

## GUESS WHO

- Simon:** Babe, I believe I said I don't like talking about that part of my life...
- Theresa:** Nascar?
- Simon:** What did you want me to do? He was staring at me with those piercing eyes...
- Theresa:** Oh, he was not...
- Simon:** It was like filled with piercing disappointment 'case I don't play sports? "A man who don't play sports isn't really a man now, is he?" I had to give him something! He's big. He's like... you said he was big, but he's big-big.
- Theresa:** But why did you lie about Nascar? My father loves Nascar.
- Simon:** It's Nascar, baby. That's, like, the whitest sport on the planet.
- Theresa:** Not anymore, Simon.
- Simon:** Baby, there's like, Nascar and hockey. Hockey, I should have went with hockey.
- Theresa:** Babe, don't worry. He'll forget about it. He's like this with everyone. It always takes him some time to warm up to new people. That's all.
- Simon:** What are we talking about here?
- Theresa:** By Sunday, you'll be a part of this family. I can tell he really likes you. And I really don't think the whole racial thing matters to him.
- Simon:** Is this yours or mine?
- Theresa:** That's mine and that's for later.
- Simon:** No. I think it's for now. If memory serves me right, I think it's mine.
- Theresa:** No, Simon. Take it off. Take it off right now.
- Simon:** It's perfect on me.
- Theresa:** What are you doing?
- Simon:** Look at it. Red is my color. Always has been. Look at it. My goodness!

**Theresa:** Simon, take it off.

**Simon:** But it fits me so perfectly.

**Theresa:** Look, you're stretching it. Take it off right now.

**Simon:** It's not ruined. It's nice. You take it off.

**Theresa:** Simon, I'm not joking.

**Simon:** You want some of this?

**Theresa:** Stop it, Simon. Take it off...

**Simon:** You take it off.

**Parent:** Coming in

**HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON**

FADE IN:

The South Pacific atoll of San Miguel, during the war in the Pacific. Marine Corporal ALLISON and Roman Catholic nun SISTER ANGELA are on the beach under a full moon. The bombed-out remains of thatched huts and Japanese fortifications are inland, between them and the tropical rainforest that covers the island.

Allison is cooking a meal over a small GI stove, utilizing provisions from the camp's ample stores. Sister Angela is sewing.

ALLISON

Some moon, eh Ma'am? Things are just as bright as day, almost. Seems brighter'n that Stateside moon, huh?

SISTER ANGELA

It's a lovely moon...to sew by.

Allison hums the tune to the old Andrews Sisters song, "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (with anyone else but me)."

SISTER ANGELA

What a gay little song! Do you know the words, Mr. Allison?

ALLISON

"Don't sit under the apple tree  
with anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me.  
Don't sit under the apple tree  
with anyone else but me  
'till I come marching home."

SISTER ANGELA

Ah, this terrible war, taking young men away from their sweethearts. Isn't there someone back home, waiting for you, Mr. Allison?

ALLISON

No, Ma'am.

SISTER ANGELA

Oh, that's hard to believe. Big, handsome fella like you, he should have a wife and family.

ALLISON

Ah, yes Ma'am. Ma'am, there's somethin' I'd like to say to ya.

SISTER ANGELA

Yes, Mr. Allison?

ALLISON

Well, ah...it's like this, Ma'am...

SISTER ANGELA

Yes, Mr. Allison?

ALLISON

Ya know them big, red flowers?

SISTER ANGELA

Hibiscus?

ALLISON

Yeah. Well, uh, if ya like, I'll pick some for ya.

SISTER ANGELA

Thank you. Mr. Allison, would it be alright if I didn't sleep in the cave, but out in the open? It's such a lovely night.

ALLISON

Oh, sure, Ma'am. I'll fix a lean-to for ya on the hill, so ya can duck into the cave quick-like, if ya have to.

SISTER ANGELA

What do you think is going to happen next, Mr. Allison?

ALLISON

Oh, I dunno. That long sea battle, maybe we won it. That's why the Japanese pulled out. In which case it's our guy's turn to clobber the island.

SISTER ANGELA

Would they make a landing afterward?

ALLISON

Figgers.

SISTER ANGELA

Do you think they'll come soon?

ALLISON

Oughta be right away.

SISTER ANGELA

Oh! Oh, I hope! I hope.

ALLISON

Ma'am, I just got to tell ya.

SISTER ANGELA

What?

ALLISON

When you go back home again, Ma'am, don't do it, Ma'am. Please. Please don't, Ma'am.

SISTER ANGELA

Don't do what?

ALLISON

Don't take those vows. Those final ones. Don't do it, huh Ma'am? I, uh...I never loved anything, or anybody, before. I never even lived before, not really lived... inside. So, uh, that's why I wanta ask ya to marry me. I wanna look after ya. Not only while we're here, but for the rest of our lives. I couldn't keep from sayin' it, Ma'am. So, uh, tell me...if there's a chance, huh? I don't mean to give offense, Ma'am, but, is there?

SISTER ANGELA

No, Mr. Allison. You see, I've already given my heart to Christ, our Lord.

ALLISON

Ya mean, like ya was engaged or somethin’?

SISTER ANGELA

Yes. This is the ring. And when I make my final vows, I’ll wear a gold one. A marriage ring.

ALLISON

Why, I didn’t know. I didn’t know it was set up like that, I...guess I didn’t have no right to speak. Well, guess I’ll go fix that lean-to for ya.

He hurries away up the hill.

FADE OUT

**HIGH FIDELITY**

WOMAN  
Those.

Rob steps into the room like an Undeserving, and carefully drops to his knees to examine the singles, each pristine in a plastic sleeve: the original God Save the Queen by the Sex Pistols, original Otis Reddings, Elvis Presleys, James Browns, Jerry Lee Lewises, Beatles... on and on. The mother lode. Rob is doing the best to control the onset of hyperventilation. He dares a glance over his shoulder to her to see if this is a joke.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

ROB  
It's the best collection I've ever seen.

WOMAN  
Give me fifty bucks and they're all yours.

Rob's face goes funny. He looks around for a hidden camera.

ROB  
These are worth at least, I don't know --

WOMAN  
I know what they're worth. Give me fifty and get them out.

ROB  
But you must have --

WOMAN  
I must have nothing. Their my husband's.

ROB  
And you must not be getting along too well right now, huh?

WOMAN  
He's in Jamaica with a twenty-three-year-old. A friend of my daughter's. He had the fucking nerve to call me and ask me to borrow some money and I told him to fuck off, so he asked me to sell his singles collection and send him a check for whatever I go, minus a ten percent commission. Which reminds me. Can you make sure you give me a five? I want to frame it and put it on the wall.

ROB

It must have taken him a long time  
to get them together.

WOMAN

Years. This collection is as close  
as he's ever come to an achievement.

Rob looks back at the records but avoids the trance.

ROB

Look. Can I pay you properly? You  
don't have to tell him what you got.  
Send him forty-five bucks and blow  
the rest. Give it to charity. Or  
something.

WOMAN

That wasn't part of the deal. I  
want to be poisonous but fair.

ROB

(looking back at the records)  
Look... I... I'm sorry. I don't  
want to be any part of this.

WOMAN

Suit yourself. There are plenty of  
others who will.

ROB

That's why I'm trying to compromise.  
What about fifteen-hundred? They're  
worth five times that.

WOMAN

Sixty.

ROB

Thirteen hundred.

WOMAN

Seventy-five.

ROB

Eleven-hundred. That's my lowest  
offer.

WOMAN

And I won't take a penny over ninety.

They start smiling at each other.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

With eleven hundred he could come  
home, and that's the last thing I  
want.



ROB  
I'm sorry but I think you better  
talk to someone else.

WOMAN  
Fine.

Rob half stands, then drops again for one last lingering look.

ROB  
Can I buy this Otis Redding single  
off you?

WOMAN  
Sure. Ten cents.

ROB  
Oh, come on! Let me give you ten  
dollars for this, and you can give  
the rest away for all I care.

WOMAN  
Okay. Because you took the trouble  
to come up here. And because  
you've got principles. But that's  
it. I'm not selling them to you  
one by one.

## HIGH FIDELITY (2)

INT. NORTH SIDE TAVERN - DAY

Rob sits at a table in the bar, nervous. He watches the door,

ROB

How are you not going to fall for someone who wants to interview you? Now Caroline is all I can think about. And in the daydreams I imagine every detail, the entire story of our future relationship, until suddenly I realize that there's nothing left to actually, like, happen. I've done it all, lived through it all in my head. I know the whole plot, the ending, and the good parts. Now I'd have to watch it all over again in real time, and where's the fun in that? And fucking--when is it all going to stop? Am I going to jump from rock to rock for the rest of my life until there aren't any rocks left? Am I going to bolt every time I get itchy feet? Because I get them about once a quarter, along with the store's tax bill. I've been thinking with my guts since I was fourteen years old and, frankly speaking, I've come to the conclusion that my guts have shit for brains.

Rob sits up straight when the door opens, and follows someone with his eyes, all the way to his table. She sits. It's Laura.

LAURA

A drinking lunch on a school day.  
What a nice surprise.

Rob says nothing.

LAURA

Are you worried about tomorrow night?

ROB

Not really.

He plays with his drink.

LAURA

Are you going to talk to me, or shall  
I get my paper out?

ROB

I'm going to talk to you.

LAURA

Right.

He plays with his drink some more.

LAURA

What are you going to talk to me  
about?

ROB

I'm going to talk to you about whether  
you want to get married or not. To  
me.

LAURA

Ha ha ha. Hoo hoo hoo.

ROB

I'm serious.

LAURA

I know.

ROB

Oh, well thanks a fucking bunch.

LAURA

I'm sorry. But two days ago you  
were making a tape for that girl who  
interviewed you for The Reader,

LAURA

Well forgive me if I don't think of  
you as the world's safest bet.

ROB

Would you marry me if I was?

LAURA

What brought all this on?

ROB  
I don't know.

ROB  
I'm just sick of thinking about it  
all the time.

LAURA  
About what?

ROB  
This stuff. Love, settling down and marriage you know? I  
want to think about something else.

LAURA  
I've changed my mind. That's the  
most romantic thing I've ever heard.  
I do. I will.

ROB  
Just Shut up. I'm only trying to explain okay? That  
other girl, and other women, I was thinking that they  
are just fantasy's. You know, and they always seem really great  
because we never have any problems, and if we do, they are  
only cute problems, like we both bought each other the same  
christmas present, or she wants to see a movie I've already seen.  
And then I come home, and you and I have real problems, you  
don't want to see movies that I wanna see period, there's no lingerie

LAURA  
I have lingerie

ROB  
Oh, yes you do, you have great lingerie, but you also have cotton  
underwear you washed a hundred times hanging on the thing and...  
and they have it too, but I don't have to see it cause its not in  
the fantasy. You understand. I'm tired of the fantasy, because  
it doesn't really exist, and there are never any surprises and it  
never really

LAURA  
Delivers?

ROB  
Delivers. Right, and I'm tired of it. And I'm tired of everything else  
for that matter. But I never seem to get tired of you. So...

LAURA

I think I know what you mean. But  
were you really expecting me to say  
yes?

ROB

I dunno. I didn't think about it,  
really. It was the asking that was  
the important thing.

LAURA

Well, you've asked.

She leans over and takes his hands in hers, smiles at him.

LAURA

Thank you.

**HIGH FIDELITY**

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lock turns and Rob enters, holding the door for Laura who slips by, her coat in her hands. She glances down at the table by the door and sees Ian's envelope.

ROB

You can take it with you if you want.

She slips it into her purse. He stands facing her for a moment, then crosses to her, takes her coat and tosses it on a chair. She opens the closet and takes out a big laundry sack.

LAURA

Have you tackled the Great Reorganization yet?

ROB

Don't you think there are more important things to talk about than my record collection?

She begins putting books and other things into the bag...

LAURA

You bet. I've been saying that for years.

Having no comeback, Rob goes for the moral high ground.

ROB

So. Where have you been staying for the last week?

LAURA

I think you know that.

ROB

Had to work it out for myself, though, didn't I?

Laura looks suddenly tired and sad, and looks away.

LAURA

I'm sorry. I haven't been very fair to you. That's why I came to the store this evening. I feel terrible, Rob. This is really hard, you know.

ROB

Good. (beat) So. Is it my job?

LAURA

What? Gimme a fucking break. Is that what you think? That you're not big enough a deal for me? Jesus, gimme a little credit, Rob.

ROB

I don't know. It's one of the things I thought of.

LAURA

What were the others?

ROB  
Just the obvious stuff.

LAURA  
What's the obvious stuff?

ROB  
I don't know.

She stands and walks toward the bathroom.

LAURA  
I guess it's not that obvious, then.

ROB  
No. So. Is it working out with Ian?

LAURA  
Rob. Don't be childish.

ROB  
Why is that childish? You're living with the guy! I'm just asking how it's going.

LAURA  
I am not living with him. I've just been staying with him for a few days until I work out what I'm doing. Look, this has nothing to do with anyone else. You know that, don't you? I left because we weren't exactly getting along, and we weren't talking about it. And I suddenly realized that I like my job, and I like what my life is, could be turning into, and that I'm getting to a point where I want to get my shit together and I can't really see that ever happening with you, and yeah, yeah, I sort of got interested in someone else, and that went further than it should have, so it seemed like a good time to go. But I have no idea what will happen with Ian in the long run. Probably nothing.

ROB  
Well then why don't you quit it while you seem to not be ahead?

Laura rolls her eyes and head off into the bedroom with the laundry bag.

LAURA  
Look. Maybe you'll grow up and we'll get it together, you and me. Maybe I'll never see either of you again. I don't know. All I know is that it's not a good time to be living here.

ROB  
So, what, you haven't definitely decided to dump me? There's still a chance we'll get back together?

LAURA  
I don't know.

ROB  
Well, if you don't know, there's a chance, right? It's like, if someone was in the hospital and he was seriously ill and the doctor said, I don't know if he's got a chance of survival or not, then that doesn't mean the patient's definitely going to die, now does it? It means he might live. Even if it's only a remote possibility.

LAURA  
I suppose so.

ROB  
So we have a chance of getting back together again.

LAURA  
Oh, Rob, shut up.

ROB  
Hey, I just want to know where I stand. What chance --

LAURA  
-- I don't fucking know what chance you fucking have!

She abandons her attempt at packing.

ROB  
Well if you could tell me roughly it would help.

LAURA  
Okay, okay, we have a nine percent chance of getting back together. Does that clarify the situation?

ROB  
Yeah. Great.

LAURA  
(shaking her head) I'm too tired for this now. I know I'm asking a lot, but will you take off for a while so I can get my stuff packed up? I need to be able to think while I do it and I can't think while you're here.

ROB  
No problem. If I can ask one question.

LAURA  
Fine. One.

ROB  
It sounds stupid.

LAURA  
Nevermind.

ROB  
You won't like it.

LAURA  
Just ask it!

ROB  
Is it better?

LAURA  
Is what better? Better than what?



ROB

Well. Sex, I guess. Is sex with him better?

LAURA

Jesus Christ, Rob. Is that really what's bothering you?

ROB

Of course it is.

LAURA

You really think it would make a difference either way?

ROB

I don't know.

LAURA

Well the answer is that I don't know either. We haven't done it yet.

ROB

Never?

LAURA

I haven't felt like it.

ROB

But not even before, when he was living upstairs?

LAURA

No. I was living with you, remember? We've slept together but we haven't made love. Not yet. But I'll tell you one thing. The sleeping together is better.

ROB

(trying not to smile) The sleeping together is better but not the sex because you haven't done it with him yet.

LAURA

Will you please just go?

**HIS GIRL FRIDAY**

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG SHOT**

as she opens the door. Burns is shaving with an electric razor and Louie is holding the mirror up in front of him.

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

shaving, Louie holding the mirror.

**LOUIE**

A little more round the chin, Boss.

**MEDIUM SHOT**

There is a sound of the door closing and Burns, without looking up, says:

**BURNS**

What do you want?

**HILDY**

Why, I'm surprised, Mr. Burns. That's no way to talk to your wife -- even if she's no longer your wife.

**BURNS**

(grinning)  
Hello, Hildy!

**HILDY**

Hello, Walter.  
(to Louie)  
Hi, Louie -- how's the slotmachine king?

**LOUIE**

Oh, I ain't doing that any more. I'm retired. I'm one of you fellas now -- a newspaper man.

**HILDY**

Editorials?

**BURNS**

Get going, Louie. I got company.

The door flies open and Duffy comes busting in.

**DUFFY**

Walter!

**BURNS**

I'm busy, Duffy.

**DUFFY**

Well, you're not too busy to know that the Governor hasn't signed that reprieve!

**BURNS**

What?

**DUFFY**

And that means Earl Williams dies tomorrow morning and makes a sucker out of us!

**BURNS**

You're crazy. Where's Mac?

**DUFFY**

He's on my phone. He just called me.

**BURNS**

They can't do that to me!

He grabs the phone on his desk:

**BURNS**

Give me that call on Duffy's wire! Hello -- Mac? Burns. Where's the Governor? -- What do you mean, you can't locate him?

(apparently pleading  
to the one man in  
the world who can  
help him)

Mac, you know what this means. We're the only paper in town defending Earl Williams and if he hangs tomorrow we're washed up! Find the Governor and when you find him tell him we want that reprieve!... Tell him I elected him and I can have him impeached! Sure, you can do it, Mac -- I know you can. I always said you were the greatest reporter in the country and now you can prove it. Get going! Attaboy!

He hangs up.

**BURNS**

(to Duffy,  
sarcastically)

The greatest reporter in the country! First I gotta tell him what news to get! Gotta tell him how to get it -- then I gotta write it for him

afterward! Now if you were a decent  
City Editor --

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND BURNS**

with Louie and Hildy in the b.g.

**DUFFY**

Don't blame me. I'm City Editor in  
name only. You do all the hiring  
around here.

**BURNS**

Yeah! Well, I do the firing, too.  
Remember that, Duffy, and Keep a  
civil tongue in your head.

**MEDIUM SHOT**

**HILDY**

I don't like to interfere with  
business, but would you boys pardon  
us while we have a little heart-to-  
heart talk?

**DUFFY AND LOUIE**

(together)

Well -- But I gotta --

They look at Burns.

**BURNS**

Scram, you guys.

They start to go.

**HILDY**

You won't miss anything. You'll  
probably be able to hear him just as  
well outside as here.

They go.

**HILDY**

Mind if I sit down?

Hildy sits.

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND LOUIE**

going out of the door. They cast an interested look back  
and linger a second. Over scene comes Burns' voice.

**BURNS' VOICE**

I said scram!

They close the door hurriedly.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**HILDY**

May I have a cigarette, please?

Burns reaches into his pocket, extracts a cigarette and  
tosses it on the desk. Hildy reaches for it.

**HILDY**

Thanks. A match?

Burns delves into pockets again, comes up with matchbox,  
tosses it to Hildy, who catches it deftly, and strikes  
the match.

**BURNS**

How long is it?

Hildy finishes lighting her cigarette, takes a puff, and  
fans out the match.

**HILDY**

How long is what?

**BURNS**

You know what. How long since we've  
seen each other?

**HILDY**

Let's see. I was in Reno six weeks --  
then Bermuda... Oh, about four months,  
I guess. Seems like yesterday to me.

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

**BURNS**

(slyly)

Maybe it was yesterday. Been seeing  
me in your dreams?

**MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE TWO**

**HILDY**

(casually)

No -- Mama doesn't dream about you  
any more, Walter. You wouldn't know  
the old girl now.

**BURNS**

(with conviction)

Oh, yes I would. I'd know you any  
time --

start

He grows lyrical and, rising from his seat, is about to  
toward her, as he continues:

**BURNS AND HILDY**

(together)

-- any place, anywhere --

He sits.

**HILDY**

(half-pityingly)

You're repeating yourself! That's  
the speech you made the night you  
proposed.

(she burlesques his  
fervor)

"-- any time -- any place --  
anywhere!"

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BURNS**

**BURNS**

(growling)

I notice you still remember it.

**HILDY**

I'll always remember it. If I hadn't  
remembered it, I wouldn't have  
divorced you.

**BURNS**

You know, Hildy, I sort of wish you  
hadn't done it.

**HILDY**

Done what?

**BURNS**

Divorced me. It sort of makes a fellow  
lose faith in himself. It almost  
gives him a feeling he wasn't wanted.

**HILDY**

Holy mackerel! Look, Walter, that's  
what divorces are for.

**BURNS**

Nonsense. You've got the old-fashioned  
idea that divorces are something  
that last forever -- till 'death us  
do part'. Why, a divorce doesn't  
mean anything today. It's only a few  
words mumbled over you by a judge.  
We've got something between us nothing  
can change.

**HILDY**

I suppose that's true in a way. I am fond of you, Walter. I often wish you weren't such a stinker.

**BURNS**

Now, that's a nice thing to say.

**HILDY**

Well, why did you promise me you wouldn't fight the divorce and then try and gum up the whole works?

**BURNS**

Well, I meant to let you go -- but, you know, you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**HILDY**

A fellow your age, hiring an airplane to write:

(she gestures above  
to indicate sky-  
writing)

'Hildy: Don't be hasty -- remember my dimple. Walter.! It held things up twenty minutes while the Judge ran out to watch it.

**BURNS**

Well, I don't want to brag, but I've still got the dimple -- and in the same place -- I just acted like any husband who doesn't want to see his home broken up.

**HILDY**

What home?

**WALTER**

What home? Don't you remember the home I promised you?

**HILDY**

Oh, yes -- we were to have it right after our honeymoon -- honeymoon!

**BURNS**

Was it my fault? Did I know that coal mine was going to have another cave-in? I meant to be with you on our honeymoon, Hildy -- honest I did.

**HILDY**

All I know is that instead of two weeks in Atlantic City with my bridegroom, I spent two weeks in a coal mine with John Kruptzky -- age sixty-three -- getting food and air out of a tube! You don't deny that. Do you?

**BURNS**

Deny it! I'm proud of it! We beat the whole country on that story.

**HILDY**

Well, suppose we did? That isn't what I got married for. What's the good of -- Look, Walter, I came up here to tell you that you'll have to stop phoning me a dozen times a day -- sending twenty telegrams -- all the rest of it, because I'm --

**BURNS**

Let's not fight, Hildy. Tell you what. You come back to work on the paper and if we find we can't get along in a friendly way, we'll get married again.

**HILDY**

What?!!

**BURNS**

I haven't any hard feelings.

**HILDY**

Walter, you're wonderful in a loathesome sort of way. Now, would you mind keeping quiet long enough for me to tell you what I came up here for?

**BURNS**

(rising, reaching for his hat)

Sure, come on. We'll have some lunch and you can tell me everything.

**HILDY**

(also rising)

I have a lunch date. I just want --

**BURNS**

You can break it, can't you?

**HILDY**

No, I can't.



**BURNS**

Sure you can. Come on.

**DIFFERENT ANGLE**

**HILDY**

Don't tell me what to do! We're divorced -- I'm a free woman. You're not my husband and you're not my boss! And what's more, you're not going to be my boss.

**BURNS**

What do you mean by that?

**HILDY**

Just what I said. That's what I --

**BURNS**

You mean you're not coming back to work here?

**HILDY**

That's the first time you've been right today. That's what I --

**BURNS**

(still interrupting)

You've had a better offer, eh?

**HILDY**

You bet I've got a better offer.

**BURNS**

Well, go on and take it. Work for somebody else! That's the gratitude I get for --

**HILDY**

I know, Walter, but I --

**BURNS**

(ignoring her)

What were you when you came here five years ago? A little college girl from a School of Journalism! I took a little doll-faced mugg --

**HILDY**

You wouldn't have taken me if I hadn't been doll-faced!

**BURNS**

Why should I? I thought it would be a novelty to have a face around here a man could look at without shuddering.

**HILDY**

Listen, Walter --

**BURNS**

(going right on)

I made a great reporter out of you, Hildy, but you won't be half as good on any other paper, and you know it. You need me and I need you -- and the paper needs both of us.

**HILDY**

Well, the paper'll have to learn to do without me. And so will you. It just didn't work out, Walter.

**WIDER ANGLE**

**BURNS**

It would have worked if you'd been satisfied with just being editor and reporter. But no! You had to marry me and spoil everything.

**HILDY**

(indignantly)

I wasn't satisfied! I suppose I proposed to you!

**BURNS**

Well, you practically did! Making goo-goo eyes at me for two years till I broke down. And I still claim I was tight the night I proposed. If you'd been a gentleman you'd have forgotten all about it. But not you!

**HILDY**

(speechless)

You -- you --

She grabs something and chucks it at him. He ducks. The phone rings.

**BURNS**

(to Hildy)

You're losing your eye. You used to be able to pitch better than that.

(he reaches for phone)

Hello... Yeah... What? Sweeney? Well, what can I do for you?

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY**

seated at his desk, talking into phone.

**DUFFY**

What's the matter with you? Are you drunk? This is Duffy, not Sweeney!

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

Burns into phone:

**BURNS**

Sweeney! You can't do that to me! Not today, of all days! Jumping Jehosophat! Oh, no, Sweeney... Well, I suppose so... All right. If you have to, you have to.

(he hangs up)

How do you like that? Everything happens to me -- with 365 days in the year -- this has to be the day.

**HILDY**

What's the matter?

**BURNS**

Sweeney.

**HILDY**

Dead?

**BURNS**

Not yet. Might just as well be. The only man on the paper who can write -- and his wife picks this morning to have a baby!

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

**HILDY**

Sweeney?

(she laughs)

Well, after all, he didn't do it on purpose, did he?

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**BURNS**

I don't care whether he did or not. He's supposed to be covering the Earl Williams case and there he is -- waiting at the hospital! Is there no sense of honor left in this country?

**HILDY**

(practically)

Well, haven't you got anybody else?

**BURNS**

There's nobody else on the paper who  
can write! This'll break me, unless --  
    (he stares at Hildy;  
    then a light breaks)  
Hildy!

**HILDY**

No!

**BURNS**

You've got to help me, Hildy.

**HILDY**

Keep away --

**BURNS**

It'll bring us together again, Hildy --  
just the way we used to be.

**HILDY**

That's what I'm afraid of. "Any time --  
any place -- anywhere!"

**BURNS**

Don't mock, Hildy, this is bigger  
than anything that's happened to us.  
Don't do it for me! Do it for the  
paper.

**HILDY**

Get away, Svengali.

**BURNS**

If you won't do it for love, how  
about money? Forget the other offer  
and I'll raise you twenty-five bucks  
a week.

**HILDY**

Listen, you bumble-headed baboon --

**BURNS**

All right -- thirty-five, and not a  
cent more!

**HILDY**

Please! Will you just --

**BURNS**

Great grief! What's that other paper  
going to give you?

**HILDY**

I'm not working for any other paper!

**BURNS**

Oh! In that case, the raise is off

and you go back to your old salary  
and like it. Trying to blackjack --

**HILDY**

Look at this!  
(pulling her glove  
off her left hand)

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

ring  
She gets glove off left hand and holds up an engagement  
for him to see.

**HILDY**

Do you see this? Do you know what an  
engagement ring is?

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

He looks at ring, swallows, then:

**MED. SHOT**

Burns and Hildy.

**HILDY**

I tried to tell you right away but  
you started reminiscing. I'm getting  
married, Walter, and also getting as  
far away from the newspaper business  
as I can get! I'm through.

**BURNS**

(himself again)  
Get married all you want to, Hildy,  
but you can't quit the newspaper  
business.

**HILDY**

You can't sell me that, Walter.

**BURNS**

Who says I can't? You're a newspaper  
man.

**HILDY**

That's why I'm quitting. I want to  
go some place where I can be a woman.

**BURNS**

I know you, Hildy, and I know what  
it would mean. It would kill you.

**CLOSER SHOT**

**HILDY**

(bitterly)

A journalist! Peeking through keyholes -- running after fire engines -- waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them if they think Hitler's going to start a war -- stealing pictures off old ladies of their daughters that got chased by apemen! I know all about reporters -- a lot of daffy buttinskies going around without a nickel in their pockets, and for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives will know what's going on! No, Walter, I'm through.

**BURNS**

Where'd you meet this man?

**HILDY**

Bermuda.

**BURNS**

Bermuda... Rich, eh?

**HILDY**

Not what you'd call rich. Makes about five thousand a year.

**BURNS**

What's his line?

**HILDY**

He's in the insurance business.

**BURNS**

(looks up)

The insurance business?

**HILDY**

(on the defensive)

It's a good, honest business, isn't it?

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**BURNS**

Oh sure, it's honest. But somehow, I can't picture you with a guy who sells policies.

**HILDY**

Well, I can, and I love it! He forgets the office when he's with me. He doesn't treat me like an errand-boy -- he treats me like a woman.

**BURNS**

He does, does he? How did I treat you -- like a water buffalo?

**HILDY**

I don't know about water buffaloes, but I know about him. He's kind and sweet and considerate. He wants a home -- and children.

**BURNS**

Say, sounds more like a guy I ought to marry. What's his name?

**HILDY**

Well, I'll give you a hint. By tomorrow they'll be calling me Mrs. Bruce Baldwin.

**BURNS**

Tomorrow? Tomorrow... as quick as that?

**HILDY**

The quicker the better. Well -- I finally got out what I came in to tell you.

(she extends her hand)

So long, Walter, and better luck next time.

**BURNS**

(taking her hand)

I wish you everything I couldn't give you, Hildy.

**HILDY**

Thanks...

**BURNS**

Too bad I couldn't see this guy first. I'm pretty particular about whom my wife marries.

**HILDY**

(laughing)

Well, he's waiting in the anteroom for me now.

**BURNS**

Say, could I meet him?

**HILDY**

Oh, better not, Walter. Wouldn't do any good.

**BURNS**

You're not afraid, are you?

**HILDY**

Afraid? I should say not!

**BURNS**

All right then, come on and let's see this paragon.

(gets hat)

Is he as good as you say?

**HILDY**

Better.

**MED. SHOT OFFICE**

Burns has his hat. They start toward the door.

**BURNS**

Then what does he want with you?

**HILDY**

(laughing)

Now you got me.

**BURNS**

Nothing personal. I was just asking.

At the door, Burns walks ahead, opens door and walks out.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT**

**BURNS**

**BURNS**

After all --

He stops as he realizes she's not there. The door opens. Hildy comes out.

**HILDY**

You wouldn't believe this, Walter, but Bruce holds the door open for me.

**BURNS**

(incredulous)

No kidding?



## **HITCH**

**Chip:** Hi.

**Chip:** I noticed your glass was getting low...

so I took the liberty

of bringing you another apple martini.

**Sarah:** Thank you.

**Chip:** And I couldn't help but notice

you look a lot like my next girlfriend.

**Sarah:** (laughs) What's your name?

**Chip:** They call me Chip.

**Sarah:** Awe, you can't get them to stop?

**Chip:** (laughs) That was funny.

**Sarah:** Listen, I understand the courage it takes to walk across a room, and try to generate a relationship out of thin air. So, don't take the following personally.

**Chip:** You have fantastic eyes.

**Sarah:** Thanks. Try to listen.

This is not a reflection on you.

I'm just not interested.

But, thank you for the compliment of coming over.

**Chip:** You're welcome.

So do you like Cuban food?

**Sarah:** Chip, seriously, that was not code for, "I wish you'd try harder."

**Chip:** Are you always so shut-down and afraid that the right man might make you...

(interrupted by **Hitch**) Feel like a natural woman?

Sorry I'm late, honey.

I couldn't get a cab. How was the meeting?

**Sarah:** Well, um, there was a beginning,

a middle, and an end.

Nice to meet you, Chip.

**Chip:** (confused) You, too. (exits)

**Hitch:** Now, on the one hand,

it is very difficult for a man...

to even speak to someone

who looks like you.

But on the other hand,

should that be your problem?

**Sarah:** So life's kind of hard all around, huh?

**Hitch:** Not if you pay attention.

You're sending all the right signals:  
no earrings, heels under two inches,  
your hair is pulled back...  
wearing reading glasses with no book,  
drinking a Grey Goose martini,  
which means you had a hell of a week  
and a beer just wouldn't do it.  
And, if that wasn't clear enough...  
there's always the "fuck off"  
that you have stamped on your forehead.

(Sarah laughs) Because who'd believe there's a man out there  
that can sit by a woman he doesn't know...  
and genuinely be interested in who she is,  
what she does, without his own agenda?

**Sarah:** Yeah, I wouldn't even know  
what that would look like...  
So what would a guy like that say?

**Hitch:** He'd say, "My name is Alex Hitchens  
and I'm a consultant."

But she wouldn't be interested in that...  
because she'd be counting the seconds  
until he left.

**Sarah:** Thinking he was like every other guy.

**Hitch:** Which, life experience has taught her,  
is a virtual certainty.

But then he'd ask her name  
and what she did for a living...  
and she might blow him off.  
Or she might say...

**Sarah:** I'm Sara Melas.

I run the gossip column at the Standard.  
And then he'd ask  
all these penetrating questions about her...  
because he was sincerely,  
if atypically, interested.

**Hitch:** No.

**Sarah:** No?

**Hitch:** He'd be interested. (Sarah nods in recognition)

But he'd see that there was no way...

he could possibly make her realize

that he was for real.

**Sarah:** Well, he could be funny and charming

and refreshingly original.

**Hitch:** Wouldn't help.

**Sarah:** Don't you hate it when that happens?

**Hitch:** Not really.

They'd both probably go on

to lead the lives they were headed toward.

My guess is they'd do just fine.

It's a pleasure to have met you, Sara Melas. (exits)

**Waitress:** Grey Goose martini

from the gentleman who just left.

(Sarah looks around, slightly stunned)

## Holy Smoke

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - DAY

RUTH and HARRY enter carrying their luggage.

HARRY  
Shoes please, Ruth.

She grudgingly removes her shoes and gives them to him.

RUTH  
This is a complete waste of time. You're never gonna break me.

HARRY  
That's fine. I didn't expect it to be easy. You're a young, intelligent lady with strong convictions. It would be a little disappointing if it were too quick.

RUTH  
There's no way I can listen to someone like you, who dyes their hair. I've made up my mind.

HARRY  
Mmmm.....you've made up your mind.

RUTH  
Yeah, that's right.

HARRY  
And how, may I ask, did that happen?

RUTH  
What?

HARRY  
How did you do it? Did you make your mind hard and solid, like a brick? Always the same, rain or shine? Nothing gets through? If I was to say to you, "Don't think of pink butterflies," you don't, right? Or do you?

RUTH  
I'm not thinking of pink butterflies.



HARRY

You just mentioned it. You see, the mind is a rebel, it's not a servant. I'm not the one who will break you, Ruth. Your own mind will. "It will seek the truth and the truth will set you free." John, 8:32.

RUTH

I've already heard the truth.

HARRY

The truth about your saintdom? Baba and Mrs. Baba?

RUTH

Not everything's a posture; everything's a joke.

HARRY

You're right. It's not a joke. We're talking about your soul here. Have you thought about the damage that could be done to your soul, to your very center, if you handed it over to someone else? The wrong someone else? "I feel within me that spark, that atom emanation of the divine spirit." Guiseppe Verdi. The soul is a match, a spark. A flame that can light your path. I want to ask you a question. What, in your opinion, is the most important task of a human life? Any idea?

RUTH

Is this multiple choice or a fake question?

HARRY

It's an oratory technique. Have you heard of Socrates?

RUTH

Yeah.

HARRY

The soul takes nothing with her to the other world but her education and culture. So, let's get to the facts. What are you doing with your soul? What is Chigata Baba teaching you?

RUTH

What's the point in me telling you? You already have your opinion.

HARRY

I want to know what you know. Something has touched you, hasn't it?

RUTH

To find that out you'd have to look into my heart. Why aren't you beyond something you can read in a book or a quote? "It is. It is. It is." That's his teaching.

HARRY

That's what he said. His words. "It is."

RUTH

His words.

HARRY

"He alone attains unto it who exclaims 'It is, it is.' This may be perceived and apprehended in it's essence." The Upanishads. The Upanishads were an ancient Hindu text. Feel with your heart, but check your facts.

RUTH

I want my clothes back.

HARRY

No. You agreed to stay and I'm going to make it easy for you.

RUTH

You can't stand the fact that I got faith, can you? 'Cause you're so frightened and dried up of feeling. Just trust in your heart. It's beyond you. I get strength like you can't imagine from my choice.

HARRY

Well, that's what we're really here to examine. The meaning of the word "choice."

RUTH

I want my clothes back!

He offers her some juice.

HARRY

Juice?

She slaps the glass out of his hand.

HARRY

You know, I thought I was going to have to wait the longest time for the real you to break through. You think a sari is going to hide that? A hundred saris can't hide that. You'll only succeed in tying a big knot around your self. Would you share what you're thinking, please?

RUTH

I'm meditating. I was just meditating on the difference between you and Baba.

HARRY

He wears a dress.

RUTH

He lives the way he teaches.

HARRY

And what, specifically, has he taught you?

RUTH

To do good. To be a good person.

HARRY

And how is that manifesting itself? Are you out there doing good deeds? Paying your taxes?

RUTH

You're a cynic.

HARRY

Yes. Yes, I'm a cynic. Because I investigate crap. What about the crap in you, Ruth? Did you take that to the guru?

RUTH

You're a shit. You don't care about me. You don't even know me. And I didn't go to Baba to get my fucked-upness fixed.

HARRY

Well, you'd be the first.

RUTH

Allright, so I hoped it would help me grow. I know I'm not perfect.

HARRY

Good.

RUTH

Yeah, so what do you believe in, then?

HARRY

Why do you want to know that?

RUTH

Because I am just curious to know what you worked out.

HARRY

So you can follow me. Sorry, Honey. That's not my ticket.

She grabs her bag and makes for the door. He restrains her.

RUTH

I told you don't ever touch me! My body is mine, "Honey!" You're a prick!

HARRY

You know, you'd be better off crying.

RUTH

Fuck you.

HARRY

I don't want to disempower you.

RUTH

Oh yeah!

HARRY

If you want disempowerment, you go right back to Mother India. See how they treat women there. Or didn't you notice all those little ultrasounds blipping away so people can go in and say, "Oh my God, it's a girl!" and flush her out and abort her.

RUTH

Moronists.

HARRY

Excuse me?

RUTH

They're Moronists in their treatment of women.

HARRY

I don't hate women. I love ladies.

RUTH

Ladies. You don't know any. I bet you date little Barbie dolls, don't you? "Oh, you're so brainy! You're so big. Can I suck your dick?" You want to sleep with me, don't you?

She starts pushing him around, getting rowdy. He restrains her again.

RUTH

What are you doing? What? Do you think I'm going to break like all the other chicken-wing girlies you snap apart?

HARRY

Not all touch is desire, Ruth. But you wouldn't know that because you're so busy imagining how everyone is desiring you.

RUTH

I'm going to be sick! La la la la la la!

HARRY

You're one of the most ungenerous people I've ever met. I don't think you could actually entwine with another person on account of having to maybe give something back.

RUTH

You don't know that.

HARRY

No. And I don't want to. We made a contract. Which you broke.

RUTH

I don't have to honor a contract with the devil.

FADE OUT

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. DAVIS' HOUSE - DAY

Davis enters to see that his formally empty house is furnished. Gwen enters and doesn't notice him.

DAVIS

Hello?

GWEN

What are you doing here?

DAVIS

What am I doing - what are you doing here?

GWEN

Well, I got kicked out of my apartment and had no place to go, and I would have called but you just never told me where you lived, or where your office was even.

DAVIS

You're the waitress. Gwen.

GWEN

Well, excuse me but I thought we'd been introduced.

DAVIS

No, I recognized you. It's just - you were wearing that Hungarian garb.

GWEN

Well, I had to get out of that place, you know, because Carol and I had a disagreement of exactly when he could come in to my place unannounced, and exactly where he could put his hands while he was there.

DAVIS

Didn't you have any friends you could go to?

GWEN

I told you. I'd only been in Boston for three weeks. I didn't know anybody.

(MORE)

GWEN (cont'd)

All I had was that cute little drawing you did of this house, and that it was in Dobbs Mill, and it was just sitting here not doing anything.

DAVIS

Well, where did all of this furniture come from?

GWEN

Biggelows.

DAVIS

No, I mean how did it get here? Some kind of furniture stampede?

GWEN

I'll pay you back.

DAVIS

You'll pay me back? What is happening?

GWEN

Well, if you'd just listen.

DAVIS

I'm listening. I'm listening.

GWEN

Alright. I was hungry, okay? I went to Keller's market just to pick up some peanut butter and stuff, and I overheard Hazel telling Travis to...

DAVIS

Woah, woah, woah...Hazel?

GWEN

Yeah. Hazel Byron.

DAVIS

You know Misses Byron?

GWEN

Yeah, your piano teacher? Great gal. I don't know if you heard about her son Stewey, but oh...what he put that poor woman through.



DAVIS

Wait a minute, go back to the part at the grocery store where Misses Byron said to Mister Keller.

GWEN

Okay. Well, she told him to just put it on her account.

DAVIS

You charged the groceries to me?

GWEN

Well, I was hungry. Now, come on. You've gotta understand that.

DAVIS

Well, what did you tell him? How did you get him to do it?

GWEN

Well, I guess he was under the impression that I was...

DAVIS

Insane?

GWEN

No. I just told him to go ahead and put it on our account.

DAVIS

Our account?

GWEN

Well, it seemed harmless.

DAVIS

You told him you were my wife?

GWEN

Well, what was I supposed to do? You tell me.

DAVIS

And he believed you?

GWEN

And why wouldn't he believe me?

DAVIS

Well, I...

GWEN

What's the matter? I'm not good enough to be your wife?

DAVIS

No.

Davis notices the coffee table.

GWEN

Well, Travis thinks I'm good enough. And Harvey and Lorraine think I'm good enough.

DAVIS

This coffee table...

GWEN

What about it?

DAVIS

It's my mothers.

GWEN

I know. It's not my taste either but all of this represents a compromise. You know your mother.

DAVIS

My parents think we're married?

GWEN

Hey, it's not so bad. Come on. Everything's going to be fine.

Davis puts his foot on the coffee table.

GWEN

Would you mind taking your feet off the furniture?

She walks to the bedroom.

DAVIS

Gwen. Gwen...

He follows her.

DAVIS

Gwen. Gwen. Gwen, you can't stay here.

GWEN

Oh, why not?

DAVIS

Well, I hardly know you.

GWEN

Oh, come on. Where in the hell am I supposed to go? And what do you mean you hardly know me?

DAVIS

Look, I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry for the way I acted. I'm just going through a difficult time right now and this isn't helping. Look, I've got maybe a hundred bucks here. Just to help until you get back on your feet. Take it.

GWEN

What is that? Payment for services rendered?

DAVIS

Oh, come on.

GWEN

I don't want your goddamned money.

DAVIS

No, just my goddamned house, right?

There's a knock at the door. Becky pokes her head in.

BECKY

Hello?

DAVIS

Becky.

BECKY

I was dying to see how everything looked and I saw your car outside, and I, uh...congratulations. I'm so happy for you.

DAVIS

Well you needn't be. (to Gwen) Do you want to tell her or should I?

GWEN

You're a shit.

BECKY

Uh, maybe I'll just - I'll wait...

She leaves. Davis goes after her.

EXT. DAVIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DAVIS

Becky, Becky...Becky, look. Here's what happened. She...

BECKY

Look, Davis, whatever it is, it's between you and Gwen.

DAVIS

Becky...

BECKY

Let me just say one thing. That is a wonderful woman and yours is a genuinely unique marriage.

DAVIS

I'll say.

BECKY

To marry a woman whose face you've never seen until the doctor removes the gauze? That is unique, my friend. It made my heart go pitty-pat.

DAVIS

Did it?

BECKY

Do you know why I said no to you that day? It was because you scared me. Building this house, putting a big ribbon around it...I didn't want to marry a dreamer. I'm not that brave. But when I see you through Gwen's eyes, you look very different to me.

DAVIS

How?

BECKY

Well, I could see how a dreamer  
with somebody who believes in him  
could do great things. I heard  
about your promotion.

DAVIS

Hmm?

BECKY

Associate partner? Wow.

DAVIS

Oh, she told you about that?

BECKY

She's very proud of you. She  
deserves to be. I must admit, I'm a  
little jealous.

DAVIS

Really?

BECKY

Yeah, a little.

DAVIS

Becky?

BECKY

Mm hmm?

DAVIS

There's something I think you  
should know.

Davis takes Becky aside.

INT. DAVIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Davis is back in the room with Gwen.

GWEN

I slept with Boomer Bauer?

DAVIS

It's not like you were being  
promiscuous. He was your old  
boyfriend and you bumped in to him  
one day, and you got to  
reminiscing, and it just happened.

(MORE)

Hud

Hud - Where's that bottle? I had a bottle of Jack Daniel's in that cupboard.

Alma - You drank it.

Hud - When?

Alma - Instead of dinner, Wednesday night.

Hud - Don't remember.

Alma - If you think I drank it, I only drink Tokay wine.

Hud - And I bet you keep your little finger crooked while you're doing it.

Alma - Go stick your head in the water trough and sober up for lunch.

Hud - Don't you find me in control of myself?

Alma - I'd hate to see you walk a straight line.

Hud - That's easy.

(he makes a pass)

Alma - I don't like sudden passes.

Hud - We'll ease into it, then. There's another one coming up on your right.

Alma - Don't you ever ask?

Hud - Only question I ever ask is, "What time's your husband coming home?" What's keeping you? You're over the age of consent.

Alma - Way over.

Hud - Let's untie our shoelaces.

Alma - I've been asked with a little more finesse in my time.

Hud - Yeah. I wouldn't want to come on crude. No, ma'am. I'll bring you a two pound box of candy, maybe some perfume from the drugstore.

Alma - How about some colored beads and wampum?

Hud - Whatever it takes to make you trade.

Alma - No, thanks. I've done my time with one cold-blooded bastard. I'm not looking for another.

Hud - It's too late. You already found him.

Husbands and Wives

FADE IN:

Michael and Sally walk up to her house after their date.

MICHAEL  
Tonight was fun, Sally, eh?

SALLY  
Yes, it was good, it was good....

MICHAEL  
And that music was fantastic...

SALLY  
I usually hate Mahler, but it was good. The last movement was too long, I think he should have cut it down. The second movement was good. Well, you know, it began well...

MICHAEL  
Yeah, it...it started a little bit....

SALLY  
....then it gets sentimental, don't you think?

MICHAEL  
Yeah.

SALLY  
The conductor fought his way out. Dinner was wonderful, although I should teach the chef how to make an alfredo sauce. Didn't quite make it.

MICHAEL  
Oh, I'm sorry you didn't like it.

They get to the door.

SALLY  
You want to....?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I mean, is it ok?



SALLY

Coffee...?

MICHAEL

I'd love to.

SALLY

(yawns)

Oh – I'm only yawning 'cause I'm hyper-oxygenating because the car ride home just made me a little bit sick.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Sally, I'm not the greatest driver in the world.

SALLY

No, your driving was fine, for the most part. It's not your fault. I shouldn't have had that last margarita. Three's my limit.

MICHAEL

I couldn't even finish the second. Ah, this is lovely. English pine. That's the finest.

SALLY

I prefer French. My decorator screwed me. Any way, it's too big for one person. I have to get a place in town. It's funny how your whole life changes. I'm scared here alone.

MICHAEL

Oh, you must be, sure.....

SALLY

There've been robberies....

MICHAEL

Yeah, I bet. Er, d'you want to get married again straight away, Sally, or do you like being single?

SALLY

I love being single.

MICHAEL

Because I think certain personalities just need to be married.

SALLY

I disagree.

MICHAEL

Well, that's what they say.

SALLY

Not me. I thought I did.

MICHAEL

I do. I do. I think it's time for me.

SALLY

So, why have you never got married?

MICHAEL

Oh, I don't know. I got close in my 20's once, but it didn't work out.

She gets out a bottle.

SALLY

Is wine ok?

MICHAEL

Oh, lovely, thank you.

SALLY

I want to be alone for a while at least. I want to have a few experiences. If it happens, great. If not, that's just fine.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm sure you'll get what you want. You're a very beautiful woman.

SALLY

Oh, thank you.

He kisses her. She breaks away.

SALLY

I can't. I can't go so fast.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

SALLY

It's just, you know.....metabolically, it's not my rhythm.

MICHAEL

I understand.

SALLY

Thank you. I haven't been in a social situation that's meant anything to me in a very long time.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Sally. I'm really glad to know you care.

SALLY

Well, I would not be here with you if I wasn't at least interested in exploring it.

MICHAEL

Well, cheers.

SALLY

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

MICHAEL

Tonight's meant a lot to me, Sally. Thank you.

SALLY

Lovely. That's nice.

He goes in for another kiss, more aggressively. She breaks off again.

MICHAEL

OK, OK.....

SALLY

What's the rush?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I apologize, I'm just...I'm overanxious because I like you a lot.

SALLY

Oh, dear. Michael, what can I say? I haven't made love in such a long time. My marriage, I told you, was dead. For years. I don't know why. Oh, yes I do. The second law of thermodynamics. Sonner or later, everything turns to shit. That's my phrasing, not the Encyclopedia Britannica's.

MICHAEL

Strange, because often one doesn't even see it happening.

SALLY

I did. That's the part that kills me. I was in town working. Jack was supposed to be out of town on business in Chicago. All of a sudden, by sheer accident, I see Jack across the street in Victoria's Secret, buying lingerie. I couldn't bring it up. I was so hurt, and so full of rage. And scared. For weeks, you know, I waited for him to say he'd met someone, but he never did. Although I was suspicious, I never found another incident. So I chose to overlook it and I hoped it would go away. But it didn't. Because I began thinking of getting rid of him. And being single. And things just got worse between us. We put up bigger and bigger fronts. Now I'm single, and I realize I'm one of those people who needs to be married.

FADE OUT

## I AM SAM

Sam and Rita enter Rita's apartment

Sam  
Wow!

Rita  
Let's work in the den. It's down here.

Rita sits down and starts arranging her papers while eating

Rita  
Our strategy is we're aggressively pursuing a support system. I'm going to ask you "How are you prepared to help Lucy at school?"

Sam  
Let me see. Let me see.

Rita  
Sam, I told you, you have to stop saying that. It makes you look stupid. OK, try again. You say you will find her a tutor. Then I say, "How will you pay for it?"

Sam  
Could you slow down? Why do you eat so fast?

Rita  
We have been over this a million times.

Sam  
Yeah.

Rita  
You found her a free tutoring service at the YWCA.

Sam  
But I didn't. You did.

Rita  
Look Sam. Can you grasp the concept of manipulating the truth? Not lying. Just a little tweak here and there.

Sam

No. You're so lucky. You get to play with Willy any time you want.

Rita

He doesn't want to play with me.

Sam

Yes, he does. Yes, he does. He does. He thinks you don't want to play, maybe.

Rita

That's ridiculous. Of course I do.

Sam

Tweak.

Rita

I drove around after work yesterday till 9:30 looking for that frigging Raptor scooter!... Okey. I am sorry Sam I think we should try to start over. Let see lets pretend I'm Mr. Turner ones more and I'll ask you the questions he would. So, what made you harass that young boy at your house?

Sam

I didn't harass that boy, and you know it, Rita.

Rita

I'm pretending to be Mr. Turner. Remember?

Sam

If I look at you, I'm gonna laugh again. OK, Mr. Turner.

Rita

I'm Mr. Turner. All right? Isn't Lucy already smarter than you?

Sam

Yeah.

Rita

You buried yourself. You've got to do better.

Sam

I kind of think we're the same smart.

Rita

What does that mean?

Sam

I know the bus routes better than she does.

Rita

How does that make you the same smart?

Sam

Doesn't every parent want their kid to be smart?

Rita

That's true, but the issue here is that at the age of seven, Lucy is smarter than you.

Sam

But in some ways, I'm smarter than she is.

Rita

You got to be firm on this.

Sam

In some ways, she's-- In some ways, I'm smarter than her. In some ways, I'm smarter than you, Mr. Turner. In some ways, I'm smarter than you, Judge McNeilly.

Rita

Whoa. Take it down. Want some marshmallows? Now, we also have to do something about your outfit you cannot go to the stand without a suit. (Rita gets a suit from the closet). This is my husband's. He'll never notice. He has ten more just like it. Try it on.

Sam

Will you look that way?

Rita

In there.

Sam starts to change behind a small curtain while Rita keeps talking

Rita

Now Sam tell me again why don't you think it would be better for Lucy if she lived with a permanent foster family and you could visit.

Sam

No, I don't think that's a very good idea, see. Because the Fosters, they don't know Lucy. And I know Lucy because I'm her father. So, I think if they want to see her then the Fosters can come over to our house to visit her. And I'm very firm on this. I'm very firm on this idea, because Lucy belongs with me.

Rita

Why?

Sam comes out dress in the suit playing with the tie. Rita is astonished when she notice him.

Sam

Remember when Paul McCartney wrote the song "Michelle" and then he only wrote the first part, Annie said. And then he gave that part to John Lennon and he wrote the part that said "I love you, I love you, I love you." Annie said that it wouldn't have been the same song without that and that's why the whole world cried when the Beatles broke up on April 10, 1970.

Sam

I wasn't exactly sure how to tie this. Does it look bad?

Rita

No. Very, very good. (Rita begins to cross his tie) Cross over once. And loop this around and up inside of the neck. And then pull up on the skinny part.

Sam

Oh, yeah. Yeah.

End of Scene



IMPROMPTU

Chopin is playing a piece, with George listening from underneath the piano bench. It's a familiar scene for both of them -- she just as much belongs under the piano bench as he does at the piano. He finishes.

GEORGE: (From under the bench, in post-orgasmic voice:) My god, Chopin. Your music is an answer to prayers I've made since I was a child. It's emotion and science in perfect rapport. I'm so glad: you are no man at all, but an angel -- hands, halo, everything.

CHOPIN: I'm terribly displeased with it.

GEORGE: Why?

CHOPIN: (Manic.) Well, this is perhaps the worst ending I've ever written. [Plays ending again.] The perfect impromptu should be spontaneous and free. It should give no hint of the endless calculation in its creation, and this... I feel as though I'm being torn apart. I have terrible dreams, and I feel, well, I feel that if I should finish it, it will have finished me. Surely you must feel similarly sometimes, you must struggle for just the right word that makes it seem... effortless.

GEORGE: I struggle enough for life. My writing -- I just turn out pages for money. You, however, make this instrument speak the language of god. Chopin, you are eternal, don't you realize that?

CHOPIN: I'm afraid few would agree with you. Not many people believe that I shall live much longer.

GEORGE: Balls!! It's such torture to be afraid -- you need someone to show you life, the air, the sun. Chopin, you merely need strength. Take mine. I have too much.

CHOPIN: This is far too kind an offer.

GEORGE: Frederic, I am not gifted, I am not full of virtues and noble qualities. I love, that is all. But when I do, I do strongly, exclusively, steadfastly.

(She kisses him. He backs away.)

GEORGE: Do you love me?

CHOPIN: I do. I do -- you are superb.

(She kisses him. He backs away.)

GEORGE: What is wrong?!! Are you frightened of me?

CHOPIN: Certain acts are unseemly. Unsuitable.

GEORGE: But it's an act of love! It is divine mystery itself!

CHOPIN: I want to assure you that I have been baptised, as it were. In the brothels of Paris. But I am so ill, my body is such a disappointment, and I've already said goodbye to it. You see, I'm floating outside it, in music, and I'm afraid that if I return to it, if I let it say anything to me -- it will fall apart altogether. Forgive me, I am ashamed.

GEORGE: Forgive me. I'm a fraud really. I've never experienced any divine mystery. I've always had disasterous relationships. I want too much. Except when I hear you play . Chopin, I simply want to be with you, the rest doesn't matter. Can't we just be together, as we are now?

CHOPIN: Yes.

GEORGE: Finally, a yes. That is enough; I'm happy.

(Pause of death.)

GEORGE: Well, I guess we're off to Paris.

## INDECENT PROPOSAL

- David:** What's "Gryphon"?
- Dianna:** Gryphon. Where'd you hear that name?
- David:** You have a box of matches.
- Dianna:** We said we wouldn't talk about it.
- David:** Yeah, well, now I want to talk about it. Don't you?
- Dianna:** No.
- David:** D. I thought I could forget about this, but I can't. So I think... maybe if we just talk about it we can put it behind us.
- Dianna:** Gryphors a boat.
- David:** He took you to a boat? In Nevada?
- Dianna:** We flew to Santa Barbara.
- David:** What kind of boat?
- Dianna:** A big boat.
- David:** And then what?
- Dianna:** And then nothing.
- David:** Where did you get the matches?
- Dianna:** Have you been going through my bag?
- David:** No. Why? What's in your bag?
- Dianna:** I'm not gonna talk about this. I'm not gonna do it.
- Scene 2
- Dianna:** What?
- David:** Who are you talking to?
- Dianna:** My mother.

