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# Perfect

By Aaron Latham

- Can I help you?  
- Well, I called for her last night.  
Her husband died last night.  
His picture was in the paper once,  
but you misspelled his name.  
She wants to be sure you get it right.  
- You see, it's not one, but two "I"s.  
- You want obituaries.  
It's the guy in the back  
with the urn on his desk.  
What funeral home was she taken to?  
How old was she?  
What did she die of?  
Well, I have to know what she died of  
or I can't write the obit.  
I don't make the rules.  
Could I call you back? Thank you.  
Excuse me, will you?  
Tom?  
Tom, look, I cannot take this anymore.  
You got to get me off the obit desk.  
I can't write another obituary.  
Calm down, Adam. Relax.  
It isn't going to last forever.  
Think of it this way:  
This is your last chance in journalism  
to write anything nice about anybody.  
Perfect.  
New York City - Five Years Later  
So, you can't talk to me about the arrest.  
Can you talk to me about after the arrest?  
You know, his time in prison.  
It was terrible.  
He was in shock the entire time.  
He lost a lot of weight  
because he couldn't eat the food.  
He couldn't sleep.  
They had him in the same cell  
with a Mafia hit man.  
- He was afraid to close his eyes for a week.  
- Interesting.  
For a man like him...  
that was cruel and unusual punishment.  
I'll say.

What do you think, Charlie?  
Can you get him to talk to me?  
He's not talking to any press, Adam.  
He doesn't trust you guys.  
I don't blame him.  
There's been a lot of bad press lately.  
I thought he'd want to tell  
his side of the story.  
The only way to do that is an interview.  
Especially if he feels that the government  
is screwing around on him.  
Now, I didn't exactly say that.  
Anyway, not for the record.  
I don't want you to twist  
what I said out of shape.  
Right.  
The problem is, the only people that  
will talk to me are people that hate him.  
And I'm doing this story  
whether I talk to him or not.  
So don't fault me  
if this is a negative piece.  
That sounds vaguely like a threat.  
No, I think that if he wants a chance,  
he's got to turn his press around.  
You reporters think  
you make the world turn.  
I don't know about that.  
You know,  
I used to be a reporter myself...  
until I got tired of starving my family.  
That's why I got into public relations.  
- To make a living wage. I love it.  
- Yeah.  
I really do.  
Excuse me. I have to take a piss.  
- Am I interrupting something?  
- No. Adam, come on in and look at this.  
- Frankie strikes again.  
- Look at that. They're good.  
At last someone has managed  
to capture his true essence.  
Look at this one.  
I can't believe that she got him to do this.

Believe me, it was easy.

I think this will be the one  
we use on the cover.

- You like it?

- I like it.

- You want to get some lunch?

- Yeah.

- Frankie, you want to join us?

- Absolutely.

How did it go this morning?

Fascinating.

He insisted we meet at the Atrium Club,  
saying it was a safe place to talk.

He implied the government had a reason  
for putting McKenzie out of business.

He was so nervous.

- But what about the interview?

- He thought it was doubtful.

- There's no story without an interview.

- Or without pictures.

You don't want to recycle  
the same wire service photos.

- I'd love to shoot him.

- You'd make him pose with coke in his lap.

- I can make him do anything.

- Come on, you guys.

I have an idea.

McKenzie has a hearing tomorrow,  
in Los Angeles, to reduce his bail.

But he needs the \$2 million  
to pay his lawyers.

Why don't I fly out there tonight  
and get the interview?

- You hate flying.

- I'm fine, as long as there's no turbulence.

When it starts bouncing around,  
I get drunk.

If you're going, let's find a story  
for you to do at the same time...  
in case it doesn't work out. I don't want  
you wasting your time or my money.

You cheap fuck.

You want two stories for the price of one?

Fine.

I have an idea for a story  
that would take place in California.

What?

I got the idea at the Atrium Club,  
this morning.

- Who would you be going after?
- Not who, what.
- Excuse me, what will you be going after?
- Health clubs.
- Groan.
- No.

I'll do a story about how they're  
turning into the singles bars of the '80s?  
Find a couple.

Do a non-fiction love story.

- With pictures.
- Lots of them. It could be hilarious.  
Particularly set in Los Angeles.

You know, inflated bodies. Airheads.

- Hot tubs? Alfalfa sprouts?
- Absolutely.

We haven't done L.A. in a long time.  
It would be wonderful.

- Sounds great.
- Shit.
- What?
- Carly Simon just walked in.

Oh, God.

- She hated the story you did on her.
- I know, I know.
- Hi, Carly.
- Hi, Carly.

Hi, Carly.

- I read that shit you wrote about me.
- Come on, Carly.

The only thing worse than being  
written about is not being written about.  
There is a motion with respect to the bail  
for Mr. McKenzie.

- Is that correct?
- It is, Your Honour.
- Yes. Is there a written motion?
- No.

I'd like to make an oral presentation.

- You filed the notice?

- Yes, Your Honour.

All right, then, go ahead  
and state your reasons.

Then the government may reply.

We are seeking a reduction in bail  
based on two major things:

One, Mr. McKenzie is simply  
not as wealthy as the government...  
and the press, for that matter, imagines.

Let's leave the press out of it.

They have nothing to do with setting bail.

Here they come.

- Charlie, what about the interview?

- He's not talking to anybody.

- Period.

- If he changes his mind, I'll be at...

He's not changing his mind.

He's flying to New York today.

The Sunset Marquis.

The Sunset Marquis!

Hello.

- Adam?

- Yeah.

- How's it going?

- It's going fine.

He got his bail reduced,  
but I couldn't talk to him.

He had to go back to New York.

I'm working on some other angles.

I'm trying to locate some friends of his.

I started the piece. It's real good.

- In other words, no interview?

- Come on, Mark, please.

The story is great,  
and the material I have is terrific.

- It should be a cover.

- You get the interview and we'll talk cover.

Simon & Schuster just made an inquiry  
for me to do this as a book.

Cover would help.

I'm not in the goddamn book business.

- Have you found a health club yet?

- Yes, I found an ad in the phone book.

The club's name is The Sports Connection.  
"Health club, racquetball, and good times."  
"We're a totally new concept  
in athletic club.  
"We're more than a club,  
we're a lifestyle."  
Then it has this illustration of a couple  
in sports clothes hugging each other.  
It sounds perfect.  
What kind of story are you planning to do?  
Maybe something about  
couples meeting here, falling in love  
- getting married.  
- That sounds good.  
Let's go down and get you a membership,  
so you can see what's happening.  
Now that sounds even better.  
Nanette, where did you get this idea  
to make this place...  
more than a health club,  
like your ad says?  
I looked around the city and I saw  
that people had had it with singles bars.  
They even had the supermarkets  
staked out. That was getting boring.  
Really?  
There wasn't anywhere people could  
get together in a healthy environment...  
and have some social interaction.  
- Right.  
- Mr. Lawrence, hold it.  
Michael and I, he's my partner,  
thought it'd be great to create a place...  
like the lodge at the bottom of the hill  
in Aspen.  
Where people could share  
a common interest.  
- All right.  
- Phone, Nanette.  
- Take a message, okay?  
- Okay.  
My concept was to get people  
out of their potato chip bags...  
into the club by convincing them

it didn't have to be drudgery.

- That it could be fun.

- Right.

- I'll get somebody to show you around.

- Sounds good.

