

HOLLYWOODY

by

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[Registered WGA-w]

INT. L.A. COUNTY LOCKUP - CRAZY WARD - DAY

Wired windows. Abused walls. Baby-puke green paint.

DOOR at the far end SLAMS OPEN-- TWO BURLY ORDERLIES-- a tag team named BURT and ERNIE-- drag a skitzo nutbag down the corridor.

Meet WOODY JACKSON-- straight jacket, gagged with a HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL face mask! Woody is mid 20's a wiry, athletic man caught up in the system.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Steel table. Steel chairs. One-way mirror in a green concrete wall. Burt and Ernie fight Woody into the "nut" chair-- bolted down. Ernie straps him in.

The "official" door opens.

DR. RILEY steps through. Tired, over worked-- carries a folder. Sits at the table facing Woody.

DR. RILEY

(reads)

Woody Jackson, number one seven
seven oh seven nine three three.
City of Los Angeles, Psyche Ward.
Tuesday, July nineteen. I'm Dr.
Riley.

Woody wriggles and twists, SHOUTS through the mouthpiece:

DR. RILEY

You were arrested last night for
indecent exposure--
(next page)
-- offering to tell jokes to a crowd
of cheering drag queens.

Woody stares-- shakes his head violently--

DR. RILEY

Entertaining transvestites isn't a
criminal offense. Doing it with
your pants off is.

Woody-- rocked-- SOBS GRIEVOUSLY.

DR. RILEY

(his face mask)

Would you like to take that off?

Woody piteously nods. Dr. Riley signals-- Ernie steps up-- unlocks the face plate.

DR. RILEY

Don't make me put that back on you,
Mr. Jackson.

Woody answers with his wet eyes. The restraint comes away-- Woody works his mouth. Shakes his head. Stretches tight neck muscles.

DR. RILEY

You understand you can have an
attorney present?

WOODY

Will he get me outta this strait
jacket?

Dr. Riley turns the pages of the arrest report.

WOODY

You a shrink?

DR. RILEY

My job is to evaluate your mental
state. According to the police
report, you were abusing yourself.

WOODY

Get outta here!

DR. RILEY

(reads)

You were-- and I quote-- "slapping
your genitalia, in plain view of
forty plus witnesses, many of whom
waved feathered boas shouting YOU
GO, GIRL!"

WOODY

Man, that's bullshit!

DR. RILEY

I have pictures.

He produces two large 8x10's. Extends them so Woody can see. Burt and Ernie lean forward-- their faces GO SOUR! Woody stares incredulous. His body deflates.

DR. RILEY

That is you, Mr. Jackson?

(points)

That is your penis---

(again:)

And you are slapping it.

Dr. Riley puts the pictures back.

WOODY

Well, that's just great! Do you know who I am? Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?

DR. RILEY

Well, let's see; I've met Elvis four times this month. The woman up the hall howls at the moon, chases Volvos. And just last Friday I interviewed a man who pushed a Barbie Doll up his rectum, complete with prom dress, pink hand bag and matching shoes.

(so)

So please, tell me Mr. Jackson, just who am I dealing with?

WOODY

I-- am the World's Greatest Stand Up Comedian! Word for Word, Joke for Joke, Line for Line-- no one comes close! I'll bust yer gut, doc! I'll make you fall out of your chair! I'll split your side! I am the Cadillac of Comedy, The Ferarri of Funny, The Hummer of Humor, the Rolex of Riot, I am the Fort Knox of Knock Knock-- in short, Doc, I am the undisputed Gangsta of Guffaws!

DR. RILEY

Amazing!

WOODY

You doubt me!

DR. RILEY

Oh, not at all! Why, I'm so sure you're telling me the truth, I'll turn you lose right now!

(snap)

Make me laugh.

Wood deflates.

DR. RILEY

Tell me a joke, tickle my ribs, make me slap my knee!

WOODY

You think I'm crazy!

DR. RILEY

Humor me! Literally!

WOODY

Okay-- you wanna joke? I'll give you a joke! Why does a chicken coup have two doors? Because if it had four, it'd be a chicken sedan!

Dr. Riley-- choked-- *you gotta be kidding me!*

WOODY

(hysterical)

Guy goes to a shrink-- you can relate to this one-- "Doc, I have dreams. First I'm a teepee, then I'm a wigwam, then I'm a teepee, then I'm a wigwam." Shrink says: "You're two tents!"

(cracks up)

Get it, two tents-- wigwam, teepee?

Dr. Riley stares-- flabbergasted! Burt and Ernie scrunch up their faces, *this is horrible!*

DR. RILEY

Mr. Jackson--

WOODY

Why are there so many Smith's in the phone book? Because they all have telephones!

DR. RILEY

Mr. Jackson--

WOODY

Why can't Batman go fishing? Because Robin ate the worms!

DR. RILEY

Please--

WOODY

Did you know cannibals don't eat clowns because they taste funny?

DR. RILEY

(stands)

MR. JACKSON!

WOODY

(hysterical)

Taste funny, doc, they taste funny! Get it?

DR. RILEY

(LOST IT!)

SHUT UP!

WOODY
(hysterical!)
CHIEF RUNNING WATER HAD TWO SONS--
WHAT WERE THEIR NAMES?

Total silence. Dr. Riley stares-- Burt and Ernie look at each other--

WOODY
HOT AND COLD!

Burt chuckles-- WOODY CACKLES LIKE A LOON! OVER THE EDGE!
A MANIAC! BURT AND ERNIE RUSH FORWARD-- HOLD HIM TO THE
CHAIR--

DR. RILEY
THOSE ARE THE WORST JOKES I'VE EVER
HEARD!

WOODY
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M THE WORST STAND
UP COMIC YOU'VE EVER HEARD!

Burt and Ernie stop-- back off-- and--

WOODY
You know what my day job is? I'm a
clown. No, I mean a clown. White
face, red nose, big floppy feet!
I'm a black clown-- clowns are fat
white guys, like Shriners and
republicans!
(cackles)
Not me! Oh, no! I'm a young-- black--
clown!

EXT. A SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

A birthday party-- less than enthusiastic kids. A gaggle
of confused and depressed mothers. Woody in traditional
CLOWN GARB-- tries to make balloon animals.

WOODY (V.O.)
You know what I call myself?
STUMBLES. STUMBLES the CLOWN!

Woody finishes-- a yellow mess:

WOODY
A mutant squirrel!

No sound. It pops. One GOOFY KID laughs!

WOODY
What say we play a game!

Everyone groans. He GRINS at the "Mom's", who shake their heads and turn away:

ONE MOM
You PAID for this?

EXT. A SUBURBAN BACKYARD; PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Kids romp. Woody sits alone. Munches a chip. A balloon drifts next to him, a small hand tugs his sleeve. He looks down.

The VERY CUTEST LITTLE ELF OF A GIRL stands there, smiles at him, holds the balloon:

LITTLE GIRL
I think you're funny.

Woody smiles at her--

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy thinks you stink.

Woody's painted tear could almost be real.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody grins, shows teeth, fractures his face to stretch his mouth as wide as it will go-- forcing the smile--

WOODY
See-- see? That's me smiling-- making kids laugh-- making parents happy!

DR. RILEY
Mr. Jackson, you need to control yourself.

WOODY
Look at the bags under my eyes! I haven't slept in three days! A week ago, I was a miserable failure, but now-- I don't even have that!

DR. RILEY
And what happened a week ago?

WOODY
Forget it. Put that cannibal mask back on me before I tell you another joke! Save yourself!

DR. RILEY
What was different last week?

WOODY

I was the worst comic in town last week! I was in training for sewer repair last week--
(the big one)
I could have normal sex last week!

Burt and Ernie back off on that one!

WOODY

Do you believe in fate, doc? You know? Destiny, karma, kismet, luck, one's lot in life?
(doesn't wait)
Fate also means doom; damned, condemned-- cursed!
(slumps)
All my life, I wanted to be a comic!

INT. FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

WOODY (V.O.)

In school, I was the class cut-up!

Woody-- age 9-- raises his hand. The RELUCTANT TEACHER notices and sighs--

RELUCTANT TEACHER

Yes, Woody.

WOODY

You know how to make a stopwatch?

The angry teacher heads his way--

WOODY

Take out the battery!

He's up-- shoves two pencils up his nose-- dances around! Classmates laugh. A cute little girl, HOLLY, age 9, smiles.

RELUCTANT TEACHER

That's quite enough of that!

Woody-- snatched-- dragged from the classroom by his ear amid HOWLS of laughter-- tries to take a bow.

INT. CHURCH FUNERAL - DAY

Woody, age 10, crawls under the casket and looks up the dresses of the women.

Only the kids see, including Holly, age 10. She smiles.

WOODY (V.O.)

I used to crack jokes in church! I was a riot at my Uncle Rufus's funeral!

(then)

In high school, I had a chance to flip burgers, stuff tacos, fry chickens-- but no. I went to clown school and became a clown.

EXT. A SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Woody-- pushed through the high wooden gate in white bread suburbia-- by a group of irate mothers who have had enough!

WOODY (V.O.)

I was a clown school graduate, with a clown school diploma, and I achieved all the clown success I deserved.

Woody turns to complain-- AND MOM plucks the check from his fingers and slams the gate!

He pounds on the gate-- complains-- and FIFTY SLICES of cheap grocery store cake rain down from the other side-- pelting him like huge wads of white bird poop.

He backs off-- licking his fingers-- and moves to his worn out Japanese POS. Two magnetic signs on both doors advertise STUMBLES THE CLOWN and a phone number.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

WOODY

And that's what happened to me last week. I discovered I wasn't funny.

INT. WHACKO COMEDY CLUB - LAST WEEK - NIGHT

Woody on stage-- awash with nerves-- BOMBING!

WOODY

My family is mostly old women, they used to come up to me at weddings and say-- "You're next, Woody, you're next!" They stopped after I did the same thing to them at funerals.

Everyone groans--

WOODY

Funerals-- "you're next"-- uh--
(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Cop pulls over a drunk, says "your eyes are bloodshot, you been drinking?" Drunk says "you're eyes are glazed, you been eating donuts?"

More groans-- a couple get up to leave.

LARRY, MOE, and CURLY, three redneck's with double digit IQ's, sit at a close table, finishing their fourth pitcher of beer.

LARRY

You suck, man!

WOODY

Excuse me, sir, aren't you depriving a village of an idiot?

MOE

Go back to driving a cab, brother!

CURLY

Shine my shoes!

WOODY

You hit every branch of that ugly tree when you fell, didn't ya?

LARRY

When do you start your routine, bus boy?

WOODY

If I wanted any lip from you, I'd jiggle my zipper!

Larry stands-- BRANDISHES an empty pitcher!

BENNY, the CLUB MANAGER, leaps to the stage. 50+, Jewish, sweaty and conciliatory-- adept at preventing bloodshed.

BENNY

Hey, the comedy stylings of Woody Jackson--

LARRY

He was just getting funny... looking!

WOODY

Thank God there's a law against cloning!

LARRY

Then how ya gonna get new jokes?

BENNY
Let's hear it for Woody Jackson,
ladies and gentlemen!

Benny claps hard, six Others do as well. Woody takes the
hint-- exits stage gone. Larry, Moe and Curly stand--
cheering--

LARRY
Hey, he's leaving, folks!

MORE applause.

INT. BENNY'S RANCID OFFICE - NIGHT

Woody hunkers down in a ratty plush chair, crushed. Benny
comes in-- LAUGHTER follows him in.

BENNY
Rough night, Woody.

WOODY
It was slow, Benny--

Benny snags a wet, tortured cigar from an ashtray:

BENNY
Well, yer timing's off, your gags
are flat, you can't figure out how
to deal with drunks, hell, the
hecklers had better jokes!

Benny sucks the whopper, hands over cash:

WOODY
Twenty-five dollars?

BENNY
Some of the patrons asked for their
money back.

WOODY
That's my fault?

BENNY
Kid, they couldn't get outta here
fast enough!

A TIRED RED LIGHT flashes over the door. Benny jumps up,
plops the cigar, heads for the door:

WOODY
Benny--

BENNY

Work on a new routine! Call me when
you got something fresh!

He's gone. Woody watches him leave-- hears ROARS of
laughter from the house-- cuts him like a knife.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

WOODY

Ever had a dream crushed, doc?

DR. RILEY

Everyone has.

WOODY

Ever had one beat outta ya?

EXT. WHACKO COMEDY CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Woody crosses from a side door. LAUGHTER mocks him as he
leaves. He fingers the bills.

LARRY (O.S.)

Hey, funny man!

Larry, Moe and Curly lean against a redneck beer wagon--
their dooley pickup truck.

LARRY

I want my money back.

WOODY

Oh, c'mon, man.

LARRY

We all want our money back.

WOODY

Go see management.

LARRY

We want you to give us our money
back.

WOODY

(sighs; fans out the
bills)

I got twenty-five dollars for the
night, it's yours.

LARRY

That's all they pay you?

CURLY
Maybe he gets paid by the joke.

MOE
He wouldn't have nuttin!

WOODY
This is good, you should take this
act on the road.

LARRY
I'm gonna take it to your face!

WOODY
Look! It's all I got!

LARRY
We paid ten bucks a pop, funny man!

Woody, back-peddling-- hits the wall: CORNERED!

LARRY
Tell ya what. You tell me a joke
that makes me laugh, and I won't
kick the hell outta ya.

Woody stares into their faces. Knows there's no way out
of it. Makes a great show of defiance: folds his money,
pockets it deep.

LARRY
So that's the way it's gonna be.

All three grin at him as they close--

WOODY
Do the three of you make a full set
of teeth?

Woody falls back behind the dumpster as they descend!
Larry charges in fast:

LARRY
I'm laughing now, funny man!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody relives the moment-- a shiner glory!

DR. RILEY
Did you notify the police?

