

GONZO IS DEAD

Written by

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INT. HOUSE. SUNKEN BASEMENT. AFTERNOON.

Through a hazed vision we see plains. Great plains. Golden straw plains, blowing softly in the wind.

HUNTER (V.O.)

It takes a special kind of sick fuck to leave a woman stranded in the middle of nowhere. With nothing. No salvation, no sanctuary, not so much as a sip of dam water. Even God gave man fire when He cast him out from the garden of Eden, and we all know how fucking pissed He was...

The vision narrows. A lion stalks through the plains.

HUNTER (V.O.)

And these sick fucks left me here with nothing. Jack fucking shit.

The vision sharpens. A cat, an orange house cat, peers through orange shag carpet. Camouflaged.

Cut to HUNTER (late 20s, fucked, beautiful, smart, did I say fucked?) cheek down on the carpet, opposite the cat.

HOUSE CAT

HISS!

HUNTER

HISS!

HUNTER (V.O.)

So you tell me you sadistic sack of shit. What the fuck comes next?

P.O.V. Hunter reaches for a bottle of rum off the coffee table. It spills she recovers, swigs...

HUNTER (V.O.)

Rum. Good, rum is always good.

Rum is spit everywhere.

HUNTER (V.O.)

Rum is not always good.

P.O.V. Random pills on coffee table, swallowed dry.

Crawling, Hunter reaches a 45, inspects the cocaine crumbs. She licks the record.

Zoom in on the lick. Tongue. Spit. Sexy? Interesting.

HUNTER
 (to camera)
 Like you haven't been here before.

She stumbles out of the house grabbing her littered shit.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Keys, purse, jacket, head...

... shoulders, knees and toes ...

She pops her fighter-pilot collar. Ready for battle.

Stepping out onto the porch, the light burns, it burns!

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Fuck!

She pulls away in a coffee-colored Cadillac, throwing a beer can to the curb - speaking of coffee, she could use one.

EXT. BURGER-RAMA BURGER STAND. PAY PHONE.

Ringling, anxious ringling. Hunter stands in the booth trying to pull out last night's bun.

Her hard ass editor JULIO's (late 40s, dick) assistant SARA (20s, eager) is on the other end.

SARA
 Julio Montenegro's office, Happy Halloween.

HUNTER
 Sara! It's Hunter, I can call back...

Sara's eyes widen.

SARA
 Hunter!

HUNTER
 Sara.

SARA
 Stay on the line, k?

CUT TO:

INT. THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE MAGAZINE. CONTINUOUS.

Sara runs with corded phone in hand - it springs her back, she drops the receiver. Panting, she pops her cat-ear adorned head into Julio's office. He's meeting with suits.

SARA

I have her.

He drops fucking everything. No shits given.

JULIO

Line?

SARA

3.

EXT. BURGER-RAMA BURGER STAND. PAY PHONE. CONTINUOUS.

Completely blinded by the hair that she can't free from her rubber band, Hunter bounces between the walls of the phone booth. Intercut.

JULIO

Hunter?

Hearing his voice sends her into the glass like a bird.

HUNTER

Julio, hey how's it going?

JULIO

Where the fuck have you been?

HUNTER

Where've I been...where HAVE I
BEEN?

JULIO

I don't have time for this fucking
bullshit.

Pacing, the suits in chairs eye him.

HUNTER

(mouthing to camera
through her mop hair)
I've almost got it.

The bun is almost pulled out.

JULIO
Your new illustrator is flying in
today. A woman, so you can't fuck
this one off.

She frees the rubber band and shakes her hair.

HUNTER
Can't I?

She winks at us and holds up the rubber band in victory.

JULIO
Hunter! You work for *Through The
Grapevine* now.

HUNTER
(to camera, pulling
receiver to the side)
We are a top of the line
publication...

JULIO
We are a top of the line
publication...

Audible eye roll.

JULIO (CONT'D)
And I expect you to fucking act
like it.

She wraps the rubber band around her finger like a gun -
shoots it at the camera.

HUNTER
Yessir.

JULIO
Did you get the story sheet that we
faxed you?