**David:** And what did Mom have to say?

**Dianna:** Nothing. She wasn't there.

**David:** You said you were talking to her. How could you if she wasn't there?

**Dianna:** Well, I was trying to talk to her...but I didn't reach her.

**David:** She wasn't in after : ?

**Dianna:** No. If you don't believe me, would you like to talk to her yourself?  
What is the matter with you? What is that?

**David:** You know what it is.

**Dianna:** Where did you get this?

**David:** In your wallet.

**Dianna:** I've never seen it before.

**David:** It was in the secret compartment.

**Dianna:** I don't even use that.

**David:** Have you been seeing him?

**Dianna:** No, I haven't.

**David:** You can't stop thinking about him.

**Dianna:** You won't let me. Why were you in my wallet, anyway?

**David:** I don't trust you.

**Dianna:** Well, I don't trust you either.

**David:** Well, then we're even

**David:** Hi, D. You look awful. Where you been?

**Dianna:** I'll tell you about it. Gonna have some wine first. Do you want some?

**David:** So, where you been?

**Dianna:** Last night I was up for hours trying to figure a way out of this mess.

**David:** And today?

**Dianna:** And today I saw Gage. Thank you for your trust, David...and for listening.

**David:** Did you fuck him?

**Dianna:** No.

**David:** But you wanted to.

**Dianna:** I met him in broad daylight in front of a bunch of rich assholes.

**David:** I don't believe you.

**Dianna:** David, he bought our property.

**David:** Okay?

**Dianna:** That's why I went to see him...to find some way to get it back. You have no reason to be jealous. I hate him.

**David:** Tell me what happened on that boat.

**Dianna:** Don't do this! Why?

**David:** 'Cause I want to know.

**Dianna:** All right, I'll tell you. The man was a fucking stallion. Should I say we did it all night? Does that do it for you?

**David:** Is that the truth?

**Dianna:** You don't want the fucking truth. You want me to lie. So I'll tell you he's awful, and you won't believe me.

**David:** Just tell me the truth, D.

**Dianna:** It was sex, David. Just sex. Not love.

**David:** Was it good sex?

**Dianna:** Don't do this.

**David:** Can you just tell me that? What are you hesitating for? Just tell me. Was it good? Was it good? Was it good?

**Dianna:** Yes. David.

**David:** Don't tell me it was just sex. You were attracted to him all along.

**Dianna:** That's bullshit. David, I did it for you.

**David:** Don't you tell me you did it for me. You did it for yourself. You were dying to do it.

**Dianna:** I would never do this for myself. It was all for you.

**David:** Don't lie to me! You were attracted to him! I knew something like this was gonna happen.

**Jerry Macquire- Jerry and Dorothy**

**EXT. RAY'S PLAYHOUSE -- NIGHT**

Jerry sits finishing a phone call to an advertising account exec. He has come here, to Ray's playhouse for privacy.

**JERRY**

Tonight. Yeah, the red-eye, I'll  
be in Arizona on Monday...

Jerry adlibs some salesmanship on Tidwell's behalf. Dorothy approaches. She gives him a few phone messages, sits down. Beat of silence. He sees a look on her face that is unfamiliar.

**DOROTHY**

It's my fault.

**JERRY**

What --

**DOROTHY**

It's not fair to you. This  
whole --

**JERRY**

(instant crisis mode)  
Tell me -- let me help --

**DOROTHY**

I took advantage of you and worst  
of all, I'm not alone. I did this  
with a kid. I was just on some  
ride where I thought I was in love  
enough for both of us. I did  
this. And at least I can do  
something about it now.

**JERRY**

(damage control)  
Well -- I'm not the guy who's  
going to run. I stick.

**DOROTHY**

I don't need you to "stick."

**JERRY**

You want...

**DOROTHY**

I don't know --

**JERRY**

(it slips out)  
...my soul or something.

**DOROTHY**

Why fucking not! I deserve it.

**JERRY**

(direct)

Dorothy -- what if I'm just not built that way?

**DOROTHY**

I think we made a mistake here.

But now he can't stop.

**JERRY**

What if it's true? "Great at friendship bad at intimacy." I mean, come on. It's the theme of my bachelor film --

**DOROTHY**

I know. I watched it. I sort of know it by heart.

**JERRY**

(absorbs it)

I don't like to give up.

**DOROTHY**

Oh please. My need to make the best of things, and your need to be what, "responsible"... if one of us doesn't say something now we might lose ten years being polite about it. Why don't we call this next road trip what it is. A nice long break.

**JERRY**

What about Ray?

She notes the only real glimpse of ache, in that question.

**DOROTHY**

There's no question you'll be friends. Of course you'll be friends.

**JERRY**

So this break... is a break-up.

**DOROTHY**

Come on, Jerry. You know this isn't easy for me.

(more)



DOROTHY (cont'd)  
I mean, on the surface, you'd  
almost think everything was fine.  
See, I've got this great guy who  
loves my kid --  
(resolute, no tears)  
-- and he sure does like me a lot.

Jerry Maguire, a man who speaks for a living, has nothing to  
say.

**DOROTHY**  
(continuing)  
I can't live that way. It's not  
the way I'm "built."

He moves to embrace her. She pulls away first.

**JOHNNY SUEDE (Miramax, 1992)**

3-16 INTERIOR. YVONNE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

*YVONNE opens the door.*

**YVONNE:** Johnny!!

**JOHNNY:** Hi, babe.

**Y:** Where have you been?

**J:** You won't believe it.

**Y:** Are you all right?

**J:** Me? Yeah, I'm all right.

**Y:** *(grabs his hand)* You're bleeding!

**J:** No, that's not mine. That's somebody else's. *(the "blood" is actually ink from a red marker)*

**Y:** What happened?

**J:** Some guy got shot on the train. This fat guy; sitting right next to me – got it right in the head. I was asleep so I didn't see who did it but of course the cops got to keep me down there for six hours asking every goddamn question you can imagine, over and over –

**Y:** Why didn't you call me?

**J:** They wouldn't even let me use the phone, can you believe it? I ran all the way from the station.

**Y:** I'm so glad you're OK. I was so worried. You must be starved. Come on, you're dinner's in the fridge.

**J:** I think I'll hop in the shower first.

**Y:** You do smell kind of ripe.

**J:** That train was like a sweatbox.

**Y:** Well, hurry up and shower and maybe we can salvage what's left of your birthday.

**J:** Hey, you bought a cake.

**Y:** Bought it hell. I made it.

**J:** You made me a cake?

**Y:** I made you a cake; what's the big deal?

*On a sudden impulse JOHNNY embraces YVONNE. JOHNNY quickly moves away, going into the bedroom. YVONNE follows.*

**J:** What the hell is this – Christmas? Look at these presents.

*JOHNNY picks up a small package and shakes it.*

**Y:** Open it.

**J:** No, I'll save it till we eat the cake.

*JOHNNY kicks off his shoes and takes off his shirt. YVONNE immediately notices the red hand-shaped splotches spreading faintly across his chest.*

**Y:** What's that?

**J:** What?

**Y:** Those red marks.

**J:** Some kind of heat rash, I guess.

**Y:** Are you sure you're alright?

**J:** What do you mean?

**Y:** You're acting kind of funny.

*At that moment JOHNNY furiously yanks down his pants. To his horror Ellen's powder-blue panties suddenly fall out and flutter to the floor at YVONNE's feet.*

**Y:** Look, I don't care who it was. I don't care where it was. Just tell me one thing: why did you do it?

**J:** I don't know. I've been thinking and thinking about it and all I can say is it seems like the giant hand was behind me all day, shoving me along, and I couldn't stop it, you know?

**Y:** A giant hand.

**J:** Right. It just kept shoving me and shoving me and I was just rolling along like an old tire.

**Y:** Rolling along.

**J:** Like an old tire.

**Y:** Too bad you weren't on the edge of a cliff!

**J:** All right, I'm going to tell you something. I didn't want to move in with you in the first place. It's not my style. I've got things I want to do in my life, places I want to go. Hell, I could meet somebody tomorrow who wants me to be the lead singer in their band or go to France and make a record or anything like that and I've got to be able to go, you know? Just move, like I always have!

**Y:** Who's stopping you?

**J:** Nobody's stopping me.

**Y:** Then what's the problem?

**J:** The problem is that I'm in this thing with you.

**Y:** What thing?

**J:** This...relationship! And I don't know how it got started and I don't know how it's going to end! That's what it is!

**Y:** So you want it to end.

**J:** No! I mean, I like you babe, I really do, but...

**Y:** But what?!

**J:** But...

**Y:** Yu want to keep seeing her?

**J:** Hell no. She was nothing.

**Y:** She must have been something.

**J:** She wasn't. She was just sitting there and I was looking at her legs. That's what it was really; she had a great pair of legs. And the next thing I know she was walking down

the street and I was following her, and then I was in her place and...it happened. And it's not that I really enjoyed it cause I didn't, but for the first time in my life I felt like I was home. You know? Home.

*JOHNNY looks at YVONNE. She takes a moment, then suddenly snatches one of the presents and hurls it at him. He ducks.*

**J:** Hey!!

*She picks up one of his shoes.*

**J:** Don't even think about it!

*She hesitates then throws it. He ducks again*

**J:** Goddammit!!!!

*Just as YVONNE turns to find something else to throw, JOHNNY grabs her by the back of her hair and slams her onto the bed on her back. Still holding her down by the hair JOHNNY cocks his other fist and tenses his entire body for preparation for punching YVONNE in the face. It is only at the last minute that he stops himself.*

**J:** What did I tell you about throwing shoes at me!!? Huh!!? What did I tell you!!?

*YVONNE stares at him. JOHNNY pulls away, suddenly horrified at what he has almost done.*

## Jungle Fever

FLIPPER: One good thing that's happened all night. A parking space.

ANGIE: [Hits him]

FLIPPER: Oh! Pow Pow

ANGIE: Don't mess with me, I've got two rough brothers.

FLIPPER: Yeah? Who do you think taught Mike Tyson?

ANGIE: Yeah. Gus D'Amato.

FLIPPER: Gus D'Amato? Yeah right, but when he died, I taught him everything he knows.

ANGIE: Oh yeah?

FLIPPER: Uh huh, that's right.

SHE: Yeah right.

FLIPPER: You wouldn't hit me with glasses would you?

ANGIE: Yes I would.

FLIPPER: You would?

ANGIE: All those good Italian boxers there are. Graciano, Marciano. Come on. La Motta.

FLIPPER: La Motta!

ANGIE: Yeah

FLIPPER: [Pushes her onto car] How's that? What about Muhammad Ali, huh?

ANGIE: I hate Ali.

FLIPPER: What?

ANGIE: Ali was a Muslim and preached hate on the white people.

FLIPPER: I'll kill you, you ever talk about Ali. You're a witch!

ANGIE: Get off!

FLIPPER: I'll never stand for nobody to talk about Muhammed Ali. That's you...a heretic witch! Ok ok, look, game over.

ANGIE: [Laughing]

FLIPPER: Game over. Gimme my glasses. Let me have my glasses.

ANGIE: Say please.

FLIPPER: I'm not gonna say please. That's not gonna stop me from being angry.

Just--

[COPS ENTER, GUNS DRAWN]

COP #1- Put your hands up! Put 'em up! Get your hands up!

COP #2- Put 'em up! Back away! Get your hands up now! Move!

FLIPPER: What'd I do?

COP #1- Against the wall! Against the wall!

COP #2- You alright ma'am?

ANGIE: I'm alright. Let go of me. That's my boyfriend. What are you doing?

COP #2- Get back.

FLIPPER: I'm not her boyfriend. We're just lovers...just friends. We're just friends.

ANGIE: This must be some kind of mistake.

FLIPPER: Angie, shut up! Officer, she doesn't know what she's talking about.

COP #1- He wasn't trying to rape you?

ANGIE: No!

COP #1- You sure?

FLIPPER: I didn't do anything!

COP #2- Take the gun from his head.

ANGIE: Take the fucking gun from his head!

COP #1- Talk to me man. What?

FLIPPER: It's just a big misunderstanding. That's all it is.

COP #1- Slow. Turn around. Slow.

FLIPPER: I was just making sure she got home safe.

COP #1- Alright alright alright.

COP #2- Sorry about that. No harm, no foul.

COP #1-It's just that we got a call that an Afro-American male was attacking a Caucasian woman. You alright man? Just a little excitement. No problem.

What? Give me a reason, man! [Going at Flipper, trying to start something again, other cop pulling them apart]

ANGIE: Don't you try it! Don't you dare try it!

COP #1- Better luck next time.

COP #2- Excuse the intrusion. Have a good night.

COP #1- What a waste.



ANGIE: Are you crazy? I'll have your badge. I'll bring you up on charges!

FLIPPER: Shut up. Shut up.

ANGIE: I'm gonna report this!

FLIPPER: What's the matter with you, huh? Telling them we're lovers! You trying to get me killed?

ANGIE: It's none of their business.

FLIPPER: What the fuck am I doing here?

ANGIE: Let's go.

FLIPPER: Don't touch me. No, no. Don't touch me.

ANGIE: Let's go.

FLIPPER: Please.

JUNGLE FEVER (2)

ANGIE: So where are we going? Are we gonna be together?

FLIPPER: We're together now. I don't know. You don't know. Who the fuck knows?

A: That's the way it is?

F: That's the way it is.

A: What about children?

F: No no no no....That's not gonna happen.

A: I'm sayin' if we weren't gonna have...

F: No children. No no no. No babies. Besides, see, I gotta be married to have children, or have you already forgotten that I already am married, with a child. No no no. No half-black, half-white babies for me. No.

A: Aren't Drew and Vera mulattos? Their skin is lighter than mine.

F: No octoroon, quadroon, mulatto babies. No.

A: Don't you have a daughter whose got white blood in her?

F: Yeah, so what? At least, in my eyes, Drew and Ming are black. They look black, they act black, so they are black. It is hard enough just bein' black out here. No no no no. Lotta times the mixed kids they come out all mixed up, buncha mixed nuts. No.

A: You know you're not that much different than my family.

F: Yeah, well, your family is racist.

A: What is this stuff you're talkin' now?

F: Angie, I don't think there's anything left to talk about. I give up. It's not worth it, I mean, it's, it's - it's not worth it. I don't love you, and I doubt seriously if you've ever loved me.

A: Don't tell me what I felt or didn't feel.

F: Look, Angie, this "love will overcome everything" is in Walt Disney films. I've always hated Disney films.

A: We're not here to talk about Snow White.

F: You got with me in spite your family 'cause you were curious about black.

A: Is that what you think it was?

F: Yeah, I do. And I was curious about white.

A: Okay, look. I just wanna say...I hope everything works out with your wife.

F: Yeah. (Angie turns to leave) Angie, hold on a second. You gonna be all right?

A: Yeah.

F: Yeah, well. I'm moving outta here in the morning. You can have it if you want.

A: That's okay. (They stand and look at each other) Okay. Okay. (She leaves.)

## Just Before the War with the Eskimos

Franklin: Eric? That you? (Entering the room.) Oh. I thought it was Eric, for Chrissake. I just cut my goddamn finger. Ever cut your finger? Right down to the bone and all?

Ginnie: Well, not right down to the bone, but I've cut myself. How did you cut it?

Franklin: (Staring at his finger). What?

Ginnie: How did you cut it?

Franklin: Goddamn if I know. I was lookin' for something in the goddamn wastebasket and it was fool with razor blades.

Ginnie: You Selena's brother?

Franklin: Yeah. Christ I'm bleedin' to death. Stick around. I may need a goddamn transfusion.

Ginnie: Did you put anything on it?

Franklin: Just some goddamn toilet paper. Stopsa bleeding. Like when you cut yourself shaving. Who are you? Friend of the jerk's?

Ginnie: We're in the same class.

Franklin: Yeah? What's your name?

Ginnie: Virginia MannoX.

Franklin: You Ginnie? You Ginnie MannoX?

Ginnie: Yes.

Franklin: I know your sister, goddamn snob.

Ginnie: Who is.

Franklin: You heard me.

Ginnie: She is not a snob.

Franklin: The hell she's not. She's the queen. Queen of the goddamn snobs.

Ginnie: You don't even know my sister.

Franklin: Hell I don't.

Ginnie: What's her name? What's her first name?

Franklin: Joan... Joan the Snob.

Ginnie: (Silence). What's she look like? (No answer). What's she look like?

Franklin: If she was half as good-looking as she thinks she is, she'd be goddamn lucky.

Ginnie: I never heard her mention you.

Franklin: That worries me. That worries hell outa me.

Ginnie: Anyway, she's engaged. She's gonna be married next month.

Franklin: Who to?

Ginnie: Nobody you know.

Franklin: I pity him. It's still bleedin' like mad. Ya think I oughta put something on it? What's good to put on it? Mercurochrome any good?

Ginnie: Iodine's better. Mercurochrome's no good at all for that.

Franklin: Why not? What's the matter with it?

Ginnie: It just isn't any good for that stuff, that's all. You need iodine.

Franklin: It stinks a lot, though, doesn't it? Doesn't it sting a helluva lot?

Ginnie: It stings but it won't kill you or anything.

Franklin: I don't like it when it stings.

Ginnie: Nobody does.

Franklin: Yeah.

Ginnie: Stop touching it.

Franklin: Jeat jet?

Ginnie: What?

Franklin: Jeat lunch yet?

Ginnie: I'll eat when I get home. My mother always has lunch ready for me when I get home.

Franklin: I got half a chicken sandwich in my room. Ya want it? I didn't touch it or anything.

Ginnie: No, thank you. Really.

Franklin: You just played tennis for Chrissake. Aren'tcha hungry?

Ginnie: It isn't that. It's just that my mother always has lunch ready when I get home. She goes insane if I'm not hungry, I mean.

Franklin: How 'bout a glassa milk?

Ginnie: No thanks... Thank you though.

Franklin: What's the name of this guy she's marrying?

Ginnie: Joan, you mean? Dick Heffner. He's a lieutenant commander in the Navy.

Franklin: Big deal.

Ginnie: Where do you know Joan from? I never saw you at the house or anything.

Franklin: Never been at your goddamn house.

Ginnie: Where'd you meet her, then?

Franklin: Party.

Ginnie: At a party? When?

Franklin: I don't know. Christmas. '42. (Takes out a cigarette). How 'bout throwing me those matches? (Ginnie thows the matches he begins to smoke).

Ginnie: Why's Joan a snob?

Franklin: Why? Because she is. How the hell do I know why?

Ginnie: Yes, but I mean why do you say she is?

Franklin: Listen. I wrote her eight goddamn letters. Eight. She didn't answer one of 'em.

Ginnie: Well, maybe she was busy.

Franklin: Yeah. Busy. Busy like a goddamn beaver.

Ginnie: Do you have to swear so much?

Franklin: Goddamn right I do.

Ginnie: (Giggles). How long did you know her anyway?

Franklin: Long enough.

Ginnie: Well, I mean did you ever phone her up or anything? I mean didn't you ever phone her up or anything?

Franklin: Naa.

Ginnie: Well, my gosh. If you never phoned her up or any—

Franklin: I couldn't. For Chrissake!

Ginnie: Why not?

Franklin: Wasn't in New York.

Ginnie: Oh! Where were you?

Franklin: Me? Ohio.

Ginnie: Oh, were you in college?

Franklin: Nope. Quit.

Ginnie: Oh, were you in the Army?

Franklin: Nope. Ticker.

Ginnie: Your heart, you mean? What's the matter with it?

Franklin: I don't know what the hell's the matter with it. I had rheumatic fever when I was a kid. Goddamn pain in the—

Ginnie: Well, aren't you supposed to stop smoking? I mean aren't you supposed to not smoke and all? The doctor told my—

Franklin: Aha, they tellya a lotta stuff.

Ginnie: What were you doing in Ohio?

Franklin: Me? Working in a Goddamn airplane factory.

Ginnie: You were? Did you like it?

Franklin: (Mimicking her) Did you like it? I loved it. I just adore airplanes. They're so cute.

Ginnie: How long did you work there?

Franklin: In the airplane factory. I don't know, for Chrissake. Thirty-seven months. Look at 'em. Goddamn fools.

Ginnie: Who?

Franklin: I don't know. Anybody.

Ginnie: Your finger'll start bleeding more if you hold it down that way.

Franklin: (Moves his hand up). They're all goin' over to the goddamn draft board. We're going to fight the Eskimos next. Know that?

Ginnie: The who?

Franklin: The Eskimos... Open your ears, for Chrissake.

Ginnie: Why the Eskimos?

Franklin: I don't know why. How the hell should I know why? This time all the old guys're gonna go. Guys around sixty. Nobody can go unless they're around sixty. Just give 'em shorter hours is all... Big deal.

Ginnie: You wouldn't have to go, anyway.

Franklin: I know. Hey. Do me a favor. When this guy comes, willya tell him I'll be ready in a coupla seconds? I just gotta shave is all. O. K.? (Ginnie nods). Ya want me to hurry Selena up or anything? She knows you're here?

Ginnie: Oh, she knows I'm here. I'm in no hurry. Thank you. Why don't you put a Band-Aid on it? Don't you have any Band-Aid or anything?

Franklin: Naa. Well. Take it easy. (He leaves the room and then comes back with the sandwich half). Eat this. It's good.

Ginnie: Really, I'm not at all—

Franklin: Take it, for Chrissake. I didn't poison it or anything.



Ginnie: Well, thank you very much.

Franklin: It's chicken. Bought it last night in a goddamn delicatessen.

Ginnie: It looks very good.

Frankie: Well, eat it, then. (Ginnie takes a bite). Good, huh?

Ginnie: (Swallows with difficulty). Very.

Frankie: Well I guess I better get dressed (The doorbell sounds). Jesus! There's the bell. Take it easy now!

(Ginnie looks around for a place to throw or hide the sandwich. She finally hides the sandwich in her polo-coat).

BRIAN

Hi. - ARE YOU OKAY?

ANNA

(CRYING) TERRIFIC!

BRIAN

- I CAME RUNNING RIGHT OVER.

ANNA

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO CALL YOU SO LATE.

BRIAN

NO, IT'S FINE, IT'S FINE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.  
WHAT- WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S WRONG?

ANNA

EVERYTHING.

BRIAN

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

ANNA

- ME! -

BRIAN

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU? YOU- YOU'RE PERFECT.

ANNA

I AM A LOSER!

**BRIAN**

**YOU'RE A WORLD-BEATER. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?**

**ANNA**

**I AM A WORKAHOLIC.**

**BRIAN**

**NO, YOU'RE NOT. YOU...(SHE GIVES HIM A "GIVE ME A BREAK" LOOK) .... OKAY, YES, YOU ARE, YOU ARE, BUT YOU'RE OUR WORKAHOLIC, AND WE'RE VERY PROUD OF YOU.**

**ANNA**

**SO-- BRIAN?**

**BRIAN**

**WHAT? -**

**ANNA**

**YOU'RE MY FRIEND...AND IF I ASK YOU SOMETHING, YOU'LL ANSWER ME HONESTLY, RIGHT?**

**BRIAN**

**OF COURSE I WILL. YOU KNOW I WILL.**

**ANNA**

**WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME, WHEN YOU LOOK AT MY LIFE... DO YOU SAY TO YOURSELF, (IN A AKWARD VOICE) "NOW THERE'S A GIRL WHOSE VALUES ARE ALL OUT OF WHACK"?**

**BRIAN**

**NO, AND CERTAINLY NOT IN THAT VOICE.**

**ANNA**

**HAVE I GOT NO SPIRIT?**

**BRIAN**

**WHAT?**

**ANNA**

**I DON'T MEAN "SPIRIT." I KNOW I'M FUN TO HANG OUT WITH. BUT, I MEAN, DOES MY LIFE SEEM SHALLOW TO YOU? AM I SPIRITUALLY EMPTY?**

**BRIAN**

**NO. ARE YOU- ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'VE GOT- YOU'VE GOT MORE SPIRIT IN YOU THAN HALF THE GOOFBALLS RUNNING AROUND IN ROBES OUT THERE. WHAT- YOU'RE A NATURAL. YOU RADIATE. WHAT?... TRUST ME. WHAT- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S THIS REALLY ABOUT?**

**ANNA**

**I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN, BRIAN. YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND, AND I HAVE BEEN KEEPING ALL THIS STUFF FROM YOU. ALL THESE FEELING AND, UM, NOW, SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED, AND I CAN'T KEEP IT FROM YOU ANY MORE. I FEEL BAD.**

**(CONT'D)**

**(CONT'D)**

**(CONT'D)**

BRIAN

NO, IT'S OKAY. I UNDERSTAND.

ANNA

NO, IT'S NOT OKAY. I HAVE SOME THINGS I HAVE TO TELL YOU, AND I FEEL BAD.

BRIAN

I KNOW, ME TOO, ME TOO. I HAVE THINGS I GOTTA TELL YOU TOO.

ANNA

BUT MINE ARE BIG. - NO. - MINE ARE REALLY BAD. NO. AND I THINK I NEED TO GET IT OFF BECAUSE-...

BRIAN

OKAY. IT'S OKAY.

ANNA

OH, PLEASE, JUST LISTEN. I DON'T...(HE KISSES HER PASSIONATELY)

BRIAN

I LOVE YOU TOO.

ANNA

WHAT?

(CONT'D)

BRIAN

I LOVE YOU. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY, BUT YOU'RE SCARED BECAUSE IT'S ME, AND SO I'M GONNA SAY IT FIRST.

ANNA

BUT... (HE KISSES HER PASSIONATELY AGAIN) BR-BRIAN, UM- -

BRIAN

NO, IT'S OKAY. TRUST ME.

ANNA

OH, BRIAN.

BRIAN

(CONTINUES TO NECK AND KISS) TRUST ME, TRUST ME. WE CAN'T FIGHT IT. IT'S TOO STRONG

ANNA

WHAT?

BRIAN

IT'S OKAY.

ANNA

(PUSHING HIM OFF) NO, BRIAN, I CAN'T!

(CONT'D)

BRIAN

IT'S THE VOWS, ISN'T IT? IT'S THE VOWS. THEY MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. GOD, I SHOULD HAVE NEVER HAD THAT SEX TALK WITH YOU ON THE BRIDGE THAT DAY. I KNEW IT.

ANNA

NO.

BRIAN

I KNEW IT. IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD WAS THIS LITTLE VOICE SAYING, "DON'T GO THERE. SHE'S--"

ANNA

BRIAN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

BRIAN

YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING? RIGHT NOW, FIRST TIME EVER, I FEEL JEALOUS OF JAKE. I ENVY HIM, YOU KNOW, 'CAUSE THIS WOULD BE SO EASY IF I WAS HIM.

ANNA

BRIAN....

I PICKED THE WRONG GIG.

ANNA

BRIAN, LET ME TALK TO YOU.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

BRIAN

COME ON, COME ON. ADMIT . IF I WASN'T A PRIEST, IF I WAS A RABBI, YOU COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH ME WITHOUT THIS GUILT.

ANNA

LISTEN TO ME!

BRIAN

- WHAT?

ANNA

I'M IN LOVE WITH A RABBI.

BRIAN

SORRY?

ANNA

I'M IN LOVE WITH JAKE.

BRIAN

(AMUSED, NOT BELIEVING IT) YEAH.

ANNA

THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU.

(CONT'D)



**BRIAN**

**I'M- I'M STUNNED. I MEAN, I'M- I'M- I'M STUNNED. I'M- I'M- I'M PARALYZED. WHAT? EXCUSE ME. MY MOUTH JUST WENT ALL DRY. ( BRIAN GRABS A BOTTLE OF WATER) I- I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. WHEN- WHEN DID THIS- THIS HAPPEN?**

**ANNA**

**WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER SINCE JULY.**

**BRIAN**

**JULY? OH!AH. JULY.**

**ANNA**

**WE KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU, BUT WE JUST WEREN'T SURE HOW YOU'D REACT...AND WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE BETTER CHOICE.**

**BRIAN**

**NO, NO, NO. I'M- I'M GLAD YOU SAVED IT, 'CAUSE IT'S DEFINITELY LESS WEIRD FOR ME NOW.**

**ANNA**

**BRIAN, COULD- (BRIAN GOES TO HER LIQUOR CABINET AND GRABS A BOTTLE AND STARTS CHUGGING) BRIAN! COME ON. LET'S JUST TALK ABOUT THIS. YOU DON'T DRINK.**

**(CONT'D)**

**BRIAN**

EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK IN LIGHT OF RECENT REVELATIONS...NEITHER OF US IS IN A POSITION TO SAY WHAT THE OTHER ONE DOES OR DOES NOT DO WITH MUCH AUTHORITY. WOULDN'T YOU SAY? OH, GOD! YOU MUST THINK I'M SUCH AN IDIOT.

ANNA

NO, BRIAN.

BRIAN

NO, NO, NO. I MEAN... I THINK I'M AN IDIOT. I MEAN, ALL THESE MOMENTS WITH YOU. YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND ON A CLOUD AND... IT'S JUST BEEN REFLECTED GLOW OFF OF YOU AND JAKE.

ANNA

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

BRIAN

I'M SO EMBARRASSED. I- GOD, TALK ABOUT A BAD CASE OF THE THIRD WHEEL.

ANNA

OH, BRIAN.

BRIAN

IT'S LIKE I'M ON SOME...BAD NEW AARON SPELLING SHOW. MELROSE PRIEST.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

ANNA

NO.

BRIAN

I DON'T- I DON'T GET THIS, YOU KNOW? WHY- WHY NOW?  
WHY TELL ME LIKE THIS, AFTER MONTHS AND MONTHS OF  
LYING? WHY CALL ME OVER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT  
AND CRY TO ME AND- HE BROKE UP WITH YOU, DIDN'T HE?  
THAT MORON BROKE UP WITH YOU, AND YOU CALLED  
YOUR OLD FRIEND THE PRIEST.

ANNA

WELL

BRIAN

I-- NO, NO, IT MAKES TOTAL SENSE. IT'S JUST... TONIGHT I  
REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO BE ONE. (CRUSHED, HE EXITS)

ANNA

OH, BRIAN.

## KING OF COMEDY

INT: CHINESE RESTAURANT ON UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

We are in the kitchen watching two dishes being chopped, shredded and boiled in deep fat. The activity is frantic. WE FOLLOW the two dishes as a WAITER carries them from the kitchen to a booth where PUPKIN and RITA are talking. It is a painfully plain restaurant, shaped in a rectangle, with booths lining either side and a row of little tables in between. At the back is the kitchen and two phone booths, facing each other. An old Chinese WOMAN mans the cash register by the door. The WAITER sets the dishes down before RITA and PUPKIN and clears an enormous plate of spare rib bones from RITA's place. RITA hands the WAITER her empty cocktail glass. RITA and PUPKIN are facing one another.

RITA  
Another one, Chan.

PUPKIN  
(to WAITER)  
Chopsticks, please.

The WAITER nods and leaves.

RITA  
So all this time you've been thinking  
about me, huh?

PUPKIN  
That's right, Rita.

RITA  
What kinds of things were you thinking?

PUPKIN drops his eyes shyly. RITA starts laughing.

RITA  
Oh, ho! Those kinds of things! Shame  
on you, Rupert.

PUPKIN  
Rita, I assure you there was ...

RITA  
Rupert Pupkin is an unclean person!

PUPKIN  
Come on, Rita. People will hear.

RITA  
(in a whisper)  
Rupert Pupkin is an unclean person. Oh,  
come on, Rupert. Relax. Have a little fun.

WAITER arrives with RITA's drink and chopsticks and a beer for PUPKIN.

PUPKIN

This is a very important evening to me,  
Rita.

RITA

Did you know your nose wiggled when  
you talked?

PUPKIN

It does?

RITA

Yeah. Just the tip. Like a rabbit.  
(pause) Hey, are we gonna eat or  
what? I'm starving.

PUPKIN serves RITA.

RITA

It always looks like they put worms  
in this stuff.

PUPKIN

Just taste.

RITA tastes.

RITA

Well, I guess it won't kill me.

PUPKIN

This is supposed to be the finest  
Cantonese cuisine in the city.

RITA

Yeah? Then what happened to the  
tablecloths?

PUPKIN drops his eyes.

RITA

Oh, don't worry about it. This is  
fine. (She takes a long drink) I'm  
having a good time. So you've been  
devoted to me, huh?

PUPKIN

I used to see you at the Garden  
every year.

RITA

Oh, the Follies. That was the right  
name for 'em. How did you know which  
one was me? We all looked like chickens.  
What I mean is, we all looked like the  
same chicken. I thought it was gonna be  
Rita Keane in the Ice Follies and I  
wind up looking like Henny Penny.

RITA chuckles to herself.

PUPKIN

You just didn't get the breaks.

RITA

Breaks, bullshit! My parents didn't have the money for the right coach. But what difference does it make?

She starts laughing to herself.

RITA

I remember once we were down in Atlanta and the ice machine broke down. We did three hours of slush. Everyone was falling on their faces and hopping up with their arms open for a bow like the whole thing was planned. And the people ate it up.

PUPKIN

I liked the show.

RITA

Yeah? The Follies? You really must have been carrying the torch. What did you think when I got married? You knew I got married?

PUPKIN

I knew it wouldn't last.

RITA

You think I should have married you, instead, huh?

PUPKIN

Peter Drysdale! Really, Rita!

RITA

If he'd only been hit by a train. He was worth a helluva lot more dead than alive, I can tell you that.

RITA raises her glass to the WAITER who is standing nearby, talking with another WAITER. As she does, a nice-looking young MAN sitting in the middle aisle raises his glass of beer to her and drinks it, as a kind of toast. RITA smiles briefly and her eyes return to PUPKIN. The YOUNG MAN is seated behind PUPKIN, facing RITA. The WAITER comes over and collects the glass. Throughout the rest of the scene, a subtle flirtation continues between RITA and the YOUNG MAN.

PUPKIN

Are you seeing anyone?

RITA starts for a moment, thinking PUPKIN has caught her looking at the YOUNG MAN.

RITA  
What do you mean?

PUPKIN  
I want to know about the competition,  
that's all.

RITA  
Well, tomorrow night, I've got a date  
with Joe Namath -- you know Joe. And  
Thursday --- let's see --

PUPKIN  
I'm serious, Rita.

RITA  
(imitating him)  
I'm serious, Rita. (In her own voice)  
Sure I see people. I'm not a nun, Rupert.  
I see a lot of people.

PUPKIN  
Anyone special?

RITA  
(chuckling)  
You mean am I "going steady"? Rupert,  
I'm thirty-one years old!

PUPKIN  
What about that guy tonight?

RITA  
Him?

PUPKIN  
Why him?

RITA  
What am I supposed to do, huh? Sit  
home watching TV? He's just some guy.  
He's got his own aluminum siding  
business. He comes into the city  
sometimes, that's all.

PUPKIN  
You don't go out with him for his  
money?!?

RITA  
Oh, horrors! Look, Rupert, what do  
you think they pay me in that dump?  
Ninety-five bucks. And you don't get  
the world's greatest tippers in there  
either. Somebody has to take care of  
me.

PUPKIN

That's what I want to talk to you about, Rita.

The WAITER arrives with RITA's drink.

PUPKIN

Who's your favorite movie star?

RITA

You are, Rupert. Especially your nose.

PUPKIN

Just tell me.

RITA

Is this some kind of game? Are you going to tell me something about my character?

PUPKIN

You'll see. Give me his name.

RITA

I can't think of anybody.

PUPKIN

You've got to have one, Rita. Everybody does.

RITA

Okay. Okay. Let's see. (pause)  
Marilyn Monroe.

PUPKIN slowly pulls out a leather-bound book from his inside jacket pocket.

RITA

Oh, Rupert! Are we going to exchange phone numbers!?

PUPKIN expertly flips to a middle page in the book and, keeping the book open, his finger pointing under a name, he turns the book to RITA.

RITA

That's her name.

PUPKIN

Her name! She signed this herself, especially for me.

RITA starts flipping through the book, curious about the other names. She isn't paying any attention to what PUPKIN is saying.

PUPKIN

She wasn't a great actress but she had



a real gift for comedy. She died tragically, you know, alone, like so many of the world's most beautiful women. I'm going to see that doesn't happen to you, Rita.

RITA  
Who's this one?

PUPKIN checks the book.

PUPKIN  
Burt Reynolds.

RITA  
Oh yeah, the guy with no clothes.  
Who's this?

PUPKIN  
Mel Brooks.

RITA  
And this?

PUPKIN  
Carol Burnett.

RITA  
No kidding. How about this?

PUPKIN  
Glenda Jackson.

RITA  
Never heard of her.

PUPKIN  
(pointing to other names)  
And that's Woody Allen and there's Ernie Kovacs -- he's dead -- and that one's Lauren Bacall.

RITA  
You don't really know any of these people?

PUPKIN  
Take a look at this.

PUPKIN flips to one of the back pages and shows a name to RITA.

RITA  
(squinting)  
I can't make it out.

PUPKIN  
Try.

RITA  
This is really weird handwriting!

Exasperated, PUPKIN follows the name in question with his index finger.

PUPKIN  
Roooooper ....

RITA  
(guessing)  
Redford!

PUPKIN  
That's Robert Redford.

RITA  
It is?

PUPKIN  
No! It's ... it's Rupert Pupkin

PUPKIN tears out the page and hands it to her shyly. RITA just stares at it and back at PUPKIN.

PUPKIN  
Don't lose it. It's going to be worth something in a couple of weeks.

RITA start laughing.

PUPKIN  
That's what I've been trying to tell you. Things are really breaking for me. I'm ticketed for stardom.

RITA laughs harder, despite efforts to be serious.

PUPKIN  
Only a couple of hours ago, I was talking to Jerry Langford, the Jerry Langford. Stop it, Rita!

RITA pulls herself together for a moment.

PUPKIN  
We were talking about my doing my act on his show.

RITA  
(suppressing a smile)  
Your act?

PUPKIN  
Get that guy you knew from Clifton out of your head right now. You're looking at Rupert Pupkin, Rita. Rupert Pupkin, the new King of Comedy.

RITA starts laughing hysterically, in spite of herself.

RITA

(getting a grip on herself)

I'm sorry.

PUPKIN

Why not me, Rita? A guy can always get what he wants if he's willing to pay the price. All it takes is a little talent and sacrifice and the right break. If you've got a friend in the right place, that's all it takes. And that's exactly what I have going for me right now. After all, crazier things have happened.

RITA listens silently for a moment, then begins to giggle. As PUPKIN resumes speaking, we CUT between RITA and the YOUNG MAN. Their flirtation picks up steam. The YOUNG MAN raises his eyebrows as if to ask, "Are you interested in me?" She smiles. All the while, PUPKIN rattles on.

PUPKIN

You just don't realize what a shot on the Langford Show can mean. That's coast to coast, national TV, a bigger audience than the greatest comedians used to play to in a lifetime. A shot like that means a free ticket on the comedy circuit -- Flip Wilson one week, Cosby the next, then Sonny and Cher or Carol Burnett. And you've always got those other talk shows to fall back on -- Carson, Griffin. And all that leads straight in one direction, Rita -- Hollywood! That's when we really start living. How does this sound to you -- a beach house in Malibu, right on the ocean. You'll get a beautiful tan, believe me. And we'd keep a suite at the Sherry. That's the only place to stay when you're big. We could get something on a top floor and look down on all our old friends in Clifton and just laugh. How does that sound to you?

RITA

It sounds wonderful, Rupert, and I really hope you get what you want. But it's getting late and I'm a working girl. You know what I mean?

The telephone at the back of the restaurant starts ringing. A WAITER in the background moves slowly to answer it.

PUPKIN

You going to spend the rest of your life in that place? Is that what you

really want, talking about nothing with nothings? I thought you wanted something a little better than that and that's what I'm offering. Every King needs a Queen, Rita. I want you to be mine. What do you say?

RITA  
You really want to help me out? You see this. (She points to her lower back molar) A hundred seventy-five bucks. If you could spare fifty, say, until next Monday, that would keep three people really happy -- me, my landlord and my dentist.

During RITA's speech, the WAITER has been working his way from the phone booth towards the front of the restaurant.

WAITER  
Telephone for you, Miss.

RITA  
(looking puzzled)  
Me? Nobody knows I'm here. You didn't tell anybody, did you?

PUPKIN  
No.

RITA  
(getting up)  
What the hell's going on?

CAMERA FOLLOWS RITA, who walks to the back of the restaurant and picks up the dangling receiver in one of the two facing booths, the other of which is occupied.

14 INT: THE PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

RITA  
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE  
Hi.

RITA  
Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE  
Who do you think it is? I've been staring at you all evening.

RITA  
Where are you?

The YOUNG MAN taps forcefully with his index finger on the glass door of his booth. RITA, hearing the noise, turns around and finds herself staring at the YOUNG MAN. She

smiles.

CUT TO:

15 INT: THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

PUPKIN at the table looking over the check. He gets out a ten dollar bill. RITA emerges from the booth in nervous high spirits.

RITA

(with repressed gaiety)

You know who that was -- the bar. I have to go back to work.

PUPKIN

How did they know you were here?

RITA

(gathering her things)

I guess I must have told them. They need someone right away.

PUPKIN

(accusingly)

You don't even care, do you?

RITA

Oh, no. I do. Really!

PUPKIN

It's not the bar, Rita. Don't tell me it's the bar.

RITA

Don't be angry. It has nothing to do with you. I had a nice dinner, really. It was great seeing you again.

PUPKIN stare at her icily.

RITA

Come on. Let's see a smile.

PUPKIN

Why don't we finish the evening up at the bar together? End the evening where it began?

RITA

After what happened there?

PUPKIN

Well, I could at least drop you off!

RITA

(hurriedly making up her face)

That's okay. Really. I can manage.

Why don't you just go to a movie or something? Don't let me spoil your evening.

PUPKIN

But that wouldn't be right.

RITA gets up and stands before PUPKIN.

RITA

(firmly)

Look, Rupert. It's been a lot of fun, really. I'll see you sometime, huh?

PUPKIN

But Rita!

RITA starts moving towards the door.

RITA

Come on, Rupert. I'm in a hurry.

RITA marches out with PUPKIN trailing behind. He throws the check and the ten dollar bill at the CASHIER.

## KING OF COMEDY (2)

INT: MARSHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Late afternoon. MARSHA is setting the dining room table for two. She talks as she works.

MARSHA

I've got so much to tell you I just don't know what to begin with. Are you okay?

LANGFORD mumbles incoherently through his gag and tape.

MARSHA

Good. Tell me if you're not. I guess you're wondering why I do stuff like this. I think it's because I'm a Leo, but my shrink says I'm pathologically rebellious and self-destructive. You don't think I'm self-destructive, do you?

LANGFORD, mummified, again mumbles and struggles a bit in his bonds.

MARSHA

I knew you wouldn't. That's 'cause you're the only person in the world who really understands me.

CUT TO:

INT: MARSHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are dimmed. Music is playing on the phonograph. Two candles burn on the elegantly-set dinner table. MARSHA stands in the middle of the room, in front of LANGFORD. She is singing. LANGFORD is still encased in tape.

MARSHA

(singing to the music)

"I'm gonna love you,  
Like no one's ever loved you,  
Come rain or come shine,  
Happy together, unhappy together,  
And won't it be fine."

INT: MARSHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARSHA has finished a half bottle of wine. She is eating a beautifully decorated piece of stuffed capon and talking through her tears.

MARSHA

(crying)

It was the second lead! I'd never gotten a part in my life and here I get the second lead. And what does

Daddy say?

SHOT of LANGFORD still bound from tip to toe.

MARSHA

Not "Marsha, that's wonderful" or  
"we're proud of you" or anything.  
Oh no. He starts lecturing me on  
how I should have tried out for  
Emily! Now do you understand, Jerry!

MARSHA gets hold of herself. She swallows a couple of  
pills and swills them down with some wine.

MARSHA

(calmer)

My doctor says I shouldn't get excited.

MARSHA picks at another piece of capon.

MARSHA

This is the best I ever made it.  
You want some?

LANGFORD, the mummy, nods. MARSHA picks up the plate  
across from her, fills it with food, and pulls a chair up  
next to LANGFORD. She undoes the tape around his mouth  
and picks a sock out of his mouth.

MARSHA

Now open. Marsha's going to feed her  
Jerry.

INT: MARSHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dinner is over. MARSHA is sitting next to LANGFORD. As  
LANGFORD speaks, it is obvious that he is turning on the  
charm for strategic reasons.

LANGFORD

That was a wonderful dinner, Marsha.  
I want you to know how much I enjoyed  
it.

MARSHA

We can do it again.

LANGFORD

I'd like to show you my gratitude.  
But it's a little difficult, like this.

LANGFORD indicates his bonds.

MARSHA.

(in a tone of intimacy)

Let's say I took all this off. What  
would you do to me? Tell me.

INT: MARSHA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT



MARSHA has just removed her dress and stands in her bra and panties as LANGFORD unwraps the last tape from about his ankles. The room is swimming in tape, like an enormous boa constrictor gone mad. MARSHA moves towards LANGFORD, her arms open.

MARSHA

Oh, baby. Baby.

LANGFORD frees his ankles of tape just in time to side-step MARSHA and moves quickly to the dining room table where he grabs the gun. He trains it on her.

LANGFORD

Stop!

MARSHA moves toward him. He pulls the trigger, releasing a plastic pellet that hits MARSHA in the stomach, stinging her.

MARSHA

Ow!

LANGFORD glances down in horror at the gun which he now realizes is a toy and looks up in horror to see MARSHA, bigger than life, bearing down on him.

MARSHA

Don't be afraid of Marsha, baby.

**KLUTE**

The PHONE RINGS. She startles. Then approaches with some difficulty -- but then answers with complete calm in her Smith-girl voice.

BREE (CONT'D)

Bree Daniel.

(listens. Brightly)

Oh yes, Ted Carlin, how is Ted?

(listens)

Oh, well, thank you very much but maybe the next time you're in town?

(listens)

Well I just love Ted and I'd love to meet you -- you have a very nice voice -- but I just --

(listens, grows impatient)

Well I'm having a chat with a very nice cop. Actually not a real cop; he's a private inves --

A BUZZING from the phone; the connection abruptly broken. She hangs up, recites.

KLUTE

Is that how you get most of your dates? Someone gives your name to someone else?

BREE

Most of them.

KLUTE

Is that how you met the Dumper? -- Someone else gave --

BREE

How would I remember?

KLUTE

How else do you meet them? Pimps?  
(a beat)

BREE

(patient)

You're very square. Pimps don't get you dates, cookie; they just take the money.

Klute takes up the slip of paper previously given him by Trask. In the same manner as before --

KLUTE

I have some names the police gave me. Frank Ligourin. Will you tell me what --

BREE

(trembling)

Look, I'm sure this'll amuse you too. Ilia trying to get away from all that.

KLUTE

What about the old gentleman the other night, Mr. Faber?

She freezes again, looking at him. Then savagely --

BREE

You saw that, goddamn you? You saw it? He's seventy. His wife's dead. He started cutting garments at fourteen. His whole life, he's maybe had a week's vacation, I'm all he has and he never, never touches me, and what harm in it, what --

She chokes -- then goes on --

BREE (CONT'D)

Klute, tell me, what's your bag? Are you a talker, or a button man or a doubler, or maybe you like them very young -- children -- or get your chest walked around with high-heeled shoes, or have us watch you tinkle? Or --

KLUTE

(under)

-- OK --

BREE

-- You want to wear women's clothes, or you get off ripping things --

She grabs up the company picture, raging on --

BREE (CONT'D)

-- you perverted hypocrite square

bastards.

KLUTE

OK.

Something in his inflection -- very slight -- cautions her. She falls silent as suddenly as she began. Then cheerfully --

BREE

Gee I hope this doesn't make my cold any worse.

KLUTE

Tell me about Frank Ligourin.

BREE

(casual, pleasant)

Mm? Oh, he was my old man. We broke up.

She wanders away toward a bureau. Her shirt seems to itch her; she scratches her ribs. Then opens drawer, takes out a different shirt as --

KLUTE

When?

(beat)

When did you and Ligourin break up?

She pulls off her shirt, unhooks her brassiere and discards it, apparently quite unselfconscious. Klute reacts; then, carefully maintaining his cool -

KLUTE (CONT'D)

Mind not doing that?

She turns to him in total innocence, holding the shirt rather carelessly in front of her -- a new attack.

BREE

What? This?

KLUTE

-- OK?

BREE

(ingenuously)

I thought you could trick me for those tapes. Don't you get lonely

in that little green room? Or let  
me get you someone; I have terrific  
friends, wild.

KLUTE

No thanks.

**KRAMER VS KRAMER**

TED: This is the most insensitive thing you've... Oh. Hi Margaret.

MARGARET: She packed her suitcase?

TED: Look, it's nothing serious, but I really appreciate your concern. I really have to...

MARGARET: Did she tell you where she was going? She must have said something to you.

TED: You'd know better than me.

MARGARET: How would I know? I wasn't here!

TED: Well obviously my wife and you have numerous conversations about my shortcomings that I have not been privy to. And I would love to sit here and talk to you, but someone has to bring home the bacon, and I have a major presentation in the morning, and I would just like to get my work done. So if you'll allow me....

MARGARET: You don't seem to realize. We have a serious problem.

TED: No, Marge, it's me that has the problem. All you have to do is go out the door, go down the stairs and go back to bed.

MARGARET: Ted, the fact is that Joanna...

TED: The fact is that for the last six months I have been spitting blood to get this agency one of the biggest accounts it's ever had. And at five o'clock this afternoon we got the account. And at eight o'clock I'm walking home with the Vice President who's telling me I'm going to be the next creative director of this department. And I walk through this door to share with my wife what has to be one of the five best days of my life, and she looks at me and tells me she doesn't want to live with me anymore! Can't you understand what she's done to me?

MARGARET: Yeah, she loused up one of the five best days of your life.

TED: You're terrific. Really. Thanks very much. Really. Sisterhood. I want to thank you for coming up here to cheer me up...

MARGARET: I did not come up here to cheer you up. I came up here because I'm concerned about Joanna.

TED: Do me a favor and be concerned in the privacy of your own apartment. Okay? It just occurred to me that Joanna and I never had any problem until you and Charlie split up.

MARGARET: I don't believe you.

TED: Do me a favor. Just tell me the truth. Did you set my wife up to this?

MARGARET: No, I did not put Joanna up to this.

TED: Did you give her a pep talk?

MARGARET: No I did not give her a pep talk. Joanna and I talk a great deal, yes. And Joanna is a very, very unhappy woman. And you may not want to hear this, but it took a lot of courage for her to walk out of here.

TED: How much courage does it take to walk out on your kid?

She sits against the wall, a glass of white wine in front of her. She is dressed simply and no longer has a tan. Nevertheless, Joanna is still stunningly beautiful. as she looks up, smiles.

He stands watching her, his knees weak. It is impossible not to fall in love with her all over again.

JOANNA

Hello, Ted. You look well.

TED

So do you.

The waiter appears, carrying a scotch and soda. He sets it down on the table in front of Ted.

WAITER

The usual, Mr. Kramer.

TED

(not taking his eyes off Joanna)

Thanks, Gino.

The waiter nods and promptly disappears.

JOANNA

How's the new job?

TED

Fine.

There is a self-conscious pause. From the bar, the piano player begins playing a new song. From Ted and Joanna's reaction, it is clearly a song that has meant a great deal to them in the past. They listen for a moment, then:

TED

Look at us, Joanna. Just like any old married couple having dinner. Who would believe it.



JOANNA

Yes...How's Billy?

ON TED--The question he has been dreading.

TED

He's great...except...

(not looking at her)

...Except he had...he fell and he cut his face. He...He has a scar, Joanna, from about here to here.

(indicating where and how big)

There is a beat of silence. A moment of shared feeling.

TED

(he has to say it to someone)

I can't help but feel somehow...it's my fault. I keep thinking I could've done something--stopped it...

JOANNA

You can't tell it from a distance, Ted.  
For the first time he looks up at her.

TED

What?

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

JOANNA

I've seen him.

TED

You have?

JOANNA

A few times. Sometimes I sit in that coffee shop across the street and watch when you take him to school.

ON TED--speechless.

JOANNA

He looks like a terrific kid.

TED

He is...

(he still can't get over it)

You sat in that coffee shop across from school--

JOANNA

(completing the sentence)

Watching my son...Ted, I've been living in New York for the past two months.

TED

(amazed)

You've been living here, in the city?

JOANNA

(a deep breath)

Ted...The reason I wanted to see you...I want Billy back.

TED

You want what?!

JOANNA

(firm)

I want my son. I'm through sitting in coffee shops looking at him from across the street.

I want my son.

TED

Are you out of your mind?! You're the one that walked out on him, remember?

JOANNA

(trying to explain)

Ted, listen to me...You and I, we had a really crappy marriage--(hastily) Look, don't get so defensive, okay? It was probably as much my fault as it was yours... Anyway when I left I was really screwed up--

TED

Joanna, I don't give a--

JOANNA  
(she will be heard)

Ted, all my life I'd either been somebody's daughter or somebody's wife, or somebody else's mother. Then all of a sudden, I was a thirty-two-year-old, highly neurotic woman who had just walked out on her husband and child. I went to California because that was about as far away as I could get. Only...I guess it wasn't far enough. So I started going to a shrink.

(leaning forward, very sincere)

Ted, I've had time to think. I've been through some changes. I've learned a lot about myself.

TED  
(like a shot)  
Such as?

Silence.

TED  
(boring in)

Come on, Joanna, what did you learn? I'd really like to know.

Silence.

TED  
(relentless)

One thing, okay? Just tell me one goddam thing you've learned.

There is a beat of silence, then:

JOANNA  
(quiet, determined)

I've learned that I want my son.

ON TED--He reacts as though he has been slapped.

TED

Joanna, go be a mother. Get married, have kids. Don't get married, have kids. Do whatever you want. I don't give a damn. Just leave me out of it--and leave my baby out of it.

JOANNA

Ted, if you can't discuss this rationally--

TED

(getting to his feet)

Joanna, go fuck yourself!

And with that he turns on his heels and stalks out of the restaurant.

## **Last of the Red Hot Lovers**

Play by Neil Simon

B My God, you really come right to the point, don't you?

E Look, did you ask me to come up here with the intentions of having an affair or not?

B Well, in a manner of speaking –

E Yes or no?

B *(A pause)* Yes.

E And that we've got to be out by five?

B I don't think I put it that bluntly.

E What time do we have to be out?

B *(Shrugs)* Five.

E *(Has made her point)* Alright?

B Look, I don't deny my intentions were of a romantic nature.

E *Romantic?* In your mother's clean apartment with two glasses from Bloomingdale's and your rubbers dripping on the newspaper?

B It was my belief that romance is inspired by the participants and not the accouterments.

E That's beautifully worded. You ought to use it on the Cherrystone Clams. What's the matter, is "having an affair" a dirty expression?

B Certainly not. "Having an affair." What's wrong with that?

E I mean people talk that way today, you know. Maybe not Buick drivers, but a lot of people I know.

B I admitted I was a creature of habit, not a prude.

E The hell you're not. I bet I could say three words right now that would turn your blue suit into a glen plaid.

B Look, Elaine, this is really silly . . .

- E I'm gonna say it. I'm going to say a word now. You want to put your hands over your ears?
- B Hey, come on, Elaine, I don't think this is funny . . .
- E I'm saying it . . . Screw!
- B (*Looks at her*) Asshole! I can do it too. I don't understand the point of this.
- E The point is we've got a time problem and you're reading me fish poetry.
- B I realize we have a time problem but there's also the business of human communication. Of talking to someone, getting to know someone . . . I'm sorry, maybe my whole approach to you is a little too old fashioned.
- E (*Throws up her hands*) Okay. All right. I'm flexible. I'll try things your way . . . What did you want to see me about, Mr. Cashman?
- B Ohh, Elaine, don't be like that.
- E Well, maybe I just don't understand you. I've got a two-hundred-and-ten pound husband who'd break my arms and legs if he caught me up here and you're telling me about your sweet succulent childhood in Sheepshead Bay.
- B I just thought you might be interested in knowing a little bit more about me. I mean until you walked in here ten minutes ago—
- E Twenty minutes ago—
- B Twenty minutes ago, I was just a restaurant owner who admired your fingers and you were an attractive woman who has a craving for fish.
- E Look, *you* were the one who wrote down an address and apartment number on the back of a dollar-eighty check. Then I come here and find out we've got an hour and fifty minutes before your social-working mother with the high squeaky voice comes home to examine the puffed pillows. Now if we had two weeks in Nassau I'd gladly look at color pictures of your tonsils—
- B I explained that. I thought a motel was a little sordid . . . And I would gladly have picked up your check but my cashier's very nosey and if she saw me paying for some woman—
- E Forget it. You got a lot of courage. I was surprised you took a chance giving me an extra shrimp in the shrimp cocktail. (*She finishes her drink*)

B I don't know how we got started on this—

E It's cigarette nerves, pay no attention. (*Indicating the Scotch*) Is that bottle just going to sit up there or are you going to turn it into a lamp?

B You finished the other one already?

E I didn't finish it, it evaporated.

B Elaine . . . Can I ask you a very honest question?

E Yes, I've done this before.

B (*Looks at her*) That wasn't what I was going to ask.

E Alright, you got one for free. What were you going to ask?

B I'm still not over that answer. You mean you have—on other occasions--?

E I have on other occasions—in other places—with other men—done the unthinkable. If it'll help your vanity any, you are the first owner of a fish restaurant I've ever been with. In that respect, I'm still a virgin.

B I gather then you're not very happy with Mr. Navazio?

E What the hell kind of question is that, am I happy with Mr. Navazio?

B I'm sorry. It's none of my business.

E I didn't come up here to get reformed. It's bad enough you got me to quit smoking; leave my sex life alone.

B I drop the subject.

E What was your question?

B What question? Oh, before . . . Well, I was just wondering. I mean, I told you I thought you were attractive . . . I know why *I* asked you to come here. Did you come because . . .er . . . Isn't it funny? I find it hard to just come out and say it.

E Would you like me to wait in the kitchen?

B Am I appealing to you?

E Yes.

B I am?

E *Now you appeal to me.*

B What do you mean, now? Do you mean possibly not tomorrow?

E I mean possibly not in fifteen minutes. I have a short span of concentration.

B You mean with you it can change from day to day?

E By tonight I may hate filet of sole

B I'm not talking about seafood. I'm talking about people.

E Yes, with me it can change from day to day.

B Oh. Well, I find that disturbing.

E *(An edge of sarcasm)* Do you really?

B Yes, I do. I find it disturbing, and a little sad, that your attitude towards people is so detached.

E You'll get over it. Can I ask you a question?

B Yes?

E Are you writing some kind of research book? Is that really why you got me up here? *Sexual Secrets of Seafood Sufferers*? You got a little tape recorder going on in the candy dish?

*(She leans over and lifts the top of the candy dish)*

B I'm sorry, it's very hard keeping up with you. One minute we're having a nice conversation, and the next minute you turn on me.



## La Strada

The Fool: (Calls from outside Gelsomina's view.) Gelsomina. (whistles.) Were you sleeping? It smells like a pigsty in here. How can you stand it?

Gelsomina: Zampano?

The Fool: No. Zampano is still in jail. Maybe they'll let him out tomorrow morning.

Gelsomina: Tomorrow?

The Fool: Yeah, maybe.

Gelsomina: It was your fault. Zampano never did anything to you. So why did they keep him in jail and let you out?

The Fool: Maybe from one point of view it was my fault, but he had the knife. Come on out for a bit. Come down. It'll do him good to spend some time in jail. He's got a long life ahead of him. I'm the one who's gonna die young. What a nice breeze tonight. Let's sit here for awhile. How elegant you are. Sit down. Sit down. (She seats next to him.) What a funny face you have. Are you sure you're a woman? You look more like an artichoke.

Gelsomina: (Stands up and move away from the Fool.) I don't know if I'll stay with Zampano. They've asked me to go with the circus.

The Fool: Then it's a good opportunity to get rid of him. (Starts laughing.) Imagine his face tomorrow when he gets out and finds everyone gone! You should do it! What a beast. I've got nothing against him, but I can't help teasing him whenever I see him. I don't know why? I swear I don't know. An urge just comes over me. But how did you end up with him?

Gelsomina: He gave my mother 10,000 lire.

The Fool: That much?

Gelsomina: I have four younger sisters.

The Fool: Do you love him?

Gelsomina: Me?

The Fool: Yes, you. You could have gotten away.

Gelsomina: I tried. Nothing.

The Fool: You can be really exasperating! What do you mean, nothing? If you don't want to stay with him, then go with the circus.

Gelsomina: Makes no difference whether I go with them or stay with Zampano. How would going with them change anything? I'm of no use to anybody and I'm sick of living.

The Fool: Can you cook?

Gelsomina: Eh?

The Fool: I said, can you cook?

Gelsomina: No.

The Fool: Then what can you do? Dance? Sing?

Gelsomina: A little.

The Fool: Maybe... you like to make love. (Pause) Then what do you like? You really are a stupid one.

Gelsomina: Why was I born?

The Fool: What if I asked you to come with me? I'll teach you to walk the tightrope, way up in the air, with all the lights on you. I have a car. We'd be traveling all the time. We'd have a world of fun. Would you like that? But no "nothing". You have to stay with Zampano and perform his ridiculous stunts, and let him beat you like a donkey. Such is life. But you know, Zampano wouldn't keep you if you weren't worth something to him. What did he do that time you escaped?

Gelsomina: He really slapped me around.

The Fool: But why didn't he let you go? I don't understand. I wouldn't keep you a single day. Maybe... Maybe he likes you!

Gelsomina: Zampano... likes me?

The Fool: Why not? He's like a dog. Ever seen those dogs who look like they want to speak but all they do is bark?

Gelsomina: That's sad.

The Fool: Yeah. Pretty sad. But if you don't stay with him, who will? I'm an ignorant man, but I've read a book or two. You may not believe it, but everything in this world has a purpose. Even this pebble.

Gelsomina: Which one?

The Fool: This one. Any one. But even this one has a purpose.

Gelsomina: What's its purpose?

The Fool: Its purpose is... How should I know? If I knew you know who I'd be?

Gelsomina: Who?

The Fool: God! He knows everything. When you're born. When you die. Who knows?  
(Pause) No, I don't know what this pebble's purpose is but it must have one because if this pebble has no purpose, then everything is pointless. Even the stars. At least I think so. And you too. You have a purpose too, with that artichoke head of yours.

(The Fool hands Gelsomina the pebble she admires it and then saves it.)

Gelsomina: One of these days, I'll take a match and set fire to everything. Mattresses, blankets, everything. That'll show him. I never refused to go with him. He paid 10,000 lire. I do my work and he hits me. That's not right. He doesn't think. I tell him, and what does he do? What good does it do? I'll put poison in his soup too. I'll set fire to it all! All! If I don't stay with him, who will?

The Fool: So the circus wants you to join them? (She's lost in her thoughts. He whistles at her.) Hey, wake up. I asked you if they want you to join them. (She rocks her head yes.) Did they say anything about me?

Gelsomina: They said they don't want either you or Zampano.

The Fool: Big deal. Who wants to stay with them anyway? Where I'm going, I'll make gobs of money. They need me. I don't need anybody. I'm here today, who knows where tomorrow. The less time in one place, the better, because people get on my nerves very quickly. I take off on my own. That's just the way I am. No house, no roof.

Gelsomina: Why did you say you'd die soon?

The Fool: It just stands to reason. Goes with the job. (Mimics walking on the tightrope, falling and breaking his neck.) I'll break my neck, and no one will remember me.

Gelsomina: What about your mama?

The Fool: So what are you going to do? Wait for him or join them? (Pause) The police station is that way, he'll find you when he gets out. Ciao. (Pause) I'll be leaving now.

Gelsomina: You're going?

The Fool: Yes. But seriously, you'd really like to come with me? (She doesn't respond.) Silly, I told you I've no intention of taking along a girl. I really don't need one. (Pause) The

Fool takes his chain off and puts it in Gelsomina's neck.) That's just... a souvenir. (Pause)  
Ciao. (The Fool leaves happily singing Gelsomina's name. From a distance.) Adieu  
Gelsomina!

Scene

LEAVING LAS VEGAS

SERA

I'm from the East. I went to college, did an arts course. I now live in Vegas. I think of it as home. I came here deliberately to carve out a life. I was in LA before, but I'll come back to that later.

(pause)

The tough times are behind me now. I can deal with the bad things that happen. There will always be dark characters. But my life is good. It is as I would want it to be. So, why are you a drunk?

BEN

Is that really what you want to ask me?

SERA

Yes.

BEN

(worried)

Well, then I guess this is our first date... or our last. Until now, I wasn't sure it was either.

SERA

Very clever.

Sera thinks for a while and decides to give in to him on this.

SERA

First. It's our first. I'm just concerned. So... why are you killing yourself?

BEN

Interesting choice of words. I don't remember. I just know that I want to.

SERA

Want to kill yourself? Are you saying that you're drinking as a way to kill yourself?

And she leans across the table to be close to him, listening intently. Ben becomes uncomfortable and tries to joke it off.

BEN

Or killing myself as a way to  
drink.

Sera continues to stare at him, wanting to know the real  
answer. He takes a slug from his drink. She sits back.

BEN

We'll talk about it some  
other time maybe. OK?

Sera relaxes and continues with her food. We hear her  
thoughts for a moment.

SERA (v.o)

It wasn't so important to me.  
I mean, he never asked me why  
I was a hooker, and that was  
impressive. I really liked  
him. So I decided to just  
play my part. I mean... it's  
good to help someone once in  
a while., it's a bonus to  
being alive, and that was my  
plan... to stay alive. I  
suddenly came to a decision.

BEN

What are you thinking? Are  
you angry with me?

SERA

(decides something)

Ben, why don't you stay at my  
place tonight? I mean... look,  
you're so drunk. I like you.  
I trust you.

BEN

That's astonishing. Sera,  
look...

SERA

I hate to think of you in  
that cheesy motel. I mean...

And she folds her arms and grins at him.

SERA

Let's face it, what the fuck  
are you doing in Las Vegas?

BEN

(overwhelmed by her)

I'm going to move to a smart  
hotel, tomorrow if it'll make  
you feel better.

(looks at her)

Let's talk about tomorrow.  
Wanna do something?

SERA

(warmly)

Sure... tonight. Then please  
stay at my place.

BEN

Sera... you know I'm not much  
good in the sack.

SERA

It's not about sex, Ben. I'll  
make you up a bed on the  
sofa. Do it for me. We can  
talk till late and then sleep  
till late. As you know, I am  
my own boss.

Ben laughs loud, the most animated we've seen him, and his  
laugh as infectious, and Sera join in. Other diners turn to  
stare at them. They seem like a couple.

LEAVING LAS VEGAS (2)

83 INT. SERA'S house - day

Ben is asleep on the sofa. As he wakes up, he becomes aware that Sera is watching him from across the room. They smile at each other.

BEN

How long have I been her?

SERA

Three nights, two days. When is your rent coming up at the motel?

BEN

I don't know.

(sits up)

I'll go and sort it out today. Why don't you come?... We'll find a real room for me. You can pick it out, a tower on the strip.

SERA

There's no reason to blow all your money on a hotel room.

BEN

What do you mean?

SERA

What I mean is that you should bring your stuff over here. We're spending all this time together... what the fuck!

BEN

Sera...

SERA

Let's face it, Ben, we're having fun here. I've never done so much talking in my life.

BEN

Me neither.

SERA

So! Let's dispense with the formalities. I want you here... now!

BEN

Sera you are crazy.



SERA

So... I'm not too concerned  
with long term plans.

BEN

Don't you think you'll get a  
little bored living with a  
drunk?

SERA

That is what I want. Why  
don't you go and get your  
stuff?

BEN

You haven't seen the worst of  
it. These last few days I've  
been very controlled. I knock  
things over... I throw up all  
the time.

(looks at her)

Now I feel really  
good... You're like some kind  
of antidote that mixes the  
liquor and keeps me in  
balance, but that won't last  
forever. You'll get tired of  
it really quickly. Believe  
me.

They sit in silence for a while.

SERA

OK, you go back to your hotel  
and I'll go back to my  
glamorous life of being  
alone.

She walks out of the room, and into the bathroom, where she  
sits on the toilet to pee.

SERA

(to herself)

The only thing I have to come  
home to is a bottle of  
Listerine to wash the taste  
of come out of my mouth. I'm  
tired of being alone... that's  
what I'm tired of.

She finishes, wipes herself and flushes the toilet. Pulling  
up her panties, she walks back into the bedroom, where Ben is  
putting on his shoes.

SERA

Don't you like me, Ben?

BEN

(devastated)

Don't be silly?

Ben is unable to deal with the fact that he is absolutely in love with her. He walks out of the room. She follows.

SERA

We gotta decide this... right now. Before we go any further. You either stay here with me or...

Ben turns to look at her.

SERA

... we can't see each other any more.

Ben and Sera look at each other for a long time.

BEN

Sera... what you don't understand is...

SERA

What?

Ben is deeply troubled. He comes to a decision.

BEN

You can never... never... ask me to stop drinking. Do you understand?

SERA

(dead serious)

I do. I really do.

(smiles)

OK. I have to do some shopping alone. You go out for a few drinks and then pick up your things. Don't hurry and I'll be back before you to let you in.

Sera grabs him in a big embrace that knocks him off balance and into the wall. She kisses him all over his face and squeezes his skinny frame.

LEAVING LAS VEGAS (3)

SERA

Can you wake up?

Ben opens his eyes and looks around with a pleasant, cheerful expression.

BEN

Hi!

SERA

Why don't you go in and sit down. I have some gifts for you.

BEN

Right... OK...

Ben stands and almost loses his balance. He picks up his suitcase and attempts to pick up her packages as well, but she stop him.

SERA

Don't worry... I got'em.

Ben staggers in with his case. As Sera enters, she looks around and sees Husband and Wife at the window, still watching.

BEN (off-screen)

Want a drink? Great nap.  
Wanna go out tonight?

SERA

Seriously, Ben... I need to keep pretty low-key around here. Maybe next time you could nap this side of the door. That was the landlord.

BEN

Of course.

She reaches into her purse.

SERA

Gift number one.

And she gives him a newly cut key. He takes it and tries it in the lock, then drops it into his pocket.

BEN

I used to carry a lot of keys, but one by one they all fell victim to the great condensation. Now I have just this one... which is...

And he tails off and stares at the floor. She waits for him to continue and then comes to him and touches him on the arm.

87 INT. SERA'S HOUSE - DAY

SERA  
Ben?

BEN  
Sorry.

He shakes his head.

BEN  
I was miles away.

He sees the parcels.

BEN  
Ah... more gifts. I have to sit down for this.

He strides into the living room and flops on to the sofa. She follows.

BEN  
Sera, I love that name... S.E.R.A. Before we proceed onwards, there is something I need to say. OK?

SERA  
OK.

BEN  
I've come this far... here I am, in your house. I want you to let me pay the rent for this month. All right?

And he stares at her as if to say that nothing can happen until this matter is resolved.

SERA  
Why?

BEN  
Because... it's better for me that way. OK?

SERA  
Well... OK...

She is uncomfortable.

They sit in silence for a while.

BEN  
Sera... I hope that you

understand how I feel about this. First of all, you're welcome to my money. We can buy a couple of cases of liquor and you can have the rest. But I don't think you're talking to me right now about money.

SERA  
(smiling)

No?

BEN  
No. I think you're talking about you. I'll tell you right now that I'm in love with you... but, be that as it may, I'm not here to force my twisted life into your soul.

SERA  
I know that...

BEN  
... and I'm not here to demand your attention to the point where it changes your life. We know I'm a drunk... but that seems to be all right with you. And I know that you're a hooker. I hope you understand that I'm a person who is totally at ease with this... which is not to say that I'm indifferent or that I don't care... I do... it simply means that I trust and accept your judgement. What I'm saying is... that I hope you understand that I understand.

SERA  
Thanks, I do understand. I was worried about how that would be... but now I'm not. And you should know that included with the rent here is a complimentary blow job.

BEN  
Ah, yes... I suppose sooner or later we ought to fuck.

SERA  
Whatever that means. Open your presents.

She hands him the larger of the two parcels.

SERA  
Open this one first.

Ben awkwardly unwraps the present, a large, colorful shirt. A genuine smile comes on to his face.

BEN  
Very nice.

He holds the shirt against himself.

BEN  
This should work very nicely with my suit, which, by the way, is the only item of clothing I brought over from the motel with me.

Sera raise an eyebrow.

SERA  
Right... the suitcase was clinking. So what did you do with your clothes?

BEN  
(laughing)  
I threw them into the garbage., which was perhaps immoral, but I wanted to come to you clean, so to speak. I thought we could go shopping and pick up a pair of jeans and forty-five pairs of underwear and just throw them out each day.

SERA  
(smiling)  
Nice talk, Ben. Keep drinking. In between the hundred and one proof breath and the occasional drool, some interesting words fall from your mouth.

She hands him the last present.

SERA  
Now, try this one.

Ben unwraps the smallest gift. It is a silver hip flask. He is very touched and a little tear trickles down his cheek.

BEN  
Well... looks like I'm with the right girl.

He turns it in his hands.

BEN

I must say that I'm very impressed that you would buy this for me. I know you wouldn't do this without thinking about it. Funny... you did just what I would have done.

Ben stands and tries the flask in his pocket for fit. It is fine. He walks to the door.

BEN

I'm going to fill it right now.

SERA

Do you want to go gambling tonight? We could go out and play for a few hours.

Ben comes back into the room, takes the flask out of his suit pocket and has a drink.

BEN

I hadn't planned to gamble... but if you would keep the bulk of my money here, then I could safely blow a couple of hundred bucks.

He takes out all of his money, peels off a few hundreds and then gives her the rest.

BEN

Giving you money makes me want to come.

SERA

Then come.

(pause)

I'm going to change. Watch TV. I'll be half an hour.

And she leaves. There is a slight edge to her voice and Ben is not sure if he offended her or not. He watches through the small angle of the door as she changes.

SERA

I am planning to go out and do some work.

BEN

When?

SERA  
Tomorrow night as a matter of  
fact.



LEAVING LAS VEGAS (4)

91 INT. SERA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sera wakes and Ben comes in and gets into bed with her.

SERA

How are you doing?

BEN

Very well... umm... I never expected to have to ask you this again... but how did our evening go? I remember getting to the casino... I remember kissing you... that was really nice but everything after that is a blank.

SERA

Well - I was prepared for worse, but it wasn't so bad. We were sitting at the bar, talking about blackjack. You seemed just fine, a little drunker than usual, but nothing really strange, but then your head started to droop and I put my arm on your shoulder and then, wham, you swung your arm at me, and fell backwards off your stool into a cocktail waitress. You smashed everything on her tray, it was a real mess. You kept yelling and yelling.

BEN

Oh, and what did you do?

SERA

I tried to shut you up and help you to your feet but you kept swinging at me - not like you wanted to hit me, but more just waving me away. Security came and when you saw them you stopped yelling. They wanted to carry you out and dump you on the street, but I talked them into letting me walk you out.

BEN

That's impressive. How did you do that?

SERA

I told them you were an alcoholic and T would take you home. I also promised that we would never come in there again.

BEN

We?

SERA

Yes, we.

BEN

(holds her hand)

What happened then?

SERA

You were OK for a while, so we walked for about a block and then you said you wanted to go home and fuck, but I think even you knew that wasn't going to happen. We got a cab and you asked him to stop at a liquor store, even though I told you that we had plenty at home. In the store you gave the kid a hundred and told him to keep the change. I asked you if you knew it was a hundred. You said you did, so I let you do it. We got here, you fell asleep on the couch and I covered you up and came to bed.

BEN

I warned you...

(kisses her hand)

... but I'm sorry.

SERA

Here's my speech...

(kisses his hand)

... I know this shouldn't be acceptable to m, but it is. Don't ask me why. I sense that your trouble is very big... and I'm scared for you... and so I'm doing what I think you need me to do. Falling down in casinos is little stuff. It doesn't bother me. It has nothing to do with us.

BEN

That's amazing. What are you?

Some sort of angel visiting  
me from one of my drunk  
fantasies? How can you be so  
good?

She turns away to the wall and curls up like a small girl.

SERA

I don't know what you're  
saying. I'm just using you. I  
need you. Can we not talk  
about it any more, please.  
Not another word.

He thinks about this. He gently pushes her until she is lying  
on her front and then he pulls up her nightdress and strokes  
her naked back. He kisses her in the small of her back.

BEN

Why don't you go back to  
sleep. I'll go out and buy us  
some breakfast.

SERA

Be careful.

He stands and goes to the door.

BEN

Don't worry.

As he leaves the room, she calls after him.

SERA

Ben, I'm working tonight.

He opens the door and smiles at her.

BEN

I know.

LEAVING LAS VEGAS (5)

Ben and Sera are watching the TV next to the pool. They are sitting in reclining chairs. In the distance a coyote howls.

SERA

Years ago, in LA, I turned a trick on Sunset and Western. The guy was polite and didn't argue about the price. He parked his car and I took him to a house that I had an arrangement with. A fat Mexican woman was watching a TV and I told him to give her the twenty for the room. There were three or four small naked children playing on the floor and we had to step over them to get into the room. The room had a bed and a dresser. He lay on his back on the bed and I put a rubber on him and sucked him for a while until he was hard and then I eased on to him. About twenty minutes later there was a knock on the door and it was the woman saying our time was up. I felt kind of guilty because he hadn't come and I offered to reason with the woman and get another ten minutes, but he said it was all right and began dressing. When we were ready to leave the room he stopped me and... hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. He gave me an extra hundred as a tip and went back to his car. I remember being relieved that I wouldn't have to work again that evening.

BEN

Last spring I happened to walk past a house that I had once patronized. There was a cool breeze blowing off the ocean and through the window I could see a bare leg. The girl must have been taking a break between customers. It was a strange moment for me because it reminded me of my mother and despite the fact that I was late for something already I just stayed there,

loving the atmosphere of it  
and my memory and... the  
reason I'm telling you this  
epilogue is that I felt that  
I'd come full circle.

SERA

Where was that house? The one  
in LA, I mean.

BEN

Fifth and Mayflower. You know  
it?

SERA

Yes. One of my friends was  
there. I wonder if you ever  
clipped her.

They watch the TV in silence for a while. Sera holds his  
hand.

BEN

I like it here with you.

SERA

Let's stay for a while.

BEN

OK.

LEAVING LAS VEGAS (6)

118 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ben and Sera sitting opposite each other. He has a bowl of rice, which he is pretending to eat in between sips of vodka. She has a bowl of vegetables and rice. She sits, silently for a while, and then puts down her chopsticks.

SERA

You're pretty sick.

Ben looks away.

SERA

What are you going to do?

She folds her arms.

SERA

I want you to go see a doctor.

He thinks for a while and then turns to meet her gaze. They look right into each other's eyes.

BEN

Sera... I'm not going to see a doctor.

Sera continues to look at him almost defiantly.

BEN

Maybe it's time I moved to a hotel.

SERA

And do what... rot away in a room?

(becoming angry)

We're not going to talk about that. Fuck you! I will not talk about that. You're staying here. You are not moving to a hotel.

BEN

Will you lighten up, please?

SERA

(close to tears)

One thing... one thing... this is one thing you can do for me. I've given you gallons of free will here! You can do this for me.

She leans right forward.

SERA

Let's face it. Sick as you are, I'm probably the only thing that's keeping you alive.

She stands up

SERA

I have to go to work now.

Ben doesn't say anything. He just stares a hole in his bowl of rice.

## **LIANNA (The Winwood Company, 1982)**

**LIANNA** is the young wife of a film studies professor at a small college. She used to be his student; they had an affair and now have been married several years, much of it unhappily. **DICK** still sleeps with his students, and takes no pains to hide it from **LIANNA**. He can't or won't give it up. They have two children now, Spencer, an adolescent, and Theda, in grade school. They live on campus in a house provided by the school. **LIANNA** wants to be defined by more than her family; she starts taking a night school course, with little support from **DICK**. He wants her to show up at faculty functions because he's hoping for a promotion and tenure. He's very afraid he'll be passed over. **LIANNA** takes her course anyway, and soon has an affair with her professor, who happens to be a woman. This hasn't happened to her before; she once had a teenage crush on her camp counselor, but she's lived as a straight person her whole adult life. She doesn't question it, however; she feels she is in love, and almost immediately tells **DICK**. They've just come back from another faculty party. **DICK** has been out of town at a film festival.

INTERIOR. DICK AND LIANNA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

**DICK:** ...I mean, it was sort of my responsibility to stay.

**LIANNA:** I'm sorry, I thought you might wanna come home and talk to me. I thought you'd be tired from your trip.

**D:** I am tired, but it's part of my job. You know that. These parties are where all the "teacher evaluation" goes on.

**L:** You're exaggerating.

**D:** I'm not ex – Forget it. So what did you do with yourself while I was off viewing Lithuanian masterpieces?

**L:** Nothing. I had an affair.

**D:** Oh. Congratulations. Anyone I know?

**L:** Not really.

**D:** Good. Jerry Carlson was acting kind of strange tonight; I'd hate to think that he had anything on me. An affair, huh? Feel like you've gotten even?

**L:** That's not why it happened.

**D:** Was it worth it? Was it the man of your dreams?

**L:** It wasn't a man.



**D:** Huh?

**L:** I said, it wasn't a man.

*DICK starts to laugh.*

**L:** What's so funny?

**D:** You've come a long way from Alberta. How was it – like a drug store paperback?

**L:** None of your business. I don't know what you're feeling so humorous about.

**D:** It's just different than if it had been a man –

**L:** Why? She touched me the same way you –

**D:** I don't wanna hear about what you did in bed, damnit. Who is it?

**L:** Ruth Brennan.

**D:** Ah-ha. The pieces fall into place. I always thought there was something fishy about her.

**L:** There's nothing fishy about her.

**D:** She engaged in an unnatural sex act with my wife, I think that's pretty damn fishy. Professor Brennan, huh?

**L:** That's right.

**D:** So you're still fucking your teachers.

**L:** And you're still fucking your students!

**D:** At least they're the right sex! What'd she do? Come on to you after class, offer you a friendly shoulder to cry on? Tell me, I'm interested in how they operate.

**L:** Who's "they"?

**D:** Campfire girls, what the hell do you think I mean?

**L:** Why are you being this way? You're making everything worse.

**D:** What the hell, you said it was no big thing.

**L:** I never said that, Dick.

**D:** It is a big thing?

**L:** I know it's probably never occurred to you, but it is possible that I might fall in love with somebody else.

**D:** With somebody else.

**L:** With somebody.

**D:** Well, don't let me stand in your way.

**L:** I don't intend to.

**D:** Are you gonna keep seeing her?

**L:** If she wants me to.

**D:** The hell you are! Not while you're living with me.

**L:** Okay, if that's what you want. We'll get a separation.

**D:** Where do you think you're gonna live? How do you think you're gonna support yourself?

**L:** What do you mean?

**D:** Move in with the professor, if you want, whatever. But I want you out of here tomorrow.

**L:** The hell I will!

**D:** Did you ever consider what the kids are gonna think? Or our friends and neighbors here in Faculty Land?

**L:** You're not telling the kids.

**D:** No. I'll leave that up to you. You'll have to think of something to explain why you're moving out.

**L:** Why are you being this way?

**D:** You're giving me a perfect escape route, honey. I'm taking it, that's all.

**L:** You fucker. You prick!

**D:** That it, Lianna, let it all out.

**L:** You always have to win, don't you? And if you lose, you make the other person lose more.

**D:** Very good, you're psych classes must be finally paying off. Must be all that private tutoring.

**L:** You made up your mind in Toronto, didn't you? You came back to ask for a separation, and then I dumped it right in your lap.

**D:** I did a lot of thinking while I was in Toronto.

**L:** You're not taking the kids from me, Dick.

**D:** That depends on you, and whether you're a true convert to the fold, or just hot for the first friendly piece of ass you –

**L:** God damn you – !

*She flies at him and a physical struggle ensues. He overpowers her.*

**D:** I'll hurt you back, Lianna! I will! No matter how much you think you can hurt me. I can hurt you more! Understand!

## LIANNA (2)

**LIANNA** has moved out of the house she shared with her ex-husband Dick. She has her own apartment; it's very tiny and spare. She's gotten a job checking groceries. She hasn't been able to see her children often; Dick is making it difficult for her. She also hasn't seen a lot of her lover; Ruth has been out of town. LIANNA knows that Ruth is seeing her former lover and trying to decide to whom she will commit. She has been alone a lot and it's been hard for her, adjusting all by herself. She's known JERRY for many years; he's a faculty member like her ex-husband, teaching film studies. He's lovable and he cares for her but he's also a bit of a Casanova, and she knows that.

INTERIOR. LIANNA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

*LIANNA is sitting in her apartment, alone, reading a book. There is a knock at the door. She goes to answer it. It's JERRY.*

**JERRY:** Hi, gorgeous.

**LIANNA:** Jerry! Come in!

**J:** Hi, how're you doing?

**L:** Fine.

**J:** Hey, you've done a real nice job in here.

**L:** Thanks. Take a seat.

**J:** Which one?

**L:** Would you like a beer or something?

**J:** Yeah, a beer'd be great. I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

**L:** Nah, I was just reading.

**J:** Reading...oh yeah, those funny little lines on paper, what they had before film? What're you reading?

**L:** *The Well of Loneliness.*

**J:** Sounds like a riot. How much do you pay for this?

**L:** Too much. Two seventy five without utilities. I was kinda pressed for time. (*she hands him a beer*)

**J:** Thank you. So. How's it been?

**L:** Not too bad. I've been, uh, a little lonely lately...

**J:** I felt it in my bones. That's why I came over.

**L:** You could make a living with bones like that.

**J:** Get much sun in here?

**L:** In the afternoon. It's nice. In the morning it comes in through my bedroom window.

**J:** Good, I like that.

**L:** What?

**J:** I said, I like that. It's a nice way to wake up.

**L:** Oh.

**J:** Have you been, uh, seeing anybody since – you and Dick had your falling out?

**L:** If you're asking, did I leave him for somebody – no. Not really. Should've done it a long time ago.

**J:** Good.

**L:** Jerry! Are you intimating what I think you are?

**J:** I don't intimate, Lianna, you know that. I'd love to sleep with you.

**L:** You don't waste any time, do you?

**J:** Well, I figure it's been a while since you and Dick split, and you said there wasn't another guy involved... You're a grown, healthy woman, and I figured I'd come over and –

**L:** – help me out? Like the Welcome Wagon?

**J:** Sorry if I came at you a little sudden, but... my technique must be getting ragged. I really like you, and I wanted to –

**L:** I'm not interested in you, Jerry. Not at all. Okay?

**J:** Sure. The Welcome Wagon knows when it's not welcome.

**L:** Of course you're welcome. I'm really glad to see you. I just – don't want to sleep with you. Okay?

**J:** Okay.

**L:** So how are your courses going? Have any of your students finished their films?

**J:** Oh, they're fine. Yeah. As a matter of fact, I – I should probably go help in the cutting room tonight. I've uh, got, uh –

**L:** I thought you were all set to spend the night.

**J:** Well, I've got this kid, she's a bit of a loose wind, she could use a hand, so –

**L:** Jerry, you don't have to –

**J:** I'm sorry, I – I made a mistake.

**L:** Good night, Jerry.

*He heads for the door.*

**J:** I'll see you around, okay? Um, Dick gave me your number – I'll give you a call.

**L:** Good night.

**J:** Take care.

*He leaves.*

LIAR LIAR

WEIRD HAIR GIRL

Hi, Mr. Reede! Like the new dress?

FLETCHER

Whatever takes the focus off your head.

FAT GUY

What's up, Fletcher?

FLETCHER

Your cholesterol, fatty! Dead man walking.

NO NAME GUY

Hey Fletcher!

FLETCHER

Hey, you're not important enough to remember.

(His secretary Greta approaches him.)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Don't ask! For God's sake, don't ask!

He enters his office.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

All right. You can beat this. It's all a matter of willpower! A test.

Something small. Red Red! All right, focus. The color of this pen is r-r-

r The color of this pen is rrrrrreeeeeeeeeeeeeeee The color of this pen

that I hold in my is rrrrrrrroyal blue. One lie and I can't say it! I'll

write it.

(His hand won't let him write, he struggles with the pen.)

FLETCHER

Write it or I'll break it off!

(His hand writes the word BLUE.)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

No come on stop it!

GRETA

Boss what happened?

FLETCHER

The pen is blue. The pen is blue. The goddamned pen is blue.

GRETA

Mr. Reede are you all right?

FLETCHER

I gotta go home.

GRETA

Home? Was the case settled?

FLETCHER

No! I have to be in court at 1:30!

GRETA

Then how are you going to go home?

FLETCHER

I don't know. I don't know!

GRETA

Okay. Uh, Mr. Reede, Reuben and Dunn called. They need to know where the Darby settlement offer stands.

FLETCHER

I just proposed a settlement to dick with them.

GRETA

Dick with them. Got it. And your mother called. Are you still on vacation?

FLETCHER

No.

GRETA

Then you're here.

FLETCHER

Yes.

GRETA

Thank you for clearing that up, sir. And your ex-wife called. She wants to know when you're coming to pick up your son.

FLETCHER

Oh, I'm such a sh\*\*!

GRETA

What's wrong?

FLETCHER



I can't lie!

GRETA

What?

FLETCHER

I can't lie!

GRETA

Maybe you should take the day off.

FLETCHER

Don't you think its weird that I keep telling you the truth. For some reason I can't lie.

GRETA

Okay.

FLETCHER

You don't believe me, do you?

GRETA

No.

FLETCHER

How ironic. Okay, ask me something that you know I would lie about.

GRETA

All right. Remember a couple months ago when I wanted a raise?

FLETCHER

Forget it. I don't want to do this.

GRETA

And the company wouldn't give me one and I asked if you would give it to me out of your own pocket and you said the company would not allow it, because it would create jealousy among the other secretaries. Now was that true, or did you just not want to pony up the dough?

FLETCHER

I didn't want to pony up the dough which I spent on a 40 inch plasma screen TV with surround sound.

GRETA

You asshole.

FLETCHER

Greta, please.

GRETA

I remember when you brought me this antique frame from Tiffany's.  
Tiffany's?

FLETCHER

Garage sale. It was ten dollars but I talked him down to six. I'll give you the raise.

GRETA

I got your raise right here!

FLETCHER

Greta, don't leave! I'm on my knees in a \$900 suit!

GRETA

Mr. Reede. Several years ago, my friend had a burglar on her roof. A burglar. He fell through the skylight, landed on a butcher's knife, cutting his leg. The burglar sued my friend. He sued my friend! Because of guys like you, he won. My friend had to pay the burglar \$6000. Is that justice?

FLETCHER

No. I'd have got him ten.

GRETA

Goodbye, Mr. Reede.

FLETCHER

No, wait! I didn't understand the question! Ask me again!

GRETA

Have a nice day in court.

FLETCHER

Greta!

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS – “*Suddenly Seymour*”

Seymour approaches Audrey.

**Seymour:** Audrey. What'd they say to you?

**Audrey:** Uh, who?

**S:** The police?

**A:** Uh, nothing.

**S:** Audrey talk to me! Tell me what they said!

**A:** It's Oren. They say he's disappeared.

**S:** The police, they told you that?

**A:** They suspect foul play.

**S:** They do?

**A:** His receptionist...this morning she found the place a shambles. Gas masks everywhere, things all over the floor. They think...I can't even think about what they think!

**S:** Audrey! Don't cry, Audrey. Would it be so terrible if something had happened to him?

**A:** Seymour, what a thing to say!

**S:** Well, what if...

**A:** It wouldn't be terrible at all. It'd be a miracle. Not to mention all the money I'd save on Epsom salts and ace bandages.

**S:** You see?

**A:** But, I still feel guilty I mean, if he met with foul play or some terrible accident of some kind, then it'd be partly my fault you see 'cause...secretly I wished it.

**A:** Audrey, don't you waste another minute thinkin' about that creep. There's a lot of guys that'd give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

**A:** I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

**A:** That's not true!

**A:** You don't know the half of it! I've led a terrible life! I deserved a creep like Oren Scrivello D.D.S.! You know where I met him? In The Gutter.

**A:** The gutter?

**A:** The Gutter. It's a night spot. I worked there my nights off when we weren't making much money. I'd put on cheap and tasteless outfits. Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel!

**S:** Audrey that's all behind you now. You got nothing to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person. I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected, and still do.

### *Song*

#### **SEYMOUR**

Lift up your head, wash off your mascara.

Here, take my Kleenex, wipe that lipstick away.

Show me your face, clean as the mornin'.

I know things were bad, but now they're okay.

Suddenly Seymour is standing beside you.  
 You don't need no makeup. Don't have to pretend.  
 Suddenly Seymour is here to provide you  
 Sweet understanding. Seymour's your friend.

**AUDREY**

Nobody ever treated me kindly.  
 Daddy left early. Mama was poor.  
 I need a man and I'd follow him blindly.  
 He'd snap his fingers and I'd say sure.  
 Suddenly Seymour is standin' beside me.  
 He don't give me orders. He don't condescend.  
 Suddenly Seymour is here to provide me  
 Sweet understanding. Seymour's my friend.

**SEYMOUR**

Tell me this feeling lasts 'til forever.  
 Tell me the bad times are clean washed away.

**AUDREY**

Please understand. It's still strange and frightening.  
 For losers like I've been, it's so hard to say.

**SEYMOUR**

Suddenly Seymour!

He purified me!

Suddenly Seymour!

Showed me I can!

Learn how to be more  
 the girl that's inside me.

With sweet understanding...

With sweet understanding...  
 Standing...

Seymour's my man.

Suddenly Seymour!

He purified you!

Suddenly Seymour!

Yes you can!

Be more

The girl that's inside you.  
 With sweet understanding...

With sweet understanding...

With sweet understanding...  
 Seymour's your man.

**LONE STAR (Sony Pictures Classics, 1996)**

EXTERIOR. SAN JACINTO STREET – DAY

**SAM:** Nice to see you, Mrs. Cruz. Field trip?

**PILAR:** Lunch hour. My next class isn't until one-thirty.

**S:** Want to take a walk?

*She agrees and they walk together.*

**S:** Your mother still doesn't like me.

**P:** I can't name anybody she does like these days.

**S:** I see she built a place here by the river.

**P:** A real palace. She rattles around alone in that thing –

**S:** She's done well for herself – on her own and all –

**P:** So she tells me three times a week. I thought you got through that pretty well.

**S:** They cooked the whole thing up without asking me.

**P:** People liked him.

**S:** Most people did, yeah.

**P:** I remember him watching me once. When I was little – before you and I – I was on the playground with all the other kids, but I thought he was only looking at me. I was afraid he was going to arrest me – he had those eyes, you know –

**S:** Yeah.

**P:** Weird what you remember.

**S:** Your boy, there –

**P:** Amado.

**S:** Nice-looking kid.

**P:** He hates me.

**S:** No –

**P:** With Paloma, it's more like she tolerates and pities me – totally age-appropriate. But Amado – he's – he's never been book-smart. Had a hard time learning to read. Me being a teacher and caring about those things is like an embarrassment – like a betrayal.

**S:** Fernando did okay, and he dropped out –

**P:** Fernando wasn't pissed off at everybody. He just wanted to fix their cars.

**S:** It might be just the age. I spent my first fifteen years trying to be just like Buddy and the next fifteen years trying to give him a heart attack.

**P:** So why did you come back here, Sam?

**S:** Got divorced. I wasn't gonna work for my father-in-law anymore. The fellas down here said they'd back me –

**P:** You don't want to be Sheriff.

**S:** I got to admit it's not what I thought it'd be. Back when Buddy had it – hell, I'm just a jailer. Run a sixty-room hotel with bars on the windows.

**P:** It can happen so sudden, can't it? Being left out on your own.

**S:** You've got your mother, your kids –

**P:** They've got me. Different thing.

*They stop at a spot where you can climb down the bank –*

**S:** Remember this?

*PILAR looks at the spot. She isn't ready to deal with whatever memory it brings back –*

**P:** I should get back.

**S:** Pilar –

**P:** Looks real bad if the teacher's late for class. It's really nice to talk with you, Sam.

*She leaves.*

**LONE STAR (2)**

INTERIOR. LIVING ROOM. KINCAID HOUSE – DAY

**BUNNY:** The Longhorns gonna kick some serious butt this Saturday, just you watch. We got a kid at tailback from down your way – outta El Indo –

**SAM:** That’s in Maverick County.

**B:** Oh. Right. And you’re in – ?

**S:** Rio.

**B:** Right. This kid, Hosea Brown? Does the 40 in 3.4, soft hands, lateral movement – the whole package. Only a sophomore –

**S:** You still going to all the home games?

**B:** Well, Daddy’s got his box at the stadium, of course, and I’ll fly to the Cowboy away games when they’re in the Conference. Then there’s the high school on Friday nights – West Side got a boy 6’6”, 310, moves like a car. High school, we’re talkin’. Guess how much he can bench-press?

**S:** Bunny, you – uhm – you on that same medication?

**B:** Do I seem jumpy?

**S:** No, no – you look good. I was just wondering.

**B:** Last year was awful rough – Mama passing on and the whole business with O.J. – I mean it’s not like it was Don Meredith or Roger Staubach or one of our own boys, but it really knocked me for a loop –

**S:** You look good –

**B:** – and that squeaker the Aggies dropped to Oklahoma – sonofabitch stepped in some lucky shit before he kicked that goal –

**S:** Yeah, well –

**B:** – they hadn’t pulled me off that woman I would have jerked a knot in her.

**S:** You were in a fight –

**B:** Daddy calls it an “altercation.” How you doing, Sam? You look skinny.

**S:** Same weight as I always was.

**B:** You look awful good in that uniform, though.

**S:** Best part of the job.

**B:** Daddy hired a pin-head to take your job. He says so himself. Says, “Even my son-in-law was better than this pin-head I got now.”

**S:** Bunny, is that stuff I left in the garage still there?

**B:** Least he never called me that. With me, it was always “high-strung.” “My Bunny might have done something with her life, she wasn’t so high-strung.” Or “tightly wound,” that was another one. You seeing anyone?

**S:** No. You?

**B:** Yeah. Sort of. Daddy rounds ‘em up. You aren’t talking about money, their beady little eyes go dead.

**S:** You didn’t – uhm – you didn’t have one of your fires, did you? The stuff I left in the garage – some of it was my father’s –

**B:** You watch the draft this year? ‘Course you didn’t, idiot question. They try to make it dramatic, like there’s some big surprise who picks who in the first round? Only they been working it over with their experts and their computers for months. Doctor’s reports, highlight reels, coaches’ evaluations, psychological profiles – hell, I wouldn’t be surprised if they collected stool samples on these boys, have ‘em analyzed. All this stuff to pick a football player for your squad. Compared to that, what you know about the person you get married to doesn’t amount to diddly, does it?

**S:** Suppose not.

**B:** You kind of bought yourself a pig in a poke, didn’t you, Sam? All that time we were first seeing each other you didn’t know I was tightly wound –

**S:** It wasn’t just you, Bunny.

**B:** No, it wasn’t, was it? You didn’t exactly throw yourself into it heart and soul, did you? Your shit’s still in the garage if that’s what you came for. 350 pounds.

**S:** What?

**B:** This boy from West Side, plays tackle both ways. Bench-presses 350 pounds. You imagine having that much weight on top of you? Pushing down? Be hard to breathe. Hard to swallow.



**S:** I think they have another fella there to keep it off your chest. A spotter.

**B:** “I only got my little girl now,” he says, “she’s my lifeline.” Then he tells me I can’t be in the box anymore if I can’t control myself. Sonofabitch don’t even watch the damn game, just sits there drinking with his bidness friends, looks up at the TV now and then. I’d do better to sit in the cheap seats with some real football people.

**S:** (*edging out*) You look good, Bunny. It’s nice to see you.

**B:** Thanks. I like it when you say that, Sam.

Looking for Mr Goodbar

(entering Sonya's apartment)

Sonya: You're really something, you know that? You are really something. How did you manage it? Jesus, you're practically one of the family. Apple of my father's eye, my mother's son she never had.

James: I wanted to help.

Sonya: Why? Why is it when there's trouble you're always there? Is that how you get your kicks, feeding off of cripples?

James: You're upset. I understand. You're worried and you're lonely.

Sonya: Alone! I'm alone. Not lonely. And depressed. And you're depressing me. can you understand that?

James: (looking around place) This place isn't like you at all. Not at all.

Sonya: It's exactly like me. Especially this. Have you ever had a woman that way, hmm? You got a woman? How about some of those welfare cases of yours? All those scared, friendly women begging for favors? Hmm?

James: (starting to leave) I'm going to the hospital tomorrow.

Sonya: Fuck. Of course you will. Hey! I want you here. Right here. (tries to seduce him) Or maybe you don't like women. Maybe you go—

James: Shut up. You don't like to hurt people, so why do you do it? I'll pick you up at six tomorrow. Night. (exits)

## LOST IN TRANSLATION

INT. PARK HYATT BAR - NIGHT

Bob sits alone at the bar. Charlotte sits down a seat away from him, lost in his thoughts, he doesn't see her until he turns and finds her next to him. They look at each other. A young BARTENDER with a sweet face tends to them.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

CHARLOTTE

I'm not sure.

BOB

(line from commercial)

For relaxing times, make it—

BOB & BARTENDER

'Suntory time'!

Charlotte smiles at him sympathetically

CHARLOTTE

What are you doing here?

BOB

My wife needs space, I don't know my kids' birthdays. Everyone wants Tiger Woods, but they could get me, so I'm here doing a whiskey commercial for two million dollars. The good news is the whiskey works.

She looks at him.

CHARLOTTE

Oh.

She lifts a cigarette, he lights it for her.

CHARLOTTE

I'll just have a beer.

He makes small talk about the pickled seaweed breakfast and jet lag, they commiserate about having not slept in days.

BOB

What about you? Why are you here?

CHARLOTTE

My husband's here for work-he's a  
photographer- and I just came  
along...I'm not really doing anything  
right now, and we have some friends  
who live here.

BOB

How long have you been married?

CHARLOTTE

Two years.

BOB

Try twenty-five.

CHARLOTTE

You're probably just having a mid-  
life crisis. Did you buy a Porche?

BOB

I'm thinking about it.

CHARLOTTE

25 years... that's a long time...  
Are you still in love with your wife?

BOB

Yes... I don't know, I don't know  
her anymore. I don't know if you can  
be in love with one person the whole  
time. I was... actually I was in  
love with her sister first, when I  
was twenty-one. And one day her sister  
said to me she wanted to move to  
Paris, so I said okay, and she said  
no, she wanted to move to Paris with  
Francois, and she's still married  
to him. And I moved in with Lydia...  
but I always really liked Lydia.

CHARLOTTE

(amused with too much  
info)

Oh.

BOB

What do you do?

CHARLOTTE  
I'm not sure, yet... I graduated  
last spring.

BOB  
What did you study?

CHARLOTTE  
Philosophy.

BOB  
Oh, what do you do with that?

CHARLOTTE  
I don't know, but I can think about  
it, a lot.

BOB  
It takes a while to figure it out.  
I'm sure you will, though.

CHARLOTTE  
Thanks. I'm sure your mid-life crisis  
will work out,too.

BOB  
Thanks.

They clink glasses.

CHARLOTTE  
I wish I could sleep

BOB  
Me, too.

## LOVE AND HUMAN REMAINS (Sony Pictures Classic, 1995)

**CANDY and DAVID** are close friends, roommates, and ex-lovers. They live in a large city in Canada. **DAVID** is a bisexual. Most of his lovers now are men. He is an actor, and has had some success, but he is not pursuing it right now. He works as a waiter. **CANDY** works as a book reviewer, and parties with **DAVID** sometimes, but she feels something missing from her life. They are both in their twenties.

INTERIOR. CANDY AND DAVID'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

*DAVID sits on the futon watching One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. It is the "invisible baseball game" scene. CANDY is writing at her computer. The movie is replaced by a commercial for telephone sex. Two slightly dumpy blonde women in corsets touch one another and smile at the camera as a loud male voice-over is heard. CANDY and DAVID speak over the commercial.*

**ANNOUNCER:** (on television) Alone. Bored. Looking for friends? Have we got the line for you – five three zero Hott. That's H-O-T-T. Five three zero four six eight eight, where beautiful babes are waiting to talk to you.

**CANDY:** This bartender wants to take me out.

**DAVID:** Hold out for a brain surgeon.

**C:** It's either him or the lesbian I met at the gym today.

**D:** Take the bartender. Mixed marriages seldom work.

**C:** I'm cereal.

**D:** Darling, one doesn't seriously discuss changing their sexual orientation after thirty. People lose respect.

*The commercials end and the movie resumes.*

**C:** I want more than just sex.

**D:** That's why God invented video.

**C:** I need some tenderness in my life.

**D:** Pick the lesbian.

**C:** I'm nervous.

**D:** Candy, you're talking about a date. Not a lifetime commitment.

*DAVID grabs the remote and flips the channels. He stops at Imitation of Life. Lana Turner is speaking to a fat black woman in a very insincere manner.*

**C:** Don't you ever wish you had a lover?

**D:** I have many lovers.

**C:** Not lover lovers.

**D:** It didn't work for us.

*DAVID flips back to One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

**C:** That was different.

**D:** I'm not into settling down.

**C:** Deep down you want someone to be special for you.

**D:** I'm quite capable of being special for myself.

**C:** Were you in love with me?

*DAVID flips back to Imitation of Life.*

**D:** I don't know.

**C:** People do fall in love – for the rest of their lives.

**D:** Not me.

**C:** Look at my parents.

*DAVID flips back to One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

**D:** Your parents are the Munsters in normal clothes.

**C:** You're wrong, David. Everyone needs to be loved.

**D:** That's why we have friends.

*DAVID flips back to Imitation of Life.*

**C:** It's not the same.

**D:** You're saying my relationships with you and Bernie are invalid?

**C:** I don't like him.

**D:** (*sarcastic*) No.

**C:** He's weird, David.

**D:** He's not.

**C:** What was that blood on my face cloth?

*DAVID flips back to One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

**D:** He was in a fight.

**C:** Were you in love with me?

**D:** That's not the right phrase.

**C:** It seemed like you were in love with me.

**D:** There's no such thing.

**C:** I know you were in love with me.

*DAVID flips back to Imitation of Life. CANDY grabs the remote from his hand.*

**C:** For Christ's sake pick a channel! I'm going to bed.

*CANDY starts to leave.*

**D:** No kisses?

*CANDY turns to DAVID and blows him two half-hearted kisses and leaves. DAVID'S concentration returns to the movie. Lana Turner is speaking to an oily-looking man.*

**LANA TURNER:** I know I've been away from it for a long time – but I really can act.



## LOVELIFE (Trimark, 1997)

INTERIOR. ALAN AND MOLLY'S HOUSE – DAY

*MOLLY comes into the house. where ALAN is asleep on the sofa.*

**MOLLY:** Alan? Alan? Alan? Alaaan...

*She sneaks up on him and wakes him up.*

**M:** Alan! Hi!

**ALAN:** Hi.

**M:** So what did you think? Did I write it well?

**A:** Yeah, you know, it's um, hard – it's a start. It's two pages.

**M:** Come on, tell me. Really.

**A:** It's hard to say. It's two pages. It's missing the, uh, middle and end. It's most of the beginning. What?

**M:** Wouldn't it be easier just to say you don't like it?

**A:** Honey, it's two pages! What do you think, you're gonna sit down the first time and write *Moby Dick*?

**M:** Well no, it's not a novel, it's for television.

**A:** Well, okay, the television equivalent of *Moby Dick*. What is that, *The Jeffersons*?

**M:** You're so funny, Alan.

**A:** Honey, what do you think I do all day? Do you think I write two pages and pat myself on the back? I mean, it – no, I'm sorry. You know, you're right. Jesus. What was I thinking? This – you know, I think you should *retire* on these two pages. Really. Because I must have been out of my mind. 'Cause I think you have reached insights here that just have eluded the greatest – ah, *(reading from paper)* "I like being a kid. No one expects anything of me." Oh boy, that just really –

*She takes the paper from him and starts to walk away.*

**A:** What do you want me to say? It's two pages! I can't – *(He starts to stand and stubs his tow on something.)* Ow! Fuck! Goddamnit! Fucking lamp!

**M:** You okay? You want me to get you some ice?

**A:** I'm fine! It's just like this, fucking, like knitting needles, and just like, you stub your toe on everything around, it's like a little household, a household mine field of household disasters! I should walk around on stilts in this place, really, it's like this fucking pigsty, lookit –

*She starts to gather up the mess.*

**A:** Leave it there, it's my shirt. I'll pick it up.

**M:** Oh, it's just a few things.

**A:** Yeah, it's my mess. Don't pick it up! They're mine! You don't have to pick it up! You don't have to clean up!

**M:** I'm putting 'em in the hamper, okay?

**A:** Well, *don't* put 'em in the fucking hamper! Jesus Christ, listen to me. No, don't listen to me! I – Why do you put up with me? Jesus Christ! I lecture you on your writing, like, I mean, what do I know? I mean, I can't con anyone into publishing *my* stuff! I come home late, I don't call you – this place is a fucking pigsty and it's my fault! It's my mess! And you clean it up!

**M:** It's not that bad.

**A:** I mean, everything is my fucking fault! Why don't you get angry at me? Really! Why don't you just tell me, Alan, you are a real prick, you know that?

**M:** Because you're not! You're – why would I say that?

**A:** I am a prick, you know that.

**M:** I wish you'd stop saying that.

**A:** You know, sometimes I wonder what it would take for you to get angry at me? Really. What it would take for you to say Alan, you are a real prick. I mean, if there is such a thing. If there is such an act that could be perpetrated –

**M:** Alan, do me a favor and tell me what it is you've done.

**A:** Done? No, I, I haven't –

**M:** Tell me!

**A:** Okay. Okay. I met someone. You know, someone else. I don't want you to think it's you. It's not, you know, some shortcoming in you – Goddamn toe! Why do you want to marry me? Why do you think I'd be better at marriage than I am at anything else in my life? Oh, Jesus Christ, I, I feel nothing but full of these horrible clichés right now.

**M:** And what a crime to be unoriginal. Right, Alan?

**A:** Look, I don't want you to worry. I'll move out, I want you to keep the house, we're paid up through the end of the month, and I'll, I'll get out. You know, I'll steer clear.

**M:** I'll have a place by morning. I'll have a great fucking place.

**LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS**  
**Johnny and Wilma**

She: Are you going to make love to me or not?

He: Huh? Wha? Come on, I was just falling asleep. Turn the lights off. What?

She: It's your turn to make love to me.

He: I owe you one.

She: You owe me two already.

He: How do you figure I owe you two?

She: Last Friday and the Wednesday before when Ron stayed over and you didn't want to make noise.

He: All right, three. Leave me alone. I'm good for it.

She: Johnneeee....!

He: Wilma! I'm just not in the mood now.

She: All right, if you don't want to. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. Don't you ever touch me again!.....I can't sleep when I'm like this.

He: It's all in your mind.

She: It is not. I feel sexy.

He: It's just nerves. Have a sandwich.....Wilma, cut it out. In the morning, in the morning.

She: I'm not interested in the morning. It's not romantic in the morning. It's romantic now.

He: Wilma, I had an unusually upsetting week. I was dizzy at a meeting Wednesday and I didn't want to go out tonight because it was too hot and I felt flushed at the party, and I am physically and emotionally exhausted.

She: Do you know, you're beginning to sound exactly like my father making sexual demands on my mother.

He: Oh, yeah? Well, you're beginning to sound exactly like my father making sexual demands on my mother.

She: That's alright with me, if he's the sexy one in your family.

He: I am sexier than you will ever be.

She: So, why are you hoarding it?

He: Wilma, I get the feeling you're trying to make my virility look impotent.

She: When did that feeling first hit you?

He: The day I married you! I was dynamite with other women.

She: Well, sure. They were lucky just to be there with the holder of the world's championship three second record in intercourse.

He: Out of all the women in the world, I had to marry an equal-time orgasm fanatic! You read a couple of "Ladie's Home Journals" and all you know now is, "Me too!"

She: And why not me too?

He: Look, stop trying to castrate me. There's too much man here! You and your "me toos" and your cockamamie career. Me and the children aren't enough for you. No, you need creative fulfillment to give meaning to your existence. We could have managed very well on one salary.

She: So quit your job.

