wanting  
to slice me up with that goddamn knife!

DR. GONZO  
(mumbles)  
Who said anything about slicing you  
up? I just wanted to carve a little  
Z on your forehead. In memory of  
Lieutenant Calley. Nothing serious.

DUKE  
(menaces him with the MACE)  
Get in that bathroom. Eat some reds,  
try to calm down, smoke some grass,  
-- shit, do whatever you have to do,  
but let me get some rest.

GONZO turns toward the bathroom, muttering earnestly.

DR. GONZO  
Hell, yes. You really need to sleep.  
You have to work. God damn. What  
a bummer.  
(waves his hand)  
Try to rest. Don't let me keep you up.

GONZO shuffles into the bathroom. DUKE jams a chair up  
against the doorknob, locking him in. Looks at the alarm  
clock. It says 6:00 a.m. He sets the alarm. Puts the MACE  
CAN next to the clock. Turns on the TV. NEWS. He rolls a  
joint.

TV NEWSCASTER (ON TV)  
Volunteer witnesses told an informal  
congressional panel yesterday that while  
serving as military interrogators they  
routinely used electrical telephone  
hookups and helicopter drops to torture  
and kill Vietnamese prisoners...

Inhaling the dope, DUKE changes the channel. An old MISSION IMPOSSIBLE rerun. Changes it again. A HUMPHREY BOGART MOVIE. Changes it again. SPORTS NEWS. He settles back in his chair.

SPORTSCASTER (ON TV)

In other sports news, boxing legend Muhammad Ali's draft evasion case goes before the Supreme Court tomorrow. It is the fighter's final appeal. Sentenced to five years...

Changes the channel again. The other NEWS SHOW has a clip of MUHAMMAD ALI.

MUHAMMAD ALI (ON TV)

I ain't got nothin' against them Viet Congs.

Changes the channel again. The BOGART MOVIE again. DUKE watches for a moment as BOGART overpowers a cheap GUNSEL. Then he finishes his joint, and finds a DEAD CHANNEL. WHITE NOISE fills the room.

DUKE leans back in his chair. puts on his sunglasses, and falls asleep.

SAME - HALF HOUR LATER

The SOUND OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE'S "WHITE RABBIT" seeps out from under the bathroom door.

DAWN seeps in under the window shades.

DUKE V/O

The decision to flee came suddenly.

The MUSIC goes off abruptly. Tape being rewound.

DUKE V/O

Or maybe not. Maybe I'd planned it all along. Subconsciously waited for the right moment.

MORE MUSIC BLASTS OUT OF THE BATHROOM AT TWICE FULL VOLUME. DUKE jumps awake, knocking the MACE CAN and the ALARM CLOCK to the floor. The ALARM goes off. The MACE discharges on the carpet. Coughing, horribly groggy, DUKE stomps at the CAN with his foot. Grabs a PAPER from the room service cart to wipe his eyes. Looks at it. The BILL.

DUKE V/O

The bill was a factor, I think. Room service. Here I was in Las Vegas, with this goddamn incredibly expensive car, completely twisted on drugs, no cash, no story for the magazine--and on top of everything else. I had a gigantic goddamn hotel bill to deal with. Sure, I never signed anything with my real name. But could



I count on that?

The MUSIC stops. And STARTS UP AGAIN. LOUDER.

DUKE

Will you shut that fucking thing off!

He kicks the chair away from the bathroom door and charges in.

THE BATHROOM INT DAY

A GREEN FOG STEAMBATH.

DR. GONZO wallows in a slickly surfaced steaming tub. The TAPE PLAYER wails, from where it's plugged in over the sink. DUKE yanks out the cord. And then notices a HUGE HUNK OF CHEWED UP WHITE BLOTTER in the sink.

DUKE

You ate this? ALL THIS ACID?

No answer. GONZO flails in the tub as if the music still plays. SFX -- his head breaks into molecules which revolve around the room.

DUKE

You evil son of a bitch. You better hope there's some thiorazine around here, because if there's not, you're in bad trouble.

DR. GONZO

Music. Turn it up. Put that tape on.

DUKE

What tape?

DR. GONZO

Jefferson Airplane. "White Rabbit."  
I want a rising sound.

DUKE

You're doomed. I'm leaving here in fifteen minutes, and then they're going to come up here and beat the mortal shit out of you with big saps. Right there in that tub.

DR. GONZO

I dig my own graves. Green water and the White Rabbit. Put it on. Don't make me use this.

His arm flashes out of the water, holding the KNIFE.

DUKE

Jesus.

He plugs in the tape/radio player, and switches on the tape. "WHITE RABBIT" begins to build.

DR. GONZO

Let it roll. Just as high as the tucker can go! And when it comes to that fantastic note where the rabbit bites its own head off, I want you to THROW THAT FUCKING RADIO INTO THE TUB WITH ME!

DUKE switches off the machine. They are frozen in a STANDOFF

DUKE V/O

This is it, I thought. I've gone as far as I can with this waterhead. This time it's a suicide trip. This time he wants it. He's ready...

DUKE

Oh no. Not this radio. It would blast you right through the wall--stone dead in ten seconds. Shit, they'd make me explain it. Drag me down to some rotten coroner's inquest and grill me about the exact details--

DR. GONZO

BULLSHIT! Just tell them I wanted to get HIGHER!

DUKE considers this.

DUKE

Okay. You're right. This is probably the only solution.

(holds the PLUGGED IN TAPE/RADIO over the tub)

Let me make sure I have it all lined up. You want me to throw this thing into the tub when "WHITE RABBIT" peaks. Is that it?

DR. GONZO sinks gratefully back into the water.

DR. GONZO

Fuck yes. I was beginning to think I was going to have to go out and get one of the goddamn maids to do it.

DUKE

Don't worry. Are you ready?

He switches "WHITE RABBIT" back on. GONZO howls and moans and thrashes to the MUSIC, straining to get over the top. Meanwhile, DUKE sorts through a PILE OF GRAPEFRUIT on the sink. Picking out a good two-pounder, he gets a grip on it--and when "WHITE RABBIT" peaks, he lashes it into the tub like a cannonball.

GONZO screams crazily, thrashing and churning in the tub.

DUKE grabs the TAPE/RADIO DECK, jams out of the bathroom--

MINT HOTEL SUITE INT DAY

-- and out of the soundproof suite, grabbing his bag and his mace as he goes.

BATHROOM INT DAY

GONZO floats in the tub, a beatific last smile on his face.

MINT HOTEL ELEVATOR INT DAY

A foot-tapping, beer-drinking DUKE watches the floor numbers as the elevator descends. Checks his pockets. Pulls out THREE FIVE DOLLAR BILLS.

MINT HOTEL LOBBY INT DAY

DUKE hurries out of the elevator, gives a BILL to the MINION waiting there, who instantly barks an order into the house phone.

Motoring, DUKE moves to the HOTEL FRONT DOORWAY, where he gives another BILL to the DOORMAN, who blows a frantic whistle and waves at the CAR BOY.

DUKE V/O

Now it was only a matter of slipping the noose. Yes, extremely casual behavior, wild eyes hidden behind these Saigon-mirror sunglasses, waiting for the Shark to roll up....

MINT HOTEL EXT DAY

The CAR BOY pulls up with a SCREECH, DUKE throws him the last BILL and jumps in. Deliverance!

BELLBOY'S VOICE

MR. DUKE!

DUKE freezes. Then turns on the ignition.

BELLBOY'S VOICE

Mr. Duke! We've been looking for you!

DUKE shifts into drive. The BELLBOY appears, breathlessly hurling himself at the side of the car. DUKE leans his head on the steering wheel in resignation. Then turns a sickly smile on the BELLBOY. Turns off the ignition.

DUKE

Well...why not? I'm too tired to resist. Many fine books have been written in prison.

BELLBOY

Sir?

He thrusts out a TELEGRAM.

BELLBOY

This telegram came for you. Actually, it isn't for you. It's for somebody named Thompson, but it says 'care of Raoul Duke'. Does that make sense? I figured this man Thompson might be part of your team.

DUKE

He is. Absolutely. The thing to do is give this telegram to Dr. Gonzo. The Doctor handles all our finances, makes all our arrangements.

He turns the ignition again. The BELLBOY hangs onto the side of the car tenaciously.

BELLBOY

Tell me. When will the doctor be awake?

DUKE

(tenses)

Awake? What do you mean?

BELLBOY

(uncomfortably)

Well...the manager, Mr. Heem, would like to meet him. Nothing unusual. Mr. Heem likes to meet all our large accounts... put them on a personal basis...just a chat and a handshake, you understand.

DUKE

Of course. But if I were you, I'd leave the Doctor alone until after he's eaten breakfast. He's a very crude man.

BELLBOY

But he will be available? Perhaps later this morning?

DUKE

Look, I have to get going. I have to get out to the track.

BELLBOY

There's no hurry! The race is over!

DUKE

(taking off)

Not for me.

