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# Inserts

By John Byrum

Yeah, well, it's 409 cubic inches.

Hey, is this in color?

Hey, Larry, you got a church key?

Hey, I thought this was in color.

Gross.

Looks like a homo to me.

Takes one to know one, doesn't it?

- Did she laugh at his leverage?

- This is disgusting.

- Hey! Hit her, dumb-ass.

- Yeah!

A little guided muscle.

- Where'd you pick up this flick?

- Hollywood Boulevard.

This old shit goes for \$1 a yard.

- Sit down!

- Get out of the way!

- This is cute.

- Sit down.

Get the fuck out.

- You guys are sick.

- Come on. One more time, man.

- Slap the shit out of her!

- God damn it.

Hey, what up? No come shots?

Yeah, where's the fucking come shot?

Hey, where's the come shot, man?

Hey, where's the come shot?

Are you kidding?

Hey, you ought to speak to the cop

at the gate. He forgot to ask for my pass.

- You're late.

- Is that so?

- How would you know?

- I can tell. I'm two shots under the label.

Too bad. Three shots under  
and you couldn't have told shit.

Four shots under

and you'd be on your way out...

'cause I'd be crawling back in bed.

Not today I wouldn't,

'cause Big Mac is coming, remember?

- I meant to get the pool cleaned.

- You kidding?

- I'm kidding.  
- You ought to do that.  
- You really ought to get the pool cleaned.  
- Where would I piss?  
Pipes still on the fritz?  
Why don't you use the sink?  
Hey, what kind of a guy do you think I am?  
I've got to eat off the dishes in that sink.  
- So why don't you wash the dishes?  
- Why don't you wash the dishes?  
- I told you, I don't do dishes.  
- I know, I've been to your place.  
Not in a coon's age.  
You ain't been nowhere in a coon's age.  
- They was talking about you last night.  
- Who? Forget it.  
Okay.  
Okay. Go.  
There's this guy named Clark Gable.  
- Who?  
- His name's Clark Gable.  
He's the new kid, the new kid over at Path.  
He was asking that windbag  
von Stroheim about you.  
That lard ass. What'd he say?  
- He said you were a stupid son of a bitch.  
- No, I mean this...  
Gable, whatever.  
Where did this happen anyway?  
Where do you think?  
I was waiting on their table.  
- He says, I hear you-  
- Okay, skip it.  
Wait a second. After the lard ass  
tells him what an asshole you were...  
this Gable kid says, "Yeah? Well, I think  
the Boy Wonder is just about the...  
"only genius that ever worked  
in the cinema. "  
- The what?  
- Cinema.  
He meant movies. He'll learn.  
He's the new kid over at Path.  
- Okay, skip it.

- Wait a minute...  
I mean, here comes the finish.  
He says, "By the by...  
"now what the hell ever happened to him?  
Where is the Boy Wonder?"  
You know what lard ass says?  
He says, "He's a rummy...  
"down on Hollywood Boulevard.  
"I seen him there  
and gave him a quarter just yesterday. "  
Lying son of a bitch.  
Can you believe the nerve of the guy?  
So I told them.  
You what?  
I told them...  
I says, "The Boy Wonder, he's got a swell  
six-picture contract, working steady...  
"working everyday,  
which is more than I can say for you. "  
- What are you telling me here, Harlene?  
- I'm telling you, I told them.  
Don't worry. I didn't tell them what  
or about Big Mac or nothing.  
I just told them that you was  
working, about the six-picture contract.  
I did say one thing. It shut them up though,  
you should've seen it.  
What did you say, Harlene?  
You know that lard ass, that heinie lard  
bucket, pretended he didn't even know me.  
He knew me okay, boy,  
I did a picture with him in '22...  
and I used to pork him plenty  
when he was still straight.  
Okay, what did you tell them  
last night, Harlene?  
He says, "A six-picture contract?  
Where is he working?  
"Gower Gulch?" I says, "Chuck you, Farley!  
"He's working at home,  
and he don't even have to leave his house. "  
That's beautiful. That's really terrific.  
That's really smart, Harlene.  
I want to thank you a lot.

Natch. You been good to me, kid.  
You seen my lucky necktie?  
Yes, it's right where you left it yesterday.  
Listen, you didn't happen to...  
tell him where I was living  
or my address or anything?  
Sure, I did.  
This Clark Gable wanted to know.  
He said he'd like to come out  
and talk to you sometime.  
- It was all a real enema to him.  
- Enigma.  
- He loved ghost stories.  
- Ghost stories?  
Why, you, kiddo. You're the ghost story.  
- Give me a hand.  
- You don't think von Stroheim is going to...  
Come over here? What the hell for?  
He's working, ain't he?  
- What if this kid comes over?  
- This Clark Gable?  
You can brush him. He's just a kid.  
- Listen, I think I must tell you that you're-  
- Using too much of this stuff, Harlene.  
- Go on off your high horse.  
- I just can't help thinking about Wally Reid.  
You, too? He was a swell kid.  
We used to have a lot of laughs,  
me and him.  
And Jack Pickford?  
We used to  
piss the hell out of that bunch of...  
stuffed shirts at his sister's dump.  
- That Wally was a caution.  
- Yeah, died in his own vomit...  
in a padded cell, good-looking guy like that.  
- He didn't look too good in the end.  
- No.  
Me and Jackie paid him a visit,  
snuck him a shot.  
Hold it steady. Okay.  
That's the ticket.  
How long till  
Rex, the Wonder Dog, gets here?

He will be a little late.  
He's got a funeral this morning...  
but we can get in a couple of inserts.  
A couple inserts?  
I'm Mabel if you're able!  
Cut it out, Harlene.  
Come on, honey. You give up too easy,  
that's your problem.  
Come on, Harlene.  
I ain't kidding you, honey.  
You could do it once, you could do it again.  
- Could you do it once?  
- Yeah.  
You're the Boy Wonder, aren't you?  
Feel them peels.  
Meat. It's all meat in a see-through wrapper.  
So you know what you're getting.  
Come on, honey, give it a chance.  
Put your hand back there, come on.  
Soft.  
Just use your fingertips.  
There, that's the ticket.  
Make it screech.  
Grab it soft and slide up and down it.  
So you know what's in there?  
You remember.  
It's warm in there.  
How does that feel?  
Now slow.  
Go up slower. It's getting wet for you.  
You make me feel all goosy inside.  
This is stupid, you know, really stupid.  
You was getting there,  
you was really getting there.  
Maybe you were getting there.  
What's the diff? I was taking you with me.  
Don't you know that's how it's done?  
Let's forget it. We have a lot of work to do.  
You got work to do. All I got to do is  
roll over for Rex, the Wonder Dog.  
- I'm trying to do you a favor.  
- Well, skip it.  
Come on, honey, now give it a chance.  
I feel something down there. Yeah, I do.

I said we had work to do.  
Come on now. Get up.  
Look at your arm.  
You punched a hole in that arm  
the size of a dime.  
How am I going to shoot around that?  
Jesus Christ.  
Will you get over here?  
Sit on the bed.  
Try to remember what you were  
doing yesterday.  
Isn't that a caution?  
After trying all night to forget.  
Okay, come on.  
- Look good.  
- Try it.  
Okay.  
What is it?  
Come on. Let's have it.  
What you said about my arm.  
You shouldn't have said that about my arm  
like that.  
- Why do you want to make me feel...  
- Oh, hey.  
Come on. Hey, Harlene.  
Hey, you know me.  
Here's looking at you.  
Here's looking at the two of us.  
- That's more like the old Kid.  
- Sure, I was just feeling a little morbid...  
you know, about old Wally and all.  
That's all.  
You shouldn't do that. You shouldn't  
think so much about the past.  
You're doing swell if you think about it.  
- Why, we've got a six-picture contract.  
- Sure.  
We don't even have to leave,  
we're working at home.  
That's the ticket.  
Hors d'oeuvres. Restaurant.  
All right. Let's go! Quiet on the set!  
Hey, you bozos aren't getting paid  
to play pinochle.

Okay, now. It's a light, not a chair.  
It goes on the lady's face.  
Okeydokey, we're almost ready to go.  
All right then. What? Who is here?  
On my set?  
May I introduce you to our producer?  
Never allow producers on the set.  
Okeydokey now.  
You know the scene. You're alone,  
you are forlorn.  
Your lover, premature ejaculation...  
Winnetka High graduate, 1918,  
is missing in action.  
You are sad. You are distraught with grief.  
Okay, for real.  
Give it to me for real. That's it, Harlene.  
You're all alone, baby.  
There's nobody here but you.  
And there's nobody coming, honey.  
That's it. That's beautiful.  
Wally's dead, Harlene.  
Wally's dead and no one else  
is coming home.  
That's it. Beautiful!  
Now, you hear footsteps.  
You hear footsteps,  
and the door is opening, and you turn...  
and it's him! It's him!  
You greet him as only one whose heart  
has remained lily white can do!  
Cut.  
You are fucking terrific.  
If it ain't Rex, the Wonder Dog,  
come to show us his bone.  
Stick the Hershey Kisses  
back in the bag, will you, sweetheart?  
I haven't had my breakfast yet.  
Rex, are you going to stand there  
oiling your cuff links...  
on the top of your head all morning,  
or are you going to go to work?  
I may work, I may not.  
All depends if we quit in time for me to be  
at the Beverly Hills Hotel by 4:00.