He: You really want to take over, don't you? Don't think I haven't noticed your new wardrobe, with the suits and the pants and the butch little ties.

She: Butch! I'm more feminine than you'll ever be!.....Oh, shit! All I want is a little tenderness.

He: Look who wants tenderness! Miss locker room mouth! You better decide whether you want to be a man or a woman, and then talk tenderness to me. Do you understand, Wilma, or is it Willy?

She: I'll tell you what. You decide what you want to be first, and I'll be what's left. You think you're so masculine because whenever we have a problem you roll over and go to sleep, or you go out and get drunk with the boys, or you try to act rough with me. But I got a flash for you. Those tough Marine drill sergeants are the biggest fags in the world.

He: Hey! Watch what you say about the Corps!

She: Okay. They're the biggest latent fags in the world, but they're not real men. A real man is warm and understanding and gentle and sweet and sensitive and kind and loving and...

He: Oh yeah? Then what's a woman?

She: A woman is strong and brave and...

He: And what?

She: A woman should be brave and strong in certain situations, like when her husband is tough toward her, then she has to be tough toward him. But otherwise, a woman should be worshipped and admired and put up on a pedestal, but she should have the freedom to come down off the pedestal because she wants to be independent, but then she could go back up on the pedestal because she is not a slave any more because a woman wants to be taken care of...

He: Excuse me, is that taken care of up on the pedestal, or down off the pedestal?

She: I don't know what a woman is. I don't even see any difference between us any more.

He: Okay. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Next week for your birthday I'll take you down for some hormone shots.

She: What you need is a major transplant!

He: You know why you're so confused? Because you forgot who I am and who you are. I'm the man and you're just the woman, and the man is the boss. You said so yourself when we got married.

She: I was just humoring you. I said, "If it was so important to you, I would let you be the boss."

He: What do you mean, "Let me be the boss?" I am the boss.

She: Don't be juvenile. There is no boss.

He: I am the boss and you know it.

She: There is no boss and that's final. I don't want to hear another word about it. We are equals.

He: Oh, we're equal, huh?

She: Yes, we're equal.

He: Alright, let's just see how equal we are. Come on, equal. Let's go a couple of rounds.

She: Cut it out, you big jerk! Let me go!

He: You're my equal. Why don't you let yourself go?

She: Stop it!

He: Who's the boss?

She: There's no boss.

He: Who's the boss?

She: I am!

He: Who's the boss?

She: Stop it! You're hurting me. You're going to wake the children.

He: Who's the boss?

She: You can torture me, but I won't say it.

He: Who's the boss?

She: You are.

He: And who won?

She: You did. Shithead!

He: That doesn't bother me because the fight's over and I won and I'm the boss. So be a good little loser and let's go to bed. Good night, Loser.

She: I didn't even want to have sex tonight. I just wanted you to take me in your arms and hold me. But you're a big bully. Why couldn't you just take me in your arms and hold me?

He: My biggest account. For two years I've been busting my ass for them and they turn around and give it to someone else. My biggest account.

She: What are you talking about?

He: I lost E-Bay.

She: Oh no!

He: I spent \$300.00 for lunches alone on that purchasing agent and he turns around and knifes me.

She: I'm sorry. I didn't know.

He: And it isn't the money I care about. It's something bigger than that. If I can't be the best in aluminum tubing, then I don't want it. And you want me to have sex with you. I'm lucky I can stand up. You can't understand that because you'll never know what it's really like to be a man. Sure, you work too, but you're also a wife and a mother, so anything else you do is gravy. Nobody's pointing the finger at you, but the whole world is standing around watching me, just waiting for me to fall on my ass.

She: Oh, Johnny, I'm sorry. Please forgive me.

He: Who's the man?

She: You are.

He: Who's the woman?

She: Me.

He: Who's the boss?

She: I really think you should give that up. That's a very baby thing.

He: Wilma, if you want to have a happy marriage and you want to be my friend, then you have to acknowledge that the man is the stronger one.

Wilma, you have to surrender to me and I'll be the king of the jungle, but as king I will rule tenderly, but I can't rule tenderly unless you surrender to me first.

She: Okay, I surrender. Now make up with me. Isn't he adorable? Look at that million dollar face. You're my big, strong, teddy bear king, what I loves. And I am the little surrendering baby bear what you loves. Hmmm?  
Hmm.....?

He: Okay.

She: Give a woof. Come on, give a woof.

He: Woof.

She: Does you woof me?

He: Oh, I woof you.

She: Then kiss me like the bears do.

Both: Woof...woof...woof...

She: Are you going to let me surrender to you or not?

**MACBETH – ACT I, scene vii**

MACBETH. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
 Might be the be-all and the end-all -here,  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
 We still have judgement here, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice  
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off,  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on th' other -

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he has?



MACBETH. We will proceed no further in this business:  
 He hath honor'd me of late, and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope drunk  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
 To be the same in thine own act and valor  
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would"  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH. Prithee, peace!  
 I dare do all that may become a man;  
 Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. What beast was't then  
 That made you break this enterprise to me?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man,  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me-  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
 And dash'd the brains out had I so sworn as you  
 Have done to this.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. We fail?  
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep-  
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him- his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

MACBETH.           Bring forth men-children only,  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH.       Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

MACBETH.           I am settled and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

1960 New York. DON DRAPER approaches RACHEL MENKEN's door and knocks. It's late and his boss has just had a heart attack. Rachel Opens the door.

DON DRAPER  
I know it's late. I'm sorry.

RACHEL MENKEN  
I got the telegram.

DON DRAPER  
Let me in.

RACHEL MENKEN  
Are you ok?

DON DRAPER  
No.

Don Draper enters the apartment.

RACHEL MENKEN  
You look terrible.

DON DRAPER  
Can I get a drink?

RACHEL MENKEN  
Of course.

Rachel moves to bar, starts to make a drink.

RACHEL MENKEN (CONT'D)  
Are you happy with the doctors? I can have my father make a call.

DON DRAPER  
I don't know, he's rich, they seem to be taking care of him.

RACHEL MENKEN  
Is he ok? You can tell me, I'm not moving the account.

Rachel hands Don the drink.

DON DRAPER  
He's gray and weak. His skin looks like paper.

RACHEL MENKEN

I'm sorry. He's your friend isn't he?

DON DRAPER

What's the difference?

RACHEL MENKEN

You don't want to lose him.

Don moves in to kiss Rachel, Rachel backs away.

RACHEL MENKEN (CONT'D)

Don don't. What good is that gonna do? Feels like some solar eclipse, the end of the world, just do whatever you want?

DON DRAPER

I don't know.

RACHEL MENKEN

You do. You're exhausted. You just need sleep that's all.

DON DRAPER

I need to sit down.

Don moves to couch.

DON DRAPER (CONT'D)

Sit with me.

RACHEL MENKEN

Why?

DON DRAPER

Cause I feel like you're looking right through me over there.

RACHEL MENKEN

I'm not.

Rachel hesitates and moves to couch.

DON DRAPER

I don't like feeling like this.

RACHEL MENKEN

No one does.

DON DRAPER

I remember the first time I was a pallbearer.

(MORE)

DON DRAPER (CONT'D)  
I'd seen dead bodies before. I must've been 15, my aunt. I remember thinking, "They're letting me carry the box. They're letting me be this close to it. No one is hiding anything from me now."

DON DRAPER (CONT'D)  
Then I looked over and saw all the old people, waiting together by the grave. And I remember thinking, "I just moved up a notch."

RACHEL MENKEN  
I've never heard you talk that much before...

DON DRAPER  
Rachel.

RACHEL MENKEN  
What do you want from me?

DON DRAPER  
You know. I know you do, you know everything about me.

RACHEL MENKEN  
I don't.

Don kisses Rachel.

RACHEL MENKEN (CONT'D)  
You don't want to do this. You have a wife, go to her.

DON DRAPER  
Jesus Rachel. This is it. This is all there is, and I feel like it's slipping through my fingers like a handful of sand. This is it. This is all there is.

RACHEL MENKEN  
That's just an excuse for bad behavior.

DON DRAPER  
You don't really believe that.

They lie down on the couch.

DON DRAPER (CONT'D)  
I won't, unless you tell me you  
want this.

Rachel hesitates.

RACHEL MENKEN  
Yes please.

<Fade to black>

**MAGNOLIA**

CLAUDIA

Did you ever go out with someone and just lie... question after question?  
Maybe you're trying to make yourself look cool... or better than you are  
or whatever... smarter, cooler... and you just... not really lie... but maybe  
you just don't say everything.

JIMMY

That's a natural thing. You know, two people go out on a date or something.  
They want to impress people... the other person. Or they're scared they'll  
say something... that will make the other person not like them.

CLAUDIA

So you've done it?

JIMMY

I don't go out very often.

CLAUDIA

Why not?

JIMMY

I never found someone, really, that I'd like to go out with.

CLAUDIA

I bet you say that to all the girls. Want to make a deal with me? What I just  
said... people afraid to say things... no guts to say the things that are  
real or something...to not do that. To not do that that maybe we've done  
before. Let's make a deal. I'll tell you everything, and you tell me  
everything... and maybe we can get through all the piss, shit, and lies...  
that kill other people.

JIMMY

"Piss and shit."

CLAUDIA

What?

JIMMY

You really use strong language.

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry.

JIMMY

No, it's fine.

CLAUDIA

I didn't mean... It seems vulgar or something, I know.

JIMMY

It's fine.

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry.

JIMMY  
It's nothing.

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry. I'm gonna run to the bathroom for a minute maybe, just...

CLAUDIA LEAVES FOR THE BATHROOM LEAVING JIMMY ALONE. SHE RETURNS.

CLAUDIA  
Can I tell you something?

JIMMY  
Yeah, of course.

CLAUDIA  
I'm really nervous that you're gonna hate me soon. You're gonna find stuff out about me and hate me.

JIMMY  
No. Like what? What do you mean?

CLAUDIA  
You have so much, so many good things... and you seem so together. You're a police officer... straight and put together without any problems.

JIMMY  
I lost my gun today.

CLAUDIA  
What?

JIMMY  
I lost my gun today... and I'm the laughingstock of a lot of people. I wanted to tell you. I wanted you to know. It's on my mind. It makes me look like a fool. And I feel like a fool. You asked that we should say things... say what we're thinking and not lie about things. I can tell you that I lost my gun today. I'm not a good cop. I'm looked down at, and I know that... and I'm scared that once you find out, you won't like me.

CLAUDIA  
Jim, that was so...

JIMMY  
I'm sorry.

CLAUDIA  
...great what you just said.

JIMMY  
I haven't been on a date since I was married, and... that was three years ago. Whatever you want to tell me... whatever you think might scare me won't. I will listen to you. I'll be a good listener if that's what you want. And I won't judge you. I know I do that sometimes. I won't. And I can listen. And you shouldn't be scared of scaring me off... or whatever you think that I think and on and on. Just say it, whatever it is, and I'll listen.

CLAUDIA



You don't know how fucking stupid and crazy I am.

JIMMY  
It's OK.

CLAUDIA  
I got troubles, OK?

JIMMY  
I'll take everything at face value.

CLAUDIA  
I started this, didn't I? Fuck!

JIMMY  
Whatever it is, just say it. You'll see.

CLAUDIA  
You want to kiss me?

JIMMY  
Yes, I do.

CLAUDIA  
Now that I've met you, would you object to never seeing me again?

JIMMY  
What?

CLAUDIA  
Just say no.

JIMMY  
I won't say no. Wait, Claudia.

CLAUDIA  
Just let me go, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
What is it? Please, please.

MAGNOLIA (2)

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Frank and Gwenovier doing the television interview. CAMERA DOLLIES  
IN SLOW ON EACH:

FRANK

-- that's right, that's right, and what I'M  
saying, that none of my competitors can say is  
this: That there is no need for insight or  
understanding. Things of the past! Gone, Over, Done.  
Do you realize how fucking miraculous this is?  
How fucking razor sharp and cutting edge and  
ahead of it's time this concept is? I'm  
talking about eliminating insight and understanding  
as human values. GOD DAMN I'M GOOD. There is  
no need for INSIGHT. There is no need for  
UNDERSTANDING. I have found a way to take  
any subjective human experience -- in other  
words -- all the terrible shit or all the  
great shit that you've had happen to you in  
your life -- and quickly and easily transform  
it in the unconscious mind through the subtle  
and cunning use of language. The "listener-patient"  
(in other words: The Chick) settles into a very  
light, very delicate, conversationally induced  
state: NOT A TRANCE, mind you, but a STATE.  
A state that is brand new. The System's state.  
What did I do? I REALIZED that concept and put  
it into practical "get my dick hard and fuck it" use.  
I'm gonna build a state for the seducer and the  
seducee to live, vote, breath, pay takes and party  
'till dawn. I'm gonna teach methods of language that  
will help anyone get a piece of ass, tit and tail --

GWENOVIER

Let's talk about --

FRANK

I just realized this is for television,  
isn't it? I can't swear up and down  
like I just did.

GWENOVIER

It's fine. I can bleep it out.

FRANK

I warned you -- I get on a roll...

GWENOVIER  
-- let's talk more about your background --

FRANK  
Muffy -- coffee?

Muffy moves to pour a cup, Gwen looks down at her clipboard, then:

GWENOVIER  
I'm confused about your past is the thing.

FRANK  
Is that still lingering?

GWENOVIER  
-- just to clarify --

FRANK  
So boring, so useless --

GWENOVIER  
I would just want to clear some things up:

FRANK  
(Muffy delivers coffee)  
Thank you, Muffy. Funny thing is:  
This is an important element of,  
"Seduce and Destroy:"  
"Facing the past is an important way  
in not making progress," that's something  
I tell my men over and over --

GWENOVIER  
This isn't meant --

FRANK  
-- and I try and teach the students to  
ask: What is it in aid of?

GWENOVIER  
Are you asking me that?

FRANK  
Yes.

GWENOVIER

Well, just trying to figure out who you are,  
and how you might have become --

FRANK  
In aid of what?

GWENOVIER  
I'm saying, Frank, in trying to  
figure out who you are --

FRANK  
-- there's a lot more important things  
I'd like to put myself into --

GWENOVIER  
It's all important --

FRANK  
Not really.

GWENOVIER  
It's not like I'm trying to attack you --

FRANK  
This is how you wanna spend the time,  
then go, go, go -- you're gonna  
be surprised at what a waste it is --  
"The most useless thing in the world  
is that which is behind me," Chapter Three --

GWENOVIER  
We talked earlier about your mother.  
And we talked about your father and his death.  
And I don't want to be challenging or  
defeatist here, but I have to ask and  
I would want to clarify something --  
something that I understand --

FRANK  
I'm not sure I hear a question in there?

GWENOVIER  
Do you remember a Miss Simms?

FRANK  
I know alotta women and I'm sure she remembers me.

GWENOVIER

She does. From when you were a boy.

FRANK  
Mm. Hm.

GWENOVIER  
She lived in Tarzana.

FRANK  
An old stomping ground --is this  
the "attack" portion of the interview,  
I figured this was coming sooner  
or later -- Is "the girl" coming in for the kill?

GWENOVIER  
No, this is about getting something  
right and clarifying one of your answers  
to an earlier question --

FRANK  
Go ahead and waste your time.

GWENOVIER  
I was told that your mother died.  
That your mother died when you were young --

FRANK  
And that's what you've heard?

GWENOVIER  
I talked to Miss Simms. Miss Simms  
was your caretaker and neighbor  
after your mother died in 1980.

BEAT. Frank goes silent.

GWENOVIER  
In my research I have you listed as  
the only son of Earl and Lily Partridge.  
(beat)  
And what I learned from Mrs. Simms is that  
your mother passed away in 1980.  
(beat)  
See: It's my understanding that the information  
supplied by you and your company and answers  
to question's I've asked are incorrect, Frank.  
And if I'd like to get to the bottom of who you  
are and why you are then I think your family

history -- you're accurate family history...well:  
this seems important...Frank...?

VIDEO CAMERA POV - THAT MOMENT  
Frank lights his cigarette. CAMERA zooms into CU.

FRANK

Are you asking me a question?

GWEN

Well I guess the question is this:  
Do you remember Miss Simms?

BEAT. HOLD, THEN:

CAMERA holds on Frank and starts a SLOW DOLLY IN. Gwenovier remains  
OC.

GWENOVIER (OC)

Frank...Frank...what are we gonna do here?  
Are we having a staring contest?  
(beat)  
Do you have anything to say?

CAPTAIN MUFFY (OC)

I think maybe we should rap this up, Chief --

Frank SNAPS his fingers and signals captain Muffy to stay quiet.

GWENOVIER (OC)

I'm not trying to attack you, Frank.  
I think that if you have something that  
needs to be cleared up...Well, then...  
(beat)  
I was told that your father, (your father  
is Earl Partridge,) that he left you and  
your mother and you were forced to take care  
of her during her illness...that you took  
care of your mother as she struggled with Cancer....  
(beat)  
And Miss Simms became your caretaker after  
your mother died...Frank...Frank...  
(beat)  
Frank, can you talk about your Mother?  
(beat)  
Frank....can you?

CAMERA LANDS CU. ON FRANK. HOLD, THEN: CAMERA pushes in on Gwenovier and Frank. (Dead on Singles.)

GWENOVIER

C'mon, Frank. What are you doing?

FRANK

What am I doing?

GWENOVIER

Yeah.

FRANK

I'm quietly judging you.

CAMERA on Frank. He looks at his watch, then:

FRANK

Time's up. Thank you for the interview.

GWENOVIER

So you sat it out, that's what you did?

FRANK

You requested my time and I gave it  
you, you called me a liar and made accusations.  
And you say, "If I'd known I wouldn't have  
asked," then it's not an attack? Well,  
I don't wanna be the sort of fella who doesn't  
keep his word. I gave you my time, Bitch.  
So fuck you now.

Frank heads out of the room quick. CAMERA leading him in CU.

GWENOVIER

You're hurting a lot of people, Frank --

FRANK

-- fuck you.

He's out the door with Captain Muffy in tow.

### MAGNOLIA (3)

#### INT. CLAUDIA'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Claudia is asleep. Jimmy enters, stands near the edge of the bed. After a moment, Claudia's eyes open, look over and see Jimmy.

CLAUDIA  
...what the fuck is this...?

JIMMY  
It's me. Claudia. It's me.

She sits up a bit, covers herself, looks past him and sees the Middle Aged Guy, sitting in his underwear in the living room, watching them. She looks back to Jimmy;

CLAUDIA  
What do you want? Why are you here?

JIMMY  
I'd like to talk to you. Your boyfriend let me in, I just knocked on the door --

CLAUDIA  
He's not my boyfriend.

Jimmy hesitates a beat, then:

CLAUDIA  
Wanna call me a slut now, something?

JIMMY  
No. No.

She starts to move towards tears, nervousness;

CLAUDIA  
What the fuck do you want?

JIMMY  
I want to sit. I want to talk to you.

CLAUDIA  
Don't sit down.

JIMMY  
...I want to....I want so many things, Claudia.  
Maybe we can just talk to straighten



our things out....there are so many  
things that I want to tell you --

CLAUDIA  
I don't wanna talk to you.

JIMMY  
Please. It doesn't have to be now.  
Maybe we can make a date to sit down,  
I didn't mean to walk in on you like this --

CLAUDIA  
Why are you here, why are you doing this?  
Coming in here -- you wanna call me a whore?

JIMMY  
I don't want you to think that I'm that  
way to you -- I'm not gonna call you  
a slut or something --

CLAUDIA  
Yeah, yeah right -- what the fuck are  
doing? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

JIMMY  
Don't yell, honey. Please don't go crazy --

CLAUDIA  
I'M NOT CRAZY. Don't you tell me I'm crazy.

JIMMY  
I'm not saying that, I'm sorry --

CLAUDIA  
I'M NOT CRAZY. You're the one. You're  
the one who's wrong. You're the one --

JIMMY  
I have something, so much -- I'm sick, Claudia.  
I'm sick.

CLAUDIA  
Get out of here, get the fuck out of  
my house --

JIMMY  
Now STOP IT and LISTEN to me right now.  
I AM DYING, I GOT SICK...now I fell  
down and I'm Not...DON'T --

CLAUDIA  
GET THE FUCK OUT.

JIMMY  
I'm dying, Claudia. I have cancer.  
I have cancer and I'm dying, soon.  
It's metastasized in my bones and I --

CLAUDIA  
FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU, YOU GET OUT.

JIMMY  
I'm not lying to you, I'm not --

CLAUDIA  
FUCK YOU. YOU GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

JIMMY  
baby, please, please --

CLAUDIA  
I'M NOT YOUR BABY, I'M NOT YOUR GIRL.  
I'm not your fuckin' baby --

She moves up in the bed, exposes a bit of her breast, tries to cover herself --

JIMMY  
Please put your clothes on, please --

CLAUDIA  
YOU BURN IN BELL. You burn in hell  
and you deserve it -- YOU GET THE FUCK OUT.

JIMMY  
Honey.

CLAUDIA  
GET OUT.

BEAT. He stands a moment.

JIMMY  
Your mother wants to hear from you --

CLAUDIA  
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

He walks out of the bedroom

**MAGNOLIA (4)**

INT. SOLOMON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Donnie sitting across the desk from SOLOMON SOLOMON (40s) owner of the store. Avi, his brother, stands nearby.

DONNIE  
...please...

SOLOMON  
Don't Donnie. Don't do it.

Donnie swells up a bit, about to cry.

DONNIE  
This is so fucked, Solomon.  
I don't deserve this.

SOLOMON  
Don't get strong, Donnie. This is making sense, this making a lot of sense. You are not doing the job, the job I ask you to do, a job I give you. Over and over and over and I'm sorry. But I'm not gonna say I'm sorry that much more.

DONNIE  
Solomon: I am in the middle of so much. So much in my life and this is -- If you do this, if you fire me: I Am Fucked. I can't really explain much, but please, please, I've worked here for four years, four years I've given you and I'm, I'm, I mean what? I'm sorry I was late. I had a car accident. I accidentally drove into a seven-eleven. It was not my fault.

AVI  
Who's fault was it, Don?

SOLOMON  
Avi, please, shut the fuck up for one second. Don, how much further do you want me to go in showing you, showing you what I've done for you in four years and what you've done

back? Do you want me to do it? I can.  
The loans I've given, how much your sales  
are, how late you are, over and over, loosing  
the keys to the Covina store --

DONNIE

I don't have any money, Solomon.  
If you fire me --

SOLOMON

-- I give you money, I give you a paycheck.  
Your sales suck, Don. I give, I give.  
When I find you, when I meet you,  
what? I put you on the billboard,  
I put you in the store, my salesman,  
my fucking representation of Solomon  
and Solomon Electronic, Quiz Kid Donnie Smith  
from the game show --

DONNIE

I lent my name, my celebrity. Exactly --

SOLOMON

FUCK YOU. I pay you, I paid you.  
I give you a fucking chance and  
a chance and over and over, over you  
let me down. I trust you with so much.  
The keys to my store, the codes to my locks,  
the life, the blood of my bussiness and  
return is smashing in seven-eleven, late,  
always late, loans -- I loaned you money  
for your kitchen that you never did --

DONNIE

I paid you back.

SOLOMON

Two years! Two years later and out of your  
paycheck, I never charge interest --

DONNIE

Solomon, please. Please. I am so fucked  
here if you do this. This is the worst timing.  
The worst timing I could ever imagine.  
I need to keep working. I have so many  
debts, so many things, I have, I have,  
I have -- I have surgery -- I have my  
oral surgery coming --

AVI  
What surgery?

DONNIE  
Oral surgery. Corrective teeth surgery.

SOLOMON  
What is that?

DONNIE  
Braces.

SOLOMON  
Braces?

DONNIE  
Yes.

SOLOMON  
You don't need braces.

DONNIE  
Yes I do.

SOLOMON  
Your teeth are fine.

AVI  
Your teeth are straight.

DONNIE  
I need corrective oral surgery.  
I need the braces.

AVI  
Don, you got hit by lightning that  
time in Tahoe, you went on vacation,  
I don't think braces is a good idea --

DONNIE  
I can't believe you're gonna do this  
to me, the situation I'm in, I don't --  
Avi: You know what? Being hit by lightning  
doesn't matter for getting braces, ok?  
Now Solomon, let me just ask you once:  
Please. Please. Don't do this.

AVI  
How are you paying for the braces, Donnie?

DONNIE  
I don't know.

SOLOMON  
And how much is braces?

DONNIE  
It's...doesn't matter....

AVI  
It's like five thousand dollars,  
I've seen it, I know --

SOLOMON  
You're pissing me off, Don. This is  
so unbelievable -- so fucking stupid,  
you're gonna spend five thousand dollars  
on braces you don't need --

DONNIE  
I've been a good worker --

SOLOMON  
Don't do this, Don.

AVI  
No need for braces, Donnie.

SOLOMON  
Where are you getting the money for this?

DONNIE  
I don't know.

SOLOMON  
You were gonna ask me weren't you?

DONNIE  
I've been a good worker, Solomon.  
A hard and loyal --

AVI  
No need for braces, Donnie.

DONNIE  
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSSINESS.  
I HAVE BEEN A GOOD WORKER, A GOOD AND  
LOYAL WORKER FOR YOU, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

AVI  
HEY FUCK YOU DON WATCH IT NOW.

SOLOMON  
Give me your keys, Don.

DONNIE  
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!

SOLOMON  
GIMME YOUR FUCKIN' KEYS.

BEAT. Donnie tries to calm himself, hold back tears, stands up. He struggles with his KEY CHAIN and finally after a bunch of moments, hands over six or seven keys.



**MAGNOLIA (5)**

INT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT. \*\*

Claudia finishes throwing her drugs into a dirty t-shirt and throwing that dirty t-shirt into her laundry basket. Jim Kurring bangs away at the door.

JIM KURRING (OC)  
OPEN THE DOOR.

CLAUDIA  
I'm coming!

She runs towards the door, takes a small fall on the way, recovers, opens up;

CLAUIDA  
Yeah. Hi. Hello.

REVERSE, CLOSE UP - JIM KURRING - 40fps.  
CAMERA pushes in on him a little bit at his first sight of Claudia.

JIM KURRING  
...yeah...

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry, I had to get dressed.

Wider Angle reveals Jim Kurring, in a bit of a daze, standing with his BILLY CLUB removed and at the ready. He stands back...they have SHOUT above the music;

JIM KURRING  
-- you the resident here?

CLAUIDA  
Yes.

JIM KURRING  
You alone in there?

CLAUDIA  
Yes.

JIM KURRING  
No one else in there with you?

CLAUIDA

No, what's wrong?

JIM KURRING

You mind if I come in, check things?

CLAUDIA

For what?

JIM KURRING

Ok. For one thing, we're gonna need to turn that music down so we can talk, ok?

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry.

She turns and Jim Kurring moves to replace his billy club, but misses the holster and it FALLS straight to the floor, slides down the steps.

Claudia turns the music down, turns back and sees that he is gone.

Jim Kurring grabs his billy club from the bottom of the steps and bounces back up and into the apartment as if nothing happend;

JIM KURRING

You live alone?

CLAUIDA

Yes.

JIM KURRING

What's your name?

CLAUIDA

Claudia.

JIM KURRING

Claudia What?

CLAUDIA

Wilson.

JIM KURRING

Ok. Claudia Wilson: You tryin' to go deaf?

CLAUDIA

What?

JIM KURRING

Did you hear what I said?

CLAUDIA

Yeah, but I don't know --

JIM KURRING

-- listenin' to that music so loud:  
You Tryin' To Damage Your Ears?

CLAUDIA

No.

JIM KURRING

Well if you keep listenin' to the  
music that loud you're not only  
gonna damage your ears but your  
neighbors ears.

CLAUDIA

I didn't realize it was that loud.

JIM KURRING

And that could be the sign of a damaged  
ear drum, you understand?

CLAUDIA

Yeah.

JIM KURRING

You got the TV on too, keep those  
on at that same time usually?

CALUDIA

I don't know -- I mean. What is this?

JIM KURRING

Have you been drinkin' today,  
doin' some drugs?

CLAUDIA

No.

JIM KURRING

I got a call of a disturbance, screaming  
and yelling, loud music. Has there been  
some screaming and yelling?

CLAUDIA

Yes. I had someone come to my door,

someone I didn't want here and I told them to leave -- so -- it's no big deal. They left. I'm sorry.

JIM KURRING  
Was it a boyfriend of yours?

CLAUDIA  
No.

JIM KURRING  
You don't have a boyfriend?

CLAUDIA  
No.

JIM KURRING  
Who was it?

CLAUDIA  
I was...he's gone...I mean it's not. It's over, y'know --

Jim Kurring snoops a bit, she rubs her nose, nervous. Jim Kurring heads closer to bedroom --

JIM KURRING  
You mind if I check things back here?

CLAUDIA  
It's fine.

Jim Kurring heads into the bedroom, looks around, stands by the laundry basket --

CLAUDIA  
What are you lookin' for?

JIM KURRING  
Claudia: Why don't you let me handle the questions and you handle the answers, ok?

CLAUDIA  
ok.

JIM KURRING  
You just move in here?

CLAUDIA  
About two years ago.

JIM KURRING  
Bit messy.

CLAUDIA  
Yeah.

JIM KURRING  
I'm a bit of a slob myself.

CLAUDIA  
Yeah.

JIM KURRING  
You and your boyfriend have a party  
last night?

CLAUDIA  
I don't have a boyfriend.

BEAT. Jim Kurring looks at Claudia and she looks back.

Jim Kurring and Claudia continued. He walks into the KITCHEN area  
and sees a pot of coffee.

JIM KURRING  
got some coffee brewing, huh?

CLAUDIA  
Yeah...it's not...it's been on for a bit --

JIM KURRING  
I like iced coffee, generally, but a day  
like this, rain and what not, I enjoy a warm cup --

CLAUDIA  
-- do you wanna cup?

JIM KURRING  
That's great, thank you.

She starts heating/preparing him some coffee.

CLAUDIA  
I don't know how fresh it's gonna be --

JIM KURRING

Oh, it'll be fine, I'm sure, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

You take cream or sugar?

JIM KURRING

That'd be fine. So, Claudia, lemme just say,  
so I can get my role of LAPD officer  
out of the way before we enjoy our  
coffee (I never like to talk shop over coffee)  
I'm not gonna write you up or anything,  
I'm not gonna give you a citation here --  
but the real problem we have is that there  
are people around here, people that  
work from their homes, people tryin' to get  
some work done, and if you're listenin' to  
your music that loud: They're inconvenienced  
by that. If you had a job you'd probably  
understand, but I see you like listenin'  
to your music and that's fine, you're just  
gonna wanna keep it down at a certain volume,  
maybe memorize what number you see on the  
dial and just always put it to that --  
If it's the middle of the day -- that's  
what I do -- just put it on two and a half  
and that's a good listening level, alright?  
I see you like listenin' to your music loud,  
but, hey, forget about the neighbors, you  
end up damaging your own ears ok?

CLAUDIA

Yeah.

JIM KURRING

Arlight, then. Cheers.

They clink coffee cups. He makes a sour face at the taste;

JIM KURRING

Is this boyfriend bothering you?

CLAUDIA

I don't have a boyfriend.

JIM KURRING

The gentleman who came to the door --

CLAUDIA

-- is not my boyfriend.

JIM KURRING

Many times, in domestic abuse situations  
the young lady is afraid to speak,  
but I have to tell you that, being  
a police officer, I've seen it happen:  
Young woman afraid to speak, next thing  
you know, I'm gettin' a call on the radio,  
I got a 422 --

CLAUDIA

It's not -- what's a 422?

JIM KURRING

It's where situations like these  
lead, Claudia, unless you do something  
about it early, if and when the police  
call and come for help. Now there  
are certain measures you can take --

CLAUDIA

It's not my boyfriend -- and it's  
not anything -- it's over. Really.  
It's not. He won't come back.

JIM KURRING

I don't wanna have to come back here  
in an hour and find that there's  
been another disturbance.

CLAUDIA

You won't. You won't have to.

JIM KURRING

But I wouldn't mind comin' back in  
an hour just to see your pretty face!

They laugh.

CLAUDIA

I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick.

JIM KURRING

Okey-doke.

She exits. HOLD A BEAT with him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENT LATER

She enters, gets the coke from the laundry basket -- and sets some up, snorts it back --

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S KITCHEN NOOK - THAT MOMENT

Jim Kurring looks over his shoulder and sees that she's gone. He quickly moves to the kitchen and dumps the coffee in the sink and then quickly sits back down.

Claudia and Jim Kurring talking. She's rubbing her jaw, blabbing away and he's listening with a grin;

CLAUDIA

--- yeah, yeah, I get in it in my ear.  
It's TMJ is what it's called technically.

JIM KURRING

What's that stand for?

CLAUDIA

Tempural-something-mandibular,  
thing with something, I dunno.  
But it affects my ear, I don't even  
know if I have TMJ exactly but just  
very tight, like - it's like a muscle  
spasm and it's just gets so clenched --

She's interrupted by the call on his RADIO. He takes the call.  
(Director's Note: Technical blah-blah-blah,etc.)

JIM KURRING

This is my job.

CLAUDIA

We were just gettin' warmed up.  
We were just getting started.

JIM KURRING

Well if you listen' to that music  
too loud again and that fella returns  
maybe we'll share another cup of coffee --

CLAUDIA

If you're not here for a 422 --



JIM KURRING

No. No. Don't joke about that.  
That's not funny, Claudia. Please, now.

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry.

JIM KURRING

Ok, then. Keep your chin up and your  
music down, alright?

CLAUDIA

Yes. I will. It was nice to meet you  
Officer Jim.

JIM KURRING

Just Jim.

CLAUDIA

yeah, good, ok.

JIM KURRING

Bye, bye, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

Good bye.

She closes the door. HOLD.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Jim Kurring stands outside the door for a moment. He hesitates  
a moment, then....he's about to knock....His RADIO goes off...he turns  
it down real quick --

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Claudia hears the RADIO go off and stands back a bit from her  
door...hold a moment...then there's a KNOCK...she opens up:

CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE ON JIM KURRING.

JIM KURRING

I'm sorry, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

What is it? Did you forget something?

JIM KURRING

No, no. I was wondering...man oh man. I think I feel like a bit of a scum-bucket doing this, considering that I came here as an officer of the law and the situation and all this but I think I'd be a fool if I didn't do something I really want to do which is to ask you on a date.

CLAUDIA

You wanna go on a date with me?

JIM KURRING

Please, yes.

CLAUDIA

Well...is that illegal?

JIM KURRING

No.

CLAUDIA

Then...I'd like to go...What do you want to do?

JIM KURRING

I don't know. I haven't thought about it -- you know what -- that's not true -- I have thought about it. I've thought about going on a date with you since you opened the door.

CLAUDIA

Really?

JIM KURRING

Yeah.

CLAUDIA

I thought you were flirting with me a little.

He laughs and she laughs and then:

CLAUDIA

Do you wanna go tonight? I mean, are you working?

JIM KURRING

No, I'm off tonight. I would lov-like,  
to go tonight, I can pick you up,  
I can pick you up here at about what  
time? What time?

CLAUDIA

Eight o'clock?

JIM KURRING

What about ten o'clock, is that  
too late? I don't get off and then --

CLAUDIA

Oh sure yes, that's fine, late dinners  
are good. Should I get dressed up or -- ?

JIM KURRING

No, no, just casual maybe, maybe  
I thought -- there's a spot I like to go,  
it's real nice that overlooks a golf course  
and the course is lit up at night --

CLAUDIA

Billingsley's?

JIM KURRING

Yeah, You know it? You know Billingsley's?

CLAUDIA

It's my favorite place --

JIM KURRING

Oh, see? This is great. Ten o'clock.

CLAUDIA

Great, bye.

JIM KURRING

Bye.

She closes the door.

MAJOR LEAGUE

INT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - DAY

We PICK UP Taylor making his way past the circulation desk. He glances around and finds what he's looking for: Lynn, talking to one of the reference librarians. She finishes her conversation and turns, to find herself face to face with Taylor. She's wearing her tortoise-shell glasses.

LYNN

(hushed)

Jake, you shouldn't have come here.

TAYLOR

I was wonderin' why you'd give an old friend a bum phone number.

LYNN

Let's talk in my office, okay?

TAYLOR

I don't wanna talk in your office.

Lynn starts to walk. We'll FOLLOW them as they make their way through the library. Lynn tries to keep the conversation hushed. Taylor could give a shit.

LYNN

I told you I don't think it's a good idea for us to see each other.

TAYLOR

Why not?

LYNN

We don't have anything in common. Sometimes I wonder if we ever did.

TAYLOR

What are you talkin' about? We were both athletes, world class, hot for each other. What more can you have in common?

LYNN

I stopped bein' an athlete three years ago. Books are my life now.

Jake suppresses a smile.

LYNN

Don't you dare laugh, Jake. In two years I've put together one of the best special collections departments in the country.

TAYLOR

So what is it? You're still sore I

never read Moby Dick?

LYNN

You never read anything I asked you to.

TAYLOR

Not like what's-his-name at the restaurant?

LYNN

His name is Tom, and keep your voice down.

TAYLOR

What do ya see in this guy?

LYNN

He's stable. He's intelligent... and I've never found him in bed with a stewardess.

TAYLOR

That's 'cause no stewardess would have him. Wouldn't you rather be with somebody who's in demand?

LYNN

Just like always, you don't take anything seriously. Everything's a joke to you.

TAYLOR

C'mon, Lynn, for Christ sake, I'm just tryin' to loosen things up a little. I'm gettin' frostbite here.

Lynn stops and turns to face him.

LYNN

Tom and I are getting married in the fall.

Taylor is momentarily floored by the revelation.

TAYLOR

What? That's crazy, Lynn. I got plans for us.

LYNN

(walking again)

What plans?

TAYLOR

I was gonna play another a year or two, then we go to Hawaii, and have a couple kids who grow up to be Olympic champions.

LYNN

(stopping again)

How can you think stuff like that? I haven't seen you in two years. You never even wrote me a letter.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, Lynn, but I wasn't exactly proud of my situation. C'mon, you didn't think about me at all since I been gone?

LYNN

(walking again)

Not so loud, Jake.

TAYLOR

Remember the three nights we spent on the beach in Vera Cruz? You have nights like that with Mr. Briefcase?

LYNN

(stopping again)

What about the night you had in Detroit with Miss Dairy Queen?

They're in the large reading room now.

TAYLOR

What was I supposed to do? She bet me fifty bucks she had a better body than you. I had to defend your honor.

LYNN

(whirling on him and exploding)

What a bunch of bullshit!

(exasperated)

I have a much better body than she does.

With this the whole reading room turns around and stares at her. Lynn is mortified by her outburst. Taylor tries to smooth it over.

TAYLOR

(addressing the library patrons)

She's right. Take it from me, she really does. I mean Miss Dairy Queen has quantity, I give her that, but the, ah, quality just isn't there.

Nice job, Jake. Lynn is still mortified.

TAYLOR

How many think Lynn oughta give me another shot?

Most of the hands in the room shoot up.

TAYLOR

The ayes have it.

LYNN

(walking off again)

You haven't changed at all, have you?

TAYLOR

I'm afraid I have or I wouldn't be here. C'mon, Lynn, I don't wanna do time for things that happened years ago.

LYNN

(turning back to him)

I'm sorry, Jake. You'll always be the little boy who wouldn't grow up.

Lynn starts off for her office door.

TAYLOR

Lynn, wait...

Lynn continues on into her office. As the door closes, we GO TO Taylor's forlorn face.

## MAN AND SUPERMAN

*Ann, musing on Violet's opportune advice, approaches Tanner; examines him humorously for a moment from toe to top; and finally delivers her opinion.*

284

ANN. Violet is quite right. You ought to get married.

285

TANNER [*explosively*] Ann: I will not marry you. Do you hear? I wont, wont, wont, wont, WONT marry you.

286

ANN [*placidly*] Well, nobody axd you, sir she said, sir she said, sir she said. So thats settled.

287

TANNER. Yes, nobody has asked me; but everybody treats the thing as settled. It's in the air. When we meet, the others go away on absurd pretexts to leave us alone together. Ramsden no longer scowls at me: his eye beams, as if he were already giving you away to me in church. Tavy refers me to your mother and gives me his blessing. Straker openly treats you as his future employer: it was he who first told me of it.

288

ANN. Was that why you ran away?

289

TANNER. Yes, only to be stopped by a lovesick brigand and run down like a truant schoolboy.

290

ANN. Well, if you dont want to be married, you neednt be [*she turns away from him and sits down, much at her ease*].

291

TANNER [*following her*] Does any man want to be hanged? Yet men let themselves be hanged without a struggle for life, though they could at least give the chaplain a black eye. We do the world's will, not our own. I have a frightful feeling that I shall let myself be married because it is the world's will that you should have a husband.

292

ANN. I daresay I shall, someday.



293

TANNER. But why *me*—me of all men? Marriage is to me apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of my soul, violation of my manhood, sale of my birthright, shameful surrender, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat. I shall decay like a thing that has served its purpose and is done with; I shall change from a man with a future to a man with a past; I shall see in the greasy eyes of all the other husbands their relief at the arrival of a new prisoner to share their ignominy. The young men will scorn me as one who has sold out: to the women I, who have always been an enigma and a possibility, shall be merely somebody else's property—and damaged goods at that: a secondhand man at best.

294

ANN. Well, your wife can put on a cap and make herself ugly to keep you in countenance, like my grandmother.

295

TANNER. So that she may make her triumph more insolent by publicly throwing away the bait the moment the trap snaps on the victim!

296

ANN. After all, though, what difference would it make? Beauty is all very well at first sight; but who ever looks at it when it has been in the house three days? I thought our pictures very lovely when Papa bought them; but I havnt looked at them for years. You never bother about my looks: you are too well used to me. I might be the umbrella stand.

297

TANNER. You lie, you vampire: you lie.

298

ANN. Flatterer. Why are you trying to fascinate me, Jack, if you dont want to marry me?

299

TANNER. The Life Force. I am in the grip of the Life Force.

300

ANN. I dont understand in the least: it sounds like the Life Guards.

301

TANNER. Why dont you marry Tavy? He is willing. Can you not be satisfied unless your prey struggles?

302

ANN [*turning to him as if to let him into a secret*] Tavy will never marry. Havnt you noticed that that sort of man never marries?

303

TANNER. What! a man who idolizes women! who sees nothing in nature but romantic scenery for love duets! Tavy, the chivalrous, the faithful, the tenderhearted and true! Tavy, never marry! Why, he was born to be swept up by the first pair of blue eyes he meets in the street.

304

ANN. Yes, I know. All the same, Jack, men like that always live in comfortable bachelor lodgings with broken hearts, and are adored by their landladies, and never get married. Men like you always get married.

305

TANNER [*smiting his brow*] How frightfully, horribly true! It has been staring me in the face all my life; and I never saw it before.

306

ANN. Oh, it's the same with women. The poetic temperament's a very nice temperament, very amiable, very harmless and poetic, I daresay; but it's an old maid's temperament.

307

TANNER. Barren. The Life Force passes it by.

308

ANN. If thats what you mean by the Life Force, yes.

309

TANNER. You dont care for Tavy?

310

ANN [*looking round carefully to make sure that Tavy is not within earshot*] No.

311

TANNER. And you do care for me?

312

ANN [*rising quietly and shaking her finger at him*] Now, Jack! Behave yourself.

313

TANNER. Infamous, abandoned woman! Devil!

314

ANN. Boa-constrictor! Elephant!

315

TANNER. Hypocrite!

316

ANN [*softly*] I must be, for my future husband's sake.

317

TANNER. For mine! [*Correcting himself savagely*] I mean for his.

318

ANN [*ignoring the correction*] Yes, for yours. You had better marry what you call a hypocrite, Jack. Women who are not hypocrites go about in rational dress and are insulted and get into all sorts of hot water. And then their husbands get dragged in too, and live in continual dread of fresh complications. Wouldnt you prefer a wife you could depend on?

319

TANNER. No: a thousand times no: hot water is the revolutionist's element. You clean men as you clean milk-pails, by scalding them.

320

ANN. Cold water has its uses too. It's healthy.

321

TANNER [*despairingly*] Oh, you are witty: at the supreme moment the Life Force endows you with every quality. Well, I too can be a hypocrite. Your father's will appointed me your guardian, not your suitor. I shall be faithful to my trust.

322

ANN [*in low siren tones*] He asked me who I would have as my guardian before he made that will. I chose you!

323

TANNER. The will is yours then! The trap was laid from the beginning.

324

ANN [*concentrating all her magic*] From the beginning—from our childhood—for both of us—by the Life Force.

325

TANNER. I will not marry you. I will not marry you.

326

ANN. Oh, you will, you will.

327

TANNER. I tell you, no, no, no.

328

ANN. I tell you, yes, yes, yes.

329

TANNER. No.

330

ANN [*coaxing—imploing—almost exhausted*] Yes. Before it is too late for repentance. Yes.

331

TANNER [*struck by the echo from the past*] When did all this happen to me before? Are we two dreaming?

332

ANN [*suddenly losing her courage, with an anguish that she does not conceal*] No. We are awake; and you have said no: that is all.

333

TANNER [*brutally*] Well?

334

ANN. Well, I made a mistake: you do not love me.

335

TANNER [*seizing her in his arms*] It is false: I love you. The Life Force enchants me: I have the whole world in my arms when I clasp you. But I am fighting for my freedom, for my honor, for my self, one and indivisible.

336

ANN. Your happiness will be worth them all.

337

TANNER. You would sell freedom and honor and self for happiness?

338

ANN. It will not be all happiness for me. Perhaps death.

339

TANNER [*groaning*] Oh, that clutch holds and hurts. What have you grasped in me? Is there a father's heart as well as a mother's?

340

ANN. Take care, Jack: if anyone comes while we are like this, you will have to marry me.

341

TANNER. If we two stood now on the edge of a precipice, I would hold you tight and jump.

342

ANN [*panting, failing more and more under the strain*] Jack: let me go. I have dared so frightfully—it is lasting longer than I thought. Let me go: I cant bear it.

343

TANNER. Nor I. Let it kill us.

344

ANN. Yes: I dont care. I am at the end of my forces. I dont care. I think I am going to faint.

*At this moment Violet and Octavius come from the villa with Mrs Whitefield, who is wrapped up for driving. Simultaneously Malone and Ramsden, followed by Mendoza and Straker, come in through the little gate in the paling. Tanner shamefacedly releases Ann, who raises her hand giddily to her forehead.*

## MANHATTAN (United Artists, 1979)

EXTERIOR. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK – DAY

*The camera shows the lobby of TRACY's apartment house, looking outside from its interior. A limousine is parked at the curb. The music changes to "But Not For Me" as IKE runs onto the screen. He looks inside the glass doors, breathing hard. He looks pleased. TRACY, in a trim suit, is standing by the elevators, handing her luggage to a chauffer. The driver leaves the building; TRACY takes a brush out of her purse and begins to run it through her hair. She brushes her hair for a moment, then stops, brush in hand, as she sees IKE standing outside. IKE walks inside the lobby while the chauffer puts TRACY's suitcases into the limousine. IKE walks over to TRACY.*

**IKE:** *(sighing)* Hi.

**TRACY:** *(sighing)* Hi.

**I:** Tsch, I ...*(he clears his throat)*

**T:** What're you doing here?

**I:** Tsch. *(sighing)* Well, *(clearing his throat again)* I ran. *(catching his breath, sniffing)* Tsch, I-I tried to call you on the phone, but, uh...it was busy, so *(inhaling)* I know that was two hours worth of...*(TRACY chuckles)* So then I couldn't get a taxi cab, so I ran. *(breathing heavily)* Tsch...Where you going?

**T:** London.

**I:** *(reacting, looking away for a moment)* You're going to London now? You mean if – What do you – what do you mean? If I – if I got over here two minutes later, you'd be – you'd be – you'd be...going to London? *(TRACY sighs and nods her head; IKE sigh too)* Well, I – let me get right to the point then. *(clearing his throat)* I don't think you oughta go. I think I made a big mistake. And I would prefer it if y-you didn't go.

**T:** *(sighing)* Oh, Isaac.

**I:** I – I mean it. I know it looks real bad now *(chuckling)* but, uh...you know – it, uh, uh, are you – are you seeing anybody? Are you going with anybody?

**T:** *(shaking her head)* No.

**I:** *(sighing and shrugging)* So...well...you st-st-st – Do you still love me or has that worn off or what?

**T:** Jesus, you pop up. You don't call me and then you suddenly appear. I mean...what happened to that woman you met?

**I:** Well – well, I’ll tell you that – uh, it’s – uh, Jesus, yeah, I don’t see her anymore. I mean, you know, we say...Look, I made a mistake. What do you want me to say? *(pause)* I don’t think you oughta go to London. *(he sighs and takes a deep breath)*

**T:** Well, I have to go. I mean, all the plans have been made, th-the arrangements. I mean, my parents are there now looking for a place for me to live.

**I:** *(sighing)* Tsch. W-well...uh, ah, do you still love me or – or what?

**T:** Do you love me?

**I:** Well, yeah, that’s what I – uh...well, yeah, of course, that’s what this is all about...you know.

**T:** Guess what? I turned eighteen the other day.

**I:** Did you?

**T:** *(chuckling and nodding)* I’m legal, but I’m still a kid.

**I:** You’re not such a kid. Eighteen years old. You know, you can – you can...they could draft you. You know that in some countries, you’d be...*(TRACY smiles, then laughs softly. IKE moves a strand of hair away from her face)* Hey...you look good.

**T:** You really hurt me.

**I:** *(stroking TRACY’s cheek)* Uh, it was not on purpose...you know. I mean, I – I...uh, you know, I was...yeah, I mean...you know, it was just – just the way I was looking at thing then –

**T:** *(interrupting)* Well, I’ll be back in six months.

**I:** *(raising an eyebrow, reacting)* Six months – are you kidding?! Six months you’re gonna go for?

**T:** We’ve gone this long. Well, I mean, what’s six months if we still love each other?

**I:** *(nodding his head)* Hey, don’t be so mature, okay? I mean, six months is a long time. Six months. You know, you’re gonna be i-in-in-in the - ...working in the theatre there. You’ll be with actors and directors. You know, you’re...you know, you go to rehearsal and you – you hang out with those people. You have lunch a lot. And, and *(clearing his throat and frowning)*...well, you know, attachments form and – and, you know, I mean, you-you don’t wanna get into that kind of...I mean, you – you’ll change. You know, you’ll be...in six months you’ll be a completely different person.

**T:** (*chuckling*) Well, don't you want me to have that experience? I mean, a while ago you made such a convincing case.

**I:** Tsch. Yeah, of course I do, but you know, but you could...you know, you – I mean, I – I just don't want that thing about you that I like to change.

*An orchestration of "Rhapsody in Blue" begins in the background, the same music as in the beginning of the film.*

**T:** I've gotta make a plane.

**I:** Oh, come on, you...come on. You don't – you don't have to go.

**T:** Why couldn't you have brought this up last week? Look, six months isn't so long. (*pausing*) Not everybody gets corrupted. (*IKE stares at TRACY, reacting. He pushes back his glasses.*) Tsch. Look, you have to have a little faith in people.

*IKE continues to stare at TRACY. He has a quizzical look on his face. He breaks into a smile.*



**MARVIN'S ROOM (Miramax, 1996)**

75. EXTERIOR. BESSIE'S HOUSE – BACKYARD – NIGHT

**BESSIE:** Hank? What are you doing out here?

**HANK:** Nothing.

**B:** You gave me a scare. I'm not used to finding someone else out here.

**H:** Do you want me to go inside?

**B:** No. We're all glad that you're here.

**H:** Yeah, we should do it again in seventeen years.

**B:** Your mom and I haven't always gotten along. That's why I haven't been in touch so much.

**H:** Uh-huh.

**B:** I wish you could have really known your grandfather. He'd have liked having a boy around.

**H:** Kind of gave me the creeps.

**B:** Well, he's been sick for a very long time.

**H:** Don't you ever wish he'd just die?

**B:** Hank...don't ask that.

**H:** Why not?

**B:** It's rude.

**H:** I haven't made up my mind about getting tested yet.

**B:** Is that what you were doing? Sitting out here thinking about that?

**H:** No.

**B:** Oh. What are you doing with the tools?

**H:** I'm just looking at them. I was going to put them back.

**B:** I didn't think you were stealing them, Hank. You can have them if you want.

**H:** Really?

**B:** Sure.

**H:** You're just giving them to me?

**B:** Sure, why not?

**H:** These are really cool tools.

**B:** They're your grandfather's. I think he'd like you to have them.

**H:** The hospital won't let me keep these, though.

**B:** Well, you won't be in there forever.

**H:** When I go back they're moving me to a place for adults.

**B:** Why?

**H:** I turn eighteen in three weeks.

**B:** Oh. Happy birthday.

**H:** Thanks. If the fire hadn't spread up the street it wouldn't be such a big deal. Now they want to be sure I'm not some kind of threat.

**B:** You're not a threat. I'm sure they'll see that. You're probably the best one there.

**H:** There's this one dude on my floor held a razor blade under his tongue for five hours. Talked to the orderlies and ate and everything.

**B:** Why on earth did he do that?

**H:** He was trying to break my record.

**B:** Hank. What do you want to be when you grow up?

**H:** I am grown up.

**B:** When I look at you I see a lost little boy.

**H:** Then get your eyes checked.

## MARVIN'S ROOM (2)

113. INTERIOR. DR. WALLY'S OFFICE – DAY

*Bessie enters.*

**BESSIE:** Hank. I thought you'd be at home.

**HANK:** No, I'm here.

**B:** Where's your mom?

**H:** She went over to the mall.

**B:** Where's Charlie?

**H:** He's in back already.

**B:** Are you here to be with Charlie?

**H:** I'll probably get tested too.

**B:** Nervous?

**H:** No.

**B:** These offices used to be infested with bugs.

**H:** Bugs don't bother me.

**B:** No?

**H:** They crawl out of the drain in the boys' shower. They hide in the junk pile in auto shop. They float in the soap basins on the sinks. You get used to them.

**B:** I wouldn't.

**H:** One dude in my room. There's twelve of us in this room and this one dude catches bugs and puts them on a leash.

**B:** A leash?

**H:** A hair leash. He pulls out a strand of his hair and ties it around the bug and the other end he tacks down under his bunk. He had this whole zoo of bus walking in little circles under his bed.

**B:** Hank.

**H:** Till this other dude smashed them all with the back of his cafeteria tray. It was funny.

**B:** Why do you make up these stories?

**H:** What?

**B:** These stories. Razors under the tongue, hair leashes.

**H:** I'm not making anything up.

**B:** Why did you pretend you weren't going to get tested? Why did you put me through that?

*Hank walks out of the doctor's office. Bessie waits a moment, then follows.*

114. EXTERIOR. DR. WALLY'S OFFICE - DAY

**H:** I haven't told you shit. You don't know anything about where they've got me.

**B:** Well, you can tell me if you want.

**H:** You don't know.

**B:** Then tell me.

**H:** You don't know.

**B:** I was in the hospital. It was boring. I was scared and it was boring.

**H:** There's this one dude –

**B:** Hank, if this is another tall tale, I'm not interested. *(Silence)* I'm going back, in case Charlie is done. *(She leaves)*

115. INTERIOR. DR. WALLY'S WAITING ROOM – DAY

*Bessie is reading. Hank comes in.*

**HANK:** I played in a pool tournament in my ward. Did Mom tell you?

**BESSIE:** No.

**H:** I came in fourth. It's true. She doesn't think it's such a big deal.

**B:** That's great.

**H:** I got my toe broken in there.

**B:** How?

**H:** Guy threw a garbage can at me and it landed on my foot.

**B:** Why'd he do that?

**H:** No reason I know of. A lot of drugs float around in there.

**B:** Do you take them?

**H:** Most of the time I keep to myself. I think about not being there. I think what it would be like to be someone else. I'd have this house with all this land around it. And I'd get a bunch of dogs and I'd let them run wild. And I'd build a go-cart track. Those places pull in the bucks. I'd be raking it in. And nobody would know where I was. I'd be gone. Most of the time I just want to be someplace else.

