

PAM AND TOMMY

Pilot Episode

"DRILLING AND POUNDING"

by

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INT. MANSION - DAY

CLOSE-UP on RAND GAUTHIER (37), working-stiff carpenter, bent over a curved wooden beam. He drives a nail into a bracket anchoring the beam to the floor. Six swift, hard blows:

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

He moves on to the next bracket (the beam is lined with them):

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The next one. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

Rand rubs his hand, wincing, cramping up. As he massages it--

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

A nearly identical banging from above. He gives no reaction. Gets back to work. Drives in another nail, in perfect sync with the banging from above--

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

MAN (O.S.)
(muffled, through ceiling)
Unnggghh...

Rand keeps hammering. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So fucking good.

The next nail. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You like that?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Mmm... I do.

The next nail. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

The next nail. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fuck my tight little pussy.

Rand puts the next nail to the wood, raises his hammer high--

MAN (O.S.)
I'm gonna pound it.

The hammer crashing down. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fuckin' pound that shit.

The sounds from above, reaching a crescendo.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ohhhhhh...

WOMAN (O.S.)
Mmmnnnn...

Rand moves over to the final nail in the beam.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on, baby...

Rand raises the hammer--

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Finish.

He drives it home. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

MAN (O.S.)
 (ecstasy)
Fuuuck!

RAND
 (agony)
Fuck!!

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Clutching his hand, Rand heads down the palm-tree lined driveway. He passes the other members of the construction crew--ELECTRICIAN, PLUMBER, GENERAL CONTRACTOR--on a smoke break. TROY TOMPKINS, the general contractor, sees him go by.

TROY
Y'okay, Rand?

RAND
All good!

Rand goes to a WHITE VAN at the bottom of the driveway.

INT. RAND'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The messy back of the van. Rand crawling around, looking for something. Sifting through a pile of books. Glimpses of titles:

Christianity And The Occult; The Tibetan Book Of The Dead; Masonic Rituals And Rites; Numerology And The Third Reich

He reaches the bottom of the pile. Nothing. *Where the fuck is it?* Out the corner of his eye--

A small WALGREENS BAG under the driver's seat. He grabs it. Inside, a bag of Snickers minis and a tube of BEN-GAY ULTRA-STRENGTH PAIN RELIEF CREAM. He uncaps the Ben-Gay, squeezes it into his palm. Massages the cream into his throbbing hand.

He tips back his head, closing his eyes.

RAND
(sweet relief)
Fuuck...

CHYRON: **SUMMER 1995**

INT. MANSION - DAY

The whole crew busy at work. Drilling. Sawing. Laying wire.

WIDE SHOT of room, revealing the full scope of the job. An under-construction bedroom/bathroom FANTASY SUITE:

Circular bed... open-glass shower... ceiling-mounted sex swing... mirror above the bed... a "pillow pit"... and of course, the obligatory stripper pole.

ON RAND-- hard at work sanding the curved beam, part of the frame for a circular bed.

Sanding, sanding, sanding, sanding... Sweat pours from his forehead. It's hard, repetitive work.

Through the ceiling, the sound of giggling. A tickle fight.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(squeal)
I give up, I give up!

Rand wipes the sweat from his brow. He heads to his toolbox, grabs a different grade of sandpaper. Returns to the beam.

Sanding, sanding, sanding, sanding...

The giggling stops. The sound of footsteps. They grow louder then fade. Rand stays focused on the task at hand.

Sanding, sanding, sanding, sanding...

The footsteps return. Closer, in the next room. A fridge opening and closing. A can of beer being cracked open.

Rand keeps his head down. *Sanding, sanding, sanding...*

TOMMY (O.S.)

'Sup, broskis?

Rand looks up. Standing there in the doorway is TOMMY LEE, Mötley Crüe drummer and homeowner. He's naked except for a tiny silk G-STRING. In his hand a Budweiser and a joint.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How's it goin'?

ON RAND-- trying not to stare at the GIGANTIC COCK lurking beneath the G-string. A 10-inch anaconda, pushing the underwear's fabric to the limit.

It's not hard to read Rand's thoughts: *Holy. Living. Fuck.*

RAND

Good.

Tommy casually drifts into the room. Following after him is a huge, frisky English Sheepdog named OZZY.

ON THE CREW-- watching uneasily as Tommy roams about the room. He heads over to the fuck swing. A long, tense BEAT as he inspects...

TOMMY

Rad.

His eyes drift upward, to the single steel bolt anchoring it to the ceiling.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

That strong enough?

TROY

Plenty. Thousand-pound max.

TOMMY

Thousand?

(BEAT, naughty smirk)

We could have a third.

The crew chuckles obsequiously. Tommy wanders over to the shower area, gives it a once-over.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 (confirming)
 The whole thing'll be open?

TROY
 (nods yes)
 Just the one wall.

Tommy grins, a kid in an under-construction sexual candy store. He heads over to Rand's area. Rand watches anxiously as Tommy lies down in the imaginary bed.

ON TOMMY-- clasping his hands behind his head. He looks to the shower, fully open from this vantage point.

TOMMY
 Noiiice.

He hops up, moving on. Rand breathes a sigh of relief.

Tommy goes over to a wall. Mounted to it is some sort of bracket and the early stages of wiring.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 That's gonna be sick, yo.

He steps back, mimics aiming a remote at the wall. Makes a "wall mechanically sliding open" sound effect. *Gssshhzzzz*.

He goes back to the bed area. Looks at the wall. The shower.

ON RAND-- seeing Tommy's wheels turning.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 What if...

Rand tenses. Uh-oh.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 The bed was over *there*.

He scampers over to a spot nearby, lies down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Then you could be, like, chillin'
 in bed, taking in a little sexy
 shower action, then bam--
 (mimics remote)
 Mirror opens, fuckin' *full 360*
view.

Tommy looks to Troy, super-psyched about the idea.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
How fuckin' pimpin' would that be?

ON TROY-- desperately not wanting to be the one to say no.

TROY
That's really a carpentry issue.

He looks to Rand, throwing it to him. Rand shoots back a glare. *Thanks.*

TOMMY
(to Rand)
Whaddaya say?

ON RAND-- a deer in the headlights.

RAND
I mean...

Tommy's expression shifts.

TOMMY
Is there a problem, bro?

RAND
It's just... I just put it in.

TOMMY
So you yank out a couple of nails.

RAND
It's a little more complicated.

TOMMY
How complicated can it be? Couple pieces of wood.

RAND
I'm not saying it's impossible...

TOMMY
Then what's the problem?

Rand looks to Troy. *Help me out here, man.*

TROY
Moving it at this stage...
(treads lightly)
It's gonna cost.

TOMMY

Cost?

(bristles)

I don't give a fuck about cost.

Rand and Troy share a look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I sold 50 million albums. You think I can't afford to fuckin' move a bed 10 feet to the left?

TROY

(appeasing)

Of course you can.

TOMMY

What'd I say when we started this job?

TROY

Money is no object.

TOMMY

Correcto.

He moves toward Rand, training his full wrath on him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Therefore, that being the case: Is there a reason you can't move the bed a few feet to the left so I can have a 360 view of the shower in the retractable mirror?

RAND

(meek)

No, sir.

TOMMY

Great.

He glares at Rand. With real menace.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Then fucking do it.

INT. RAND'S VAN - DAY

Rand and Troy in the front of the van, smoking a joint.

RAND

Fucking asshole.

He looks off, shaking his head.

RAND (CONT'D)
I put the bed exactly where he said.

TROY
I know.

RAND
We discussed it at length.

TROY
I was there.

RAND
I'm like, "You sure that's where you want it?" He's like, "I'm positive, bro." Then he just up and fuckin' totally changes his mind.

Rand takes a hit of the joint.

RAND (CONT'D)
And he doesn't even have the decency to own up to it. Makes it like it's my fault, like I fuckin' picked a bad spot.

He passes the joint to Troy, steaming.

RAND (CONT'D)
He pulled the same shit with the light switches.

TROY
I remember.

RAND
Said he wanted 'em up high. Then, out of nowhere, he's like, "No, no, I want 'em low." Bullshit, bro. You specifically said high.

Troy takes a hit off the joint. Shakes his head.

TROY
Fuckin' rock stars.

He passes the joint back to Rand.

RAND
Moving that frame, that's gonna cost at least grand.

He takes a hit.

RAND (CONT'D)
Dude already owes me \$8,200.

TROY
Owes me almost 15.

RAND
You said he'd pay half up front.

TROY
That's what he said.

RAND
You sure?

TROY
Positive.

RAND
Then what the fuck?

Troy shrugs helplessly.

TROY
Fuckin' rock stars.

A stretch of stormy, pissed-off silence.

RAND
Whole fuckin' job's on my Amex.

TROY
I'm in the same boat. All of us.
Me, you, Vinny...

Troy sees Rand's worried expression.

TROY (CONT'D)
We'll get it back.
(BEAT)
It's not like he's not gonna pay.

A BEAT, slightly ominous.

RAND
I know.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A shitty one-bedroom somewhere in the valley. Rand enters, kicks off his shoes. He fires up a joint and turns on the TV, collapsing into the couch.

The TV doesn't turn on.

Rand hits the remote again. Nothing. He leans forward, taking precise aim at the cable box. Nothing. *What the fuck?*

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Rand on the phone.

RAND

Aren't you supposed to give me,
like, some kind of final warning?

CUSTOMER-SERVICE LADY (O.S.)

That is your warning.

RAND

This is a notice.

ANGLE ON the piece of mail in his hand. A Time Warner Cable bill. Across the top in big letters: **THIRD NOTICE**.

RAND (CONT'D)

It doesn't say, like, we're about
to cut off your cable. If you don't
pay by such-and-such date, we're
gonna cut off your cable. *That*
would be a warning.

CUSTOMER-SERVICE LADY (O.S.)

(on script, robotic)

Our records indicate you're three
months past due.

RAND

(testy)

I understand that, Carol, I'm just
saying--

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON a pile of bills on the table. A mountain of past-due notices. Cable, electric, rent... We pan over from it to:

Rand on the couch, gazing numbly at the darkened TV.

His eyes drift upward, to the wall. On it, a poster:

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

Taoism: Shit happens.

Hinduism: This shit happened before.

Islam: If shit happens, it is the Will of Allah.

Catholicism: Shit happens because I deserve it.

Judaism: Why does this shit always happen to me?

Buddhism: If shit happens, is it really shit?

Atheism: No shit.

Jehovah's Witnesses: Knock, Knock, shit happens.

Hare Krishna: Shit happens, Rama Rama Ding Ding.

Rastafarianism: Let's smoke this shit.

ON RAND-- staring at the Judaism line. Feeling very Jewish right now.

He picks up an LA Times off the floor. The lead: SACRAMENTO BLAST BELIEVED TO BE WORK OF UNABOMBER.

He flips through the paper, looking for anything interesting. Goes to the Arts section. The lead is a profile of Pierce Brosnan, pegged to his debut Bond outing, *GoldenEye*: "I Know I Have Some Big Shoes To Fill"

Rand skims the story, trying hard to give a shit. He soon moves on. He lands on the "**ON TV TONIGHT**" page. On it, a photo of Baywatch star PAMELA ANDERSON running down the beach in her iconic red one-piece. The caption:

BAYWATCH - 9 PM: C.J. (PAMELA ANDERSON) faces a difficult decision when an old flame shows up in town.

ON RAND-- staring at her tits.

HARD CUT TO:

Rand in bed, furiously masturbating.

ON TV: A buxom BLONDE bearing a striking resemblance to a certain TV star (though lower-rent) is getting the shit fucked out of her by a burly, mustachioed HANDYMAN. A tool belt dangles from the naked man's waist.

WOMAN

Your tool is so big.

ANGLE ON Rand's night stand. On it, some torn-off toilet paper and the VHS box for **BIG DRILLERS 7**.

ON RAND-- jerking off. As he does, the CAMERA pans down his body. To his chest... His stomach... His *dick*.

It's TINY. Three inches erect, if that. He's stroking it with his thumb and forefinger. That's all that fits around it.

Rand accelerates his stroke, building to a climax.

From the TV screen-- the blonde, moaning in ecstasy.

ON RAND-- building, building...

RAND

Unggghh!

He COMES, catching it in his hand.

INT. PAM AND TOMMY'S HOUSE - FANTASY SUITE - DAY

Rand bent over the bed frame, back on the job. Through the ceiling, shitty mid-'90s rap-metal blasts.

He pulls one of the bracket nails out of the floor. It leaves behind an UGLY HOLE. *Fuck.*

He goes to his toolbox, sifting through. He takes out a tube of caulk. It's EMPTY. Double fuck.

INT. HOME DEPOT - CHECKOUT LINE - DAY

Rand at the register.

CASHIER

\$6.39, please.

He hands the CASHIER his Amex. She swipes it through the credit-card machine...

Beeeeep. She hands back the card.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ANGLE ON the credit-card machine, flashing DECLINE.

He pulls another card out of his wallet, hands it to the cashier. She promptly hands it back.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

We don't take Discover.

Rand sighs, sticks the card back in his wallet. He starts scrounging for cash.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - DAY

Rand gets out of his van, heads up the driveway with the Home Depot bag. As he nears the house--

TOMMY (O.S.)
How's it goin'?

Rand looks toward the...

GARAGE, the door up. Inside, a state-of-the-art recording studio, tricked out with all sorts of high-end equipment.

Tommy is jamming with a couple of pierced, goateed RAP-METAL DUDES. (We'll call them Ace and Zakk.)

RAND
Good.

TOMMY
(to buddies)
You should see what the love chef
is cooking up...

He rubs his hands together, a kid-like grin on his face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to Rand)
Tell 'em.

RAND
(caught off guard)
I mean... it's a lot of stuff.
Really cool.

TOMMY
Dude, cool ain't the word, bro.
(to Zakk, Ace)
We are talking futuristic, state-of-
the-art, fuckin' *Love Pad 2000*.

ACE
Yeah?

TOMMY
Stripper pole, open shower, fuckin'
shag-carpet walls...

ZAKK
Oh, shit.

TOMMY
Chinese swing, circular waterbed,
pillow pit...

ACE
You ain't fucking around.

TOMMY
(naughty grin)
Oh, I will be.

RAND
I'm sorry--

TOMMY
Me and Pam, we are gonna make some
babies.

RAND
Excuse me.

They look up. Rand standing there with a troubled expression.

RAND (CONT'D)
Did you say waterbed?

INT. FANTASY SUITE - DAY

Rand with Troy--

TROY
You're sure he used those words.

RAND
Water. Bed.

TROY
Maybe he meant it, like,
figuratively.

RAND
Waterbed is not a figure of speech.
It's a fucking waterbed.

Troy shakes his head gloomily.

TROY
He is...

RAND
Out of his fucking mind.

Yup. That's pretty much it.

RAND (CONT'D)
A waterbed, that's like a whole
other setup.
(MORE)

RAND (CONT'D)
 You gotta have the heater, the
 liner bed, the elevated deck...

Troy nods, painfully aware.

RAND (CONT'D)
 That's gonna cost a lot more. A
 shitload.

ON TROY-- calmly considering.

TROY
 You'll have to explain that to him.

RAND
 Me?

TROY
 You're the waterbed expert.

RAND
 You're the GC. This is a budget
 issue.

TROY
 He's gonna have construction
 questions. You're way better
 equipped to explain.

RAND
 No way.
 (resolute)
 No fuckin' way.

TROY
 Fine.
 (BEAT)
 We'll flip for it.

He reaches into a pocket, fishes out a coin.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Heads or tails?

INT. GARAGE - DAY

An unhappy-looking Rand walking toward the garage.

IN GARAGE-- Tommy, Ace and Zakk jamming on guitar, bass and
 drums, Ozzy the sheepdog looking on. Tommy sings as he drums,
 a hard-metal song of his own composition.

TOMMY

*Get outta my face!// You're a total
damn disgrace!*

ON RAND-- trying to work up the nerve to approach. The song is not helping.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

*Go and buy a fuckin' clue!// You
can't tell me what to do!*

Rand takes a few tentative steps forward... No one notices.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

*This is my world, bitch!// Got your
back to the wall/ My world, bitch!//
You ain't got the balls*

Another few steps... No one notices. Another few. Finally, someone notices. Ozzy the sheepdog. He BARKS at Rand.

Tommy looks up. Lowers his drumsticks. A long, tense BEAT. Rand feeling Tommy's icy glare.

RAND

About the waterbed...

INT. FANTASY SUITE - DAY

Rand, walking back to Troy.

TROY

What'd he say?

Rand hands him a piece of paper. Scribbled on it: **MINO**

TROY (CONT'D)

"Mino"?

RAND

Other side.

Troy flips the paper over. On the other side:

MONEY IS NO OBJECT

A grim BEAT, both of them nauseous.

RAND (CONT'D)

He says it's non-negotiable.

(BEAT)

Says the waterbed's "a key part of
his vision."

ON TROY-- weighing his options for a long BEAT.

TROY
The only way is if he pays upfront.
(resolute)
Any and all overages.

Rand nods, in full agreement.

RAND
Yes.

TROY
Good.
(BEAT)
You'll let him know?

RAND
Me?

Troy reaches into his pocket. The coin.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rand trudges back toward the garage. When he reaches it...
They're not there. Rand moves in closer, sticks his head in.
He sees them way in the back.

ON TOMMY, ACE, ZAKK-- by a big RECORDING CONSOLE against the
back wall. It's been moved aside, revealing, behind it, a
huge SAFE. The safe is open, filled with JEWELRY and GUNS.
Zakk is holding one of the guns, ogling.

ZAKK
Oh, shit...

ACE
Dude.

TOMMY
How fuckin' dope is that?

He takes the gun back from Zakk, caressing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' limited-edition Cabot Black
Diamond Deluxe.

ON RAND-- watching from a distance, highly uncomfortable.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' grip's made from the tooth
of a wooly mammoth.

ZAKK

No way.

TOMMY

I shit you not.

ACE

What's one of these bad boys run?

TOMMY

This little jammie? Set me back
about 12 G's.

(grins)

Worth every penny.

He aims it toward a tree just over his property line.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Best paparazzi repellent money can
buy.

We see, in the tree: a PHOTOGRAPHER with a long lens.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

BLAMMO!

The photographer scrambles out of the tree, terrified. Zakk and Ace crack up. Tommy puts the gun back in the safe, reaches for another. A gleaming .44 Magnum.

RAND (O.S.)

Ahem.

Tommy looks up. Displeased by the interruption.

ON RAND-- standing by the garage's entrance.

RAND (CONT'D)

So I spoke to Troy. The GC.

TOMMY

(cold)

I know who Troy is.

RAND

(rattled)

Okay. Cool. So, uh, anyway... he
says we can do the waterbed.

TOMMY

Right on.

RAND
But it's gonna cost a little more.
(gulp)
Significantly.

ON TOMMY-- pondering. He shrugs.

TOMMY
Whatevs.

Tommy starts to turn away, figuring that's the end of it.

RAND
It's just...

TOMMY
What?

RAND
That cost overrun. We'd kinda need
the money up front.

TOMMY
(bristles)
You think I'm not good for it?

RAND
Of course you are.

TOMMY
I can't afford a waterbed?

RAND
No, no, I'm not saying that.

TOMMY
Then what *are* you saying?

RAND
I'm not saying anything.

Tommy steps toward Rand. Things quickly escalating.

TOMMY
What the fuck you *saying*, bitch?

He raises the .44 Magnum...

RAND
Nothing!

Laughs.

TOMMY
I'm just funnin' ya.

Ace and Zakk are cracking up. Rand is humiliated.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'll pay you upfront.

He gives Rand a pat on the back.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
No problem.

INT. FANTASY SUITE - DAY

ANGLE ON a HUGE BOX. In big letters on the side: **WATERBED
WAREHOUSE**

RAND (O.S.)
I'm not opening it.

ON RAND-- sitting there, staring stormily at it.

RAND (CONT'D)
Not until I get fucking reimbursed.

Troy nods somberly, giving no argument. He looks up at the ceiling. Insanely loud rap-rock coming through it.

TROY
(sighs)
I'll talk to him.

Troy stands up. As he does--

CRASH. A noise, coming from the kitchen.

Rand and Troy look in the direction of the sound. *Tommy*.

ON RAND-- steeling his spine. Determined to man up, handle this himself.

RAND
I got this.

He heads off toward the kitchen. As he comes to the doorway, his expression changes. He freezes, taking in the sight of--

PAMELA ANDERSON, bent over on all fours, picking up ice cubes off the floor. (She dropped the tray.) She's in one of Tommy's threadbare old T-shirts... and nothing else.

ON RAND-- staring slack-jawed. He can see *everything*.

Out the corner of her eye, Pam notices the man in the doorway. She hops to her feet, startled. Rand jumps back, startled, too.

RAND (CONT'D)
 (busted)
 I'm sorry.

PAM
 (hands covering body)
 What are you...?

RAND
 I was just, I thought you were...

PAM
 Thought I was...

RAND
 Your husband.

Pam looks down at her bombshell-curvy self. *Do I look like Tommy Lee?*

RAND (CONT'D)
 It's cool, I'll come back.

Rand awkwardly backpedals out of the room, back to the work area. Looking freaked.

TROY
 What's up?

Rand looks up to the ceiling. The sound of footsteps. Pam's.

TROY (CONT'D)
 What happened?

Rand ignores, fixated on the sounds above. Muffled voices: Pam's... Tommy's. Tommy's voice growing louder, more agitated.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Rand?

Footsteps again. Angrier, stomp-ier. Rand reflexively rushes to his toolbox, fumbling around for a tool to hold, anything. He grabs a caulking gun, goes to the nearest wall with it, lamely trying to look busy.

TOMMY (O.S.)
 The *fuck*, bro?

ON TOMMY-- standing in the doorway in his G-string. Glaring at Rand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You fuckin' pervin' on my wife?

RAND
What? No!

TOMMY
She said you were full-on creepin'.

RAND
I wasn't. Swear to God.

TOMMY
You calling my wife a liar, bro?

RAND
No, no, it was--it was an accident.
I went in the kitchen, looking for
you and--

TOMMY
What the fuck were you looking for
me for?

RAND
For...

Rand stiffens his spine. Determined not to be a pussy.

RAND (CONT'D)
The money.
(BEAT)
We were very clear. Any additional
work, you're gonna have to...

He trails off as Tommy starts wandering around the room.

ON RAND-- thrown. What's he doing?

TOMMY
Look at this...

He drifts to the shower area. Shakes his head in dismay at the tiling.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' shoddy-ass work.

TROY
They're not sealed yet.

Tommy moves on to the bed frame, ignoring.

TOMMY

What the fuck kind of wood is this?

RAND

Madagascan pine.

TOMMY

It looks cheap.

RAND

It's what you ordered. It's one of the most expensive woods in the world.

Tommy whips around, points angrily at Rand.

TOMMY

You motherfuckers are ripping me off!

RAND

We're ripping you off?

(BEAT)

You owe me nine grand.

TROY

Me, 17.

TOMMY

Yeah, running up a bunch of phony, bullshit overages.

TROY

They're not overages. They're charges.

RAND

For work we did.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, guess what? You ain't getting dick. 'Cause your work sucks, and I'm fuckin' done with it.

TROY

Done with it?

RAND

What's that mean?

TOMMY
It means you're fuckin' fired.

ON RAND-- stunned. Troy, too.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Now get the fuck out of my house!

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - DAY

Security gate closing on him, Rand raises a middle finger to the house.

RAND
(impotent rage)
Fuuuck youuuuu!

INT. DIVE BAR - EVENING

Rand and Troy, drinking at the bar.

RAND
We should sue.

He takes an angry gulp of his whiskey.

RAND (CONT'D)
Fuckin' sue his arrogant little
rock-star ass.

TROY
The legal fees, it'd cost more than
he owes us. If we even won.

RAND
Of course we'd win.

TROY
He'd probably hire some fuckin'
Dream Team. OJ's guys or some shit.

RAND
So you're just gonna give up
without a fight? Let him bend you
over and fuck you in the ass?

ON TROY-- pondering. He shrugs.

TROY
Pass the lube.

A long BEAT of gloom. Rand looks off, thinking something.

RAND
That's alright.

He nods to himself, a devilish look coming over his face.

RAND (CONT'D)
He'll get his.

TROY
(looks at Rand)
You planning something?

RAND
No.

TROY
Then what are you...?

RAND
I'm talking about karma, man.
Fuckin' karma.

Troy throws him a look. Karma?

RAND (CONT'D)
"Happiness comes due to good
actions, suffering results from
evil actions."
(BEAT)
The Mahabharata.

TROY
Maha-what?

RAND
The Mahabharata. One of the two
major Sanskrit epics of ancient
India. The other being the
Ramayana.

TROY
The fuck you talking about?

RAND
I'm a bit of an amateur theologian.

A blank look from Troy.

RAND (CONT'D)
I study religion.

TROY
(surprised)
No shit.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

Why?

RAND

Why? Because it's beautiful, man.

(BEAT)

All religions--Christianity, Buddhism, you name it--all have the same message: That the universe is a fundamentally just place. That's pretty much the whole purpose of religion--to let us know the game's not rigged, that shit's fuckin' *fair*. The righteous are rewarded, the wicked punished.

TROY

(contemplating)

Karma...

RAND

Karma.

TROY

I hope you're right, man... I hope Jesus and Buddha and the rest of 'em get together kick the living shit out of that little rockstar prick.

RAND

Oh, they will.

He smiles serenely, full of wisdom.

RAND (CONT'D)

I have full fucking faith.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Rand's night stand. On it, Viktor Frankl's Auschwitz memoir "Man's Search For Meaning" and **UP AND CUMMERS 11**.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I understand your drain is clogged.

ON RAND-- in bed, coaxing his dick to erection.

ANGLE ON TV: A "PLUMBER" standing at the door of a house, talking to the homeowner, a busty REDHEAD in a silk robe.

HARD CUT TO:

RAND, furiously jacking away.

ON TV: The woman bent over the kitchen sink getting fucked by the plumber.

ON RAND-- eyes fixed on the TV, locked in. But then... a look comes over his face. His stroke slows, distracted.

RAND
(realizing something)
Fuck.

RAND'S POV: On TV, the plumber's TOOLBOX on the redhead's counter.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - DAY

Rand at the security gate. He hits the buzzer... No answer. He buzzes again... No answer. As he turns to walk away:

ASIAN MAN (O.S.)
Hello?

RAND
Um, yes, hi. This is Rand Gauthier.
Could you please buzz me in?

A pause through the intercom.

ASIAN MAN (O.S.)
Who?

RAND
Rand Gauthier. The carpenter.

Another pause.

ASIAN MAN (O.S.)
You have appointment?

RAND
No, no, I'm part of the... I've
been here, the last few months. I'm
just picking up some stuff.

Another pause.

ASIAN MAN (O.S.)
Mr. Lee, he know you coming?

BEAT. Rand thinking how to answer.

RAND

Yes.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - DAY

Rand and the Asian man (70-ish) walk up the driveway toward the house. We'll call him KENZO.

RAND

Thanks a lot, man.
(pats pockets)
Forgot my keys.

Kenzo nods. No problem.

RAND (CONT'D)

So what do you do here?

KENZO

I install koi pond.

RAND

Koi. Wow, beautiful, man.
(BEAT)
Koi were a sacred symbol in ancient
feudal Japan.

Kenzo nods vaguely, no idea what he's talking about.

INT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Kenzo unlocks the front door. He lets Rand in, leaves.

Rand, looking around. Tentative, hoping Tommy's not around.

RAND

(not too loud)
Hello?

INT. FANTASY SUITE - DAY

Rand enters. The room is empty, construction halted. He spots his toolbox in a corner.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Rand heading out with his toolbox. As he turns the handle of the front door, the chilling sound of a SHOTGUN COCKING.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Freeze, motherfucker!

ON TOMMY-- at the top of the entryway balcony brandishing a shotgun. Tony Montana with nipple piercings.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What the fuck you think you're doing?

He comes down the stairs, gun trained on Rand. Ozzy the sheepdog trots close behind.

RAND
I was just... grabbing my tools.

TOMMY
Your tools?

RAND
(confused)
Yeah.

TOMMY
Nuh-uh, bro. That shit is mine. That's fuckin' collateral. For leaving me in the lurch.

RAND
You fired us.

TOMMY
And now I gotta bring in a whole new crew. Do you have any idea what that's gonna cost me? A fuckin' fortune, bro.

(rising anger)
And now, after all that, you think I'm gonna let you just waltz back in here and take back your tools? You ain't walking out of here with shit, G. You ain't walking out with a fuckin' wingnut.

He aims the shotgun right at Rand's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(Dirty Harry)
Put down the tool box.

Rand slowly lowers the box to the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Now get the fuck off my property.

INT. VAN - DAY

Rand driving home. Shaking, traumatized. He slows at a red light. Looks down.

ANGLE ON his crotch: a large PEE STAIN.

ON RAND-- staring at it.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON a slot-car racing set. A toy race car zooming around a figure-eight track. Through the wall in the next room--

DICK (O.S.)
C'mon, Bev. Just this once.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
It's always just this once.

DICK (O.S.)
Take him tonight, I'll do the next three weekends. I swear.

REVEAL we're in mid-'60s living room. A 9-year-old BOY sits in front of the track, blankly aiming a controller gun at the car.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
What's her name?

DICK (O.S.)
Whose name?

BEVERLY (O.S.)
The floozy that's more important than your son.

DICK (O.S.)
There's no floozy.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
No? Then what's the big emergency?

DICK (O.S.)
Something came up. I've got... plans.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
(snort)
Plans.

DICK (O.S.)
That's right.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
What kind of plans?

DICK (O.S.)
None of your fuckin' business! Now
are you gonna help me out or not?

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - DAY

DICK GAUTHIER (35, movie-star handsome) drives along the
Ventura Freeway in a cherry-red '66 Mustang convertible.

He looks pissed.

BACKSEAT-- the 9-year-old--young Rand Gauthier--sits slumped.
Keenly feeling the waves of anger coming from up front.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Dick, changed into a snazzy turtleneck sweater, stands over
his son.

DICK GAUTHIER
Under no circumstances are you to
leave this basement. Is that clear?

Rand nods obediently.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rand sitting in the wood-paneled basement watching "F Troop".
In front of him, a TV dinner and glass of lemonade.

From above, what sounds like a party. Music, laughter...

