

**ANY GIVEN SUNDAY**

Tony D'Amato: I don't know what to say really. Three minutes to the biggest battle of our professional lives, all comes down to today. Now either we heal as a team, or we're gonna crumble. Inch by inch, play by play -- till we're finished. We're in hell right now gentleman. Believe me. And we can stay here, get the sh!t kicked out of us, or we can fight our way back, into the light. We can climb out of hell, one inch at a time. Now I can't do it for you, I'm too old. I look around I see these young faces and I think, I mean, I made every wrong choice a middle aged man can make. I, uh, I pissed away all my money, believe it or not, I chased off anyone who's ever loved me, and lately I can't even stand the face I see in the mirror. Y'know when you get old in life things get taken from you, I mean that's that's...that's part of life. But you only learn that when you start losin' stuff. You find out life's this game of inches, and so is football. Because in either game, life or football, the margin for error is so small, I mean, one half a step too late or too early and you don't quite make it, one half second to slow or to fast, you don't quite catch it. The inches we need are everywhere around us. They're in every break in the game, every minute, every second. On this team we fight for that inch. On this team we tear ourselves and everyone else around us to pieces for that inch. We claw with our fingernails for that inch. Because we know when we add up all those inches that's going to make the f#@king difference between winning and losing. Between livin' and dying. I'll tell you this in any fight it's the guy whose willing to die who's gonna win that inch, and I know that if I'm going to have any life anymore it's because I'm still willin to fight and die for that inch. Because that's what livin is. The six inches in front of your face. Now I can't make you do it. You gotta look at the guy next to you, look into his eyes. Now, I think you're gonna see a guy who will go that inch with you. You're gonna see a guy who will sacrifice himself for this team because he knows when it comes down to it, you're going to do the same for him. That's a team gentlemen and either we heal now as a team or we will die as individuals. That's football guys. That's all it is. Now, What are you going to do?

**ANY GIVEN SUNDAY (2)**

Coach Tony D'Amato has all the players gathered around him.

Tony:

Look, you the offense, why do you think we work on the blitz package all week? We've lost two quarterbacks in one half of football cause our line can't picut up a goddamn backside bandit on max protection! You and I know this is goddamn stupid football, and your stressing the shit outta me! We've worked on the calls over and over again but you have no goddamn focus or concentration. McKenna, keep your head on a swivel, you've got to slide out there and pick up that robber== roll up those outside linebackers! Beaman, know your site adjustments! Sanderson and fox will break off their routes but you have to deliver it on time. We've had two goddamn turnovers this half, you guys are dumping on my turnover ratio. You the defense, you've got to create something out there, you've got to start flying around the fucking ball and hitting somebody. Don't let these assholes chew up the clock on is! On first down, they're killing us with the weak side slant. Corners, when we put eight in the box, you've got to jam the receivers, take 'em on, you're hesitating! If you're gonna make a mistake, go on! Make it a BIG ONE! I'm not gonna eat your lunch for that, but don't fuck around like pussies at a pee part. you hear me!? PJ, Mac, Beast Man, Horny, Shark! One, two yards less each time and they'll be two and eight instead of two and six! Stuff the goddamn run. They're killing us! No more stupid penalties ok!? Concentrate! Focus! We're only down by three points. We can win this mother! I'm sick and tired of losing! Are you?! Three losses in row. Are you guys sick and tired of this? Stand up if you're not! Raise your hand! Raise your hand if you're a pussy! Stand up, let's go!

## A POLICE MONOLOGUE

Our truck is a \$55,000 truck and it's maybe \$150,000 in equipment. We have shotguns, we have sniper rifles, we have tear gas, bullet-proof vests, we have nets for jumpers, we have Morrissey belts for the patrolman to hold himself in when he gets up on a bridge, we have Kelly tools to pry out trapped people, we give oxygen.

Fifty to seventy-five percent of our calls are for oxygen. I had people that were pronounced DOA by a doctor -- dead on arrival. We have resuscitated them. I had brought him back. The doctor was flabbergasted. He'd written letters on it and thought we were the greatest rescue team in New York City. We give oxygen until the arrival of the ambulance. Most of the time we beat the ambulance.

We get some terrible collisions. The cars are absolutely like accordions. The first week we had a head-on collision on a parkway. I was just passing by when it happened and we jumped out. There were parents in there and a girl and a boy about six years old. I carried the girl out. She had no face. Then we carried out the parents. The father lived until we jacked him out and he collapsed. The whole family was DOA. It happens 24 hours a day -- if emergency's going to be like this, I'd rather go back to Bed-Stuy.

The next day I read in the papers they were both boys, but had mod haircuts. You look across the breakfast table and see your son. MY wife plenty times asked me, "How can you do that? How can you go under a train with a person that's severed the legs off, come home and eat breakfast and feel...?" That's what I'm waiting for: when I can go home and not feel anything for my family. See I have to feel.

A patrolman will call you for a guy that's DOA for a month. He hanged himself. I'm cutting him down. You're dancing to get out of the way of the maggots. I caught myself dancing in the middle of the livingroom, trying to get a ring off a DOA-for-a-month, while the maggots are jumping all over my pants. I just put the damn pants on, brand-new, dry cleaned. I go back to the precinct and still itch and jump in the shower.

And to go under a train and the guy sealed his body to the wheel because of the heat from the third rail. And you know you're gonna drop him into the bag. A 16-year-old kid gets his hand caught in a meat grinder. His hand was coming out the front. And he asks us not to tell his mother. A surgeon pukes on the job and tells you to do it.

One time we had a guy trapped between the platform and the train. His body was below, his head was above. He was talking to the doctor. He had a couple kids home. In order to get him out we had to use a Z-bar, to jack the train away from the platform. The doctor said, "The minute you jack this train away from the platform, he's gonna go." He was talkin' and smokin' with us for about 15 minutes. The minute we jacked, he was gone. I couldn't believe I could snuff out life just like that. We just jacked this thing away and his life. And to give him a cigarette before it happened was even worse.

This morning I read in the paper about that cop that was shot up. His six-year-old son wrote a letter: "Hope you get better, Dad." My wife was fixing breakfast. I said, "Did you read the paper, hon?" She says, "Not yet." "Did you read the letter this cop's son sent to his father when

he was in the hospital?" She says "No." "Well, he's dead now." So I read part of it and I started to choke. I says "What the hell....." I dropped the paper just to get my attention away. I divided my attention to my son that was in the swing. What the hell. All the shit I seen and did and I gotta read a letter.... But it made me feel like I'm still maybe a while away from feeling like I have no feeling left. I know I still had feelings left. I still have quite a few jobs to go.

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## BOILER ROOM

**Jim:** We don't hire brokers here, we train new ones. That's it Skippy - pack your sh!t, let's go. Okay, here's the deal, I'm not here to waste your time. Okay, I certainly hope you're not here to waste mine, so I'm gonna keep this short. Become an employee of this firm, you will make your first million within 3 years. Okay, I'm gonna repeat that, you will make a million dollars, within three years of your first day of employment at J.T. Marlin. There's no question as to whether you become a millionaire working here. The only question is, how many times over. You think I'm joking....I am not joking. I am a millionaire. It's a weird thing to hear, right? Lemme tell ya, its a weird thing to say: I am a f#@king millionaire. And guess how old I am...27, you know what that makes me here? A f#@king senior citizen. This firm is entirely comprised of people your age, not mine. Lucky for me, I happen to be very f#@king good at my job or I'd be out of one. You guys are the new blood. You are the future swinging d!cks of this firm. Now you all look money hungry and that's good. Anybody who tells you that money is the root of all evil, doesn't f#@king have any. They say money can't buy happiness. Look at the f#@king smile on my face! Ear to ear baby! You want details, fine. I drive a Ferrari 355 Cabriolet. What's up? I have a ridiculous house at the South Fork. I have every toy you could possibly imagine. And best of all, I am liquid. So now you know what's possible, let me tell you what's required. You are required to work your f#@king ass off at this firm. We want winners here, not pikers. A piker walks at the bell. A Piker asks how much vacation time you get in the first year. Vacation time? People come to work at this firm for one reason, to become filthy rich, that's it. We're not here to make friends, we're not saving the f#@king manatees here guys. You want vacation time, go teach third grade at a public school.

Okay, first three months at the firm are as a trainee, you'll make 150 dollars a week. After you've done training, you take the series seven, you pass that, you become a junior broker and you're opening accounts for your team leader. You open forty accounts you start working for yourself, the sky's the limit. A word or two about being a trainee, your friends, parents, other brokers, they're gonna give you sh!t about it, it's true, a 150 a week, that's not a lot of money. Pay them no mind. You need to learn this business and this is the time to to do it.

Once you pass the test, none of that's gonna matter. Your friends are sh!t. You tell em you made 25 grand last month they're not gonna f#@king believe you. F#@k them! F#@k 'em! Parents don't like the life you lead. F#@k your mom and dad. See how it feels when you're making their f#@king Lexus payments. Now go home and think about it. Think about whether or not this is really for you. If you decide that it isn't, listen, it's nothing to be embarrassed about. This is not for everyone. But if you really want this, you call me on Monday and we'll talk. Just don't waste my f#@king time.....Okay, that's it.

**BOONDOCK SAINTS**

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION PRECINCT OFFICE DAY

The station is abuzz with the story. Connor and Murphy's names are on all tongues. A legend starts. Every available officer is in the room along with the homicide detectives.

Smecker walks right down the middle.

SMECKER

First of all, I'd like to thank whichever one of you donut munching, barrel-assed dip-shits leaked this to the press. That's just what we need now, some sensational story in the papers making these guys out to be super heroes, triumphing over evil. And let me squash the rumors now. These two aren't heroes.

(rolls his eyes)

They are two ordinary men who were put in an extraordinary situation and they just happened to come out on top. Yes, nothing from our far reaching computer system has turned up jack shit on these two. All we know is what we found out from their neighbors. And the general consensus is that they're... angels.

(pause)

But angels don't kill and we got two bodies in the morgue that look like they've been...

SMECKER

...serial crushed by a huge fuckin' guy.

## BOONDOCK SAINTS (2)

SMECKER

Television,... television is the explanation for this.

Smecker points toward the ceiling revealing a huge gaping hole in it just above the living room.

SMECKER

You see this is bad television.  
(again pointing out  
the hole in the  
ceiling)

The little assault guys creeping in through the vents and coming in through the ceilings. That James Bond shit never happens in real life. Professionals don't do that. So we've got this up here, which has novice written all over it. And all this down here that's simply a perfect textbook assassination. So here's our two possibilities. We either have rank amateurs that got lucky or consummate professionals that fucked up.

The detectives nod in agreement. They are now completely taken in by Smecker's spell.

SMECKER

Join me in a drink, gentlemen.

They go over and grab seats at the bar. Smecker mixes himself a gin and tonic on the other side. He is calming down now and going back into cool mode. He starts to tuck his clothes back in and fix his hair. He leans over the bar and sips his drink. The three detectives lean in.

SMECKER

With the exception of my coffee boy, you Boston detectives are starting to show signs of intelligence. So, I am going to make you privy to some information that you would not normally be. These men are all Russian mob. Not like those two peons in the alley the other day. These guys are all syndicate bosses and underbosses. I have a dossier on every man in this room. Since the Iron Curtain has gone down, the Russian syndicates have started to come here. And in the spirit of Glasnost the Soviets have opened their borders to the mafia. But the Italians, they're not convinced that the grounds in mother Russia are fertile enough for



organized crime yet. So they ain't ready to commit. The Russians are coming here anyway. They are unwelcome. What we have here, gentlemen, is possibly the beginning of the first international mob war... unless I've totally missed something.

**BRUCE ALMIGHTY**

**INT. NEWSROOM**

Bruce heads out as The Eyewitness News opening plays on several monitors. Susan Ortega opens.

**SUSAN**

Good evening and welcome to Eyewitness News at six. I'm Susan Ortega.

**EVAN**

And I'm Evan Baxter. And here's what's making news...

This stops Bruce. He watches Evan on a newsroom monitor. A devilish smile forms on Bruce's face.

**EVAN**

A potential scandal with the Buffalo P.D. surfaced today when...

Evan's voice suddenly becomes HIGH PITCHED, like a girl's.

**EVAN**

(falsetto)

...the mayor demanded that the Chief of Police issue...

(clears his throat)

...Uh-hum, that the Chief of Police...

Evan tries to clear his throat again, but his voice remains HIGH PITCHED.

64,

-^  
(j .  
1^

**EVAN**

(falsetto)

...the Chief of Police issue a response over allegations made b. . .

y

**INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

**JACK**

What the hell is that? Evan is starting to visibly sweat.

**EVAN**

(falsetto)

I'm sorry. There seems to be something.

Evan shoots Susan a look to cover for him. Susan tries to cover with a joke.

**SUSAN**

Looks like my new co-anchor may need a glass of water.

She laughs, Evan laughs in a RIDICULOUS HIGH PITCHED GIRLY LAUGH that makes it even worse. He slips the water and

his  
/. " " N  
VJ

voice returns.

**EVAN**

Ah, there we go. Sorry about that.  
The Prime Minister of Sweden  
visited Washington today as my  
little tiny nipples moved to France-  
Evan stops cold, staring at the teleprompter.

**INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

The Director in the booth reacts.

**DIRECTOR**

What did he just say? Check the  
prompter.

The Console Operator checks the text being fed to Evan.

**CONSOLE OPERATOR**

It's fine.

**DIRECTOR**

Well, signal for him to keep going.

65.

-^ The Stage Manager motions to Evan, he reluctantly continues  
/ reading.

**INTERCUT TV STUDIO AND NEWSROOM MONITOR**

**EVAN**

The White House reception committee  
greeted the Prime Rib Roast  
Minister and I do the cha cha like  
a sissy girl...

(urged to keep going, so  
continues slowly)

I lika do da cha cha...

In desperation, Evan shifts from the prompter to the paper  
script on his desk.

**EVAN**

Sorry, we're having a few technical  
difficulties, here...

(reading)

In other n-n-n-n....n-n-n-n...