Hunter stares at a split end cluster-fuck. Zoom in on the
knot. Can she untangle it? So many straw strands...

JULIO (CONT'D)
HUNTER!

Earth to Hunter.

HUNTER
Yes!

JULIO
 Yes you got it? To that new
 number..

Julio snaps at Sara.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 The one that you told Sara to send
 it to on Tuesday?

HUNTER
 Tuesday? Tuesday... ya, ya, I got
 it.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 I don't got it.

JULIO
 I expect 1,000 words on my desk
 Saturday, as in tomorrow, as in
 right after the goddam race.

HUNTER
 (to the camera)
 Now would be a good time to...

JULIO
 Pick up your goddam illustrator and
 start being a goddam reporter.

HUNTER
 (to the camera)
 Not ask the question...

Click. He hangs up and buries his head in his hands.

JULIO
 (to the suits)
 Can you believe this bitch? Thinks
 she's Hunter S. Fucking Thompson.

SUIT 1
 Doesn't she know that Gonzo is
 dead?

JULIO
 She can sell a fucking magazine,
 I'll give her that.

SUIT 2
 Hunter? Never read her...

JULIO

You've fucking read her. Last week's coverage of the debate.

SUIT 2

That was THE Hunter? Fuck me, I always thought she was, I don't know, sweet.

EXT. BURGER-RAMA BURGER STAND. JUST AFTER.

Hunter trades wadded bills for a coffee and newspaper. The coffee pot can't be poured fast enough... the black gold trickles, slowly.

Starring, impatiently, waiting...

HUNTER

(to the camera)

The thing about drugs, as I'm sure an educated person such as yourself would know is, well... they fucking knock you off your fucking face.

Hunter's handed a paper coffee cup and then the paper bundle, by a BUMBLE-BEE-COSTUMED CASHIER.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

Are you seeing this shit?

She tugs an antenna.

BUMBLE-BEE-COSTUMED CASHIER

Hey!

HUNTER

(to the camera)

I guess you are seeing this shit.

Blue plastic table, coffee, afternoon-ed copy of morning Times...

She taps her fingers.

Tap, tap tap.

Hypnotically.

Tap. tap. tap. PEACE. WAR. DEAD. WATER. tap. tap. tap. PRIZE. SEX. SCANDAL. ESCORT. tap. tap. tap. BLACK. WHITE. RACIST. HORSE. Dog? tap. tap. tap.

Coffee. mud. Sunshine. bright. tap. tap. tap. Words. lots.
tap. tap. tap. Eyes, wide.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Fuck it.

EXT. BURGER-RAMA BURGER STAND. PAY PHONE.

Hunter struggles to fit inside the glass walls, she leans on both sides, like she's spelunking.

SARA
Julio Montenegro's office, Happy
Halloween.

Intercut - symmetrically framed secretary desk and Hunter's origami-ed body position and off-kilter booth.

HUNTER
(whispering, but not
whispering)
Sara! Heyyy it's Hunter.

SARA
Hi Hunter, did you -

HUNTER
(continuing the whisper)
No, no. Don't tell him I'm calling.
Can you just tell me where I'm
supposed to meet this illustrator?

SARA
Uhh, MSY, her flight lands at, just
a sec, uhh 3:15...

HUNTER
SHHH!

SARA
(whispering)
MSY, she lands at 3:15

Tick. Tok. 2:40.

HUNTER
Great, great and where's she coming
from Paris, London?

SARA
Milwaukee.

HUNTER
Milwaukee?

SARA
Are you sure you don't want to...

HUNTER
What's that, Sara it's my
secretary, I've gotta -

SARA
You don't have -

Click. Dead-line-d.

EXT. BURGER-RAMA BURGER STAND. PAY PHONE. EXTERIOR.

HUNTER
Mill-e-wah-kay. All right.

INT. MSY. BATHROOM.

TAYLOR (20s, just fucking stoked) admires her reflection.

Hair up? Down, definitely down. Lipstick, purple.

TAYLOR
I'm Taylor. Name's Taylor, fuck.
Hi, I'm... Taylor the illustrator.

