

HONEY VICARRO

By

Daniel Knauf

International Creative Management
10250 Constellation Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90067

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. A DUSTY HIGHWAY

HARLEYS ROAR. A distant pack of Hells Angels approach, their figures distorted by heat rising off the baking asphalt. PULL BACK, revealing A SHAPELY PAIR OF LEGS clad in skin-tight black leather and heels framing the THREE BIKERS.

HONEY VICARRO - sexy, tough, eyes inscrutable behind Ray-Ban Cats, her strawberry-blond hair tossed by desert wind. It's 105 in the shade and she's frosty. A smile traces her lips.

THE BIKERS - Pull up, REVVING their engines. The leader, an ANIMAL with a scraggly-ass beard, chews on the stub of a cigar as he dismounts, steps up to square-off.

HONEY

Hello, Animal. I see you got rid
of the training wheels.

Animal throws a glance back at his bike before it occurs to his pea-brain that he's just been insulted. He scowls at Honey.

ANIMAL

Okay, Vicarro. We can make this
fast or we can make it slow.
What's it gonna be?

Honey calmly checks out the odds. A SECOND BIKER stands to one side, a THIRD flanking her. She's surrounded.

HONEY

Something tells me with scum like
you, it's always premature.

SNARLING, Animal steps forward. Honey LEAPS into the air, throws a ROUNDHOUSE KICK that drops him like a sack of manure.

She ducks just as BIKER #2 swings a length of chain, sweeps his legs out from under him with CROUCHED SPIN-KICK, following it up with a KARATE CHOP to the back of his neck.

She backrolls, leaps up and grabs BIKER #3 by the collar, one fist drawn back to deal a CRUSHING BLOW to his face. Suddenly freezes.

BIKER #3 - is Fabio-gorgeous, a Greek God in leather. Eyes vulnerable, a trace of fear. Honey looks him up and down.

HONEY (CONT'D)

My my. Aren't you the pretty one.

She jerks him forward by the collar and plants her lips on his, giving him a devastating French kiss. She pulls away. He's dazed. She gives his cheek a light pat.

With a self-satisfied smile, Honey shoves him aside, strides over to one of the bikes, saddles up, kick-starts it and we FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

A tastefully appointed executive screening room. In the BG, THE IMAGE OF HONEY sitting on the bike, a saucy grin on her face. The lone viewer, DIANNE SAWYER, addresses us:

SAWYER

Good evening. I'm Diane Sawyer and that...

(gestures toward the screen)

... was Honey Vicarro, a television series so revolutionary, so controversial, that it was banned from the air, it's creator shunned by Hollywood, and its beautiful star doomed to an early grave. Join us, will you, for a fascinating tale of genius, of arrogance, and of the dark side of fame in this, the behind-the-scenes story of an obscure cult-television masterpiece called "Honey Vicarro."

OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SCREENING ROOM

ON SCREEN behind Sawyer, STILLS of ACTRESS KIM CARLYLE AS HONEY VICARRO in alternating action and seductive poses as Sawyer CONTINUES:

SAWYER

In 1965, production started on a radical new television program.

She picks up a tattered SCRIPT titled "HONEY VICARRO: PILOT," idly thumbs through the pages.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Honey Vicarro was the brainchild of legendary writer-producer Gavin Hurrell.

A HEAD-SHOT: of GAVIN HURRELL, a tough looking guy in his late-forties.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Riding on the wild success of "Naked City" and "Secret Agent," Hurrell was granted complete creative control...

BEHIND THE SCENES FOOTAGE: of Hurrell on the set, sitting in his chair behind the camera, smoking and notating a script.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... the right to shoot the episodes in complete secrecy without executive oversight. The network's only requirement was that the series comply with "standards and practices."

INTERVIEW CLIP: *(NOTE: These interviews will be conducted with a number of celebrities and pundits and, other than the broad subject indicated, will be unscripted.)*

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

HUGH HEFNER lounges in his pajamas and bathrobe, addressing an O.S. interviewer.

SUPER: HUGH HEFNER, PUBLISHER, PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

HUGH HEFNER

{Discusses the private screening of the pilot at his mansion and his initial reaction at its then-bold subject-matter.}

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer sits on one of the seatbacks, her expression, grave.

SAWYER

Sadly, he was right. Hurrell's themes pushed well outside the mores of 1960s America...

STILLS of Honey in skin tight outfits, bikinis, underwear and garter-belts; in bed; in the bath; flirting with CHAD, her chauffeur.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... from Honey's brazen bisexuality to her playfully erotic relationship with her African-American chauffeur, Chad. Though sporadically in production for a torturous eight years, only one episode--the original pilot--would ever be aired on American television.

PERIOD NEWSREEL FOOTAGE (STOCK): SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS frantically answering dozens of calls

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Due to public outrage, anger among affiliates and the universal condemnation of virtually every organized religious group...

PERIOD NEWSREEL FOOTAGE (STOCK): PICKETERS at the studio gate. An outraged MINISTER rants M.O.S. from his soapbox pulpit.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... the show was abruptly cancelled and replaced with reruns of THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

PAPARAZZI STILLS OF GAVIN HURRELL - each shot punctuated by the WHIR OF A MOTOR DRIVE:

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hurrell was marginalized to the
Hollywood fringe...

IN SUNGLASSES - holding a hand up to conceal his face from
the photographer;

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... continuing to shoot episodes
for limited foreign distribution in
a converted warehouse in Reseda...

SURVEILLANCE PHOTO - STILLs of Hurrell with several tough-
looking ASIAN MEN;

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... financed by foreign companies
which, some say, were fronts for
organized crime syndicates.

POOLSIDE - his final years, fuzzy, out of focus, in a
wheelchair, oxygen bottle nearby.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Subsequent to the tragic death of
his leading lady, his spirit
broken, his career in ruins,
Hurrell retired, rarely setting
foot outside his Benedict Canyon
estate until his death in 1996.

A MOODY PORTRAIT of Gavin Hurrell, beaten by booze, drugs and
hard living; limpid, dark eyes peering through a curling
ribbon of cigarette smoke.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer looks at the screen. On it, the MOODY PORTRAIT of
Hurrell does a SLOW FADE TO BLACK. She sighs, addresses us:

SAWYER
Like many failed television
programs of the day, the original
negatives were discarded by the
studio, the prints, destroyed.
Nevertheless, over the years, the
show's notoriety grew among the
avante garde...

UNDERGROUND CLIP:

INT. GERMAN CLUB - BASEMENT - NIGHT

GRAINY FOOTAGE of a cramped club filled with HIPSTERS, all of them watching a BOOTLEG PRINT of "Honey Vicarro" PROJECTED ON A BRICK WALL.

SUPER: "DER RATSHELLAR" - BERLIN

SAWYER (V.O.)

Their curiosity aroused by the few surviving scripts and production stills, aficionados and fans elevated Honey Vicarro to the cult status it enjoys today.

An pale ACTOR clad in black turtleneck and beret, sunglasses, performs a RUNNING TRANSLATION as, PROJECTED behind him, Chad cradles a wounded, bleeding Honey.

ACTOR

Honey. Sie sind schön, wenn Sie Schuß gewesen sind. [Honey. You're beautiful when you've been shot.]

INTERVIEW CLIP:

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

QUENTIN TARANTINO is seated in video-village between shots.

SUPER: QUENTIN TARANTINO - WRITER-DIRECTOR

TARANTINO

{Discusses how he saw "Honey Vicarro" for the first time at a private club in Beijing while shooting "Kill Bill 2."}

INTERVIEW CLIP:

INT. EXHIBITION SPACE - DAY

RON SIMON sits in front of a mounted still of Kim Carlyle as Honey Vicarro.