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Dick dancing with a gorgeous BRUNETTE. Herb Alpert & The
Tijuana Brass blasting on the hi-fi.

BLONDE (O.S.)
Dick Van Dyke?

A stunning BLONDE, browsing the array of celebrity-packed
photos on the mantelpiece. One is of him and Dick Van Dyke.

DICK GAUTHIER
 We did "Bye Bye Birdie" together.
 ("no big deal")
 On Broadway.

Dick takes a sip of his martini, resting on the wet bar.

DICK GAUTHIER (CONT'D)
 Great guy.

He resumes dancing with the brunette, the blonde continuing to browse.

DICK GAUTHIER (CONT'D)
 Speaking of great guys... I just
 had lunch the other day with Robert
 Vaughn.

BLONDE
 Robert Vaughn?

Somebody's getting laid tonight.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rand still in front of the TV.

MAXWELL SMART (O.S.)
*Those KAOS agents must have rewired
 you. That's why you attacked the
 chief. Now, until we get this
 sorted out, we've got to keep you
 hidden. No one can see you. Got it?*

ANGLE ON TV: "Get Smart" is on. MAXWELL SMART (DON ADAMS) is talking to HYMIE THE ROBOT, played by none other than...

Dick Gauthier. The control panel on Hymie's chest is open, revealing the tangle of wires and circuitry inside.

HYMIE THE ROBOT
 ("robotic")
I understand.

A KNOCK at the door.

HYMIE THE ROBOT (CONT'D)
Come in!

Maxwell Smart rolls his eyes. A big LAUGH TRACK explosion. Maxwell gets the door. A pretty woman.

PHOEBE
Hello, Max!

MAXWELL SMART
Phoebe!

ON RAND-- watching his own father on TV; it's no big deal.

ON TV: Hymie is closing up his control panel, back turned away from Phoebe. He buttons his shirt, turns. She gasps at the strapping hunk.

PHOEBE
Who's this?

MAXWELL SMART
Oh, this is just an old friend.

HYMIE THE ROBOT
My name is Hymie.

PHOEBE
How do you do? My name is Phoebe.

MAXWELL SMART
Phoebe is the chief's niece.

He shoots Hymie a look. *Don't say anything stupid.*

MAXWELL SMART (CONT'D)
By the way, Phoebe, what are you doing here in Washington?

PHOEBE
Oh, I just decided to come in for a few days. My uncle suggested maybe you could look after me. Or if you're busy, maybe Hymie could.

She gives Hymie a flirty smile, alarming Maxwell.

MAXWELL SMART
Uh, yes, well, Hymie, don't you have a very important engagement?

HYMIE THE ROBOT
I'm sorry, but that's probably been erased from my memory tape.

A blast from the laugh track.

MAXWELL SMART
Uh, don't pay any attention to him, Phoebe. He's an electronics genius.

PHOEBE
Oh, are you in electronics?

HYMIE THE ROBOT
No. Electronics are in me.

Huge laugh track.

ON RAND-- watching. He makes a face. Squeezes his legs together. Grabs his crotch.

ANGLE ON the lemonade glass... Empty.

He looks toward the stairs, his father's strict instructions ringing in his ears. A moment of terrible indecision. He...

Goes up the stairs. Stops at the top step, cracks the door open the tiniest bit. The swinging sounds of Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66 come flooding in.

RAND
 Dad?

No answer. From nearby, the sound of the party in full swing.

He peers around a corner into the living room. His father is cozied upon the couch with the blonde.

Rand slips off down a hallway in the opposite direction. He slows at a door, opens it. From inside...

A startled YELP.

ANGLE ON the brunette, sitting on the toilet.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dick dragging Rand down the steps by the nape of the neck. He flings him into the basement, jabs a finger in his face.

DICK GAUTHIER
You are a worthless piece of shit.

With this, he disappears back upstairs, slams the door shut.

ON RAND-- standing there alone in the basement.

ANGLE ON his crotch: A dark stain starts to spread across it. He's peeing his pants.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rand, post-shotgun incident, standing in his bedroom in his underwear. In his hands, the piss-stained pants.

ON RAND-- gazing at the stain.

A feeling comes over him.

Rage.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Troy at home watching TV. The phone rings. He picks up--

TROY
Hello?

RAND (O.S.)
Tommy Lee.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rand on the other end of the call.

RAND
We gotta take that piece of shit
down a peg.

TROY (O.S.)
I thought karma was handling that.

RAND
I am karma.
(eyes narrow)
And I'm a bitch.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Rand marching down an aisle with purpose. The paint aisle. He slows in front of an array of cans. Rust-Oleum Automotive.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Rand painting his van: Taping newspaper over the windows; strapping a mask over his mouth; attaching a paint cannister to a spray gun; firing up the compressor. He steps to the van, spray gun raised...

EXT. RAND'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rand, with Troy, in the middle of the street inspecting his work. He nods, pleased.

ANGLE ON the finished product. Rand's white van, transformed into a...

LIGHT-BLUE VAN. On the driver's side door: **R&T FLOWERS**

TROY

R&T...

RAND

Get it?

He makes a "you and me" gesture. Winks.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Rand, in sunglasses and baseball cap, parked across the street from Tommy's house. Casing the joint:

Taking detailed notes on the various comings and goings... seeing what time Tommy walks Ozzy... noting what time the lights go out...

Weeks go by. Months. By the end of the montage, Rand is wearing a light jacket.

A leaf falls from a tree...

CHYRON: **FALL 1995**

INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT

Rand and Troy in a corner booth at their local Friday's. Rand slides a spiral-bound notebook across the table. On the cover: **OPERATION KARMA**

Troy opens the notebook, starts leafing through. Page after page of insanely detailed notes.

TROY

Jesus...

He slows on a page. A dense grid filled with dates and times:

9/4/95 - 6:22 PM... 9/5/95 - 6:42 PM... 9/6/95 - 6:07 PM...
9/7/95 - 7:37 PM... 9/8/95 - 7:33 PM... 9/9/95 - 5:24 PM...

RAND
 (re: date)
 The times the new crew went home in
 August and September.

Rand turns the page for Troy. A similar grid.

RAND (CONT'D)
 Paparazzi arrivals and departures.

He turns the page. Another grid.

RAND (CONT'D)
 Tommy and Pam sleep hours.

ANGLE ON page. Pam and Tommy's BEDTIMES and WAKE-UP TIMES for
 August and September. At the bottom, a bunch of scribbled
 math, culminating in: **AVG SEPT/OCT BEDTIME: 4:07 AM**

TROY
 (wowed by thoroughness)
 Damn.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
 Are you folks ready?

Rand looks up. A WAITRESS standing over them.

RAND
 We most certainly are.

INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT

Rand chows down on a plate of jalapeno poppers as he walks
 Troy through a hand-drawn MAP of the premises.

RAND
 We scale the fence here, its
 shortest point.

He points to an **X** on the map labeled **WEAK SPOT**.

RAND (CONT'D)
 Exit through the door next to the
 security gate, which opens from the
 inside.

TROY
 Easy-peasy.

RAND
 Not so fast.

Rand takes a deliberate pause, enjoying the drama of it all.

RAND (CONT'D)

There's still the not-so-small matter of the security camera.

TROY

Disable it.

RAND

Yes, but we'll be visible when we approach.

He points to the camera's range, drawn out on the map.

TROY

Aren't we gonna be wearing, like, ski masks or something?

RAND

Hiding our identity isn't the issue. The feed is linked to an off-site security company, 24-hour monitoring. They see us on there, cops'll be rolling up before we get the garage door open.

TROY

So were screwed.

RAND

(gleam in eye)
Not if they don't see us.

INT. PIER 1 IMPORTS - DAY

Rand and Troy at Pier 1 browsing the rug section. Troy doesn't seem to know why they're there.