Wow... she needs fucking help... she leans against the
porcelain sink, starring deep into her own eyes when - oh no,
she's going to be sick.

Stall door slams. She's retching, puking up nerves.

In her sink, *Through the Grapevine*, folded over to an
underlined, circled and dogeared "last week's coverage of the
debate", is splattered by the residual water droplets of a
nearby faucet.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(to the handwasher)
Do you mind?

She snatches the magazine and shoves it in her bag. Then, she
sips water from under her faucet, purple lips pursed.

EXT. MSY. COFFEE COLORED CADILLAC. 3:35

Illegally parked, Hunter lights a cigarette and stares at her boot propped on her sideview mirror. Is that gum?

HUNTER
(to camera)
Where is this chick?

Just then, Taylor, throws her pack in the back and gets in. She doesn't say a word.

Not one.

Hunter's not fucking caving. She starts the car and pulls off. Taylor drops the seat back and tips her heart-shaped sunglasses down over her eyes. Hunter circles the airport.

Still not one word from Taylor. Hunter smiles.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Now where in the fuck did they find her?

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You can speak, ya?

TAYLOR
Oh ya.

HUNTER
Not worried you hopped in the wrong car?

Taylor springs her seat up to the upright position, and extends a crushed pack of cigarettes.

TAYLOR
Smoke?

HUNTER
Of course I do.

Hunter plucks a cigarette. Circling. Hunting. Waiting.

TAYLOR
So what's the story?

HUNTER
Mine or ours?

TAYLOR
Taylor.

HUNTER
Hunter...

TAYLOR
Hunter?

Beat.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I know.

HUNTER
I know too.

Hunter stays right to return to the airport. She's circling.
Hunting:

Hyper Speed:

Planes. Taxis. Rollie bags and strollers. Toddlers.
Backpackers. Bad Hawaiian shirts. Engines, fumes. Cigarettes.

TAYLOR
We got nowhere to be or you just
get a sick kick out of circling the
airport?

Come down, we feel the heat, smog, traffic, hell.

Inching, creeping, beeping, yelling...

BINGO! Screech. Honk. Hunter pulls to the curb, cuts off a
taxi - or 27. Slams! the convertible door.

HUNTER
Johnny! What are the odds?

Hereee's JOHNNY (40s, in quite the purple New Orleans suit) -
he coincidence? Or prey?

JOHNNY
What ARE the odds? I take it you're
not my - chauffeur?

HUNTER
I can be your chauffeur.

JOHNNY
I can use a ride.

He puts his bags in the back and slides in behind the barely
collapsing, heavy, Taylor-filled front-seat.

TAYLOR
Little hot for a jacket like that,
ain't it?

Taylor props her bare feet up on the dashboard.

JOHNNY
I like it hot.

HUNTER
Where can I take you Johnny man?

JOHNNY
Where ever you're headed.

HUNTER
You tell us.

JOHNNY
On one of those days are we Hunter?

HUNTER
(to the camera)
Don't you hate it when your drug
dealer guilts you about being on
HIS drugs?

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Is that suit one of yours?

TAYLOR
You in the habit of borrowing
suits?

JOHNNY
Designing them.

Taylor leans over the headrest, fingering his cuffs.

TAYLOR
I mean you can tell, look at the
embroidery on these cuffs. You did
all this? They're a little stiff -

He jerks back - she's touched a nerve, or fondled it.

JOHNNY
What the fuck you know about
clothes?

Taylor reaches again and grabs the sleeve.

HUNTER
(to the camera)
Should've expected this. It's
always a bit awkward when your
supplier meets your new coworker...

A truck cuts Hunter off.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Son of a fucking whore!

TAYLOR
I'm so, I'm so uh -

JOHNNY
FUCK. You - FUCK!

Hunter cranes her neck, cigarette balanced between her lips.
Johnny's jacket sleeve is ripped - a pretty piece of paper
precariously pokin' out from the tear.

Hunter knows what it is -

Exactly what the fuck it is.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Pull the fuck over Hunter.

HUNTER
You sneaky fuckin -

JOHNNY
Hunter pull the fuck over!