SUPER: RON SIMON - TELEVISION CURATOR - MUSEUM OF TELEVISION
& RADIO

SIMON

{Discusses how, despite its abrupt
cancellation, Honey Vicarro
profoundly influenced television
and pop culture.}

INTERVIEW CLIP:

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

HUGH HEFNER again.

HUGH HEFNER

{Asserts that his friend, Hurrell,
never bought into the idea that his
show was a "lost masterpiece."}

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer smiles. She couldn't have said it better himself.

SAWYER

Cultural milestone or pop
curiosity, what actually was shot
on Stage Seven of the old Desilu
studios or, later, in a seedy
industrial park in the San Fernando
Valley, remained a mystery--little
more than a dim memory in the minds
of the show's surviving cast and
crew...

(a beat)

... until now.

Sawyer steps over to a table. On it are DOZENS OF FILM
CANISTERS.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Long after Hurrell's death in 1994,
while cataloguing his voluminous
collection of vintage pornography,
a university archivist made a
staggering find: The original
negatives the entire network run as
well as the legendary "Reseda
Episodes," including dailies, work-
pictures and previously censored
footage.

STOCK FOOTAGE - of FILM ARCHIVISTS at work.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The severely deteriorated film was delivered to the wizards at Cinetech Labs and subjected to a laborious frame-by-frame digital restoration process until every episode was brought back to its former glory...

SPLIT PICTURE: THE SCENE WE OPENED WITH (M.O.S.), Honey kissing BIKER #3, then getting on his motorcycle. ON THE LEFT, the image is SCRATCHED, COLOR-LEACHED AND FADED. ON THE RIGHT, perfect and CRISP, COLORS VIBRANT.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sections lost or censored were recovered from dailies, colorized and remastered, using voice artists to reconstruct the dialogue.

BEHIND-THE-SCENES CLIP

INT. A.D.R STAGE

THREE ACTORS, TWO WOMEN portraying Honey Vicarro and Mother Killian, and a WHITE MALE performing as Chad, faces lit by the reflection of FILM ON THE SCREEN.

MALE VOICE ACTOR
Honey! Talk to me, baby!

FEMALE VOICE ACTOR #1
Sister Anna? Do you know this man?

ONSCREEN - CHAD is dressed in chauffeur's livery; Honey Vicarro, in a nun's habit. He gives her a passionate, toe-curling french kiss. He pulls away, looks into her eyes. Honey seems to awake as if from a dream.

FEMALE VOICE ACTOR #2
(looping Honey)
Chad...?

MALE VOICE ACTOR
(looping Chad)
Honey. You're beautiful when you're dressed up like a nun.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Smiling, Sawyer turns from the screen, eyes lit with anticipation.

SAWYER

After two long years, the process was completed. Since then, a handful of cognoscenti and archivists have viewed the material. The actual content and quality of the series has exceeded the expectations of even its most ardent fans.

Behind her, ON SCREEN, the signature image of Honey Vicarro, dressed in tight leather, leaning against the fender of her Shelby Cobra.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Has time caught up with Honey Vicarro? We'll let you be the judge. After languishing in undeserved obscurity for nearly half a century, it is my distinct pleasure to reintroduce the world to Gavin Hurrell's masterpiece.

(smiles)

Ladies and gentlemen, "Honey Vicarro."

OUT

FADE IN:

NOTE: "Honey Vicarro," as with all early color T.V., is rendered in rich, saturated color--almost hyper-real in its intensity. Production design is utterly captive to the new medium. Everything is rendered in color--even props and set-dec that would, in reality, be black, white or grey.

Cinematography favors overlit masters with minimal coverage, rear-screen projection for exteriors and driving sequences, stock footage for establishing shots, etc.

Likewise, the show is subject to authentic '60s television production values. Virtually everything, including most exteriors, will be shot on stage.

In short, no corner will go uncut.

EXT. SPINOZA MANSION - NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE of a concrete and glass modern perched on a cliff. Loud N.D. '60s ROCK AND ROLL echos down the canyon.

INT. SPINOZA MANSION

It's not a party, it's a happening, baby. JBLs pump out LOUD MUSIC. CHICKS with big hair, white lipstick and fringed minis dance with mop-topped GROOVSTERS.

The host, AMADEUS SPINOZA, a hip-looking cat in his mid-thirties, glides through, a snifter of cognac in one hand, a Tiparillo in the other. THREE GO-GO GIRLS in bikinis dab each other with body paint while ANDY WARHOL snaps photos.

GO-GO GIRL
Great party, Amadeus!

SPINOZA
Save me some fingerpaint, baby!

Spinoza pauses to smile for a shot, then approaches OLIVE LANE, a record company exec.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)
Olive! Amore! You made it!

Air kisses. He takes her arm and steers her up some stairs.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)
I've got the latest Bumblebees stuff. Very yummy...

OLIVE
Spare me, Amadeus. The Bumblebees are passé. Kids are looking for more than four poofers in ruffled shirts singing "yeah-yeah-yeah--"

INT. SPINOZA'S HOME STUDIO

Equipped with a mixing-board, various instruments, a desk cluttered with sheet-music and notes. Olive sits in an Eames swivel in front of the console.

SPINOZA
Open your head, baby. Give it a listen. I think you'll seriously dig this new mix.

OLIVE
I really don't see the point--

Spinoza places a pair of headphones over her ears.

SPINOZA
Don't worry. You will soon enough.

Spinoza flips on a REEL-TO-REEL. As the tape plays, Olive gradually falls into a TRANCE-LIKE STARE. Spinoza switches off the power, and removes the headset from her ears.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)
You are now under my control.

OLIVE
(monotone)
I am now under your control.

SPINOZA
You love The Bumblebees.

OLIVE
I love the Bumblebees.

SPINOZA
You will instruct your secretary,
to book them on the Ted Mulligan
Show this Sunday.

He dials the number, holds the receiver to her ear. As soon as it's picked up on the other end:

OLIVE
This is Olive Lane. Book the
Bumblebees for the Ted Mulligan
Show this Sunday.

SPINOZA
(hangs up)
Very good, Olive. Now be a luv
and...
(grins)
... throw yourself out that window.

Olive looks at him, nods. She stands and sprints toward a large picture-window, HURLING HERSELF THROUGH.

EXT. SPINOZA MANSION - WINDOW

SPINOZA - steps up to the shattered glass. He gazes down with a mirthless grin, sips his cognac.

INT. SPINOZA MANSION

Spinoza hears something behind him, turns.

ZOOM IN ON VERONICA SKINNER

Late-20s, hair pulled in a tight bun, she wears thick glasses and a lab-coat. She stands, frozen at the open door, a horrified expression on her face.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PCH - DAY

A white Shelby Cobra whips down the highway through Malibu.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA

HONEY VICARRO expertly spins the roadster against a REARSCREEN PROJECTION of treacherous curves, a SURFBOARD strapped down on the passenger side.

She wears an orange wet-suit top, the front zipped down well south of the Equator. One look at her, and you understand why God created California.

She checks the rearview through Ray-Ban Cats.

POV - a big black Chrysler Imperial on her tail.

She pushes a button on the center console, revealing a WHITE PRINCESS ROTARY PHONE. Picks up the receiver.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Honey's chauffeur, CHAD, a sleek, heavily-muscled African-American in slacks and a ribbed tank-top, peers out from under the hood of a red '59 Eldorado Biarritz convertible. He wipes grease off his hands, answers a RINGING WALL-PHONE.

CHAD

This is Chad.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA/INT. GARAGE (INTERCUT)

HONEY

(smiles)

Hello, pet. Busy?

CHAD
Tuning up the Eldo.

HONEY
Hmm... I could use a tune-up.

CHAD
I'll pick up an extra set of spark-plugs and take care of the Cobra as soon as you get home.

HONEY
I wasn't talking about the Cobra.
But, then again...
(thinks about it)
... maybe I was.

CHAD
Miss Vicarro, you are incorrigible.

HONEY
I'm also being followed.

CHAD
(chuckles)
By what? A Lear Jet?

HONEY
Nothing so droll. A Chrysler Imperial. License number LTV020. Have Trevor get a make from his friends at the DMV. I'll meet you at the club in half an hour. You up for a workout?

CHAD
Mee-ow.

She smiles, disconnects, downshifts and accelerates. Behind her, the Chrysler falls back.

INT. CHRYSLER

Amadeus Spinoza urges his driver from the rear.

SPINOZA
Don't let her get away.

EXT. PCH

The Cobra ROARS by, kicking gravel off the shoulder. The Imperial closes in, NUDGES THE COBRA'S REAR BUMPER.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA/INT. CHRYSLER (CROSSCUT)

Honey glances in her rearview, a smile tracing her lips.

HONEY
Wanna play rough? I like that.

She flips a TOGGLE-SWITCH marked OIL SLICK.

UNDER HONEY'S REAR BUMPER - MOVING - BLACK OIL sprays down onto the asphalt from hidden nozzles

SPINOZA'S DRIVER - his eyes widen in surprise as he hits the slick. He SWERVES, struggling mightily to regain control of the Chrysler.

THE SHELBY - JETS AWAY, regaining a huge lead.

SPINOZA
She's good. Very good.

EXT. FARTHER DOWN PCH - TURNOUT

An AIRSTREAM TRAILER is parked in a pull-out. DAD barbecues burgers on a portable grill, MOM sets a perfect picnic table. JUNIOR bounces on a POGO-STICK.

EXT. PCH - UP THE HIGHWAY

The Cobra ROARS by, hugging a hairpin turn.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA

Honey approaches a blind curve, suddenly sees Junior BOUNCING on the center-line. She WRENCHES THE STEERING WHEEL.

EXT. PCH

STOCK FOOTAGE of a sports-car that only vaguely resembles the Cobra as it SMASHES through a guard-rail, HURTLES OVER A CLIFF AND EXPLODES.

OUT

RUN HONEY VICARRO MAIN TITLES

A kickass montage of graphics, polarized photos and live-action martial-arts moves set to a throbbing, sexy THEME that makes the classic "JAMES BOND" titles look like "MASTERPIECE THEATER."

THE FOLLOWING THEME is belted out by the original Chair-Chick of the Board, MISS NANCY SINATRA:

NANCY SINATRA

(sings)

She's quick, she's cool,
 She's nobody's fool,
 She's Honey Vicarro,
 Honey Vicarro,
 Silky, slinky private eye.
 With jaguar suits
 And naugahyde boots,
 A razor in her garter,
 Man, nobody's harder.
 Honey V., she's cold as ice.
 Her Caddy Eldorado's cherry red.
 That cat behind the wheel's her
 chauffeur, Chad.
 Chad is bad.
 From California to Kalamazoo
 Cheap thugs shake and quake in
 their shoes,
 When they hear her name,
 Honey Vicarro!

OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPINOZA MANSION - DAY

Establish.

SUPER: ACT I: "Little Lamb Lost."

INT. SPINOZA MANSION

Wall-to-wall swank with a mile of glass overlooking the Pacific. Honey lies unconscious on a white leather sofa, a smudge of grease on her cheek.

SPINOZA (O.S.)
Miss Vicarro...?

She blinks, winces and touches her head. Looks up.

POV - Spinoza's face SLOWLY SWIMS INTO FOCUS.

HONEY
Hello, handsome.

SPINOZA
You look like you could use a
drink.

HONEY
Double Bombay Sapphire martini.
Extra dry.

Spinoza steps over to a bar, mixing the cocktails as Honey checks out the room. She lightly traces her fingers across the keys of a white Baldwin grand-piano.

HONEY (CONT'D)
I had no idea Heaven was so swanky.

SPINOZA
I assure you, Miss Vicarro, you're
very much alive.

HONEY
But my car... how--?

SPINOZA

You were thrown clear before it
went over the cliff.

(pours two martinis)

It's fortunate you had the good
sense not to buckle your seatbelt.

Using her compact mirror, she wipes away the smudge of
grease, BLITHELY RESPONDS:

HONEY

I never do. Those things are
killers.

(accepts her martini)

You wouldn't happen to be the
registered owner of a black
Chrysler Imperial?

SPINOZA

Sorry about that. I was just
trying to get your attention.

HONEY

Next time try jewelry, Mister--?

SPINOZA

Spinoza.

HONEY

Amadeus Spinoza, world-famous
record producer and rock-and-roll
promoter, I presume?

SPINOZA

The same. Miss Vicarro, I need
help. My fiancee's disappeared.
Her name is Veronica Skinner.

He places a PHOTO of Veronica Skinner on the piano, the same
woman we saw earlier in the lab-coat.

HONEY

She doesn't look like your type.

SPINOZA

Yeah, I know. She's a bit plain.
But the fact is, I dig Veronica
very much. And I'd be willing to
pay anything to get her back.

EXT. SPINOZA MANSION

Honey and Spinoza step out the front door.

SPINOZA
So you'll take the gig?

HONEY
I'll think about it.

Honey's attention is drawn to several WORKMEN replacing the upstairs picture-window.

SPINOZA
Little mishap. I threw a soirée
last night. Seems it got a bit out
of hand.

Honey looks down at the driveway. A GARDENER is in the process of hosing off a CHALK BODY OUTLINE.

HONEY
Somebody woke up with a mean
hangover.

A GROWLING PURR as his Driver pulls up in Honey's Shelby. The car looks showroom new.

SPINOZA
I took the liberty of having your
car repaired in my private garage.

HONEY
My surfboard?

SPINOZA
A total loss, I'm afraid. But if
you send along a bill, I'll be
happy to pay for a new one.

HONEY
I'll do that.
(gets in the car)
Next time, you can save us both a
lot of trouble by picking up the
phone.
(hands him a card)
Klondike 5-6000. Ciao!

She throws the Shelby into first and POWERS AWAY. As he watches her, Spinoza's eyes grow cold. He reads the card.

INSERT - A cobalt-blue business card, gold script: "HONEY'S BLUE ROOM - COCKTAILS, DANCING AND DISCREET INVESTIGATIONS."

EXT. ESTABLISH HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM" - NIGHT

A neon sign in swanky script identifies the place. A SEDUCTIVE LOUNGE RIFF weaves its way out the front door like a happy drunk.

INT. HONEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE AND DOJO

Low-slung, Italian-leather sofas, a curved Danish-teak desk in the work area, the balance of the office styled as a classic Japanese dojo.

Armed with BO-STAFFS, Honey and Chad warily circle each other.

HONEY

What do you suppose a millionaire swinger like Amadeus Spinoza sees in a mousy little scientist like Veronica Skinner?

They engage in furious combat, their movements a blur, the long staffs striking each other with CRACKS loud as pistol-shots. They come to an impasse.

CHAD

Jealous?

HONEY

Not terribly. To tell you the truth, he's a bit of a creep.

RELEASE-LATCHES on the Bo-staffs split them into FIGHTING CANES. Again, a maelstrom of exquisitely choreographed combat. Another pause:

CHAD

As the poet once said, "Love may be blind, but lust has twenty-twenty vision."

Honey executes a reverse handspring, whips a RAZOR-SHARP SAMURAI SWORD from her fighting-cane.

HONEY

Good point.

Chad follows suit. The clashing blades strike SPARKS. With a sudden, twisting parry, Honey disarms him. Chad's sword flies across the room, SPEARING A TEAK-PANELED WALL.

CHAD
And yet...?

HONEY
I'm curious.

Chad leaps into a quick tuck-and-roll, hurls THREE NINJA STARS. Honey blocks them with her sword, all three THUNKING into the side of its wooden hilt. She gives him a rakish grin, tosses the sword aside and engages him in a round of BLINDING-FAST HAND-TO-HAND.

Finally, Honey judo-flips him. She straddles his chest, forearm across his neck, her face very close to his.

CHAD
Honey?

HONEY
Yeah.

CHAD
You're beautiful when you're curious.

They gaze into each others eyes, faces shiny with sweat. Honey moves in for a kiss just as A DISTINCTIVE TONE SOUNDS.

GROWLING, she rolls off, walks to her desk and presses a button. A small CLOSED CIRCUIT MONITOR rises from a hidden compartment on her desk. Groovy-tech.

ON MONITOR - TREVOR LE BON, Honey's bartender, a tough looking Cockney mod decked out in love-beads and a white nehru jacket.

TREVOR
Guess what the cat dragged in?
Here's a hint: It smells like
bacon.

HONEY
(to herself)
Quigley.
(to Trevor)
I'll be right down.

She turns to Chad. Still reclining on the dojo mat, his red satin Ki has fallen open, exposing rock-hard pects and abs, glistening with sweat.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Back in two shakes...
 (pauses, eyes roaming over
 his body)
 ... don't bother to shower.

INT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM" - NIGHT

Finger-popping mods mix it up with would-be Kerouacs dressed in black, grooving to the house band NILES G AND THE MOOKS, a beatnik-combo knocking out bongo-laced LOUNGE COVERS clean and shiny as Momma's good china.
 (MORE)

GUJARIST - In the corner of the stage, a vaguely familiar YOUNG KID with long, scraggly black hair focuses intently as he plays rhythm guitar.

HALF A DOZEN HIPSTERS sway on the floor, eyes closed, each lost in his or her very own version of Planet Cool.

LT. QUIGLEY, a blandly handsome LAPD detective in a cheap sharkskin suit, leans against the bar. Checks out the scene with a sneer of disgust.

HONEY

Hello, bright-boy. Slumming?

QUIGLEY

I hear you're working for Amadeus Spinoza.

Honey gives him a seductive look.

HONEY

Is that a problem, Lieutenant?

Honey says "Lieutenant" with pronounced distaste.

QUIGLEY

No, it's not a problem. Not unless you consider some sexed-up, smart-mouthed know-it-all chippie who fancies herself a shamus interfering with official police business a problem. You're in way over your pretty little head, Vicarro. The man's already filed a missing-person report.

QUIGLEY(CONT'D)

So do yourself a favor--do everyone a favor. Back off and leave it to the boys downtown.

HONEY

Oooh, Quigley. Did you practice that speech in front of a mirror? Cuz if you did...

(runs her fingertips along his lapel, wrinkles her nose)

... I'd kinda like to know what you were wearing.

Quigley stares at her, flustered.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

Trevor polishes a tumbler as he talks up a pretty young bird in a patent-leather minidress.

TREVOR

Me name's Trevor. Trevor leBon. You might want to remember it now, baby, because you're gonna be screaming it tonight.

She responds with a HARD SLAP, snapping his head around as Honey approaches. His eyes light up when he sees her.

HONEY

Got a line on our lost little lamb?

TREVOR

Word is Veronica Skinner's a behavioral scientist. Works for an outfit called Audionomics in Riverside. Company's owned by--

HONEY

--Amadeus Spinoza.

Trevor gives her a grin.

(NOTE: Although in the run of the series we will never see Trevor anywhere but behind the bar, he always seems to have the impossibly detailed lowdown on everything.)

TREVOR

You keep this up, I'm gonna find meself out of a job.

HONEY

Don't be silly, Trev. Everyone knows you mix the best martini in town. Now, what about motels--

TREVOR

--way ahead of you on that count.
(hands her a slip of paper)

Veronica Skinner checked into a little place outside San Berdoo under an assumed name. One thing bothers me, though...

(leans in)

What is it about this bird's got everybody's knickers in a bunch?

HONEY

That's a good question, Trev. A very good question.

EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

Establish. An upbeat ROCK TUNE in the BG that continues through to

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Spinoza watches his latest British band, THE BUMBLEBEES, tear through another perfect take of "BEE MINE, LUV." The lead singer, NIGEL NOONE, winks at his girlfriend, OONA, a cryptic looking Japanese avante-gardist in a brown burlap poncho.

SPINOZA

Solid eighteen-carat cool, boys. I smell another gold record.

The Bumblebees CHEER, pat each other on the back. Spinoza approaches Nigel with a stack of sheet-music.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

Nigel, I want you to give this bridge a whack.

NIGEL

Don't be daft! We already gotta bridge, right Bongo?

The drummer, BONGO, a mop-top with a huge nose, gives Nigel a big chicklet-toothed grin, POUNDS A RIM-SHOT.

SPINOZA
Humor me. If it doesn't rock,
we'll bag it.

RECORDING ENGINEER
(over P.A.)
Telephone call, Mr. Spinoza.

SPINOZA
(annoyed)
Who is it?

RECORDING ENGINEER
(over P.A.)
A Miss Honey Vicarro.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Spinoza steps inside, hands the shaggy RECORDING ENGINEER a
HUGE BLUNT.

SPINOZA
Here's some grass. Take five.

As soon as the Engineer steps out, Spinoza picks up the
phone.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE: Honey's Eldorado hurtles down the two-lane
blacktop.

HONEY (PRE-LAP)
I've decided not to take your case,
Mr. Spinoza.

INT. HONEY'S ELDORADO - DAY

Chad drives in full chauffeur's livery. Honey lounges in the
back sipping a martini, cradling the receiver of a Princess
car phone, listening as Spinoza replies M.O.S.

HONEY
Why? Because you mix a dreadful
martini.
(listens)
No, that was not Bombay gin.
Goodbye, Mr. Spinoza.

CHAD

How'd he take it?

HONEY

He seemed... put out.

CHAD

I don't suppose a man like him
often hears the word "no."

HONEY

He'll get over it.

CHAD

And yet, despite turning down his
case--and a substantial fee--the
search for his missing fiancée
continues. How curious.

HONEY

Curiouser and curiouser. Do you
suppose it'll kill the cat?

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Spinoza stares at the phone, furious, the muscles in his jaw rippling. He takes a deep breath, takes a seat at the mixing-board and speaks into the P.A.

SPINOZA

(over P.A.)

You boys ready to light it up?

Nigel gives a thumbs up. Spinoza opens a small case containing ear-plugs, furtively fits them into both ears.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

(over P.A.)

Okay and... hit it!

The Bumblebees launch into the new bridge, a PULSING PIECE OF PSYCHEDELIA. The studio's walls curve and bend. PINK AND ORANGE FLASHES OF LIGHT. The effect is reminiscent of "acid trip" sequences in high-school anti-drug movies.

The band FINISHES, their expressions zombie-like, vacant. Spinoza removes his earplugs.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

(over P.A.)

You are now under my control.

THE BUMBLEBEES
We are now under your control.

SPINOZA
(over P.A.)
You love the new bridge.

THE BUMBLEBEES
We love the new bridge.

SPINOZA
(over P.A.)
You will play it tonight on the Ted
Mulligan Show.

THE BUMBLEBEES
We will play it tonight on the Ted
Mulligan Show.

Spinoza gloats, moves to switch off the microphone.
Hesitates, a malicious smile on his face.

SPINOZA
(over P.A.)
Oona. Are you listening?

OONA
(in a trance)
I am listening.

SPINOZA
(over P.A.)
On your way home today, you will
purchase a gun.

OONA
I will purchase a gun.

SPINOZA
(over P.A.)
You will then go to the club at 69
Sunset Strip and kill Honey
Vicarro.

OONA
Kill Honey Vicarro.

A murderous glitter enters Oona's eyes and

OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Dianne Sawyer stands in front of the screen.

SAWYER

Welcome back. Many say Gavin Hurrell had a legendary eye for talent. For instance, if you were paying attention, a few of you may have noticed a familiar face playing guitar in the house band.

ONSCREEN - behind her, a CLOSE-UP of the KID we saw playing guitar with Niles G. in the Blue Room FREEZE FRAMES.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Yes, that's Neil Young in his television debut. Fresh off the bus from Toronto. But it's said his greatest discovery was that of a young ingenue from the south side of Chicago named Kimberly Carlinski.

The FREEZE FRAME of NEIL YOUNG dissolves to a kittenish studio head-shot of Kim Carlyle. Sawyer casts a glance back at the portrait.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

The legacy of Honey Vicarro is inexorably entwined with its charismatic star.

STILLS: of Kim Carlyle as a child, a high school cheerleader, a Broadway chorus-girl.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Born in May 1943, Kim began her professional career as a dancer in the original Broadway production of "Bye Bye Birdie."

FILM CLIPS: of Kim Carlyle in various roles--A WAYWARD TEEN, A CAR-HOP, A BIKINI-CLAD SURFER GIRL, A BIKER-CHICK.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The red-headed vixen was cast in B-movies, often playing the "bad girl," turning in memorable performances in classics such as "A Dime Short," "Highway To Hell" and "Party Girl."

PAPARAZZI SHOTS of Kim Carlyle clubbing with a series of famous men--TONY CURTIS, RINGO STARR and JIMMY HOFFA.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Carlyle was romantically linked with a number of celebrities--Tony Curtis, Tab Hunter, Ringo Starr, Sandy Koufax, Jimmy Hoffa and, of course, producer, Gavin Hurrell.

CANDID BEHIND-THE-SCENES FOOTAGE of Gavin Hurrell discussing a scene with Kim Carlyle in the corner of the "Blue Room" set. There's an easy intimacy in their closeness, their gestures and expressions.

SAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The two began a contentious love-hate relationship that culminated with her being cast as the lead in HONEY VICARRO, a vehicle tailored specifically for Carlyle by Hurrell.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer addresses us while, ONSCREEN behind her, HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE plays M.O.S. of Kim Carlyle poolside at the Chateau Marmont, lounging, swimming, mugging the camera.

SAWYER

Trapped in the show by an iron-clad contract for as long as it received financing, Carlyle's once promising career stalled as Hurrell continued shooting episodes in Reseda for the Asian Syndicate. She fell into a deep depression exacerbated by an addiction to prescription painkillers...

HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE (CONT'D) Kim Carlyle laughing, saying something we can't hear, approaches the camera. The IMAGE SLOWS, STOPS, THEN FADES TO BLACK.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
 ... tragically dying of an overdose
 at age 31 at her Malibu home on
 November 11th, 1974.

INTERVIEW CLIP: (NOTE: Again, unscripted.)

INT. U.S.C. MEDICAL LIBRARY

THOMAS NOGUCHI sits at a microfiche machine.

SUPER: THOMAS NOGUCHI - FORMER CORONER, LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NOGUCHI
 {Discusses the mysterious
 circumstances of Carlyle's death
 and the political pressure exerted
 to classify it as a suicide}

NEWSPAPER: The headline reads: "ACTRESS FOUND DEAD IN MALIBU
 LOVE-NEST" accompanied by a GRAINY PHOTO of a shrouded body
 on a gurney being pulled from a house by two attendants,

INTERVIEW CLIP:

INT. PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

DOMINICK DUNNE is interviewed in his study.

SUPER: DOMINICK DUNNE - AUTHOR, COLUMNIST, DIARIST

DOMINICK DUNNE
 {Discusses Carlyle's role as a
 political provocateur, her alleged
 affair with a high-ranking cabinet
 member in the Johnson
 administration.}

TALK SHOW CLIP: Kim Carlyle, dressed in a mini-dress and go-
 go boots on the DAVID FROST SHOW, sharing a sofa with TRUMAN
 CAPOTE and ZSA ZSA GABOR. She seems stoned, belligerent.

KIM CARLYLE
 I'm just saying, David, you don't
 see women all gung-ho to invade
 other countries. You think we'd be
 in Vietnam killing babies if the
 president was a woman?

INT. LOUNGE - THE STANDARD HOTEL

JANEANE GAROFALO sits in a booth.

SUPER: JANEANE GAROFALO - COMIC, ACTOR, ACTIVIST

GARAFALO

{Discusses how Kim Carlyle was an important role model for her and her contemporaries.}

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer turns from the screen.

SAWYER

Dilettante or Provocateur, love her or hate her, all sides agree that Carlyle's work on Honey Vicarro was the high point of her tragically short career.

The IMAGE ONSCREEN behind her features A STILL of Honey Vicarro squaring off with Oona in the Blue Room Lounge.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Our second act features one of the program's signature martial-arts sequences that, though mild--and even camp--by today's standards, were a radical departure for sixties television...

INTERVIEW CLIP:

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Again, QUENTIN TARANTINO, seated in video-village.

TARANTINO

{Discusses how Hurrell was the first producer in Hollywood to turn to Hong Kong action movies for inspiration.}

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Sawyer nods.

SAWYER

The sequence is a savage one, particularly in its hyper-violent denouement.

In the B.G., ON SCREEN, A STILL of Honey and Veronica Skinner on a motel bed appears.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Also, for the first time, we'll see a notorious sequence cut by network censors and--so we thought--forever lost. However, the wizards at Cinetech managed to reconstruct the scene using meticulously restored and colorized daily footage, as well as a little Hollywood Magic. And now, Act Two of "ZOMBIE, OR NOT TO BE."

OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DESERT ROSE MOTEL

A single-story dump in the middle of nowhere, a pool full of dirt and tumbleweeds.

SUPER: ACT II: "Makeovers and Marionettes"

The Eldo pulls into the courtyard. Chad steps around, opens the door for Honey.

CHAD

Do you want me to come inside?

HONEY

Why, Chad. That's the best offer I've had all day.

(toys with the lapel of his jacket)

Stay with the car, pet. I won't be a minute.

The MOTEL MANAGER, a mean-ass lout in a too-tight white shirt, hair butch-waxed up in a flat-top, approaches.

MOTEL MANAGER

Ma'am? Your negro's blocking my driveway.

Honey raises an eyebrow at Chad. He shakes his head almost sadly, adjusts his leather driving gloves.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Honey KNOCKS LIGHTLY at the door. In the DISTANT BG, Chad calmly BEATS THE LIVING CRAP out of the Motel Manager.

VERONICA (O.S.)

Who is it?

HONEY

Maid service.

The door opens a crack. Veronica peers out under the chain.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Veronica Skinner, I presume?

VERONICA

You're not a maid.

HONEY

Hmm. Kinky. If you'd prefer, I could dress up like one and we could start over.

VERONICA

Go away.

Veronica SLAMS the door shut.

HONEY

Okay, babydoll. We'll play it your way. I'll just go back to your fiancée, Mr. Spinoza, and tell him where to find you--

The CHAIN IS UNLATCHED, the door pulled open. Glasses, uptight hairstyle, lab-coat--it's Veronica Skinner all right. She looks at Honey, frightened.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Veronica and Honey sit on the bed. Veronica nervously smokes a cigarette, nervously fingering ONE OF HER EARRINGS.

VERONICA

I've been working on a project: A series of tones which, played in the correct sequence, renders the listener into a trance-like state.

HONEY

To what end?

VERONICA

We could revolutionize the treatment of behavioral disorders.

HONEY

What about a healthy person?

Veronica looks down, ashamed.

VERONICA

Their will would be sapped, their minds enslaved to the first voice they hear.

(suddenly urgent)

Spinoza plans to have the tone-sequence played by the Bumblebees!

HONEY

When?

VERONICA

Tonight. Ted Mulligan Show. He'll then jam the broadcast via his private communications satellite and turn every teenager in America into his own personal zombie.

(begins crying)

He's insane.

HONEY

Ya think...?

(Honey stands)

So where's his transmission station?

VERONICA

(frustrated)

I don't know.

Honey picks up the phone.

INT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM"

A BLUE PHONE behind the bar BLINKS as it PURRS A DISTINCTIVE TONE. Trevor snaps it up.

TREVOR
What's up, pussycat?

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Honey speaks into the phone.

HONEY
Trev, Amadeus Spinoza owns a secret ground transmission station. Something powerful enough to jam a national network broadcast. I need you to find it.
(looks at her watch)
We've got less than four hours.
(hangs up, to Veronica)
Get your things. You're coming with me.

VERONICA
No! I can't go back! Spinoza, he'll... he'll kill me!

HONEY
That's the point, sweet-stuff. You're not safe here. And if we're gonna put that psycho in a cage where he belongs, we'll need your testimony.

VERONICA
(hysterical)
How do I know I can trust you?! Maybe it's a trick! Maybe he's gotten to you, turned you into a mindless robot--

Honey gives her a HARD SLAP. Veronica stares at her a beat, mute with shock, then collapses, WEEPING. Honey holds her, stroking her hair.

HONEY
There there, babydoll. You're safe now. Honey's gonna make everything better. You trust me?

Veronica pulls away, sniffles and nods.

VERONICA

I do trust you. I've never really had many girlfriends before. But you're so easy to talk to.

HONEY

You're a pretty cool chick yourself.

VERONICA

No, I'm not. Not like you. You'd never let yourself believe a man loved you--really loved you--only to find out ~~he was~~ just using you.
(MORE)

HONEY

You'd be surprised, baby doll. We've all been there. I know how it goes. He says he dreamed about meeting a woman like you. Says he wants to take care of you...

Veronica nods, but Honey is slipping away, her eyes focused on some distant point in her own life--one that still hurts like an icepick in bone.

HONEY (CONT'D)

... and because nobody ever did before, you wonder what it's like. And so you let him, just a little. And it's sweet. But then things get ugly. You both graduate from the Academy, but he gets assigned to the streets, while they want you to be a meter-maid or a dispatcher. But you're not interested in playing bait down on Spring Street, trolling for rapos and pervs and johns so the men--the "real cops"--can swoop in for the collar. No. You want to be the one making the busts. So you do. And suddenly, he hates your guts.

Honey looks intently at Veronica, eyes burning over past betrayals, voice angry. Veronica is a little taken aback.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Suddenly, he's right in there with the rest of the squad busting your chops at Rampart.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Because he can't pound a round peg
like you into a hole-full of
squares!

You can cut the silence with a knife. Honey realizes that perhaps she's said too much. Turns away, embarrassed.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't want to talk
about it.

VERONICA

(moved)
It's okay...

Honey looks up at Veronica. Reaches out and brushes away an errant lock of hair.

HONEY

Do you always wear those glasses?

Veronica nods. Honey reaches up with both hands, gently removes them. She's beautiful.

(The SOUND & IMAGE BUMPS as a FILM SPLICE shifts us to COLORIZED, GRAINY DAILY FOOTAGE as the scene continues)

Honey slowly moves in and kisses her. Veronica responds, at first tentatively, then hungrily.

They sink down together onto the bed. PAN ACROSS their entangled legs as Honey pushes Veronica's skirt up, CAMERA CONTINUES THROUGH TO the window air conditioner, strips of crepe fluttering in the grill.

(SOUND AND IMAGE BUMPS BACK TO NORMAL as we)

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Chad sits on the hood of the Eldo. Checks his watch. Looks up as the door to the motel room opens.

POV - The gorgeous creature at Honey's side is barely recognizable as Veronica. The glasses are gone, wavy hair unfurled in shoulder-length tresses, her lab-coat replaced by a hip-hugging mini and boots.

CHAD - opens the rear door. Checks out Veronica's ass as she gets in. Turns to Honey, a crooked, knowing grin on his face.

CHAD

Mousy?

HONEY

All she needed was a little
makeover.

He closes the door behind Honey, says to nobody in
particular:

CHAD

Mee-ow!

EXT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM" - NIGHT

LOUNGE MUSIC. The Eldorado is parked out front.

INT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM"

Trevor hangs up the phone, turns to Honey, Veronica and Chad,
standing at the bar.

TREVOR

A little bird just sang me a very
pretty tune.

HONEY

You want to hum a few bars?

TREVOR

It seems Spinoza holds a
controlling interest in the Mount
Wilson transmission station.

HONEY

Maybe I should pay him a little
visit.

VERONICA

(removing her earrings)
If you do, you'll need these.

She hands the EARRINGS to Honey, who examines them, curious.

HONEY

Cute, but these aren't exactly me--

OONA (O.S.)

(shrieks)
Kill Honey Vicarro!

They turn.

OONA - RIPS off her poncho, revealing a skin-tight red vinyl jumpsuit, ovals cut from the sides to reveal curvaceous hips. She levels a SCHMEISSER SUBMACHINE-GUN at Honey.

HONEY

Down!

Honey shoves several patrons to the floor as Oona OPENS FIRE. Trevor dives under the bar, BULLETS RAKING A ROW OF BOTTLES BEHIND HIM.

As Honey leaps to her feet, Trevor grabs a white Polaroid Swinger from behind the bar.

TREVOR

Honey!

He tosses it to Honey. She executes a handspring and roll toward Oona, coming up with the camera.

HONEY

Say cheese!

The FLASH POPS, momentarily blinding Oona. SNARLING, she BURNS A CLIP at the ceiling as Honey charges. THE TWO FLY OVER A RAILING around the sunken dance-floor.

They SLAM onto the table of some STUNNED PATRONS. Oona squirms as Honey pins her down, kicking over their cocktails.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Trev! Drinks on the house for table fourteen!

TREVOR

Got it!

With a burst of psychotic strength, Oona bucks her off. Honey executes a flip, landing on the dance-floor in a fighting stance. Oona rolls off the table, raises the gun.

Panicked, the HIPSTERS duck for cover as Honey snaps a ROUNDHOUSE KICK that misses by a mile. Nevertheless, the machine-gun flies from Oona's hands, SLIDING ACROSS THE FLOOR.

Enraged, Oona assumes a karaté stance. The two hellcats circle the dance-floor, sizing each other up.

HONEY

Who do you work for?

OONA
Kill Honey Vicarro.

Oona strikes first. Though her moves are lightning fast, Honey parries each with inhuman aplomb. The two spring apart. Again, the circling...

HONEY
Give it up, patti-cake. You're outclassed. You haven't got a chance.

OONA
Kill Honey Vicarro.

HONEY
(realizes)
Oh, I get it. Spinoza's turned you into one of his puppets!

Oona BODYSLAMs Honey. The two women SMASH into the bandstand, DRUMS, CYMBALS and INSTRUMENTS CRASHING to the floor.

OONA - pushes clear, does a reverse cartwheel across the dance-floor, snatching up the machine-gun halfway through. She springs to her feet, RACKS IT and LEVELS IT AT HONEY.

TREVOR
Honey! Look out!

Honey grabs a fallen CRASH CYMBAL and uses it as a shield. The spray of bullets strike SPARKS as they carom off.

Honey steps forward and HURLS IT like a Frisbee across the room at Oona! The edge of the cymbal BURIES ITSELF IN HER FOREHEAD. She shivers. Her eyes roll up into her head and she collapses to the floor. Honey arches an eyebrow.

HONEY
Now that's what I call a splitting headache.

The relieved patrons APPLAUD. Honey picks the Polaroid Swinger up from the floor as she approaches Trevor.

HONEY (CONT'D)
You all right?

TREVOR
Right as rain in Picadilly Circus.

Honey pulls the thin black cover-sheet off an exposed Polaroid print hands it to Trevor.

INSERT: A shot of Oona, a frozen grimace on her face as she fires the submachine-gun.

Trevor pins it up on a corkboard behind the bar among a COLLECTION OF OTHERS: Various thugs brandishing guns, knives, hand-grenades, machetes... all with the same flash-induced expression of shock on their faces.

On the television over the bar, the THEME for the TED MULLIGAN SHOW strikes up. Honey looks up at the screen.

TED MULLIGAN (O.S.)
We have a really big show tonight!

VERONICA
Omigosh! We're too late!

HONEY
Not until the fat-lady sings, or
should I say, four painfully thin
English boys.

ON TELEVISION: Ted Mulligan stands, arms crossed, as he continues his intro:

(on television)
Danny O'Day & His Orchestra, the
June Murray Dancers, Senor Mensas
and Paco, and our special musical
guests... the Bumblebees!

The TEENYBOPPERS in the studio-audience let out an extended shriek which TURNS INTO...

EXT. ANGELES CREST HIGHWAY

... THE SHRIEK OF TIRES as Honey's Cobra ROARS up the highway, spins through treacherous hairpin turns.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA

Honey pushes the car to 75 MPH, expertly maneuvering it up the mountain road. She pushes a button on the center console, revealing a WHITE PRINCESS ROTARY PHONE. Dials.

HONEY
Lieutenant Quigley, please.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

A PHOTO - of a YOUNGER HONEY and a YOUNGER QUIGLEY, both in LAPD blues, posing back to back, holding their guns and smiling coyly at each other over their shoulders.

LT. QUIGLEY - sits at his desk, gazing at the photo and reminiscing. The TELEPHONE RINGS. Quigley snaps out his reverie and picks up the receiver.

QUIGLEY
Quigley, Homicide.
(then, grumpy)
Vicarro. What do you want?

He shoves the photo back in the drawer.

INT. HONEY'S SHELBY COBRA/INT. SQUAD ROOM (INTERCUT)

Honey admires her NEW EARRINGS from Veronica in the rearview mirror, speaks over her car-phone.

HONEY
Oh, I don't know... what does any girl want? A tidy little place in Tarzana, three kids and a dog named King.

QUIGLEY
I don't have time for wisecracks.

HONEY
Then how about a little mop-up?

QUIGLEY
What now?

HONEY
Oh, nothing too pressing. Just another one of those pesky little megalomaniacal-millionaire-bent-on-world-conquest things.

QUIGLEY
Is this on the level?

HONEY
Come on up to Mount Wilson and find out. If you're nice, I'll let you take credit for the collar. And Quigley...

QUIGLEY

Yeah?

HONEY

Don't forget your handcuffs.

She smiles wickedly and hangs up, presses a button on the dash. A steel cover rolls up, revealing a SMALL TELEVISION SCREEN.

ON TELEVISION - The audience LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY as SENOR MENSAS trades witticisms with PACO, a grotesque puppet consisting of a dummy-head in a box:

SENOR MENSAS

S'allright?

PACO

S'allright.

SENOR MENSAS

S'allright?

PACO

S'allright.

HONEY - stares at the screen with baffled disdain as she downshifts.

HONEY

How can people watch this sh--?

The last word is OBLITERATED BY THE GROWL OF HER V-8 as it DROPS INTO SECOND.

EXT. ANGELES CREST HIGHWAY

Honey's Cobra STREAKS BY. We pick up a ROAD SIGN: "MT. WILSON - 4 MI." Under the diminishing roar of the Shelby's powerful engine, WE CAN STILL HEAR:

SENOR MENSAS

S'allright?

PACO

S'allright...

EXT. MOUNT WILSON RADIO TOWERS

Radio towers pierce the night sky. Receiver dishes spin for no particular reason. ARMED THUGS in black overalls patrol the ramparts of a SQUAT TRANSMISSION STATION.

TED MULLIGAN (O.S.)
 (on television)
 And now, direct from Birmingham,
 England, singing their latest hit,
 "Bee Mine, Luv," the Bumblebees!

INT. MOUNT WILSON RADIO TOWERS

A sleek, scaled-down version of mission control. A HALF-A-DOZEN TECHNICIANS man control panels. A huge television screen up front is tuned to the TED MULLIGAN SHOW.

INT. RADIO TOWERS - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

In a makeshift studio, Spinoza sits at a desk before a video camera, tissues tucked into his collar as a HAIRDRESSER and MAKE-UP ARTIST doll him up. He quietly rehearses his script:

SPINOZA
 I am Amadeus Spinoza... you are
 under my control... yadda yadda
 yadda... you will now follow my
 commands...

ON SCREEN - The Bumblebees play "BEE MINE, LUV." Over a P.A., a SONOROUS VOICE INTONES:

P.A.
 Initiate auditory protection.

The Technicians unseal plugs and insert them into their ears.

EXT. MOUNT WILSON RADIO TOWERS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

THUG #1 - walks the perimeter armed with a machine-gun. Honey steps up, drops him with a KARATE-CHOP TO THE BACK OF THE NECK.

THUG #2 - Lighting a cigarette. Honey creeps up. Again, the KARATE-CHOP TO THE BACK OF THE NECK. Two down.

THUG #3 - Bigger than the first two, he guards the entrance. Honey pads up silently behind him, hits him with (surprise!) a KARATE-CHOP TO THE BACK OF THE NECK.

It has no effect. The ugly brute turns, stares at her, SNARLING.

Honey KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS.

The Thug collapses. Honey moves for the door. Suddenly, someone COLD-COCKS her with the butt of a machine-gun. She goes down. A FOURTH THUG steps from the shadows, stares down at her still form.

OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MOUNT WILSON RADIO TOWERS

The Technicians run final checks on their equipment.

ON THE JUMBO SCREEN

The Bumblebees are rocking, the TEENYBOPPERS in the audience going completely ape. The music is barely audible under their SCREECHING.

A voice sounds over the P.A.:

P.A.
Approaching mind-control tone
sequence.

INT. RADIO TOWERS - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Honey is dragged inside by TWO THUGS, bound with rope, stripped down to her bra, panties and garter-belt.

Spinoza steps up, tissue still tucked into his collar, feasts his eyes on her.

SPINOZA
So if it isn't the famous Honey
Vicarro

HONEY
Is this entirely necessary?

SPINOZA
What?

HONEY
The ropes.

Spinoza raises an eyebrow.

SPINOZA
How wonderfully droll you are, Miss
Vicarro. So spirited, so
willfull...
(a smug smile)
I'll miss that.

HONEY

Oh, you mean after you use your
tone sequence to enslave every
teenager in the country to do your
every bidding; to buy your cheesy
records; to dance to your twisted
beat...

(fishing)

... perhaps, someday, to elect you
President?

Bingo. Spinoza haughtily looks down his nose at her.

SPINOZA

I prefer "Emporor."

HONEY

You and a million other guys.

P.A.

Mind-control tone sequence
initiating.

ON THE JUMBO SCREEN

The Bumblebees LAUNCH INTO THE MIND-CONTROL SEQUENCE.

HONEY

stares at the screen.

P.A. (CONT'D)

Mind-control tone sequence complete
in zero minus ten... nine...

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TEENAGE BOY AND GIRL watch the television, faces slack.

P.A. (V.O.)

... eight... seven...

INT. COLLEGE DORM - LOUNGE - NIGHT

STUDENTS stare at the Bumblebees on the T.V. screen,
hypnotized.

P.A. (V.O.)

... six... five...

EXT. APPLIANCE SHOP - NIGHT

In the display window, half-a-dozen televisions broadcast the Ed Sullivan Show. A GROUP OF KIDS, early to mid-teens, stand on the sidewalk and watch, eyes blank.

P.A. (V.O.)
... four... three...

INT. RADIO TOWERS - CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Honey gazes at the jumbo screen, the will draining from her eyes as the Bumblebees play the last lick.

P.A. (V.O.)
... two... one and psychotronic
tone complete.

Removing his earplugs, Spinoza CHUCKLES SOFTLY:

SPINOZA
You are under my control.

HONEY
I am under your control.

SPINOZA
(to THUG)
Untie her.

THUG
But boss--

SPINOZA
She's harmless now, you fool.

The Thug unties her ropes, backs away. Spinoza examines her face. Breaks into an unpleasantly smug, smarmy smile.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)
Kiss me, my tasty flesh-puppet.

Honey blinks, then steps forward and lays one on him--deep, slow, sweet and sensual. Suddenly, she BITES his lower lip. Hard. Spinoza backs away, stunned.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)
(sputters)
But... how did you--?

Honey smiles, pulls off her EARRINGS, holds them up.

HONEY

A little bauble from your ex.
Seems they emit a counter-tone that
cancels out your nasty little mind-
control ditty...

Suddenly, she closes her hands into fists.

HONEY (CONT'D)

... and that's not all.

She hurls the earrings on the floor. They EXPLODE, blasting out a CLOUD OF THICK SMOKE. She grabs the distracted Thugs, CRACKS their heads together, knocking them out cold.

SPINOZA

Get her, you idiots!

The Technicians look at him, confused, murmuring to each other, "HUH?," "WHAT?" Spinoza points at his ears. The Techs suddenly understand and pull out their earplugs.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

Get her, you idiots!

The Technicians CHARGE. Honey DIVES headlong at TECHNICIANS #1 AND #2, taking them down.

SPINOZA - pulls a SUBMACHINE-GUN from one of the unconscious Thugs, struggles to find a clear shot.

HONEY - springs up. Dispatches TECHNICIAN #3 with a SPIN-KICK TO THE HEAD.

TECHNICIAN #4 grabs her in a tight bear-hug from behind. She uses his hold as leverage, lifting both feet and DEALING A VICIOUS DOUBLE-KICK TO TECHNICIAN #5.

Spinoza grins and takes deliberate aim. Honey PIVOTS just as he FIRES, shoving Technician #4 at Spinoza. He SLAMS into him, bowling Spinoza over, the SHOTS FLYING WILD. Spinoza's head STRIKES a console on the way down, knocking him cold.

INT. TED MULLIGAN THEATER

The now silent, entranced audience stares at the band, awaiting instructions.

THE STUDIO MONITORS - The static clears, revealing Honey leaning against the desk in her bra and panties.

HONEY
(on monitor)
Good evening, America, My name's
Honey Vicarro...

TED MULLIGAN - looks up at the monitor from the wings, eyes
vacant, jaw slack.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TEENAGE BOY AND GIRL watch

THE TELEVISION

Honey SMILES WICKEDLY.

HONEY
(on television)
... and it's a pity none of you
will remember this naughty little
broadcast...

EXT. APPLIANCE SHOP - NIGHT

The group of hypnotized KIDS watch the broadcast on the
televisions in the display window.

HONEY
(on televisions)
... when I count to three, you'll
all be returned to your normal
selves.
(thinks)
Except...

INT. COLLEGE DORM - LOUNGE - NIGHT

The STUDENTS still gaze, pie-eyed, at Honey's half-naked
image on the television.

HONEY
(on television)
... let's not be such compliant
little sheep. Conformity's a drag.
Express yourselves and question
authority.

INT. RADIO TOWERS - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She hears POLICE SIRENS draw up outside. Quigley and his goon-squad.

HONEY

And... one... two... three.

A COMMOTION AT THE DOOR as Lt. Quigley and HALF-A-DOZEN UNIFORMED OFFICERS burst through the door.

QUIGLEY

Everybody freeze--

Quigley halts, stares lamely at the unconscious Technicians, bodies strewn around the station, then Honey in her bra and panties.

HONEY

Welcome to the party, Lieutenant.
Fashionably late, as usual?

QUIGLEY

Vicarro...!

OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM" - NIGHT

Establish. Inside, THE BUMBLEBEES play "BEE MINE, LUV."

INT. HONEY'S "BLUE ROOM"

The BUMBLEBEES perform on stage. Veronica, Trevor, and Honey stand at the bar. Veronica's hot, hair teased, wearing a tight, leopard-print mini.

TREVOR

(to Veronica)

So, luv. How bout it? You and me
this weekend. I got a gear little
flat in Palm Springs.

VERONICA

I'd love to, but I was kind of
hoping...

She gives a hopeful look at Honey, who smiles, understanding.

HONEY

Sorry...

VERONICA

(brave)

Oh, sure. I understand. Really, I do.

HONEY

That's good. Because I'd really like us to be friends.

VERONICA

Me too.

HONEY

Actually, I'd like to be more than friends.

VERONICA

(hopeful)

You would?

HONEY

I'd like you to join the team. Permanently. We could always use a scientist. Those earrings were a real lifesaver.

It's clear Veronica's bummed. Honey strokes her cheek. Deep eye-contact.

HONEY (CONT'D)

C'mon, lollipop. Say yes.

Veronica tentatively smiles.

VERONICA

Okay.

Honey smiles, nods and steps away. Trevor begins mixing Veronica a drink.

TREVOR

So Veronica, do you sleep on your tummy?

VERONICA

No.

TREVOR

Can I?

Veronica SLAPS Trevor.

CHAD - Unimpressed with the Bumblebees, he watches the television. Honey approaches, drapes an arm over his broad shoulder.

HONEY
Bumblebees not your bag?

CHAD
I prefer Thelonious Monk.

ON TELEVISION: NEWS-REEL FOOTAGE of college students BURNING THEIR DRAFT CARDS to the chant of "HELL NO, WE WON'T GO!"

Chad looks from the TV to Honey.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Just what did you tell those kids watching Ted Mulligan?

HONEY
Nothing much. Brush your teeth.
Do your homework. Clean your room...

They exchange a knowing look. Honey gives him one of her trademarked saucy grins and we FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Dianne Sawyer stands in front of the screen, which now features a blow up of the FINAL FREEZE FRAME.

SAWYER
(amused)
And thus, our heroine is responsible for single-handedly initiating the anti-war movement.

The image behind her dissolves to a head-shot of Gavin Hurrell in his prime.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

In 1990, four years before his death, creator Gavin Hurrell was quoted as saying that "Honey Vicarro was exactly twelve minutes and thirty-seven seconds ahead of its time." As we've seen tonight, I'm sure most of us would agree that he couldn't have been more wrong.

ONSCREEN behind her, publicity stills of the SUPPORTING CHARACTORS--TREVOR, QUIGLEY and, finally, CHAD.
(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Next week, we'll focus on the supporting cast--pop-star Anthony Smythe-Jones, who played bartender Trevor leBon, Guy Warner as the unflappable Lieutenant Quigley and a very special, exclusive interview with the sole surviving cast-member, Cliff di'Marco...

The image of CHAD behind her dissolves to INTERVIEW FOOTAGE of CLIFF DI'MARCO--the actor who portrayed Chad. Now in his mid 70s, an OXYGEN TUBE under his nose, he's surly and combative.

DI'MARCO

Poor kid never had a prayer. Sure, she was pretty, but that and 35 cents won't getchu a bus ticket in Hollywood. Buncha animals. You wanna know who killed Kim Carlyle? I'll tell you who--

The IMAGE FREEZES and, as SAWYER CONTINUES, is replaced with the familiar HONEY VICARRO LOGO.

SAWYER

We do hope you'll join us as we continue exploring the full story of this intriguing, controversial series, its cast, crew and creator. Along with interviews and archival footage, we'll be premiering a second lost episode, "Hippity-Hoppity-Die-Die-Die," restored, uncut and in its entirety.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Until then, this is Dianne Sawyer.
Good night.

OUT