

**AFTER HOURS**

It is pouring rain. Paul enters on his way to get his keys from the bar. Julie is waiting with an umbrella.

JULIE

Psss! Hey, it's me. I did it, I quit my job!

PAUL

What do you want me to do about it?

JULIE

Well, let's go have a drink, let's celebrate. Pier 3 is open.

PAUL

Look lady, I don't know what your problem is but I've got to get over to that bar, get my keys, so I can get home.

(He sees that the bar is closed up.)

Oh, look at this.

JULIE

Huh?

PAUL

Now what? Incredible! Where the hell is he?

JULIE

You know, I live across the street...

Would you like a TV dinner?

PAUL

(Seeing Neil & Pepe driving by.)

Oh! Wait a minute- Neil, Pepe! Wait a minute! I didn't know!... I didn't know...I didn't know... Oh God..

JULIE

My place?

INSIDE JULIE'S APARTMENT

JULIE

You like the Monkey's?

PAUL

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Julie.

PAUL

I'm Paul.

JULIE

Rough night, huh Paul? You look depressed.

PAUL

I came downtown tonight... Oh God- I didn't even know... I didn't even know this girl. I didn't even know her.

JULIE

Hang on. (changes record) Is that better? "Chelsea Morning". Go on Paul, what is it? Talk to me.

PAUL

I'm-I'm-I'm fine. Really, I'm just- I'm gonna be out of your way in just a sec. I really, uh... just waiting for them to open up downstairs. I'll just get my keys and go home... Boy oh boy.. Ooohh boy.

JULIE

Just let it go honey and tell me your problems.

PAUL

I don't think so.

JULIE

Paul! Lighten up! What is this? This doom and gloom. Be.. Loosey-Goosey, come on.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

JULIE

Come on, tell me your problems.

PAUL

Where the hell is he? What the hell time is it?

JULIE

It's very late.

2.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

(He discovers rat traps placed around her bed.)

Jesus... So.. um, you really hate that job huh?

JULIE

Yeah, I hate both my jobs, you know...

PAUL

Oh yeah? What else do you do?

JULIE

I work in the Xerox shop downstairs.

PAUL

Downstairs?

JULIE

Yeah... We're right on top of it. I've got the keys, you want to go down and see it?

PAUL

Um, no, no thanks. I've had about enough excitement for one night.

JULIE

It's a lousy job but- I can get free copies whenever I want to.

PAUL

Gee-whiz.

JULIE

Hey, what is that? Gee-whiz? I mean are you humouring me? I don't have to take that kind of shit you know. I mean, what is it with people today? You can't say anything without getting some kind of a smart answer. You just have to be so goddamn careful about everything you say!.. You think I don't notice? I know what's going on. I overhear the customers at the Xerox shop when they're making fun of me.

PAUL

I didn't mean anything by that.

3.

CONTINUED: (2)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

I mean, it was- it was raining outside and I invited you to come into my home. I didn't have to do that now did I?

PAUL

Now, first of all you're not stupid.

JULIE

Look, I have trouble figuring out the tax on checks. So what? I mean eight percent is a bitch! So I make a few mistakes! So I make a few mistakes! So sue me! Call your lawyers!

PAUL

OK, come on, come on. I'm sorry I didn't mean it... Want to sit down? Come on, come on, sit down..

JULIE

OK...

PAUL

I'm sorry I was rude before, I really am.  
OK, no more crying, please... What a  
night.

JULIE

Hey Paul?

PAUL

Hmm?

JULIE

Do you like my hairdo?

PAUL

Yes, yes I do.

JULIE

Well, why don't you touch it?

PAUL

I don't want to mess it up.

JULIE

You won't.

PAUL

I... You want me to?

4.

CONTINUED: (3)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Yeah.

PAUL

OK.

He touches her hair then hears the bar opening outside. His hand is stuck in her hair as he goes to the window to see. She protests the pain as she attempts to free herself from his hand during the following lines.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ooo! I hear him, that's him, I hear him,  
that's him, I hear him, I hear him, I  
hear him! No, no, it's OK. Oh thank GOD  
he's there! He's there. I can go home.

(about hair) Oh excuse me, I'm sorry..

She finally frees herself from his hand as he heads toward the door.

JULIE

OWW!! OHH!...

PAUL

What's the matter?

JULIE

Oh, well nothing.. I-I just.. You know, I  
really got the feeling that.. that you  
kind of like me, no? I mean, you're not

gonna leave now, not after I've brought  
you in out of the rain, are you?

PAUL

Alright, alright I'm gonna.. Here's what  
I'll do- I'll- I'm gonna go to the bar  
give your boss back his keys, then I'm  
gonna get my keys, then I'll be back, OK?  
Should take all of two minutes.

JULIE

Yeah, sure.

PAUL

Julie.. Two minutes, OK?

5.

CONTINUED: (4)

## AFTER HOURS

*Gail and Paul are walking up to Gail's apartment.*

GAIL: Just a big city. Like any other big city. People huddle up to close together and they become monsters?

PAUL: Well why don't you just leave?

GAIL: What did you just say? What did you just say? No, don't say you just told me that I should just leave. You don't even know me. You don't anything about me. You don't know what kind of life I have. How am I supposed to leave? C'mon, what do I do? (Yelling) Do I just pick up and leave? C'mon you're the wizard here, you got all the answers. What do I do? Here I am all this time I thought I couldn't do it. Then here you come along and say, yes you can, you can leave. (Screaming) What planet did you come from? (To other people) Listen, you either go back to sleep you hard-ons or come down here and sit on my fist. What is with them? What's their problem?

PAUL: I don't know.

GAIL: Excuse me. So I get a little saucy sometimes. C'mon, you can use the phone.

PAUL: That's okay. I don't need to.

GAIL: You said you needed to use the phone.

PAUL: Uh, yea, I do.

GAIL: By the way, I'm Gail.

PAUL: Paul.

*Paul and Gail enter Gail's apartment.*

PAUL: I'm sorry. I just...You wouldn't believe what I've been through tonight. You wouldn't believe it.

GAIL: I'm an ice-cream vendor. Mister Softee.

PAUL: What? You misunderstood. I didn't ask what you did for a living. I said, "You wouldn't believe what I've been through tonight. "

GAIL: It's not boring. I have my own Mister Softee truck. It's not boring. Also, you need a Class Four New York State chauffeur's license. Guess who has one? Got it on my own.

PAUL: *Calling information.* Manhattan, please. Could I have the number of Peter Patzak? That's P-A-T-Z-A-K.

GAIL: Need a pencil?

PAUL: No. On Mulberry Street. Thank you. *Hangs up.*

GAIL: 5, 8, 1, 9...6...2.

PAUL: That was funny. *Dials information again.* Patzak, please. P-A-T-Z-A-K on Mulberry Street in Manhattan. Thank you. *Hangs up.*

GAIL: 5, 8, 6, 2...

PAUL: Don't.

GAIL: 9, 3, 8, 0.

PAUL: Now I have forgotten the number.

GAIL: What is wrong with you? Are you all right?

PAUL: I have had a terrible, terrible night. Do you understand?

GAIL: I'm just trying to entertain you.

PAUL: I don't want any entertainment! And I'm sorry I did that. I'm under... Oh, God. I'm unable to get home tonight. I can't get home. And I'm trying desperately...to find a place where I can stay tonight. All I want to do sleep. I could stay in a place on Spring Street, but I don't want to.

GAIL: Why not?

PAUL: Why not what?

GAIL: Why aren't you there? Go.

PAUL: Because the bartender who lives there, his girlfriend killed herself tonight. And I think it's because of me.

GAIL: That's out, then.

PAUL: That's right, that's out. That is not a possibility. So if you just let me make this phone call...you'd be doing me such a favor, you really would.

GAIL: That can wait. I hurt your arm, and now I want to dress your arm, please.

PAUL: All right.

*He takes off his shirt. She notices a small piece of newspaper stuck to his arm.*

GAIL: How'd that get there?

PAUL: What? I was dipping papier-mâché earlier.

GAIL: What is this? *Reading:* "A man was torn limb from limb...by an irate mob last night...in the fashionable SoHo area of Manhattan...Police are having difficulty identifying the man because no form of ID...was found on his shredded clothing. "

PAUL: Shredded?

GAIL: "His entire face was pummeled completely beyond recognition... "

PAUL: Forget that. I can't handle things like that right now.

GAIL: What does a guy have to do to get his face pummeled? *Trying to remove the newspaper.*

PAUL: Why does it hurt so much?

GAIL: Because it's infected.

PAUL: Stop touching it!

GAIL: I want to get it off...I know. I'll burn it off.

PAUL: No.

GAIL: I just need matches. I'll go ask a neighbor.

PAUL: No, lady!

GAIL: My name is Gail!

PAUL: No matches. That's enough now.

GAIL: Where are you going?

PAUL: I'm going home. I'm walking home now.

GAIL: How far is home?

PAUL: East 91st Street.

GAIL: East 91st? Are you kidding? Listen, I like you. Why don't I give you a ride in my Mister Softee truck? How does that sound? *He reluctantly agrees, and they exit.*