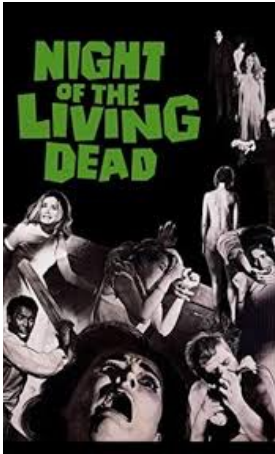


SAVING SEASHELL MOTEL



(Scriptwriting paused ! Resumes in the Fall ! Leave Your Comments !
Might improve Story ! Or totally ruin it ...)

The Year after "The Summer of Love", 1967, still delighted in
"Love, Drugs & Rock 'n Roll". As this Story tells ...

Next to Pacific Coast Highway and The Malibu Film Colony lay the
abandoned "Whale Warf" and the run-down "Seashell Motel".

For a while some decades earlier it had shortly housed
"The Malibu Academy of performing Arts".

A bunch of hopeful Hollywood-wannabes occupied the stage and
each others beds. In between; rehearsing Brecht's "Three Penny
Opera". The Students of this illustrious Academy ranged from
Minnesota Hippies to New-York intellectuals. All enchanted to be
coached by actors and directors from the nearby Colony.

Not only coached.

Benefitting from this star-studded Scam were an odd european
couple of the swinging twenties, the german film director
Friedrich von Inch and his leading lady Gretchen,
said to have some swedish decent.

It was rumored that "The Academy" catered to the
more lascivious Stars of the Movie Colony, for sudden flings or
extramarital affairs. And this should explain it's Shutdown after
a raid by the L.A. vice squad in the more healthier and God-
believing fifties.

And this should also explain the Couple's early retirement and closedown of the motel ; after that delivering guest-nights only to rats and some lost opossum ...

Friedrich took to painting Flamingos while Gretchen walked their dogs , Thor and Oden , then Grand-Danois-Puppies .

Even the Tabloids forgot the previous dramatic Epoque ...

Now we will be reminded as two Scoundrels Peps and Donna enter the Story ; They were mainly operating in the Skid-row quarters of Downtown L.A. Competing in love and deceit , praying on the Innocents and engaging in small crimes to get by .

Former film-extras , even banned from Central Casting .

A police chase brings them to the Motel and It's retired Couple .

This Story of Deceit , Blackmail and Murder , begins soon .
Let me just mention that the happenings in this film were inspired by three almost forgotten Memories .

My "Brecht Summer Theatrical Workshop" at UCLA 1968 with one of Berthold's co-workers from the "Berliner Bühne" .
Acting in "Measures taken" and "Drums in the Night" .

Some decade later I spent an "inspirational" hiatus at Chelsea Hotell in N.Y. , living in an expensiv Janitor's closet , observing how the Owners ripped of the "Artists in residence" .

1964 I experienced an off-broadway performance by Alec Guinness in "Dylan" - on the welsh poet , once living at the same hotell .

Alec was my favorite actor in the Bolting Crime Comedies of the 50's , where he created several Carachters in these their Murder movies .

Players in order of Appearance :

Donna Dawn , method actor
Peps Puddelmeyer , actor , any method
The killer , toyboy
Max Schmelling , the bloody director
Inspector William Shylock , LAPD
Dorothy , Hollywood wannabe
Jimmie Plenty , run-away
A Cabbie and several officers of the law
Friedrich von Inch , motel manager and flamingo-artist
Gretchen , his wife and wharf owner
Oden and Thor , their Great Danes

Nuart Cinema - 1964

Ominous music and screams as Donna´s eyes flicker in fear as she watches the horror film . Next to her Pep´s mouth grows ever wider ... Behind them a sudden flicker of a knife and a lurking shadow leaning forward .

The Killers hawkish profile .
The weapon caresses Donna´s golden locks , tickle her ear ...
then a sudden assault on her throat ...

DONNA : Aaaaargh(coughing) aaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh

MAX SCHMELLING : CUT ! CUT !! CUT !!!

KILLER : I´m cutting , I´m cutting ...

MAX : Where´s the bleeding blood ! Shit !

DONNA : Hello , I´m dying here ...

MAX : Chin up Lady ! (for himself) Chins up !
Ready for another take ... Jesus my lord and savior ...

Light goes on in the movie theater . The crew prepares for the next shot . The Killer checks the knife and now the mechanism works .
Between his eyes ...

Our camera is on the two victims .

PEPS : Puddelmayer .

DONNA : You tell me !

PEPS : Peps Puddelmayer ! Quite a pleasure to meet You .

DONNA : Its never too late ...

PEPS : Quite a near death experience !

DONNA : (hums) "Nearer my God to thee" . This is a sinking ship ! Sorry I´m Donna . For the moment . Donna Dawn ... (sighs) dawn alright ...

MAX : OK ! Crew ! Here we go ! Ready with the Sirloin !

DONNA : Thank heaven for the lunch .

PEPS : (whispers) Its for the close-up ...

MAX : QUIET ON THE SET !

DONNA : (whispers) I´m holding my tongue ...for now ...

QUIET : CUE MUSIC ! CAMERA ! ACTION !

Later at Premiere

Opening movements in repeat ... until actual slashing .

Then the Sirloin steak excels ...

Donna and Peps are in the seats - dressed up for the films opening -
with clutched hands , google eyes , gaping mouths .

They remain so when the sequence is over ... seconds later .

SKID ROW -1967 / ROUTE 66

Reverend Peps Puddelmayer blesses the hungry miserable crowd of hoodlums , outcasts and no-goods . Then he clutches the behind of the bossomy Soup-kitchen maiden Dorothy and they retire to a decrepit office and draw the blinds . The wolves devour the blessings of the tables . Peps the lips of the once virgin .

The Greyhound bus comes to a sudden stop . Out of the dusty desert wind appears a black widow in mourning . Donna steps on board , but after a few feet in the heat she collapses in the lap of the nearest blond boy Josh Plenty .. The Driver assists them to the backseat of the bus , for friendly recuperation . He blinks at Donna with a mysterious smile .