We have nine racquetball courts.

These two courts are our challenge courts.

- The winner stays on, loser gets off.

- Really?

Then, you have a lounge area.

It's a good place to sit and relax,  
before and after your workout.

Your entrance and registration area.

And then we have Pete's Pro Shop.

They have the latest in workout apparel...  
and racquetball equipment.

Then you have the snack bar.

They have fruit juices, great smoothies.

- Beer and wine?

- No wine, just beer.

- You can get a beer after your workout.

- Good.

- And great sandwiches.

- Sprouts?

- Definitely.

- Yes.

- Are you into health food?

- No, not really.

Okay, let's look at Body Dynamics.

What they do in here

is personal fitness assessments.

They do cardiovascular testing,  
nutritional analysis...

hydrostatic weighing,

or weighing the body underwater.

It helps determine

your percentage of body fat.

Then, you have

an hour-and-a-half-long consultation.

- And here we have the coed gym.

- So this is where all the action takes place.

On the free weights,

the universal equipment...

the Nautilus, and Icarian equipment.



- I feel guilty, all these people working out.
- And the Lifecycle bikes.
- Hi, Bobby.
- Hi, Linda.
- I miss you. I never see you anymore.
- Adam, Linda. Linda, Adam.

Hello, Linda.

I mean it. I really miss you.

I worked up here as an instructor before I was promoted to sales.

- I see.
- He used to work on my body.
- Looking good.
- God knows, I try.

I'm still in the "before" group, not the "after," but I'm gonna get there.

- Where's Sally?
- She's there, working out with Roger.
- Trying to make her tits even bigger.
- Well, see you.
- Nice meeting you.
- You, too.
- What's her story?
- She was a mess.
- What do you mean?
- No one works as hard to get in shape.
- Really?
- Hi, Sally. Hi, Roger.
- Five.
- He's killing me.
- Come on, let's go, back to work.
- How many? Just three more.
- That's a couple you should talk to.
- Who are they?

Sally works with Linda at the Apparel Mart, downtown.

And Roger, he's a stripper at Chippendales.

- Interesting. I do want to talk to them.
- Nice people. They met here.
- You'll have such a good time, I promise.
- Come on, come on!

How big do you want them?

Can I get a list of couples that met here,

and their phone numbers?

- It's against policy to give phone numbers.

- Can't you bend the rules?

I really don't have much time.

- I'll see what I can do.

- Thank you.

- Kenny, this is Adam Lawrence.

- How you doing?

He's a reporter for Rolling Stone.

Kenny can answer questions if I'm not in.

- Nanette said you're looking for couples.

- Yeah.

I'm a big fan of yours.

- Really?

- Yeah, I subscribe to Rolling Stone.

I read your piece on Carly Simon.

I thought it was great.

So did I.

I bet lots of lustful matinees  
get started here.

- What? What do you mean?

- Excuse me, I mean, social interaction.

- Let me show you the rest of the club.

- Okay.

By the way,

what kind of story are you writing?

This is aerobics and "slimnastics."

That's Jessie Wilson.

She's probably the best female instructor  
we got right now.

They call her "the Aerobics Pied Piper."

- A lot of couples met in her class.

- Really?

Turn it around.

I'm going back to my workout.

- Enjoy the class.

- Thanks.

- Nice meeting you.

- It was very nice meeting you.

Squeeze. Release. Squeeze. Release.

Toes out!

Shoulders down.

Really tighten your thighs!

Touch down!

Straight leg, left. Go!

Hold it down on two...

Hold it!

Let's go!

- 'Night, Kim.

- Goodnight, Jessie.

- Hi, Shirley.

- Hi, Jessie.

Jessie.

- Adam Lawrence. Hi.

- Hi.

- I really enjoyed your class. You're great.

- Thanks.

I'm a reporter for Rolling Stone.

I'm writing on the Sports Connection.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Rolling Stone?

- Yes.

I'd love to interview you.

- Why?

- Why not?

- I can think of a lot of reasons.

- It would be good for business.

Business is fine.

You think about it.

I'll be around for a few days.

I will, but I don't change my mind about anything.

Could you give me a reason why?

I read magazines.

The Star Garden Club

is proud to present...

direct from New York City,

the one and only...

Shotsy.

- Jessie, hi.

- Hi.

- Did you think about it?

- Very, very hard.

- Did you change your mind?

- No.

- Well, I'll get someone else to interview.

- I guess you will.

Maybe you don't understand.

I may want you as the focus of my story.

No, you don't understand.

I don't want to be the focus of anything.

Okay, you don't have to be the focus.

I just need your viewpoint.

Last time I counted,

there were 90 aerobic instructors.

- But your classes are the biggest, sexiest...

- Are you deaf? No!

- What's the problem?

- I was burned once.

I don't intend to get burned again.

- The battery's dead.

- No kidding. It happens all the time.

Where's your car?

I have jumper cables.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

I can never remember

which is positive or negative. Try that.

- All right.

- Keep it going.

Okay, I have an idea.

I know you don't want to be interviewed.

- But how about dinner tonight?

- Sorry.

How about lunch tomorrow?

- All off the record?

- Just like regular people.

- Hello.

- Hi.

I'm sorry to call so late,

but I just got your message.

What's going on?

- Are you all right?

- Yeah. Why?

Hold on, I'm putting you on speaker.

I got a call from a guy I know who's in

the shady end of the record business.

He said you're ringing the wrong doorbells

and might end up in the hospital.

Make sense to you?

I don't know.

I've been poking around, but...  
I made contact  
with one of his old girlfriends today.  
Maybe somebody's nervous about that.  
I called just to say watch yourself.  
I want you to promise me  
you'll be real careful on this one, okay?  
Anyway, how's the other one?  
Have you found a hook?  
Yeah, as a matter of fact.  
I found this terrific opportunity.  
It's not the kind of story I had in mind  
at first, but it's pretty good. Listen.  
There's a girl at the Sports Connection  
who they call "the Aerobics Pied Piper."  
She's got this following  
of leotards and sweat suits.  
She's fun to watch,  
so lots of couples meet there.  
Sounds good. Maybe that will work.  
It's great. The only problem is  
she doesn't want to cooperate.  
- But she will.  
- I'm sure she will.  
Just remember, get close to her  
while you research, but when you write...  
Forget she has a mother. Right.  
Don't I always?  
- Talk to you later.  
- 'Bye.  
So, who's going to get  
the Lawrence treatment this time?  
Some girl he met.  
- That's obvious.  
- So what's the hook of your story?  
It's not one of those pieces about how  
health clubs are the new singles bars?  
God forbid.  
- Do you work out?  
- Yes, I do work out, when I have time.  
I don't take it as seriously  
as you guys do, but I do work out.  
My dad didn't take it seriously, either.  
He died fat at 40.

Sorry.

I was 8. I knew even then...

if he had worked out and not smoked,  
he'd have lived longer.

How old are you?

I'm sorry.

You don't have to answer that question.

- Mid to late 20s.

- Interesting.

What?

Most people I've interviewed  
are about that age.

I think when you get to our age  
you feel the need to keep in shape.

Probably no coincidence

that the baby-boom generation...

approached 30 at the same time  
as the exercise boom started.

- You do have a hook?

- Maybe.

It's good to talk a story out before writing.

It's all spitballing at this point.

- What's that?

- A tape recorder.

I thought maybe we'd exchange ideas,  
if you don't mind.

