

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG SHOT - NIGHT 99

SHOOTING ALONG shore. Two figures on the bike. ZOOM IN as the kiss ends. ZOOM OUT.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO 100

Kiss ended. Nothing's done about it. It was felt. But good. But both. She eases onto the back of the bike.

WIDER ANGLE 101

Bronson guns the motor and speeds along the shore toward the "Monkey Cage."

ANGLE - REAR OF MONKEY CAGE 102

Bronson and Mook ride INTO THE SHOT. She jumps off the bike and without a word we PAN her to the rear door of the joint. She doesn't even look back. Inside she goes.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON 103

Bronson figured she'd at least look back once. Pause at the door, or something. But no. This is not a movie, Bronson. Or is it? She's inside and Bronson sits on his bike with the MUSIC BLASTING. He begins to laugh. What gives? Ride away. He knows he won't.

ANOTHER ANGLE 104

Bronson parks his bike and we PAN him inside.

INT. MONKEY CAGE - NIGHT 105

Again the CAMERA IS WITH Bronson. His POV. The place is grooving. Wild lighting. It isn't that the joint is crowded it's just that the savage gyrations of the dancers is so heightened it seems full. Bronson and the CAMERA MOVE TO the bar. There is a ritualistic feeling present here. They arrive at the bar.

- ANOTHER ANGLE - DANCERS 106
- Complete abandon. An isolation of each dancer. No partners. Mook is the wildest. But she might be trying just a little too hard -- Bronson thinks.
- MED. SHOT - GUITAR PLUNKER 107
- The guy with the guitar in earlier scene sitting by the juke box, plunking. There's no way it could be related to the music.
- CLOSE SHOT - MOOK 108
- She is wilder now. She spots Bronson. She doesn't seem surprised to see him.
- CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON 109
- He just watches.
- ANGLE - DANCE FLOOR 110
- SHOOTING THROUGH the dancers. LOW ANGLE. Seeing glimpses of the guitar plunker now and then. At this point the CAMERA should become one of the dancers. STAY WITH it as long as it can hold.
- MED. SHOT 111
- ACROSS juke box onto guitar plunker's face. Lights flicker on juke box as number ends and record begins to change. Guitar plunker hits a loud chord on his guitar. MUSIC from juke box -- a hymn.
- ANGLE - DANCE FLOOR 112
- The dancers, almost in slow motion move to various tables, except for Mook. She just stands center. She begins to move. It's not a dance. No steps. Just movement -- improvised. It has a religious sacrificial feel to it.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

113

Now he is struck. This is a first for him. He's never seen anything like it. But still not sure of his reactions.

ANGLE - MOOK

114

CLOSER as she continues to move. MOVE IN VERY CLOSE ON her face to detect tears in her eyes.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

115

This has got to be some kind of drug scene.

ANGLE - DANCE FLOOR

116

The hymn ends. Mook seems to freeze for a moment.

MED. SHOT

117

The guitar plunker rises, moves around the juke box and pulls the plug. He stands for a moment looking toward the dance floor. PAN him to the middle of the floor.

CLOSE SHOT - GUITAR PLUNKER

118

He hits a chord. A long unmusical moan comes out of him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

119

SHOOTING FROM guitar plunker's POV, the CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW PAN TO the faces of the people at the tables. Each person is making a sound. Not words. Just a soft, semi-musical sound. CONTINUE PAN until we reach Mook. HOLD on her for a moment. Her eyes are closed. She seems quite relaxed.

MED. SHOT - ON GUITAR PLUNKER

120

with Bronson in B.G. at the bar. The guitar plunker turns and the CAMERA TAKES him to the bar next to Bronson. HOLD the two. Guitar plunker just looks at Bronson for a moment.

GUITAR PLUNKER

You don't have to be impressed.

120

CONT'D

(2)

BRONSON

Okay. If you say so.

GUITAR PLUNKER

It's just the beginning.

BRONSON

Of what?

GUITAR PLUNKER

The evening...the morning...

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE GUITAR PLUNKER

121

BRONSON

When I walked in here I'd have sworn it was a drug scene. But it's not. Am I right?

GUITAR PLUNKER

Very perceptive. Most of them, at one time or another, probably been on drugs.

BRONSON

What's the hook here?

GUITAR PLUNKER

No hook. Kind of a nature thing going. Nothing formal...except the sounds. Stopping whatever it is you're doing. Going to yourself.

BRONSON

Why the sounds?

GUITAR PLUNKER

They make you know you're alive. It's a kind of tonal meditation. You see, we got going what I call a kind of benevolent anarchy...

He smiles at Bronson. Very soft. Not effeminate.

GUITAR PLUNKER

About over now. Back to the dancing.
A little beer drinking...not much.
I own this place. The beer is here
as a thirst quencher and as a connec-
tion between two realities.

