

**DALLAS BUYERS CLUB**

by

Craig Borten and Melisa Wallack

December 2, 2012

Green - Fifth Revision

PREVIOUS DRAFTS

11/04/12 WHITE - First Revision

11/13/12 BLUE - Second Revision

11/15/12 PINK - Third Revision

11/26/12 YELLOW - Fourth Revision

1 EXT. RODEO STADIUM - DALLAS - TEXAS - DAY

1

Ambient sounds of the CROWD, RODEO, SEX, and a strange RINGING fade in along with IMAGES of...

A COWBOY riding a BULL in an enclosed RODEO ring.

RON WOODROOF, early 40's, handsome, long sandy hair, denim clad, worn snakeskin boots, dusty, cowboy hat, mirrored aviators, is engaged in wild SEX with a WOMAN. He watches the rodeo through open slats in a BULL STALL as the STEER throws the COWBOY violently thru the air; he lands hard on the dirt. Another WOMAN snorts cocaine and offers some to Ron as he switches over to having SEX with her.

The BULL STOMPS the Cowboy with its HOOFS.

Ron climaxes -- pleasure and pain seem to come out of him, but we can't hear him, only this strange RINGING.

RODEO CLOWNS grab the Cowboy's limp body and drag him out of the ring.

Ron catches his breath; something is off.

RON (V.O.)

Did ya hear Rock Hudson was a cock  
sucker?

2 EXT. RODEO STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

2

A Dallas NEWSPAPER folded in half. July. 1985. AIDS. New treatment. In Paris. ROCK HUDSON on the cover. A HAND scribbles numbers over the photo.

CLINT (V.O.)

Where'd ya hear that?

CLINT (32) a greasy hick who's spent the last five months under the hood of a CHEVY, hands RON a WAD of CASH.

RON

It's called a newspaper. You heard of  
it?

Ron smiles, adjusts his cowboy hat as he records some bets. Nearby, BULL FIGHTERS are putting on their clown makeup.

RON

What a waste. All that fine Hollywood  
pussy on a guy who smokes his friends.

A HAND comes down through the slats holding a ten dollar bill.

RON  
C'mon Rog, this ain't the sandbox.  
Twenty's the minimum.

ROG slides another ten down; Ron snatches it.

ROG  
Who the hell's Rock Hudson?

Ron looks at Rog. A beat, then he starts laughing, then coughing...

3 EXT. RODEO STADIUM - BULL STALL - DAY

3

...and coughing as we follow him into the stalls. Ron glad-hands as he goes; it seems everyone knows him but doesn't necessarily like him. He makes his way toward T.J., white trash, pale as winter, who wipes vomit from his chin. As he nervously looks down at the big angry BULL he's about to ride, Ron hands him a pint of tequila.

RON  
Calm the nerves, brother. You look great.

T.J. takes a swig, gives him a look.

RON  
It's your day, I can feel it.

T.J. watches as Ron takes a bottle of NYQUIL out of his pocket and downs it... to stop his hacking cough.

T.J.  
I don't know, Ron.

Ron fans the money out for T.J. to see.

RON  
Eight seconds and you'll be gettin blown by a hundred dollar hooker before you can scrape the bullshit off your boots.

Ron winks and smiles. T.J. signals the BULLMAN that he's ready. And in five, four, three, two, one...

THE GATE is up, the BULL is out, the crowd is HOLLERING and T.J.'s back is bending in unnatural ways.

RON  
C'mon! One one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand...

And T.J. is DOWN.

RON  
Ah hen shit!

Ron looks to the BLEACHERS. The GAMBLERS are already searching for him.

Ron slips out a SIDE ENTRANCE.

4 EXT. RODEO STADIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY

4

Sweating, heart racing, Ron runs across the lot and jumps over fences to escape THE GAMBLERS that are running after him. As they close in, Ron spots a cop, TUCKER, walking towards his patrol car.

RON  
Hey, buddy I need you to arrest me.

TUCKER  
Fuck off, Woodroof.

RON  
Come on, man. I'm serious!

Tuck sees the angry mob approaching.

TUCKER  
Looks like you got a few pissed off customers.

RON  
You gonna cuff me or what?

TUCKER  
Figure it out yourself.

And with that, Ron PUNCHES Tucker in the face. The mob of Gamblers are stopped in their tracks.

TUCKER  
You son of a bitch!

Tucker PUNCHES Ron in the face twice, then cuffs him. He looks at the mob of Gamblers.

TUCKER  
Get the fuck outta here before I arrest all of you.

Ron smiles through a bloodied mouth.

5 EXT. RON'S TRAILER - DAY

5

Tucker's police car pulls up.

TUCKER (V.O.)

They're gonna kick the shit out of you  
one day, Woodroof. Maybe worse.

6 INT. TUCKER'S POLICE CAR - DAY

6

Both Ron and Tucker are bleeding and bruised.

RON

Gotta die from somethin'.

TUCKER

Handle your business, huh? Get your  
shit together.

RON

You're startin' to sound like your  
ol' man. How's he doin' by the way?

TUCKER

(beat)

There's good days and bad.

RON

(waving him off)

Ah, he's a tough one.

(beat)

Though I can't imagine how disappointed  
he must be havin' you for a son.

Tucker looks at him, half-smiles.

TUCKER

Get the fuck outta my car.

Ron smiles, starts to get out, then stops. Holds his head a  
moment. We hear the strange RINGING sound again.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

You okay?

RON

(covers)

You rattled my fuckin' brain.

TUCKER

What brain?

Ron forces a smile, then exits the car. Tucker watches as Ron slowly heads toward his trailer; something seems off. After a few beats, Tucker brushes it off and pulls away.

7 INT. RON'S TRAILER - DAY

7

Books, newspapers, empty beer cans and liquor bottles; on the wall, we may notice a painting of some Texas Wildflowers. Ron stumbles in as the RINGING sound comes back. He stops, steadies himself on a piece of furniture, takes a few steps then collapses, unconscious.

8 INT. RON'S TRAILER - MORNING

8

The first shafts of sunlight fall over Ron, still asleep where he dropped. After a few beats, he stirs, pulls himself on to a chair. "What the fuck?".

9 EXT. OIL FIELD - DAY

9

Lunch time. Already a little drunk, Ron finishes off a pint of whiskey as Clint and a battered T.J. eat sandwiches nearby. Ron starts coughing again as he grabs a packet of cocaine out of his shirt pocket. He slides it across the table to Clint who hands him cash.

RON

That shit is purer than a preacher  
daughter's pussy.

CLINT

Not after you just coughed your lungs all  
over it.

T.J.

You think anymore 'bout Saudi Arabia?  
They need guys over there.

RON

What do you wanna go work for a buncha  
sand niggas for?

T.J.

They pay five times as much, that's why.

Ron raises his eyebrows, not bad.

T.J.

I'm signing up.

RON  
They got hot ladies over there?

T.J.  
It's a Muslim country. You can't fuck  
the women.

RON  
Now that takes me out right there.

The FOREMAN races over to them.

FOREMAN  
Woodroof, there's been an accident on  
platform five. They need an electrician  
right away!

10 EXT. DRILL PLATFORM - DAY - LATER

10

A MEXICAN WORKER has his leg caught in the drill. It's  
severed and he's losing blood fast. Ron walks over.

RON  
Dumb spic. How'd you get your leg in  
there?

The guy's breath is coming in short fast spurts.

RON  
Where's the ambulance?

FOREMAN  
He's illegal.

Ron takes his OWN shirt off, rips it in half, kneels down next  
to the MEXICAN, wipes some sweat off his brow and ties a  
makeshift tourniquet around his leg.

Ron looks to the Foremen.

RON  
Go call 'em.  
(the FOREMEN doesn't move)  
Go FUCKING call 'em.

He walks off to call. Ron turns back to the Mexican.

RON  
Alright we're going to get you outta  
there but you gotta stay still until I  
say get the fuck out and then you get the  
fuck out. Comprende?

The guy nods. Ron walks over to the electrician's box. He's a little DRUNK. He grabs a wire and is about to cut it.

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, on the count of three. One,  
two...

Ron cuts the wire, an electrical spark shoots out and before he can move back the box blows up in his face. Everything goes black.

RICK FERRIS (V.O.)

Azidothymidine, or AZT -- was originally developed as a treatment for cancer.

11 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

11

Barrow Wilkem rep RICK FERRIS, slick, well-dressed, gold Rolex, 40s, stands before DR. NATHAN SEVARD, 50's, arrogant, DR. EVE SAKS, early 30s, sophisticated, and five other PHYSICIANS, 40s-60s, all members of the hospital board.

RICK FERRIS

With the onset of HIV, however, we at Barrow Wilkem began a trial in which we administered AZT to infected lab animals. Initial findings suggested increased CD4 counts, restored T-cell immunity and also evidence of inducing weight gain.

SEVARD

Isn't it also true that it had some concerning side effects in animal tests, significantly decreasing the animals red and white blood cells?

RICK FERRIS

Yes, but its effect on the virus is better than anything else that's been tested.

EVE

(looking into her file)

In 64, when AZT was developed for cancer treatment, it was shelved due to lack of anti cancer efficacy and toxicity.



RICK FERRIS

We believe those problems were dosage based.

EVE

So you're conducting another animal study?

RICK FERRIS

Actually the FDA has given us permission to go straight to human trials which is what brings me here today. We're conducting a double-blind, placebo-controlled randomized trial throughout the United States. Dallas Mercy is one of the proposed sites.

EVE

How long do you see the study going on?

RICK FERRIS

We're hoping to fast track it within a year? During which time the hospital and its administering physicians will be very well compensated for their efforts.

Eve notices as Sevard trades looks with Board Member #1.

RICK FERRIS

Sadly, the AIDS crisis will only get worse before it gets better. And I know I speak for everyone at Barrow Wilkem when I say getting this drug to market is our number one priority. This is a unique opportunity. A chance to be on the forefront in finding a cure.

Eve looks at Ferris and smiles.

12 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

12

Dr. Sevard walks down the hallway with Eve.

EVE

Does it not drive you just a little bit crazy when these guys stand up there talking about curing the sick while they're flashing gold Rolexes? What do they know about sick patients?

DR. SEVARD

They're pharma reps, not doctors. And like it or not, this is a business.

DR. SEVARD

How the hell did they get permission to  
go to human trials?

DR. SEVARD

People are desperate. People are dying.  
There is nothing else out there.

And with that, a NURSE approaches them with a file, surgical  
mask and latex gloves.

13 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

13

Ron, head and eyes bandaged, lays on a bed. After a few beats, he peels off the eye bandages, gets up. He opens a cabinet, then a drawer. Finds a bag of sucking CANDY, pops a piece in his mouth, puts some in his pocket. He sees his jacket on the back of the door, searches his pockets for a cigarette. He's about to light one when Dr. Sevard enters with Eve Sakes. Both wear surgical masks and latex gloves.

DR. SEVARD  
Mr. Woodroof. I'm Dr. Sevard.

Ron turns to Eve, flashes a smile.

DR. SEVARD  
We saw something that concerned us in your initial blood work so we ran some additional tests.

EVE  
Blood tests.

Ron stops moving and tries to assess the situation. Is he in trouble?

RON  
What kinda blood tests, cause I don't use drugs.

EVE  
We didn't test you for drugs.

RON  
Good, cause that ain't none of yer business anyway.

DR. SEVARD  
You've tested positive for HIV --

Ron looks at Dr. Sevard blankly.

DR. SEVARD  
...the virus that causes AIDS.

Ron freezes. A long beat.

RON  
Who you kidding, Rock cock sucking Hudson bullshit?!

DR. SEVARD  
Have you ever used intravenous drugs or had any homosexual --

Ron spits out his CANDY.

RON

Homo? Homo? That's what you said,  
right? Shit. You gotta be kidding me.

(laughs)

I ain't no faggot, I don't even know any  
faggots, I'm a rodeo!

The room is silent.

RON

Look at me, doc. Come on now, look at  
me. What do you see?

DR. SEVARD

Your T-cell count is down to nine, a  
healthy person has five hundred to  
fifteen hundred.

RON

What the fuck's a three-Cell?!

DR. SEVARD

T-cell. Frankly we're surprised you're  
alive.

RON

Well surprise this: you've made a fuckin'  
mistake!

Ron looks back and forth from Dr. Saks to Sevard. No mistake.

RON

You must've mixed my blood with some  
daisy puller or sumptin.

EVE

We ran the blood test several times.

Eve hands him some pamphlets and other paper work.

EVE

That's some information on HIV and AIDS  
you may find informative and your test  
results.

Ron flips through the papers. Becomes frustrated by  
terminology he doesn't understand.

DR. SEVARD

Mr. Woodroof, we're trying to impress  
upon you the gravity of your situation.

(MORE)

DR. SEVARD (CONT'D)

Based on your condition, we estimate that  
you have about thirty days to get your  
affairs in order --

RON

Thirty days?

Ron jumps off the examining table.

RON

What is this shit?!

They don't respond.

Ron laughs incredulously and walks towards the door.

RON

I got a news flash for all y'all, there  
ain't nothin' out there that can kill Ron  
Woodroof in thirty days.

Ron looks at the papers, tosses them up in the air and exits.

14 INT. RON'S TRAILER - NIGHT 14

Music BLARES as Ron and T.J. party with two hot girls, KELLY  
and CRYSTAL, 20s. T.J. cuts a line of coke on a mirror while  
Ron dances over to the girls with SHOTS of Jack Daniels. They  
both start kissing, then rubbing up against Ron.

15 INT. RON'S TRAILER - NIGHT 15

T.J. is having sex with Kelly as Ron kisses Crystal; he leans  
down, snorts what is probably his fiftieth line of coke. He  
shakes it off, slams some Jack Daniels from the bottle as if  
it was Kool Aid. He's obliterated.