What are they, hiring dancing partners  
or something?

That's funny stuff coming from  
a hophead ass-slinger, you know.

Lay off. Come on, you wanna get paid?

What do you think I'm doing here?

Where's Big Mac?

You don't think he'll show?

Let's go to work.

I told you, I'm supposed to be  
at the Beverly Hills Hotel by 4:00.

Oh, really?

I met someone today

who's taken an interest in my work.

They are. They're hiring dancing partners.

- Geez, a swank dump like that.

- Now listen, sister.

Who is it, if you don't mind my asking?

Someone who's very sweet.

Someone who's a big cheese at Metro.

Someone whose name I'd rather not mention  
in this...

insane asylum, thank you very much.

You meeting him in the Polo Lounge  
or up in his room?

- His room. I told you, he's a big cheese.

- A big cheese?

The room doesn't happen to be  
on the third floor, does it, Rex?

Yeah, as a matter of fact it does.

Okay. I'll try to get you out of here

**by 4:**

It's a pretty old gag, but you may get  
a new pair of pants out of it.

God knows you could use them.

What is this? Clue me in.

What, and spoil one of life's little surprises?

He said I had star potential.

Gee, Rex, we could have told you that.

Let's go to work.

Where'd you meet this big cheese? You  
were supposed to be working this morning.

I was working. He was at the funeral.

Caught him watching me  
while I lowered the stiff.  
His car was parked by the shed  
when I went to put my shovel away.  
Funny kind of guy, you know.  
Great big Packard and this little Mexican kid  
for a driver...  
couldn't have been more than 14 at tops.  
He walks right up to me  
and says I got star potential.  
- Who? The taco or the big cheese?  
- You're a sketch, you know?  
He says he knows I got style...  
cause I'm dumping dirt on this doornail  
in a pair of white ducks.  
That's it in this town, you know?  
Department. It's all in your department.  
Very good rule of thumb. Why don't  
you write it down? Very good rule of...  
- Leave the ascot on. I got an idea.  
- That reminds me...  
I had an idea this morning.  
Take a couple aspirin, it'll be gone by lunch.  
Now hold on, this is a hot one!  
I pull my shorts up, see,  
way up around my stomach.  
Then I suck it in, see?  
Get them on there real tight.  
And then, when I'm ready...  
pow, I slam it up there  
like a brick shithouse!  
It tears them, see?  
Tears my shorts right up the middle.  
And then you grab a shot of her going  
bananas for it, see? You get the picture?  
Of course, you got to pay for the shorts.  
Very interesting idea, Rex.  
Where did you get an idea like that?  
San Berdoo, on my way over this morning.  
Think it'll work?  
Why don't you give it a try?  
This afternoon at the Beverly Hills Hotel.  
- Now take your pants off.  
- Oh, smart guy?

How come if you're so smart,  
you never leave this house?  
That's called your basic rhetorical question.  
- Now off with the shorts.  
- Anything you say.  
You're the Boy Wonder, but I'm gonna tell  
Big Mac about this.  
He knows a hot one when he sees it.  
Big Mac will go bananas for it.  
Really? Speaking of stunted bananas,  
you want to slap some life into that thing?  
Time is money.  
Sun's going behind the clouds.  
We lose the kid in half an hour.  
Come on, let's go.  
Wardrobe.  
But of course, my dear. Help him  
get rigid there, Harlene, will you?  
Okay, come here, honey. Come to Momma.  
Keep your meat hooks to yourself.  
I can handle this on my own.  
Look at that thing grow,  
like money in the bank.  
God, you're a pig, you know that?  
- Yeah, you're a dog. Rex, the Wonder Dog!  
- Okay, kiddies, okay.  
All right, here's the scene.  
Harlene, you are on the bed.  
Rex, you enter with the ascot.  
You sit down, I want you to...  
touch it, fondle it, you know,  
give me a little of that Dapper Dan stuff.  
Right? Okay.  
Now, Harlene, you look at him askance-  
- Look at his what?  
- Look at him...  
You look at him askance. You look at him...  
Do you remember that...  
horse opera you did for DeMille...  
when you looked at Bushman,  
when he showed you his gun?  
Yeah, I remember that. That was in '26.  
When I gave them this?  
Right. Plenty of that stuff. Okay, good.

- Then you look down at his private parts-

- Private?

- Don't make me laugh.

- Harlene, come on, will you? Come on.

Now. Then you look up at his face

and you laugh.

You laugh in his face. Very simple.

Okay? Ready?

All righty. Let's go for it.

Hey, wait a minute.

Can't we have a run-through?

Rex, what does it take to just sit there  
and look stupid?

- I'm warning you, zit-tits.

- Hey, Rex, let's go.

Thank you. All righty.

Rex, you're out of frame here.

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, just a couple  
of seconds. Please, I'd really appreciate it.

Thank you. Damn right of you. All righty.

We're rolling. And action.

Harlene, you're looking at him.

And enter Rex.

Enter Rex. Walk.

There's nothing in the room.

Walk with impunity. There we go.

And sit down, like a human being.

Fair enough. I'll settle for that. Okay, now.

Okay, Rex, anytime you're ready,  
you can start earning your money.

You mean the ascot?

Yes, Rex, touch the fucking ascot.

And cut.

Okay, moving right along-

- Jesus Christ.

- Big Mac. Oh, boy, payday!

Relax, that bucket thumb

never touched a doorbell in his life.

He's probably just some bill collector.

Listen, Rex, do me a favor,

will you, pal? Give him the brush?

- Give him the brush? Why me?

- Because you're in the buff, old sport.

And besides, they know my face.

Now, come on, you just...  
Come on. You go to the door,  
you tell them you're in the shower...  
you tell them you never heard of me,  
and then you slam the door in his face.  
Come on!  
Kid's got a lot of talent.  
He sure takes it with him when he goes!  
Hey, listen, hon.  
You got any ideas when the Big Boy  
is really gonna show?  
Hang on, Harlene.  
Big Mac's right around the corner.  
The corners in this town are pretty far apart.  
Big Mac has a very big car,  
with a trunk full of treasure.  
Who don't around here?  
Remember that heap Wally used to drive?  
Remember that time he mooned that crowd  
in front of Grauman's Chinese?  
Gee, he was a crazy-  
We weren't going to talk about  
Wally anymore.  
I feel six kinds of a fool  
but that's probably what you wanted.  
It wasn't a bill collector at all.  
Who was it? Fire marshal? Dogcatcher?  
I'm host to a lot of  
public servants these days.  
It couldn't have been the dogcatcher.  
He's still here.  
It was that new kid from Path.  
Said his name was Clark Gable.  
Said he was looking for the Boy Wonder.  
- What'd you say?  
- What you told me.  
Said I never heard of you, I just stepped  
into the shower. He's a real wise guy.  
- What'd he say?  
- He said, "Just stepped into the shower?  
"Your neck would get a lot cleaner  
if you took your ascot off next time. "  
Just like that, he says it,  
then he winks and walks away. Wise guy.

- What the hell does this kid want from me?  
- I told you. He loves ghost stories.  
- That's rich.  
- It's a scream.  
You think that's a scream?  
Wanna hear a scream?  
Just wait till you hear what bubbles  
up out of your big mouth...  
the next time that kid comes around here  
bothering me again.  
Relax, kid. He won't be back. One look  
at this kid's mug would keep anybody away.  
My mug? Say, listen, sister,  
with a kisser as crinkled as yours is...  
I wouldn't be casting aspersions  
on anybody's-  
Okay, break it up.  
And get it up, Rex, we're ready to roll.  
Back to your places.  
Are you ready, Rex?  
- Is he ready? Boner-rama!  
- You've got a filthy mouth.  
Yeah? It must have been what I was  
chomping on in the scene we did yesterday.  
- I'm warning you-  
- All right. Sit down, get in your place.  
Okay, now. Rex, she has been...  
laughing at you. Your manhood, and  
I employ the term strictly ad referendum...  
- your manhood has been impugned.  
- What are you talking about?  
- He means I'm laughing at your cock.  
- Oh, yeah?  
That and the ascot.  
Yes, that pretty much sums it up. Now...  
the question is, Rex,  
what do you do about it?  
- Are you kidding?  
- But that's what you don't do...  
old sport. Because, after all,  
we are not some pack of degenerates...  
smearing some slime  
we shot in some seedy motel room...  
across the stag-party screens of America.

We are pioneers, Rex.  
We are pioneers in the neoplastic arts.  
We are ever-searching for that excuse...  
to extend the boundaries...  
of those arts beyond the limits of urgency.  
I, honest to God,  
don't know what you're talking about.  
Rex, I'm talking about poetry, subtlety.  
Now stop and think for one second.  
Why deliver a crude blow to her face...  
when the means are at hand  
for you to render your vengeance...  
through the very instrument  
of your anguish?  
The very vehicle of her ridicule?  
Rex, you with me?  
I don't think I got-  
The ascot, Rex. Strangle her  
with the fucking ascot, you orangutan.  
Say, that's pretty good.  
Thank you. I'm sorry  
for calling you an orangutan.  
- That's all right.  
- Let's get this show on the road.  
All righty. We're going to take it  
from where you're laughing at him, Harlene.  
And action!  
All right, she's laughing at you, Rex.  
She's laughing. Let it build.  
Think about it, Rex,  
because she's laughing at you, boy.  
She's laughing at every able-bodied  
jack-buck of a man...  
who paid his 25 cents to see this picture,  
boy. What are you going to do about it?  
First thought you're going to get...  
is you wanna drive that sneering, little nose  
of hers up into that empty, little brain.  
Isn't it, boy? Go ahead, do it.  
Do it! Feels good, doesn't it?  
You're going to smash her face, aren't you?  
But wait, you've got a better idea.  
The ascot!  
It's too beautiful.

That's it, take it off slowly, Rex.  
Take it off slow. That's it, savor it.  
Beautiful.  
Beautiful. Now just let it hang there.  
Let it hang there.  
That's it, really nice, Rexy. Nice.  
Like it's that old stocking  
peeling off that little leg of hers.  
Beautiful, Rex, beautiful.  
Now let it hang there limp.  
Let it hang there like a limp  
and useless sleeping little snake.  
That's it. And now we're going to flick it,  
flick it in her fucking face.  
Feels good, doesn't it?  
She's laughing at you, Rex.  
How funny does she think it is now?  
Your tits hurt? How funny is it now?  
Now we're going to wrap it  
around her throat.  
Now we're going to put it  
around that soft white neck.  
Slowly, Rex, slowly. That's it.  
Beautiful, Rex, beautiful.  
Put it around that little...  
Iying, twisting throat of hers.  
You stay put!  
Tighter. I want it tighter!  
I want to feel those veins popping...  
and those little bones crushed.  
That's it! And now...  
show her who's boss, Rexy!  
Push her!  
There we go! Okay! That's the way! That's it.  
There we go! Fuck her from behind.  
There we go! Do it to her!  
That's it, there we go! That's it! Fuck her!  
That's the stuff!  
Get him! Yeah, that's the way!  
Move, move, move!  
Son of a bitch!  
Do it to her!  
Okay! All right! Thank you!  
There we go! Do it to her!



Fuck her! Fuck her ass!  
All right, now, fuck her.  
Son of a bitch.  
Get off!  
That's right!  
All right!  
You son of a bitch.  
You were at your peak, you know that?  
You were at your goddamn peak.  
- You're kidding.  
- I'm not kidding you.  
That's it, that was your peak, wild bull.  
You're nuts. You're both nuts.  
This is an insane asylum!  
Will you listen to this?  
Gets his twitching little fingers up over  
the grave of his own star potential...  
and he's already shoving the mud back  
down on us...  
with those muddy little knees of his.  
- You whining ingrate.  
- Whining?  
He's howling, he's Rex, the Wonder Dog.  
I've had it with you two.  
I don't need this humiliation.  
I got star potential.  
But, Rex, old sport...  
that is what they call  
your classic combination.  
I call it the bunk 'cause I met someone  
today who's taken an interest in my work.  
Someone who's very sweet.  
He's a big cheese at Metro...  
- and when Big Mac comes-  
- He's going to come quietly...  
so as not to disturb the Boy Wonder here.  
So, did I tell you or what?  
You get used to it.  
It's no great shakes, believe me.  
Ten minutes and you'll wish  
they put some clothes on.  
I'm not complaining. I want to see it all.  
- Is that him?  
- Yeah.

Oh, gee, Mac, I'm so glad to see you.  
Did you bring me my little something?  
Gonna play guess? You tell me now,  
am I hot or cold?  
Nix, honey. I'm gone on this kid.  
Gee, I guess so.  
How about mine? I mean,  
God knows I earned it, you know.  
- You earned it? Put your pants on first.  
- Hey, come on.  
Suit yourself. You get used to it.  
10 minutes, you'll wish he put his pants on.  
I'll put my pants on for you.  
I just want my dough.  
Here.  
Anybody would think you need it worse  
than she needs that hooch.  
I'm surprised I don't need that stuff,  
working in this insane asylum.  
- Pipes still on the fritz?  
- What do you think? Use the pool.  
My God.  
Geez.  
Hey, how about going  
a little slow on that stuff?  
I'm getting all goofy inside, it'll be okay.  
We got a whole finish, you know.  
A lot of inserts to do.  
Hey, what are inserts?  
Does that mean, you know what?  
Yeah, I guess. Ask him.  
- We haven't been introduced.  
- Introduced?  
This is the Boy Wonder. This is Miss Cake.  
My fiance maybe.  
She wants to know what are inserts.  
Inserts are what we're not going  
to get done...  
as long as you're hanging around here.  
- Careful there, bub.  
- Oh, well, for God's sake.  
You just handed her enough of that dust  
to make a rhino do a Rip van Winkle.  
And you know damn well that Rex

is all downhill from his pay packet.  
I wouldn't be surprised  
if he took a powder altogether...  
now that he's got that lettuce  
in his hot little hand.  
So let him! You can get new.  
What the hell do you mean get new?  
How about the kid we just saw leaving?  
- This new kid or whatever?  
- Path, Clark Gable.  
That's the goof. Ain't she cute?  
She wants to be in the movies.  
Know anyone that don't?  
Listen. I've got half this sperm-jerker  
in the can, you know?  
If he takes a powder,  
I've got to start from scratch.  
If what we just seen you doing  
is what you got in the can...  
then maybe starting from scratch  
ain't such a bad idea.  
What's the idea of taking the camera  
off the stand?  
It's a tripod, isn't it?  
Yeah, that's it. The tripod. What's the idea  
of that? How's that gonna look?  
It is not going to look,  
it is going to be looked at.  
Don't tell me how to make movies.  
And don't you tell me not to  
tell you how to spend my money.  
What's that gonna look like?  
Who's gonna pay two bits to look at  
something that makes his eyeballs bounce?  
Listen, my friend, the syphilitic  
perverts that are going...  
to spend money to see this film  
don't even know they have eyeballs.  
Yeah, how come you're always pulling this  
stuff with taking the camera off the stand...  
and writing these bone-ass scripts,  
and taking pictures from the ceiling...  
and from under the bed,  
and from between people's legs?

And all that other fancy crap  
that nobody else does?

I swear you do it just to rile me,  
pure and simple.

Nothing pure, old sport, is ever simple.

- Loaded up and ready to go.

- Harlene, you don't need that.

I mean you don't need that much.

Come on now, honey. You better turn out  
them lights. The bulbs are gonna burn out.

- You seen my lucky necktie?

- Hey.

Don't you just jab that stuff  
in front of Miss Cake here.

- Oh, really, Mac.

- No soap! It's degenerate.

I don't want her to look at it.

- You gave her the stuff.

- What do you mean, "gave"? She earned it.

Now come on, honey,  
elsewhere with that stuff.

Yeah, well, I'm trying to find  
my lucky necktie.

Mac, I told you, I want to see it all.

Well, this ain't part of it,  
this ain't part of nothing. Come on.

Come here.

We were doing okay, weren't we?

Okay? We were doing swell.

What the hell do you need all that stuff for?

Now don't start this stuff.

I ain't got your imagination.

- Harlene, when are you going to learn?

- You're the one that's got to learn.

You got to learn not to start this stuff.

I ain't got your imagination.

I just get kind of tired, need a shot.

That's all.

I'll be back with you in a minute.

I just need a shot, that's all.

Hell, I ain't gonna find that lucky necktie.

Harlene, wait a second.

Look, I can get rid of them.

Don't do that. I need an audience...