**B:** Why aren't you?

**H:** Huh?

**B:** Why aren't you someplace else?

**H:** What do you mean?

**B:** You're the one who told me people only do what they want.

**H:** Yeah.

**B:** So you must want to be in there.

**H:** No. No way.

**B:** Then show them you don't need to be in there.

**H:** It's not easy like that. People start thinking of you a certain way and pretty soon you're that way.

**B:** I don't want you wasting your life in there.

**H:** Neither do I.

**B:** Then why are you still there?

**H:** They put me there.

**B:** Why did they put you there?

**H:** Because I burned down the house.

**B:** Why did you burn down the house?

*Dr. Wally enters.*

**DR. WALLY:** Hank, do you want to come on back? We can get you started while we're waiting for the anesthetic to start working on little Sammy.

**H:** Charlie.

**DR. WALLY:** I'm sorry. Did I call you Hank?

*The doctor exits. Hank starts to follow, then stops.*

**H:** Would you like to come back there with me?

**B:** Sure I would.

MEET JOE BLACK

**INT. CORINTH COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK AVENUE - DAY**

A thriving eatery diagonally across from the hospital's entrance, customers cheek-by-jowl as a pair of waiters juggle breakfasts served to a noisy throng of doctors, residents and interns.

Susan has squeezed into a seat in the corner. A counterman, with a smile and a greeting, places a cup of coffee in front of her. A sense this is a daily ritual, arming herself for the day; immediately she becomes aware of a man behind her speaking into the pay phone.

An attractive YOUNG MAN, early 30's, a pair of suitcase at his feet, a raincoat slung over his shoulder.

**YOUNG MAN**

...Honey, you've got to go on... there's a time to sow and a time to reap, you sow now and forget about him... yeah, I liked him, I don't like him anymore... because you're my honey and anybody messes with you messes with me -- I'm on a plane in a minute... as soon as I get my phone in, you're my first call, that's a promise... where you going now?... good, hit the books, get that degree, one day we'll hang out a shingle together... you bet, honey... later.

The Young Man hangs up, turns around and sits down to an overflowing plate of eggs and meat, potatoes and toast, the counterman refills his cup and the Young Man ties into the breakfast, eating it with such relish that Susan can't take her eyes off him. He senses her eyes, glances over, his cheeks filled with a mouthful of food, swallows embarrassedly.

**YOUNG MAN**

Good morning, I was talking kind of loud there, sorry.

**SUSAN**

Not at all. It was fascinating.

**YOUNG MAN**

Oh yeah? What was 'fascinating' about it?

**SUSAN**

You and 'Honey'?

**YOUNG MAN**

My kid sister. She just broke up with her boyfriend and she's thinking about dropping out of

law school.

**SUSAN**

I'm sorry --

**YOUNG MAN**

Nothing to be sorry about. That's the way with men and women, isn't it?

**SUSAN**

What's the way?

**YOUNG MAN**

Nothing lasts.

**SUSAN**

I agree --

**YOUNG MAN**

Why?

**SUSAN**

I was just being agreeable, now I've got to explain why?

**YOUNG MAN**

I'm not trying to sharpshoot you, but that 'nothing lasts' stuff, that's what was the trouble with Honey's guy. He was fooling around and Honey caught him at it. One girlfriend wasn't enough for him.

**SUSAN**

So you're a one-girl guy?

**YOUNG MAN**

Damn right. Looking for her right now. Who knows? You might be her.

Susan laughs.

**YOUNG MAN (cont'd)**

Well, don't laugh. I just arrived in town, got a new job -- I'm trying to get into this apartment. You a doctor?

**SUSAN**

How'd you know?

**YOUNG MAN**

Everybody's a doctor around here. This apartment house is all green pajamas and slippers. The guy I'm waiting for to vacate is a doctor. What kind of doctor?



**SUSAN**

Me? Internal medicine.

The Young Man smiles.

**YOUNG MAN**

So if I needed a doctor, you could be it?

**SUSAN**

I could be her.

**YOUNG MAN**

'Her'.

A moment.

**SUSAN**

Yes, I could.

(a moment)

I have an office in the hospital.

**YOUNG MAN**

-- This is my lucky day. I arrive in this big bad city and I not only find a doctor, a beautiful woman as well.

Susan looks into her coffee.

**YOUNG MAN (cont'd)**

I'm sorry, you mind my saying that?

**SUSAN**

Not at all.

**YOUNG MAN**

How 'bout another cup of coffee?

**SUSAN**

I've got patients coming in --

**YOUNG MAN**

And I want to get into my apartment and go to work. Please, what do you say, another cup of coffee?

Two pots are warming behind the counter, he reaches over and refills her cup and his. Pushes a container and pitcher towards her.

**YOUNG MAN (cont'd)**

I see you use lots of sugar and cream. Me, too...

**INT. CORINTH COFFEE SHOP, YORK AVENUE, DAY**

The place has cleared out now, the counterman busy bussing tables laden with dishes and cups, Susan and the Young Man

are still at the counter, but about to leave.

**YOUNG MAN**

...It's kind of a pro bono job.

**SUSAN**

'Pro bono'. That means doing good -- Going to be doing good all your life?

**YOUNG MAN**

I know what you're saying. Doesn't pay very well. Depends on the woman I marry. Maybe she'd like a bigger house, a better car, lotsa kids, college doesn't come cheap --

**SUSAN**

You'd give up what you want for the woman you marry?

**YOUNG MAN**

I would.

Susan rises now, the Young Man with her, leaving money for their checks they head for the door.

**YOUNG MAN (cont'd)**

If I married you, I'd want to give you what you wanted, I know it's old fashioned and all that, but what's wrong with taking care of a woman? She takes care of you.

**SUSAN**

You'll have a hard time finding a woman like that these days --

**YOUNG MAN**

You never know. Lightning could strike.

Susan at the door now, pauses abruptly, her eyes on the Young Man.

**EXT. CORINTH COFFEE SHOP, YORK AVENUE - DAY**

The Young Man holds the door for Susan as they step out onto the street.

Susan is staring at him now, he smiles, all open and vulnerable.

**SUSAN**

I've got to go --

**YOUNG MAN**

Did I say something wrong?

**SUSAN**

No, it was so right it scares me.

**YOUNG MAN**

I've been thinking... I don't want you to be my doctor. Because I don't want you to examine me.

**SUSAN**

Why?

**YOUNG MAN**

Because I like you so much.  
(a moment)  
You have coffee here every morning, don't you? If I came by, could you give me the name of a doctor?

Another moment.

**SUSAN**

Sure, I'll give you the name of a doctor.  
(a moment)  
...And I don't want to examine you.

**YOUNG MAN**

Why not?

**SUSAN**

Because I like you so much. Now I've got to go.

She hurries away down the sidewalk, the Young Man watching her. Now he turns and starts off in the opposite direction.

**MIGHTY APHRODITE**

**Linda:** Hi. Are you my 3:00?  
**Lenny:** Linda Ash?  
**Linda:** Yeah, that's right.  
**Lenny:** I'm Lenny.  
**Linda:** Hello, Lenny. Come on in.  
**Lenny:** Uh, you're—you're Linda Ash, right?  
**Linda:** Yeah.  
**Lenny:** Cause we spoke on the phone?  
**Linda:** Yeah. Are you okay? You look all white.  
**Lenny:** I'm okay.  
**Linda:** Yeah? Do you want something to drink?  
**Lenny:** Maybe—do you have a little Perrier or something?  
**Linda:** What?  
**Lenny:** Little—Just a little tap water?  
**Linda:** Oh, sure. I have that.  
**Lenny:** You're definitely Linda Ash?  
**Linda:** Yeah. What's the matter? Are you a stroke victim or something? I told you three times. I'm Linda Ash.  
**Lenny:** Oh. You have a, a beautiful apartment.  
**Linda:** Oh, thank you. I did it myself.  
**Lenny:** Oh.  
**Linda:** Oh, let me show you something I just got. That, isn't it a pisser?  
**Lenny:** Oh. Oh, yes, it's—it's magnificent.  
**Linda:** Oh. Well, yeah. I got a great sense of humor. That's something you're going to find out about me—I'm funny and I can take a joke. You know, a lot of people can't take a joke.  
**Lenny:** Oh, no, I can. They say that about me too.  
**Linda:** Oh, yeah?  
**Lenny:** That I have a good sense of humor.  
**Linda:** Oh, good. Then you'll like this. Look, I just got this. Somebody gave it to me. See, as the main spring goes back and forth, the bishop keeps fucking her in the ass. It's a genuine antique and it keeps perfect time.  
**Lenny:** Oh, my goodness. It's a disgusting—Ohh.  
**Linda:** Lenny? The water today is a little bit brown. Would you like some Sprite instead?  
**Lenny:** I'm feeling a little dizzy! I—  
**Linda:** Oh, no! Come sit down.  
**Lenny:** No, no. I don't know why. Usually, you know, I'm just the picture of health.  
**Linda:** Yeah? You work out?  
**Lenny:** Not—not religiously.  
**Linda:** Oh, I'm not religious either. Mostly, my folks were Episcopalian.  
**Lenny:** Oh, are they? So—

**Linda:** So. So what do you do, Lenny? Oh, no. Wait. Let me guess. I have a great knack for guessing what people do for a living. Um—

**Lenny:** Um, uh—I'll tell you the truth.

**Linda:** Rug salesman!

**Lenny:** You're close. I'm a sportswriter. Because—

**Linda:** Oh, shit. I wasn't even in the ballpark.

**Lenny:** Well, it was not—

**Linda:** Wait. Wait. Ballpark. Sportswriter. Get it?

**Lenny:** I get it.

**Linda:** I did it with a wrestler once. A huge, hairy guy. You'd figure he'd be hung like a horse, but there was very little there.

**Lenny:** Look, could I—could I just get a little water? I don't care if it's brown.

**Linda:** Oh, I'm sorry.

**Lenny:** I don't mind rust. I'm just feeling a little—tell me, Linda. Uh, uh, tell me about yourself, Linda.

**Linda:** Well, what do you—what do you want to know?

**Lenny:** Anything. I just want to know about you.

**Linda:** Well, basically, Lenny.

**Lenny:** Yes?

**Linda:** I'm an actress.

**Lenny:** Oh, that's wonderful.

**Linda:** I like drama. I study.

**Lenny:** Yes? Uh, where—where's that?

**Linda:** Paul Delucca. Have you ever heard of him?

**Lenny:** Paul Delucca? No. But then, I wouldn't

**Linda:** Yeah. Oh, he's really well known. He's a genius.

**Lenny:** I'm sure. I'm sure.

**Linda:** He says he thinks I'm gonna make it big. Mmm.

**Lenny:** Um, I know you will.

**Linda:** Yeah. Maybe you've seen some of my movies.

**Lenny:** That's possible.

**Linda:** Did you ever see *The Enchanted Pussy*?

**Lenny:** Not yet, but I-I—it's on my list of must-see.

**Linda:** Oh, they're videotapes, so you can rent it. But my real ambition is to be on Broadway in a musical. I sing.

**Lenny:** Do you?  
(phone rings)

**Linda:** Excuse me. Hello? Busy. Some of them are called John, all right?

**Lenny:** Was that—was that your husband?

**Linda:** Ha-ha. Very funny.

**Lenny:** No, but I mean, you have no husband, no family, no children, or anything like that? Cause some do. You have a funny look on your face.

**Linda:** Um.

**Lenny:** Did I say the wrong thing?

**Linda:** No. Not really.

**Lenny:** I—I said—

**Linda:** No. No, listen. What are you in the mood for, Len?

**Lenny:** Me? I-I, well, I would like to—you know, we can chat for a while. I thought I'd get into it slowly and, you know...

**Linda:** You're married, aren't you?

**Lenny:** How can you tell that?

**Linda:** Cause you got that look.

**Lenny:** That look? What look is that?

**Linda:** That look, like it's been a long time since you've had a great blow job.

**Lenny:** Oh, that look. I—I can understand. Where are you from?

**Linda:** Mm, around. What are you so interested in me for?

**Lenny:** That's my fingers.

**Linda:** Yes, I know. Here.

**Lenny:** What—

**Linda:** Pull, pull! Pull the strings.

**Lenny:** Pull these strings?

**Linda:** Yeah, pull all the strings. See? See what happens?

**Lenny:** I'm not so mechanical as I was.

**Linda:** Oh, it's easy. Here. Pull. Ah! See, it opens!

**Lenny:** Ohh! That's amazing. Science is—is

**Linda:** Yeah.

**Lenny:** You, you, you—I-I- Oh. Really. Well. Uh, you're a very attractive woman, a very beautiful young woman.

**Linda:** Oh, thank you, Lenny. Well, you're cute too. So, what do you say? You wanna go inside, take a shower?

**Lenny:** A shower?

**Linda:** You can study me up close and personal.

**Lenny:** Oh! Oh. No, see, I bathed already. You got lipstick on my fingers.

**Linda:** Mmm, you smell clean. Mmm.

**Lenny:** Thank you. Well—As I say, I'm basically—My ear.

**Linda:** You're sensitive, huh?

**Lenny:** It's my weak spot, in my ear.

**Linda:** Oh, okay.

**Lenny:** A little nibbling makes me...go crazy.

**Linda:** Okay, Len. Are you nervous?

**Lenny:** I—no. But yes, I am nervous, to tell you the truth.

**Linda:** You do look that way.

**Lenny:** I've never—I—I've never done this, actually.

**Linda:** Oh, okay. That's all right. I'll take it slow.

**Lenny:** This is—I—I—Oh. Okay. I—

**Linda:** Um, incidentally, Len, I think I should tell you ahead of time I get 200 dollars.

**Lenny:** It's no problem. No problem. Just a—just a show of good faith.

**Linda:** Thanks, Lenny. Wow! You're really sweet, Len.

**Lenny:** Put it down as a religious contribution.

**Linda:** No, but seriously, you want to know why I liked you right from the start?

**Lenny:** Why?

**Linda:** Cause I'm always attracted to losers.

**Lenny:** Losers? You think I'm a loser?

**Linda:** Yeah. You got no confidence. It's sweet. I like that in a man. I can't stand those johns who come here and throw down a couple of hundred and whip out a big dick and wave it all over the joint.

**Lenny:** Oh, I—I wouldn't do that even if I wanted to because I'll just—  
(phone rings)

**Linda:** Ah, shit! Hello. Oh, hello, Angela. Oh! Oh, wow! Ha-ha! Oh, God, thank you for thinking of me. Yeah, that's great. Okay. Yeah, well, I'll see you at 10:00. Bye. I just got a small part in an Angela Dawson movie. I get to do it with her.

**Lenny:** I don't understand you. If you're—if you're serious about being a Broadway actress, what are you wasting your time with all this porn for?

**Linda:** What's it to you? It's good experience.

**Lenny:** How? Making it with a woman in front of the camera is good experience? That's gonna get you closer to be a Broadway star?

**Linda:** What are you getting all mad for?

**Lenny:** I'm not mad. I just think it's crazy. You're an attractive young woman. You know, what are you—you don't have to live like this, Linda.

**Linda:** What are you, my pastor?

**Lenny:** This is crazy! You take money from guys and you perform all these acts. You know, you could be—Hey, I'm talking to you. You could have a family.

**Linda:** Hey, let go of me!

**Lenny:** You could have a husband and a child or something.

**Linda:** All right. No. Hey! Stop. Stop it now! Stop! Listen, I don't like possessive men.

**Lenny:** I'm not possessive.

**Linda:** You come in here, you don't want to do anything with me. You're telling what to do.

**Lenny:** I want to talk.

**Linda:** Do you want to do it or not?

**Lenny:** I want to talk. I paid you, I want to talk.

**Linda:** Oh, no. Okay.

**Lenny:** I bought the time.

**Linda:** Then you get your money back. I'm giving it back. Refund.

**Lenny:** No, keep the money.

**Linda:** Let's go. No.

**Lenny:** I bought the time!

**Linda:** Hey, stop it. No, I'm giving it back and you're leaving.

**Lenny:** Why can't I talk?

**Linda:** Get out!

MISERY

ANNIE

You...you dirty bird. She can't be dead. Misery Chastain cannot be dead! How could you?

PAUL

Annie, in 1871, women often died in childbirth, but her spirit is the important thing, and Misery's spirit is still alive --

ANNIE

(screaming)

I DON'T WANT HER SPIRIT! I want HER! And you MURDERED her!

PAUL

I DIDN'T...

ANNIE

Then who did?

PAUL

No one -- she just died -- she slipped away, that's all.

ANNIE

(screaming)

She slipped away? She slipped away? She didn't just slip away. You did it. You did it. You did it. You did it. You murdered my Misery.

And now she has lifted a chair -- it's heavy but she's very strong -- and she raises it and turns on Paul, and it's high above her head, and PAUL realizes that this might be it, she might shatter him with it, crunch his skull -- and that's just what she seems she's about to do -- and then she swings it, not against him but against the wall, and it shatters and she's panting from the effort as she turns on him again, her voice surprisingly soft.

ANNIE

I thought you were good, Paul, but you're not good, you're just another lying old dirty birdie and I don't think I better be around you for awhile.

(she crosses to the door, then stops)

And don't even think about anybody coming for you, not the doctors, not your agent, not your family -- because I never called them. Nobody knows you're here. And you better hope nothing happens to me because if I die, you die.



MISERY (2)

PAUL, groggy from being drugged, tries to clear the cobwebs.

ANNIE  
(in a soft voice)  
Paul, I know you've been out.

PAUL  
What?

ANNIE  
You've been out of your room.

PAUL  
No, I haven't.

ANNIE  
Paul, my little ceramic penguin in  
the study always faces due south.

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

PAUL looks up at her -- he is totally honest and sincere. As he talks, his hand surreptitiously begins moving toward the mattress edge.

CUT TO

ANNIE, as she brings the fat-handled knife out of her skirt pocket.

ANNIE  
Is this what you're looking for? I  
know you've been out twice, Paul.  
At first, I couldn't figure out how  
you did it, but last night I found  
your key.

(She holds up the  
bobby pin)  
I know I left my scrapbook out, and  
I can imagine what you might be  
thinking of me. But you see, Paul,  
it's all okay.

CUT TO

ANNIE, as she walks slowly back to the foot of the bed.

And now a THUMP comes from the foot of the bed. Something is out of sight.

CUT TO

PAUL, staring at her; waiting.

ANNIE  
Last night it came so clear. I  
realize you just need more time.  
Eventually, you'll come to accept

the idea of being here. Paul, do you know about the early days at the Kimberly Diamond Mine? Do you know what they did to the native workers who stole diamonds? Don't worry, they didn't kill them. That would be like junking a Mercedes just because it had a broken spring -- no, if they caught them they had to make sure they could go on working, but they also had to make sure they could never run away. The operation was called hobbling.

And with that, she reaches down out of sight and comes up holding a 16-inch piece of 4 x 4 wood.

PAUL  
Annie, whatever you're thinking about, don't do it.

CUT TO

ANNIE. She wedges the 4 x 4 firmly between his legs, just above the ankles, secures it and adjusts his feet.

ANNIE  
Now don't fuss, Paul.

PAUL  
Why would I run away? I'm a writer, Annie -- it's all I am -- and I've never written this well -- even you said that this is my best, didn't you?

ANNIE picks up a sledgehammer.

PAUL  
Didn't you? Why would I leave a place where I'm doing my best work? It doesn't make any sense.

CUT TO

ANNIE, positioning herself to the side of his right ankle.

ANNIE  
Shh, darling, trust me --  
(taking aim at  
his ankle)  
It's for the best.

She takes the sledgehammer back.

PAUL  
Annie, for God's sake, please.

As ANNIE swings, the sledgehammer makes contact with the ankle. It breaks with a

sharp CRACK.

CUT TO

PAUL: CLOSE UP, shrieking.

CUT TO

ANNIE, moving to the other side of the bed.

ANNIE  
Almost done, just one more.

And as she breaks the other ankle, PAUL shrieks even louder.

CUT TO

ANNIE: CLOSE UP.

ANNIE  
God, I love you...

MISERY (3)

PAUL, looking at the paper. It's Corrasable Bond. An idea hits him; he masks it as best he can.

ANNIE  
(putting the rest  
of the paper on the  
table)

And I got a great deal on this  
fifty-pound clunker -- on account  
of it's missing an "n." I told the  
saleslady "n" was one of the  
letters in my favorite writer's  
name.

PAUL  
It's two of the letters in my  
favorite nurse's name, Annie.

ANNIE  
(embarrassed, blushing)  
You -- fooler...!  
(turns, grabs up pens,  
pencils, paper)  
Did I do good?

PAUL  
(gesturing to the  
box of paper)  
You did great, except there's just  
one little thing -- I can't work  
with this paper. It's Corrasable  
Bond, it smudges. Maybe you could  
go back into town and bring me some  
white, long-grained mimeo.

ANNIE  
But mine cost the most so I don't  
see how it could smudge.

PAUL  
(quickly taking a  
sheet of paper, making  
a pencil mark on it)  
C'mere, I'll show you.

As she approaches, he rubs his thumb over the pencil mark.

ANNIE  
(looking at it)  
Well, it does smudge after all --  
isn't that fascinating?

PAUL  
I thought you'd be interested. I'd  
like you to be in on everything,  
Annie. Not just the finished book,  
but how it's written.

ANNIE

Thank you for thinking of me.

(She can be so  
charming when she  
wants)

Anything else I can get while I'm  
in town? Any other crucial  
requirements that need satisfying?  
Would you like a tiny tape recorder?  
Or maybe a handmade set of writing  
slippers?

PAUL

No, just the paper will be fine.

ANNIE

(suddenly very agitated)

Are you sure? 'Cause if you want,  
I'll bring back the whole store  
for you.

PAUL

Annie, what's the matter?

ANNIE

What's the matter? I'll tell you  
what's the matter. I go out of my way  
for you. I do everything to try and  
make you happy. I feed you, I clean  
you, I dress you. And what thanks do  
I get? "You bought the wrong paper,  
Annie. I can't write on this paper,  
Annie." Well, I'll get your stupid  
paper, but you just better start  
showing me a little more appreciation  
around here, Mister Man.

With that, she throws the ream of paper in PAUL'S LAP, causing considerable pain.

MISERY (4)

VANNIE, entering Paul's room. He lies back in the wheelchair, eyes closed. Liberace music playing in the background. From the start, PAUL'S TONE is different -- strong, he's in control.

ANNIE

Paul, don't you think it's time for you to start writing again? It's been over a week.

PAUL

I don't know, it's weird, but a couple of broken bones hasn't done a lot for my creative juices. Get the fuck out of here.

ANNIE

Don't talk to me like that.

PAUL

(staring at her now)  
Why, what are you going to do?  
(spreading his arms wide)  
Kill me? Take your best shot.

ANNIE

(taken aback)  
Why are you so mean, Mister you'd-be-dead-in-the-snow-if-it-wasn't-for-me?

PAUL

Oh, no reason, you keep me prisoner, you make me burn my book, you drive a sledgehammer into my ankles...

ANNIE

I'll drive a sledgehammer into your man-gland if you're not nicer --

PAUL

(He spreads his legs)  
Be my guest.

ANNIE

(after a beat)  
That's disgusting.

don't telegraph dinner  
cont. music

really taste booze  
looseness

heat  
south  
husband  
patience  
talk him in

MISSISSIPPI BURNING

ANDERSON: Hi, uh, there was a couple of things I need to check with you.

MRS. PELL: My husband's not here.

ANDERSON: Well, uh, actually it was you I wanted to talk to.

MRS. PELL: Me?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

MRS. PELL: Okay. You better come in then.

ANDERSON: It'll just take a minute. My boss is kind of a pain, you know a college kid that has to dot all the I's and cross all the T's.

MRS. PELL: What is it you wanted to ask me?

ANDERSON: Well it's a time thing. Just a couple of things we're not so clear about and it --

MRS. PELL: Would it be better if I put your flowers in some water while you're here?

ANDERSON: Well, actually, they're for you.

MRS. PELL: They're beautiful.

ANDERSON: They are pretty, aren't they? They don't smell so nice, but they are pretty.

MRS. PELL: Can I get you something? Would you like some tea?

ANDERSON: Yeah, thanks.

(He picks up a photograph.)

MRS. PELL: Oh, don't you look at that -- it's a terrible photo.

ANDERSON: Oh, I don't know about that. Is it recent?

MRS. PELL: No. I wish.

ANDERSON: This sure looks recent to me.

MRS. PELL: We were married four(teen) years ago.

ANDERSON: Are you kidding me? No. Come on.

MRS. PELL: You take sugar?

ANDERSON: Sure do. You know, I grew up in a town like this.

MRS. PELL: You were smart enough to leave.

ANDERSON: Why didn't you?

MRS. PELL: For better or for worse. How about you? Are you married?

- ANDERSON: (about the sugar) Two. Well I was as I remember. It didn't last very long. I was never home. I guess she got fed up with the phone calls from Miami and the postcards from Des Moines. There was always a guy around. Any guy that could spare the time for a movie or a beer or a quarter for the jukebox. She left. How about you?
- MRS. PELL: You know about the South, Mr. Anderson. You leave high school, marry the first boy who makes you laugh.
- ANDERSON: Hey, your husband's quite a guy. You know, my boss has this thing about an hour – fifty minutes to be exact – that your husband says he was with you. And I guess he was.
- MRS. PELL: Yes he was.
- ANDERSON: Well, that's a pity, because that means that I don't have an excuse for hanging around here any more. Well, thanks for the iced tea.
- MRS. PELL: Thank you for the flowers.
- ANDERSON: Sure.
- MRS. PELL: Do you know what kind they are?
- ANDERSON: A fella told me they're called trumpet pitchers.
- MRS. PELL: Oh, that's right. My Daddy used to call them "ladies from hell" because they're carn --
- ANDERSON: -- Carnivorous.
- MRS. PELL: Carnivorous. That the word?
- ANDERSON: Yeah.
- MRS. PELL: They got pretty colors, the bait, insects just home in on the, and wham, they're dead even before they got their shoes off.
- ANDERSON: Maybe I should'a picked something more appropriate.
- MRS. PELL: Maybe.



6 EXT./INT. NATALIE'S FRONT DOOR - DUSK <<COLOUR SEQUENCE>> 56 \*

Leonard pulls up in his Jaguar, gets out, rings the front doorbell. It is opened by Natalie.

LEONARD  
Natalie, right?

Natalie nods, wary of Leonard's barely concealed anger. Leonard thrusts a Polaroid photo in her face.

LEONARD (cont'd)  
Who the fuck is Dodd?

The photo is of a MAN who is BOUND, GAGGED, and BLOODY. On the back of the photo:

"GET RID OF HIM, ASK NATALIE"

Natalie takes the picture and examines it.

NATALIE  
Guess I don't have to worry about him anymore.

LEONARD  
(snaps)  
Who is he? What have you got me into?

Natalie looks up and down the street.

NATALIE  
Come inside.

57 INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM: COMFORTABLE AND MESSY - NIGHT 57  
<<COLOUR SEQUENCE>>

Natalie shows Leonard in.

(CONTINUED)

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37.

57 CONTINUED:

57

NATALIE  
Calm down. You're not into anything. It was my problem, you offered no help. It's got nothing to do with your investigation.

LEONARD  
That's the problem! How can I find John G. when I don't know what's going on?! How did you get me into this?!

NATALIE  
Leonard, you offered to help when you saw what this guy did to me.

She gestures at the BRUISING on her face.

LEONARD

How do I know he did that to you?

NATALIE

I came to you straight after he did it. I showed you what he'd done and asked for your help.

LEONARD

So I just take your word?

NATALIE

Yes.

LEONARD

(sighs)

Something feels wrong. I think someone's fucking with me. Trying to get me to kill the wrong guy.

NATALIE

Did you?

LEONARD

What?

NATALIE

Kill him.

LEONARD

Course not.

Natalie waves the Polaroid at him.

(CONTINUED)

38.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

NATALIE

This has nothing to do with you. You helped me out, and I'm grateful.

She tries to rip the picture. Leonard watches her try. The plastic is too strong.

LEONARD

You have to burn them.

Natalie scrunches it up and throws it down. Leonard and Natalie sit down on the couch.

NATALIE

You decided to help me. Trust yourself. Trust your own judgment. You can question everything, you can never know anything for sure.

LEONARD

There are things you know for sure.

NATALIE

Such as?

LEONARD

I know the feel of the world.

(reaches forward)

I know how this wood will sound when I knock.

(raps knuckles on coffee table)

I know how this glass will feel when I pick it up.

(handles glass)

Certainties. You think it's knowledge, but it's a kind of memory, a kind you take for granted. I can remember so much.

(runs hands over objects)

I know the feel of the world,

(beat)

and I know her.

NATALIE

Your wife?

LEONARD

She's gone and the present is trivia, which I can scribble down as notes.

Natalie stares at Leonard, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

39.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

NATALIE

Relax a little, okay? Take off your jacket.

Leonard takes his jacket off and places it on the back of the couch, patting the pockets as he does so.

LEONARD

It's not easy to be calm when -

NATALIE

Just relax.

MOMENTO (2)

6 EXT./INT. NATALIE'S FRONT DOOR - DUSK &lt;&lt;COLOUR SEQUENCE&gt;&gt; 56 \*

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(CONTINUED)

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57 CONTINUED:

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She gestures at the BRUISING on her face.

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How do I know he did that to you?

NATALIE  
I came to you straight after he did it. I showed you what he'd done and asked for your help.

LEONARD  
So I just take your word?

NATALIE  
Yes.

LEONARD  
(sighs)  
Something feels wrong. I think someone's fucking with me. Trying to get me to kill the wrong guy.

NATALIE  
Did you?

LEONARD  
What?

NATALIE  
Kill him.

LEONARD  
Course not.

Natalie waves the Polaroid at him.

(CONTINUED)  
38.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

NATALIE  
This has nothing to do with you. You helped me out, and I'm grateful.

She tries to rip the picture. Leonard watches her try. The plastic is too strong.

LEONARD  
You have to burn them.

Natalie scrunches it up and throws it down. Leonard and

Natalie sit down on the couch.

NATALIE  
You decided to help me. Trust yourself.  
Trust your own judgment. You can  
question everything, you can never know  
anything for sure.

LEONARD  
There are things you know for sure.

NATALIE  
Such as?

LEONARD  
I know the feel of the world.  
(reaches forward)  
I know how this wood will sound when I  
knock.  
(raps knuckles on coffee table)  
I know how this glass will feel when I  
pick it up.  
(handles glass)  
Certainties. You think it's knowledge,  
but it's a kind of memory, a kind you  
take for granted. I can remember so much.  
(runs hands over objects)  
I know the feel of the world,  
(beat)  
and I know her.

NATALIE  
Your wife?

LEONARD  
She's gone and the present is trivia,  
which I can scribble down as notes.

Natalie stares at Leonard, thinking.

(CONTINUED)  
39.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

NATALIE  
Relax a little, okay? Take off your  
jacket.

Leonard takes his jacket off and places it on the back of the  
couch, patting the pockets as he does so.

LEONARD  
It's not easy to be calm when -

NATALIE  
Just relax.

# MONSTER'S BALL

HANK Bought a business.  
 LETICIA Excuse me?  
 HANK I bought a gas station. Last night.  
 LETICIA Where?  
 HANK Prospect Street. .  
 LETICIA Clement's? \*  
 HANK Yeah, Clement's. \*  
 LETICIA I know Clement. Never liked that man. \*  
 HANK Bye now.  
 LETICIA Thank you. Why did you help me?  
 HANK Excuse me?  
 LETICIA When you took me and my baby to the hospital.  
 HANK I don't know.  
 HANK My son . . . he died . . . I just wanted to . my son, he's gone... my son he was a good man . . . my son . . . he was my son ... I wasn't a good father . . . he was a good boy . . . a good man . . . I was no good ...  
 LETICIA Come on. I love Jack Daniel's . . .  
 HANK It's a good drink. Something about the way it's distilled, and blended.  
 LETICIA Excuse me.  
 LETICIA I bought them curtains on credit. I think they're pretty. I wasn't sure if I could afford it, but the man offered a good deal, so I figured I'd work with him.  
 HANK Thank you.  
 LETICIA My husband loved Jack Daniel's. My husband drew these. Larry was executed in Jackson. \*  
 HANK I'm very sorry . . .  
 LETICIA These are Tyrell's.  
 HANK Had his father's talent.  
 LETICIA Yeah, he did. He was a sweet boy. He just loved to eat.  
 Oh, how my baby just loved to fill his belly full of junk. Couldn't stop.  
 You, me, should go on a talk show. I'd love to do that. We could just talk about our problems, and the audience would help us get better. And when we leave the show, we'd feel good.  
 HANK I'm sorry.  
 LETICIA Please . . . please . . . .  
 HANK I can stop . . . I don't want to hurt you ...  
 LETICIA ... I know. . .  
 HANK I'm sorry... \*... Dear lord . . . Thank you . . . thank you . . . you feel so good . . .



## MOONSTRUCK (MGM, 1987)

**LORETTA is going to marry Johnny. She doesn't really love him. She has been dating him for some time, and he finally proposed. Then he suddenly had to leave the country. He asks LORETTA to invite his estranged brother, RONNY, to the wedding. LORETTA visits the Brooklyn bakery that RONNY runs, and finds a very angry, passionate man. RONNY blames JOHNNY for his missing hand and his ruined life. Years ago, he caught his hand in a bread slicer, and his fiancée left him. He reacts strongly to the news of JOHNNY's wedding. They both end up in RONNY's apartment above the bakery.**

### 62. INTERIOR. RONNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

*It's a two-bedroom apartment. The décor reflects RONNY's love of the opera. The furniture is overstuffed, fringed in the colors of Italian passion. But it is all a bit faded, the remains of an old flamboyance. The walls are decorated with opera posters; over the fireplace there is a painting depicting a scene from "La Boheme": Mimi standing in the snow.*

**LORETTA:** You ready for the coffee?

**RONNY:** What's that smell?

**L:** I'm making you a steak.

**R:** You don't have to help me.

**L:** I know that. I do what I want.

**R:** I like it well done.

**L:** You'll eat this bloody to feed your blood.

*RONNY eats hungrily.*

**R:** This is good. Uhhh...

**L:** Loretta.

**R:** Where'd Johnny find you?

**L:** He knew my husband who died.

**R:** How'd he die?

**L:** Bus hit him.

**R:** Fast.

**L:** Instantaneous.

**R:** When you get engaged?

**L:** Yesterday.

**R:** Why?

**L:** Why what?

**R:** I don't know.

**L:** So. Five years ago your hand got cut off and your woman left you for another man. No woman since then?

**R:** No.

**L:** Stupid.

**R:** When did your husband get hit by the bus?

**L:** Seven years ago.

**R:** How many men since then?

**L:** Just Johnny.

**R:** Stupid yourself.

**L:** No. Unlucky. I have not been lucky.

**R:** I don't care about luck, you understand that? It ain't that.

**L:** What? Do you think you're the only one ever shed a tear?

**R:** Why you talking to me?

**L:** You got any whiskey? How 'bout giving me a glass a whiskey?

*RONNY gets them both a drink.*

**R:** She was right to leave me.

**L:** You think so?

**R:** Yes.

**L:** You really are stupid, you know that.

**R:** You don't know nothing about it.

**L:** I was raised that a girl gets married young. I didn't get married until I was twenty-eight. I met a man. I loved him. I married him. He wanted to have a baby right away. I said no. Then he got hit by a bus. No man. No baby. No nothing! I did not know that man was a gift I could not keep. I didn't know... You tell me a story and you think you know what it means, but I see what the true story, is, and you can't. She didn't leave you! You can't see what you are. I can see everything. You are a wolf!

**R:** I'm a wolf?

**L:** The big part of you has no words and it's a wolf. This woman was a trap for you. She caught you and you could not get away. So you chewed off your foot! That was the price you had to pay to be free. Johnny had nothing to do with it. You did what you had to do, between you and you, and I know I'm right. I don't care what you say. And now you're afraid because you found out the big part of you is a wolf that has the courage to bite off its own hand to save itself from the trap of the wrong love. That's why there has been no woman since that wrong woman. You are scared to death what the wolf will do if you make that mistake again.

**R:** What are you doing!

**L:** I'm telling you your life!

**R:** Stop it!

**L:** No!

**R:** Why are you marrying Johnny? He's a fool!

**L:** Because I have no luck!

**R:** He made me look the wrong way and I cut off my hand. He could make you look the wrong way and you could cut off your whole head!

**L:** I am looking where I should to become a bride!

**R:** A bride without a head!

**L:** A wolf without a foot!

*They kiss passionately. LORETTA breaks away.*

**L:** Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

*They kiss again.*

**R:** It's like I'm falling! It's like I'm in the ocean!

*They continue kissing.*

**L:** I have no luck!

**R:** Son of a bitch!

**L:** Where are you taking me?

**R:** To the bed.

**L:** Oh. Oh god. I don't care about anything! I don't care about anything! Take me to the bed.

**MOONSTRUCK**

LORETTA Oh my God.

RONNY What?

LORETTA What? What have we done?

RONNY Take it easy.

LORETTA This time I was trying to do everything right.

RONNY Don't just become excited.

LORETTA I thought if I stayed away from the City Hall, I won't have that Bad Luck I had again.

RONNY You're trying to make me feel guilty.

LORETTA I'm marrying your brother!

RONNY All right, I'm guilty. I confess!

LORETTA You're invited to the wedding! It's in a few weeks. Why didn't you do like him and be with your dying Mother in Palermo?

RONNY She didn't like me.

LORETTA You don't get along with anybody!

RONNY What did you do?

LORETTA What did I do?

RONNY You ruined my life.

LORETTA That's impossible! It was ruint when I got here! You ruint my life!

RONNY Oh no I didn't!

LORETTA Oh yes, oh yes you did! You've got those bad eyes like a gypsy! Why didn't I see it yesterday! Bad Luck! Is that all I'm ever gonna have? Why didn't I just pick up a stone and kill myself years and years ago? I'm gonna marry him!

RONNY What?

LORETTA Last night never happened, you hear me? I'm gonna marry him anyway and last night never happened, and you and I are gonna take this to our coffins!

RONNY I can't do that!

LORETTA Why not?

RONNY            I'm in love with you!

LORETTA         Snap out of it!

RONNY            I can't!

LORETTA         Alright. Then I must never see you again. The bad blood will have to stay there between you and Johnny for all time. You won't come to the wedding.

RONNY            I'll come to the wedding.

LORETTA         I'm telling you you can't.

RONNY            But he wants me to come!

LORETTA         But that's cause he don't know!

RONNY            Alright. I will not come. Provided one thing.

LORETTA         What?

RONNY            That you come with me tonight. Once. To the Opera.

LORETTA         What are you talking about?

RONNY            I love two things. I love you, and I love the Opera. If I can have the two things that I love together for one night, I will be satisfied to give up the rest of my life.

LORETTA         Alright.

RONNY            Alright. Meet me at the Met.

LORETTA         Alright. Where's the Met?

## MOONSTRUCK

Bobo heads off for the bar. The couple at the next table catches Rose's attention again, and their argument becomes a little louder.

### SHEILA'S VOICE

I'm trying to explain to you how I feel. Every time I try to explain how I feel, you explain how you feel. I don't think that's really much of a response.

### UNSEEN MAN'S VOICE

Well, its the only response I've got.

Bobo reappears with the martini and serves it.

### BOBO

You wanna see a menu?

### ROSE

Not yet. I'll wave.

Bobo is gone. Rose is mildly intrigued with the argument at the next table now. She tries to see past Sheila, to see the man, but she can't without making too big a move. The argument goes on.

### SHEILA'S VOICE

I really do hate it though, when you take that tone with me. Like you're above it all and isn't it amusing.

### MAN'S VOICE

But it is, isn't it?

### SHEILA'S VOICE

Not to me! This is my life, no matter how damned comical it may seem to you. I don't need some man standing above the struggle while I roll around in the mud!

### MAN'S VOICE

I think you like the mud and I don't. That's fair, isn't it? If I don't care to...

Sheila stands up abruptly and flings a glass of water in the man's face. She pulls her coat off the back of her chair and stalks off. This whole operation took about two seconds.

When she stalks off, the face of the man becomes visible to Rose for the first time. It's Perry, the professor in his 50's, who appeared and was treated in a similar way in the earlier scene in this restaurant. His face is covered with beads of water. He pats his face with his napkin and apologizes to CUSTOMERS at neighboring tables.

PERRY

Sorry about that, folks. She's a very pretty mental patient.

The Shy Waiter arrives to assist Perry in drying himself.

PERRY

Don't mind about me. But could you do me a favor and clear her place and take away all evidence of her, and bring me a big glass of vodka?

SHY WAITER

Absolutely!

The Shy Waiter heads for the bar. For the first time, Perry notices Rose.

They are facing each other with no obstacles in the way now.

PERRY

I'm sorry if we disturbed you.

ROSE

I'm not disturbed. By you.

PERRY

My lady friend has a personality disorder.

ROSE

She was just too young for you.

The Shy Waiter serves Perry his drink.

PERRY

(to the Waiter)



Thanks, comrade.

SHY WAITER  
It's nothing!

The Shy Waiter goes.

PERRY  
(Rose's comment strikes  
home)  
Ouch. Too young! I just got that.  
You know how to hurt guy. How old  
are you?

ROSE  
None of your business.

He drops his posturing.

PERRY  
Sorry. That was rude.

ROSE  
Will you join me for dinner?

PERRY  
Are you sure?

She nods.

PERRY  
Then I'd be delighted. I hate eating  
alone, and it's amazing how often I  
end up doing just that.

ROSE AND PERRY ARE HALFWAY THROUGH THEIR DINNER

ROSE  
What do you do?

PERRY  
I'm a professor. I teach  
communications at N.Y.U.

ROSE  
That woman was a student of yours?

PERRY  
Sheila? Yes she was. Is. Was.

ROSE

There's old saying my mother told me. Would you like to hear it?

PERRY

Yes.

ROSE

Don't shit where you eat.

PERRY

(taken aback, then recovering)

I'll remember that. What do you do?

ROSE

I'm a housewife.

PERRY

Then why are you eating alone?

ROSE

I'm not eating alone. Can I ask you a question?

PERRY

Go ahead.

ROSE

Why do men chase women?

PERRY

(considers)

Nerves.

ROSE

I think it's because they fear death.

PERRY

Maybe. Listen. You wanna know why I chase women? I find women charming.

PERRY

I teach these classes I've taught for a million years. The spontaneity went out of it for me a long time ago. I started off, I was excited about something and I wanted to share

it. Now it's rote, it's the multiplication table. Except sometimes. Sometimes I'm droning along and I look up, and there's this fresh young beautiful face, and it's all new to her and I'm this great guy who's just brilliant and thinks out loud. And when that happens, when I look out among those chairs and look at a young woman's face, and see me there in her eyes, me the way I always wanted to be and maybe once was, then I ask her out on a date. It doesn't last. It can go for a few weeks or a couple of precious months, but then she catches on that I'm just a burnt out old gasbag and that she's as fresh and bright and full of promise as moonlight in a martini. And at that moment, she stands up and throws a glass of water in my face, or some action to that effect.

ROSE

What you don't know about women is a lot.

PERRY

May I walk with you a ways?

ROSE

Sure.

They set off to the left.

ROSE'S VOICE

That's my house.

PERRY'S VOICE

You mean the whole house?

ROSE'S VOICE

Yes.

PERRY'S VOICE

My God, it's a mansion!

ROSE'S VOICE

It's a house.

PERRY'S VOICE

I live in a one-bedroom apartment.  
What exactly does your husband do?

ROSE'S VOICE

He's a plumber.

PERRY'S VOICE

Well. That explains it.

The SOUND of the WIND can be heard rising up.

NOW WE SEE ROSE AND PERRY CLOSE UP

The rising cold wind stirs their hair. They both shiver slightly.

PERRY

Temperature's dropping.

ROSE

Yes.

PERRY

I guess you can't invite me in?

ROSE

No.

PERRY

People home.

ROSE

No. I think the house is empty. I  
can't invite you in because I'm  
married and because I know who I am.  
You're shaking.

PERRY

I'm a little cold.

ROSE

You're a little boy and you like to  
be bad.

PERRY

We could go to my apartment. You could see how the other half lives.

ROSE

I'm too old for you.

PERRY

I'm too old for me. That's my predicament.

ROSE

Good night.

She kisses him on the cheek.

PERRY

Good night. Can I kiss you on the cheek, too?

ROSE

Sure.

He kisses her on the cheek.

PERRY

I'm freezing

ROSE

Good night.

She walks away, towards the house. Perry, shivering, looks after.

**MOONSTRUCK**

**EXT. A COLD AND EMPTY MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT**

Ronny and Loretta are walking. Their breath is coming out in long plumes.

**LORETTA**

It's really cold.

**RONNY**

Yeah. It smells like snow.

They walk in silence for a moment, then Loretta speaks.

**LORETTA**

My mother guessed that my father was seeing somebody and I told her she was crazy. She looked like a real piece of cheap goods. But who am I to talk?

Her eyes are full of tears.

**RONNY**

What's the matter?

**LORETTA**

How can you ask me that?

**RONNY**

You're making me feel guilty again.

**LORETTA**

You are guilty. I'm guilty.

**RONNY**

Of what? Only God can point the finger, Loretta.

**LORETTA**

I know what I know.

**RONNY**

And what do you know? You tell me my life? I'll tell you yours. I'm a wolf? You run to the wolf in me, that don't make you no lamb! You're gonna marry my brother? Why you wanna sell your life short? Playing it safe is just about the most dangerous

thing a woman like you could do. You waited for the right man the first time, why didn't you wait for the right man again?

**LORETTA**

He didn't come!

**RONNY**

I'm here!

**LORETTA**

You're late!

**RONNY**

We're here.

**EXT. RONNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

She looks. It's Ronny's building.

**LORETTA**

This is your place.

**RONNY**

That's right.

**LORETTA**

This is where we're going!

**RONNY**

Yeah.

**LORETTA**

The deal was if I came to the Opera with you you'd leave me alone forever.

She looks for his response. He makes none.

**LORETTA**

I went with you.

(pause, nothing)

Now I'm gonna marry Johnny and you're gonna leave me alone.

(pause, nothing)

Right?

(nothing)

A person can see where they've messed up in their life, and they can change how they do things, and they can change their Luck. Maybe my nature

does draw me to you, but I don't  
haveta go with that. I can take hold  
of myself and say yes to some things  
and no to something that's just gonna  
ruin everything! I can do that.  
Otherwise, what is this stupid life  
that God gave us for what?  
(pause, nothing)  
Ronny? Are you listening to me?

**RONNY**

Yeah.

**LORETTA**

I'm really afraid.

**RONNY**

Why?

**LORETTA**

I'm afraid of who I am.

**RONNY**

I was.

**LORETTA**

And you're not now?

He shakes his head.

**LORETTA**

Why not?

**RONNY**

I don't know. Everything seems like  
nothing now against that I want you  
in my bed. I don't care if I burn in  
hell. I don't care if you burn in  
hell. The Past and Future is a joke  
to me now. I see that they're nothing,  
I see they ain't here. The only thing  
that's here is you. And me. I want  
you to come upstairs. Now. I tried  
to take everything last night, like  
you told me, but I couldn't. I  
couldn't take everything in a hundred  
years. It's the way we are. We  
compound each other.

**LORETTA**

Let me go home.



**RONNY**

No.

**LORETTA**

Let me go home.

**RONNY**

No.

**LORETTA**

I'm freezing to death.

**RONNY**

Come upstairs. I don't care why you come. No, that's not what I mean. Loretta, I love you. Not like they told you love is and I didn't know this either. But love don't make things nice, it ruins everything, it breaks your heart, it makes things a mess. We're not here to make things perfect. Snowflakes are perfect. The stars are perfect. Not us. We are here to ruin ourselves and break our hearts and love the wrong people and die! The storybooks are bullshit. Come upstairs with me, baby! Don't try to live your life out to somebody else's idea of sweet happiness. Don't try to live on milk and cookies when what you want is meat! Red meat just like me! It's wolves run with wolves and nothing else! You're a wolf just like me! Come upstairs with me and get in my bed! Come on! Come on! Come on!

Loretta follows Ronny into his building.

**Mother and Son**

SON: Hello?

MOTHER: Hello, Arthur? This is your mother. Remember me?

SON: Mother, I was just going to call you. Is that a funny thing? I quite literally had my hand on the...

MOTHER: Arthur, you were supposed to call me last Friday.

SON: Mom, I know, I just didn't have a second to pull myself away from work, and honestly, I could just cut my throat over...

MOTHER: Arthur, I sat by that phone all day Friday...

SON: Mom, I was working...

MOTHER: And all day Friday night...

SON: Mom, I was in the lab...

MOTHER: And all day Saturday, and all day Sunday. And your father finally told me, "Phyllis, eat something. You'll faint." And I said, "No, Harry, no. Because I don't want my mouth to be full when my son calls me."

SON: Mom...

MOTHER: And you never called.

SON: Mother, I was sending up a rocket. I didn't have a second to my name.

MOTHER: Well, it's always something, isn't.

SON: Mom, please.

MOTHER: You know, Arthur, I'm sure all the other scientists there have mothers, and that they all have time after their breakfast, before a countoff...

SON: Countdown, mother...

MOTHER: ...to pick up a phone and call their mothers.

SON: Well, now you have me on the phone.

MOTHER: And you know how I worry...

SON: Well, that's the point...

MOTHER: It says in the paper that you're still losing them.

SON: Mother... Mother I don't lose them personally...

MOTHER: I almost went out of my mind. I wondered, "What if they take it out of his pay?"

SON: Mom, look, listen... just tell me how you are. How are you?

MOTHER: I'm sick.

SON: I'm sorry to hear that. What's wrong?

MOTHER: Nothing.

SON: Yeah.

MOTHER: You know what it is, Arthur.

SON: Yeah.

MOTHER: It's the same thing it's always been.

SON: Yeah. Yeah, sure.

MOTHER: It's my nerves.

SON: Yeah.

MOTHER: And I went to the doctor...

SON: Yeah, sure...

MOTHER: And he tells me, "Listen, look, you're a very nervous, very highstrung woman..."

SON: Well, god knows that's true...

MOTHER: "... and you cannot stand the slightest aggravation."

SON: No, you can't.

MOTHER: And I said, "Doctor, I know that." And I do know that. So I said, "But you see, doctor, I have this son... and he's very busy, I know that. It's true. He's very busy. But the problem is he's too busy to pick up a phone and call his mother..."

SON: Mom, listen...

MOTHER: When I said that to him, I'm telling you that man turned *pale*. He said, "Mrs. White, I have been a doctor for thirty five years and I have never heard of a son who's too busy to call his mother."

SON: Mom...

MOTHER: That's what he said to me Arthur, and that man is a *doctor*.

SON: I know, mom. Please, mom, tell me what the doctor said they're going to do with you.

MOTHER: Well, I may be in the hospital for a while.

SON: The hospital? What are they going to do?

MOTHER: I don't know. X-ray my nerves.

SON: Mother, you could really just drop me a line to tell me these things....

MOTHER: Honey, stop worrying about me I know you're busy with all sorts of important...

MOTHER: Honey, stop. Listen, just tell me: How are your hangnails?

SON: Mother, listen to me, please. Please. Just don't worry.

MOTHER: Arthur. What does that mean? What does that mean? "Don't worry"?

SON: I don't know. It was the first thing that came into my head.

MOTHER: Listen to me, Arthur. I'm your mother.

SON: Well, that's the thing...

MOTHER: Oh, what's the use in talking? Someday, son, someday, you'll get married.

SON: Oh, no.

MOTHER: And you'll have children of your own.

SON: Mom...

MOTHER: And when you do I only pray that they make you suffer the same way you're making me suffer. That's all I pray, Arthur, that's a mother's prayer.

SON: Okay, mom, well, thanks for calling...

MOTHER: You're very sarcastic.

SON: Mother, I'm trying to do my best here. I've tried to explain to you that I'm busy...

MOTHER: Alright, don't bite me. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I bothered you when you were so busy. Believe me, I won't be around to bother you much longer. Listen, I hope I didn't make you feel bad.

SON: Are you kidding? I feel awful!

MOTHER: Oh, honey, if I could believe that I would be the happiest mother on earth...

SON: Well, what do you think? I feel rotten!

MOTHER: Well honey, why don't you call me? Look, I know that I nag you. You've got a nagging mother! HA HA HA HA!!! Just kidding... You're my baby. You're the only baby I got. And when you're a hundred years old you're still going to be my baby. And when you don't call me, I can't help it, I worry. Is it so hard to pick up a phone and call your mommy? Please, baby, please...

SON: I will, I promise...

MOTHER: You make me so happy...

SON: Well, if mommy's happy then I'm happy...

MOTHER: And mommy wants to wish you lots of luck with your rockets...

SON: Thank you, mommy.

MOTHER: And I love you.

SON: I love you too, mom.

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

INT. SMITH HOUSE. NIGHT

John arrives home. He looks through the windows. But no sign of Jane. His eyes narrow, suspicious.

He ENTERS through the backdoor and SUDDENLY Jane appears with two drinks in her hands.

JANE  
Perfect timing.

JOHN  
As always.

She hands him one of the drinks.

JOHN  
Nice surprise.

JANE  
You're home early.

JOHN  
I missed you.

JANE  
I missed you too.

She turns and leads him towards the dining room. John scans her, looking for clues, but he finally sees his wife for the first time in years.

JANE  
Shall we?

JOHN  
Yes.

As John follows, he spots a container of Drano on the kitchen counter, gets suspicious of his drinks and dashes it in a plant.

Jane pulls out a chair for John at the table, and offers it to him. John noticing something on the table:

JOHN

I thought you only broke these out for a special occasion.

JANE

This is a special occasion.

John sits. Jane heads into the kitchen and come back with a dish of pot roast. She places it on the table and pulls out a large knife to cut it. John springs to his feet.

JOHN

Allow me, sweetheart. You've been on your feet all day.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane maneuvers to the other side of the table and pulls out another large knife that she uses to cut the bread.

JOHN

So, how was work?

JANE

Actually, there was a little problem with the commission.

JOHN

A problem?

JANE

A double-booking. With another firm.

John has return to his seat, and Jane approaches him with a dish of green beans.

JANE

Green beans?

JOHN

No, thank you.

JANE

Have some.

She dishes out green beans onto his plate.

JOHN

I hope everything works out okay.

Jane returns to her seat.

JANE  
It hasn't yet, but it will.

John motions to the pot roast.

JOHN  
Mmmm. Pot Roast- my favorite...  
...Sweetheart, could you pass the salt-  
Ha.

John spots the salt in front of him. Trying to prolong eating... even as he spots a POISON sign through the mirror or behind him. Finally, he feels obligated to eat, and does so. As he chews:

JOHN  
Try something new?

JANE  
Hm-huh.

JOHN  
Hmmm.

JANE  
How was Atlanta?

JOHN  
Had a problem ourselves. Some figures just didn't add up.

JANE  
Big deal?

JOHN  
Life and death.

They lock eyes.

JOHN  
I almost forgot. I brought you a present.

Jane distrusts. Covers.

JANE  
For me? John! What have you done with my husband?



John quickly retrieves the present from the kitchen. He hands it to her.

Jane opens the present, and pulls out a beautiful dress.

JANE  
It's beautiful.

JOHN  
Why don't you try it on?

JANE exits into the bathroom and changes as John snoops around the living room. She returns in the new dress- unzipped in the back.

JOHN  
So, what do you think?

JANE  
John, you shouldn't have.

He smiles.

JOHN  
Honey, you deserve it.

She turns around- showing off the dress.

JANE  
So, how do I look?

She is looking into the bathroom mirror and John approached from behind to zip up the dress for her.

JOHN  
Like a whole new woman.

When John finally touches the zipper, Jane turns around and quickly throws John's arms away from her- reflexively- self-defense instinct.

It spills the glass of wine in John's hand.

They both know what this means, but cover with pretending to care about the spilt wine.

JOHN  
I got it.

JANE

I'll get a towel.

John dashes into the bathroom.

Jane quickly exits through the back door.

John returns with gun pulled, looking for Jane, who is gone.

MR SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

SAUNDERS

Go ahead--punch.

JEFFERSON

Punch?

SAUNDERS

I had a lot to do with that little press conference last night--

JEFFERSON

(excitedly)

Well, then, I--I \*thank\* you, Miss Saunders! Nothing better could have happened--. Yes \*sir\*, Miss Saunders, we're going right ahead with it!

SAUNDERS

We're going right ahead with--\*what\*?

JEFFERSON

Why, the Bill--the Bill--to make a National Boys' Camp...

SAUNDERS

One moment, Senator. Do I understand you're going to present a \*Bill\*?

JEFFERSON

Sure! A Bill. Senator Paine and I decided it was the one way in the world I could make myself--

SAUNDERS

Pardon me. Senator Paine decided this \*with\* you?