As Ron stares off at something, T.J. waves at Crystal to join  
him and Kelly; as she does, we see what Ron is staring at -- a  
CALENDAR.

But its days have no numbers. Except one, in blood RED -- 30.  
Ron snaps out of his hallucination.

16 INT. RON'S TRAILER - NIGHT 16

T.J. sits down next to Ron, takes a rolled up dollar bill and  
does a line of coke.

T.J.

Damn doctors cut your balls off?

RON

Shit, you tell 'em you got a cold and they'll give you two weeks off. You should try it.

Ron takes the dollar back as T.J. walks to the table to pour himself a drink.

T.J.

Well, you didn't miss nothin' at work. I'd take disability any day.

Ron does a line of coke. Sees his reflection in the mirror. Pushes it away.

RON

I mean I got a stupid cough and they tell me I got some HIV virus.

T.J. looks at Ron, hears him but doesn't hear him, maybe it doesn't even register he's so wasted.

RON

(mutters)

Hell, like I got the AIDS. Damn hospital, mixed up my blood samples.

T.J.

Man, I went to them doctors once, they tell me I had chlamydia, I came back home I realized I had crabs.

RON

S'what I'm saying.

T.J. licks some coke off his fingers.

T.J.

I heard you get that just by touchin' someone. Or that queers get it.

RON

Which is exactly why it's a mistake.

T.J.

Well, what if it ain't?

RON

You know me, T. You fuckin' serious?

T.J.

Damn right I know you, like you was born with some kinda pussy addiction.

Ron smiles at the compliment as T.J. dives into the mirror and inhales the last line of coke.

One of the GIRLS walks over.

KELLY

You said we would be dancin' by nine.

T.J. smiles at Ron.

T.J.

We should get goin'.

T.J. puts on his jacket.

T.J.

Let's go girls.

RON

I'll catch up with you.

T.J.

Alright brother, you cool?

RON

I'm cool.

T.J.

See you there.

T.J. and the girls leave.

Ron gets up, wasted, and stares out the screen door into the cold dark night, nothing stares back at him.

17 INT. DALLAS PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

17

Ron is seated in front of a screen that shows a microfiche of information on AIDS, HIV and AZT.

LATER - DAY: Ron continues reading; the LIBRARIAN looks over as he endures a brief coughing spasm, then he goes back to his work. We PUSH IN on the phrase "...Unprotected sex..."

LATER - DAY: Ron continues reading, runs his finger along the words. Stops at "INTRAVENOUS DRUG USE". As he closes his eyes and exhales--

18 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - DREAM / FLASHBACK

18

We're on a SNAKE TATOO on the back of a naked girl having wild sex with a younger and heavier Ron, totally wasted, and...

*hypnotized* by the tattoo that goes up to her neck and down to her arm -- marked with track marks.

19 INT. DALLAS PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY 19

Ron slams the book shut with rage. He screams out releasing his anger. His voice echoes off the library walls.

20 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 20

Ron impatiently stands at the Triage desk, looking at a NURSE, 40s. He spots a tattooed Hispanic ORDERLY mopping the floor in the hallway. He locks eyes with Ron for a second too long then moves on.

NURSE FRAZIN

Dr. Sevard's not on today.

RON

Do I look like I can wait til tomorrow?

NURSE FRAZIN

If you'll tell me what the problem is --

RON

Problem? Which problem you want to hear about? My lungs bleeding, my skin crawling, the jackhammer in my head... hell that's just the beginning of my problems sweetheart.

Having overheard Ron's rant, Dr. Eve Saks walks over.

EVE

Mr. Woodroof?

Ron turns around.

RON

I don't want no nurse. I want a doctor. A goddamn doctor! Today! NOW!

The Orderly watches Ron and Eve.

EVE

Fine. How can I help you?

RON

Are you fuckin' deaf, lady?



EVE

No. I'm a fucking doctor!

Oh? Ron contemplates Eve, slowly breaking into a smile. Eve hears her name called over the speaker system.

EVE

If you want to discuss your list of problems, you can meet me in my office in twenty minutes.

RON

Twenty minutes?  
(he takes a long look at her)  
I like your style, Doctor.

Ron watches her as she walks away.

21 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAKS' OFFICE - DAY 21

Diplomas hang in neat rows. A perfectly ordered desk. Eve meticulously records numbers on a chart.

RON (O.S.)

Can you get me AZT?

Eve looks up as Ron walks in and sits down.

RON

Barrow Wilkem just released it for testing, right? This hospital is one of the sites.

She nods yes, surprised how well informed he is.

RON

Well can I buy some?

EVE

That isn't how it works. For about a year, a group of patients will either get the drug or a placebo, it's left up to chance, not even the doctors are allowed to know.

RON

You give dyin' people sugar pills?

EVE

It's the only way to know if a drug works.

RON

Can you get it for me?

EVE

Unfortunately no. But when it's proven to work and if you fit the profile, then yes.

RON

So, you're tellin' me I'm as good as a horse being sold for dog food?

Eve's look says it all. Ron takes out a list.

RON

Okay, what about in Germany, this Dextran Sulfate, or in France they got DDC, or AL 721 in Israel... I read that one is proven to work and it ain't toxic.

EVE

None of those drugs have been approved by the FDA.

RON

Screw the FDA, I'm gonna be DOA. Do I have to sue this hospital to get me some medicine?

EVE

Mr. Woodroof, I assure you that would be a waste of precious time.

Ron takes a moment, eases up.

RON

Call me Ron, will ya?

Eve doesn't play his game. She writes something down on a piece of paper.

EVE

There is a support group that meets every day at Draddy Auditorium, perhaps you could share your feelings and concerns...

Ron abruptly stands.

RON

I'm dying and you're tellin' me to go get a hug from a bunch of faggots?

Eve watches as Ron backs away.

RON

Good night, good day, and good riddance.

22 INT. LONESTAR BAR - DAY

22

Ron bursts through the door and shouts to the BARTENDER.

RON

Neddie Jay, one shot of Cactus and a  
Rolling Rock back.

Ned doesn't move as Ron continues toward a table where T.J.,  
Clint and three other FRIENDS are sitting.

RON

I can't believe how much I missed your  
ugly faces. Clint, where you hangin'  
your pants lately brother?

Clint drains his beer, slams it on the table.

CLINT

Get me another beer, will you sweetheart?

The guys burst out laughing.

RON

'Fuck you say?

CLINT

I said grab me a cold one, cupcake.

Ron looks at him incredulously.

RON

You askin' me to kick yer ass?

CLINT

Nah, wouldn't wanna get none of that  
faggot blood on me.

Ron takes a step towards Clint, T.J. gets up and stands  
between them.

T.J.

C'mon Ron, we don't want no trouble.

Ron puts a fake, friendly hand on T.J.'s shoulder who backs  
off immediately. Ron moves closer, plays with T.J. and the  
others. They're all scared of being touched.

RON  
(sarcastic)  
Where you goin', bud? I thought  
you're my friend.

Ron looks at him, grabs T.J.'S BEER from his hands and downs it, then fakes as if he's going to hit T.J. with it. T.J. flinches, then Ron SLAMS it on the table. Gives one last look to all of them.

RON  
Fuck all ya'll.

And as Ron exits, we PRE-LAP...

RICK FERRIS (V.O.)  
As I stand here tonight, clinical trials  
are underway with an eye toward fast-  
tracking AZT and making it available  
for the public as soon as possible.

23 INT. DRADDY AUDITORIUM - DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

23

Rick Ferris from Barrow Wilkem stands at the podium before the packed room.

RICK FERRIS  
In short, I'm happy to say that help may  
finally be on the way.

That is Ron's POV as he listens to Ferris, looking around at the crowd, who are almost exclusively gay MEN. Ron wanders toward a table lined with LITERATURE. An EFFEMINATE MAN approaches him with a pamphlet. Ron stares at him blankly. The man opens his arms to give him a hug.

EFFEMINATE MAN  
It's okay brother. We're all getting --

RON  
Tooth fairy, if we weren't in a public  
place right now, your teeth would be so  
far down your throat you'd be usin' your  
ass to chew food.

The Man's eyes go wide as he backs off. Ron turns back to the table, takes a few pamphlets. Titles include: "POPPERS STUDY: POSSIBLE CAUSE OF AIDS"; "AZT SHOWS SIGNS OF PROMISE". Ron drifts toward the front, where the CROWD is getting hostile.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1 (O.C.)  
How long before AZT is approved?

RICK FERRIS

The FDA standard procedure to approve a new drug is eight to twelve years -

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2 (O.C.)

(cutting him off)

We're dying here!

RICK FERRIS

We are looking to fast track --

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1 (O.C.)

(cutting him off)

We need it now!

RICK FERRIS

We're working closely with the FDA to make sure every effort is made--

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2 (O.C.)

The hell, if it works even a little, we'll take the chance!

General shouts of agreement from the CROWD.

RICK FERRIS

It's both our job and the FDA's to make sure the drug is safe -

EFFEMINATE MAN

Is it true you can get it in Mexico?!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2 (O.C.)

What about dextran sulfate?!

As the chaos and shouting continues, Ron walks out in frustration and we're suddenly--

24 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

24

CLOSE ON -- a line of flickering CANDLES.

That's Ron's POV as he grimaces, despair in his eyes. He doesn't look at the moving, out-of-focus SILHOUETTES in front of him.

RON

(mumbles to himself)

I need to slow it down a second, catch my breath. I'm not ready to crawl into a corner. You hear that? I'm not fucking ready. Man, if you're up there you better be listening.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

And if there's a chance, if I got one  
fucking chance, send me a sign.

Ron downs a shooter and grimaces again. He slams the glass down on a table among empty glasses and looks up at the candles on a stage in front of a STRIPPER, lost in his thoughts. Then he looks up and sees something across the room, past the stripper. She tries to get his attention.

STRIPPER

If you're not gonna look or buy a dance,  
you could at least tip me.

Ron stands and throws some bills on the stage.

RON

I'll take a dance, but not fer me.  
Just shake it, he'll see you.

Ron looks heavenward.

RON

Thanks.

And he walks off towards a man at the end of the bar: the Hispanic Orderly from the hospital.

25 EXT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - REAR - NIGHT

25

Cowboy boots nervously play with a McDonald's Bag on the ground next to a garbage dumpster. They stop when the Hispanic Orderly walks out of the hospital. He gets to the dumpster, throws a BROWN PAPER BAG in it, picks up the McDonald's bag, looks inside and leaves without a word.

26 INT. RON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

26

Ron sits at the table, removes a box of pills from the bag labeled AZT, FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES ONLY.

Ron removes a pill, decides two is better, washes them down with a beer, and sniffs a line of coke. Looks at his reflection in the turned-off T.V.

27 EXT. OIL FIELD - DAY 27

As Ron pulls up to his jobs site in his battered '73 Lincoln, he spots T.J., Clint and a half dozen other WORKERS through the windshield, all staring at him menacingly. Before Ron gets out, the Foreman emerges through the crowd. Without a word, the guy just slowly shakes his head. Ron gives him the finger and drives off, popping a few more AZT pills.

A27 EXT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - REAR - NIGHT A27

The Hispanic Orderly throws a BROWN PAPER BAG in the dumpster, picks up a fast food bag, and leaves.

28 EXT. RODEO STADIUM - BLEACHERS - DAY 28

Empty; closed for the day. Ron sits in the empty bleachers, sweaty and shivering; he looks horrible, maybe disoriented. He pops a pill of AZT and drinks from a bottle of Tequila.

29 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT 29

A labyrinth of identical trailers. Ron wanders, searching for his own. Confused, he changes direction and continues to make his way down the different rows.

He stops in front of one and stares at the door where two YOUNG BOYS are seated on the steps, staring back at him.

RON

The hell you doin' here?

He waves them aside. As he walks up the steps, his neighbor BUCKY and his WIFE stare at him blankly.

RON

Fuck you doin' in my house?

Ron doesn't realize that he's not at his place.

30 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAKS' OFFICE - DAY 30

Sitting on an examining table, meet RAYON, a cross-dresser in his early 30s, in long eyelashes, earrings, painted nails with a pink scarf tied around a full brown curly wig.



EVE  
(reviewing a chart)  
You missed your last trial appointment.

RAYON

Do you like this blouse? Cause I think  
the neckline's too low.

Eve leans against the sink, annoyed. She pulls her mask down.

EVE

Rayon, the whole point of this study is  
to determine whether AZT is helping  
people.

RAYON

Come on, Evie, you know there ain't no  
helpin' me.

EVE

That doesn't mean I'm going to stop  
trying.

RAYON

Why you so good to me?

Rayon watches Eve for a while, with affection. He grabs her  
and holds on to her. These two seem to have a history.

31 EXT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - REAR - DAY

31

A steady drizzle. Ron stands out by the dumpster, his boots  
and cowboy hat soaked. The Hispanic Orderly emerges from the  
hospital, a large garbage bag in his hands.

HISPANIC ORDERLY

There ain't no more, they started  
lockin' it up.

The Orderly throws the garbage into the dumpster.

RON

I got more cash.

The Orderly studies Ron who holds out some money. The Orderly  
snatches it, and writes something on a piece of paper.

ORDERLY

Here. In Mexico. A doctor, he has some.

Ron takes the paper, looks at it.

RON

What the hell is this bullshit?

Ron takes a swing at the Orderly but misses. Something about Ron is off. We hear the ringing sound again. Ron struggles to stand and collapses onto the ground. Black.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Mr. Woodroof?

32 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

32

Ron lays in bed asleep, an I.V. tube hooked up to his arm.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Ron?

Ron's eyes slowly peel open. Eve is hovering over him, a surgical mask on her face. As he looks at her, a faint smile passes his lips.