WOODY
Are you kidding? Those inbred
hayseeds did me a favor. I just
went home--

DR. RILEY
(opens folder)
A walk-up with two room mates.

INT. PRICEY HEALTH CLUB - DAY

TYRONE, a beefcake muscle-head, works a room full of drooling middle aged housewives-- fast GROOVE BEATS with kick, punch, swing, THEN TIGHTENS HIS ASS-- kick, punch, swing, TIGHTENS HIS ASS. They dig the TIGHT-ASS PART:

WOODY (V.O.)
Tyrone teaches aerobics at the health club off Park Street. Most of his muscle flexes between his ears. But he's a good guy.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woody sits at the kitchen table. Holds a bag of frozen sweet peas to the side of his face. Shirt torn and bloody.

This impromptu Bachelor Pad shows the lives of three completely different men-- a workout area for Tyrone, a computer/geek area for Freak, clown paraphernalia for Woody.

Woody packs a second bag of frozen carrots on the back of his head.

The front door opens. FREAK walks in. Tall, wiry, a computer geek with good looks. He has books, lost in thought-- shuffles through the kitchen:

WOODY (V.O.)
Then there's Frank. He's doing his masters in bio science. He's always working on pace makers, artificial livers, head transplants. We call him Freak.

FREAK
(prattles, doesn't notice)
I'm glad you're home, we have to get that answering machine fixed! I'm working on a new project, I can't be disturbed.
(sees him up close)
What are you doing?

WOODY
Defrosting dinner.
(lowers the bags and
Freak gets a good
look)

FREAK
HOLY SHIT-- what happened to you?

WOODY
Fan appreciation night. I won first
prize.

FREAK
Does it hurt?

WOODY
Compared to what?

FREAK
When did being a clown become a
contact sport?

WOODY
I got fired from the club.

FREAK
(moves to his room)
Well, I'm glad you're okay.

Freak slams the door to his room. An electronic sign,
made of Christmas lights slipped through holes drilled
in the door blinks on-- STAY OUT.

WOODY (V.O.)
You might think this was the lowest
point a man could go. There was
nothing worse. I'd just had my ass
kicked by three guys who think
chewing tobacco is a vegetable. No
way it could get worse. Right?

EXT. UNCLE WALTER'S WIDE BODY SEWER TRUCK - DAY

A tall, thin BLACK MAN named WESLEY holds the sucker
hose to the INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH VACUUM MACHINE on the
ass end of UNCLE WALTER'S WIDE BODY SEWER TRUCK--

He stands ANKLE DEEP in FILTHY SEWAGE, SUCKING it dry
and GRINNING through GOGGLES and FACE MASK!

UNCLE WALTER, 60+, stands with Woody, thirty feet back
from the side of a RESIDENTIAL HOUSE, watching WESLEY do
his thing.

WALTER

Look at old Wes there, takes to it
like a fish to water, don't he?

Woody-- slack faced and depressed-- can only watch. He wears a shirt two sizes too big-- with the name LEROY stitched over the torn pocket.

WALTER

Your momma would'a been proud'a
you, Woody, giving up on your silly
little boy dreams to take on a real
man sized job! Nothing wrong with
sucking shit through a hose, son!

Woody tucks in his shirt.

WALTER

About Leroy's shirts, I'll get some
name tags made, you can hand stitch
'em on later.

WOODY

Uncle Walter--

WALTER

Those white boys done messed you up
good-- you gots a knot on your head
the size'a my left nut!

Walter rubs it (NOT his left nut): Woody cries out!

WOODY

Damn, Uncle Walter!

The ALARM on Walter's watch beeps-- he shuts it off:

WALTER

Lunch time, let's gather up old Wes
and go eat!

INT. SOULMAN'S BARBECUE - DAY

Walter scarfs down RIBS and SAUSAGE. Wes, a fastidious eater, attacks a plate load of slimy meat. Woody sits with a small sandwich spouting limp lettuce.

WES

Your Uncle's been a real mentor to
me, Woody! I was heading no where
in hair dressing, I was being--
downsized!-- right out the back
door! Dissed and dismissed! There's
a real future in sewer backups!

WALTER
People gotta shit!

WES
Didn't take to it right away. I was swamped in trepidation! But, let me tell you, it sure keeps a man trim where it matters, if you know what I mean? And I'll bet you do.

Woody nods. His cell phone rings. Woody answers it:

WOODY
Hello?

Hey-- it's for STUMBLES-- and Woody pops into character right fast! He's one'a these guys who paces as he talks--

WOODY
(different voice)
Well, this sure is STUMBLES THE CLOWN-- and how are we doing this bright and beautiful morning?

The "real men" with "real jobs" give this dandy the evil eye as Woody uses his "Muppet" talk--

WOODY
Yes ma'am, Stumbles is the master of skits, gags, giggles, pranks and pratfalls; and it's all in good clean fun!
(listens)
How do you fix a tomato? Tomato paste! Why'd Stumbles eat a five dollar bill? It was lunch money!
(listens)
Balloon animals, face painting, games, sing alongs--
(listens)
I usually charge by the hour--

Bang! His "SQUEAKY" VOICE disappears:

WOODY
What? You can't get a decent clown for that kind'a money!
(ticked)
Itchy the Clown? Who suggested him, his parole officer?
(listens)
Yeah, he's fresh-- outta rehab!
(listens, pissed)
Go on, hire him-- his balloon animals are ribbed and lubricated!

He clicks off. In front of three BLACK WOMEN who have heard that last remark--

WOODY
Sorry--

Moves back to his table--

WOODY
My head hurts.

WALTER
Three white boys roughed him up last night.

WES
Oh, my word!

WALTER
Your momma turn over in her grave she knew what kind'a heartless so and so I was, treating my only nephew like this-- you take the day off, boy!

WOODY
Thanks...

WALTER
We just picked up a new client, nursing home out on Fairdale-- two hundred old farts flushing diapers and false teeth down sixty toilets-- I need you fresh and alert for tomorrow!

WOODY
(cringes)
Thanks Uncle Walter.

WES
Remember, it's not poop--

WALTER
It's payola!

Walter and Wes laugh-- and Woody heads for the door.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

WOODY
I wanted to be the greatest comic in the world-- instead, I had a future as a shit sucker.
(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

(which meant)

I wallowed in the depths of my
despair-- who better to share the
happy moment with-- than The Lady
of Pain!

INT. BLACK GALAXY CLUB - NIGHT

A hip hop DJ scratches a pair of worn turntables in a
place PACKED WALL TO WALL! THREE BLACK CLAD THUGS take
the stage-- dressed ghetto-- slobbering their mikes.

Finally-- she struts onstage--

THE LADY OF PAIN-- wrapped in leather. Absolutely gorgeous--
slick black hair capped with a black leather beret-- a
shiny death head pin glows from the side.

Beautiful-- sexy-- musical-- and dangerous!

They start their number-- a SENSUOUS crossfire of ANGRY
RAP and TEASING FANTASY-- this babe ain't no street slut!

Woody cruises-- picks up the beat-- his personal crushing
ruin forgotten for the moment by the woman he loves--
captivated-- revitalized.

WOODY (V.O.)

Her name is Holly Barnes. We were
kids together. She graduated
valedictorian from the Weatherford
Academy for Girls. Her father's a
lawyer-- her mother's a psychologist--
a deadly combo. Which also means
they got money. She created the
whole Lady of Pain thing as a social
statement against everything in the
world-- depending how the wind blows
on any given day.

They make eye contact across the room-- that alone is
like a shot of adrenaline. She blows him a kiss. Another
hit.

WOODY (V.O.)

She fell off her bike when we were
kids--

EXT. A PARK IN TOWN - DAY

Woody and Holly, age 11-- she's off her bike, crying--
he's off his bike-- acting the Black Prince Charming--
crouching next to her-- making her move her hands off
her knee-- a SCRATCH-- inflamed and reddish--

WOODY (V.O.)
She let me kiss her skinned knee.

And Woody kisses her knee-- to make it better-- and he smiles at her-- and wipes away her tears-- and then--

WOODY MUGS A FACE-- HOLDS HIS THROAT AS IF POISONED-- ROLLS ON HIS BACK--

And Holly laughs through the pain--

WOODY (V.O.)
I've loved her ever since.

BACK TO WOODY AT THE BLACK GALAXY CLUB

WOODY (V.O.)
I knew she'd be the first to congratulate me on giving up my dream.

INT. BLACK GALAXY CLUB - OFF STAGE BOOTH - NIGHT

Woody and Holly in a private booth. The THREE THUGS act like bodyguards. His cell phone lays on the table by his drink.

HOLLY
It takes a real man to face down the establishment, Woody.

WOODY
(what establishment?)
I just wanted to be a stand up comic.

HOLLY
A plantation performer dancing on the strings of the corporate puppeteers--

WOODY
Holly, where do you come up with this shit? Who's the corporate puppeteer owns this place? It ain't some wino sleeping in a dumpster, I can tell you that!

HOLLY
If you force me to choose between the plight of the homeless and the purveyors of industrial greed--

WOODY
I want to tell jokes, you want to sing songs-- NO DIFFERENCE!

HOLLY

Uh! Excuse me! My songs protest
against the status quo of racial
bigotry, class envy and social
unfairness!

WOODY

And my jokes?

HOLLY

Are about purple dildos and broccoli
farts!

WOODY

Well it's kind'a hard to address
racial bigotry in a joke about a
dog humping my leg! Why don't you
write me some social conscience
then work in a reference to split
crotch panties!

HOLLY

I expect oppression from them! Not
from you!

WOODY

Is everything an issue with you?

HOLLY

The issue is you're not funny!

Silence. Woody crushed. Flat as a beer can. Holly cracks--
and the cute, loving girl peeks out under the leather
beret. Knowing this, she peels it off her head.

HOLLY

I didn't mean that.

WOODY

Doesn't matter--

HOLLY

Yeah it does. Remember as kids? You
were funny in school. I still
remember the funeral--

WOODY

Uncle Rufus-- those were good days.

HOLLY

(notices)
What happened to your face?

WOODY

Check this out...

He leans forward. Takes her hand. Applies it to the lump on his skull.

WOODY
My crowning achievement.

HOLLY
Oh my God-- does it hurt?

He shakes it off as--

LAVONDA PAGE rockets over! Mid 30's-- booking agent-- hyper, psycho, antsy, anxious! Yammers into her cell phone-- words a mile a minute!

LAVONDA
Of course she can, moments notice,
a real go-to gal!
(covers phone)
Can you do Eclipse Noir?

HOLLY
Absolutely!

LAVONDA
Juicy new stuff-- very--
(shakes her ass)
--Uh-uh-UHHH?

HOLLY
Don't even ask!

LAVONDA
(back to phone)
When?
(then)
Wednesday?

HOLLY
Done.

LAVONDA
(back to phone)
Same. Yes. No. No. Positively no!
Yes. Same. Ditto. Gotcha!
(clicks off)
Woody Jackson-- my, you are looking good!

WOODY
Lavonda.

LAVONDA
What happened to your face, honey?
(MORE)

LAVONDA (CONT'D)
(before he can answer
she zips over to
Holly:)
I'll line up the Rambo Sisters--
you okay with that?

Lavonda snatches up Woody's cell phone-- holds it next
to hers-- identical--

LAVONDA
Deja Vu-- I got mine free!
(hands it back)
We gotta get together for a drink
one'a these days, hon! See ya!

And she whirls away like an errant hurricane.

WOODY
Okay-- Lavonda.

HOLLY
And the storm has passed.

For a moment, the electricity sparkles between them and
a wicked smile crosses her face.

HOLLY
I have one more set of social
protests--

Slides her leather beret on-- slips into character.
Slithers from the booth--

HOLLY
-- then I'll put a smile on your
face that'll last a lifetime.

And the music starts-- and the crowd cheers-- and THE
LADY OF PAIN and her THREE THUGS strut to the stage--

WOODY (O.S.)
Holly has this way of making me
forget my troubles.

INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

And the music changes-- something slinky-- something
sexy-- and the apartment-- very Holly-- very nice. Very
feminine. Very sexy--

Woody lays stretched on the couch. Way relaxed. And Holly?

She stands in the center of the room-- slowly peels away
her character-- leather pieces dropping to the floor.

WOODY (V.O.)
Aw, hell. She could make me forget
the house was on fire.

Holly stops-- black bra and panties-- moves to him like
a cat stalking a mouse. Kneels at his feet--

Woody-- suddenly troubled-- watches as she undoes his
belt-- unzips his pants--

WOODY (V.O.)
And she put a smile on my face. She
put a smile on every part of my
body--

Her hands open his shirt-- and Woody leans back-- and
all of a sudden-- more trouble-- his face twitches--

WOODY (V.O.)
And then it happened.

Fear sprints through his eyes-- confusion--

WOODY (V.O.)
I never felt anything like it before--
a strange, inexplicable swelling, a
throbbing, a pulsing surge--

And he pushes back against the couch-- smiling-- frowning--
his face a rapid series of emotions--

WOODY (V.O.)
Building inside the very center of
my soul. It was a pressure, an
unstoppable force of sheer magnitude
that frightened me-- overwhelmed me--

His fists CLENCH the cushions-- his eyes slam tight--
HARD-- HOLDING BACK-- and as he slaps both hands across
his mouth-- his eyes pop open!

WOODY (V.O.)
Then it spewed forth in a torrent--
a veritable geyser of--

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody-- frozen in the chair-- eyes shut-- reliving the
awful, terrible moment-- Burt and Ernie-- enthralled--
waiting-- Dr. Riley-- captivated--

DR. RILEY
Of what?

WOODY

(pops his eyes open)

Comedy!

(beat)

I cracked jokes! I couldn't help it! The more excited I became, the more brilliant my routine! Every one liner a diamond, polished and gleaming! The Smiley Face of My Sexual Excitement had climaxed in a rush of solid gold, radioactive, first edition, razor edged prime time stand up! And not just the material, which was smart, topical and fresh, but my delivery! Every inflection, articulation and pregnant pause spattered forth with precision; every arched eyebrow, tilt of the head, facial expression-- exquisite in execution and implementation!

(a satisfied sigh)

In short, gents; I was great!

DR. RILEY

(yeah, right)

Comedy.

WOODY

What can I say? The more she made me smile, the funnier I got! I was a blazing master of quips, puns, jests, cracks, howlers, hooters, screamers--

(he reaches a new high)

I EVEN HAD THE LADY OF PAIN LAUGHING!

(and then a low)

-- for about three seconds. Then she got the gag and choked--

(a quiet Zen sets in)

My spontaneous emission proved to be a bone of contention.

DR. RILEY

How'd she take it?

WOODY

How do you think?

EXT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Door jerked open-- hard-- Woody-- forcibly shoved out-- clutching clothes-- one shoe-- and Holly-- oh man-- now she really is THE LADY OF PAIN-- black bra and panties--

WOODY
Holly! COME ON!

HOLLY
(ballistic)
NOBODY LAUGHS AT THE LADY OF PAIN
WHEN I'M DOING THE NASTY!

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR. THE NEIGHBORHOOD SHAKES.

WOODY
I wasn't laughing, YOU WERE!

He clocks his clothes-- one shoe-- knuckles the door--

WOODY
Holly-- I need my other--

DOOR JERKED OPEN-- HOLLY-- THERE-- FLINGS THE SHOE INTO
HIS FACE-- WHACK!-- HE DROPS LIKE A ROCK-- SHE SLAMS THE
DOOR-- AGAIN!

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woody in the bathroom. TWO SLABS OF RED COTTON up both
nostrils. Shirt bloody. Face contorted in anger and pain.

Tyrone and Freak-- hanging in the doorway-- are on his
ass without mercy!

TYRONE
(laughing)
Lemme see if I git this-- you got--
The Lady'a Pain-- spanking your
monkey-- and you tell her jokes?

WOODY
I couldn't control it!

TYRONE
And she's laughing at your jokes?

WOODY
What the hell does that mean?

FREAK
Have you ever heard your jokes?

Cracks them both up-- Woody steams-- pushes past them
into the room-- strips off his bloody shirt.

FREAK
If you wanted to break up with her,
why didn't you just tell her?

TYRONE
Yeah? Why torture her?

WOODY
Let me tell you something about "my
jokes"! They were brilliant, man,
she was laughing her ass off!

FREAK
Right up to the point where she
shoves you out the door--

TYRONE
And hits you with a shoe!

Off they go-- Woody walks away--

WOODY
Why am I even talking to you--

TYRONE
(calmer)
Okay- okay- okay- what were these
so called brilliant jokes, then?

Woody wheels on them-- opens his mouth-- then freezes,
puzzled.

FREAK
C'mon, share the wealth, brother!

WOODY
I can't remember--

TYRONE
Yeah, right.

WOODY
I can't remember! They were coming
so fast--

TYRONE
The jokes were coming--

FREAK
--and you weren't!

And that cracks them up AGAIN! And Woody-- ticked-- pushes
Tyrone back--

WOODY
I was on my game, I was IN THE ZONE!

Tyrone and Freak laugh-- and--

WOODY
You don't believe me, do ya? You
think this is funny?

Woody races to the COFFEE TABLE, a mess of beer cans,
soda bottles, pizza boxes-- unearths a stack of old
magazines--

TYRONE
Now that you dumped Holly, can I
have a crack at her?

FREAK
Just don't tell her jokes!

Woody snags a swimsuit issue of some sports rag:

WOODY
Well-- you want something to laugh
at? Huh?

Woody grabs Tyrone by the shirt-- DRAGS him to the
bathroom--

WOODY
YER GONNA LAUGH!

TYRONE
Whoa-- I ain't going in there with
ya!

WOODY
(stares at Freak)
You too, over here!

FREAK
Count me out!

Woody-- grabs Freak-- pulls him with Tyrone--

WOODY
Right here-- both a you!

Woody steps back-- opens the page to a luscious spread
of a SURF AND SAND BLONDE--

WOODY
You want funny-- I'll give you funny!

FREAK
YER GIVIN' ME THE CREEPS!

TYRONE
This is perverted, Woody!

WOODY

It's comedy, Tyrone! It's supposed to be!

Woody backs into the bathroom-- SLAMS the door. Tyrone and Freak look at each other-- wondering how far over the edge Woody has jumped. But they ease toward the door-- listening.

WOODY (V.O.)

I was pretty pissed. But in my present state of mind, I couldn't think of anything else to do. I had discovered the Fountain of Mirth and had to tap it again to see if I'd been wrong, or delusional.

(beat)

I took matters in hand and in about fifteen seconds, my resolve hardened into a full head of steam.

Tyrone smiles. Freak stares at the door. They both lean in. They both laugh. Tyrone laughs out loud. Freak laughs. They both laugh. Faster. Tyrone roars in laughter! Freak falls against the wall! Tyrone howls! Freak screams! Tyrone slides down the wall! Freak wipes away tears! Tyrone keels over! Freak pounds the wall-- shakes his head-- *stop it-- stop it--* begs for mercy!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

WOODY

I finished the whole routine in less than a minute.

Burt chuckles. Ernie snickers. Woody looks back--

WOODY

I can go all night! I just wanted to make a point!

DR. RILEY

Did you?

WOODY

I was amazing! I mean, I wasn't a one trick pony! The jokes were original and spontaneous, they kept coming faster and faster-- harder and harder-- until--

(gets it)

-- they petered out.

DR. RILEY

So they believed you.

WOODY
Lotta good it did me.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woody, Freak and Tyrone sit in the living room. Tyrone still LAUGHS-- Freak blows his nose, his eyes WET with tears!

Woody-- a tight fist of rage-- throttles a throw pillow with compulsive, murderous strangulations.

TYRONE
(hysterical)
Woody Jackson, Pud Pounder! The whole show'd only last a minute and a half, but they'd never forget it!

FREAK
You could get, like a butchers apron, or some big dress--

TYRONE
No, no-- do the fake broken arm thing-- have this huge plaster cast--

FREAK
-- but your hand's really down your drawers!

TYRONE
No-- no-- better-- a sit down comic-- behind a big table-- you could yank your crank under the table--

They BOTH BURST out laughing. They roll on the floor. Gasp for air.

WOODY
You guys are no help at all!

TYRONE
Hey! Make it part of the act! Like a ventriloquist--
(whacks an imaginary erection)
Whop- whop- whop--
(voice gets cartoon squeaky)
And the jokes are all high and squeaky!

FREAK
Yeah! Put a cute little hat on it, and a bow tie!

Woody throws the pillow at them-- stalks from the couch--

WOODY
I'VE GOT REAL PROBLEMS HERE, AND
THIS IS HOW YOU HANDLE IT!

Tyrone and Freak follow, SCREAMING with laughter. BOTH
of them whack imaginary erections--

TYRONE
The comic stylings of Woody Jackson--
Get Jiggy with Your Johnson!

FREAK
Wait! An action figure-- Woody's
Woody! Tells jokes as you whack it!

Woody storms into his bedroom-- leaves Freak and Tyrone
standing outside-- facing each other-- laughing-- whacking
imaginary erections!

TYRONE
(squeaky)
With a high, squeaky voice!

FREAK
And a cute little hat and bow tie!

And they laugh. And they make eye contact. And they check
out each other's handful-- *is yours bigger than mine?*

And SNAP! Humor gone. Homosexual panic sweeps through
them. Their hands stop. Unclench-- they straighten up.

TYRONE
(deep bass)
I'm going to bed.

FREAK
(deeper bass)
Me too!

They rush away from each other.

TYRONE AND FREAK
It's late! Yeah! In the morning!
Yeah! Good night! Yeah!

BOTH doors slam. The STAY OUT light comes on. Tyrone
opens his door-- slips a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the
handle. Slams the door. Locks it.

EXT. FAIRDALE NURSING HOME - DAY

Wes slogs across an inland sea of brown waste. A dozen
geezers watch from strategic shoreline positions.

WOODY (V.O.)
All said and done, Uncle Walter
took it pretty well.

Walter carries the "Leroy" shirts-- walks with Woody. He
drops the shirts inside the cab of the truck.

WOODY
I hate to jam you up like this.

WALTER
I'm in the shit business-- jammed
up is my middle name!
(he slaps Woody on
the back)
Hell, son-- if you can make it work,
more power to you.

Wes slips in the waste and falls-- SPLATTERS old coots
standing much too close.

WALTER
I better go rescue old Wes before
he gets me litigated into the poor
house!

Walter hugs his nephew-- and hurries off. Woody steps
back, gets a whiff of his clothes.

INT. BENNY'S RANCID OFFICE - DAY

Phone rings. Benny rushes in, grabs the phone:

BENNY
Whacko Comedy Club, this is Benny--

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woody-- nervous-- springs:

WOODY
Benny, it's me-- Woody! Woody
Jackson?

Intercut Benny / Woody:

BENNY
(less than interested)
Oh, yeah, hey kid!

WOODY
You told me to call when I worked
up a new act.

BENNY
That was two days ago. You got a
new act in two days?

WOODY
It's hilarious, a real step up!

BENNY
I don't know, two days--

WOODY
You'll love it--

BENNY
Woody, you're a good kid, ya know I
like ya--

WOODY
I can do this-- over the phone--
check it out--

BENNY
(get it over with)
What the hey! Let's hear it!

WOODY
(struggles)
What's forty feet long and covered
with bed sores? A conga line at a
nursing home!

Benny holds the phone away from his ear--

WOODY
You know how to kill a circus? Go
for the juggler!

Benny screws his face up in agony--

BENNY
Woody, I don't know--

WOODY
Benny, ya gotta give me another
chance--

BENNY
I know-- I heard about what happened
the other night.

WOODY
You owe me!

BENNY
Can't I just write you a check and
you promise not to sue?

Woody pinches the phone on his shoulder, undoes his pants:

WOODY
Gimme a minute, here--

INT. BENNY'S RANCID OFFICE - DAY

Benny clearly torn to make a decision-- ready to say something he doesn't want to.

BENNY
Woody, what can I say? This ain't gonna work out.

But he hears it. His face smooths in wonderment. He smiles.

BENNY
Hey, not bad--

Benny sits down-- *now, this is more like it!*

BENNY
Good, hey, that's good stuff!

Benny laughs-- chuckles-- snickers-- laughs again-- again-- caught again-- harder-- smacks the desk with his palm-- LAUGHS really large-- A GUFFAW-- A HOWL-- CAN'T CATCH A BREATH-- A SCREAM-- A SHRIEK-- ANOTHER ANOTHER-- ANOTHER--

BENNY
STOP-- YER KILLING ME-- YA
MESHUGUNA!

BENNY BOOMS A LAUGH-- KICKS BACK IN THE CHAIR-- FALLS OVER BACKWARDS-- PUMPS HIS FEET-- HAR HAR HAR!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

WOODY
He booked me for Saturday.

DR. RILEY
Today?

WOODY
Yeah--

DR. RILEY
So you got your second chance.

WOODY
If I stand on stage and hammer my homey!

DR. RILEY
You couldn't remember the jokes?

WOODY
I could-- that was the worst part!

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woody paces-- gestures-- rehearses--

WOODY
So I said, "I got so drunk last night, I blew chunks." And he said, "ah, man, I do that every night!" I said "Man, you don't understand: Chunks is my dog!"

Shakes his head-- changes the inflection--

WOODY
"Man, you don't get it-- Chunks is my Dog!"
(then)
"Chunks is my Dog, man!"
(again)
"Chunks is my hound dog!"
(frustrated)
"SHIT!"

He keeps pacing-- keeps gesturing-- mugs to himself-- all the while-- caught in his own frustration.

WOODY (V.O.)
I kept at it, but nothing worked. Everything was a jumble in my head. And, as usual, Freak cut right to the heart of the problem.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FREAK
How big's your dick?

At the cluttered kitchen table: Woody-- milking a bowl of COCOA PEBBLES--

WOODY
Say what?

Tyrone chomps down LUCKY CHARMS sloshed in ORANGE SODA:

TYRONE
How ya hanging, homes?

WOODY
What's that got to--

FREAK
The classic introvert, extrovert
paradigm.

TYRONE
Wow, that's mystical.

WOODY
That's psycho babble!

FREAK
You ignore the laws of simple
science! Let's say you have an
average size penis--

WOODY
I'm hung like a horse!

TYRONE
Yeah-- me too!

FREAK
It doesn't matter, bone head! It
takes a lot of blood to pump up a--

Freak makes a fist-- cocks his arm-- pumps it a few times:

FREAK
You get me?

WOODY
I get 'cha.

FREAK
The brain uses twenty percent of
the blood supply. And when you get
aroused--

WOODY
So what's that got to-- ?

FREAK
Inhibitions, man! You're on stage,
doing your routine, you're nervous,
anxious--

TYRONE
Your jokes suck-- your show stinks!

FREAK
But then, you get beat-up-- and
something happens!

TYRONE

A skull fracture! Or a blood clot,
like a tumor!

WOODY

I get my ass handed to me!

FREAK

You're not listening!

Freak jumps up-- paces-- caught in the hurricane of his
own brilliance!

FREAK

That was the night you quit! You
told everyone it was over! The
pressure was off! So what do you
do? You share the good news with
Holly-- and what does she do?

WOODY

Now wait a minute--

FREAK

She rewards your failure!

Woody-- up now-- fists clenched--

FREAK

And all the blood rushes out of
your head and every obstacle that
ever stood in the way of you being
the funniest man on the face of the
earth-- rushes with it--

WOODY

To my dick.

FREAK

Whatever--

(a hand on Woody's
shoulder)

You're the funniest man I ever heard!
And if you gotta choke the chicken
to be that-- then it's up to us to
find a way to make that happen!

WOODY

Well that's great. I go on stage
Saturday night, what do you suggest?

TYRONE

Got it! Got it! Got it! VIAGRA! My
Grandpa used that one time, kept
him hard for half a day!

WOODY
How do you know?

TYRONE
He told me-- before he died.

FREAK
That's a chemical to keep it up--
you still gotta whack the wiener to
get there!

TYRONE
I like the ventriloquist idea.

WOODY
Man, I gotta talk to Holly!

EXT. ECLIPSE NOIR NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Woody outside this trendy Hollywood night club.

WOODY (V.O.)
I had to explain to her what happened--
run Freak's theory past her!

He moves past a pair of girls who give him the eye. He
sees THE LADY OF PAIN on the marquee, her name in lights.

INT. ECLIPSE NOIR NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Woody cruises in-- a rocking place-- dark and hip.

THE LADY OF PAIN, already on stage-- struts her stuff
with the butchy, bitchy RAMBO SISTERS, three black nasty
girls dressed in SHINY LEATHER swinging POLICE BATONS.

WOODY (V.O.)
I remembered Lavonda had booked her
into Eclipse Noir. I'd never been
there before, so...

Several girls slink by-- but they give him the evil eye.
They even sneer at him.

THE LADY OF PAIN spots him across the venue-- and she
doesn't smile. Woody tosses her a kiss. It flutters like
a dying bird to the floor where someone steps on it.

HOLLY
(raps)
I used to have a man--
Treated me like dirt--
All he ever wanted was to lift my
skirt--

(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

All he ever wanted was to spread me
wide--
Treat me like trash and cast me
aside!

ALL THE GIRLS down near the front SNEER and BOO, gyrating
to the beat.

THE RAMBO SISTERS

(chorus)

Rotten assholes, dirty rotten
assholes!

Woody-- suddenly self conscious-- bewildered when three
more girls come by-- arm in arm-- holding hands-- eyes
fired by hatred-- hissing their venom at him! He smiles--
one shoot him the finger.

HOLLY

(raps)

He bragged to his homeys--
'bout my love--
I was hot and easy--
Give her a shove--
Tried to share me 'round his crew--
I ask you bitches, what would you
do?

THE RAMBO SISTERS

Kill the asshole, kill the rotten
asshole!

ALL THE GIRLS CHEER NOW-- and-- Woody clocks the crowd--
and cold sweat beads his forehead-- *'cos it's all girls
here!*

Suddenly-- like RABID PIT BULLS-- TWO VERY LARGE BLACK
DYKES lunge toward him-- SIX OTHER GIRLS hold them back--
Woody backs off-- GIRLS with GIRLS-- KISSING GIRLS--
staring at him like he was-- well-- *a man!*

HOLLY

(raps)

So late that night--
After he passed out--
I snapped my blade--
(and she does-- a
long, thin steel
blade)
Played twist and shout--
He screamed my name--
The Lady of Pain--
(they cheer)
Flushed his ego down the drain and
caught the next train!

THEY REALLY CHEER NOW!

THE RAMBO SISTERS
Bye bye, Mr. Happy, Bye Bye!

EVERYBODY
Bye Bye, Mr. Happy, Bye Bye!

Holly takes up the refrain-- points and waves at-- Woody--
who's not feeling the love.

EVERYBODY
BYE BYE, MR. HAPPY, BYE BYE!

Woody backs toward the doors-- THE AUDIENCE-- ALL GIRLS--
CATCH THE WAVE-- TURN-- HANDS LIKE COBRAS WAVE FROM
HUNDREDS OF ARMS-- AT HIM!

EVERYBODY
BYE BYE, MR. HAPPY, BYE BYE!

WOODY BACKS AWAY-- AND EVERYBODY EASES AFTER HIM! WOODY
TURNS-- BOLTS!

EXT. ECLIPSE NOIR NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Woody escapes! Through the front doors-- the rapping
audience of ANGRY HOMICIDAL BITCHES hot on his trail!
Shaking fists-- making gestures-- READY TO KILL!

Woody bobs and weaves-- dodges to his car-- and runs
SMACK into Lavonda!

WOODY
SORRY!

LAVONDA
HANG ON! It true Holly done kicked
your ass to the curb?

Woody-- startled-- spots the STUNNING BLONDE, a tall,
statuesque WHITE BUSINESS WOMAN with Lavonda-- clearly
out of place at this night club!

BLONDE
So this is the castration you
promised me tonight?

WOODY
Oh, man!

The approaching mob of MAN HATING FEMS presses from
ECLIPSE NOIR-- and THE RAMBO SISTERS make a hole-- and
Holly-- aka THE LADY OF PAIN-- shoves through--

EVERYONE
BYE BYE, MISTER HAPPY, BYE BYE!

Woody bolts-- runs screaming for his car! And the CROWD
EXPLODES-- charges forward-- a mob of CRAZED BABES--

LAVONDA
CALL ME, HONEY!

WOODY-- CAR GOING-- BELCHING SMOKE-- SLAMMING AWAY--
INTO THE STREET-- CHASED BY THE ANGRY SWARM!

EVERYBODY
BYE BYE, MR. HAPPY, BYE BYE!

AND IN AN INSTANT-- Woody makes weird, mystical eye
contact with-- THE STUNNING BLONDE, who finger waves-- a
twinkle in her eyes-- and mouths the words--

BLONDE
Bye bye Mr. Happy bye bye...

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Burt, Ernie and Dr. Riley are closer. Caught in the story.

WOODY
I was getting in deeper and deeper--
between trying to get a hold of
Holly and my other problem.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tyrone and Freak sit with five small cell phones on the
cluttered kitchen table. Five empty BOXES for the
throwaway phones sit close by.

FREAK
It's one of dynamics-- to stimulate
the nerves without forcing the issue.

Woody watches as Freak checks out the phones--

FREAK
These are all set to vibrate. We
programmed them into our speed dials.

Freak and Tyrone speed dials all five as fast as he can.

TYRONE
We go with you Saturday night. When
you start your act--

And one at a time-- all five phones vibrate and rattle
on the wooden table.

WOODY

I shove these down my pants? That's your idea?

FREAK

I turned off voice mail-- they'll ring five or six times before they shut off. Between the two of us-- we can keep one going at all times. Stimulate the nerves.

WOODY

What's to keep them from sliding down my legs?

TYRONE

A-ha--
(comes up with a roll
of duct tape)
You duct tape them to your dick!

WOODY

Are you crazy?

TYRONE

You're the one said you were hung like a horse!

WOODY

This is stupid!

FREAK

You got a better idea?

Woody looks at the pagers-- the duct tape:

TYRONE

You can always try the ventriloquist thing--

Woody grabs the duct tape.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Tyrone and Freak-- sofa-- staged-- their personal phones ready. Bathroom door opens. Woody hobbles out-- shaking and adjusting his legs-- stiff and absurd.

TYRONE

Man, you're walking like a zombie!

WOODY

You wanna try this?

TYRONE

(announcer voice)

And now, live and in person, the
comic stylings of Woody Jackson!

Freak and Tyrone make applause sounds with their mouths--
and start hitting speed dial--

Woody rushes forward, a smile plastered on his face.
Something pinches his crotch, he REACTS, hides it--

WOODY

Hey, good evening. How are you
tonight? I'm Woody Jackson, it's
good to be here-- and if you come
away from tonight's show with even
one lesson-- this is it. Never pick
up women at the Laundromat! Man, if
she can't afford a washing machine,
she ain't ever gonna be able to
support your ass!

The pagers start going off. Soft vibrating sounds emanate
from his crotch.

WOODY

Uh-- support your-- okay--
(shakes his leg)
If you gotta choose between a woman
and a dog-- take the dog! ARGH!--
(gyrates)
After six months, at least the dog
will still be excited to see ya--
JESUS!

FREAK

Is it working?

WOODY

Duct tape's too tight--

FREAK

THAT MEANS IT'S WORKING! LEAVE 'EM
BE!

Woody-- can't stand it! He claws-- readjusts-- the SOUND
of DUCT TAPE TEARING FREE--

WOODY

OUCH!

ONE PHONE RINGS LOUDLY as Woody picks at it.

FREAK

Yer switching the settings!

TYRONE

Man, this is some funny shit!

WOODY

It's jerkin' the hair off my nuts!

ONE OF THE PHONES ringtones an electronic version of "Dixie"-- Woody heads for the bathroom-- in grievous pain-- gyrating and kicking--

Tyrone slams home numbers, laughing--

ELECTRO-VOICE

(from Woody's crotch)

YOU HAVE A TEXT MESSAGE!

TYRONE

I TOLD you that ventriloquist thing would work!

Tyrone roars with laughter-- Freak snatches his cell phone-- Woody slams the bathroom door!

TYRONE

What?

And from the bathroom-- a prolonged, agonizing scream!

EXT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woody pounds on the door!

It FLIES open-- Holly stands there, her hair up, her face green, her clothes MINNIE MOUSE cute-- ANGER THICK LIKE GLUE:

HOLLY

YOU WANT ME TO CALL THE COPS?

Woody holds up two feet of ruined duct tape-- five phones stuck to it. It bristles with pubic hair.

HOLLY

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

WOODY

Performance art! I need five minutes. Then you can call the cops.

INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Holly paces-- wipes the last of the green cream from her face-- body language says "NOT ON YOUR LIFE!"

HOLLY
You expect me to believe that line
of horse shit?

WOODY
When was the last time you laughed
at my jokes?

HOLLY
DON'T REMIND ME!

WOODY
Uh-huh-- and before that?

Holly cracks-- it dawns on her--

WOODY
See? Like what? Back in school?
When we were kids?
(elated)
Holly-- YOU NEVER LAUGHED AT MY
JOKES!

Holly-- rocked-- steps back from him--

WOODY
You smiled-- you grinned-- you
frowned-- you tolerated-- but you
ain't never laughed.

HOLLY
Oh my God-- Woody--

WOODY
You never even been to one of my
shows. I always knew why. 'Cos I'd
ask you how you liked it and-- you
wouldn't lie to me.

Now she moves closer-- struck by the simplicity of it--

WOODY
Well-- now the coin has flipped--
I'm the funniest comic on the face
of the earth!

She backs up. Smiles. Remembers. Looks down at his crotch.

HOLLY
You were funny--

WOODY
Finally-- a good review!

Holly smiles and Woody catches it-- she moves to him and they kiss. A nice kiss. A desert island kiss. And Woody-- suddenly-- pushes her back--

WOODY
Oh, man--

HOLLY
What?

He steps way back-- laughs-- And they both get it--

HOLLY
Oh, my--

WOODY
All my life-- I've wanted to make
you laugh--
(she steps toward him--
he holds her back)
And I can-- as long as we're--
(she draws closer)
And we can't--
(gestures)
-- without making you laugh!
(she presses right up
against him, kisses
his neck)
So baby, you pick-- which side of
the bridge do I jump from?

She walks him back against the wall. Lays it on thick. He smiles. Then it happens. He tries not to open his mouth.

WOODY
Holly-- don't--

She lays a hand across his mouth. He slides away--

WOODY
Holly--

HOLLY
Woody--

WOODY
Two dogs walk into a bar--

She kisses him-- and he LAUGHS SUDDENLY-- and Holly pulls back-- and she covers his mouth with BOTH HANDS--

She makes wicked eye contact this time-- he questions and she gets kinky--

HOLLY
I can't do this if you're being
funny.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Burt and Ernie and Dr. Riley have brought chairs in closer--

WOODY
The miracle, which had become my
curse, was not without it's cosmic
irony.

INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes scatter the floor. Bed covers stripped back,
hang everywhere. Soft music purrs-- the bed slowly moves
to the beat--

WOODY (V.O.)
In my excited condition, I was the
world's greatest comedian. But she
discovered that if I couldn't tell
the jokes--

Holly lays on top of Woody-- stretched out-- in a world
all her own-- cascading orgasms flooding through her--

HOLLY
Oh baby-- you have no idea--

And Woody? She has a pillow SLAMMED over his face-- he
holds her wrists-- sucking air as best he can--

Woody TEARS THE PILLOW AWAY!

WOODY
Two alligators were chasing a
dentist!

She CLAMPS both hands over his mouth-- he grabs her wrists--
mumbles the rest of the joke-- AND SHE PRESSES THE PILLOW
BACK--

HOLLY
(sings)
Mem'ries-- like the corners of my
mind...

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody sighs.

WOODY
It never went away.

Burt and Ernie are impressed. Dr. Riley, in his own way, is impressed as well.

DR. RILEY

Never?

WOODY

She gave up after three hours. Being the man of steel has it's drawback's, doc.

EXT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woody stumbles from his car. Bleary and wasted. A shell of a man. Comedy has ruined his life.

He stares up at the apartment building. For a long moment he ponders death. Freak comes out, carrying books.

FREAK

Hey, man, where you been? You got a visitor.

Freak looks at him hard, from eye to eye:

FREAK

Your eyes are pointing in two different directions.

Woody makes the effort-- pushes past Freak-- groans--

FREAK

Come by the science lab after lunch, I got something to show you.

Woody ignores him. Freak shrugs and hustles off.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woody struggles the door open. Tyrone hustles past-- dressed to jog. He winks and giggles:

TYRONE

I'll jog an extra five miles this morning, give you two some time to be alone.

WOODY

What- ?

Tyrone offers a friendly punch in the shoulder--

TYRONE

You dog!

And he's gone. Woody watches after him. Crosses to his room. Opens the door--

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

And stops. Cold. Stares. Jaw drops.

And Lavonda-- stripped to a red corset, panties, and sheer hose-- stretched out on the bed-- yammering into the phone.

LAVONDA
Just make sure you spell my name
right on the check, girl!

Click-- off-- and she's up, on all fours.

LAVONDA
Woody Jackson, you old stud--

WOODY
Oh no...

LAVONDA
Get over here and let me say hello
to Mr. Happy!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody stares at the floor-- weeping.

WOODY
I mean, fellas, it's more than a
man could take.

BURT
So-- what 'choo'do?

WOODY
I did what any real man would do.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Woody-- terrified-- holds the door from the inside!
Lavonda threatens to tear it off from the other side!

LAVONDA
Woody Jackson, you get out here!

WOODY
Lavonda, I really appreciate the
thought--

LAVONDA
Don't you make me tear this door
down!

WOODY
My fluid levels are in negative
numbers!

LAVONDA
Are you gay?

WOODY
Lavonda--

LAVONDA
Is you fruity-- is that why Holly
dumped your sorry ass?

WOODY
It's complicated!

LAVONDA
Save the talk, honey! Show me the
monster!

WOODY
I'M GAY!

LAVONDA
I don't believe it!

WOODY
Lavonda, I'm so gay I could suck
the label off a light bulb!

Woody takes a chance-- the door opens-- Lavonda stands
there, primed and ready.

LAVONDA
You expect me to believe you?

WOODY
Tyrone, Freak and me, we do three
way-- I crave black men!

She SNATCHES Woody by the shirt and drags him out of the
bathroom.

LAVONDA
SO DO I!

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Lavonda throws Woody to the bed-- crawls up his body--
licks his neck and ears--

WOODY
Lavonda, please--

Her phone rings-- she grabs it off the bed--

LAVONDA
I'm busy--

Clicks off-- tears his shirt open. Woody collapses in sobs of pain. Lavonda slides down his torso-- her tongue Van Gogh's all the way to Mr. Happy--

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ernie, Burt and Dr. Riley hang on each word.

WOODY
I did the best I could. I begged, I pleaded, I prayed-- all to no avail.

ERNIE
I know what you mean.

Burt gives him a "yeah, right" look:

DR. RILEY
So? What happened?

WOODY
I knew there was only one way I was going to get her to leave me alone.

EXT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lavonda crashes out the front door-- laughing her ass off! GALES OF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER! Only half dressed, she pulls / tugs / stuffs her clothes on or around her as best she can!

Her cell phone rings-- she drops it-- and her purse-- and her shoes--

LAVONDA
(laughing)
Oh, my-- shit!

Tyrone jogs on by-- spots Lavonda-- on her knees-- chasing the phone-- snorting laughs as she does so-- and he swells with manly pride-- runs by-- arms held in a TOUCHDOWN SIGNS--

TYRONE
WOODY JACKSON IS A GOD!

Lavonda gets the phone-- snot nosed and bleary eyed with laughter--

LAVONDA
Lavonda-- speak to me--
(she freezes)
Holly?

She breaks out laughing-- covers the phone-- then LAUGHS RIOTOUSLY, moves off to her car!

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Woody-- naked on the bed-- face down-- a beaten man.

The CELL PHONE rings-- on the floor inside his underwear. He grabs it all in a handful-- presses it all to his face.

WOODY
Uhhh--
HOLLY (O.S.)
What the hell you doing with
Lavonda's phone?

Woody snaps wide awake-- his face buried in his own underwear!

EXT. THE BARNES HOUSE - DAY

A two story modern, it sits on FIVE ACRES of prime real estate. A Jaguar convertible, a Mercedes Sedan and a Mitzi Eclipse Spyder (top down) crouch in the cobblestone drive.

Woody's Japanese POS squats next to them and leaks. Woody pounds on the front door. Tries to peep through the hole.

WOODY
I ain't going away! Holly!
(pounds)
Holly!

The door opens. A chubby LATINO MAID takes a full defensive position in the doorway. ANGELINA, late 40's, a mind of her own, SCOWLS.

ANGELINA
Dog.

WOODY
Can I please speak--

ANGELINA
Pig.

WOODY
Angelina, please--

ANGELINA
Snake.

MRS. BARNES approaches from the den. Elegant, leggy,
early 50's-- face set like a statue.

MRS. BARNES
It's okay, Angelina--

ANGELINA
Skunk.

MRS. BARNES
-- I'll handle this.

Angelina breaks guard-- let's him in.

INT. THE BARNES HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Woody rushes in, looking for Holly:

MRS. BARNES
How'd you know she was here?

WOODY
Caller ID on-- on "this" phone.

ANGELINA
(walks off)
Weasel.

WOODY
Mrs. Barnes, please, this has not
been a good week for me.

MRS. BARNES
She told me the whole thing.

WOODY
The whole thing?

MRS. BARNES
I have no secrets from my daughter,
Woody. She has no secrets from me.

Mrs. Barnes turns and walks back to the den.

MRS. BARNES
Follow me.

He does.

INT. THE BARNES HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Mrs. Barnes crosses to a large mahogany desk near the French Doors leading out to the patio.

WOODY
I appreciate this--

MRS. BARNES
I don't like you, Woody.
(then)
I didn't like you as a child, I
didn't like you as a teenager and I
don't like you as a man.

Woody says nothing-- what can he say?

MRS. BARNES
You are worthless, shiftless, without
ambition or morals. The fact that
my daughter has a passing attraction
to you is the only reason you're in
this house.

WOODY
If I can talk to Holly--

She moves from the windows to the fireplace.

MRS. BARNES
And as for your penis problem; if
it was up to me, I would saw your
wandering little pecker off with a
plastic picnic knife--
(makes slow sawing
moves with her hand)
The kind with those little teeth--
it would take a good ten minutes!

She slides a fireplace poker off a rack into her strong right hand. Woody back pedals to the door.

WOODY
If you could tell Holly I was here--

She comes around the desk--

MRS. BARNES
Whole neighborhood's going to know
you're here, once the screaming
starts!

Woody charges out-- Mrs. Barnes follows!

INT. THE BARNES HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Woody makes the door--

HOLLY

Woody!

He turns-- where?-- looks up-- Holly on the second floor balcony-- looking down.

WOODY

I can't stay!

Now Mrs. Barnes stalks across the marble floor, poker in hand--

HOLLY

MOMMA!

Holly flies down the steps. Woody jerks the door open wide as-- Lavonda crashes into him-- knocks him down--

LAVONDA

Jesus H. Christ!

(then)

YOU GOT MY PHONE!

Woody cringes on the floor-- Mrs. Barnes hovers over him-- swinging the poker-- Lavonda grabs her phone from his hand-- drops his next to his head! Holly runs to Woody--

MRS. BARNES

GET UP AND GET OUT!

WOODY

I'm trying!

HOLLY

I want the truth from one of you!

LAVONDA

Last I heard, you two had split!

HOLLY

We got back together!

WOODY

I tried to tell her!

LAVONDA

YOU SAID YOU WERE GAY!

MRS. BARNES

I KNEW IT! STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR BLACK ASS ON SOME OTHER GIRL!

WOODY
(scrambles up)
Holly-- you gotta listen to me!

LAVONDA
This is a misunderstanding--

HOLLY
I HEARD YOU LAUGHING!

LAVONDA
(bursts into tears)
Oh baby! What was causing that
laughter?

All eyes snap to Woody-- Lavonda rushes into Holly's
arms, shaking with hysterical weeping!

LAVONDA
Doesn't that prove it wasn't my
fault?

Angelina rushes from the kitchen-- Woody stares at them
all-- and they AFFIX THEIR EYES:

Holly-- "How could you?"-- MRS BARNES-- "You asshole!"--
ANGELINA-- "Pendajo!"-- and Lavonda-- "Sucka!"

WOODY
Aw, man...

EXT. THE BARNES HOUSE - DAY

Woody-- manhandled out the door by Angelina-- the door
slammed behind him. He looks at his hands-- turns as the
door opens.

WOODY
My phone--

Holly-- with his phone-- winds up for the pitch-- a
fastball-- dead center to his nose--

WOODY
Holly--

BAP! *Shit!* DOOR SLAM!

WOODY
DAMN!

He picks it up as--

MR. BARNES (O.S.)
The continuing adventures--

Woody turns.

MR. BARNES, mid 50's, stands by his Mercedes. Dressed in a white daishiki with matching trousers and embroidered kuffi. His sandaled feet allow him to wiggle his toes.

At the end of a studded leash, an elegant GREYHOUND stands. They BOTH regard Woody as he crosses the drive to them.

MR. BARNES
-- of Holly and Woody-- chapter--
what is it now? Eighty? Eighty one?

WOODY
Hi, Mr. Barnes.
(pats the dog)
Hi, Trailways...

MR. BARNES
Did you cheat on my baby?

WOODY
No sir, I did not! That--
(thinks better of it)
--Lavonda-- can be very insistent.

MR. BARNES
She's a man eater.
(cocks his head)
Speaking of which, what's all this
nonsense about your willie?

WOODY
If I told you, you wouldn't believe
me.

MR. BARNES
It's true, then?

WOODY
What have you heard?

MR. BARNES
Enough for my razor sharp legal
mind to fill in the blanks.

WOODY
My God...

MR. BARNES
I've always liked you, Woody.

WOODY
Thank you, sir.

MR. BARNES

I remember the day you walked Holly home after she fell off her bike.

WOODY

Can I ask you something?

MR. BARNES

Not if I'm required to answer it.

WOODY

Why does Mrs. Barnes hate me so much?

MR. BARNES

You're black, you're poor, you're the spawn of Satan.

WOODY

Which one bothers her the most?

MR. BARNES

The black part.

(he chuckles at his own joke)

She's a psychologist, tends to over analyze. And with Holly, everything's an issue. I represent a black client, I'm bringing justice to the down trodden. I represent a white client, I'm the model of diversity.

WOODY

I understand.

MR. BARNES

You don't know shit. It has nothing to do with race or social balance. It has to do with the fact their checks don't bounce.

He sees Woody is lost-- tries to simplify it:

MR. BARNES

Woody, you're a nice guy, but like all nice guys-- you're an idiot.

(off his look)

You want to be a stand up comic, but you're Stumbles the Clown. You want to marry my daughter, but you don't think she'll have you until you make something of yourself.

WOODY

No offense, sir, but there's nothing wrong with that-- I mean-- look at you!

MR. BARNES

I'm the same man I was before I became a lawyer. Making something of yourself has nothing to do with *what you do*.

WOODY

Maybe-- but a little success can't hurt. She's got her Lady of Pain gig-- I don't know if you know this, but she's damn good!

MR. BARNES

I know. But Woody--
(softer)
Is she the same girl?

Woody ponders:

MR. BARNES

Don't let what you do define you. You want me to put in a good word for you?

WOODY

If you can think of one.

MR. BARNES

(chuckles)
I'll try.

And Mr. Barnes and Trailways move off down the path. Woody watches them-- walks to his car. Gazes back at the house.

Holly watches-- hidden by curtains-- tears in her eyes-- unseen by Woody as he drives off.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

BURT

Man, that's a raw deal.

ERNIE

Yeah...

DR. RILEY

So what did you do?

WOODY
I did what any man would do in my
place-- I chickened out!

INT. BENNY'S RANCID OFFICE - DAY

BENNY
(apoplectic)
WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY?

WOODY
Look, I'm sorry.

Benny-- chewing his wet stump of cigar-- gets up in
Woody's face--

BENNY
You know who's gonna be here? JOHNNY
STEELE!

WOODY
Johnny Steele?

BENNY
And you wanna cancel, you wanna
walk out on yer big chance!

Benny storms from the office, CHOMPING and WAVING his
cigar. Woody gives chase.

INT. WHACKO COMEDY CLUB - DAY

Benny crosses the empty room, brightly lit, as three
LATINO GIRLS set tables and arrange chairs.

Woody follows him to the stage.

BENNY
What is it with you, Jackson, you
wanna be STUMBLES the CLOWN yer
whole life?

Snap! This catches him off guard--

BENNY
(goes on stage)
That routine you did over the phone
was the best stand up I'd heard in--
hell-- forever!
(then)
I couldn't tell a joke to get
arrested-- but you? Kid, you got
what it takes! I laughed for six
hours after you hung up!
(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

(more)

Once a year Johnny Steele comes to my club-- once a frikkin' year! Just the greatest talent agent in the world! Just the man what reps the best of the best! He can book ya Vegas-- New York-- Miami Beach-- Chicago!

Woody walks on stage as Benny rants--

BENNY

Somewhere inside'a you is the world's greatest stand up comic! You don't wanna let him shine this Saturday, for your old pal, Benny-- well-- what can I say?

(dejected)

Just stab a knife in my heart-- kick a dying man--

WOODY

I'll be here.

BENNY

Saturday night?

WOODY

I'll be here...

Benny rushes past-- back to the office--

BENNY

THAT'A BOY! YER GONNA KILL'EM, BOY!
JUST KILL'EM!

WOODY

Someone will die Saturday night...

Woody stands alone. Steps closer to the mike stand. And magic happens.

WOODY

Thanks for being here tonight, folks!

The THREE LATINO GIRLS turn and stare at him.

WOODY

You know what's the worse thing about being in bed with three women? It's always the ugly one that rolls over and says "Save it for me!"

The THREE LATINO GIRLS stare at him.

WOODY
"Save it for me." It means--

ONE LATINO GIRL
(perfect English)
We know what it means.

TWO LATINO GIRL
It's sexist.

ONE LATINO GIRL
And demeaning.

WOODY
But at least it wasn't racist!

THREE LATINO GIRL
No-- but that was.

ONE LATINO GIRL
Chulo--

TWO LATINO GIRL
Puerco--

Woody stares at them, and his phone rings.

WOODY
Yeah.
(then)
Freak? Oh shit-- I forgot!

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

Woody hurries down a long, tiled corridor. Stops at a door-- a laminate sign:

BIO-SCIENCE-- and below that-- DOCTOR PHILIP NOH.

INT. BIO-SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Woody pushes in. And stops.

Freak and twenty students doing hands-on bio-science involving blood and wires.

The teacher, a GOTHIC KOREAN named DR. NOH, turns when the door opens. He looks like an oriental gangster with weird black hair.

Freak detaches-- moves to him--

FREAK
Lunch was two hours ago?

WOODY
You didn't tell me about Lavonda!

FREAK
She made me promise!

WOODY
Well then, that makes it okay! Maybe
Holly'll give me a get out of jail
free card!

FREAK
Oh, shit! She found out, right?

WOODY
That steel trap of yours--

Dr. Noh moves around the table. Other students follow.
By the look on their faces, they know. Freak has spilled
the beans. Up close, Woody sees that Dr. Noh wears black
work gloves, an ear ring, sports eye makeup.

DR. NOH
You are Woody Jackson?

FREAK
This is Doctor Noh.

WOODY
Doctor who?

FREAK
Not Doctor Who-- Doctor Noh.

WOODY
No?

FREAK
Yes.

WOODY
No!

DR. NOH
Yes. Mr. Freak has told us of your
problem. I have solution.

Dr. Noh turns-- makes an eye gesture to MIRA, a well
endowed Hindi student--

DR. NOH
Mira.

MIRA
Yes, Dr. Noh.

Mira turns to a side table-- pulls back a white coverlet. Picks up a chrome tray-- turns back.

Woody recoils. A very large dead frog, on its back. Ten acupuncture needles bristle from the frog-- thin copper wires leading to a small battery switch.

Mira makes eye contact-- smiles-- winks at him.

DR. NOH
Are you familiar with-- acupuncture?

WOODY
Needles...

Mira leans the tray closer-- winks again-- bending over slightly-- pressing her ample breasts against the tray.

Dr. Noh picks up the battery switch.

DR. NOH
The ancient art of stress and pain relief through the use of sharp, penetrating needles, meticulously inserted into various-- muscles.

He triggers the switch-- and-- The DEAD FROG KICKS out it's right leg-- straight and stiff-- into Mira's left tit! Woody jumps! Mira smiles. Winks.

DR. NOH
Through the application of modern electronics, I can stimulate response, even in dead tissue.

He flips the switch quickly-- kick kick kick-- right leg leg leg-- into Mira's left tit tit tit.

WOODY
You ain't puttin' no dead frog down my pants!

DR. NOH
(not exactly)
I will insert nine needles into the circumference of your left testicle and apply sixteen volts--

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

Woody hits the corridor at a dead run, SCREAMING ALL THE WAY OUT!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DR. RILEY

You know, that might actually work.

Burt and Ernie shy back.

WOODY

I was running out of options when Tyrone called about some guy he wanted me to meet at the health club-- I figgered-- what the hell? Couldn't be weirder than putting needles in my nut sack!

ERNIE

But it was!

WOODY

Man-- you got that right!

INT. HEALTH CLUB - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Tyrone and Woody navigate the minefield of heavy weights and grunting hardbodies.

TYRONE

This guys like a millionaire, flies all over the world.

WOODY

And he's gonna solve my problem, right?

TYRONE

How the hell I know-- can't hurt to talk to him!

They stop at a work bench where a scrawny, reedy looking guy bench presses TWO HUNDRED POUNDS. Glistening with sweat, he grunts and sits up.

EVERTON BUSKIE-- past 60-- wears dred's and sports a fat mustache and beard-- JAMAICAN and proud of it.

TYRONE

Mr. Buskie?

EVERTON

Whatta gwaan, Tyrone? Dis be da bad bwoy wit one wicked wood that makes all da sistren skin teeth while doin' da teg-a-reg?

SUBTITLE

What's going on, Tyrone? Is this your friend with the erect penis who makes the girls laugh while making love?

TYRONE

I guess...

Everton stands, forces a six move hand shake / knuckle butt on Woody-- who can't keep up.

EVERTON

Everton Buskie, you be--?

WOODY

Woody Jackson.

EVERTON

Tyrone no labba mout, he say you salt, ask me to rope in.

SUBTITLE

Tyrone didn't say much, said you were in trouble and asked me to help.

WOODY

What?

EVERTON

You not up wit Jamdung patois?
(then, in perfect
English)

You don't understand the Jamaican slang, now do ya, brother?

WOODY

You pullin' my leg?

Everton laughs, slap Woody on the back.

EVERTON

C'mon, let's take some steam!

INT. HEALTH CLUB - STEAM ROOM - DAY

Everton, Woody and Tyrone in the steam room with two other men. Everton pours water over hot stones.

EVERTON

You learn to deal at levels, mon.
In corporate America, it is silk ties and dollar signs. You can't go to the next level with people like
(MORE)

EVERTON (CONT'D)

that. And you, Woody Jackson, you have gone to another level.

WOODY

Mr. Buskie, I don't know what Tyrone has told you...

EVERTON

Enough to know you don't unnerstan you own head. You tink dis ting is new, make miracle wit you, make you special. You da same man, nuh? You no different from when you go furss time, 'cept now you tink you funny.

TYRONE

But he is, Mr. Buskie! I mean, he was never funny before!

EVERTON

(makes hand job gesture)

But only when you jook you own hose, am I right, now?

EVERTON slips into the white man level:

EVERTON

Look, I can't help you. But I know someone who can. When we get dried off and sitting at the bar, sippin' fi wine, I gi you name and place.

WOODY

If you think it will help--

EVERTON

No, mon! If YOU tink it help! But, you got to take someone who loves you.

TYRONE

Hey, I just like the guy!

WOODY

Take someone I love-- ?

EVERTON

No, MON! Someone who LOVE YOU! Someone who makes no difference-- rich man, poor man, beggerman, teef! Wit out dat love, you got nuttin!

WOODY

Ain't it da troot!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

PIZZA has been delivered. Burt feeds a slice to Woody.

WOODY

In less than twenty-four hours, I
was suppose to rock the block with
Johnny Steele in the house!

DR. RILEY

Except the Lady of Pain wanted
nothing to do with you.

ERNIE

And you had to go find her because
she was the one you loved!

BURT

No man-- she loved him--
(then)
Unless she didn't anymore! Huh?

Woody-- chewing-- nods--

INT. ALT/SEX CLUB - NIGHT

The place is a MADHOUSE of erotic tension and POUNDING
TRANCE music. Men and women of all sexual preferences
crawl this scenario-- leather clad, linen suits-- drag
queens and brag studs-- butch dykes, frails and toughs--
mistress and master-- a human wasteland of lost souls.

WOODY (O.S.)

So I called her father. He told me
right where she was. Which surprised
me, he even told me the time to be
there!

Woody walks the crowd-- spots Lavonda and THE STUNNING
BLONDE-- he ducks into a booth-- suddenly finding himself
opposite a tall black super model name DARING DO!

DARING DO

Well hello, tall, dark and sexy...

WOODY

Make like you know me.

DARING DO

But I do know you, hunkie man!

Woody stares at her-- she smiles back at him--

DARING DO

They call me Daring Do.

WOODY

Daring Do what?

DARING DO

Anything, baby!

And bam-- suddenly-- right next to this booth-- Lavonda and THE STUNNING BLONDE-- close-- Woody leans into Daring Do-- pulls her veils over his head--

LAVONDA

I'll handle her, you just make sure my name is spelled right on that check.

BLONDE

I think we understand each other perfectly.

MUSIC blares from the stage. Lavonda turns and Woody, who shrinks back more-- peeks out--

And THE STUNNING BLONDE makes easy eye contact. *BUSTED!*

But-- again-- that weird mystical shit-- she winks and turns to the stage-- takes Lavonda's arm--

BLONDE

Let's get closer-- shall we?

And they move off-- and Woody comes out for air-- and-- Daring Do holds Woody's hands as--

The three RAMBO SISTERS strut their stuff-- dressed in BLACK TUXEDO's. The music, a solid, slow, hard beat, all rhythm and blues-- and the curtain opens-- and--

THE LADY OF PAIN steps on stage, Holly in a white tux, hair slicked back, a pencil thin mustache, dressed like a svelte, sexy CAB CALLOWAY.

HOLLY

My word is my bond--
The law of the land--
I pave the way--
With a wave of my hand--
I told her to leave--
Forget what she saw--
She striped her soul bare so I LAID
DOWN THE LAW!

EVERYONE cheers as she goes into her slow, willowy dance--

HOLLY
I have known pain--
It followed me home--
It crawled in my bed--
Won't leave me alone--
If justice is blind
We'll call it a draw--
She begged me for more so I LAID
DOWN THE LAW!

THE RAMBO SISTERS
LAID DOWN THE LAW...
LAID DOWN THE LAW!

HOLLY
I LAID DOWN THE LAW
I COVERED MY BETS
I OPENED A VEIN
IT'S ALL THAT SHE GETS--
NO WHIPS AND NO CHAINS
NO SECRET DESIRES--
I LAID DOWN THE LAW
I PUT OUT THOSE FIRES!

The music gets tighter-- the dancing more erotic-- and
Woody is captive--

DARING DO
She's very good!

WOODY
She's fantastic!

Daring Do smiles at him, Woody extricates his hands--

WOODY
She's my girl.

DARING DO
Holly? That's your girl?

WOODY
How'd you know her name?

But Daring Do makes a "shush" sign and:

HOLLY
When you've been betrayed
by someone you trust--
And you slam that door
and your heart goes bust--
But they're in your soul,
Your one fatal flaw--
So when they crawl back--
YOU LAY DOWN THE LAW!

EVERYONE
LAY DOWN THE LAW...
LAY DOWN THE LAW!

Holly makes the front of the stage-- her face streaked with tears-- and-- Woody can't take it-- he jumps up-- pushes through the crowds-- to the front--

WOODY
Holly!

And she sees him-- and backs off--

WOODY
I LOVE YOU!

The RAMBO SISTERS strut forward and the crowd cheers-- and Woody moves down-- with Daring Do behind him-- Holly is off stage-- Woody races along the apron and runs--

INT. ALT/SEX CLUB - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Woody pushes through the crowd-- spots Holly-- making a fast costume change-- into THE LADY OF PAIN--

WOODY
Holly!

HOLLY
Save it!

WOODY
We gotta talk!

HOLLY
We ain't gotta do shit, *Stumbles!*
Lavonda told me the whole thing!

WOODY
She tell you she was naked in my bed before I even got home? Freak and Tyrone let her in!

HOLLY
(confused)
I heard her laughing!

WOODY
That means nothing happened, right?
Or have you forgotten?

He comes in close-- they connect--

WOODY
I didn't tell her the pillow trick--
that's-- our secret!

And suddenly-- Lavonda is there--

LAVONDA
UH-- NO! UH-UH! GET HIS ASS OUTTA
HERE!

And security follows her in-- TWO BEEFY DUDES-- "hands
on" kind'a guys-- jerking him back--

WOODY
Why don't you tell her the truth,
you liar!

LAVONDA
(to SECURITY)
Bounce that ass into the back alley
and make it hurt!

And they duck walk Woody right out of there--

WOODY
Holly, listen to me!

LAVONDA
GET OUTTA HERE, YOU DOG!

HOLLY
Wait--

MUSIC explodes from out front-- and the crowd cheers--
Lavonda pushes Holly toward the stage!

LAVONDA
GET OUT THERE, GIRL!

HOLLY
Lavonda!

LAVONDA
They're calling your name!

WOODY
Holly!

The CROWD CHEERS as Lavonda pushes Holly into view-- and
she makes the decision-- THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

WOODY
Holly!!!!

And THE LADY OF PAIN and the RAMBO SISTERS bring down
the house-- and-- Lavonda braces Woody--

LAVONDA

As for you-- you've dipped your
last stick into that pudding, baby!
(to security)
Break some bones, boys--

They rough house him and:

MR. BARNES (O.S.)

Hello, Lavonda--

MR. BARNES steps forward-- he ain't casual. Thousand
dollar suit-- hundred dollar tie-- bound contracts held
in one hand.

MR. BARNES

(to Woody)
Glad to see you made it.

WOODY

Hello, sir.

LAVONDA

Mr. Barnes--

MR. BARNES

(to SECURITY)
Release him.

LAVONDA

I was taking out the trash!

MR. BARNES

(more direct)
I said let him go.

The TWO BEEFY DUDES back off-- Woody waggles the blood
back into his arms. MR. BARNES flanks Lavonda-- nothing
friendly in his stare.

MR. BARNES

May I see the check?

LAVONDA

What check?

MR. BARNES

The one written by my assistant--

And THE STUNNING BLONDE steps up and winks as-- Woody
slowly sees what's going on here.

LAVONDA

Your assist--

MR. BARNES

It appears she just purchased all rights to the music and performances of Holly Barnes, aka the Lady of Pain. Or rather-- you sold those rights-- of which you had no legal authority.

LAVONDA

I represent Holly Barnes!

MR. BARNES

That's your defense? This is going to be easier than I thought.

WOODY

You mean she's busted?

MR. BARNES

Fraud. Felony. Prison time.

Woody gets up in Lavonda's face--

WOODY

See you on visiting day!

Woody lunges for the stage--

INT. ALT/SEX CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Woody walks out-- arms held high-- THE WINNER! And everyone cheers-- and Holly turns-- breaks focus-- drops a line-- now she's pissed--

The RAMBO SISTERS-- traditional leather with police batons-- move in for the kill-- and Woody avoids them-- running on stage.

HOLLY

LEAVE ME ALONE!

More cheers-- and-- Daring Do stands on the front row-- waving and rocking to the hard beat-- cheering!

DARING DO

GO WOODY!

And Woody does-- gets up close to Holly--

WOODY

She's busted!

Holly pushes him back-- walks to the front of the stage-- mike in hand-- and to the beat--

HOLLY
(to the crowd)
What would you do to a cheating
man?

BOOOO!

HOLLY
What would you do to LYIN' MAN?

HISS! BOO! KILL HIM!

WOODY
Wait a minute--

HOLLY
A MAN WITH A REAL GOOD STORY?

LIAR! CHEAT! SCUMBAG!

HOLLY
A MAN WITH A SLIPPERY SMOOTH LINE?

RIP HIS TONGUE OUT! CASTRATE HIM!

AND THEN-- LAVONDA BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN! EVERYONE
CHEERS! Woody grabs Holly-- makes her listen--

WOODY
YOUR DAD JUST--

AND LAVONDA SENDS A FIST INTO HIS FACE-- COLD COCKED
WITH A WELL PLACED KNUCKLE SANDWICH!

LAVONDA
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Woody drops back-- clobbered-- out! And the crowd catches
him-- elevates him with a dozen hands-- passes him to
the back of the room--

Daring Do follows on the floor, trying to keep up--

Holly stops as POLICE and SECURITY crowd the stage--
chasing Lavonda-- and all hell breaks loose--

Holly turns--see's Mr. Barnes-- *dad*-- and he smiles at
her-- and her rage becomes a total sense of bewilderment--
all this happening around her!

And Woody drifts back atop the crowd--

WOODY (O.S.)
I don't remember much after that--
except floating on a stormy sea,
(MORE)

WOODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
the water like fingers massaging my
back--

Daring Do follows him to the back of the room-- where
they lower him to the floor--

WOODY (O.S.)
I remember some girl-- the girl
from the booth-- the girl named
Daring Do...

And she helps him up-- COPS swarm the crowds-- and--
Daring Do rushes him out the back.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

WOODY
We got out of there-- ended up at
another place--
(then, searching)
I remember Whitney Houston singing--
only-- it wasn't "really" Whitney
Houston.

INT. WHATTA DRAG! - NIGHT

Another night spot. Packed with DRAG QUEENS and their
dates-- a tall, slender BLACK MAN, decked as WHITNEY
HOUSTON-- belts out "I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY" on
stage.

EVERYONE cheers. Woody awakens at a table. Daring Do
sits next to him, holding him upright! Woody swims back
to life--

WOODY
Where...?

DARING DO
We're at a real party, baby!

Woody stares at Daring Do. His eyes focus. Daring Do
hands him a drink. Woody polishes it off.

WOODY
Do I know you?

DARING DO
Daring Do.

WOODY
DARING DO WHAT? ANYTHING!!

Woody cracks up with laughter! Daring Do gets him another drink. Woody finishes it off. He looks around, digs the beat of "Whitney" on stage. He then looks at Daring Do.

WOODY
Yer not a bad looking babe.

DARING DO
You're drunk.

WOODY
My girl dumped me--

DARING DO
I know...

WOODY
The Lady of Pain-- ain't that the truth! Yer kind'a cute! Have we met before?

Daring Do leans closer--

DARING DO
It's me.

WOODY
Me who?

DARING DO
Wes.

WOODY
Wes?

DARING DO
I work for your uncle.
(deeper voice)
Walter?

Woody sees Wes through the fog-- and LIKE A ROCKET UP HIS ASS, EXPLODES TO HIS FEET!

WOODY
HOLY SHIT! YOU'RE A GUY!

Close in laughter from other tables and booths: A fat DRAG QUEEN goes by with the flip of a boa:

DRAG QUEEN
I beg you're pardon?

WOODY
THIS IS A GUY!

DRAG QUEEN
God, I hope so!

WOODY
BUT I KNOW THIS GUY!

A smatter of applause-- along with "sit down and shut up" and "it's always the quiet ones!" Daring Do pulls him back into the booth--

DARING DO
Sit down--

Woody sits-- stares at her-- fiddles with her wig--

WOODY
Wes?

Daring Do pushes his hand away-- Woody reaches out for a tit-- Daring Do slaps it!

DARING DO
Behave!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

And Woody suddenly remembers-- those final moments come back to him-- and he visibly deflates in the chair!

WOODY
Oh, no...

DR. RILEY
You remember.

WOODY
Oh, no...

BURT
What?

WOODY
I remember.

ERNIE
What?

WOODY
I was in a gay bar-- and it was
karaoke night!

INT. WHATTA DRAG! - NIGHT

Woody on stage-- orange vinyl wig-- vivid orange satin dress-- sloppy tears down his cheeks-- belting out:

WOODY

You can tell the world-- you never
was my girl-- you can burn my clothes
when I'm gone! Or you can tell
your friends-- just what a fool
I've been-- and laugh and joke about
me on the phone! You can tell my
arms-- to go back to the farm-- you
can tell my feet to hit the floor!
Or you can tell my lips-- to tell
my fingertips-- they won't be
reaching out for you no more!

(Everybody)

But don't tell my heart-- my achy
breaky heart-- I just don't think
it'd understand! And if you tell my
heart-- my achy breaky heart-- it
might blow up and kill this man!

The crowd roars! Daring Do rushes on stage with Woody--
and an ACHY BREAKY CONGA LINE starts-- with Woody leading
them around--

Until-- he stops-- a broken man-- ruined-- weeping--

WOODY

I can't sing fer shit...

(cheers)

I can tell jokes. I could be the
greatest stand up comic in the world--
if it wasn't for my penis!

More laughter, more cheering-- anger builds--

WOODY

You think I'm kidding? You wanna
hear a joke?

CHEERING-- YES YES-- YES!

WOODY

Why'd the monkey fall out of the
tree? Cos it was dead!

(then)

Here's an easy one-- pick a number
between one and nine-- multiply by
two-- find the letter of the alphabet
equal to that number, write it on a
piece of paper and SHOVE IT UP YER
ASS!

Some laughs-- not many-- Woody stalks now--

DARING DO

Woody...

WOODY
All I ever wanted was to tell jokes!
Is that asking too much?

No one laughs at the depression raging within him.

WOODY
I'M FUNNY, DAMN IT! I'll prove it
to you!

Woody unbuckles his pants-- drops them-- and before anyone
can blink an eye, he drops his shorts! A gasp-- followed
by cheers! Woody laughs-- prancing-- wagging his wanker!

WOODY
I'll show ya comedy!

Camera cell phones-- click click click!

WOODY
I'LL SHOW YOU WORLD CLASS HUMOR!

Woody drops the mike! SLAPS HIS WILLIE!

WOODY
COME ON! PERK UP! SNAP TO ATTENTION!

More pictures-- more GASPS! And sure as shit-- TWO COPS
MOVE UP THE CENTER AISLE--

COP ONE
HEY! C'mon down offa there, Johnny
Wadd!

WOODY
(waggles it for the
cops)
Why don't you come up here and help
me?

DRAG QUEEN
YOU GO, GIRL!

More pictures-- THE COPS CHARGE the STAGE-- Woody snagged
and bagged-- cheers and applause!

DARING DO
Woody!

WOODY
SOMEBODY HELP ME!
(dragged out)
I AIN'T A CRIMINAL-- I'M A COMEDIAN!

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Woody slumps-- weeps. Dr. Riley moves his chair back.

DR. RILEY
I've made my decision, Woody.

WOODY
You have?

DR. RILEY
I'm going to get you out of here.

WOODY
You are?

Burt and Ernie move in, take off the straight jacket.

DR. RILEY
You'll still have to make bail. But
on one condition-- we get tickets
to your show tonight.

WOODY
Tonight?

Burt and Ernie stand him up-- brush off his clothes--
straighten his ass out. Burt hands him a hankie.

ERNIE
Yeah, brother. The Comedy Club.

BURT
Johnny Steele--

WOODY
Johnny Steele-- ?
(oh shit)
Oh, shit-- I need to make a phone
call!

Dr. Riley hands him his cell phone!

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tyrone and Freak charge outside-- Woody behind them--
carrying the orange wig from the WHATTA DRAG club--

WOODY
How'd you get money to bail me out?

They stop-- Woody passes them and sees--

Holly-- next to her Eclipse Spyder. Woody has everything
he can do not to burst into tears. He walks toward her--
she meets him half way-- they fold into each others arms.

TYRONE

She called last night, brother.

FREAK

Like every five minutes!

Woody kisses her-- and Holly shies back--

HOLLY

You need a breath mint!

WOODY

Forget that-- do you love me?

Holly stares at him-- steps back-- somewhat stunned--
her rap persona flares--

WOODY

Holly-- I love you-- from the first
moment I tasted your knee.

Tyrone and Freak press in closer-- and Holly gets a weird
vibe-- *they haven't told her everything!*

WOODY

Do you love me?

HOLLY

You don't pull this shit on me,
Woody Jackson! Not in front of a
police station! Not in front of--
(she eyes Tyrone and
Freak)
You just don't!

But Woody-- desperate-- grabs her-- steps in close. Kisses
her. Electricity sparks full current between them. Can't
resist chemical reactions!

WOODY

Baby, I go on stage at nine tonight
and I'm gonna stink up this town!

TYRONE

Horrible! Rotten!

WOODY

If you don't love me, then I'm
ruined!

TYRONE

Screwed! Totally fuc--

FREAK
(slaps him upside his
head)
SHUT UP!

HOLLY
You're scaring me!

WOODY
Just tell me--

HOLLY
Woody--

WOODY
I can take it-- level with me--

HOLLY
Of course I love you, you idiot.

Just like that-- Woody gathers her up close-- and kisses
her again-- and it's short lived-- because-- Freak checks
his watch-- grabs Woody--

FREAK
We don't have time for that!

Drags him to the car-- and Tyrone pushes Holly around to
the drivers side.

TYRONE
We gotta get going, it's almost
sundown!

HOLLY
What the hell you talking about?

WOODY
(gets in the car)
We gotta head out to-- a place--

TYRONE
(opens her door)
I got directions right here! We're
going to see Mamma Tchamba!

Holly gets in-- Tyrone and Freak climb in the little
back seat.

HOLLY
Who?

TYRONE
Mamma Tchamba-- the voodoo queen!

Holly-- rocked-- snaps "the look" at Woody-- and there ain't shit he can do but roll with it:

HOLLY
Oh, no! Tell me you didn't just say--

WOODY
No time to waste!

Tyrone shows her a sheet of paper--

TYRONE
Right here-- head south and--

Holly grabs the paper-- starts the car.

HOLLY
You're going to a voodoo queen?

WOODY
Look at it this way-- she's in the same business your mother is-- only with dead chickens and shrunken heads!

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - NIGHT

On the outskirts of the outskirts. Music is Caribbean-- the faces black-- women in colorful sun dresses. The cars are old. Trash barrels burn with fire.

Holly steers through in her overloaded convertible. As far as she can. A party rages though the neighborhood.

TYRONE
(looks at business card)
This is it-- up there a block. Nine nine nine Carnival Street.

Woody is out-- Tyrone and Freak jump out too. Holly-- reluctantly-- gets out.

HOLLY
You're crazy, you know that?

WOODY
Well, sanity hasn't worked too well up to now! C'mon!

He takes her hand. They move down the street, into the center of the party.

EXT. CARNIVAL STREET - NIGHT

The music-- seductive and festive! Island drums bang a solid beat. An orchestra mix of calypso, rasta, reggae and soca!

Freak and Tyrone dance as they walk. The local women are into Tyrone's tight butt!

FREAK

Man-- this is some righteous shit!

Woody ignores them-- presses on. Holly follows.

HOLLY

(into the music)

Some of this is pretty good.

EXT. MAMMA TCHAMBA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Woody stops outside a well lit house, 999, festooned with voodoo icons and fetishes.

WOODY

This is it.

HOLLY

You haven't told me why I'm supposed to be here!

WOODY

I don't know yet.

TYRONE

I'll bet it's human sacrifice!

FREAK

No, man-- that requires a virgin!

HOLLY

(PISSSED)

WHAT YOU SAY?

Woody-- with Holly's hand-- pulls her along.

WOODY

Cut it out!

Woody and Holly walk up the steps of the porch. Two light skinned black girls sway to the music by the front door-- they might be twins-- TIAN and TANTE.

They gravitate to Woody quickly--

WOODY

I'm looking for Mamma Tchamba!

TIAN
She is waiting for you.

Woody has an instant "Twilight Zone" moment--

WOODY
She knew I was coming?

HOLLY
They say that to everyone, you
goofball.

TANTE
(to Holly)
And for you, too!

Holly shies back into Woody. And as she does-- A SHADOW
passes inside the door-- fills the door-- opens the door--
and--

A tall, stately black woman with fine, Caribbean features
gazes out at them. Wearing a head dress, island clothes,
she regards them a long time.

MAMMA TCHAMBA
I am Mamma Tchamba.

WOODY
I'm--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You are de friends of Everton Buskie,
nuh?

WOODY
Yes--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You haff de problem, Mamma Tchamba
haff da solution!

She steps back from the door-- and-- Woody hesitates--
looks back at Tyrone and Freak. TIAN and TANTE hover
with them-- they have no interest in Woody anymore.

Woody and Holly tighten up-- darkness and flickering
candles beckon from inside the house--

Woody walks in-- clenching Holly's hand.

MAMMA TCHAMBA looks at TIAN and TANTE-- nods "around
back". The two girls smile, take Tyrone and Freak by the
hand-- and off they go.

INT. MAMMA TCHAMBA'S VOODOO ROOM - NIGHT

Woody and Holly-- two city kids in the middle of 17th century African / Haitian witchcraft. Everything-- even the ceramic statue of Elvis-- frightens them.

HOLLY
(whispers)
What are we doing here?

Woody shakes his head.

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You're here--
(and she enters behind them)
-- because you man haff de problem.

WOODY
You know about that?

Mamma Tchamba smiles-- picks up a candle--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Mama Tchamba know every-ting-- bout every-ting.
(looks at Holly)
You his ooman?

HOLLY
What?

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You his ooman? Da Lady a Pain?

Now Holly has a "twilight zone" moment--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You looks like sweet girl--

HOLLY
There's no such thing as voodoo!