ON RAND-- scanning the selection. Looking... looking... Something catches his eye. He steps to a rug on display. Stroking it, pondering it.

RAND

Perfect.

ANGLE ON the item. A big, white TIBETAN YAK FUR RUG.

EXT. PIER 1 IMPORTS - DAY

Rand and Troy lugging the rug through the Pier 1 parking lot.

TROY
You really think this'll work?

RAND
Those cameras, the picture quality is shit. As long as we stay on all fours, we're golden.

TROY
I don't know, man.

RAND
I'm telling you--I used to install these. The feed looks like the fucking moon landing.

They walk a stretch in silence, Troy's unease growing. They come to Rand's van, start loading the rug into the back.

TROY
Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

RAND
Dude, trust me. If you saw how fuckin' grainy and staticky--

TROY
Not that.
(BEAT)
Not just that.

Rand sees the fear in his eye.

RAND
You getting cold feet on me, dude?

TROY
We could go to jail.

RAND
Nobody's going to jail.

TROY
It's a...

He trails off, a pimply teen coming by pushing a train of shopping carts. The teen passes.

TROY (CONT'D)
(lowers voice)
Crime. We're committing a crime.

RAND

All we're doing is getting back our money. In a slightly different form.

TROY

The stuff in there, what if it's worth more?

RAND

Than he owes us?

(BEAT, considers)

Compentory damages. For our pain and suffering.

(BEAT)

People get \$50 million for having fucking coffee spilled on them at McDonald's. The hell he put us through, we don't deserve at least a lousy couple hundred grand?

BEAT. Troy, thinking.

TROY

Isn't it compensatory?

RAND

Huh?

TROY

Compensatory damages.

RAND

Compentory.

TROY

I'm pretty sure the word is compensatory.

RAND

It's compentory.

(totally certain)

Trust me.

Troy nods, leaving it be.

RAND (CONT'D)

Anyway, as I was saying...

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON TROY-- looking at something with unease.

In his hands, a dictionary. ANGLE ON page:

compensatory - com·pen·sa·to·ry - adj. - of a payment, intended to recompense someone who has experienced loss, suffering, or injury

The phone rings. Troy picks up.

TROY
Hello?

RAND (O.S.)
Tomorrow.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rand with the Operation Karma spiral notebook, open to one of the timetable pages.

RAND
Everything lines up perfectly. At
03:00 hours, we strike.

Through the phone, a heavy sigh.

RAND (CONT'D)
What the matter?

Unnerving silence.

RAND (CONT'D)
Troy?

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rand flings the phone across the room.

RAND
MOTHERFUCKING--

He punches a wall.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rand sitting on the couch staring at the Religions Of The World poster, bag of ice over his hand.

The phone rings. He gives no reaction. It rings and rings.

RAND (O.S.)
 (answering machine)
Hello. You have reached Rand Gauthier. I'm not available to take your call at the moment. Please leave your name, number, and the time of call, and I will get back to you as soon as possible. Thank you, and have a nice day.
 (beep)

MAN (O.S.)
Yes, good evening, Mr.--
 (mangles pronunciation)
Gaw-thigh-er. I'm calling on behalf of Southern California Edison regarding your billing statement.

Rand's eyes drift downward to the darkened TV.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Our records indicate you are currently three months past due, with an outstanding balance of 133 dollars and 86 cents.

ON RAND-- staring at the TV screen...

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please give us a call back so we can resolve the matter without a disruption in service.

Gazing deeply into its blackness. An infinite void.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
For your convenience, you can pay over the telephone using all major credit cards, including Visa, Mastercard, and American Express...

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Rand in his van, parked across the street. Eyes fixed on the house. He glances at his watch. It's 3:10 a.m.

ANGLE ON house. The upstairs light goes out.

EXT. VAN - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Rand, springing into action, opens the back of the van. He pulls out the yak fur rug and a U-Haul dolly. Ties the dolly to his waist with a rope.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Yak rug over his head, Rand reaches up and grabs the top of the fence. He pulls himself up, weighed down by the dolly dangling from his waist. The rug doesn't help matters.

Somehow managing to get his body to the top of the fence, he tries to lower himself down the other side. He loses his grip, sending him--

CRASHING TO THE GROUND. The dolly LANDS HARD on top of him, the yak rug FLYING OFF. He scrambles to grab the rug and put it back over him. Safely under the rug, he unties the dolly.

RAND'S POV under the rug: Rand scanning the perimeter... All clear. He locates the security camera.

Rand "trots" in the direction of the security camera, mimicking the movement of a sheepdog.

ANGLE ON camera. On its side: **SECURITECH 24-HOUR MONITORING**

INT. SECURITECH - CONTINUOUS

A minimum-wage GUARD sits in front of a wall of monitors. Several dozen security feeds in grainy black-and-white.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on one of the monitors. On it: an unconvincing facsimile of a sheepdog frolics in a yard.

The security guard doesn't even remotely notice.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Rand under the rug, under the camera. He reaches up and yanks hard on the wire powering it, rips it out.

Camera disabled, he throws off the rug. Stands up. He looks toward the garage... Toward the house...

INT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Rand heading up the entryway stairs, up to the balcony where Tommy pulled the shotgun on him. What the fuck is he doing?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rand tiptoes down a hall. He comes to a door, pushes it open:

An EXERCISE ROOM. He continues down the hall. The next door. He pushes it open:

A BATHROOM. He continues down the hall. The next door. He pushes it open:

A BEDROOM. Tommy and Pam lie curled up in a huge canopy bed, sleeping.

Rand goes over, stands over them for a long, disturbing beat. Is he going to murder them? He...

Gives them the finger.

Walks out.

INT. GARAGE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

The garage door goes up a couple of feet. Rand slips under it with the dolly.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Rand in the back of the garage: Moving pieces of equipment. Pulling the recording console from the wall. Tipping the safe onto the dolly. Strapping it down.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Rand wheels the safe down the driveway on the dolly. Halfway down, the dolly starts to roll faster, getting away from him.

RAND

Fuck!

But somehow, he regains control.

Things settle. All good. Phew.

Then, suddenly... the GATE SLIDES OPEN. (The metal of the safe triggers it.) The loud creaking noise violently breaks the pre-dawn silence.

ON RAND-- cringing. It's noisy as fuck.

He looks toward the house, bracing for the bedroom light to turn on. A long, tense beat...

It doesn't. Phew.

The gate finishes opening. He passes through.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Rand tips the safe against the back of the van. Crouches under it, wedging his legs beneath. He presses up with all his might. *Unnnnnggghhh*. The safe doesn't move. It's heavy as shit.

Mid-effort, a CAR comes in his direction. Rand scurries away from the safe, acting "casual". Nothing to see here.

The car passes. Rand gets back under. Lifts. *Unnnnnggghhhh*. The safe doesn't budge.

A long BEAT, Rand gathering his strength. Summoning the will to lift this beast. He closes his eyes.

RAND

Nam-myoho-renge-kyo, nam-myoho-renge-kyo, nam-myoho-renge-kyo...

The sounds of CHIRPING BIRDS carries us into...

INT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - DAY

Tommy and Pam asleep, a patch of sunlight streaming across the bed. Tommy stirs, stretching himself awake. He looks at Pam, smiles at her sleeping face.

TOMMY

Good morning, my sweet love.

She purrs, eyes closed, a sleepy smile on her face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll go make the coffee.

He gets out of bed, totally naked. Grabs a G-string off the floor, slips it on.

The bedside alarm clock tells us it's 1:35 PM.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy fills the coffee maker with water, goes to the fridge. He rifles around, searching the door shelves. He goes to the stairs, shouting up:

TOMMY
Honey! Are we out of coffee?

PAM (O.S.)
Check the garage!

INT. FANTASY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The new construction crew, hard at work. Drilling. Sawing. Laying wire.

