

FRANCES (Universal, 1982)

68A. INTERIOR. ODETS' APARTMENT – DAY

FRANCES comes in the front door with a bag of groceries. CLURMAN is sitting at the dining room table.

FRANCES: Hello, Harold.

CLURMAN: Frances.

F: Where's Clifford?

C: He's not here.

F: So, what's up?

C: Bourbon?

F: Okay.

He pours her a drink.

C: It's getting cold out.

F: Yep. *(She unwraps flowers and puts them in a vase)* Pretty, aren't they?

C: Lovely. Just lovely.

F: Thank you.

C: Uhm-huhm. *(He hands her her drink and they toast)* I hear you're meeting with the studio lawyers to try and get out of your contract.

F: Well, I just don't want them breathing down my neck while we're in London.

C: Yeah, well, you see, that's the point. You won't be going to London.

F: Don't you think I'm good enough, Harold?

C: Well, of course you are. It's not that, it's just – It's money. We needed backing and, ah...well, we found it.

F: Who?

C: An actress.

F: A rich actress?

C: Yes. That's the deal. She plays Lorna Moon.

F: I thought we were supposed to be different, Harold. Clifford says this company is different. A *group* working together!

C: I know. I know.

F: Isn't that what this play is about? What money and greed do to people?

C: Right now, we have to be practical.

F: Well then I'll give you the money, Harold. I'll back the production.

C: It's too late, Frances. Well, besides, you don't have that kind of money anymore.

F: What did Clifford say about this? He doesn't even know, does he? Where is he? I'm going to find him.

C: Frances. He knows. He approved it.

CLURMAN produces an envelope and places it in front of FRANCES.

C: Now, look. I, I'm sorry. Frances, you have done a great service for this group. Your name has helped to draw people. You've helped us grow, you've grown yourself.

F: Swell. But, Harold, this theatre is everything to me. Don't you understand? What am I going to do now?

C: Well. Hollywood wants you back. Right?

F: You...prick!

She leaves the room.

FRANCES (2)

109. INTERIOR. MEADOW WOOD. OFFICE – DAY

DR. SYMINGTON closes the door.

SYMINGTON: I find these initial meetings to be much easier without the concerned relatives in attendance.

FRANCES: What am I supposed to say, “thank you”?

S: Oh, thanks are hardly necessary.

F: Aw, shucks, ma’am. T’weren’t nothin’.

S: I’m so glad to see you haven’t lost your sense of humor.

F: It ain’t for lack of trying.

S: So it seems. May we be serious for a moment?

F: Why, Doctor! We’ve only just met!

S: Well, I feel like I’ve known you for a long time. You see, I’ve followed your career. You, um, you’re a fascinating case. I’m looking forward to solving your predicament.

F: Are you really?

S: Among persons such as yourself, creative people under great stress, erratic behavior is not at all uncommon and certainly nothing to be ashamed of. It’s just that the anxieties which –

F: (*interrupting*) Doctor, do you expect me, for one moment, to believe you have greater insight into my personality than I do?

S: Would you sit back down?

F: You may discuss my predicament, Doctor. You may discuss it with anyone you like, but not with me. I’m not interested. I can solve my problems without recourse to a veterinarian.

S: I see.

F: Besides, I don’t want to be what you want to make me.

S: And what’s that?

F: Dull. Average. Normal.

S: All right. Will you please take your seat now? Symington says.

F: Did you actually say that?

S: It's just a little joke, Miss Farmer.

F: This whole fuckin' thing is a joke!

S: Stay calm, please.

F: No, you stay calm, Doctor. But you're finding that difficult, aren't you? I'm not doing what's expected of me. I'm not sitting here in awe while you carefully dissect my personality. Now you listen to me. All I want is a little rest. A little peace and quiet. And I don't have to talk to you or anybody else about my goddamn "anxieties." You got that?

S: I'll have someone show you to your room.

F: That's good. That's very good, very professional and controlled. But those tiny little beads of sweat on your upper lip give you away.

S: You really should get some rest now. The nurse will meet you outside. Good day.

FRANCES doesn't leave.

S: Is there something else?

F: Well, you didn't say "Symington says."

S: Symington says.

FRANCES leaves.