He WAVES, friendly-style, at the BELLBOY, and speeds around a turn, wheels screeching.

DUKE V/O

The weasels were closing in. I could smell the ugly brutes. Yes, it was definitely time to leave. My margin had shrunk to nothing.

AIRPORT EXT DAY

An AIRPLANE lifts off with a screech.

ON THE AIRPLANE INT DAY

DUKE, sunglasses on, beer in hand, looks out the window at the RED SHARK parked crazily in the lot below. It recedes to nothing.

DUKE V/O

It would have taken extreme physical force to keep me off that plane. I was so far beyond simple fatigue that I was beginning to feel nicely adjusted to the idea of permanent hysteria. I felt the slightest misunderstanding with the stewardess would cause me to either cry or go mad. And the woman seemed to sense this, because she treated me very gently.

The STEWARDESS gently places a BLOODY MARY in front of him.

DUKE

May I...have more ice, please?

STEWARDESS

Certainly, sir. And would you like a newspaper?

DUKE

Thank you.

He scans the front page. WAR NEWS. "FIVE WOUNDED NEAR NYC TENEMENT." "PHARMACY OWNER ARRESTED IN PROBE."

DUKE V/O

(swallows PILLS down with the Bloody Mary)  
Reading the front page made me feel a lot better. Against that heinous background, my crimes were pale and meaningless.

He puts down the PAPER, looks out the window at the DESERT below.

DUKE V/O

I thought about my attorney. That nightmare in the bathroom. Just another ugly refugee from the Love Generation. That was the fatal flaw in Timothy Leary's trip. He crashed around America selling "consciousness expansion" without ever giving a thought to the grim meat-hook realities that were lying in wait for all the people who took him too seriously.

DUKE holds out his EMPTY GLASS to the STEWARDESS.

DUKE

Could I have another Bloody Mary,

please? And...you wouldn't have any  
cigarettes, would you?

She smiles at him, disappears down the aisle, reappearing  
with her own PURSE. She takes a PACK OF CIGARETTES from  
this, gives it to him.

DUKE V/O

Not that they didn't deserve it. They  
all Got What Was Coming To Them. All  
those pathetically eager acid freaks who  
thought they could buy Peace and  
Understanding for three dollars a hit.

He holds out another EMPTY GLASS.

DUKE

Maybe you just better bring me  
five, this time.

STEWARDESS

Five Bloody Marys?

DUKE

Just five vodkas.

He looks out again at the desert. ANGLE ON: the  
magnificent RED MOUNTAINS seen from the air.

DUKE V/O

But what Leary took with him was the  
central illusion of the whole lifestyle  
that he helped to create. That sense  
of inevitable victory over the forces  
of Old and Evil. That our energy would  
simply prevail. There was no point in  
fighting. We were riding the crest of  
a high and beautiful wave....

(pause)

So now, less than five years later, you  
can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas  
and look West, and with the right kind  
of eyes you can almost see the high-water  
mark--that place where the wave finally  
broke and rolled back.

DUKE shuts his eyes.

BLACK SCREEN

DUKE V/O

I live in a quiet place. If I  
hurried, I had just enough time  
to catch the connection home.

JETWAY INT DAY

DUKE, the last person off the plane, walks down the jetway,  
increasingly cheerful.

And there. AT THE END OF THE JETWAY --

The UNIFORMED DWARF from the Polo Lounge, aggressively holding out the PHONE ON A TRAY.

DUKE  
(moans softly)  
Oh, Jesus, no...

He shuts his eyes in despair.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE  
Folks... we got a little snag here.  
Nothing to be alarmed about --

AIRPLANE INT DAY

The plane lurches alarmingly. Warning lights come on. DUKE wolfs down his vodkas as the STEWARDESSES prepare for an EMERGENCY LANDING --

CAPTAIN'S VOICE  
-- We're experiencing a little mechanical difficulty. And we'll be going back the way we came.

STOCK FOOTAGE

The PAN AM JET turns in the air.

DUKE V/O  
Well, I thought. This is how the world works. All energy flows according to the whims of the Great Magnet. What a fool I was to defy him. Never cross the Great Magnet. I understood this now.

AIRPLANE INT DAY

DUKE opens his eyes. He is still in his seat. Everyone else has left the plane. Beside him are the STEWARDESS and an AIRLINES CUSTOMER RELATIONS MAN holding a TELEGRAM. They look at him with concern.

CUSTOMER RELATIONS MAN  
(to STEWARDESS)  
Is he okay?

STEWARDESS  
He's just had a little too much to drink.  
(shakes DUKE's arm gently)  
Mr. Duke? We're back in Las Vegas.  
And you have a telegram.

DUKE shuts his eyes again. Opens them. They're still there.

DUKE  
Read it to me, would you, please?  
My eyes aren't too good this time of day.

The MAN and STEWARDESS exchange looks. She reads.

STEWARDESS

"RETURN AT ONCE REPEAT AT ONCE WE HAVE  
A NEW ASSIGNMENT ALSO VEGAS STOP THE  
NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEYS  
INVITES YOU TO THEIR FOUR DAY SEMINAR ON  
NARCOTICS AND DANGEROUS DRUGS STOP  
MAGAZINE WANTS 50 THOUSAND WORDS MASSIVE  
PAYMENT TOTAL EXPENSES INCLUDING ALL  
SAMPLES STOP EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED."

(pause)

It's signed "Doctor Gonzo."

DUKE

(mutters)

Holy shit.

AIRPLANE DOOR EXT AFTERNOON

DUKE stands in the doorway, beer in hand.  
Sweating horribly, he looks down at LAS VEGAS AIRPORT.  
He begins his descent.

DUKE V/O

I tend to sweat heavily in warm  
climates. My clothes are soaking  
wet from dawn to dusk --

DOCTOR'S OFFICE INT DAY

A DOCTOR examines DUKE.

DUKE V/O

This worried me at first, but then I went  
to a doctor and described my normal daily  
intake of booze, drugs and poison --

DUKE

Two or three sixpacks of beer, quart of  
Chivas, handful of reds, couple of  
joints, oh, I don't know, varying amount  
of coke, 1/2 pound steak, rare --

DOCTOR

Come back when the sweating stops.  
That's the danger point.

DUKE V/O

A sign, he said, that my body's  
dangerously overworked flushing  
mechanism had broken down completely.

DOCTOR

I have great faith in the natural  
processes. But in your case...well...I  
find no precedent. We'll just have to  
wait and see, then work with what's left.



LAS VEGAS AIRPORT BAR INT AFTERNOON

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS brings two Bloody Marys.

DUKE

Made with V-8 juice, right? I need the nutritional content. That's right. I'm here to cover the Drug Conference. Haven't eaten anything but grapefruit for about twenty hours. There are limits to what the human body can endure.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS backs away from him. Goes to the bar. She and the BARTENDER murmur, watch him. DUKE flashes them a BOGART SMILE.

DUKE V/O

You better watch yourself, I thought. You don't want to break down and start bleeding from the ears right here in the terminal. Not in this town.

The BARTENDER and COCKTAIL WAITRESS turn away. DUKE scrabbles through his leather carry-on for the DRUG KIT BAG.

DUKE V/O

Luckily, nobody bothered me while I ran a quick inventory. The stash was a hopeless mess, all churned together and half-crushed. Some of the mescaline pellets had disintegrated into a reddish brown powder...

(licks powder from his fingers)

...but I counted about thirty-five or forty still intact. My attorney had eaten all the reds, but there was quite a bit of speed left... one acid blotter. a nice brown lump of opium hash, six loose amyls... Not enough for anything serious, but a careful rationing of the mescaline would probably get us through the four-day Drug Conference.

DUKE gestures to the WAITRESS, who ignores him. He shrugs and leaves.

DUKE V/O

No sign of my attorney. I decided to take my chances on my own.

VIP CAR RENTAL BOOTH EXT AFTERNOON

The AGENT sits in the glass booth reading a MICKEY SPILLANE NOVEL. DUKE cruises up in the RED SHARK, honks the horn. The AGENT jumps, hurries outside.

AGENT

Yessir!

DUKE

This goddamn Chevy has caused me a lot of trouble. I get the feeling that

people are putting me down--especially in gas stations. when I have to get out and open the hood manually...

AGENT

(brightly)

Well...of course. What you need is one of our Mercedes 600 Towne-Cruiser Specials, with air-conditioning. You can even carry your own fuel, if you want, we make that available....

DUKE

Do I look like a goddamn Nazi? I'll have a natural American car, or nothing at all!

SAME A FEW MOMENTS LATER

DUKE and AGENT in same spots, only now DUKE sits in a WHITE CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE -- the WHITE WHALE.

The AGENT fills out the credit slip with DUKE's credit card number, while DUKE, punching the buttons on the dash, makes every inch of the automated car jump.

DUKE V/O

They called up the white Coupe de Ville at once. Ten grand worth of gimmicks and high-priced Special Effects. The dashboard was full of esoteric lights and dials and meters that I would never understand...

He signs the CREDIT SLIP and pulls out, the AGENT beaming.

The AGENT goes into the booth. Routine phone credit check.

THE WHITE WHALE EXT DUSK

As DUKE drives away, the AGENT, freaked at what he's heard on the phone, races after him. Too late.

DUKE V/O

But there was no doubt in my mind that I was in a superior machine...

Behind him, the AGENT waves his arms, races through traffic after, until, exhausted, he must fall back.

DUKE drives on.

FLAMINGO HOTEL EXT NIGHT

A GIANT SIGN: THE FLAMINGO WELCOMES DISTRICT ATTORNEYS DRUG CONFERENCE 1971.

The WHITE WHALE turns into a VIP PARKING SLOT, immediately attended by impressed MINIONS.

DUKE V/O

I drove straight to the hotel. Still no sign of my attorney. I decided to check in on my own--if only to get off the street and avoid a public breakdown.

A mangy, bleary-eyed, on-the-edge DUKE gets out of the car. pops another pill, takes a swig of his beer, and heads for the lobby.

FLAMINGO HOTEL LOBBY INT NIGHT

A nightmare. About a HUNDRED COP TYPES on vacation, all dressed almost exactly alike in plaid bermuda shorts, Arnold Palmer golf shirts, and rubberized beach sandals.

DUKE enters, forces himself to remain calm, heads for the check-in line.

DUKE V/O

The place was full of cops. I saw this at a glance. It was a terrifying scene to walk into--a super stakeout of some kind. If I hadn't known about the conference, my mind might have snapped.

He turns to joke with the DISTRICT ATTORNEY behind him. Waves at the lobby.

DUKE

You get the impression somebody's going to be gunned down in a blazing crossfire at any moment?

(DA stares stonily ahead)

Like, maybe, the entire Manson family?

Still no response. DUKE shrugs, turns away.

AHEAD OF HIM -- A POLICE CHIEF argues with the DESK CLERK. The POLICE CHIEF'S WIFE stands to the side, weeping. The POLICE CHIEF'S FRIENDS stand uneasily around.

POLICE CHIEF

What do you mean I'm too late to register? I'm a police chief. From Michigan. Look, fella. I told you.

(waves a POSTCARD)

I have a postcard here that says I have reservations in this hotel. Hell, I'm with the District Attorneys' Conference! I've already paid for my room!

CLERK

(prissily)

I'm sorry, sir. You're on the 'late list'. Your reservations were transferred to the...ah...Moonlight Motel, which is out on Paradise Boulevard and actually a very fine place of lodging and only sixteen blocks from here, with its own pool and...

The POLICE CHIEF'S WIFE gives a WAIL OF GRIEF.

POLICE CHIEF  
You dirty little faggot! Call the  
manager! I'm tired of listening to  
this dogshit!

CLERK  
(solicitously)  
I'm so sorry, sir. May I call you a cab?

DUKE catches the CLERK'S EYE. The CLERK WINKS.

DUKE V/O  
Of course. I could hear what the Clerk  
was really saying--

As the POLICE CHIEF screams insults, the CLERK gives his  
speech as in DUKE'S IMAGINATION.

CLERK  
(to POLICE CHIEF)  
Listen, you fuzzy little shithead--  
I've been fucked around, in my time, by  
a fairly good cross-section of mean-  
tempered rule-crazy cops and now it's  
MY turn. It doesn't matter who's right  
or wrong, man...what matters is that for  
the first time in my life I can say:  
"Fuck you, officer, I'm in charge here,  
and I'm telling you we don't have room  
for you."

The CLERK'S EYES glitter malevolently.  
DUKE steps to the desk, around the raging POLICE CHIEF.

DUKE  
Say. I hate to interrupt, but I have a  
reservation and I wonder if maybe I could  
just sort of slide through and get out of  
your way.

He put his CREDIT CARD down. EVERYONE goes silent. The  
POLICE CHIEF GROUP stares at him in horror. His old Levis.  
His dirty basketball sneakers. His Acapulco shirt torn  
apart by road-wind. His three day beard growth. His mirror  
shades.

The CLERK smiles broadly, hits the bell for the BELLBOY.

CLERK  
Raoul Duke. Certainly, sir! And  
your bags?

DUKE  
Out there in that white Cadillac  
convertible. Can you have someone  
drive it around to the room?

ALL EYES swivel toward the gleaming WHITE WHALE.

DUKE  
Oh, and could I get a quart of

Wild Turkey, two fifths of Bacardi,  
and a night's worth of ice delivered  
to my room, please?

CLERK

(nods)

Don't worry about a thing, sir. Just  
enjoy your stay. Oh, and there's a  
message for you, sir. Somebody named  
Innes. He'll call later about the ape.

DUKE

Thank you.

The POLICE CHIEF CROWD stare at him in shock as he waits by  
the ELEVATOR. He stares back at them.

DUKE V/O

My presence was an outrage. I was  
the Menace. A stone obvious drug  
abuser. And I intended to push  
it all the way to the limit.

DUKE gives a loud SNUFFLE, wipes his nose with his fingers,  
hauls another BEER out and opens it.

DUKE V/O

It was a matter of life-style, of  
obligation--even duty. If the Pigs  
were gathered in Vegas for a top-level  
Drug Conference, I felt the drug culture  
should be represented.

The POLICE CHIEF, furious, is restrained by his FRIENDS.  
DUKE gives them a friendly wave with the beer can.  
disappears into the elevator.

HOTEL FLAMINGO UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR INT NIGHT

DUKE stumbles from the elevator, laughing, heads for his  
room.

DUKE V/O

My idea was to get into the room.  
smoke my last big chunk of Singapore  
Grey while watching Walter Cronkite.  
I needed this break, this moment of  
peace and refuge, before I did the  
Drug Conference.

DUKE

(sags with relief; fits the  
key into the lock)  
Ah, home at last!

He swings the door open. IT HITS SOMETHING WITH A SICKENING  
THUD.

DUKE V/O

Somehow I knew I had the right room...

DUKE enters. The door has hit a sixteen year old GIRL with the aura of an angry Pit Bull.

With a curse, he throws his satchel on the bed and turns. DR. GONZO, huge and naked, stands grinning in front of a ten foot MIRROR.

DUKE

(moving toward him)

Hey, buddy, how are you doing?

DR. GONZO

Just great, old friend. Yourself?

DUKE

Just fine.

(lowers his voice)

You degenerate pig. What is she? Sixteen?

DR. GONZO

This is Lucy. You know--like Lucy in the sky with diamonds.

LUCY eyes DUKE, like a wild beast. A GROWLING NOISE comes from her throat. She makes ready to pounce.

DR. GONZO

Lucy! Be cool, goddamnit! Remember what happened in the lobby! No more of that, okay?

She growls again. DR. GONZO takes her by the arm.

DR. GONZO

Lucy...this is my client, Mr. Duke, the famous journalist. He's paying for this suite, Lucy. He's on our side.

She still growls. DUKE's hand reaches for the MACE.

DR. GONZO

NO! NOT HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE OUT!

GONZO leads LUCY away, coaxing gently.

DR. GONZO

Mr. Duke is my friend. He loves artists. Let's show him your paintings.

Still holding the MACE, DUKE follows them to a DOZEN CANVASES, lined up with their backs to us.

DR. GONZO

Lucy paints portraits of Barbra Streisand, don't you, Lucy?

LUCY

I drew these from TV.

DUKE  
Fantastic.  
(grabs GONZO)  
Can we talk?

He drags him toward the PATIO.

LUCY  
(makes one-fingered Jesus freak sign)  
God bless.

SUITE PATIO      EXT      NIGHT

While they talk, they do DRUGS: a hit of coke from an almost-empty salt-shaker, a roach, a couple of amyls.

DUKE  
Are you insane? This girl is a walking bomb. Ever heard of the Mann Act? They'll hang you for Rape and Consensual Sodomy!

DR. GONZO  
No! I felt sorry for the girl! I wanted to help her! Jesus, she's a religious freak! She's running away from home for something like the fifth time in six months. I gave her some of the acid I had stashed, and--

DUKE  
You stupid bastard. Just picture yourself telling a jury that you tried to help this poor girl by giving her LSD and then one of your special stark naked back rubs.

DR. GONZO  
You're right. They'd probably burn me at the goddamn stake.  
(shakes his head sadly)  
Shit, it doesn't pay to try to help somebody these days.

DUKE  
Well. It'll probably work out. We can keep her loaded and peddle her ass at the drug convention.

THROUGH THE GLASS - LUCY is intent on another SKETCH OF BARBRA

DUKE  
She's perfect for this gig. The cops will go fifty bucks a head to beat her into submission and then gang-fuck her. We can set her up in one of these back-street motels, hang pictures of Jesus all over the room, then turn these pigs loose on her...Hell, she's strong, she'll hold her own.

DR. GONZO  
(aghast)  
Jesus Christ, I knew you were sick,  
but I never expected to hear you  
actually say that kind of stuff.

DUKE  
It's straight economics. This girl  
is a godsend.

DUKE points at the WHITE WHALE in the parking lot.

DUKE  
There it is. Not a bad-looking  
car for a pimp.

DR. GONZO  
Okay, okay. You're right. We  
have to cut her loose. How about  
this. We give her some money,  
get her another hotel room on the  
other side of town. She's so stoned,  
she won't remember a thing--

DUKE  
Maybe we should take it easy tonight.

DR. GONZO  
Right. Let's find a good seafood  
restaurant and eat some red salmon.  
I feel a powerful lust for red salmon...

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

GONZO and DUKE enter, as LUCY proudly holds up her sketch.

DR. GONZO  
(as DUKE gathers up PORTRAITS)  
Okay, Lucy, it's time to go meet  
Barbra...

DUKE V/O  
I felt like a Nazi, but it had to  
be done. Lucy was not right for us--  
not in this fragile situation.

As GONZO hustles LUCY out of the room, DUKE uses the PHONE.

DUKE  
Hotel Americana? I need a reservation.  
For my niece. Listen, I need her  
treated very gently. She's an artist.  
and might seem a trifle high-strung...

ON THE STREETS, A CAB STAND EXT NIGHT

The WHITE WHALE pulls up, with DUKE at the wheel.  
GONZO helps LUCY from the car into a CAB.

DUKE V/O



There was absolutely no choice but to cut her adrift and hope her memory was fucked.

GONZO gets back in the car.

DR. GONZO  
Take off slowly. Don't attract attention.

WHITE WHALE INT NIGHT

They pullout into traffic. A balmy desert night.

DR. GONZO  
I gave the cabbie an extra five bucks to make sure she gets there safe. Also, I told him I'd be there myself in an hour, and if she wasn't, I'd come back out here and rip his lungs out.

DUKE  
That's good, You can't be subtle in this town.

DR. GONZO  
As your attorney, I advise you to tell me where you put the goddamn mescaline.

DUKE produces the KIT BAG. They swallow pellets down. The STARS come up in the sky. They glide through the streets.

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

RETCHING SOUNDS come from the bathroom. DUKE turns on the TV. 1971 COMMERCIALS fill the screen.

DR. GONZO  
(from bathroom)  
This goddamn mescaline. Why the fuck can't they make it less pure? Cut it with Roloids, or something.

DUKE notices the PHONE MESSAGE LIGHT blinking. Opens another beer, picks up the phone.

DUKE  
(to PHONE)  
My light's blinking. You have a message for me?

HOTEL FLAMINGO FRONT DESK INT NIGHT

CLERK  
Yes. Mr. Duke. Three messages. One says, "Welcome to Las Vegas from the National District Attorneys' Association"...and then Mr. Innes called again about the ape...

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

DUKE  
(to PHONE)  
Good, good...

GONZO emerges from the bathroom, wipes his mouth with a towel.

CLERK'S VOICE  
(on PHONE)  
...and the last one says, "Call Lucy at the Americana, room 1600."

DUKE  
WHAT?

CLERK'S VOICE  
...Lucy, at the Americana...

DUKE  
Holy shit.  
(hangs up; GONZO looks at him)  
Lucy called. Room 1600.  
What I want to know is -- why was the message for me? Why isn't she looking for you?

DR. GONZO  
(shrugs)  
She really flipped over you. The only way I could get rid of her was by saying you were taking me out to the desert for a showdown--that you wanted me out of the way so you could have her all to yourself. Shit, I had to tell her something. I told her to go to the Americana and wait and see which one of us came back.  
(laughs)  
I guess she figures you won.

DUKE stares at him, aghast. The PHONE jangles.

DUKE  
(to PHONE)  
WHAT?

HOTEL FLAMINGO FRONT DESK INT NIGHT

CLERK  
(to PHONE)  
Mr. Duke? Mr. Duke, I'm sorry we were cut off. I thought I should call again, because I was wondering....

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

DUKE

(hand over the PHONE)  
What has that crazy bitch said to him?  
(to PHONE; screams)  
We're watching the goddamn news! What  
the fuck are you interrupting me for?  
WHAT DO YOU WANT? Where's the goddamn  
ice I ordered? Where's the booze?  
There's a war on, man! People are  
being killed!

HOTEL FLAMINGO FRONT DESK INT NIGHT

CLERK  
(tentatively; to PHONE)  
Killed?

DUKE'S VOICE  
(on PHONE)  
IN VIETNAM! ON THE GODDAMN TELEVISION!

CLERK  
Oh...yes...yes...This terrible war.  
When will it end?

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

DUKE  
(quietly; to PHONE)  
Tell me. What do you want?

CLERK'S VOICE  
I thought I should tell you...  
because I know you're with the  
Police Convention...that the woman  
who left that message for you  
sounded very disturbed. Since I  
know the nature of your work...

DUKE  
(downs a quick CHIVAS REGAL)  
I know. Look, you want to be very  
gentle with that woman. She's our  
case study. Controlled laudanum  
experiment, we're watching her  
carefully. I suspect we'll need  
your cooperation before all this is  
over --

CLERK'S VOICE  
We're always happy to cooperate  
with the police. As long as there's  
no trouble --

DUKE  
Don't worry. You're protected.  
And now I have to get back to the news  
Send the ice.

He hangs up. No NEWS on the TV. Only COMMERCIALS.

HOTEL FLAMINGO FRONT DESK INT NIGHT

Bemused, the CLERK hangs up the phone.

HOTEL FLAMINGO SUITE INT NIGHT

DUKE throws things in his leather case. GONZO fervently flicks channels on the TV. Still only COMMERCIALS.

DR. GONZO

Good work. They'll treat us like goddamn lepers after that. What are you doing?

(no answer)

Jesus, you're not leaving?

DUKE

You're goddamn right, I'm leaving. Look. I have nothing personal against Lucy. I'm sure she's very sensitive with a secret reserve of karma underneath her Pit Bull act...and not only is she stone crazy, but also perfectly capable of SENDING US BOTH TO PRISON FOR AT LEAST TWENTY YEARS.

(picks up his bag)

There is no other way to cope with it. It is extremely important to get out of town immediately.

DR. GONZO

(shouts)

WAIT! You can't leave me alone in this snake pit! The room is in my name!

(DUKE heads for the door)

OK, goddamnit! I'll call her! I'll get her off our backs. You're right. She's my problem.

DUKE

No, it's gone too far.

DR. GONZO

You'd make a piss-poor lawyer. Relax. Let me handle this.

(dials the PHONE)

Where's that opium?

DUKE

(tossing him the KIT BAG)

Be careful. There's not much left.

DR. GONZO

(to PHONE)

Room 1600, please.

As your attorney, I advise you not to worry.

(nods toward bathroom)

Take a hit out of that little brown bottle in my shaving kit.

DUKE goes in the bathroom, takes out the bottle.

DUKE

What is it?

DR. GONZO

Adrenochrome. You won't need much.  
Just a tiny taste. That stuff makes  
pure mescaline seem like ginger beer.

(to PHONE)

Hi, Lucy? Yeah, it's me. I got your  
message...what? Hell, no, I taught the  
bastard a lesson he'll never forget...  
what? No, not dead, but he won't be  
bothering anybody for awhile. Yeah.  
I left him out there, stomped him,  
pulled all his teeth out...

DUKE V/O

Jesus, I thought. What a terrible  
thing to lay on somebody with a head  
full of acid.

In the bathroom, DUKE dips a match head into the brown  
bottle. He holds it up to the light. Studies it. Wonders  
what it does. No idea. He decides to find out.

DR. GONZO

(to PHONE)

But here's the problem. I have to leave  
here right away. That bastard cashed a  
bad check downstairs and gave you as a  
reference, so they'll be looking for both  
of you. The last thing you want to do is  
call this hotel again: they'll trace the  
call and put you straight behind bars...  
no, I'm moving to the Tropicana, I'll  
call you when I know my room number,  
sure, as soon as I check in...what?  
Of course. We'll go to Circus Circus,  
catch the polar bear act...no, listen,  
I have to go, they've got the phone  
tapped...O MY GOD! THEY'RE KICKING THE  
DOOR OOWN!

DR. GONZO throws the PHONE down, shouts.

DR. GONZO

No! Get away! I'm innocent! It was  
Duke! I swear to God!

(stomps the PHONE; moans)

You'll never catch Lucy! She's gone!  
I swear, I don't know where she is!  
DON'T PUT THAT THING ON ME!

(slams the PHONE down)

Well. That's that. She's probably  
stuffing herself down the incinerator  
about now. That's the last we should  
be hearing from Lucy.

DUKE emerges from the bathroom. VEINS stand out on his  
forehead. He is purplish-red. OVER THE TOP. Too late, he  
realizes he is NEAR DEATH.

DR. GONZO  
Goddamnit! You took too much!  
You're about to explode! Jesus,  
look at your face!

DUKE  
(croaks)  
Can't move. Maybe if I...took  
a swim...