HUNTER
(to camera)
Now how the fuck did she do that?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD. OUTSKIRTS OF NEW ORLEANS.

Travel sewing kit to the rescue! Needle, thread, in and out,
in and out. Johnny sits, sewing, smiling, gold tooth shining.

Taylor stares at him with heart shaped eyes.

Hunter, paces. Nervous? Maybe. Thinking? Definitely.

HUNTER
Wha, wha, wha the fuck!

JOHNNY
 Try again with big words Hunter.
 You're writer. Use that vocabulary
 you're paid to have.

HUNTER
 What the fuck?

JOHNNY
 Congratulations, you made it
 through the sentence this time.

HUNTER
 (to the camera)
 Dick.

Taylor blows a bubble-gum bubble. SNAP. It sticks to her
 nose, she licks it off. Needle. In and out. In and out.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 So..

JOHNNY
 SO.

Hunter rolls her eyes at the camera.

HUNTER
 Let me just collect my thoughts.

JOHNNY
 Collect away.

In and out. In and out.

HUNTER
 Am I tripping balls off of your -
 sweaty balls?

SNAP, goes a bubblegum bubble.

TAYLOR
 You lick his balls to trip? Like
 some kind of toadlicker?

JOHNNY
 Nah-one is licking my balls,
 unfortunately not even Edmond. And
 to clarify that twisted fucking
 declaration, she's asking about the
 acid sheets that line the inside of
 my suit, not a fuckin toadlickin
 fuck fantasy.

HUNTER
(to the camera)
He gave that up that easy?

JOHNNY
Cat's already out of the bag.

HUNTER
(to camera)
Can he hear us?

Pause.

Nah.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong, you're, you're
brilliant but...

JOHNNY
But what?

HUNTER
(to the camera)
Who wants to do acid topped with
armpit or ass crack?

HUNTER (CONT'D)
I want two tabs, for the ride and
shit.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Like you don't.

JOHNNY
And I want \$300 for your friend
fucking my cuff, but like the
latter, shit ain't happenin'.

HUNTER
(to the camera)
\$300. Is he for real? He's gonna
fix that in about 2 seconds...

JOHNNY
You shouldn't be...

HUNTER
Johnny! I need it! I neeeed it!

JOHNNY
Nah-uh.

HUNTER
You don't understand.

JOHNNY
You're off your fucking face yet
again... Hunter?

HUNTER
Johnny it's Halloweeeeeeenn! I
need it. I neeeded it. Johnnnnyyyy.
You know it can help.

JOHNNY
It doesn't help.

HUNTER
You don't know that.

JOHNNY
Hunter -

HUNTER
You don't.

Reluctant, from the belly of his wallet, he pulls out a lone-
ed piece of Bazooka bubblegum.

TAYLOR
No thanks, it's too tarry.

SNAP. Bubblicious bubble.

JOHNNY
Split it.

He wishing-well style flicks it up into the air - Hunter
snatches it like a lucky penny.

He folds his jacket *perfectly*, that's just like a fucking
Virgo, isn't it?

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Now drop me the fuck off.

HUNTER
Tell me where.

EXT. BYWATER. COFFEE COLORED CADILLAC.

They cruise through the Bywater, hitting every crimp, cut and
pot hole along the way. Hunter drives with her knees so she
can light a cigarette.

They pull up to a yellow house made extra spooky with it's fake tombstones and real cobwebs. Johnny gets out.

JOHNNY

I don' wanna hear from ya for awhile nahw, you gotta dry out. Hunter's been around too long.

The smoke from her cigarette snakes through the air. Slow... silky... slithering... clouds...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Hunter!

HUNTER

Fuck! Yes. Thanks for the Bazooka.

Wink. They speed off.

EXT. DRIVE THROUGH SNOWBALLS.

CUTE SNOWBALLER stares, snowball starting to sweat.

TAYLOR

I'll have cherry.

CUTE SNOWBALLER goes to pour cherry on the watering snowball.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Sorry, Piña Colada. No, Limeade. Can I have a mix?

CUTE SNOWBALLER's pissed.

But flavors, so many flavors. SO. MANY. FLAVORS.