- lots of times.  
- No, you don't.  
Sure I do.  
You don't.  
That's how come you don't know  
how bad I need a shot.  
- Harlene.  
- Hey.  
You better turn off them lights.  
The bulbs are gonna burn out.  
Smart cookie.  
I like a dame who saves me dough.  
You know...  
I ought to take her  
out of that owl wagon she slings in.  
Stick her in one of my joints.  
If only she wasn't a hophead.  
Gee, she's a lot smaller than  
she looks in the movies.  
What's this? Where'd you see her  
in the movies?  
Back in Chicago, same as everybody.  
The real movies, silly. When  
she used to be in the real movies, not-  
You mean the real movies?  
Can you beat that? I thought you meant  
you'd seen... Can you beat that?  
What would be so terrible  
if I had seen what you thought I meant?  
Listen, if I ever catch you  
hanging around the chip houses...  
- where they put this load of junk-  
- You treat me like a child.  
You're the one that calls me Daddy.  
Is this kid a sketch or what?  
Come on, honey. I only kid you  
'cause I go for you so.  
- Here's a thought, Mac.  
- What's that?  
You going and take her with you.  
You watch your step, there, bub.  
I don't care what this whosits  
from Path says...  
you're skating on thin ice with me.

What who said?  
Don't your neighbors ever say anything  
about that swimming pool back there?  
What neighbors?  
He's the only one left on this block.  
Ain't you heard?  
They're gonna run a whatsits through here.  
- A road. A fast-way.  
- Freeways, they call them.  
Yeah, that's it. Freeways.  
Smart Boy could've been into  
some of the big bucks...  
if he had scribbled his chits right.  
Anybody with a yolk in his egg  
has his dough tied up in these freeways.  
I'm good for about \$50,000.  
Land? Buy cheap and sell big?  
You're pretty smart, Big Mac.  
Land's strictly small-time.  
The real dough's in hamburgers.  
Hamburgers?  
Say, he's okay. What can he do about it?  
This is a million-dollar idea  
and he ain't got jack-shit.  
Pardon my French.  
Now here's the deal, you got a lot of these...  
whatsits, these freeways.  
You got a lot of cars on them, right?  
You got a lot of cars,  
you got a lot of hungry rubes in them.  
Yeah, sure.  
Well, there you go, kiddo.  
It's as simple as that.  
I'm gonna build me a mess of hamburger  
stands and a mess of gas stations.  
But here's your angle,  
I'm gonna build them exactly alike.  
I'll run them up one side of the road  
and down the other...  
and they're all gonna look exactly alike.  
So your cruising rube don't know what  
he's getting when he pulls in, see?  
He don't know from gas,  
he don't know from hamburgers...

he don't gotta think about nothing.  
He's just got to eat.  
Yeah, but what if he pulls into a gas station,  
you know?  
That's what I'm talking about, here, buster.  
If you don't get them coming,  
you get them going.  
Pretty soon, they're just gonna wind down  
the windows...  
and throw out the dough,  
without even stopping the car.  
Freeways, what a gimmick!  
If these freeways don't end the Depression...  
nothing will.  
Come on, relax. It's okay.  
He ain't got jack-shit.  
Well, maybe not...  
- but I do have a few ideas of my own.  
- That so?  
I had an idea this morning,  
an idea for this picture.  
What's that, taking the camera  
off the stand? You thought of that?  
No, sir. Nothing like that.  
It's a little stunt I do with my shorts.  
I suck my stomach in, see?  
And then pull my shorts up tight...  
way up past my waist...  
and then, when I'm ready, pow,  
I slam it up there and it rips them.  
It rips them right up the middle. You get it?  
I kind of like that.  
That's kind of a cute stunt, yeah?  
- I told you Big Mac would go for it.  
- You didn't have to.  
If you knew I'd go for it,  
why didn't you put it in the picture?  
Oh, Christ. Two rhetorical questions  
in one day. Am I turning into rubber?  
What's this rubber stuff?  
What's this rhetorical questions?  
Your whole life is a rhetorical question.  
- What is this stuff?  
- It's smart guy stuff.

- He used the same gag on me.

- Yeah?

Well, listen, smart guy, and this is no gag,  
you're treading on thin ice.

And you're wasting my time.

I'm trying to get rid of this orangutan

**by 4:**

What's this?

- I met someone today.

- Yeah?

Yeah, well, I'm supposed to meet him  
at the Beverly Hills Hotel by 4:00.

He said, well, you know, I had star potential.

The guy a Kraut? Big cheese at Metro?

Taco chauffeur?

I know about that gag

and I ain't even in the real movies.

Who is it?

So I'd appreciate it, Mac, old sport,

if you'd just shake wallets and say goodbye.

Appreciate? Now that's a funny word  
coming from you, kid.

- I don't have time for this, Mac.

- You don't have time?

Will you listen to this kid?

He still thinks he's the Boy Wonder.

He still thinks he's got somewhere to go.

Buddy, all you got is time...

and I'm paying for it.

Now, let's see this stunt with the shorts.

- You mean it?

- Yeah, sure, sounds like a hot one.

- Let's take pictures.

- Swell, only we need the girl.

It's better to get a shot of the girl  
going bananas just after I do it.

- Okay, go get her.

- Say, I'll go.

I told you, honey, nix on that stuff.

Go get her, Rex.

You bet!

Funny bit. The guy's a hot one.

Could the same guy who'd fall



for that Beverly Hills Hotel gag...  
come up with the stunt with the shorts?  
- I'm not going to do it, Mac.  
- What's this?  
I said I'm not going to do it.  
And neither is Harlene.  
- Listen, bub-  
- Hey, this kid's dead.  
- What do you mean?  
- I mean she's dead...  
over the rope, too much dust.  
The needle's still in her arm.  
She's dead, I tell you.  
I told you she wasn't going to do it, Mac.  
And I'm not going to do it, either.  
Well, maybe she ain't really stiff.  
- Maybe she's-  
- She's stiff all right. I'm in the business.  
- I'm getting out of this insane asylum.  
- Hold your horses there, buster.  
Look, this is not my problem.  
You gave her that stuff.  
Will you people  
quit making with the "gave"?  
She earned every grain of that stuff,  
and it was good stuff, too.  
You people make her out like a panhandler,  
and me a cheese-ass.  
I don't gyp nobody,  
and I don't give handouts.  
I'll hand her that, she's a good little worker.  
- Was a good little worker.  
- Was is right...  
'cause now she's dead.  
You got to do something about it.  
Now listen. Will you just wait a minute?  
Don't go flying off the handle.  
We've got to think about this logically.  
- She's up there dead, right?  
- And you've got to do something about it.  
How do you figure that, bub?  
I mean, look at it this way.  
It's the Boy Wonder's bed  
she's sitting on up there getting stiff...

with that spike growing out of her arm.  
You know, that's a funny thing.  
When it comes to taking a camera  
off the stand...  
or deciding about doing  
a stunt with the shorts...  
it's all up to the Boy Wonder there.  
Whatever the Boy Wonder says, goes.  
But the minute you got a stiff...  
it all falls on the Big Boy.  
It all falls on Mister Money.  
That's kind of a funny thing,  
don't you think?  
What do you think, Wonder Boy?  
What are you sitting there  
so quiet thinking about?  
- Wally Reid.  
- Gosh, did you know Wallace Reid?  
The day Wally Reid died, I was having lunch  
with Griffith, Gish, and Hayes.  
Somebody came in  
and told us what happened...  
and Gish started crying right away.  
She said, "Poor Wally...  
"poor Wally, what am I going to do now?"  
Had to leave the table,  
she was crying so hard.  
Old Will Hayes, of course,  
got up to go after her.  
She used to bring that out in people.  
And as he left, he turned to us...  
and he shot this out like spit, he said:  
"Good riddance!  
Good riddance to bad rubbish!"  
After they were gone...  
Griffith turned to me and he was smiling.  
I never saw that son of a gun  
look so happy in my life.  
Do you know what he said?  
He said, "God bless him.  
"God bless that poor son of a bitch  
for not dying in the middle of my picture. "  
And then he ate Lillian's dessert.  
That's a real cute little story...

but it don't exactly solve the problem.  
What would you like me to say?  
I've got half a film in the can,  
and my leading lady has gone over the rope.  
I have asked you before not to come  
around here when I was shooting.  
That still don't solve the problem, kiddo.  
Maybe there isn't a problem.  
Let me think.  
- Maybe we can shoot around it.  
- Shoot around it?  
You can't shoot around this,  
somebody's dead up there.  
So are you when somebody points a camera  
at you. Maybe we can do it all in close.  
Do what in close, for the love of God?  
Will you be quiet five minutes?  
Let me think!  
Now, it's not the way I wanted to do it.  
It's pretty stock stuff, him grabbing her  
by the handles...  
a couple of come shots.  
Give Rex more to do, God forbid.  
Rewrite the ending. I can finish this film.  
Let's get Harlene's body back in here.  
Are you crazy?  
He's out of his noodle.  
Right out of his fucking noodle.  
Pardon my French.  
You want me to do it with a stiff?  
Who's gonna know?  
- Oh, God, I think I'm going to be sick.  
- The pool, Rex, use the pool.  
I've warned you before,  
I've got dishes in the sink.  
I got a name in the funeral business.  
If word ever got out...  
Unwind. He's just pulling your leg.  
- Aren't you?  
- It doesn't look like it to me.  
- You really want him to do it with a stiff?  
- We got a six-picture contract, don't we?  
You want this fucking movie or don't you?  
You're out of your noodle!