Evan's NOSE STARTS BLEEDING. A sudden stream out of one  
nostril. Susan reacts. So does Jack. Bruce smiles.  
, Evan sees the blood, tries to stop it but it only streams  
-/  
faster. He keeps talking, but the stream increases. Susan  
gets up, tries to help.

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**CASABLANCA**

Rick

I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going you can't follow. What I've got ot do you can't be a ny party of. Isla, I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problem of three little people don't ammount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Now, now.... Here's looking at you kid.

## CAST AWAY

We both had done the math.  
 Kelly added it all up.  
 And she had to let me go.  
 I added it up  
 Knew that I had lost her  
 cause I was never gonna get off that island  
 I was gonna die there  
 totally alone

I was gonna get sick or injured or something  
 The only choice I had  
 The only thing I could control  
 Was When and How and Where that was gonna happen.  
 So, I made a rope.  
 And I went up to the summit to hang myself.  
 I had to test it  
 You know  
 course  
 you know me  
 And the weight of the log snapped the limb of the tree

So I couldn't even kill myself the way I wanted to  
 I had power over nothing.  
 And that's when this feeling came over me like a warm blanket

I knew, somehow that I had to stay alive  
 Somehow  
 I had to keep breathing  
 even though there was no reason to hope  
 And all my logic said I would never see this place again

So that's what I did  
 I stayed alive and kept breathing.  
 And one day that logic was proven all wrong  
 because the tide came in and gave me a sail

and now here I am.

I'm back.  
 In Memphis  
 Talking to you.  
 I have ice in my glass.

And I've lost her all over again.  
 I'm so sad that I don't have Kelly  
 But I'm so grateful that she was with me on that island.

And I know what I have to do now.  
Gotta keep breathing.  
Because tomorrow the sun will rise.

Who knows what the tide could bring.

## CHANGELING

INT. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH - DAY

A large radio microphone with the call letters KGF is atop a podium, where PASTOR GUSTAV BRIEGLEB stands: fifties, barrel chested, no-nonsense, a fire-and-brimstone preacher. His congregation sits in hard wooden pews, listening and nodding.

REV. BRIEGLEB

Though she is not a member of our congregation, we pray for her today as we have every day since we first learned of her situation on the radio, and in the newspapers.

(beat)

We are told that the Los Angeles Police Department is doing the best it can to reunite mother and child, and I am sure that is true.

(beat)

But given its position as the most violent, corrupt and incompetent police department this side of the Rocky Mountains, that's not saying a great deal.

There's APPLAUSE and cheering from the pews. He lets it pass.

REV. BRIEGLEB

Every day, new bodies show up along Mulholland, or in ditches, the work of Police Chief James Davis and his so-called "gun squad." Every day the needs of honest citizens are put second to greed and personal gain. Every day, the city sinks deeper into a cesspool of fear, intimidation and corruption. Once the City of Angels, Los Angeles is now a place where our protectors have become our brutalizers...where to be the law...is to be above the law...where none dare speak truth to power.

(beat)

But we will not be silent. We will continue to put their offenses and their failures in full view of the public. We will not be intimidated.

The place erupts into applause and cheering.

# Dad inside a baked potato

Christopher Durang

“Laughing Wild”

Scene 6

1 minute monologue – Man adult.

The other night I dreamt my father was inside a baked potato. Isn't that strange? I was very startled to see him there, and I started to be afraid other people would see where my father was, and how small he was, so I kept trying to close the baked potato, but I guess the potato was hot, cause he'd start to cry when I'd shut the baked potato, so then I didn't know what to do. I thought of sending the whole plate back to the kitchen – tell the cook there's a person in my baked potato – but then I felt such guilt at deserting my father that I just sat there at the table and cried. He cried, too. Then the waiter brought dessert, which was devil's food cake with mocha icing, and I ate that. Then I woke up, very hungry. I told my therapist about the dream, and he said that the baked potato represented either the womb or where I tried to put my father during the Oedipal conflict – “what Oedipal conflict?” I always say to him, “I won, hands down.” And then my therapist said my father cried because he was unhappy, and that I dreamt about the cake because I was hungry. I think my therapist is an idiot. Maybe I should just have gurus. Or find a nutritionist. But what I'm doing now isn't working.



**DR. STRANGELOVE**

**General Ripper:** Do you realize that in addition to fluoridating water, why, there are studies underway to fluoridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk, ice cream? Ice cream, Mandrake? Children's ice cream!...You know when fluoridation began?...1946. 1946, Mandrake. How does that coincide with your post-war Commie conspiracy, huh? It's incredibly obvious, isn't it? A foreign substance is introduced into our precious bodily fluids without the knowledge of the individual, and certainly without any choice. That's the way your hard-core Commie works. I first became aware of it, Mandrake, during the physical act of love...Yes, a profound sense of fatigue, a feeling of emptiness followed. Luckily I was able to interpret these feelings correctly. Loss of essence. I can assure you it has not recurred, Mandrake. Women...women sense my power, and they seek the life essence. I do not avoid women, Mandrake...but I do deny them my essence.

## **Gladiator**

written by David H. Franzoni, John Logan, and William Nicholson

Commodus: You wrote to me once, listing the four chief virtues. Wisdom, justice, fortitude, temperance. As I read the list, I knew I had none of them. But I have other virtues, Father.

Ambition. That can be a virtue when it drives us to excel. Resourcefulness. Courage....perhaps not on the battlefield but there are many forms of courage. Devotion, to my family and to you. But none of my virtues were on your list. Even then, it was as if you didn't want me for your son. I search the faces of the Gods for ways to please you, to make you proud....yet I can never do it.

One kind word, one full hug where you pressed me to your chest and held me tight would have been like the sun on my heart for a thousand years... What is it in me that you hate so much? All I have ever wanted was to live up to you. Caesar. Father.

## GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

Let me have your attention for a moment. Cause your talking about what? Your talking about, bitching about that sale you shot? Some son of a bitch don't wanna buy land? Somebody don't want what your sellin'? Some broad you wanna screw? Lets talk about something else, lets talk about something important. They all here?

Well I'm going anyway.

Put that coffee down. Coffee's for closers only.

You think I'm fucking with you?

I am not fucking with you.

I'm here from down town. I'm here from mitch and murray. And I'm here on a mission of mercy. Your names levine? You call yourself a salesman you son of a bitch?

-I don't gotta listen to this shit

you certainly don't pal! Cause the good news is, your fired.

The bad news is you've got, all you've got one week to regain your jobs. Starting with tonights Sit!

Oh, have I got your attention now?

Good. Cause we're adding something, a little something to this months sales contest. As you all know first prize is a caddilac eldorado, anyone wanna see second prize?

Second prize is a set of steak knives.

Third place is your fired.

You get the picture?

You laughing now?

You got leads. Mich and murray paid good money. Get their names to Sell them! You can't close the leads your given you can't close shit, you are shit! Hit the breaks pal, and beat it cause you are going out!.

-the leads are weak

the leads are weak. Fucking leads are weak. Your weak. I've been in this business for 15 years

-whats your name

fuck you thats my name! You know why mister? You drove a fucking honda to get here tonight, I drove an 80,000 dollar BMW. That's my name.

And your name is your wanting, you can't play in the mans game? You can't close then? Then go home and tell your wife your troubles. Because only one things counts in this life, get them to sign on the line that is doted! You hear me you fucking faggots/

ABC

A always

B be

C Closer

Always be Closing

ALWAYS BE CLOSING

## A I D A

Attention  
Interest  
Decision  
Action

Attention! DO I have your attention

Interest. Are you interested, I know you are, because its fuck or walk. You close or you hit the bricks.

Decision! Have you made your decision for christ?

And action.

## AIDA

get out there.

you got your prospects coming in. You think they came in to get out of the rain?

Guy doesn't come into the lot unless they want to buy. They're sitting out there waiting to give you their money! Are you gonna take it? Are you man enough to take it?

what's the problem pal, you moss

-your such a hero, your so rich, how come your wasting you time coming down here with a bunch of bums.

You see this watch? You see this watch? That watch costs more than your car. I made 975 thousand dollars last year. How much did you make? You see pal? That's who I am, and you're nothing. Nice guy? I don't give a shit. Good father? Fuck you! Go home and play with your kids.

You wanna work here? CLOSE! You think this is abuse? You think this is abuse you cock sucker? You can't take this? How can you take the abuse you get on a sit!?! You don't like it... leave.

I can go out there, tonight, with all the materials you got, and make 15 thousand dollars. Tonight, in two hours, can you? Can you?

Go and do likewise. AIDA, get mad you son of a bitch, GET MAD.

You know what it takes to sell real estate? It take Brass Balls to sell real estate.

Go and do likewise gents. The money's out there, pick it up, its yours. You don't I got no sympathy for you. You wanna go out on those tips tonight and close, CLOSE its yours, if not you'll be shining my shoes.

And you know what you'll be sayin' bunch of losers sitting around in a bar, you'll say, Oh yeah, I used to be a salesman, its a tuff raquet.

These are the new leads. Theses are the glen gary leads, and to you their gold and you don't get them.

Why? Cause to give them to you is just throwing them away. Their for closers.

I wish you good luck but you wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it.

And to answer your question pal? Why am I here?

I came here because mitch and murray asked me here. They asked me for a favor.

I said the real favor, the real favor is to follow my advice is to fire your ass, cause a loser is a loser.

## Good Will Hunting

Will:

Say I'm working at NSA. Somebody puts a code on my desk, somethin' no one can break. So I take a shot at it and maybe I break it. And I go home real happy with my self 'cause I did my job right. But maybe that code was the secret location of some rebel army base in North Africa or the Middle East. Once they have that location, they bomb the village where the rebels were hiding and fifteen hundred people I never had a problem with get killed. Now the politicians are sayin' send in the Marines to secure the area 'cause they don't give a shit. It won't be their kid over there gettin' shot. Just like it wasn't them when their number got pulled 'cause they were pullin' a tour in the National Guard. It'll be some guy from Southie takin' shrapnel in the ass. And when he comes home he finds the plant he used to work at just got exported to the country he got back from. And the guy who put the shrapnel in his ass got his old job 'cause he'll work for fifteen cents a day and no bathroom breaks. Meanwhile, my buddy from Southie realizes the only reason he was over there was so we could install a government that would sell us oil at a good price. And of course, the oil companies use the skirmish to scare up oil prices so they could turn a quick buck. A cute little ancillary benefit for them but it ain't helping my buddy at two-fifty a gallon. And naturally they're taking their sweet time bringin' the oil back, and maybe even took the liberty of hiring an alcoholic skipper who likes to drink martinis and play slalom with icebergs, and it ain't too long 'til he hits one, spills the oil and kills all the sea life in the North Atlantic. So my buddy's out of work and he can't afford to drive, so he's got to walk to the job interviews, which sucks 'cause the shrapnel in his ass is givin' him chronic hemorrhoids. And meanwhile he's starvin' 'cause every time he tries to get a bite to eat the only blue plate special they're servin' is North Atlantic scrud with Quaker State.

So what do I think? I'm holding out for somethin' better. I figure I'll eliminate the middleman. Why not just shoot my buddy, take his job and give it to his sworn enemy, hike up gas prices, bomb a village, club a baby seal, hit the hash pipe and join the National Guard? Christ, I could be elected president.

## GOOD WILL HUNTING (2)

SEAN

I was thinking about what you said to me the other day, about my painting. I stayed up half the night thinking about it and then something occurred to me and I fell into a deep peaceful sleep and haven't thought about you since. You know what occurred to me?

WILL

No.

SEAN

You're just a boy. You don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about.

WILL

Why thank you.

SEAN

You've never been out of Boston.

WILL

No.

SEAN

So if I asked you about art you could give me the skinny on every art book ever written...Michelangelo? You know a lot about him I bet. Life's work, criticisms, political aspirations. But you couldn't tell me what it smells like in the Sistine Chapel. You've never stood there and looked up at that beautiful ceiling. And if I asked you about women I'm sure you could give me a syllabus of your personal favorites, and maybe you've been laid a few times too. But you couldn't tell me how it feels to wake up next to a woman and be truly happy. If I asked you about war you could refer me to a bevy of fictional and non-fictional material, but you've never been in one. You've never held your best friend's head in your lap and watched him draw his last breath, looking to you for help. And if I asked you about love I'd get a sonnet, but you've never looked at a woman and been truly vulnerable. Known that someone could kill you with a look. That someone could rescue you from grief. That God had put an angel on Earth just for you. And you wouldn't know how it felt to be her angel. To have the love be there for her forever.

Through anything, through cancer. You wouldn't know about sleeping sitting up in a hospital room for two months holding her hand and not leaving because the doctors could see in your eyes that the term "visiting hours" didn't apply to you. And you wouldn't know about real loss, because that only occurs when you lose something you love more than yourself, and you've never dared to love anything that much. I look at you and I don't see an intelligent confident man, I don't see a peer, and I don't see my equal. I see a boy. Nobody could possibly understand you, right Will? Yet you presume to know so much about me because of a painting you saw. You must know everything about me. You're an orphan, right?

Will nods quietly.

SEAN (cont'd)

Do you think I would presume to know the first thing about who you are because I read "Oliver Twist?" And I don't buy the argument that you don't want to be here, because I think you like all the attention you're getting. Personally, I don't care. There's nothing you can tell me that I can't read somewhere else. Unless we talk about your life. But you won't do that. Maybe you're afraid of what you might say.

Sean stands,

SEAN (cont'd)

It's your move Chief.

And walks away.



## GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

**John Prentice:** You listen to me. You say you don't want to tell me how to live my life. So what do you think you've been doing? You tell me what rights I've got or haven't got, and what I owe to you for what you've done for me. Let me tell you something. I owe you nothing! If you carried that bag a million miles, you did what you're supposed to do! Because you brought me into this world. And from that day you owed me everything you could ever do for me like I will owe my son if I ever have another. But you don't own me! You can't tell me when or where I'm out of line, or try to get me to live my life according to your rules. You don't even know what I am, Dad, you don't know who I am. You don't know how I feel, what I think. And if I tried to explain it the rest of your life you will never understand. You are 30 years older than I am. You and your whole lousy generation believes the way it was for you is the way it's got to be. And not until your whole generation has lain down and died will the dead weight be off our backs! You understand, you've got to get off my back! Dad... Dad, you're my father. I'm your son. I love you. I always have and I always will. But you think of yourself as a colored man. I think of myself as a man.

## GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

**Matt:** Now it became clear that we had one single day in which to make up our minds as to how we felt about this whole situation. So what happened? My wife typically enough decided to simply ignore every practical aspect of the situation, and was carried in some kind of romantic haze which made her in my view totally inaccessible to anything in the way of reason.

Now I have not as yet referred to His Reverence, who began by forcing his way into the situation, and insulted my intelligence by mouthing 300 platitudes and ending just a half hour ago by coming up to my room and challenging me to a wrestling match.

Now, Mr. Prentice, clearly a most reasonable man, says he has no wish to offend me, but wants to know if I'm some kind of a nut. And Mrs. Prentice says, that like her husband, that I'm a burnt out old shell of a man, who cannot even remember what its like to love a woman the way her son loves my daughter ... and strange as it seems, that's the first statement made to me all day with which I'm prepared to take issue. Cause I think you're wrong. You're as wrong as you can be.

I admit that I hadn't considered it, hadn't even thought about it but I know exactly how he feels about her, and there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that your son feels for my daughter that I didn't feel for Christina. Old? Yes. Burnt out? Certainly. But I can tell you the memories are still there -- clear, intact, indestructible. And they'll be there if I live to be 110. Where John made his mistake I think was attaching so much importance to what her mother and I might think. 'Cause in the final analysis it doesn't matter a damn what we think the only thing that matters is what they feel, and how much they feel for each other. And if it's half of what we felt ... that's everything.

## HARVEY

**Elwood:** Well, actually, there was a rather interesting coincidence on that, Doctor. One night, several years ago, I was walking early in the evening down on Fairfax Street between 18th and 19th. I had just put Ed Hickey into a taxi--Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin, and...I just felt that he needed conveying. Well, anyway, I was walking down along the street, and I heard this voice saying, "Good evening, Mister Dowd." Well, I turned around, and here was this big 6-foot-tall rabbit leaning up against a lamppost. Well, I thought nothing of that, since when you've lived in a town as long as I've lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everyone knows your name. So naturally, I went over to chat with him. And he said to me, he said, 'Ed Hickey was a bit spiffed this evening, or could I be mistaken?' Well, of course, he was *\*not\** mistaken. I think the world and all of Ed, but he was *\*spiffed\**. Well, we talked like that for awhile, and then I said to him, I said, "You have the advantage on me. You know my name, and I don't know yours." And right back at me, he said, "What name do you like?" Well, I didn't have to think twice about that. Harvey's always been my favorite name. So I said to him, I said, "Harvey." And --this is the interesting thing about the whole thing--he said, "What a coincidence. My name happens to be Harvey."

**HEATHERS**

**JD:** Can't believe you did it! I was teasing. I loved you! Sure, I was coming up here to kill you... First I was gonna try and get you back with my amazing petition. It's a shame you can't see what our fellow students really signed. Listen "We, students at Westerburg High will die. Today. Our buring bodies will be the ultimate protest to a society that degrades us. F#@k you all!" It's not very subtle, but neither is blowing up a whole school, now is it? Talk about your suicide pacts, eh? When our school blows up tomorrow, it's gonna be the kind of thing that affects a whole generation! It'll be the Woodstock for the 80's! Damn it Veronica! We could have roasted marshmallows together!

## HIGH FIDELITY

### INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rob is surrounded by stacks of records on the floor. He looks to camera.

ROB

I'm reorganizing my records tonight. It's something I do in times of emotional distress. When Laura was here I had them in alphabetical order, before that, chronologically. Tonight, though, I'm trying to put them in the order in which I bought them. That way I can write my own autobiography without picking up a pen. Pull them all off the shelves, look for Revolver and go from there. I'll be able to see how I got from Deep Purple to The Soft Boys in twenty-five moves. What I really like about my new system is that it makes me more complicated than I am. To find anything you have to be me, or at the very least a doctor in Rob-ology. If you wanna find Landslide by Fleetwood Mac you have to know that I bought it for someone in the fall of 1983 and then didn't give it to them for personal reasons. But you don't know any of that, do you? You would have to ask me to--

The phone rings again. Rob picks it up.

ROB

Yeah?

MOM

Hi, Rob. It's your mother.

Rob deflates a bit.

ROB

Hi, Mom.

MOM

Everything all right?

ROB

Great. Super-fantastic.

MOM

How's the store?

ROB

So so. Up and down.

MOM

Your lucky Laura's doing so well.  
If it wasn't for her, I don't think  
either of us would ever sleep...

Rob holds his lips together with thumb and forefinger, but  
succumbs --

ROB

She left. She's gone.

MOM

What do you mean? Where did she go?

ROB

How would I know? Gone. Girlfriend.  
Leave. Not say where gone. Laura  
move out.

MOM

We'll call her mother.

ROB

She just called. She doesn't even  
know. It's probably the last time  
I'll ever hear her voice. That's  
weird, isn't it? You spend Christmas  
at somebody's house, you know, and  
you worry about their operations and  
you see them in their bathrobe, and...  
I dunno...

Silence.

ROB

There'll be another mom and another  
Christmas. Right?

Silence... More silence.

ROB

Hello? Anybody there?

THE SOUND OF SOFT CRYING

ROB

I'm all right, if that's what's  
upsetting you.

MOM

You know that's not what's upsetting  
me.

ROB

Well it fucking should be, shouldn't  
it?

MOM

I knew this would happen. What are  
you going to do Rob?

ROB

I'm going to drink this bottle of  
wine watch TV and go to bed. Then  
tomorrow I'll get up and go to work.

MOM

And after that?

ROB

Meet a nice girl and have children.  
I promise the next time we talk I'll  
have it all sorted out.

MOM

I knew this was going to happen.

ROB

Then what are you getting so upset  
about?

MOM

What did Laura say? Do you know why  
she left?

ROB

It's got nothing to do with marriage,  
if that's what you're getting at.

MOM

So you say. I'd like to hear her side of it.

ROB

Mom! For the last fucking time, I'm telling you Laura didn't want to get married! She is not that kind of girl! To use a phrase. That's not what happens now.

MOM

Well I don't know what happens now, apart from you meet someone, you move in, she goes. You meet someone, you move in, she goes.

Silence. Rob busted.

ROB

Shut up, Mom.

Rob hangs up the phone. He fills up his glass again, takes a swig, and slumps into a chair. If there was any wind left in Rob, it just got knocked out. After a moment, he gets to his feet, grabs his jacket and heads out the door.



## In the Line of Fire

Frank, I hope you don't mind me calling you at the office. I was in the neighborhood. (No, why don't you drop by?). I'd love to drop by, Frank. Let me take some time to welcome those who are joining us late in the Secret Service Headquarters. I'd love to drop by. I'd like it a lot. By the way, I'm watching your movie. (Movie?) November, 1963 Kennedy's last days, the arrival in Texas. It must have been exciting for you. Dallas, that morning at Love Field. You all look so radiant: JFK, Jackie and you. You look so young and able. What did happen to you that day? Only one agent reacted to the gunfire and you were closer to Kennedy than he was. You must have looked up at the window of the Texas Book Depository but you didn't react. Late at night, when the demons come do you see the rifle coming out of that window or do you see Kennedy's head being blown apart? If you'd reacted to that first shot could you have gotten there in time to stop the big bullet? If you had, that could have been your head being blown apart. Do you wish you'd succeeded or is life too precious? I have that "Esquire" magazine article on the tenth anniversary about you and all the other agents that were there that day. So sad how your wife left you and took your little daughter. You were so forthright about your drinking problem and the fact that you weren't easy to live with. I was so moved by your honesty. The world can be a cruel place to an honest man Frank. We've got so much in common. (We do? Like what?). We're both willing to trade our lives for the president. We're both honest and capable men who were betrayed by people we trusted. (I wasn't betrayed, Booth). Sure you were. The Warren Commission's report on the assassination, they called your procedure "seriously deficient." They criticized you and the other agents who were out drinking late the night before as though Kennedy would be alive today if you'd been in bed at 10:00 p.m. That's ludicrous. (Maybe they were right). NO, as a matter of fact, they weren't right. You wanted to station agents on his bumpers and sideboards. He refused. Do you know why I think he refused? I think he refused because he had a death wish. He talked all the time about being assassinated. His favorite poem was "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" which is not a good poem. I think he wanted to die. I think he didn't care that his death would ruin your life. I think he was a selfish bastard. But what do you think? (What about you Booth? Who betrayed you?). Who betrayed me? Some of the same people. But I'm gonna get even. I'll have my day in the sun. The question is: Will you have yours? I think you're in for a lot more pain. You were JFK's favorite agent, the best and the brightest. But that was along time ago. John F. Kennedy said all someone needs is a willingness to trade his life for the president's. Right? I'm willing. Fate has brought us together. I just can't get over the irony.(What irony?) You being intimately involved with the assassinations of two presidents. The same government that trained me to kill, trained you to protect. Yet now you want to kill me, while I am willing to protect you. They'll write books about us. (I know who you are, Leary). Leary? You know my name? How did you figure that one out? I'm glad, Frank. Friends should be able to call each other by name. (We're not friends). Sure we are friends. (I've seen what you do to friends). What's that supposed to mean? (You slit your friend's throat). You talked to Coppinger? (Yeah, that's right). Did you delouse? The man's a professional liar. (I saw the photos). No, you saw what he wanted you to see. You didn't see what you couldn't possibly know. They sent my best friend, my comrade in arms to my home to kill me! (Your voice is shaking). I never lied to you, and I never will! I want

you of all people to understand. (Why should I understand?). Why should you understand? We both used to think this country was a very special place! (You don't know what I used to think). You know about me? Do you have any idea what I've done for God and country? Some pretty fucking horrible things! I don't even remember who I was before they sunk their claws into me. (They made you into a real monster). Yes they made me into a monster and now they want to destroy me because we can't have monsters roaming the quiet countryside. (What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?). I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president. (That's not going to happen. I'm on to you). Fuck you. I am willing to trade my life for his. I am smart and willing, and that is all it takes. That president is coming home from California in a fucking box. (Where in California?). You want the address? Come on. I'll keep you in the game, but I'm not going to throw it for you. (Give yourself up. We can work something out). Fuck you. Don't fucking lie to me. I have a rendezvous with death. And so does the president. So do you, if you get too close to me. (You have a rendezvous with my ass, mother fucker!) Do you know how easily I could kill you? Do you know how many times I've watched you go in and out of that apartment? You're alive because I have allowed you to live. So you show me some goddamn respect!

## JAWS

Quint (Robert Shaw) - "Japanese submarine slammed two torpedoes into her side, Chief. We was comin' back from the island of Tinian to Leyte. We'd just delivered the bomb. The Hiroshima bomb. Eleven hundred men went into the water. Vessel went down in 12 minutes.

Didn't see the first shark for about a half-hour. Tiger. 13-footer. You know how you know that in the water, Chief? You can tell by lookin' from the dorsal to the tail. What we didn't know, was that our bomb mission was so secret, no distress signal had been sent. They didn't even list us overdue for a week. Very first light, Chief, sharks come cruisin' by, so we formed ourselves into tight groups. It was sorta like you see in the calendars, you know the infantry squares in the old calendars like the Battle of Waterloo and the idea was the shark come to the nearest man, that man he starts poundin' and hollerin' and sometimes that shark he go away... but sometimes he wouldn't go away.

Sometimes that shark looks right at ya. Right into your eyes. And the thing about a shark is he's got lifeless eyes. Black eyes. Like a doll's eyes. When he comes at ya, he doesn't even seem to be livin'... 'til he bites ya, and those black eyes roll over white and then... ah then you hear that terrible high-pitched screamin'. The ocean turns red, and despite all your poundin' and your hollerin' those sharks come in and... they rip you to pieces.

You know by the end of that first dawn, lost a hundred men. I don't know how many sharks there were, maybe a thousand. I do know how many men, they averaged six an hour. Thursday mornin', Chief, I bumped into a friend of mine, Herbie Robinson from Cleveland. Baseball player. Boson's mate. I thought he was asleep. I reached over to wake him up. He bobbed up, down in the water, he was like a kinda top. Upended. Well, he'd been bitten in half below the waist.

At noon on the fifth day, a Lockheed Ventura swung in low and he spotted us, a young pilot, lot younger than Mr. Hooper here, anyway he spotted us and a few hours later a big ol' fat PBY come down and started to pick us up. You know that was the time I was most frightened. Waitin' for my turn. I'll never put on a lifejacket again. So, eleven hundred men went into the water. 316 men come out, the sharks took the rest, June the 29th, 1945.

Anyway, we delivered the bomb."

## **Jerry Maguire**

written by Cameron Crowe

Jerry: Hello. Hello. I'm looking for my wife.

Dorothy looks up, robbed of words. Stunned, she does not move and looks quite apprehensive.

Jerry: Wait. Okay, okay. Okay. If this is where it has to happen, then this is where it has to happen. I'm not letting you get rid of me. How about that? This used to be my specialty. You know, I was good in the living room. They'd send me in there, I'd do it alone. And now I just... I don't know. But tonight, our little project, our company, had a very big night. A very, very big night. But it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice, or laugh about it with you. I missed my wife. We live in a cynical world, a cynical, cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors. I love you. You complete me. And if I just had...

Dorothy: (interrupting) Shut up. Just shut up ... You had me at hello. You had me at hello.

JFK

**JIM**

The Official Legend is created and the media takes it from there. The glitter of official lies and the epic splendor of the thought-numbing funeral of J.F.K. confuse the eye and confound the understanding. Hitler always said "the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it." Lee Oswald - a crazed, lonely man who wanted attention and got it by killing a President, was only the first in a long line of patsies. In later years Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King, men whose commitment to change and to peace would make them dangerous to men who are committed to war, would follow, also killed by such "lonely, crazed men," who remove our guilt by making murder a meaningless act of a loner. We have all become Hamlets in our country - children of a slain father - leader whose killers still possess the throne. The ghost of John F. Kennedy confronts us with the secret murder at the heart of the American dream. He forces on us the appalling questions: Of what is our Constitution made? What is our citizenship, and more, our lives worth? What is the future of a democracy where a President can be assassinated under conspicuously suspicious circumstances while the machinery of legal action scarcely trembles? How many political murders, disguised as heart attacks, cancer, suicides, airplane and car crashes, drug overdoses will occur before they are exposed for what they are?

Liz watches, moved. Susie, Al and Numa are also there for the summation. Even Lou Ivon has come back to support his friend.

**JIM**

"Treason doth never prosper," wrote an English poet, "What's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason." The generals who sent Dreyfus to Devils Island were among the most honorable men in France, the men who killed Caesar were among the most honorable men in Rome. And the men who killed Kennedy, no doubt, were honorable men. I believe we

have reached a time in our country, similar to what life must've been like under Hitler in the 30's, except we don't realize it because Fascism in our country takes the benign disguise of liberal democracy. There won't be such familiar signs as swastikas. We won't build Dachaus and Auschwitzes. We're not going to wake up one morning and suddenly find ourselves in gray uniforms goose - stepping off to work ... "Fascism will come," Huey Long once said. "in the name of anti-fascism" - it will come in the name of your security - they call it "National Security," it will come with the mass media manipulating a clever concentration camp of the mind. The super state will provide you tranquility above the truth, the super state will make you believe you are living in the best of all possible worlds, and in order to do so will rewrite history as it sees fit. George Orwell's Ministry of Truth warned us, "Who controls the past, controls the future."

The camera follows Jim around the courtroom.

**JIM**

The American people have yet to see the Zapruder film. Why? The American people have yet to see the real photographs and X - rays of the autopsy. Why? There are hundreds of documents that could help prove this conspiracy. Why have they been withheld or burned by the Government? Each time my office or you the people have asked those questions, demanded crucial evidence, the answer from on high has been "national security." What kind of "national security" do we have when we have been robbed of our leaders? Who determines our "national security"? What "national security" permits the removal of fundamental power from the hands of the American people and validates the ascendancy of invisible government in the United States? That kind of "national security," gentlemen of the jury, is when it smells like it, feels like it, and looks like it, you call it what it is - it's Fascism! I submit to you that what took place on November 22, 1963 was a coup

d'etat. Its most direct and tragic result was a reversal of President Kennedy's commitment to withdraw from Vietnam. War is the biggest business in America worth \$80 billion a year. The President was murdered by a conspiracy planned in advance at the highest levels of the United States government and carried out by fanatical and disciplined Cold Warriors in the Pentagon and CIA's covert operations apparatus - among them Clay Shaw here before you. It was a public execution and it was covered up by like - minded individuals in the Dallas Police Department, the Secret Service, the FBI, and the White House - all the way up to and including J. Edgar Hoover and Lyndon Johnson, whom I consider accomplices after the fact.

The camera holds on onlookers shuffling and murmuring. Clay Shaw smirks, smoking his cigarette. The very grandiosity of the charge works in his favor. Jim is falling apart from built - up strain and fatigue. He looks over at Liz, gathering his spirit.

**JIM (V.O.)**

There is a very simple way to determine if I am being paranoid here.

(laughter)

Let's ask the two men who have profited the most from the assassination - your former President Lyndon Baines Johnson and your new President, Richard Nixon - to release 51 CIA documents pertaining to Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby, or the secret CIA memo on Oswald's activities in Russia that was "destroyed" while being photocopied. All these documents are yours - the people's property - you pay for it, but because the government considers you children who might be too disturbed to face this reality, because you might lynch those involved, you cannot see these documents for another 75 years. I'm in my 40's, so I'll have shuffled off this mortal coil by then, but I'm already telling my 8 year - old son to keep himself physically fit so that one glorious September morning in 2038 he can walk into the National Archives and find out what the CIA and the FBI knew. They may even push it back then. It may become a

generational affair, with questions passed down from father to son, mother to daughter, in the manner of the ancient runic bards. Someday somewhere, someone might find out the damned Truth. Or we might just build ourselves a new Government like the Declaration of Independence says we should do when the old one ain't working - maybe a little farther out West.

He approaches the jury.

**JIM**

An American naturalist wrote, "a patriot must always be ready to defend his country against its government." Well, I'd hate to be in your shoes today. You have a lot to think about. Going back to when we were children, I think most of us in this courtroom thought that justice came into being automatically, that virtue was its own reward, that good would triumph over evil. But as we get older we know that this just isn't true. "The frontier is where a man faces a fact." Individual human beings have to create justice and this is not easy because truth often presents a threat to power and we have to fight power often at great risk to ourselves. People like Julia Ann Mercer, S.M. Holland, Lee Bowers, Jean Hill, and Willie O'Keefe have come forward and taken that risk.  
(he produces a stack of letters)

I have here some \$8000 in these letters sent to my office from all over the country - quarters, dimes, dollar bills from housewives, plumbers, car salesmen, teachers, invalids ... These are the people who cannot afford to send money but do, these are the ones who drive the cabs, who nurse in the hospitals, who see their kids go to Vietnam. Why? Because they care, because they want to know the truth - because they want their country back, because it belongs to us the people as long as the people got the guts to fight for what they believe in! The truth is the most important value we have because if the truth does not endure, if the Government murders truth, if you cannot respect the hearts of



these people...

(shaking the letters)

...then this is no longer the country in which we were born in and this is not the country I want to die in... And this was never more true than for John F. Kennedy whose murder was probably the most terrible moment in the history of our country. You the people, you the jury system, in sitting in judgement on Clay Shaw, represent the hope of humanity against Government power. In discharging your duty, in bringing the first conviction in this house of cards against Clay Shaw, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Do not forget your young President who forfeited his life. Show the world this is still a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Nothing as long as you live will ever be more important.

(he stares into the camera)

It's up to you.

## JOE VS THE VOLCANO

**Joe:** Don't you think I know that, Frank? Don't you think I am aware there is a woman here? I can smell her, like a flower, I can taste her like sugar on my tongue. When I'm twenty feet away, I can hear the fabric of her dress when she moves in her chair. Not that I've done anything about it; I've gone all day -- every day, not doing, not saying, not taking the chance for three hundred dollars a week. And Frank! The coffee! It stinks! It tastes like arsenic. These lights give me a headache, if they don't give you a headache, you must be dead. So let's arrange the funeral. Why, I ask myself, why have I put up with you, I can't imagine. But I know it's fear, yellow freaking fear, I've been too chickensh!t afraid to live my life so I sold it to you for three hundred freaking dollars a week. You're lucky I don't kill you. You're lucky I don't rip your freaking throat out. But I'm not going to. And maybe you're not so lucky at that. Because I'm going to leave you here, Mr. Wahoo Waturi. And what could be worse than that?! Deedee, how about dinner tonight?

THE KING OF COMEDY

INT: THE STAGE - NIGHT

Finally after what seems like an eternity, PUPKIN emerges, straightening his jacket a bit and trying to crane the kinks out of his neck. He is a bit tense but very high and in full command. As he delivers his monologue, PUPKIN is more confident, comfortable and self-assured than we have ever seen him.

PUPKIN

Good evening, ladies and gentleman.  
Let me introduce myself. My name is  
Rupert Pupkin. I was born in Clifton,  
New Jersey, which was not, at that  
time, a federal offense. (laughter)  
Is there anyone here from Clifton?  
(silence) Good. We can all relax.  
Now, I'd like to begin by saying that  
my parents were too poor to afford me  
a childhood but the fact is nobody is  
allowed to be really poor in Clifton.  
Once you fall below eleven thousand  
you're exiled to Passaic. My parents  
did, in fact, put down the first two  
payments on my childhood. Then they  
tried to return me to the hospital  
as defective. But, like everyone else  
I grew up in large part thanks to my  
mother. If she was only here today  
I'd say, "Hey, mom. What are you  
doing here? You've been dead for  
nine years?" (laughter) You should  
have seen my mother. She was wonderful  
-- blonde, beautiful, intelligent,  
alcoholic. (laughter) We used to  
drink milk together after school.  
Mine was homogenized. Hers was loaded.  
(laughter) Once she was picked up for  
speeding. They clocked her doing fifty  
-- in our garage. (laughter) When  
they tested her they found that her  
alcohol was two per cent blood. They  
took away her license and she died  
shortly afterwards. We used to joke  
together Mom and me, until the tears  
would stream down her face and she'd  
throw up. (laughter) And who would  
clean it up? Not Dad. He was too  
busy down at O'Grady's throwing up on  
his own. In fact, until I was sixteen,  
I thought throwing up was a sign of  
maturity. While the other kids were  
off in the woods sneaking cigarettes, I  
was hiding behind the house with my  
fingers down my throat. (laughter)  
I never got anywhere until one day,  
my father caught me. Just as he was

giving me a final kick in the stomach, for luck, I managed to heave all over his new shoes. "That's it," I thought. "I've made it. I'm finally a man!" (laughter) As it turned out, that was the only time my father ever paid any real attention to me. He was usually too busy out in the park playing ball with my sister, Rose. And, today thanks to those many hours of practice, my sister Rose has grown into a fine man. (laughter) Me, I wasn't especially interested in athletics. The only exercise I ever got was when the other kids picked on me. They used to beat me up once a week, usually Tuesday. After a while, the school worked it into the curriculum. And, if you knocked me out, you got extra credit. (laughter) Except there was this one kid who was afraid of me. I kept telling him, "Hit me! Hit me! What's the matter with you? Don't you want graduate?" As for me, I was the only kid in the history of the school to graduate in traction. The school nurse tucked my diploma into my sling. But my only real interest, right from the beginning, was show business. Even as a young man, I began at the very top, collecting autographs. (laughter)

PUPKIN

A lot of you are probably wondering why Jerry couldn't make it this evening. Well, he's tied up -- and I'm the one who tied him. (laughter) You think I'm joking, but that's the only way I could break into show business -- by hijacking Jerry Langford. (laughter) I'm not kidding. Right now, Jerry Langford is strapped to a bedstead somewhere in the middle of this city. (laughter) Go ahead. Laugh. But the fact is ... I'm here. Tomorrow you'll know I wasn't kidding and you'll think I was crazy. But I figured it this way: better to be King for a Night than Schmuck for a Lifetime!!! (laughter) Good night ladies and gentlemen. God bless you.

**MALICE**

This shit makes me wonder if this lawyer has any idea as to the kind of grades you need out of college to be accepted at any medical school. I don't feel you have the vaguest clue as to the amount of talent you need to be a part of a surgical team. I am board certified in cardiothoracic medicine and trauma surgery. I have been awarded seven different citations from medical boards in New England. And I am never ever sick at sea. So I ask you when someone goes into that chappel and they fall onto they knees and pray to god that their wife doesn't miss carry or that their daughter doesn't bleed to death or that their mother doesn't suffer from acute post operative shock. Who do you think they're praying to? Now, go ahead and read your bible, Dennis, and go to your church, your very likely to win your raffle, now, if you want to find god you should have been in operating room two on november 17<sup>th</sup>. And he doesn't like to be second guessed. You ask me if I have a god complex? Let me tell you something, I am god. And this side show is over.

## MOBY DICK

**Father Mapple:** And God prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. Shipmates, the sin of Jonah was in his disobedience of the command of God. He found it a hard command. And it was hard, shipmates, for all the things God would have us do are hard. We would obey God we must disobey ourselves. But Jonah still further flouts at God by seeking to flee from him, Jonah thinks that a ship, made by men will carry him into country where God does not reign. He prowls along the shipping like a vile burglar hastening to cross the seas. As he comes aboard the sailors mark him. The ship puts out. But soon the sea rebels it will not bear the wicked burden, a dreadful storm comes up, the ship is like to break, the bosun calls all hands to lighten her. Boxes, bales and jars are clattering overboard, the wind is shrieking, the men are yelling. "Fear the lord," cries Jonah, "the God of heaven who hath made the sea and the dry land." Again the sailors mark him, wretched Jonah cries out to them to cast him overboard for he knew for his sake this great tempest was upon them.

Now behold Jonah taken up as an anchor, and dropped into the sea, into the dreadful jaws awaiting him. The great whale shoots to all of his great ivory teeth like so many white bolts upon his prison, and Jonah cries unto the lord ut of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer shipmates, he doesn't weep or wail, he feels his punishment is just he leaves deliverance to God and even out of the belly of hell grounded upon the ocean's utmost bones, God heard him when he cried. God spake unto the whale from the shuddering cold and blackness of the deep the whale breached and vomited out Jonah upon the dry land and Jonah, bruised and beaten, his ears like two seashells still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean.

Jonah did the Almighty's bidding and what was that shipmates? To preach the truth in the face of falsehood, no shipmates, woe to him who seeks to pour oil on the troubled waters when God has brewed them into a gale, ye, woe to him who as the pilot Paul has it: 'while preaching to others is himself a castaway.' But delights is to him, who against the proud Gods and commodores of this earth, stands forth his own inexorable self. Who destroys all sin, though he pluck it out from under the robes of senators and judges! And eternal delight shall be his, who coming to lay him down, can say "Oh father, mortal or immortal, here I die. I've striven to be thine, more than to be this worlds or mine own. Yet this is nothing. I leave eternity to thee for what is man, if he should live out the lifetime of his God?"

## **Mr. Smith Goes to Washington**

Filibuster scene

Vice President: The chair recognizes... senator smith.

Smith: Thankyou sir.

Saunders: Diz Here we go.

Smith: Well I guess the gentlemen are in a pretty tall hurry to get me outta here. The way the evidence is piled up against me I can't blame them much. And I'm quite willing to go sir when they vote it that way, but before that happens I've got a few things I wanna say to this body...

I tried to say them once before and I got stopped colder than a macaral. Well I'd like to get them said this time. As a matter of fact I'm not gonna leave this body until I DO get them said.

Payne: President will the senator yield?

Vice President: The senator yields?

Smith: No sir, I'm afraid not! No sir. I yielded the floor once before if you can remember, and I was practically never heard of again. No sir. And we might as well all get together on this yielding business right off the bat now.

Laughing

Smith: Now, I had some pretty good coaching last night and I find that if I yield only for a question or a point of order or a personal privilege, that I can hold this floor almost until dooms day. In other words I've got a piece to speak. And blow hot or cold I'm going to speak it!

Payne: Will the senator yield?

Vice President: Will the senator Smith yield?

Smith: Yield how sir?

Payne: Will he yield for a question?

Smith: Question, All right.

Payne: I wish to ask my Junior colleague, this piece he intends to speak, does it concern section 40 of that bill, the dam on Willet Creek?

Smith: It does.

Payne: Every aspect of this matter, the gentleman's attack on that section , everything, was dealt with in committee hearings.

Smith: Mr president!

Payne: I wish ask my distinguished colleague, has he one scrap of evidence to add now to the defense he did not give and could not give at that same hearing

Smith: I have no defense to give against forged papers.

Payne: The committee ruled otherwise. The gentleman stands guilty, as charged. And I believe I speak for every member when I say that no one cares to hear what a man of his condemned character has to say about any section of any legislation before this House.

Vice President: Order, order gentleman!

Smith: Mr. President! I stand guilt as framed because section 40 is graft. And I was ready to say so, I was ready to tell you, that a certain man in my stage, Mr. James Taylor wanted to put through this dam for his own profit. A man who controls a political machine! And controls everything else worth controlling in my state. Yes and a man even powerful enough to control a congressman. And I saw three of them in his room the day I went to see him.

Payne: Will the senator yield?

Smith: I will NOT yield! This same man, James Taylor, came down here, and offered me a seat in this senate for the next 20 years if I voted for a dam that he knew and I knew was a fraud. But if I dared to open my mouth against that dam, he promised to break me in two. Alright, I got up here and I started to open my mouth and the long and powerful arm of Mr. James Taylor reached into this sacred chamber and grabbed me by the scruff of the neck.

Payne: Mr. President a point of order.

Saunders is waving NO!!

Smith: Mr. President.

Vice President: The senator Payne will state it.

Payne: It was I who rose in this chamber to accuse him. He is saying I carried out criminal orders on falsified evidence!

Smith: NO!

Payne: He has imputed to me conduct unworthy a senator, and I demand that he yield the floor.

Smith: Mr. President I did not say that Senator Paine was one of the congressmen in that room.

Payne: I was in that room!

Talking and mumbling.

Vice President: Order gentlemen.

Payne: I accuse this man. By his tone, by his careful denials, he is deliberately trying to plant



damaging impressions on my conduct. I'll tell you why we were in that room. Because Mr. Taylor, a respected citizen of our state, had brought with him the evidence against this man, and we were urging him to resign. WHY? TO avoid bringing disgrace upon a clean and honorable state. But he refused!

Smith: Mr. President, have I the floor.

Payne: There is only one answer to a man like him. The truth, which I rose and gave to this body. Mr President. He is trying to blackmail this senate as he tried to blackmail me. To prevent his expulsion, he'll even try to hold up this deficiency bill, vital to the country which must be passed immediately. Today.

Smith: Have I the floor Mr president!?

Payne: I have lost all patience with this brazen character. I apologize to this body for his appointment. I regret I ever knew him. I'm sick and tired of this contemptible young man. And I refuse to stay here, and listen to him any longer. And I hope every member of this body feels as I do.

Senators: Get off the floor!

Senators: yield the floor!

Vice President: Gentlemen, Gentlemen PLEASE ADDRESS THE CHAIR!

Senator Guy: Mr. President, what does this man want of this body?

Smith: I'll tell you what I want, sir. I want a chance to talk to the people who'll believe me. The people of my state, they know me, and they know Mr. Taylor. When they hear my story they'll rise up, and they'll kick Mr. Taylors machine to kingdom come. Now I want one week to go back there and bring you proof that I'm right. In the meantime I want this senate's promise that I will not be expelled and the deficiency bill will not be passed.

Senator Guy: Will the senator yield?

Smith: For a question.

Senator Guy: Has the gentleman, the effrontery to stand, convicted and in disgrace. And try to force postponement of the Deficiency Bill?

Smith: For one week.

Senator Guy2: Mr. President. I appeal to the senator. Is he fully aware that this bill has been months in both houses, delayed and delayed? Why millions will be without food and shelter. Public works will be at a standstill!

Senator Guy3: Are we going to keep relieve from the country?

Smith: The people of my stage need permanent relief from crooked men riding their backs.

Senator Guy4: Mr. President. If the senate yields to this sort of blackmail at this time to this man, it'll become a laughing stock.

Senator Guy: It is an insult to this body to have to listen. An insult to our colleague, Senator Paine. I, for one, will follow the senator's example, and refuse to remain in this chamber as long as that man holds the floor.

All the senators start to leave.

Smith: Alright Mr. President, I guess I'll have to speak to the people of my state from right here. And I'll tell you one thing, wild horses won't drag me off this floor until those people have heard everything I've got to say, even if it takes all winter!!!

Smith pulls out a coffee mug thing, an apple, and a sandwich, and a bag of doughnuts.

Laughing

Smith: Well Mr. President, we seem to be alone. I'm not complaining for social reason, it's just I think it'd be a pity if these gentlemen missed any of this. And ....

Saunders is waving her hand. Saunders points at the rule and regulation book for the senate. Saunders motions with her hand, 5-3

Smith: I call the chairs attention to (looks at Saunders again) to rule 5 of the standing rules of the senate, section-section three. If it shall be found that a quorum is not present, a majority of the senators present--- and that looks like me,

Laughing

Smith: Uh, uhh, --may direct the sergeant at arms to request, and if necessary, compel the attendance of the absent senators. Well, Mr. President, I so direct.

Vice President: The absence of a quorum is being suggested. Bring the call to quorum.

Smith: There's no hurry Mr. President, I've got plenty of time.

Someone off stage : Call to quorum!  
Senators come back in.

Vice President: The clerk will call the roll.

Time passage.

Smith: "and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of--" Well it looks like the night shift's coming on.

Laughing.

Vice President: The Senator will please suspend until order is restored.

Smith: ahh Life liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And the secure these rights, governments are

instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed that whenever any for of government become destructive to these ends, it is the right and order of these people to abolish it.

(looks at another senator) how am I doin'?

Laughing

Time passage.

Smith: I always get a great kick outta that part of the declaration of independence. Now you're not gonna have a country that can make these kinda rules work if you havn't got men that have learned to tell human rights from a punch in the nose. It's a funny thing about men, you know, they are start life being boys, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of these senators were boys once. And that's why it seemed like a pretty good idea, I mean to get boys out of crowded cities, and stuffy basements for a couple of months out of the year. And build their bodies and minds for man sized jobs, because those boys are going to be behind this desk some of these days. And that seemed like a pretty good idea, getting boys from all over the country, boys of all nationalities and ways of living. Getting them together, let them find out what makes different people tick the way they do. Because I wouldn't give you 2 cents for all you fancy rules, if behind them they didn't have a little plain ordinary everyday kindness. And a little looking out for the other fellow too.

Applause.

Smith: That's pretty important, all that. Its just the blood and bone and sinew of this democracy that some great man handed down to the human race, that's all! But of course if you've got to built a dam where that boys camp outta be, to get graft to pay off some political army or something, that's a different thing! Oh no. If you think I'm going back there and tell those boys in my state and say "Look, fellows forget about it. Forget all this stuff I've been telling you about land you live in, its all a lot of houey. This isn't your country, it belongs to a lot of James Taylors". Oh no, not me. And anybody here thinks I'd do that, they got another thing coming.

Smith whisles or something.  
All senators turn around.

Smith: Oh that's alright, I just wanted to see if you still had faces.

Laughing.

Smith: Oh, I'm sorry gentlemen, I know I'm being disrespectful to this honorable body. I know that, I-- A guy like me should never be allowed to get in here in the first place, I know that. And I hate to stand here and try your patience like this, but I--- either I'm dead right of I'm crazy.

Senator guy: You wouldn't care to put that to a vote would you senator?

Senator guy2: Will the senator yield for a question.

Smith: I yield.

Senator Guy 2: In view of the gentleman's touching concern for the senators, and in view of the fact

he's been talking for 7 and a one half hours, and must be very very tired, would he permit a motion to recess until the morning? At which time he may be better able to continue with his profound babblings.

Saunders motions no, then points at the president and says ask him.

Smith: Uh, mr. President, what happens to me in the morning, I mean about my having this floor to go on with my babblings?

Vice president: If the senator permits this motion for a recess, he won't have the floor in the morning, to babble with or anything else. Unless he is recognized first by this chair.

Smith: Uh huh. As I was saying gentlemen...

Commotion

Smith: I'm either dead right or I'm crazy. And I feel fine.

A clerk person comes up to smith.

Smith: What have you got dick.

The clerk has a go Smith button on this shirt.

Clerk: Its from miss saunders.

Smith:oh.

Smith reads the letter, it says, " Your wonderful, press boys all with you. Read the constitution next very slow.

Diz says I'm in love with you.

Ps. he's right.

Senator Guy: Is the senator yielding the floor?

Smith: Yield? Oh no! Oh no, hey I feel fine. The constitution of the united states.

Commotion.

Smith: Page one top left hand corner, we the people of the united states in order to form a more perfect union.

Time passage.

Every bodies asleep.

Smith:... charity wanteth not itself. Is not propped up and now, abideth faith. Hope, charity, these three, the greatest of these is charity...

time passage

Smith: There's no compromise with truth. That's all I got up on this floor to say. When was it, A year ago it seems like. They're listening to him, anything might happen now. Just get up off the ground, that's all I ask! Get up there with that lady that's on top of this capitol dome. That lady that stands for liberty. Take a look at this country through her eyes if you really want to see something. But you won't just see scenery. You'll see the whole parade of what man's carved out for himself after years of fighting. And fighting for something better than just jungle law. Fighting so's he can stand on his own two feet, free and decent, like he was created. No matter what his race color or creed. That's what you'd see. There's no place out there for graft or greed or lies. Or compromise with human liberties. And if that's what grownups have done with this world that was given to them, then we better get those boy's camps started fast and see what the kids can do. And it's not too late. Because this country is bigger than the Taylors, or you or me or anything else. Great principles don't get lost once they come to light. They're right here. You just have to see them again.

Senator Payne walks in.

Payne: Mr. President, will the Senator yield for a question?

Vice President: Will the Senator yield for his colleague?

Smith: Yes sir, I yield for a question.

Payne: The senator has said he is speaking to the people of his state. He has been waiting as he so frantically puts it, that they will marching out here in droves. Would the gentleman be interested in what those people have to say?

Smith: Yes sir, you bet I would.

Payne: Mr. President, have I the permission to being into this chamber, the response from my state?

Vice President: Is there an objection? You may proceed senator.

Payne walks off and comes back in with a few clerks and three large bags of letters.

Payne: There it is, there is the gentleman's answer. Telegrams. 50,000 of them. Demanding that he yield this floor. I invite the senate to read them. I invite my colleague to read them. The people's answer to Mr. Jefferson Smith.

Smith goes down and reads the letters.

Smith looks at the Vice president. The vice president has the shade of a smile appear for just a moment.

Smith: I guess this is just another lost cause Mr. Paine. All you people don't know about lost causes. Mr. Paine does. He said once they were the only causes worth fighting for. For the only reasons that any man every fights for them. Because of just one plain and simple rule: love thy neighbor. And in this world today, full of hatred, a man who knows that one rule has a great trust. You know that rule Mr Paine. And I loved you for it just as my father did. And you know that you fight for the lost causes harder than for any others, yes you even die for them. Like a man we both knew mr. Paine. You think I'm licked. You all think I'm licked. We'll I'm not licked. And I'm going to stay right here and fight for this lost cause, even if this room gets filled with Lies like these, and the Taylors and all their armies

come marching into this place. Somebody will listen to me. Som--

Smith passes out.

Commotion.

## NETWORK

Howard:

Ladies and Gentleman I would like at this moment to announce I will be retiring from this program in two weeks time because of poor ratings. Since this show is the only thing I had going for me in my life, I have decided to kill myself. I'm going to blow my brains out right on this program a week from today. So, tune in next tuesday, that should give the public relations people a week to promote the show. Ought to get a hell of a rating out of that. A fifty share, easy.

Scene 2

Howard:

Good evening, today is wednesday december the 24<sup>th</sup>, and this is my last broadcast. Yesterday I announced on this program that I was going to commit public suicide. Admittedly An act of madness. Well I'll tell you what happened, I just ran out of bullshit. Am I still on the air? I don't know any other way to say it then to say I ran out of bullshit. Bullshit is all the reasons we do for living. If we can't think of any reasons on our own, then we come up with the god bullshit. We don't know why we're going through all this pain and humiliation, there's got to be someone that does know, that's the god bull shit. Man is a noble creature that's lord of his own world, who needs god. So if there's anyone out there that can look around this demented slaughter house of a world we live in, and tell me man is a noble creature, believe me that man is bullshit.

I don't have anything. I don't have any kids. And I was married for 33 years of shrill shrieking fraud. So I don't have any bullshit left. Last night. I was awaked from a fitfull sleep at two o'clock in the morning, by a shrill civilant faceless voice. I couldn't make it out at first in the dark bedroom, I said I'm sorry? Your going to have to speak a little louder.

And the voice said to me, I want you to tell the people the truth, not an easy thing, because the people don't want to know the truth. I said, your kidding. What the hell should I know about the truth. And the voice said to me, don't worry about the truth, I will put the words in your mouth. I said what is this burning bush? For gods sake. I'm not moses, and the voice said and I'm not god, what's that got to do with it? The voice said to me, we're not talking about eternal truth or absolute truth or ultimate truth, we're talking about impermanent transient human truth. We're don't expect you people to be capable of truth, but goddamnit atleast your capable of self preservatoin. And I said, why me? And the voice said your on television dummy. You've got 40 million americans listening to you and after this show you'll have 50 million. And I'm not asking you to walk around in sack cloth preaching the armageddon, so I thought about it a minute and I said. OK.

## NETWORK (2)

Howard

I don't have to tell you things are bad. Everybody knows things are bad. It's a depression. Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job. The dollar buys a nickel's work, banks are going bust, shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter. Punks are running wild in the street and there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do, and there's no end to it. We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat, and we sit watching our TV's while some local newscaster tells us that today we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes, as if that's the way it's supposed to be. We know things are bad - worse than bad. They're crazy. It's like everything everywhere is going crazy, so we don't go out anymore. We sit in the house, and slowly the world we are living in is getting smaller, and all we say is, 'Please, at least leave us alone in our living rooms. Let me have my toaster and my TV and my steel-belted radials and I won't say anything. Just leave us alone.' Well, I'm not gonna leave you alone. I want you to get mad! I don't want you to protest. I don't want you to riot - I don't want you to write to your congressman because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write. I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street. All I know is that first you've got to get mad.

*shouting*] You've got to say, 'I'm a HUMAN BEING, Goddamnit! My life has VALUE!' So I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs. I want you to get up right now and go to the window. Open it, and stick your head out, and yell,

*[shouting]*

'I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!' I want you to get up right now, sit up, go to your windows, open them and stick your head out and yell - 'I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Things have got to change. But first, you've gotta get mad!... You've got to say, 'I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Then we'll figure out what to do about the depression and the inflation and the oil crisis. But first get up out of your chairs, open the window, stick your head out, and yell, and say it:

Howard Beale: *[screaming at the top of his lungs]* "I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!"



### NETWORK (3)

Howard Beale: [*arms outstretched to the heavens*] Edward George Ruddy died today! Edward George Ruddy was the Chairman of the Board of the Union Broadcasting Systems, and he died at eleven o'clock this morning of a heart condition, and woe is us! We're in a lot of trouble!

[*calmly strolling toward the audience*] So. A rich little man with white hair died. What has that got to do with the price of rice, right? And *\*why\** is that woe to us? Because you people, and sixty-two million other Americans, are listening to me right now. Because less than three percent of you people read books! Because less than fifteen percent of you read newspapers! Because the only truth you know is what you get over this tube. Right now, there is a whole, an entire generation that never knew anything that didn't come out of this tube! This tube is the Gospel, the ultimate revelation. This tube can make or break presidents, popes, prime ministers... This tube is the most awesome God-damned force in the whole godless world, and woe is us if it ever falls in to the hands of the wrong people, and that's why woe is us that Edward George Ruddy died. Because this company is now in the hands of CCA -- the Communication Corporation of America. There's a new Chairman of the Board, a man called Frank Hackett, sitting in Mr. Ruddy's office on the twentieth floor. And when the twelfth largest company in the world controls the most awesome God-damned propoganda force in the whole godless world, who knows what shit will be peddled for truth on this network?

[*ascending the stage*] So, you listen to me. Listen to me: Television is not the truth! Television is a God-damned amusement park! Television is a circus, a carnival, a traveling troupe of acrobats, storytellers, dancers, singers, jugglers, side-show freaks, lion tamers, and football players. We're in the boredom-killing business! So if you want the truth... Go to God! Go to your gurus! Go to yourselves! Because that's the only place you're ever going to find any real truth.

[*laughing to himself*]

But, man, you're never going to get any truth from us. We'll tell you anything you want to hear; we lie like hell. We'll tell you that, uh, Kojak always gets the killer, or that nobody ever gets cancer at Archie Bunker's house, and no matter how much trouble the hero is in, don't worry, just look at your watch; at the end of the hour he's going to win. We'll tell you any shit you want to hear. We deal in *\*illusions\**, man! None of it is true! But you people sit there, day after day, night after night, all ages, colors, creeds... We're all you know. You're beginning to believe the illusions we're spinning here. You're beginning to think that the tube is reality, and that your own lives are unreal. You do whatever the tube tells you! You dress like the tube, you eat like the tube, you raise your children like the tube, you even *\*think\** like the tube! This is mass madness, you maniacs! In God's name, you people are the real thing! *\*WE\** are the illusion! So turn off your television sets. Turn them off now. Turn them off right now. Turn them off and leave them off! Turn them off right in the middle of the sentence I'm speaking to you now! **TURN THEM OFF...**

[*collapses in a prophetic swoon as the audience erupts in thunderous applause*]

## NETWORK (4)

Arthur Jensen: [*bellowing*] You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr. Beale, and I won't have it! Is that clear? You think you've merely stopped a business deal. That is not the case! The Arabs have taken billions of dollars out of this country, and now they must put it back! It is ebb and flow, tidal gravity! It is ecological balance! You are an old man who thinks in terms of nations and peoples. There are no nations. There are no peoples. There are no Russians. There are no Arabs. There are no third worlds. There is no West. There is only one holistic system of systems, one vast and immane, interwoven, interacting, multivariate, multinational dominion of dollars. Petro-dollars, electro-dollars, multi-dollars, reichmarks, rurs, rubles, pounds, and shekels. It is the international system of currency which determines the totality of life on this planet. That is the natural order of things today. That is the atomic and subatomic and galactic structure of things today! And YOU have meddled with the primal forces of nature, and YOU...WILL...ATONE!

Arthur Jensen: [*calmly*] Am I getting through to you, Mr. Beale? You get up on your little twenty-one inch screen and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. There is only IBM, and ITT, and AT&T, and DuPont, Dow, Union Carbide, and Exxon. Those \*are\* the nations of the world today. What do you think the Russians talk about in their councils of state, Karl Marx? They get out their linear programming charts, statistical decision theories, minimax solutions, and compute the price-cost probabilities of their transactions and investments, just like we do. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies, Mr. Beale. The world is a college of corporations, inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business. The world is a business, Mr. Beale. It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live, Mr. Beale, to see that . . . perfect world . . . in which there's no war or famine, oppression or brutality. One vast and ecumenical holding company, for whom all men will work to serve a common profit, in which all men will hold a share of stock. All necessities provided, all anxieties tranquilized, all boredom amused. And I have chosen you, Mr. Beale, to preach this evangel.

Howard Beale: Why me?

Arthur Jensen: Because you're on television, dummy. Sixty million people watch you every night of the week, Monday through Friday.

Howard Beale: I have seen the face of God.

Arthur Jensen: You just might be right, Mr. Beale.

**ON THE WATERFRONT**

TERRY

It wasn't him!

(years of abuse crying out in him)

It was you, Charley. You and Johnny. Like the night the two of youse come in the dressing room and says, "Kid, this ain't your night□ we're going for the price on Wilson." It ain't my night. I'd of taken Wilson apart that night! I was ready□ remember the early rounds throwing them combinations. So what happens□ This bum Wilson he gets the title shot□ outdoors in the ballpark! □ and what do I get□ a couple of bucks and a one-way ticket to Palookaville.

(more and more aroused as he relives it)

It was you, Charley. You was my brother. You should of looked out for me. Instead of making me take them dives for the short-end money.

TERRY Looks. Charlie doesn't get it.

You don't understand!

You don't understand! I could've been a contender. I could've had class and been somebody. Real class. Instead of a bum, let's face it, which is what I am. It was you, Charley.

Charley takes a long, fond look at Terry. Then he glances quickly out the window.

**PATTON**

Ruffles and Flourishes' ..... Be seated.

Now, I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country. Men, all this stuff you've heard about America not wanting to fight, wanting to stay out of the war, is a lot of horse dung. Americans traditionally love to fight. All **real** Americans love the sting of battle. When you were kids, you all admired the champion marble shooter, the fastest runner, the big league ball player, the toughest boxer. Americans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser. Americans play to win all the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost and will never lose a war. Because the very thought of losing is hateful to Americans.

Now, an Army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, fights as a team. This individuality stuff is a bunch of crap. The bilious bastards who wrote that stuff about individuality for the Saturday Evening Post don't know anything more about real battle than they do about fornicating.

We have the finest food and equipment, the best spirit and the best men in the world. You know, by God I actually pity those poor bastards we're going up against. By God, I do. We're not just going to shoot the bastards, we're going to cut out their living guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy Hun bastards by the bushel.

Now, some of you boys, I know, are wondering whether or not you'll chicken out under fire. Don't worry about it. I can assure you that you will all do your duty. The Nazis are the enemy. Wade into them. Spill their blood. Shoot them in the belly. When you put your hand into a bunch of goo that a moment before was your best friend's face, you'll know what to do.

Now there's another thing I want you to remember. I don't want to get any messages saying that we are holding our position. We're not holding anything. Let the Hun do that. We are advancing constantly and we're not interested in holding onto anything except the enemy. We're going to hold onto him by the nose and we're going to kick him in the ass. We're going to kick the hell out of him all the time and we're gonna go through him like crap through a goose.

There's one thing that you men will be able to say when you get back home. And you may thank God for it. Thirty years from now when you're sitting around your fireside with your grandson on your knee and he asks you what did you do in the great World War II, you won't have to say, "Well, I shoveled shit in Louisiana."

Alright now, you sons-of-bitches, you know how I feel. Oh, and I will be proud to lead you wonderful guys into battle – anytime, anywhere.

That's all.

**PULP FICTION**

CAPT. KOONS steps inside the room toward the little boy and bends down on one knee to bring him even with the boy's eyeline. When Koons speaks, he speaks with a slight Texas accent.

**CAPT. KOONS**

Hello, little man. Boy I sure heard a bunch about you. See, I was a good friend of your Daddy's. We were in that Hanoi pit of hell over five years together. Hopefully, you'll never have to experience this yourself, but when two men are in a situation like me and your Daddy were, for as long as we were, you take on certain responsibilities of the other. If it had been me who had not made it, Major Coolidge would be talkin' right now to my son Jim. But the way it worked out is I'm talkin' to you, Butch. I got somethin' for ya.

The Captain pulls a gold wrist watch out of his pocket.

**CAPT. KOONS**

This watch I got here was first purchased by your great-granddaddy. It was bought during the First World War in a little general store in Knoxville, Tennessee. It was bought by private Doughboy Ernie Coolidge the day he set sail for Paris. It was your great-granddaddy's war watch, made by the first company to ever make wrist watches. You see, up until then, people just carried pocket watches. Your great-granddaddy wore that watch every day he was in the war. Then when he had done his duty, he went home to your great-grandmother, took the watch off his wrist and put it in an ol' coffee can. And in that can it stayed 'til your grandfather Dane Coolidge was called upon by his country to go overseas and fight the Germans once again. This time they called it World War Two. Your great-granddaddy gave it to your granddad for good luck. Unfortunately, Dane's luck wasn't as good as his old man's. Your granddad was a Marine and he was killed with all the other Marines at the battle of Wake Island. Your granddad was facing death and he knew it. None of those boys had any illusions about

ever leavin' that island alive. So three days before the Japanese took the island, your 22-year old grandfather asked a gunner on an Air Force transport named Winocki, a man he had never met before in his life, to deliver to his infant son, who he had never seen in the flesh, his gold watch. Three days later, your grandfather was dead. But Winocki kept his word. After the war was over, he paid a visit to your grandmother, delivering to your infant father, his Dad's gold watch. This watch. This watch was on your Daddy's wrist when he was shot down over Hanoi. He was captured and put in a Vietnamese prison camp. Now he knew if the gooks ever saw the watch it'd be confiscated. The way your Daddy looked at it, that watch was your birthright. And he'd be damned if and slopeheads were gonna put their greasy yella hands on his boy's birthright. So he hid it in the one place he knew he could hide somethin'. His ass. Five long years, he wore this watch up his ass. Then when he died of dysentery, he gave me the watch. I hid with uncomfortable hunk of metal up my ass for two years. Then, after seven years, I was sent home to my family. And now, little man, I give the watch to you.

Capt. Koons hands the watch to Butch. A little hand comes into FRAME to accept it.

MARK  
H. NELSON

wray ✓  
ALBX

QUEEN OF GROSS  
by Janet Torreano Pound

(A boy around 12 talks with a school friend.)

Every morning, she comes down stairs and starts coughing up phlegm balls. I think it's PJ, our cat, but no, it's her. The ones that get away she calls 'flying cocktoos'. She says it's because she takes after my grandpa and he had sinus problems. Yuck. I'm trying to eat my Cherrio's. I don't want to talk about it or hear it and I really don't want to see it. Why doesn't she just stay in bed? I wish she would just disappear and leave me alone. It's not like I can't get my own breakfast. And she always laughs at her own stupid jokes. When she drove us to football practice, Adam was complaining about having to study Hebrew for his bar mitzvah and she says "Adoni, Adoni, I don know why I have to study my Hebrew"...and then laughs like a hyena.

Why does she always have to drive car pool. Why can't your mom or Joey's? Oh oh, yeah and then she doesn't just drop us off, she stays and watches. I'm in the middle of a tackle and hear "Tooter, Tooter" Nobody knows my nickname and she runs on the field with my jockstrap in her hand yelling "You forgot this. Coach, stop. He might get hurt." I was so happy to be wearing my helmet." So she tells Coach Filar the story about when she went to buy the damn thing. The salesperson asked her what size and she says 'yea long' (he uses his thumb and forefinger to show the size). He meant my waist size, duh. She is so stupid. And you know what...today in English class, Mrs. Murphy said to finish this sentence. *When I think of my mother, I think....fill in the blank. But you could only use one word. The very first word that came to me was FART. Well, no, she isn't going to fart in front of my friends. And every time she does, she'll say "Well, hello there." Moms aren't supposed to be disgusting, kids are. I just don't want her around all the time. Always butting in. Why can't she be like your mom, not get home from work till after dinner. OK, so sometimes she is kinda funny. Yesterday my brother fell on his bike and came into the house crying saying he hurt his balls and my mom acts all bugged and says "I don't ever want to hear you call them that. I hate that word. Call them nuts."* Oh great, there she is, waiting. We can't go to Mike's because we give his mom a headache and Devin's mom won't let us eat junk food. (he waves at his mom and shouts) Hey mom, can Joey come home with us? Will you make brownies with that green frosting? (He looks back at his friend) Shotgun. Yeah, I'm sure if you ask, she'll play Rock Hero.

**RAGING BULL**

JAKE is alone preparing to go onstage. He rehearses.

JAKE

You know, I'm not a philosopher or anything like that but I been around a little and the way I look at it is -- We're, all of us, lookin' for the same thing: a shot at the title. No matter what you wanta be... you wanta shot at bein' the best. Well, I had mine and it'll always be in the record books... it don't make no difference what happens to me from here on in -- I got my shot and that's a fact. Some guys weren't that lucky... like the one Marlon Brando played in "On the Waterfront" -- an up and comer who's now a down and outer. You remember... there was this scene in the back of the car with his brother Charlie, a small-time racket guy, and it went somethin' like this -- "It wasn't him, Charlie. It was you. You 'member that night in the Garden you came down my dressing room and said. 'Kid, this ain't your night. We're going for the price on Wilson.' You 'member that? 'This ain't your night!' My night -- I coulda taken Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets the title shot outdoors on the ballpark, and what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville. I never was no good after that night. It was like a peak you reach. Then it went downhill. It was you, Charlie. You was my brother, Charlie. You shoulda looked out for me a little bit. You shoulda taken care of me just a little bit so I wouldn't have to take them dives for the short end money... You don't understand! I coulda had class. I



coulda been a contender. I coulda  
been somebody -- instead of a bum,  
which is what I am. Let's face it.  
It was you, Charlie."

**SAVING PRIVATE RYAN**

Lt. Dawinn: Yeah I couldn't pry him outta there as hard as I tried. I need a wench. Brigadeer General Hamen. Some fucking guiness had the great idea of welding on a couple of steel plates under I deck to keep the general safe from ground fire. Unfortunately no one felt it was important enough to tell me until we were just taking off. Well it was like trying to fly a freight train. k? gross overload. Frame characteristics all shot to hell. I nearly broke both my arms trying to keep her level. And and and when we released, you know I cut as hard as I could tried to gain some altatude and still keep her from stalling. We came down like a fucking meteor. This is how we ended up. The others, they stopped easy enough ok though. We were just we were just too damn heavy. The grass was wet. Downward slope and all. 22 guys dead. All that for a General. One man. Lot of that going around. Fubar.

**Scent of a Woman**

written by Bo Goldman, from a screenplay by Ruggero Maccari & Dino Risi, from a novel by Giovanni Arpino

Frank: Where's Daphne? Let's get her down here.

Charlie: She's in the back.

Frank: The tail's in the tail. Ha. Oh, but I still smell her. Women, what could you say? Who made 'em? God must have been a fucking genius. The hair. They say that the hair is everything, you know? Have you ever buried your nose in a mountain of curls, just wanted to go to sleep forever? Or lips, and when they touched yours were like the first swallow of wine you just crossed the desert. Tits! Hoo-wah! Big ones, little ones. Nipples starring right out at you like secret searchlights. Legs, I don't care if they're Greek columns or second-hands Steinways, what's between them: passport to heaven. I need a drink. (pause: he drinks his whisky) Yes, Mr. Simms, there's only two syllables in this whole wide world worth hearing: pussy. Are you listening to me, son? I'm giving out pearls here.

Charlie: I guess you really like women.

Frank: Above all things. A very, very distant second is a Ferrari. Charlie, give me your hand. This is just the start of your education, son.

**SCHINDLER'S LIST**

**SCHINDLER**

Thank you.

Stern steps forward and places a ring in Schindler's hand.

It's a gold band, like a wedding ring. Schindler notices an inscription inside it.

**STERN**

It's Hebrew. It says, 'Whoever saves one life, saves the world.'

Schindler slips the ring onto a finger, admires it a moment, nods his thanks, then seems to withdraw.

**SCHINDLER**

(to himself)

I could've got more out...

Stern isn't sure he heard right. Schindler steps away from him, from his wife, from the car, from the workers.

**SCHINDLER**

(to himself)

I could've got more... if I'd just...  
I don't know, if I'd just... I  
could've got more...

**STERN**

Oskar, there are twelve hundred people who are alive because of you. Look at them.

He can't.

**SCHINDLER**

If I'd made more money... I threw away so much money, you have no idea. If I'd just...

**STERN**

There will be generations because of what you did.

**SCHINDLER**

I didn't do enough.

**STERN**

You did so much.

Schindler starts to lose it, the tears coming. Stern, too.

The look on Schindler's face as his eyes sweep across the faces of the workers is one of apology, begging them to forgive him for not doing more.

**SCHINDLER**

This car. Goeth would've bought this car. Why did I keep the car? Ten people, right there, ten more I could've got.

(looking around)

This pin --

He rips the elaborate Hakenkreuz, the swastika, from his lapel and holds it out to Stern pathetically.

**SCHINDLER**

Two people. This is gold. Two more people. He would've given me two for it. At least one. He would've given me one. One more. One more person. A person, Stern. For this. One more. I could've gotten one more person I didn't.

He completely breaks down, weeping convulsively, the emotion he's been holding in for years spilling out, the guilt consuming him.

**SCHINDLER**

They killed so many people...

(Stern, weeping too,  
embraces him)

They killed so many people...

From above, from a watchtower, Stern can be seen down below, trying to comfort Schindler. Eventually, they separate, and Schindler and Emilie climb into the Mercedes. It slowly pulls out through the gates of the camp. And drives away.

## SWINGERS

52 INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

52

Mike opens the door and flicks on the lights in his sparsely furnished single.

He drops his keys on the table and makes a bee line to the answering machine.

He pushes the button.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

She didn't call.

Mike collapses into his futon and lights a smoke.

Beat.

He pulls out the COCKTAIL NAPKIN. He stares at the number.

He looks at the clock. 2:20 AM.

He looks at the napkin.

He thinks better of it, and puts the napkin away.

Beat.

He takes out the napkin and picks up the phone.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Don't do it, Mike.

**MIKE**

Shut up.

He dials.

It rings twice, then...

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike. I met you tonight at the Dresden. I, uh, just called to say I, uh, I'm really glad we met and you should give me a call. So call me tomorrow, or , like, in two days, whatever. My number is 213-555-4679...  
(beep)

Mike hangs up.

Beat.

He dials again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike, again. I just called because it sounded like your machine might've cut me off before I gave you my number, and also to say sorry for calling so late, but you were still there when I left the Dresden, so I knew I'd get your machine. Anyway, my number is...

(beep)

Mike calls back right away.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

213-555-4679. That's all. I just wanted to leave my number. I don't want you to think I'm weird, or desperate or something...

(he regrets saying it  
immediately)

... I mean, you know, we should just hang out. That's it. No expectations. Just, you know, hang out. Bye.  
(beep)

He hangs up.

Beat.

He dials.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leaves a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

I just got out of a six-year relationship. Okay? That should help to explain why I'm acting so weird. It's not you. It's me. I just wanted to say that. Sorry.

(pause)

This is Mike.  
(beep)

He dials again. There's no turning back.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike again. Could you just call me when you get in? I'll be up for awhile, and I'd just rather talk to you in person instead of trying to squeeze it all...  
(beep)

He dials yet again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. Mike. I don't think this is working out. I think you're great, but maybe we should just take some time off from each other. It's not you, really. It's me. It's only been six months...

**NIKKI**

(Live, in person. she picks up the line)

Mike?

**MIKE**

Nikki! Great! Did you just walk in, or were you listening all along?

**NIKKI**

(calmly)

Don't call me ever again.

**MIKE**

Wow, I guess you were home...  
(click)

She hung up on him.

He's frozen.

He hangs up.

Beat.

He pulls the comforter off the futon and curls up in the corner of the room.



THE FISHER KING

JACK

You ever read any Nietzsche?...

The smiling Pinnochio clearly has not.

JACK

(continuing)

... Nietzsche says that there are two kinds of people in this world... People who are destined for greatness like... Walt Disney and... Hitler... and then there's the rest of us... He called us the Bungled and Botched. We get teased. We sometimes get close to greatness but we never get there. We're the expendable masses. We get pushed in front of trains... take poison aspirins... get gunned down in Dairy Queens...

He drinks from his Jack Daniels bottle...

JACK

(continuing)

You wanna hear my new title for my biography, my little Italian friend... "It Was No Fucking Picnic - The Jack Lucas Story". Like it?... Just nod yes or no...

(tries it in Pig-Italian)

"Il Nouva Esta Fuckin' Pinicko" --  
(he smiles)

You're a good kid... Just say no to drugs...

(he nods and drinks)

Ya ever get the feeling sometimes... you're being punished for your sins...?

## THE FOUNTAINHEAD

Thousands of years ago, the first man discovered how to make fire. He was probably burned at the stake he had taught his brothers to light. He was considered an evildoer who had dealt with a demon mankind dreaded. But thereafter men had fire to keep them warm, to cook their food, to light their caves. He had left them a gift they had not conceived and he had lifted darkness off the earth. Centuries later, the first man invented the wheel. He was probably torn on the rack he had taught his brothers to build. He was considered a transgressor who ventured into forbidden territory. But thereafter, men could travel past any horizon. He had left them a gift they had not conceived and he had opened the roads of the world.

The great creators, the thinkers, the artists, the scientists, the inventors, stood alone against the men of their time. Every great new thought was opposed. Every great new invention was denounced. The first motor was considered foolish. The airplane was considered impossible. The power loom was considered vicious. Anesthesia was considered sinful. But the men of unborrowed vision went ahead. They fought, they suffered and they paid. But they won.

The creator's concern is the conquest of nature. The parasite's concern is the conquest of man. The creator lives for his work. He needs no other men. His primary goal is within himself. The parasite lives second-hand. He needs others. Others become his prime motive. The basic need of the second-hander is to secure his ties with men in order to be fed. He places relations first. He declares that man exists in order to serve others. He preaches altruism.

From the beginning of history, the two antagonists have stood face to face: the creator and the second-hander. When the first creator invented the wheel, the first second-hander responded. He invented altruism.

The "common good" of a collective -- a race, a class, a state -- was the claim and justification of every tyranny ever established over men. Every major horror of history was committed in the name of an altruistic motive. Has any act of selfishness ever equaled the carnage perpetrated by disciples of altruism? The most dreadful butchers were the most sincere. They believed in the perfect society reached through the guillotine, the firing squad, the gas chambers. Nobody questioned their right to murder since they were murdering for an altruistic purpose. It was accepted that man must be sacrificed for other men. Actors change, but the course of the tragedy remains the same. A humanitarian who starts with declarations of love for mankind and ends with a sea of blood. It goes on and will go on so long as men believe that an action is good if it is unselfish. That permits the altruist to act and forces his victims to bear it. The leaders of the collectivist movements ask nothing for themselves. But observe the results.

The only good which men can do to one another and the only statement of their proper relationship is -- Hands off!

Now, in our age, collectivism the rule of the second-hander and second-rater, the ancient monster, had broken loose and is running amock. It has poisoned every mind. It has swallowed most of Europe. It is engulfing our country.

I am an architect. I know what is to come by the principle on which it is built. We are approaching a world in which I cannot permit myself to live. Now you know why I dynamited Cortlandt. I designed Cortlandt. I gave it to you. I destroyed it. I destroyed it because I did not choose to let it exist. I agreed to design Cortlandt for the purpose of seeing it erected as I deigned it and for no other reason. That was the price I set for my work. I was not paid.

But the owners of the Cortlandt got what they needed from me. They wanted a scheme devised to byuild a structure as cheaply as possible. They found no one else who could do it to their satisfaction. I could and did. They took the benefit of my work and made me contribute it as a gift. But I am not an altruist. I do not contribute gifts of this nature. It is said that I have destroyed the home of the destitute. It is forgotten that but for me the destitute could not have had this particular home. It is believed that the poverty of the future tenants gave them a right to my work. That their need constituted a claim on my life.

I came here to say that I do not recognize anyone's right to one minute of my life. Nor to any part of my energy. Nor to any achievement of mine. No matter who makes the claim, ho wlarge their number or how great their need.

I recognize no obligations toward men except one: to respect their freedom and to take no part in a slave society. To my country, I wish to give the ten years which I will spend in jail if my country exists no longer. I will spend them in memory and in gratitude for what my country has been. It will be my act of loyalty, my refusal to live or work in what has taken its place.

## **The Glass Menagerie**

Tennessee Williams

Tom

Act 1 scene 6

Tom: (smoking a cigarette wearing a merchant sailor coat and cap

Across the alley was the paradise dance hall. Evenings in spring they'd open all the doors and windows and the music would come outside. Sometimes they'd turn out all the lights except for a large glass sphere that hung from the ceiling. It would turn slowly about the filter the dusk with delicate rainbow colors. Then the orchestra would play a waltz or a tango, something that had a slow and sensuous rhythm. The young couples would come outside, to the relative privacy of the alley. You could see them kissing behind ashpits and telephone poles. This was the compensation for lives that passed like mind, without any change or adventure. Changes and adventure however, were imminent this year. They were waiting around the corner for all these dancing kids. Suspended in the mist above Berchtesgaden, caught in the folds of Chamberlain's umbrella- In Spain there was Guernica! Here there was only hot swing music and liquor, dance halls, bars, and movies, and sex that hung in the gloom like a chandelier and flooded the world with brief, deceptive rainbows. While these unsuspecting kids dance to Dear One the world is waiting for Sunrise. All the world was really waiting for bombardments.

## THE GODFATHER

BONASERA

America has made my fortune.

As he speaks, THE VIEW imperceptibly begins to loosen.

BONASERA

I raised my daughter in the American fashion; I gave her freedom, but taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a boy friend, not an Italian. She went to the movies with him, stayed out late. Two months ago he took her for a drive, with another boy friend. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted; she kept her honor. So they beat her like an animal. When I went to the hospital her nose was broken, her jaw was shattered and held together by wire, and she could not even weep because of the pain.

He can barely speak; he is weeping now.

BONASERA

I went to the Police like a good American. These two boys were arrested and brought to trial. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison, and suspended the sentence. Suspended sentence! They went free that very day. I stood in the courtroom like a fool, and those bastards, they smiled at me. Then I said to my wife, for Justice, we must go to The Godfather.

By now, THE VIEW is full, and we see Don Corleone's office in his home.

**THE GODFATHER 2**

ROTH

There was this kid that I grew up with; he was a couple years younger than me, and sort of looked up to me, you know. We did our first work together, worked our way out of the street. Things were good and we made the most of it. During prohibition, we ran molasses up to Canada and made a fortune; your father too. I guess as much as anyone, I loved him and trusted him. Later on he had an idea to make a city out of a desert stop-over for G.I.'s on the way to the West Coast. That kid's name was Moe Greene, and the city he invented was Las Vegas. This was a great man; a man with vision and guts; and there isn't even a plaque or a signpost or a statue of him in that town. Someone put a bullet through his eye; no one knows who gave the order. When I heard about it I wasn't angry. I knew Moe; I knew he was headstrong, and talking loud, and saying stupid things. So when he turned up dead, I let it go, and said to myself: this is the business we've chosen. I never asked, who gave the go ahead because it had nothing to do with business.

He regards Michael silently a moment.

ROTH

(continuing)

There's three million dollars on that table. I'm going to lie down, maybe take a nap. When I wake up, if it's still there, I'll know I have a partner. If it's gone, then I'll know I don't.

The old man turns, and moves in his slippers, toward his bedroom.

## THE GRAPES OF WRATH

TOM

They gonna drive me anyways. Soon or later they'll get me, for one thing if not another. Until then...

But

long as I'm a outlaw, anyways, maybe I can do sump'n. Maybe I can jus' fin' out sump'n. Jus' scrounge aroun' an' try to fin' out what it is that's wrong, an then see if they ain't sump'n could be done about it.

(Worriedly)

But I ain't thought it out clear, Ma. I can't. I don't know enough.

(laughing uneasily)

Well, maybe it's like Casy says, a fella ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big soul--the one big soul that belongs to ever'body--an' then...

TOM

Then it don't matter. Then I'll be all aroun' in the dark. I'll be ever'where--wherever you look.

Wherever there's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there.

Wherever there's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad--an' I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our people eat the stuff they raise, an' live in the houses they build, why, I'll be there too.

I don't understan' it,

(Rising)

It's jus' stuff I been thinkin' about. Gimme you han', Ma. Good-by.

## THE GREAT DICTATOR

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor. That's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone if possible - Jew, Gentile - black man - white.

We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness - not by each other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there's room for everyone and the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone.

The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way. Greed has poisoned men's souls - has barricaded the world with hate - has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical; our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness, we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost.

The aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in man - cries for universal brotherhood - for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world - millions of despairing men, women, and little children - victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people. To those who can hear me, I say: 'Do not despair.' The misery that is now upon us is but the passing of greed - the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress. The hate of men will pass, and dictators die, and the power they took from the people will return to the people. And so long as men die, liberty will never perish.

Soldiers! Don't give yourselves to brutes - men who despise you and enslave you - who regiment your lives - tell you what to do - what to think and what to feel! Who drill you - diet you - treat you like cattle, use you as cannon fodder. Don't give yourselves to these unnatural men - machine men with machine minds and machine hearts! You are not machines! You are not cattle! You are men! You have the love of humanity in your hearts. You don't hate, only the unloved hate - the unloved and the unnatural!

Soldiers! Don't fight for slavery! Fight for liberty! In the seventeenth chapter of St Luke, it is written the kingdom of God is within man not one man nor a group of men, but in all men! In you! You, the people, have the power - the power to create machines. The power to create happiness! You, the people, have the power to make this life free and beautiful - to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then in the name of democracy - let us use that power - let us all unite. Let us fight for a new world - a decent world that will give men a chance to work - that will give youth a future and old age a security.

By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lie! They do not fulfil that promise. They never will! Dictators free themselves but they enslave the people. Now let us fight to fulfil that promise! Let us fight to free the world - to do away with national barriers - to do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason - a world where science and progress will lead to all men's happiness. Soldiers, in the name of democracy, let us unite!

Hannah, can you hear me? Wherever you are, look up Hannah. The clouds are lifting! The sun is breaking through! We are coming out of the darkness into the light. We are coming into a new world - a kindlier world, where men will rise above their hate, their greed and their brutality. Look up, Hannah! The soul of man has been given wings and at last he is beginning to fly. He is flying into the rainbow - into the light of hope, into the future, the glorious future that belongs to you, to me, and to all of us. Look up, Hannah... look up!"



## THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

SHANNON. Miss Jelkes, you're still not operating on the realistic level. You'd be surprised what people will eat when they're really hungry. They'll eat cold, greasy frijoles at the Casa de Huespedes—they'll even— Why I remember conducting a party of ladies, yes, ladies—through a country that shall be nameless but in this world— We were passing by rubberneck bus along a tropical coast-line when we saw a great mound of— Well, the smell was unpleasant. One of my ladies said, "Oh, Larry, what is it?" My name being Laurence, the most familiar ladies sometimes call me Larry. I didn't use the four-letter word for what the great mound was. I didn't think it was necessary to say it. Then she noticed, and I noticed, too, a pair of very old natives of this nameless country, practically naked except for a few filthy rags, creeping and crawling about this mound of—and—occasionally stooping to pick something out of it, and pop it into their mouths! What? Bits of undigested—food particles, Miss Jelkes. *(She makes a gagging sound in her throat and rushes the length of the verandah to the wooden steps down it and disappears for a while.)* Disgusting? Nothing human disgusts you unless it's— *(To himself and the moon.)* Now why did I tell her that? Because it's true? That's no reason to tell her, because it's true. Yeah. Because it's true was a good reason not to tell her. Except!—I think I first faced it in that nameless country. The gradual, rapid, natural, unnatural—predestined, accidental—cracking up and going to pieces of young Mr. T. Lawrence Shannon, yes, still young Mr. T. Lawrence Shannon, by which rapid—slow process—his final tour of ladies through tropical countries— Why did I say "tropical"?—Hell! Yes!—It's always been tropical countries I took ladies through. Does that, does that—huh?—signify something, I wonder?—Maybe. Fast decay is a thing of hot climates, steamy, hot, wet climates and I run back to them like a—incomplete sentence. . . . Always seducing a lady or two or three or four or five ladies in the party, but really ravaging her first by pointing out to her the—what?—Horrors? Yes, horrors!—of the tropical country being conducted a tour through. . . . Cruelty; pity! Which is it?—don't know, all I know is—my brain is going out like a failing power.

## **THE SIXTH SENSE**

written by M. Night Shyamalan

Malcolm: Once upon a time there was this person named Malcolm. He worked with children. Loved it more than anything. Then one night, he finds out he made a mistake with one of them. Didn't help that one at all. He thinks about that one a lot. Can't forget. Ever since then, things have been different. He's become messed up. Confused. Angry. Not the same person he used to be. And his wife doesn't like the person he's become. They hardly speak at all anymore. They're like strangers. And then one day this person Malcolm meets a wonderful boy who reminds him of that one. Reminds him a lot of that one. Malcolm decides to try to help this new boy. He thinks maybe if he can help this boy, it would be like helping that one too.

Cole: How does the story end?

Malcolm: I don't know.

**THE VERDICT**

In front of the full jury box. Beat.

GALVIN

You know, so much of the time we're lost. We say, 'Please, God, tell us what is right. Tell us what's true. There is no justice. The rich win, the poor are powerless...' We become tired of hearing people lie. After a time we become dead. A little dead. We start thinking of ourselves as victims. (pause) And we become victims. (pause) And we become weak...and doubt ourselves, and doubt our institutions...and doubt our beliefs...we say for example, 'The law is a sham...there is no law...I was a fool for having believed there was.' (beat) But today you are the law. You are the law...And not some book and not the lawyers, or the marble statues and the trappings of the court...all that they are is symbols. (beat) Of our desire to be just... (beat) All that they are, in effect, is a prayer...(beat) ... a fervent, and a frightened prayer. In my religion we say, 'Act as if you had faith, and faith will be given to you.' (beat) If. If we would have faith in justice, we must only believe in ourselves. (beat) And act with justice. (beat) And I believe that there is justice in our hearts. (beat) Thank you.

**TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD**

To begin with,  
this case should never have come to trial.  
The State has not produced one iota...  
of medical evidence...  
that the crime Tom Robinson is charged with...  
ever took place.  
It has relied, instead,  
upon the testimony of two witnesses...  
whose evidence has not only been called into serious question...  
on cross-examination,  
but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant.  
There is circumstantial evidence to indicate that...  
Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely...  
by someone who led, almost exclusively, with his left.  
Tom Robinson now sits before you having taken the oath...  
with the only good hand he possesses,  
his right.  
I have nothing but pity in my heart...  
for the chief witness for the State.  
She is the victim of cruel poverty and ignorance.  
But my pity...  
does not extend so far...  
as to her putting a man's life at stake,  
which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt.  
Now I say "guilt," gentlemen,  
because it was guilt that motivated her.  
She's committed no crime.  
She has merely broken a rigid and time-honored...  
code of our society...  
a code so severe that whoever breaks it is hounded from our midst...  
as unfit to live with.  
She must destroy the evidence...  
of her offense.  
But what was the evidence of her offense?  
Tom Robinson, a human being.  
She must put Tom Robinson away from her.  
Tom Robinson was to her a daily reminder...  
of what she did.  
Now, what did she do?  
She tempted a Negro.  
She was white, and she tempted a Negro.  
She did something that, in our society, is unspeakable.  
She kissed a black man.  
Not an old uncle,  
but a strong, young Negro man.  
No code mattered to her before she broke it,  
but it came crashing down on her afterwards.  
The witnesses for the State, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County.  
have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court...  
in the cynical confidence...  
that their testimony would not be doubted.  
Confident that you gentlemen would go along with them...  
on the assumption...  
the evil assumption...  
that all Negroes lie,  
all Negroes are basically immoral beings,  
all Negro men are not to be trusted around our women.

**WALL STREET****GEKKO**

...I appreciate the chance you're giving me, Mr. Cromwell, as the single largest stockholder in Teldar, to speak.

(gets some laughter  
and applause, loosens)

On the way here today I saw a bumper sticker. It said, "Life is a bitch... then you die".

(gets another laugh)

...well ladies and gentlemen, we're not here to indulge in fantasies, but in political and economic reality. America has become a second rate power. Our trade deficit and fiscal deficit are at nightmare proportions. In the days of the 'free market' when our country was a top industrial power, there was accountability to the shareholders. The Carnegies, the Mellons, the man who built this industrial empire, made sure of it because it was their money at stake. Today management has no stake in the company. Altogether these guys sitting up there own a total of less than 3% and where does Mr. Cromwell put his million dollar salary? Certainly not in Teldar stock, he owns less than 1%. You own Teldar Paper, the stockholders, and you are being royally screwed over by these bureaucrats with their steak lunches, golf and hunting trips, corporate jets, and golden parachutes! Teldar Paper has 33 different vice presidents each earning over \$200,000 a year. I spent two months analyzing what these guys did and I still can't figure it out.

(a big laugh)

Cromwell is pissed.

**CROMWELL**

This is an outrage Gekko! You're full of shit!

**GEKKO**

One thing I do know is this paper company lost \$110 million last year, and I'd bet half of that is

in the paperwork going back and forth between all the vice presidents...

(increased laughter,  
he's getting them)

The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be 'survival of the unfittest'. Well in my book, you either do it right or you get eliminated. Teldar Paper is doomed to fail. Its diversification into casualty insurance has not worked. Its crown jewels are its trees, the rest is dross. Through wars, depressions, inflations and deterioration of paper money, trees have always kept their value, but Teldar is chopping them all down. Forests are perishable, forest rights are as important as human rights to this planet, and all the illusory Maginot lines, scorched earth tactics, proxy fights, poison pills, etc. that Mr. Cromwell is going to come up with to prevent people like me from buying Teldar Paper are doomed to fail because the bottom line, ladies and gentlemen, as you very well know, is the only way to stay strong is to create value, that's why you buy stock, to have it go up. If there's any other reason, I've never hear it.

(laughter)

That's all I'm saying...it's you people who own this company, not them, they work for you and they've done a lousy job of it. Get rid of them fast, before you all get sick and die. I may be an opportunist, but if these clowns did a better job, I'd be out of work. In the last seven deals I've been in, there were 2.3 million stockholders that actually made a pretax profit of \$12 billion. When I bought the Ixtlan Corporation it was in the exact same position Teldar is today -- I turned three of its companies private and I sold four others -- and each of these companies, liberated from the suffering conglomerate has prospered. I am not a destroyer of companies, I am a liberator of them. The point is, ladies and gentlemen, greed is good. Greed works, greed

is right. Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed in all its forms, greed for life, money, love, knowledge, has marked the upward surge of mankind -- and greed, mark my words -- will save not only Teldar Paper but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA...Thank you.

Much applause as he sits. Now a standing ovation; shouts of approval. Cromwell knows he has lost the day, tries to continue the meeting by calling for "order".

## WINTERSET

Maxwell Anderson

New York. 1930's.

Mio's father has been executed for a crime he did not commit. And even though he loves Miriam (short for Miriamne) he tells her to leave.

Mio

So now little Miriamne will go in  
 and take up quietly where she dropped them all  
 her small housewifely cares-- when I first saw you,  
 not a half hour ago, I heard myself saying,  
 this is the face that launches ships for me--  
 and if I owned a dream---yes, half a dream---  
 ywe'd share it. But I have no dream. This earth  
 came tumbling down from chaos, fire and rock  
 and bred up worms, blind worms that sting each other  
 here in the dark. These blind worms of the earth  
 took out my father—and killed him, and set a sign  
 on me—the hier of the serpent-- and he was a man  
 such as men might be if the gods were men---  
 but they killed him===  
 as they'll kill all others like him  
 till the sun cools down to stabler molecules  
 yes, till men spin their tent worm webs to the stars  
 and what they think is done, even in thinking  
 and they are the gods, and immortal, and constellations  
 turn for them all like mill wheels-- still as they are  
 they will be, woms and blind. Enduring love,  
 oh gods, and worms, what mockery!-- and yet  
 I have blood enough in my veins. It goes like music,  
 singing, because you're here. My body turns as if you were the sun, and warm.  
 This men called love in happier times, before the freudians taught us to blame it on the glands.  
 Only go in before you breathe too much of my atmosphere  
 and catch death from me.