- Do you mind?

- Yeah.

- I won't do it.

- Thanks.

I do have some notes  
that may interest you.

Look at this.

"The baby-boomers are leading  
a physical great awakening...

"like the spiritual awakenings  
that grip America about every 100 years."

Pretty good.

I think people want to take responsibility  
instead of leaning on institutions.

For instance, does anyone believe  
the government will take care of us?

- No.

- Not since Vietnam or Watergate, no.

Or big corporations? Or even doctors?  
So, you have to take care of yourself.  
A lot of people are trying to get in shape,  
as you well know.  
I think we've come full circle.  
Almost back to Emersonian America  
of self-reliance.  
There's something else here.

**Emerson:**

and thou canst not hope too much...  
"or dare too much."  
So, what could be more all-American,  
more old-fashioned all-American...  
than institutions  
like the Sports Connection?  
Little capitals of Emersonian America  
scattered from sea to shining sea.  
You are so hot.  
I'm glad we had this off-the-record lunch.  
I was real suspicious of the kind of story  
you were going to write.  
If you want to know  
about the Sports Connection...  
a real writer would work out. Join.  
- You ever taken an aerobic class?  
- No.  
I've got one starting soon.  
You should take one of mine.  
I should, but I can't, I don't have the time.  
I've another appointment this afternoon.  
I have to finish up a story  
before I can concentrate on this one.  
- What's the other story?  
- Joseph McKenzie.  
You do important stuff, too?  
- Will you be here later?  
- Nope. I'm on the road.  
What do you mean, on the road?  
I teach class at the  
Beverly Hills Sports Connection, tonight.  
- Coming in?  
- No, I really don't have the time.  
I'll make a deal with you, though.

I would gladly take one of your aerobic classes if you'd let me interview you. I was really beginning to like you, too. Notes on lunch.

We talked about baby-boom generation, great physical awakening...

Emersonian America.

Father dies fat at 40.

Interesting girl.

She's smart, but I've got to be smarter.

McKenzie and I go way back.

I met him when I was in New York, and I was stripping, even then.

Right, but in a little classier club.

I didn't know who he was

and he walks into the club one night...

and he puts a \$1,000 bill in my G-string.

- Are you kidding? Really?

- We had a lot of fun.

- He's really a great guy.

- Sounds it.

I'll tell you something, if you promise not to tell.

- Okay.

- He bought this house for me.

- Really?

- Yes.

- Well, do you still talk to him?

- Joe and I talk all the time.

- Shotsy?

- My God, my husband's home.

Eddie?

- Honey, this is Adam Lawrence.

- Hi.

He's a reporter for Rolling Stone, and he's doing a piece on Joe McKenzie.

- Get out of here.

- I wanted to ask your wife a few questions.

- You leave her out of this.

- Eddie, I invited him.

I told him he could come.

He says that nobody has anything nice to say about Joe, and I want to help.

You're not saying anything to anybody.



I don't want her name mentioned  
in any article, understand?

Now get out of here.

Knees up!

Jumping jacks!

See you next week.

- I'll see you guys later. I'm late.

- Great class. Thanks.

'Bye.

You did good.

- See you later.

- Hi.

- What are you doing here?

- I just thought I'd come by...

and see if you needed someone  
to help charge your battery.

- I have a confession to make.

- A confession? Yeah?

What kind of confession?

On my way to work, I went to the library  
and pulled some back issues...

of Rolling Stone and read  
some articles that you wrote.

Really? Which ones?

Abscam and Junk Food.

"And?" he says, fishing for a compliment.

You're pretty good.

Must be fun being a reporter nowadays.

"Yeah," he says suspiciously.

You get to try to keep  
the big boys honest.

At the same time, you get to figure out  
which way the culture's going.

I guess that's true.

A friend of mine says...

that popular culture is to society  
what dreams are to an individual.

If you want to find out about an individual,  
you analyse their dreams.

Same with society.

If you want to find out about a society,  
you analyse things like music and film.

- Or health clubs, or junk food.

- And in doing so, you can be quite vicious.

I think I try to be objective.  
Do you always work on a computer?  
Do you know anything about computers?  
I took a couple of courses.  
- You left it on.  
- I always leave it on.  
This way, it's already warmed up  
if I get an idea in the middle of the night.  
May I?  
Everybody writes that.  
I was hoping you'd come up  
with something more original.  
How do you erase it?  
A good reporter would never get in bed  
with a subject.  
You keep forgetting something.  
I'm not your subject.  
- You'd probably be a lousy interview.  
- Probably.  
- No opinions, no ideas.  
- None.  
- I think I'll take your class anyway.  
- I give a very tough class.  
You do? Tell me about it.  
First, there's the warm-up.  
The warm-up is designed...  
to increase blood to the muscles,  
to warm up the muscles.  
So as to be able...  
to do the more strenuous exercises.  
And then, there's the cardiovascular.  
Let me get rid of this.  
Hello. Yes. Who?  
Mr. McKenzie, yes.  
Well, this is he. Well, who told you?  
Shotsy did. Good.  
That's good, I think you should tell  
your side of the story.  
Well, if I left right now,  
I could probably catch the redeye.  
Great. Sounds good. Thank you.  
He'll meet with me. Maybe he'll talk.  
I got to go.  
Of course you do.

Wait a minute.

This is to be continued.

I certainly hope so.

- Hello?

- Hi, I called the office.

They said you're still home.

Rough night.

Mikey Douglas was in town,  
and I got the cocktail flu.

- Where are you?

- I'm at JFK. Guess what?

I got a meeting today with McKenzie.

We're to meet at 12:00 at the Atrium Club.

- You're shitting me.

- No.

- You got any space in the next issue?

- I'll make space.

- Has the cover closed yet?

- Yeah, it's closed.

Screw the cover.

You're drunk, aren't you?

Must have been some turbulence.

Listen, I can't talk. I got to go.

I'll drop by later, how's that? 'Bye.

Wish me luck.

Adam?

Kent, it's Mark.

Listen, I've waited all my life to say this:

Hold the presses.

And get me Frankie.

- What is she doing here? Frankie!

- Adam!

- What are you doing?

- Mark wants me to photograph McKenzie.

- No, he's nuts. I can't take you with me.

- Come on. You can try.

- Forget about it.

- Adam, come on.

Go, Frankie. I'm not kidding.

Nobody's supposed to be here.

You'll blow it.

- My photos are as important as your story.

- There'll be no story without an interview.

- Don't do this to me.

- Bull!
- What?
- It's Charlie, his flack.
- Stay here.
- Charlie who?
- Give me your camera.
- No.

Charlie, hi.

I'm so sorry I'm late.

The traffic was impossible.

- Mind if I use my tape recorder?
- Why don't you ask him yourself?

Well, you certainly come prepared.

- Where to, Mr. McKenzie?
- Just drive around the park.
- So, what happened?
- I got it.

I never thought I'd get him to talk,  
but once he started he wouldn't stop.

It was amazing.

I have three solid hours all on tape.

Adam!

Where's my camera?

Give it to me right now.

- Don't ever pull that again.
- The film's inside.
- My first picture credit.
- What?
- Have it developed. See you later, Frankie.
- Screw you.
- So what's the story?
- Okay.

McKenzie was negotiating  
to sell his computers to Czechoslovakia...  
to save his company.

He had it all worked out.