TOMMY (O.S.)
How's it goin'?

Everyone looks up, tensing at the sight of Tommy standing there in the doorway in his G-string.

GENERAL CONTRACTOR
(gulp)
Good.

Tommy looks around the room, checking things out. The crew holds its collective breath. After what feels like an eternity--

TOMMY
Word.

He walks out. Everyone breathes a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. PAM AND TOMMY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Tommy heads along the cobblestone path leading to the garage. The door is closed. He lifts it, revealing inside...

Nothing unusual at all.

He goes to the fridge in the back of the garage, opens it. It's filled with rows of neatly arranged Budweiser cans. In one of the door shelves, a couple of bags of ground coffee.

He grabs the two bags, weighing the big decision. Hazelnut or French roast?

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

A massive, majestic BIGHORN SHEEP standing atop a rocky cliff, surveying the canyon below. A noise echoes through the canyon, startling the sheep:

The high-pitched whine of an ELECTRIC SAW.

ON RAND-- in a remote section of the forest, surrounded by dense underbrush. In his hands, a demolition saw outfitted with a composite diamond carbide blade.

He raises the saw, begins to cut into one of the safe's four heavy-duty steel hinges. Sparks fly as saw meets metal. An ungodly noise.

A flock of birds takes flight overhead...

EXT. ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DUSK

Several hours later. Rand still sawing, the last of the hinges nearly off. He gets through it. Steps back, expecting the door to fall off. It doesn't.

He yanks it off by hand. Gazes inside...

INT. RAND'S VAN - NIGHT

The rear of Rand's van. A giant, stuffed GARBAGE BAG bouncing around as the van zooms down the freeway.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rand standing over the stash. Spread out on the floor, sorted by category:

Guns: An AK-47... a FN FNC assault rifle... a .45-70 caliber rifle... the Cabot Black Diamond Deluxe...

Jewels: A Rolex watch... a gold-and-diamond Cartier watch... gold-and-emerald cufflinks... a ruby-and-diamond cross...

Personal artifacts: Family photographs... a white bikini... a Hi8 video tape...

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Rand stands across a counter from the OWNER, who's inspecting the Rolex with an eyepiece.

INT. TIME WARNER CABLE - DAY

Rand at a Time Warner Cable payment center with a CUSTOMER-SERVICE REP. He's slapping bills on the counter, making a show of it.

RAND
 (relish)
 \$20... \$40... \$60... \$80...

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Rand's TV set... ON.

CJ
He's not breathing!

It's "Baywatch". CJ Parker (aka Pam Anderson) kneeling over an unconscious swimmer on the beach.

CJ (CONT'D)
I'll have to do mouth-to-mouth.

ON RAND-- sitting on the couch, smoking a FAT BLUNT as he watches. He's draped in Tommy bling, the Cartier watch and several gold and diamond necklaces.

CJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's still no pulse!

On the coffee table is a large, decimated CHINESE TAKEOUT spread. A lot of empty containers. He went to town.

CODY (O.S.)
Don't give up, CJ!

Rand takes a monster hit off the blunt.

RAND
 Yeah, CJ!
 (releases the smoke)
 Don't give up!

CAMERA DRIFTS AWAY from Rand to a nearby wall. Lined up against it are the stolen guns, super-Scarface.

A snarling, high-energy HARD-ROCK SONG kicks in as we cut to:

MONTAGE:

Rand partying with himself in his apartment: Dancing, rocking out... taking a bubble bath with an AK-47 and a stogie... playing "Super Mario 2: Yoshi's Island" on his Super NES... paying the electric bill...

The song is Mötley Crüe, "KICKSTART MY HEART"

MOTLEY CRUE

*Whoa! Yeah! Kickstart my heart give
it a start!/ Whoa! Yeah! Baby!*

Montage comes to a sudden halt as we hard cut to:

Rand, back on the couch, watching TV. "CYBILL", randomly, is on. He watches, vaguely bored.

CYBILL SHEPHERD

You cannot wear Rick to the party.

CHRISTINE BARANSKI

C'mon, he's the perfect accessory!

Big laugh track. Rand's eyes drift to a nearby table. On it, a pile of the personal artifacts from the safe.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rand at the table, looking through an envelope of photos. A roll of candid WEDDING SHOTS, Pam and Tommy on the beach in what looks like Mexico.

ANGLE ON photos as he skims: Pam and Tommy exchanging vows before a small crowd of bystanders... kissing... frolicking in the ocean... Tommy is wearing a bathing suit, she's in a white bikini--the very same bikini currently on Rand's table.

He puts the photos back in the envelope. Picks up the bikini, contemplating its place in history. He puts it down.

His eye drifts to the Hi8 tape. A small, black, unmarked Maxell cassette, the kind used in camcorders.

ON RAND-- staring at it. Hit with a vague curiosity.

INT. RAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rand on the phone. It's ringing.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ingley Studios.

RAND

Yes, hi, is Milton around?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Who may I say is calling?

RAND
(BEAT)
Austin Moore.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

A nondescript San Fernando Valley strip mall. Rand pulls his van into a spot. He gets out, goes to a door next to a burrito joint.

INT. STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

Rand heading up a flight of stairs. He comes to a door marked **INGLEY STUDIOS**.

INT. INGLEY STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

A dingy, white-walled, fluorescent-lit space. Rand enters. No one is at the reception desk. He heads off down--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rand heading down a hall. He passes a NAKED WOMAN in an open robe, casually wiping cum off her chest.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Austin?

He turns, looks at the woman looking at him.

RAND
Oh, my God... Lexxi!

They go to each other. A big HUG, the woman taking care not to get cum on him.

RAND (CONT'D)
How are you?

LEXXI
I'm good. It's been forever.

RAND
I know, seriously.

LEXXI
What are you doing here?

RAND

There's just something I wanted to talk to Miltie about.

LEXXI

Follow me. He's right this way.

She leads him down the hall in the direction he was going.

RAND

(small talk)

So who you working with these days?

LEXXI

Lately? Guy Royer, Buddy Love.
Today's CC Barrera.

RAND

(knowing)

CC...

He glances at her chest, still glistening with cum.

RAND (CONT'D)

Dude shoots ropes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON a DRY-ERASE BOARD. On it, an upward-trending graph, titled, at the top: **LAWSUIT PROFITS**

MALE LAWYER (O.S.)

How do I know you're not lying?

TWO LAWYERS--one male, one female--sitting across from each other at a big conference table.

FEMALE LAWYER

You're just going to have to take my word for it.

MALE LAWYER

I'm afraid that's not good enough.

He goes over to her. Picks up the briefcase in front of her.

MALE LAWYER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to thoroughly review your... briefs.

He lifts her up, pushes her onto the table. She lies back, arching her back as he pulls off her skirt and panties. He plants his face between her legs, starts going to town.

UNCLE MILTIE (O.S.)
Grab her thighs.

ANGLE ON a camera crew, filming the action from the open side of what we now see is a THREE-WALL SET.

A heavy-set man in aviator shades hovers over the cameraman, pipe dangling from his mouth. This is MILTON "UNCLE MILTIE" INGLEY.

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
(watching intently)
Really get in there.
(BEAT)
Nice.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rand and Lexxi come to the end of the hall, which opens to a soundstage-like space. They cut through, passing various sets: doctor's office, living room, teenage girl's bedroom...

They come to the law-office set. Rand slips in behind Ingley and the crew, not wanting to disturb.

ON THE LAWYER-- devouring his colleague's pussy. They're interrupted by--

a KNOCK at the door. Another FEMALE LAWYER enters, gasping at what she sees. The man bolts upright.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
What is going on in here?

MALE LAWYER
Nothing!

FEMALE LAWYER #2
Nothing? Then why is your face covered in pussy juice?

MALE LAWYER
That's just the light.

She shakes her head, not buying it for a second.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
This is highly inappropriate, Jim.
I'm afraid I'm going to have to report this to human resources.

MALE LAWYER
What? No!

FEMALE LAWYER #2
This is sexual harassment.

MALE LAWYER
Please don't.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
You're in strict violation of
company policy.

MALE LAWYER
No. I'm begging you.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
No?...
(BEAT, devious look)
If I keep silent, what are you
going to do for me?

FIRST LADY LAWYER
Are you blackmailing him?

FEMALE LAWYER #2
And what if I am?

FIRST LADY LAWYER
You can't do that to Jim! He's one
of the biggest members of this
firm.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
Oh, yeah?

She steps to Jim with intent.

FEMALE LAWYER #2 (CONT'D)
How big a member are you?

BEAT. The man cornered. He gives a look.

MALE LAWYER
Why don't you find out for
yourself?

With this, she drops to her knees, unzips his pants. Her eyes
widen like Indiana Jones gazing upon the Ark of the Covenant.

FEMALE LAWYER #2
My God...

ON UNCLE MILTIE-- watching from behind the camera.

FEMALE LAWYER #2 (CONT'D)
You are the biggest member of this
firm.

The slurpy sound of a porno blowjob kicks in. Uncle Miltie
nods, pleased.

UNCLE MILTIE
Magic.

In the reflection of the monitor, he notices someone standing
behind him. He turns, surprised to see--

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
Rand!

He gets up, gives Rand a big, chummy hug.

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
What's shakin', brother? Long time!

RAND
I know.

Miltie glances at the scene. A stretch of fellatio has just
begun... it's a good time to step away.

UNCLE MILTIE
(leading Rand away)
How you been? How's things?

RAND
Ah, y'know, same old, same old.

Rand looks around, taking in all the sets.

RAND (CONT'D)
Looks like you're keeping busy.

UNCLE MILTIE
Dude. You have no idea.

They pass a CLASSROOM set, a schoolgirl in the midst of
blowing her teacher.

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
These actors can't fuck fast
enough.

RAND
That's fantastic.

UNCLE MILTIE
We're putting out 50 titles this
quarter alone.

RAND
Jesus.

UNCLE MILTIE
If you ever think about getting
back in the game...

RAND
Me?
(sheepish smile)
Nah, I'm retired.

UNCLE MILTIE
Michael Jordan's coming back to
basketball.

RAND
I was hardly Michael Jordan.

UNCLE MILTIE
I don't know. "Miracle On 69th
Street"? That's still in our top
25.

RAND
(chuckles)
That was a good one...

UNCLE MILTIE
If you happen to change your mind,
we're paying \$150 a scene.

RAND
For *guys*?

UNCLE MILTIE
\$200 anal.

ON RAND-- taken aback. Whoa.

INT. MILTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A small, cramped office. Rand stands before a wall stacked
floor to ceiling with porn tapes, idly browsing.

UNCLE MILTIE
The valley's fuckin' booming.

ON MILTIE-- at his messy desk. Amidst the piles of headshots, a gold statuette. The plaque says, **1989 AVN AWARDS - BEST DIRECTOR - MILTON INGLEY - VOODOO LUST**

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
 AVN projects we're gonna hit \$3 billion by 1997.

RAND
\$3 billion?

UNCLE MILTIE
 Did you know more people are now watching movies at home on VCR than in theaters?

RAND
 For real?

UNCLE MILTIE
 VHS is king. And we've got just the hard, black 8-inch object people wanna stick in their slot.

Rand pulls a tape from the stack. He looks at the cover...
CITY LICKERS II: THE LEGEND OF SHIRLEY'S HOLE

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
 I'm actually thinking of opening my own chain of adult video-rental stores...
 ("ready?")
Cockbuster.

Rand turns, looks at him.

RAND
 Fuckin' genius. Like Blockbuster, but "Cock".

UNCLE MILTIE
 Exactly.

Rand flips to the back of the "City Lickers" box. A collage of stills from the movie. His eye goes to one, a MAN in a cowboy hat taking a girl from behind. We hold on it a beat, realizing... it's Rand.

UNCLE MILTIE (CONT'D)
 So what was it you wanted to talk to me about?

RAND
 Oh.

He puts back the "City Lickers" tape.

RAND (CONT'D)
I was hoping you could do me a
little favor.

UNCLE MILTIE
What's up?

RAND
Do you guys happen to have a way to
play Hi8?

INT. DUBBING ROOM - DAY

Rows of shelves filled with TV-VCRs. Miltie pops Rand's Hi8
tape into a Sony handycam. He plugs the handycam into a TV.

UNCLE MILTIE
(hits play)
Let's see what we got.

Rand and Uncle Miltie standing before the TV, waiting as the
tape fires up.

ON TV: A stretch of static. Then:

Shaky, handheld HOME-VIDEO FOOTAGE. A red-headed woman lying
face down on a bench, in what looks like a TRAILER.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
(sing-song teasing)
*Melanie got boo-ooned, Melanie got
boo-ooned...*

The voice is coming from the person holding the camera.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How big was it, Melanie?

Melanie rolls away from the camera. Leave me alone.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Like this?

From off-camera, a cellphone comes flying toward Melanie. A
big, chunky mid-'90s model. A female voice, off-camera--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
*She told me it was bigger than
that.*

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
Is that true, Melanie?

ON UNCLE MILTIE-- looking at Rand. *What the fuck is this?*
 Rand shrugs, not really sure.

RAND
 Fast-forward.

Uncle Miltie fast-forwards a bit. Still the same scene,
 Melanie on the bench. He hits play again.

MELANIE
Go awaayyy.

MAN (O.S.)
I think she's cock drunk.
 (BEAT)
What do you think, babe?

The cameraman does a messy whip-pan, landing on:

PAMELA ANDERSON, in a black leather corset and matching
 gloves. Her signature outfit from "Barb Wire". We're on set
 in her trailer.

PAM
Definitely.

ON UNCLE MILTIE-- snapping to attention.

UNCLE MILTIE
 That's Pam Anderson.

ON TV: Camera following Pam as she heads to another part of
 the trailer.

MAN (O.S.)
Where you goin'?

PAM
The bathroom.

MAN (O.S.)
Sweet!

She heads into the bathroom, the camera following her. She
 pushes it back with a smile.

PAM
Privacy, please.

MAN (O.S.)
Aw, come on!

She shuts the door on the camera. On the outside of the door, there's a full-length mirror.

ANGLE ON mirror, the man facing it, camera raised to his face. He lowers the it, revealing--

UNCLE MILTIE
--and Tommy Lee.

Miltie hits fast-forward, eager to see what else is on there.

ON TV: High-speed FF-ing through various bits of footage:

Pam and Tommy on a hotel balcony... Tommy serenading Pam on guitar before a beach campfire... Pam opening a birthday present in her trailer.

ON RAND AND UNCLE MILTIE-- watching the tape in fast-forward, not reacting much. It's all aggressively sweet and normal, almost bordering on boring.

But then... Rand and Miltie's heads snap back. *What the...?* Uncle Miltie rewinds a drop, hits play.

From the TV, the sound of gently lapping waves.

ON RAND AND UNCLE MILTIE-- watching, jaws on the floor.

ON TV: Pam, stark-naked, deep-throating Tommy's monster cock.

It's shot from Tommy's POV. He's the cameraman, aiming down at his erection. They appear to be on a boat in the middle of some body of water.

TOMMY (O.S.)
(moans, getting blown)
Fuuuuck.

Rand and Uncle Miltie stare at the TV.

UNCLE MILTIE
(dollar signs in eyes)
Fuck.

Rand looks at Miltie. Thinking the same thing.

RAND
Fuck.

CUT TO BLACK.