The Reverend steps out of the SoupKitchen Dorothy in tow and catches a Taxi . Peps admonishes the Cabdriver to get him a suitcase on the steps . The Cabbie grabs it , but is immediately grabbed himself by a not so jolly Giant .

GIANT : Hey Man ! That ´s my life in there ! Beat it , brother !

He does so ; only to see his cab vanish down the crowded street .

The Grey Hound Bus station also huddled in this rundown part of downtown Los Angeles , in a mix of spanish markets , round-the-clock-cinemas and a Good Will Store . in the cab Dorothy looks deep into Peps smiling eyes . as he tucks at the priest collar . He loosens it ...

PEPS : Meager Collection , my dear Dorothy . Cheap congregation ! But God is allways at the steering wheel ! Right , my lovely ? You won ´t miss the Soup !

Out of the "Angels Flight" funicular steps Donna and Jimmie . They hurry to the Cab at the curb . It shoots away and as sirens are heard it dissapears into the Bunker Hill tunnel ...

DONNA : God , Your ´re late ! (To Dorothy) Oh , I see ! Hello Beautiful ! I had to take Jimmie on the Flight ... five times ! This is Jimmie ... eh ... Jimmie Plenty . (Jimmie mumbles) Sorry , Penty ! Do you mind dear if I call you Plenty ! That will be your Nom the Plum (Jim Mumbles) Tihi ... tihi ...

PEPS : Enjoyed the ride ? (Jimmie mumbles "fuckin bus" something) I mean the the Angels flight . Donna is no Angel ... you may have noticed , Mr Plenty ?

DONNA : Shut your trap ! Look out ! (Taxi wiggles) Let the boy rest ... he travelled far from ... from ... Hickieland , you know !

But Jimmie is already napping at the welcoming bossom of Donna . As they leave the tunnel the sirens are coming closer .

A chasy rendition of Al Jolson ´s "California , here I come !" takes us

Hollywood freeway , it´s Boulevard , Sunset Strip , Beverly Hills , Santa Monica Pacific coast Highway ... and ends in a giant leap in the swimming pool of Seashell motel !

In pursuit is the police-car with a gesticulating and mutely miming Cabbie ;
Then two vehicles ... then several .

When the wintry winds start blowing
And the snow is starting in a fall
Then my eyes turn Westward knowing
That's the place I love the best of all
California, I've been blue
Since I've been away from you
I can't wait 'til I get going
Even now I'm starting in a call
California, here I come
Right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring
Each morning at dawning, birdies sing and everything
A sun-kissed miss said, "Don't be late"
That's why I can hardly wait
Open up that Golden Gate
California, here I come
California, here I come, yeah
Right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring
Each morning at dawning, birdies sing and everything
A sun-kissed miss said, "Don't be late"
Oh, that's why I can hardly wait
C'mon, c'mon, open up, open up, open up that Golden Gate
California, here I come

In Instrumental break ;

PEPS : Welcome to Hollywood ! No more soup for you , Dorothy dearest !
This is Your land of Oz ! Look ; Capital Records , how´s your voice ?
(Dorothy coughs along the tune : " Hoooraaayyy ..") Lovely , dear ... rare
voice ... they can fix it in a Jiffy ... Graumans ... for Your dancing feet ... your
rhythmic little hands ... all in cement !
The Egyptian ... the adventure of the motion picture industry ... the Strip ...
the Strip ... nightlife under the Stars ... with the Stars !
How about a bungalow ... for your ... our relaxing pastime ...
Your pick ! Here´s Beverly hills ... here´s Santa Monica ... Pacific Coast
Highway ... the Beach . Baby you're built for a Surfin safari ...

During this Pep´ s Monologue and the wild Chase-montage ; we have seen
what Dorothy´ s wide eyes open have noticed ;
Not the tourist-post-cards , but glimpses of red-lights , street-signs ,
roof-tops , panicked pedestrians ... doves loosing wings ...

And so - in a bird´ s eye view - how the cab launches into Mulholland Drive
and the Mountain roads from Santa Monica to Malibu .
Followed by a caterpillar of police-cars . We of course dwell on the chase on
dwindling roads , steep valleys and narrow incidents with oncoming traffic ...

Jimmie is completely asleep , Dorothy with closed eyes ... Peps and Donna
matter-of-factly just exchanging smiles and glances .
Then suddenly their pupils freeze ...
The car flies up in the clouds in beautiful slow motion ...

The Caterpillar caravan has stopped on the hill overlooking the ocean ;
and below the Warm , the Motell and the colony .
Nothing now but the rolling brushy hills down
towards the glittering pacific Ocean . The Santa Ana wind gusts
effectively brushes the tracks of the flying car off the map ...

The music stops in a SPLASH ! as the Cab sinks into the pool .
Friedrich von Inch lets his pencil rest on the easel .
He and the Flamingo on the canvas seem equally surprised ...

DOWNTOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT & GREEN-SLEEVES SUMER CAMP

The glasses to Inspector Shylocks office reflects a busy landscape of cops ,
delinquents and a snoopy Reporter and his photographer looking in ,
Shylock winks them away as he presents the Cabbie a thick folder with
mugshots and pictures from crime scenes . The Cabbie nods and points ...

CABBIE : That´ s them alright !

SHYLOCK (brattish accent) : Deviates ! Seducers of our Youth ! Scum !
I love it ! Sorry Sir ... i meant to say : We got them this time !

CABBIE : And my car ?

SHYLOCK : Only a matter of time , my dear friend . Just a matter of time .
Now , be a good boy and sign this identification slip ...

CABBIE : And my car ?

Shy shakes his head and presses the Cabbienose closer to the sheets ...

SHYLOCK : My dear fellow ! Material Matters ! Look closer at these two scoundrels ! Then at the Youngsters about to be lured into debauchery and decay ! Observe their innocent smiles , their hopeful eyes ... and the crimes about to happen !

The camera zooms in on the black-and-white photos from Camp Greensleeves : they now come to life in living color :
Boys and Girls around a campfire . Peps and Donna in some improvised scout-uniforms . He strums a guitar to her falsified tunes ...
The two of them delivers every other verse , sometimes a duo ;
then in the Choruses the Teenagers join in ...

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.

Chorus:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady greensleeves.
Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So I must meditate alone
Upon your insincerity.

(Chorus)

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
Now I remain in a world apart
But my heart remains in captivity.

(Chorus)

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both wagered life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.

(Chorus)

If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

(Chorus)

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
but still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music still to play and sing;
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Well, I will pray to God on high,
that thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

(Chorus)

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love

(Chorus)

The last refrains are delivered with giggles , coughs and muffled noises as in
the end of the following montage , Joints make the rounds ...

A dirty-minded audience will appreciate the delicacy of the directors
handling of the erotic clichés so common in the camp-movies of the times .

Donna and Peps make the most of Youth-shaping business ;
in gentle commands , easy hugs , suggestive glances etcetera ...

A blue lake , green clusters of trees in the Valley with the high hills sheltering
from prying eyes . They swim , play games and the evening entertainment
have their finale in the crimson tents at the beach .
Under the moon Shadows change resting places .

CABBIE : WHAT ABOUT THE CAR !

SHYLOCK : We will find it , don ´t You worry Sir !
And we will find the Perpetrators of these vile crimes !
And bring them to the Gallows ! Next page !

SHYLOCKS OFFICE / THE DISCOTHEQUE

The Cabbie turns the next page . Nods "It ´s Them !" .
Peps and Donna in somewhat theatrical Hippie-gears .
He mimes : "Where ´s my car?" . To relax him Shylock serves a shot of
whiskey from the classic cabinet drawer .

SHYLOCK : Excuse the very crude service ... an american habit .

They cheer , drinkand relax as The song "Suspiscious mind" has sneaked up
upon them ...

The Camera goes from mugshots to our main carachters behind the bar .
Peps at the disco machinery , Donna serving drinks and swirling a tray of
shots , cruising thru the madly dancing crowd of certified Hippies ...

We're caught in a trap
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Why can't you see
What you're doing to me
When you don't believe a word I say?
We can't go on together
With suspicious minds (with suspicious minds)
And we can't build our dreams
On suspicious minds
So, if an old friend I know
Stops by to say hello
Would I still see suspicion in your eyes?
But here we go again
Asking where I've been
You can't see these tears are real
I'm crying (yes, I'm crying)
We can't go on together
With suspicious minds (with suspicious minds)
And we can't build our dreams
On suspicious minds
Oh, let our love survive
I'll dry the tears from your eyes
Let's don't let a good thing die
When honey, you know I've never lied to you
Mmm, yeah, yeah
We're caught in a trap
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Why can't you see
What you're doing to me
When you don't believe a word I say?
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out

Because I love you too much, baby
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby
Well, don't you know I'm caught in a trap?
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much, baby

The Montage has taken us outside to the dwindling Hollywood Boulevard
with it's pioneer clubs and Cafées in a row like a rundown avenue
from a cheaper cowboy flick .

However Art has made a sudden stop in "The Eisenstein Bookstore" .
Two aging Hippies are discussing the content of the shopping window .
Shylock and his assistant . Behind them in a flowery Buick sit the rest of the
cops , preparing for the Razzia .
When it happens ; Shylock and his men are swallowed
in the maddening dancing crowd ...

Back in the office they take two more shots and rest some before Shy turns to
the next page and Frank Sinatra . Peps and Donna are part of the white-
tuxedo's band behind him . We are at the Ambassador Hotell
on Wilshire boulevard . And the Coconut Grove Night Club .

That's life (that's life)
That's what all the people say
You're riding high in April, shot down in May
But I know I'm gonna change that tune
When I'm back on top, back on top in June
I said that's life (that's life)
And as funny as it may seem
Some people get their kicks
Stomping on a dream
But I don't let it, let it get me down
'Cause this fine old world, it keeps spinnin' around
I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet
A pawn and a king
I've been up and down and over and out
And I know one thing
Each time I find myself
Flat on my face
I pick myself up and get
Back in the race
That's life (that's life)
I tell you, I can't deny it
I thought of quitting, baby
But my heart just ain't gonna buy it
And if I didn't think it was worth one single try

I'd jump right on a big bird and then I'd fly
I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet
A pawn and a king
I've been up and down and over and out
And I know one thing
Each time I find myself layin'
Flat on my face
I just pick myself up and get
Back in the race
That's life (that's life)
That's life and I can't deny it
Many times I thought of cutting out, but my heart won't buy it
But if there's nothing shaking, come this here July
I'm gonna roll myself up
In a big ball and die
My, my

On the Dance-floor Celebrities and Hollywood-stars sweep by :
the old guard Astaire and Gable with partners , some relative newcomers
Monroe with Newman ... Peps and Donna in the background chorus has a
wink and a smile for them all ...

In the wee-hours the autograph crowd is surrounding limousines at the
Marquee . Donna and Peps sign a few before stepping into a
van marked "The Music Crew" .
As the music ends ; the car starts with a roar ... and the clinking of all the
stolen silver pots and pans in the back storage ...

SHYLOCK (with a sigh) That ´s life ! (Sharp telephone signal)
Inspector Shylock here ! Yes ... yes ... YES ... (to the Cabbie)
They found Your car ! How deep ! That's deep !
Who told you ... a couple from the Movie Colony ... (listens) SHIT !!!
That ´s them ! No , no ... I ´ll be there myself . You deal with the Stars ...
very sensitive matters , indeed !

CABBIE : That´s them ? My car ...?

SHY : Bring Your scuba gears ...

SEASHELL MOTEL

Peps wakes up to a room filled with Flamingos . They strut along in the
glistening waves of the floor , they take to wings and in a swishing cloud
they circle the walls ...

He stumbles out of the bed , chasing the birds away . He is drawn to the window light , separates the curtains ... blinded for a while ;
Then he sees two naked youngsters (Dorothy and Jimmie) chased by wild creatures (The Danes) right down into the ocean .

And Donna in a bikini being caressed by a too old man (Friedrich) .
He sways around and looks right into the Eyes of some Godly appearance , stern at first , then smiling and reaching out a hand that delivers him back to the bed .

PEPS : (mumbles) Dear God forgive me all my sins ... and everything else !
Im to young to die !

GRETCHEN : Stille , Liebchen !

PEPS : Mommy ! I´m sorry ... I´ll never do that again ... for now ... or ever ...

GRETCHEN : Willkommen in Seashell motel . (hums) Bienvenu . Welcome .

PEPS : Sally ?

GRETCHEN : Nein liebbling : Gretchen .

PEPS : Yes ... yes ... indeed ... a great scene ... mother dear ...

She sticks a thermometer between his weakening lips and places a wet towel over his eyes . The logo with a flamingo .
As she exits , she corrects one of the paintings of the bird in question .
They fill up the walls .

Jim and Dorothy finishes their pancakes , eggs and bacon .
It looks like they are in prison . Naked !

The Camera dollies out from the old Victorian bed and this room ain´t lacking i´n flamingos either . The wall behind them delivers a cloud of the birds aiming towards heaven ...

They are about to consume som more ... then Gretchen backs in and collects their breakfast on trembling tray ...

GRETCHEN : AHHH ... was ein schönes Romanz . Sie müssen sofort heiraten !

JIM(southern drawl): You can say that again , Mam . (to the girl :
High rating ! ALLRIGHT !

DOROTHY (giggles :) We must marry .

GRETCHEN : Yoy will marry tonight ! Grossartiges Hochzeit !
(swirls away with the clanking tray) Musik und Tanz !

JIM (confounded) : Jeesusss ... don't even remember spilling the beans ...

DOROTHY : Well it´s about time then ...

They dive under the bedclothes ...

MUSIC MONTAGE : "Three Penny Opera":

We cut between the Celebration of Jims & Dorothys wedding and Shylocks investigation at the Wharf and at the Movie Colony .

In the large Machine hall on an improvised Stage sit the Happy Couple with the dogs being fed under the table from the festive meal of quarter pounder burgers ...

Peps - still in his Priests clothing - is resting under a blanket on an improvised bed upon a tools bench . Donna , all dressed up , next to him , gently feeding the blessed soul ...

Gretchen and Friedrich are in their old stage costumes as they perform a medley of the Brecht/Weill songs . Dave knocks the floor with the Cane .

FRIEDRICH : "The Song of the Pimp!"

PEPS : Am I alive ? ...

DONNA : Shhh , Darling . This is our song ... Swallow ! Good boy !

"TANGO BALLAD" - "SONG OF THE PIMP"

Guy : So long ago her soul and mine entwined
We shared our things together happily
I used my mind and I protected her
She used her body and supported me
To be poor is an illness
And this was the cure
So when a customer appeared I'd leave out bed
I'd go outside and I'd prepair some cheese and bread
And when he paid and he could have a snack
Well I'd say if ya like her please come back
And then you'd wash beneth the golden dome
Of that cold brothel that you and I called home

In a dizzy flashback from his earlier recuperation Peps remember Greta showing him an old album of Friedrich and Greta in their early showbiz-days in Berlin .

Outside the theater , acting in the same roles , on and off-stage .
A small apartment . Outings with the ensemble at the lake and in the woods .
In later street-pictures flagpoles with the Swastika appear ...

Girl: For half a year, his soul and mine entwined
He touched me sweetly with a lovers touch
And when the cash was gone he said, "We'll sell your ring,
We have to eat my love, so please don't cry too much.
The ring, who needs it? We wanted to survive"
And I remember once I said that that's not fair,
He knocked me down and slapped my face and pulled my hair,
Then later on one time he hit me with a stick
And I laid down because I felt quite sick

Both: So life was sweet beneath that golden dome
In that cold brothel were we made our home.
And in those days, so very long ago..

Guy: Things weren't as sad and grim as they are now.

Girl: Its true we made love only in the day,

Guy: By night the farmers girl had to pull the plow
It wasn't normal, but we could still play,

Girl: Then I got Pregnant and by you, you will agree.

Guy: So when we F* * * shed always sit on top of me

Girl: Be cause he didn't want to hurt our little child

Guy: But then it died one night in may and she went wild

Both: We said goodbye, in June beneath the dome,
Of that cold brothel which we called our home

In parallell shots Shylock , uniformed to the tee , and the disheveled Cabbie have arrived to the guarded gate of the Movie Colony .

Shy leaves the Cabbie outside and strolls like he was Cecil B. De ´mille to interview and mingel with the Stars ; Drinks at a patio , a pool , at an opulent living room , at the beach ... Shy gets tipsier and tipsier ...

Stars appearing with backs or profiles turned towards us ; the camera concentrating on Shy ´s delight when entering this star studded enclave ...

GRETCHEN :

I used to believe, in the days I was pure
And I was pure, like you used to be
My wonderful someone will come to me someday
And then, it will all depend on me
If he's a fine man, if he's a rich man
Wears a fine cravat, smokes a cigar
And if he's gallant and treats me like a lady
Then I shall tell him: "Sorry"
Chin up high, keep your powder dry
Don't relax or go too far
Look, the moon is gonna shine 'til dawn
Keep the little rowboat cruising on and on
You stay perpendicular

PEPS : Where the hell are we ?

DONNA : Shhh ... Germany ... the twenties ... or thirties ... Eat !
Who the hell cares ! This is Art , Peps ! ART !

PEPS : Who are ... those ... ka ...kattzen ... jammers !

DONNA : Our Saviours , Peps .

PEPS : Those Kids ... I seem to remember ...

DONNA : Shhh ... don't ! Value your amnesia ! We are starting anew Peps !

PEPS : Those ... kids ? Did we score ?

DONNA : There wasn't time , baby .

Oh, you can't just let a man walk over you
Cold and dignified is what you are
Such a whole lot of things can happen
So firmly say, but sweetly: "Sorry"

One day comes a man, but what kind of a man?
Do you know why he does what he does?
He walked into my room and he hung up his hat
And I just didn't know where I was
He was a lean man, he was a mean man
He didn't own a cravat, smoked no cigar
And God knows he never made me feel a lady
There just wasn't time for: "Sorry"

Chin up high? My chin was down my shoes
And I relaxed, but far too far
Oh, the way the moon kept shining on
The night was nice for rowing and this girl was gone
Not so perpendicular
So you let a man just walk right over you
Who said dignified is what you are?
Such a wonderful lot of terrible things did happen
And now it's you can tell me: "Sorry"

An instrumental repeat of the song , as Donna helps Peps up on the stage for
the wedding ceremony . Donna whispers his speech before him .

PEPS : Dear ... Dorothy ... my love ... Do you take this hunk ... this Jim to be
Your bedded . eh , wedded husband , comes good and come worse ... to love
and cherish .. for now (Yeah !) and You Jim ... well .. the same ... (Yes Mam !)
So ... in the ... rights of my ... office ... I Now declare You man and wife !
That ´s it . Or is it ?

Cheers and continued celebration at the festive table .
But suddenly the Dogs listen , then sneak out ...

Shy has gathered his Troops outside the Wharf . He is commanding , laughing
and stumbling around the premises . The Cabbie opens the door to his car and
in a wave a lifeboy appears and plenty of slime ...

The fence around the wharf is plastered with forbidding signs : Keep out !
Closed to the Public ! Beware of Dogs ! Shy admonishes his Patrol to enter
thru a crack in the wall . As they refuse he enters himself ...
and is chased by the Danes down the pier to a dive int the ocean ...

GRETCHEN AND FRIDRICH :

If first you don't succeed
Then try and try again
And if you don't succeed again
Just try and try and try
Useless, it's useless
Our kind of life's too tough
Take it from me, it's useless
Trying ain't enough

Since people ain't much good
Just hit 'em on the hood
But though you hit 'em good and hard
They're never out for good

Useless, it's useless
Even when you're playing rough
Take it from me, it's useless
You're never rough enough

THE PIER

The Pier stretched from sandy white beach , over the black and white rolling waves out in the moonlit Pacific . Soon Dawn will expose the endless horizon

...

A small Gazebo is fenced in with an optimistic Whale sign swinging gently in the eternal summer breeze ...

It´s the hour for anxiety , reflection and a glimmer of hope ...

Six couples are reclining in decrepit deckchairs ,
A stuffed shark looks out over the old fishing gears
cowered in cobwebs . Three oil-lamps accompany the silence ...
A hesitant instrumental version of "Alabama Song"
seep thru the dirty windows ...

FRIEDRICH : It´s all over , Ende , Finale ... the end !
Let´s take the money ...

GRETA : ... and run , Nein , nein , mein Friedrich .
This time we stay ! Gerade ! Yes Boys and Girls !
We stay ... Musik Maestro , Please !

Jim and Dorothy are handling the old gramophone with it´s scratch records
while Donna and Peps administer the last drops of the booze ...
The old actors only cozy up in the following ;
as well as the tarp and boxes allow them .

As we listen to the Melody , the camera zooms in our crew , as memories of rejection and breaking up , are mirrored in their eyes ..

Oh, show us the way to the next whisky bar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why
For we must find the next whisky bar
For if we don't find the next whisky bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you, I tell you
I tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye

We've lost our good old mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why
Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why

Oh, show us the way to the next pretty boy
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why
For we must find the next pretty boy
For if we don't find the next pretty boy
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you, I tell you
I tell you we must die
You might also like
Oh, moon of Alabama (Oh, moon of Alabama)
We now must say goodbye (We now must say goodbye)
We've lost our good old mama (Our good old mama)
And must have dollars, oh, you know why
Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why
You know why, you know why

As Greta and Friedrich lean their heads together and close their eyes ;
The following montage :

A prison cell in claire obscure . Gretchen distraught on the bunk staring
up on the bare bulb . Her body suggestively wrapped in torn and filthy
clothing . The female prison guard appears out of the darkness with a tray
and a tin cup of water and a bowl of soup .
A grim stare , she unlocks the door , puts down the tray , ... and suddenly she
is secretly ravishing the whiteness of that alluring white body .
And Gretchen gives away to the sudden passion ; arms embrace , lips kiss ...
and the guard kicks the tray with her intensive right foot !
Friedrich mimes ; "Cut ! CUT ! Behind the bars the Cameraman stops filming ,
while Friedrich desperately covers his eyes ...

A new take of the lesbian love scene is repeated in the editing Moviola .
This time Friedrich ´s eyes are totally satisfied . Then he feels the presence of
someone behind him . He turns slowly and sees Gretchens scared face .
In the dim cutting room standing beside her are two men ;
one in a police helmet , the other with a black leather coat
and an official and disgusted face .

Cut to : They take a last look at their cosy apartment , Greta picks up a last trinket , a porcelain dog , and stuffs it in the suitcase .
Switching off the light , turning the key .

Donna is eleven years old . Chummy and uncomfortable in a plushy flowery dress , that further exposes her plumpness . The Classroom , the Teacher and the Photographer . Kids lined up in front of a blackboard drawn with semester-ending messages and wild kids at summer-break ...
The photographer whispers to the Teacher and she proceeds to move Donna to the back of the line-up . Replacing her with a prettier kid up front .
A flash from the camera . Doesn't catch Donna's tear-filled eyes .

Peps remember : He is the Drummer in the band named "The Furies" .
Playing at the Highschool ball he has the audacity to suddenly break into a furious solo in the middle of the final and cuddly dance of the evening .
The couples break up from holding hands , cheek-to-cheeking and shuffling round the floor ; And gather round the stage eventually clapping and head banging along the crazy drummer .
The rest of the band is less impressed .

Remember this is under the Magannoy song , so it's mainly told visually !
Maybe under an instrumental interlude ;
vaguely the drumbeats are heard ...
The camera has zoomed in Peps young and exuberance face and twirling body ; It tilts down to the base drum and "The Furies" ,
then it tilts up ... and it's a new Drummer !
Peps adult eyes flinches ...

Dorothy is maybe five or six when the Cops haul out her drunk mother from the scrawny one-room flat in downtown L.A. The silent screams of the couple echo the fire-walls as the mother is hoisted into an ambulance .
A white clad Nurse holds a struggling Dorothy back
in the third floor window . Across the narrow alley a man opens the widow , gesticulates and screams something ... something ...
Dorothys eyes open . Filled with tears ...

A prairie cottage out of nowhere in Alabama .
The rotten old truck is loaded with some furniture and a bunch of skinny kids . Jim's blond hair is lighter but his facial features are the ones of the teenager we now know . As the mother drives off , his father and the dog remains . The leash holds him back .
Jim turns his head . Sand from the road hurt his eyes ...

The Alabama song ends . Only the waves and the gramophone needle scratching the record . All frozen in Memories . In a Gazebo on a Pier in Malibu . Weak lanterns , hazy moon ...

A TV-STUDIO

Inspector Shylock arrives at an abandoned gasstation at Latigo Canyon road .
He checks the Sign : "First Generation video" , shakes his head and places his
troops around the building .

Out steps Dorothy all made up in an executive men´s suit and sexy as hell .

DOROTHY : Inspector ! How lovely of You , Sir ! This way , please !

SHY : Well , it ain´t exactly CBS ...

DOROTHY : Cable television ! Independent media , Sir .
All children in the beginning .

SHY : I see my child ... OOPS !

The already infatuated policeman stumbles his way between oil canisters ,
used tires and rubbish . Dorothy handles him gently ...

The Door swings open and a giant bearded fellow (Peps !) gives him some
evil eyes , while placing him on an improvised rooster , directing a blinding
headlight in his face , then giving a rough make-up session ...
finally retiring behind his Videocamera .

PEPS : Go ahead .

DOROTHY (to the camera :) Good evening ! It´s our pleasure to have as our
guest , Inspector William Desmond Shylock
of the Los Angels police department . Thank´s for Coming .

SHY : Always ready for ... hrm... the media ...

DOROTHY : Tonight´s topic : The Whale Wars and the Seashell motell .

SHY : (prepared speech :) A Scandal ! An Abomination ... we will close and
tear down this smudge of a stain on that beautiful Pacific Coast Highway .

DOROTHY : Lovely , Inspector ... eh ... we have some background footage ...
run the tape !

Donna wrestles with the VCR ; some pornographic sounds and sights ...
(Peps : Shit !) then the monitor sparkles and a poorly edited documentary
of stills and clips tells the story :

MONITOR / PEPS VOICE : At the turn of the century this stretch of the
california coast line was sparsely populated . Seagulls
and seals roomed freely ...

Then in 1910 some optimist established the Whale Warf with a fishermans
pier aiming at the ocean ... Some years later cabins were added and
with the rise of vacation vehicles and of the tourist trade
the Seashell Motell was established .

Then as the Filmmakers emigrated to Los Angeles from the New York movie
monopolies and Hollywood became the film capital of the world ... cough ,
cough , shit ... ´the movie capital of the world . Right .

To get away from the stiff ... styfling studios the picture people established
the movie Colony . Now a thriving oasis ! While the Wharf and the motel
are closed and been deteriorating for many Years . That ´s it !

Shylocks glances have pingponged from the tv-screen and Dorothy ,
getting more sensual on the used Buick back seat by the seconds ...

THE SURFER ´S BEACH

The horror director Max Schmelling has entered a new genre :
Surfer Movies . So next to the Malibu lagoon we find the film company nested
with a bunch of wannabes in swimming gears .

In the hazy background Surfers are already riding the waves .
Max and his assistant the blond "killer" and toyboy from the opening scene
are rehearsing a shot with a bunch of ever giggling girls.
Killer and his moatjé are mounted on a surfboard being wanked hither and
dither to suggest waves . They are dubbing to this Beach Boys song :

Catch a wave and you're sitting on top of the world
Don't be afraid to try the greatest sport around (catch a wave, catch a wave)
Everybody tries it once
Those who don't just have to put it down
You paddle out, turn around and raise
And, baby, that's all there is to the coastline craze
You gotta catch a wave and you're sittin' on top of the world
Not just a fad 'cause it's been going on so long (catch a wave, catch a wave)
All the surfers going strong
They said it wouldn't last too long
They'll eat their words with a fork and spoon, and watch 'em
They'll hit the road and all be surfin' soon
And when they catch a wave they'll be sittin' on top of the world
Catch a wave and your sittin' on top of the world
So take a lesson from a top-notch surfer boy (catch a wave, catch a wave)
(Get yourself a big board)
But don't treat it like a toy
Just get away from the shady turf
And, baby, go catch some rays on the sunny surf
And when you catch a wave you'll be sittin' on top of the world
Catch a wave, you'll be sittin' on top of the world

The girl has no problems with the Lyrics , but Killer is badmouthing several takes and is often out of balance ; especially when he discovers that Max in his turn has discovered Jim and his Mom (Donna) leisurely strolling by the set . Several times . Max calls a Break ! And walks over to the couple ...

DONNA (southern accent) : This is my son Jim !

MAX (Checking the voluminous body in a bikini) :
I don ´t believe it

DONNA (growls) : YOU BETTER ! He´s shaped for the movies !

MAX : I believe You . (To Jim) Well , well ; Hello There Goodlooking !
(To Killer) Make Yourself useful ... now Dear !

Killer grouchingly has suddenly appeared . He leaves , fighting the bunch of surfer boys and girls . Looking back he sees Max , Donna and Jim wander out in the Sunshine . Max with his hand on their shoulders ...

MAX : So the story goes ; this kid from the boondocks ... (to Jim)
Was it Oklahoma ? (Jim : Yes Siree !) Hrm ...
(whisper to Donna :) Some dubbing there !

DONNA : He ha a unique voice ... Sing something Jimmie dear !

JIM (Falsely tuned) : **Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.**

MAX : I LOVE IT !

Then as the camera takes to the skies a heavenly Choir sings
the rest of the song :

Chorus:

**Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.**

**Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.**

The red man was pressed from this part of the West
He's likely no more to return,
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever
Their flickering camp-fires burn.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild prairies where I roam
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Chorus:
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

The camera takes us from the Malibu Lagoon and Colony , along the Pacific
Coast Highway , up Sunset Boulevard to Beverly Hills ...