He was gonna move computers...  
through dummy corporations,  
all over Europe...

until they wound up

behind the Iron Curtain.

He claims the government found out  
what he was up to...

and put him out of business

by busting him.

- How much space do you need?

- Six pages.

Four.

Five.

Okay, four and a half.

We'll hold the issue. When can I have it?

- How soon do you need it?

- Tomorrow morning.

You got it.

What about this aerobics contest coming up?

They want me to make a demonstration.

- Jessie, phone for you.

- Okay.

- Okay, killer, I'll see you later.

- Be good.

- How you doing? You through?

- Yeah.

- Where were you?

- Hiding.

Here you go.

Hello.

Adam, hi.

I'm fine. How was the interview?

It was real interesting.

I really can't tell you the details right now.

I'm afraid this phone is being tapped.

I'll be in tomorrow.

I'll call you when I know what time.

I'll be there.

Make sure my tape recorder is on.

I understand you suspect the government of what lawyers politely call "misconduct."

That's right.

Well, could you expand on that?

I have reason to believe...

that they eavesdropped on my office computers.

You know, like hackers. But...

these hackers weren't kids.

They were FBI hackers.

Yes, hello.

What cuts?

What trouble?

Right.

I'll be there. Okay.

Frankie.

- How did my pictures turn out?

- Bad, amateurish, snapshotty.

That good?

- Mark can see you. The lawyers are here.

- The lawyers?

Come on in.

You know Tod Turner and Martha Young?

Only on the phone.

You really are expecting this  
to cause trouble.

- I thought you liked causing trouble.

- I do...

more than anybody you know,  
but up to a point.

Let me guess what that is.

Could that be the point  
where trouble costs you money?

Right. You want to split the bills  
on this one?

- What's the problem?

- Martha, why don't you start?

Mark says that you have  
the entire interview on tape.

Something like three hours?

- Who's to retain custody of the tapes?

- I am, why?

The magazine should retain  
the original tape, or a copy for its files.

- That's not a problem, is it?

- That is a problem.

I promised McKenzie

I wouldn't let anyone have a copy.

The prosecutors will demand a copy  
once this story is out.

I promised him they would never get it.

I gave him my word.

We'll do everything to keep the tapes  
from the government.

- We'll fight any subpoena in court.

- That's not good enough.

I will make sure the tapes don't get out.  
The only way to do that is to keep them.  
What happens if the magazine were fined  
\$1,000 a day until you turned them over?  
I won't test the magazine's guts  
or its bank account.  
The government could pressure you, too,  
send you to jail.  
That's a risk I have to take.  
Where are the cuts? I want to see them.  
Adam, be reasonable.  
You could have libelled McKenzie.  
He could have libelled others.  
Let's not kid around.  
Mark could be facing millions in lawsuits.  
Without your tapes we have no evidence  
to go into court with.  
I can't recommend that Mark publish  
the article unless you turn them over.  
I can't recommend these cuts.  
Someone's editing with their elbows.  
- Where are the tapes?  
- In my bag.  
Look, you wanted me to do the story,  
I did the story. Okay?  
Take it or leave it.  
Print it, don't print it.  
I got a plane to catch.  
Another story to write.  
You have a big decision to make.  
Now, where were we?  
What comes after the warm-up?  
After the warm-up...  
is the cardiovascular section.  
It should last for 15 to 20 minutes.  
It should be un-interrupted and steady.  
This aerobic phase exercises  
the most important muscle in the body.  
- Which is?  
- The heart.  
- How do you feel?  
- I feel great.  
- You're gonna be sore tomorrow.  
- I don't think so.

- Still want to interview me?
- I don't know.
- I broke the cardinal rule of journalism.
- What's that?

After what we did last night,  
I don't think I can be objective.

- I need to take a shower.
- I need to make a phone call.
- You want to come out to my house later?
- Yeah.
- You did good today.
- Thanks.

For a New Yorker.

- For a New Yorker, too.
- Nice legs.
- Mark, it's Adam!
- I'll take it up here.
- Tell him I have to talk to him.
- Hello.

Mark? Hi. Just checking up.

The McKenzie story going or what?

- We're closing it tonight.
- Good.
- Where are you?
- I'm at the infamous Sports Erection.
- How's that going?
- It's tougher than I thought.

I need some more time.

I haven't really started writing yet.

What about that Aerobics Pied Piper?

- Hi, Adam.
- Hi.

I'm working on her.

Do me a favour and send an advance copy  
of that McKenzie story...

to Simon & Schuster? Dick Schneider.

Tell him why it's not on the cover, okay?

Speaking of covers, I got this great idea  
for the health issue cover.

Ready?

You wanted to use Christie Brinkley,  
now you can.

- In a leotard.
- Not bad.



- Dita needs to talk to you.  
- No, I don't want to.  
I don't have my notes.  
I'll just call her later, okay?  
All right, I'm going. 'Bye.  
- Kenny?  
- Hey, what's up?  
Could you tell me something?  
This girl, what's her name?  
- Which one?  
- The one with Robert.  
That's Linda Slater.  
- She's dying to get in your article.  
- Really?  
- Yeah, but you don't want to talk to her.  
- Why not?  
She's the most used piece of equipment  
in the gym.  
I don't know.  
I don't think you can be objective.  
I mean, really objective,  
under any circumstances.  
- Like the Heisenberg principle of physics.  
- Yes.  
The theory that we change things  
by observing them.  
The idea is that to see something  
you have to shed some light on it.  
- And light alters what it shines on.  
- Yeah, that's good. Very good point.  
- Hi, you guys.  
- Hi, hon.  
Jeff, Bobby, this is Adam Lawrence.  
Adam, Jeff, Bobby.  
How you doing?  
Your mother's in the kitchen.  
- Is she sober?  
- She brought the divinity again.  
- Not a good sign.  
- We're going skiing this weekend.  
- Why don't you guys come?  
- Skiing? This time of year?  
They ski Mammoth until July 4.  
Why, you ski?

Sometimes, yeah. I like to ski.

- Why don't you guys come with us?

- Maybe we will.

We'll see how he feels. You see,  
he just took his first aerobics class. Mine.  
Nothing to it.

- This place is great.

- Yeah, we like it.

Jeff and I are just roommates.

He teaches at the Sports Connection.

That's where he met the girls.

You should interview them.

They have this interesting relationship.

Mom!

I'm not staying, I'm leaving. Don't worry.  
I was lunching at The Muse and I wanted  
to drop by some divinity I made last night.

- Hi, Jess.

- Hi, Billy.

As I said, they have an odd relationship.

Yeah.

- This is the best divinity I've ever made.

- Mom, Adam Lawrence.

- Adam, my mom, Melody.

- How do you do?

Adam works for Rolling Stone.

He's doing an article on Sports Connection.

- He looks too nice to be a reporter.

- Mother.

A piece of divinity, Mr. Lawrence?

She makes the best divinity in the world.

You're thinking of interviewing Jessie  
for this story?

We're talking about it.

We haven't quite decided.

Well, I hope you treat her better  
than the last reporter.

That was one of the worst experiences  
of my life.

I thought we weren't going  
to talk about it.

All right, I'm going.

Goodbye, darling. Come visit.

'Bye, Mr. Lawrence. Enjoy the divinity.

Jessica, you're too skinny.

- This stuff will kill you.

- What was she talking about?

Who is this reporter

and why was he interviewing you?

