

FORD FAIRLANE

Screenplay by Dan Waters

Story by Jay Cappe  
&  
Dave Arnott

Based on a character  
Created by Rex Weiner

A Silver Pictures Production

May 1, 1989

[NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE  
NUMBERS. THESE HAVE NOT BEEN RETAINED FOR THIS SOFT

(TEXT) COPY.]

EXT. ENIGMATIC BODY OF WATER - SUNSET

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT breathlessly GLIDES OVER a body of water.

INT. HELICOPTER DRESSING ROOM

BOBBY VOMIT charges through what seems to be a typically-deliciously-trashed dressing room, barking into a phone headgear apparatus. His wire rim glasses amusingly contrast with his traditional rock star look of shoulder-length blond hair and red-tank-top-over-black-spandex. His pacing reveals a helicopter pilot in the b.g., flying the dressing room.

VOMIT

Wha-at!... No, no, I can't do it tomorrow. I'm taping a Rock Against Drugs spot. It's important to me...

Vomit savagely snorts into a vial of crystal meth. Behind him, a big blanket on a couch rises up, becoming a giggling lump.

PILOT (O.S.)

Five minutes, Mister Vomit.

VOMIT

Thanks, man... Don't worry, Johnny, I have it with me now. I'll just put it in a little protection program. He can't stop us, man, no way.

Vomit rips off his headgear and looks to a purse on the couch just as the purse's owner, a cancer-curing beauty wearing nothing but an oversize I (picture of a heart) Black Vomit T-shirt, bursts out from under the blanket,

sipping from a pink bottle of wine cooler. Her name is ZUZU PETALS.

ZUZU

Peek-a-boo!

VOMIT

Now, Zuzu, didn't I tell you to lay off the coolers?

Zuzu giggles away as Vomit slithers down to kiss her. While maneuvering his lips, he reaches out to Zuzu's purse.

EXT. WATER - SUNSET

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT finally GLIDES PAST the water OUT OVER a dam, where, at the base, are thousands of screaming fans. A stage has been built atop the dam amid spooky industrial art design.

EXT. DAM

The helicopter, equipped with a warped logo and the words BLACK VOMIT, swooshes to a halt above the stage where a band is rabidly pounding away. The chopper begins to descend upon a makeshift "backstage area" to the side of the stage.

CROWD OF THOUSANDS

Vomit! Vomit! Vomit!

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Holding Zuzu's purse behind his back, Bobby Vomit bobs back up. Zuzu takes a dainty sip from her wine cooler, babbling softly in a losing battle with consciousness. Vomit opens the purse and pulls a compact disc from his Spandex. The cover reads Black Vomit's Greatest Hits and has a red number one on it.

ZUZU

So I had this dream, right. You guys were doing that song, 'I Love You More Than My Own Death,' right, when all of a sudden these penguins come on stage and tell the audience that I used to wet my bed. And that I enjoyed it. It was so real ... How 'bout a kiss, Bobby?

VOMIT

(closing Zuzu's  
purse)  
Sure. Babe.

Zuzu drowsily raises her head, eyes closed, and adorably puckers up. Vomit tosses her purse smack dab into her face and lips with a bonk. Zuzu reacts with a dreamy smile and curls into a sleeping fetal position.

Vomit turns to stare out at his screaming fans and then down to the "backstage area," zeroing in on an eccentrically, but stylishly, dressed man in sunglasses.

EXT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT (SUN HAS SET)

The man is JULIAN GRENDEL. The SOUNDTRACK suddenly ignores the band to go into Grendel's mind where elegant CLASSICAL MUSIC is PLAYING. He wryly murmurs to himself as the reflection on his sunglasses go from the screaming crowd to the landing chopper.

GRENDEL  
Vomit. Vomit. Vomit.

The inner CLASSICAL MUSIC CUTS OFF as Bobby Vomit bounds out from the 'copter, a skipping Zuzu in tow.

Vomit and Grendel exchange cold smiles. Julian Grendel is deaf; the sound of his speech is perverse in an interesting way.

GRENDEL  
Nice of you to drop by, Mister Vomit.

VOMIT  
Please don't spank me, Mister  
Grendel.

Vomit pleasantly walks behind Grendel and then wields around, screeching into the back of his boss's head.

VOMIT  
Drown in hell, you deaf  
motherfucker!

Grendel turns around with a smile.

GRENDEL  
Sticks and stones...

VOMIT

But I thought you couldn't hear?

GRENDEL

Oh Robert (Row-bare), you're so predictable, I don't have to.

Vomit seethes off to a nearby roadie holding a big drum of goo, flinging off his wire rim glasses.

VOMIT

Let's do it, man.

The roadie begins pouring the goo over Bobby's head.

STAGE

The audience explodes in a flurry of cheers as...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Welcome, sluts and perverts, I give you, Black Vomit!

Bobby Vomit strolls onto the stage -- and he's on fire. Covered from head to toe by licking flames -- a heavy metal human torch.

Two Roadies with fire extinguishers fo-o-osh out the inferno that is the rock star's body. Another roadie tosses him a mike. Vomit smolders a bit -- transparent goo oozing over his body.

VOMIT

(calmly)

Hello, L.A.

The crowd riots as the band breaks in with their questionable but aggressively stated definition of music. Bobby Vomit wails his way through a toxic first verse.

He stops singing to spasm to his guitarist's solo. He relifts his microphone and uh, he chokes, making gurgling sounds as if something were trying to crawl out of his body.

The crowd sounds like all ten thousand of them are in labor -- they love this.

Julian Grendel takes off his sunglasses with a scared expression.

Vomit's face turns red as he thrashes about the stage

bashing down amps and barbed wire set design. Vomit!  
Vomit! Vomit!

The band starts missing notes, looking around. This doesn't seem to be part of the act. Dribbling a crimson tide, Bobby Vomit falls to his knees with a final scream of earthly existence. A final stream of blood rolls from his mouth down the white dam to the crowd who has reached a new level of frenzy beyond the limits of human comprehension.

EXT. HOTTEST CLUB IN LOS ANGELES - LATER IN NIGHT

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT TRACKS DOWN a line of men and women standing outside the Rolls-Royce of nightclubs. The desperate-to-get-in crowd are dressed-to-kill-be-killed-and-kill again.

At the front of the line, the overly rich and gorgeous thrust and screech over the velvet ropes as a stoic DOORMAN, standing before glass doors, uses all the zen he can to tune them out.

DOORMAN

You people are disgusting. Don't  
you remember the Roman empire?

POV - RUCKUS AT DOOR

The Doorman and the frenzied would-be patrons turn TO the VIEWER and go silent and motionless.

INT. THE CLUB - AT BAR

Precariously-situated atop barstools are two very short club owners, JAIME and LARRY, dressed almost identically, looking out into their club. A MAN IN A BLACK HAT, sitting between them, turns to sneer...

MAN IN HAT

So who the hell is this Ford  
Fairlane fuck?

JAIME

Guy's a rock star who don't play  
a note of music. Carries a gun  
instead of a guitar... Am I right,  
Larry?

LARRY

Wasn't always a detective though,

Jaime. Started out doing every  
shit job in the biz; chauffeur,  
roadie, publicist, Phil Spector's  
bodyguard...

MAN IN HAT

If I wanted a biography, I'd eat a  
librarian. What does he look like?

JAIME AND LARRY

Like that...

GLASS ENTRANCE DOORS

Handsome and intimidating, the VIEWER gets their first  
clear view of FORD FAIRLANE as the Doorman swings open  
the glass door allowing a classical head-turning entrance  
into the state-of-the-art club.

FORD

Hey, Spike, I was sorry to hear  
about your cat. Those U.P.S.  
trucks are pretty wicked.

DOORMAN

Thanks, man.

FORD

If you need somebody to talk to...

Ford moves deeper into the club and lights up his  
seventieth cig of the day and takes in the la dolce vita  
ambience. A band rocks out with an attractive,  
bizarrely-dressed female lead singer. A mirthful CLUB  
GAL gets a look at Ford and stops laughing. She pulls  
away from her suitor to slap Ford with a growl.

CLUB GAL

You son-of-a-bitch!

FORD

Whoa. Another satisfied customer.

The Club Gal storms back into the arms of her suitor  
while Ford wiggles life back into his head.

Ford scopes the tables around him. His viewpoint halts  
at a man with red hair. A BOUNCER breaks his  
concentration.

BOUNCER

Ford, I gotta ask you to put that out, dude. Nobody smokes anymore.

Ford flings his hand down with a quick motion and rubs at the carpet with his foot. The Bouncer smiles and walks away. Ford lifts back up his hand, revealing that the cigarette never left it. He takes a drag with a grin until a hand slaps the cigarette into his face. It's the TWIN SISTER of the Club Gal who slapped him two minutes ago, in a different outfit.

TWIN SISTER

What goes for my sister, goes double for me. Don't you remember the Jacuzzi, Laurel Canyon, the Guns and Roses video wrap party.

FORD

(smiling, coming back to him)

Yeah, yeah... but you weren't identical.

TWIN SISTER

You said you'd call us...

FORD

Let me give you my number, it's 555-6023.

TWIN SISTER

Thanks! Wait. 555's not a real number. They only use it in the movies...

Ford slyly walks off, holding up his arms to the decadence around him.

FORD

What in the fuck do you think this is? Real life?

AT BAR

Jaime, Larry and the angry, anxious Man in the Hat watch on.

MAN IN HAT

That's Fairlane! He doesn't look so tough.



LARRY

Yeah, well, just don't call him  
Mr. Rock-N-Roll Detective...

FORD IN THOROUGHFARE

TWO DRUNKEN COLLEGE BOYS thwap an unhappy Ford on the  
back.

DRUNKEN BOY #1

Ford Fairlane, Mr. Rock-N-Roll  
Detective!

DRUNKEN BOY #2

Let us buy you a drink, dudeski.

FORD

(holding back a  
physical response)

You two loony guys, what are your  
names? Neal and Bob? Or is that  
what you do? Tell me, are you  
driving home tonight?

DRUNKEN BOY #1

Uh, yeah.

FORD

Go-o-o-d... Don!

Ford shifts away from the College Boys and into a seat  
at the table of DON CLEVELAND, a suave and amiable black  
record producer.

FORD

So many assholes, so few bullets.

DON

Damn, Ford, you're the most cynical  
man in the industry and that's not  
easy.

FORD

I'm not cynical. Can I help it  
that life is a disease and  
everyone's a victim.  
So you're producing exclusively for  
Grendel Records now. Hope you're  
taking Julian for a bundle.

DON

Man, ever since old Jack Grendel died, Julian has got me into one yummy gig after the other. Not only am I producing, he's got me in some lovely-bullshit-money-money executive position. What are you looking at...

Ford is looking off to another man with red hair.

FORD

Some redhead's been harassing that all-girl group, the Ovaries. Hanging out at their concerts saying he wants to rape and kill them and not in that order. Cops won't do anything until he actually does something.

A killer-cute nymph, MELODI, in a tight-tight dress bubbles up.

MELODI

You're that guy, the private eye.

FORD

You're a poet and didn't know it.

MELODI

Do you really know everybody in the industry?

FORD

Only on a first name basis.

MELODI

That's cute. You're funny.

FORD

That's funny, you're cute.

MELODI

You heard that Bobby Vomit O.D.'d, right? Do you suspect foul play and stuff?

FORD

I'll tell you when somebody pays me to give a shit and stuff.

Melodi sweetly hands Ford a napkin with her phone number

on it.

MELODI

My name's Melodi, as in 'a pretty girl is like a.' Whatever you're doing tomorrow... cancel.

Melodi winks and walks off. Don stares in awe. Ford blows his nose in the napkin.

DON

You gotta shave before you leave the house in a dress like that and I don't mean your legs. Why didn't you jump on her? What's happening to you?

FORD

I guess I'm not interested in any club who'll have my member as a member. Later, Don...

Ford scans to Jaime, Larry and the Man in the Hat at the bar.

Ford stands and begins weaving between tables. He looks to the attractive singer onstage. Seeing Ford, she loses her place in the song. She gives off a scowl to Ford and then continues singing.

BAR

Jaime and Larry see Ford approach. Larry turns to the bartender.

LARRY

You better have that vodka milkshake done. Here comes Mr. Rock-N-Roll Detec -- Hi, Ford.

The Bartender nervously pours a blenderful of vanilla milkshake into an ornate fountain glass and then adds a huge dose of Absolut, along with a maraschino. He then lights the vodka shake afire as Ford reaches the bar, blows it out, and slurps.

FORD

Not thick enough, but better. You're definitely getting better, Harry.

(turning to Jaime  
and Larry)

Hey, if it isn't Mutt... and Mutt.  
Who's your friend?

JAIME

Just some guy named Sam...

MAN WITH HAT

Yeah, I'm just some guy named Sam,  
asswipe.

FORD

Reminds me of that song by the all-  
girl group, the Ovaries, 'Some  
Guys Eat Reindeer.' What. A.  
Tune! But what's that lead  
singer's name. I'm drawing a  
fucking blank here...

MAN WITH HAT

(suddenly very  
frenetic)

It's Stuh -- Sta -- Sta -- Stac --

As the Man with Hat stutters like the fanatic he is,  
Ford casually knocks off his hat revealing weird streaks  
of red hair. Ford smiles, turns to the bar, and takes a  
last sip from his shake before smashing the fountain  
glass into the face of the stuttering Sam, sending him  
off his barstool.

The sleazebag leaps up like a wild animal and swings his  
fist at Ford. Ford grabs onto the flying fist, stopping  
it dead. Sam sharply swings his other fist around, but  
Ford grabs this one, too, locking them into an Arthur  
Murray lesson position.

FORD

Shall we da-ance?

Ford heaves the fanatic into a nearby table. The fanatic  
drops on all fours and crawls under the table. A  
chuckling Ford strolls between the tables.

Sam crawls out from under one table and makes under the  
long tablecloth of another. The crowd has taken an active  
interest, but the band continues to play.

FORD

So finally got a tip that paid  
off. Why can't you sleazebags who  
harass women take 'no' for an

answer? I mean, hey, it's never happened to me personally...

Ford lifts up the tablecloth. The sleazebag fanatic is not there. Ford bobs back up with a puzzled expression and puts a cigarette in his mouth.

Ford brings out a lighter as the fanatic suddenly materializes behind him. Sam grabs a huge glass candle holder from one of the tables and smashes off the end of it, causing a jagged edge. The band stops playing as the CANDLE SIZZLES in Sam's hand.

SAM THE SLEAZEBAG (MAN WITH HAT)  
Last... Dance... Mr. Rock-N-Roll  
Detective.

FORD  
(cigarette falling  
from mouth)  
Great.

Sam the Sleazebag flails the jagged candleholder at Ford, who swerves away and connects with a savage kick to the groin, which Sam enjoys.

SAM THE SLEAZEBAG  
Thank you.

Sam swings out again, but this time connects with a slash to Ford's chin. Ford is more annoyed than hurt. His solemn anger stops Sam the Sleazebag in his tracks.

FORD  
You're ten seconds away from the most embarrassing moment in your life.

Ford launches a powerful uppercut that knocks the fanatic's candleholder-holding hand up into the psycho's own arm. Screaming in pain, the fanatic flees toward the dance floor trying to pull out the shards. Don pipes up from a nearby table.

DON  
Come on Ford, this shit's getting old.

Ford smiles, super-swiftly raising his arm. A gun slides out of his sleeve through a sliding Taxi-Driver-style apparatus, into his hand.

Ford FIRES up at a discotheque ball rotating above the

dance floor. The gunshot breaks the ball out of its ceiling home and sends it swooshing down right upon the Sleazebag fanatic's head, knocking him out cold.

Ford turns to the approaching, awed twin sisters.

FORD

Clint Eastwood... I fucked him.

The band cranks back up, echoing into...

INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The swank nightclub a memory, the VIEWER is now given a jarring tour of Ford's lovable ratty beach house.

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT MOVES UP TO a wall where a set of curtains mysteriously cover a compartment. ACROSS the wall, the VIEWER sees hundreds of autographed photos of various rock stars pinned to the wall in a surrealistically haphazard fashion.

PULLING OUT A BIT, it can be seen that the hellhole is packed solid with unwrapped VCRs, discarded gold records, answering machines, remote controls, Walkmans, Watchmans, cellular phones, and all sorts of other basically useless goodies. Each one has a smarmy "Thanks Ford"-type note tagged to it.

A tremendous music system adorns another wall with a pair of five-foot tall speakers standing like silent sentinels. Embedded in one of the amplifiers is a wall socket timer clock -- two needles about to touch. The TIMER, reading 3:59 p.m., WHIRS a bit and then there is a CLICK.

WIDE ON MUSIC SYSTEM

The LOUDEST MUSIC in the history of Dolby stereo BALSTS out of the speakers. Dust is literally kicked up as a rollicking ROCK SONG careens through the room.

