

GOLDENROD

by
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GOLDENROD

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODSTOCK - DAY

TITLE CARD UP: 1969

Throngs of HIPPIES bob their heads to mellow rock music. Just yards away are ten foot SPEAKERS perched on massive, vibrating SCAFFOLDS. Empty paper CUPS, cigarette BUTTS and BRASSIERES litter the area.

A group of FOUR hippies sit on the grass and take deep hits from a glass BONG squatted between them.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Eyes closed, RICHIE HAVENS strums rhythmically, performing an acoustic jam on his guitar.

EXT. CROWD - CONTINUOUS

Scattered faces of FANS seem to melt as the music flows through the air. Thick CLOUDS of pot SMOKE swirl several feet off the ground in a corner near the stage.

ROD BURLEY, 19 years old and looking too green for Woodstock, smiles ear to ear as he steps through the thick CLOUD. His HEADBAND is very WIDE, his HAIR is shoulder and the peace SIGN on the headband is upside down. He walks aimlessly through the cloud, then COUGHS.

ROD
(To all)
Hi.
(Laughing)
Hi. I'm Rod.

He trips over a COUPLE making love in the grass.

COUPLE
Hey man! Watch it man!

ROD
Sorry. Sorry.

He replaces a leather SANDAL on his foot and stumbles away. He bumps into several dazed HIPPIES as he attempts to regain his balance.

HIPPIES
Hey man! Watch it!

ROD
Sorry. Sorry. Peace... man.

His smile diminishes slightly as he realizes his clumsiness. A few steps later and he sees the blue eyes of JENNY, a beautiful 18 year old girl, with flowing HAIR and a perfect SMILE.

She sits alone in a corner on a home made BLANKET and enjoys the sun and music. On one corner of her blanket, sits a BASKET of fresh fruit and a CARAFE of wine.

Rod is instantly stricken.

He walks through another pot CLOUD and steps closer to the beautiful girl. Just as he works up the nerve to speak, a wild HIPPIE races past him, screaming toward the stage. The hippie knocks Rod off balance and he steps onto Jenny's fruit basket, ruining her picnic.

JENNY

You OK?

ROD

(embarrassed)

Sorry. I'll go... Away... Man.

Rod takes several steps into a smoke CLOUD and wails at it frantically as if it is a hoard of bees! Jenny suppresses a laugh, but seems to enjoy the stranger's karma.

JENNY

Why don't you sit, before you hurt someone?

Rod turns his attention from the smoke bees.

ROD

(acting cool)

Really? I mean, I've got to cruise man... busy.

JENNY

OK then, see you around.

Rod changes his mind quickly and squats on the blanket in as cool a manner as he can muster.

ROD

Maybe just for a second.

JENNY

Great! Having fun?

ROD

(acting cool)

Oh yeah! Cool man. Just groovin out.

Jenny takes a bite of a surviving APPLE and nods a smile. Rod can't help but stare at the beauty before him. She takes a delicate sip from her wine CARAFE and offers it up to her new friend.

ROD

Oh, ah no thanks... I don't drink.

Rod bursts out in an uncontrollable, cloud-induced LAUGH and Jenny looks confused.

A newborn BABY cries nearby.

JENNY
Isn't it beautiful?

ROD
(staring at her)
Yeah.

Jenny points to the newborn BABY just yards away. His FATHER holds the baby high amidst a group of cheering BYSTANDERS. He waives away an approaching CLOUD of smoke before it engulfs the newborn.

ROD
(in awe)
HOLY SHIT! That is SOOOO cool.
(screaming)
Yeah! Cool man! Babies and rock!
Yeah! Groovy man!

Rod looks like he realizes his own absurdity. He bursts out into stoned laughter again and grabs at his mouth, as if to pull back the laugh.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
...it's Not poison...

JENNY
Where are you from?

ROD
Jersey. New Jersey.

JENNY
(biting her apple)
Really? Me too.

She hands him an ORANGE. He smiles and rips open the juicy fruit.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
...it's Just bad acid...

Rod takes an awkward bite and the orange JUICE drips off his chin.

ROD
Yeah? Jersey man. What exit?

JENNY
148... You?

A pot CLOUD swirls around Rod's head and he bursts into laughter again, this time he likes it.

ROD
Good orange. Yeah, 148, me too...
cool man.

JENNY

I'm Jenny.
 (beat)
 I think I've seen you.

ROD

(more juice on chin)
 Jenny... Yeah, I see you too, man.
 You're really groovin!
 (singing loud)
 Jenny... Jenny... she's like...
 Good and... Plenny! Yeah!

ANNOUNCER

...just manufactured poorly...

An old MAN walks by and hands Rod a small brown stamp-sized TAB. Rod looks up between orange chewing and nods thankfully to the man.

ROD

Hey thanks, man.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...don't eat the brown acid!

Rod pops the brown TAB into his mouth and chases it with a big gulp of WINE. Jenny looks concerned.

ROD

(to Jenny)
 Nice guy... what was that?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...don't eat the brown acid!

Rod chews the dripping ORANGE, rind and all.

ROD

(big smile)
 Good orange.

Jenny looks very concerned.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODSTOCK - MORNING

TITLE CARD UP: THREE DAYS LATER

Rod is NAKED, covered in MUD and dancing like a fool. His peace sign and BANDANA are now right-side-up and covering his privates, mostly.

The CROWD has dwindled to tight clumps of bong-smoking HIPPIES, days unkempt. Thick CLOUDS of pot smoke still abound. JIMI HENDRIX is jamming wildly in the background. Enormous SPEAKERS pump madly atop rain drenched scaffolds, straining to keep up with the great rocker.

Rod catches sight of Jimi, his impossible head of HAIR and his flowing shirt FRILLS. He is instantly mesmerized. Rod's face lights up as if he's seen the Messiah himself.

ROD
HOLY SHIT! It's him!

He looks around for support, but only finds a pot CLOUD. He cups his hands around the smoke, then inhales like a pro.

ROD
...Jimi...

Rod plays a naked and muddy guitar riff in mid-air.

Jimi pours lighter fluid on his guitar and throws a match to start the BLAZE. The show is over.

Rod plucks at his imaginary guitar and moves away from the stage. He travels through several pot clouds, inhaling deeply at each one. He then stops at every fallen BOTTLE and drinks at the last drop on unsteady legs. He makes his way to a nearby POND where OTHERS are washing off their mud. He dangles his sandals on the edge of the pond and gazes at the RAINBOW high overhead.

He hold his arms high up to the rainbow as if having a spiritual REVELATION. A RADIO nearby plays: "Age of Aquarius" by the 5th DIMENSION. SLOWLY, Rod's eyes roll back into his head and he falls forward, into the muddy waters.

LONG PAUSE

Several HIPPIES race over, lift Rod out of the water and splat him on his back. A heavy MAN slaps Rod's face repeatedly, sending mud flying everywhere.

MAN
Hey, are you alive man? Hey man!

Rod heaves, puffs out a giant CLOUD of pot smoke from his lungs and smiles.

ROD
(passing out)
...Jenny... Jenny...

CLOSE - SANDALS

The muddy waters lap at Rod's sandals.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE - PLATFORM SHOES

TITLE CARD UP: TWENTY YEARS LATER

The patent leather PLATFORM shoes tap to the beat of "Stayin Alive", by the BEE GEES, blaring in the background. The shoes step onto a shiny DANCE FLOOR, riddled with reflections from a DISCO BALL overhead. MIRRORS line the walls and a SMOKE machine puffs wildly in a cheesy replica of a Saturday Night Fever scene.

Rod is now close to forty years old, out of shape and sporting a blue polyester SUIT. He spins and kicks like a wild spaghetti-man trying to act cool. His Afro WIG and false MUSTACHE flop about as he moves across the floor toward the MIRROR. He presses his sweaty face against the glass and licks it with a sexual TONGUE.

His pointy LAPELS and extra large CUFFS scrape against the mirror as he rubs his body across its smooth surface. A sexy WOMAN then dances into his vicinity on six-inch HEELS. She grabs the dance BAR spanning an area of the mirror and places her leg on it to stretch in a sexual manner.

Rod dances closer and attempts the same. His platform shoe gets caught in between the bar and mirror, nearly sending him to the floor! The LIGHTS go dim and the SMOKE machine kicks up to super smog mode. Amidst flickering disco STROBES, Rod licks the Woman's outstretched leg until he reaches her upper thigh.

In one quick move he rips off her PANTIES with his teeth! Another quick move and Rod tears his SUIT in two! He is left wearing platform SHOES, a tiny THONG and a large set of gold chains. His pudgy, sweaty body heaves in sexual CONVULSIONS in an attempt to seduce his prey.

MONTAGE:

-Rod pins his prey against the mirror and mounts her like a bull.

-His flab ripples as he thrusts at her repeatedly.

-Their sweaty skin SQUEAK against the smooth mirror as they THRUST passionately.

WOMAN

Oh Rod! Oh Yes!

ROD

Oh... I'm "stayin alive" baby!

-They both scream in contrived MOANS of pleasure.

-Rod's WIG spins sideways.

-Their HANDS lock in a climactic embrace.

-Their HANDS slide down the mirror, leaving TRAILS of sweat behind.

-The couple grows quiet as their act is complete.

MAN(O.S.)

CUT! Cut and wrap!

END MONTAGE.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Overhead LIGHTS switch on revealing a low-budget video studio, with make-shift action sets and lighting. Several adult TOYS hang from the ceiling nearby and sexy PORN STARS meander about. The studio is dark and secluded.

Amidst a circus of camera and lighting EQUIPMENT, several members of the video CREW applaud in reaction to Rod's performance. Rod nods a confident acknowledgement as he drapes a silk ROBE around his shoulders.

SETH
Great shoot Rod! Good action,
very believable.
(contrived)
Love the wardrobe.

SETH WEINER a fifty-something year old producer, is arrogant and dressed like an out-of-style game show host.

ROD
You think so? It felt a little...
Over the top.

Rod's co-star walks by, slightly disheveled and gives Rod a satisfied smile. Rod winks his approval to her.

SETH
"Over the top!" Are you kidding
me? That was brilliant! Best
I've seen in a couple of months.

Seth grabs Rod's arm and leads him to a new SET.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

SETH
... I want you to meet someone...

They round a corner and cast their eyes on a set designed to film bondage video. Leather STRAPS, BELTS and PULLEYS hang from all areas. In the center of it all, is SLUTLANA. She is incredibly sexy, with a body built for pain. Her long, flowing hair reaches the base of her leather CORSET.

She CRACKS a whip as Rod approaches.

SETH
This is Slutlana Kornhola.
Sweden's biggest adult film star.
(excited)
She flew in two days ago and
starts shooting today!

Rod is shocked, then pleased. He extends a hand.

ROD
 (less confident)
 Pleased... To meet you...

Slutlana squeezes it until Rod winces in pain. She then leans in close to his ear with her incredibly succulent lips.

SLUTLANA
 (whispering)
 The pleasure is mine.

She extends a moist TONGUE and caresses his ear lobe before CHOMPING down on it. Rod backs away in pain. Slutlana turns her back and returns to her whip cracking. Seth pulls Rod close.

SETH
 (whispering)
 She put three guys in the hospital last month. They say no man can satisfy her. Want to work with her?

Slutlana kicks her timid CO-STAR to the bed.

ROD
 (stunned)
 I don't... know.

They walk away.

CO-STAR (O.S.)
 (in pain)
 Ahhhhh!

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

DIANA MCFEA, a straight-laced female reporter watches her CAMERAMAN for a queue to speak. His fingers indicate a countdown. When he reaches one, he points to her.

DIANA
 (into microphone)
 Good evening LA, I'm Diana McFea and I'm sitting in with one of the industry's biggest porn stars... Rod Burley.

Rod nods as the camera pans to him. He is wearing a beautiful burgundy and polyester SUIT, with large lapels and bell bottom cuffs.

DIANA
 So tell us Rod, what is it like?

ROD
 (confused)
 "Like"?

DIANA
 Being a porn star.

ROD

(confident)
Well, Dina, we in the business like to call ourselves, "adult film stars". But I have to say, It's hard work... really takes a lot out of you... it really has its ups and downs.

DIANA

What would you say is the hardest part about being a p... "adult film star"?

ROD

Amazon women.

DIANA

What?

ROD

Oh yeah, Amazon women are tough, almost un-mountable... very hard to please...

(smirking to camera)
...if You know what I mean.
Freakishly large women are tuff,
small women are a lot easier.

DIANA

(uncomfortable)
H... how so, Rod.

ROD

Well, Didi, I've never NOT hit bottom with a small woman, or have failed to find her J-spot, but Amazon women... WHEW! What a workout!

(to Diana)
Have I ever porked you?

DIANA

(shocked)
What!? No!

ROD

Pigmies, they're easier than Amazons. They like to spin around a lot.

Diana composes herself.

DIANA

Tell me, Rod, how do you feel about the new trend in adult film?

ROD

(concerned)
Trend? Toward Amazons?

DIANA

No, no. The new trend is toward... younger, more fit stars.

ROD

(laughing)
Oh, Delilah, you slay me! That will never happen! Younger! You need experience to survive in this industry. It's dog eat dog! Or Amazon eat Pigmies, however you want to look at it.

DIANA

(checks watch)
Well, times up LA...

ROD

(interrupting)
Adult films are an artistic mix... (babbling)
...of action and drama, not too much comedy, but action mostly, with a pseudo-realistic dramatic twist that sucks... the viewer in, into the lens, like a tractor-beam from the Enterprise. We're artists really, painting a picture on a silk canvas, usually silk, or cotton, but never wool, that itches.

DIANA

(stunned)
Until tomorrow night, I'm Diana McFea.

Diana drops the mic and walks away disgusted.

ROD

(waiving)
Good night all my fans! Come again, soon.

INT. CAR - DAY

JACK MCKRANK is 23 years old and stuck somewhere between nerdy and cool. He drives his modest car through the suburbs of LA in search of a particular address.

His car is littered with NOTES and fast-food WRAPPERS, as if he has spent a lot of time in his car recently. His clothes are wrinkled and he pushes up his wire-framed GLASSES from time to time.

JACK

(practicing)
Hi, I'm Jack. Hello there... Mr. Burley... Hey Rod!

Jack's car approaches a modest house on a sunny street. He checks his notes and realizes this is the place. He pulls up, parks and adjusts his hair and glasses before exiting.

EXT. ROD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He takes one last deep breath before walking past Greek STATUES near the front door.

EXT. ROD'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He notices the brass door KNOCKER is in the shape of the *Male Symbol*. He CLAPS on the door with all the confidence he can muster.

INT. ROD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Echoes of the door clapper resound throughout the sparsely decorated home.

LONG PAUSE

What little FURNITURE is present is tacky. Animal RUGS are sprawled on the floor, brass statue LAMPS are squeezed into the corners and a plastic covered COUCH squats in the center of the living area. In the far corner is a small television with empty pizza BOXES on top. The knocker CLAPS again.

ROD (O.S.)

Shut up!!

Rod bursts into the room wearing an unfastened silk ROBE and dripping with OIL. He is very displeased at being interrupted. He trips over a rug reaching for the door.

EXT. ROD'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The door rips open and Jack extends a hand toward Rod's exposed privates.

ROD

WHAT!?!??

Jack pulls back when he realizes Rod is naked.

JACK

I... I'm Jack McKrank... I'm a big fan, Mr. Burley.

Rod softens up.

ROD

Really, how'd you find me?

JACK

The studio... I came all the way... From Jersey. We come from the same town.

ROD

You some sort of freaky boy? I'm not into that you know.

JACK

No. No! I took a semester off to work on my thesis.

Journalism major. JACK (CONT'D)

(proud)
I want to do a story on you Mr.
Burley!

Rod sizes him up through the doorway.

ROD
Jack McKrank, good name, who came
up with it?

JACK
That's... That's my real name sir.

Rod bursts out into laughter for a quick moment.

ROD
Look Jack, I've got to get to the
studio, got a shoot today.

Rod tries to close the door, but Jack pushes his face in
the crack.

JACK
Please Mr. Burley, I drove all
this way. I'm really a big fan.
We watched all your movies in
college.

Rod closes the door.

INT. ROD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rod listens intently for Jack's voice on the other side
of the door. All Rod hears are Jack's FOOTSTEPS leaving
and he becomes sad.

ROD
(opening door)
...what was your favorite?

Jack turns around and Rod lets him into the house.

JACK
(excited)
Chariots of Desire of course.

ROD
Oh yeah... good one

JACK
Or... Raging Ball.

ROD
Oooh.
(grabs privates)
Yeah. Or, E.T. The Extra
Testicle.

JACK
Or... always a crowd pleaser...

ROD
Beverly Hills Co... JACK
Beverly Hills Co...

Rod's phone RINGS, interrupting the duo's reminiscing.
Rod picks up the penis-shaped PHONE.

ROD
Yeah, what?
(pause)
I'll be right in.

Rod turns to Jack.

ROD
Gotta go kid, my co-star came
early... to the set, I mean.

Jack is sad.

ROD
Hey! Why don't you tag along?
Good for the story...

JACK
You mean it? Yeah!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Rod leads the wide-eyed Jack through the studio as he
points out the different video sets.

ROD
Well... This is our studio.
Here's where all the action
happens.
(pointing)
Lights, cameras, chairs...
(holding a boom mic)
... these things...

JACK
Wow! This is really cool.

As they walk past a set designed like a doll house, a
MIDGET wearing a Viking HELMET comes into view. He
poises to jump off a dresser, then catches Rod's eye.

MIDGET
Hey Rod.

Rod nods as the Midget jumps onto a BED. Rod and Jack
continue walking by.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oooh! My little Viking!

Jack is shocked, but enjoys what he sees.

JACK
Was that Shorty Dickerson?

ROD
 You know Shorty? Great guy!
 Don't mention his height, he's
 very sensitive.

The next set reveals two TRAPEZE MEN swinging into position above a bed. They both dive in unison toward a WOMAN waiting with open arms and open legs. The trapeze men catch Rod's eye in mid-air.

TRAPEZE MAN1 Hey Rod. TRAPEZE MAN2 Hey Rod.

Rod nods as Jack stares in awe.

JACK
 Is that...

ROD
 Neil and Bob... great guys.

Rod leads Jack to the main set where a WOMAN waits for him on the bed.

WOMAN
 Hey Rod.

Rod sizes up the sexy woman and takes a deep breath in anticipation of his upcoming sex scene. Seth steps out from behind the camera wearing a cheesy smile.

SETH
 Hey Rod, good to see ya. Ready
 for action?

ROD
 Always ready Seth. Hey, I want
 you to meet someone.

Rod turns to Jack, who can't take his eyes off Rod's co-star.

ROD
 This is John... Conklin...

JACK
 It's... actually... Jack McKrank.
 Nice to meet you sir.

ROD
 Right. Jack McKrank, great name!
 He's a reporter.

JACK
 Actually sir, I'm just working on
 my thesis.

Seth tries to get away, but Rod stops him.

ROD
 (to Jack)
 You know Seth Weiner here is the
 greatest producer and director of
 adult films alive today. He made
 me all I am today.

SETH
 Great, great. Nice to see you
 kid.
 (to Rod)
 Hey Rod, meet me for lunch later
 at my usual place, I've got
 someone I want you to meet.

ROD
 (acting cool)
 Hey! Right on Seth. See you at
 lunch. The usual place. Yeah.

JEFF the cameraman calls out from behind the TRIPOD.

JEFF
 OK Rod, ready when you are.

Rod casually steps out of his robe and approaches the
 bed. He stops and rubs his belly.

ROD
 (to Jeff)
 I'm feeling a little hungry...

JEFF
 Sushi?

ROD
 (to Woman)
 Sushi?

She shrugs. Jeff snaps his fingers and an ASSISTANT runs
 a plate of sushi to Rod, complete with CHOPSTICKS and
 WASABI sauce.

Rod gets into position and immediately begins making love
 to the girl. He tries delicately to balance the sushi as
 he thrusts away at her. The woman begins to MOAN and Rod
 picks a large piece up with the sticks.

He tries to keep balance as he dips the piece into the
 wasabi then pops it into his mouth.

Jack is flabbergasted!

ROD
 (to Jack)
 So, College, must be cool man.

Jack can't speak. His EYES are bulging through his skull
 to get a better look at the sex scene. The girl MOANS
 louder and Rod's FLAB jiggles in waves as he satisfies
 her. Rod takes another piece up, dunks it into the
 wasabi and drops it onto the woman's back! SPLAT! The
 woman SHRIEKS in surprise.

ROD
Sorry. Sorry, man.

JEFF (O.S.)
Turn Over!

The woman's heels become visible near Rod's face. The assistant hands Rod a glass of hot SAKI.

ROD
Oh yeah, Saki. Good for the blood man.

Jack looks on in horror as Rod lifts the hot GLASS to his lips. The searing liquid burns his lips on contact and he lets go of the glass! SPLASH! The glass and liquid splatter on the woman below!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Aaaahh!

ROD
Oops! Sorry, my fault. Hot.

Jack is stunned.

JEFF
(disgusted)
Cut!

The woman SMASHES Rod square in the face with her shoe!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The downtown LA streets are crowded with afternoon WALKERS of all ages and types. The sun is beating down from overhead and the general mood is great!

BURSTING through the CROWD, STAGGERING to keep his balance, is Rod on ROLLER-SKATES. He zips through the crowd, narrowly missing several head-on collisions. He proudly wears a SHIRT way too small for his build and SHORTS even smaller, making him look like a total fool.

Large HEADPHONES on his head blare out a song from Woodstock. After regaining his balance, he bops his head to the beat. He LEAPS off a curb and SKIDS to a halt, just before CRASHING into an outdoor dining TABLE. The COUPLE enjoying lunch at the sidewalk cafe SHRIEK in fear.

Several tables away, Seth hears the commotion, looks up and notices Rod is to blame. Seth then hangs his head in embarrassment. Seth is halfway through his juicy BURGER, a plate of empty oyster SHELLS sits next to him. Rod WAVES across the crowd when he sees Seth.

ROD
(too loud)
HEY! SETH! Over here!

EXT. SETH'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Seth forces a smile as Rod stumbles over.

ROD
(shouting)
Hey!

Seth motions for Rod to remove his headphones.

SETH WEINER
Hey Rod. Sit, sit. Hungry?

Rod stows his headphones and grabs his seat for support.

ROD
(sitting)
Starving!
(pointing to burger)
You eating that?

Seth pushes it toward Rod who thankfully CHOMPS into it.

ROD
(between bites)
Umm. Good. Still warm.

Seth shakes his head in disapproval.

SETH
Listen, Rod. You've been my main
guy for almost twenty years now.

Rod nods and takes a gulp from Seth's soda.

SETH (CONT'D)
Things have changed since you
first came on the porn scene. I
guess what I'm saying, is there's
a new era in porn.

Behind Seth, a commotion stirs. Rod lifts his greasy chin from his burger and catches site of the restaurant's center of attention. It's a man, it's a gladiator, it's the ultimate male, ROCK HARDSON and he's far younger than Rod.

As Rock struts back toward Seth's table, all EYES woo over him, MALE and FEMALE alike. He resembles a fashion model, chiseled from a greek god, dipped in bronze. His MUSCLES ripple under his taugth skin and his TEETH shine brighter than the sun.

WOMEN can barely contain their lust for him as he strolls by, dripping with sexual confidence. He places a hand on Seth's shoulder when he reaches the table.

SETH
(pleased)
Rock! Hey, here's the guy I was
telling you about, Rod meet Rock
Hardson.

Rock extends a hand, but Rod is too flabbergasted to react.

PAUSE

Finally, Rod extends a GREASY hand and Rock squeezes it tight, forcing Rod to wince.

ROCK
Nice to meet you Rod. Heard a lot of things. Glad to be on the same team.

Rod lifts his jaw off the table.

ROD
Yeah, yeah meet you, good...
Rock... great name.

Rock sits and the WAITRESS immediately runs over and places a dish of fresh OYSTERS on the table.

WAITRESS
(eager)
I brought you more oysters, Mr. Rock. On me.

Rock tosses an impossibly charming smile her way and she turns to MUSH.

WAITRESS
Will there be anything else I can do...?

ROCK
(forceful)
Meet me in the bathroom in two minutes... bring a friend!

The waitress SMILES in a sexy manner and scampers off. She grabs another female WAITRESS by the arm and pulls her toward the bathrooms. Rod holds up his hand to order, but it's too late, the waitress is gone.

SETH
Rod, I want you to show Rock around LA, all the top spots, all the right people.

Rock smiles knowingly at Rod, then slurps down a slippery OYSTER.

ROD
(sucking in his gut)
...sure Seth... no problem.
(to Rock)
I'm... very straight.

Rock slurps up another OYSTER and Seth shakes his head.

ROD
 (babbling)
 Straight schlongs, or arrow-like
 peni are best really, good camera
 shots, photogenic really.
 Straight and narrow, ha, not
 narrow really. Straight and
 arrow, ha.

Seth waives for the check.

ROD (CONT'D)
 ...curved ones throw off the
 lighting... Depth perception.
 That's how injuries occur,
*abrasions... contusions...
 lacerations...* Ever seen a labial-
 contusion? Like a fat-lip! Not
 nice!

Seth is appalled.

ROCK
 (interrupting)
 Well! Thanks Rod. I know your
 the top guy around here... for
 now.

Rod tosses a confused look to Seth.

SETH
 Ah.. Rock is just in from New
 York. He did some real nice work
 there, girls love him.

Rock smiles knowingly and gulps another oyster.

ROD
 (babbling)
 Ah... oysters. Food of virility.
 Greeks incorporated them into
 their orgies, quite nice really.

Rock slides a particularly SLIMY one in front of Rod.
 The mere sight of it makes Rod gag.

ROCK
 Go ahead, they're fresh.

For a long moment, Rod works up the nerve to eat the
 gooey thing. Finally, his trembling fingers raise it to
 his lips. SLOWLY, he rolls the quivering mass onto his
 frightened tongue. His face begins to turn red and he
 tries his best to suppress a vomit.

ROD
 (mouth full)
 The Greek god Poseidon ate
 these... in Greece.

Rock smacks him HARD on the BACK, forcing Rod to swallow
 the foul creation.

ROCK
Feeling god-like Rod?

Rod gulps down Seth's soda in an attempt to keep his stomach from turning inside out. Rock then slurps another OYSTER and feels a foreign object in his mouth. After a moment of searching with his tongue, he pulls out a large, perfect PEARL!

ROCK
(showing it off)
Nice!

Rod forces a smile as Rock stashes the pearl in his pocket.

ROCK
(getting up)
Gotta boogie. See you around.

Rock tosses and empty oyster SHELL on the table and it skids onto Rod's LAP. Rod looks deflated.

Rock walks toward the bathrooms amidst a chorus of ADMIRERS.

ROD
(non-convincing)
Great guy.

SETH
You're gonna love him. Everybody does.

Rod looks sick.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Rod sits behind a small desk in the smallest office of the studio. The wall behind him displays promotional POSTERS of movies he has starred in. All show him in ridiculous costumes and even more laughable poses. He stares at his favorite poster: *ROD OF NAVARONE*.

On It, he wears a greek TOGA and straddles a phallic-shaped GUN. He struggles to keep his eyes from closing as he slips into a daydream. He hears a woman's voice in his head.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Burley?

ROD
(dreaming of sex)
Oh yes, spank me.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Burley?

ROD
(dreaming)
Flog me you evil hag! Bite my ass
cheek mistress of the evening!!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(louder)
MR. BURLEY!

Rod is startled awake and spins wildly in his chair toward the voice. In doing so, he SMASHES his knee on the DESK!

ROD
OWW! SHIT! WHAT!?

Rod opens his eyes and sees a woman standing before him. It's Jenny, twenty years later and looking more beautiful than ever. She holds a CLIPBOARD, wears GLASSES and looks very business-like.

JENNY
Hello Mr. Burley. I'm Jenny, the new studio assistant.

Rod does not recognize her.

ROD
Did I ever pork you?

JENNY
(shocked)
What! No!

ROD
What happened to the last assistant?

JENNY
(embarrassed)
You... had... relations with her.

ROD
I porked *HER*?

Jenny nods over her clipboard. Rod leans back in an effort to look cool.

ROD
So... Jenny. What can you assist me with?

JENNY
(checking clipboard)
Well, sir. You have an appointment at Del Fuego's in an hour, a Mr. McKrank called three times this morning, and you have not placed a lunch order yet.

ROD
(realization)
Hey! Jenny!

JENNY
(nervous)
Yes...

ROD
 Your name! I got your name right!
 Cool man! Jenny, good... good
 name!

Jenny warms the room with her smile.

ROD (CONT'D)
 (propositioning)
 Can we...

JENNY
 (stern)
 Don't even think about it!

EXT. SPA - DAY

Jack's car pulls up and parks in front of Del Fuego's, an exclusive SPA in a ritzy area of LA. Rod gets out of the passenger side and Jack runs over anxiously.

JACK
 This is great! I can't believe
 you called! Wow.

ROD
 (casual)
 Hey, no problem man. Glad you
 could tag along. This is the best
 spa in town, it'll be good for
 your novel.

They walk toward the entrance.

JACK
 Ah, thesis...

INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS

Rod and Jack walk through the TINTED glass door and step inside the elegant spa. Leopard-skin SOFAS squat in the hallway, gaudy crystal CHANDELIERS hang overhead and suede STIRRUP-CHAIRS line the far wall.

Jack's take's in the decor with wide-eyes.

JACK
 Wow. The great Del Fuego's.

Suddenly, an effeminate man's SHRIEK crackles through the air, it's ENRIQUE, the owner. He is flamboyant, dazzling and fashionable all at once.

ENRIQUE
 (Spanish accent)
 ROD! Oh, Rod. So good to see
 you!

He LEAPS across the room like a gazelle in heat and throws his arms around Rod's chest.

The gay Spaniard INHALES deeply at Rod's chest and neck before giving him a loving KISS on the ear.

ROD
(uncomfortable)
Hi. Hi Enrique, I heard you were away.

ENRIQUE
Oh yes. San Salvador, ooh-la-la, two glorious months. I learned many new *techniques*.
(to Jack)
Who is your... friend?

ROD
This is Jack, he is a writer.

Enrique finally lets Rod breathe then tosses a HUFF at Jack.

ENRIQUE
Come!

Enrique leads the duo toward the rear of the spa. They Walk past an area labeled: LEATHER & ICE. Rod points to a large, leather BASKET hanging from the ceiling.

ROD
Is this new?

ENRIQUE
Yes, it is exquisite! Hand-made from bull scrotum in Argentina!

Another hanging basket has a man's LEGS protruding through two large HOLES on the side. A female ASSISTANT dressed in hospital garb fastens a surgical MASK to her face before stepping closer to the legs.

ENRIQUE
Come! You must see.

The Assistant wiggles her fingers into surgical GLOVES with a SNAP! She scoops up a handful of green GOOP from a plain metal CYLINDER and SPLATS it onto the area between the mystery man's knees. She smears the goop around vigorously.

Jack is bubbling over in anticipation.

ENRIQUE
You must have special license for this part...

The Assistant holds two ELECTRODES high in the air and touches the tips together quickly. POW! A large ARC of electricity sparks from the electrodes' tips. Enrique hands Rod and Jack each a pair of safety GOGGLES. They are confused, but put them on anyway. After a long moment, the Assistant lowers the electrodes slowly toward the hidden pile of goop until... POW!!

The goop fires up like a mini bomb and a white mushroom CLOUD erupts toward the ceiling.

The poor subject's legs straighten out in pain, then go limp. Jack wipes off his goggles as the SMOKE clears. Jack, Rod and Enrique all peer over the edge of the basket, between the poor man's KNEES.

JACK
Whoa! That's smoother than a
Christmas turkey!

ENRIQUE
I call it Scorched Earth! It is
truly dazzling. Is it not?

ROD
Amazing...

ENRIQUE
(to Rod)
You want to try?
(whispering)
I give you discount.

ROD
Ah, maybe next time Enrique. Just
the usual today.

ENRIQUE
Very well. And your friend?

ROD
What the heck! Him too!

Enrique huffs at Jack then snaps twice at two other ASSISTANTS.

INT. SPA - MOMENTS LATER

A sign above reads: *SPECIAL SERVICES*.

Jack and Rod sit NAKED in two recliners, their feet propped UP and spread APART in leather STIRRUPS. Rod looks very relaxed as he reads a MAGAZINE entitled: TESTOSTERONE & THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Jack looks extremely uncomfortable.

Two female ASSISTANTS have their heads buried between the duo's KNEES, their hands and ELBOWS moving about as if hard at work.

ROD
(to Jack)
So, college. Great life huh? I
took a class in sixty-nine, I
think it was social... social
studies, maybe. Lots of fun, you?

Jack finds it hard to focus on anything but the Assistant working on his PRIVATES.

ROD
Jack?

JACK
Huh? Yeah, college, lots of fun.

Rod's Assistant makes a long pole-greasing motion with her rubber GLOVES. SQUEAK, SQUEAK! She then SMEARS shave CREAM around the area.

ROD
You know, the Roman colleges had togas and orgies and Olympic games! Wow, that must have been cool man.

JACK
Sounds like college today.

Jack's Assistant SNAPS a shoe-shine RAG vigorously across his privates! Back and forth, she POLISHES the area. Rod's Assistant RAKES a straight RAZOR over his delicate parts with expert precision.

ROD
They were very gluttonous, the Romans. Ate all the time... gorging, hoggish. Drank gallons of wine.
(babbling)
That's why they wore the togas for wiping up the vomit. The Cesar would lop off your head if your Toga was too clean, it meant you were not a fellow glutton-vomiter. Then your whole family would be banned from the vomitorium. You would be forced to use the peasant facilities... the crapitorium.

Jack's Assistant ROLLS him over on his belly, so his RUMP is sticking up high. Jack then grips the HANDRAILS for added support. She snaps her gloves tighter and smears liquid WAX into the area. Jack trembles in FEAR.

Rod turns over as if on cue and flips another page on his MAGAZINE. His Assistant plucks at Rod's RUMP with a small pair of TWEEZERS. PLUCK! TWANG!

JACK
(nervous)
Maybe, I should skip this part?

ROD
Don't be silly, you know, the Romans had spas like this too.

Jack's Assistant gains leverage for the upcoming RIPPING of the wax.

JACK
But, I've never...

She grabs hold with both HANDS and RIPS the wax off! BRRAAP!

JACK (CONT'D)
Haaaaad! This done!

Rod's Assistant turns on a BLOW-DRYER and applies the warm air to her work area. Jack's Assistant PLUCKS at her victim with a large metal TWEEZER. TWANG! THWANG!

ROD
 So, what is your story about,
 Jack?

JACK
 (trying to speak)
 Ah, ah, the entertainment field.

ROD
 Ah, stars, the movie business,
 isn't it glamorous?

Jack's Assistant sprays WINDEX and BLEACH into his private area, making him jump as if poked by a cattle prod. Rod's Assistant finishes up with some peppermint SPRAY!