DR. GONZO  
If I put you in the pool right now,  
you'd sink like a stone. The first  
rush is the worst. Don't try and fight  
it, or you'll get brain bubbles.  
Strokes, aneurisms. You'll just wither  
up and die.

DUKE falls to the ground, writhing, catatonic, sinking into  
paralysis.

DR. GONZO'S VOICE  
Die...die...die...

BLACK SCREEN

And the sound, and then the HIDEOUS FACE and VOICE OF  
RICHARD NIXON.

NIXON  
Sacrifice...sacrifice...sacrifice...

SAME AN HOUR LATER

DUKE manages to flop his near-paralyzed body over.  
GONZO watches NIXON on the late night news. He sees  
DUKE attempt to struggle to his feet.

DR. GONZO  
There's only one place we can get  
fresh salmon. I checked while you were  
on the floor.

DUKE  
(croaks)  
Where did you get...this stuff?

DR. GONZO  
The adrenochrome? Only one source  
for that stuff--

DUKE  
The adrenaline glands...from a living  
human body--

DR. GONZO  
Monster client of mine. A Satanism  
freak. No cash. He offered me this  
instead. Told me it would make me  
higher than I'd ever been in my life.  
(laughs)  
I thought he was kidding. They'd

nailed the guy for child molesting.  
He swore he didn't do it. "Why should  
I fuck with children?" he says. "They're  
too small."

(shrugs)

What could I say? Even a goddamn  
werewolf is entitled to legal counsel.  
I didn't dare turn the creep down.  
He might have picked up a letter opener  
and gone after my pineal gland.

DUKE

We should get some of that. Pineal  
gland. Just eat a big handful.

DR. GONZO

That's a good idea. One whiff of that  
shit would turn you into something out  
of a goddamn medical encyclopedia.  
Man, your head would swell up like a  
watermelon, you'd probably gain about a  
hundred pounds in two hours...claws,  
bleeding warts, then you'd notice about  
six huge hairy tits swelling up on  
your back...

(pause)

You want to go out to get that salmon,  
or what?

DUKE

(croaks)

Yeah. Sure.

HE PITCHES HEAD FIRST ONTO THE BED.

BLACK SCREEN

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

(crackling and booming)

On behalf of the prosecuting attorneys  
of this country, I welcome you--

HOTEL BALLROOM

INT

DAY

A BIG CROWD. Both the COP CREAM OF MIDDLE AMERICA, and a  
GOOD CONTINGENT OF UNDERCOVER NARCS. So cops dressed like  
assistant football coaches next to cops with beards,  
mustaches, super-mod dress.

A BANNER behind the PODIUM reads: NATIONAL DA'S CONVENTION.  
APRIL 25-29, 1971. "If You Don't Know, Come To Learn...If  
You Know, Come To Teach."

A dozen big, low-fidelity SPEAKERS mounted on STEEL POLES  
distort and feed back the SPEAKER'S VOICE through the room.

In the rear fringes of the crowd, under a LOUDSPEAKER, sits  
DUKE--clad in black FBI wingtip shoes, a Pat Boone madras  
sportcoat, and an OFFICIAL NAME TAG: RAOUL DUKE, PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR, L.A.

Next to him, DR. GONZO wears a double-breasted blue

pinstripe suit. His NAMETAG: DR. GONZO, EXPERT, CRIMINAL DRUG ANALYSIS.

Both men wear SUNGLASSES.

DR. GONZO

This is a fucking nightmare. Here I am infiltrating a goddamn Pig conference, but sure as hell there's some dope-dealing bomb freak in this town who's going to recognize me and put the word out that I'm out here partying with a thousand cops.

DUKE

They're actually nice people. Once you get to know them.

DR. GONZO

Know them? Are you kidding? Man, I know these people in my goddamn blood!

The COPS stir restlessly around them.

DUKE

Don't mention that word around here. You'll get them excited.

DR. GONZO

(lowers his voice)

You're right. I saw these bastards in Easy Rider, but I didn't believe they were real.

Taking FOUR Mescaline pellets from his pocket, he passes two to DUKE under cover of a CONFERENCE PROGRAM. Both men cough, put hands to their mouths, swallow.

DR. GONZO

Cheers.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

We must come to terms with the Drug Culture, and to help us do that. today we have--

DUKE

We should have done this on acid.

DR. GONZO

Lucky I brought some...

COP IN BACK

SSSSHHHHH!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Dr. E.R. Bloomquist, author of the paperback book, Marijuana, which, as those of us who've read know, really tells it like it is--

ON THE PODIUM - The SPEAKER introduces DR. BLOOMQUIST, who wears black wingtip shoes and a Pat Boone Madras sportcoat.



LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Dr. Bloomquist.

POLITE APPLAUSE.

DR. BLOOMQUIST  
Now, there are four states of being in the cannabis, or marijuana, society: Cool, Groovy, Hip, and Square. The square is seldom if ever cool. He is not "with it," that is, he doesn't know "what's happening." But if he manages to figure it out, he moves up a notch to "hip."

DUKE  
We need that acid now.

DR. GONZO  
(passing it to him)  
No shit.

Both cough again and swallow the blue barrels down.

DR. BLOOMQUIST  
And if he can bring himself to approve of what is happening, he becomes "groovy." After that, with much luck and perseverance, he can rise to the rank of "cool." A "cool guy," as he's then called, will use the slang of the Drug Culture. He will call the reefer butt a "roach," because it resembles a cockroach. He will call sunglasses "tea shades."

DR. GONZO  
(whispers)  
What the fuck are these people talking about? You'd have to be crazy on acid to think a joint looked like a goddamn cockroach!

DUKE shrugs.

DR. GONZO  
I'll be down in the casino. I know a hell of a lot better ways to waste my time than listening to this bullshit.

He stands, knocking the ASHTRAY off his chair arm, and plunges down the aisle to the door.

COP IN BACK  
Down in front!

DR. GONZO  
Fuck you!

He stumbles from the room. DUKE turns his attention back to DR. BLOOMQUIST...

DUKE V/O

It was clear we'd stumbled into  
a prehistoric gathering.

DR. BLOOMQUIST

...about these LSD flashbacks, the  
patient never knows: he thinks it's  
all over and he gets himself straightened  
out for SIX months, and then, darn it,  
the whole trip comes back on him.

DUKE V/O

This is dangerous gibberish. The kind  
that used to be posted, in the form of  
mimeographed bulletins, in Police  
Department locker rooms...

The LIGHTS go down. A SPOTLIGHT on DR. BLOOMQUIST. A SLIDE  
SHOW behind him illustrates his now evangelical talk.

DR. BLOOMQUIST

KNOW YOUR DOPE FIEND! YOUR LIFE MAY  
DEPEND ON IT!

A SLIDE of a DOPE FIEND appears, looking remarkably like  
DR. GONZO.

DR. BLOOMQUIST

You will not be able to see his eyes  
because of Tea-Shades, but his knuckles  
will be white from inner tension and  
his pants will be crusted with semen  
from constantly jacking off when he  
can't find a rape victim. He will  
stagger and babble when questioned. He  
will not respect your badge. The Dope  
Fiend fears nothing. He will attack, for  
no reason, with every weapon at his  
command--including yours. BEWARE. Any  
officer apprehending a suspected  
marijuana addict should use all necessary  
force immediately. One stitch in time  
(on him) will usually save nine on you.  
Good luck.

The AUDIENCE jumps to its feet, CHEERING LOUDLY. LIGHTS up.

DUKE looks around him. THE ROOM HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL.  
The COP next to him sleeps, snoring loudly. DR. BLOOMQUIST  
continues to drone on onstage.

A MOD COP dressed like Superfly raises his hand. Behind  
him, the ranting POLICE CHIEF from the lobby necks with his  
WIFE.

MOD COP

Do you think, Dr., that the strange  
behavior recently of the anthropologist  
Margaret Mead can be explained by a  
private marijuana addiction?

DUKE leaps up and flees toward the door.

DUKE  
(muttering apologies)  
Pardon me, I feel sick. Beg pardon,  
yes, feeling sick...

A PATH opens. He makes it to the door fast. As he goes--

DR. BLOOMQUIST  
I really don't know. But at her  
age, if she did smoke grass, she'd  
have one hell of a trip.

BEHIND DUKE - The AUDIENCE roars with laughter.

FLAMINGO HOTEL BAR INT DAY

A TV on behind the bar with the sound off. The NEWS.

DUKE  
(to BARTENDER)  
Tall rum with ice.  
(points to TV)  
Sports on yet?

BARTENDER  
(pours the drink)  
Any second.

He turns up the volume. DUKE drinks, watches.

TV NEWSCASTER  
(on TV)  
...was arrested walking nude through the  
neighborhood where he lived. Police said  
he had taken an overdose of PCP, an  
animal tranquilizer manufactured by  
Parke-Davis. Charles told a jailer that  
his eyes were bothering him and that he  
could not read. Police said Charles  
seemed to be in a deeply depressed state  
and so impervious to pain that he did not  
scream when he pulled out his own eyes...