FORD'S BEDROOM

The twin sisters pop up in the bed in various states of undress, their squeals of pain inaudible in the face of the music. The lump in the bed between the twins jerks spasmodically for a second, then calmly rises, revealing itself to be Ford Fairlane, still wearing the sliding gun system on his arm.

LIVING ROOM

A ruffled Ford plods in and grabs a pack of cigarettes off a vibrating speaker. He ritualistically lights up and inhales.

Ford pulls back the curtains on the wall revealing a carved-out compartment in the wall. Inside the space is an obviously old, but still in mint condition electric guitar with a picture of Jimi Hendrix propped next to it. Ford closes his eyes and touches the guitar with a religious solemnity.

Ford pulls the curtains and then bends down to a red "Hotline"-looking phone with a quizzical expression on his face. Ford picks up a remote control and zaps OFF the STEREO, revealing that the PHONE is RINGING. Ford picks up.

FORD

Jesus, Jazz, I'm coming. So I'm late. I go to work when you go to bed.

Ford hangs up and wearily rises. A man who hates his life.

EXT. FORD'S VENICE HOME

Decked out wrinkled-hip, Ford closes the front door of his charmingly dilapidated home.

THE KID, a spiky-haired surf punk ragamuffin in a multi-colored shirt over a Corona T, swerves up to Ford on a skateboard.

THE KID

Fairlane, you gonna find out who killed the lead singer of Black Vomit?

FORD

Tell me, Dr. Watson, what makes you think he's not just another piece of shit overdose.

Ford and The Kid, in an obviously synchronized moment, flick out a pair of sunglasses from their breast pockets and put them on. They then each pull out a cigarette and with a similar twist of the wrist, light it up.

THE KID

Gut feeling.

FORD

I'll give you a gut feeling, you little... Hey... hey! Get that stick out of your mouth. These things are killers, man. Don't you go to school, listen to Smokey the Bear and all that...

Ford tears the cigarette from the Kid's mother and starts to throw it away, but instead pockets it. They approach Ford's dazzling blue namesake.

Ford SQUEAKS off the CAR ALARM with a beeper and then opens up his unusually modulated trunk. Sam the Sleazebag is seen huddled in a heap within. Ford tosses a smashed-up Twinkie to him and recloses the trunk to frenzied screams.

SAM THE SLEAZEBAG

You sick fuck!

FORD

Bone appetit.

THE KID

When you going to let me work with you? Why you always fucking with me?

FORD

Why am I what? Excuse me?

(thwacking The Kid)

I catch you saying the F-word again. I'll kill you. That's a fucking promise. Now get the fuck out of here.

Ford gets in his car. The Kid boards around to the window.

THE KID

I got something serious to dis-cuss.

FORD

Well what is it? I'm not Kreskin.

THE KID

Forget it.

The Kid rockets off. Ford watches with slight concern then tears off, MUSIC BLARING.



EXT. MINI-MALL DAY

A two-tiered mini-mall nightmare looms ahead. The exquisite eateries of SUZIE'S SUSHI DONUTS and MUY BURRITO are sandwiched in on the first level with a tanning salon and an adult book store.

The top tier is not as popular. Empty For-Rent spaces surround a place that has a big plate glass window that reads FORD FAIRLANE PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

INT. FORD'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Ford pushes sleazo through a door into his office. JAZZ, Ford's secre-uh-assistant, sits sharp and stern in a masculine business outfit and glasses behind a desk. Upon the desks rests a very respectable computer.

SAM THE SLEAZEBAG

You can't prove shit...

JAZZ

Good morning she said as the clock struck five. I sent the Ovaries down for food. They've been waiting for hours...

FORD

Your tip paid off. Jazz, this is Sam the Sleazebag. Sam the Sleazebag, this is Jazz, my secretary.

JAZZ

Assistant. And don't call me Jazz.

FORD

All your friends call you Jazz.

JAZZ

Exactly.

Ford chuckles and a romantic whether-they-like-it-or-not moment passes between them. Jazz breaks it to look under her desk.

JZAA

Hey, IN X S paid today. Their 'payment' is around here somewhere.

FORD

They paid? I love Australia!  
What a band! Let's throw a  
Foster's on the barbie and call  
up me mates... Cash or check?

JAZZ

(laughing)

You wish.

FORD

Cash or check, Jazz? Don't do  
this to me.

The OVARIES, four young women dressed in stylishly-  
shredded pink leather jackets, enter the office holding  
burritos.

OVARY ONE

Hey, Ford, little late.

OVARY TWO

That's him! That's the bastard.  
He flashed us at the Ampitheatre.

SAM THE SLEAZEBAG

I love you.

(as Mr. Hyde)

You sluts have no proof!

OVARY THREE

I think I could identify it. It  
looked like a dick. Only smaller.

With an authoritative, silencing cough, Ford pulls a huge  
pair of hedge clippers from a drawer.

FORD

We could gab about evidence and  
restraining orders all day, but I  
think castration is really the way  
to go. May get a wee messy...

OVARIES & SAM THE SLEAZEBAG

What? (!)

Ford snaps his shears together with a giddy smile as the  
Ovaries move toward Sam, fiercely clutching their  
burritos.

FORD

It's a new by-law for pathetic

jerks who harass women.

OVARY FOUR

Do we get to keep it?

FORD

Of course. Every girl should have one.

Ovary One reaches down O.S. and pulls down Sam's zipper. Ford whooshes down with the clippers and slices. Ovary One pulls up a half of a burrito.

FORD

Next time, it'll be your burrito.

A pure white Sam turns and runs into a wall, knocking himself out.

FORD

I doubt he'll be hassling you anymore, but hey, I'll save the hedgeclippers anyway.

Ovary One takes a Rolex off her hand and gives it to Ford.

OVARY ONE

Great job, Ford. Take this. As payment. It's solid gold and it'll make sure you're not late for your other clients.

FORD

No really. Money is fine.

OVARY TWO

Great gift idea, Stace.

FORD

But...

OVARIES

'Bye, Ford...

The Ovaries exit, stepping over Sam. Ford holds the Rolex like it were a cancerous worm. Jazz laughs.

FORD

I do it for love.

JAZZ

'Bye Ford...' Hey, let me cheer  
you up. I found the IN X S  
payment.

Jazz pulls a live koala bear out from under her desk.

JAZZ

G'day, they say it's worth three  
grand...

FORD

Fucking Australians! I hate that  
country, continent, what is it?  
Don't we do nuclear testing there?

JAZZ

Let's just declare war on the  
hellhole. Before they make  
Crocodile Dundee three.

FORD

Rock stars! I'm going out of my  
mind. All I get are perks. I  
don't make money, I make gifts.  
How am I supposed to pay taxes  
with bathtub compact disc players  
and autographed drumsticks. I  
want cash. Moulah. Wampum. Dead  
Presidents. Andrew Jackson.  
Gerald Ford.

JAZZ

You're saying you need money.

FORD

Car insurance costs money.  
Cavities cost money. Doritos cost  
money. I'm gonna eat that damn  
bear... come here!

JAZZ

Quit crying. I think we've got a  
case if we can make it through the  
cavalcade of bimbos, here...

Jazz, using a remote, operates an answering machine on  
her desk.

SQUEAKY BIMBO (V.O.)

(machine)

Hi, this is Vikki, you know, Vikki.

I figured you probably washed off  
my phone number before you had a...

JAZZ

(sneezing)

Bim-bo.

FORD

Cut the play by play.

OBNOXIOUS D.J. (V.O.)

This Chevy Nova? Chevy Nova,  
there? Huh? Huh? Johnny Crunch,  
K.O.D.S. (K-odious), you schmuck?  
You know the guy who had sex with  
your prom date before the prom and  
needless to say before he became  
the hottest D.J. in the West. I  
gotta case for you, man. Come  
down to the station about six.

FORD

Johnny Pinzolo calling himself  
Johnny Crunch. Knock me out. We  
grew up together in Brooklyn.  
Came out here to be rock stars...  
Of course, he's lying about the  
prom date thing, at least I hope  
he is, I took his sister.

JAZZ

(typically deadpan)

You're friends with the most  
obnoxious asshole on the airwaves.  
The King of the Shock Jocks. I'm,  
I'm shocked.

FORD

I love you, too, baby. He wants to  
meet at six. What time is it now?

Jazz dangles the Rolex.

JAZZ

Six. Take it, you need it.

A PHONE on Jazz's desk RINGS and Ford instantly picks it up.

FORD

K-O-D-S is going to make me rich!

He suddenly pulls the receiver away from his ear as PAINFUL NOISES blurt out of it: SCRE-E-E-E! BUZZ! SHSHSHSHSH!

JAZZ

That's for me... Radio contests,  
really Ford, how tacky...

FORD

(brain-fried,  
holding ear)

Ah -- ha... You know, you should  
think about dating Earthmen again.

Jazz takes the phone and puts it in a modem cradle -- two cups that fit over each end of the phone, all hooked up to her computer. The horrible COMPUTER NOISES become nicely inaudible.

JAZZ

So what about this watch?

FORD

Keep it. It's your paycheck this  
month.

EXT. KODS RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Ford's Fairlane SCREECHES up outside a sleek building to the TUNE of a nasty teenybopper ballad a la Tiffany/Debbie Gibson.

Ford bounds out of his car.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

A needle is SCREECHED painfully across the tracks, giving the teenybopper ballad a painful death...

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Ye-e-e-a-a-ah!

INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY

A RECEPTIONIST and a guard hold their hands over their ears until the sadistic SCREECHING ENDS. Ford approaches as Johnny's anything-but-dulcet TONES croak out from a SPEAKER.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Nothing like a tender ballad sung  
by a girl pretending to be a virgin.  
I'm sorry, young girls should not be

out making records; they should be  
in, setting records making out.  
Naked. On my coffee table. Are  
you offended? Well, slurp this...

A ROCK SONG spews from the SPEAKER...

FORD

I'm here to see Johnny.

RECEPTIONIST

Lucky you. Arnie... Mr. Crunch  
has a lot of fans who hate his  
guts.

Arnie, the guard, slams Ford to the desk and begins  
frisking.

FORD

Oh, Arnie, sometimes when we  
touch, the honesty's too much.

INT. RADIO BOOTH

Ford moves into the station booth and takes a seated  
position behind his ranting friend, JOHNNY CRUNCH, re-  
vealed to be a sweating, scraggly monster.

JOHNNY

And don't forget, if we call and  
you answer the phone 'K-O-D-S is  
going to make me rich,' you could  
win a cool million. Sexually  
transmittable disease jokes are  
coming up next hour so go get your  
mom. Better yet, I'll get her...

Johnny punches some buttons and wields around to Ford,  
TURNING DOWN his MONITORS.

FORD

I don't believe it. Getting paid  
to be the asshole you always were.

JOHNNY

Fucking amazing, huh? Chevy Nova,  
you Bensonhurst shit! Still in  
La-la land. Look at us, two  
rock 'n' roll dicks. Unfortunately,  
only one of us is a detective.

FORD

Nice getting all those phone calls from you after you hit it big, you Redhook bastard.

JOHNNY

I don't remember any Arbor Day cards from Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Detective.

FORD

Friendship's a lot different out here. A wrong number is a relationship. But then this isn't a social call.

Johnny pulls out a snapshot and gives it to Ford. It's a picture of Zuzu from the opening scene, blowing Ford and the viewer a kiss. Ford fondles it as Johnny gets up to pour two cups of Styrofoam.

FORD

How nice.

JOHNNY

It's my daughter, man. I know I never told you about her, but God, I love that girl. She calls herself Zuzu Petals and she's been swallowed up by the gorgeous hell that is L.A. A fucking groupie partying with the pros. You have to get my baby back, she's my pride and --

FORD

'Bye, Johnny...

JOHNNY

What?

ENGINEER (V.O.)

Dead air, Johnny...

Johnny grabs the microphone and squeals into it...

JOHNNY

Will you people leave me alone! I'm contemplating my life and you just won't stop listening! Here's five in a row played at the wrong speed.



Johnny punches some buttons and spins angrily to Ford.

JOHNNY

So...

FORD

I don't take cases with foundations in bullshit. They are very hard to walk around in.

JOHNNY

Just find her, man. She's my daughter, she's my sister, she's my mother, she's some little brat I stood in line with at Taco Bell last week. Do whatever you want with my words. And my money.

Johnny pulls out an envelope and opens it up to the soft sound of a CHOIR OF ANGELS.

JOHNNY

I am told it is difficult to pay the phone bill with gold chains and V.C.R.s. There's four thousand here.

FORD

Zuzu Petals. Sounds like a drug. A lethal one.

JOHNNY

I hope you solve the case and I know you will, because you're the best. Ford, guys like you don't grow on trees.

Johnny and Ford raise their Styrofoam cups. This is an old joke between them.

JOHNNY

Here's to you...

FORD AND JOHNNY

... sucking my dick.

Laughing away, Ford reaches for the envelope. An unsmiling Johnny pulls it back and takes out a couple of bills.

JOHNNY

No dessert until you've finished  
dinner.

INT. FORD'S FAIRLANE - NIGHT

Packed with all the perks of his job, such as a car phone and a compact disc player, the interior of Ford's Fairlane is pretty jawdropping. A FEEBLE WOMAN'S VOICE comes through the RADIO.

FEEBLE WOMAN (V.O.)

Johnny, why can't you play  
different kinds of music?

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I think the real question here,  
ma'am, is 'Are you wearing  
panties?' A-a-a-h!

The grisly SOUND EFFECT of a woman being sawed in half by a CHAINSAW comes over the RADIO. An exasperated Ford turns it OFF with a remote control. He grumbles, toward the passenger seat.

FORD

Why did I take it? Because he's  
my friend. But I never liked the  
bastard. Why did I say yes? Four  
thousand reasons. Right, buddy?

The koala bear is revealed to be in the passenger seat, snugly behind a seat belt, patiently taking in Ford's complaints.

EXT. VARIOUS SIZZLING L.A. SIGHTS

To the chords of a corrosive ROCK-RAP TUNE, the VIEWER and Ford's Fairlane GLIDES BY various hot spots such as the Frolic Room, City Restaurant, and the Hard Rock Cafe with its embedded Cadillac.

EXT. CROWD OUTSIDE ROXY

Ford weaves through the high-hair-headed crowd in front of the Roxy. He shows Zuzu's picture to various shaking heads.

INT. CONCERT STAGE

The corrosive song is now seen being belted out live by an all-black hard rock-rap outfit. Ford can be seen

offstage showing a roadie Zuzu's picture.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Ford breaks up a game of Lacrosse between some debauched British rockers and some nubile girls. All are wearing Lacrosse helmets and holding Lacrosse equipment.

The nubile girls take off their helmets. The girls all seem to resemble Zuzu, but the real thing is not to be found.

INT. FORD'S FAIRLANE

Ford crosses a name from a list of bars, clubs, and concert halls rubber-banded to his visor, mumbling to his koala bear.

FORD

There are 5,000 private investigators in L.A. It made sense to specialize. Why did I pick the music industry? Why not fishermen? Fishermen get up, fish, sell the fish, then go to bed so they can get up and fish. How hard can the cases be: 'Ford, somebody switched the lures in my fucking tackle box.' 'Ford, my bait's been sabotaged.'

Ford turns back ON his RADIO in disgruntlement.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(on radio)

Well, it's time to sign off. I know I get on the radio and say a lot of harsh things but I want you to know, deep down, I hate you, each and every one of you, so until tomorrow, burn in...

A GUNSHOT is heard.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Oh, my god, somebody just shot my engineer! Oh, hey, they're doing something with my mike! Hey, I'm being electrocuted! And it hurts!

Ford pulls up to the radio station, chuckling at Johnny's histrionics. He turns OFF the RADIO and gets out of the car.

INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY

Ford walks into the radio station still smiling at Johnny's screaming. The lights in the radio station lobby are frantically blinking on and off. Putting two and two together, Ford stops smiling. He rushes to the reception desk.

FORD

Call the police! Johnny's being electrocuted!

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, please. He's just doing one of his little jokes...

FORD

Look at the lights...

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Oh-fucking-shit-my-Christ-I'm-dying!

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, he can't say 'oh-fucking-shit-my-Christ-I'm-dying' over the air!

Ford pushes past the guard.

INT. RADIO BOOTH

Ford bursts into the radio booth. On the ground, with a bullet in his head, is the Engineer. Ford crashes through another set of doors and there, SPARKS EXPLODING out of his face and arms, is a sizzling, screaming Johnny Crunch.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - LATER

Cops, DETECTIVES and coroner flunkies zip back and forth with a dazed Ford acting as the eye of the hurricane, gravely contemplating the charred statue that was once his Brooklyn buddy.

DETECTIVE

Well, I hope this guy signed your

yearbook because it looks like your  
friendship, and your case, is closed.

An assistant pulls a burnt envelope from Johnny's body,  
filled with charred cash. Ford watches in pain.

FORD

I think I'm going to cry.

DETECTIVE

(patting Ford)

Crying's good, Ford. Crying's good.

Commotion outside the booth becomes audible as the flashy,  
obnoxious LT. AMOS makes an entrance. He has made a  
horrible attempt at dressing stylish. His tie is notably  
nasty.

DETECTIVE AND FORD

Hoh shit.

Ford looks away to the side of a console. He sees a 45  
rpm sleeve. It is blank except for some handwriting; the  
name ART MOONEY, followed by a drawn star. Ford quickly  
nabs it...

LT. AMOS

How'd Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Detective  
boogie his way in here? Anybody...

DETECTIVE

He discovered the body, Lt. Amos,  
sir.

FORD

Nice tie, Lt. Anus, sir.

LT. AMOS

You think you're so hot just  
because you can get into any club.  
You think you're so hot, just  
because you have sex with great-  
looking women. You think you're  
so hot just because you broke the  
Ensenada tape piracy ring...

FORD

You gotta admit those are all  
pretty great reasons...

LT. AMOS

Get the fuck out of here, honey...  
What do we got?

DETECTIVE

This guy was hated by everyone.  
He offended every race, religion,  
and sexual preference imaginable.  
He even said the Lakers suck.  
So basically we're looking at  
everyone from the Glendale  
Skinheads to Magic Johnson.

Ford tries to ease out of the booth.

LT. AMOS

What are you running from?

FORD

Why shucks, Lt. Anus, you told  
me to get the fuck out of here...

LT. AMOS

If you're hiding something... oh,  
oh, I'll have so much fun.

FORD

Why do you hate me? It's gotta be  
more than Me Private You, You Cop.

LT. AMOS

(a beat)

Two words. Disco Express.

FORD

Disco Ex -- man, that group sucked  
like a squid, they had some shitty  
single they wanted me to plug,  
back in my publicist days...

LT. AMOS

'Booty Time.'

FORD

Yeah, and that lead singer, Jesus,  
that white Van McCoy wanna-be  
with the six-inch platform shoes.  
He looked...

LT. AMOS

Like me.

FORD

I was about to say he looked like  
shit, but hey, sure, he looked  
like you.

LT. AMOS

'It's booty time, it's booty time,  
across the U.S.A. It's booty time...'

FORD

You were the lead sing --  
Lieutenant, I didn't think anyone  
could cheer me up tonight...  
Thanks. Really.

A laughing Ford squeezes Lt. Amos's shoulder and walks  
away...

EXT. BEACH BEHIND FORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A smoking Ford stands starkly, wailing with his guitar in  
cathartic quasi-Hendrixian blasts, ruining a perfectly  
nice MUSICAL SEGUE ON the SOUNDTRACK.

He looks down to picture, nailed to the fence before him,  
of a young Ford and Johnny doing silly rock star poses.  
Young Ford holds a cheap guitar while Johnny clutches a  
pair of drumsticks.

Ford presses the cigarette against the photo, setting it a-  
fire and then resumes his "playing." The Kid rolls up on  
his skateboard, holding his ears, breaking into Ford's solo.

THE KID

Ouch.

FORD

Hey, you, get off my cloud. I'm  
talking to my friend. 1962 Fender  
Stratocaster with original  
humbucking pick-ups, maple neck,  
strung upside down for a left-  
handed motherfucking genius...  
Jimi Hendrix.

THE KID

Who cares? I got a case.

FORD

Twelve pack?

The Kid holds up a bunch of wadded-up money.

THE KID

This ain't no social call. One hundred bucks. To find my father.

FORD

(looking up to God)

Did he just say what I think he said?

THE KID

I've got a clue. Look at my ring. Before my old lady ran off to Baja, she told me my dad had this same ring.

The Kid holds out his hand. A ring of Snoopy in his fighter pilot outfit is attached to his hand. A couple of notes of "Snoopy and the Red Baron" play on the soundtrack.

FORD

Holy Colonel Mustard. Gosh, you didn't mention the big clue... Kid, I can't take your money.

THE KID

You need it.

FORD

I don't need it that bad.

INT. FORD'S PLACE - NEXT DAY

Ford snores away on his couch, holding his guitar. The koala bear sleeps beside him. The DOORBELL RINGS. And AGAIN. Ford's eyes pop open to a pile of wadded up money on his coffee table.

FORD

I don't believe it. I took the money.

He meanders to the door like a Cocoon II cast member and opens the door. COLLEEN SUTTON stands in a striking pose at the door. Behind her in the street is a blue limousine and a driver.

The very attractive Colleen belongs to the genre of rich people that has seen it all, every piece of decadence



perpetuated. Nothing fazes her, even the chilling sight of a just-woke-up Ford.

COLLEEN

Ford Fairlane, I'm Colleen Sutton and I need your help. I have a problem and it pertains to the music industry. What is it they call you? Mr. Rock and...

FORD

Don't say it. Orange juice?

COLLEEN

Please.

Ford takes a carton of orange juice from the coffee table. He shakes it and then pours into a pretty used-looking glass also from the coffee table. He hands it to the deadpan Colleen.

FORD

Sorry about the glass. And the house. And the breath.

COLLEEN

Mr. Fairlane, I'm very rich. The kind of rich that warps minds. Nothing offends me. When I was eleven, I walked in on my father and the Shetland pony he had given me for my tenth birthday. Does that excite you?

FORD

I don't know, I never met your father.

Colleen looks down to Ford's crotch. Ford does the same and then raises his head with a laugh.

FORD

Oh, that! Don't take it personally. He always wakes up before I do. Down boy! Roseanne Barr naked!

COLLEEN

Who's your decorator?

FORD

Some fag. Charged me up the ass.

COLLEEN

Fag? Ass? I'm sorry, is that a joke?

FORD

Poor taste. I know. Listen, I respect homosexuals. When I was young, my maid was a homosexual.  
(after the silence)  
My maid was a homosexual.

COLLEEN

I don't have a sense of humor, either. Sorry.

Incredibly LOUD MUSIC BLASTS through the room. Colleen splashes orange juice all over herself, undulating in a wacky, Martin Shortesque double take. Ford remotes off his alarm. Colleen regains her composure with a big orange juice stain.

They sit upon the couch, the dozing koala between them.

FORD

Now that we've broken the ice...

COLLEEN

I need you to find my little sister. She goes by the name Zuzu...

FORD

Zuzu Petals. You want me to rescue her from the gorgeous hell that is L.A.

COLLEEN

But how did you know? Here, take this picture...

Colleen holds out the picture of Zuzu blowing a kiss.

FORD

No thanks. I carry my own.

COLLEEN

Excuse me?

FORD

Let's see, you're her worried sister. Yesterday I met her

worried father who incidentally was about five years younger than you. In fact, I capped off the evening by watching him get electrocuted. They talk about cases like this in the private eye handbook... something about a ten-foot pole.

Speechless, Colleen pulls out a thick envelope.

COLLEEN

Five thousand should be enough to assuage any qualms you have about my family tree.

FORD

Yeah, but of course for now, I only get a twenty.

COLLEEN

Actually, you may take it all now.

FORD

Oh... I have some questions.

COLLEEN

I have no answers. Thanks for the stain. Find the girl. In the envelope are tickets to the Dorothy Chandler. We'll chat again, then.

Ford gives a glance to the table and the 45 sleeve with Art Mooney's name and the star on it.

FORD

Ah, the Dorothy Chandler. I was just there with my good friend Art Mooney the other night...

COLLEEN

Who?

FORD

Nuthin'.

Colleen makes a graceful exit. Ford pauses to get his bearings then picks up his red hotline phone.

INT. FORD'S OFFICE

Again decked out in an aggressively conservative business

outfit, Jazz picks up the phone and breaks character.

JAZZ

K-O-D-S is going to make me rich...  
Uh, Ford, aren't we frisky this  
morning. It's only four o'clock.  
I guess the early bird gets wormed...

INT. FORD'S HOUSE

Ford cuts her off.

FORD

Quiet. Tell me you tapped in the  
police computer and found out lots  
of good stuff about Art Mooney...

INT. FORD'S OFFICE

JAZZ

I found a lot of Art Mooneys.  
None with a police record, though.  
Not even Synchronicity. Have you  
checked out Johnny Pinzolo/Crunch's  
houseboat yet?

INT. FORD'S HOUSE

Ford pours milk on a bowl of Fruit Loops for the now-  
awake koala bear, who fumbles a spoon.

FORD

Tonight after I see Don.  
Some Beverly Hillbilly just hired  
me to find you-know-fucking-who.  
Name's Colleen Sutton.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Spooky. I'll process her.

FORD

(pulling tickets  
from envelope)

Cool. Jazz, meet me at the  
Dorothy Chandler Pavilion tonight.  
I'll have a ticket for you at the  
door. Some concert. Could be  
interesting. Dress nice.

INT. MIXING BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Don Cleveland, the suave black producer from the club, sits behind a large mixing board along with engineers and mixers. A passable tune with ghoulish VOCALS is FILTERED into the booth. As Don speaks, Ford stands behind him, staring through the glass at the source of the wretched music.

DON

I haven't seen her around, and as for who would want to kill Johnny Crunch, line forms to the left. You'd find less people on our planet who wanted him alive.

FORD

(in a trance;  
to the glass)  
Great pipes.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Don laughs as the viewer gets a look at KYLE TROY, a very young pretty-boy whose non-singing is matched by his non-guitar-playing ability.

A number of studio musicians valiantly try to make something out of the song they're playing.

INT. MIXING BOOTH

FORD

I've heard cars fuck with more harmony.

DON

Tell me about it.  
Name's Kyle Troy. Can't we bring up the bass.

MIXER

It's up as far as it can go. Any more tricks and we're not going to be able to hear his voice at all.

DON

Don't tempt me.

FORD

How could Grendel Records sign such a wick-prick? I guess Julian Grendel really is deaf as a fucking doorknob. I hear Ray

Charles is going to head up the video division.

GRENDEL

Actually that's rather an intriguing idea...

Everyone's face drops. Behind Ford stands the charismatic JULIAN GRENDEL. Julian laughs, allowing the others to do so. He shakes Ford's hand, motioning to the mixing booth window.

GRENDEL

Good to meet you, Mr. Fairlane. Your mouth makes quite a reflection. I'm Julian Grendel.

FORD

Boing. You're one hell of a lip reader.

GRENDEL

(comically motioning down to his tie)

Why thank you. It's a Christmas present.

(a beat)

That was my sense of humor, everyone. I wish you would fake a laugh. It's easy with a deaf person.

Grendel mimics a vivid but silent belly-laugh. Ford chuckles.

FORD

I knew your father. He was quite...

GRENDEL

An asshole? A swine? A ballistic turd? Pick one.

(with a laugh)

I never knew what a blessing my accident was until he died and I had to take over the company. You see the music is irrelevant in this industry. I'm going to have to ship this 'wick-prick' platinum just so teenage girls can have a compact disc cover to get wet with.

DON

Julian's happy as long as he  
doesn't see glass shatter.

FORD

(motioning to the  
yelping Kyle)

I never thought I'd be jealous of  
your handicap... Sorry to hear  
about Bobby Vomit.

GRENDEL

Terrible thing, but good career  
move. His record sales have gone  
way up. I'll just have to create  
a new Black Vomit.

FORD

I was just discussing this whole  
Vomit thing with my friend Art  
Mooney. Do you know him?

EVERYONE

Nope.

Kyle finally finishes off his classic tune and gives the  
booth a thumbs-up sign and a smile.

DON

What's that asshole smiling about?  
(into a microphone)

That was fantastic, man. Let's  
just try it one more time.

(clicking off  
microphone)

Well, sorry, Ford, I couldn't help  
you. Uh, Ford.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Ford bursts through the door. Everybody stops playing.

FORD

Guys, guys, please.

KYLE

Yo, what's the hassle?

FORD

You're killing rock and raping  
roll. Keith Richard's rolling in

his grave and the poor bastard  
ain't even dead yet. You're  
tearing me apart! Rock 'n' roll  
is, is...

Ford starts snapping his fingers -- looking around --  
snap snap -- Kyle Troy frowns -- snap snap -- a couple  
of the band members nod.

FORD  
I got a '65 Cadillac.  
(snap, snap)  
Spare time on the back...

The bass player jumps in -- BUM BUM.

FORD  
Charge cord to Goldblatts.  
(snap, snap)  
But I ain't got you.

Kyle pouts -- the drummer kicks in.

FORD  
I got women to the right of me...  
I got women to the left of me...  
I got chicks all around me...  
But I ain't got you.

The rhythm guitarist and keyboardist join the jam. The  
band is heating up -- playing louder -- Don and the  
boys in the booth are bopping their heads to the beat.

FORD  
I gotta a pocket full of crumpled  
bills,  
I gotta stomach full of different  
pills,  
I got Fanny Fox and Wilba Mills,  
But I ain't got you.

The band suddenly kicks into a rousing instrumental  
break of Calvin Carter's "I Ain't Got You." Ford gets  
wicked with the mike stand.

FORD  
But I ain't got you...

BAND  
But I ain't got you...



FORD

No, I ain't got you...

BAND

No, I ain't got you...

FORD

I said, I ain't got you...

BAND

I said, I ain't got you...

FORD

I ain't -- got -- you.

-- And with a quick wave, everyone cuts off. Ford turns to a very put-off Kyle Troy and grins.

FORD

Now, that's entertainment.

INT. MIXING BOOTH

Ford whisks through -- nods to Don:

FORD

Have a copy of that sent to me,  
will ya?

DON

Right away!

Don cracks up as Ford makes his exit.

INT. HALLWAYS OUTSIDE STUDIO

A pleased-with-himself Ford bounds from his studio. He comes across an eerie sight in the hallway -- Two men in GUNSLINGER coats over Armani suits. One is a black mohawked PUNK and the other is a highhairheaded HEAVY METALER.

FORD

You guys part of a band?

PUNK GUNSLINGER

(contemptuously amused)

... Sure. Our name is Pain.

Ford fakes a smile. The duo snort and sneer as he walks off.

EXT. GLOOMY MARINA - NIGHT

Ford's Fairlane pulls up before a pretty ominous marina. Boats are eerily moored with no sign of human beings.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Ford creeps across the pier. He puts the finishing touches on his arm-to-hand sliding gun apparatus before looking to a nice-sized but inherently tacky boat from which an eerie ROCK SONG spookily emits. The bow reads: THE MIGHTY PENIS.

FORD

I wonder which boat's Johnny's?

EXT. DECK OF MIGHTY PENIS - NIGHT

Ford comes onto the deck of Mighty Penis. He glances around before descending below to follow the siren call of the eerie MUSIC.

INT. CABIN

Ford comes down and turns on some bizarrely hued lights revealing a literally rocking bachelor pad from hell complete with a scary rack of dildos and an inflatable doll that floats above a neon ME sign. Ford goes past a wall that has cut out quasi-nude shots of breasts and buttocks.

FORD

The love boat is making another run...

He then makes a glance to another picture on the wall. It is the same young-and-wanna-be-rock-stars picture of Johnny and Ford that Ford viewed earlier.

Ford sadly blinks before looking to a gun rack on the wall that holds three shotguns. Ford wobbles over to an entertainment system set up next to the rack. He turns OFF the eerie rocker on the STEREO. A video cassette marked "Collie and Me" lies on an adjoining VCR. Ford puts the tape in.

TAPE

The TAPE WHIRS on to show Johnny kneeling on his heart-shaped bed in a comical schoolboy outfit and a dunce cap.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(on video)  
Where's my Queen Collie? I need  
some order!

Colleen Sutton comes on the screen in killer black lingerie and wearing a paper Burger King crown. She steps threateningly toward the bed, carrying a scepter.

COLLEEN (V.O.)  
(on video)  
Queen Collie is here.

INT. CABIN

Ford snaps OFF the TV.

FORD  
This is why I have cable.

Ford steps over to a closet and opens the door. And there's a smiling guy in a psychedelic tie-dye shirt standing inside. Ford quickly closes the door -- and BAM -- a hand crashes through the door and latches on to Ford's neck. Ford beats off the arm.

Ka-blam! The smiling guy kicks the door off its hinges. Meet SMILEY: He's muscular, and seems mean, despite the fact he has a ponytail, wears sandals, nice black gloves, and has a damn smile that never ever leaves his face.

SMILEY  
How's it going?

Smiley's fist swooshes at Ford's head. Ford's hand whips out of nowhere and grabs the fist in midair.

FORD  
You're ten seconds away from the  
most embarrass --

Crunch! Smiley punches Ford across the jaw with his left jaw!

Ford's body careens into a dresser. He bolts up and as he did so wow-ly in his opening scene, super-swiftly raises his arm. Only this time the gun doesn't slide out.

Ford feebly tries to reach in his sleeve to retrieve the gun but crack! Smiley strikes again. Ford runs to the gun rack and tries to pull out a shotgun, but it is locked. Panicked, Ford yanks the entire gun rack off the wall as Smiley latches on with a nasty bear hug. Ford FIRES off a

wild BLAST from one of the still-in-the-rack GUNS.

The shotgun blast demolishes a Playboy centerfold and causes a BLAST of WATER to whoosh out from her remains.

Smiley moves into a strangling mode while Ford's hands move down to the next gun on the rack. Another BLAST BURSTS a hole in the other WALL.

Ford FIRES OFF yet another one into the floor below him causing a devastating geyser that allows him to break away from Smiley.

Water is amusingly blasting out from every angle. Ford and Smiley battle semi-obliviously to this new added element of nature. The water rises above their knees.

Ford spins around and grabs the TV off the still-standing home entertainment center. He SMASHES it upon Smiley's head, submerging him into the water which is now at Ford's waist. Ford frantically scans the water like a shark attack victim, but Smiley does not emerge.

FORD

Marco...

Ford quickly wades to the stairs...

EXT. MIGHTY PENIS

is sinking pretty fast.

EXT. DECK

Ford collapses onto the damp deck with a gasp. The entire lower level of the boat is underwater. Ford works himself into a standing position as Smiley ferociously resurrects from out of decktop windowcase.

SMILEY

Polo.

FORD

Whatever you're getting paid, I can give you twenty, maybe thirty bucks more.

Smiley does a savage medley of punches across Ford's gut before slapping him into the deck rail. WATER SPLASHES onto the deck as the boat goes into death throes. Ford ungracefully makes a clinging jump onto...

FLY BRIDGE

Ford beaches himself on the tippy top of the boat. Smiley effortlessly pops up and moves around behind Ford's head.

FORD

Had enough?

Smiley laughs as he places his thumb behind Ford's earlobe at Ford's jawline. This hurts... The fly bridge is the only part of the boat above water.

SMILEY

Feel my thumb? I keep it there forty seconds more and a welt develops cutting off the oxygen to your brain. I leave. Twenty-one minutes later, you're dead. The slowest, most painful minutes a person can experience.

FORD

I guess you never saw 'A Very Brady Christmas.'

SMILEY

(squeezing tighter)

Case closed, okay? Thirty seconds.

FORD

Fine!

SMILEY

What's fine?

FORD

I'm off it!

SMILEY

Off what? Twenty seconds...

FORD

The case!

SMILEY

Oh. One more thing. This is personal. I want you to tell me you're a big sissy.

FORD

I. Am. The. Biggest. Sissy.  
In. The. Whole. Fucking. World.

Smiley removes his thumb, pats Ford on the head, and then proceeds to exuberantly backstroke away. A job well done.

Ford's torso is the only thing above water. His sliding gun apparatus pings to life. The gun finally slides into his hand. Ford snorts and shakes his head as he disappears below the water.

INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION LOBBY - NIGHT

The elite of Los Angeles, with impeccable tuxedos and gowns to prove it, grandly stream into a large auditorium.

Ford, holding a plastic bag of party ice over his face, stumbles through the pavilion doors in a wrinkled tuxedo. The ice bag breaks, sending ice and water down Ford's shirt. Various snooty patrons turn to harrumph, including Colleen, who does a double take when she realizes who she is harrumphing at.

COLLEEN

My God, Mr. Fairlane, you look  
like the Fall of Saigon.

FORD

Colleen and Johnny, sitting in a  
tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g...

COLLEEN

Uh, let's go sit down.

A couple of gasps rise up out of the patrons around them. Ford and Colleen feel the breeze of heads turning all around them. They turn to see what everybody is looking at.

What they are looking at is Jazz! Gone are her glasses and businesslike dress. She stands at the inside entrance of the pavilion in a tight, low-at-the-top-high-at-the-bottom black leather mini-dress.

FORD

(catching his  
breath)

Excuse me...

Jazz squints at the crowd trying to find Ford, who is quickly coming right towards her.

FORD

Hey, Jazz, I told you to dress  
'nice' not nice. What, did you  
think this was a date?

Ford looks to Jazz's grim face. Yes, that's what she thought.

FORD

Sorry, Jazz. After this, I'll throw  
a burger down your throat, okay?

JAZZ

You're a fucking gentleman. What  
do you want from me?

FORD

This Colleen Sutton woman I'm with.  
If she flees me to go powder her  
whatever, I need you to keep tabs...

COLLEEN

Ford, they're starting.

Colleen strolls back from where she came. Ford back-pedals to catch up with her.

FORD

You going to be okay?

JAZZ

Go on, 'they're stahting.'

INT. BALLET AUDITORIUM

Male dancers wearing incredibly tight outfits that leave nothing to the imagination prance and move across the stage.

Ford and Colleen take in the spectacle before them. They speak in whispers.

COLLEEN

So you know about Johnny Crunch  
and myself.

FORD

(looking to the

dancers)  
I'm sorry, that's gotta be a pair  
of tube socks he has down there.

BALLET PATRON  
(in back)  
Shh.

COLLEEN  
You want off the case, don't you?

BALLERINA

with absurdly graphic nipples pirouettes.

Ford mimes his eye being poked out.

FORD  
Ouch... Of course I want off the  
case. Some monster from Woodstock  
tried and succeeded in killing me  
tonight. The fact I'm alive's  
a technicality.

COLLEEN  
So you...

FORD  
Listen, Queen Collie, I have a code.  
I never, ever, drop a case. Besides,  
I, uh, used all your money to pay  
my bills, so I kinda owe you.

COLLEEN  
Nonsense. After what you've been  
through, it sounds like I owe you.

FORD  
(to stage)  
They did one of these about my ex-  
wife. It's called 'The Nutcracker.'  
(after the silence;  
enunciating)  
'The Nut-crack-er'... I don't need  
money. I need some questions  
answered.

COLLEEN  
I'll do my best.

FORD



Question one: Can I have some money? Kidding. Why didn't you tell me about you and Johnny? You two were into something even more dangerous than sex, weren't you? Who? What? Where? How? Now.

Colleen looks out to the two Armani Gunslingers, Punk and Metal, looming by the exit.

COLLEEN

Jonathan was such a beautiful man.  
No one knew him like I did...  
Excuse me. I can't do this now.  
I'll call you tomorrow.

FORD

Thanks for the information.  
Appreciate it.

Colleen mock-whimpers into the aisle. Ford turns to a dignified woman seated next to him and motions to the stage.

FORD

That guy gets an erection, he gives himself a black eye. I mean, you can see him coming around a corner and still have time to comb your hair.

BALLET PATRON

Will you please be quiet.

FORD

He'll be telling that joke tomorrow.

The dignified woman laughs and Ford smiles at her laugh.

INT. FOYER

Colleen strides out of the auditorium and purposefully veers down the hall, into the ladies' room.

From a seated position at the other end of the hall, Jazz frenetically pops up and pushes on her glasses. She clacks after Colleen, into the ladies' room as well.

INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION LOBBY

Balletgoers stream into the lobby for the post-ballet reception. Ford meanders out with the buzzing crowd, a

couple patrons taking notice of his wrinkled attire. Ford blazes a Marlboro Gold as a SNOOTY NON-SMOKER who got a snide closeup earlier in the segment, points to a "Yes, I mind if you smoke" button on his lapel.

SNOOTY NON-SMOKER

Can you read... 'smoker'?

FORD

Can you whistle 'Man in the Mirror'  
out your ass... 'snapperhead'?

SNOOTY NON-SMOKER

Hey, don't be a pottymouth. I  
just don't want cancer.

As Ford speaks, he takes a rubberband and attaches it to a lighter in a way that keeps the flame lit. He then places it in the Non-Smoker's tuxedo pocket.

FORD

You know, you're right, sir, and I'm sorry. I thought I lived in a country where you were free to do any stupid thing you wanted; drive to work naked, make love to a V.C.R., but hey, you reminded me I live in a hell where any sperm like you can stab me in the heart with these things called opinions, just because you have them.

The Non-Smoker weakly smiles, his jacket starting to smoke.

SNOOTY NON-SMOKER

It's okay. It's okay, guy. Smoke all you want. Here, have one of mine...

The Non-Smoker fumbles out a pack of cigarettes from his literally smoking jacket and then bolts away.

An hors d'oeuvres tray cruises by. Ford grabs something on a toothpick and casually shoves possibly the worst thing he's ever tasted in his life into his mouth. Ford doesn't chew -- he just looks around for someplace to spit it out just as Julian Grendel approaches.

GRENDL

Well, hello, Ford.

FORD

Mmmmmmm. Mmmm, mmm.

GRENDEL

I must say you're an island of  
reality in an ocean of diarrhea.

Jazz excitedly approaches Ford and Grendel. Ford grabs her and deeply kisses her. Ford pulls back and addresses Jack in his normal voice. Meanwhile, Jazz's face turns color, her mouth trying to deal with the most disgusting transferal of an hors d'oeuvre in film history.

FORD

And it's good to see you, Julian.  
This is my assistant, Jazz.

JAZZ

Mmmmmmm. Mmmm, mmm.

GRENDEL

So what did you think of the ballet?  
Was it like a warm Ice Capades?

FORD

(laughing)

Yeah, I did, you condescending fuck,  
but I miss Snoopy coming out at the  
end. Isn't your enjoyment impaired?

GRENDEL

Don't worry I can run every ballet  
note for note in my brain...

Jazz swallows, her eyes bulging with delicate agony.

FORD

What, were you one of those brilliant  
child prahdigies who was writing  
baroque operas while the other kids  
were fingerpainting Mr. Greenjeans...

Julian winces in pain, and then smiles...

GRENDEL

Something like that... Let's talk  
business. I think someone is  
trying to rip my company off.  
I've tried the Yellow Pages, now I  
think it's your turn...

JAZZ

(with Linda Blair's

Exorcist voice)

If you'll excuse us.

FORD

Jazz, we're talking here.

GRENDEL

Go on, another time, another place.

Grendel watches the couple walk off and the viewer hears the CLASSICAL MUSIC in his head.

EXT. OUTSIDE DOROTHY CHANDLER - NIGHT

Jazz pulls Ford into the cool of the night.

FORD

Why did you interrupt? Maxwell seemed like he wanted to hire me.

JAZZ

Shut up, goodies from the ice queen.

Jazz pulls from her pockets a small toy duck, a Baby Ruth bar, and a compact disc reading "Black Vomit's Greatest Spits." It has a red number two on the cover. Ford takes the stuff from her.

FORD

How'd you get this from her?

JAZZ

You don't want to know, believe me. But don't worry, I washed my hands...

FORD

A fucking C.D. Wow, this case is closed. So, she's got bad taste in music and in men... Did I tell you she and Johnny were lovers and that they were into something and he got killed for it?

JAZZ

(laughing at his  
bald exposition)

No, as a matter of fact you didn't. What about the girl, Zuzu Petals, how does she fit in? I mean, she is what this case is about.

FORD

I wish I knew. You did good work...

JAZZ

Make eye contact when you say that.

FORD

I'm sorry, that dress. What do you say we...

JAZZ

Celebrate? Like we celebrated after solving the White Bluesman murders? Forget it, man.

Ford and Jazz stroll to their respective cars parked side-by-side. Jazz drives a black Volkswagen bug.

FORD

Oh... Hey, how about that hors d'oeuvre, tonight?

Jazz cackles and gets in her car. Ford watches her go...

INT. FORD'S HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

In his underwear, Ford vegges on his couch with a koala bear at his feet and with a BLENDER WHIRRING beside.

FORD

Why didn't I pick fishermen?

Ford STOPS the BLENDER, flips off the lid, and begins drinking his homemade vodka milkshake straight out of the blender, but only after setting it on fire and blowing it out.

Ford then lazily remotes ON the TELEVISION. "MTV News" with KURT LODER finishes up. Ford unslumps up with Kurt's revelations.

KURT LODER (V.O.)

(on TV)

Police are now saying Bobby Vomit was not the victim of an overdose as first suspected, but was actually poisoned. Police have no suspects yet and have asked all Black Vomit fans not to show up at the funeral which, by the way, will be held at the Hollywood Cemetery

at midnight. In homage, here's the  
last video of Bobby Vomit.

Ford mouths "wow" to himself as the rock video begins.

VIDEO

A lacerating TUNE BLASTS forth with Bobby Vomit writhing around a cage. Inside the cage is a beautifully modulated babe with monster makeup all over her face. The rest of Black Vomit dutifully play their instruments at the back of the set, all wearing doctor uniforms.

Vomit pulls the babe's monster-faced head out from between the bars of the cage. He savagely kisses her and then runs to the door of the cage. He flings it open. The babe no longer has the face of a monster. She has the face of Zuzu Petals for that is who the babe is.

INT. FORD'S ROOM

Ford does a vodka milkshake spit-take.

VIDEO

In closeup, Zuzu blows the VIEWER a kiss.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY GATE - NIGHT

WITH Spotlights, with T-shirt hawkers and with a couple hundred mournful rock and roll fans pushing and shoving at the gate, the viewer believes they are at a concert not a funeral.

A hurriedly dressed Ford, tucking his shirt in, approaches the gate. He focuses upon a SLEAZY GUY doing something with two girls.

SLEAZY GUY

That's one hundred. Each.

The two girls nod -- Sleazy Guy hands them something -- the girls leave.

Ford approaches as the Sleazy Guy carefully calls out.

SLEAZY GUY

Got those Vomit invites here...

FORD

Scalping to a funeral, you're a

pretty sleazy guy.

SLEAZY GUY

Thanks. You interested. It's festival seating, so...

FORD

How much?

SLEAZY GUY

Three hundred.

FORD

You gave it to the girls for one.

SLEAZY GUY

Hey, they blew me.

FORD

Oh. Three hundred coming right up.

Ford very quickly hands over three hundred dollars.

EXT. FUNERAL GROUNDS

Ford mounts a small hill to blend into the already-in-progress funeral. Many people stand in various not necessarily tasteful black clothes. A row of nubile mournettes kneel praying, the lipstick on their face is noticeably and obscenely askew.

FORD

Geez, am I the only one who paid full price here?

A priest stands next to a big empty hole. The band members of Black Vomit are situated behind it, with their instruments. They begin a mournful metal jam.

The sound of a HELICOPTER is heard. Everyone seems to be ignoring this fact but Ford. A chopper is cruising toward the funeral.

The CHOPPER sounds get LOUDER as the helicopter positions itself over the open grave. The band increases its intensity as the crowd chants "Vomit! Vomit! Vomit!" A large transparent tube is pushed out of the helicopter with an attached black parachute. The tube is lit up by round dressing room-style bulbs.

The tube floats down toward the grave. Ford and the

VIEWER get to see that in the lit tube is Bobby Vomit.  
It swooshes perfectly into the grave.

Ford shakes his head in amazement. Getting serious, he pulls the picture of Zuzu Petals from his pocket and scans the crowd. More young, pretty girls in sexy black pass before the grave, but no Zuzu.

A GIRL IN A BLACK VEIL (three guesses who) quietly sobs beside Ford, holding the black purse from the opening scene (okay, one guess who). With a whimper, she puts her head against Ford's stomach. By reflex, Ford puts his arm around to comfort, but his eyes never leave the crowd.

GIRL IN VEIL

He was so good...

FORD

Yeah, he was one of the greats.  
(holding out the  
photo)

Hey, you haven't seen this girl,  
have you?

GIRL IN VEIL

Is this a trick question?

The Girl In her Veil lifts her veil. It is Zuzu Petals.  
Ford goes insane with victory.

FORD

Zuzu Petals! Zuzu Petals! Yes!  
Who killed Bobby Vomit? Who  
killed Johnny Crunch? Why do  
people want you so goddamn bad?

ZUZU

I don't know. I'm so scared.  
Help me.

Zuzu drops to her knees before Ford.

FORD

A simple 'please' would suffice...

ZUZU

Fluck you!

Zuzu fiercely balls her fist and punches Ford in the groin. She then bolts up and starts sprinting away.



Ford gasps after her.

FORD

Fluck me?

Zuzu keeps running. She gives a glance back toward Ford as a black gloved hand thrusts out and grabs her by the neck. The arm leads to the maliciously chipper face of Smiley.

Smiley lifts Zuzu up and heaves her into a sidecar connected to a state of the art motorcycle. With a painful crash, Zuzu lands upside-down in the sidecar. Smiley straddles the BIKE and ROCKETS off, recklessly weaving through tombstones.

Panting, Ford stops running toward the motorcycle. He changes direction and begins running...

until he reaches his Fairlane. Ford wails in anger for his tires have been punctured. The PHONE in his car suddenly RINGS. Ford reaches in and pulls out the portable phone.

FORD

K-O-D-S is going to make me rich!

MOTORCYCLE

Smiley is revealed to be barking on a cellular phone, attached to his motorcycle while burrowing through the tombstones. Zuzu's legs flail from out of the sidecar.