CUTE SNOWBALLER

Here's a piña colada and a bubble gum. Fight over them.

She shuts her window.

HUNTER

(yelling)
Hey! How much?

CUTE SNOWBALLER (O.S.)

On the fucking house.

They pull off.

TAYLOR

I'll have bubble gum

HUNTER
I'll have piña colada, then.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(singing into her mic-ed
snowball)
If you like piña coladas...

TAYLOR
Fuck! I love piña coladas. Trade
me.

This girl cannot make a fucking decision.

HUNTER
You just want my mic.

TAYLOR
Trade me.

HUNTER
No!

Taylor reaches for the snowball. Hunter swerves, oh shit the car swerved too. Snowball down. Yellow snow, yellow stain.

TAYLOR
Oh uh... you can borrow - I have
clothes... You can wear...

The way she dresses?

HUNTER
I gotta better idea.

Hunter rips a "u"ie. "If You Like Piña Coladas", or whatever the fuck it's really called, plays.

INT. TACKY COSTUME SHOP.

Taylor's got on steam punk goggles and a tutu.

TAYLOR
What the shit are you?

Hunter is wearing a mullet, devil wings, a calf-length princess dress and a pirate hat.

HUNTER
Still fucking deciding.

EXT. STREET. SOMEWHERE. YOUR GUESS AS GOOD AS MINE.

Bazooka bubblegum poised, mid-palm.

HUNTER
Wanna drop?

Hesitant. Nervous? Deciding.

TAYLOR
When in New Orleans with, ehmm
Hunter...

HUNTER
You trip the fuck out.

Hunter uncrinkles the Bazooka, tossing the gum stick to the ground. She rips the comic in half. Bazooka Joe, severed.

They eat the halved cartoon.

One bite.

Taylor chews. Like a cow. Chewing paper.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
I hope you realize that we're not
best friends.

TAYLOR
I don't even really like you

Lie.

HUNTER
Fuck off.

TAYLOR
I don't.

Lie.

HUNTER
(to camera)
That solves that.

The critters and the creatures start crawling out of their holes as the city comes alive on Halloween night. The cool cats, the voodoo hoodos, they're all out.

And we're...

We're tripping fucking acid.

.
.
.
The street begins to swirl. Faces stretch. Sexy witch, mad scientist, clown - AHH! no, not a clown. Skeletons.

Lights. The lights blur. Masks, colors, creatures...

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Is it fucking hot?

Blood boils, sweat pearls. The street fucking swirls, is that ground getting closer? SMACK. Hunter hits the pavement.

TAYLOR
(pulling her up)
Up we go devil princess.

Just then Taylor dips behind a light pole as a group of children dressed as zombies walk by - eyes wide through her Armageddon goggles.

Hunter pokes a pumpkin on a door step. DINOSAURS, roar!

Taylor goes to grab her as a firecracker POPs! They crawl through the crowd.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Pretend it's not happening.

POV beignet, snowed in with powdered sugar. Two white mouthed trippers trip through the streets.

Music, music! Trumpets, sax, drums. It's in the street. It's alive. It's healing, their savior...

Taylor strokes a trumpet when -

BOOM. The tempo changes.

HUNTER
(to camera)
Not now...

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Dragons, dancers, sinking, swirling, stretching... The street... is that tar sticking to their feet? Spinning, swirling. Every creature melting. Moving. Turning. Creating.

Magic. it's Magic.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 This is going to be a long fucking
 night.

INT. HOUSE. SUNKEN BASEMENT. AFTERNOON.

Golden plains dance. Dream world. Blurred vision. Hunter,
 cheek down. Drool spilling. Eyes cracking open...

HUNTER
 (to camera)
 FUHHUUCKK.

Haven't we been here before?

She rolls to her back. Hair flowing on the shag, Medusa-
 style. Princess dress fanned out, devil wings on nearby lamp.
 Pirate hat and mullet, unaccounted for, may they R.I.P..

Ceiling, the ceiling is nice. Light, clean. Phone rings.

Voicemail answers. Leave a fucking message.

JULIO
 Jenny!! Jenny!! Jenny or fucking
 Hunter! Whoever the fuck is there?
 I'm expecting a fucking story...