DUKE lunges across the bar and CHANGES THE CHANNEL.  
A FOOTBALL COACH being interviewed.

FOOTBALL COACH  
(on TV)  
...this rookie Fire has definite  
promise. Yesterday, before practice,  
he destroyed a Greyhound Bus with his  
bare hands, and last night he killed  
a subway. He's a natural for color TV...

MAN'S VOICE  
I'm a whiskey man. myself. We don't have  
much problem from drugs down where I come  
from.

DUKE turns and sees DR. GONZO deep in conversation with TWO  
GOOD OLD BOYS, whose name tags identify them as DISTRICT  
ATTORNEYS FROM GEORGIA. The BARTENDER eavesdrops on their

conversation.

At that end of the bar, a LOUNGE BAND plays a medley of anti-war songs.

DR. GONZO

(as DUKE joins them)

You will. One of these nights you'll wake up and find a junkie tearing your bedroom apart.

DA #1

Naw! Not down in my parts.

DUKE

(to BARTENDER)

Another rum, please.

DA #2

(looks at DUKE'S NAME TAG)

You're another one of these California boys. Your friend here's been tellin' us about dope fiends.

DUKE

They're everywhere. Nobody's safe. And sure as hell not in the South. They like warm weather.

DR. GONZO

They work in pairs. Sometimes in gangs. They'll climb right into your bedroom and sit on your chest with big Bowie knives. On your WIFE'S chest. Put the blade right down her throat.

DA #2

Jesus God almighty! What the hell's goin' on in this country?

DR. GONZO

You'd never believe it. In L.A., it's out of control. First it was drugs, now it's witchcraft.

DA #2

Witchcraft? Shit, you can't mean it!

DUKE

Watch the news. Man, you don't know trouble until you have to face down a bunch of these addicts gone crazy for human sacrifice!

DA #1

Naw! That's science fiction stuff!

DR. GONZO

Not where we operate. Hell, in Malibu alone, these goddamn Satan worshippers kill six or eight people every day.

DA #2

O my god! That's horrible!

DR. GONZO

They chop off their heads and drink their blood. Whole families. During the night. Most of them don't even wake up until they feel their heads going--and then, of course, it's too late.

The BARTENDER, agitated, leans toward them.

DUKE

Four more rums. Plenty of ice. Maybe a handful of lime chunks.

BARTENDER

Are you guys with the police convention upstairs?

DA #1

(with a big smile)

We sure are, my friend.

BARTENDER

I thought so. I never heard that kind of talk at this bar before. Jesus Christ! How do you guys stand that kind of work?

DR. GONZO

(grinning)

We like it. It's groovy.

The BARTENDER stares at them, his face frozen with repugnance.

DUKE

What's wrong with you? Hell, somebody has to do it.

DR. GONZO

Hurry up with those drinks. We're thirsty. Only three rums. Make mine a Bloody Mary.

DA #1

Hell, I really hate to hear this. Because everything that happens in California seems to get down our way, sooner or later--

DUKE

Hell, yes. Just the other day we had a case where they grabbed a girl right off the street, out of a McDonald's hamburger stand.

DA #1

(very agitated)

What happened?

DR. GONZO

Do? Jesus Christ man. They chopped her goddamn head off right there in the parking lot. Cut all kinds of holes in her and sucked out the blood.

DA #2

God almighty! And nobody did anything?

DUKE

What could they do? The guy that took the head was about six-seven and maybe three hundred pounds. He was packing two Lugers, and the other had M-16s. They were all veterans.

DR. GONZO

He used to be a major in the Marines. We know where he lives, but we can't get near the house.

DA #2 whacks his fist on the bar.

DA #2

But we can't just lock ourselves in the house and be prisoners! We don't even know who these people are! How do you recognize them?

DR. GONZO

You can't. The only way to do it is to go to the mat with this scum.

DA #1

What do you mean by that?

DR. GONZO

You know what I mean.

DUKE

Cut their goddamn heads off. Every one of them. That's what we're doing in California.

DA #1

WHAT?

DR. GONZO

Sure. It's all on the Q.T., but everybody who matters is with us all the way down the line.

DA #2

God! I had no idea it was so bad out there!

DUKE

We keep it quiet. It's not the kind of thing you'd want to talk about upstairs. Not with the press around.

DA #1

Hell, no. We'd never hear the goddamn end of it.

DUKE  
Dobermans don't talk.

DR. GONZO  
Those Satanists fight like hell if you  
try to take their heads without dogs.

DA #2  
God almighty!

DA #1  
I could never tell my wife about this.  
She'd never understand. You know what  
women are.

DR. GONZO splits. DUKE rises, hand over his chest, as if  
having a HEART TREMOR.

DUKE  
Just be thankful your heart is  
young and strong.

He shakes hands with the stunned DA'S.

DUKE V/O  
It didn't make any difference that  
we had heads full of mescaline and acid.  
In scenes like this, there's not much  
risk in acting like a king-hell freak.

ON THE STREETS OF LAS VEGAS      EXT      NIGHT

The WHITE WHALE cruises. DUKE, behind TEA-SHADES, drives.  
DR. GONZO hurls abuse at passing cars and vomits out of the  
window. Passing a bottle of rum back and forth, they go by  
a NEON CASINO SIGN: GORILLA ACT NIGHTLY.

DUKE V/O  
Vegas is so full of natural freaks--  
people who are genuinely twisted--that  
drugs aren't much of a problem.  
Psychedelics are almost irrelevant in a  
town where you can wander into a casino  
and witness the crucifixion of a gorilla-  
on a flaming neon cross that suddenly  
turns into a pinwheel, spinning the beast  
around in wild circles above the crowded  
gambling action.

The WHITE WHALE pulls up beside a BLUE FORD.  
TWO CONVENTIONEER COUPLES.

DR. GONZO  
Hey there! You folks want to buy  
some heroin?

The COUPLES don't react. Pretend he's not there.

DR. GONZO  
Hey, honkies! Cheap heroin! This is  
the real stuff! You won't get hooked!

You folks never talked to a vet before?  
I just got back with it from Vietnam!  
Pure scag! Jab it right in your fucking  
eyeballs.

The MAN IN THE BACK SEAT, enraged, lunges against the glass,  
trying to get at GONZO.

DR. GONZO  
Shoot! Fuck! Scag! Blood!  
Rape! Cheap! Communist!

DUKE hits the brakes, shooting GONZO against the dashboard.  
The FORD surges ahead. DUKE makes a quick turn behind it,  
almost losing control. He straightens it out, turns and  
FISHTAILS again.

GONZO  
(laughs madly)  
Jesus Christ. That guy was trying  
to bite me.

DUKE  
I don't like the way this thing is  
cornering...

They RACE away.

GAS STATION EXT NIGHT

TWO ATTENDANTS watch in horror as a THIRD ATTENDANT, under  
DUKE's manic direction, pumps air into the WHITE WHALE'S  
TIRES.

DUKE  
Pump it up to 75! Make it 100!

THIRD ATTENDANT  
They'll explode!

DUKE  
These are experimental tires! I told  
you! I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY!

The ATTENDANT finishes, jumps back as the WHITE WHALE  
SCREECHES out of the station, taking a corner in a very  
stylish manner.

WHITE WHALE INT NIGHT

DUKE drives through the night.

DUKE  
I could go for some coffee.

DR. GONZO  
Right up here. Terry's Taco Stand  
USA. Five tacos for a buck.

DUKE  
I'd rather go somewhere where there's



one for 50 cents.

DR. GONZO  
No, don't judge a taco by its price.

TACO STAND      EXT      NIGHT

The WHITE WHALE is parked at the window.

WAITRESS  
May I help you?

DR. GONZO  
Yeah. These tacos. Are they Mexican?

WAITRESS  
We have tacos. I don't know how Mexican they are.

DR. GONZO  
I'll take five of them.

WAITRESS  
(over her shoulder)  
Five tacos, Lou.

DR. GONZO  
As your attorney I advise you to get the chiliburger.

DUKE  
That's too heavy for me.  
And a coffee.

WAITRESS  
And a coffee. Anything else?

DR. GONZO  
Yeah. Where are you from?

WAITRESS  
New York.

DR. GONZO  
And you've just been here a day.

WAITRESS  
No, I've been here a while.

DR. GONZO  
Where do you go around here?  
Say you wanted to go swimming?

WAITRESS  
In my backyard.

DR. GONZO  
What's the address?

WAITRESS  
Um, go to the... ah... the pool's not open yet. Anything else?

DR. GONZO

Yeah. The American Dream. You know where that is? We were told it was somewhere in this area...

WAITRESS

Hey, Lou, you know where the American Dream is?

(hands over bag)

Five tacos and a coffee.

LOU, the cook, appears.

LOU

The American Dream? You mean, like a discotheque or something?

DR. GONZO

Sort of. We were told, take this white Cadillac and go till you find the American dream. It's somewhere in the Las Vegas area.

LOU

Only place like that near here's the Old Psychiatrist's Club. Right off Paradise and Eastern.

WAITRESS

I think that place burned down.

LOU

They're just remodeling it.

WAITRESS

Oh.

DR. GONZO

Great tacos.

WAITRESS

Paradise and Eastern. You might want to try there. I never heard it called the American Dream, though.

DUKE

We'll find it. Thanks.

CUT TO:

PARADISE & EASTERN EXT DAWN

A burned-out concrete husk, obviously long-abandoned, on the edge of the desert. DUKE and GONZO sit in the WHITE WHALE, eating tacos as the sun rises behind them.

DUKE V/O

Five days in Las Vegas is like five years anywhere else.

PAN OF THE ROOM. Total destruction. TEN FOOT MIRROR SHATTERED. RED AND BLUE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS in the light fixtures. USED TOWELS, stained with mustard, catsup, and other vile substances, hang everywhere. Uneaten french fries. COCONUT HUSKS. Dessicated HONEYDEW RINDS.

DR. GONZO'S BED, empty, is a rat's nest of burned bedding and exposed stuffing.

The SOUNDS OF VOMITING come from a closet near the front door.

DUKE, wired, sits on his bed, beer in hand, watching the TV. A CAMPUS RIOT. SPIRO AGNEW lecturing the press.

DUKE V/O

I was feeling dangerously out of phase with my surroundings. The room looked like the site of some disastrous zoological experiment involving whiskey and gorillas. The general back-alley ambience of the whole suite was so incredibly foul that I figured I could probably get away with claiming it was some kind of "Life-slice" exhibit that we'd brought down from Haight Street, to show cops from other parts of the country how deep into filth and degeneracy the drug people will sink if left to their own devices.

MORE SOUNDS OF VOMITING.

DUKE

(calls out)

Are you aware that you are vomiting in the closet, and NOT in the bathroom?

DUKE V/O

(as the VOMITING continues)

Something ugly was about to happen.

I was sure of it.

(PHONE rings)

Jesus, what now? I could almost hear the shrill voice of the manager, Mr. Heem, saying the police were on their way up to the room, and would I please not shoot through the door when they began kicking it down.

RRRIIINNNGGG. DUKE fatalistically shakes out his last two speed pills and swallows them.

DUKE V/O

No, they wouldn't call first. Better an ambush. Mace. No warning.

DUKE

(answers PHONE)

Yeah?

BRUCE INNES'S VOICE

(on PHONE)

Thompson? That guy with the ape you wanted's agreed on a price. \$750.

DUKE

What kind of greedhead are we dealing with here? Last night it was four hundred.

[PAGE 84 MISSING FROM THE SCREENPLAY]

DR. GONZO

(to DUKE)

She must have used a pass key. I was polishing my shoes in the closet when I noticed her sneaking in--so I took her.

DUKE shakes his head.

DUKE V/O

This time we'd gone too far. A hotel employee. She would have to be dealt with.

DUKE

(barks at the MAID)

What made you do it? Who paid you off?

DR. GONZO

You're part of it, aren't you! The DOPE RING!

MAID

All I wanted to do was clean up your room! I don't know anything about dope! I swear to Jesus I never heard of that stuff!

DR. GONZO seems to think, helps her to her feet.

DR. GONZO

Maybe she's telling the truth. Maybe she's not part of it. Maybe she can

help.

MAID

Yes! I'll help you all you need,  
officer! I hate dope!

DUKE

So do we, lady.

DR. GONZO

I think we should put her on the  
payroll. Have her checked out.  
See what she comes up with.

DUKE

Good idea. She's inside. She'll know.  
(to MAID)  
Would a thousand a month be enough?

MAID

A thousand what? Dollars? Oh Lord!  
I'd do just about anything for that!

DUKE

You and a lot of other people. You'd  
be surprised who else is on our payroll.  
Right here in the hotel.

DR. GONZO

(hustling her out the door)  
One phone call every day, just tell us  
what you've seen. Don't worry if it  
doesn't add up. That's our problem.  
What's your name?

MAID

Alice. Just ring Linen Service and  
ask for Alice.

DUKE

You'll be contacted. The password is  
"One hand washes the other." The minute  
you hear that, you say, "I fear nothing."

MAID

"I fear nothing."

DR. GONZO

Oh, and don't bother to make up the room.  
Just leave a pile of towels and soap  
outside the door exactly at midnight.

MAID

Whatever you say, gentlemen. I can't  
tell you how sorry I am about what  
happened...but it was only because  
I didn't realize.

DR. GONZO

We understand. But it's all over  
now. Thank God for decent people.

She SMILES as he shuts the door.

PAUSE. Then DUKE throws his stuff into his satchel and swings it over his shoulder, heading for the door.

DUKE  
Well, that's it. I suggest you get us reservations on the next airplane out of here.

DR. GONZO  
Where are you going?

DUKE  
To see a man about an ape.

FLAMINGO HOTEL ELEVATOR INT DAY

DUKE, sweating, watches the numbers.

DUKE V/O  
We'd abused every rule, by now, that Vegas lived by--abusing the tourists, burning the locals, terrifying the help. The authorities were perfectly capable, under these circumstances, of sending us both to prison for about twenty years.

FLAMINGO HOTEL BAR INT DAY

DUKE enters, failing to notice TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS carrying out an OLD MAN.

DUKE  
(to BARTENDER)  
Tequila.  
(to himself)  
I've got to get out of this place.

BRUCE INNES appears at his elbow.

INNES  
Thompson? Bruce Innes.

DUKE  
Look, where's the ape? I'm ready to write a check. I'm kind of in a hurry.

INNES  
(shrugs)  
Forget it. They just took him away. He attacked an old man right here in the bar. The creep started hassling the bartender about "allowing barefoot rabble in the place" and just then the ape let out a shriek--so the old guy threw a beer at him, and the ape went crazy, came out of his seat like a jack-in-the-box and took a big bite out of the old man's head. The cops carne and took the ape away. Sorry, man.

He shakes his head. CLOSE IN on DUKE, suddenly grief-stricken.

DUKE V/O

I was stunned. I really wanted that ape. I wanted to take the bastard back home on the plane with me. Two first-class seats - R. Duke and son. I thought about going down to the jail and bailing it out. But then I thought: better stay clear of that jail.

DUKE

Forget the ape. I don't need him.

DUKE drinks, orders one more for the road.

DUKE V/O

No point hanging around this town any longer.

TWO GRIZZLY-LOOKING BOUNCERS appear on either side.

BOUNCER #1

It's time to go.

DUKE

What?

They MARCH him out.

FLAMINGO HOTEL FRONT PORTICO EXT DAY

BOUNCER #2 whistles for the CARBOY to bring the WHITE WHALE.

BOUNCER #1

Where's your friend? The big spic?

DUKE

Look. I'm a Doctor of Journalism. You'd never catch me hanging around this place with a goddamn spic.

BOUNCER #1

(producing PHOTOGRAPHS)

What about these then?

The top one is of DUKE sitting next to GONZO at a table in the Floating Bar. DUKE backs away, gets in the WHITE WHALE.

DUKE

That's not me. That's a guy named DUKE. He works for Rolling Stone. A really vicious, crazy kind of person. And that guy with him is a hit-man for the Mafia in Hollywood...

At that moment DR. GONZO emerges from the hotel, closely followed by SEVERAL UNIFORMED THUGS whom he has hired to carry his luggage set, glassware, soap bars and other acquisitions.

He hands each THUG a five-spot as they load the car, and gets in beside DUKE.

DUKE takes off with a PEAL OF RUBBER on the hugely inflated tires.

DR. GONZO'S VOICE  
As your attorney I advise you drive  
faster. We have fifteen fucking  
minutes to get on that plane.

DESERT OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS EXT DAY

The WHITE WHALE sails through an intersection as the light turns red.

GONZO paws over a map.

DR. GONZO  
What are you doing? You were  
supposed to turn back there!

He looks wildly around. They are on a deserted freeway.  
running parallel to the airport runway.

DR. GONZO  
Goddamnit! What are we doing  
out here on this godforsaken  
road? The airport is over there!

DUKE  
Don't worry. I've never missed  
a plane yet. Except once in Peru.  
I was already checked out of the  
country, through customs, but I  
went back to the bar --

DUKE's story fades out as the WIND NOISE intensifies.

ANGLE ON DUKE'S WATCH, a skeleton-face Accutron.

DUKE V/O  
There was only one way to make  
it on time.

He hits the brakes and runs the WHALE down into the grassy  
moat freeway divider. Wheels churning, he makes it up the  
opposite bank, nose of the car straight up, then bounces  
onto the freeway and keeps going right over a fence,  
dragging it through a cactus field and onto the --

AIRPORT RUNWAY EXT DAY

DR. GONZO is frozen with fear.

DUKE continues his story.

DUKE  
-- I woke up about two hours later  
in a bar in downtown Lima. My luggage



was all stacked beside me. Nobody  
had opened it --

They drive under a parked AIRPLANE. DUKE shouting above  
the wind, tarmac noise, and jet engine whine.

DUKE

So I went back to sleep and caught  
the first flight out, the next morning.  
(checks his ACCUTRON)  
Three minutes, fifteen seconds  
before takeoff. Plenty of time.  
I'll drop you next to the plane.

DR. GONZO

What about you?

DUKE

Better if we split up. They're  
looking for two of us, remember?

DR. GONZO

No! I can't get out! They'll crucify  
me! I'll have to take the blame!

DUKE

Just say you were hitchhiking to the  
airport and I picked you up.

DR. GONZO

Why not? But for Christ's sake,  
let's do it fast!

AT THE AIRPLANE

DUKE screeches up in front of the jetliner. GONZO jumps out  
and whistles to the GROUND CREW. Astonished, they run up  
and, in a flurry of five dollar bills, grab his luggage,  
hustle it aboard the plane.

DUKE

Don't take any guff from these swine!  
Remember! If you have any trouble  
you can always send a telegram to  
the Right People!

DR. GONZO saunters to the waiting plane.  
Then he turns back and waves at DUKE.

DR. GONZO

Yeah... Explaining my Position.  
Some asshole wrote a poem about that  
once. It's probably good advice,  
if you have shit for brains.

DR. GONZO climbs the steps, waving, like Jackie Kennedy.

DUKE

Right.

The plane door closes. The WHITE WHALE accelerates away.

LAS VEGAS CITY LIMITS EXT DAY

The WHALE races into the desert.

DESERT HIGHWAY EXT DAY

DUKE, drinking a BEER, drives the wrecked WHALE. A PIECE OF THE FENCE flies out of the back seat as he takes a bump.

DUKE V/O

There was only one road back to L.A. U.S. Interstate 15, just a flat-out high speed burn through Baker and Barstow and Berdoo, then on the Hollywood Freeway straight into frantic oblivion: safety, obscurity, just another freak in the Freak Kingdom.

He passes a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR parked at the side of the road. The PATROL CAR pulls out behind him, LIGHTS FLASHING.

DUKE V/O

Jesus, I thought--what would Horatio Alger do in a situation like this?

He ACCELERATES. The SPEEDOMETER CLIMBS STEADILY.

FARTHER UP THE ROAD EXT DAY

The PATROL CAR screams after the WHITE WHALE.

DUKE V/O

Few people understand the psychology of dealing with a highway traffic cop. Your normal speeder will panic and immediately pull over to the side when he sees the big red light behind him... apologizing, begging for mercy.

DUKE starts checking the side of the road for the RIGHT EXIT. His TURN SIGNAL comes on.

DUKE V/O

This is wrong. It arouses contempt in the cop heart. What you want to do is accelerate. Mash it down and make the bastard chase you at 120 to the next exit. He won't know what to make of your blinker-signal that says you're about to turn right.

AN EXIT OFF-RAMP: AN UPHILL SIDE-LOOP. Speed sign says: MAX SPEED 25.

DUKE heads for this.

DUKE V/O

The trick, at this point, is to suddenly leave the freeway and take him into the chute at no less than a hundred miles an hour.

And so it happens. DUKE is ready for the chute, brakes with some fancy heel-toe work, and comes smoothly to a stop at the top of the ramp, while the PATROL CAR spins and fishtails out of control before bouncing to a stop beside him.

DUKE stands beside the WHITE WHALE, completely relaxed.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, a handsome, clean-cut guy of about thirty, gets out of the car, screaming.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
Just what the FUCK did you think you were doing?

DUKE smiles.

DUKE V/O  
Let him calm down. The idea is to show him you were always in control of yourself and your vehicle.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
May I see your license...please?

DUKE reaches for it. And BOTH MEN look down at the BEER CAN he has forgotten in his hand.

DUKE V/O  
I knew I was fucked.

The COP relaxes. Faintly smiles. Reaches out for DUKE's wallet, then holds out his other hand for the BEER.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
Could I have that, please?

DUKE  
Why not? It was getting warm anyway.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN takes it, pours out the beer. Both MEN look automatically into the BACK SEAT of the WHITE WHALE. A CASE OF BEER.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
(enjoying himself)  
You realize it's a crime to--

DUKE V/O  
My guilt was so gross and overwhelming that explanations were useless.

DUKE  
Yeah. I know. I'm guilty. I understand that. I knew it was a crime, but I did it anyway.  
(shrugs)  
Shit, why argue? I'm a fucking criminal.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
That's a strange attitude.

He looks at DUKE thoughtfully.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You know--I get the feeling you could use a nap. There's a rest area up ahead. Why don't you pull over and sleep a few hours?

DUKE V/O

I instantly understood what he was telling me. But for some insane reason, I shook my head.

DUKE

A nap won't help. I've been awake for too long--three or four nights. I can't even remember. If I go to sleep now, I'm dead for twenty hours.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMAN smiles.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Okay. Here's how it is. What goes into my book, as of noon, is that I apprehended you...for driving too fast. and advised you to proceed no further than the next rest area...your stated destination, right? Where you plan to take a long nap. Do I make myself clear?

DUKE

(shrugs)

How far is Baker? I was hoping to stop there for lunch.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Not my jurisdiction. The city limits are two-point-two miles beyond the rest area. Can you make it that far?

DUKE

I'll try. I've been wanting to go to Baker for a long time. I've heard a lot about it.

The PATROLMAN gets in his CAR and starts it up. Leans out the window.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Excellent seafood. With a mind like yours, you'll probably want to try the land-crab. Try the Majestic Diner.

THE ROAD TO BAKER EXT DAY

DUKE drives PAST THE REST STOP.

DUKE V/O

I felt raped. The pig had done me on all fronts and now he was going to chuckle about it--on the west edge of town, waiting for me to make a run for

L.A.

THE TURN-OFF FOR BAKER EXT DAY

DUKE turns and drives past the HITCHHIKER from the drive out. The boy sees him and immediately DROPS HIS THUMB.

DUKE ignores him, drives on.

BAKER EXT DAY

The WHITE WHALE pulls up across from the MAJESTIC DINER.

DUKE looks around. The HARDWARE BARN beside him has a huge red sign: BEER.

He goes in there.

HARDWARE BARN INT DAY

Filled with hardware and GOLD LIGHT - an idyllic, Rockwellian scene.

DUKE V/O

Jesus Creeping God! Is there a priest in this tavern? I want to confess! I'm a fucking sinner! Venal, mortal, carnal, major, minor-- whatever you want to call it. Lord... I'm guilty.

DUKE enters, sits on a stool next to a WORKBENCH.

DUKE V/O

But do me this one last favor: just give me five more high-speed hours before you bring the hammer down: just let me get off of this horrible desert.

The PROPRIETOR appears, smiling, from where he's been working on an old REMINGTON TYPEWRITER. He steps into a pool of GOLD SUNLIGHT.

DUKE

I know this is a mystic longshot. No way you'd have Ballantine's Ale...

The PROPRIETOR smiles again and produces one from an ice chest, along with an icy cold MASON JAR to drink it from.

PROPRIETOR

If it's not cold enough, I got some chilling out back.

(pause)

Where you coming from?

DUKE

Las Vegas.

PROPRIETOR

Great town, that Vegas. I bet you had good luck there. You're the type.

DUKE

I know. I'm a triple Scorpio.

PROPRIETOR

A fine combination.

DUKE

Don't worry. I'm actually the district attorney from Ignoto county. Just another good American like yourself.

The PROPRIETOR's smile disappears.

Wordlessly, he turns back to his work. His pretty TEENAGE DAUGHTER appears and kisses him hello. They talk together, ignoring DUKE.

Who feels ashamed.

He throws his money on the bench and leaves.

BAKER EXT DAY

DUKE reaches in the back seat of the WHITE WHALE for another warm beer. Spots something on the floor. Dives for it. ONE LAST AMYL CAPSULE.

Grabs it up and CRACKS IT UNDER HIS NOSE.

POUNDS HIS CHEST with the rush and LAUGHS LIKE A MADMAN.

ACROSS THE STREET - TWO YOUNG MARINES come out of the MAJESTIC DINER.

DUKE starts the engine. Leans out and YELLS at the MARINES.

DUKE

GOD'S MERCY ON YOU SWINE!

Cackling, he takes off in the TRASHED, VOMIT-STREAKED WHITE CADILLAC, with a ROAR and a CLOUD OF BLACK OILY SMOKE.

The TWO MARINES look after him, confused.

IN THE WHITE WHALE EXT DAY

Still laughing, DUKE cranks up the TAPE RECORDER, adjusts his TEASHADES.

DUKE V/O

By the time I got back on the road. my heart was full of joy. I felt like a monster reincarnation of Horatio Alger...a Man on the Move, and just sick enough to be totally confident.

DUKE leans back. ACCELERATES OUT OF FRAME.

I-15 EXT DAY

The WHITE WHALE dissolves into the white heat haze.

THE END