RON  
Beautiful.

Eve frowns, didn't expect that.

EVE  
You're in the hospital.

Ron blinks. Clears the fantasy. His eyes scan the room.

EVE  
You almost died.

RON  
I'm sure that didn't surprise anyone.

Eve seems to smile behind her mask.

RON  
Was that a smile?

Eve  
You've had a blood transfusion.

Dr. Sevard steps forward.

Dr. Sevard  
Mr. Woodroof I'm doctor Sevard.

Ron  
I remember you.

Dr. Sevard  
I need you to tell me where you obtained AZT from.

RON

Who said I was on AZT?

DR. SEVARD

Dealing in pharmaceutical drugs is  
illegal.

Ron

I don't know what you're talking about.

Dr. Sevard shakes his head and walks out.

EVE

Get some rest.

She follows Sevard out of the room.

RON

Wait. We were just gettin' somewhere.

RAYON (O.C.)

Honey, you don't have the slightest  
chance.

Ron turns and sees the hospital curtain being pulled by the  
PATIENT in the next bed -- it's Rayon.

RAYON

I'm Rayon.

Rayon gets up and goes over to Ron's bed.

RON

Congratulations, fuck you and go back to your bed.

RAYON

Relax, I don't bite.

Rayon looks Ron over.

RAYON

I guess you're handsome in a Texas hick, white trash, dumb, kinda way.

RON

Get the fuck outta here, whatever you are.

RAYON

Sticks and stones, cowboy.

(beat)

You wanna play cards?

RON

(perking up)

You got cash?

33 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

33

Ron sits cross-legged on his bed across from Rayon, who has a pile of cash before him. As they lay their cards down:

RAYON

Full house. Jacks over threes.

RON

I'da figured you for queens.

Cleaned out, Ron tosses his cards; Rayon scoops up the money.

RAYON

Sorry darlin'.

As Ron starts to unfold his legs, he suddenly SCREAMS in pain, grabbing his calf. Rayon grabs his leg, presses his fingers deep into the muscle and massages. Ron contorts in pain, grips the side of the bed. Rayon goes deeper.

RAYON  
Breath. Relax.

Ron breaths. Finally the pain subsides and Ron is left limp.

RAYON  
Here, drink some water.

Rayon HOLDS the cup so Ron can drink.

RAYON  
You gotta stay hydrated or your muscles  
will cramp.

Rayon starts to massage Ron's other foot.

RAYON  
You got nice feet.

RON  
Jesus Christ, I'm straight, OK!

Rayon leaves Ron alone. An awkward beat.

RON  
Why the fuck you in here anyway?

RAYON  
The AZT trial. My friend is paying me to  
split my dose with him. That way we'll  
both get some.

RON  
How much is he paying you?

RAYON  
Five grand.

RON  
What?

RAYON  
I coulda charged him twenty.

RON  
How about me? Will you sell me some?

RAYON  
Sorry, sweetie. I made a deal.

We HEAR someone speaking loud in the hallway, in Spanish.

RAYON  
(in Spanish)  
Can you keep it down?

34 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 34

Eve spots Ron, back in his clothes, walking towards the exit.

EVE (O.C.)  
Mr. Woodroof!

Ron stops, turns to see Eve approaching with Nurse Frazin.

EVE  
Where are you going?

RON  
I signed myself out.

EVE  
You're too sick to leave here.

RON  
The worst-case scenario bein' what?

EVE  
We can keep you comfortable at least.

RON  
Thanks, but I prefer to die with my  
boots on.

EVE  
As your doctor, I cannot recommend you to  
do this.

RON  
Well as my doctor, can you get me some  
damn AZT?

Eve just looks at him. She can't. Ron takes off.

35 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT 35

Ron emerges from his Lincoln, approaches his trailer. Stops  
in his tracks at the EVICTION NOTICE taped to his padlocked  
door, over which someone has spray-painted: FAGGOT BLOOD.

RON  
I still live here, you hear me?! I  
fuckin' live here!!

He looks around, eyes wild, heart racing... but there's no one there to hear him. After a beat, he crosses to his car, pops the trunk. Grabs a single-barreled Winchester SHOTGUN lying within it. He checks the CHAMBER, spins the gun, does a few maneuvers, the barrel pointing at his head. He pumps it, then in a flash levels it and BLASTS the lock off his trailer door.

36 INT. RON'S TRAILER - NIGHT 36

Ron enters, and desperately looks around for something, anything to take with him. He finds HIDDEN CASH in a Patsy Cline Crazy cassette box.

A duffel bag on the shoulder, he grabs the TEXAS WILDFLOWER PAINTING off the wall and exits.

37 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT 37

Ron starts the engine and drives to the two Kids from earlier looking on curiously. Ron gives them a handful of candies he stole from the hospital, and nods toward his trailer.

RON  
Have fun, kids. It's all yours.

And with that, he pulls away.

38 INT. RON'S CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY 38

Ron cruises... feeling as good as he looks. He pulls the car over. Sits there in silence. Breathes in. Looks over at his stuff on the back seat, and then at his gun lying next to him. He grips the steering wheel... and starts to cry.

39 EXT. STREET - MEXICO CITY - DAY 39

Ron's Lincoln rolls down the crowded, impoverished street.

40 INT. RON'S CAR - MEXICO CITY - DAY 40

Ron in the grips of PNEUMONIA, studies a hand drawn map of the city streets. His hands shake, his skin burns with fever.

Ron turns down a small side street, stops in front of a nondescript, WHITEWASHED door.



41 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY

41

Ron enters, blind-sided by the mayhem inside. Boxes of drugs and hospital supplies lie in various stages of unpacking. An INTERPRETER shouts above the din to his wealthy ASIAN CLIENT.

DR. VASS (50's), fit but tired, shouts in Spanish to a MAN unloading boxes. He effortlessly switches to Japanese, continues to shout to another worker.

Dr. Vass sees Ron, quickly moves over to him.

DR. VASS  
You have something for me to sign?

RON  
I'm lookin' for Dr. Vass.

Dr. Vass steps over.

DR. VASS  
Speak up.

RON  
I'm lookin' for Vass, for some AZT.

DR. VASS  
Looking to poison yourself?

He grabs an empty bottle of pills on the counter. Throws it to Ron.

DR. VASS  
That's from the chemical manufacturer who makes AZT, Sigma.

Ron looks at the bottle labeled with skull and crossbones: HIGHLY TOXIC, NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.

DR. VASS  
First thing I tell my patients: you won't find that shit here!

Ron looks confused. A nearby stack of boxes tumbles over. Dr. Vass shouts to no one in particular.

VASS  
Who stacked those boxes there?  
(to Ron)  
Check in with a nurse.

Dr. Vass is off, ripping open boxes.

Ron starts to cough again. Badly. Vass notices, and shouts something in Spanish.

42 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY

42

Frail and weak, Ron lies on a cot, surrounded by a dozen other PATIENTS of varied nationalities. A NURSE records his vital signs in a chart, then hands it off to Dr. Vass, who peruses the information and begins reading aloud:

DR. VASS  
Cocaine, alcohol, methamphetamine, AZT.  
(to Ron)  
That's what I call a recipe for disaster.

RON  
(looking around)  
Doc, this place is a shit-hole.

DR. VASS  
Who said I was a Doctor? They revoked my license to practice three years ago, that's why I'm down in this shit-hole.

RON  
Why? What'd you do?

DR. VASS  
I didn't play ball.

Ron smiles.

DR. VASS  
These drugs you're doing, they're breaking down your immune system, making you susceptible to infections.

RON  
So cocaine gave me pneumonia?

DR. VASS  
Cocaine made you more susceptible.  
As did AZT.

RON  
I thought AZT's supposed to help me.

DR. VASS  
The only people AZT helps are the people who sell it.  
(beat)  
It kills every cell it comes in contact with, good and bad.

RON  
So medically speakin', I kicked my own ass!

DR. VASS

(nods as he writes)

I'm prescribing a regimen of vitamins  
as well as the mineral zinc to build your  
immune system back up. You'll also be  
taking Aloe and essential fatty acids.

43 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

43

In gloves and surgical masks, Eve looks on Nurse Frazin who is drawing blood from Rayon's arm, five other AIDS PATIENTS nearby. That done, the Nurse dispenses meds, giving each patient a paper pill cup marked with a different NUMBER. Rayon takes his pill, winces; Eve makes a mental note, then walks down the line of patients, touching each of them. She comes to Rayon, gives his shoulder a squeeze, then exits.  
BLACK. SUPER:

**Six months Later**

44 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY

44

Medical journals everywhere; on the wall are rows of entomology, various butterflies encased in GLASS. A healthier Ron sits across from Dr. Vass who reads his test results.

RON

Well?

DR. VASS

Better. Your T-Cell count's improving.

RON

Am I still positive for HIV?

DR. VASS

You'll always test positive for HIV, and now, you have AIDS, due the toxic shit you've been pumping into your body, all the drugs, plus the AZT.

(MORE)

DR. VASS (CONT'D)

You shot your immune system. Now you have chronic pneumonia, among other things. It can cause memory loss, mood swings, aching joints...

RON

If it sucks, I got it.

Dr. Vass smiles and holds up a bottle in each hand.

DR. VASS

This is DDC, it works as an anti viral similar to AZT but less toxic. And this is Peptide T, it's a protein -- totally non-toxic. Early studies have shown it can help with all of that. This is what I had you on since you got here.

RON

And you can't buy them back in the U.S.?

DR. VASS

No, not approved.

Ron takes the bottle of PEPTIDE T, turns it over in his hand, looks around.

RON

Chinks, homos and herbs, you got a new world order here, Vass. You could be makin' a fortune off this stuff.

45 EXT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY

45

Ron stares into the trunk of his Lincoln Convertible.

VARIOUS BOXES filled with illegal meds are packed to the brim. It won't close. Ron slams it shut.

Dr. Vass emerges from the building. He hands Ron a neatly folded black vest, black pants and a detachable clerical collar on top.

DR. VASS

If you get caught, don't tell them you got AIDS. They'll never let you back in. You've got thirty days to get your ass back down here and pay me the other half, after that I send MIGUEL.

Ron nods to Miguel, hops in his car, starts it, nods to Vass and takes off.

46 EXT. CAR - THE CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY 46

Ron's convertible races along the asphalt road. Hot desert sun. Sand and dirt cake the rims and tires. The car slows down and comes to a stop on the side of the road.

47 INT. RON'S CAR - THE CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY 47

BINOCULARS POV on CARS making their way across the MEXICAN/AMERICAN BORDER. Ron puts down the binoculars and writes on a NOTEBOOK. A crude drawing of the border. He marks different lanes, studies it, looking for patterns.

Ron throws the pen down and exits the car.

48 EXT. CAR - THE CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY 48

As Ron goes to get out of the car he is pulled back by a PLASTIC TUBE attached to his ARM.

We follow it up to a shirt HOOK on the passenger side.

An I.V. BAG hangs carelessly from the hook, a liquid flowing INTRAVENOUSLY into Ron's arm.

He reaches in and grabs the bag off the hook, gets out of the car, holds the bag above his shoulder and takes a PISS.

49 INT. RON'S CAR - AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER - DAY 49

Ron now wears a PRIEST UNIFORM. He hands the BORDER AGENT his passport.

BORDER AGENT  
Anything to declare.

RON  
Nada.

The Border Agent takes him in a moment, his outfit, the car, the frame of the trunk almost touching the wheel and...

CUT TO:

50 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS HOLDING ROOM - AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER - DAY 50

Ron sits behind a table when a MAN in a suit walks in. He takes off his jacket and sits.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
I'm Richard Barkley from the Food and  
Drug Administration office.

Ron nods. A beat.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
You're a priest?

Ron smiles. The customs agent doesn't.

RICHARD BARKLEY

You have over 2,000 pills here. You are only allowed to bring in a ninety day supply.

RON

Well as I told the gentlemen, I am a sick man. I have cancer. I take 22 pills a day and these here vials of Vitamin A, C, E and Zinc. That there is ninety days.

The man looks at Ron, not really buying it. He takes a bottle of Peptide T and looks at it.

RICHARD BARKLEY

Vitamins?

(no answer from Ron)

You do realize that importing unapproved drugs for sale is a very serious offense?

RON

Well, as I said, they're not for sale. And they ain't illegal, just "unapproved."

A long beat; they stare at each other.

RICHARD BARKLEY

If we find the slightest indication that you're selling these drugs for profit, you will be thrown in jail... Father.

RON

Then I promise to take each and every one of them pills myself. In fact this present detainment has already put me off schedule... Son.

50A INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

50A

Ron talks to Nurse Frazin.

RON

I'm looking for Dr. Eve Saks.

NURSE FRAZIN

She's not here today.

Nurse Frazin leaves. Ron looks over the counter, sees something, looks around...



51 INT. EVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DALLAS - NIGHT

51

Perfectly ordered and spotless except for files and reports piled on the floor. An exhausted Eve takes her lab coat off, picks up a study and aims for the kitchen when a KNOCK comes at the door.

EVE

It's open!

Ron comes in.

EVE

Mr. Woodroof... Ron, I thought you were...

RON  
(cutting her off)  
Dead? Sorry for bargin' in.

EVE  
What are you doing here? You look great.

RON  
Actually I look amazin'. But you,  
you look like shit.

EVE  
What happened to you?

RON  
So you got any music? Or crackers?

EVE  
I'm sorry, but what is this?

RON  
It's a celebration of how absolutely  
fuckin' wrong you were.

Ron holds up a bottle of sparkling wine.

EVE  
Excuse me?

RON  
Thirty days you said! Well here it is  
months later and I'm goin' like  
gangbusters. Now if that don't call for  
a little Cheez Whiz on a Ritz, I don't  
know what does!