JEFFERSON

Yes. Sure. It was his idea. \*I\* should have been the one to think of it--

SAUNDERS

My dear Senator, have you the faintest idea of what it takes to get a Bill passed?

JEFFERSON

I know--but you--you're going to help.

SAUNDERS

If I were \*triplets\*, I couldn't--. Look, Senator--let me give you a rough idea. A member has a Bill in mind--like you--a camp. Right?

JEFFERSON

Right.

SAUNDERS

Fine. Now, what does he do? He's got to sit down first and write it up. The where, when, why, how--and everything else. That takes time--

JEFFERSON

Oh, but this one is so simple.

SAUNDERS

I see. \*This\* one is so simple--

JEFFERSON

And with your help--

SAUNDERS

Oh, yes. And \*I'm\* helping. Simple-- and I'm helping. So we knock this off in record-breaking time of--let's say three or four days--

JEFFERSON

Oh, just a day--

SAUNDERS

A \*day\*!

JEFFERSON

Tonight.

SAUNDERS

Tonight.

(Controlling herself  
in a quiet burn)

Look--uh--I don't want to seem to be complaining, Senator--but in all civilized countries, there's an institution called \*dinner\*--!

JEFFERSON

(laughing a little)

Oh--dinner. Yes. Well, I'm hungry, too. I thought--maybe--we could have something brought in--you know, like big executives who eat off trays. You see, we've got to light into this and get it going--

SAUNDERS

Uh-huh. Well, dinner comes in on trays. We're executives. And we light into this. It is dawn. Your Bill is ready. You go over there and introduce it--

JEFFERSON

How?

SAUNDERS

You get to your feet in the Senate and present it. Then you take the Bill and put it in a little box--like a letter box--on the side of the rostrum. Just hold it between thumb and forefinger and drop it in. Clerks read it and refer it to the right committee--

JEFFERSON

Committee, huh?

SAUNDERS

Committee.

JEFFERSON

Why?

SAUNDERS

That's how Congress--or any large body--is run. All work has to be done by committee.

JEFFERSON

Why?

SAUNDERS

Look--committees--small groups of Senators--have to sift a Bill down--look into it--study it--and report to the whole Senate. You can't take a Bill no one knows anything about and discuss it among ninety-six men. Where would you get?

JEFFERSON

Yes, I see that.

SAUNDERS

Good. Where are we?

JEFFERSON

Some committee's got it.

SAUNDERS

Yes. They give it to a \*sub\*-committee, where they really give it a going over--hold hearings--call in people and ask questions--then report back to the bigger committee--where it's considered some more, changed, amended, or whatever. Days are going by, Senator. Days--weeks. Finally, they think it's quite a Bill. It goes over to the House of Representatives for debate and a vote. \*But\* it's got to wait its

turn on the calendar--

JEFFERSON

Calendar?

SAUNDERS

That's the order of business. Your Bill has to stand \*way\* back there in line unless the Steering Committee decides it is important enough to be--

JEFFERSON

What's that?

SAUNDERS

What?

JEFFERSON

The Steering Committee.

SAUNDERS

(depressed)

Do you really think we're getting anywhere.

JEFFERSON

Yes. Sure. What's a Steering Committee?

SAUNDERS

A committee of the majority party leaders. They decide when a Bill is important enough to be moved up toward the head of the list--

JEFFERSON

\*This\* is.

SAUNDERS

Pardon me--\*this\* is. Where are we now?

JEFFERSON

We're over in the House.

SAUNDERS

Yes. House. More amendments--more changes--and the Bill goes back to the Senate--and \*waits its turn on the calendar again\*. The Senate doesn't like what the house did to the Bill. They make more changes. The House doesn't like \*those\* changes. Stymie. So they appoint men from each house to go into a huddle called a conference and battle it out. Besides that, all the lobbyists interested give cocktail parties for and against--government departments

get in their two cents' worth--cabinet members--budget bureaus--embassies. Finally, if the Bill is alive after all this vivisection, it comes to a vote. Yes, sir--the big day finally arrives. And--nine times out of ten, they vote it down.

(Taking a deep breath)

Are you catching on, Senator?

JEFFERSON

Yes. Shall we start on it right now-- or order dinner first?

SAUNDERS

(mouth drops open)

Pardon?

JEFFERSON

I said--shall we get started \*now\* or--

SAUNDERS

(weakly)

Yes--sure. Why not?

(Then, very tired)

You don't mind if I take the time to get a pencil?

She turns mechanically and heads for the outer office.

JEFFERSON

(calling after her--  
laughing in high  
spirits)

No! Go right ahead, Miss Saunders.

SAUNDERS

Thanks very much.

JEFFERSON

And a \*lot\* of paper!

JEFFERSON

(in a brown study)

--that's the main idea, Miss Saunders. The United States Government isn't going to buy or build this camp-- just lend us the money. You've made a note of that, huh?

SAUNDERS

Yes, Senator--\*twice\*.

JEFFERSON

(walking circles)

Uh--have you?

(Running his hand  
through his hair)  
Did you ever have so much to say  
about something--you couldn't say  
it?

SAUNDERS  
(dryly)  
Try sitting down.

JEFFERSON  
I did--and--and I got right up.

SAUNDERS  
Now, let's get down to particulars.  
How big is this thing? Where is it  
to be? How many boys will it take  
care of? If they're going to buy it--  
how do they make their contributions?  
Your Bill has to have all that in it--

JEFFERSON  
And something else, too, Miss Saunders--  
the spirit of it--the idea--the--

In his walk, he has come to the window. He points out  
suddenly.

JEFFERSON  
That's what's got to be in it.

She looks in that direction, and sees the lighted CAPITOL  
DOME, as seen through the window--with JEFFERSON in the  
foreground.

JEFFERSON  
(pointing)  
That.

SAUNDERS indicates that she sees the Dome, her eyebrows  
lifting a little.

SAUNDERS  
(quietly--with only a  
touch of sarcasm)  
On paper?

JEFFERSON  
(still looking out of  
the window, not  
conscious of her  
cynical question)  
I want to make that come to life--  
yes, and lighted up like that, too--  
for every boy in the land. Boys forget  
what their country means--just reading  
"land of the free" in history books.  
And they get to be men--and forget  
even more. Liberty is too precious



to get buried in books, Miss Saunders.  
Men ought to hold it up in front of  
them--every day of their lives and  
say: "I am free--to think--to speak.  
My ancestors couldn't. I can. My  
children will."

And we see SAUNDERS looking at Jefferson with a new expression--  
listening rather raptly--then starting to make rapid notes.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

The boys ought to grow up  
\*remembering\* that.

He breaks off--turns from the window--collecting himself out  
of a daze--and a little embarrassed.

JEFFERSON

Well--gosh--that--that isn't  
"particulars," is it?

SAUNDERS

But you've just taken care of the  
spirit all right.

JEFFERSON

Well, anyway, it's \*something\* like  
that--

(Then--impulsively)

And it \*is\* important. That--that  
Steering Committee has \*got\* to see  
it that way. And I'm sure Senator  
Paine will do all he can--

(Breaking off)

He's a fine man, Miss Saunders, isn't  
he? He knew my father, you know.

SAUNDERS

He did?

JEFFERSON

We need a lot like him--his kind of  
character--ideals.

SAUNDERS

(dropping her head to  
the paper)

Uh--getting back to this, Senator--

JEFFERSON

Yes, yes--

SAUNDERS

Now, this camp is going to be out in  
your state, of course--

JEFFERSON

(with enthusiasm)

About two hundred of the most

beautiful acres that ever were!

...

**MUSIC BOX***Scene 1*

**Michael:** What's the matter?

**Ann:** How would you feel, papa, if we had a Jewish judge?

**M:** Hm. You think it's a good idea. A funny idea, that's for sure.

**A:** He's a good judge.

**M:** Okay. If you think so, it's okay.

**A:** Papa, why didn't we ever have any Jewish friends?

**M:** How are we gonna meet? Our friends we see at church, on the West side. Jews live on the other side. At mill, I have Jewish friends.

**A:** Why didn't you ever invite them to the house?

**M:** They no invite me to come over. At the University, you dated a Jewish boy? I told you not to date a Jewish boy?

**A:** Papa, tell me about the Special Section.

**M:** Ah...those...killers. (*Unintelligible dialogue here*) I don't know. I've got nothing to do with them.

**A:** Papa. They have a photostat of a Special Section ID card with your signature, with your picture on it.

**M:** It's not possible. Where did they get it?

**A:** Hungarian government turned it over to them.

**M:** I tell you...they put my gendarme picture on it. My writing. To fake. To fake the card.

**A:** There are witnesses, witnesses who identify you. They're accusing you of horrible things, papa.

**M:** Anni, the communists said to them, "Better for you if you identify him."

**A:** Isn't there some record somewhere, papa? Some record of your assignment as a clerk?

**M:** They're going to tell you they don't have it. It was lost. The bombing. The Americans dropped bombs in the war. That's funny. Honey, are you upset at me or at the case?

**A:** It makes me sick, papa. They took those people, women and children, and they lined them up on the riverbank.

**M:** That's why I came to America.

**A:** It made me ashamed of being Hungarian.

**M:** You are an American. We are American. You are lucky, to be young in America. Not in Europe. During a war.

## *Scene 2*

**Michael:** What's the matter? What's the matter?

**Ann:** You know, papa.

**M:** We won. The trial is over. The judge dismissed the charges.

**A:** I know everything, papa.

**M:** Honey. We won. The trial is over. We won. Harry says we are going to sue.

**A:** It was you, papa. You killed them all. I saw those photos. It was you papa. You killed that woman in front of his father. You raped that woman. You threw their bodies in the Duna. I went to see that place, Papa. And the son was seven years old. He was only seven years old. He was seven years old. You shot him in the head. You shot them all in the head. You were that man. You shot that boy in the head when he was crying over his dead mother. Oh papa. Oh God...what are we gonna do?

**M:** Tell me, what photos?

**A:** Tibor Zoltan was blackmailing you.

**M:** No, he was a friend.

**A:** I saw the scar.

**M:** From the refugee camp.

**A:** I saw the scar, Papa.

**M:** The scar?

**A:** The scar running down his face, just like they all said.

**M:** Hm.

**A:** I went to see his sister. How could you do those things, Papa? Why did you do this to us? To Mikey? Why Papa? Why? Answer me. I need you to answer me. Answer me, Papa. I love you.

**M:** I love you too. What happened to you? What did the Communists do to you?

**A:** I don't ever want to see you again Papa. I don't want Mikey to ever see you again.

**M:** You can't do that.

**A:** You don't exist.

**M:** You can't do that.

**A:** Papa, you don't know how much I'm gonna miss you.

**M:** Honey. Honey! He's my boy...my son.

**A:** You don't have a grandson.

**M:** You're gonna tell Mikey this garbage? You are going to poison his mind like they poisoned you? You're like a stranger...you say these things. You tell him anything you want. Mikey is not going to believe you. Nobody is going to believe you. They're gonna say you're crazy.

**A:** Why can't you try to say the truth?

**M:** The truth? Something happened to your mind, honey. I have friends here and there, and believe me. You will know the truth. I am not this beast. No. (He walks out, yelling..."Mikey...Mikey")

## My Best Friends Wedding

Julianne wakes up after hearing knocks on the door. Her face is covered in a grotesquely-colored facial mask. She opens the door and screams when she sees George, he screams back.

JULIANNE  
George!

GEORGE  
This is very Marcel Marceau. (Julianne realizes there is cream on her face and screams, clawing at her face.) Now relax, relax. We don't want your face coming off with it, do we? What a hideous room. Death by a mini-bar. How glamorous.

JULIANNE  
You flew all the way here. You hate to fly.

GEORGE  
I have to go back this evening. We have this thing with Jerry's family in the Hamptons.

JULIANNE  
You're butting in. (George starts to clean her face.) What I mean when I say she's annoyingly perfect is that there is nothing annoying about her perfection. It is vulnerable and endearing. And that is annoying as shit.

GEORGE  
You like her.

JULIANNE  
If I didn't have to hate her I'd adore her. This is my whole's life happiness. I have to be ruthless. He was in love with me everyday for nine years. I can make him happier than she can. Yes I am breaking her heart in the short run but really doing her a gigantic favor. She would be so miserable tagging along after this insensitive doofus.

GEORGE  
Do you really like him or is this just about winning? Seriously.

JULIANNE  
In the beginning, it was mostly this prior claim. He belonged to me. But now, when I'm with him he's just so wonderful. How come I never knew that when I could have had him?

GEORGE  
It's amazing the clarity that comes with psychotic jealousy.

JULIANNE

George, believe me if he was feeling what I'm feeling then he would know how I feel.  
It's horrible. What?

GEORGE

Just tell him you love him. Tell him you've loved him for nine years but you were afraid  
of love. Tell him you were afraid of love, afraid of needing

JULIANNE

Needing what?

GEORGE

To belong to someone. We all are, sweetheart. I'm sorry about that. Tell him this is the  
worst, cruelest, dumbest moment to do this to him but there it is. He's got to choose.

JULIANNE

Tell him the actual truth?

GEORGE

Maybe not the actual truth. Highlights.

JULIANNE

George...

MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING (2)

EXT. LUXURY BOX ROOF - DAY

Michael and Julianne sit with their beers on the edge of the luxury box roof. The game, the stadium, spread out beneath them. Yet they are alone in the world. She dangles her legs, and we can hear her kicking the glass below.

JULIANNE

I just admire your maturity, that's all. I mean, there are people who would find that kind of perfection boring. Day after day, year after year...

MICHAEL

... see, that's what I thought at first. How can you like someone that perfect? No potential for long-range livability.

Drinking their beers. Side by side. Both stare only at the game.

MICHAEL

Luckily. The closer I watched, the more the fault came into focus. Each imperfection its own adorable slice of vulnerability.

JULIANNE

Such as.

MICHAEL

She's too genuine.

JULIANNE

Hate that.

MICHAEL

How can you trust someone you can never mistrust?

JULIANNE

What's next?

Keep sipping. Never look at each other.

MICHAEL

No matter how many times I leave the toilet seat up, she forgets and puts it down.

JULIANNE

Endearingly absent-minded.

MICHAEL

My very point. Here's another one...



Shakes his head. This one really gets him.

MICHAEL  
Every day. She makes the bed.

JULIANNE  
Quite the little eccentric.

MICHAEL  
At first, I thought it was a  
gag, but she's always done it!

This is not the ammunition Julianne was hoping for.

JULIANNE  
Is there a coup de grace in  
here, somewh...

MICHAEL  
She admires. Tommy Lasorda.

JULIANNE  
Waiter! Check, please!

MICHAEL  
She finds him "personable."

JULIANNE  
Can that kind of defect be  
passed on genetically?

She looks over now. And Michael is looking back. Smiling the most wonderful smile. Her reaction shows that she thinks it's for her, until...

MICHAEL  
Then again. She has a few good  
traits.

Hating herself for asking, but seeing no way out...

JULIANNE  
Gimme like, eight and nine off  
the top ten list...

MICHAEL  
First girl I ever knew. Who  
lets me give her a bath.

The look in his eyes. She can hardly bear it.

MICHAEL  
And when I hug her, even in  
public. I don't have to let go  
right away. She lets me hold  
her as long as I want.

He seems so deeply in love.

MICHAEL

Nice kid, don't you think?

A beat. A slow nod. A quiet...

JULIANNE

Looks like, from here.

MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING (3)

I've been thinking a lot the  
last couple days. About us,  
actually.

JULIANNE  
(casual)  
Have you.

He has.

JULIANNE  
Well. There's a lot of memories  
to choose from...

MICHAEL  
It's more than that.

That tightens her throat pretty good. When she tries to speak, out  
comes a dry CROAK that makes him laugh again. Softer, this time.

MICHAEL  
I mean, it's embarrassing to  
say it this way, but...

He stops. Her eyes WIDEN in a burlesque of anticipation. So he  
smiles. She knows how to put him at ease.

MICHAEL  
You've sort of been... y'know,  
the woman in my life.

JULIANNE  
(straight back)  
You've been the man in mine.

Passing under the Michigan Avenue Bridge. No one knows quite what  
to say.

MICHAEL  
And I was thinking this could be  
our last time. Alone. Together.  
You know?

JULIANNE  
Except for the hot affairs we'll  
have twice a year.

MICHAEL  
Except for that.

She's smiling so easily. Who would guess her stomach is double-  
knotted.

MICHAEL  
I can hardly wait for your  
wedding.

JULIANNE

Me either.

She watches his surprise.

MICHAEL

Boy, I never thought I'd hear you say that. Can I come?

She holds herself together. Real soft with...

JULIANNE

I couldn't have it without you.

He's glad to hear that. And then...

MICHAEL

It's normal to have... second thoughts, huh? To be scared.

Is this a change of direction? Or is it the direction she's been praying for.

JULIANNE

I wouldn't know. I never had that many first thoughts.

MICHAEL

I mean, you commit to a wedding. And then it seems like... this... momentum, you know? You forget you... chose it.

She nods. Understands.

MICHAEL

You and I. I mean, in all our relationships with other people... We didn't use the word "love" a lot, did we?

We didn't.

MICHAEL

Kimmy says. When you love someone. You say it, you say it out loud. Right now. Or the moment...

Long beat.

MICHAEL

... passes you by, yeah. She's a smart girl.

Off in distance, the Centennial Fountain SHOOTS an eight-foot JET of water across the river. For Michael and Julianne it goes unnoticed.

MICHAEL

We don't have a song.

Hmm?

MICHAEL  
Kimmy and I. We don't have a song.  
Is that a bad sign?

All Julianne can do is shrug. Then...

MICHAEL  
(sings, softly)  
Someday, when I'm awfully low...  
And the world is cold...

She doesn't want to cry. So she puts all the strength she has into fighting it back.

MICHAEL  
(sings)  
I will feel a glow just Thinking of you...  
And the way you look. Tonight.

He stops. Smiles that sweet, boyish smile.

MICHAEL  
Dance card filled?

JULIANNE  
I'll check. I have it on  
powerbook, these days.

He holds up his arms. And she moves into them. He begins to dance with her, turning so slowly. And, yes, people are watching.

MICHAEL  
(sings in her ear)  
With each word, your tenderness grows,  
Tearing my fears apart...

She holds him closer. Bites her lip.

MICHAEL  
(sings)  
And that laugh  
That wrinkles your nose,  
Touches my foolish heart.

He stops. He looks at her. She's still in his arms.

MICHAEL  
Where did we first hear th...

JULIANNE  
(straight back)  
The night we met.

Right to his eyes...

JULIANNE

The night we fell in love.

He doesn't know what to do with that.

MICHAEL

So we heard it... like, right  
that... that first...

JULIANNE

We danced to it. Just like this.

Just like this. A long beat. And he has to say...

MICHAEL

I won't lose you, will I?

Her eyes close. Then open. Utterly lost in his.

JULIANNE

No. Because I won't let you.

MY COUSIN VINNY

LISA- What's all that?

VINNY- Trotter's files. All of them.

LISA- You stole his files?

VINNY- I didn't steal his files. Listen to this. I'm just ready to finesse him. I'm starting to finesse him, right? I got him going. He offers to have his secretary copy everything for me.

LISA- That's very impressive finessing.

VINNY- That's not all. He's letting us use his hunting cabin as soon as he gets back. It's in the woods, it's quiet, he sleeps like a baby when he's there.

LISA- Terrific. You're a hell of a bonder.

VINNY- What's this? You reading this book?

LISA- Yeah.

VINNY- Do me a favor, ok? Don't read this book. Ok? Thank you very much.

LISA- Alright. Don't you want to know why Trotter gave you his files?

VINNY- I told you why already.

LISA- He has to. By law, you're entitled. It's called disclosure you dickhead. He has to show you everything, otherwise it could be a mistrial. He has to give you a list of all his witnesses. You can talk to all his witnesses. He's not allowed any surprises.

They didn't teach you that in law school either?

~~~~~

VINNY- What's the matter with you?

LISA- I don't know.

VINNY-You're acting like you're nervous or something.

LISA- Well, yeah, I am.

VINNY- What are you nervous about? I'm the one that's under the gun here. The trial starts tomorrow.

LISA- You want to know what I'm nervous about? I'll tell you what I'm nervous about. I am in the dark here with all this legal crap. I have no idea what's going on. All I know is you're screwing up and I can't help.

VINNY- You left me your little camera, didn't you?

LISA- Oh Vinny, I'm watching you go down in flames and you're bringing me with you and I can't do anything about it.

VINNY- And?

LISA- Well, I hate to bring it up because I know you got enough pressure on you already but we agreed to get married as soon as you won your first case. Meanwhile ten years later, my niece, the daughter of my sister is getting married. My biological clock is ticking like this, and the way this case is going, I ain't never getting married.

VINNY- Lisa, I don't need this. I swear to God I don't need this right now, ok? I got a judge that's just aching to throw me in jail, an idiot who wants to fight me for two hundred dollars, slaughtered pigs, giant loud whistles. I ain't slept in five days, I got no money, a dress code problem, and little murder case which, in the balance, holds the lives of two innocent kids. Not to mention your biological clock, my career, your life, our marriage. And let me see, what else can we pile on? Is there any more shit we can pile on to the top of the outcome of this case? Is it possible?



LISA- Maybe it was a bad time to bring it up.

# Mystic River

DAVE

Where you been?

CELESTE

Out. What you watching?

DAVE

Some vampire movie. Guy just got his head torn off. Where'd you go, Celeste?

CELESTE

I was sitting in my car down by the channel. You know thinking about things.

DAVE

What'd you think about?

CELESTE

Oh, you know...

DAVE

No, actually, I don't know.

CELESTE

Things. You know, the day. About Katie being dead. And poor Annabeth and Jimmy, you know those things.

DAVE

Those things. Know what I was thinking about, huh? Vampires.

CELESTE

What about them?

DAVE

They're undead but I think maybe there's something beautiful about it. Maybe one day you wake up and you forget what it's like to be human. Maybe then it's okay.

CELESTE

What the fuck you talking about, Dave?

DAVE

Vampires, sweetie. Werewolves.

CELESTE

You're not making any sense.

DAVE

You think I killed Katie? Celeste.

CELESTE

What...? Is that the sense we're making these days? Where'd you come up with that?

DAVE

You've barely looked at me since you found out Katie was dead. In fact, you seem repulsed by me.

CELESTE

Dave!

DAVE

What?

CELESTE

I don't think anything. I'm confused, okay? Even your friend Sean asked about...

DAVE

He's not my friend, if you didn't know.

CELESTE

He asked me about you. What time you came home.

DAVE

What'd you tell him?

CELESTE

I said I was asleep.

DAVE

That's good thinking, baby.

CELESTE

Jesus Christ, Dave! Why don't you tell them about the mugger?

DAVE

The mugger? The mugger! I see how your mind's working. I do. I come home with blood on me the same night Katie's murdered. I must have killed her, right? Fuck! Henry...

CELESTE

What? Henry?

DAVE

Henry and George. I never told anyone that before. Those were their names. Isn't that fucking hilarious? At least that's what they called themselves, but they were wolves, and Dave was the boy who escaped from wolves.

CELESTE

What are you talking about, Dave?

DAVE

I'm talking Henry and George. They took me on a four-day ride. They buried me in this ratty old cellar with a sleeping bag. And, man, Celeste did they have their fun. And no one came to help old Dave then. Dave had to pretend to be somebody else.

CELESTE

You mean, all those years ago when you were a little boy? Dave...

DAVE

Dave's dead. I don't know who came out of that cellar, but it sure as shit wasn't Dave! You see, honey... Fuck! It's like vampires. Once it's in you... it stays.

CELESTE

What stays?

DAVE

Did you know there were child prostitutes in Rome Basin?

CELESTE

What?

DAVE

Fuck! I can't trust my mind anymore, Celeste. I'm warning you I can't trust my mind. I gotta go out, try to get my head around it.

CELESTE

Okay. Okay. Okay.

## NETWORK

73. INT. MAX'S OFFICE - LATER

DIANA

Did you know there are a number of psychics working as licensed brokers on Wall Street? Some of them counsel their clients by use of Tarot cards. They're all pretty successful, even in a bear market and selling short. I met one of them a couple of weeks ago and thought of doing a show around her -- The Wayward Witch of Wall Street, something like that. But, of course, if her tips were any good, she could wreck the market. So I called her this morning and asked her how she was on predicting the future. She said she was occasionally prescient. "For example", she said, "I just had a fleeting vision of you sitting in an office with a craggy middle-aged man with whom you are or will be emotionally involved." And here I am.

MAX

She does all this with Tarot cards?

DIANA

No, this one operates on parapsychology. She has trance-like episodes and feels things in her energy field. I think this lady can be very useful to you, Max.

MAX

In what way?

DIANA

Well, you put on news shows, and here's someone who can predict tomorrow's news for you. Her name, aptly enough, is Sibyl. Sybil the Soothsayer. You could give her two minutes of trance at the end of a Howard Beale show, say once a week, Friday, which is suggestively occult, and she could oraculate. Then next week, everyone tunes in to see how good her predictions were.

MAX

Maybe she could do the weather.

DIANA

Your network news show is going to need some help, Max, if it's going to hold. Beale doesn't do the angry man thing well at all. He's too kvetchy. He's being irascible. We want a prophet, not a curmudgeon. He should do more apocalyptic doom. I think you should take on a couple of

writers to write some jeremiads for him. I see you don't fancy my suggestions.

MAX

Hell, you're not being serious, are you?

DIANA

Oh, I'm serious. The fact is, I could make your Beale show the highest-rated news show in television, if you'd let me have a crack at it.

MAX

What do you mean, have a crack at it?

DIANA

I'd like to program it for you, develop it. I wouldn't interfere with the actual news. But teevee is show biz, Max, and even the News has to have a little showmanship.

MAX

My God, you are serious.

DIANA

I watched your six o'clock news today -- it's straight tabloid. You had a minute and a half on that lady riding a bike naked in Central Park. On the other hand, you had less than a minute of hard national and international news. It was all sex, scandal, brutal crimes, sports, children with incurable diseases and lost puppies. So I don't think I'll listen to any protestations of high standards of journalism. You're right down in the street soliciting audiences like the rest of us. All I'm saying is, if you're going to hustle, at least do it right. I'm going to bring this up at tomorrow's network meeting, but I don't like network hassles, and I was hoping you and I could work this out between us. That's why I'm here right now.

MAX

And I was hoping you were looking for an emotional involvement with a craggy middle-aged man.

DIANA

I wouldn't rule that out entirely. They appraise each other for a moment; clearly, there are the possibilities of something more than a professional relationship here.

MAX

Well, Diana, you bring all your ideas up at the meeting tomorrow.

Because, if you don't, I will. I think Howard is making a goddam fool of himself, and so does everybody Howard and I know in this industry. It was a fluke. It didn't work. Tomorrow, Howard goes back to the old format and this gutter depravity comes to an end.

DIANA

Okay.

MAX

I don't get it, Diana. You hung around till half-past seven and came all the way down here just to pitch a couple of loony show biz ideas when you knew goddam well I'd laugh you out of this office. I don't get it. What's your scam in this anyway?

DIANA

Max, I don't know why you suddenly changed your mind about resigning, but I do know Hackett's going to throw you out on your ass in January. My little visit here tonight was just a courtesy made out of respect for your stature in the industry and because I've personally admired you ever since I was a kid majoring in speech at the University of Missouri. But sooner or later, now or in January, with or without you, I'm going to take over your network news show, and I figured I might as well start tonight.

MAX

I think I once gave a lecture at the University of Missouri.

DIANA

I was in the audience. I had a terrible schoolgirl crush on you for a couple of months. She smiles, glides to the doorway again.

MAX

Listen, if we can get back for a moment to that gypsy who predicted all that about emotional involvements and middle-aged men -- what're you doing for dinner tonight?

DIANA

(on phone)

I can't make it tonight, luv, call me tomorrow.

MAX

Do you have any favorite restaurant?

DIANA

I eat anything.

MAX

Son of a bitch, I get the feeling I'm being made.

DIANA

You sure are.

MAX  
I better warn you I don't do anything on the  
first date.

DIANA  
We'll see.

MAX  
(mutters)  
Schmuck, what're you getting into?



## NETWORK (2)

N E T W O R K

63. INT. HACKETT'S OFFICE

HACKETT

KTNS Kansas City refuses to carry our network news any more  
Unless Beale is taken off the air --

DIANA

Did you see the overnights on the Network News? It has an  
8 in  
New York and a 9 in L.A. and a 27 share in both cities. Last night, Howard  
Beale went on the air and yelled bullshit for two minutes, and I can tell  
you  
right now that tonight's show will get a 30 share at least. I think we've  
lucked into something.

HACKETT

Oh, for God's sakes, are you suggesting we put that lunatic  
back on the air yelling bullshit?

DIANA

Yes, I think we should put Beale back on the air tonight  
and keep  
him on. Did you see the Times this morning? Did you see the News? We've  
got press coverage on this you couldn't buy for a million dollars. Frank,  
that dumb show jumped five rating points in one night! Tonight's show has  
got  
to be at least fifteen! We just increased our audience by twenty or thirty  
million people in one night. You're not going to get something like this  
dumped in your lap for the rest of your days, and you just can't piss it  
away!  
Howard Beale got up there last night and said what every American feels -  
that he's tired of all the bullshit. He's articulating the popular rage.  
I want  
that show, Frank. I can turn that show into the biggest smash in  
television.

HACKETT

What do you mean, you want that show? It's a news show.  
It's not  
your department.

DIANA

I see Howard Beale as a latter-day prophet, a magnificent  
Messianic figure, inveighing against the hypocrisies of our times, a strip  
Savonarola, Monday through Friday. I tell you, Frank, that could just go  
through the roof. And I'm talking about a six dollar cost per thousand  
show! I'm talking about a hundred, a hundred thirty thousand dollar  
minutes! Do you want to figure out the revenues of a strip show that  
sells for a hundred thousand bucks a minute? One show like that could  
pull this whole network right out of the hole! Now, Frank, it's being  
handed to us on a plate; let's not blow it!

HACKETT's intercom BUZZES.

HACKETT  
(on intercom)

Yes? ... Tell him I'll be a few minutes.  
(clicks off, regards DIANA)  
Let me think it over.

DIANA

Frank, let's not go to committee about this. It's twenty  
after ten,  
and we want Beale in that studio by half-past six. We don't want to lose  
the momentum --

HACKETT

For God's sakes, Diana, we're talking about putting a  
manifestly  
irresponsible man on national television. I'd like to talk to Legal  
Affairs at  
least. And Herb Thackeray and certainly Joe Donnelly and Standards and  
Practices. And you know I'm going to be eyeball to eyeball with Mr. Ruddy  
on this. If I'm going to the mat with Ruddy, I want to make sure of some of  
my ground. I'm the one whose ass is going on the line. I'll get back  
to you, Diana.

## NETWORK (3)

74. INT. A RESTAURANT  
 MAX and DIANA at the end of their dinner. In fact,  
 MAX is flagging a WAITER for two coffees, black --

DIANA  
 You're married, surely.

MAX  
 Twenty-six years. I have a married daughter in Seattle  
 who's  
 six months pregnant, and a younger girl who starts at Northwestern in  
 January.

DIANA  
 -- Well, Max, here we are -- middle-aged man reaffirming  
 his  
 middle-aged manhood and a terrified young woman with a father complex.  
 What sort of script do you think we can make out of this?

MAX  
 Terrified, are you?

DIANA  
 Terrified out of my skull, man. I'm the hip generation,  
 man, right on, cool, groovy, the greening of America, man, remember all  
 that? God, what  
 humbugs we were. In my first year at college, I lived in a commune,  
 dropped acid daily, joined four radical groups and fucked myself silly on a  
 bare  
 wooden floor while somebody chanted Sufi sutras. I lost six weeks of my  
 sophomore year because they put me away for trying to jump off the top  
 floor  
 of the Administration Building. I've been on the top floor ever since.  
 Don't  
 open any windows around me because I just might jump out. Am I scaring  
 you off?

MAX  
 No.

DIANA  
 I was married for four years and pretended to be happy and  
 had  
 six years of analysis and pretended to be sane. My husband ran off with  
 his boyfriend, and I had an affair with my analyst. He told me I was the  
 worst lay  
 he had ever had. I can't tell you how many men have told me what a lousy  
 lay  
 I am. I apparently have a masculine temperament. I arouse quickly,  
 consummate prematurely, and can't wait to get my clothes back on and get  
 out of that bedroom. I seem to be inept at everything except my work. I'm  
 goddam good at my work and so I confine myself to that. All I want out of  
 life  
 is a 30 share and a 20 rating.

The WAITER brings the coffee.

MAX  
 The corridor gossip says you're Frank Hackett's backstage

girl.

DIANA

I'm not. Frank's a corporation man, body and soul. He surrendered his spirit to C. C. and A. years ago. He's a marketing-merchandising management machine, precision-tooled for corporate success. He's married to one C. C. and A. board member's daughter, he attends another board member's church, his children aged two and five are already enrolled in a third board member's alma mater. He has no loves, lusts or allegiances that are not consummately directed towards becoming a C. C. and A. board member himself. So why should he bother with me? I'm not even a stockholder.

MAX

How about your loves, lusts and allegiances?

DIANA

Is your wife in town?

MAX

Yes.

DIANA

Well, then, we better go to my place.

## **NINA TAKES A LOVER (Triumph, 1995)**

INTERIOR. STUDIO – EARLY MORNING

*The photographer is still sleeping in bed. Nina is looking through a box of slides. She holds them up to the light. She looks a little bored, looks at the photographer once in a while to see if he's up yet. After looking at the slides for a while, she finds a few that interest her. She studies them, moving her hand towards the light to see them better. The photographer wakes. Nina gets into bed and shows him the slide.*

**NINA:** Who is she?

**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Someone I worked with.

**N:** She's a model?

**P:** She's a makeup artist.

**N:** She looks like a model. What's her name?

**P:** Alicia.

**N:** It looks like you guys were pretty close.

**P:** Yeah. You want some coffee?

*He gets up, hoping to change the subject.*

**N:** Did you sleep with her?

**P:** What?

**N:** You heard me.

**P:** Why are you asking?

**N:** I'm just curious.

**P:** What makes you think I slept with her?

**N:** The way you're holding each other. It looks like you did. You're not going to answer me, are you?

**P:** Why are you so interested?

**N:** I'm interested in everything about you. It doesn't matter, I know the answer already.

**P:** If you know the answer, then why are you asking?

**N:** I want to hear you say it.

**P:** What's the question?

**N:** Did you sleep with her?

**P:** Yes.

**N:** You did?

**P:** That's what you want me to say, isn't it?

**N:** Did you?

**P:** What difference does it make?

**N:** Then just say it.

**P:** I slept with her. Okay?

**N:** Did she come on to you?

**P:** It sort of just happened.

**N:** It just happened.

**P:** I didn't expect you...

**N:** What?

**P:** Nothing. Nothing.

**N:** You didn't expect I would care?

**P:** I knew you would care, I didn't expect you would ask.

**N:** Do you still see her sometimes?

**P:** Nina, why do you want to know this?

**N:** Were there any others?

**P:** There were two others.

**N:** There were? Do you have pictures of them, too? I'd love to see pictures of them, too.

**P:** No, I don't have pictures. What do you think I am?

**N:** Alright. Who were the other two?

**P:** One was a waitress I met in Martinique.

**N:** While you were working there?

**P:** Yes.

**N:** And the other?

**P:** The other was a photographer.

**N:** Where did you meet her?

**P:** At a show in London.

**N:** Are you still in touch with her?

**P:** No. Not very often.

**N:** Do you love her?

**P:** No, not at all.

**N:** What's the photographer's name?

**P:** Simone.

**N:** And the waitress?

**P:** I don't remember.

**N:** You don't remember?

*Nina heads for the door.*

**P:** Wait.

**N:** Please...don't.

**P:** Nina.

**NO LOOKING BACK (Gramercy Pictures, 1998)**

INTERIOR. LAUNDROMAT – DAY

*Claudia looks up as Charlie enters. She shakes her head and smiles.*

**CHARLIE:** What are you smiling at?

**CLAUDIA:** You just come back from the junior high school?

**CH:** Hey. She was in college. Besides, I just drove her home.

**CL:** Yeah, I'm sure you did.

**CH:** I brought you some lunch. You want half a meatball hero?

**CL:** No, thanks.

**CH:** How about a beer, then? I got some beers.

**CL:** A beer I'll take.

**CH:** Yeah, I figured as much.

*Charlie pulls out two cans of beer and pops them open. She is smiling at him again.*

**CH:** I'm telling you the truth, nothing happened. I just drove her home, a little kiss, and that was it. What? Are you jealous or something?

**CL:** Why would I be jealous?

**CH:** No reason. I'm just saying if you are jealous, it's okay. I can understand. I'm sure it was weird for you to see me with another woman. Especially a fine young little thing like that.

**CL:** If I thought there was a chance she might be out of the tenth grade, then maybe I might be jealous.

*Charlie goes over to the radio and raises the volume.*

**CH:** Oh, I know this song. You like this song, don't you?

**CL:** You know I like all his stuff.

**CH:** You want to dance?



**CL:** What? Here?

**CH:** Yeah, come on. A little slow dance.

**CL:** What are you talking about? You don't know how to dance.

**CH:** What? It's a slow dance. Any retard knows how to do a little slow dance. Besides, you don't remember our prom? We did some dancing that night, didn't we?

**CL:** I don't think so.

*Charlie playfully grabs her arm and tries to sway her.*

**CH:** Come on, one dance.

**CL:** I'm sorry. I can't.

**CH:** You hate me, don't you?

**CL:** No, I'm just not dancing with you.

**CH:** All right. I guess I should probably be getting back to work now anyhow, huh? All right, I'll see you around. Enjoy the beer. *(He stops at the door)* Hey.

**CL:** What?

**CH:** I told you you'd be cleaning his dirty underwear.

*Claudia gives him the finger. He exits.*

**NORMA RAE**

Sonny: You're going too far now Norma Rae. This here is our home.

Norma: How am I going too far?

Sonny: Black men, in our home? You're gonna get us in a whole lotta trouble.

Norma: I never had trouble with black men. The only trouble I ever had in my life was with white men.

\*\*

What? Well I know why we've got a bad connection, Henry, it's cause I think the line is being tapped. Hey, you! Whoever's listening in on this, this is Norma Rae Webster talking union to Henry Willis. I'm on tonight and every night. Same old story, no commercials. Union, union, unions. Look, why don't you have your boss man tap me, an you can go on home to your wife and kids. Henry, look- Henry? Oh, shoot

Sonny: You ain't getting any sleep. I ain't getting any sleep. We gotta get to work in the morning.

Norma: I got a hundred calls to make tonight.

Sonny: Is that going on our phone bill?

Norma: We'll take it out of my paycheck.

Sonny: That damn milk is sour.

Norma: I didn't have a chance to get to the market.

Sonny: Oh, you didn't have a chance to get to the market. And you didn't get to the washing and you didn't get to the kids, and you didn't get to me.

Norma: Is that right?

Sonny: That's right. That's right. Damn TV dinners. Kids going around in dirty jeans. I'm going around, uh... without. Altogether!

Norma: You want cooking? You got cooking! You want laundry? You got laundry. You want ironing? You got ironing. You wanna make love? Then you get behind me and lift up my nighty and we're gonna make love.

Sonny: Norma. Norma! Hey.

**No Such Thing**

FADE IN:

INT. SILO - DAY

The MONSTER sits drinking, regarding a sleeping BEATRICE with a saurian gaze. She is naked, wrapped in a blanket, having been left on the doorstep of the abandoned missile silo that serves as his home by fearful villagers hoping to appease him. She is probably still a little drunk, having been tricked into drinking some sort of poisonous Icelandic swill by the devious locals.

She wakes in a daze, sees him.

MONSTER

What the fuck are you lookin' at?

BEATRICE

Where am I? Where are my clothes? How did I get here?

MONSTER

Every once in a while those maniacs down in the village toss some unsuspecting piece of ass up on the rocks down there. A gift, I guess, for me.

He tosses her knapsack down to her.

BEATRICE

What have you done with my friends?

MONSTER

I killed them, probably.

BEATRICE

I don't believe you.

MONSTER

So what.

BEATRICE

Are you going to kill me too?

MONSTER

That depends.

She begins dressing.

BEATRICE

On what?

MONSTER

On whether or not you're a complete fuckin' idiot.

BEATRICE

What's wrong with you?

MONSTER

Wadda ya mean, "What's wrong with me?"

BEATRICE

Why are you like that?

MONSTER

Because I'm a monster.

BEATRICE

There's no such thing as monsters.

MONSTER

Oh, no?

BEATRICE

I'm sure there's all sorts of reasons you are how you are. Genetic mutations, that sort of thing.

MONSTER

Science, huh?

BEATRICE

Yes.

MONSTER

Are you a scientist?

BEATRICE

No. I have a friend who's a doctor.

He inhales deeply and snorts a blast of fire in her direction.

BEATRICE

How did you do that?

MONSTER

How the hell am I supposed to know? Now listen, Sister. You gonna help me out here, or what?

BEATRICE

Help you? How can I help you? I don't even think I like you.

MONSTER

Yeah? Well, tough. You're either gonna help me out here, or I'm gonna come down there, bite your head off, tear out your heart and set the whole ugly mess on fire.

BEATRICE

You don't scare me.

MONSTER

Hey. What's your name?

BEATRICE

Beatrice.

MONSTER

Listen, Beatrice. You'd like to see me dead, wouldn't ya?

BEATRICE

Not necessarily, no.

MONSTER

Wha...of course you would. I killed your friends.

BEATRICE

If that's true, then I think you ought to be brought to justice and punished so you can learn to understand the wrong you've done.

MONSTER

The wrong I've done.

BEATRICE

Yes. It's like my mother used to say. Jesus had it all figured out, right and proper. One evil deed doesn't fix another. You've got to learn to love your enemies, too.

MONSTER

Jesus, huh?

BEATRICE

Yes.

MONSTER

OK, I can see this is gonna be a disaster. Look, I'm gonna close my eyes, and you run away. If you're not off the island by the time I count 1500, I'm gonna come and I'll kill ya.

BEATRICE

Did you really kill Jim and his friends?

MONSTER

Who the fuck is Jim?

BEATRICE

My fiance. That's his video camera. This is his Powerbook.

MONSTER

Come with me.

BEATRICE

Where?

MONSTER

Just shut the fuck up and follow me, will ya?  
Fuck.....

He leads her out back to a bone pile – the remains of his many victims. He roots around for a while, pulls out a sneaker and hands it to her. Crushed, she runs back inside. He BELLOWS in rage, or is it remorse? He follows her back in. She is huddled in a corner.

MONSTER

So, ya believe in monsters yet?

BEATRICE

Leave me alone.

MONSTER

I'd love to, Sister, but you've gotta pull yourself together and help destroy me first.

BEATRICE

What do you mean?

MONSTER

That's the deal. You come here and try and help kill me, and if you can't, I get to dispose of one more pain-in-the-ass human being.

She pulls a gun.

MONSTER

What the fuck is that?

BEATRICE

It's loaded.

MONSTER

Of course. OK, Princess. Take your best shot.

BEATRICE

I can't.

MONSTER

Yes you can.

BEATRICE

No. No, I can't.

MONSTER

Do it!

BEATRICE

No!

He jumps down next to her.

MONSTER

I'm not impressed by mercy. You don't score points with me for being selfless, Beatrice. Your

life means nothing to me at all. Get over it and see the big picture. You're just another human. Just another piece of the plague, so to speak. I'd kill you just as easily as I'd kill a fly. There'd be no remorse, no pangs of conscience, no fascinating sensation of diabolical accomplishment. It's nothing personal, you're just.....in my way.

She runs a few steps, turns and shoots him in the chest and drops the gun. He picks up the gun and shoots himself in the head, goes outside and BELLOWS in pain.

FADE TO BLACK

LIGHTS UP

LATER – He's lying on some steps, drinking. She takes the bottle and helps him drink. He sits up, moves away from her.

MONSTER

I see....extinction. And everything else around me. The passing away. Even the mountains pass away. It's true. They do. I've watched it happen. But not me. No. I'm changeless and eternal. It's true, I'm an alcoholic and an insomniac too, but then, who wouldn't be? Doomed to watch humanity's victory over all things, without even the option of killing myself, like they do. And from much smaller disappointments too, in my opinion. You're a kind person. I can see that. And I don't know what good it's gonna do you, but I believe you have the presence of mind to see the impossibility of my situation.

BEATRICE

You want to be put out of your misery.

MONSTER

Don't pity me! I hate that shit!

BEATRICE

Are there others like you?

MONSTER

No.

BEATRICE

Are you sure?



MONSTER

Yes.

BEATRICE

You must get lonely.

MONSTER

There is, ah, one human being who can kill me.  
Used to live in a house out there near the water.  
Dr. Artaud. Scientist. Mad as the day is long,  
but a genius all the same.

BEATRICE

Where is he now?

MONSTER

Well, he got ta shootin' his mouth off about  
his new invention, next thing ya know they  
took him away in a strait jacket. You see, Dr.  
Artaud, he believes in monsters.

BEATRICE

So you want me to find him, is that it?

MONSTER

You would be doing you and your kind the  
greatest of favors. I mean, it can't go on like  
this forever. If I don't find Artaud soon, I'll  
be forced to go on a rampage and kill every  
human being I see.

BEATRICE

Find him yourself.

MONSTER

I can't! I get these fits!

BEATRICE

What causes them?

MONSTER

People! Humanity. Civilization. I don't know.  
The more people there are, the worse it gets, and  
it's gettin' worse by the year. Drinkin' helps....

He takes a long pull on the bottle.

BEATRICE

What makes you think I'll be able to find him?

MONSTER

Because you made it here alive. Because you made it all the way here without me tearin' off your Goddamn head. I'm impressed, OK? Wadda ya want from me?

BEATRICE

Promise me something.

MONSTER

Ah, promises. How you human beings love promises.

BEATRICE

You can't kill anybody.

MONSTER

Nobody comes around me, I won't kill 'em. It's easy.

BEATRICE

But I want you to come with me.

MONSTER

Where?

BEATRICE

To find Dr. Artaud.

MONSTER

You mean, out there?

BEATRICE

Yes.

MONSTER

I can't go out there and be expected not to kill anybody.

BEATRICE

Then I won't help you.

MONSTER

You're making this a lot more difficult than  
it needs to be.

BEATRICE

Maybe.

FADE OUT

## NOTTING HILL

INT. TRAFALGAR SUIT CORRIDOR - DAY

KAREN

You've got five minutes.

He is shown in through big golden doors. Karen stays outside.

INT. THE TRAFALGAR SUITE SITTING ROOM - DAY

There Anna is, framed in the window. Glorious.

WILLIAM

Hi.

ANNA

Hello.

WILLIAM

I brought these, but clearly...

There are lots of other flowers in the room.

ANNA

Oh no, ho -- these are great.

A fair amount of tension. These two people hardly know each other -- and the first and last time they met, they kissed.

WILLIAM

Sorry about not ringing back. The whole two-names concept was totally too much for my flatman's pea-sized intellect.

ANNA

No, it's a stupid privacy thing. I always choose a cartoon character -- last time out, I was Mrs. Bambi.

At which moment Jeremy, Karen's boss, comes in. A fairly grave, authoritative fifty-year-old PR man consulting a list.

JEREMY

Everything okay?

ANNA

Yes, thanks.

JEREMY

And you are from 'Horse and Hound'  
magazine?

William nods.

ANNA

Is that so?

William shrugs his shoulders. Jeremy settles at a little desk  
in the corner and makes notes. A pause. William feels he has to  
act the part. They sit in chairs opposite each other.

WILLIAM

So I'll just fire away, shall I?

Anna nods.

WILLIAM

Right. Ahm... the film's great...  
and I just wondered -- whether you  
ever thought of having more...  
horses in it?

ANNA

Ahm -- well -- we would have liked to  
-- but it was difficult, obviously,  
being set in space.

WILLIAM

Obviously. Very difficult.

Jeremy leaves.

William puts his head in his hands. He was panic.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry -- I arrived outside -- they  
thrust this thing into my hand -- I  
didn't know what to do.

ANNA

No, it's my fault, I thought this  
would all be over by now. I just  
wanted to sort of apologize for the  
kissing thing. I seriously don't  
know what got in to me. I just wanted  
to make sure you were fine about it.

WILLIAM

Absolutely fine about it.

Re-enter Jeremy.

JEREMY

Do remember that Miss Scott is also keen to talk about her next project, which is shooting later in the summer.

WILLIAM

Oh yes -- excellent. Ahm -- any horses in that one? Or hounds, of course. Our readers are equally intrigued by both species.

ANNA

It takes place on a submarine.

WILLIAM

Yes. Right... But if there were horses, would you be riding them yourself or would you be getting a stunt horse person double sort of thing?

Jeremy exits.

WILLIAM

I'm just a complete moron. Sorry. This is the sort of thing that happens in dreams -- not in real life. Good dreams, obviously -- it's a dream to see you.

ANNA

And what happens next in the dream?

It's a challenge.

WILLIAM

Well, I suppose in the dream dream scenario. I just... ahm, change my personality, because you can do that in dreams, and walk across and kiss the girl but you know it'll never happen.

Pause. Then they move towards each other when... Jeremy enters.

JEREMY

Time's up, I'm afraid. Sorry it was so short. Did you get what you wanted?

WILLIAM

Very nearly.

JEREMY

Maybe time for one last question?

WILLIAM

Right.

Jeremy goes out -- it's their last seconds.

WILLIAM

Are you busy tonight?

ANNA

Yes.

They look at each other. Jeremy enters, with another journalists in tow. Anna and William stand and shake hands formally.

ANNA

Well, it was nice to meet you.  
Surreal but nice.

WILLIAM

Thank you. You are 'Horse and Hound's' favorite actress. You and Black Beauty. Tied.

## NUTS

LEVINKSY: Hello Mrs. Draper. My name is Aaron Levinsky. I'm an attorney sent by the court. Mr. Middleton doesn't represent you anymore. Would you like to discuss your case? I don't know if you can follow any of this, but do you understand that I'm going to court on your behalf? And tonight I gotta go home to Brooklyn on the subway, and that scares the hell out of me. I've had a hell of a day.

CLAUDIA: You're breaking my heart.

LEVINKSY: Terrific. She can talk.

CLAUDIA: Talk? I can dance, juggle, do card tricks. What kind of a show do I have to put on for you?

LEVINKSY: Did I say something wrong?

CLAUDIA: Well, it seems I can't get to stand trial unless I put on a show for.... Who, now? [She reads his card.] Aaron Levinsky?

LEVINKSY: No. It's not like that.

CLAUDIA: No? Well then how do I get to stand trial?

LEVINKSY: Well, first you have to....

CLAUDIA: HOW DO I GET TO STAND TRIAL? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!!

[Guard comes in the room.]

LEVINKSY: That's okay. Close the door, please – I'm her attorney.

CLAUDIA: Who says?

LEVINKSY: Says the court.

GUARD: If you need me I'll be right out here.

LEVINKSY: You think I'm going to need him?

CLAUDIA: Well, haven't you heard? I lash out and strike people at random.

LEVINKSY: I know. I was there. I think you broke his nose.

CLAUDIA: So the day isn't a total loss.



LEVINKSY: Now. What we have here is a 7-30 process. This is a process whereby the state is going to....

CLAUDIA: Married?

LEVINKSY: Huh?

CLAUDIA: You got a missus?

LEVINKSY: Yes.

CLAUDIA: She give good head?

LEVINKSY: Do you want to talk about your case here or what? You've been indicted for manslaughter in the first degree.

CLAUDIA: I know all that. Tell me why you're here.

LEVINKSY: The truth?

CLAUDIA: No, the bullshit, Levinsky. I love listening to bullshit, especially when I'm drowning in it. I know why you're here. You're here because I'm crazy, right?

LEVINKSY: Nope.

CLAUDIA: You're here to see just how crazy I am.

LEVINKSY: Well, two psychiatrists already say that you're incompetent.

CLAUDIA: Morrison and Orontes? Frick and Frack? Orontes can barely speak English, and Morrison... is a very weird guy. You know I flashed him and he didn't even look? How about you, Levinsky? You weird, too?

LEVINKSY: I must be okay. I'm looking. Your mother said to tell you she loves you.

CLAUDIA: FUCK MY MOTHER. Why didn't you tell me you were working for her in the first place?

LEVINKSY: I'm not working for them

CLAUDIA: Why didn't you tell me?

LEVINKSY: Listen, lady! I came here to do my job in good faith....

CLAUDIA: You talked to my mother!

LEVINKSY: Will you listen to me? You've got a choice, here...

CLAUDIA: What did she tell you?

LEVINKSY: You can cooperate with me and maybe it all goes your way. Or you can yell at me, and I'll sign that motion to commit and that will be that.

CLAUDIA: You creep lawyers. You're all the same. As long as you get your fee you don't give a shit who gets sent where for how long.

LEVINKSY: Lady, I'm not getting paid here!

CLAUDIA: And now this one comes in and tells me if I don't kiss his ass he'll walk. Get out!

LEVINKSY: No thank you. It doesn't work that way. I'm stuck with you. Man, oh man... Boy. Jesus. First thing is we have to get a shrink in here to take a look at you...

CLAUDIA: Wrong. No more shrinks.

LEVINKSY: I'm giving you some very good legal advice here.

CLAUDIA: Thank you very much. You know what I said about lawyers? It goes double for shrinks.

LEVINKSY: Mrs. Draper. There are 2 psychiatrists who say you're crazy. You gotta have at least one psychiatrist who says you're not crazy, or you don't have a case.

CLAUDIA: Sure I do. I'm my own case. I get up there and say my piece and I prove I'm competent. Look, I don't know if you believe this or not, but I'm a perfectly sane woman. I don't bother nobody who doesn't bother me first. You get it? And I don't want any more quacks running around my head talking about my toilet training!

LEVINKSY: There's only one thing that scares me. A stupid client. And you terrify me. Have you ever testified in court?

CLAUDIA: No.

LEVINKSY: So you've never been cross-examined, so you don't know what it's like.

CLAUDIA: No.

LEVINKSY: How long have you been hooking?

CLAUDIA: Three years.

LEVINKSY: Three years and you've never been busted?

CLAUDIA: No. Now tell me I'm incompetent.

LEVINKSY: Well look. Mrs. Draper, it just doesn't look good for you to beat the shit out of one of the top attorneys in the city.

CLAUDIA: Well, it might now look good, but it sure felt good. What was I supposed to do, sit there like a good little girl and listen to my own lawyer say that I wasn't competent to stand trial?

LEVINKSY: Are you?

CLAUDIA: How competent do you have to be, for Christ's sake?

LEVINKSY: Good point. Let's say for the moment that you are not entirely incompetent.

CLAUDIA: Yeah, let's say that.

LEVINKSY: Let's say for the moment that the doctors here are all wrong.

CLAUDIA: Let's say that, too.

LEVINKSY: Then why is all this happening to you? Mrs. Draper? Do you want me to represent you in this competency hearing?

CLAUDIA: I don't know. Are you good?

LEVINKSY: You had good. Now you have me.

CLAUDIA: I could do worse.

LEVINKSY: Don't be so sure. If you win the hearing you get a trial, but if you lost the trial you could go to jail for 25 years.

CLAUDIA: I'll take the risk. Because if I don't, I could end up wearing this bathrobe until I collect social security.

LEVINKSY: McNally is going to eat me alive. Alright. Let's start at the beginning. Let's get some background details.

CLAUDIA: Alright. Now you talk to me, and pretend I'm sane, okay?

LEVINKSY: Okay.

CLAUDIA: And I'll do the same for you, okay?

LEVINKSY: Thank you.

**OFFICE SPACE**

[Scene Flings. Peter is saving a table and Joanna enters.]

JOANNA

Hi.

PETER

Hey.

JOANNA

I wonder if they will let me wear this in here.

PETER

I think it would be ok. Would you like to sit down?

He motions to a chair.

JOANNA

Ok. (does so) Wow. This place is really nice.

PETER

Yeah, is it?

JOANNA

Oh my God, compared to Chotchkie's. I like the uniforms better anyways.

PETER

I like yours.

JOANNA

Nah. (makes a face)

Peter looks at the buttons' wearing on his suspender. One says 'We're not in Kansas anymore.' The one underneath says 'POOF.'

PETER

"We're not in Kansas anymore."

JOANNA

Yeah. Really. (laughs

PETER

It's on your - (points)

JOANNA

Oh! That's, uh, that's uh, my pieces of flair.

PETER

What are pieces of flair?

JOANNA

That's where you know, suspenders and buttons and all sorts of stuff. We're, uh, we're actually required to wear fifteen pieces of flair. quite stupid actually.

PETER

Do you get to pick them out yourself?

JOANNA

Yeah. Yeah. Although I didn't actually choose these. I, uh, I just grabbed fifteen buttons and, uh, I don't even know what they say! Y'know, I don't really care. I don't really like talking about my flair.

PETER

Ok.

JOANNA

So, where do you work, uh, Peter?

PETER

Initech.

JOANNA

And, uh, what do you do there, Peter?

PETER

I sit in a cubicle and I update bank software for the 2000 switch.

JOANNA

NODS) WHAT'S THAT?

PETER

You see, they wrote all this bank software and to save space, they put 98 instead of 1998. So I go through these thousands of lines of code and uh, it doesn't really matter. I, uh, I don't like my job. I don't think I'm gonna go anymore.

JOANNA

You're just not gonna go?

PETER

Yeah.

JOANNA

Won't you get fired?

PETER

I don't know. But I really don't like it so I'm not gonna go.

JOANNA

(LAUGHS) So you're gonna quit?

PETER

No, no, not really. I'm just gonna stop going.

JOANNA

When did you decide all that?

PETER

About a week ago.

JOANNA

Really?

PETER

Oh, yeah.

JOANNA

Ok. So, so you're gonna get another job?

PETER

I don't think I'd like another job.

JOANNA

LAUGHS) SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MONEY AND BILLS?

PETER

Y'know, I never really liked paying bill? I don't think I'll do that either.

JOANNA

LAUGHS) SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

PETER

I want to take you out for dinner and then I wanna go to my apartment and watch Kung Fu. Did you ever watch Kung Fu?

Joanna gets a weird look on her face.

JOANNA

I love Kung Fu...

PETER  
Channel 39.

JOANNA  
Totally...

PETER  
You should come over and watch Kung Fu tonight.

JOANNA  
Ok...

PETER  
Great.

JOANNA  
Ok. Can we order lunch first?

PETER  
Yeah.

JOANNA  
Ok.

**Of Mice and Men**

Lenny: Why did you get killed? You ain't so little as a mice. George is never gonna let me tend the rabbits if he finds out you got killed.

Curley's Wife: What you got there, sonny boy?

L:George says I ain't got nothing to do with you

C:George giving you orders about everything?

L:I ain't gonna talk to you or nuthin.

C:The guys got a horseshoe tournament going on. None of them guys is gonna leave. Why can't I talk to you? I never get to talk to nobody. I get awful lonely.

L:I ain't supposed to talk to you.

C:You can talk to people, but I can't talk to nobody but Curly, cause he gets mad. How'd you like not to talk to anybody? What you got covered up there?

L:Little pup. That's the little pup.

C:He's dead.

L:I was just playing with him.

C:Don't you worry none. He's just a mutt, you can get another one easy.

L:It ain't that so much, but George ain't gonna let me tend them rabbits now.

C:Why don't he?

L:Well he said when I did any bad things then I wouldn't be tending rabbits.

C:Don't you worry about talking to me. Listen to the guys yell out there. None of them ain't gonna leave til it's over.

L:I ain't supposed to talk to you. George said he'd give me hell. He told me...

C:Well what's the matter with me? Ain't I got a right to talk to nobody?

L:George said you get people in a mess.

C:Oh nuts.

What kind of harm am I doing to you? I tell you, I ain't used to livin like this. God, I



could have made something of myself. Maybe I will yet. Show come through Salinas, and I met one of the actors. He says I could go with the show. My old lady wouldn't let me, but this guy says I coulda. If I went I wouldn't be livin like this you bet.

L: We were supposed to get a little place, and then get rabbits.

C: Another time, I met a guy, he was in pictures. Went out to the riverside dance palace with him. And he says he was gonna put me in the movies. He says I was a natural. Soon as he got to Hollywood he was gonna write to me about it. I never did get that letter. I always thought my old lady stole it too. She said no. So, um... I married Curley. Met him at the Riverside Dance Palace that same night. Are you listening?

L: Sure.

C: I ain't told this to nobody before. Maybe I oughtn't to. I don't like Curley. He ain't a nice fella. I coulda been in the movies, had nice clothes... this guy said I was a natural.

L: Maybe if you took this pup, and you throwed him away then Goerge wouldn't never know and then I would get to tend them rabbits with no trouble.

C: Yeah. What makes you so nuts about rabbits?

L: Like to pet nice things with the fingers. Soft things.

C: Who don't? Everybody likes that! Do you like to feel velvet?

L: You bet! I had me some too, the lady give me some and then I lost it.

C: You're nuts. But your kind of a nice feller. Just like a big baby. Sometimes when I'm doing my hair, I just sit and stroke it cause it's so soft. Feel right here.

L: That's nice.

C: You like it don't you? I like it too, it feels nice.

L: That's nice. That's nice.

C: Don't mess it up. Look out now, you'll mess it up. Don't mess it up. Let go. Will you let go? Let go!

L: Don't! Hey, no, don't do none of that. Please, don't you go yelling. Don't, don't you go yelling! Don't! Don't yell. Don't do that. George is gonna be mad if you yell. Don't want to hurt you but you're gonna get me in trouble. You done a bad thing. I done a bad thing. I done a really bad thing.

## Ordinary People

84 INT. DINER NIGHT.  
84

Jeannine is eating a hamburger.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:  
84

93.

**JEANNINE**

Can you ever break the ball?

**CONRAD**

Can't break the ball, can't break the floor, can't break anything in a bowling alley. And that's what I like about bowling alleys. Can't even break the record.

Jeannine giggles with laughing eyes.

CONRAD (cont'd)

Anyway...

**JEANNINE**

Hmm? What?

**CONRAD**

Just "anyway", it's a conversation starter.

**JEANNINE**

Catchy!

**CONRAD**

You like it?

**JEANNINE**

Mmm, mmm.

**CONRAD**

I thought it'd get to you. I've been working on it all day.

Jeannine laughs, then:

**JEANNINE**

Do you think people are punished  
for the things they do?

**CONRAD**

You mean by God?

**JEANNINE**

Yeah.

**CONRAD**

Mmm, I don't believe in God.

**JEANNINE**

Not at all?

**CONRAD**

No. Well, it's not a question of  
degree. Either you do or you don't.

(CONTINUED)

84            84    CONTINUED :

94 .

**JEANNINE**

I believe in God.

**CONRAD**

So you're afraid he'll punish you  
for something you did?

**JEANNINE**

I've done a lot of things I'm  
ashamed of.

**CONRAD**

Yeah? So have I.

She looks up at him, then at his wrists.

**JEANNINE**

Did it hurt?

**CONRAD**

No, I dunno, I don't remember  
really.

**JEANNINE**

You don't want to talk about it?

**CONRAD**

Ah, I don't know... I've never

really talked about it.  
To doctors, but not to anyone else.  
You're the first who's asked.

**JEANNINE**

Why did you do it?

**CONRAD**

Uh... I don't know. It was like...  
falling into a hole.  
It was like falling into a hole,  
and it keeps getting bigger and  
bigger, .and you can't get out,  
and then, .all of a sudden, it's  
inside...and you're the hole, and  
you're trapped, and it's all  
over. Something like that. And  
it's not really scary, except it  
is when you think back on it.  
'Cause you know what you were  
feeling stange and new...

A group of noisy students enter the Diner.

**STUDENTS**

(singing and horsing  
around)

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

84

84 **CONTINUED:**

95.

**STUDENTS** (cont'd)

Like McDonald's can, nobody can  
do it. Like McDonald's can, you  
deserve a break today. So get up  
and get away!

The manager tries to calm them down. A student comes to  
Conrad's table and steals some fries.

**STUDENT**

Hey. Jarrett. How you doing? How  
about some fries?

Some students grab Jeannine and dance around, put a Mac  
donald's hat on her head. She laughs.

**JEANNINE**

What are you doing?

The manager pushes them towards the exit.

**STUDENT**

Hey, what's your problem? Lighten up!

**MANAGER**

Hey. I don't like your attitude.

Going out, a student pulls the manager's ear. Jeannine laughs, a bit stupidly. Conrad notices it. She sees that.

85           **85 INT. CAR NIGHT**  
85

was Conrad drives sadly. He is disappointed and acts as if he sulking. Jeannine tries to make it up.

**JEANNINE**

Energetic. Those guys.

**CONRAD**

(not believing)  
Yeah, they were pretty funny.

**JEANNINE**

No...

**CONRAD**

What? You thought they were funny?

**JEANNINE**

No. I...

Silence

**JEANNINE (cont'd)**

I'm sorry, I...

(CONTINUED)

85           **85 CONTINUED:**  
85

96.

**CONRAD**

What for?

**JEANNINE**

Anyway...

Conrad does not find this funny. Finally car stops. Conrad sighs.

JEANNINE (cont'd)

Do you want to talk?

**CONRAD**

About what?

**JEANNINE**

Are you okay?

**CONRAD**

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. Uh... I'll give you a call.

**JEANNINE**

Will you? I want you to.

**CONRAD**

Sure.

**JEANNINE**

Well... Guess I'll see you in choir.

**CONRAD**

Okay. Yeah. Thanks.

**JEANNINE**

Okay.

**CONRAD**

I mean. Good night. Good night.

**JEANNINE**

Good night.

Jeannine leaves the car.

## **OUTBREAK (Warner Bros., 1995)**

44. EXTERIOR. ROBBY'S HOUSE – DAY

*Robby exits the house, lugging a pair of well-worn suitcases. Sam is right behind her.*

**ROBBY:** I am through talking about this.

**SAM:** Okay.

**R:** You've never understood the concept of real time. What day is it?

**S:** Sunday.

**R:** When did you say you'd be back?

**S:** Friday.

**R:** Thursday, Sam – Thursday.

**S:** Right, Thursday. I meant Thursday.

**R:** Thursday – Friday – They're so close together – even I confuse them. Christ, why didn't I just go to Atlanta when I said I would.

**S:** Because you're a decent human being. If you put the big pieces in first...

**R:** Fuck you, Sam. You were going to be home Thursday, I was going to fly Friday and see my new apartment...go to my new job on Saturday, meet my new staff, buy a new toaster...maybe have Sunday to rest...

*As she's talking, she throw her luggage into the trunk of a cab.*

**R:** Now I'm rushing to make a two o'clock flight, I won't get to the apartment until seven; if I'm lucky I can buy the toaster but it will be nine before I even have a chance to unpack...No, I can't unpack, cuz I have a nine o'clock hello-how-do-you-do staff party...Louis, move over, move over!

**S:** You're scaring him. Louis -

*The dog moves immediately. Robby glances at Sam, angry the has such firm control over this one.*

**R:** That's because you let him on the couch.

*Robby gets in the cab, looks to Neal, the cabdriver, who's keeping a straight face as the couple argues.*

**R:** Let's go –

**S:** Wait. How long are you keeping the dogs?

**R:** They are going with me, Sam. To Atlanta.

**S:** They're my dogs, too. I'll miss 'em.

**R:** Do you want the dogs, Sam? Either they go with me or they stay here with you. We are not going to split them up and we are not going to share them. Decide.

*Sam does not respond. Robby opens the cab door.*

**R:** Okay...

**S:** Wait...(as he gently closes the door) You keep 'em.

**R:** (to the driver) You can go now.

**S:** Wait, wait a second. There's something I've got to say. Now I'm forgetting...

**R:** Sam, I can't miss this plane.

**S:** No, right, I remember now. When you go to the pet store, remember they like those medium-sized bones –

**R:** – barbeque flavored. I know. You look tired. It was bad in Zaire.

**S:** Could have been better.

**R:** What's the mortality?

**S:** About the same as our relationship.

**R:** You be careful.

**S:** I will. Good luck in Atlanta.



## OUT OF AFRICA (Univeral, 1985)

260. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM – NIGHT

*Denys sits leaning over a map spread out of the floor. Karen's in a chair with clothes to mend.*

**DENYS:** I flew as far as Narok: You can see the ruts where the lorries have been. The Serengeti's still good...

**KAREN:** It would take a week just getting there.

**D:** More like ten days...Samburu still seems good. I haven't seen Belknap.

**K:** He must be in America by now. I let him go...I had to. But you don't really want to know about the farm, do you. Have you got buttons anywhere?

**D:** What are you doing?

**K:** Mending your shirt.

**D:** I have that done in town. I'll try Samburu. Day after tomorrow.

**K:** You just got back.

**D:** Felicity's asked to come along. I started to say no...because I thought *you* wouldn't like it. There's no reason for her not to come.

**K:** Yes there is. I *wouldn't* like it. Do you want her to come along?

**D:** I want things that don't matter not to matter.

**K:** Tell her no. Do it for me.

**D:** And then? What else will there be?

**K:** Why is your freedom more important than mine?

**D:** I've *never* interfered with you.

**K:** I'm not allowed to need you. Rely on you. Expect anything at all. I'm only free to leave. But I *do* need you.

**D:** There's no answer to that, Karen. Suppose I died? Would you die? You don't *need* me. You mix up need with want. You always have.

**K:** My God. In the world you make, there'd be no love at all.

**D:** Or the best kind. The kind we wouldn't have to prove.

**K:** You'll live on the moon, then –

**D:** – Why? Because I won't do it your way? Are we assuming there's on *proper* way to do all this? Do you think I care about Felicity?

**K:** No.

**D:** Then there's no reason for this, is there?

**K:** I want you to give it up. For me. I've learned a thing you haven't. There *are* things worth having – they come at a price. I want to be one of them. I won't allow it, Denys.

**D:** You've no idea, have you – the effect that language has.

**K:** I used to think there was nothing you really wanted. But that's not it, is it? You want it all.

**D:** I want it...a better way. I'm going to Samburu. She can come or not.

**K:** Then you'll be living elsewhere.

**D:** ...All right.

**Panic In the Streets**

Scene 1:

Clinton: ...just gonna stay home, lie around all day. Not gonna shave, old clothes, take a little nap in the afternoon, have an early dinner, just take the whole day off. Relax. You know what I mean?

Nancy: Did you give Tommy a quarter for the movies?

C: Yeah.

N: Weren't you the one that decided to give him a regular allowance to teach him about money?

C: Well, yeah I did honey, but...

N: Look, he may be an only child, but I'm not gonna have him act like one. Here.

C: I gave you the answer to that two years ago.

N: Yeah.

C: Yeah.

N: I'm getting tired of always being the heavy in the piece.

C: Okay, okay.

N: Incidentally, since you are being so free with your money,

C: What? Holy smoke, a bill from Whitfield.

N: Uh huh. The same one.

C: What happened to your allowance?

N: You're kidding! \$42. And I'm fresh out.

C: Again?

N: Still. And you been promising to pay it. It's getting embarrassing. Really, I'm afraid to go down to the store.

C: For \$42? Let him wait. I never saw the day old Whitfield broke his neck getting anything over here. \$42. Listen one of these days we'll walk into that store and...

N: One of what days?

C: Well, one of these days.

N: Uh huh. When one of those oil companies decides that they can't lie a pipe line in Arabia without the services of Doctor Clinton Reed-

C: Alright

N: -a man with a high forehead and the disposition of an old- Honey? Hey, Clint, I like high foreheads!

C: I bet you do. Well it happens, don't think it doesn't. They've taken a lot of guys from the department. Bill Moseley works for an industrial company.

N: I know they have, hon.

C: Well it could happen to me too. Just like having another baby.

N: One of these days, huh?

C: You're a fresh dame!

N: Pretty though, huh?

C: You just about get by. I gotta get out of here.

N: Hey.

C: What?

N: Try getting home early if you can.

C: Yeah, I'll try. Hey, honey...

N: Mmm, hmm?

C: Why don't you let Tommy have this quarter?

N: Why don't you get out of here!

C: Bye.

N: Bye.

**PANIC IN THE STREETS (2)**

Clint: Nancy, I told you, I can't sleep. I gotta take a shower and get out of here.

Nancy: Did you sleep last night?

C: Last night? Yeah, sure, I guess I must have. I didn't call you, did I?

N: That's alright.

C: I didn't think. It's a plague case. Bubonic.

N: Plague? Here in New Orleans?

C: Yeah, a woman died of it tonight. Whoever's carrying it's still wandering around.

N: Well at least they have you. You've been through it. You know how to handle it.

C: Now look, hon, let's not be little miss sunshine.

N: Alright, alright. We went through it in- Why don't you lie down, just for an hour or two?

C: Daphne's waiting for me at the office, he hasn't had any sleep either.

N: Daphne can wait. He's younger than you are and-

C: Baby, Methuzeluh's younger than I am tonight.

N: What's eating you anyway? Come on.

C: I'm alright. I'm tired. I'm fed up.

N: Well if you won't lie down, at least sit. You're making me tired standing.

C: Stick around.

N: I gotta get the coffee.

C: I'm just afraid if I sit down, the next thing I'll lie down. If I lie down, sure as there are worms in little green apples, I'll fall asleep. If I fall asleep I'm dead.

N: Now you're cooking.

C: Just don't let me fall asleep.

N: I'll watch you.

C: You know today I took a perfectly nice guy, a cop- not the smartest guy in the world, but who is? I push him around, make a lot of smart cracks about him and tell him off all day long, and he winds up proving he's four times the man I'll ever be.

N: I don't believe that.

C: Why do I do that?

N: You're tired now.

C: Alright, so I'm tired, but you know what I mean.

N: Yeah I guess I do.

C: Yeah, I do the same thing to you, don't I?

N: Yes, you do.

C: Well?

N: Well, Clint, you're not a kid anymore. You oughtta stop thinking like one.

C: What do you mean?

N: Well, like those jobs you're always talking about. Arabian pipelines or expeditions to Chile as medical advisor or... you know.

C: What you wanna say is I oughtta forget about them, that's what you mean, isn't it?

N: That's exactly what I don't mean. You might get an offer like that tomorrow and you'd be perfect for it. But that's a chance, and it's in the future. You can't spend the rest of your life- You know, you're a pretty lucky guy right this minute.

C: Lucky? Holy smoke.

N: You are! You've done exactly what you planned you were going to do when you were a junior in medical school. How many people can say that?

C: I don't know. I do know that I've got exactly \$38 in the savings account.

N: Look, every once in a while you get a guilty feeling, that you've been missing out, or that you owe something to me or to Tommy or somebody or other, then you take it out on whoever happens to be around. Mostly, I'm around.

C: So?

N: So stop feeling sorry for yourself.

C: Yeah.

N: Now don't get smart with me. If there's a plague here, you're the most important guy in town, and not only to me.

C: Yes, ma'am. So...

N: So that's all.

C: Well, how long you been cooking that one up?

N: You'd be surprised! Housework leaves a lot of time for thinking. Some of it I thought up a few weeks ago. About the time I decided that Tommy wasn't gonna be an only child anymore.

C: You decided what?

N: You heard me.

C: Oh for Pete's sake.

N: Do you mind?

C: You son of a gun.

N: You said yourself that it was bad for Tommy to be an only child.

C: Well what do you know? You gotta stay away from me honey.

N: Aside from Tommy, I have no intention of being too old to enjoy my grandchildren.

C: How do you like that?

N: Don't worry about the money, we'll work it out.

C: This is nice.

N: I guess the reason I did it is because I knew you really wanted it. I like you Clint. It's only fair that you get some of the things you want. I guess that's the real reason.

## PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED

### EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

They drive up to a mountain top, Peggy wearing the leather jacket. She directs Michael with one arm.

The motorcycle is parked. Peggy and Michael lie on the grass, staring down at the town lights below. Michael inhales the joint, then passes it to Peggy.

MICHAEL

This is great reefer.

PEGGY

Yeah. I'm surprised. It's really old... (inhales) Travels well though.

(beat)

You know, the world looks a lot better from up here.

MICHAEL

The world is fantastic. It's the ultimate absurd circus. I am shot from a cannon into the energy.

PEGGY

What are you shooting for?

MICHAEL

Maximum intensity. Yeah. I can't wait to get out of here. I'm gonna write. I'm gonna check out of this bourgeois motel. Push myself away from the dinner table and say 'No more Jell—O for me, Mom.'

PEGGY

Don't you get along with your parents?

MICHAEL

The only thing my father digs is cold, green money. All my mother cares about is her standing at the country club.

PEGGY



They care about you. They're just a different generation.

MICHAEL

Hey what's with you? I thought you were cool. You rode my bike. You blew some pot.

(beat)

What's your scene Miss Majorette? You gonna marry Mr. Blue Impala and graze around with all the other sheep for the rest of your life?

PEGGY

I already did that. I want to be a dancer, I want to dance.

Peggy takes off her sweater, kicks off her shoes and begins to dance. Her eyes are closed, her body silhouetted by the moon. Michael is transfixed. After a few beats, he walks over to her. He stretches out his arms and places them around her neck. They sway together for several beats, their bodies touching. Peggy opens her eyes and sees Michael gazing at her tenderly.

MICHAEL

You know, I had you pegged all wrong.

Michael kisses Peggy. She responds passionately.

MICHAEL

A ray of oneness piercing the solitude. Falling bodies in the ecstasy of flesh. You'll be a chapter in my memoirs of desire.

PEGGY

Is that one of your poems?

MICHAEL

No, I just made that up. Do you want to hear one?

PEGGY

I'd love to.

MICHAEL

(eyes ablaze)

Okay. Here's a new one. It's called  
Tenderness.

(beat)

I couldn't sleep so I thought I'd  
scream

Betrayed by a kiss, sucking pods of  
bitterness.

In the madhouse of Dr. Dread

Razor shreds of rat puke fall

On my bare arms

(sees Peggy grimace; he  
calms down)

I'm sorry. I guess I was trying to  
impress you.

(kisses her)

Peggy is falling for it. He fumbles with her bra straps.

PEGGY

Michael... you're as good as you  
looked.

His other hand reaches to undo her skirt.

MICHAEL

I'll respect you for eternity.

(reciting tenderly)

'When you are old and gray, and  
full of sleep, And nodding by the  
fire, Take down this book, and  
slowly read, And dream of the soft  
look your eyes had once.'

(beat)

I didn't write that. That's Yeats.

Peggy is moved by the beauty of the poem. She sits up, leans  
over Michael, runs her hand through his hair, almost  
motherly.

PEGGY

I envy you. You have your whole  
life ahead of you and you know  
exactly what you want to do.

(beat)

But forget the rat puke; write  
something beautiful.

Peggy lies back down on the ground. Michael takes her hand  
and kisses it.

PEGGY

You know, this isn't really  
happening.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the entire, perfect tableau: the  
starry night, the motorcycle, the clouds racing across the  
moon and the two lovers on the mountaintop.

## PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED (2)

INT. RICHARD'S GARAGE

Peggy sits in an old recliner. Richard holds a small, battery—operated revolving disc up in front of Peggy's closed eyes, then puts it down and picks up a notepad and pen.

RICHARD

You are completely relaxed. When I count to three, you will open your eyes. One... two... three.

(Peggy's eyes flutter open)

We'll start with something easy.

What is your name?

PEGGY

(trance—like)

Peggy Sue Kelcher.

(beat)

Or, Peggy Bodell.

(beat)

I'm not sure.

RICHARD

Oh boy. Peggy, what are microchips?

PEGGY

Ah..... they're very tiny... they look like a fingernail made out of an erector set...

RICHARD

What will they be made of?

PEGGY

I think it's called silicon.

Charlie told me that.

RICHARD

Silicon is from sand.

PEGGY

We were lying in the sand. It was my eighteenth birthday... We were so awkward... I would have married him anyway...

Peggy starts to shift in the chair. Her shorts hike up, her legs spread slightly. This is not lost on Richard. Weird, guttural sounds begin to emanate from his throat.

RICHARD

In the future, will you have to marry a girl before you have sex with her?

PEGGY

No. The Pill will change all that. Then he wouldn't have blamed me. We were just too young.

RICHARD

You mean you'll give a girl a pill and she'll want to have sex?

PEGGY

No. The Pill will be for birth control. But girls do like sex. Maybe not the first time.

RICHARD

Will you take off your blouse?

PEGGY

Yes, every day.  
(taking her blouse off —  
getting spaced)  
Maybe I shouldn't have worn that dress? I told Beth it was a bad idea. That's why they made me Queen.

Peggy's meandering makes Richard nervous.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Richard, are you in there?

Richard frantically tries to put Peggy's blouse back on. She's limp and unresponsive.

RICHARD

(shouting)  
No! Yes! I'll be right out, Dad.  
(urgent)  
Oh shit! Peggy, I'm going to snap you out of it.

PEGGY

I couldn't help it —— I loved him.

RICHARD

One... two... three.

(claps twice)

You are now awake.

Richard kneels on top of Peggy as she wakes up, fumbling the buttons at her breasts. Peggy comes to, as Richard jumps off. She buttons her blouse, furious.

PEGGY

Richard! You should be ashamed of yourself.

RICHARD

Me? You went crazy! You started taking your clothes off. I was putting them back on for you.

PEGGY

That's just perfect isn't it? Did it work? Did you find out why I came back?

RICHARD

I think it has something to do with your birthday. You were rambling. I didn't understand the rest.

PEGGY

God dammit! How'm I gonna got out of here?

Peggy grabs a glass beaker and hurls it against the wall.

RICHARD

Hey! Do you have any idea how much those beakers cost? I usually charge for hypnosis.

PEGGY

Oh, go feel up your hamsters! I hear rodents put out.

Peggy storms out.

### PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED (3)

Charlie carries Peggy off towards his car, one hand covering her mouth. Peggy struggles. When they reach the car, he puts her down. She's still wrapped in her golden robe.

PEGGY

What the hell did you do that for?  
What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

I was trying to save you. They were going to vaporize you.

PEGGY

Don't be ridiculous! They're just a bunch of harmless old men. My grandfather was in there.

CHARLIE

You're going to listen to me.

Charlie tries to Lead Peggy into the car.

PEGGY

I'm not getting in that blue monstrosity.

Charlie pushes her inside, Peggy climbs back out. Charlie takes her hand and drags her up a hill behind the lodge hall.

PEGGY

Let me got! Where are you taking me?

CHARLIE

Right here. Now sit down.

Charlie sits her down on the ground. She's impatient and hopping mad.

CHARLIE

Look. I wanna tell you. I forgive you for everything. I know what you've been going through. You're just scared. I was scared, too, but I'm not anymore.

PEGGY

How could you possibly know what  
I've been going through?

Thunder and lightning. It starts to rain.

CHARLIE

Because I love you, damnit! I had a  
long talk with your father  
yesterday and we decided that the  
best thing for us to do is get  
married and settle down. Right  
away.

Peggy jumps up, exploding to Charlie.

PEGGY

What do you mean you and my father  
decided? Who the hell are you to  
plan my life? Let's get married and  
live happily ever after. Bullshit.  
I got knocked up. I had to marry  
you. I never had a choice.

CHARLIE

What?

PEGGY

You betrayed me, Charlie. You were  
never there for me or the children.  
And now you come and tell me,  
"Peggy, you're scared." Of course  
I'm scared. If you knew what I knew  
you'd be scared shitless.

CHARLIE

You're crazy! You're really out of  
your mind!

PEGGY

I might be crazy, but I'm not crazy  
enough to marry you twice. There's  
a lot of things I can't change. I  
can't even think about them. I  
tried. But I couldn't even help  
Rosalie.

(tears start)

I don't want to be bitter. I'm a  
naturally optimistic person. But  
you took advantage of that.



Charlie bends down to comfort her, in tears. He hugs Peggy and strokes her hair.

CHARLIE

Oh, Peggy. My poor Peggy. It's all my fault. I'm so sorry. I won't bother you anymore. I promise. Please stop crying. Please.

Peggy starts to compose herself.

PEGGY

Will you take me back to my grandparents?

CHARLIE

Of course.

Charlie helps her up. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a small box, handing it to Peggy.

CHARLIE

It's almost your birthday. I wasn't sure when you were coming back, so I brought your present up here.

With a slow, growing remembrance, Peggy opens the box. Inside is the gold locket Peggy was wearing at the reunion.

PEGGY

(anguished)

Oh, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It opens, too. Look inside.

Peggy opens the locket. She shivers with recognition.

INSERT - LOCKET

Two photos, one of Peggy, one of Charlie, as children.

PEGGY

Scott and Beth. Where did you get these?

CHARM E

Who's Scott and Beth? Your mother

gave me our picture. That's you and me.

PEGGY

So are Scott and Beth.

Peggy leans into Charlie, throwing her arms around him, holding on for dear life. She looks up at him, their foreheads touching.

CHARLIE

(tenderly)

I love you.

PEGGY

I know.

Charlie kisses her, passionately. The locket drops to the ground. HOLD on the locket, and...

## PLAZA SUITE

Karen: Are you, Sam? Is sweet, skinny Miss McCormack your mistress?

Sam: For God's sakes, Karen, what kind of a thing is that to say?

Karen: If you're not, it's a lousy thing to say. If you are, it's a hell of a question.

Sam: I'm not even going to dignify that with an answer.

Karen: On, come on, Sam, dignify it. I'm dying to know. Just tell me if you're having an affair with her or not.

Sam: And you'll believe me?

Karen: Of course.

Sam: No, I'm not having an affair with her.

Karen: Yes, you are.

Sam: Curses, trapped again. (Looks out window) It looks like snow. I hope I can get a cab.

Karen: Even if you're not, Sam, it's all right if you do. I approve of Miss McCormack. She's a nice girl.

Sam: Thank you. She'll be pleased to know. Look, I could call downstairs and get you a ticket for a show tonight. There's no reason for you to sit alone like this. Is there something you'd like to see?

Karen: Yeah. What you and Miss McCormack will be doing later.

Sam: Karen, I find this in very poor taste.

Karen: Why? I'm just being honest again. I'm saying that if at this stage of life you wanted to have a small, quiet affair with a young, skinny woman, I would understand.

Sam: What do you mean, at this stage of my life?

Karen: Well, you're blanket years old. I would say the number but I know you don't accept it. And I realize that when a man becomes blanket-one blanket-two, he is feeling insecure, that he's losing his virility and that a quiet fling may be the best thing for him..I know, I read the New York Post.

Sam: I'm glad to know I have Rose Franzblau's permission.

Karen: And mine if you really want it.

Sam: (yells) Well, I don't want it!..... and I'm not having an affair!!

Karen: Then why are you yelling?

Sam: Because this is an idiotic conversation.

Karen: Oh, Sam, I'm so glad.

Sam: Now you're happy? You're happy because *now* you don't think I'm having an affair?

Karen: Well, of course I'm happy. You think I'm some kind of domestic mental case? I don't want you having an affair. I'm just saying that if you *are* having one, I understand.

Sam: Karen, I have a hard night's work ahead of me....I'll be back about twelve.

Karen: Sam, stay and talk to me for five minutes.

Sam: They're waiting for me at the office. I've got work to do.

Karen: You've got help in the office. I've been with the firm longer than all of them..... Sam, I know we haven't been very happy lately. I know you've been busy, you may not have noticed it, but we have definitely not been very happy.

Sam: Yes, Karen, I've noticed it.

Karen: What's wrong? We have a twelve-room house in the country, two great kids, a maid who doesn't drink. Is there something missing?

Sam: I-----don't know.

Karen: Can you at least think about it? I need some hints, Sam..... "Is there something else you want?"..... "Is there something I can give you that I'm not giving you?".....Could you please speak up, we're closing in ten minutes.

Sam: It's me, Karen, not you.

Karen: I'll buy that. What's wrong with you, Sam?

Sam: I don't know.....I don't know if you can understand this....but when I came home after the war....I had my whole life in front of me. And all I dreamed about, all I wanted, was to get married, and to have children....and to make a success of my life.....Well, I was very lucky.....I got it all.....Marriage, kids.....more money than I ever dreamed of making.....

Karen: Then what is it you want?

Sam: I just want to do it all over again.....I would like to start the whole damned thing right from the beginning.

Karen: I see. Well frankly, Sam, I don't think the Navy will take you again.

Sam: Well, it won't be because I can't pass the physical. I told you it's stupid talking about it. It'll work itself out. If not, I'll dye my hair.

Karen: You know what I think? I think you want to get out and you don't how to tell me.

Sam: That's not true.

Karen: Which isn't. That you want to get out or that you don't know how to tell

me.

Sam: Why do you always start the most serious discussions in our life when I'm halfway out the door?

Karen: If that's what you want, just tell me straight out. Just say, "Karen, there's no point in going on". I'd rather hear it from you personally, than getting a message on our machine.

Sam: Look , we'll talk about it when I get back, okay?

Karen: No, goddamnit, we'll talk about it now! I'm not going to sit around a hotel room half the night waiting to hear how my life is going to come out. If you've got something to say, then have the decency to say it before walk out that door.

Sam: .....Is there any coffee left?

Karen: It's that bad, huh? All right, sit down, I'll get you some coffee. Look at this, I'm shaking like a leaf. Never mind. Pour it yourself. I have a feeling in a few minutes I'm not going to be too crazy about you.

Sam: No matter what, Karen, in twenty three years my feeling for you have never changed. You're my wife, I still love you.

Karen: Oh, God, am I in trouble.

Scene

**PRETTY WOMAN**

INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian is wearing her yellow dress. She stares at herself in the bedroom mirror. Her hair... her make-up... she realizes how different she is now, realizes that she likes it.

Edward comes out of the bathroom. He crosses to the closet for a tie.

VIVIAN

Here. Let me.

She comes over, starts to tie his tie for him. He is very aware of the closeness of her. She smiles at him. He smiles; puts his hand on her stopping her for a moment. Looking up, she sees that he is serious now; no more jokes. He releases her hand.

EDWARD

(quietly)

One more night and you're finally rid of me.

VIVIAN

Yeah, you've been pretty tough to take.

EDWARD

I have to go to New York tomorrow.

Vivian says nothing.

EDWARD (cont'd)

But I'll be back in Los Angeles. Soon. I'd like to see you again. I thought we could work out something... An arrangement.

Vivian is silent.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
I'll get you an apartment, buy  
you a car --

Vivian sighs, letting something go inside.  
Finished with his  
tie, she turns away.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
What is it?

VIVIAN  
(not unkindly)  
What else? You gonna leave some  
cash by the bed when you pass  
through town?

EDWARD  
It wouldn't be like that. I want  
to get you off the street. You'll  
have a different kind of life.  
What's wrong with that?

VIVIAN  
I'm sorry. That's very sweet,  
Edward, and I know you mean it...

She is silent.

EDWARD  
Vivian, I've thought about this  
a lot. This is the best solution.

VIVIAN  
(shakes her head "no,"  
then continues tying  
his tie)  
When I was a little girl, my  
mother locked me in the attic when  
I was bad, which was pretty often.  
I'd stare out the window up there  
and make believe I was a princess  
trapped in the tower by the wicked  
queen. Then suddenly a knight  
on a white horse with his bright  
colors flying would ride up.  
Rescue me from the tower, and then



we'd ride off... but never, ever  
in all the times I had that dream  
did the knight say, "Come on baby,  
I'll put you up in a great condo."

She finished his tie.

EDWARD

Vivian, life's not a fairy tale.

VIVIAN

(softly; to herself)

I know.

(a beat)

Hey, don't mind me. I'm being  
stupid.

(more)

I'll think about it, okay? It's  
a real good offer for a whore.

EDWARD

I've never treated you like a  
whore.

VIVIAN

(not mean)

You just did.

## **PRETTY WOMAN (2)**

INT. PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Vivian is in the living room, pacing, edgy, the doorbell rings. She turns. It rings again. She opens it. Stuckey is standing outside with a small briefcase. He looks agitated. He tries to hide it.