If I told you,

you might be tempted to use it.

I couldn't stand that.

Wait a minute, I want to know

what she was talking about.

In high school, I was a swimmer.

I was a very good swimmer.

I broke world records.

I made the Olympic team.

That was the year Carter decided

to boycott the games in Moscow.

I didn't agree with him

and was vocal about it.

There was this reporter who said

he wanted to write about how I felt.

But what he ended up writing about,

after a series of interviews...

was my alleged love affair with my coach.

- I'll show you where the phone is.

- Wait a minute.

- Where's the phone?

- On the roof.

- Jessie, hold on.

- I don't want to talk about it.

- Jessie.

- I don't want to!

- Just tell me about the L.A. games.

- I was never that fast again.

Here's the phone. Make your call.

I'm going to go check on the mail.

Hello.

Dita. What's up? You need me?

I'm having trouble checking this.

Everyone's afraid, nobody will talk to me.

I really need your help.

- You ready?

- Shoot.

- Are you sure about the spelling of Shotsy?

- S-H-O-T-S-Y.

- How did you like the piece?

- Not bad.

We should do more of this sort of thing.

Man does not live by rock 'n' roll alone.

Woman either.

I got to put you on hold.

Somebody's buzzing me.

- Okay.

- Adam!

Believe it or not,

I've changed my mind about something.

Let's go skiing. I want to go to Mammoth.

You can interview me all you want.

What's the matter?

I can't move.

God, I can't move.

I got polio.

I got polio! God!

- How many articles do you write in a year?

- I don't know. Ten, sometimes more.

Do you always follow your subjects around?

You're interviewing me.

I'm supposed to be interviewing you.

- Any pointers on how to improve my style?

- Yes.

Always treat a famous person

as if they're not.

And a person who's not famous

as if they were.

And think of your interview

as a seduction.

- A seduction?

- Yes.

How many times a year

do you fall in love, Adam?

It depends on the subject.

I think anything worthwhile takes longer.

Working out, a relationship.

Maybe you're right. I wrote

six articles a day for a newspaper.

- At least I'm going in the right direction.

- Which is?

Take some time off, write a book.

About what?

McKenzie, maybe. If this article is as good as I think it will be. Maybe even the press. They have gotten a lot of bum raps lately. Yeah. And you? What would you like to do? Right now? Or for the rest of my life? You don't want to teach aerobics forever, do you?

No, there's a point when you're not the best, so you get out. Is it important for you to be the best? Yeah. Ever since I was a kid. I'm trying to find something that means the same as going for the gold medal. I always expected to win it. I like breaking records. I like setting records and breaking them. I like winning trophies. I like being the best. You are the best. You want to go break another record?

- Sure you're not too sore?

- Yes.

Let's go.

- Good luck, right?

- Yeah, right.

Come on.

- I've just the remedy for you.

- You do?

I really got turned on in that class. It's sexy to watch people work out, don't you think?

Sure, because the sexuality is so free.

- Everything seems to be so legal.

- It's definitely a meat market. Which is probably why you don't see many couples working out together. I mean, if they pair off they fall out and you never see them again.

- They never come back.

- It's 'cause it makes sex much better. The better your body looks, the more you want to take off your clothes. It's true.

That's good.

Well, do you think that people that are in better shape have better sex?

Yeah.

- Definitely.

- Without a doubt.

All right, how can we expand on that?

I did.

- I mean, two heads are better than one.

- Jeffrey.

Yeah?

- Hi, Jess.

- Better than one, huh?

"What are you thinking about?"

he says, hopefully.

I'm thinking about George Hathaway, to tell you the truth.

Who's that?

He's the reporter who wrote that piece in Inside Sports magazine.

What made you think of him?

I think about the press a lot nowadays.

Anything specific?

I was wondering if he has any idea what his article did to all of us?

What do you mean, exactly?

It's very hard for me to trust anybody, anymore.

On any level.

My mom and I didn't talk for a year.

See, she was the one who gave him most of his information.

Although, she says she didn't say what he printed.

It didn't matter because my coach lost his job.

His wife left him, took their kids.

And he and I...

I don't know, it was just never the same.

We went to one meet afterwards.

It was just too painful.

It was actually humiliating.

But was it true?

Did you have an affair with your coach?

What's that, Adam?

A tape recorder.

- Is it on?

- Yes.

Get out!

- Get the fuck out of my car, Adam!

- Jesus Christ.

- You fucking liar!

- Jessie.

You're a sphincter muscle, Adam!

She's mad.

She always swims when she's mad.

Hi.

- Hi, Mr. Lawrence.

- What's going on out there?

The kids think Boy George is staying here,  
and I'm trying to convince them he's not.

Your editor called and said it's urgent  
that you get back to him.

- Really? Thanks.

- Yeah.

We want Boy! We want Boy!

- Hello?

- Adam, it's Mark. Hold on.

Where were you these last three days?

Skiing, Mark. I've been skiing  
the beautiful High Sierras.

Skiing.

- What's that got to do with the story?

- Very little, I suspect. What's up?

The whole world wants to get  
that McKenzie piece.

- Like who?

- New York Times, Washington Post...

Wall Street Journal, Time,

Newsweek, the wires.

As you weren't in, all I could say was,  
"Eat shit and die."

- You're a real phrasemaker.

- And McKenzie's lawyers called.

They want the story bad.

They offered me money not to run it.

Did you take it?

Adam, eat shit and die.

We want Boy!

- Yes, Mark?

- Then some guy calls and says...  
no health club will keep you healthy  
if McKenzie's story runs.  
Sounds like I'm being followed.  
God, wait a minute.  
I think my room has been searched.

- What? Where are the tapes?

- In my bag.

Maybe you better get home.  
I don't have anyone to hang a story on.  
What happened to Miss Pied Piper  
in leotards? She was perfect.

- She's not. There's no story there.

- You sure?

I said there's no fucking story there,  
but I'll find one, okay?

Hold on. What's the matter with you, Adam?  
Hey, do you think I like it out here?  
I can't stand it here. I hate California.  
Nothing ever goes right for me here.  
Cherchez la femme.  
Sounds like you're in love  
with a California airhead.  
Eat shit and die, will you?  
Hello? No, this is Sally. Who's this?  
Yeah, just a minute.  
Linda, it's for you.  
It's that guy from Rolling Stone.  
You're kidding.

- What do you want him to do?

- Take it off!

Isn't he wonderful?

Sally is so proud of him.

- How long has he been doing this?

- Ever since she met him.

- They met at the Sports Connection, right?

- Right. The first day we joined.

- She's so lucky.

- Yeah.

She had no idea he was a male stripper.  
That's my lover who's out there.  
Ladies in the back,



move down to the front steps!

Move to the front

with your tips for Roger!

- Can you see all right?

- What?

Can you see all right?

I'm sorry you have to watch from there...

but Roger had to do some fast talking

to get you in at all.

It's fine. I can see.

Now, watch this.

- Nobody knows they go together.

- That's great.

- Hi, Linda.

- Hi, Matt.

- How you doing?

- Good.

- How are you?

- Great.

- Can I get you another drink?

- Sure, yeah.

- Adam, you want a drink?

- No, thank you.

I'll be right back.

- God, you know everybody.

- He works out at the gym, too.

I know everybody at the gym.

It's like my home away from home.

He's real nice.

- He's been on Merv Griffin.

- You know, it doesn't surprise me.

- What?

- I say, it doesn't surprise me...

that you know all the handsome men.

I bet a pretty girl like you gets hit on a lot.

Yeah, I do okay.

Excuse me...

I'll be right back.

I have to talk to Sally.

Sally. Sally, come here.

- It's going great, isn't it?

- Fantastic.

Listen, he is so charming.

I want to invite him to the party.

What?

Adam. He's so charming.

- I want to invite him to the party.

- Great.

I think he's trying to seduce me.

Hey, Sally, happy birthday.

No, Robert, not yet.

Not until the stroke of midnight.

- Sally, where's Linda?

- She's around here someplace.

She's with that Rolling Stone reporter.

Don't tell anybody...

but he's going to make us

the focus of the article, maybe.

So act natural, okay?

And this is Sally's bedroom over here.

- And this is my bedroom.

- Nice.

Just don't call me a male stripper.

I'm an exotic dancer. And don't forget it.

Are you sure you don't want

to take off your coat?

- It's hot.

- Not really.

Do you mind if I use a tape recorder

or take notes?

Not at all. You got to get it right.

I don't want to be misquoted.

Next question?

- Hi, guys.

- Hi, Linda.

Hey, Linda.

Come over here and sit on my face.

Shut up. I'm being interviewed.

Tell him about the bachelor party.

- I was drunk.

- And the night in the back of a Mustang.

What night? I don't remember you there.

Were you there?

That was really good.

Remember that? That was great.

I hope everyone likes vegetarian food,

because I'm a fanatic.

I wanted everything to be healthy tonight.

Except the birthday cake.  
I made that with white sugar.  
You can't have a healthy birthday cake.  
Did you girls ever frequent singles bars?  
Did you do that scene?  
Did we ever.  
For a while I think that's all we did.  
Yeah, we had our own bar stools  
with notches on them...  
in every singles bar in the Marina.  
Linda, stop talking like a sleaze.  
We weren't that bad.  
Why did you decide to join a health club?  
Any one thing?  
I got sick of drinks  
with parasols in them.  
No, I just got so tired of waking up  
feeling crummy every day.  
I kept meeting one jerk after another.  
I wanted to meet a healthy man.  
Linda, you'll give the wrong impression.  
Not everyone joins to meet someone.  
- Most people join just to work out.  
- Now, speak for yourself.  
A psychic told Sally she'd meet  
the man of her dreams at a health club.  
Right, so that's when we joined  
the Sports Connection.  
- And you met Roger the very first day.  
- Yeah.  
It was love at first sight.  
I took one look at those tits  
and my whole body got hard.  
You're terrible. He's writing that down.  
Come on, Sally,  
you're just as proud of them as I am.  
Actually, I am.  
As a little girl,  
I would go to Ann-Margret movies.  
I'd come home praying for tits.  
Now, I prayed for tits, too, you know.  
God just didn't answer my prayers.  
Yes, He did. God answers all prayers.  
He just said no.

Do you see similarities  
between singles bars and health clubs?  
Yeah, but I love health clubs  
a lot better.  
Singles bars are really humiliating.  
You're waiting there to meet somebody.  
- You have an excuse to be at a health club.  
- Right.  
And it's a lot safer  
looking for Mr. Goodbody...  
than looking for Mr. Goodbar.  
That's good. I'll use that.  
- Really? You like that?  
- Yeah.  
This is so much fun.  
I feel like I'm on Johnny Carson.  
- I really like that cleft in your chin.  
- Thanks.  
"Happy birthday to you  
"Happy birthday to you  
"Happy birthday, dear Sally"  
God!  
"Happy birthday to you  
"And many more"  
Make a wish!  
Okay.  
Blow. Blow.  
Somebody get the lights on.  
Here, open this one first.  
- Roger, not yet. She's got to cut the cake.  
- Just this one.  
What is it?  
Linda, it's an engagement ring!  
Do you believe it?  
Congratulations.  
I love you so much.  
Look, you guys.  
I'll go make coffee.  
I'm dying. Wait, Linda,  
I'm going to cut the cake!  
- Linda.  
- Hey, Linda.  
Sally, you should have told me.  
I'm your best friend.

- I didn't know he'd give me a ring.
- Roger, you should have told me.
- You know you can't keep a secret.
- What?
- Aren't you happy for me?
- I couldn't be happier.
- What's going to happen to me?
- For God's sake, I'm only getting married.
- Sally, won't you open your presents?
- Yeah.

Please, go now. Open your presents.

Linda.

God.

- God. I'm sorry.
- It's okay.
- Let's go, let's go!
- All right!

I'm happy for you.

I'm really happy for the both of you.

Go out and open your presents.

- I'm going to make some coffee, okay?
- All right, okay.
- Be sure to make a pot of decaf, too.
- Okay.

Okay, you guys, let's open those presents.

Hi.

God.

You know, it's so easy for Sally.

It's always been so easy for her.

- I can't wait until I have plastic surgery.
- You're having plastic surgery?
- Didn't I tell you?
- No.

Yeah, I'm going to have plastic surgery.

- You're kidding?
- No.

I'm going to have a chin implant,  
some cheek bones, and a different nose.

- Why? You look terrific. Are you serious?
- Yeah.

A doctor friend is going to do it.

And he knows the makeup artist  
from The Dukes of Hazard.

He's going to redesign my face.

Do you think there's a connection between your plastic surgery and your workouts?

- It's part of the same thing.

- Which is?

I want to be perfect.

The most perfect you can be.

That's what I want to be, the most perfect me possible.

- And you'll do anything.

- Anything.

If you perfect yourself, you'll be loved, is that what you're saying?

Yeah. Well, you put that really nice.

The most important thing as a reward for perfection is love. Right?

Yeah. Sally thinks I'm mentally unstable.

How many spoonfuls of coffee have I put in there?

I don't know.

I'm so drunk I can't remember.

Adam, are you going to make a pass at me or not?

You know, you can have me. I'm available.

Thank you, but it's against the rules.

Well, since when have you been so ethical?

Everybody knows you're seeing Jessie.

I'm sorry.

I guess I'll go and see if I can scare up a gang-bang.

These are really nice, Mary. Thank you.

- Mary, see if you can find Adam for me.

- Sure.

Yes?

- How's it going?

- Well, you got your story.

- What's the lead?

- It's just as I promised you.

Airheads, inflated bodies.

I call it "Looking for Mr. Goodbody."

- That's a good cover head.

- Yeah.

- How soon can we have it?

- When do you need to decide on the cover?

- I have to have it tomorrow.

- Yeah, well, I'm almost through.  
Can't wait to get through with this  
and move on to something else.

- Got anything in mind?

- How about I go after Bowles in Morocco?  
I'll think about it.

By the way, turn on your radio.  
The McKenzie story's all over the airwaves.  
Somebody gave UPI an advance copy  
and they put out a bulletin.

- You didn't give it to them, did you?

- Of course not. Did you?

- Hold on, someone's at the door.

- I'm on my way out. I'll call you later.  
All right, 'bye.  
Can I come in?  
Want a cup of coffee?  
It's not too hot.  
This isn't for me.  
This is for my friend, the coach.  
He's back with his wife and has a new job.  
Avoid using his name.  
Hey, listen.  
Here, I'm not using it. I didn't copy it.  
I didn't use your name.  
You're not in my article. Okay?  
I give you my word.  
Jessie.  
You called me a sphincter muscle.  
You are one.  
- Who is it?  
- It's Frankie. I just checked in.  
I'll call you later, Frankie.  
- I've got something for you.  
- Forget it. I'll call you later.  
Come on, Adam. Open the door.  
What's going on in there?  
You got somebody in there?  
Do you ever.  
Jessie, this is Frankie Smith.  
She's one of our best photographers.  
Not one of, the best.  
Here's an advance copy  
of the McKenzie issue.

They used your horrendous photographs.

Even gave him credit.

Do I know you?

You look very familiar to me.

I don't think so.

Jessie's an instructor

at the Sports Connection.

I see why you call it the Sports Erection.

I got to go. Thanks for the tape.

You look very familiar to me.

Great piece.

Referring, of course,

to the McKenzie story.

- Frankie, get out of here. I got work to do.

- For sure.

- What time do you need me?

- I don't know, 1:30 or 2:00. I'll call you.

Good, that will give me enough time

to find an assistant.

And anything else I need

to get me through the day.

Jesus! I forgot to tell you.

I already shot the cover. It's amazing.

Mark had this great idea.

Christie Brinkley in a leotard. Sensational.

See you.

United Press International reports that  
it has an interview with Joseph McKenzie.

It's the only interview McKenzie's given  
since his arrest on drug charges.

In it, he claims

the State Department framed him...

because he was negotiating to sell

computers to an Iron Curtain country.

The interview will be published

in Rolling Stone magazine.

- Sorry they forgot to mention your name.

- Yeah, I'm not.

- So this is it?

- Yes.

- You know what you want?

- Yes. Exactly.

Great.

Okay, guys, I need a little ass.



- Okay, guys.  
- Don't be embarrassed, just take them off.  
It's okay, make me suffer. Come on.  
- Come on.  
- What's my mother gonna say about this?  
I'm in pain. All right, good.  
Be in love with yourself  
and look this way. All of you.  
Let's go, you just sweat it. Great.  
Four more!  
Twos!  
Singles!  
Come on!  
What are you doing?  
She's not in the story.  
- Why not?  
- Give me a break.  
- You got enough pictures.  
- All right.  
I'm flying to New York tonight.  
Scott's taking me to the airport.  
See you there.  
- I want those that you took.  
- You got them. Good shoot.  
Five, six, seven, eight!  
Over!  
Five, six, seven, eight!  
I'm glad I met you.  
And I'm sorry I met you.  
I'm glad that you're glad you met me.  
I'm sorry that you're sorry you met me.  
- I thought you put a "don't disturb" on it?  
- I did. It must be important.  
Hello.  
It's the Associated Press.  
I'd better take it. Yeah, send it through.  
Hello? Yes, hello, Fred.  
Well, of course I remember you.  
I really can't do this now.  
It's not a good time. Can I call you back?  
All right.  
Just for a few minutes.  
Let me ask you something, first.  
Do you have an advance copy

of the McKenzie piece?

Really? Where did you get it?

I'm just curious.

Who?

I've never heard of him.

I can't imagine how he got it.

I've been working on the story  
for several months now.

What?

Yes. Persistence and patience, yeah.

No.

I don't think he was using me.

What?

Well, what tapes are you talking about?

No comment.

I can't talk about that right now.

How long?

I don't know, three, four hours.

That's right, in a limousine.

We went around the park.

Listen, really, I've got to go.

I'll talk to you at another time, okay?

Yes, thanks for calling.

Bye-bye.

Sorry.

- What are you doing?

- I read your little story.

You lied to me. I'm erasing it.

- You're not erasing it. Are you erasing it?

- Son of a bitch.

- Jessie, you're overreacting.

- Yeah?

- That's what the other reporter said.

- Don't compare us.

- I didn't mention your name.

- Do you think I care about my name?

You spoke of Emerson, baby-boomers,  
and physical great awakening.

All you did was write  
about people getting in each other's pants.

Everything I wrote is true!

Everything the other reporter wrote  
about me was true too, but it still hurts.

It's not the truth I'm worried about,

it's the tone, and hurting and using people.

You're disgusting.

How can you be nice to somebody  
like McKenzie and shit on Linda?

What did she ever do to you  
or anybody else?

Nothing.

What's wrong with wanting to be  
the best you can be?

What is so wrong  
with wanting to be perfect?

What's wrong with wanting to be loved?

Nothing.

You're going to ruin her life.

Jessie!

Jessie! Jessie!

What are you doing?

Come on, Jessie, talk to me.

- Open up, Jessie. Don't do this to me.

- Fuck you.

I warned you not to put her name  
in that article.

Shit!

Okay, start stirring towards the middle.

That's it.

- Stirring.

- Just don't get carried away.

- You need a little more, honey?

- I think you're doing wonderfully.

Lauren, you've tipped it.

- How often do you do this?

- Pretty often.

- Honey.

- Yeah?

- It's Adam.

- Okay.

Stir down.

- He says it's important.

- Keep going. Keep stirring.

It looks good.

Hello? Adam? You all right?

You sound strange. Is something wrong?

This is going to take longer  
than I thought.

What? You told me this morning  
you were done with the damn thing.  
It's called "deadline."  
The best part is to eat it  
while it's still smoking.  
What's going on there?  
We're making ice cream with  
liquid nitrogen. In the morning, Adam.  
You've got no more time  
because there is no more time.  
Right. You got your story.  
"The ghost of Emerson haunts  
all the clubs in the land...  
"because they represent  
a return to his values.  
"I seem to see old Ralph Waldo  
on a small stage, a kind of podium...  
"almost preacher's pulpit.  
But, he isn't preaching. No.  
"He's leading an aerobics class  
and the whole country is joining in.  
"America is shaping up.  
Physically, mentally, emotionally.  
"In all kinds of ways.  
"'Do that which is assigned thee, '  
Emerson wrote in Self-Reliance...  
"'and thou canst not hope too much  
or dare too much."'  
What is this?  
Has he gone crazy?  
It's not what he promised me.  
This is not "Looking for Mr. Goodbody."  
Mary. Get me Adam Lawrence.  
What does Emerson have to do  
with singles bars?  
- Has he gone nuts?  
- Too many sprouts.  
- That's very funny.  
- Too much exercise.  
Out there they call it bed aerobics.  
- Who's she? She looks very familiar.  
- Her name is Jessie Wilson.  
- She looks familiar to me, too.  
- She looks familiar to me, too.

He's got a "don't disturb" until 12:00.  
The car's downstairs.  
I'm going to Washington.  
I can't print this shit.  
I'm gonna kill the thing.  
You can't kill the story, Mark.  
You're already committed.  
- You can't change the cover now.  
- You re-write it. You make sense of it.  
Get his notes, get his research.  
Frankie was there, she'll help.  
I'll give it an edge.  
- Adam will be very upset.  
- That's his problem, isn't it?  
He'll be out of town.  
I'm sending him to Morocco.  
You do whatever you have to do.  
He's an arrogant son of a bitch.  
Hello. Yeah.  
What?  
When?  
Hello. Yeah, just a minute.  
Jessie, it's Adam.  
I'm sorry. She won't talk to you.  
Yeah, sure, I'll tell her. 'Bye.  
He told me to tell you just to trust him.  
Look what I found.  
I knew she looked familiar.  
Okay, now get at least ten copies.  
- Do you need any money?  
- No, I've got some.  
Boy.  
- We can place your call now, Mr. Lawrence.  
- Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Hello.  
Nous avons ouvert  
la ligne avec Les Etats-Unis.  
- Vous parlez maintenant.  
- Oui. Merci.  
Hello.  
Jessie, it's Adam. I'm calling  
from Morocco. Can you hear me?  
I can hardly hear you.