BEATLES /STONE MONTAGE : COLONY / BEVERLY HILLS

BEATLES : I need somebody
(Help) not just anybody
(Help) you know I need someone, help
So much younger than today
(I never need) I never needed anybody's help in any way
(Now) but now these days are gone (these days are gone)
I'm not so self assured
(And now I find) now I find I've changed my mind
And opened up the doors
Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being 'round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me

At Max Schmellings bachelor pad the Beatles blast from the speakers on the
patio above the black ocean-waves ...
Max only has eyes for his new Find . Jim stomps around in some midwestern
disco fashion . Killer at the bar with knife-thrower glances .
The Surfer crowd still in their swimming outfits .

In oh so many ways
(My independ-) my independence seems to vanish in the haze
(But) but every now and then (now and then)
I feel so insecure
(I know that I) I know that I just need you like
I've never done before
Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being 'round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me

At the same moment Dorothy is escorted from Shy's MG into his fancy
Beverly Hills colonial mansion . She is demonstrated the very english
touches of this victorian interior .

When I was younger, so much younger than today
I never needed anybody's help in any way
(Now) but now these days are gone (these days are gone)
I'm not so self assured
(And now I find) now I find I've changed my mind
And opened up the doors
Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being 'round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me, help me, help me, ooh

As the night proceeds the parallel seduction of Jim and Dorothy have some
things in Common ; the tricks and trades of the two devils Max and Shy .
Also , their maneuvers cling alike , although in different sets .
The indecent dancing of Max , the erotic choreography of Shy .
The panting breaks , the sick-zacking thru their lovers nests ...
and then ready for the final kill ...

STONES : Yeow, yeow - Yeow
Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long year
Stole many a man's soul and faith
I was 'round when Jesus Christ

Had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate
Washed his hands and sealed his fate
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name
But what's puzzlin' you
Is the nature of my game
Stuck around St. Petersburg
When I saw it was a time for a change
Killed the Tsar and his ministers
Anastasia screamed in vain
I rode a tank, held a general's rank
When the blitzkrieg raged
And the bodies stank
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah
Ah, what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, ah yeah
I watched with glee (whoo-hoo)
While your kings and queens (whoo-hoo)
Fought for ten decades (whoo-hoo)
For the gods they made (whoo-hoo)
I shouted out (whoo-hoo)
"Who killed the Kennedy's?" (whoo-hoo)
When after all (whoo-hoo)
It was you and me (whoo-hoo)
Let me please introduce myself (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
I'm a man of wealth and taste (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
And I laid traps for troubadours (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Who get killed before they reach Bombay (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Pleased to meet you (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
But what's puzzlin' you (whoo-hoo)
Is the nature of my game, ah yeah (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Get down, damn it
Pleased to meet you (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
But what's confusing you (whoo-hoo)
Is just the nature of my game, mm yeah (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Just as every cop is a criminal (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
And all the sinners saints (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
As heads is tails, just call me Lucifer (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
So if you meet me, have some courtesy (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Have some sympathy, and some taste (whoo-hoo, woo-hoo)
Use all your well-learned politeness (whoo-hoo, woo-hoo)
Or I'll lay your soul to waste, mm yeah (whoo-hoo, woo-hoo)
Pleased to meet you (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)

Hope you guess my name, oh yeah (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
But what's puzzlin' you (whoo-hoo)
Is the nature of my game, mean it (whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo)
Get down
whoo-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) oh yeah, get on down
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) oh, yeah
yeah
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) aw, yeah! A-tell me, baby
what's my name, tell me, honey
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) can ya guess my name, a-tell me, baby
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) what's my name, I tell you one time
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) you're to blame, ooh
ooh-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) alright
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) whoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-hoo-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) whoo-hoo-hoo, oh yeah, whoo-hoo-hoo
whoo-hoo-hoo, oh yeah
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) oh, what's my name, a-tell me baby
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) what's my name, tell me, sweetie
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo) a-what's my name, whoo-hoo-hoo
whoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-hoo-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) whoo-hoo-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) whoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-hoo-hoo
(Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo) whoo-hoo-hoo, oh yeah
(Whoo-woo, whoo-woo)

THE SUNDECK & THE BEACH

Closeups of faces , before the naked truth is revealed .

DOROTHY : I called him Shy ... he liked that ... cause he´s ...
well , you know ...

PEPS (english accent) : "An extradonery horny fellow"

JIM : Bitch ! I mean that creep ...

DOROTHY : Well he was quite a Gentleman , with ...

DONNA : That brittish touch !

JIM : So ... how ... what ...jesus girl ...

DONNA : Please tell ...

PEPS : I´ll tell You ! It all went according to plan
Get the bugger drunk , let him spill the beans ...

JIM : What the fu ...

DONNA (reashuring :) Their conspiracy ... their schemes ... their plans !

DOROTHY : Well ... not really ... he told me a lot about about his childhood ...
then he cried ... and then ...

JIM : Where were You ?

DOROTHY : On an Icebear ... in front of the fireplace ...

PEPS & DONNA : Charming !! Playing with fire !

JIM : Shut up ... you ... you critters !

DOROTHY : Jimmie Baby ... you´re so cute ! Well he cried and then he sang :
"I was just a poor Boy and my Story is seldom told ..."

PEPS : Well , I´ll tell You . Someone payed for that Beverly Hills mansion !

DONNA : So Jimmie Dear , what´s you excuse for abandoning me ?

JIM : You know what happened !

DONNA : Well I was downstairs enjoying the spiced drinks and the orgy .

JIM : You saw the polar... pollar ...

DONNA : Polaroids , yes honey , good shots ... of the bed !

JIM : Shit ! It was ... was ...

DONNA : Heart-shaped in blue velvet ... quite the Connesuer !

PEPS : So Kids ! You behaved well . I think we got them .
Who wants another round ?

As Elvis moans "Love me tender" , the camera goes Skylift revealing the four
naked people on that hot sundeck . They all embrace , kiss and ...
Sorry ! An unusal cloud censors the rest ...