HUNTER
 (to the camera)
 No, no. Not til Saturday? We still
 have -

Wait a fucking minute... today is...

Saturday.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 Fucking fuck fuhhhhuuuckkkk.....

Hunter runs to the phone.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (into receiver)
 Julio I've got it under control! I
 should have your story to you by
 12.

JULIO
Really cause it's 11 fucking 50.

HUNTER
Oh... pm?

JULIO
You're not even at the fucking
race. You're HOME.

HUNTER
(to the camera)
Fuck! I begged for weeks to go to
that dog race.

JULIO
HUNTER!!!

HUNTER
Julio, Julio, Julio...

JULIO
Don't you fucking Julio me!

HUNTER
Ay, que es la problema? Toda está
buena.

JULIO
DON't you fucking speak to me in
Spanish punta.

HUNTER
I'm just -

JULIO
I need an article on my desk by 5pm
or you are going to be so fucked
there won't be enough fucking toads
for you to lick.

HUNTER
(mouthing to the camera)
Fucker...

Hunter looks around...

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Toads? Was he fucking following me?

Bugs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Bugs.

Oops, she said that to him... eeeeeek.

JULIO

What?

HUNTER

You fucking bugged me?

JULIO

You're insane.

Maybe.

HUNTER

That's not a denial. Dimé la verdad Julio.

JULIO

Do not fucking speak to me in fucking Spanish!

HUNTER

(to the camera)

Julio is very upset that I can speak Spanish. I intrude on his native tongue.

Tongue out, KISS style.

JULIO

(breathing)

Hunter. 1000 words. 5 hours. This is it. Take your fucking medication.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

I can't do more LSD right now.

JULIO

HUNTER! ANSWER ME!

HUNTER

Don't you think that's an unreasonable deadline?

Click.

Click, click clickity click click.

This is no fucking time for that, are you serious? Did you not just hear that we are on a deadline?

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 But seriously, isn't it?

Crawling, she rips open Taylor's bag.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Don't look at me like that. She's gotta have something in here to help with this fucking situation.

The situation, is her acid-hangover.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Tylenol or grape soda or something...

Her fingers hit something. *Through the Grapevine*, dogeared.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Is this my fucking article?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
 (singing)
 If you like making love at midnight
 and the taste of champagne

HUNTER
 (to camera)
 Fuck! Can't be much of an idol if I'm caught snooping.

Cocky! Zine, stuffed. Bag zipped, acting... *natural*.

Taylor saunters into the room. In her heart shaped glasses she smooths her tutu. It's important to look presentable.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 We are so fucked.

Just then the house cat springs out. HISS!

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 AHFFF! This is not what I fucking need right now Hunter.

This is her cat? You sure...

TAYLOR
Your cat is named Hunter?

HUNTER
It suited him.

TAYLOR
You named your male cat after...
you?... you are something else.

SNAP. Bubblicious bubble.

HUNTER
Think Hunter, think...

TAYLOR
You talking to yourself or your
cat?

HUNTER
The dog race. The fucking dog
race... the track...

TAYLOR
(calling to Hunter)
Kitty cat, cat.

Hunter lays back down on the carpet. Hunter the cat saunters.

Taylor fingers a day-old newspaper.

HUNTER THE CAT
Meow.

TAYLOR
I got it! The acid smugglers. You
can make it an entire exposé...

HUNTER
UH! I'd rather write some bullshit
fucking *Good Housekeeping* "Who Had
the Best Fucking Hat at the Track"
piece of shit than fucking sell out
my drug dealer. I'm no rat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
And he has the best blow in town.
What? I'm not ready to give that
up.

TAYLOR
Ok. Let's go scout for hats then.

HUNTER
 (to the camera)
 Do they even wear hats at the dog
 race?

Taylor battles with her pants - pulling and yanking...
 Loosing.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 They are press passes.

Flip clock, flips. 11:57.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 We might make it. If we leave right
 the fuck now.

Flip clock, flips. 11:58.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 Fuck!

Panicked she flips through a rolodex. Speed search, tossing
 cards to the side, as she flips. Disorganizing the organized.
 She holds one up, flicks it, BINGO!