Right straight out of your noodle.  
I'm through. I'm getting out of here.  
I should've quit when you  
hit me over the head with that bottle.  
Hang on. You just gave me an idea there.  
Don't wanna hear any more of your ideas.  
I just want to get out of here.  
I'm supposed  
to be at the Beverly Hills Hotel by 4:00.  
Gee, Rex, that's too bad...  
'cause I listened to your idea,  
and I thought it was a good one, too.  
That stunt with the shorts...  
that's just the kind of thinking I could fit  
into my hamburger operation.  
I'm not interested  
in your hamburger operation.  
No?  
Gee, kid, that's too bad.  
You wanna know why?  
That hamburger operation ain't the only pie  
I'm thinking of sticking my thumb in.  
No, sir, not by a long shot.  
I've been thinking a lot  
about the real movies, too.  
Real movies?  
It probably wouldn't interest you.  
No, what about them?  
It's just I've been thinking... No, forget it.  
You're going to the Beverly Hills Hotel  
and you're meeting a big cheese from Metro.  
That's okay. I mean, I got a couple minutes.  
Go ahead.  
It's just I been thinking...  
these stag pics is okay for your...  
nickel-and-dime motor-court crowd,  
you know what I mean? Funny.  
I've been thinking, maybe it's time  
I got into the real movies...  
and made some real dough. Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Miss Cake and I have been talking about it  
for a long time.

And I think she'd be pretty hot stuff  
up there, with a little practice.  
Yes, sir, pretty hot stuff.  
But the thing is, we need a guy...  
to kind of run things for us,  
you know what I mean?  
The kind of guy that knows  
one end of picture from the other.  
Well...  
I've had a lot of experience.  
I know, Rex, that's what I was thinking.  
And you're a good little worker,  
I'll hand you that.  
But the thing is, could we count on  
you when the chips was down?  
You can count on me, Big Mac.  
Could we? I mean...  
right here's your case in point.  
Here I am, with a stiff in the other room...  
and you're on your way  
to the Beverly Hills Hotel, Rex.  
Gee, Mac, you make it sound like I was a-  
Chicken-shit pansy-ass?  
What can I do?  
You know I'd help you if I could.  
But you can, buster, you can.  
You just said it a minute ago,  
you got a name.  
I got a stiff...  
and you're in the funeral biz!  
Don't that say something to you?  
I got it. You want a discount.  
Yeah, I can get you one.  
Discount? What is this kid using for steam?  
What are you talking, "discount"?  
You think I'll advertise in the social pages?  
You think I'm gonna get six pallbearers...  
five for the box  
and one for the spike in her arm?  
I want you should do it on the q. t., stupid.  
You mean don't tell anybody?  
I mean...  
you and me...  
right now...

we dump her in the car...  
and we take her out to the maggots ranch...  
and we stick her in a spare hole.  
Spare hole?  
Come on now, buster. We're talking  
about one of your top boneyards here.  
- Don't tell me they don't book in advance.  
- They book in advance.  
Then you must have something  
warming up for somebody, yeah?  
We are expecting a party of two tomorrow.  
A lovebird thing.  
Guy shot his wife, then sucked a pipe...  
and left an order for a double ditch.  
A double ditch? There you go.  
Plenty of room for everybody.  
We stick her in there today.  
Brush a little dust on her...  
and then tomorrow,  
when they lower the crates-  
I don't know, I mean wait a minute.  
I mean, you make it sound real easy.  
I mean, what if somebody saw us?  
I mean, I got a name,  
a name in the funeral business.  
All right, Rex...  
if it means more to you...  
than a name in the real movies, forget it.  
Now, wait a minute.  
I guess...  
we could hide her in the shed  
where I keep my shovel.  
Now you're cooking.  
And then I could go back tonight  
when it was dark and bury her.  
Why, sure. It's a cinch.  
- Come on, let's go.  
- Well, now-  
- Come on.  
- I'm coming.  
So you knew Wallace Reid?  
Careful there, will you?  
Wait a minute. What if someone sees us  
putting her in the car?

Like who? He's the only one  
left on this block. Come on.  
Hold it. Put her down.  
Mac, is there anything I can do?  
You just sit tight, honey.  
This is work for the big boys.  
You've seen enough of this stuff  
for one day. It's degenerate.  
The whole thing's degenerate.  
Now you just sit tight. Daddy will be back  
for you in a little while. Yeah?  
Mac, I told you, I am not a child.  
That's for sure. You think I'd leave  
a kid alone with this wacko?  
He's out of his goddamn noodle.  
But you wouldn't mind leaving a  
grown woman alone with him, is that it?  
Mind leaving a grown woman  
alone with him?  
That's rich. Don't you know about this guy?  
He couldn't get his rope to rise  
with a magic flute.  
Mind leaving her alone with him,  
that's a howl.  
Come on. Let's get her out of here.  
Hold it.  
You got something  
to tie this thing closed with?  
You just sit tight, all right? Come on.  
I've been thinking. I mean,  
you know, about my deportment?  
It's okay for this nickel-and-dime,  
motor-court stuff...  
but what about in the real movies?  
- Don't worry. You can get new.  
- Yeah?  
Yeah, come on.  
What did he mean about getting your  
rope to rise? Do you do magic tricks?  
All but that one, Miss Cake.  
Was she a good friend of yours?  
I thought she was awfully sweet.  
She was much smaller than she looks  
in Chicago. I mean, in the movies.

- Miss Cake.  
- I know.  
You want me to shut up.  
You think I'm just a silly little girl.  
I don't mind if you do.  
It's when he does, it gets me sore.  
Did you really want that boy Rex  
to do it with her when she was dead?  
- Listen, Miss Cake-  
- I think you meant it all right.  
I bet you're not afraid to do anything.  
Like what you were doing  
when we came in here.  
I never saw anything so intense  
in all my life.  
You didn't even know we were here.  
I bet you didn't even know what time it was.  
I bet you never think about things like that.  
Once, when I was in college,  
I stayed up all night to write an essay...  
and I didn't think about  
what time it was once.  
Miss Cake, I'm going to have to ask  
for a little silence now.  
Go ahead and think I'm a silly little girl.  
I don't mind if you do. Know why?  
Because he thinks you're a little boy...  
a silly little Boy Wonder.  
Know what he told me  
in the car on the way here?  
He said you were so silly that you  
didn't even know the time of day.  
Just shows you  
what a truly limited guy he is.  
Honest to God, Miss Cake, I don't-  
Wait a minute. I'm not the only one  
who thinks you're intense.  
This guy Clark Gable thinks so, too.  
He told us, out front of the house.  
He said he thought you were the only  
genius that ever worked in the cinema.  
Who?  
Clark Gable, the new kid at Path.  
He's looking for you. Know what he wants?



He wants you to direct a movie,  
a real movie again...  
at Path. He told us, out front of the house.  
- He what?  
- That's right.  
Know what Mac told him?  
He's such a limited guy.  
He said, "Forget it, kid. Everybody knows  
about the Boy Wonder and the real movies. "  
But I don't see why you couldn't do it.  
Do what?  
Direct this Clark Gable in a movie.  
He really wants you bad.  
Know what he said?  
He said, "I know I'm good...  
"but with the Boy Wonder directing me,  
I could be great. "  
And I could see what he meant.  
He's a good-looking guy...  
but he's got these ears  
you wouldn't believe, I mean...  
All right, Miss Cake.  
I know you're upset.  
She was a good friend of yours, wasn't she?  
- Miss Cake...  
- Why don't you call me Cathy?  
Look, I know she was a good friend of yours  
and that you're upset.  
But I think maybe what's  
really bothering you is that...  
you got half a movie done and your  
leading lady's in the trunk of Big Mac's car.  
Isn't that really it?  
Look, you can tell me 'cause I for one don't  
think you're out of your noodle, particularly.  
That's a very kind thing  
for you to say, Miss Cake.  
And I don't know so much about your  
rope not rising and stuff, either...  
because I've seen you work.  
I saw you when we came in.  
You may still be just a ghost story  
to this Clark Gable...  
but I've seen you work.

And while I was watching you...  
I thought about what he said, about being  
good, but you could make him great...  
because, you know,  
I'm going to be in the movies.  
- Big Mac's going to put me in the movies.  
- So he said.  
So he said.  
And he's going to, too.  
Don't you worry about that.  
Do I look worried to you, Miss Cake?  
Now don't get mad.  
I'm just trying to tell you.  
I think you're a genius.  
I've seen every movie you've ever made...  
just like everybody else.  
And I want to be in the movies,  
just like everybody else.  
Only I'm really going to be...  
because Big Mac thinks I'd be  
pretty hot stuff up there.  
So he said.  
But the guy's a hamburger.  
I mean, you know it, I know it,  
so why should we kid ourselves?  
Why indeed, Miss Cake?  
But he's not so dumb that he didn't  
offer you a six-picture contract...  
when everybody else thought  
you were a ghost story.  
And you're not so dumb  
that you didn't take it.  
And I'm not so dumb as you think.  
So let's talk freely...  
like two mature adults.  
By all means.  
Let's...  
What's on your mind, toots?  
I want you to make me great.  
I want you to teach me what are inserts.  
- You are a silly little girl, Miss Cake.  
- I'm not.  
And I've just seen you work.  
And a silly little girl wouldn't

make you a deal like a mature adult.

A deal, Miss Cake?

A mature adult deal?

Go ahead and laugh, but that's what I'm saying. A deal.

I don't even know what inserts are but I'll do them. I'll do anything you say.

- Don't you think I know that? Forget it.

- You need me.

No soap.

You want to finish this movie?

It finished with Harlene.

It didn't. You were going to use her dead.

She was dead when it started.

You're lying. I saw you work.

You got close, you know you did.

You want to think I'm using you...

go ahead, what difference does it make as long as you get this movie finished?

- Watch your step, Miss Cake.

- Why?

Because you're making me like you a little bit too fast.

- Why don't you call me, Cathy?

- Why don't you take off your blouse?

Okay.

Okay, Miss Cake.

Let us see exactly...

how far down into it we can get.

Into what?

Into the valley of indecency.

That's a pretty crummy way of looking at it.

The trick, Miss Cake,

is not to look at it at all, but simply...

limp to the edge of patience

and let yourself fall.

Look up here, please.

Oops.

- Hot, Miss Cake. Hot work.

- I can take it.

I'm sure you can.

But a day will come, Miss Cake...

when you can't.

Not for me.

Perhaps not.  
If you're any good, it will.  
And then, Miss Cake,  
you will be faced with the...  
penultimate decision.  
Do you do the intelligent thing  
and bow out gracefully...  
or do you continue...  
against all that is holy...  
and make up your mind  
to vanish once and for all...  
into the mists of self?  
I'll go on, no matter what.  
I want to be in the movies.  
I want to be an artist.  
You mean, you want to do both?  
Then you will be faced  
with the ultimate choice, won't you?  
You will have to pick someone to abuse.  
The person closest to you  
generally fits the bill...  
which, by then, Miss Cake, will be you.  
Look this way, please.  
Do you mind my asking  
what happened to you?  
I mean, what's made you like this?  
You had a brilliant future.  
I fulfilled it, Miss Cake, at an early age.  
I'm the Boy Wonder,  
that's all that happened to me.  
That's it? Pure and simple.  
Nothing simple is ever pure, Miss Cake.  
You know what I mean. Why are you so-  
Talkies are here to stay. I wish to God  
I was equipped to handle them but...  
you see, I simply don't have the resources.  
So since we are working here  
on a more or less primitive basis...  
silence will suffice.  
No...  
Unwrap the meat.  
The meat?  
You're trying to offend me.  
On the contrary, Miss Cake,

I never have to try...  
this early in the game.  
Now, come on. Get the goods out.  
First, tell me what are inserts?  
Inserts, Miss Cake, are close-ups...  
garish interludes in the progress  
of the whole. Now, unwrap the meat.  
If these inserts are so garish,  
why do you bother with them?  
Because...  
keeping the whole...  
in perspective...  
is quite a taxing little horror, Miss Cake.  
Now, unwrap the meat.  
You unwrap it.  
Let's not play games, Miss Cake,  
what do you say?  
I say you ought to take some pictures  
of my face first.  
After all, that's what they'll  
be photographing in the real movies.  
Perhaps so.  
But it's your meat  
they're going to be thinking about.  
You didn't have to do that.  
If you only truly meant that,  
Miss Cake, we might get this movie done.  
What's Mac going to say?  
I'm not so sure about this anymore.  
Giving up already, Miss Cake?  
What's Mac going to say?  
Something rhetorical, in which case  
you won't be pressed to answer.  
Now lie back down on the bed.  
He can afford to make jokes.  
My sense of humor's  
been bought and paid for.  
You wanted to be in the movies.  
But he treats me like a child.  
He's only cheating himself.  
He pays adult prices.  
Hey, why do you say things like that?  
I mean, what kind of a guy are you?  
No wonder you can't get your rope to rise.

Look...  
I've been in the business a long time, okay?  
Now move your hands.  
No. Now what's that supposed to be,  
some kind of apology?  
You want me to move my hands?  
You tell me what's under them.  
Oh, Jesus. Breasts, okay?  
Soft, trembling mounds  
of pear-shaped fragrance, okay?  
Now move your hands.  
You really do think I'm a silly little girl.  
Okay, now we're ready to roll.  
Now, Miss Cake, here's the scene.  
You are being raped. Raped and strangled...  
with a silken ascot.  
I'd like you to think of that now.  
Think about that and act accordingly.  
It's that simple.  
What do you mean, act?  
The camera isn't even on my face.  
Anybody could do this part  
with the camera on their face.  
Anybody.  
That's where the challenge comes in,  
you see?  
You are being asked to express yourself...  
through your tits, you see?  
Which, after all,  
shouldn't be too hard for you, Miss Cake.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
Is that some kind of crack?  
No, the crack inserts comes a little  
later. Now you ready? Let's go.  
You know that's real swell in theory,  
you know what I mean...  
but if they're meat to you...  
what do you think they are to me?  
Okay.  
Look.  
Touch yourself.  
Feel yourself, Miss Cake. Go on.  
Close your eyes.  
That's it. Now...

stroke them...  
gently.  
Let the nipples...  
ripple along the cracks in your fingers.  
Feel how soft...  
how full...  
how warm...  
You know, this is stupid.  
I mean, really stupid.  
What the hell? You were getting there.  
You were really getting there.  
Maybe you were getting there.  
I was taking you there,  
that is the way it is done.  
That's not how it's done. This is stupid.  
Okay.  
Lie back down there.  
Come on, forget about the hands.  
That's the girl.  
Now close your eyes.  
That's it.  
It was my mistake, the whole thing.  
Just kind of forget about  
what real beauty is all about.  
- That's better.  
- Sure.  
You know...  
these really are...  
soft, trembling...  
mounds of pear-shaped fragrance.  
- You know that?  
- Are they?  
Sure.  
White as snow...  
soft as powder...  
but one little pinch  
and they're hard enough to cut glass.  
Rape.  
Even the word excites you...  
makes things wet with pain.  
Pain, pleasure.  
Horrible...  
hideous...  
grotesque pleasure.

Horrible, hideous pleasure.  
Grotesque...  
violent, savage pleasure.  
Savage pleasure.  
Now move! Move!  
Move, you're being raped...  
God damn it!  
Come on, you're being raped.  
Come on, he's ripping you up the middle.  
That's it.  
Hey.  
I said, hey. Knock it off.  
Oh, Jesus!  
Why did we stop?  
The wind ran out.  
Oh, Jesus.  
I knew it could be like that.  
See? I knew you could be that intense.  
I haven't felt like that since-  
Since the night you stayed up  
to write that essay, I'll bet.  
You're making fun of me.  
I don't care.  
You can do anything you want...  
say anything you want.  
I didn't ever want it to end.  
That's all I thought about the whole time.  
I just never wanted it to end.  
Does that mean I'm at my peak?  
When you don't think about anything  
is when you're at your peak.  
Lie back down there, please.  
You think you're treating me rough,  
but I don't care.  
I'll do anything you say...  
things that would have made me  
sick to think about just before I met you.  
Would it make you sick  
to think about lying down?  
- You want me to take my skirt off?  
- Sure.  
I hope you humiliate me.  
I hope you make me do dirty...  
disgusting, horrible things.



Violent, savage things.

Would you hang this up for me, please?

What kind of things did you have in mind,  
Miss Cake?

Come on, you know what I mean.

Doing it from behind and stuff like that.

I don't quite think you get the picture here,  
Miss Cake.

All I want to do is get a couple of inserts.

Oh, yeah. Me, too. I'll do anything you say.

I want to see it all. I want to do it all.

You want me to take my stockings off?

Maybe you want to take them off for me?

Big Mac gets a kick out of that.

He don't think I'm a silly girl

when I'm doing that...

not when I'm taking my stockings off.

Look.

Miss Cake.

Oh, gee.

Why don't you call me Cathy?

This can lead to nothing but a bad end.

I'm talking too much, aren't I?

I'm making you think I'm silly, aren't I?

No. Not at all. It's just...

You can't kid me,

I know what you're thinking.

I'm just a silly girl who talks too much.

Hey, your rope's rising.

I think you'd better get dressed.

Wait, please. I'm sorry.

Guess I shouldn't have noticed.

It's just not going to work, Miss Cake.

Why don't you get dressed? This is not  
going to come to anything but a bad end.

You want to get your movie finished,  
don't you?

Look, I'll take my stockings off myself, see?

Oops.

I ripped it.

I don't know what I'm going to tell Big Mac.

He'll think of something for you,

don't worry. Now, come on.

Just put your clothes on.

No.  
Put your clothes on, Miss Cake.  
N- O spells no.  
Okay.  
Okay, fine.  
If you wanna be lounging around here  
with your apples out of the basket...  
when Big Mac comes strolling through  
the door, that's okay with me.  
Is it?  
I bet it isn't.  
I bet you're scared he might  
come in here any minute.  
Scared?  
Of that cheeseburger?  
Don't be droll.  
Droll?  
You're scared of something.  
You're shaking like a leaf.  
I'm not scared of anything, sweetheart.  
If you're not scared of anything...  
how come you never go  
out of your house anymore?  
And how come you gave this kid  
Clark Gable the brush this morning...  
if you're not scared of anything?  
Look.  
Please.  
I'm going to have to ask  
for a little silence now, Miss Cake.  
Honestly, you know I didn't mean it.  
I was just acting like a silly little girl.  
I won't any more, I promise.  
Please.  
I promise, I won't.  
Please.  
Daddy?  
No...  
Look...  
you said you wanted to be great.  
- You said I hadn't reached my peak.  
- You haven't.  
I was good, I was damn good,  
and you know it.

But you said you wanted to be great.

They would have said

I was great in the real movies.

But you and I know better, don't we?

- Don't we?

- Yes.

You and I know that you didn't even have  
tits till I told you what they were, don't we?

- Don't we?

- Yes.

And you know...

that it's not a very mature adult deal...

for you to go all resentful now...

before we've learned what else you've got,  
don't we?

- Yes.

- Then shut up...

and lie back down on the bed,

and you'll know...

when to go resentful on me...

because it'll be the first idea that

you get that I don't give you.

And then you can hog it all for yourself.

Do you mind if I ask you a question,

Miss Cake?

This essay...

you stayed up all night to write in college...

was it your own work?

What are you talking about?

Of course it was.

You, Miss Cake, spent all night...

slaving over a composition

of your own device?

Come on, Miss Cake.

You don't believe me?

Spending all of anything, Miss Cake,

requires a bit of self-confidence...

even a night.

Okay, so maybe I did copy it out of a book.

You think that makes me

stupid or something?

- Not at all, merely a thief.

- I'm no thief.

Look.

The ability to steal  
from the thoughts of others...  
is merely an indication of industry,  
Miss Cake.  
What passes for genius...  
is merely the ability to steal from your own.  
So?  
So if you want to reach your peak...  
you'd better learn how to rob yourself blind.  
Now lie back down there.  
You say the strangest things.  
Maybe you're out of your noodle, after all.  
The whole universe is element, Miss Cake.  
It's all relative to production costs  
and sources thereof. Prepare the meat.  
I know what you mean.  
When you say "meat," you mean "mounds"...  
"soft, trembling mounds  
of pear-shaped fragrance. "  
- How am I doing?  
- Done like a pro.  
Your meat, at least, is at its peak.  
- Now, are you ready?  
- Yes.  
- Really? What are you going to do?  
- What I did before.  
- Why?  
- Because the wind ran out.  
No.  
- Because I did it well?  
- No.  
Why, then?  
Because I would have told you  
if I'd wanted you to do something different.  
And women, contrary to popular opinion,  
never know when to open their mouths...  
even to ask.  
Action!  
Come on! Move up and move around!  
- How am I doing?  
- Don't talk, Miss Cake.  
- Don't move your lips!  
- Why not? You're photographing my meat.  
And he is ripping you up the middle!

And loving your breasts!  
And he is...  
The wind's run out again.  
Why did you do that?  
I needed an insert of him grabbing her tits.  
No, I mean...  
why did you take your hands away like that?  
Because I got the insert, Miss Cake.  
It's kind of funny.  
I mean, I'm not her and you're not him...  
so that's really no excuse, is it?  
I mean for taking your hands away...  
so fast like that.  
- Look-  
- I know. It's just an insert, but...  
it's kind of funny when you think about it,  
you know what I mean?  
I have warned you about this thinking,  
Miss Cake.  
Yeah, I know, that's kind of funny, too...  
'cause when you were touching me, it felt  
like you were thinking about something.  
Touch precludes thought, Miss Cake.  
What you felt was merely an illusion.  
Hollywood magic.  
And what did you feel?  
Meat.  
It must have been magic then...  
because it looked like you were touching...  
soft, trembling mounds.  
- Look, Miss Cake.  
- What's next?  
Your cunt. I want to shoot your cunt.  
I beg your pardon?  
Your slot.  
I want to do a beaver shot.  
Don't you think you're being a little crude?  
I thought that might be the bottom line.  
I guess the party's over, Miss Cake.  
We didn't do too badly.  
I got half my shots,  
you learned what inserts were.  
- What are you doing?  
- Getting ready for the beaver shot.

Getting my cunt ready.

- Okay, knock it off.

- Knock what off?

Okay. Fine. Great.

You've made your point. Now drop it.

Funny stuff.

Cute bit.

When you do get to the real movies,  
you ought to suggest comedy to Big Mac.

Slow down, let's take it a step at a time.

We haven't finished this one yet.

Funny stuff, Miss Cake. You're just growing  
as a comedienne in leaps and bounds.

You're growing, too.

Okay, Miss Cake. You've made your point.

Now you don't have to prove  
anything to me.

So who's proving anything? Let's do  
the cunt shot. You got the camera wound?

- Don't use that word, Miss Cake.

- What, "cunt"?

- Think it might be a little crude?

- I think it might be a little insincere.

On whose part?

- You are moving too fast, Miss Cake.

- We're just growing, that's all...

both of us, growing in leaps and bounds.

Let's do the cunt shot.

Listen, God damn it.

Sorry. Beaver, slot, twat, whatever it is.

So let's do it.

- Listen, God damn it, Miss Cake.

- What do you want me to call it?

You tell me what it is, okay?

You tell me what this is.

It's a pity, is what it is.

It's a goddamn pity that you don't have...

more respect for yourself as a human being.

A human being?

That doesn't

tell me very much about my cunt.

I don't have to tell you anything about it.

I just have to, you know, photograph it.

Since you've been impetuous enough to

flash it at me like some common street tart.  
You told me about all else when  
you were photographing it.  
Merely in the quest for a performance.  
We're dealing here with a more or less...  
passive organ, Miss Cake, despite the fact  
that you have been shoving it in my face.  
- Now, shut up and lie down.  
- You don't think I can make it perform?  
I don't care.  
We are dealing here  
with a very undiscerning audience.  
You know, Miss Cake, you've seen one,  
then you've seen them all.  
Are you talking about cunts or audiences?  
Miss Cake, if you'd just be quiet  
for about three seconds...  
I might get this done.  
Listen, take your time. I'm in no hurry.  
Yeah? You may not be.  
All right, would you hold still, please?  
Me? It's you. You're shaking like a leaf.  
Quiet. Just quiet on the set.  
Want me to spread my legs a little?  
No, that's fine. It's just fine.  
It's fine just the way it is. Thank you.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
We're rolling. Action.  
All right, thank you.  
That's very fine work.  
You may now get dressed.  
I don't think so.  
- You don't think so what?  
- I don't think I may now get dressed.  
You don't?  
I think maybe  
there's a little something left for us to do.  
- You do?  
- Yeah, I do. After all, we made a deal.  
Okay.  
We have arrived at the crossroads.  
We have finally arrived  
at what is called the...

delicate situation. I...  
Would you like a drink?  
- No, thanks. What is it?  
- Cognac. It's very good, really.  
It's not that bathtub stuff  
that Big Mac sells-  
What's the delicate situation?  
There comes a time in every motion picture  
of this sort when one must...  
by edict of the genre, so to speak...  
actually photograph the act of...  
penetration...  
as it were. The come shot, so to speak.  
Okay, so let's do it.  
I don't think you quite understand,  
Miss Cake.  
Look, I said I wanted to do it all.  
I know what you told me, Miss Cake.  
I have ears, you know.  
But what one says and what one  
is actually prepared to do...  
What are you looking at?  
You poor baby.  
- I beg your pardon?  
- We can do it.  
We can do it together.  
Do what, Miss Cake?  
I'm really afraid, I don't quite-  
Get your rope to rise. You did it just a  
minute ago and you weren't even trying.  
- For the love of God, Miss Cake.  
- You poor baby. You're shaking like a leaf.  
Delirium tremens  
brought on by this rotgut cognac.  
Silly boy.  
I know you can do it. I saw you  
with my own eyes just a few minutes ago.  
Merely an illusion, Miss Cake.  
What you saw was Hollywood magic.  
There wasn't anything magic about it.  
I saw it with my own eyes.  
It was probably some sort of...  
prostate tremor...  
brought on by the delirium tremens.