Ron heads for the refrigerator.

EVE  
No. Don't... I don't really eat here.

The DOORBELL interrupts them. Ron watches as Eve crosses and opens the door, admitting Rayon, looking like shit and shaking badly in a full-length, pink fur coat.

RAYON  
Them bastards Kentucky fried me.

Rayon sways; Eve grabs his arm. Ron watches as Eve helps Rayon inside.

RON

You women love Nancy Boys.

Ron crosses to help Rayon to the couch. He leans his head back, labors to breathe.

EVE

(to Rayon)

Tell me what's wrong.

RON

Hell, I'll tell you what's wrong,  
it's the goddamn AZT!

EVE

What?

RON

It's killin' him, can't you see that?  
Why you think I look so healthy?

Ron reaches into his his jacket, produces a small BOX filled with MEDS. He takes out a brand new syringe and bottle of liquid.

RON

Tinkerbelle, how much cash you got?

Off his silence, Ron rummages through Rayon's purse, extracts two twenties, pockets them, and starts preparing the syringe.

EVE

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

RON

Helpin' him, that's what.

EVE

He's a participant in a clinical trial,  
we need to get him to the hospital!

RON

So they can fuck him up even worse?

Ron disregards her protests, starts to inject Rayon.

EVE

Are you out of your mind?! If anything  
happens to him--

RON

Relax, it's just a little vitamin boost,  
A, C, zinc.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

(to Rayon)

You want to live, get off the AZT.

EVE

It's a blind study! We don't even know  
if he's getting AZT!

RAYON

Everyone knows what they're gettin'.  
AZT tastes differently. I guess I got  
lucky and got the real thing.

RON

Yeah, real lucky.

(to Eve)

I've got stuff here that works. Healthy,  
non-toxic. You should trial it and we'll  
both get rich.

EVE

Leave, please!

Ron turns to Rayon.

RON

Tell your friends about me. Send 'em  
my way and I'll hook 'em up.

Ron heads for the door.

RON

And tell 'em to bring their fuckin'  
money. Cash. No checks.

Eve and Rayon can't believe this guy.

52 EXT. OAK LAWN DISTRICT - STREET - DAY 52

Ron stands in the heartland of the gay community, with SHOPS,  
BARS and CLUBS. He tries to engage gay PASSERSBY, none of  
whom will give him the time of day.

53 INT. DRADDY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 53

With another support meeting underway, Ron talks to a small  
group of GAY MEN, who look at him warily.

54 EXT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT 54

Dozens of GAY MEN mill about; Ron watches as some hold hands,  
others grope one another.

He spots a COUPLE just talking, but as he approaches, they start making out. Ron stops in his tracks, turns to leave, bumps right into a MAN dressed just like him, except this cowboy's CHAPS have nothing covering his ass. The guy nods for Ron to follow him inside the club.

RON

Are you out of your fucking mind?!

55 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

55

As Nurse Frazin monitors an AIDS PATIENT receiving a blood transfusion, Eve reviews his chart.

EVE

This man also had a transfusion?

NURSE FRAZIN

The AZT. We can tell who's on it by the symptoms. Most of them need new blood.

EVE

(looking at chart)

He's actually getting worse.

Eve looks at the sleeping Patient; she reaches for his hand.

NURSE FRAZIN

So why are they stopping the trial?

EVE

What do you mean?

NURSE FRAZIN

Barrow Wilkem, didn't you see the memo? They claim most people are feeling better and fewer people are dying.

EVE

Really?

56 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

56

In mid-conversation, Eve follows Dr. Sevard down the hall.

EVE

Transfusions always makes patients feel better. Give the placebo patients new blood and they'll feel better too.

Sevard stops to sign a form for a NURSE.

EVE

I have questions about the drug's safety. I've seen it drop white blood cells in a lot of my patients making them more susceptible to infection.

DR. SEVARD

It's Barrow Wilkem's call, Eve. So we can get the drug to the people who need it.

EVE

After six months?

DR. SEVARD

Their trial results are overwhelmingly positive. AZT is working.

EVE

But we have no idea what the long term effects are. It's irresponsible.

DR. SEVARD

These people die, Eve. There are no long-term effects.

EVE

Can I see a copy of the study?

DR. SEVARD

It's still being written. Here.

He produces a two page document and hands it to Eve.

EVE

A press release from the NIH?

Sevard crosses off. Eve stands there, stunned.

Her POV on the press release: *"HIV-positive patients are twice as likely to get AIDS if they don't take AZT."*

57 INT. RON'S CAR - DALLAS STREET - DAY

57

Ron is parked on a quiet street. He counts his cash and is startled when suddenly a WOMAN gets in the passenger seat.

RON

(pulls a 9mm pistol)  
Jesus Mother Mary Fuckin' Christ!

She's not a woman, it's...

RAYON

I was looking for you, Lonestar.

RON

I could of killed you!

RAYON

I feel better! I wanted to thank you.

RON

Good for you. Now get the fuck out!

RAYON

I need more of that cocktail shit you got!

RON

Listen Tinkerbell, unless you got cash or some new clients for me, I'm busy. Now get the f...

RAYON

(interrupting)

Let's just do this quickly so I can get the fuck out!

Rayon shows Ron a stack of bills. A big one.

RAYON

You got enough for 20 of us?

Rayon sees how Ron looks at his cash.

RAYON

You know what? You don't deserve our money, you homophobic asshole!

Rayon gets out. Ron watches him walk away in disbelief.

RON

Am I fuckin' dreamin'?

Rayon walks over to a FRIEND of his on the street. That's Ron's POV as he backs his car towards them.

RON

Here's enough for 20, find me 20 more and I'll cut you in. Five percent.

Rayon plays it cool, barely looks at Ron.

RAYON

Adios, cowboy.

RON  
What's wrong?

RAYON  
I can handle your insults, but five percent?

RON  
Ten.

RAYON  
Twenty five, take it or leave it.

58 Ron shakes his head in disbelief. And nods. Rayon walks to Ron's car with a big smile on his face. 58

59 EXT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT 59  
Rayon tries to get Ron to come in. Ron doesn't want to. Rayon pushes him in.

60 INT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT 60  
On the dance floor, Rayon grinds with a group of MEN. He waves Ron over from the sidelines. The cowboy with the chapless butt stares at Ron. Ron doesn't think it's funny.

60B EXT. DRADDY AUDITORIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 60B  
Rayon is on the look out. Ron sells MEDS out of the trunk of his car to a line of GAY MEN. A CUSTOMER hands him some cash, Ron reaches into his trunk and finds a pair of handcuffs slapped on his wrists. He's pushed against the cars, his legs kicked apart. Fuck.

60C INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - DAY 60C  
Ron sits with David Wayne.

RON  
Five grand worth of shit. Shit I owe money on.

Richard Barkley walks in.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Father Woodroof. 90 days supply?



RON  
I was just sharing.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
(with compassion)  
Listen, I know what the situation is. I know people are looking for solutions. But this is not the right one. This is dangerous. You can't sell drugs to people. Do you understand?

RON  
Yeah, I understand.

David Wayne  
My client would like his drugs back for his own personal use.

Richard Barkley  
They've already been destroyed.

Ron clenches his jaw, tries to remain cool.

Richard Barkley  
I hope we have an understanding. You're breaking the law.

A60 INT. DALLAS PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A60

Ron is back to his reading. In front of him: NEWSPAPERS from SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON, NEW YORK. Ron sees something. Light bulb moment.

A61 EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - DAY

A61

Ron and Rayon walk towards an old retro looking motel from the sixties.

RAYON  
You gotta be kidding me?!

RON  
No, perfect place. We gotta lay low. Don't wanna get busted. I got a plan.

61 INT. DALLAS BUYER'S CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Ron stacks boxes in the room among his personal stuff. The place looks like what it is: a cheap sex motel.

RAYON

This place is disgusting. We need to disinfect.

RON

Do not use the word "we". Now you wanna put your apron on and fly around on your broom, be my guest.

Just then, a KNOCK on the open door. Rayon and Ron look up to see attorney DAVID WAYNE, 40s.

RON

Howdy Counselor, welcome.

RAYON

Hi, I'm Rayon.

Wayne takes in Rayon.

RON

He's my partner. Business partner.

Ron throws a key to Rayon.

RON

Your office's next door.

Rayon gets the message and exits. Wayne looks around at all the boxes.

DAVID WAYNE

Jesus, how many truck loads you bring back from Mexico? All for your own personal use?

(gives Ron a folder)

Here's the paper work for your LLC. I don't even want to know what it's for.

RON

Don't worry, Counselor. I ain't selling drugs anymore.

(off Wayne's look of surprise)

I'm giving them away. For free.

(showing the folder)

By selling memberships. Four hundred a month in dues gets you all the meds you need.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Wayne looks at him, thinking it over.

DAVID WAYNE

You son of a bitch!

RON

Bitches. Plural. There's a bunch of faggots runnin' a hell of a club up in New York. That's where I got the idea.

(beat)

Welcome to the Dallas Buyers Club.

62 INT. EVE'S HOUSE - DALLAS - NIGHT - MARCH 1987

62

Eve pours herself a glass of red wine, cleans the stain left by the bottle on the counter and sits on the couch between paper works. CLOSE ON the TV NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR

Barrow Wilkem announced today that AZT has been approved as the first drug to treat AIDS. At a cost of \$10,000 per year per patient, AZT is the most expensive drug ever marketed. Barrow Wilkem stock jumped a whopping 12% today on the news.

Eve sits, staring at the TV.

63 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - DAY

63

The small room has been turned into an office. In his version of a Nurse outfit, Rayon is taping photos of MARC BOLAN to the wall. We now understand where Rayon's look comes from. TEN MEN linger through the room and into the next one through a connecting door...

RON'S OFFICE

Ron is behind a desk, atop which sits a gun, a bottle of Tequila and dozens of medical files. On the wall nearby are posters of SPORTS CARS and BIKINI MODELS as well as the Texas Wildflowers painting, news clippings regarding AIDS and a crude CHART listing Patients and their info: SYMPTOMS, DRUGS TAKEN, and ORIENTATION (Gay, Drug Addict, Hemophiliac).

RAYON

(as he enters)

Roanie, we have two new customers.

Ron looks up from the chart he's filling out.

RON

Bring 'em in and if you call me Roanie again...

(grabs his gun)

...I'ma use this gun to give you the sex change you been hopin' for.

Rayon shakes his head, walking off, as IAN and MICHAEL, a conservative gay couple in their 50s appear in the doorway. They look at Ron's gun and hesitate to walk in.

RON

Ah shit, did I scare you? Sorry.  
Welcome to the Dallas Buyers Club.

Ron puts the gun away. Ian and Michael sit down. Ian is clearly very ill.

MICHAEL

Rayon said you can get us some medicine.

RON

He told you how it works? Treatments and drugs are free, but the membership, 400\$.

They nod yes.

RON

(handing them a clipboard)

You'll have to sign a waiver. We take no responsibility for the drugs we give you. You croak, you croak. That's your problem.

Michael looks at Ian, who nods okay. They sign the waiver.

MICHAEL

We have AZT, it helped Ian a little at first, but now he can't walk or think straight.

RON

First of all, flush that shit down the toilet. Secondly, stay away from anything that'll cook your insides. Third, get healthy and if your brain's broke, I got something called Peptide T that'll fix it.

Michael looks at Ian, not sure what to think. Ron hands them each a questionnaire.

RON

Fill that there out and don't cheat on the drugs part. Can't help you if I don't know what you're doin'.

Ron puts a box of pills on the desk.

RON

I got more stuff comin' in about a week. Til then, watch what you eat and who you eat.

64 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - NURSE STATION - DAY 64

Eve paces, checks her watch as Nurse Frazin sits nearby reviewing files.

EVE

He didn't call, leave a message?

NURSE FRAZIN

Nothing.

(then; off file)

He did change his address recently.

A65 EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - DAY A65

Still in her white lab coat, Eve gets out of her car and walks towards an open door.

65 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB - RON'S OFFICE - DAY 65

Boxes of drugs and herbs everywhere. Ron is on the phone arguing with someone, a small Japanese-English dictionary in his hand. He stops in his tracks when he sees Eve walking in.

RON

Never mind. I'll call back. Thank you. Arigato.

He hangs up.

EVE

What are you doing here?

RON

I live here.

EVE

Where's Rayon? You're roommates now?

RON

Not exactly. What are you doing here?

Confused, Eve looks down on Ron's desk, picks up a file. He moves to stop her, but he's too late.

EVE

Roger Thompson? This is my patient. Are you treating these people?

RON

They're treatin' themselves.

EVE

With what?

RON

Vitamins, Peptide T, DDC. Anything but that poison you're hawkin'.

Eve starts to look at the chart. A few beats, then:

RON

Do you ever wear any color? Every time I see you I see white.

Ron smiles. Eve does not.

EVE

Tell Rayon I was looking for him. And I'm telling my patients to stay away from here.

Eve walks out the door.

RON

Why? You wanna go grab a steak? I know it's red but...

And she exits.

A near empty cart stands next to Ron as he studies the label on a box. Rayon, dressed in his pink coat, walks up.

RON

This is the shit that'll rot your insides. What a surprise, FDA approved. What the fuck is potassium benzoate?

RAYON

Preservative.

Rayon throws a pack of bologna in the cart.

RON

You fuckin' kiddin' me?

Defiant, Rayon puts his hand on his hips.

RON

Don't pollute me with that processed crap. I'm eatin' healthy.

Ron removes the bologna and throws it at Rayon who almost fumbles the catch.

RAYON

It's protein, it's good for you.

RON

Put it back.

Rayon tosses it back at Ron.

RAYON

You can't tell me what to do.