Have you read the article yet?

You are a sphincter muscle.

Jessie.

Operator. Operator.

- Dita.

- Yes?

It's for you.

- Hello.

- Dita.

- Adam?

- Dita.

Adam, where are you?

This is a terrible connection.

- Dita, do you have a copy of the new issue?

- Yes.

- Is my story still in it?

- Yes.

- Read it.

- What?

- Read it!

- Okay.

Okay, here goes.

"Coed health clubs

are the new singles bars of the '80s."

No.

"They have actually usurped

the sounds and energy of the discos.

"The aerobic jumps and..."

I got to go. 'Bye.

- Hi, Mark.

- Merde.

Sir, when Mr. Bowles comes, tell him

that I had to go back to the States.

Tell him that it was an emergency.

May I have your attention, please?

Announcing the arrival

of Pan Am flight 22 from Tokyo.

Passengers are going through customs.

They will be on the arrival level

in one half-hour. Thank you.

God.

- Jessie Wilson, is she here?

- What?

- Jessie Wilson, is she teaching today?

- Nobody's here.  
They're all over at the Beverly Hills Club  
for some kind of benefit.  
Hey, Lawrence.  
Lawrence!  
You can't go that way.  
Please welcome  
our Sports Connection models.  
Roger of Chippendales, Little Taylor...  
Eva, Myra, Sadie, Terry,  
Debbie, Heidi, and David.  
But no more as you can see.  
You exercise better when you look better,  
because you feel better.  
Great colours give you energy.

- Linda, there's Adam.  
- I can't believe it.  
There he is, behind her. See that?  
- Yeah.  
- Roger, there's Adam.  
- What's he doing here?  
- I'm glad he's here.  
- Why?  
- Because I'm going to castrate him.  
There he is.  
These clothes are designed  
to help you look your sweaty best.  
Four, five, six, seven. Post now.  
Here comes the cavalry. Let's go.  
Jessie!  
Jessie, I didn't write it.  
You got to believe me, please.  
Just let me explain.  
Leave her alone.  
Haven't you caused enough trouble?  
Come on, keep it going. The side-saddle.  
Let's go. Bend those knees, and breathe.  
Just get out of here, Adam.  
You got to let me explain to you.  
I didn't write that.

- It had your name on it, Adam.  
- Why would I do that to you?  
Jessie, please, don't do this to me.  
Just leave me alone, Adam. Leave me alone.

- Hey, Lawrence.

- Ladies, we're really sorry.

I loved your piece.

I don't forgive anyone  
shitting on California.

- Yeah, he called me an airhead, too.

- Son of a bitch.

The captain has turned on  
the fasten seat belt sign.

We are experiencing some unstable air.

Please remain seated until the captain  
has turned off the seat belt sign.

Is your seat belt fastened?

Please, fasten your seat belt.

'Morning, Adam.

Hi, Adam.

I thought he was in Morocco.

- What are you doing?

- You rewrote my fucking story.

- That thing was a lousy piece of crap.

- You rewrote my story, you little shit.

Put that thing down.

Who gave you the right

to put my name on it?

You did, when you turned in...

Why didn't you put your name  
on that fucking shit?

- Get out.

- You eat shit and die. I quit!

You're pathetic.

Mr. Lawrence? We're from the FBI,  
and we have a subpoena for you.

This is Adam Lawrence.

Leave a message at the beep.

This is Joe Baker of the Associated Press.

I'd like to talk to you about whether you  
will comply with the subpoena. Call me.

Adam, it's Mark.

Listen, I want you to call me.

You got to talk to the lawyers.

We've got to decide what to do.

I know you're there, so call me.

Hello, Mr. Lawrence,

this is Steven Roberts of The Times calling.



I need to talk to you. Please call me.  
Adam, this is Mike Jones of UPI.  
We met down in Florida, remember?  
I'd like to talk to you  
about the McKenzie tapes. Please call.  
Adam, it's Frankie.  
I feel real bad about this whole thing.  
I'd like to talk to you, that is,  
if you're still talking to me.  
Adam, it's Mark again. We've got to talk.  
Your career is at stake on this one.  
I don't care what you did at the office.  
You must call today.  
- He has no comment.  
- Give me a break, no comment.  
He's a reporter who can go to jail  
over the First Amendment.  
Are you prepared to do that?  
Will you go to jail  
over the First Amendment?  
By refusing to talk,  
Lawrence left unanswered whether...  
when he appears in court,  
he will turn over the tapes of his interview.  
If he does not, he could face  
contempt charges and a prison term.  
Carla Maxwell at Los Angeles  
International Airport for Eyewitness News.  
- Mr. Lawrence, what is your occupation?  
- I'm a reporter.  
- You currently employed, sir?  
- No, I'm not.  
Directing your attention to June.  
Were you employed?  
- Yes.  
- And who was your employer?  
Rolling Stone magazine.  
As a Rolling Stone reporter, did you ever  
interview the defendant in this case?  
Yes, I did.  
Do you recall when and where  
this interview took place?  
In New York City, June 14. Central Park.  
- Did you record the interview?

- Yes.

How did you record the interview?

It was a portable tape recorder.

- And how long was the interview?

- Three hours.

How many tapes did you use  
to record this three-hour interview?

Three tapes.

Did you bring those tapes with you,  
pursuant to the government's subpoena?

No, I did not.

- Are those tapes still in your possession?

- Yes.

So you could have produced those tapes,  
had you been so inclined?

Yes, I could have.

I move that you direct the witness  
to turn over the tapes...  
or find him in contempt for willingly  
and knowingly violating a court order.  
Mr. Lawrence, if I were to give you

**until 4:**

the tapes of your June 14 interview,  
would you do so?

No, sir, I'd have to decline.

I am warning you, Mr. Lawrence,  
that if you adhere to that position...

I'll have no choice

but to find you in contempt...

and I will imprison you forthwith.

Now, do you understand  
the gravity of your position?

Sir, I do, but I have no choice here.

I promised that no one would ever hear  
those tapes, especially the prosecutor.

- I gave him my word.

- All right, Mr. Lawrence.

I dislike doing this,  
but I have no choice.

You are in contempt of court and  
I'm ordering that you be imprisoned until...  
you decide to comply with the subpoena...  
and surrender the tapes

to the U.S. Attorney's office.

We'll take a 10-minute recess.

Excuse me, are you Jessie Wilson?

Adam!

- I understand you've reached a verdict.

- Yes, sir, we have.

Would you please hand the verdict  
to the bailiff?

Will the clerk please read the verdict?

"In the United States District Court,  
for the Central District of California...

"United States of America, plaintiff  
versus Joseph McKenzie, defendant...

"we, the jury, in the above action,  
find the defendant, Joseph McKenzie...

"not guilty."

- There he is.

- Mr. Lawrence.

- What are you going to do now?

- I don't know.

- How are you feeling?

- Good.

- Would you do it again?

- I would do it again. Yes.

What are you going to do next?

Was it worth it?

Adam, will you be going back  
to work for Rolling Stone?

I don't know.

Now, where were we?