Can you imagine, every studio in town  
is being fuelled by this swill?

Don't hand me that.

You've been sucking on that all day...  
and it hasn't done a thing for you.

Delirium tremens. What a load of bunk.

All right, now. Miss Cake.

Cut out that "Miss Cake" crap.

Call me Cathy.

- Look, Miss Cake.

- Cathy.

- Look, Cathy.

- There, you see?

- See what?

- Look at yourself and tell me that's a tremor.

Curious.

I don't recall having put a banana  
in my pocket.

I put it there.

We put it there together. Come on,  
quick, say it again before it goes away.

- Say what?

- Say Cathy.

- Don't be absurd-

- It's not absurd. Come on, say it.

I won't.

Fool, you want to get this movie done?

Come on now, quick. Say it.

- Oh, for Christ's sake.

- Say it.

Cathy, okay.

You're being a fool.

Come on, say it softly. Say it sweet.

- Cathy.

- There you go. Now say it again.

Now you're cooking with gas.

"Cathy, darling. "

I beg your pardon?

Say it, you fool.

Cathy, darling.

That's no tremor, it's a head-on collision.

Now try, "I love you. "

It's starting to melt.

Okay, take your pants off.

I will not.  
Like a little boy. Like a silly little boy.  
Look at this, doesn't even have  
the sense to wear underwear.  
Rinsing in the pool, I-  
Now I'm going to show you.  
Now I'm going to tell you.  
What is that?  
Meat.  
No, it's not. It's magic.  
It's your magic flute.  
But if you want your rope to rise,  
you've got to play it yourself.  
Feel it.  
Not like that. You know how it's done.  
It's the way you want it yourself.  
It's magic.  
It's meat.  
All of it is meat.  
Go on then, bite it.  
What?  
Don't wait. Just do it, bite it.  
You're crazy. I'm not going to bite it.  
It'll hurt.  
Then don't call it meat.  
Either shut up or bite it.  
Jesus Christ.  
Now, feel that. Feel it.  
Touch it and feel it.  
Feel that and tell me it's a tremor.  
Tell me what it is.  
It's a collision.  
It's a head-on fucking collision.  
I told you.  
Now...  
come on.  
I'm trying.  
Come on.  
Okay. Oh, Jesus, it's tight.  
You bet it's tight.  
Oh, Jesus, they're crazy.  
Who's crazy?  
Anybody who says you're not  
the Boy Wonder is crazy.

You're the one who's crazy,  
right straight out of your noodle.  
Did I reach my peak?  
I think you reached your peak, yeah.  
I knew it, see.  
I knew you could make me great.  
It's like they say, Miss Cake...  
some people are born great...  
and others have greatness thrust into them.  
We work well together.  
Who'd have guessed?  
Who would have guessed?  
I wish we could stay like this forever,  
don't you?  
Yeah, I guess maybe I do-  
I wish we had a contract,  
a six-picture contract.  
Open up our own studio.  
Get the pipes fixed. Get the pool cleaned.  
Get you some new underwear.  
Yeah. You, too.  
I can't wait to see what we look like...  
you know, up there on the screen.  
When is this stuff going to be ready?  
What stuff?  
The stuff we just did, silly. My little silly.  
What are you talking about?  
We didn't do any stuff.  
- What do you, mean, silly?  
- I mean, just now, the camera wasn't on.  
What?  
The camera, it wasn't on...  
I mean, just now when we were making love.  
What do you mean, the camera wasn't on?  
What do you mean, what do I mean?  
The camera wasn't on.  
You didn't turn the camera on?  
What were you thinking about?  
Thinking about?  
God, I can't believe...  
What the hell was going through your head?  
Going through my head?  
To tell you the truth, Miss Cake...  
I didn't exactly have my head on my mind.

If you mean your brain's in your ass...  
I couldn't agree more.  
What are you talking about?  
I'm talking about the insert,  
what do you think?  
The insert?  
The come shot, for the movie, remember?  
Yeah.  
The movie. Yeah, now I remember.  
Now you remember.  
That's great, after wasting God knows  
how much time going through it.  
Going through it?  
Yeah...  
going through it, like it was some  
big deal, playing baby-ass games.  
I mean, what does it take to just...  
sit there and fuck?  
You didn't even have the camera on.  
I'm not surprised about you  
and the real movies.  
What do you think, I've got all day here?  
We made a deal.  
Big Mac's gonna walk through that door-  
Any minute now...  
and he ain't gonna quite get it.  
I mean, he's gonna stand here and see his...  
fiance, maybe, walking around  
with her apples out of the basket...  
and the Boy Wonder  
sitting there with his log between his legs.  
But there's something about it.  
I see it but I don't quite get it.  
Do you know what I mean?  
Daddy.  
Oh, Daddy.  
- Surprised to see me, honey?  
- Yeah.  
But, honey, I told you I'd be right back,  
didn't I?  
Yeah, I know.  
Never mind, maybe you just  
forgot what time it was for a while?  
Yeah, I guess so.

Just sort of forgot what time it was.  
I mean, I don't get it.  
I mean, do I kill you or what?  
If I kill you, which I guess I'm gonna do...  
do I shoot you 'cause I'm jealous,  
or do I strangle you 'cause I'm pissed off?  
I mean, I just don't get it,  
do you know what I mean?  
Mac, I only asked him...  
to show me what were inserts,  
so I'd know for the real movies, that's all.  
Is that true?  
Did you show her what were inserts?  
I didn't have to. She already knew.  
Get out of my house.  
What a way is this to talk  
to the man who's going to kill you?  
Don't kill him, Mac.  
He didn't do anything.  
That's what I mean, that's what I don't get.  
He looks like he didn't do anything.  
It always looks like he didn't do anything.  
He didn't, Mac...  
honest to God.  
You said yourself he couldn't get  
his rope to rise with a magic flute.  
He's just a smart guy.  
What's with your leg?  
What the hell's with your leg?  
Nothing.  
Nothing. He just thought  
it was a piece of meat.  
Why, you goddamn fruitcake loony.  
Regret is for...  
Get this monkey out of here, will you?  
- Smart guy, huh?  
- Hold it.  
Mac?  
Don't hurt him.  
What do you mean, "Don't hurt him"?  
He bit you, didn't he?  
He bit you on the goddamn leg.  
I ought to smack your fucking teeth in...  
Pardon my French.

Get your fucking shoes on.

- You want me to slap his teeth in, Mac?

- No, forget it. He's all washed up, anyway.

If I didn't know you couldn't get your rope to rise, baby...

Get that camera.

Mac, what about our six-picture contract?

You wanna know about

our six-picture contract?

Should I get the lights, too?

No, that stuff's junk. We'll get new.

Just take her out to the car.

I was gonna throw this shit in your face, but I'm gonna hold on to it.

- You know why?

- No, why is that, Mac?

'Cause it ain't what you wanted.

You didn't finish it.

It finished you, kiddo.

It was your last shot and you blew it.

First you blew it in the real movies, today you blew it...

without even going out of your house.

- It won't be long now till that-

- Freeway.

Yeah, comes through here...

and you won't even have a house.

That'll be it for you, kiddo.

You're just gonna disappear...

and all that's gonna be left of you is this little roll of film.

And that's why I'm gonna hold on to it...

'cause it ain't what you wanted.

So long, kid.

What do you know?

Guess who's coming up the walk?

It's the new kid. The new kid at Path.

Do you know what he wants?

He wants you to direct a real movie.

Ain't that a sketch?

Oh, babe.

You must be kidding me.

Oh, you can be handsome and rugged and tall

Invest in one thing  
and wind up with them all!  
You can be healthy  
and wealthy and wise  
But I'm satisfied that my rope  
can still rise  
With care, bulbs will burn  
until they are quite old  
It's just when they're switched off  
it sometimes grows cold  
And yet I confess  
with a series of sighs  
It's sure good to know  
that your rope  
can still rise!  
Unless I've missed my guess...  
it's almost time for lunch.