Ron throws the Bologna harder at Rayon, who catches it like a pro football player, much to Ron's surprise. Rayon enjoys the moment and disappears down the isle, proud, with his bologna under the arm.

Ron turns the corner of the next isle. T.J. is there putting a case of BEER in his shopping cart. An uncomfortable moment passes.

T.J.

Uh, hey Ron.

Ron nods at him.

T.J.

How're you doin'?

RON

Fine.

Rayon appears at the other end of the isle. T.J. sees him and laughs.

T.J.  
Jesus, faggots everywhere.

T.J. looks at Ron for confirmation. Rayon reaches them and throws a bag of chips in the cart.

RAYON  
Hi.

T.J. and Ron don't answer. An awkward beat.

RON  
This is Rayon.  
(off T.J.'s silence)  
He said hi to you.

Rayon sticks out his hand. T.J. doesn't respond.

RON  
Shake his hand, T.J.

He doesn't.

RON  
Come on, buddy, what's your fuckin' problem?

T.J. gives Ron the finger. Ron grabs T.J.'s hand and twists it behind his back. T.J. resists, tries to get out of Ron's grip but can't. He finally extends his hand. Rayon shakes it.

RON  
Good. Now get the fuck outta here and go back to your miserable life.

T.J. stares at Ron for a while, angry, humiliated, then leaves. Ron watches him go. Rayon stares at Ron, unsure of how to react to this. A subtle smile appears on his face.

RON  
What?

Rayon's moved that Ron stuck up for him. He starts to tear up.

Ron sees the bag of chips in the cart and throws it at Rayon.



67 EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

67

Two dozen MEN, all prospective buyers, snake down the long exterior hallway. A NEIGHBOR walks by, disgusted, hugging the wall as he makes it to his own door.

That is Ron's POV following at a distance as he arrives from the supermarket.

INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR ROOM - DAY

A young, gay man, FREDDIE, stands awkwardly fidgeting by the door, makeup poorly masking lesions on his face and neck. The line of customers is snaking behind him. Ron sees Freddie's money, grabs it and counts it.

RON

Fifty bucks.

(yelling to the line)

You don't got the money, you don't join the club. This ain't no charity.

Ron gives Freddy his money back.

RON

You need three hundred and fifty more.

DENISE, a Club volunteer, early forties, walks in.

DENISE

Beaumont Lab's delivery is here. A woman says you were expecting her.

69 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

69

FRANCINE SUSKIND (37), stands in front of Ron's desk looking at a MAN behind her wheeling in cardboard boxes on a dolly.

FRANCINE SUSKIND

You can get it abroad but in the States, we can only use it for animal research. It's not classified as a drug so the FDA does not control it.

RON

I'm usin' it for memory loss. You oughta try gettin' it to market.

FRANCINE SUSKIND

It costs around 250 million dollars to get a drug to market.

RON

Damn, bureaucracy is good business.

Francine smiles, she likes Ron. The man places the BOXES marked PEPTIDE T on the floor.

FRANCINE SUSKIND

These are for your animal research.

Ron winks at her, waits for the delivery man to leave, and produces a plastic BAG filled with vials and drugs.

RON

And these are for your daughter.

She takes the bag of medication and surprisingly becomes emotional. She holds it back, tries to say thank you but can't. Ron nods "it's ok". She hugs him.

INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Rayon finishes packing Ron's suitcase. He's high. Wasted.

71 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

71

Ron works the combination lock on a safe. He stops. Wonders what's wrong. Looks dizzy. He goes to his desk and pops some pills. Takes a deep breath.

Rayon enters with the suitcase and a Pan Am airline envelope.

RAYON

You're all packed, here's your ticket.

Ron removes a stack of cash from the safe and hands it to Rayon.

RON

(keeps the money)

Jesus! Are you fuckin' high?

RAYON

None of your business.

RON

Actually, it is if I can't fuckin' trust you.

(yelling)

Denise!

Denise shows up from the other room.

RON  
You're in charge!

RAYON  
(grabs the money)  
No! You can trust me!

They stare at each other.

RON

Make sure my new Caddy is at the airport  
for when I get back.

RAYON

Got it.

RON

Denise, you hearin' this? Now you two  
monkeys take care of the zoo.

And as Ron takes his suitcase and exits...

RON

(to Denise)

Keep an eye on him.

72 EXT. AIRPLANE - STOCK FOOTAGE - DAY

72

A 747 soars across the sky. On screen appears:

**Hayashira Chemical Lab - Okayama, Japan**

73 INT. HAYASHIRA CHEMICAL LAB - JAPAN - WAITING AREA - DAY

73

Briefcase in hand, cowboy hat on his head, Ron waits along  
with JAPANESE MEN who all stare at him. After a few beats,  
MR. YAMATA, the lab's manager approaches.

MR. YAMATA

Mr. Woodroof?

RON

That's me.

Yamata bows, then:

MR. YAMATA

Regarding your order. I am so sorry, but  
we are no longer allowed to export  
interferon to the United States.

RON

What do you mean?

MR. YAMATA

I am sorry. I know you've come a long  
way.

RON

Fourteen hours on a plane, but hey, who  
gives a shit, right?

(off Yamata's look)

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Look, if it's a matter of money, I can make it worth your while, I got cash--

MR. YAMATA

(cutting him off)

Please understand. Japanese doctors will be the only ones who can make the purchase.

And as Ron's wheels turn...

74 INT. DR. HIROSHI'S OFFICE - OKAYAMA - DAY

74

CLOSE ON -- DR. HIROSHI, 40s, who sits talking on the phone.

DR. HIROSHI

(in Japanese)

*...that is correct. Two thousand vials of alpha interferon.*

A REVERSE ANGLE reveals Ron, across from Hiroshi. Over the above, he slides ten \$100 dollar bills across the desk.

DR. HIROSHI

(in Japanese)

*That's right. Delivered directly to my office. Thank you.*

(to Ron)

*Slow drip. Very strong. Slow drip.*

Ron walks to Dr. Hiroshi, thanks him, and looks him over from head to toe.

75 INT. HOTEL ROOM - OKAYAMA - NIGHT

75

Ron packs his suitcase and puts on a ROLEX and an expensive ring.

BATHROOM:

Ron looks at his reflection in the mirror.

76 INT. DALLAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

76

A CUSTOMS OFFICER looks at Ron dressed with Dr. Hiroshi's lab coat, and wearing Dr. Sevard's hair style as he talks into a large first generation cell phone.

RON

Yeah, I'm coming. Prepare the sedation. Propofol. 10 milligrams.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

I said I'm coming.

(hangs up, to the officer)

Good morning.

77 INT. DALLAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MEN'S REST ROOM - DAY 77

Ron enters the Men's rest room carrying his suitcase and briefcase, and disappears in a...

STALL - LATER

Ron injects a needle into his arm.

On the toilet, an empty VIAL from the BRIEFCASE.

Ron takes his lab coat off and stops. A searing pain courses through his chest. Ron grimaces. The strange ringing again in his ears. Then another shooting pain...

78 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 78

Tucker and a fellow POLICE OFFICER are doing paperwork next to a MAN covered with BLOOD. Tucker has a double take when he sees an unconscious Ron being wheeled in on a stretcher by two PARAMEDICS.

79 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 79

Visible through an open door, Ron lies in bed in a hospital gown, hooked up to an I.V. tube. In the hall, Tucker and Dr. Sevard are with the FDA's Richard Barkley.

DR. SEVARD

We don't know what the drugs are. He's got HIV.

TUCKER

Woodroof?

80 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS 80

Ron hears the voices in the hallway.

RON

That a party out there?

Dr. Sevard and the others hear Ron, enter his room.

DR. SEVARD

Mr. Woodroof.

RON

Doc-tor Sevard! You must be surprised to see me.

DR. SEVARD

You nearly killed yourself. We need to know where you acquired those drugs.

RON

(re: I.V. tube)

And I need to know what you're pumpin' into me here.

DR. SEVARD

A combination of AZT...

RON

What? Get it out!

Ron rips the I.V. out of his arm.

RON

I'm gonna sue you for attempted murder! Where's my stuff?

DR. SEVARD

Your stuff gave you a heart attack.

RON

Go to hell. I say what goes in my body, not you. Final. Period. End of story.

DR. SEVARD

That decision, like it or not, is left up to the people in this hospital.

RON

This thing's an epidemic and you're still lookin for guinea pigs. Well do I look like a rodent to you?

RICHARD BARKLEY

Mr. Woodroof, we tolerate the Buyers Clubs. Now, every other organization in the country is dancing with us but for some reason, either you don't understand what we're saying or you just don't give a shit.

DR. SEVARD

You're a fool if you think you're helping yourself.



RON

That's right. I fooled you. You told me  
I'd be dead in thirty days.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Well HOWDYFUCKINDOODY, cuz it's a year later and look whose still here?

Tucker tries to stifle a laugh.

RON

Now I'm through with you. You got anything to say, tell it to my real doctor, Dr. Saks.

Rayon rushes in carrying Ron's leather jacket.

RAYON

I was so worried --

RON

(looks around)  
Where's my suitcase?

SEVARD

Mr. Woodroof, would you please get back in bed?

RON

Nope. And if you're gonna call an orderly on me, you'd better fuckin' do it, cuz this motherfucker is going home.

81 Ron grabs his leather jacket and throws it on. He walks out and we see he's naked under his gown. 81

82 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAKS' OFFICE - DAY 82

Eve sits behind her desk, Dr. Sevard standing across from her.

DR. SEVARD

You're his physician and you can't tell me what medications he's on?

EVE

He came in once for advice. I have no idea what he does outside of this hospital.

DR. SEVARD

Well the FDA confiscated over two thousand vials of alpha interferon... that he was about to sell to AIDS patients. Our patients!

EVE

(testing the waters)

Actually, I've been reading about Buyers Clubs. They say they found other drugs that are eliminating symptoms.

DR. SEVARD

Without controlled trials, we'll never be able to cure this thing because we'll have no legitimate data. Tell your patients to stay away from him.

With that, Sevard exits. On Eve.

83 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - DAY 83

Lots of activity, many EMPLOYEES on phones, SHIPMENTS coming in, new CLIENTS lined up through the connecting door into...

RON'S OFFICE. Maps of the different locations around the country where buyers clubs have shown up, New-York, San-Francisco, Miami.

RAYON

(holding a phone)

This guy says the Florida Buyers Club is cheaper.

RON

Then tell him to move to the fuckin' sunshine state!

A phone cradled in his neck, Ron accepts a shipment of several dozen boxes from a guy we saw earlier in Mexico.

RON

(into phone)

What do you mean you can't get it back?! It was authorized by a doctor!

DAVID WAYNE (O.C.)

The FDA said it was a Japanese doctor with no legal standing. What can I say, they make it up as they go.

RON

84 Then check China, Amsterdam and Israel 84  
cause that's where I'm fuckin' goin'!

85 MONTAGE 85

PLANES take off and LAND; we track Ron making his way through various airports and international cities; we see a series of Departure Boards - Tel Aviv; Amsterdam; Hong Kong.

86 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

86

Not yet open for business. As Rayon and his friend SUNNY hang photos on a freshly-painted nearby wall. Eve stands across from Ron with her arms crossed.

RON

I got first hand experience with all of 'em. And I'll tell you something else, if I don't know what somethin' is, or don't trust the white coat who's trying to sell it to me, I fed-ex it to my lab in Seattle and they test if for me.

Eve looks around at all the boxes and files.

RON

Then I test it all on myself before I give it to anyone else.

(off her look)

I'm my own lab rat.

He grabs a box of meds.

RON

Compound Q. You know what happens if I come off it? My hair falls out, I lose weight, I can't get my dick up and I start to die. I got three hundred other people with the same experience.

(grabs another box)

Peptitde T. Gets rid of dementia. Stop takin' it and you can't think straight, walk straight, or act straight. I got over two hundred people on that. You following me?

(grabs another box)

DDC and DDI, both toxic, but in small doses, helps kick opportunistic infections.

EVE

Ron, I respect that you're learning about your illness but some of these people should be in the hospital.

RON

All the hospital wants is to serve up AZT.

EVE

AZT helps eradicate the virus.

RON

Fuck the virus, once you got that, you're married to it. I'm more concerned about my symptoms and survival. I mean, I'm no scientist but...

RAYON

(mocking him)

You're not? 'Cause you sound so... scientific.

Rayon and Sunny laugh like children.

RON

You fuckin' high again?

RAYON

(giggling)

I dunno.

RON

Are you listenin' to what I'm sayin' here about usin' that shit?

(then; noticing)

And what the fuck did you do to my wall?!

RAYON

It's cranberry mocha. For the holidays.

Ron looks back at Eve, exasperated. He grabs a folder off his desk.

RON

People can live with this thing for longer than they're saying. Ninety-six-percent of people diagnosed with AIDS in the U S of A will be dead in under six months.

EVE

I know the statistics.

RON

Then use them. Why give people AZT when their immune system is broken? It's fuckin' toxic!

EVE

If you're abusing it, like you did, with no medical surveillance, of course it is.

RON

Maybe I did abuse it, but I'm off it now,  
and I'm here, feeling good. And I'm not  
the only one.

Ron turns to Rayon and Sunny, who are hanging Marc Bolan's  
pictures on the wall.

RON

Why is Boy George's goddamned face  
everywhere in my room?

Rayon and Sunny laugh.

RAYON

It's Marc Bolan, silly! Why don't you  
just get it over with and say it, you  
love it!

RON

(re: Rayon's Friend)  
Take your sunflower and get out.

RAYON

Fine!

Rayon and Sunny leave the room, laughing. Ron TEARS down  
Bolan's pictures, and throws down the folder.

RON

You know what, look at it, don't look at  
it, I don't give a shit.