121
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER ANGLE

122

The people at the tables all relaxed. The sounds have
stopped.

BACK TO BAR

123

GUITAR PLUNKER

In the daytime we're in the water
...up in the mountains...through
the woods. Sometimes gone for days.
Challenging life, you might say.

BRONSON

Then that's the religion.

GUITAR PLUNKER

If it had a name that might be it.
It's like earning your pleasure.
And it's all based on that...
pleasure. You can't get pleasure
from society. Only from yourself.
But if you don't earn it, forget it.

He starts to move away.

BRONSON

What about Mook?

GUITAR PLUNKER

Hard to say. She just got here last
week. But I doubt if she'll last.

The guitar plunker crosses OUT OF THE SHOT. HOLD on
Bronson as he looks toward Mook.

CLOSE SHOT - MOOK

124

She sits as if in a trance.

MED. SHOT - GUITAR PLUNKER NEAR JUKE BOX

125

He plugs it in and it lights up. Rock MUSIC BEGINS.

WIDER ANGLE

126

The people are immediately up and dancing again.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

127

The holy roller religious festival is swinging. But he's not knocking it.

ANGLE - DANCE FLOOR - FAVORING MOOK

128

who spots Bronson and starts pumping toward him. PAN her over and COME IN AND HOLD them in a MED. TWO SHOT. She is squarely in front of him. Dionysus in '69. Too bad Bronson has no grapes. Mook dances a little closer to him. In spite of himself, he begins to move to the music as if in a trance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

129

SHOOTING from their feet up to their faces as they dance. They move in a full circle and the CAMERA STAYS WITH them until it is completed.

SEVERAL QUICK CUTS - SHOTS OF BRONSON'S AND MOOK'S EYES

130

Occasionally a WIDER CUT of the movement, but only a flash. The rest of the time CUTS of the eyes.

WIDER ANGLE

131

MUSIC STOPS. All is quiet. Eery. There is talking but to Bronson it sounds like whispering. He feels as if he's been drugged. ZOOM IN ON him. His audio waves are dialed way up. He hears everything and nothing. Mook still in front of him. ZOOM BACK. The whole place.

MED. SHOT - THE TWO

132

Mook in front of him, smiling.

MOOK

We got a thing going.

To Bronson the sound of her voice seems isolated.

BRONSON

Do we?

MOOK

Yeah. I misjudged you. You'll
cut out. But not yet.

He suddenly pulls her to him.

BRONSON

Just dance. Don't tell me what
I will or won't do. I like your
movement a lot more than your
conversation.

MONTAGE

THE MONKEY CAGE

133

- A) THE WHOLE PLACE DANCING.
- B) THE JUKE BOX LIGHTS.
- C) THE GUITAR PLUNKER hits a chord.
- D) THE TONAL MEDITATION.
- E) BRONSON with it.
- F) CHANGE OF LIGHT.
- G) THE LAST WILD DANCE.
- H) ALL QUIET. Just the hymn.

WIDE ANGLE

134

All is quiet. Not even the hymn. Just straight lighting
now. From the window above the bar a shaft of daylight

is seen. Most of the people have left. Bronson sitting at a table alone. Near the juke box, Mook is talking with the guitar plunker. He nods his head and Mook moves toward Bronson. 134
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE 135

The guitar plunker, the girl from the first scene and another guy exit out the back door.

MED. SHOT 136

PAN the bartender to the front door. He locks it and then proceeds out the back door.

WIDE ANGLE - THE MONKEY CAGE 137

HOLDING the whole place. Bronson and Mook farthest AWAY FROM CAMERA as it begins to CREEP IN ON them. She stands in front of him. He looks up at her. The CAMERA IS ARRIVING.

MOOK

Almost time for church.

ANOTHER ANGLE 138

Bronson suddenly gets up. Looks around the place. Walks to the bar and then to the juke box. He looks up at the window and sees the daylight coming through. He realizes he's been here all night. He moves near Mook.

MED. TWO SHOT 139

She seems quite serious at this moment.

MOOK

You want to go to church?

BRONSON

Is it Sunday?

MOOK

Not that kind of church.

BRONSON

What kind?

139
CONT'D
(2)

MOOK

You'll see.

BRONSON

Maybe. Maybe not.

MOOK

All right, it's up to you...I
don't care...

BRONSON

But you do...you do care. That's
what makes you sad.

MOOK

Who's sad?

BRONSON

You. Even sentimental...

WIDER ANGLE

140

She moves away from him as if to leave.

MOOK

You coming?

BRONSON

Why not.

MOOK

As Natty Bumppo said to the last
Mohican...follow me...She moves quickly out the back door. Bronson takes one
last look at the place and then the CAMERA PANS him out
the door.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR