

HOPPER.

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FIRST DRAFT
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FADE IN:

1 INT. 24-HOUR DINER -- LATE NIGHT

1

Two guys--late teens, early twenties--sit on opposite ends of a booth, over a table littered with dirty plates, drained glasses, and silverware. The remains of a hearty meal. DAVE is at the tail-end of a long, involved story, as RICKY rummages through his coat looking for something, only half paying attention.

DAVE

And so I'm like, of course I want your insurance information, right? The fuck am I gonna do with two-fifty and change, this is a--this is gonna run me like six-fifty, seven, if I'm *lucky*. Guy just totaled the fender, man... smashed it all to *shit*.

(shakes head, sighs)

Some people just need to stay the hell off the road, ya know?

As he talks, Ricky finds what he's looking for--a pack of cigarettes. Just as he puts one between his lips and readies his lighter, a WAITRESS passes, quips:

WAITRESS

You can't smoke that in here.

She goes right on by, without a moment's hesitation. Ricky watches her go, slack-jawed, then plucks the stick from his mouth and pockets the lighter.

RICKY

(grumbling, annoyed)

For fuck's sake...

Dave's eyes slowly scan the place, looking over the few other PATRONS in the place.

DAVE

There's hardly anyone even here. Can't see these guys throwin' a...

(trailing off)

...fit...

His eyes fall upon one customer in particular, some ways away. His eyes light up almost immediately.

DAVE
 (low)
 Holy...

He slaps Ricky's arm, motions towards the OFF SCREEN customer.

DAVE
 Dude! Check it out!

Ricky looks over his shoulder, then back at his comrade, confused.

RICKY
 Check *what* out?

Dave motions again, annoyed. Ricky takes another look.

DAVE
Him, dude!

INSERT:

Up near the front of the place, sitting alone at a booth, is an OLDER MAN, late 60's or so, with white hair and a matching goatee, wearing a cardigan. There's nothing all that eye-catching about him, to be quite honest.

DAVE (O.S.)(CONT'D)
 Are you seeing what I'm seeing?!

BACK TO:

Ricky looks back over at dave, completely dumbfounded.

RICKY
 What, the ol' geezer up front?

DAVE
 (chortles)
 Old geezer?
 (beat)
 That's *Dennis Hopper*, man.

BEAT. Ricky can't believe his ears.

RICKY
 ...Dennis Hopper?

Dave nods his head earnestly.

RICKY
Sitting right over there?

Again, Dave nods.

RICKY
As in, *THE* Dennis Hopper?

DAVE
Dennis easy ridin', King
Koop-a-bustin' *Hopper!*
(off Ricky's look)
What, you don't see it?

Ricky looks over at the guy a third time, squints. Beat.
Suddenly, his eyes widen too. He sees it.

RICKY
(low)
Holy shit...

DAVE
See? What'd I tell you?

RICKY
But... what the hell is Dennis
Hopper doing *here*? In this fuckin'
dive?

DAVE
In bumblefuck Jersey, of all
places. That's so--

RICKY
Weird.

DAVE
Right?! I mean, that's--that's--

RICKY
...Nuts?

DAVE
Exactly!

They stare at the man for a few beats, each with big ol'
smiles plastered on their faces. Then, Ricky turns back to
look at his companion, leans in, lowers his voice a little.

RICKY
Do ya think... we should, like...
say something?

DAVE

(beat)

That's... I dunno, man. Isn't that kinda tacky? I mean, look at him...

INSERT:

The man--who honestly bears little, if any, resemblance to the REAL Dennis Hopper--takes a sip from a steaming coffee mug, looks out the window to his side.

DAVE (O.S.)

He looks so peaceful. So tranquil.... So *happy*.

BACK TO:

DAVE (CONT'D)

You really think we should ruin the moment like that?

RICKY

Shit.... Good point.

BEAT. They sit there for a few moments, pondering what to do next. Ricky shrugs, looks up at dave.

RICKY

But... still... *Dennis Hopper*?

DAVE

Cleveland Carter.

RICKY

Howard Payne.

DAVE

Lieutenant "Lefty" Enright.

RICKY

Frank Booth?

DAVE

Motherfuckin' *Deacon*.

Ricky nods.

DAVE

You're right. We can't NOT say something. It would be... God, I'd hate myself for the rest of my *life* if I didn't say something...

RICKY
Right? I mean, think about it.
 When's the next time we'll run into
 someone like Dennis Hopper, dude?

DAVE
 Could be a while...

RICKY
 Could be *never*.

Beat. They look at each other, then "Dennis", then each other, then back again. Working up their nerves. After some time:

DAVE
 It's go time... ain't it?

RICKY
 (under his breath)
 Showtime at the Apollo.

He looks over at dave. dave looks at him, nods.

DAVE
 ...*Let's go*.

As they rise simultaneously, in a flash, we...

CUT TO:

2 INT. 24-HOUR DINER - MOMENTS LATER

2

Dave and Ricky come to a stop, side-by-side, in front of "Dennis'" table. Both wearing the biggest shit-eating grins you could imagine.

"Dennis", a bit taken aback, chokes down a mouthful of coffee and sets the mug down on the table.

DAVE
 Hi, Mr. Hop--

MAN
 Guys... *look*...

Dave stops mid-sentence and looks at Rick, who likewise looks at him. Beat.

MAN
 I'm... I'm *not* Dennis Hopper.

Beat. The duo's big grins slowly fade away.

MAN
...I'm sorry.

Dave and Ricky look at each other again, crestfallen, then down at this feeble old man, this *imposter*, as the rage within them boils right to the surface.

RICKY
(shouting)
GODDAMN IT, DENNIS!

DAVE
(even louder)
WHY ARE YOU SUCH AN ASSHOLE?!

SLAM TO:

BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.