87 After a beat, Eve takes the folder.

87

88 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 88

89 Ron looks at his reflection in the mirror. Looks like he just 89  
woke up. He stands over the sink taking his meds, pouring out  
pills from among a DOZEN bottles. He finishes taking the last  
pills, washing them down with water. Runs his hands through  
his hair, looks at himself in the mirror, tries to find a  
flattering angle. He stands there looking at himself. After  
a while, he nods his approval.

89A INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 89A

Sevard is about to walk into a room but stops in his track.  
Dumbfounded, he walks towards another room, shakes his head  
and continues to the nurse's station.

DR. SEVARD

Where the hell are my trial patients?

Nurse Frazin ignores him and walks away.



90 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY 90

The place is jammed with BUYERS. On the wall, people add their information to Ron's ever growing chart. EMPLOYEES unpack boxes and wait to talk to Ron who walks out.

90A EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - DAY 90A

Ron walks past the line of customers and up the stairs to the second floor. He spots a MAN leaning against his new Cadillac.

RON  
Don't touch!

91 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR ROOM - DAY 91

Rayon, sick again, rolls down his pants and prepares to insert a needle into his thigh. He closes his eyes, brings the wavering needle closer to his skin...

RON  
If you ain't doin' poppers and coke, how come you look like such shit?

Rayon ignores Ron, tries to muster up the courage.

RON  
You pussy, stick it in. Who do you think is gonna do that when I ain't here?

Rayon looks at Ron with pleading eyes.

RON  
Rayon, I swear, God sure was dressin' the wrong doll when he blessed you with a pair of balls.  
(walks over)  
Give me that thing.

Ron takes the needle and injects Rayon with the drug.

RON  
You know it's one thing for me not to like you, but why don't you be a better friend to yourself?

RAYON  
If I really thought you were interested, I'd tell you.

Just then, the door opens. It's Ron's attorney, David Wayne.

RON

What are you doin' here?

DAVID WAYNE

(holds up paper)

You're being audited. The IRS.

92 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

92

Ron and David Wayne look on as two IRS AGENTS carry out boxes of receipts and other financial records.

RON

Nice work, fellas, great. This is how you got Al Capone, ain't it?

As the Agents exit:

DAVID WAYNE

Don't piss them off. If there's a fine, we'll pay it.

RON

A fine? Fine, alright, how much? Ten thousand? Twenty thousand? I'll write you a check right now.

Ron grabs his check book.

RON

You think that will stop me, you motherfuckers!

93 David waves Ron down with his hands.

93

94 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

94

Rayon is prepping shipping boxes with Sunny, drawing abstract artistic designs on the boxes.

Ron walks out of the bathroom dressed in a gangster style suit. Rayon gives him the once over.

RAYON

Honey, you don't have a snowball's chance wearing that thing.

RON

Rayon, I don't need help gettin' ladies from your sorry ass.

RAYON

Trailer trash and rodeo groupies do not count as ladies. Are you sure she said the word yes?

Fuck off!

RAYON

You got any flowers?

Ron looks around, spots the Wild Flower PAINTING. He walks over and yanks it off the wall, looks at Rayon defiantly, puts it under his arm and storms out the door.

95 INT. DUNSTON'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

95

Eve waits in a booth. She watches a couple flirt at another table. The WOMAN laughs and tosses her hair back. Eve self consciously tucks her hair behind her ear. She stops, realizes what she's doing. Just then, Ron approaches with the PAINTING.

RON

It's the Wildflowers. Texas style.

Ron hands her the painting. She smiles, plays along.

EVE

They're beautiful. Thank you. And I don't even have to water them.

Ron slides in across from her.

RON

Thanks for coming.

A beat. She looks at his suit and smiles politely.

RON

The IRS is on my ass. I wonder who tipped them off?

EVE

You don't actually believe I would do that?

RON

Nah. But you gonna have to watch what you say when you're around that snake you work with. He's the virus I'm worried about. As a matter fact, if you hear of anything...

She shakes her head, amused. A WAITER approaches.

RON

Bring us your best bottle of Cabernet.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

RON

Nice restaurant, beautiful woman. I feel like a human being again.

(a beat)

How come you ain't got no high powered corporate honey to take you dancin'?

EVE

I don't dance.

RON

That's cause you don't got a honey. How old are you anyway? Twenty two?

Eve shoots him a "nice try" look. She wonders, is he here to flirt or talk business?

EVE

Why are we here?

RON

To eat, drink, enjoy life, be merry...

EVE

Yeah right.

RON

Take a break, relax, breathe, Saks.

She sits back, smiles, the waiter comes back with the wine.

RON

Normal people do that, ya know.

She takes a proper sip of wine as he takes a gulp.

RON

So why'd you become a doctor?

EVE

Because I was good in science. And my father said studying history was a waste of time. So I went to med school.

RON

Not what I thought you'd say but makes sense, your dad was a practical man.

EVE

Yes, he was. Your turn. Why did you become... an electrician, right?

RON

Well my old man was an electrician. A good one too. But he was a better drinker. Which I learned from him as well.

Ron raises his glass in a toast. They share a smile.

RON

So I was around it a lot. Got pretty good at takin' shit apart, seein' how the insides worked, and then puttin' it back together. I was good at it and it put some change in my pocket.

EVE

What about your mom?

RON

She was a painter, kind of a gypsy. She got tired a' all the shit and left. You know how it is.

EVE

(re: Wildflowers)

She painted that, your mom?

RON

Don't feel like you gotta hang it. I know you like everything perfect.

EVE

I do not. I'll hang it. I'm going to hang it. It's just... are you sure you don't want to keep it?

Ron looks at her. A long time, then:

RON

You need to enjoy your life, little lady. You only got one.

96 The Waiter approaches with the wine. Ron and Eve both look at 96  
each other, enjoying their company.

97 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - NIGHT 97

We hear someone breathing. We're on one of the POSTERS of a bikini clad woman. We pan to another poster of another girl, then another. The breathing is getting more intense. It's obvious that someone is masturbating. Then we're on a POSTER of... Marc Bolan. The breathing stops. Ron walks into frame and tears Bolan's poster down. Then he spots another one. And another one.

RON  
I'm gonna kill him!

98 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - MORNING 98

Ron sifts through boxes of inventory with a clipboard in his hand.

A sickly looking Rayon sits on the sofa sipping a cup of green tea, watching TV.

RON  
We're running low on DDC and Peptide-T, I thought you were stocking this?

RAYON  
Sit down and shut up.

Ron's POV on the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR  
New studies have proven that AZT is effective in stopping the progression of AIDS in asymptomatic cases. Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of the National Institute of Health, announced that a trial had clearly shown that early AZT intervention will keep AIDS at bay. AZT is the only drug that has been shown in scientifically controlled trials to be safe and effective, Fauci contended.  
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

99 INT. EVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 99

Phone to her ear, Eve sits watching the same broadcast.

RON (O.C.)

Scientifically controlled, my ass! They took eight months to approve it. And from what we know now, AZT is everything but safe!

100 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - NURSE STATION - DAY 100

Eve stands talking to Nurse Frazin.

EVE

I want all my HIV patients on the asymptomatic study to have their AZT doses lowered to the minimum, 600 milligrams.

101 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - DAY 101

With the line snaking out the door, Ron sits behind the desk dealing with a BUYER.

RON

That's four pills, three times a day with food. The vitamins too.

As Ron starts putting the meds in a paper bag, we hear a commotion coming from the other room.

RAYON (O.C.)

I'm not letting you in, you have a search warrant?

RAYON'S OFFICE:

Rayon, still in his robe, stands blocking the doorway to Richard Barkley who signals to Tucker to take over. Tucker gestures to Rayon to move out of the way. He walks in with a FELLOW POLICE OFFICER and two DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION (DEA) agents.



RON  
The hell's all this?

TUCKER  
Sorry, Ron.  
(to the Buyers)  
Gentlemen, I'm gonna need you all to  
leave the premises in an orderly  
fashion, please!

Some GRUMBLING as the Buyers file out. Barkley enters.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Mr. Woodroof, I have a court order  
permitting us to confiscate any and all  
non-FDA approved drugs or supplements.

RON  
In other words, my entire inventory.

Ron looks over at one of the FDA Agents, who has begun opening  
boxes. As the Agent removes an unmarked bottle:

RON  
Aloe vera! It's a plant. What do you  
give a shit if people eat plants?

RICHARD BARKLEY  
It's improperly labeled. That's a  
violation of FDA regulations.

RON  
It's a bullshit technicality and you  
know it!  
(to Rayon)  
Get my lawyer on the phone.

Rayon crosses off to make the call.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Our primary concern is preventing a  
market for illegal drugs.

RON  
Illegal? Unapproved! These are vitamins  
and minerals, for Chrissake!

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Vitamins and minerals that gave you a  
heart attack, remember?

RON  
I'm not selling that stuff, you  
confiscated it, remember?

The agents confiscate lots of small blue boxes and put them in an evidence bag.

RON  
(sarcastic)  
What's the matter, you got Alzheimer,  
Richard?  
(pointing at the blue boxes)  
'Cause Peptide T works for Alzheimers  
too, ya know?

Tucker looks over at Ron.

RON  
Come on, it's a protein! Effective with  
dementia which I have. Why don't you  
just look at my research?

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Woodroof, I wouldn't want you to spend  
your last days in jail. If you have a  
product you'd like tested, fill out an  
application and go through the process.

RON  
Don't threaten me! I'm unapproved  
motherfucker! The process? That's just  
FDA bullshit for pay up! 250 million  
worth!

The Agents exit carrying boxes and bags; Barkley gives Ron a big smile.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
You'll be receiving your fine for non  
compliance and improper labelling soon.

Barkley leaves followed by Tucker who looks sorry for Ron. Rayon comes back to the room. He takes a last peek through the window, and pulls boxes of Peptide T from underneath his robe, with the smile of a kid on his face, handing Ron the phone.

RAYON  
Your lawyer.

RON  
These fuckers are comin' at me from all  
angles! I wanna file a restraining  
order!

DAVID WAYNE (O.C.)  
What? Against who?

RON

The Government and their fuckin' FDA!

He slams down the phone.

RON

We gotta relocate!

102 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAKS' OFFICE - DAY

102

Eve is at her desk when suddenly Dr. Sevard barges in.

DR. SEVARD

Who gave you permission to lower your patients' AZT doses?

EVE

I don't need permission. I'm their doctor.

DR. SEVARD

I want those doses readjusted immediately. The study protocol does not allow dose reductions.

EVE

I'm not doing a study for people who are asymptomatic with a toxic drug that makes them sick. We don't treat people who have antibodies for pneumonia or chicken pox when they're healthy. Why should HIV be any different?

DR. SEVARD

It's a different kind of virus.

EVE

Says who? Barrow Wilkem?!

Dr. Sevard stares at Eve, who stands her ground.

EVE

Besides, I consulted with each of them individually, it was their decision.

Sevard leaves, fuming.

FRANK YOUNG (V.O.)

--and effective immediately...

103 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - DAY

103

CLOSE ON TV: we see Ron and Rayon's reflection as they're watching FDA commissioner Frank Young standing at a podium before a dozen microphones, mid-press conference, bombarded by camera flashes.

FRANK YOUNG

...Americans with life-threatening illnesses will be permitted to import small quantities of unapproved drugs for their personal use. Under this arrangement, the drugs may only be purchased by individuals who have been prescribed the medication by a physician.

Ron turns the TV off, shakes his head as he walks away.

RAYON

What the fuck does that mean?

RON

It means we were unapproved. Now we're illegal!

104 INT. LONESTAR BAR - BATHROOM - DAY

104

Ron pulls out a brown paper BAG from inside the PAPER TOWEL DISPENSER. He removes a stack of CASH, puts it in his coat, places a BLUE BOX into the dispenser and closes the top.

105 INT. LONESTAR BAR - DAY

105

Ron walks out to a table where Rayon is waiting. Rayon has a ledger in front of him. His condition is deteriorating.

RON

Let's get outta here.

Rayon gathers his things and gets up to leave. Ron looks up and sees TUCKER looking at him as he's drinking a beer across the room with a few other cops. Ron signals to a waitress.

RON

Send a round of beers over to my friends.

Ron throws some cash down on the table.

RAYON

Save your money, we're broke. Our credit cards are maxed.

(MORE)

RAYON (CONT'D)

A hundred grand between the FDA and the  
IRS fines. The pharmacy bills due...

Ron ignores him. A busty waitress floats by.

RAYON

How bout that size? Those would look  
good on me.

RON

You ain't gettin' tits, Rayon.  
Memberships are high and so is demand.  
So we recruit more members from where?

RAYON

Support groups.

RON

Yep! I'm gotta find MDs to write them  
prescriptions so we can keep dealin'  
these drugs... legally now.

RAYON

In the meantime we could try the bank?

RON

Oh yeah, Bonnie and Clyde comin' in for a  
loan. Stop starin' at her tits, you're  
startin' to look normal.

106 INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

106

Tucker, still in his police uniform, finishes clearing the  
table after dinner with his old father, who sits silently in a  
rocking chair.

Tucker opens the BLUE BOX and removes a Buyers Club bottle of  
Peptide T and a note.

RON (V.O.)

Tuck, sorry to hear about your dad's  
Alzheimer. This will help. Woodroof.

107 INT. SMALL HOME - DALLAS - DAY

107

The house hasn't seen new carpet since the 60's. The  
conservative gay couple we met earlier, Ian and Michael, show  
Ron around.

RON

This place is crap, I'll give you one  
fifty a month and fifty percent off your  
meds.

IAN

Mr. Woodroof --

RON

Don't try to con me --

IAN

We don't want money.

RON

What do you want?

IAN

The house is free. We want to help.

Ron looks from Ian and Michael and back again.

RON

Oh. Well that's good news.

Ian sticks his hand out, Ron shakes it.

108 INT. DRADDY AUDITORIUM - DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

108

The same meeting from the beginning; packed with mostly gay  
MEN. A different group of people are here now, but the  
atmosphere is the same.

Ron stands at the back of the auditorium with Rayon at his  
side chewing gum like a baseball coach. Ron flips the lights  
off and on...

RON

Hello... Howdy...

The CROWD calms down, turns to look at Ron.

RON

I got what you got and I have traveled  
the world looking for alternative  
medications, stuff not available yet in  
America, thanks to the good folks down at  
the FDA.

A murmur travels through the audience as people listen.

RON

Some of you may have heard of the Dallas Buyers Club, an organization I founded with my friend Rayon. Risk might be high, but what the hell, you're risking your life every time you go into one of them there hospitals.

(beat)

I don't know where most of the people are who were at these meetings a year and a half ago... maybe they lost interest... maybe they're dead... but I'm here. I'm walking, talking, breathing... and ain't no one gonna take that away from me. I gotta life to lead.

A murmur travels through the audience as people listen.

The point of our club was to get alternative treatments and medications into the hands of those who need 'em.

(beat)

The cost of joining this club used to be \$400 a month. Well I'm here tonight with a special offer. Anyone who's interested can come and sign up for the one-time only, rock bottom price of zero.

(beat)

That's right, I'm giving it away folks.

More murmurs through the crowd.

RON

HIV don't mean shit. You ain't sick, you ain't sick. Period. You tell a guy he's got a week to live? Shit, he's already dead. You tell a guy he can keep on goin'? He'll find a way. Remember, ya ain't dyin'. But if you think you are then you ain't got nothing to lose.

Ron does a double take at Rayon who is staring at him with tears in his eyes. Someone hesitantly applauds. A MAN gets up and walks to Ron, slowly OTHERS do too.

109 INT. FIRST BANK - DALLAS - DAY

109

A financial institution. A MAN, 50s, walks over to the waiting area and coldly signals a younger man to follow him. This is Rayon, hair slicked back, devoid of makeup and jewelry, wearing Ron's business suit. He gets up.

110 INT. MAN'S OFFICE - FIRST BANK - DALLAS - DAY

110

Rayon looks at the various family PHOTOS which decorate the bookshelves of the man's office who sits behind his desk.

RAYON

Guess I didn't make the cut.

THE MAN

You made that choice yourself.

RAYON

It wasn't a choice, Dad.

Rayon's father looks at him with disdain.



RAYON'S FATHER

What do you want, Raymond?

RAYON

I'm fine, thanks. And you? Long time no see.

RAYON'S FATHER

I suppose I should thank you for wearing men's clothes and not embarrassing me.

RAYON

(sarcastic)

Are you ashamed of me? Because I never realized that.

RAYON'S FATHER

(shaking his head)

God help me.

RAYON

He is helpin' you. I got AIDS.

A long beat during which Rayon's father finally shows some sympathy. Rayon looks like his father's son for a moment.

RAYON

I'm sorry, dad. I found someone who's been helping me and now I'd like to help him.

A110 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB - RAYON'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY A110

Rayon finishes taking Ron's suit off and looks at his reflection, takes in the lesions on his naked body, grabs a compact and a tube of lipstick, and starts putting makeup on his face, holding back tears.

RAYON

God, when I meet you, I'm gonna look pretty if it's the last thing I do. I'll be a super model angel.

111 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RON'S OFFICE - NIGHT 111

Ron is on the PHONE, his personal address book in his hand. There is MOVING BOXES scattered throughout the room.

RON

What? No, please, wait a minute, doc...

The phone CLICKS. Ron slams the phone down several times. Suddenly Rayon enters as he finishes buttoning up his dress.

RON

All the MDs are fuckin' backpeddlin' on their heels. The FDA is scaring them with license revocation if they write scripts.

Rayon throws a cash filled envelope on Ron's desk.

RAYON

Maybe this will help.

Ron looks at the cash in disbelief: two wrapped wads of hundred dollar bills, worth maybe \$10,000.

RON

Where'd you get that?

Rayon exits the room proudly.

RON

Did you sell your ass?

RAYON (O.C.)

Just a simple fuckin' thank you would do.

Ron looks at the cash, shakes his head...

111A INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

111A

As Rayon walks into his room, Ron appears.

RON

Really, come on, where did you get it?

A long beat. Rayon hesitates.

RAYON

I sold my life insurance policy.

Ron offers Rayon a hand shake. Rayon opens his arms. They hug. Ron whispers a heartfelt, "thank you."

112 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAKS' OFFICE - DAY

112

Seated at her desk, Eve looks up when she hears a KNOCK on the door. Ron, wearing a huge SOMBRERO HAT, enters.

EVE

What are you doing?

RON

Goin' to Mexico, chica, you comin'?

Ron takes his hat off and puts it on her head, covering her eyes. From Eve's point of view, it's pitch black until she adjusts the hat, amused.

EVE

Do I look like someone who takes vacations?

RON

Come on, tequila, sunshine, tacos, never hurt anybody.

Eve enjoys the attention. Shakes her head.

RON

I knew you'd rain on my party, but I had to give it a shot.

(a beat)

Listen, I gotta ask you a favor. I need you to write me prescriptions so I can come across the border. I might not need it but if I do, I'll have them.

Eve doesn't respond.

RON

You know this rule that the FDA just passed was just bullshit. Ain't no doc from here to the north pole will write them.

EVE

I know and I can't either. I'm sorry. We can't write scripts for random people and random drugs. Plus what if something goes wrong with these drugs? We could get sued, lose our license.

RON

Okay! Never hurts to ask.

Eve takes the hat off and hands it to Ron.

RON

Keep it, nurse Ratched!

Ron exits the room leaving Eve with the sombrero.

113 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB MOTEL - RAYON'S OFFICE - DAY 113

Music plays. Rayon, extremely sick, holds a bottle of POPPERS, watches Sunny dance around the room amongst the stacked moving boxes. Rayon starts coughing into a scarf, pulls it away, it's covered with BLOOD. Sunny stops dancing.

SUNNY

You need to go to the hospital.

Rayon can't respond.

SUNNY

That's it. I'm driving you, right now.

Sunny walks over and picks up Rayon, throws him over his shoulder.

RAYON

Okay, okay. I'll go. Put me down. Let me get some things first.

Rayon picks up his bag.

114 EXT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY 114

Ron enters the clinic with a suitcase.

115 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - DAY 115

CLOSE ON a BUTTERFLY, emerald green wings with a blood red middle. Its wings flap with life as a hand holds it and a needle is inserted into its middle, extracting its fluids.

Dr. Vass conducts the experiment with Ron looking on. In the background, another makeshift lab.

DR. VASS

Secretions that the caterpillar uses to protect itself during the incubation period...

Dr. Vass empties the contents of the syringe into a test-tube.

DR. VASS

...act as a non-toxic anti-viral for humans. The answer to a question.

Dr. Vass sets the test-tube on a tray, crosses to a table lined with boxes, postmarks in different languages covering their surfaces. He rummages on the table, finds a report.

DR. VASS

(handing it to Ron)

The Lancet medical journal published a study conducted in France. Proves AZT alone is too toxic for most to tolerate, and had no lasting effect on HIV blood levels. Of course, Barrow Wilkem and the NIH did not include the study in their press release.

Ron takes the study, looks it over.

RON

Doesn't surprise me at all.

Vass hands Ron some more paperwork.

DR. VASS

These are early trial results for Fluconazole.

RON

The anti-fungal, right? I read about this.

DR. VASS

You want to take some home?

RON

As much I can carry.

DR. VASS

We need a thousand more like you.

RON

Hell Vass, I'm just tryin' to run a business.

116 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT

116

Eve walks in, breathless. Eyes sunken, breathing shallow, Rayon is hooked up to an I.V. as Nurse Frazin adjusts an oxygen mask on his face.

NURSE FRAZIN

I took him off of it as you instructed. He's just on morphine now.

EVE

Good. I'll be in my office. Thanks for calling.

She sees Sunny outside of the room, watching. She gives him a hopeful smile and walks off.

117 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - NIGHT 117

Ron leaves the lab and notices an ominous green glow coming from a nearby room. He approaches it slowly, drawn to it.

118 INT. DR. VASS' CLINIC - MEXICO CITY - ROOM - NIGHT 118

As he enters, he notices hundreds of emerald green BUTTERFLIES flying in the air and hanging on the wall. Their vibrant colors give off a luminous glow. A butterfly lands on his hand. He slowly raises his hand to his face for a better view. As time goes on, more and more butterflies land on Ron's hand and body. Ron takes it all in. Illuminated from the butterflies, he looks like a "Lite-Brite".

A119 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - DR. EVE SAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT A119

Eve wakes up, seated at her desk.

119 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT 119

Rayon lies alone in bed, delirious from morphine, mumbling beneath his oxygen mask. After a few beats, he takes it off, leans over to the side table, takes a compact and a tube of lipstick from his purse, and starts to apply it, his hands trembling as he does. His mission accomplished, he sets the lipstick aside, then leans his head back. And as he closes his eyes and drifts away...

120 EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY 120

Ron sits in his seat happily scribbling prescriptions for the drugs he is bringing in.

On the pad we see the name - Dr. Eve Saks, the same pad...

FLASHBACK: ...that Ron took in Eve's office when she had the sombrero on her face.

121 INT. DALLAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HOLDING ROOM - DAY 121

Boxes filled with hundreds of small bottles of Fluconazole lay on the floor.

Ron sits in a chair looking on as an FDA AGENT flips through his prescriptions, while another AGENT compares the names to those on the bottles.

FDA AIRPORT AGENT  
(reads names)  
Walker, Dorsett, Blount, Newsome,  
Jeffcoat... these are patients?

RON  
Yes sir.

FDA AIRPORT AGENT  
They're also the names of players on the  
Dallas Cowboys.

RON  
No shit? Well how's that for a  
coincidence?

FDA AIRPORT AGENT  
Isn't this a little ridiculous?

RON  
You said it.

FDA AIRPORT AGENT  
Can you prove these are patients?

RON  
Can you prove they're not?

The Agent looks at him, then resignedly continues to flip through the prescriptions.

122 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

122

Ron walks in. Denise stops unloading moving boxes and hands him a stack of messages.

DENISE  
Those are the emergencies.

Ron flips through them, stops, looks around the room, and notices Rayon's favorite Marc Bolan's posters on the walls of his new headquarters.

RON  
Where's Rayon?

DENISE  
At the hospital.

What?

123 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - DAY 123

Ron rushes into Rayon's room. The bed is empty. The sheets are on the floor. Seen from behind, Sunny places Rayon's belongings in Rayon's bag. He turns. His eyes are bloodshot. He looks at Ron and is about to start crying again.

124 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 124

Nurse Frazin is startled by off stage loud breaking noise. Ron walks out of Rayon's room.

RON  
Sevaaaaard!

As Ron walks past her, Nurse Frazin grabs the phone.

NURSE FRAZIN  
I need security up here, right away.

Ron pushes open different doors looking for Dr. Sevard.

125 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC AREA - DAY 125

Ron storms into a room where several PATIENTS wait for appointments. Some are completely healthy, others are showing signs of sickness.

RON  
Sevard!

Ron spots Sevard.

RON  
There you are, you son of a bitch.

RON  
You killed him.

DR. SEVARD  
What are you talking about?

RON  
You call yourself a doctor? You are a murderer.

The patients in the hallway turn their heads towards the commotion. Eve walks out of a room and watches.



DR. SEVARD  
Leave or you will be arrested.

RON  
Arrest me?  
(to the waiting patients)  
Did you hear that?

Two SECURITY GUARDS enter.

RON  
First class everything, big house,  
Mercedes Benz. That's what they pay him  
to say it's OK to pump poison into y'all.

The GUARDS move to grab Ron.

RON  
Get away from me. I got AIDS. I'll spit  
on you.

Ron spits on the floor. The guards back off. Dr. Sevard  
watches slack-jawed as Ron continues to spit. The guards grab  
him...

... as Eve watches Sevard, emotionally charged.

RON (O.C.)  
You see this? This is harassment. Get  
me my attorney or do I have to be my own  
lawyer too. Own doctor, own lawyer.

125A EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - DAY

125A

Ron slams the car door shut, walks towards the house watching  
the line of men snaking out the door. He takes them in. Most  
of them look very sick. His eyes stop on Freddy who's  
watching him. Freddy smiles as he waves cash at Ron who  
feigns a smile and walks in.

125B INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

125B

Ron enters as Denise finishes handing out information to three  
very sick MEN. Denise makes her way over to Ron.

DENISE  
(re: sick men)  
From Austin. All on AZT. Their  
insurance is paying for the treatment and  
they don't know if they can afford to  
switch.

RON  
Hook 'em up.

DENISE  
We're pretty cash poor.

Ron walks towards his office, stops, turns around and throws his car keys to Denise.

RON  
Sell my car and make sure everyone gets what they need.

125C INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

125C

Ron pours himself some tequila and gulps it down. Pours himself another glass. A hooker is dancing in front of him. No music. She starts to touch him.

RON  
Just dance.

She goes down on him. He stops her, and leaves, throwing some money on the floor.

126 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

126

Ron wakes up to A KNOCK on the door. Eve walks in. A long beat. Ron doesn't even look at her.

RON  
Anemia, Cancer, Bone Marrow depletion,  
Fever, Diarrhea, Vomiting, Neuropathy,  
Anxiety, Dizziness, Impotence, Hearing  
loss, Nervousness, Seizures... Sound like  
AIDS to you? That there comes inside a  
box of AZT, a list of side effects.

EVE  
Rayon was a drug addict! It wasn't a day  
on AZT that killed him, but the disease  
as a whole!

Ron registers. Calms down a bit.