SMILEY

How's it going? Radio station  
contest. Ford, I mean really...

The super-bike sends frightened mourners into empty burial holes.

ANOTHER PART OF CEMETERY GROUNDS

Portable phone pushed up under his armpit, receiver between his head and his shoulder, Ford barrels up a hill...

FORD

If you hurt her, I'll kill you!  
Maybe not personally, but I'll  
think of something...

At the top of the hill is a parked hearse.

HEARSE

Two slimy MORTICIANS come out from the back of the hearse. They are each smoking a cigarette and zipping up their pants.

MORTICIAN ONE

Some days it's great to be alive.

Ford charges into the front seat of the hearse. He turns the ignition key and tears off.

MORTICIAN TWO

Hey, he took Lydia!

MORTICIAN ONE

(giving his zipper  
a final yank)

So what, we've had our fun.

INT. HEARSE

The body of a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN rests naked on a gurney in the back of the hearse. The gurney wobbles back and forth toward Ford in the driver's seat. A tag on her hand reads LYDIA.

FORD

Now it's getting interesting,  
Smileyhead.

MOTORCYCLE

Smiley blazes across the gravesite green towards the entrance. A discombobulated Zuzu twists into a sitting position.

SMILEY

Normally, I'd be up for a bullshit  
car chase, but I got to get up early  
tomorrow.

Smiley looks down to his phone with a quizzical expression. In the b.g. the hearse can be seen barreling over a hill.

SMILEY

Ford, where did you go? Don't be  
such a baby...

HEARSE

Ford intensely weaves through burial paths. His point of view has the motorcycle getting closer.

MOTORCYCLE AT CEMETERY ENTRANCE

Smiley hangs up the phone, and ROARS into the street outside the cemetery. Zuzu scowls, until Ford pulls up beside them, shouting out his window.

FORD

You were saying, snapperhead? I'll bet you're not smiling now!

SMILEY

Oh, but I am. Dianetics, Ford. You should try it.

FORD

Say cheese...

Ford super-swiftly raises his arm activating the sliding gun apparatus. The gun sails out of his sleeve, past his hand, out of his car, and over Smiley who rightfully laughs.

SMILEY

Thanks, but I have my own.

Smiley pulls a serious GUN from his coat and BLASTS away. Ford steers off as the BULLETS shower into his hood.

ZUZU

(regarding Ford, amused)

My hero...

The HEARSE convulses in a mind-roasting SKID causing the other poor cars in the vicinity to insanely slam into lampposts, mini-malls, and themselves.

HEARSE

All this motion commotion causes the body of the Voluptuous Woman to burst out from the back and to crash into the front seat. Ford shrieks at the inert, well-endowed flesh. Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. Ford frenetically picks up...

FORD

Fuck you, man! I can't talk...  
Mom! What are you calling for?

No, no, I don't always answer the phone like that. It's business!

The naked body bounces and bashes against Ford as he speaks. The voluptuous head slams down onto Ford's lap.

FORD

Have I met any nice girls? Ma, Ma, get some sleep. I gotta another call...

(pressing call waiting)

Sorry, it was my mom...

MOTORCYCLE GOING UP INCREDIBLY INCLINED STREET

Riding up a steep hill, Smiley deliriously chats...

SMILEY

Your mom is special. I look forward to raping her at your funeral.

HEARSE

Ford is comically maneuvering the body into a sitting position and pulling over a seat belt... He shouts in the phone.

FORD

You are one sick...

Ford hangs up, letting go of the seat belt. Ford watches the body's ludicrously bouncing breasts.

FORD

Damn baby, I hope you filled out some organ donor cards...

Ford looks out the windshield and howls.

INCREDIBLY INCLINED STREET

The hearse slams into the base of the very steep hill, it rockets upward.

The dead body flips and flops over into the back seat.

The hearse flies over the hill and whizzes forward, approaching Smiley's motorcycle. Ford pulls up beside Zuzu in the sidecar.

FORD

Zuzu Petals, I'm Ford Fairlane!  
I'm the good guy, he's the bad guy!

Entertained, Smiley FIRES his GUN at the hearse. Ford swerves around behind the motorcycle to Smiley's side.

Zuzu loops her purse around her neck and then, with a devilish grin, she stands up in the sidecar. Smiley watches incredulously as Zuzu jumps from the sidecar onto the motorcycle between his legs and then, after blowing a kiss, into the open passenger window of the hearse.

A disoriented Smiley swerves off onto a sidewalk, zipping past freaked out pedestrians.

HEARSE

Zuzu lands onto the passenger seat with a giggle.

ZUZU

This is so amazing! A car chase!  
Let's get on some car chase music!  
Ra-a-w-wk!

Zuzu turns ON the RADIO and turns it UP LOUD. Ford can only stare at this perverse girl in amazement. Zuzu looks over to him, popping a bubblegum bubble.

ZUZU

It's red, Ford.

FORD

What?

STREET

The hearse charges through a red light causing another collision.

HEARSE

Ford looks into the rearview mirror. Smiley is back on the street and gaining... Ford reaches into a confused Zuzu's mouth.

ZUZU

Hello?

FORD

Give me your gum and grab the wheel.

STREET

The MOTORCYCLE WAILS up the back of the hearse. Smiley reaches out to the door and flings it open. He leaps...

INTO HEARSE

A BATTERED but still giddy Smiley crawls and crashes into the front seat, pulling a gun on the driver: The voluptuous body!

Smiley looks to the floor pedal. Pink gum holds it to the floor.

STREET BEHIND HEARSE

Crunched in a heap on the street, Ford and Zuzu move into painful standing positions.

FORD

You okay?

ZUZU

(are you kidding?)

Peachy.

INT. HEARSE

A weirded-out Smiley turns from his bizarre driver to look before him. His smile turns into a grimace.

STREET

A multi-transport truck is parked at the curb and its ramp is down. The hearse hits the ramp -- flies in the air towards --

EXT. HARD ROCK CAFE

With its famous Cadillac embedded halfway into the roof. CRASH! -- it now has two cars embedded halfway into the roof.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE

The bodies of Smiley and the Voluptuous Woman fly through the WINDSHIELD and sail into the GLASS roof of the Cafe.

Smiley smashes into the floor while the voluptuous woman crashes down onto a birthday cake atop a table surrounded by aghast yuppies.

The Voluptuous Woman awakens with a purr...

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN

Boy, you morticians really know  
how to party...

Ford's portable PHONE rests peacefully next to Smiley's crumpled body. It RINGS. Smiley achingly picks up.

ZUZU (V.O.)

Nyah, nyah, nyah-nyah, nyah.

EXT. NEARBY PAY PHONE

Zuzu finishes her squealing as a coolly smiling Ford takes the phone from her and hangs up.

INT. RTD BUS - NIGHT

Tired and bruised, Ford and Zuzu sit side by side in a sparsely populated bus. Zuzu is bobbing to a palm-size radio.

ZUZU

That was one of the ten most  
provocative experiences of my life!

A disgruntled Ford takes the RADIO from her and turns it OFF.

FORD

Let's get serious...

ZUZU

Why are all these people after me?

FORD

Uh... wha? You're supposed to  
answer those questions, not ask  
'em. I take it a woman named  
Colleen Sutton is not your big  
sister and that the late D.J.  
Johnny Crunch ain't your daddy?

ZUZU

I'm so sure! I'm an only child  
and my parents are Bill and Shirley  
Petals of South Bend, Indiana.  
They run a hardware store and...

Ford reaches out and muzzles the sputtering girl with his hand.

FORD

You hung out with Bobby Vomit.  
Who would want him dead?

ZUZU

(sadly)

I dunno. He was to sound what  
Cezanne was to image or at least I  
thought so. Ever since he died,  
I've been chased... Omigod!

FORD

What? Jesus, tell me!

ZUZU

It's Spunk Lewis, the lead singer  
for Dead Ribbit! Mr. Bus Driver,  
stop!

POV ON ALLEY

Spunk Lewis, generic rock star, emerges from a backstage door to sign autographs for a cluster of generic fans.

BUS

Ford shakes his head. Zuzu's head is twisted around, trying to catch another glimpse of Spunk.

ZUZU

Spunk, come back...

FORD

How is it you can look at that  
HairHead and see God, when all I  
see is a lucky asshole from Reseda.

ZUZU

Because I know rock-n-roll.

FORD

You know rock-n-roll? Darlin',  
I've been in the music industry  
for as long as you've lived. I've  
seen things you can't even have  
nightmares about... but then I  
guess I'm just not equipped to



know the industry the way you do...

ZUZU

Come again? B.F.L.D., I have sex with rock stars; it's not like I'm doing something that I don't enjoy with them, like shuffleboard. Don't worry about me, I practice safe sex and next summer, I'm going to U.C.L.A.

Ford flicks back ON the RADIO with a deprecating smile and flips it to Zuzu.

FORD

Zuzu Petals, you're not bad. In fact, I was discussing this whole rock-n-roll thing with my pal Art Mooney the other day. You know him?

ZUZU

No. Who's Art Mooney?

FORD

He's the lamest clue I've ever had in my life. Here's our stop...

Ford reaches up and pulls the cord.

INT. FORD'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Not wearing glasses, Jazz makes her morning entrance into the office with an attack of melancholy. She sees Zuzu sleeping at her desk behind a melting cup of yogurt. Ford is amusingly curled up on the floor. Jazz smiles.

JAZZ

Why don't I despise you?

Ford rumbles into a semi-conscious position.

FORD

What did you... Hey, where's your spex?

JAZZ

Contacts.

FORD

I like.

Zuzu pops to life and resumes eating her yogurt.

ZUZU

He saved my life! Isn't he the coolest man in the world?

JAZZ

Says a lot about the world... Zuzu Petals... Case closed?

FORD

I don't know, what was the case?

JAZZ

Ms. Sutton hired you to find the girl. Period.

FORD

Then I guess her case is closed. Mine isn't. I want to know why everybody wants Zuzu. Why people are killing and dying for her.

ZUZU

Yeah, it's weird. Bobby and Johnny were such good friends...

FORD

Friends? You didn't tell me that.

ZUZU

You didn't ask. Have you ever thought about mousse?

The PHONE RINGS. Zuzu fiercely picks up.

ZUZU

K-O-D-S is going to make me rich... Uh...

Jazz sweetly tears the phone away from her.

JAZZ

She's just a bundle of energy, a real treasure...

FORD

Yeah, let's bury her.

JAZZ

Hello...

(hanging up)

It's Colleen. With answers. She wants

to meet. Down. Way down-town. Late.

INT. VERY GRUNGY, DISGUSTINGLY HIP DOWNTOWN CLUB - NIGHT

Too ultra-cool to be alive zombies, a mixture of play-tough trendoids and actual psychopaths, dressed in very black black, are packed together like burnt, sweating sardines. A post-punk ACID CHILLER is throbbing from the SPEAKERS.

An unamused Ford treads through the unsavory pack. The crowd almost mystically parts to reveal Colleen, at a table by a window, in a violent leather ensemble, her hair slicked back.

Ford sits himself down and a waiter pours him a Cappucino.

COLLEEN

I ask you to find a girl and  
instead you steal a C.D. from me.  
Ford. You suck.

FORD

I'll buy you a new one. I found her.

COLLEEN

Zuzu Petals! Did she have it?

FORD

Have what?

COLLEEN

Did she tell you anything?

FORD

Lots of things. Her favorite  
yogurt. The ten drummers she  
would take to a desert island...

COLLEEN

Drink your cappucino, you're  
giving me a headache...

THROUGH RIFLE'S TELESCOPIC LENS (THROUGH WINDOW)

Targeted for destruction, Colleen rubs her temples.

COLLEEN (V.O.)

If feels like it's going to explode.

CAFE

A hole pops in the window and a VASE with a black rose in it EXPLODES on the table.

Ford and Colleen are oblivious to the flying petals and the spurting water.

COLLEEN

Damnit... you were right last night. Jonathan and I were into more than sex. Along with Bobby Vomit, right after old Jack Grendel died, we took part in a scheme to rip off Grendel records... I didn't want you involved...

FORD

But I am...

Ford brings a coffee cup toward its lip. The CUP EXPLODES.

FORD

What cheap shit... hey, waiter!

COLLEEN

We invested in these factories. In Vancouver.

FORD

Hold that thought. Are we being shot at?

Ford laughs. Colleen laughs. They laugh louder.

FORD

I finally got you to laugh.

Suddenly serious, Ford and Colleen bound away from the table into the seething masses.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Punk Gunslinger and the Heavy Metal Gunslinger throw down their rifles (connected to huge silencers) in self-disgust.

EXT. GRUNGY DOWNTOWN CLUB - NIGHT

Ford and Colleen exhale happily, moving through the crowd.

COLLEEN

That was close...

FORD

What did these Vancouver factories do?

The clubhounds swell between them, separating them. Colleen shouts above the zombies' heads...

COLLEEN

I haven't told you the important part!

Smiley suddenly abracadabras behind Colleen. Her face contorts in agony and she falls. Smiley bashes his way outward as a futile Ford twists and pushes to Colleen. A knife has been farmed in her spleen. She croaks up her last words...

COLLEEN

Art Mo-o-o-ney!

FORD

Thanks, I needed that.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CLUB - NIGHT

Smiley emerges out of the club, grinning into a walkie-talkie.

SMILEY

You assholes owe me a Big Gulp.

The sound of THUNDER is heard...

INT. DOWNTOWN CLUB - DAWN

A dark daylight beats against the club along with falling RAIN. The music has stopped and the place has been emptied of its ultra-cool swarm, replaced by the familiar cacophony of policemen and coroner officers. A black bodybag is carried through the tables past a melancholy Ford, who sits, contemplating shot black rose petals until...

LT. AMOS

Have a problem, call Ford Fairlane. He won't solve your case, but who cares, you'll be dead in a couple days anyway. Let's face it. After today, the

California Raisins aren't gonna hire you.

FORD

That's okay. I'm quitting the music detective business to become a cop killer. Pay's the same, but it'll be much more fun.

LT. AMOS

God, I wish I could prove you killed everybody. Unfortunately, I know who the real killer is.

FORD

Really?

Lt. Amos holds up a picture of Zuzu Petals blowing a kiss.

LT. AMOS

It's some psycho killer groupie. I got an anonymous letter that says she killed Bobby Vomit, Johnny Crunch, and now, this society dame.

FORD

Once I got an anonymous letter saying that the world would be destroyed by a giant purple raindrop. I didn't even buy a fucking umbrella... You were in too many discos during the seventies. The Village People rotted your brain.

LT. AMOS

That's the difference between a great investigator like me and a piece of Spam like you. You look at this picture and all you see is beauty. I see the beast.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB/JAZZ'S VOLKSWAGEN - DAWN

In counterpoint to Lt. Amos, Zuzu is seen babbling into a car phone in Jazz's Volkswagen, parked outside the club.

ZUZU

Yeah, on a car phone! No, he's not a guitarist... he's better... He's a rock-n-roll detec --

EXT. CAR

Oblivious to the rain, Jazz leans against her Bug with her arms folded meaningfully, watching Ford head toward her.

JAZZ

You okay?

FORD

Lieutenant Anus has discovered the cold-blooded killer behind everything.

JAZZ

Who?

Ford motions to inside the car. Zuzu chatters away. When she sees she's being watched, she goofily waves...

JAZZ

Ah, an obvious choice.

FORD

Let's get her out of here, before she starts a shoot-out. Drop us at my place.

Jazz opens the passenger door for Ford. As he gets in, compassionate looks are exchanged. Jazz closes the door.

INT. FORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A pretty tired Ford and a never tired Zuzu enter Chez Fairlane, the latter swinging her purse.

ZUZU

Why are you depressed? You get in all the clubs, you never pay cover...

FORD

Stop. We still got serious detective stuff to do, but we've been up all night so we should hit the sack for...

ZUZU

(teasing)

What a perv...

Ford shakes his head and fumbles with the bedroom door as

Zuzu somersaults onto the couch and retrieves a remote control.

ZUZU

Let's watch some 'M.T.V.'

FORD

People still watch that?

ZUZU

Who cares about people?

Zuzu slides up into a sitting position on the back of the couch and raises the remote control...

FORD'S BEDROOM

Ford snaps on the light. His koala bear is hanging from a noose!

FORD

Zuzu!

LIVING ROOM

Zuzu presses the remote control. Bah--oom! The TELEVISION EXPLODES, blowing Zuzu off the couch against the back wall.

Ford rushes into the smoky, raped, and abused living room and bolts down to the dazed and blackened Zuzu. Ford shakes her into some sort of consciousness.

FORD

Zuzu, wake up...

ZUZU

Hah fluck, great video, huh?

FORD

Are you okay?

ZUZU

Okay? I just blew up. I feel orgasmic.