EXT. SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Rod emerge from the spa and step into the bright LA streets. Jack walks funny.

ROD
 (inhaling deeply)
 Ah! I feel so fresh! Like a new
 man! I'm on top of the world!
 Lunch?

JACK
 (limping to car)
 ...sure...

EXT. HOT TUB - NIGHT

Seth and Rod relax in a steamy built-in HOT TUB, nestled in Seth's luxurious backyard. On the HILLS of LA, his property overlooks the nighttime LIGHTS of the VALLEY below. Seth smokes an expensive CIGAR and nurses a SNIFTER of cognac.

Rod's eyes dart toward his agent like a schoolboy starved for his teacher's attention.

ROD
 (without confidence)
 Thanks for seeing me tonight,
 Seth.

SETH
 No problem, Rod. Your my guy.

ROD
 (uncomfortable)
 Well. That's the thing, Seth.

SETH
What is it?

 ROD
I've been thinking lately.

 SETH
Wait! Have a cigar.

Seth cuts the end off a large STOGIE and hands it to Rod. He fondles it like a foreign object.

 SETH
What's wrong, don't you smoke?
Come to think of it, I'll never
seen you with a cigar.
 (coercing)
Come on! It can't kill you!

Seth flicks on a LIGHTER and Rod reluctantly takes a toke. He Immediately GAGS and COUGHS.

 SETH
 (laughing)
All right, all right. Better off
I guess.

Seth takes back his cigar and places it alongside his on a nearby ashtray.

 ROD
Well, here it is.
 (deep breath)
I want something big. There! I
said it! I want something big.

Seth sips his cognac and thinks.

 SETH
Big huh?

Rod nods his enthusiasm.

 ROD
Yes. Big.

 SETH
You know, last time you tried a
big woman, you threw your back
out!

 ROD
No, no.

 SETH
Not much call for that anymore.
Mostly midgets now.

 ROD
No! I mean mainstream big!

Seth puffs his stogie and realizes something.

SETH

You mean you want to cross over?

ROD

Yes! I'm ready. I'm really ready.

SETH

I don't know, Rod. No one's ever crossed over, not even Tom Bones.

ROD

I can do it! I know I can.

SETH

That's impossible Rod, how about I set you up with the Tonsil Twins again? You liked them.

Rod SPLASHES the water in frustration.

ROD

No! No! No! I want to cross over! I can do it!

SETH

OK, calm down Rod. I don't know why the sudden change is all. You've got it made, you're living every man's dream. Not a care in the world, why would you want to give all that up?

Rod thinks for a moment.

ROD

(serious)
I've been thinking lately. I don't know, I... I think there's more out there. More than just having sex.

SETH

(laughing)
Yeah! Getting laid and getting paid! What else is there?

Rod hangs his head in despair.

ROD

Never mind. I'll never be a star like Hendrix anyway.

SETH

Is that what this is all about? Woodstock? Rod that was twenty years ago! You were just a kid! If it weren't for me, you would be strung out on heroin, or LSD in some alley turning tricks for a quarter!

Rod is disgusted at the thought. Seth moves closer and wraps his arm around Rod's shoulder in an effort to comfort him.

 SETH
 Look, Rod. I know ambition, I've
 lived ambition, look at all this.
 But ambition can kill you!

 ROD
 How?

 SETH
 There was a young ambitious man
 years ago, a lot like you. His
 name was Thomas Theodore
 Finkelstien.

 ROD
 Who?

 SETH
 AKA... Tom Bones.

Rod is intrigued.

 ROD
 I never met him, I heard he died.

 SETH
 He was the best. My Tommy. He
 could satisfy a woman in 7.5
 Seconds! Amazing to watch,
 everybody loved him. Then it
 happened.

 ROD
 What?

 SETH
 His eyes.

 ROD
 (excited)
 He was blinded!

 SETH
 No. That same ambitious gleam
 filled his eyes too. The life he
 led became too small for him. He
 needed more. He needed to cross
 over.

 ROD
 He never made it! What happened.

BEAT

 SETH
 (sad)
 The Inverted Plunger happened.

Rod cups his hands over his mouth and GASPS.

ROD
That's a myth!

SETH
Oh no, it's no myth. Tom Bones did it, the only one ever. The damn fool!

ROD
What happened? What happened?

Seth takes a long drag from his cigar.

SETH
He broke his back! Then... blew out a testicle!

Rod gasps again, swallowing water!

ROD
(choking)
His back?

SETH
He could've crossed over. He was the only one. We would've all made millions, retired somewhere in Tahiti. The damn fool had to perform the plunger! I heard he died from depression a year later.

ROD
Seth, I know your worried, but I won't let you down, I can cross over, I promise.

Seth softens up.

SETH
Well, there is a movie coming into production soon, it's mainstream.

ROD
Ooh. Ooh.

SETH
It's the new Spielman flick. He has an in with the censors, a strong R rating. Could be just the thing for someone in our field.

Rod stands up in excitement and much to Seth's displeasure, reveals he is naked!

ROD
(jumping)
I can do it! I can do it!

SETH
All right already, I'll throw your
name into the mix, but no
promises. Remember, your no Tom
Bones.

Rod jumps up and down, inches from Seth's face!

SETH
Now get some clothes on and go
home. I've got a meeting in five.

Rod gathers his things and scampers away. Seth shakes
his head and puffs his cigar.

SETH
(to himself)
Poor bastard.

Seth gulps down his drink. Moments later, Rock walks
into the area, sporting a brand new PEARL on his ear.
Two beautiful WOMEN are clinging to his side.

ROCK
Hey boss.

SETH
(excited)
Rock! Come on in, have a cigar.

ROCK
Cuban I hope.

SETH
Of course. Have you ever heard of
Spielman?

Rock and his girls strip down and step into the hot tub.

ROCK
The big movie producer?

Seth nods with a devilish grin. Rock smiles as the girls
submerge.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Many BEACHGOERS enjoy the day's beautiful weather. Some
SWIM, some build SANDCASTLES and yet others are content
just soaking up the sun's rays. It's a PERFECT day!
Along the water's edge, a couple approaches. It's Rod
and Jack and they are JOGGING through the sand.

ROD
(out of breath)
I'm crossing over.

JACK
Cross Over?! That's a myth!
Nobody's ever crossed over, not
even Tom Bones!

A nearby MAN looks oddly at the duo.

ROD
I can do it! Just have to focus,
get in shape.

JACK
But your a legend Rod. Why
change?

A FATHER covers his BOY'S eyes and SCOWLS at the pair as they jog by.

ROD
Times, they are a-changin'.
Bob Dylan, he was a genius man.

A SEAL at the water's edge covers its eyes as Rod and Jack jog past.

JACK
I know the new guys today, they
use... performance enhancers and
work out, but...

A WOMAN SHRIEKS at the sight of the two joggers and this time, Jack notices.

ROD
(panting)
Yeah, all rippley muscles, girls
don't want that! They want their
men soft like silk baby!

JACK
Why, why cross over now?

ROD
I don't know, it just feels right,
you know? I feel I can reach that
next level. It's like a second
wind in my life. I've never been
this ambitious!

A small BOAT nearly crashes into the JETTY near the duo.

JACK
(nervous)
Are you sure this is allowed, Rod?

ROD
Of course! This is LA.

Two COPS on dune-buggies, pull up behind the duo and blare the SIRENS! It becomes apparent that Rod has been jogging NUDE! Rod becomes startled and TRIPS over a two muscle MEN laying in the sand!

MEN
Hey man! Watch it man!

They PUNCH Rod several times before the cops jump in.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Rod sits alone at the water's edge, his woodstock sandals strapped to his feet. He stares into the frothy waves as they lap at his sandy toes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! Hey man.

Rod turns to see a familiar face.

ROD
Tom Bones! It's really you!

TOM BONES is a tall man, unshaven and dripping with confidence. He's Rod's age, but more handsome and more mature.

TOM
Yeah, it's me kid!

ROD
(standing)
I thought you were dead.

TOM
(walking)
No, but you sure are a mess.

Rod scampers alongside, totally in awe.

TOM (CONT'D)
Your life's a mess.

ROD
It's so hard!

Tom stops.

TOM
Don't lose your path kid.

They look behind them and see two sets of FOOTPRINTS in the sand. Between each set of footprints, is a single TRAIL in the sand. The tracks resemble those left by two turtles with LONG TAILS!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOAT - DAY

Tom and Rod sit in a SMALL BOAT, just off-shore, facing in the same direction.

ROD
How will I know my path, Tom?

The couple is fishing, but no poles are in sight.

TOM
 There are two paths you can go by,
 but in the long run, there's still
 time to change the road you're on.

ROD
 That makes me wonder...

Rod catches a FISH!

He stands and claps both hands together. He has no
 fishing pole! It's a small fish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tom and Rod enjoy a friendly game of PING-PONG. The
 TABLE is large, reaching up to the men's hips. They
 volley the ball back and forth, but hold no paddles.

TOM
 When you find your path, you must
 take your shot kid.

Tom really puts his hips into his volley. Rod twists to
 keep the ball in play.

ROD
 Like crossing over? That's my
 shot?

Tom jumps up and SPIKES at the ball! The ball WHIZZES
 past Rod and scores a game-winning point.

TOM
 Only you can decide what your shot
 is. To be a rock and not to roll,
 that's what life is all about kid.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKYDIVING - DAY

The two men PLUMMET toward earth at blinding speeds! At
 10,000 feet above the ground, Tom is calm, but Rod is
 SCREAMING his head off! Both wear nothing but a
 PARACHUTE PACK!

TOM
 Take your shot kid!

Rod SCREAMS like a girl as the CORNFIELD below him grows
 larger and closer. He yanks at his rip CHORD, but it
 will not open! Tom casually pulls his rip CHORD and his
 CHUTE fluffs open like the wings of an angel. He drifts
 further away from Rod with every passing second.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Take your shot! Take your shot!

Rod FLAILS and SCREAMS like a panic-stricken madman about to die! Just before crashing into the cornfield, Rod's CHUTE unfolds and breaks his fall. He PULLS hard on the TOGGLES in a futile attempt to slow the impending DEATH CRASH! His naked body skims the top on the cornfield at a hundred miles an hour! BRRRAAP!

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

Rod CRASHES square into the side of a large BULL! The bull rears its angry head and takes off! Rod holds on for dear life as the bull races along an old wooden FENCE.

Suddenly, the bull STOPS short, sending Rod FLYING through the air! His parachute halts his flight just before crashing into a BRICK WALL. The naked skydiver falls face first into a large MUD HOLE full of messy PIGS! His chute flutters across his body like a coroner's death sheet.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

BATTERED, GROGGY and BRUISED, Rod awakens slowly on a dingy police COT. He realizes he is in foreign surroundings and begins to panic. The holding CELL that confines him is dark, small and secluded from other areas of the station. Behind him, he hears a strange noise.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pssst.

Rod winces in pain as he turns to make out the noise. It's one of the cops from the beach, MIGUEL. The lady-like male officer is thin, wears a tight uniform and sports a pencil-thin MUSTACHE.

MIGUEL

(feminine voice)

I've been watching you, Rodney.

Miguel makes a SUCKING sound with his LIPS and starts to LICK the cold steel BARS of Rod's cell.

ROD

Who are you? Where am I? What happened?

Rod realizes he is naked under the police-issued bed SHEET. He becomes self-conscious of his nakedness after he gets a good look at Miguel.

MIGUEL

I enjoyed frisking you, Rodney.

Rod stands up, but not before fashioning a TOGA out of his sheet.

ROD

Get me out of here! I'm a taxpayer!

MIGUEL
 (licking)
 You don't pay taxes, Rodney.

ROD
 I'm a respectable citizen.

MIGUEL
 You lack respect and decency.
 That is what turns me on!

ROD
 How about a phone call?

Miguel STRADDLES the bars and HUMPS the LOCK!

MIGUEL
 You are so fresh and clean, south
 of your border, Rodney.

ROD
 Stop calling me that!

MIGUEL
 I have seen all of your films,
 Rodney. I have fantasized your
 dripping machismo on my flesh.

Rod backs up and GAGS.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 I want to dip into you like a
 cheesy fondue. My loins burn for
 you, Rodney.

Rod grabs the bars and YELLS for help!

ROD
 Let me out of here! Let me out!

In his enthusiasm, Rod drops his toga and Miguel enjoys the show! Just then, Jenny turns the corner. She gets a wide-eyed view of Rod's full frontal spectacle!

JENNY
 Rod?! What's going on here?

Miguel grabs his NIGHTSTICK, tosses a kiss toward Rod and tiptoes away. Jenny is stunned.

ROD
 Hi, Jenny. Good to see you!

Jenny covers her eyes.

JENNY
 Do you mind getting dressed Mr.
 Burley, Seth is waiting at the
 studio.

ROD
 Sure, sure. Call me Rod.

INT. SETH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Seth's office is decorated with black and white POSTERS of famous stars from his younger days. The likes of James Dean, Rock Hudson, Elvis and Marilyn all hang patriotically along his wall, looking down on the mere mortals that dare enter the room.

Several insignificant film TROPHIES spread out atop a lonely MANTLE as if trying to coerce respect and an old set of bondage CHAINS hang from a dark corner. Seth chats on the PHONE as Rod bursts in.

 SETH
 (into phone)
 Right, Monday it is.

Rod, still wearing his TOGA sheet, extends a HAND as Seth hangs up.

 ROD
 Hey Seth, good to see you. You
 wanted to see me?

 SETH
 Sit down, Rod.

Rod squats across from Seth and wiggles nervously.

 SETH (CONT'D)
 Rod, you've been my number one guy
 for a long time. We've made one
 hundred and sixty-nine films
 together, you and me, not
 including cameos, guest
 appearances and orgies.

Rod plays with a set of GOLDEN BALLS on Seth's desk.

 SETH (CONT'D)
 I know you've been doing the same
 type of thing for almost twenty
 years now Rod and maybe you're
 getting bored.

Rod drops a BALL on his TOE.

 ROD
 Owww!

Seth gets up to walk and talk.

 SETH
 Some of us Rod, are good at what
 we do and should be happy with the
 role we play. Not everybody can
 be the pitcher, who would field
 ground balls.

Rod CRAWLS on the ground looking for the elusive golden BALL.

SETH
 What I'm trying to say, Rod is you should be happy about what your doing... and forget... about crossing over!

Seth has Rod's attention now.

ROD
 What do you mean? I'm ready, I can do it! Did you talk to Spielman? Did you tell him about me?

Seth looks to James Dean for guidance.

SETH
 Rod, they decided on someone else.

Rod is devastated! He stands up, gold ball in hand.

ROD
 But, I don't understand, I'm number one, you said it yourself, what did he say?

SETH
 He said he wants... someone... younger.

Seth sits back in his chair and Rod begins breathing heavy.

SETH (CONT'D)
 And to be honest Rod, you seem to have lost your focus lately.

ROD
 What! I'm very focused!

SETH
 You were eating sushi during a scene!

ROD
 It was a close-up!

SETH
 (standing)
 You dropped sushi on her ass!

ROD
 It could happen to anyone!

Rod is on the brink of TEARS!

SETH
 Look, Rod. Just be happy with your career, you'll retire soon, maybe enjoy a family, who knows.

Rod grows HYSTERICAL!

ROD
Retire! Retire!

Rod throws the golden BALL across the room, nailing Rock Hudson in the GROIN!

ROD (CONT'D)
I'm a star! I'm not retiring!

SETH
Calm down Rodney!

ROD
Don't call me that!!

Rod goes CRAZY! He KNOCKS over Seth's trophies, KICKS over a chair and swings madly at the CHAINS in the corner.

ROD
(crying)
I'm not too old! I'm number one!
I'm crossing over!

Rod becomes hopelessly entangled in the CHAINS of pain! Amidst a chorus of CLANGING metal and hysterical CRYING, Seth races over to help! After a long moment of struggling with the blubbering man in a toga, Seth frees him.

SETH
Calm down Rod, calm down now.

Rod hangs his head on Seth's shoulder and SOBS.

ROD
I'm not too old... I'm young and viral... I'm a warrior, like the Spartans!

Seth shakes his head and reluctantly give Rod the comfort he so needs.

SETH
Of course you're not too old. You still have many good films left inside you.

ROD
Am I number one?

SETH
Of course you are, Rod.

ROD
Better than Tom Bones?

SETH
(lying)
Yes... yes you are.

ROD
Better than... Mister Ripple Ass?

SETH
 (lying more)
 Yes, yes Rod, better than Rock.

Seth looks to Elvis for guidance as Rod SLOBBERS on his shoulder.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Rod and Jack enjoy BREAKFAST in a quiet corner at a local diner. Unkempt and bruised, Rod SULKS over his eggs.

 ROD
 Old. He said I was old, man!

Jack sops up his SYRUP with the last of his hotcakes.

 JACK
 Old? Your not that old.

 ROD
 (offended)
 You think I'm old too!

 JACK
 I didn't say that!

 ROD
 But you didn't say you're not old,
 you said "not that old". You
 think I'm old, man!
 (verge of tears)
 Your just like them.

 JACK
 Look, Rod, I don't think you're
 too old. Sure, you've been around
 for twenty years, but so has
 Elvis, Sesame Street and
 Woodstock! You're a legend for
 God's sake!

Rod feels a bit better.

 ROD
 Yeah, woodstock. Those are the
 best memories I have. I could
 picture myself up there, right
 next to Jimi, the crowd going
 nuts! Everything was easy, you
 know, not complicated. Everything
 just seemed to fall into place,
 you didn't have to force anything.
 Twenty years, man, where'd they
 go?

Rod gets TEARY and Jack tries to keep him talking.

 JACK
 You never talk about how you got
 started...

ROD
 In adult film? Ah, it's the same old story, man. I wanted to be a star. After woodstock, I hooked up with some roadies for a while, made it all the way to LA. When they found out I couldn't play or handle drugs, they... ditched me.

JACK
 No way!

ROD
 Yeah, called me square and left me on some corner in Hollywood.

JACK
 That sucks!

ROD
 Well, that's where Seth found me, said he could make me a star. He did.

(sad)
 Twenty years later, I feel like I'm still on that corner...

JACK
 Hey! I know, let's go to the beach!

ROD
 No, I don't feel like it.

JACK
 Come on, it'll make you feel better.

ROD
 (playing with eggs)
 No, I don't know.

JACK
 I know the perfect place. My treat!

Rod smiles.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Rod and Jack stand in front of a small STORE on the strip at VENICE BEACH. All SMILES, they enter under a sign that reads: *SQUEAKY CHEEKS*.

INT. SQUEAKY CHEEKS - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE:

-Jack points to a large WALL full of male THONGS on display.

-Rod NODS his approval, and points to a matching PAIR of polka-dot thongs.

JACK
Medium?

ROD
No, small!
(to Jack)
Trust me!

-The ATTENDANT retrieves the tiny thongs with a long HOOK and hands them over to the happy couple.

-Jack pulls a pair of blue velvet ROLLER SKATES off another wall DISPLAY.

-Rod loves them!

-The couple BURST outside, wearing their THONGS and SKATING through the stunned CROWD!

-Jack grabs a RADIO from a street VENDOR, cranks it up and props it on his shoulder!

-The couple are SKATING and GROOVING like some weird pair of synchronized buffoons.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

SWEATY and tired, Rod and Jack have slowed their pace and ditched the radio. ONLOOKERS take a second look at the daring duo as they roll past.

ROD
Wahoo! This is great! I feel so free!

JACK
Wow! That's exhilarating, The wind just whips through me!

ROD
You know, the fourteenth Cesar of Rome, Calligulus Erectus Minimus, invented the thong.

JACK
Really?

ROD
Oh yeah. Right before he invented the orgy.
(babbling)
He was the most brilliant Cesar of all! He fathered one-hundred and twenty-seven children, then he eunuched them!

JACK
That's where eunuchs come from?

ROD
 Pretty sad actually, used a sharp
 stone and fishhooks!

JACK
 Are you sure about that?

ROD
 (laughing)
 Oh, my son, what do they teach in
 college nowadays? Scrotum is
 Latin for sack! The Roman's
 greatest warrior was Scrotus
 Maximus, large sack! And I'm sure
 you've heard of Socrates?

Jack looks confused. Rod holds up his arms like an
 Olympian winning a race.

ROD
 Yeah man! I'm free! Free!

Rod's thong SNAPS!

Several innocent BYSTANDERS are SHOCKED! The sound of a
 POLICE SIREN approaches.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rod and Jack sit HANDCUFFED in the back seat, on their
 way to the station. Rod casually carries on a
 conversation with his jittery partner.

ROD
 Now they have lasers, less painful
 than fishhooks. They sear the
sack! Very advanced.

Jack is confused and frightened at the same time.

ROD (CONT'D)
 Eunuchs don't really work in the
 porn industry. Not many Amazon
 women either. Imagine a eunuch
 and an Amazon woman? Crazy right?

INT. DELFUEGO'S SPA - DAY

Alone and tired, Rod strolls to the front desk, where a
 low-level ASSISTANT sits. Rod is not recognized
 immediately and he COUGHS.

ASSSISTANT
 Yes.

ROD
 I'd like the usual please.

ASSSISTANT
 (not looking up)
 We're booked solid today.

ROD
Do you know who I am?

ASSSISTANT
No.

ROD
I'm Rod Burley!

ASSISTANT
I still don't know who you are.

ROD
Rod Burley... top adult film star.

ASSISTANT
We're booked. Big star in town.

ROD
Who?

The Assistant turns DREAMY-EYED.

ASSSISTANT
Rock Hardson.

Rod is infuriated.

ROD
I demand to see Enrique! This is preposterous, man!

The Assistant hits a small red BUTTON and moments later, Enrique tiptoes over, he ignores Rod.

ENRIQUE
(to Assistant)
What is it, I'm busy, Rock will be here in an hour! Ooh-la-la.

ASSSISTANT
This guy says he's important.

Enrique looks over and cracks a small smile.

ENRIQUE
Hello, Rod. I thought you retired.

ROD
(boiling mad)
I'm not old!!

The Assistant LAUGHS out loud.

ENRIQUE
Well, you don't have to shout, Napoleon! What can Enrique do for you?

ROD
The usual please, Enrique!

ENRIQUE
Impossible! El macho, Rock, only
lets fresh hands touch his skin.

ROD
(desperate)
But Enrique, I've been coming here
for years, remember, the smoking
tower treatment? The genital
giambotta, the diamond in the
rough?

ENRIQUE
(empathetic)
All right, OK! I can book you
next week, for my new treatment.
I learn it from Paraguay...
(excited)
It comes from Romulus Orifus and
is adopted from the Greek frozen
cucumber treatment.

The Assistant NODS an approval and Rod thinks about it
for a moment.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)
It stretches and constricts all at
once! I call it... Ensalada
Fresco!!

Rod Changes his mind.

ROD
No way man! I can't wait till
next week! Just give me the
usual, please!

Enrique SNAPS his delicate fingers at Rod and scampers
off.

ENRIQUE
Impossible! Do not beg!

Rod accepts his rejection in sullen misery. He walks
out, head hung low.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

The stylish LA dance club is packed with PARTY-GOERS of
all kinds. MANY DANCE alone, in some sort of TRANCE,
OTHERS CHAT in GROUPS over drinks and still OTHERS
display their disco talents on the huge DANCE FLOOR.
Blaring MUSIC and pulsing LIGHTS complete the effect of
the most happening spot in LA.

Rod sulks at a small corner table, stirring his DRINK
with a straw. Across from him, is Jack.

JACK
Hey, this place is great! What
are you drinking?

ROD
Seltzer.

JACK
 (gulping his vodka)
 Come on man, loosen up!

ROD
 (screaming)
 I am loose!

A PASSERBY overhears and looks oddly at Rod.

JACK
 (drunk)
 Hey man, what's bothering you?

ROD
 I don't know, just Seth and
 Enrique and that cop! What's up
 with him?

Jack looks around and sees Rock at a distant table. He sits with Seth and several beautiful GIRLS. On his muscular arm, hangs Slutlana!

JACK
 There's Rock.

ROD
 Yeah, that Rock Hardson, what kind
 of a name is that? All cool, and
 rippley? He'll never last! Not
 twenty years!

JACK
 (pointing)
 No, there he is.

Rod turns and catches sight of the sickening scene. Seth SCHMOOZING with Rock, Slutlana GROPING his muscles and countless ADMIRERS hovering nearby.

ROD
 He stole my life!
 (standing)
 He stole my life!
 (screaming)
 He stole my life!!

Rod gulps down Jack's vodka and walks toward Rock's table. Jack tries to stop him, but it's too late.

JACK
 (to himself)
 Oh shit.

INT. DANCE CLUB, ROCK'S TABLE

Rod approaches, breathing heavy and prepared to unleash years of pent-up frustration upon his oppressors. Seth looks up and smiles, momentarily throwing Rod off-guard.

SETH
 Hey Rod, sit, sit down.

Rod calms slightly and starts to oblige.

ROCK
Take my seat... old man!

The table erupts in LAUGHTER! Rod then notices an assortment of DRUGS and DRINKS on the table.

ROD
(furious)
I'm not old!!

ROCK
(taunting)
Sure your not, Rod. Join the party then.

Rock points to the DRUGS then his entourage looks to Rod to make a move.

DRAMATIC PAUSE.

Rod hesitates, but has no choice. He dives in! In the flash of an eye, Rod eats several PILLS, SNORTS a mound of cocaine and downs six assorted DRINKS!!

Seth and the others look CONCERNED when they realize the quantity of drugs and alcohol Rod has so quickly consumed. Rod GASPS for air, STAGGERS, but remains cool. He throws out his CHEST in triumph. Slowly, the others NOD their approval.

ROCK
All right, all right, I'm impressed Rod.

Rod enjoys a moment of recognition.

ROCK (CONT'D)
But can you dance, old man?

Rod leans over the table.

ROD
(nose to nose)
Try me!

INT. DANCE CLUB, DANCE FLOOR

MONTAGE:

-Rod and Rock stand alone on the SPARKLING dance floor, ready for action.

-Disco Inferno by The Trammps begins.

-The couple begin to HUSTLE!

-The CROWD circles the pair and CLAPS their support.

-The couple face-off in a heated dance COMPETITION.

-Rod performs a crotch-splitting KICK to show off his flexibility.

-Rock SPINS like an urban breakdancer.

-The competition is CLOSE!

-The crowd APPLAUDS both parties equally.

-Seth seems impressed with BOTH of his boys.

-Slutlana is making out with a GIRL.

-Rod STAGGERS, as if the drugs are taking their toll.

ROCK
Not bad, for an old man!

ROD
I'll beat you any time!

-Rod performs a SPIN KICK of epic proportions and his leather SHOE connects with an innocent PASSERBY's FACE! SPLAT!

END MONTAGE.

The music STOPS, ending the competition.

ROCK
Too late, old man. I got the part, I'm crossing over!

Rock gives Rod a PAT on the rear and leaves him boiling mad on the dance floor. Rod staggers after the younger porn star.

INT. DANCE CLUB, ROCK'S TABLE

ROD
(screaming)
Is this true!
(to Seth)
You chose him!? Mr. Ripple Ass!

SETH
Now calm down, Rod. It wasn't me who did the choosing.

Rod can barely stand.

ROD
Who!! What idiot did this to me?!
Who's the asshole!!

From a dark corner of the table, sandwiched between two beautiful GIRLS, a man leans into view. It's the most important man in LA, it's SPIELMAN! He's in his fifties, tan and powerful, a loose fitting diamond WATCH hangs from his wrist.

SPIELMAN
I'm the asshole.

SETH
Rod, meet Spielman.

ROD
Nice, nice to meet you.

Rock returns to his seat. He and the others CHUCKLE at Rod's awkward situation.

SETH
Now Rod, why don't you go home and sleep this off. We're in the middle of a meeting here.

ROD
No!! I'm the star! I'm the one who should be crossing over!

SPIELMAN
Rod, Rod Burley? I watched your films in college! Wow, it's really you, I thought you retired.

ROCK
Don't mind him sir, he'll be retiring soon.

Rock glares at Rod.

ROD
I'm not retiring! I'm crossing over!

SPIELMAN
Wow, this is great, do you think you've got what it takes to compete at the box office with the younger stars?

Rod almost falls over.

ROD
(belching)
Yes.

Rock laughs. Slutlana BITES Spielman's ear.

SETH
(standing)
Why don't you go home Rod, I'll call you tomorrow.

Rod pushes him away.

ROD
No way man!
(to Rock)
I challenge you!

ROCK
(laughing)
To what? More dancing?

ROD
To a Sex-Off!

Seth GASPS.

ROCK
(amused)
What's that?

SETH
There hasn't been a sex-off in
twenty years, since... since...

SPIELMAN
Since Tom Bones!

SETH
(to Rod)
Rod, you don't know what your
saying! You can't possibly...

ROD
(staggering)
Oh yes! Yes I can... possibly!

Spielman becomes more intrigued and Rock grows nervous.

SPIELMAN
Now wait a minute, if I remember
correctly, Tom Bones won the title
of number one porn star in the
world at a sex-off contest in the
sixties.

SETH
1969.

SPIELMAN
He satisfied twenty women in one
day.

SETH
In three hours.

Rock is more nervous. Rod HEAVES as if to throw up.

SPIELMAN
Then there was that move... that
weird move.

SETH
The inverted plunger!

Spielman is as excited as a schoolboy at recess.

ROD
I challenge Mr. Ripple Ass to a
sex-off. Twenty women! Winner...
winner...

ROD (CONT'D)
 (belching)
 Winner takes all!

ROCK
 Takes all what?

SPILEMAN
 This is great!

ROD
 Winner crosses over!

SETH
 Holy shit Rod, your nuts!

ROCK
 No way! No way man, it's my part.

ROD
 What's the matter ripple butt?
 Scared.

ROCK
 (angry)
 Hey! I'm not scared of you.

ROD
 (taunting)
 Scared of an old man?

Rod leans over the table and downs every DRINK he can reach! Slutlana SCOWLS at Rock.

ROCK
 (standing)
 Hey! I'm not scared of anyone!

SETH
 All right, all right you two!

Rod STRUTS around making taunting chicken NOISES and flapping his ARMS! Rock almost pops a VEIN in anger! Spielman leans over Slutlana and whispers to Seth.

SPIELMAN
 This could be good PR. Do you see it? Old verses new. Flab verses muscle.

Seth aligns with Spielman's way of thinking.

SETH
 We can't lose. The media will eat this up!

SPIELMAN
 Have you ever heard of pay-per-view? We could make millions!

Seth's eyes light up. Spielman makes his decision in a split second.

SPIELMAN

(standing)
All right, listen up! The
challenge is on! Sex-Off, next
month, at the porn convention in
down town!

ROCK

(shocked)
What? What do you mean, the
challenge is on?

SPIELMAN

Winner takes all!!

Seth, Spielman and Slutlana APPLAUD.

SPIELMAN (CONT'D)

The winner crosses over!

Rock boils over as Rod smiles and swaggers. SUDDENLY,
Rod leans back and HURLS all over Rock! Large CHUNKS of
rancid matter sail across the table and SPLATTER all over
Rock's body! Slutlana holds her nose in disgust and the
others back away. Rock is stunned.

SLUTLANA

Sushi?

ROD

Sorry, man...

Rod passes out!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

In a private room, Rod lies on a hospital BED, an
intravenous TUBE dripping LIQUID into his arm. Digital
MONITORS BLIP calmly behind him and his hospital GOWN
barely covers his body. He twitches on the brink of
consciousness. A homely NURSE walks in, followed by a
young, arrogant DOCTOR.

NURSE

(to doctor)
Rodney Burley, thirty-nine year
old male, reasonably healthy...
but a strange absence of hair...
(checks clipboard)
he injected massive amounts of...
cocaine, barbituates,
amphetamines, alcohol, various
hallucinogens... and a birth
control pill.

The doctor looks confused. Rod moves slightly.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 We performed a gastric irrigation,
 injected the subject with 200 Cc's
 of adrenaline. He seems to have
 stabilized, but it was a close
 call.

DOCTOR
 Good job nurse, now if that's all.

Rod moves around more and GROANS.

NURSE
 One other thing doctor, he called
 out several times for a "Jenny".

DOCTOR
 Probably a girlfriend. I have a
 tee-time nurse.

NURSE
 I don't think so, he was saying
 "Jenny Good-n-Plenny".

The doctor huffs and walks out.

DOCTOR
 Good afternoon, nurse.

The nurse grabs Rod's WRIST and begins taking his PULSE.
 Rod feels her touch and OPENS his eyes slightly to notice
 the BLURRY outline of a nurse standing before him.

ROD
 (dazed & confused)
 Oh yeah. I dig the nurse bit. Oh
 yeah.

He moves her HAND down under his hospital GOWN, toward
 his groin. The nurse does not resist.

ROD (CONT'D)
 I think I have a fever, Nurse
 Feelgood! Take my temperature!
 Oh yeah!

The nurse is stunned as Rod maneuvers her HAND to the
 area behind his groin!

ROD (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 I am so sick!! So, so sick!!

The nurse drops her clipboard and adds her free HAND to
 the strange sexual party.

ROD (CONT'D)
 Pin that tail on me you sexy
 donkey!! Oh, naughty, naughty
 nurse of the night!

Suddenly, Jenny enters the room and catches full view of
 the spectacle.

JENNY
 (shocked)
 Mr. Burley!!

Rod wakes at the sound of Jenny's voice and notices the homely nurse buried to her elbows under his hospital gown!

ROD
 Ahhhhhh!

The nurse SLOWLY removes her HANDS and smiles as sexy as she can.

NURSE
 Be back later to take your
 temperature, my sick little man!

Jenny SCOWLS at Rod and all he can do is SHRUG.

INT. JENNY'S CAR - LATER

Jenny drives as Rod nurses his hangover in the passenger seat.

ROD
 Thanks for picking me up. What a weird hospital man!

JENNY
 Do you remember what happened last night?

ROD
 Disco Inferno?

JENNY
 Seth says you were "out of control".

ROD
 My dance moves? I haven't really danced in a while...

JENNY
 (excited)
 No! You stood up to Rock! Then puked on him!

ROD
 I did?

JENNY
 That's cool!

ROD
 Yeah. Yeah cool.

Rod basks in his glory.

ROD
 (awkward)
 How about... some sushi?

JENNY
I'll try anything once.

ROD
You've never had sushi?!

JENNY
Never.

ROD
You are out of your mind girl!
Everyone has had sushi! Make a
left here!

They LAUGH.

INT. ROCK'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Rock heaves massive BARBELLS as he pumps up his sweaty MUSCLES to the max. A grimaced look of anger washes across his face as he lifts the weights time and time again. A unique TATTOO of a SNAKE sheens beneath the sweat of his left BICEP.

Two more reps with the weights and Seth pops his head in.

SETH
Your on in five, kiddo.

Rock drops the weights with a THUD! Seth notices something is wrong and enters the room fully.

SETH (CONT'D)
What is it, Rock?

Rock paces back and forth like an agitated lion.

ROCK
You've got to cancel it!

SETH
The shoot, are you sick? Tell me
your not sick!

ROCK
No! The contest. Nobody's ever
done twenty before in two hours,
it's impossible!

SETH
Come on, Rock, if anyone can do
it, you can. And honestly, I
don't think Rod is up to it, he's
really let himself go lately.

ROCK
(more angry)
I know he can't, but if I can't,
I'll look bad, and I
(screaming)
can't look bad!!

Rock picks up his WEIGHTS to start another set.

ROD
 (joking)
 Oh you must, young knave! Or you
 must face the sushi torture!

JENNY
 What's that?

ROD
 You don't want to know!

He forces it into her mouth. Jenny freezes for a moment,
 the chomps down. Her eyes open WIDE and she GASPS for
 water!

ROD
 Too much wasabi?

Jenny GULPS down her entire GLASS, then looks happy.

JENNY
 Hey, that was good!

Rod is happy.

ROD
 Are you sure I never rode you like
 a Harley down a gravel road?

Jenny tries to pick up a piece with her own CHOPSTICKS,
 but has trouble.

JENNY
 No, I'm sure, Mr. Burley!

Rod shows Jenny how to hold the CHOPSTICKS.

ROD
 Call me Rod.

Their HANDS touch and their EYES meet in a loving and
 familiar gaze.

LONG PAUSE.

Rod picks a piece of ORANGE from his plate and places it
 into his mouth. Some juice drips onto his CHIN, causing
 twenty-year-old memories to stir in his eyes.

ROD
 How about a pack mule down a Grand
 Canyon trail?

Jenny smiles, maneuvers her CHOPSTICKS like a pro and
 pops a piece of SUSHI into her mouth!

JENNY
 No, Rod.

Rod becomes lost in her SMILE.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An old TYPEWRITER slaps its dirty KEYS against inexpensive PAPER. Slowly, the keys type out an opening sentence:

"All stars fizzle and burn out, but when porn stars face the fizzle, what's left for them?" The typist is Jack and his face is sad, it's as if he wishes he could take the sentence back.

Jack's dingy apartment is littered with NOTEPADS, news CLIPPINGS and PHOTOS of Rod. Next to his typewriter, a lonely FOLDER sits, it reads: *THESIS*.

SUDDENLY, he tears the paper from the typewriter, crumples it and tosses it aside.

Jack turns his attention to a cold slice of PIZZA and turns over a PHOTO of Rock while reaching for it. The press photo shows Rock in full GLADIATOR armor, three eager peasant WOMEN at his feet. Jack takes a bite and notices something peculiar about Rock's BICEP.

He picks up a MAGNIFYING glass and zeros in on that specific area of the photo. Rock's distinctive snake tattoo is the subject of Jack's focus. He takes another bite and backs away, as if realizing something.

JACK
(to himself)
Where have I seen that tattoo?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Rod walks into a popular GYM, followed closely by Jack.

ROD
(deep breath)
Ah yes, the smell of victory.

Rod wears a workout OUTFIT that is both disturbing and CLINGY. They both look very out of place here. Disco MUSIC blares in the background. The gym's manager, FREDDY, sees the porn star enter and comes over. Freddy is Rod's age, but is in good shape.

FREDDY
Rod? Is that you?

ROD
Yeah.

Rod doesn't recognize him.

FREDDY
How are you? I haven't seen you in years! I heard you retired.

ROD
(lying)
I've been training at the other gym.

FREDDY
Really? Which one?

ROD
Doing cycles. Cycle training.

FREDDY
Golden's? Marty's?

ROD
No, Candy's, across town.

FREDDY
Never heard of that gym. Need a spot?

ROD
No thanks, see you later.

Much to Freddy's disappointment, Rod walks away.

INT. GYMNASIUM, WEIGHT ROOM

JACK
Hey, you know everybody in this town.

ROD
Well, Jack, it's a small town when you really get down to it.

Rod lifts two heavy DUMBELLS off the rack and almost falls over! Jack follows Rod's lead, but opts for two lighter WEIGHTS.

JACK
It must be great... being popular I mean.

Rod lies on an exercise BENCH and attempts to chest press the heavy weights.

ROD
(straining)
How about college? You're popular there, right?

Rod drops the weights after one rep, CLANG! He stands and limbers up his arms as if completing a mega-workout. Jack tries the same bench press and displays perfect form!

JACK
I was elected Assistant Math Tutor of the semester last year.

ROD
See... that's popular.

JACK
It was a close election.

Rod squats down and spots Jack for his final reps. Jack does not even strain with his very light weights.

ROD
(screaming)
Come on! One more! You can do
it! Pump it out you bitch!

Nearby PATRONS scowl at Rod's inappropriate comments. Jack finishes without a problem and is proud of himself. Rod looks around to OTHERS for support of his expert training skills.

ROD
(to others)
Yeah! My student!
(to Jack)
Good workout, "grasshopper".

Jack is confused.

INT. GYMNASIUM, STEAM ROOM

Beyond the thick STEAM, wearing nothing but TOWELS and dripping in SWEAT, sit Rod and Jack. Both have trouble breathing the thick air.

ROD
Jenny says I should get in better
shape.

JACK
No! You're in good shape.

ROD
Yeah, she's right. I've got the
big challenge coming up.

JACK
So you're going through with it?

ROD
Oh, my son. Rod Burley has never
backed down from a challenge.

JACK
But, you challenged him.

ROD
Well, yeah, but I'm in it, I'm in
the challenge, I'm part of the
challenge *process* now.

JACK
What do you know about Rock?

ROD
(scoffing)
Ha! Rippley hotshot from New
York. He'll never last. He can't
compete with twenty years of
experience.

JACK
What's your plan?

ROD
You know, Jack, I'm not just a
porn star... I'm a man... and a
man must do things sometimes, that
challenge his... fiber.
(babbling)
The fiber of a man, is his being.
Like the Greek gods, who
transformed themselves into
whatever fiber they needed, to
win, and overcome the enemy.
Greeks are very *fibrous*. There's
probably a god of fiber somewhere.

Jack wipes the SWEAT from his eyes.

JACK
So you have no plan.

ROD
I must meditate, like the monks of
Tibet. I must open my soul, like
a black hole, to let the energy
in. A soul hole. The answer will
come to me in my soul hole.

JACK
Are you hungry?

ROD
(standing)
Yeah! Let's eat!

As they exit, a figure stirs in a dark corner of the
steam room. It's Seth and he's heard everything! A look
of CONCERN crosses his sweaty face.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A POLICEMAN leads an unwilling HOOKER, kicking and
screaming, toward booking. A POLICEWOMAN walks a German
SHEPARD toward the K-9 division. Several more assorted
COPS and CRIMINALS parade through the busy downtown
police station as if it's regular business.

Seated on a bench, between a drunken BUM and a hardened
gang MEMBER, is a nervous college student, Jack. He
holds a FOLDER tightly in his hands as he pushes the
dozing bum off his shoulder. The gang member is Spanish,
wears a red BANDANA and is covered with TATTOOS.

GANG MEMBER
Sup! What's your beef with the
popo?

JACK
Huh?

GANG MEMBER
Sitch! What your sitch with the
feds?

JACK

Ah, I'm just here to see someone.

GANG MEMBER

Don't be illin, I bust a cap, you be chillin, all I'm sayin. You a playa? You fly with the colors?

Jack looks for a way out.

GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

You a wanksta or a thug? You wanna roll with the Shits, you roll with us, you a wanksta?

JACK

Are you asking me to join your gang?

GANG MEMBER

You do the tats, you chill with the boyz, score some mad punnany.

Jack notices the gang member's unique TATTOOS and something clicks.

JACK

Do all gangs have "tats"?

GANG MEMBER

Yo tats is yo life, biatch!

Jack is INTRIGUED.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

The studio is sparsely populated at this hour, just a couple of production ASSISTANTS and a MIDGET meandering about. Some distant lights illuminate a single corner of the studio where some COMMOTION is occurring.

INT. STUDIO, ROD'S SHOOT

Rod is in the middle of filming a sex scene, while tuning his GUITAR! He seems very distracted. His CO-STAR MOANS away as Rod THRUSTS her from behind. She is certainly into the scene more than Rod is! Two young CAMERAMEN are amazed at Rod's focus as he PLUCKS his guitar strings while performing in a live sex scene.

CAMERAMAN1

Wow, he's incredible!

CAMERAMAN2

I thought he retired.

Seth rounds the corner and is displeased at Rod's antics.

SETH

Rod!

Seth's voice STARTLES Rod and he PLUCKS his guitar string too hard, it SNAPS! TWANG!

The metal string whizzes through the air and SNAPS onto the co-star's RUMP with deadly accuracy! It smacks her so hard, she LEAPS forward and CRASHES into a NIGHT TABLE! The shoot is ruined!

ROD
Oops! Sorry, sorry! My fault!

SETH
I need to see you after the shoot.

CAMERAMAN1
She's gonna need a stitch.

CAMERAMAN2
Butterfly maybe.

INT. SETH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rod walks in, wearing a fresh robe and avoids Seth's eyes. Seth is sitting behind his desk and is not happy.

SETH
Close the door, Rod.

Rod closes the door behind him and stands ready for more instructions.

SETH (CONT'D)
Sit.

Rod obliges.

SETH (CONT'D)
Rod, you seem... *distracted* lately.

ROD
Am not.

SETH
First the sushi incident, now I see you tuning a guitar during a scene!
(angry)
The poor girl needs stitches!

ROD
Oh, sorry. Old strings.

SETH
Look, Rod, I've known you for twenty years. I feel like I've raised you. Just tell me what's on your mind.

Rod searches through his mind.

ROD
I'm... not sure really.

SETH
When's the last time you went home?

ROD
Last night?

SETH
No! To Jersey, to see your family.

ROD
A couple of years.

SETH
Try twenty!

ROD
They're busy, they don't want to see me.

SETH
Nobody's busy in Jersey! Why don't you take a couple of weeks off, go find yourself.

ROD
No can do, man. Big contest coming up! Got to get into shape... tune the old equipment.

Seth loses his patience.

SETH
(standing)
Alright Rod, I'll just say it. You've been traded.

Rod is in a state of denial.

ROD
What? How? You do that?

SETH
Yes, everybody does.

ROD
For who?

SETH
Two midgets, an amazon woman and an actor to be named later.

ROD
What?!

SETH
Midgets are big now.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

SETH
Come in.

An elderly woman, dressed in moth-eaten POLYESTER, hobbles into the office. HILDA stands a sliver over five feet tall and speaks with a YIDDISH accent.

SETH
 Ah, right on time! Rod, meet your
 new manager, Hilda Areola.

HILDA
 Ah, Rodney Burley! I've heard,
 and seen, so much of you!

Rod is shocked.

ROD
 (to Seth)
 But, Seth, what about the contest,
 it's only two weeks away.

SETH
 Sorry, kiddo. Spileman says I can
 only represent one of you. Rock's
 cut me in for twenty-five percent,
 he's my guy.

Rod is speechless.

HILDA
 (to Rod)
 You stick it in the tuckus?
 (to Seth)
 You said he was willing.

SETH
 Don't worry, she's great! You're
 gonna love her.

Seth pinches Hilda's CHEEK and she grabs Seth's ASS! Rod
 is about to PUKE!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack looks like he's been sitting in the same spot for
 hours! Both the bum and gang member are asleep on his
 shoulders, dripping SALIVA into his jacket pocket!

Finally, Miguel the tight-pantsed cop, strolls over and
 directly addresses Jack.

MIGUEL
 You wish to see me?

Jack stands eagerly, causing the bum and the gang member
 to FALL over and KNOCK heads! CLUNK!

JACK
 Yes! Please!

MIGUEL
 Follow me.

The Gang Member feels dissed as Jack follows Miguel to
 the interview rooms.

GANG MEMBER

(annoyed)
Bo janglin', wack, tighty-whitey,
foo. I'll skool ya biatch, beat
your ass!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The small room is empty, except for a rectangular folding TABLE and two inexpensive CHAIRS. Slotted BLINDS are open and cover the room's only window. Jack enters first and Miguel closes the door behind them.

MIGUEL

What is it, Mr...

JACK

Jack. Jack McKrank, from New Jersey.

Miguel turns and LOCKS the door.

MIGUEL

Hmm. Nice name.

Jack spreads his PAPERS on the table.

JACK

I need your help.

Miguel peruses Jack's papers, among them, publicity shots of male porn STARS. Miguel becomes excited. He closes the BLINDS.

MIGUEL

(sexy)
What kind of help? You have been
a naughty chico?

JACK

Huh? No, I need you to look
someone up.

Miguel lifts his leather BOOT onto the table, his PACKAGE protruding toward Jack. He SHINES his boot, making Jack uncomfortable.

MIGUEL

Who is this "someone".

Jack slides a PHOTO across the table. Miguel leans over to get a closer look. It's Rock!

JACK

Have you ever seen him before?

MIGUEL

So... rippley. It is not too sexy
for me.

Jack points to Rock's TATTOO.

JACK

Look at this.

Miguel purposely DROPS his pen, then LEANS over to pick it up, thrusting his BUTT near Jack's face!

MIGUEL

Look at this!

Jack becomes upset.

JACK

Can you help me?

MIGUEL

(sexy)
Can you help me?

JACK

Look, Rod and I really need your help.

Miguel straightens up.

MIGUEL

Rodney? Why did you not say so?
Are you two... couple?

JACK

What? No, it's very important to Rod's future to find out the truth about this guy. Something about him just doesn't feel right.

MIGUEL

Perhaps you can bring Rodney to my hacienda for some paella?

JACK

I don't think so.

Miguel takes a second look at the photo of Rock. After a long look, Miguel stashes the picture in his shirt.

MIGUEL

I will do it... for Rodney!

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

A small community park squats modestly in the shadows of bustling downtown LA. The park overflows with BIRDS, SQUIRRELS and SUNSHINE. Several PEOPLE are scattered about READING, SLEEPING and CHATTING. One man, wearing stretchy LEOTARDS, stands out from the rest. It's Rod and he's posing like a SWAN!

Oblivious to his own absurdity, he GLIDES into a makeshift T'ai Chi POSE. He QUIVERS as his weak muscles strain to keep him in balance. After a moment, Rod morphs into a difficult *White Crane Spreads Its Wings* POSE. He manages to hold this pose for a long moment and then smiles with a sense of achievement.

SUDDENLY, a SPARROW lands on his outstretched FOOT, causing him to lose balance and TOPPLE over! CRASH! Rod ends up entangled in a heap on the grass. He cell PHONE RINGS and he wrestles it from his tightly fitting clothing.

ROD
(into phone)
What!?

JENNY (V.O.)
Rod?

ROD
(happy)
Hi, Jenny.

JENNY (V.O.)
Are you busy?

ROD
No, just finishing up.
(babbling)
T'ai Chi, the Greeks invented it, ancient form of battle, means "the great wind".

JENNY (V.O.)
I was hoping... we could talk.

ROD
Sure, what's up?

JENNY (V.O.)
Can you come over?

ROD
I'll be right there.

Rod looks concerned.

INT. SETH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rock and Slutlana sit across from Seth, listening intently.

SETH
OK, here's the scoop. Spielman wants to make this thing big! I mean huge!. He's talking cable, pay-per-view, millions!

ROCK
Cable?

SETH
Big money in cable! That's the future!

Seth leans in and speaks in a soft, important tone.

SETH (CONT'D)
 People will pay for a cable porn
 channel someday. Just you wait
 and see.

SLUTLANA
 Where does that leave us?

Seth leans back and spreads his arms wide.

SETH
 All you have to do is win!

Slutlana LAUGHS at the suggestion that Rock may lose. A
 moment later and Seth joins in the LAUGHTER. Finally,
 Rock LAUGHS, but in an unconvincing way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rod stands at Jenny's door, testing his BREATH in his
 cupped hand. A moment later, Jenny opens the door, she
 looks gorgeous!

ROD
 (nervous)
 H... hi... hello.

JENNY
 Come in.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rod stumbles in and closes the door behind him. He
 follows her into her modest apartment.

JENNY
 Sit.

Rod maneuvers himself onto the couch and Jenny sits next
 to him. Their eyes meet for a long moment and Jenny
 becomes nervous.

JENNY
 How about a drink?

ROD
 I.. I really don't.

JENNY
 Oh, I forgot. Mind if I do?

Jenny gets up without waiting for an answer and leaves
 the room. Rod TAPS his fingers nervously. He looks
 around for something to occupy his time, but finds
 nothing. On the coffee table, Rod notices a PICTURE of
 young Jenny with FRIENDS at Woodstock. He picks it up.
 A far away memory flashes across his eyes.

Jenny returns with a single GLASS of wine and a bowl of
 FRUIT.

JENNY
 (sitting)
 So...

ROD
 (nervous)
 So...

After a LONG PAUSE, Rod becomes very JITTERY. SUDDENLY, Rod leaps across the couch, POUNCES on Jenny and the WINE goes flying! Groping and licking, Rod attempts to violate her right there on the couch!

ROD
 Oh, baby! Yeah, give it to me!

Jenny fights him off.

JENNY
 Rod! No! Rod, please!!

ROD
 Oh, yeah, please give it to me!
 Spank me, you hag of the desert!

Jenny manages to prop her LEG against Rod's CHEST and PUSHES hard! Rod goes flying backward and splatters onto the floor! THUD!

JENNY
 What's wrong with you?!

She gets a TOWEL from the kitchen and proceeds to mop up the wine STAIN on the rug.

JENNY
 (mumbling to herself)
 I was crazy to think he'd be normal. Should've stayed in Jersey! Shit!

Rod crawls over on all fours, like a scolded puppy dog.

ROD
 Need some help?

JENNY
 No! Just leave!

ROD
 (confused)
 But, I thought you wanted it.

JENNY
 Why, because I wanted to talk?

ROD
 The apartment, the wine, you didn't want me to pork you?

Jenny walks to the kitchen and wrings out her towel in the sink.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rod walks in behind her.

JENNY

You know, Rod, I thought for a minute, you were a good guy, just a little lost, you know? But a good guy. The kind of guy who needed a little direction and he could find himself... I guess I was just daydreaming.

ROD

What are you talking about?

Jenny TURNS to face him.

JENNY

I'm saying I... a woman needs to know someone before making love!

Rod thinks about her comment for a LONG MOMENT. Then, with a serious look on his face, Rod steps closer and places his hands on Jenny's shoulders.

ROD

(sincere)
I... I want to... French kiss your fallopian tubes.

Jenny SMACKS his hands away. She storms back into the living room and PLOPS herself on the couch, ready to cry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rod follows her lead and sits beside her.

ROD

I don't know what you want me to say, Jenny?

JENNY

Rod, I'm talking about love, not sex.

ROD

What's the difference?

JENNY

(shocked)
You've never been in love, have you?

ROD

Sure, plenty of times.

JENNY

Yeah, when?

ROD
 (thinking)
 There was, "Balls of Iwo Jima",
 "Sausages for Mary"...

JENNY
 They're movies, Rod!

ROD
 No they're not!

JENNY
 Yes, Rod, they are.

ROD
 (thinking harder)
 I thought... It must have been
 real... it's all a blur.

Jenny gets up to walk off her anger.

JENNY
 Say it! Say "Love"!

ROD
 Humpf! I can say it!

JENNY
 Go ahead, let's hear it.

After a LONG PAUSE, Rod strains his MOUTH!

ROD
 L... loooooo...

He can't do it!

JENNY
 Ha! I knew it! What was I
 thinking! I almost made the
 biggest mistake of my life!

Rod STANDS, which makes Jenny even more upset.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 You know, I was almost wishing you
 would ask me to stay, like, some
 sort of reformed image of you I
 had in my mind, but you're no
 better now than twenty years ago
 when you dropped acid at
 Woodstock!

Rod's remembers something!

ROD
 Jenny... Good and Plenny?

Jenny walks toward the front DOOR and FLINGS it open!

JENNY
 To think for twenty years, I
 thought about you!

JENNY (CONT'D)
 I lied to myself, told my mom I
 moved out here for work! Ahhhhhh!
 What an idiot!

Jenny tries her best not to break down. Confused and off-balance, Rod walks toward her as if to offer comfort, but Jenny stops him dead in his tracks.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 No! Just go.

Shoulders hung low, Rod leaves. Jenny locks the door behind him and finally loses it.

INT. ROD'S OFFICE - DAY

A large empty BOX squats on Rod's desk, waiting to be filled. A depressed porn star, Rod Burley, stares deeply into a press PHOTO from his film "Juggernauts". He finally tosses the photo into the BOX. Rod pulls a tattered, 1969 red BANDANA from his drawer and takes a deep WHIFF from it. A far away smile crosses his lips. He tosses it into the BOX.

Jack walks in, he looks like he's been running.

JACK
 Rod! Are you alright? I just heard.

ROD
 Yeah. I'll be OK.

JACK
 Where's Jenny?

ROD
 Moved back to Jersey.

Rod finishes up.

JACK
 You... need anything?

Rod lifts his now heavy BOX of personal items and pushes passed Jack and out the door. As he does, the red BANDANA falls out of the box and lands at Jack's feet. Neither one notice.

ROD
 No. Just need to think.

Rod walks away and Jack is left standing alone in his empty office. A feeling of intense anguish overcomes Jack's face. As he looks down, he notices the BANDANA.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Wallowing in deep depression, Rod hangs his head on a lonely park bench. He stares blankly at the cell PHONE in his hands. The name on the screen reads: JENNY. After a moment, he presses the CALL button.

The phone dials until a a pre-recorder MESSAGE answers:

OPERATOR (V.O.)
The number you have dialed has
been disconnected. Please
check...

Rod presses the END button before the message completes.
A moment later, he presses the CALL button again. The
same result. He presses the CALL button again.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Work it Tommy! Harder son!

Rod pops his head up to listen for a moment, but quickly
returns to CALL button pressing.

MAN'S VOICE
Put your hips into it! Drive it!

ROD
(To himself)
I know that voice.

He turns to notice a MAN in a WHEELCHAIR playing CATCH
with his SON. The man is barking instructions out to his
six year-old to throw the BASEBALL back harder.

MAN
Work it! Harder!

Rod squints to get a clearer view. The man has long,
stringy hair, a full beard and wears SANDALS on his feet.
Rod's eyes LITE UP.

ROD
Tom. Tom!

The man ignores him.

ROD (CONT'D)
Tom Bones! Tom, is that you?!

The man motions to his son that the game of catch is
over.

MAN
(to son)
Let's go, Tommy!

Rod leaps to his feet and races over to the mystery man
in the wheelchair.

ROD
Tom, it's you isn't it? Tom
Bones!

The man tries to roll away.

ROD (CONT'D)
(screaming to all)
Tome Bones everybody!

TOMMY
 (to dad)
 Who's Tom Bones dad?

MAN
 (to Rod)
 Will you shuttup!

Rod blocks the man's escape and leans CLOSE to his face, looking into his eyes for an answer.

ROD
 It is you.

The man is busted! It is Tom Bones!

TOM
 All right, all right, just shut
 up!
 (to son)
 Tommy, go over there and work
 those hips!

The six year-old obliges, giving the adults their privacy without an argument.

ROD
 I thought you were dead.

TOM
 Yeah, well I almost was.

Tom wheels over to a private BENCH under a tree.

ROD
 What happened to you?

TOM
 I got a life! I'm Thomas
 Shotmeyer now, got two kids, a
 great wife.

ROD
 Shotmeyer? What a shitty name.

TOM
 Hey! That's my real name!

ROD
 Sorry, man.

Rod sits beside his idol.

TOM
 Who the frig are you anyway?

ROD
 Rod Burley, remember? We met when
 I was twenty. You told me to
 "spank that ass til the cows come
 home!" You said I'd go far, all
 the way.

TOM
I did? That was a long time ago.
I think I was drunk that year!

ROD
You're a legend man! Wait til
everybody hears you're alive.

TOM
(angry)
Hey! You keep your mouth shut
Burley! Or I'll cut off your
balls and toss them to the dogs!

Rod grabs his groin for security.

ROD
OK, OK. But you had it all. You
could've crossed over!

Tom remembers a sad memory.

TOM
Yeah man. I almost had it. I
could've been the one. But I got
greedy. That damn inverted
plunger!

TOMMY (O.S.)
Hey dad, watch this.

Rod and Tom turn to see the boy throw a pretend pitch,
with his hips turning for power.

TOM
Good job son! Keep practicing.

Rod sees the connection of father and son and YEARNs for
it.

ROD
Was it worth it?

Tom thinks for a while.

TOM
If I didn't invent the plunger, I
never would have broken my back.
Then I never would have met my
wife, and never seen my boy there,
Tommy. So yeah, It was worth it.
It was worth it to play catch with
my son. I'd give up a million
movies to play catch with Tommy,
just once.

Rod is on the verge of TEARS.

TOM
(to son)
Let's go Tommy!

His son comes running back and hugs his father tight.

TOM
 (to Rod)
 It's not what's in your pants kid,
 it's what's in your heart.

Father and son turn to leave. Rod smiles as the two roll away. After a few yards, Tom stops and turns.

TOM (CONT'D)
 I know who you are Rod, I've seen
 you're work. You're damn good
 kid.

ROD
 As good as you?

TOM
 Let's not get crazy. Remember one
 thing... everyone takes that shot
 that changes their life. What's
 your shot going to be?

Tom and his son finally roll away.

TOMMY
 (to Rod)
 By Mister.

ROD
 (to himself)
 Take your shot...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

The area is BUZZING with news REPORTERS, media VANS and curious ONLOOKERS. Several local news CREWS are preparing to cover a big event. A HELICOPTER thumps overhead and COPS redirect traffic on the street level.

MONTAGE:

-A GREASY male REPORTER holds a W.O.P. MICROPHONE to his lips.

REPORTER
 (Italian accent)
 Yeah, this is Joey from W.O.P.
 News. I'm here reporting to you
 guys in Hollywood yo...

-An ETHNIC female REPORTER holds a W.K.I.S. MICROPHONE to her lips.

REPORTER
 (Spanish accent)
 ...beautiful downtown LA with all
 the muchachas and caballeros in
 sexy-town...

-A male REPORTER and gang MEMBER holds a K.I.L.L. MICROPHONE to his lips.

REPORTER
 (urban accent)
 ... yo, yo this is the fifth anu..
 anu... yearly porno conven...
 conven...

-A nerdy male REPORTER, wearing thick goggle-style GLASSES, holds an N.E.R.D. MICROPHONE to his lips.

REPORTER
 ... fifth annual pornographic
 convention, in lovely downtown
 LA...

END MONTAGE.

MIDGETS, Amazon WOMEN, DONKEYS and CHIMPS meander about, signing autographs and looking SHARP! Diana McFea fluffs her hair as her CAMERAMAN gets ready to roll.

DIANA
 (into microphone)
 Hello, LA. I'm Diana McFea,
 coming to you all from downtown
 Los Angeles, at the convention
 center, where we are set to kick-
 off the fifth annual National Porn
 Convention. This year holds a bit
 of a twist as long-time porn
 headliner Rod Burley *faces-off*, if
 you will, with up and coming star
 Rock Hardson, in a...
 (reads cue card)
 ... Sex-off contest. The contest
 will climax... at the convention's
 finale. Cut!

Diana drops her mic in disgust!

DIANA
 How did I get sucked into this
 shit?!

An impossibly long black LIMO pulls up to the entrance. The rear door is opened by an USHER and the SPECTATORS roar. Dressed in a perfect black TUX, wearing razor-sharp SHOES and dripping with sex appeal is Rock! He steps onto the red CARPET and the FANS go nuts!

Rock rewards the crowd with a dazzling SMILE and a casual WAVE. SUDDENLY, a WOMAN hurls herself from the crowd and clings to Rock's leg.

WOMAN
 Take me! Take me, please!

COPS drag the woman away. Rock walks toward the entrance and a moment later, Slutlana exits the limo. She is greeted by less than adequate fanfare, as is Seth and Spielman right behind her. Diana heads Rock off just before he enters the entrance.

DIANA
Excuse me! Excuse me, Mr. Hard...
Hardson.

Rock stops when he sees Diana's CAMERA rolling.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(interviewing)
Mr. Hardson, is it true they call
you the...
(reading card)
...Teflon Schlong?

Rock inches CLOSE to her.

ROCK
Would you like to find out?

Diana melts. Her normally prudish demeanor is no match for Rock's sexuality. After a long GAZE into his eyes, she throws herself at him! She tears open her blouse and LICKS his neck. Slutlana arrives just before Diana lifts up her skirt and PUSHES her away! Diana lands on her butt! SPLAT!

SLUTLANA
Beat it sister!

Rock and Slutlana turn to WAIVE at the crowd one last time before vanishing behind the entrance door. Diana is left disheveled and humiliated.

DIANA
(to cameraman)
Give me that tape!

CAMERAMAN
No way!

Diana chases after him!

A CAB pulls up in front and the back door opens. Rod steps out expecting a roaring reception, but is greeted by scattered CHEERS and CLAPS. He looks for a reporter to interview him, but none are available. He begins to walk toward the front doors, when a VOICE calls to him from behind.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey mister! Hey!

Rod turns, as if to greet an eager fan. He's disappointed when the voice belongs to his own CABDRIVER.

CABDRIVER
Twenty-two fifty... plus tip.

Rod digs up twenty-five DOLLARS from his pockets, pays the cabby and begins his lonely trek to the front door. Halfway down, he hears another voice.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey kid!

Rod turns to see, but can't find a familiar face at his eye level.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey kid, down here.

Rod looks down, it's Tom in his WHEELCHAIR.

TOM
Take your shot, kid. Take your shot.

Rod smiles confidently and begins to head inside. From the corner of his eye, Rod catches sight of a disturbing woman, Hilda!

HILDA
(waiving)
Rodney! Rodney, my little Matzoh Ball!

Rod walks FASTER!

HILDA (CONT'D)
Give it to them, Rodney! Ride 'em cowboy!!

Rod is safe INSIDE!

The nerdy reporter holds his mic to a CHIMP for an interview.

REPORTER
So, how did you get started in the business?

The chimp SPITS on the nerd's GLASSES.

INT. ROD'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The small room holds little more than a CHAIR, a MIRROR and a rack of CLOTHES. The room's sole occupant, Rod, wears a silk ROBE and leather SANDALS. He hunches over in his chair, staring at the screen on his PHONE. He dares press the CALL button again, but is interrupted by a KNOCK at his door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ten minutes MR. Burley.

Rod stashes the phone and SNAPS out of his TRANCE. He stands before his dressing MIRROR and admires his own BODY. His silk ROBE flips open, revealing the red THONG he is wearing. The out of shape porn star flexes his MUSCLES for his own viewing pleasure.

INT. CENTER STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dead center of the convention center, sits a recently constructed octagon-shaped sports RING. The thirty-foot ring is complete with security FENCING, padded FLOORING and hanging MIRRORS. Two large BEDS lie on either end, like boxers awaiting the bell.

Overhead LIGHTS, swinging cable CAMERAS and a slew of REPORTERS and ASSISTANTS are busy as bees readying the ring for SOMETHING BIG!

Two ASSISTANTS ready the small TABLES next to each bed with BOTTLES of water, SUSHI, OYSTERS, CONDOMS and LOTIONS.

The CROWD around the ring rivals that of a heavyweight prize fight, with Hollywood STARS, BIG SHOTS and PORN STARS all around. Two COMMENTATORS sit alongside the ring, readying their MICS and checking their NOTES.

The overhead lights BLINK twice and the crowd grows SILENT. A moment later, the ring ANNOUNCER steps through the GATE, walks to the center of the ring and grabs an overhead MICROPHONE. He presses the mic close to his lips as the crowd STIRS in anticipation. When he finally speaks, his voice BOOMS throughout the vast HALL, echoing for ALL to hear.

ANNOUNCER

(into mic)

Ladies and Gentleman, welcome to the Los Angeles Convention Center!

The crowd ROARS.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The fifth annual porn convention... and largest of all time!!

The crowd roars LOUDER.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And ladies and gentleman... I am pleased to announce, the world's first, televised sex-off competition!!

EVERYBODY goes CRAZY!!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This contest is scheduled for two hours, or twenty satisfied women, whatever comes first! Please feel free to use the facilities during our scheduled intermission.

INT. RINGSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rock jogs down the ramp leading to the ring, like a boxer on a mission. The PEOPLE that catch sight of him APPLAUD his presence.

INT. CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Your first competitor, all the way in from New Jersey, known as the...

(reading card)

Snake of Seduction, the Man of LaMuncha, the Knuckle-Baller...

Rock steps into the ring.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Rock, the Teflon Schlong, Hardson.

Rock raises his arms and PUMPS up the CROWD. Diana and her cameraman position themselves near Rock's corner. Diana is still quite smitten with Rock's manliness.

DIANA
(to cameraman)
Make sure you get a good angle.

INT. RINGSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rod begins his walk to the ring, but with much LESS confidence and much FANFARE than Rock. He approaches the GATE and waits nervously for the announcer to cue him in.

INT. CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER
Your next competitor in this evening's main event, resides right here in Los Angeles. He's been called...
(reading card)
Maraschino Cherry, Banana Cream Pie and he also likes long walks on the beach...
(confused)
And listening to cool music.

Rod steps into the ring and raises his arms prematurely.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(ho-hum)
It's Rod Burley.

Hilda, Tom and several OTHERS clap from the cheap seats. Along the ringside, many scantily-clad WOMEN step into the ready area near the entrance gate. The announcer motions Rod and Rock to step closer together and they oblige.

ANNOUNCER
(to the two men)
You've been briefed of the rules, now remember, no time-outs except for scheduled breaks. No toys, equipment or external hardware of any kind! And most importantly, no faking! Now shake hands and move to your beds.

Rod holds his HAND out first. After a moment, Rock grabs hold and SQUEEZES until Rod shudders in pain.

ROCK
(whispering)
You're going down, old man!

ROD
 Oh yeah. No I'm not. I mean
 maybe I will, we'll see.

They break, move toward they're beds and remove their
 ROBES.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 And now ladies and gentleman, may
 I have your attention please. For
 the first time in history, brought
 to you tonight live from the Los
 Angeles Convention Center, is a
 contest of determination, sex and
 intestinal fortitude!

The crowd is BOILING with ANTICIPATION!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Los Angeles, let's get ready to
 rumble!!

The bell RINGS and they're off! A large digital CLOCK on
 the ceiling begins to tick down from 2:00:00 hours and
 the first TWO, of the twenty GIRLS, enter the octagon of
 sex! Girl number one struts confidently to Rod's bed and
 lays down, ready for servicing.

COMMENTATOR1
 Well, folks, here we go! The
 first ever sexual contest of
 stamina, virility and just
 outright gutsiness has begun!

Rod takes a deep BREATH, looks at the ever-smiling Rock
 across the ring and climbs onto the BED.

COMMENTATOR2
 I'll tell you, this is going to be
 some show, definitely not for the
 ill or of weak constitution. The
 first... contestant... has entered
 Burley's corner and Rod has
 positioned himself for what looks
 like to be a quick penetration.
 (beat)
 And there he goes, down and in,
 ladies and gentleman, down and in!