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 6286610901.

EXT. HOUSE. NOW.

Front door, SLAMS. Coffee colored Cadillac parked crooked on
 the lawn.

HUNTER
 Fuck, we drove last night?

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 That must have been fucking
 something.

EXT. COFFE COLORED CADILLAC. LAST NIGHT.

Swerving through the streets singing "If You Like Piña Coladas", or whatever the fuck it's really called, really, really loudly, Hunter and Taylor navigate down a Halloweeny street. They drive like they have a three-legged werewolf on their tale.

Taylor ducks - did you fucking see that too? - fuck, another one. She ducks again, it's the fucking bats again.

EXT. HOUSE. NOW.

HUNTER
(to camera)
Eeeeeee.

EXT. DOG RACE. LATER.

Hunter, still in her princess dress, topped with her fighter-pilot jacket negotiates. Real talk.

HUNTER
Picking up for *Through the Grapevine*.

WILL CALLER
Sorry we gave those tickets away.

HUNTER
Those were press tickets.

WILL CALLER
We thought you were a no show,
track policy is that...

HUNTER
(to the camera)
Track policy is to accept bribes.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea what the shit
I had to do for those?

WILL CALLER
Not enough to care to claim them.

TAYLOR
Look, here's the thing. We're
reporters. We're late to you know,
start reporting.
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

If you don't magically retrieve two press passes we're going to be forced to write our story about whatever's happening here. We're gonna have to dig, and dig, and dig, and I don't know about you Hunter, but the only person I see is him - he might make a good subject, butttt he might not. And then we're going to have to... write about something interesting... like whatever the fuck it is he does in that little booth when he thinks no one can see him... you really should wash your hands.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

An extortionist. I like that.

WILL CALLER

You fucking suck.

HUNTER

TICKETS. NOW-AH.

Two passes are slapped down.

TAYLOR

(twirling)

Thank you.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

6286610901, remember that.

INT. DOG RACE.

BOOM. Pistol fired, the dogs are off, the girls pivot slurping their super-sized cocktails.

Dogs, running. Bets. Shouting. Tickets waving. Visors starring. Thoughts... also running.

TAYLOR

Where's our story.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

Little does she know, we're about
to drum out our own mother fucking
story, straight up Gonzo Journalism
style...

Oblivious to where she's walking, she crashes into Julio.

JULIO

Look what the cat dragged in.

Hunter the cat? Bugs.

Hunter sinks. If she could swallow her head, she would.

JULIO (CONT'D)

You two, with me...

He grabs Hunter's arm, hard.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Now.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

6286610901.

INT. DOG RACE. PRIVATE ROOM. JUST AFTER.

No light. Grey. A couple reporters sit t-t-typing on
typewriters, f-f-faxing in the corner.

JULIO

We need the room. NOW.

They scatter. Even the flies bzzz away.

JULIO (CONT'D)

SIT.

HUNTER

Julio, Julio, Julio...

JULIO

Hunter if you say my name one more
GODDAM TIME.

TAYLOR

This is the editor...

HUNTER

Escucháme...

JULIO

En Ingles!! Siempre en Ingles!!!

TAYLOR

Look, I don't know how editors
around here do it...

JULIO

Illustrator not fucking now. You
want to be shipped back to
Bakersfield or whatever hellhole
you were dragged out of?

TAYLOR

Ok, it's Milwaukee, and I just
think you're being a little harsh
on Hunter...

JULIO

Hunter? You know her name is Jenny
fucking Cambel? Why are you going
along with this shit! You're
supposed to be the good girl...

HUNTER

(to camera)

He should've seen her last night...

TAYLOR

I mean you just called her Hunter
so...

JULIO

Illustrator, not now! You've been
fucking bamboozled by another one
of Jenny's episodes. I promised
your father Jenny. I promised him
that if you moved here I would take
care of you. Look at you! Look at
you! You want me to call him? Want
him to meet Hunter?

HUNTER

My father's dead.

JULIO

No, he's not. He pays for that
house and that Cadi, and... please
just take your medication, I had
your psychiatrist -

HUNTER

You know I don't like that word!