Ford glances up to see flames flickering at the curtains of his Jimi Hendrix guitar shrine. With a mute howl of pain, he lets go of his grip on Zuzu, letting her head clunk to the floor.



FORD

Puh-leeze...

He speeds to the curtain and pulls. The guitar is gone. Ford gasps for breath while Zuzu moves into a wobbly standing position behind him. She walks OUT OF VIEW as Ford's anger finds sound.

FORD

My axe!

ZUZU (O.S.)

Ford, do you got something cooking  
in the microwave?

Ford stops gasping. He races into his...

KITCHENETTE

Where Zuzu stands before a microwave oven, calmly combing ash out of her hair. The timer reads 00:09... 00:08...

FORD

Out!

Ford grabs Zuzu by the hand and yanks her toward the door.

ZUZU

Wait, my purse!

Zuzu breaks off from Ford to retrieve her purse on the ground.

FORD

Wait, my purse?

Zuzu zooms back and grabs Ford's hand, pulling him out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE FORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ford and Zuzu burst from the house and dive onto the grass, heads down. A pause then a familiar BEEPING sound signalling the end of a MICROWAVE cycle. Zuzu lifts her head.

ZUZU

Maybe it was just a pot pie.

BAH-OOM! A corner of the HOUSE neatly EXPLODES.

Ford, lighting up a cigarette, and Zuzu achingly move

into standing positions to watch the gently BELLOWING RUBBLE. Neighbors come out of their places to take part in the fun.

The Kid slowly approaches from behind the transfixed Ford and Zuzu. His eye is black, his lip bleeding, and his shirt is torn.

THE KID

I tried to stop them, man.

Ford spins around and The Kid collapses in his hands.

THE KID

I'm sorry...

FORD

Shut up, you dummy. Who did this to you?

THE KID

These two guys in long cowboy coats and real nice suits. I think Armani. They were going through your stuff with screwdrivers and shit... I did what you would have done.

FORD

Run to the nearest phone and call the police.

THE KID

Fuck that, I mean, the heck with that. I kicked their ass!

(coughing)

Well, I tried. There were two of them you know...

FORD

Jesus, how could you be so stupid? Come on, we're going to a hospital.

The Kid stands up and wiggles away from Ford. He starts marching away toward the beach. Ford follows...

THE KID

I tried to help you...!

FORD

And hey, I appreciate it...

THE KID

(turning back)

Where's my father? Have you even looked?

FORD

Yeah, uh, I got some pretty good leads...

THE KID

Liar! You don't care! About anything.

The Kid runs off. Ford gruffly exhales and turns to an arms-crossed Zuzu, who is not pleased about what she has seen.

Ford and Zuzu straggle over to Ford's Fairlane with nice, new tires. Ford pulls out his alarm beeper and raises it.

FORD

Well, at least the guys at the garage brought my baby back.

Ford presses the ALARM beeper button... BAH-OOM!

EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Battered and burned like Road Warrior extras, Ford and Zuzu drift down the side of the road. They wearily extend their thumbs at a passing car.

FORD

Why the music industry? Ford Fairlane, detective of the fishermen.

A weensy sports car containing two rich FRAT BOYS swerves to the side of the road. As Ford and Zuzu rush to the car, the Frat Boys laugh and ride off.

The license plate reads UNPOOR.

FORD

Ah! Mo-ther-fu --

Ford is about to lose it when suddenly Melodi, the killer cute nymph from the club daintily pulls up in a Cabriolet.

MELODI

Hi, private eye guy!

FORD

Hey, the poet...

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Melodi buoyantly grabs a doorknob beneath some incomprehensible Greek letters. Ford and Zuzu try to brush themselves off.

MELODI

Oh wow, hiding out from cold blooded killers. The sisters are going to die...

Melodi swings open the door leading the VIEWER INTO:

SORORITY HOUSE

With a burst of LOUD MUSIC, the most ludicrous manifestation of the classic college-girls-behind-closed-doors fantasy unfolds in eye-popping fashion. Girls in short-shorts are aerobicizing to the music, girls in Calvin Klein underwear with shredded tank tops are engaged in an intense game of Twister.

A gorgeous girl precariously holds a towel against her body as she tries to iron her Garfield panties, two girls in negligees bite into their corn dogs. A girl wearing only a strategic length T-shirt is tipping her bare toes, trying to change a bulb.

MELODI

Hey, troops, here's that rock 'n' roll detective I told you about.

FORD

(in a trance)

Hebedeebuh. Hebedeebuh. Maybe I did die in the explosion.

ZUZU

I know the feeling. This must be hell. Can you believe, a flucking sorority... I'm gonna vomit Day-Glo.

FORD

Ye-ah. Sure.

Zuzu turns to the stunned Ford and laughingly spansk him

as the sorority sisters scamper over.

ZUZU

Don't forget, Jazz, bonewad.

INT. FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jazz sits at her desk in the dimly, eerily lit office. The PHONE RINGS. Jazz hits the speaker button, speaking somberly.

JAZZ

Hello, Ford...

FORD (V.O.)

What are you doing at the office?  
You wouldn't believe what I've  
gone through tonight... I'm calling  
from the Mega Beta Pogo Sorority.

INT. SORORITY KITCHENETTE

Ford speaks on a wall phone while achingly watching a girl in a teddy slowly fill up a balloon in a faucet.

FORD

Mmmh! My house was blown up, my  
car was blown up, and my koala bear  
isn't in too great a shape, either.

(pausing)

'That's too bad.' All you can  
say is 'That's too bad.'

INT. OFFICE

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT PULLS OUT ON Jazz in the eerily-lit office. The Punk Gunslinger stands behind her, pointing a gun. The HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER sits across from her, doing the same.

JAZZ

Yes, Ford, that's all I can say.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE

The GIRLS have formed a giggling circle around Ford. Each sip a silly-colored wine cooler. Zuzu is grudgingly having fun, too.

FORD

So, then Springsteen says to Madonna,

'Hey, I only eat lime Jell-O...'

Ford gloats as the Girls laugh and applaud.

SORORITY SISTER ONE  
Does Van Halen sleep in the nude?

SORORITY SISTER TWO  
Does Debbie Gibson sleep with  
Van Halen?

SORORITY SISTER THREE  
Is Sting really an asshole?

WEIRD SORORITY SISTER  
If Axl Rose was reincarnated as a  
black woman would he be Jodie  
Whatley or Aretha...

MELODI  
Sisters, sisters, give Ford a  
break. What do you say we induct  
him as an honorary member...

SISTERS  
Yeah!

Ford wolfishly grins. Zuzu rolls her eyes.

INT. FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Heavy Metal Gunslinger bobs up from a phone book.

HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER  
I got an address for the sorority.

PUNK GUNSLINGER  
(turning to Jazz)  
It's a tough business...

HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER  
If you ever have a son, I hope  
his dog dies...

The Punk Gunslinger pushes Jazz back against the Heavy Metal Gunslinger. The Metal Gunslinger grabs her arms while the Punk grabs her legs. They swing Jazz back and forth three times before heaving her SMASH! through the plate GLASS WINDOW of the office.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Sisters stand in semi-darkness around Ford, each holding a lit candle, and each wearing only a special robe. Ford is also wearing a robe over boxer shorts.

SISTERS

Quantas -- Jujubees -- Salcido --  
Ford Fairlane -- Quantas -- Jujubees...

Ford looks over to Zuzu who stands by the window doing a "jerking off" motion. Ford smiles, until he looks...

POV - THROUGH WINDOW

The Two Gunslingers ride up in a Jeep without their lights on.

SORORITY HOUSE

Ford spins to the Sisters.

FORD

Everybody, blow!

The Sisters blow out their candles.

EXT. SORORITY LAWNS

Still in his robe, Ford bounds across the lawns of various sorority lawns until he is far from the malevolent Jeep.

Ford stands at the top of an inclined street. He looks to the Jeep at the foot of the hill before turning next to him. Next to him is the sports car with the UNPOOR license plate.

Ford reaches down to the emergency brake.

INT. JEEP

The two Gunslingers intensely load their guns. The Punk Gunslinger looks up, then back down, and suddenly back up again with a squeal. The sports car is coming right at them.

Too late to run. The sports car sails right into the JEEP, wounding it with a loud CRUNCH.

FRAT BOYS pile out of the across-the-street-parties with howls.

UNPOOR FRAT BOY DRIVER

Du-udes, they executed my Midget!

The Frat Boys thunder towards the Jeep. The Punk Gunslinger exhales a "This ain't my night" breath before pulling out an UZI. He SPRAYS a line of cars parked before the fraternity, SHATTERING WINDOWS, setting off CAR ALARMS, and sending scared Frat Boys running away squealing.

POLICE SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

PUNK GUNSLINGER

It's cut-our-losses time, dude.

The JEEP starts to SCREECH off, but then stops and backs up so the Heavy Metal Gunslinger can lob a GRENADE into the sports car.

The Unpoor Frat Boy Driver watches in agony as his CAR EXPLODES. Ford comes up from behind him, takes the Boy's hand and extends the thumb. Ford grins.

SORORITY

A victorious Ford struts into the sorority to much applause. Ford looks down to a box of water balloons and pulls out one with each hand. High-energy MUSIC is playing on the STEREO.

FORD

All work and no play makes Ford  
a dull boy.

SORORITY SISTER ONE

Water balloon fight!

MELODI

Sisters, don't get your robes wet.

The Sorority Sisters all start to yank off their robes when suddenly a crumpled and bloodied Jazz enters the house.

JAZZ

Why do we have to have an office  
on the second floor?

Jazz begins to collapse. Ford drops his water balloons and catches her.

JAZZ

I came to warn you...



FORD

Oh, Jazz, those bastards... call an ambulance! Get that music off!

ZUZU

Sure, I have a much more appropriate C.D. Bobby sneaked it into my purse the day he died. It was so romantic...

Zuzu pulls out the red number one Black Vomit C.D. from her purse. She goes to the compact disc player and slides it in.

The painful COMPUTER SCREECHES: SCRE-E-E-E! BUZZ! SHSHSHSHSH! come croaking out the SPEAKERS. The Sorority Sisters hold their ears, whimpering in pain, while Zuzu obliviously tries to dance to it. Ford and Jazz smile at each other.

MELODI

This isn't music!

FORD

It is to us! It's computerised.

Jazz takes the Black Vomit compact disc case (with a red number on it) from Ford and holds it up.

JAZZ

I believe the last time we came across one of these, was at the ballet. What were your words...

(in Ford's gruff, facetious tone)

'A fucking C.D. This case is closed.'

FORD

(smiling)

I've always said the one reason I'm the best detective in the industry is that I'm the only one... but hey, I never throw away a clue...

Ford triumphantly pulls the small toy duck from his pocket. He frowns and throws it away, then pulls out Colleen's C.D.

FORD

Sisters, the sorority computer...

ANOTHER CORNER OF SORORITY HOUSE - LATER

The entire sorority and Zuzu are huddled around a seated Ford and slightly-cleaned-up Jazz, who is banging away at a computer.

FORD

Aha, just what I suspected!

JAZZ

You're not funny.

The computer screen is filled with incomprehensible, scrambled nonsense.

ZUZU

This is boring, guys.

FORD

Zuzu, be quiet. Put in Colleen's disc. Number two.

Jazz slides Colleen's disc in the C.D. modem. More scrambled nonsense of a different kind appears on the screen.

ALL GIRLS

Bor-ring.

FORD

Hey!

JAZZ

Hmmm, the first disc was putting out an incomprehensible stream of high bits. This one is putting out low bits. The data is in some fucked binary system. The two discs need to interface simultaneously with a third decryptor disc. Comprendo?

FORD

Su-ure. Two people hired me to find Zuzu in order to get hold of one of those discs and Colleen threw a tizz when we took hers. Obviously, all this binary disc shit is pretty mighty.

(standing up)

But it's not necessary. People are dead. One was a friend. The same people were involved in a scam to rip off Grendel Records. Bottom line's Julian Grendel is doing a little revenge number...

SORORITY SISTER #1

You're making quite a jump...

SORORITY SISTER #2

Do you have any proof?

SORORITY SISTER #3

You can't just go up to Julian Grendel and say...

Ford cuts them off with a deadpan blink.

FORD

Jazz, get to a hospital. Zuzu and I are going to feel things out with Mr. Grendel. If I don't call in an hour... hell, I don't know.

INT. JULIAN GRENDEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bizarrely-over-the-top-high-tech. Strange furniture -- gold records -- the spooky portrait of Julian and his father. A nighttime cityscape sparkles through the windows. Awnings meant for sunlight jut out and block moonlight.

Bathed by high-tech lighting, wearing a tuxedo, Julian Grendel is pounding a feverishly-modulated CLASSICAL TUNE on a piano.

When the VIEWER TAKES IN the sight of a confused Ford and Zuzu standing off to the side, the latter blowing gum bubbles, it is REVEALED that Julian's piano is literally soundless. The piano has had all its chords ripped out. The classical piece existed only in Julian's brain and on the soundtrack. Julian's actual playing produces only a dull clicking sound.

FORD

Uh, nice piano. Probably get a lot of complaints from the neighbors -- heh... It's another time, Julian, another place. If I told you Bobby Vomit, Johnny Crunch,

and Colleen Sutton were the ones  
you were complaining about, the ones  
who tried to rip you off, what  
would your reaction be?

GRENDEL

(wry)

Shock.

FORD

And if I told you that you already  
knew all that shit, and that you  
had them killed, what would you do  
then?

GRENDEL

Golly, I'd probably faint.

Suddenly, Smiley, smiling in another tie-dye shirt, non-  
chalantly walks into the room carrying a couple shirts  
in cleaners bags in his black-gloved hands.

ZUZU

Uh-oh.

SMILEY

Bro, they still can't get that  
spot out.

Grendel downs Ford with a punch to the gut and tears the  
CDs from Ford's pocket. Smiley laughs and whimsically  
shakes his head.

ZUZU

Ford, you were right!

FORD

Ye-ah.

Julian picks up a remote control and zaps a STEREO. A  
dramatic CLASSICAL PIECE floats on. He then coolly pops  
open the drawers of three CD modems beneath a large  
computer screen. He plunks a disc in each...

GRENDEL

Actually you're a bit off in the  
motivation department... I mean,  
revenge is so... Bronson.

(furious, coming  
to the third modem)

Wait, where's the third C.D.? How

could you come here without proof?  
It's a three piece set here! A  
computer disc from Colleen, Bobby's  
computer disc, and Johnny's computer  
disc. Together they make, oh  
fucking forget it!

FORD

Yeah, yeah, I know the third one  
unscrambles the high bits and the  
low bits. Shit, just start torturing  
me, man. I didn't even know Johnny  
had a disc and I can't deal with  
any 'Don't play games with me, Mr.  
Fairlane' bullshit.

GRENDEL

Don't play games... ugh. Did you  
say you don't have the third... ugh.  
(a beat of  
contemplation)  
I'm not going to torture you, Ford.

The two Gunslingers enter and along with everyone else in  
the room, look to Zuzu who obliviously pops a bubblegum  
bubble.

GRENDEL

Not her, Ford. I'm afraid  
sometimes a pussy is just a pussy,  
but a 1962 Fender Stratocaster  
with an original Humbucking  
Pick-ups, maple neck, strung  
upside down for a left-handed  
genius -- Jimi Hendrix, is  
something else entirely.

The Punk Gunslinger lifts up Ford's beloved guitar out  
from under a couch in the office as Smiley bolts behind  
Ford and holds his arms behind his back.

FORD

No! U-gh!

PUNK GUNSLINGER

Hey, that's the sound your koala  
bear made when we hung it.

Grendel throws down the 2/3 and takes the guitar from the  
Punk. He gently places the guitar on the table and takes  
a comfy seated position on the couch. He flicks a

switchblade and lowers it toward the guitar.

GRENDEL

It doesn't have to be like this?

FORD

Oh God, please, don't!

Grendel fiendishly plucks a guitar string with the knife. Ford acts as if it was cutting off his tongue instead.

GRENDEL

Don't you think this guitar would look a lot neater with Ford's name on it?

GUNSLINGERS

Ooooooh, yeah.

The Punk begins carving the letter F on the front of the guitar. Ford gets dizzy. Smiley has to slap him awake.

FORD

Rape!

The Punk Gunslinger removes a power drill from his coat pocket and hands the cord to the Heavy Metal Gunslinger who scampers to an outlet to plug it in. Julian takes the DRILL and turns it ON, GUNNING the power with wicked bliss.

FORD

Okay! Okay. You got me. Boy, you guys are tough. I have the third disc. Indeed. I. Do. Yes, sir.

(smiling, a light bulb dimly lighting)

Yeah you assholes, it's in a very safe place with instructions to have it sent directly to the police if I don't make a phone call by seven o'clock. So if you'll excuse us...

GRENDEL

It's 7:30. You really should get a watch.

FORD

Ah, I didn't say seven P.M., now did I?

Grendel laughs and lights up a cigarette. He motions for Smiley to let go of Ford. Ford proceeds to light up a cigarette also.

GRENDEL

Ford. Ford. Ford. It's too bad it had to end like this. We could have been friends. We're so much alike. We both know 'Rock-N-Roll' is all bullshit. That life is a disease and everyone's a victim. Hell, we even smoke the same brand of cigarettes.

Ford is spooked. He tosses his cigarette away.

FORD

I just gave up smoking. A last drink?

GRENDEL

I'm running a little late. You see, I'm having a party at THE Club to introduce the new lead singer for Black Vomit. Everyone in the industry will be there, including our friend, Don Cleveland.

FORD

What about Don?

GRENDEL

Before Black Vomit starts its set, Don will have his head blown off. The papers next week will reveal that he was partners with Bobby, Johnny, and Collie in 'the Grendel Records scam.' He killed them to pay off a debt to 'the mob' or something lame like that. And then the mob iced him. It's all more tasteful than it sounds.

ZUZU (O.S.)

I can't believe you guys hung a koala bear...

Everyone turns in dismay to the batty girl. The Heavy Metal Gunslinger is working the bar.

ZUZU

That is. So. Graphic. I mean  
I'm still in shock here. You know  
I had a dream about a priest  
hanging a koala bear during my  
first communion...

GRENDEL

(reading lips)

Is she saying what I think she's...

FORD

I'm afraid so, you want her?

ZUZU

But you know, that was just a  
dream. Doesn't really count.

FORD & GRENDEL

Shut up!

The Metal Gunslinger brings Julian and Ford each a glass  
of vodka.

FORD

(raising his glass)

Julian, you're evil incarnate.  
And you know, while I'm a little  
angry that you're going to kill me  
and all, I gotta salute your  
toughness. Life threw you lemons,  
and gall darnit, you made lemonade.  
Julian Grendel, guys like you don't  
grow on trees. Here's to you...

(smashing the glass  
into Julian's head)

sucking my dick.

Grendel spins off, howling in pain. The Punk and Heavy  
Metal Gunslingers rush toward Ford but he dispatches both  
of them with swift punches. Smiley though grabs him from  
behind and holds his arms.

SMILEY

Take a free hit, bro. Come on...

GRENDEL

Sure...

Grendel wipes off his face and steps toward Ford. He  
then stops and with all his might, backhands Zuzu across  
the face, sending her tumbling to the floor. He smiles



and then gives her a kick in the ribs for good measure. Ford breaks from Smiley and rushes down to Zuzu.

GRENDEL

Kill them. Not quickly.

FORD

Are you okay?

ZUZU

If you ask me that question one more...

As Zuzu speaks, Ford reaches in her mouth and pulls out her gum with one hand. With the other hand, he removes one of her earrings.

FORD

When I say 'no,' run for the door.

GRENDEL

(pausing at doorway)

Oh, wait. One sec. Open the window.

The Heavy Metal Gunslinger pries open the window. Julian picks up Ford's guitar with two hands and heaves it over Ford and Zuzu's head and out the window.

FORD

Shit.

GRENDEL

Ciao.

Grendel and the Punk Gunslinger make a brisk exit. The Heavy Metal Gunslinger draws his gun while Smiley smiles and cracks his knuckles.

Ford stands up and speaks whimsically...

FORD

Don't hurt me?

Smiley punches Ford across the jaw -- snapping his head back. He then grabs him by the collar and thrusts him across the wall -- smack -- over the desk -- into the wall. Right next to a wall socket.

Zuzu feliney kneels before the Heavy Metal Gunslinger, sneakily picking up the 2/3 C.D. from the floor.

HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER

Now we're talking...

Ford jams the earrings from his right hand into the chewed gum from his left hand and then shoves them into a wall socket.

FORD

Now!

Zuzu punches the Gunslinger in the groin -- the EARRINGS SPARK -- and the lights go out. The CLASSICAL MUSIC GRINDS TO A HALT and gives way to the sound of GRUNTS and PUNCHES.

INT. HALLWAY

Ford rounds a corner, holding a hand.

FORD

Move it!

Ford pulls the hand around the corner. It belongs to the dazed Heavy Metal Gunslinger. Ford with a brutal yank, pulls him into his knee, doubling him up. Ford watches him drop to the floor as Zuzu rounds the corner holding her eye.

ZUZU

Nice left you got there, jerk.

FORD

Sorry, it was dark, now come on.

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Ford and Zuzu race around another corridor. Zuzu sees a door -- "Roof Access" -- she opens it.

ZUZU

This way...

FORD

No, wait...

Smiley and the Heavy Metal Gunslinger chug around the corner. Ford follows Zuzu...

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Ford and Zuzu stumble out of a door, smack into a giant 10-foot needle jutting into the night sky. Ford

immediately wields back around and grabs for the roof access door, but it has closed. He tries to open it, but it has locked. A BULLET EXPLODES the lock.

ZUZU

Suck a dick, I left my purse...

FORD

As Clark Gable said to Ava Gardner in Mogambo: 'Fuck the purse, we're gonna die-e-e.'

ZUZU

Reality-reality-reality --  
Outrageous building, huh?

FORD

Ye-ah.

VERY WIDE - CAPITAL RECORDS BUILDING

A 14-story stack of records on Hollywood and Vine. Circular awnings ring each floor creating the illusion of a tower of discs.

EXT. CAPITOL ROOF

Smiley and the Metal Gunslinger plow onto the roof. Alone!

EXT. 14TH FLOOR LEDGE

Ford and Zuzu are climbing down and around the side of the building.

The ledge is about a foot wide -- the sheet metal awning juts down and out at a forty-five degree angle just under and out from the ledge.

FORD

And you say I never take you  
anywhere.

The two of them shimmy and sway along the edge until they reach a space in the awning. Ford starts to lower himself through the space to the next level, nine feet below.

EXT. CAPITAL ROOF

Smiley looks over the edge -- straight down. Between the cracks we can see Ford and Zuzu on their precarious journey.

SMILEY

Let's rock.

The Gunslinger gives him a "You've got to be kidding" look. Smiley keeps smiling. Nope. The Metal Gunslinger takes off his gunslinger coat and his Armani jacket.

EXT. 12TH FLOOR AWNING

Zuzu's feet dangle -- she hits the tiny ledge. Ford steadies her.

Ford tries to open a window, but it's locked. He tries the next one -- they're all locked. Ford kicks the window. Bonk! -- the glass bounces, unaffected -- Whoa! -- Ford teeters from the hit -- falling -- Zuzu grabs him and pulls him back up.

FORD

Pretty smooth, huh?

ZUZU

Smooth. I know this is dangerous and everything but it's kind of fun. Ever see "Batman," you know when Batman and Robin are climbing up the side of the building and somebody sticks their head outside the window and says... I forget what they said but it's pretty funny.

FORD

Why have you come to my planet?

A BULLET ZINGS by! Zuzu shrieks -- they look up.

Between the spaces, the Metal Gunslinger points the business end of a gun between the awnings from the 14th floor ledge.

FORD

Around!

They move along the side of the building -- making for the next space in the awning.

DIFFERENT LEDGE - WITH SMILEY

Smiley hits the ledge and teeters. He steadies and moves on.

11TH FLOOR - FORD AND ZUZU

drop down -- start working their way through the next gap.

WIDE AND HIGH ON ALL THIS

The SHOT SPINS AROUND the Capitol Building. Ford and Zuzu are zigging and zagging and dropping down. The Metal Gunslinger follows them from a few floors above -- going left and right. Smiley is concentrating on going straight down.

HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER

prepares to go down. Sticking his gun in his mouth, he slaps down on the rim of the next ledge...

NINTH FLOOR - RIGHT BETWEEN FORD AND ZUZU

FORD/ZUZU

Wow.

His gun still in his mouth, the Gunslinger swings and flaps his arms trying to get his equilibrium. Falling backward, he yelps out of the corner of his gun-clenching mouth.

HEAVY METAL GUNSLINGER

He-lp.

Zuzu instinctively reaches out for him. And grabs the GUN. And the trigger.

She innocently BLOWS the back of his head off. The corpse bounces off the awning...

ZUZU

Oops.

EXT. VINE - ATOP WONDER BREAD TOUR BUS - NIGHT

On the roof of the Wonder Bread tour bus, a TOUR GUIDE is blabbing through a bullhorn to a bunch of seated tourists.

TOUR GUIDE

The building is a symbol for the music industry, a business where anything can happen and usually...

The corpse of the Heavy Metal Gunslinger slams down before him with a crash that turns into a gaping hole on the bus.

TOUR GUIDE

... does.

BACK TO NINTH FLOOR

Zuzu flings the gun away from herself.

ZUZU

Ick.

FORD

I won't ask why you would want to help someone trying to kill you, but hey, good job. Shall we?

Ford helps Zuzu drop her feet into the hap... and Smiley's hand juts up and grabs Zuzu's legs. Smiley is in midair pulling down on Zuzu. He must have jumped up to snatch them.

SMILEY

How's it going?

EIGHTH FLOOR

Smiley and Zuzu fall down as one. Slap! -- Smiley hits the ledge -- let's go of Zuzu -- and she falls outward.

Clang! -- Zuzu slams into the slanted metal awning -- her feet slide out from underneath her like a bad ice skater -- she reaches for the ledge -- misses -- but slap! She grabs onto the top edge of the awning.

She lays there, at a forty-five degree angle, her feet sticking out into the atmosphere.

And Smiley stands right above her grinning. Smiley rests a steadying hand on the wall -- sticks his foot out towards the top of the awning -- towards Zuzu's fingers.

ZUZU

Oh, Fo-ord!

THUNK -- Ford drops from above and lands on the ledge behind Smiley. Smiley's gloved hands lunge out at Ford and grab his throat. Ford shoots his hands out and locks them on Smiley's neck.

Zuzu hangs on for dear life as Ford and Smiley squeeze-push-twist -- both almost dependant on the other to keep balance. Bored, Smiley decides to finish off Ford. He swings Ford's head out a bit, then in, smashing Ford's skull against the building.

The force of the smash knocks them both off balance. They twist -- tip -- let go of each other -- and both fall -- CLANG! -- CLANG! -- onto the METAL awning right next to Zuzu -- Smiley in the middle. Each holding on with one hand to the CREAKING AWNING, they both start to wail punches on each other. Then kicking.

ZUZU

Fluck this.

Zuzu gets into the act. With her nails. And Smiley's eyes. She rips away blindly at his face.

Smiley yells. He loses his grip and starts to slide down -- until he grabs Ford's belt.

Ford gleefully unloosens his belt and lets a desperate and descending Smiley yank it all the way out. Ford reaches out to the belt at the last second. He savors the sight of Smiley hanging on for dear life.

FORD

I want you to say that you're the biggest sissy in the whole wide world.

SMILEY

I'm. The. Biggest. Sissy. In.  
The. Wide. World.

FORD

Okay. 'B-y-e!

Before Ford can let go of the belt, he catches sight of Smiley's glove ripping open revealing a Snoopy-in-a-fighter-pilot-suit ring, just like his son's, The Kid. The "Snoopy and the Red Baron" SONG PLAYS a couple of beats. Ford looks to God.

FORD

Hey. God. You're an asshole.

ZUZU

Let go of the belt! What are you doing? You got mad at me for trying to save the other guy.

Smiley starts to pull himself back up as Ford contemplates.

FORD

I can't kill this kid's father...

ZUZU

Who do you think you are, Ford?  
The tooth fairy. Kill! Kill! Kill!

FORD

This is fucking unbelievable. Zuzu,  
it's a long story, you see...

Smiley suddenly lurches up to Ford's neck and starts strangling away. And that's when the awning bends -- it wasn't built for this. The angle changes from forty-five to twenty-five as all three people slam down and bounce.

The Snoopy comes off in Ford's hand.

They all lose their grip. And free fall.

In midair, Zuzu latches onto Ford's legs and Smiley latches onto Zuzu's legs. Ford's elbow crunches through the edge of the next metal awning. His encrusted elbow is the only thing that is keeping the dangling three-way chain of himself, Zuzu and Smiley from death. All three howl and scream in amusing syncopation.

Ford looks to his left and stops screaming. Hanging from two good guitar strings, off a building thermometer, is the guitar. Ford loudly cheers and breaks into a rendition of "Purple Haze."

FORD

'Excuse me, while I kiss the sky.'  
(loudly hums a  
'Haze' riff)  
Whoooo! Oh, God, buddy, I'm sorry  
for calling you an asshole.  
You're number one, man! Hey,  
Zuzu, look I found my guitar.

Ford looks down to Zuzu who is rightfully wailing her head off. Ford is slapped back into reality. Ford looks over to his guitar, back down to Zuzu, then up to God. He whines.

FORD

You're tearing me apart, here!

Ford reaches over to his guitar and unhooks it from the thermometer with his free hand.

FORD



Sorry, Jimi.

Ford fiercely flings down his guitar. It blazes down into Smiley's face. Smiley lets go of Zuzu with a final howl.

Ford and the viewer watch the guitar swirl and spin in the air before crunching to the ground.

Zuzu climbs up Ford's back and INTO the FRAME.

ZUZU

Thanks. I know how much that thang meant to you.

They semi-romantically kiss. Zuzu squeals in mock indignation.

ZUZU

Hello, Mr. Tongue! What a perv.

FORD

(smiling)

You wish. Come on, let's get outta here.

ENTRANCE TO CAPITAL RECORDS BUILDING - LATER

placidly sits before the viewer. Suddenly, Ford and Zuzu, drop down from the TOP of the FRAME and land on their feet, their BACKS turned TO the CAMERA. They stand shellshocked and motionless for a moment, until Ford turns around and tries to catch his breath. Zuzu's body language says that she still thinks she's on a ledge.

An AMIABLE TOURIST COUPLE approach the devastated duo.

AMIABLE MALE TOURIST

Excuse me, could you give us directions to the Mann Chinese Theatre?

FORD

Go back to Michigan, asswipe.

AMIABLE MALE TOURIST

But we're from Wisconsin...

FORD

What's the fucking difference?

The Tourists flee, flabbergasted. Ford goes to comfort Zuzu.

FORD

Are you okay?

ZUZU

(glaring)

There's that question...

Jazz rushes up to the surly pair, wearing an eyepatch and a forearm cast.

JAZZ

How'd it go?

Ford and Zuzu give Jazz the look of death before continuing down the sidewalk, their heads drearily looking down.

FORD

Your timing swallows the massive one.  
Grendel just tried to kill us, he's about to frame and kiss Don, and we can't do shit. Don't even ask about those discs.  
Goddamn that Art Mooney with a star by his name! It's tied to Johnny's C.D., I know.

JAZZ

Johnny's C.D.?

ZUZU

Maybe Art Mooney's the name of like a constellation...

JAZZ

And maybe the stars correlate with a map in the Thomas Guide... sounds pretty decaf, doesn't it?

Jazz and Zuzu futilely look in the air as Ford moves forward with his head still down. Ford suddenly stops and speaks with an increasingly beatific smile.

FORD

Ladies, life's not that complicated.

The women race back to Ford as he falls to his knees and howls...

FORD

Art, baby!

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT WILDLY SWINGS AROUND and DOWN to see a star, a Hollywood Walk of Fame star. "Art Mooney" is printed just above a five inch record symbol.

The ladies kneel down to the brain-racing Ford.

ZUZU

Oh how sweet, your friend's got  
his own star.

FORD

ArtArtArtArtMooneyMooneyMooney  
Mooney.

Ford frantically massages the star. He digs his nails into the little record symbol and POP! It flips off the star, revealing a five inch hole. A silvery rainbow sparkle comes from that inch. Ford sticks his finger in --

And pulls out a compact disc (a red number three right on the disc). A Black Vomit one. The third CD. Exciting THEME MUSIC CRANKS on the SOUNDTRACK until...

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A dazzling assortment of music industry-types bark and laugh with each other in a decidedly unfrivolous manner. This isn't a typical club scene. Everyone here oozes importance.

Julian Grendel works the crowd like Zeus, the CLASSICAL PIECE playing in his head and ON the SOUNDTRACK.

INT. JULIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The more MODERN THEME MUSIC TAKES OVER as Ford, Jazz, and Zuzu barge into the room and head to Grendel's computer.

INT. THE CLUB

The CLASSICAL MUSIC of Julian's brain RETURNS as he kisses each one of the Ovaries.

INT. JULIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The MODERN MUSIC USURPS. Ford, Jazz, and Zuzu each raise up a remote control and fire. The three, filled, CD modem doors slides shut.

INT. THE CLUB

The short club owners, Jaime and Larry, converge on Julian.

JAIME

This is the best party ever  
thrown here...

GRENDEL

It's going to be a night to  
remember...

INT. GRENDEL'S OFFICE

The trio deals with a barrage of facts and figures on the  
computer screen.

FORD

What an interface!

JAZZ

Seems to be information about a  
factory in Vancouver.

FORD

Yeah, Colleen mentioned it. What  
do they make?

JAZZ

C.D.s. The music kind. From the  
Grendel label.

FORD

Without Grendel knowing about it.  
B-I-N-G-O and Bingo was his name-O.  
Counterfeit C.D.s. Tape piracy  
has graduated to disc piracy, the  
sound quality's better, and so's  
the money.

JAZZ

But the funny thing is, take a look  
at these Swiss bank account numbers.  
We got Bobby, Johnny, Colleen...  
and Julian Grendel.

INT. THE CLUB

Grendel keeps moving to genially thwap Don Cleveland on  
the back.

DON

I wish you could hear the buzz  
this party is making...

GRENDEL

I can feel it, man... Can I talk  
to you in private...

Grendel ominously grabs Don's elbow with a chilling grin.

INT. GRENDEL'S OFFICE

The gang takes it all in.

ZUZU

Grendel was in charge of the  
ripping off of the company.

JAZZ

It started after Old Jack Grendel  
died, the others were just  
investors.

FORD

After their initial investment in  
the factory, Grendel didn't need  
them. Told them to fuck off.  
They tried to get these C.D.s  
together in order to have proof of  
Grendel's involvement, so they could  
keep him in line. Now's the fun part...

JAZZ

I can't believe I lost an eye for  
a bunch of phony C.D.s

They race to the door. Zuzu gets there first.

ZUZU

Oh God, the door's locked. We're  
going to have to crawl down!

FORD AND ZUZU

No!

ZUZU

(gleefully opening  
the door)

Psyche.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CLUB - NIGHT

Grendel, Don, and the Punk Gunslinger stand tensely together.

GRENDEL

What can I say, Don, it's  
business.

(to Punk Gunslinger)

Dump the body in, let's say,  
Chinatown.

Julian oozes back into the club. The Punk Gunslinger raises his silencer-gun to Don's chest... just as Jazz's Volkswagen storms into the alley. The big bashes the Punk sending him flying over the car and crashing on the ground.

Ford, Jazz, and Zuzu giddily bop out of the car.

FORD

Hey, Don, how's the high blood  
pressure.

DON

Could somebody tell me what's  
going on? Like slo-owly...

ZUZU

You-see-it-all-starts-with-this-  
factory-in-Vancouver-and there's  
these-C.D.s...

FORD

I'll mail you a letter, come on!

Ford, Zuzu, and Don go into the club. A grinningly cocksure Jazz walks around to the crumpled Punk Gunslinger, who achingly tries to crawl toward his gun.

JAZZ

Let's see, you threw me through a  
plate glass window and I hit you  
with my Volkswagen. I think we're  
in for a fair fight.

The Gunslinger springs up and punches Jazz in the gut. She gasps.

JAZZ

Maybe not...

INT. CLUB - STAGE

Holding a radio mike, Grendel is in the throes of grandiosity.

GRENDEL

They make jokes about the music industry. They say it's cutthroat, they say it's cynical, well we know the truth! There's a lot of love in this room tonight, but, but...

A flash of reflected light hits Grendel's face causing him to wince. He wiggles his head and continues...

GRENDEL

But I've talked long enough. Now, the moment you've been waiting for. I'd like you to meet the new singer for Black Vomit... Kyle Troy!

Kyle Troy, the untalented prettyboy from the studio comes out, wearing a heavy metal-style wig, to the bullshit applause of the crowd. He is accompanied by a security guard.

Grendel puts down the radio mike to applaud Kyle. The flashing of reflected light hits Grendel a little more fiercely. Annoyed, he looks offstage to its source.

GRENDEL'S POV - OFFSTAGE

Ford Fairlane stands offstage waving the compact disc in the light and smiling.

CLOSEUP - FORD

exaggeratedly mouths...

FORD

Read. My. Lips. You're. Going.  
Down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Grendel's face drops and then switches back to a wide counterfeit grin, Grendel shuffles away from Kyle and the flashbulbs. He steps over the radio mike he placed down on the stage. A nubile hand reaches over the stage and grabs it.

EXT. ALLEY

Jazz and the Punk Gunslinger crash into the Volkswagen, shoving, grappling, and kicking. They crunch down onto the ground.

The Gunslinger dives toward his gun. But a foot steps on it. Jazz and the Punk look up to see a quite dapper Sam the Ex-Sleaze.

SAM

I used to be just like you, abusing women to hide my emotional insecurities. I realize now that a little insecurity is good for a man.

JAZZ

Sam the Sleazebag to the rescue!

A dazed Punk Gunslinger leaps up and swings his fist at Sam, who catches it with one hand.

SAM

You're ten seconds away from the most embarrassing moment of your life.

Sam and the Punk engage in a violent howling, wrestling match. The Punk nails Sam with a kidney punch and then bolts toward his gun. Jazz stands before him holding it nervously. She lifts up her eyepatch to get better aim.

JAZZ

Please say you won't move! I don't want to shoot you, actually I wouldn't mind, but please, say you won't move.

PUNK GUNSLINGER

(charging toward her)  
Die, whore!

JAZZ

I guess that's a no...

Jazz EMPTIES the GUN into his chest, sending him to the ground. Sam wearily rises up.

JAZZ



Come on, Sam, vodka milkshakes are on me.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Grendel hungrily bolts into the backstage area, mock-worried.

FORD

You'd said something about proof...

GRENDEL

Oh please, Ford, I'll do any --

Grendel humbly approaches Ford but then levels a karate-style kick into Ford's ribs. He snatches the CD from Ford and splits it apart in the three pieces.

He savagely begins eating the CD pieces, bloodily cutting his lips.

Ford pulls five more CD's from his pocket.

FORD

And may I suggest for dessert, the five copies I made...

GRENDEL

Fuck me...

FORD

Maybe later, but first I want like to know why you'd steal from your own company...

GRENDEL

When I was young, I read Billboard and I could not believe how much Grendel Records and how little of it my idiot father Old Jack Grendel got.

FORD

Yeah, it's pretty amazing how much cash you gotta give to the actual artists who create the music. Those ingrates really take a bite. But seriously, when Pops died, you got Vomit, Crunch, and Sutton to help finance a C.D. Cleans operation. You got greedy and they tried to

get the three discs together to threaten you, but...

GRENDEL

What is this, are you holding a microphone behind my head?

Holding the radio mike, Zuzu scampers up behind Grendel with giddy self-consciousness at the adventure at hand. As Grendel launches into a tirade, Zuzu holds up the mike just behind him. She reacts to his words with over-the-top facial expressions.

GRENDEL

I should kill more music people! When I was sixteen, I wrote an opera, the greatest piece of music ever created in the 20th Century outside the Dirty Dancing soundtrack. It was called 'Paco the Shoeshine Boy.' When I showed it to my father, he said it 'wasn't happening.' That 'no playlists worth his while would touch it'!

CLUB

The crowd rumbles into silence to listen in shock to Grendel's words coming over the loudspeaker.

GRENDEL (V.O.)

Let's face it, making money is the only art form open to innovation. Whoever says they're in the business because they like music is a lying pathetic piece of shit or total idiot like Kyle Troy...

STAGE

A tear streams down Kyle's face.

OFFSTAGE

Grendel continues to dig his own grave with Zuzu having a ball in the b.g., exploiting his deafness with commentary.

ZUZU

Is this guy flucked up or what?  
I think he's going to blow!

GRENDEL

The day my father turned down  
'Paco' I dedicated my life to  
taking over this fucking industry  
and making it so disgusting, so  
sleazy, and so corrupt that it  
would have to self-destruct! I even  
pissed in the punchbowl tonight...

CLUB

A line of industry types by the punch bowl, simultane-  
ously spit outward.

An amused eyepatchless Jazz, Sam in tow, passes them on  
their way to the bar. Seeing Jazz, the bartender pulls  
out a fountain glass in order to make a vodka milkshake.

BACKSTAGE

Ford is actually concerned about the frothing Grendel.

FORD

Man, Julian, that accident took  
away more than your hearing.

GRENDEL

Accident? Accident! You naive  
pussball, when I realized my life  
of music could only be a life of  
music industry. I cut my fucking  
ears off so I'd only hear my music.  
Here, look.

Grendel pulls off his plastic ears and holds them out to  
Ford.

ZUZU

Hoh graphic! I'm going to dream of  
ears for a year! Ugh!

FORD

Just be thankful he wasn't  
dissatisfied with his sex life.

The Zuzu-directed comment causes Grendel to wield around.

GRENDEL

You little bitch...

ZUZU

(guilelessly into  
the mike)  
'Feelings, whoa oh, feelings...'

Grendel loses it. The inner CLASSICAL MUSIC in his head comes ON the SOUNDTRACK playing ten times faster than normal.

Zuzu, with a squeal, runs off to the stage. Grendel pursues...

STAGE

Zuzu and Grendel run out in view of everyone. Grendel looks out at the dead silent tableau of people who were cheering him only moments before.

The crowd starts to boo...

Ford walks out onstage, having a hard time keeping down a grin. Grendel suddenly yanks a gun from the security guard and points it at Ford, who stops smiling. Kyle Troy faints.

BAR

The bartender puts a last blast of vodka atop the shake and is right about to light it on fire, but Sam grabs and throws...

SAM

Jazz!

Jazz catches it and she throws the shake up to the stage.

JAZZ

Ford!

Ford grabs the shake and flings the contents into Grendel, who gets off a SHOT with his GUN. Ford dives behind an amp as Julian lets another SHOT FLY. Ford pulls from his pockets matchbooks from a multitude of L.A. clubs. He lights a handful of them on fire as Grendel moves in for the kill.

GRENDEL

I'm still the king!

FORD

(popping up)

Julian, you're fired.

Ford flings his homemade fireball into Grendel's vodka doused tux. He explodes in flames, staggering around the stage.

CROWD

Jaime and Larry watch in bemused detachment.

JAIME

Is this for real, Larry?

LARRY

No way, Jaime. He's wearing this gooey stuff on his body that the flames can't affect. Bobby Vomit opened his act this way.

STAGE

The flaming Grendel stumbles to an electronic keyboard set and begins playing a warped piano solo. The KEYBOARDS spark and churn amid the flames before grandly EXPLODING along with Julian Grendel. The sprinkler system blasts on.

CROWD

A deadpan Larry turns to a jaw-dropped Jaime.

LARRY

Now that... I have no idea...

Ford bounds off the stage. He is oblivious to the sprinkler system-induced rain. Don greets him...

DON

Thanks for the promotion, man.

FORD

No prob...

Jazz romantically moves through the makeshift rain. Ford strides to her when Zuzu sprouts up holding hands with a beefy rock.

ZUZU

Look who I found. It's Damion Flemm! He's taking me on tour to Japan!

Ford laughs, almost fatherly, then asks the question.

FORD

So, Zuzu. Are you okay?

ZUZU

Yeah, Ford. I'm okay.

Zuzu tenderly kisses him.

Seeing this, Jazz glumly droops her head and turns around heading back out the club entrance. She passes an entering Lt. Amos and detective. Lt. Amos is wearing the infamous white John Travolta Saturday Night Fever ensemble, with gold chains.

The sprinkler system has gone off.

LT. AMOS

You do realize that tonight is disco appreciation night at the Coconut Teazer...

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, sir, but we got a report that Fairlane and the psycho-killer-groupie are here.

LT. AMOS

There they are! Hey!

Ford and Zuzu turn to Amos with "Oh brother" expressions. They walk toward him with smiling faces.

LT. AMOS

I should've known you two were in this together...

Zuzu drops to her knees.

LT. AMOS

Sorry, sexual favors won't help...

Zuzu slams Amos in the groin, sending him to his knees. Ford shoves the CDs in his pocket.

FORD

Happy listening...

Ford looks for Jazz all around him with a confused expression. The Ovaries approach, two of them have their arms

wrapped around Sam the ex-sleazebag.

SAM

I've learned my lesson, Ford.  
Thanks.

OVARY TWO

Isn't he the best? Why don't you  
come out with us?

FORD

Can't. Have you seen my assistant,  
Jazz?

OVARY ONE

She took off. Said something about  
you being a real asshole.

Ford glumly droops his head and shuffles away...

EXT. CORNER OF FORD'S STREET - LATER IN NIGHT

An RTD BUS RUMBLES to the corner of Ford's street. The  
sad Detective shuffles off the bus to the tune of the  
SADDEST SONG in film history.

As Ford walks toward his house, he passes his debris,  
still splayed out on the street from the night before;  
mangled gold records, smoldered speakers, his red hotline  
now burntline phone, and then there's that funky sliding-  
arm-and-gun apparatus with a gun attached. Ford picks it  
up, sliding the gun back and forth with a rueful smile.

Ford's house is looking gloomy, dark, and missing a lot  
of pieces. Ford walks through the intact, but dis-  
embodied, front door.

INT. FORD'S HOUSE

Head still drooping, Ford closes the door behind him.  
A CLICK causes him to look up. Sitting atop a battered  
piece of couch, blood stains neatly blended into his tie-  
dye shirt, is Smiley holding a gun. Cheerful as always.

SMILEY

How's it going?

FORD

You gotta be kidding! This is  
unfuckingbelievable! I have to  
start the evening crawling down

Capital Records, I shoulda chose  
suicide then, but oh no, the night  
was young! Next up, my guitar!  
The second most important thing  
I own and now it's toothpicks for  
the homeless on Hollywood  
Boulevard! Then, then, after I  
burned up your brother, Jazz... I  
should say as a fucking footnote  
I've usually treated women like  
shit -- used corsages, the wet  
spot, you know giving out Domino's  
Pizza's phone number and saying  
it's mine... Tonight was different.  
I felt respect. I felt love. Then  
Jazz left me... and now I get to die!

SMILEY

The point?

FORD

Let me go out like a man.

SMILEY

(tossing away  
his gun)

Anyway you want it, asshole.

Ford super-swiftly raises his arm and Ta-daah! The gun slides smoothly down his arm into his hand. Smiley, for the first time in our story, stops smiling. Ford FIRES a cute hole in his forehead, sending him crashing into a wall that was barely standing to begin with. It crumbles down...

FORD

(to his arm)

Thanks for working.

(to Smiley)

Thanks for being a hu-uge bonehead.

'Let me go out like a man' -- Ha!

EXT. FORD'S HOUSE

Ford emerges from the more disembodied than ever front door. The Kid stands before him, on the front lawn.

THE KID

So, did you find my dad?

FORD

Well, I got some good news and



some bad news.

THE KID

Yeah, go on...

FORD

Good news is that yeah, I found him. The bad news is...

Ford raises his hand. He is wearing the Snoopy the Fighter Pilot ring.

FORD

It's me.

THE KID

What kind of sentimental bullshit is this?

FORD

Hey, I love you, too, you little jerk. Jesus, guy tries to make a commitment and he's gotta eat shit.

THE KID

Who's my real father, man?

FORD

He, he, lives in South America... he's doing that anthropologist-archeologist-dentist kind of thing ... he's real busy.

The Kid starts to sob. Ford reaches out and grabs his hand. Their Snoopy rings touch.

The two tough guys walk down the street together, holding hands. The viewer's VIEWPOINT HANGS BACK, allowing them some privacy.

FORD (V.O.)

I need someone to help me with my case load, you interested? This whole father/son thing, if you're not into it, I mean, it's okay. You know what I'm saying?

THE KID (V.O.)

Shut the heck up... Pop.

Suddenly Jazz's VOLKSWAGEN SCREECHES before the pair.

The viewer's VIEWPOINT QUICKLY GOES TO the action as Jazz jettisons from her car, holding out some keys...

JAZZ

I just can't deal with all this crap between us, I'm sorry. I'm quitting.

FORD

Let's get hitched. I guess I, you know, love you. It's a beautiful thing.

JAZZ

Wha --

The moment is broken by a RINGING PHONE. Ford shushes Jazz with his finger and then backtracks to his burnt-ridiculously-still-working, hotline phone. He picks up.

FORD

K-O-D-S is going to make me rich.

EXT. ISLAND - PERFECT DAY

The viewer's VIEWPOINT is LULLED TO a friendly hut by a beautiful tropical cove. A humble hand-drawn sign reads: FORD FAIRLANE, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR - FISHERMEN ONLY.

SWINGING AROUND the hut, the viewer DISCERNS Ford, Jazz, and The Kid kicking back on chaise lounges in silly tropical shirts with identical sunglasses.

FORD

I love the music industry, especially the tacky radio giveaway part...

The viewer's VIEWPOINT PANS OVER a bit to reveal, sitting next to The Kid on a very small chaise lounge and in a very small leather jacket is the koala bear with a sweet little neck brace.

CLOSE ON FORD

FORD

Wha-at. You didn't really think we'd kill the flucking koala bear, did you?