COMMENTATOR1
 Wow! He's limber!

Two seconds later and Rod's girl SCREAMS in pleasure!

COMMENTATOR2
 And that's it, one down! Wow!
 I've never seen anything like it!

The digital clock reads: 1:59:32 and ticking DOWN. A
 digital overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 1, Hardson -**
0. The announcer's EYES widen in astonishment as the
 disheveled girl EXITS the ring.

ANNOUNCER

Holy shit!

COMMENTATOR1

Wish my wife was that easy!

Rod waives to the CHEERING crowd with newfound confidence. Rock is not happy. Girl number two walks toward Rock's bed. Rock wastes no time, he GRABS her and PUSHES her onto the bed! Diana watches intently from the sidelines, then a SCREAM of pleasure resonates throughout the convention center.

The scoreboard reads: **Burley - 1, Hardson - 1.**

Now Rock is the confident one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack is very sad as he packs his personal belongings into two open SUITCASES on his bed. He folds several pieces of CLOTHING away before stopping to admire one specific piece. It's one of the matching THONGS he purchased with Rod at the beach. He rolls it around in his fingertips and smiles at the distant memory. He holds it up to his face and takes a deep BREATH! He's disgusted by what he smells and tosses it into the WASTEBASKET!

The next item to be packed is his working THESIS. After reading the title, he huffs and stashes it into his BACKPACK. He closes up his SUITCASES with a feeling of disgust.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CENTER STAGE - NIGHT

The scoreboard above the octagon of sex reads: **Burley - 10, Hardson - 10.**

Rod is SWEATING heavily and munching on SUSHI. Rock is much more composed and brimming with confidence.

COMMENTATOR2

Well ladies and gentlemen, we're all tied up here with more than an hour to go!

The digital clock reads: 1:05:11 and ticking down.

COMMENTATOR1

We've seen some crazy shit here tonight!

Rock WINKS to Seth at ringside and he acknowledges with a smiling nod.

INT. RINGSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Seth then WHISPERS to a young male ASSISTANT, who immediately runs to the other side of the ring. The young assistant whispers into the ear of a large and looming FIGURE seated quietly near Rod's line-up of girls. After a moment, the figure, wearing a dark OVERCOAT, stands and moves toward the waiting GIRLS. The dark overcoat drops and an overweight WOMAN dressed in leather is revealed. She is mean and big, like a Sherman Tank wearing heels!

INT. CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ring, Rod slurps his SAKI and tries to stay limber. The large woman BUMPS the next GIRL out of Rod's line and steps into the ring! The floor of the octagon TREMBLES beneath her behemoth feet!

ANNOUNCER

Holy shit!

Rock smiles in victory. Rod quivers in fear! The Commentators GASP in amazement and the crowd HOWLS in disgust.

COMMENTATOR1

Whoa! Look out, here comes the heavy artillery.

COMMENTATOR2

Here's a surprise development! For all you watching at home, now's a good time to take the dog for a walk!

The Godzilla-like woman steps toward Rod with thunder in her stride. Closer and closer, step by step, she inches toward the trembling porn star. Finally, she leaps onto Rod's bed, nearly snapping it in two! Rod looks to the Announcer for help, but the man just shrugs back. Rod looks at the scoreboard and clock, he must go in!

Slowly, he approaches the bed. Suddenly, the woman pulls him in!

Across the ring, Rock relaxes on his bed and sips a sparkling water. Rod's painful SCREAMS echo from across the ring and bring pleasure to Rock's ears. Seth and Spielman smile from a distance. Rock smiles back to his would be partners as he slurps down a juicy OYSTER. He gives them the THUMBS UP sign.

SUDDENLY, Rod is thrown from the bed and sprawled across the ring! His twisted and sweaty body writhes in pain!

COMMENTATOR1

Looks like Burley's been tossed!

COMMENTATOR2

This could be bad ladies and gentleman, Rod Burley has just been thrown out of his own bed by his eleventh... Woman!

COMMENTATOR2 (CONT'D)
 If he fails to recover, Rock
 Hardson could win by default.

Rock salivates in anticipation as Rod tries to get up. The Announcer COUNTS over Rod like a referee in a prize fight.

ANNOUNCER
 1... 2... 3... 4...

Rod struggles to his hands and knees. His eyes focus on the crowd through the cage of the octagon and he catches the eye of a familiar man, it's Tom Bones! Tom mouths some words to Rod.

TOM
 (mouthing)
 Get up. Get up.

ROD
 Huh?

TOM
 (screaming)
 Get up! Get up!

Rod stands just as the Announcer reaches number 9. He staggers for a moment and focuses on Rock LAUGHING at him. Then Rod sees the line-up of girls LAUGHING at him. Then he sees Seth and Spielman LAUGHING at him. Then the Announcer joins in, LAUGHING. Rod is standing naked before hundreds of taunting eyes, he is about to LOSE IT!

SLOWLY, twenty years of emotion boil up from deep within Rod's gut. He gathers energy from the taunts and fills his chest with the air of confidence. Inch by inch he steps toward the cracked bed and the woman of pain. The aged porn star gathers speed. SUDDENLY, he LEAPS into the air and FLIES across the ring like Superman! Rock and the others quickly change their expressions as Rod DIVES onto the bed!

COMMENTATOR1
 He's going in! He's going back
 in!!

The bed CRASHES in two as Rod SPLATS onto the woman! Diana's cameraman cringes at what he sees! Seconds later, an ear-shattering SCREAM of pleasure is heard throughout the Convention center.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The walls of the convention center vibrate with echoes of the large woman's scream!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A young COUPLE sitting at the ocean's edge hear a distant echo of the woman's scream behind them.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A young WHALE breaches the surface just off-shore and thinks the woman's scream is a mating call!

INT. CENTER STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The digital scoreboard overhead reads: **Burley - 11, Hardson - 10.** Rock is VERY upset as the bell RINGS, signaling a break.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentleman, we will now break for intermission. Please visit our refreshment counters located just outside the main seating areas.

(to himself)

I need a drink!

One set of HELPERS carry in a new BED for Rod, as another set of HELPERS carry the large woman out on a STRETCHER! A wide SMILE of pleasure is plastered to her face. Rod lies motionless on the octagon floor as Rock storms off. A moment later, Jack runs to Rod's side and SMACKS his face awake!

ROD

Owww!

JACK

Rod! Rod! That was amazing! I've never seen anything like it!

ROD

What happened?

JACK

You're up 11 to 10. Intermission. We've got twenty minutes. We have to talk.

Jack helps his friend to his feet, throws a robe around Rod and they walk away.

DIANA

(reporting)

This is Diana McFea, live from the Los Angeles Convention Center where Rod Burley has taken a one... point lead over Rock Hardson in the first ever sexual competition in history!

Diana is disheveled and breathing heavy.

DIANA

(to cameraman)

I need a drink!

CAMERAMAN

Me too.

COMMENTATOR1
I need a drink!

COMMENTATOR2
Me too!

Spielman glares at Seth.

SPIELMAN
Burley looks good out there.

SETH
Don't worry, my boy will come through.

SPIELMAN
I only deal with winners.

Spielman walks away, leaving Seth alone and concerned.

SETH
I need a drink!

INT. ROD'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack dumps Rod onto a chair, drops his BACKPACK on the floor and fetches the panting man some water.

JACK
Wow! You are the best man!

Rod gulps down the WATER and tries to regain his senses.

ROD
I can't do it! I can't go on!

JACK
After what I saw out there, I know you can do it Rod. You are... so limber!

ROD
You think so? I mean, that last girl really hurt!

Jack paces around the small room nervously. Rod notices Jack's THESIS protruding from his BACKPACK and pulls it out.

ROD
Hey, is this your thesis?

Rod reads the title: *WANING STARS OF FILM*. The title hits Rod like a punch in the gut!

JACK
(to himself)
Now he gets it right.
(to Rod)
Listen, Rod. I wanted to talk to you about that.

ROD
 (betrayed)
 Is this about me? Is this what
 you think of me?

JACK
 No... I mean it's just one point
 of view. It's... not to say
 you're...

ROD
 Old? Finished? Finito?

Rod STANDS and angrily paces about the room.

ROD (CONT'D)
 Et tu, Brutus? Et tu?

JACK
 I'm sorry, Rod. I just came to
 say good-bye. I'm heading back to
 Jersey tonight. I wanted to
 say... I don't know, just that
 you've shown me a different part
 of life, a part I've never
 imagined. I just knew your world
 from watching videos, I didn't
 know it was real, big, shiny and
 real!

Rod's not buying it.

ROD
 You used me. Used my friendship,
 my contacts at the spa! I was
 going to offer you a part man!
 This is so uncool!

JACK
 (dejected)
 I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt
 you.

ROD
 Yeah, well you did! Now get out!
 Go back to Jersey, the den of
 pigs!

JACK
 You're from Jersey!

ROD
 Just go! Traitor!

Jack grabs his backpack and sulks away. Rod is torn between exhaustion, anger and depression. After a long moment of lingering between tears and violence, Rod gathers himself and heads towards the door. He stops before leaving and turns toward a small BATHROOM in the corner. A moment later, the sound of Rod URINATING echoes throughout the room!

INT. ROCK'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CRASH! A wooden CHAIR splinters against the wall! It's been HURLED by a VERY ANGRY Rock Hardson!

ROCK
Calm down? Calm down? You're telling me to calm down!? That forty-year old has-been is up by one and you're telling me to calm down!?

Rock is barking at Seth, who tries in vein to calm his would-be star.

SETH
Don't worry, he doesn't have the stamina. That last girl almost knocked him right out of the competition.

Rock SMASHES a small coffee TABLE with his bare HANDS!

ROCK
I have to win, whatever it takes.

Seth smiles a cheesy grin.

SETH
Don't worry my cross-over star. Old Seth here has a plan.

Rock is not convinced. He presses close to Seth, like a crazed lion ready to attack.

ROCK
(intimidating)
Make sure you know who's side your on... old man!

Rock storms out. Seth EXHALES.

INT. CENTER STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to round two of the first ever sexual competition of pleasure, brought to live from the beautiful Los Angeles Convention Center!

The crowd CHEERS their approval, most of them, smoking CIGARETTES.

MONTAGE:

-Rod bursts into the ring with full confidence.

-Rock follows and is angry.

COMMENTATOR2
Here we go folks, round two on the way and Burley is up by one.

ANNOUNCER

Without further delay ladies and gentlemen, let's bring out our lovely ladies.

-The crowd goes NUTS!

-Rock nods to the GIRLS and two walk in at the SAME TIME!

COMMENTATOR1

Rock is going for a double-score!
He's double-dipping! Hardson is double-dipping!

-Both girls SCREAM in unison and walk away smoking CIGARETTES!

-The overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 11, Hardson - 12.**

-A MIDGET enters the ring on Rod's side and he is SHOCKED.

-Seth SMILES to Rock as if his plan is working.

-Rod gets ready and DIVES onto the bed.

-The midget's scream echoes through the hall.

-The overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 12, Hardson - 12.**

-Rock is PISSED!

-Another GIRL for Rock, another one satisfied.

-The overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 12, Hardson - 13.**

-A HOMELY WOMAN enters on Rod's side, Rod is nervous.

-Seth SMILES deviously to Rock.

-Moments later, she is satisfied.

-The overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 13, Hardson - 13.**

-Rock gets ready for the next girl, is Diana! She has snuck in line.

-She lets out an ear-shattering SCREAM moments later, and she's satisfied.

-Rod's line lets in GIRL after GIRL, first a MANLY-LOOKING WOMAN, then a WOMAN in a WHEELCHAIR, then a HAIRY WOMAN.

-Seth is pleased with himself.

-The digital clock reads: 00:08:11 and counting down.

-The overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 18, Hardson - 18.**

-Rock sucks on some OYSTERS.

-Rod looks like he'll die at any second!

ANNOUNCER
(into mic)
I need a drink!

COMMENTATOR2
This is incredible folks! We're
all tied up here at eighteen, with
a little over eight minutes to go!

COMMENTATOR1
The tension and sexual fumes are
so thick in the air... I can taste
them.

-Diana is VERY DISHEVELED and smoking a CIGARETTE.

DIANA
(into mic)
Well. This is great. I'm...
I'm...

-Her cameraman reminds her of her name.

CAMERAMAN
(whispering)
Diana McFea.

DIANA
Oh yeah. I'm Diana McFea, here
in... oh shit!

-She drops her mic and tries to re-enter Rock's line, but SECURITY grabs her.

END MONTAGE.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

In a quiet corner of the station, a dimly lit computer SCREEN flickers away. The faint LIGHT cast from the screen illuminates a solitary face, it's Miguel. A look of great interest engrosses his FACE as various IMAGES slide across the screen.

Miguel PAUSES the display, revealing a press PHOTO of a young MAN, dressed in gang CLOTHING. Two POLICEMEN are leading the man away in HANDCUFFS. The photo's CAPTION reads: *LOCAL TEEN ESCAPES CUSTODY.*

Miguel ZOOMS in on the man's left BICEP, it's a TATTOO. Miguel licks his LIPS when he recognizes the design, it's a distinctive SNAKE.

Miguel opens another WINDOW on his computer screen, showing a current PHOTO of Rock. The two photos, side-by-side, look distantly familiar.

Another few CLICKS of the computer KEYBOARD and the teen's photo is *AGE ENHANCED*. There's no mistaking the newer, MORPHED photo, it's definitely Rock!

Miguel hits the PRINT button and barely waits for the ink to dry. He's off!

EXT. POLICE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

All is quiet behind the police station at this hour. The station's subterranean parking GARAGE has one main exit RAMP that leads to the street level and is protected by a wooden barrier GATE.

SLOWLY, a HEADLIGHT shines up from deep within the GARAGE. The sound of a throaty motorcycle ENGINE echoes from below and grows LOUDER. SUDDENLY, a sole cop BURSTS through the wooden GATE on a badass police BIKE! Amidst a shower of wooden SPLINTERS, the cop on a mission burns RUBBER and SPEEDS away! VROOOM!

It's Miguel and he's pissed!

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An sweet elderly woman, MAMMA, watches her TELEVISION intently and munches on PEANUTS and BEER. Her home is modest and sits in the quiet suburbs of New Jersey. Her eyes WIDEN as MOANS of ecstasy resound from the set's tiny speaker. She GULPS more beer and grins.

JENNY (O.S.)

Mamma!

Jenny has entered the room behind her mother and is SHOCKED at what the elderly woman is watching.

JENNY (CONT')

What are you watching?

MAMMA

Pay-per-view. It's new, only three-ninety-five!

Jenny winces at the IMAGES on the screen.

JENNY

Is... is that Rod?

MAMMA

You know him? Nice ass!

JENNY

Mamma!

MAMMA

Isn't he the nice boy from the neighborhood? He used to pull your pigtails. His daddy had a nice ass too!

Jenny Shuts off the television.

JENNY

Yeah, well he's a jerk now!

She storms out of the room. Mamma looks concerned for a moment, then pulls a fresh beer CAN from a COOLER and flicks the television back on!

MAMMA

Oh yeah baby! Ride it home!

INT. CENTER STAGE - NIGHT

The CROWD CHEERS for Rod now.

CROWD

Burley! Burley!

Rock is VERY UPSET and he glares in Seth's direction.

INT. RINGSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Seth avoids Rock's gaze and cozies up to Spielman.

SPIELMAN

(to Seth)

This Burley's got something. He's very focused. I've never seen anything like it. He seems to have the ability to separate body and soul, last time I felt like that was when I dropped acid at Woodstock!

Seth looks confused.

INT. CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A withering heap of a man hangs off the edge of the BED, it's Rod and he is SWEATING and PANTING very heavily. He looks over at Rock and sees the gladiator-man full of energy. He looks at the announcer and tries to focus his tired eyes. It's all BLURRING together and he tries hard to keep from passing out.

ANNOUNCER

Number nineteen please.

Rod turns his attention to the entrance gate and begins to look higher, then higher and higher. It's an AMAZON WOMAN!

Seth and Rock are very happy. Rod is FLABBERGASTED as the seven-foot woman, dressed in TRIBAL GARB and complete with BONES through her NOSE, thunders into the ring. She CLUNKS her war SPEAR onto the ring floor and lets out an ear-piercing WAR-CRY never before heard by civilized man.

Rod jumps off the bed and scampers under it for safety! The amazon chucks her SPEAR, narrowly missing Rod's PRIVATES.

COMMENTATOR2

A real Amazon woman is entering
the ring ladies and gentlemen! A
real one!!

COMMENTATOR1

She looks like my mother in law!

ANNOUNCER

(into mic)
Holy shit!

The tribal woman GRABS Rod's ANKLES and DRAGS him from under the bed! Rod's fingernails leave SCRAPE MARKS on the ring floor as she pulls him to her. Rod screams like a wild pig caught in a trap!

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

A crazed motorcycle cop SCREECHES to a halt just outside the main entrance doors. It's Miguel and he's still pissed! He parks his bike, tosses his HELMET and races inside.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Just as Miguel enters the main lobby, he notices a vendor's BOOTH. He slows down to shopping mode and looks over the sexual TOYS on sale. He holds up a pair of velvet-covered HANDCUFFS.

MIGUEL

(to vendor)
How much for these?

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny sits next to her mom on the couch. She looks like she's been CRYING.

JENNY

I don't know what to feel mamma.

MAMMA

Listen to me sweetie, I've been through lots of men, and some women too! And I've learned one thing, it doesn't matter who you fall in love with, what matters is that the love you feel is for real. True love is better than gold. Now you call your porn star man, and see if he has gold in his heart. And tell him to bring a friend!

Jenny thinks hard for a moment, then picks up the PHONE. Before she can dial, she changes her mind and SLAMS it down!

JENNY

I just can't!

Mamma HUGS her troubled daughter for comfort.

MAMMA

There, there sweetie. I'm sure you'll find another boy... with an ass like that... before you turn forty!

Jenny sobs LOUDER.

INT. CENTER STAGE - NIGHT

Rod looks like he'll pass out at any second! His hair is a MESS, his body is scraped and BRUISED and pieces of SUSHI litter his face. Six MEN, utilizing two STRETCHERS, carry out on very SATISFIED Amazon woman and her BROKEN spear! Rock is so angry, he could explode.

The digital overhead SCOREBOARD reads: **Burley - 19, Hardson - 19**. The clock reads: 00:02:00 and is STOPPED.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentleman, we have reached our two-minute warning. We are all tied here at nineteen and by the rules set forth by this competition, we will allow trainers entry into the octagon for a period of sixty seconds.

Rock is greeted at his corner by Slutlana. She licks the sweat off his brow and feeds him an OYSTER.

SLUTLANA

Don't worry darling, you will win.

Rock glares at her.

ROCK

I need you to do me a favor.

Slutlana smiles. Rod can't focus, he can't catch his breath, he's almost finished. SUDDENLY, Jack appears before his eyes.

ROD

Jack? What are you doing here?

JACK

You've got to get up Rod, It's the last girl.

ROD

No! I can't do it! I'm so drained. I feel like that chamois on TV, that guy wrings it out, leaving a wrinkled pile of cloth! The Romans did that in their torture chambers... sometimes.

Jack pulls out a piece of typewritten PAPER and hands it to Rod. Rod tries to focus, it reads: *STARS COME AND GO, BUT BURLEY BURNS FOREVER MORE.*

ROD
What's this?

JACK
My thesis, I changed the title.
You're not a waning star, Rod.
You're a legend, and you'll live
forever.

Rod wells up with TEARS. The NAKED and SWEATY porn star HUGS Jack tightly in front of millions of viewers!

ANNOUNCER
Thirty seconds!

ROD
I don't know if I can go on.

Jack pulls an ITEM from his pocket and hands it to Rod.

JACK
Here. Take this, you can do it!

Rod looks at the item, it's his HEADBAND from Woodstock!

ROD
How...?

JACK
Just put it on!

Jack pulls Rod to his feet.

JACK (CONT'D)
No get up.
(screaming)
Get in there and get the job done!

Rod looks to the gate and sees Slutlana enter! What little energy Jack infused into him is readily SUCKED OUT! Slutlana is dressed in LEATHER pain-gear and looks like she wants blood! She cracks her WHIP toward Rod.

ANNOUNCER
Ten seconds!

JACK
Oh shit.

Jack runs out of the ring. Rod wobbles to keep his balance. Rock LAUGHS triumphantly. Rod shakes his head, NO, he can't do it.

SLOWLY, the PA SPEAKERS pump out a familiar song, it's FOXY LADY by Hendrix. Rod turns and sees Jack giving the THUMBS UP sign from the AUDIO BOOTH. The MUSIC begins to fill Rod with POWER. He is ENERGIZED. He is a PORN STAR!

Rod ties his Woodstock BANDANA to his forehead and readies for the challenge.

ANNOUNCER

Competitors, start your... clocks!

The digital clock begins to tick down from: 00:01:59. Slutlana moves in, her WHIP cracking. Rod takes a shot of WASABI sauce! He winces in PAIN.

COMMENTATOR1

Wow! This bitch looks pissed!

Slutlana slings her whip around Rod's NECK and FLINGS him to the bed! She leaps into action and the octagon trembles in response. All grows SILENT for a LONG MOMENT.

Rock looks on, Seth looks on, the crowd looks on, all gaze into Rod's corner in anticipation of what will come next.

SUDDENLY, Rod's LEGS come into view high above his bed, pointing toward the ceiling! He's standing on his HANDS and performing PUSHUPS upside down!

COMMENTATOR2

(standing)
Holy cow, it's the inverted plunger! I've never seen anything like it, ladies and gentleman, it's the inverted plunger!

COMMENTATOR1

Wow! That's gotta hurt!

ANNOUNCER

(into mic)
Holy shit!

Rock is FLOORED. Seth is FLOORED. Spielman APPLAUDS. The crowd goes CRAZY!

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom JUMPS on the couch!

MOM

Give it to her Rod! Drive it home! Whooaahh!!

INT. CENTER STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A low RUMBLE gathers at the base of the octagon. SLOWLY, it gains volume. The rumble spreads to the crowd, then the RAFTERS of the building. Rod reaches MAXIMUM velocity and BAM! Slutlana lets go of the loudest, cement-cracking SCREAM of pleasure ever heard by human ears!

Her STILETTOS fly off her feet and her manicured TOES curl up in pleasure. She is satisfied. The clock reads: 00:00:32 left.

Rock frantically waives on his next GIRL and goes to work. He lifts himself into the same position a Rod and attempts the inverted plunger as well.

COMMENTATOR2

Hardson is attempting the same move! He's going to go for the inverted plunger too! I cannot believe this!

COMMENTATOR1

He's not as limber as Burley.

Rock SLIPS and a loud CRACK is heard from his BACK! The crowd shudders.

CROWD

Oooh.

COMMENTATOR1

That's gotta hurt.

Rock's girl walks away UNSATISFIED. The clock reads: 00:00:00 and the final BELL sounds.

ANNOUNCER

Time! And we have a winner ladies and gentleman. Rod Burley has successfully mounted and satisfied twenty women in two hours and is deemed the undisputed king of porn!

The announcer holds up Rod's hand in victory. Writhing in pain, Rock is carried out on a stretcher. Slutlana smokes a CIGARETTE and motions for Rod to call her.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Rod pushes through the CROWD toward a waiting LIMO. He notices Rock, wearing velvet HANDCUFFS and being hauled into an AMBULANCE. Rod manages his way passed the CHEERING FANS and reaches Miguel just as the ambulance pulls away.

ROD

Hey, what's going on?

MIGUEL

His real name is Henry Bartholomew Troutfetter. He's wanted on attempted murder charges back in New York. He figured we wouldn't find him on the porn scene, but cops like porn.

Miguel gives Rod his sexiest smile. Rod moves away quickly. He reaches his limo and jumps into the rear seat. Just before closing the door, he sees Jack.

JACK

Rod! Wait up!

ROD
Get in pal.

Jack hops in and amidst a symphony of camera FLASHES and CHEERS, the limo speed off.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

JACK
How about a ride?

ROD
To the airport?

JACK
Yeah.

ROD
Got an extra ticket?

JACK
To Jersey?

ROD
There's something I've got to do.

The two friends smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

A modest and UNKEPT home sits on a quiet corner of a New Jersey suburb. The faint flicker of television LIGHTS escape from one of the first floor WINDOWS. In the darkness, Rod carefully creeps up a set of old wooden STEPS and makes his way to the screen DOOR. He is unshaven and tired.

He hesitates for a long while before INHALING and ringing the BELL. The bell doesn't work! Rod KNOCKS on the door frame. A moment later, it CREEKS open. An ominous silhouette of a person peers out onto the darkened porch. Rod looks like he'll run away at any moment.

The Leathery face of sixty-five year old MAN comes into view.

ROD
(nervous)
H... Hello, sir.

MAN
What do you want?

ROD
I... I wanted to see you.

MAN
Hungry?

ROD
Yeah!

The man pulls him inside.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAN
How have you been, son?

ROD
(surprised)
Great dad!

He drapes an arm over Rod's shoulder and leads him to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DAD
Look Martha, it's Rodney!

MOM, a petite woman in her sixties, barely looks up from her dinner preparation.

MOM
Hello dear, I hope your hungry.

ROD
Yeah, I sure am!

MOM
Good, son. Help you father with the dishes, will you dear?

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Rod and his parents sit around a small TABLE and finish up their dinner in cozy comfort. Rod is BEAMING with joy! SUDDENLY, dad PUNCHES Rod square in the jaw. POW!

ROD
OWW! Dad!

MOM
What's with all the schtooping?

ROD
Mom! You know?

MOM
Of course we know!
(giggling)
Your father got some lessons!

Mom and dad giggle like school kids in love. Rod looks like he'll puke!

DAD
Come on, son, let's go have a smoke.

Rod is confused.

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Rod and dad glide gently on the porch SWING, just behind them is an open kitchen WINDOW. Rod tunes an old GUITAR and is very happy. Dad puffs on a CIGAR and Rod tries to follow suit.

ROD
(choking)
Wow! Can't believe you still have my guitar!

DAD
(puffing)
Forget that! Tell me about the women... wow! Knockouts, huh! When they do that thing with their...

ROD
(choking)
Dad! I can't believe you and mom watch that stuff!
(tuning)
It doesn't matter, I'm crossing over anyway.

DAD
(disappointed)
What? What's that all about?

ROD
I want more out of life, dad. A family...
(trying to say love)
L... Lo... and stuff.

DAD
You gay?

ROD
No!

DAD
Marriage sucks you know!

ROD
Dad!

MOM (O.S.)
It does dear!

Rod looks at the open WINDOW behind him.

ROD
Mom!

DAD
But, if that's what you want, if you want to give up your fantasy life, then you need to go for it! Take your shot! Just remember, marriage makes your balls sag!

ROD
Dad!

DAD
Your's are still firm!

MOM (O.S.)
You do have nice balls, dear!

ROD
Mom!

DAD
You know what I've always wanted
to ask you?

Rod listens up.

DAD (CONT'D)
Do you buff your cheeks with
carnauba wax!?

ROD
What! Sometimes...

DAD
(to window)
Ah ha! See, I told you, Martha!

MOM (O.S.)
You were right, dear. Sometimes I
use linseed oil!

DAD
Carnauba wax makes me chafe, want
to see?

Dad stands up and begins to unbuckle his PANTS! Rod
HEAVES in disgust.

ROD
I... I've got to go.

Rod gets up, grabs his GUITAR and RUNS off the porch!

DAD
Come back soon!

MOM (O.S.)
Nice to see you, dear.

DAD
(shouting)
How about an autograph!

Rod disappears into the night.

EXT. STREETS - LATER

Rod wanders through darkened streets in the seedy part of
town. His clothes are SWEATY, his face is DIRTY and he
looks like he will pass out from exhaustion.

His wooden GUITAR hangs loosely across his back. Voices echo in his head as he staggers about.

VOICES (V.O.)

Take your shot. Take your shot.

Rod begins RUNNING aimlessly.

ROD

No! No! I don't know who I am!

He falls to his knees and pleads to God.

ROD (CONT'D)

Who am I? Who am I?

VOICE (O.S.)

Rod!

Rod listens intently.

VOICE (O.S.)

Rod!

ROD

God?

VOICE (O.S.)

Rod! Turn around!

Rod turns to see Jack sitting in a car, the engine running.

JACK

Your parents said you ran away!

ROD

They're crazy! Freaks!

JACK

Everyone's looking for you. They want you for the movie!

ROD

(crying)
I don't care! I screwed up my life!

JACK

You get five million for the part.

Rod sobers up.

ROD

Really?

JACK

Only two gratuitous sex scenes.

ROD

(crying)
I don't care, my life is empty!

Empty like the center of a
 doughnut! Jenny! Jenny! Good-n-
 Plenny!

JACK
 (thinking)
 You're ex-assistant? She lives
 right down the street. My dad
 dated her mom.

Rod SPRINGS to his feet and clamors to the car.

ROD
 Take me to her! Take me there
 now!

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rod FALLS out of Jack's car, SMASHES his knee on the
 cement CURB and his GUITAR CLUNKS him on the head!

ROD
 Owww! Shit!

Rod stumbles to his feet and tries to compose himself. A
 few deep breaths later and he marches toward the front
 door of Jenny's house. His eyes are full of romantic
 determination.

EXT. JENNY'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Rod KNOCKS on the door like a bill collector. After a
 moment, Jenny's mom pokes her head out. She smiles
 immediately and OGLES the porn star from head to toe!

MAMMA
 (sexy)
 Hello, Rod. Who are you here to
 see?

ROD
 Jenny!

MAMMA
 (disappointed)
 Oh. Did you bring any friends?

ROD
 Can I see her please?

Mamma begins to open the door, but a voice from behind
 stops her.

JENNY (O.S.)
 Mamma!!

Mamma changes her mind.

MAMMA
 Sorry, Rod. She won't see you.
 Says you broke her heart, twice.

ROD
 Look, I just want to tell her I
 (trying to say love)
 l... lo... her.

MAMMA
 You can't say it can you? All you
 sex demons are the same. Can't
 say the word "love". There was
 one pimp I knew who...

JENNY (O.S.)
 (interrupting)
 Mom!!

MAMMA
 Sorry, Rod.

She closes the door on Rod. Dejected, Rod begins to walk away. Halfway down the steps, he hears VOICES in his head.

VOICES (V.O.)
 Take your shot. Take your shot.

He has a revelation and turns around. He SPINS his GUITAR to his front and carefully positions his FINGERS on the NECK. After a deep BREATH, Rodney Burley, forty-year old porn star, belts out a beautiful song.

ROD
 (strumming & singing)
 BABY, WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU
 I THINK ABOUT LOVE
 DARLIN, DON'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU
 AND YOUR LOVE
 IF I HAD THOSE GOLDEN DREAMS
 OF MY YESTERDAYS
 I WOULD WRAP YOU IN THE HEAVEN
 TILL I'M DYIN ON THE WAY

Mamma peeks out from behind the DRAPES and is pleased. Jack joins in for the chorus, startling Rod.

ROD (CONT'D)	JACK
FEEL LIKE MAKIN	FEEL LIKE MAKIN
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU

Jenny peeks out as well, but is not smiling.

ROD (CONT'D)
 BABY, IF I THINK ABOUT YOU
 I THINK ABOUT LOVE
 DARLIN, IF I LIVE WITHOUT YOU
 I LIVE WITHOUT LOVE
 IF I HAD THE SUN AND MOON
 I WOULD GIVE YOU BOTH NIGHT AND
 DAY OF SATISFYIN

Jenny begins to smile! Rod and Jack really bring home the chorus!

ROD (CONT'D)	JACK
FEEL LIKE MAKIN	FEEL LIKE MAKIN
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU

Several NEIGHBORS, wearing NIGHTGOWNS, walk over and join in!

ROD & JACK (CONT'D)	NEIGHBORS
FEEL LIKE MAKIN	FEEL LIKE MAKIN
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE
FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU	FEEL LIKE MAKIN LOVE TO YOU

Mamma PUSHES Jenny out onto the porch!

JENNY
Nice guitar work.

ROD
Did you know the modern guitar
comes from the Roman Cithara back
in seventeen hundred BC..?

JENNY
I did not know that.

Rod PULLS her into his arms and they hug tightly!

ROD
Oh, Jenny, my Jenny. I love you!
(to God)
I said it! I can say it!
(to Jenny)
I love you Jenny!

JENNY
No more porn?

ROD
No more!

MAMMA (O.S.)
Shit!

ROD
No more porking, cheek slapping,
poking for pennies, drilling for
dollars, surfing the sexy wave,
bopping the booyah, yodeling in
the canyon. I only want those
things with you, forever and ever.

JENNY
(patting Rod's chest)
Mamma says you have gold in that
heart of yours.

ROD
I do, oh I do.

JENNY
I love you too my private little
porn star!

They kiss deep and wet. Mamma winks at Jack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Rod and Jenny stare deeply into each others eyes. Frothy WAVES of the Pacific ocean break behind them. SEAGULLS SQUAWK in the distance and a warm breeze blows through their hair.

PRIEST (O.S.)
(Mexican accent)
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Waves of RICE fly through the air, PEOPLE CHEER in joyful exuberance, white DOVES are released into the clear blue sky and Rod and Jenny are NAKED! They kiss deeply.

MONTAGE:

-It's a beautiful beach wedding and EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

-Miguel CRIES while longing for Rod.

MIGUEL
(mouthing words)
I love you, Rodney.

-Spielman APPLAUDS, Slutlana on his arm.

SPIELMAN
You're a star, Rod!

-A small Mexican BAND plays a happy tune.

-Jenny's mom hits on the Mexican band LEADER.

-Tom Bones tries to roll his wheelchair through the sand, but gets stuck! His WIFE and son wave to Rod.

-Seth holds his stomach in pain.

SETH
I hate Mexico!

-Hilda waves goodbye to Rod, then eyeballs Jack.

HILDA
(to Jack)
So, you want to make movies? You stick it in the tuckus?

-Jack ignores her and waves happily at Rod.

JACK
You did it, Rod!

-Enrique CRIES uncontrollably.

ENRIQUE
 Come to the spa, Rod. I have new
 treatment for you, called the
Crack of Dawn!

-Miguel catches Enrique's eye and sparks fly!

-Rod and Jenny jog off, naked down the Mexican beach.
 Painted on their shoulders, are the words: **JUST MARRIED.**

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Rod and Jenny jog along the water's edge, still naked.

JENNY
 I've never been to Mexico.

ROD
 Oh, the Aztec's jogged here.

JENNY
 Really?

ROD
 Yeah. It's in the history books.

The happy newlyweds fall to the sand at the water's edge.
 They are giggling in love as the WAVES wash over their
 legs.

JENNY
 You're amazing.

ROD
 I love you Jenny Good-n-Plenny.

JENNY
 I love you GoldenRod.

They kiss deeply as the ocean waves lap at their feet.

CLOSE - SANDALS

The gentle waves dance over their matching leather
 SANDALS.

FADE OUT.

THE END