JULIO

I had your *psychiatrist* fill this for me. We need Jenny, Hunter. You know we do. You need to be back on your medication.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

Oh, he just happens to have these so called "pills"... how convenient...

Hmm, she's right... suspicious, ain't it?

HUNTER (CONT'D)

There is no fucking Jenny Cambel.

JULIO

Why is that?

HUNTER

I killed her.

TAYLOR

WHAT?

JULIO

HUNTER!! Enough. ENOUGH. Enough with this Dr. Jeckyll bullshit. Take your fucking medication!!

TAYLOR

Hunter, I don't know -

JULIO

Stay out of it ILLUSTRATOR! Hunter, I need Jenny here. I need her to write for me, can you please bring her back. I need my Harvard-educated journalist. This will help you.

Two white pills. Round. Perfect. Brown palm. Two eyes. Hunter's eyes? Pill eyes, en-palm.

HUNTER

I'm- I'm sorry...

JULIO

I know you are. It's ok.

HUNTER

Taylor, I'm sorry, I'll, I'll...

Not like this.

Hunter snatches the pills. Pops them in her mouth, swallows. Trachea bulges - like a snake-stomach full of rat. Gulp.

JULIO

Thank you. Thank you Jenny.

HUNTER

You're welcome. Can I go home now?
I need, I need to work.

JULIO

Take the room.

Julio drags Taylor out behind him. The door swings closed.

Hunter looks down. Cool glass of water. T-t-typewriter. Fingers. Typing... frantic. Thoughtful? Scared? Empowered.

HUNTER

(to the camera)
Really?

Tongue out. Two pills, en-tongue. Plucked. Two pills en-desk.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(to the camera)
I'll save those for later.

Smile, suspicious ain't it?

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(to camera)
Let's rock their world.

EXT. DOG RACE. OUTSIDE PRIVATE ROOM. 3 HOURS LATER.

Taylor's slouched against the door. SNAP-ing her bubbles. Julio paces. The track, deserted. Cocktail plastics, looser tickets, and hopeless programs littered in the wake.

Hunter springs out of the room. Shoving a stack of crumpled pages into Julio's chest.

HUNTER

Publish this.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(to Taylor)
You stayed?

Taylor nods. SNAP.

Hunter smirks, impressed. She walks out. Taylor trails.

The crumpled pages read:

HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS. HATS.

Typed over and over again. 5 pages of: HATS. HATS. HATS.

On the last page, at the bottom:

I FUCKING LOVE HUNTER. FUCK YOU JULIO!

JULIO
AHHHHHHHHH! FUCK!

He angrily shreds the pages, scraps snowing down on him. Confetti.

EXT. TRACK. PARKING LOT.

Hunter and Taylor walk towards the coffee-colored Cadillac, speaking of coffee - they could both use one.

HUNTER (V.O.)
It was a hot Halloween. The air was sticky and heavy. I had just picked up my illustrator from the airport after a confrontation with a human-sized bumble bee. As I watched her antenna boing...

INT. ROLLING STONE.

Deserted, Saturday kind of office. A fax machine whines.

It spits out papers, smoothly yet violently. One after the other.

Zoom in on 6286610901, a number, THE number taped to the machine.

Zoom out. Lone fax machine, beneath hundreds of framed *Rolling Stone* covers. This is fucking ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE.

The last page pops out and reads "Happy Monday. Love Hunter"

EXT. DOG RACE. PRIVATE ROOM.

At the base of the sender fax machine, hundreds, no thousands of shreds scattered. Julio desperately tries to piece the real story back together - wasted opportunity. Shredded gold.

EXT. TRACK. PARKING LOT.

Two pills from pocket to palm. Eyes en-palm. One pill on pavement, crushed by boot.

Hunter turns to camera. She sticks her tongue out. One pill, round, white. Eye en-tongue. Cyclops.

Wink.

She swallows - what?

Grin, smirk. Teeth.

HUNTER

(to the camera)

Let's make this interesting, shall
we Hunter?

Red pill popped. Red eye, en-tongue. Here we fucking go.