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Who say dis ting? Books say dis?
Book haff all de answers-- book does? What book say bout you, bwoy?

Mamma Tchamba circles Woody-- in the candle light-- appraises him with her "evil eye".

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Say bwoy want do one ting-- he do t'other. Bwoy want be big man--
(closer-- sniffs)
Bwoy got fear--

HOLLY
This is stupid--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Why be some-ting you is not-- when
want to be some-ting else?

WOODY
I don't understand...

MAMMA TCHAMBA
What you fear, bwoy?

Suddenly-- the room shakes-- drums bang-- more drums--
the back door SLAMS OPEN-- WIDE-- firelight blazes through
the room-- the wind blows out the candles--

Woody and Holly shy back-- Mamma Tchamba grabs Woody's
shirt-- pulls him into the flaming light flooding through
the door--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Maybe Mamma Tchamba write new chapter
n'dat book!

And shadows dance in-- and-- TIAN and TANTE enter--
dancing cat like creatures-- lithe and seductive--
thrashing to the beat of the drums-- and Woody watches
them-- and--

Mamma Tchamba backs off-- between Holly and Woody--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Tonight Mamma Tchamba conjure up
charm fa' you!

Tian and Tante grab Woody-- carry him through the door--
Holly follows-- Mamma Tchamba blocks her way--

MAMMA TCHAMBA
De best charm in de world--

Holly-- afraid-- stands her ground--

HOLLY
I don't believe in any of this.

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Den why you here?

HOLLY
Don't give me this magic crap!

Mamma Tchamba leans in closer-- shies Holly back from
her "evil eye"--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

But it is magic, sistren!

She backs off-- slowly-- into the fiery light coming in
the back door--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

Come see real magic for yourself.

Holly stiffens-- resists--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

See what Mamma Tchamba do for you
man.

(here it comes...)

Or do you fear, too?

Holly steps up to her-- turns to the door-- steps into--

EXT. MAMMA TCHAMBA'S YANVALOU! - NIGHT

Voodoo Yanvalou-- the Voodoo Dance-- as distinctive as
the twist-- as erotic as it gets!

Drummers knock down a primitive, island beat that shakes
the night air! Dancers-- men and women-- dance in the
brightness of the fires!

Woody is there-- and Tian and Tante-- and-- Tyrone and
Freak have gone native-- brightly colored shirts-- dancing
and thrashing--

Mamma Tchamba walks with Holly along the edge of the
dance--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

Oshun-- voodoo goddess of love, sex
and beauty-- giver of pleasure--
guardian of de heart.

Holly-- caught in the beat-- shakes off the illusion.
She watches as-- Tian and Tante circle Woody-- like a
Yin and Yang-- move him in a rhythmic turn--

Mamma Tchamba eases in closer to Holly-- her voice a
soft, warm, seductive whisper in her ear--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

Tonight-- I conjure de charm fu'
you man.

HOLLY

Stop it--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

Ess too late! It is done!

Holly turns to her-- angry-- cheated--

HOLLY
So now-- what? I pay you?

MAMMA TCHAMBA
Whatever you tink is fair--

Holly laughs-- caustic-- very LADY OF PAIN-ish-- Mamma Tchamba moves in closer-- Holly stands her ground.

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You wish to see dis charm? Nuh? To see it's value? Wit you own eyes, little one?

And Holly-- ever the curious cat-- can't hide the answer from her face.

Mamma Tchamba slowly extends her arm-- like death pointing an empty sleeve-- her finger targets the back wall of the house-- and--

Holly-- afraid-- gripped in the black magic terror that dates back to the stone age-- hesitates-- holds-- and then-- looks-- and sees--

Her own reflection in the smoked glass of the window panes-- her own face staring back at her-- bewildered and confused-- then-- suddenly-- *she gets it!*

MAMMA TCHAMBA
(whispers in close)
Every ting he do-- he do for you.

Holly looks at her-- tears brim her eyes-- balance before spilling-- *is life really that simple?*

MAMMA TCHAMBA
You-- be his charm, girl--

Holly looks at Woody-- still dancing with Tian and Tante-- and he looks at her-- shrugs-- a goofy kid lost in a jumble-- and the music grows in flavor and depth--

And the memories flood back to her-- all the way-- and with them come the tears--

INT. FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Woody, age 9, dances with two pencils shoved up his nose. Classmates laugh.

And Holly watches-- not age 9-- a full grown Holly-- and she smiles-- and the tears roll her cheeks-- because--

Woody-- snatched-- dragged from the classroom by his ear amid HOWLS of laughter-- tries to take a bow-- and he ONLY LOOKS AT HOLLY-- ONLY LAUGHS FOR HOLLY--

INT. CHURCH FUNERAL - DAY

Woody, age 10, crawls under the casket and looks up the dresses of the women. Only the kids see, including Holly-- THE GROWN HOLLY-- and the memory is strong-- and she smiles.

Because Woody, age 10-- only laughs with her-- only looks at her-- and--

EXT. A PARK IN TOWN - DAY

Woody off his bike-- acting the Black Prince Charming-- crouching-- kisses her knee-- to make it better-- and he smiles at her--

And the GROWN HOLLY sits there, crying-- and the child Woody wipes away her tears-- then--

WOODY, AGE 11, MUGS A FACE-- HOLDS HIS THROAT AS IF POISONED-- ROLLS ON HIS BACK-- and Holly laughs through the pain-- choking up--

Woody the kid laughs and rolls and cracks up-- and they make eye contact-- and--

EXT. MAMMA TCHAMBA'S YANVALOU! - NIGHT

Holly stares at Woody-- and she let's it go now-- and tears roll down her cheeks--

MAMMA TCHAMBA

Now the time has come to let him know.

Holly looks at her again-- and all the anger and resentment is gone-- Holly makes no effort to stop her smile-- moves forward-- into the dance-- a solid, straight line to--

Woody-- sees her coming-- Tian and Tante move off--

WOODY

What's the matter? You alright?

HOLLY

I'm fine...

Woody takes her hands-- a sheepish sort of stupid look crosses his face-- as if reality has set in.

WOODY
This was a stupid idea.

She touches his lips-- shuts him up--

HOLLY
I love you.

He stares at her-- he flexes a smile-- this is weird--
together they share *this* "twilight zone" moment-- because
this isn't bullshit here--

Holly smiles at him-- leans toward him-- for a kiss--
but she turns-- her cheek on his-- her lips against his
ear--

HOLLY
(whispers)
Make me laugh.

She leans back-- looks hard into his eyes-- and Woody
feels it-- tingling-- a whole different electricity
pulsing through him-- right up to his heart-- and a wicked
smile plays across his lips--

And Mamma Tchamba watches as Woody leans forward and
whispers in Holly's ear-- and Mamma Tchamba grins as--
Holly smiles-- then laughs-- bursts out laughing-- alive
and joyous-- and she gathers him in her arms and--

Woody-- startled-- this is new--

They kiss-- not the sloppy new age kiss-- like chewing
the same piece of gum-- no, baby, this is HOLLYWOOD OLD
SCHOOL-- this is SCARLETT O'HARA LAYING A LIPLOCK ON
RHETT BUTLER-- this is--

THE KISS TO END ALL KISSES!

And the MUSIC THUNDERS AND THE DANCERS DANCE AROUND THESE
TWO-- OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING AROUND THEM--

EXT. WHACKO COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Benny stands outside-- anxious and antsy-- and the place
is packed to the rafters-- cars crowd the street-- music
plays-- and--

Holly wheels up to the VALET PARKING and SHE IS LAUGHING--
and Tyrone and Freak bail out the back, laughing--

BENNY
(rushes forward)
Woody!

All four of them, dressed in Caribbean carnival clothes-- barnacled with flowers and shell necklaces.

BENNY
Where the hell you been, Gilligan's
Island?

Woody kisses Benny full on the lips--

WOODY
I been cured!

BENNY
What, you gay now?

Holly, Freak and Tyrone all laugh! Press in around! Holly moves to Benny-- puts her arms around him--

HOLLY
Benny--

BENNY
Hey-- now see, this I can do!

Woody turns Benny's head and Holly slobbers on his cheek!

WOODY
I ain't that gay, Benny!

MIRA (O.S.)
Freak?

Freak turns-- Mira from science class and Dr. Noh walk up-- Freak is glad to see them.

MIRA
I'm sorry we're late.

Freak lays a kiss on her, bending her back like a Latin lover-- and then stands her up.

FREAK
You're right on time-- because I'm
here.

Woody shies back from Dr. Noh-- Freak and Mira follow him and go inside.

BENNY
Johnny Steele isn't here yet! Go
inside! Change for your act!
(nervous)
You do have an act, don't'cha?
(quick)
Don't tell me--

Benny grabs Woody-- pulls him to the side door--

MR. BARNES (O.S.)

Holly?

Mr. And Mrs. Barnes walk up. Dressed street casual, she eyes Woody with malice-- but tones it down-- for Holly--

HOLLY

Dad! Mom?

MRS. BARNES

Don't even ask.

Mr. Barnes clears his throat:

MRS. BARNES

(to Woody)

I wish you the best, Woody.

(Mr. Barnes nudges
her)

-- and I'm sorry about the other
day-- it was rude.

WOODY

Forget it--

Woody steps in and hugs Mrs. Barnes-- and she freezes up-- and Holly grins-- and-- over Woody's shoulder-- she smiles at her daughter.

MR. BARNES

I hope you've got a good show for
us tonight?

WOODY

I have a few surprises--

And the STUNNING BLONDE walks by-- with a STUNNING STUD on her arm-- and she winks and waves and keeps on going-- and Woody smiles at her--

MR. BARNES

Well, we better be heading inside--

And as they move off-- a GAGGLE OF GIGGLES and SCREAMS approach as-- DARING DO AND SIX OF HER CLOSEST FRIENDS flounce up to Woody-- and they all touch and feel and air kiss.

Loose pink feathers from four boas go EVERYWHERE-- *it's such a mess!*

DARING DO

Woody-- Woody-- Woody! We're all
cheering for you, baby!

OTHERS

Yes, oh yes-- all of us!

"WHITNEY"

Are you going to show us your penis
again?

ONE OTHER

I brought my camera phone!

--click click click--

WOODY

That didn't work so well--

DARING DO

Come on, girls, inside-- let's get
good seats! Bye, now!

OTHERS

Bye-- bye-- see ya-- break a leg!

Mrs. Barnes bites her tongue-- Mr. Barnes smiles-- Benny
takes it all in stride-- Tyrone watches their asses--

TYRONE

You been holding out on us, brother?

HOLLY

Those were men.

TYRONE

Those were dudes?

Tyrone backs off-- all sour and weird-- as Uncle Walter
walks up--

WALTER

Woody-- 'scuze me, folks-- Woody--
can I talk to you a minute?

He backs off-- Woody eases out with him--

WALTER

You know that was Wes, don't you?

WOODY

Yeah, Uncle Walter-- I know.

WALTER

He invited me to this shindig. Does
that make me his date?

Woody stares at the old man-- when the twinkle appears--
and Uncle Walter bursts out laughing!

WALTER
Gotch'a kid-- here-- pull my finger!

Woody backs off, laughing-- and Walter hugs the kid--

WALTER
Knock'em dead, son!

WOODY
Okay!

Walter walks off, laughing. Benny grabs Woody--

BENNY
Come on!

Holly hugs her parents-- and they move along-- the place filling up-- Holly and Woody come together-- Benny-- ever impatient-- checks his watch as--

WOODY
I have to go.

HOLLY
I'll be inside-- laughing the loudest!

He kisses her-- and Benny touches Tyrone's arm-- and nods across the parking lot-- and Tyrone sees-- and smiles-- *now we're talking!*-- and--

TYRONE
(to Holly)
Go with him!

BENNY
Good idea! You can watch from back stage!

Benny grabs Woody and Holly-- and bum rushes them through the front door-- past Dr. Riley, Burt and Ernie--

ALL THREE
Good luck, Woody! Yeah man! Give 'em hell, boy!

WOODY
Hey, guys!

BENNY
Go go go--

And a BLACK LIMO wheels up-- Tyrone moves to the front door-- but it's not the black limo that has his attention-- no, it's--

The dooley pickup across the street-- and LARRY, MOE and CURLY-- swaggering across-- wired and ready to rumble.

LARRY
I been itchin' for another go at
this clown!

And Tyrone blocks their path.

TYRONE
Excuse me, boys...

From the limo-- JOHNNY STEELE gets out-- and he watches
as:

LARRY
Who you callin' boy, boy?

Tyrone smiles-- and like a blur-- WHAP!-- flattens Larry's
nose and Larry stumbles back and Moe and Curly catch him--

TYRONE
(smiles)
You two gotta choice--
(and Tyrone gets
downright dangerous...)
-- drag him or join him.

Moe and Curly don't even hesitate-- they drag him off--

JOHNNY STEELE
Well-- that was quite impressive!

TYRONE
(pops right back to
his old self)
Nah-- I was hoping they'd argue.

JOHNNY STEELE
(extends his hand)
I'm Johnny Steele-- and you must be
Woody Jackson-- the comic I was
told about!

TYRONE
No, I'm Tyrone, his best friend--

They move for the door--

TYRONE
Woody's inside. Some day Woody's
gonna be a big star-- make movies,
have his own TV show. And I'm gonna
be his personal trainer!

JOHNNY STEELE
Is that a fact?

TYRONE
Check this out.

Tyrone stops-- snaps a thumb back over his shoulder--
and TIGHTENS UP HIS ASS-- HARD! The muscles CLENCH!

JOHNNY STEELE
Whoa! That is something!

And the door opens-- and LAUGHTER SPILLS OUT-- and Tyrone
walks JOHNNY STEELE inside--

TYRONE
Are you kidding? I can crack walnuts
with that thing!

And the doors close-- and--

- the end -