EVE  
Ron, you stole my prescription pad! So  
don't accuse me of acting irresponsibly!  
Rayon came to the hospital on his own...

RON

(cutting her off)

... and got carried out in a trash bag  
three days later!

EVE

(yelling)

He was my friend too, you know!

They both get quiet. A beat during which Eve is holding back  
tears.

RON

Let me ask you something. Let's say I have the cure right here in my back pocket. I could save everyone today.

Eve's expression changes.

RON

But I don't have no funding and I don't have no backing. Now how long is it gonna take before the FDA approves it?

Ron crosses to the desk, produces a copy of the Lancet Medical Journal Study he got from Dr. Vass, and hands it to her.

RON

Read that and you tell me how wrong is too wrong?

127 INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

127

Eve walks into her house, opens a drawer, removes a hammer, smashes it down on a nail and misses. She smashes the hammer down again, harder, and again, and again. Her POV: lots of holes in the wall, very far from the nail, and soon hidden by Ron's painting of the Texas Wildflowers. She walks away without straightening it, sits down and starts reading the "Lancet Study".

RON (V.O.)

I got three thousand people who need to get their hands on Peptide T. Now. Including me.

128 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

128

Ron paces the floor as David Wayne walks in with a big cardboard box.

DAVID WAYNE

They shut her lab down. The FDA has shut all of our suppliers down, what can I tell you?

RON

If I don't get it by the end of the week I wanna file a lawsuit.

DAVID WAYNE

Come on, Ron, we lost the restraining order, remember? We're in Texas. The court system is the last resort for you.

RON

Well find a place where it's not,  
Goddamnit. Go to San Francisco, get a  
sissy judge, figure it out!

Ron spots a FLYER on the cardboard box and grabs it. It  
reads: "DALLAS BUYERS CLUB NEWSLETTER".

RON

Perfect.

129 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

129

Eve watches as young apparently healthy CHILDREN wait with  
their PARENTS to complete forms. She goes up to Dr. Sevard.

EVE

What's going on?

DR. SEVARD

Barrow Wilkem gave us the green light on  
the AZT pediatric trials.

EVE

What? This is crazy! All these kids are  
HIV positive?

Sevard looks uneasy.

DR. SEVARD

We're starting very slowly with a fifth  
of a dose.

EVE

Would you give this fifth of a dose to  
your own child?

Touché. Sevard holds her gaze for a moment and leaves.

130 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC WAITING AREA - DAY

130

YOUNG CHILDREN are waiting with their parents. Among them, a  
girl with her mother, Francine Suskind, the woman from  
Beaumont Lab whom Ron met earlier.

Eve walks in and discreetly places Dallas Buyers Club flyers  
on a table, then walks off.

131 INT. DRADDY AUDITORIUM - DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

131

The room is packed. On the dais stands Richard Barkley from the FDA. To his left and right, are representatives from the Center for Disease Control, the National Institute of Health and ACT-UP. They HEAR something SQUEAKING and look up:

At the back of the room, Ron enters, hooked up to an I.V. drip on wheels that he carries along as he starts passing out copies of his flyer.

RON

Here you go, please read this.

RICHARD BARKLEY (O.S.)

Mr. Woodroof, will you kindly tell us what you are doing?

Everyone turns to look at Ron.

RON

I'm givin' people information... on this trial I'm in, right now. I want everyone here to know what's going on.

RICHARD BARKLEY

And what is going on?

RON

Why was Peptide T cut off? A non-toxic drug, that I have proof works and that according to the National Institute of Mental Health, is completely safe.

RICHARD BARKLEY

Mr. Woodroof, you are nothing but a common drug dealer--

RON

I'm a drug dealer? You're the drug dealer. The pharmaceutical companies are the drug dealers.

Ron grabs a bag of jelly beans out of the hands of a person in the audience. Holds them up.

RON

The yellow number fives, red, green and purple dye you put in this here candy causes seven kinds a cancer.

A SECURITY MAN approaches, Ron walks away from him.

RON

The aspartame in my diet coke, the  
steroids in my meat, the hormones in my  
milk, the antibiotics in the chicken.  
Now that's the shit the FDA knows will  
kill you. Yet you're all up there  
worried that some sick people will find  
somethin' without you and y'all won't get  
paid.

Ron throws the bag of jelly beans to the security man who  
catches it. And he leaves the room, squeaking away.

132 INT. RON'S CAR - DALLAS STREET - DAY 132

Ron is driving, singing out loud, a cappella.

RON

Oh I'm bad, I'm nationwide!

133 INT. DALLAS MERCY HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 133

Sevard puts Ron's flyer down on the table in front of Eve who  
stands in front of the medical board.

DR. SEVARD

We think it is in everyone's best  
interest that you resign.

Eve looks at Dr. Sevard who meets her gaze with calculated  
coldness.

EVE

I won't. You'll have to fire me.

She starts to leave, stops, turns around.

EVE

Y'all go fuck yourselves!

134 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 134

Ron appears from the kitchen with a beer.

RON

One left.

EVE

We're splitting that.

Ron cracks the beer and hands her the can.

RON  
That was a ballsy move!

Eve looks away. Ron opens his arms...

RON  
A nice, warm hug...  
(she accepts it)  
...and a day of watchin' some bull  
ridin', that's what you need, doctor  
Woodroof's order.

She smiles and they both let go, uneasy with the closeness.

RON  
Don't you miss a regular life?

EVE  
Regular? What's that? Doesn't exist.

RON  
Yeah, I guess.  
(a beat)  
I just want...

Ron looks at her.

EVE  
What?

He takes the can back.

RON  
... an ice-cold beer at Ruby's. Go  
dancin' with my woman. I want kids...  
thumb wrestle with my sons. I don't  
know. I got one life -- mine. But I  
want someone else's. I feel I'm fighting  
for a life I ain't got the time to live.

Ron downs some beer.

RON  
I want it all to mean somethin'.

Eve looks at Ron, studies him.

EVE  
It does.



135 INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 135

Eve looks at the painting of the Texas Wildflowers. For some reason, she becomes emotional and decides to straighten it.

136 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING 136

CLOSE ON Ron's box of meds, almost empty. By the look on his face, Ron clearly just woke up. But there is something else. He takes an empty bottle of Peptide T and looks at it, confused. Hears the strange ringing again...

137 INT. RON'S CAR - DALLAS STREET - DAY 137

And that is all we hear as we see Ron driving along the street into the middle of an intersection. Ron stops the car, puts his hands over his ears, and walks out.

138 EXT. STREET - DALLAS - DAY 138

Ron tries to direct traffic, bear foot. People blare their car horns. Others scream out their windows. A POLICEMAN arrives on the scene and approaches Ron.

Tucker pulls up and sees Ron, he jumps out of his car.

TUCKER  
I'll take care of this.

Tucker steps in. He grabs Ron's arm, makes eye contact.

TUCKER  
Ron! You are in the middle of the street. Do you understand what I'm sayin'?

No answer from Ron.

TUCKER  
Come on, man, let's go home.

Tucker puts a hand on Ron's shoulder and walks him towards his squad car.

139 INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 139

A BLUE BOX rests on the table, next to Ron who stares at it, as he's being given an injection of Peptide T by Tucker.

140 INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 140

Tucker's father sits in a chair facing Ron.

TUCKER'S FATHER  
Of course I remember you, trouble maker.

RON  
I still am!

They share a smile.

RON  
I'm glad you're doin' better, sir.

TUCKER  
I'm gonna talk with Ron a minute, pop.

Tucker steps off to the side with Ron.

TUCKER  
Listen, the FDA is gonna bust you tomorrow.

Ron's wheels are turning.

RON  
Thanks for the tip, Tuck.

And as Ron exits the house...

TUCKER  
I'll be there, man, and don't you fuckin' hit me again!

141 EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - DAY 141

A line of customers is out the door as three Dallas Police Cars pull up. As Tucker gets out of the lead car, he is greeted by Richard Barkley and two FDA Agents. They head inside. That's Ron's POV...

142 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 142

...as he's watching from a window.

Eve tends to several buyers club members, I.V.s attached to them, lying on the floor.

A NEWS TEAM films the entire thing.

EVE  
(to the reporter)  
This is Fluconazole. It helps them with  
Thrush.

Suddenly, the front door OPENS. Police are in the room, guns  
drawn.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
No one move. Put your hands in the air.

The news camera keeps rolling.

TUCKER  
Ronald Woodroof?

Ron steps up through the crowd.

TUCKER  
I have a warrant for your arrest, a  
search warrant for the premises, and a  
court order to cease and desist business  
immediately.

And with that, Ron allows Tucker to handcuff him. And as he  
does, the Customers "Boo" and "Hiss" loudly, all caught on by  
the News Crew.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
Turn off that camera. Now!

But the Camera Man doesn't stop filming.

RICHARD BARKLEY  
(to Ron)  
Please instruct the rest of these people  
to leave, now.

RON  
I ain't no cop. Why'nt you tell 'em?

Tucker escorts Ron outside.

143 EXT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - DAY

143

The News Crew continues to film as Ron is led out past the  
waiting Customers, talking to the reporter.

RON  
It's the bust of the century! Don't they  
look like hardened criminals?!

An ambulance pulls up. MEN wearing MASKS and GLOVES begin to escort people off. Barkley and his Agents watch the circus from the sidewalk. Ron is put in the Squad Car by Tucker.

144 INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

144

David Wayne enters and throws a NEWSPAPER on the table in front of Ron.

RON

Deadly drugs? What the fuck?

DAVID WAYNE

They wrote the FDA's story.

RON

I can't believe it. I tipped those assholes off.

DAVID WAYNE

Don't worry. I got good news. I got you a change of venue for the Peptide T trial in San Francisco. And no surprise, they're not pressing charges.

DAVID WAYNE

Then what the fuck am I doin' here?

DAVID WAYNE

They're trying to break you, I don't know. Let's get out of here.

They leave.

RON

(to himself)

They'll never break me.

145 EXT. COURTHOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO

145

We see Ron's reflection in the window of a cab that moves out of the way as Ron starts walking towards the Courthouse, helped by David Wayne who holds his arm.

A SUPER fades in.

U.S. District Court Northern District of California

146 INT. COURTROOM - SAN FRANCISCO

146

Ron, dressed in a conservative suit, is looking extremely ill. Next to him is David Wayne and two other younger ATTORNEYS.

On the opposing side are FDA representatives including Richard Barkley and others who we haven't ever seen before. They have a team of four attorneys.

JUDGE

The constitution, specifically the ninth amendment, does not state that you have the right to be mentally healthy or physically healthy. It does state that you have a right to chose your own medical care but that is interpreted as medical care that is approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

The Judge looks over to the FDA table.

JUDGE

Regarding the FDA, the court is highly disturbed by its bullying tactics and direct interference with a drug whose own agency has found to be non-toxic. The FDA was formed to protect people, not prevent them from getting help.

The Judge sighs.

JUDGE

The law does not seem to make much common sense. If a person has been found to be terminally ill they ought to be able to take just about any drug they feel will help... but that is not the law. Mr. Woodroof, there is not a person in this courtroom who is not moved to compassion by your plight, what is lacking here is the legal authority to intervene. I'm sorry. This case is hereby dismissed.

The Judge bangs the gavel.

David Wayne raises in frustration. Ron closes his eyes, defeated.

147 INT. DALLAS BUYERS CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

147

Ron, still looking sick, opens the door and is startled by a crowd of people clapping and cheering.

RON

Jesus Mother Mary Fucking Christ!

Among the crowd, Ron spots Eve and David Wayne with a smile of victory on their faces. Ron doesn't understand. They walk to him and show him a paper with the FDA logo on it.

Black.

Super:

**Following the trial, the FDA in Washington allowed Ron to get Peptide T for his own personal use.**

And as the cheering and clapping grow bigger, we cut to:

148 EXT. RODEO - DAY

148

Ron, 20 pounds heavier, looking healthier, is sitting atop the railing above the stall looking down at the bull. He's got on gloves, hat, pants, and boots, ready to ride. He removes a flask from his pocket and takes a long swig. The BULLHAND and Ron exchange a look. Ron nods, takes a deep breath, swings his legs over the railing, straddles the stall, stays above the animal. The moment Ron's ass hits the leather, the gate is up, the bull is out, and the crowd whoops it up.

Rodeo contestant number "43" Ron Woodroof rides the bull, his hands, legs and heels all working together. His "off" hand is held out above him, cutting the air for balance.

The bull makes an abrupt change of direction, catches Ron off guard and just when it seems that he's about to be thrown in the air, we hear Eve screaming her guts out as the image freezes on a PERFECT FRAME on this cowboy in action to control the beast.

The crowd's CHEERS are echoing in the distance, blended with the soft strange ring that we know, that only Ron could hear.

And as we zoom in on the image:

FADE TO BLACK.

**Ronald Woodroof died on September 12, 1992, seven years after he was diagnosed with the HIV virus. He managed to stay alive using unapproved drugs and was memorialized by 1000 gay men in Dallas, Texas.**

FADE OUT.

Fluconazole and Alpha Interferon are now FDA approved.

DDC was approved in 1992 but is no longer used due to its highly toxic effects.

Peptide T remains unapproved but still in studies for neurological diseases, like Alzheimer.

Today, it is had been scientifically proven that HIV is the cause of AIDS. Based on this knowledge, great strides have been made in treating this infection with anti-HIV medications but a cure has yet to be discovered.

The first studies with AZT as a single drug (monotherapy) while showing initial good results did not ultimately prove to be a long term solution for HIV treatment.

By 1996, medical researchers learned that HIV is best treated with a combination cocktail of at least three HIV medications. AZT was frequently used as a part of these early combination therapies. Today, AZT has been largely replaced by safer, new HIV medications.

\*