Love me tender, love me sweet
Never let me go
You have made my life complete

And I love you so
Love me tender, love me true
All my dreams fulfilled
For my darling, I love you
And I always will
Love me tender, love me long
Take me to your heart
For it's there that I belong
And we'll never part
Love me tender, love me true
All my dreams fulfilled
For my darling, I love you
And I always will
Love me tender, love me dear
Tell me you are mine
I'll be yours through all the years
'Til the end of time
Love me tender, love me true
All my dreams fulfilled
For my darling, I love you
And I always will

When the cloud disappears , we are at the top of the cliff overlooking the Colony , the War and the motell . There ´s Friedrich and Gretchen and Oden and Thor , the great Danes . They all have bandannas .
Picnic on a scottishcolored blanket . Chicken , grapes and wine .

ODEN : I have a bad feeling ...

THOR : So what ´s new ?

ODEN ; I don ´t really trust those degenerates to save the day !

THOR : You have an alternative , brother ?

ODEN : Tear down the whole lot and get the hell out of here !

THOR : They still have that impossible dream ...

ODEN : Who believes in Musicals !!
They should finally sell the whole damn wreck ; Take the money and run ...

THOR : Hey Bro ! You love this place ! I know , You do !

ODEN : Well ... fuck it ! I´m thinking of those two !

THOR : You´re a kind soul ! Mr Panza !

ODEN : Shut up ... Brother ,,,, Quiquoute idiot !

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go

To right the unrightable wrong
To love, pure and chaste, from afar
To try, when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star

This is my quest, to follow that star
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause

And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest

And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star!

MONTAGE - The Journey to the States

In a previous scene we saw Friedrich and Greta flee the bidding
Nazi Germany . Leaving the Film set , their apartment ... their lives .

Now the train to France . At customs showing papers . Let thru , after
arguments between German officers and a Swiss conductor outside their
compartment . As the train starts moving ... the irate Nazis leave ...

A Paris café ; friends , looking around for possible spies ,
smuggle an envelope . They don´t even embrace for a goodbye ...

Sharing a meal with the ship´s third class passengers ...
Singing with new friends , as the train climbs the Rockies ...
On the Sightseeing bus with maps to Stars homes .

Passing by MGM , Paramount , Universal ...
Taking in on Sea-shell Motel ...

THE COLONY : AT THE GATEKEEPERS

Shylock is dressed and groomed to the teeth . He´ s at the podium
in the cramped lunchroom of the Gatekeepers rather unimpressive building .

SHY : Ladies and Gentleman ... and may I say representatives of the
Hollywood community . I am proud to be of any assistance in this very
delicate matter . I´ m utterly impressed of what You all have accomplished
here on this once abandon stretch of coastline of the Pacific Co ...

MAX : Cut to the chase !

SHY : The chase ? Yes , I see ... eh ...

MAX : Why the hell haven´ t you smoked them out already !

SHY : Smoked them out ... well , that´ s an alternative ...
Well , well ... as I said . (returns to written speech)
We at the law enforcement ...

MAX : Enforce ! ENFORCE !!

Applause from the Movie-people ! We see only their famous necks .
Discussion erupts ... Shy waves his arms !

SHY : Folks ! Folks !

MAX : Don´ t you Folks us ! Get moving for fuck´ s sake .

MONTAGE : "HORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD"

A Split Screen presents the opening sequence from the movie "Hollywood
Hotel" with the classic song "Hooray for Hollywood" . A Quote :
"From the 1937 film "Hollywood Hotel." Busby Berkeley gets the whole troupe
swingin in high-style Art Deco fashion with the most fabuloso opening
sequence in motion picture history . With Dick Powell, Francis Langford,
Harry James, and Benny Goodman's orchestra."
On Youtube : Skipping the first minute with text !

At the same time we follow Shy and his "Keystone Cops" raiding the seamier
sides of Hollywood Boulevard and downtown L.A .
Landlords and ladies are shown mugshots of Peps and Donna .

Some shake their heads , others point directions , have theories ...
The Delis , the Bars even som Hobos in the park ...
Windows are looked in to , doors are broken ... roofs and alleys searched :
Then finally in the back of a warehouse , up the steps , thru a dark corridor .
under a bleak light : a card on the door : "PARTNERS IN CRIME INC" .

As they break in to the cramped space : They find a desk with some old
burger remains , half-empty glasses . Some fake diplomas on the wall .
Curtains drawn ; the view : a brick wall .
Behind one more curtain , an old twin-bed with disheveled bed clothes .
Only a old toy bear in residence .

Hooray for Hollywood
That screwy ballyhooey Hollywood
Where any office boy or young mechanic
Can be a panic
With just a good-looking tan
And any shopgirl
Can be a top girl
If she pleases the tired businessman

Hooray for Hollywood
You may be homely
in your neighborhood
To be an actor
See Mr. Factor
He'll make your kisser look good
Go out and try your luck,
you may be Donald Duck
Hooray for Hollywood

Hooray for Hollywood!
Hooray for Hollywood
That phoney super coney Hollywood
They come from Chillicothe and Paducas
With their bazookas
To get their names up in lights
All armed with photos
From local rotos
With their hair in ribbons
and legs in tights

Hooray for Hollywood
That bully, wild and woolly Hollywood
They hire cowboys
and they hang their chaps up
And doll their maps u
And give them all that they lack

Now ain't it funny
They pay them money?
Shows what you can do
if your horse can act

Hooray for Hollywood
They hire fellas whose
physiques are good

And then they tell them
they're the perfect shaped men
To act like apemen
And they convince them they should
They make them grunt and yell
And people think they're swell
Oh! Hooray for Hollywood

It's really got me
Hooray
Hooray
Hooray
Hooray
Hooray for Hollywood!

Left screen : A the Sea Shell hotel lobby the whole gang has been watching
the old flick on an the television set . Evening supper served .
Right screen : Shy sits with the teddy bear , while the Cops crowd the door .

TO BE CONTINUED ! SHARE YOUR VIEWS SO FAR ...
AT : arrendal@telia.com