STUCKEY

Well, well... Hello again. I'm looking for Edward. Vivian just stares at him.

VIVIAN

Edward's not back. I thought he was with you. Stuckey walks past her and down the steps into the living room.

STUCKEY

No, I'll just have to wait then, won't I? There is a bar set up. Stuckey sets his briefcase down. He crosses to the bar.

STUCKEY (CONT'D)

Mind if I have a drink?

VIVIAN

No. He pours liquor in a glass. He fires it down. It seems to calm him a bit.

STUCKEY

Do you want to know what he did? Do you want to know what the crazy son of a bitch did? He handed the whole thing back to Kross! On a silver platter. For no reason! What was he thinking, I mean, what was going through his goddam head? Why?

(pours another drink)

What was all that benevolent crap? What are we going to become, a philanthropic foundation? I'll probably be the director of several worthwhile charities.

VIVIAN

I think it's great. Stuckey glares at Vivian.

STUCKEY

I bet. A lousy whore and you're the gum in a hundred million dollar deal.

VIVIAN

(mocking)

Aw, come on, Bill. It's just business. He looks at her a moment.

STUCKEY

But what do I know, maybe you're worth it. Come on, show me. Let's see your act. He grabs her wrist.

VIVIAN

Get out!

STUCKEY

Don't worry. I'll pay for it. What a you charge? Huh? Twenty, thirty, fifty bucks, maybe? Are you a fifty dollar whore? He tries to kiss her and pulls her down on the couch on top of him.

VIVIAN

Are you crazy? She bites his hand. Stuckey slaps her. Vivian starts flailing back. But Stuckey is too strong. Vivian staggers back at the force of another slap. Stuckey slams her up against a wall and starts rubbing up against her.

STUCKEY

You got a mean streak in you, don't you. He tries to kiss her again.

STUCKEY (CONT'D)

Is that what he likes about you? Huh? Answer me! And suddenly a HAND lands on Stuckey's shoulder. Stuckey turns his head, startled.

INT. PENTHOUSE - REVERSE ANGLE - STUCKEY'S P.O.V.

Edward, murder in his eyes, belts Stuckey across the room.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

Stuckey falls on the ground. Edward rushes forward, berserk with rage, to hit Stuckey again. His fist hits the top of Stuckey's head, hurting Edward's hand more than Stuckey's skull. Vivian rushes out of room to bathroom. Again Stuckey tries to rise. Edward kicks him in the butt, sends him headfirst into the bar. Glasses and bottles CRASH to the floor. Stuckey again tries to rise. And collapses. Edward rubs his fist. They're not used to this violence and both stare at each other panting.

STUCKEY

You broke my nose.

EDWARD

I think I broke my hand.

(a beat)

You're fired.

STUCKEY

Edward, we've been together ten years.

EDWARD

And I don't like what we've become. I'll cover any losses you have on this one. Now get out, you asshole!

STUCKEY

All this because of that whore!

EDWARD

Yes. Edward pushes Stuckey out the door and throws his briefcase after him.

STUCKEY

Edward, think about what you're

--

Edward slams the door in his face. Edward stands there, reflecting on what he's done.

EDWARD

(to himself, almost

proud)

Well, I didn't plan that!

**PRIMAL FEAR**

**Scene 1**

**Bartender:** I'm afraid you're gonna have to put that out.

**Janet:** It's a bar, for Christ's sake

**Marty:** I thought you quit

**Janet:** I cut down

**Marty:** You look beautiful. Cut your hair?

**Janet:** Yeah, a few months ago.

**Marty:** Want to dance

**Janet:** There isn't any music.

**Marty:** Sure there is. (Starts to hum As Time Goes By) All you have to do is turn around

**Janet:** I thought you liked it better like this. That way you don't have to look at the person.

**Marty:** Oh, mean. Look at me. Come on, let's go find a bar you can still smoke in.

**Janet:** Thanks for the invite, but I don't like one-night stands much.

**Marty:** We saw each other for months.

**Janet:** It was a one night stand Marty. It just lasted six months.

**Scene 2**

**Janet:** What's the matter, Marty, lost your faith? Looking for a little religion?

**Marty:** Now tell me counselor, which one of us is the true headline chaser here?

**Janet:** Unlike you, I was assigned to this case.

**Marty:** Yeah, think you're up to it?

**Janet:** Sell the book rights yet, or are you waiting? Want to see some pictures? Come on, they're kind of cute. I think you'll agree they clearly show the heinous nature of the crime.

**Marty:** A small piece of advice, don't use the word "heinous" in court. Half the jury won't understand it.

**Janet:** One small piece of advice, I'm not sitting second chair to you anymore. In case you hadn't noticed, I graduated. I had no reason to leave.

**Marty:** You had every reason to leave. How can you still work for them?

**Janet:** What, you really expect me to trot out after you, Marty? Quit just because you did? I don't need a Mercedes. I don't need to see my face on the evening news.

**Marty:** You knew I was coming here, didn't you? You knew I would defend him. That's why you took the case. You asked Shaughnessy for this.

**Janet:** Oh, please. What's the matter, you nervous? Been a while since you rubbed up against a woman with a brain?

**Marty:** What is the matter with you? You tired, haven't been sleeping well?

**Janet:** You're the one with the score to settle, Marty. And I sleep great at night.

### Scene 3

**Marty:** Hey

**Janet:** Where'd you get it? Steal it from the crime scene?

**Marty:** I don't know anything about this tape.

**Janet:** You are such a liar.

**Marty:** Think about it.

**Janet:** I have.

**Marty:** If this tape really has on it what you say, last thing I'd do is give it to you. It gives you motive.

**Janet:** You had to give it to me.

**Marty:** Why?

**Janet:** You couldn't introduce it in court. The jury would despise you for dishonoring the bishop's memory. But if you get me to show it, motive or no motive, I'm the one who looks bad and you gain sympathy for your poor little abused boy.

**Marty:** You think so.

**Janet:** I hate you.

**Marty:** Don't use it.

**Janet:** I have no intention of using it. Usual, Stu.

**Stu:** You got it.

**Janet:** You're up to even more than that, aren't you?

**Marty:** I'm not up to anything.

**Janet:** You're opening up a door. You think I'm gonna walk right through it? There's a tiger on the other end. And I don't feel particularly...

**Marty:** ...You know who'd be really upset?

**Janet:** I told you I'm not using it.

**Marty:** Shaughnessy.

**Janet:** Fuck him.

**Marty:** Fuck him?

**Janet:** Fuck you. Thanks a lot

**Marty:** Alright, if this is not your motive, what is?

**Janet:** I have motive.

**Marty:** Yeah? What is it?

**Janet:** I'm really going to tell you.

**Marty:** You'd better tell the jury soon. Time's running out.

**Stu:** Here you go.

**Janet:** You think you've got me. You think because you know me as well as you do, you know how I think. Well, I know how you think.

**Marty:** You know what I'm thinking?

**Janet:** What happened to your face?

**Marty:** I bumped it on a medicine cabinet.

**Janet:** No, Marty. That was a girl on her way out.

**Marty:** Maybe we should come back here later.

**Janet:** Later? What, they close in ten minutes.

**Marty:** No, after the trial. When you've got nothing to lose.

**Janet:** How can your timing be so good in a courtroom and so bad in real life? I'll think about it later. I hate you too much right now.



**PROOF**

HAL

Catherine?

CATHERINE

What?

HAL

I'm sorry. I just wanted to say I'm done for the night.

CATHERINE

Good.

HAL

Champagne, huh?

CATHERINE

Yes.

HAL

Celebrating?

CATHERINE

Do you want some?

HAL

Sure.

CATHERINE

I'm done. You can take the rest with you.

HAL

Oh. Um... No, thanks.

CATHERINE

- Take it. I'm done.

HAL

No. I'm driving. Um... I'll let myself out.

CATHERINE

Good.

HAL

When should I come back?

CATHERINE

Come back?

HAL

Yeah. I'm no way near finished. Maybe tomorrow?

CATHERINE

We have a funeral tomorrow.

HAL

You're right. I'm sorry. I was going to attend, if that's all right.

CATHERINE

Sure.

HAL

What about Sunday? Will you be around?

CATHERINE

You've had three days.

HAL

I know you don't need anybody in your hair, but someone's got to go through your dad's stuff.

CATHERINE

There's nothing up there.

HAL

There are notebooks.

CATHERINE

He was a graphomaniac, Harold. Do you know what that is?

HAL

Yes, he wrote compulsively. Call me Hal.

CATHERINE

It's like a monkey at a typewriter. 103 notebooks full of bullsh\*\*.

HAL

I'm prepared to look at every page. Are you?

CATHERINE

No. I'm not crazy.

HAL

Well, I'm gonna be late.

Some friends of mine are in this band. They're playing in a bar on Diversey, way down the bill, 2, 2:30, I said I'd be there.

CATHERINE

Great.

HAL

They're all in the math department. They're good. They have this song called "i." You'd like it. Lowercase i. They just stand there. They don't play anything for three minutes.

CATHERINE

Imaginary number?

HAL

It's a math joke. You see why they're way down the bill.

CATHERINE

That's a long drive to see some nerds in a band.

HAL

I hate when people say that. It's not really that long of a drive.

CATHERINE

So they are nerds.

HAL

Oh, they're raging geeks. But they're geeks who can dress themselves and hold down a job at a major university. Some of them have switched from glasses to contacts. They play sports. They play in a band. They get laid surprisingly often. So it makes you kind of question the whole set of terms: "Geek," "nerd," "wonk," "Dilbert," "paste-eater."

CATHERINE

You're in this band, aren't you?

HAL

OK, yes. I play the drums. You wanna come? I never sing. I swear to God.

CATHERINE

No, thanks.

HAL

All right, look. Catherine. Monday. What do you say?

CATHERINE

Don't you have a job?

HAL

Yes, A full teaching load plus my own work.

CATHERINE

Plus band practice.

HAL

Plus I teach hockey to ten-year-olds.

CATHERINE

You make me sick.

HAL

I don't have time to do this, but I have to if you'll let me. I loved your dad, and I don't believe a mind like his can just shut down. He had lucid moments, a lucid year, a whole year three years ago.

CATHERINE

Sorry.

HAL

Look, let me... Wait. You're 25 right?

CATHERINE

How old are you?

HAL

Doesn't matter.

CATHERINE

How old are you?

HAL

I'm 25. Listen. When your dad was younger than both of us, he made major contributions to three fields: Game theory, algebraic geometry...

CATHERINE

Don't lecture me.

HAL

If I came up with a tenth of the sh\*\* your dad produced, I could write my ticket to any math department in the country.

CATHERINE

Give me your backpack.

HAL

Why?

CATHERINE

Because I wanna look inside it.

HAL

What?

CATHERINE

Open it up and give it to me.

HAL

Come on.

CATHERINE

You're not taking anything out of here.

HAL

I wouldn't do that.

CATHERINE

You're hoping to find something you can publish?

HAL

Sure.

CATHERINE

Then you can write your own ticket?

HAL

What? No, it would be under your dad's name, for your dad.

CATHERINE

You have something in that backpack.

HAL

What...?

CATHERINE

Give it to me!

HAL

Look, you're being a little paranoid.

CATHERINE

Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean there isn't something in...

HAL

You said yourself that there was nothing up there, didn't you? Didn't you?

CATHERINE

Yes.

HAL

So what would I take, right?

CATHERINE

You're right.

HAL

Thank you.

She grabs the bag.

HAL (CONT'D)

Oh, what the hell...? This isn't an airport.

CATHERINE

You can come back.

HAL

The University Health Service is very good.

CATHERINE

I'm fine.

HAL

Also exercise is great. I go running along the lake a couple mornings a week. It really clears my head. It's not too cold yet. If you wanted to, I could pick you up.

CATHERINE

No, thanks.

HAL

All right, well, I'm gonna be late for the show. I'd better go. Good night.

CATHERINE

Wait. You forgot your jacket.

HAL

Oh, no, you...

CATHERINE

I'm paranoid? You think I should go jogging?

HAL

Just hold on.

CATHERINE

Get out. Get the hell out of my house!

HAL

Let me explain. I wanna show you something.

CATHERINE

- Give it back.

HAL

Wait...

CATHERINE

- I'm calling the police.

HAL

What? Don't. Look, I borrowed the book, all right? 'Cause I found something your father wrote. Not math. Just something he wrote.

CATHERINE

- I'd like to report a robbery.

HAL

Put the phone down.

CATHERINE

- A robbery.

HAL

It's about you.

CATHERINE

- He's in the house right now!

HAL

Here's your name.

CATHERINE

- I'm at 5724...

HAL

"Catherine," see? "Catherine."

CATHERINE

South...

HAL

"Not a bad day. Some good news from Catherine." I'm not sure what that meant. I thought you might.

CATHERINE

When did he write this?

HAL

Three years ago. "Machinery's not working yet, but there's cause for optimism." The machinery is what he called his mind, his ability to do mathematics.

CATHERINE

I know.

HAL

"Talking with students helps, so does riding in buses. Most of all Cathy." "Her refusal to let me be institutionalized, caring for me herself, has certainly saved my life. Made writing this possible, made it possible to imagine doing math again."

"Where does her strength come from?"

I can never repay her."

"Today is her birthday. She is 22, I'm taking her to dinner." Dated September 4th. That's tomorrow.

CATHERINE

That's today.

HAL

I shouldn't have tried to sneak it out. I know it sounds stupid now, but I was gonna wrap it. Happy birthday.



## **PROOF (Fine Line Features, 1992)**

56. INTERIOR. CELIA'S HOUSE – NIGHT – DAY 7

*The light comes on, revealing Celia's modest house. Celia and Martin enter the lounge room.*

**CELIA:** I prepared a light supper.

**MARTIN:** Will this take long?

*Celia guides Martin towards an armchair.*

**C:** You can sit here.

*It should gradually become obvious that the walls are covered in photographs, and every photograph is of Martin: Martin in the park, Martin asleep, Martin walking. Martin sits in the chair, and Celia sits in one nearby. Just above Martin's head, on the wall, is a framed photo of Martin and Bill. All the photos are telephoto, or blown up. None of them are posed – Martin has been photographed without his knowledge on all occasions. Celia removes her sweater and sits down.*

**C:** I'm a bit of a photographer myself, Martin.

**M:** Really? What do you photograph?

**C:** Things I love. I don't think you know how fond I am of you.

**M:** I'm getting a fair idea.

*Martin takes the port and sniffs it, while Celia exits briefly. Martin sits alone a moment, surrounded by photos of himself. Celia enters the room again. She brings food on a tray. Martin smells the food.*

**C:** Your favorite cold meats.

*She begins to undo her blouse and walks closer to Martin.*

**C:** For so long I wanted you in my house. And now you're here. I would have preferred to begin the night without the photograph – but it was clear you wouldn't ask me out of your own volition. But the photo doesn't matter now. Tonight's been all I hoped for and more. Hopefully more.

**M:** Is supper self-serve?

**C:** I never knew my father. And my mother died ten years ago. Now there's only me. And you. You and I have a lot in common. We're both motherless. Both alone. Do you ever get the feeling of being watched?

**M:** All my life.

**C:** You never knew when it was me.

**M:** Celia. Why don't we get to the point?

**C:** Have you ever wondered why I've stayed working for you all these years, when you're so deliberately cruel to me?

**M:** I have asked myself that question.

**C:** And what was the answer?

**M:** You...like it?

**C:** I don't like it. I hate it. Ask the question again.

**M:** What quest –

**C:** Why do I stay with you?

**M:** I don't know.

**C:** Yes you do, Martin. No more game playing. Games are over. Time for truth.

**M:** All right, Celia. I know why you stay.

**C:** Can I ask you something?

**M:** Yes.

**C:** I get the feeling that you've never been with a woman, am I right?

**M:** I think we're getting a little personal here.

**C:** You're thirty-two years old, Martin. Isn't it about time we did? There's no need to be afraid. Have you ever touched a woman...?

*Celia touches Martin's hand. He flinches and goes to pull away, but she grabs him.*

**M:** Please Celia –

**C:** Feel this.

*Celia places Martin's hand over her heartbeat. Martin doesn't struggle to pull away.*

**C:** Feel it thumping in there? It's beating fast. Faster than usual. That's where the music got you, isn't it? That's where you get me.

*Celia slides Martin's fingers onto one of her breasts. Martin is breathing quickly, in a mixture of fear, repulsion and desire.*

**C:** I'm greedy, Martin. I want you all to myself. I used to have that, but things have changed. I have to change them back. Take this opportunity, Martin. It may not come again.

*Celia slowly reaches down and begins to undo Martin's fly. She reaches inside. Martin gasps. Martin reaches for Celia's face. He finds it. He pulls her down so that he can kiss her on the mouth. They kiss passionately. Celia slips her hand beneath Martin's shirt and strokes his skin. Martin strokes Celia's breasts. Suddenly Martin panics.*

**M:** No. I can't.

**C:** Trust me.

**M:** I can't.

**C:** Don't be scared.

**M:** I'm not scared.

**C:** You want me.

**M:** I don't. I don't want anyone. Leave me alone!

*Martin stumbles to his feet and lurches for the door.*

**M:** Where's the door? Where's the door?

**C:** Don't go. Don't leave me. *(She calls out to him. He finds the door and runs outside.)*  
Your fly's undone!

**Pulp Fiction - Butch and Fabienne**

INT. MOTEL (ROOM SIX) - NIGHT

Butch enters and turns on the light.

Lying curled up on the bed, fully dressed, with her back  
to  
us is Butch's French girlfriend, FABIENNE.

FABIENNE  
Keep the light off.

Butch flicks the switch back, making the room dark  
again.

BUTCH  
Is that better, sugar pop?

FABIENNE  
Oui. Hard day at the office?

BUTCH  
Pretty hard. I got into a fight.

FABIENNE  
Poor baby. Can we make spoons?

Butch climbs into bed, spooning Fabienne from behind.

When Butch and Fabienne speak to each other, they speak  
in  
babytalk.

FABIENNE  
I was looking at myself in the mirror.

BUTCH  
Uh-huh?

FABIENNE  
I wish I had a pot.

BUTCH  
You were lookin' in the mirror and  
you wish you had some pot?

FABIENNE  
A pot. A pot belly. Pot bellies are  
sexy.

BUTCH  
Well you should be happy, 'cause you  
do.

FABIENNE

Shut up, Fatso! I don't have a pot!  
I have a bit of a tummy, like Madonna  
when she did "Lucky Star," it's not  
the same thing.

BUTCH

I didn't realize there was a  
difference between a tummy and a pot  
belly.

FABIENNE

The difference is huge.

BUTCH

You want me to have a pot?

FABIENNE

No. Pot bellies make a man look either  
oafish, or like a gorilla. But on a  
woman, a pot belly is very sexy. The  
rest of you is normal. Normal face,  
normal legs, normal hips, normal  
ass, but with a big, perfectly round  
pot belly. If I had one, I'd wear a  
tee-shirt two sizes too small to  
accentuate it.

BUTCH

You think guys would find that  
attractive?

FABIENNE

I don't give a damn what men find  
attractive. It's unfortunate what we  
find pleasing to the touch and  
pleasing to the eye is seldom the  
same.

BUTCH

If you a pot belly, I'd punch you in  
it.

FABIENNE

You'd punch me in my belly?

BUTCH

Right in the belly.

FABIENNE

I'd smother you. I'd drop it on your  
right on your face 'til you couldn't  
breathe.

BUTCH

You'd do that to me?

FABIENNE

Yes!

BUTCH  
Did you get everything, sugar pop?

FABIENNE  
Yes, I did.

BUTCH  
Good job.

FABIENNE  
Did everything go as planned?

BUTCH  
You didn't listen to the radio?

FABIENNE  
I never listen to your fights. Were you the winner?

BUTCH  
I won alright.

FABIENNE  
Are you still retiring?

BUTCH  
Sure am.

FABIENNE  
What about the man you fought?

BUTCH  
Floyd retired too.

FABIENNE  
(smiling)  
Really?! He won't be fighting no more?!

BUTCH  
Not no more.

FABIENNE  
So it all worked out in the finish?

BUTCH  
We ain't at the finish, baby.

Fabienne rolls over and Butch gets on top of her. They  
kiss.

FABIENNE  
We're in a lot of danger, aren't we?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

If they find us, they'll kill us,  
won't they?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

But they won't find us, will they?

Butch nods his head: "no."

FABIENNE

Do you still want me to go with you?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

I don't want to be a burden or a  
nuisance -

Butch's hand goes out of frame and starts massaging her  
crotch.

Fabienne reacts.

FABIENNE

Say it!

BUTCH

Fabienne, I want you to be with me.

FABIENNE

Forever?

BUTCH

...and ever.

Fabienne lies her head back.

Butch continues to massage her crotch.

FABIENNE

Do you love me?

BUTCH

Oui.

FABIENNE

Butch? Will you give me oral pleasure?

Butch kisses her on the mouth.

BUTCH

Will you kiss it?

She nods her head: "yes."

FABIENNE

But you first.

oral

Butch's head goes down out of frame to carry out the pleasure. Fabienne's face is alone in the frame.

FABIENNE

(in French, with  
English subtitles)

Butch my love, the adventure begins.

FADE TO

BLACK

FADE UP:

MOTEL ROOM

RUNNING in

We

swallow

shower

the

bathroom.

his

Same motel room, except empty. WE HEAR THE SHOWER the bathroom. The CAMERA MOVES to the bathroom doorway. see Fabienne in a white terry cloth robe that seems to her up.

She's drying her head with a towel. Butch is inside the washing up. We see the outline of his naked body through smoky glass of the shower door. Steam fills the Butch turns the shower off and opens the door, popping head out.

BUTCH

I think I cracked a rib.

FABIENNE

Giving me oral pleasure?

BUTCH

No retard, from the fight.

FABIENNE

Don't call me retard.

BUTCH

(in a Mongoloid voice)

My name is Fabby! My name is Fabby!

FABIENNE

Shut up fuck head! I hate that Mongoloid voice.



BUTCH

Okay, sorry, sorry, sorry, I take it back! Can I have a towel please, Miss Beautiful Tulip.

FABIENNE

Oh I like that, I like being called a tulip. Tulip is much better than Mongoloid.

turban  
She finishes drying her hair and wraps the towel like a  
on her head.

BUTCH

I didn't call you a Mongoloid, I called you a retard, but I took it back.

She hands him a towel.

BUTCH

Merci beaucoup.

FABIENNE

Butch?

BUTCH

(drying his head)  
Yes, lemon pie.

FABIENNE

Where are we going to go?

BUTCH

I'm not sure yet. Wherever you want. We're gonna get a lot of money from this. But it ain't gonna be so much, we can live like hogs in the fat house forever. I was thinking we could go somewhere in the South Pacific. The kinda money we'll have'll carry us a long way down there.

FABIENNE

So if we wanted, we could live in Bora Bora?

BUTCH

You betcha. And if after awhile you don't dig Bora Bora, then we can move over to Tahiti or Mexico.

FABIENNE

But I do not speak Spanish.

BUTCH

You don't speak Bora Boran either.  
Besides, Mexican is easy: Donde esta  
el zapataria?

FABIENNE

What does that mean?

BUTCH

Where's the shoe store?

FABIENNE

Donde esta el zapataria?

BUTCH

Excellent pronunciation. You'll be  
my little mama ceta in no time.

brushes Butch exits the bathroom. We stay on Fabienne as she  
her teeth.

Butch keeps on from the other room.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Que hora es?

FABIENNE

Que hora es?

BUTCH (O.S.)

What time is it?

FABIENNE

What time is it?

BUTCH (O.S.)

Time for bed. Sweet dream, jellybean.

Fabienne brushes her teeth. We watch her for a moment or  
two, then she remember something.

FABIENNE

Butch.

only She walks out of the bathroom to ask Butch a question,  
to find him sound asleep in bed.

She looks at him for a moment.

FABIENNE

Forget it.

the She exits frame, going back in the bathroom. WE STAY on  
WIDE SHOT of the unconscious Butch in bed.

FADE TO

BLACK

FADE UP:

MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

still

SAME SHOT AS BEFORE, the next morning. We find Butch asleep in bed.

Fabienne brushes her teeth half in and half out of the bathroom so she can watch TV at the same time. She still wears the terry cloth robe from the night before.

taking

ON TV: WILLIAM SMITH and a BUNCH OF HELL'S ANGELS are on the entire Vietnamese army in the film "THE LOSERS".

chasing

Butch wakes from his sleep, as if a scary monster was chasing him.

His start startles Fabienne.

FABIENNE

Merde! You startled me. Did you have a bad dream?

to

Butch squints down the front of the bed at her, trying to focus.

TV

Butch, still trying to chase the cobwebs away, sees on Hell's Angels tear-assin' through a Vietnamese prison

camp.

BUTCH

What are you watching?

FABIENNE

A motorcycle movie, I'm not sure the name.

BUTCH

Are you watchin' it?

Fabienne enters the room.

FABIENNE

In a way. Why? Would you like for me to switch it off?

BUTCH

Would you please?

She reaches over and turns off the TV.

BUTCH

It's a little too early in the morning  
for explosions and war.

FABIENNE

What was it about?

BUTCH

How should I know, you were the one  
watchin' it.

Fabienne laughs.

FABIENNE

No, imbecile, what was your dream  
about?

BUTCH

Oh, I... don't remember. It's really  
rare I remember a dream.

FABIENNE

You just woke up from it.

BUTCH

Fabienne, I'm not lying to you, I  
don't remember.

FABIENNE

Well, let's look at the grumpy man  
in the morning. I didn't say you  
were lying, it's just odd you don't  
remember your dreams. I always  
remember mine. Did you know you talk  
in your sleep?

BUTCH

I don't talk in my sleep, do I talk  
in my sleep?

FABIENNE

You did last night.

BUTCH

What did I say?

Laying on top of him.

FABIENNE

I don't know. I couldn't understand  
you.

She kisses Butch.

FABIENNE

Why don't you get up and we'll get some breakfast at that breakfast place with the pancakes.

BUTCH

One more kiss and I'll get up.

Fabienne gives Butch a sweet long kiss.

FABIENNE

Satisfied?

BUTCH

Yep.

FABIENNE

Then get up, lazy bones.

of Butch climbs out of bed and starts pulling clothes out the suitcase that Fabienne brought.

BUTCH

What time is it?

FABIENNE

Almost nine in the morning. What time does our train arrive?

BUTCH

Eleven.

FABIENNE

I'm gonna order a big plate of blueberry pancakes with maple syrup, eggs over easy, and five sausages.

BUTCH

(surprised at her potential appetite)  
Anything to drink with that?

Butch is finished dressing.

FABIENNE

(referring to his clothes)  
Oh yes, that looks nice. To drink, a tall glass of orange juice and a black cup of coffee. After that, I'm going to have a slice of pie.

As he goes through the suitcase.

BUTCH

Pie for breakfast?

FABIENNE

Any time of the day is a good time for pie. Blueberry pie to go with the pancakes. And on top, a thin slice of melted cheese -

BUTCH

- where's my watch?

FABIENNE

It's there.

BUTCH

No, it's not. It's not here.

FABIENNE

Have you looked?

By now, Butch is frantically rummaging through the suitcase.

BUTCH

Yes I've fuckin' looked!!

He's now throwing clothes.

BUTCH

What the fuck do you think I'm doing?!  
Are you sure you got it?

Fabienne can hardly speak, she's never seen Butch this way.

FABIENNE

Uhhh... yes... beside the table drawer  
-

BUTCH

- on the little kangaroo.

FABIENNE

Yes, it was on your little kangaroo.

BUTCH

Well it's not here!

FABIENNE

(on the verge of tears)  
Well it should be!

BUTCH

Oh it most definitely should be here,  
but it's not. So where is it?

Fabienne is crying and scared.

more

Butch lowers his voice, which only serves to make him menacing.

BUTCH

Fabienne, that was my father's fuckin' watch. You know what my father went through to git me that watch?... I don't wanna get into it right now... but he went through a lot. Now all this other shit, you coulda set on fire, but I specifically reminded you not to forget my father's watch. Now think, did you get it?

FABIENNE

I believe so...

BUTCH

You believe so? You either did, or you didn't, now which one is it?

FABIENNE

Then I did.

BUTCH

Are you sure?

FABIENNE

(shaking)

No.

Butch freaks out, he punches the air.

the

Fabienne SCREAMS and backs into a corner, Butch picks up motel TV and THROWS IT AGAINST the wall.

Fabienne SCREAMS IN HORROR.

Butch looks toward her, suddenly calm.

BUTCH

(to Fabienne)

No! It's not your fault.

(he approached her)

You left it at the apartment.

floor.

He bends down in front of the woman who has sunk to the

He touches her hand, she flinches.

BUTCH

If you did leave it at the apartment, it's not your fault. I had you bring a bunch of stuff. I reminded you

about it, but I didn't illustrate how personal the watch was to me. If all I gave a fuck about was my watch, I should've told you. You ain't a mind reader.

He kisses her hand. Then rises.

Fabienne is still sniffing.

Butch goes to the closet.

FABIENNE

I'm sorry.

Butch puts on his high school jacket.

BUTCH

Don't be. It just means I won't be able to eat breakfast with you.

FABIENNE

Why does it mean that?

BUTCH

Because I'm going back to my apartment to get my watch.

FABIENNE

Won't the gangsters be looking for you there?

BUTCH

That's what I'm gonna find out. If they are, and I don't think I can handle it, I'll split.

Rising from the floor.

FABIENNE

I was so dreadful. I saw your watch, I thought I brought it. I'm so sorry.

Butch brings her close and puts his hands on her face.

BUTCH

Don't feel bad, sugar pop. Nothing you could ever do would make me permanently angry at you.

(pause)

I love you, remember?

(he digs some money  
out of his wallet)

Now here's some money, order those pancakes and have a great breakfast.

FABIENNE



Don't go.

BUTCH

I'll be back before you can say,  
blueberry pie.

FABIENNE

Blueberry pie.

BUTCH

Well maybe not that fast, but fast.  
Okay? Okay?

FABIENNE

Okay.

He kisses her once more and heads for the door.

BUTCH

Bye-bye, sugar pop.

FABIENNE

Bye.

BUTCH

I'm gonna take your Honda.

FABIENNE

Okay.

And with that, he's out the door.

Fabienne sits on the bed and looks at the money he gave  
her.

## Pulp Fiction (2)

1. INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

1.

A normal Denny's, Spires-like coffee shop in Los Angeles. It's about 9:00 in the morning. While the place isn't jammed, there's a healthy number of people drinking coffee, munching on bacon and eating eggs.

Two of these people are a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN. The Young Man has a slight working-class English accent and, like his fellow countryman, smokes cigarettes like they're going out of style.

It is impossible to tell where the Young Woman is from or how old she is; everything she does contradicts something she did. The boy and girl sit in a booth. Their dialogue is to be said in a rapid-pace "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" fashion.

YOUNG MAN

No, forget it, it's too risky. I'm through doin' that shit.

YOUNG WOMAN

You always say that, the same thing every time: never again, I'm through, too dangerous.

YOUNG MAN

I know that's what I always say. I'm always right too, but --

YOUNG WOMAN

-- but you forget about it in a day or two --

YOUNG MAN

-- yeah, well, the days of me forgittin' are over, and the days of me rememberin' have just begun.

YOUNG WOMAN

When you go on like this, you know what you sound like?

YOUNG MAN  
I sound like a sensible fucking  
man, is what I sound like.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You sound like a duck.  
(imitates a duck)  
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,  
quack, quack...

YOUNG MAN  
Well take heart, 'cause you're  
never gonna hafta hear it again.  
Because since I'm never gonna do it  
again, you're never gonna hafta  
hear me quack about how I'm never  
gonna do it again.

YOUNG WOMAN  
After tonight.

The boy and girl laugh, their laughter putting a pause in  
there, back and forth.

YOUNG MAN  
(with a smile)  
Correct. I got all tonight to  
quack.

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS  
Can I get anybody anymore coffee?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Oh yes, thank you.

The Waitress pours the Young Woman's coffee. The Young Man  
lights up another cigarette.

YOUNG MAN  
I'm doin' fine.

The Waitress leaves. The Young Man takes a drag off of his  
smoke. The Young Woman pours a ton of cream and sugar into  
her coffee.

The Young Man goes right back into it.

YOUNG MAN

I mean the way it is now, you're takin' the same fuckin' risk as when you rob a bank. You take more of a risk. Banks are easier! Federal banks aren't supposed to stop you anyway, during a robbery. They're insured, why should they care? You don't even need a gun in a federal bank. I heard about this guy, walked into a federal bank with a portable phone, handed the phone to the teller, the guy on the other end of the phone said: "We got this guy's little girl, and if you don't give him all your money, we're gonna kill 'er."

YOUNG WOMAN

Did it work?

YOUNG MAN

Fuckin' A it worked, that's what I'm talkin' about! Knucklehead walks in a bank with a telephone, not a pistol, not a shotgun, but a fuckin' phone, cleans the place out, and they don't lift a fuckin' finger.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did they hurt the little girl?

YOUNG MAN

I don't know. There probably never was a little girl -- the point of the story isn't the little girl. The point of the story is they robbed the bank with a telephone.

YOUNG WOMAN

You wanna rob banks?

YOUNG MAN

I'm not sayin' I wanna rob banks,  
I'm just illustrating that if we  
did, it would be easier than what  
we been doin'.

YOUNG WOMAN  
So you don't want to be a bank  
robber?

YOUNG MAN  
Naw, all those guys are goin' down  
the same road, either dead or  
servin' twenty.

YOUNG WOMAN  
And no more liquor stores?

YOUNG MAN  
What have we been talking about?  
Yeah, no-more-liquor-stores.  
Besides, it ain't the giggle it  
usta be. Too many foreigners own  
liquor stores. Vietnamese,  
Koreans, they can't fuckin' speak  
English. You tell 'em: "Empty out  
the register," and they don't know  
what it fuckin' means. They make  
it too personal. We keep on, one  
of those gook motherfuckers' gonna  
make us kill 'em.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I'm not gonna kill anybody.

YOUNG MAN  
I don't wanna kill anybody either.  
But they'll probably put us in a  
situation where it's us of them.  
And if it's not the gooks, it these  
old Jews who've owned the store for  
fifteen fuckin' generations. Ya  
got Grandpa Irving sittin' behind  
the counter with a fuckin' Magnum.  
Try walkin' into one of those  
stores with nothin' but a  
telephone, see how far it gets you.  
Fuck it, forget it, we're out of it.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Well, what else is there, day jobs?

YOUNG MAN  
(laughing)  
Not this life.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Well what then?

He calls to the Waitress.

YOUNG MAN  
Garcon! Coffee!

Then looks to his girl.

YOUNG MAN  
This place.

The Waitress comes by, pouring him some more.

WAITRESS  
(snotty)  
"Garcon" means boy.

She splits.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Here? It's a coffee shop.

YOUNG MAN  
What's wrong with that? People  
never rob restaurants, why not?  
Bars, liquor stores, gas stations,  
you get your head blown off  
stickin' up one of them.  
Restaurants, on the other hand, you  
catch with their pants down.  
They're not expecting to get  
robbed, or not as expecting.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(taking to idea)  
I bet in places like this you could  
cut down on the hero factor.

YOUNG MAN

Correct. Just like banks, these places are insured. The managers don't give a fuck, they're just tryin' to get ya out the door before you start pluggin' diners. Waitresses, forget it, they ain't takin' a bullet for the register. Busboys, some wetback gettin' paid a dollar fifty a hour gonna really give a fuck you're stealin' from the owner. Customers are sittin' there with food in their mouths, they don't know what's goin' on. One minute they're havin' a Denver omelette, next minute somebody's stickin' a gun in their face.

The Young Woman visibly takes in the idea. The Young Man continues in a low voice.

YOUNG MAN

See, I got the idea last liquor store we stuck up. 'Member all those customers kept comin' in?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

They you got the idea to take everybody's wallet.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh-huh.

YOUNG MAN

That was a good idea.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you.

YOUNG MAN

We made more from the wallets than we did the register.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yes we did.

YOUNG MAN  
A lot of people go to restaurants.

YOUNG WOMAN  
A lot of wallets.

YOUNG MAN  
Pretty smart, huh?

The Young Woman scans the restaurant with this new information. She sees all the PATRONS eating, lost in conversations. The tires WAITRESS, taking orders. The BUSBOYS going through the motions, collecting dishes. The MANAGER complaining to the COOK about something. A smiles breaks out on the Young Woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Pretty smart.  
(into it)  
I'm ready, let's go, right here,  
right now.

YOUNG MAN  
Remember, same as before, you're  
crowd control, I handle the  
employees.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Got it.

They both take out their .32-caliber pistols and lay them on the table. He looks at her and she back at him.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I love you, Pumpkin.

YOUNG MAN  
I love you, Honey Bunny.

And with that, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny grab their weapons, stand up and rob the restaurant. Pumpkin's robbery persona is that of the in-control professional. Honey Bunny's is that of the psychopathic, hair-triggered, loose cannon.



PUMPKIN  
(yelling to all)  
Everybody be cool this is a  
robbery!

HONEY BUNNY  
Any of you fuckin' pricks move and  
I'll execute every one of you  
motherfuckers! Got that?

Scene

**PULP FICTION (3)**

We find Butch still asleep in bed.

Fabian brushes her teeth half in and half out of the bathroom so she can watch TV at the same time.

ON TV: WILLIAM SMITH and a bunch of Hell's Angels are taking on the entire Vietnamese army in the film "THE LOSERS."

Butch wakes from his sleep, as if a scary monster was chasing him. His start startles Fabian.

FABIAN

Merde! You startled me. Did you have a bad dream?

BUTCH

...yeah

Fabian goes back into the bathroom to spit.

Butch, still trying to chase the cobwebs away, sees on TV Hell's Angels tear-assin' through a Vietnamese prison camp.

BUTCH

What are you watching?

FABIAN

A motorcycle movie, I'm not sure the name.

BUTCH

Are you watchin' it?

FABIAN

In a way.

BUTCH

It's a little too early in the morning for explosions and war.

FABIAN

What was it about?

BUTCH

How should I know, you were the one

watchin' it.

FABIAN

No, imbecile, what was your dream about?

BUTCH

I don't know. I don't remember. It's really rare that I remember my dreams.

FABIAN

Well, look at the grumpy man in the morning.

FABIAN

Why don't you get up and we'll get some breakfast.

BUTCH

One more kiss and I'll get up.

Fabian gives Butch a sweet long kiss.

FABIAN

Satisfied?

BUTCH

Yep.

FABIAN

Then get up, lazy bones.

Butch climbs out of bed and starts pulling clothes out of the suitcase that Fabian brought.

BUTCH

Oh, God. What time is it?

FABIAN

Almost nine in the morning. What time does our train arrive?

BUTCH

Eleven.

FABIAN

You know what I'm gonna  
have for breakfast?

BUTCH  
What, lemon pie?

FABIAN  
I'm gonna order a big plate of  
blueberry pancakes with maple  
syrup, eggs over easy, and five  
sausages.

BUTCH  
Anything to drink with that?

FABIAN  
(referring to his clothes)  
Ah, that looks nice. To drink,  
a tall glass of orange juice and a  
black cup of coffee. After that,  
I'm going to have a slice of pie.

BUTCH  
Pie for breakfast?

FABIAN  
Any time of the day is a good time  
for pie. Blueberry pie to go with  
the pancakes. And on top, a thin  
slice of melted cheese --

BUTCH  
-- where's my watch?

FABIAN  
It's there.

BUTCH  
No, it's not.

FABIAN  
Have you looked?

By now, Butch is frantically rummaging through the  
suitcase.

BUTCH  
Yes I've fuckin' looked!!

He's now throwing clothes.

BUTCH  
What the fuck do you think  
I'm doing?! Are you sure  
you got it?

Fabian can hardly speak, she's never seen Butch this way.

FABIAN  
Uhhh...yes...beside the table  
drawer --

BUTCH  
-- on the little kangaroo.

FABIAN  
Yes, it was on your little  
kangaroo.

BUTCH  
Well it's not here now.

FABIAN  
(on the verge of tears)  
Well it should be!

BUTCH  
Oh it most definitely  
should be, but it's not  
here now. So where is  
it?

Fabian is crying and scared. Butch lowers his voice, which only serves to make him more menacing.

BUTCH  
Fabian, that was my father's  
fuckin' watch. Do you have any  
idea what he had to go through  
to get me that watch? I don't  
have time to go into it...but  
he went through a  
lot. Now all this other shit,  
you coulda set on fire, but I  
specifically reminded you not to  
forget the fucking watch. Now  
think, did you get it?

FABIAN  
I believe so....

BUTCH  
You believe so? What the fuck does that mean? You either did, or you didn't get it, which one is it?

FABIAN  
Then I did.

BUTCH  
Are you sure?

FABIAN  
No.

Butch picks up the motel TV and THROWS IT AGAINST the wall.

BUTCH  
Fuck! Fuck!! Mother fucker. How could you be so fucking stupid? No!

Fabian SCREAMS IN HORROR. Butch looks toward her, suddenly calm.

BUTCH  
It's not your fault. You left it at the apartment. If you left it at the apartment, it's not your fault. I had you bring a bunch of stuff. I reminded you about it, but I didn't illustrate how personal the watch was to me. If all I gave a fuck about was my watch, I should've told you. You're not a mind reader, are you?

FABIAN  
I'm sorry.

BUTCH  
Don't be. It just means I can't eat breakfast with you.

FABIAN

Why does it mean that?

BUTCH

Because I gotta go back to my  
Apartment and get my watch.

FABIAN

Won't the gangsters be looking for  
you there?

BUTCH

That's what I'm gonna find out. If  
they are, and I don't think I can  
handle it, then I'll split.

FABIAN

I saw your watch. I though I  
brought it. I'm so sorry.

BUTCH

Here's some money. Go out and get  
those Pancakes. Have a nice  
breakfast. I'll take your Honda.  
I'll be back before you can say  
blueberry pie.

FABIAN

Blueberry pie.

BUTCH

Maybe not that fast, but pretty fast, okay?

FABIAN

Okay.

BUTCH

Bye.

ISAAC

HEY. THANK YOU FOR MEETING WITH ME. I'M  
ISAAC.

FIONA

I'M FIONA

ISAAC

HAVE YOU HAD LUNCH? I KNOW A GREAT PLACE  
JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

FIONA

WHY DON'T WE TRY SOMEWHERE NEITHER ONE  
OF US HAS BEEN BEFORE.

ISAAC

OKAY

(THEY TRAVEL ON TO A CHINESE RESTAURANT. THEY SETTLE IN)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

MIND IF I RECORD?

(SERVER APPROACHES THE TABLE)

FIONA

"NEE- HO- MA". EE, NO SUNG -SEEK DEM SUM?"

ASIAN SERVER

"DEM SUM?"

FIONA

"DEE OH JAY"

ISAAC

THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER BEEN HERE?

FIONA

I HAVEN'T. I JUST, I LOVE THE CULTURE. I SPENT  
JULYS IN CHINA STUDYING CHINESE ART, AND  
CHINESE ICECREAM. OH MAN, I RECOMMEND  
GINGER. IT'S VERY GOOD

ISAAC

NOW LAST NIGHT, THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT  
SOMEONE NAMED "GINGER JAKE". IS SHE  
CHINESE ?



FIONA  
UH, JAMACIAN, I THINK.

ISAAC  
WHAT'S THE DEAL? PEOPLE GO TO HER TO GET  
PARALYZED

FIONA  
AS I UNDERSTAND IT, YES.

ISAAC  
WHAT DOES SHE DO TO THEM? I MEAN...

FIONA  
YOU KNOW WHAT PAL?

(GESTURES TO THE RECORDING EQUIPMENT)

FIONA (CONT'D)  
I'M NOT THE CASE STUDY HERE, OKAY? YOU  
TALK FIRST

ISAAC  
WHAT DO YOU WANNA KNOW?

FIONA  
TELL ME HOW YOU BECOME PARALYZED

ISAAC  
I WAS 8. MY PARENTS WERE DRIVING,. THEY  
DIED. I LIVED. UH, THE OTHER DRIVER WAS  
UNDER AGED, SO THE RECORDS WERE SEALED. I  
CALLED HER THE "POM- POM GIRL", BECAUSE I  
REMEMBERED SEEING THESE, POM POMS

FIONA  
PARALYZED BY A CHEERLEADER?

ISAAC  
YOUR TURN... SO TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR  
FRIEND. WHAT MAKES THEM WANT BE TO BE  
LIKE ME?

FIONA  
YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER TALKED ABOUT THIS TO  
ANYONE.

ISAAC

SO WHY DO YOU THINK SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO BE PARALYZED, WHO ISN'T ALREADY? GIVE ME A WORKING THEORY.

FIONA

(LAUGHS A LITTLE) I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M TALKING TO YOU.

ISAAC

ABOUT THIS?

FIONA

YES..., NO. YES, NO, NO, NO. I MEAN IT'S YOU. YOU KNOW. I MEAN, YOU'RE LIKE THE RADIO GUY.

ISAAC

OH, SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT. WHOEVER YOU FRIEND IS, THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I'M QUOTING YOU.

FIONA

OKAY, OKAY. UH, (BEAT) IT'S JUST, IT'S HARDER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

ISAAC

WHY?

FIONA

OKAY, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE DEAL. ALL RIGHT? I WANNA KNOW WHY MY FRIEND WANTS TO BE A PARAPLEGIC. SO THIS FOR ME, IS ALL ABOUT UNDERSTANDING YOU. AND, YOU KNOW, THAN I'LL TELL YOU WHAT EVER YOU WANT TO KNOW. SO, QUID PRO QUO. I WANT YOUR LIFE PAL. AS A . IN DETAIL PARAPLEGIC

ISAAC

YOU WANT MY LIFE? ALL RIGHT. AT MY WORK, I HAVE THIS GUY WHO HATES ME.

FIONA

BECAUSE YOU'RE A PARAPLEGIC?

ISAAC

NO, BECAUSE HE'S A DICK.

FIONA  
I HAVE ONE OF THOSE...I MEAN AT MY JOB.

ISAAC  
AND WHERE DO YOU WORK?

FIONA  
UH, I'M A CONSERVATOR. I FREE LANCE. RIGHT NOW I'M DOING THE COLLECTION FOR THE VAN PLATT MUSEUM.

ISAAC  
THERE YA GO. I MEAN SURE AL QAEDE HAS SOMEONE THAT WALKS INTO THE CAVE EVERY MORNING AND SOMEBODY WHISPERS " THAT GUY HAS NO SELF AWARENESS WHAT SO EVER."

FIONA  
WELL, MAYBE HE THINKS YOU'RE A DICK?

ISAAC  
NO, HE THINKS I'M A GIMP.

FIONA  
WHAT IS THAT? IS THAT LIKE A REPORTER THING WHERE LATER YOU'LL SAY ..."MENTIONED THE WORD GIMP AND SHE LAUGHS"?

ISAAC  
YES

FIONA  
YES? (BEAT) I'M PAINFULLY AWARE. OKAY? I'M TOO AWARE.

ISAAC  
WELL, THEN YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU?

FIONA  
WELL THAT MEANS YOU ARE WEIRD.

ISAAC  
I'M JUST EASY IS ALL. I LIKE ANYONE WHO LIKES ME.

(SHE LAUGHS)

FIONA

OKAY? WHAT IF, ...I INTRODUCED YOU TO MY FRIEND?

ISAAC

I'D LIKE THAT.

FIONA

THEN THE QUESTION IS, WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR ME?

ISAAC

OH RIGHT, IT'S ALWAYS QUID PRO QOU WITH THIS GIRL.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

(THEY ENTER INTO AN APARTMENT. SHE GETS HIM SETTLED AND EXITS INTO ANOTHER ROOM. HE EXPLORES. SHE RE ENTERS AFTER SOME TIME WEARING LINGERIE, A CANE AND LACE UP ORTHOPEDIC LEG BRACES)

FIONA

DON'T TOUCH THAT VASE. IT'S WORTH MORE THAN THIS BUILDING. (BEAT) OFFENDED?

ISAAC

I WANNA KNOW MORE.

FIONA

YOU KNOW HOW YOU HAVE AN APARTMENT FANTASY WHEN YOU'RE A TEENAGER? MINE WAS TO GET A PLACE SO I COULD SHUT THE CURTAINS ALL DAY AND WALK AROUND IN MY MILWAUKEE BRACE. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S BETTER THAN I EVER IMAGINED.

ISAAC

SO THIS A A SEXUAL THING YOU MAINLY?

FIONA

PEOPLE WHO GET OFF ON BRACES AND WHEELCHIARS ARE CALLED "DEVOTEES" THEIR A JOKE. THEY'RE THE BOTTOM OF THE RUNG. ABOVE THEM ARE THE "PRETENDERS".

(MORE)

**FIONA (CONT'D)**

**THEY WEAR THE BRACES, THEY PUSH THE WHEELS, BUT THEY DON'T BELONG TO THEIR CHAIR. STILL IF THEY WISH TO FANTASIZE, THAT'S THEIR CHOICE. THEN THERE ARE THE "WANNA BEES". YOU SAW HOW CRAZY HEY ARE.**

**ISAAC**

**WHAT MAKES YOU DIFFERENT FROM A "WANNA BEE" OR A "PRETENDER.**

**FIONA**

**I'M AN UNIQUE CASE. I DON'T WANT TO BE PARALYZED.**

**ISAAC**

**YOU DON'T?**

**FIONA**

**I ALREADY AM PARALYZED. I'M JUST TRAPPED IN A WALKING PERSONS BODY.**

**(LONG BEAT)**

**FIONA (CONT'D)**

**YOU MAKE ME SO NERVOUS. YOU KNOW, THE OTHER DAY I DECIDED THAT NERVOUSNESS IS SHAME SOMEONE CATCHES YOU FEELING. AND I ASK MYSELF, " WHY AM I ASHAMED"?**

**ISAAC**

**AND IF YOU ARE, THEN WHY DO YOU CONTINUE TO DO THIS?**

**(LONG BEAT. SHE SLOWLY REMOVES HER BRACES. ALMOST SEDUCTIVELY. SHE LAUNCHES AT HIM WITH A PASSIONATE KISS. THIS CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT. HE PULLS AWAY)**

**ISAAC (CONT'D)**

**I CAN'T. I CAN'T...**

**FIONA**

**I'D GUESSED YOU WERE A T-12 OR A T11. INCOMPLETE? WHAT WAS IT,...A LUMBER LESION?**

ISAAC

NO, NO. LISTEN, THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM. I CAN HAVE SEX... I, THE PROBLEM IS THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE.

FIONA

WHO?

ISAAC

SHE'S PARAPLEGIC. ( BEAT) I DON'T KNOW WHY I JUST SAID THAT?!?!? I, I DON'T DESCRIBE PEOPLE BY THEIR INJURIES. UH, JEEZ, HER NAME'S RAINE.

FIONA

IS SHE YOUR GIRLFRIEND?

ISAAC

SORT OF. I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME. I DON'T KNOW IF THAT COUNTS. SHE SAID NO, ...SHE HAS THIS IDEA THAT ONE PERSON IN EVERY RELATIONSHIP, WELL, MARRIAGE SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK. SO THAT, THAT DOESN'T REALLY COUNT...I GUESS.

FIONA

THIS IS GOOD NEWS. ...I'M SURE SHE'LL CHANGE HER MIND.

ISAAC

I HOPE SO.

FIONA

AND IF SHE DOESN'T, SHE CRAZIER THAN I AM...AND HOW CRAZY IS THAT?

(SHE LAUGHS OFF THE LAST MOMENT)

ISAAC

IT'S NOT FIONA.

(LONG BEAT)

FIONA

YOU PROBABLY THINK I'D JUMP ANYTHING IN A WHEELCHAIR.

**ISAAC**

**NO. I DON'T. I'M JUST TRYING TO UNDERSTAND.**

**FIONA**

**I'VE NEVER SHOWN ANY OF THIS TO ANY LIVING SOUL, EVER.**

**(LONG BEAT)**

**FIONA (CONT'D)**

**AND SOMETHINGS YOUR'RE NOT SUPPOSE TO SHOW (BEAT) OH WELL! (AWKARD LAUGH)**

**ISAAC**

**I DON'T HAVE TO GO. YOU CAN TALK TO ME.**

**FIONA**

**I NEED TO USE MY CHAIR RIGHT NOW AND I CAN'T DO THAT IN FRONT OF YOU.**

**ISAAC**

**YOU CAN TRUST ME. I'VE BEEN COMPLETELY HONEST WITH YOU.**

**FIONA**

**TOMORROW I'M GOING TO USE MY CHAIR IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME....AND YOU, PAL ARE CORGELLY INVITED. NOW I WANNA THANK YOU FOR A WONDERFUL, SO WONDERFUL DAY.**

**(SHE EXITS.)**

So I'm free next week if you wanna try this again. Another open house.

(Beat.)

HOWIE

Maybe. We'll see.

IZZY

You really should do something about that room though. Auggie does some renovation stuff on the side, if you want me to ask him. He could get in there and—

HOWIE

Oh, I don't know . . .

IZZY

He does good work. He put up my mother's drywall.

HOWIE

I think we got it covered.

IZZY

Still, you should really try to fix things up a little.

(Beat.)

The room, I mean.

HOWIE

Yeah, I know what you meant.

(Izzy heads into the kitchen, leaving Howie alone. The lights fade.)

## SCENE TWO

About a week later. Nat is helping Becca clean out Danny's room. Becca is taking Danny's books out of a bookcase and placing them into a milk crate. Nat is taking toys, stuffed animals, kids puzzles, etc., out of a toy box and placing them into a garbage bag or keep box.

NAT

(Holds up toy) Keep or toss?

BECCA

Toss.

NAT

(Another) This too?

BECCA

Yeah.

(Nat puts both toys into the garbage bag. Becca finds The Runaway Bunny. She flips through it.)

Remember this one? (Holds up the book)

NAT

That was your book.

BECCA

I know.

(Becca puts it in the keep box. Nat pulls a Curious George doll out of the toy box.)

NAT

(Holds it up) Monkey?



BECCA

Um, keep, I guess.

*(She does.)*

NAT

Howie doesn't mind this?

BECCA

It was *his* idea. After that open house. Seems his grief goes out the window when it comes to maximizing profits.

*(Beat.)*

Sorry. I don't even know why I said that. Just being mean.

*(They go back to work.)*

Besides, it's not like we're getting rid of *everything*.

*(Something stops Nat. She's holding a pair of Danny's sneakers. They're smaller than she remembers. Becca glances over at her and realizes what's happening.)*

*(Simply)* Don't do that. *(Takes the sneakers)* Quick and clean, like a band-aid. *(Places the sneakers in a garbage bag)* Otherwise we'll never get through it.

*(Becca grabs a kleenex from the bureau and passes it to Nat without missing a beat. She carries on as if the moment never happened.)*

Did Izzy tell you I was taking a continuing ed. class? We're reading *Bleak House*. Isn't that hilarious? He handed out the syllabus and I just laughed. *Bleak House*. Of course no one knew what I was laughing at, which was *great*. *(Nat looks up at her)* It's in Bronx-

ville so no one knows me. I'm normal there. That's what I like best about it. I don't get "the face" every time someone looks at me.

NAT

What face?

BECCA

You know. *(Demonstrates—solemn pity)* "Oh, hi. How ya doin'?" Hangin' in there?"

*(Nat laughs a little.)*

I hate it.

*(Together, they strip the robot sheets off the bed.)*

And you know what's nice? These ladies, don't even *talk* about their kids or their husbands or any of it. I think they're just so happy to be away from all that. It's probably the *last* thing they wanna talk about. Because I'm sure most of them are bored housewives, right?

NAT

I don't know. I've never met these people.

BECCA

Well that's who takes Westchester continuing ed. classes, isn't it?

NAT

I guess.

BECCA

Sure, and they're just so happy to be talking about Dickens instead of what's for dinner. "Yay, we're reading literature." It's like they're in college again. Who'd *wanna* talk about their families? I know I don't.

(Beat.)

Anyway, I like it. I like that I'm just a lady taking a class. And next week we start *Madame Bovary*. That oughta get the ol' girls goin', huh?

NAT

I don't know that book.

BECCA

No, I know.

(Nat, packing up more toys, accidentally flips the switch to an obnoxious yapping dog. It's loud.)

NAT

What the hell? (Trying to turn it off) How do I—? That's annoying.

BECCA

(Over the noise) Try listening to it for hours on end! (Switches it off) Izzy gave him that. Only people without children give these kinds of gifts. Or people who want to punish parents.

(Then) You know what? Debbie's kids might like that. We should save it for *them*. That'd show her.

(Becca pops the toy into the keep box.)

NAT

Still haven't heard from her?

BECCA

Nope. Howie plays squash with Rick but . . . And I hear the kids are good. Do you remember Emily?

NAT

Of course.

BECCA

She's getting big now.

(Beat.)

NAT

I thought you haven't seen them?

BECCA

No, but . . . I passed by Danny's daycare last week, and the kids were all in the yard. (Off her look) What? I was just walking by. That's how I get to the post office.

NAT

Yeah. Anyway, that's too bad about Debbie. But that can happen. Friends disappear. I remember when Arthur died— (Stops herself) Sorry.

(Pause. Holds up a toy.)

What about this?

BECCA

No, it's busted. (Takes it and tosses it)

NAT

You know, the thing about Debbie . . .

BECCA

Yeah?

NAT

It's just as bad the other way sometimes. Do you remember Maureen Bailey?



BECCA

Sure.

NAT

Well I couldn't get rid of her after your brother passed away.

BECCA

I remember.

NAT

*Always* at the house. *Always* checking in on me. Eatin' up the cinnamon buns Uncle Jimmy brought me. I never had a moment to myself. And of course it was nice, I guess, but it didn't feel like it was about me. It just felt like she had nothing else to do. Like consoling me became her *hobby*. Something to fill up her day. And finally in the middle of coffee one afternoon, I said, "Maureen, why are you here all the time?"

BECCA

What'd she say?

NAT

She said, "I want to be there for you, Nat, I want to share in your grief." And so I said, "Well it's not working. I seem to have it all to myself still. You plant your fat ass in that chair every frickin' day—"

BECCA

You did not say that.

NAT

I did— "and suck up all my coffee, and I don't see you leaving with any of this grief you're allegedly *sharing* with me. In fact the only thing you *do* take outta here are my cinnamon buns."

*(Beat.)*

So I never saw her again obviously.

*(Beat.)*

Which was too bad actually, because she was the only one who was willing to talk about Arth— *(Stops herself again)*

BECCA

You can say his name.

NAT

Can I? I don't know your rules, Becca. I don't wanna get scolded.

BECCA

You can talk about Arthur. I just don't like the comparisons.

NAT

Okay.

BECCA

It's not like the Arthur stuff didn't . . . He was my brother, so obviously that was a really hard time for all of us.

NAT

I know.

BECCA

But that was a long time ago, and it was very different. For me.

NAT

Of course it was.

BECCA

Okay then.

*(Back to work. Becca takes pictures off the wall. Nat finds some papers on a bookcase.)*

NAT

What's this?

BECCA

Oh, it's a . . . It's just a story that boy wrote. He sent it to us.

NAT

*(Regarding the title)* What is it, an *Alice in Wonderland* kind of thing, or—

BECCA

No, it's more science fiction.

NAT

*(Turns a page)* It's dedicated to Danny.

BECCA

Yeah, he asked if he could do that.

NAT

Why? It's about Danny?

BECCA

No, not at all. It's about a scientist.

NAT

Oh.

BECCA

Or the son of a scientist, actually. The father discovers this warren of— It's like a network of holes to other galaxies, or parallel universes, I guess, but he dies somehow. And so the son goes into these holes trying to find him. Well not *him*, because he's dead, but another *version* of him.

NAT

It doesn't sound very good.

BECCA

It's okay. He's young.

NAT

Keep it?

BECCA

*(Takes the story)* Yeah, we should keep it. I'll just put it in the box.*(Becca puts the story inside the keep box. Nat goes back to cleaning. Becca contemplates telling her something, and finally relents. She tries to sound offhand.)*

I think I'm gonna see him actually.

NAT

Who?

BECCA

Jason Willette.

*(Beat.)*

NAT

Why?

BECCA

I don't know. I just . . . want to.

NAT

What about Howie?

BECCA

Howie's not really into it.



DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE

NAT

Well I thought it was weird. The way he walked in like that. Creepy. You don't think that was creepy?

BECCA

Not really.

NAT

Well I think it was creepy. You should ask Howie what *he* thinks.

BECCA

I don't have to ask him what he thinks. Frankly I don't care what he thinks.

NAT

I'm just saying.

*(After a beat, Howie appears in the doorway. He looks around. The bed has been stripped. The walls are bare. He regrets popping in, but it's too late now.)*

BECCA

Hey.

HOWIE

How's it goin'?

BECCA

Fine.

HOWIE

Good.

*(Beat.)*

I thought we could put the brown bedspread in here.

## **RAISING ARIZONA**

(Hi comes back with no baby)

Ed: What's the matter?

Hi: Sorry honey, it just didn't work out.

Ed: What d'you mean it didn't work out?

Hi: They started cryin', then they were all over me... It was kinda horrifying.

Ed: Course they cried! Babies cry!

Hi: I know that now! Come on honey, we better leave!

Ed: You go right back up there and get me a baby! I need a baby, Hi; they got more'n they can handle!

Hi: Aw, honey, I—

Ed: Don't you come back here without a baby!

(Later)

Ed: Which one ya get?

Hi: I dunno. Nathan Jr, I think.

Ed: Gimme here.

Hi: Here's the instructions.

Ed: Oh, he's beautiful!

Hi: He's awful damn good. I think I got the best one.

Ed: I bet they were all beautiful. All babies are beautiful!

Hi: Yeah. This one's awful damn good though.

Ed: Don't you cuss around him.

Hi: He's fine, he is. I think it's Nathan Jr.

Ed: We are doing the right thing, aren't we Hi? I mean, they had more'n they could handle.

Hi: Well now honey we been over this and over this. There's what's right and there's what's right, and never the twain shall meet.

Ed: But you don't think his mamma'll be upset? I mean, overly?

Hi: Well of course she'll be upset sugar, but she'll get over it. She's got four little babies almost as good as this one. It's like when I was robbin convenience stores—

Ed: I love him so much!

Hi: I know you do honey.

Ed: I love him so much!

**REBECCA**

MAXIM\*: \*Hello.

"I"\*: \*Maxim! You haven't had any sleep. Have you forgiven me?

MAXIM\*: \*Forgiven you? What have I got to forgive you for?

"I"\*: \*For last night -- my stupidity about the costume.

MAXIM\*: \*Oh, that. I'd forgotten. I was angry with you, wasn't I?

"I"\*: \*Huh... Maxim, can't we start all over again? I don't ask that you should love me. I won't ask impossible things. I'll be your friend, your companion. I -- I'll be happy with that.

MAXIM\*: \*You love me very much, don't you? But it's too late, my darling. We've lost our little chance of happiness.

"I"\*: \*No, Maxim, no.

MAXIM\*: \*Yes. It's all over now. The thing's happened. The thing I've dreaded day after day -- night after night.

"I"\*: \*Maxim, what're you trying to tell me?

MAXIM\*: \*Rebecca has won. Her shadow has been between us all the time, keeping us from one another. She knew that this would happen.

"I"\*: \*What are you saying?

MAXIM\*: \*They sent a diver down. He found another boat.

"I"\*: \*Yes, I know. Frank told me. Rebecca's boat. Oh, it's terrible for you. I'm so sorry.

MAXIM\*: \*The diver made another discovery. Broke one of the ports and looked into the cabin. There was a body in there.

"I"\*: \*She wasn't alone. There was someone sailing with her and you have to find out who it was. That's it, isn't it, Maxim?

MAXIM\*: \*You don't understand. There was no one with her. It's Rebecca's body lying there on the cabin floor.

"I"\*: \*No, no.

MAXIM\*: \*The woman that was washed up at Edgecombe -- the woman that is now buried in the family crypt -- that was not Rebecca. That was the body of some unknown woman, unclaimed, belonging nowhere. I identified it, but I knew it wasn't Rebecca. It was all a lie. I knew where Rebecca's body was. Lying on that cabin floor, on the bottom of the sea.

\*\*



\*\*

(01:30:02)\*\*

"I":\*How did you know, Maxim?

MAXIM\*:Because I put it there.

MAXIM\*:Would you look into my eyes and tell me that you love me now? You see? I was right. It's too late.

"I":\*No, it's not too late. You're not to say that. I love you more than anything in the world. Oh, please, Maxim, kiss me, please.

MAXIM\*:No. It's no use. It's too late.

"I":\*We can't lose each other now. We must be together always. No secrets, no shadows...

MAXIM\*:No. We may have a few days -- a few hours.

"I":\*Maxim, why didn't you tell me before?

MAXIM\*:I nearly did sometimes, but you never seemed close enough.

"I":\*How could we be close when I knew you were always thinking of Rebecca? How could I even ask you to love me when I knew you love Rebecca still?

MAXIM\*:What are you talking about? What do you mean?

"I":\*Whenever you touched me, I -- I knew you were comparing me with Rebecca. Whenever you looked at me or spoke to me or walked with me in the garden, I knew you were thinking -- 'This, I did with Rebecca -- and this -- and this --.' Oh, it's true, isn't it?

MAXIM\*:You thought I loved Rebecca? You thought that? I hated her!

MAXIM\*:Oh, I was carried away by her, enchanted by her, as everyone was. And when I was married, I was told I was the luckiest man in the world.. She was so lovely -- so accomplished -- so amusing. 'She's got the three things that really matter in a wife,' everyone said -- 'breeding, brains, and beauty.' And I believed them -- completely. But I never had a moment's happiness with her. She was incapable of love, or tenderness, or decency.

"I":\*You didn't love her? You didn't love her?

MAXIM\*:Do you remember that cliff where you first saw me in Monte Carlo? Well, I went there with Rebecca on our honeymoon. That was where I found out about her -- four days after we were married. She stood there laughing, her black hair blowing in the wind, and told me all about herself -- everything. Things I'll

never tell a living soul. I wanted to kill her. It would have been so easy. Remember the precipice? I frightened you, didn't I? You thought I was mad. Perhaps I was. Perhaps I am mad. It wouldn't make for sanity, would it -- living with the devil? 'I'll make a bargain with you,' she said. 'You'd look rather foolish trying to divorce me now after four days of marriage, so I'll play the part of a devoted wife, mistress of your precious Manderley. I'll make it the most famous showplace in England, if you like. And people will visit us and envy us and say we're the luckiest, happiest couple in the country. What a grand joke it will be -- what a triumph!' I should never have accepted her dirty bargain, but I did. I was younger then and tremendously conscious of the family honor. Family honor! She knew that I'd sacrifice everything rather than stand up in a divorce court and give her away, admit that our marriage was a rotten fraud. You despise me, don't you -- as I despise myself. You can't understand what my feelings were -- can you?

"I":\*Of course I can, darling. Of course I can.

\*\*

\*\*

(01:34:47)\*\*

MAXIM\*:Well -- I kept the bargain, and so did she apparently. Oh, she played the game brilliantly. But after a while, she began to grow careless. She took a flat in London and she'd stay away for days at a time. Then she started to bring her friends down here. I warned her, but she shrugged her shoulders. 'What's it got to do with you?' she said. She even started on Frank -- poor, faithful Frank. Then there was a cousin of hers -- a man named Favell.

"I":\*Yes, I know him. He came the day you went to London.

MAXIM\*:Why didn't you tell me?

"I":\*I didn't like to. I -- I thought it would remind you of -- Rebecca.

MAXIM\*:Remind me! As if I needed reminding! Favell used to visit her here in this cottage. I found out about it and I warned her that if he came here again I'd shoot them both. One night when I found that she'd come back quietly from London, I thought that Favell was with her -- and I knew then that I couldn't stand this life of filth and deceit any longer. I decided to come down here and have it out with both of them. But she was alone. She was expecting Favell, but he hadn't come. She was lying on the divan, a large tray of cigarette stubs beside her. She looked ill -- queer. Suddenly she got up -- started to walk toward me. "When I have a child," she said, "neither you nor anyone else could ever prove it wasn't yours. You'd like to have an heir, wouldn't you, Max, for your precious Manderley?" And then she started to laugh. "How funny, how supremely, wonderfully funny! I'll be the perfect mother just as I've been the perfect wife. No one will ever know.

It ought to give you the thrill of your life, Max, to watch my son grow bigger day by day and to know that when you die, Manderley will be his." She was face to face with me -- one hand in her pocket, the other holding a cigarette. She was smiling. "Well, Max, what're you going to do about this? Aren't you going to kill me?" I suppose I went mad for a moment. I must have struck her. Oh, she stood staring at me. She looked almost triumphant, and she started toward me again, smiling. Suddenly she stumbled and fell. When I looked down -- ages afterwards it seemed -- she was lying on the floor. She'd struck her head on a heavy piece of ships' tackle. I remember wondering why she was still smiling. And I realized she was dead.

"I":\*But you didn't kill her. It was an accident!

MAXIM\*: \*Who would believe me? I lost my head. I just knew I had to do something -- anything. I carried her out to the boat. It was very dark. There was no moon. I put her in the cabin. When the boat seemed a safe distance from the shore, I took a spike and drove it again and again through the planking of the hull. I opened up the seacocks and the water began to come in fast. I climbed over into the dinghy and pulled away. I saw the boat heel over -- and sink. I pulled back into the cove. Huh, started raining.

"I":\*Maxim, does anyone else know of this?

MAXIM\*: \*No, no one except you and me.

"I":\*We must explain it. It's got to be the body of someone you've never seen before.

MAXIM\*: \*No, they're bound to know her -- her rings, bracelets she always wore. They'll identify her body. Then they'll remember the other woman -- the other woman buried in the crypt.

"I":\*If they find out it was Rebecca, you must simply say that you made a mistake about the other body -- that the day you went to Edgecombe you were ill, you didn't know what you were doing. Rebecca's dead. She can't speak, she can't bear witness, she can't harm you anymore. We're the only two people in the world that know, Maxim, you and I.

MAXIM\*: \*I told you once that I'd done a very selfish thing in marrying you. You understand now what I meant. I've loved you, my darling. I shall always love you. But I've known all along -- that Rebecca -- would win in the end.

"I":\*No, no! She hasn't won! No matter what happens now, she hasn't won!

**REQUIEM FOR A DREAM**

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT

Sara makes a pot of coffee as she bustles around grabbing cups, saucers, spoons, milk and napkins.

Harry stares wide-eyed at his hyperactive mother. He tries to get a word in but can't.

SARA

And how are you, Harry, you're looking so good. You want something to eat?

44.

HARRY

No, Ma --

SARA

A little nosh, maybe, or cake, I'll go get some if you want, but I don't have anything in the house but Ada will have something, a cupcake, maybe.

HARRY

No --

Finally, the coffee is ready and she fills two cups.

SARA

You want something to eat?

HARRY

(almost screams)

No, Ma. Nothing. Sit. Sit, for krist's sake. You're making me dizzy.

SARA

You notice something? You notice I'm slimmer?

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, I guess you are, Mom.

SARA

Twenty-five pounds. You believe it? Twenty-five pounds and that's just the beginning.

HARRY

That's great, Ma. That's really great, I'm really happy for ya. But sit down, eh?

Sara sits, Harry is bewildered.

HARRY  
I'm sorry I haven't been around for  
awhile, Ma, but I've been busy,  
real busy.

Sara nods as she clenches her jaw.

SARA  
You got yourself a good job?  
You're doing well?

45.

HARRY  
Yeah, Ma, real good.

SARA  
What kind of business?

HARRY  
Well, I'm sort of a distributor,  
like. For a big importer. My own.

SARA  
Oh, I'm so happy for you.

Sara gets up and smothers Harry with kisses.

HARRY  
Hey, Ma, easy, eh? You're killing  
me. Krist, whatta ya been doin',  
liftin' weights?

SARA  
Your own business. Oh Harry, I  
knew when I saw you that you had  
your own business. I always knew  
that you could do that.

HARRY  
(smiles)  
Yeah, Ma, you were right. I made  
it just like you said I would.

SARA  
So now maybe you'll meet a nice  
girl and have a baby?

HARRY  
I already met one --

Sara squeals and squeaks and starts to jump out of her chair.  
Harry holds his arms up in front of him.

HARRY  
Jesus krist, Ma, don't go ape shit,

eh?

SARA

Is she a nice girl? Who's her parents? What --

HARRY

You know'er, Ma. Marion. Marion Silver. Remember, they --

46.

SARA

Oh, Silver. Of course. I know Manhattan Beach. He's got a house on the esplanade. Garment business.

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, he's big in women's undies.

Harry chuckles. Sara is so happy, she can't stay sitting. She refills their cups.

HARRY

Before you go bouncin' all over again and make me forget, what I want to tell ya is I got you a present and --

SARA

Harry, I don't want a present, just have a baby.

HARRY

Later for that, eh? Will you let me tell you what I got, eh? Will ya?

Sara nods, grins, grinds and clenches.

HARRY

Krist, you're really something else today. Look, I know... well...

(deep breath)

What I'm trying to say is that...well...

(shrugs)

Well...I know I ain't been the best son in the world --

SARA

Oh, Harry, you're a good --

HARRY

No, no! Please, Ma, let me finish. I'll never get it out if you keep interrupting me.

(deep breath)

I'm sorry for being such a bastard.  
 (stop -- breathe -- sigh)  
 I wanna make it up. I mean, I know  
 I can't change anything that's  
 happened, but I want ya to know  
 that I'm sorry and I love ya, and I  
 wanna make it right.

47.

SARA

Harry, it's --

HARRY

I don't know why I do those things.  
 I don't really want to do them. It  
 just sort've happens, I guess. I  
 don't know. It's all kinda goofy  
 somehow, but I really do love ya,  
 Ma, and I want you to be happy so I  
 got ya a brand new TV set. It's  
 gonna be delivered in a couple a  
 days. From Macy's.

Sara squeals, but Harry wards her off with his hands. She  
 sits down, grins and grinds her teeth.

SARA

Oh, Harry, you're such a good boy.  
 Your father would be so happy to  
 see what you're doing for your  
 poor, lonely mother.

Harry leans over and gives her an honest, open and perfectly  
 beautiful kiss.

SARA

You see that, Seymour? You see how  
 good your son is? He knows how  
 lonely his mother is living all  
 alone, no one to make her a visit...

Harry feels pretty good as he listens to his mother until  
 something puzzles him. He stops hearing his mother and now  
 he suddenly hears some other, strange sound. What is it?

He looks around until he looks at his mother. Suddenly he  
 is filled with surprise, disbelief and confusion.

The noise he hears is his mother's teeth grinding.

TIGHT ON Sara's mouth. Harry leans across the table.

HARRY

Hey, Ma, you droppin' uppers?

SARA

What?

HARRY  
You on uppers?  
(getting angry)  
You're on diet pills, ain't ya?

48.

Sara is suddenly stunned. She's completely bewildered.

SARA  
On? On? What is on?

HARRY  
How come ya lost so much weight?

SARA  
I told you, I'm going to a  
specialist.

HARRY  
A specialist. What kinda specialist?

SARA  
What kind? A specialist. For weight.

HARRY  
Yeah, that's what I thought.  
You're makin' a croaker for speed,  
ain't ya?

SARA  
Harry, you alright?  
(shrugs)  
I'm just going to a doctor. I  
don't know from croaker, making --

HARRY  
What does he give ya, Ma? Eh?  
Does he give ya pills?

SARA  
Of course he gives me pills. He's  
a doctor. Doctors give pills.

HARRY  
What kind of pills?

SARA  
What kind. A purple one, red one,  
orange and --

HARRY  
No, no, I mean what kind?

SARA  
They're round...and flat.



HARRY  
(rolls eyes)  
I mean, like what's in them?

49.

SARA  
Harry, I'm Sara Goldfarb, not  
Albert Einstein. How should I know  
what's in them?

HARRY  
Look, Ma, does that stuff make you  
feel good sort of and give you lots  
of pep?

SARA  
(nods)  
Well, I guess maybe a little.

HARRY  
A little? Jesus, I can hear ya  
grinding ya teeth from here.

SARA  
But that goes away at night.

HARRY  
At night?

SARA  
When I take the green one. In  
thirty minutes I'm asleep. Poof,  
just like that.

Harry shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

HARRY  
Hey, Ma, ya gotta cut that stuff  
loose. It's no good.

SARA  
Who said it's no good? Twenty-five  
pounds I lost.

HARRY  
Big deal. Do ya wanna be a dope  
fiend fa krist's sake?

SARA  
What's this dope fiend? Am I  
foaming at the mouth? He's a nice  
doctor.

HARRY  
Ma, I'm telling ya this croaker's  
no good.

50.

SARA

How come you know so much? How come you know more about medicine than a doctor?

HARRY

(deep sigh)

I know, Ma, believe me, I know. You'll get strung out fa krist's sake.

SARA

C'mon. I almost fit in my red dress, the one I wore at your high school graduation. The one your father liked so much. I remember how he looked at me in the red dress. It's not long after that he got sick and died and you're without a father, my poor baby, but thank God he saw you happy for a little and --

HARRY

What's with the red dress? What does that --

SARA

I'm going to wear the red dress on...Oh, you don't know. I'm going to be on television. I got a call and an application and --

HARRY

C'mon, Ma, who's pullin' ya leg?

SARA

I'm telling you I'm being a contestant on television. They haven't told me when, but you'll see, you'll be proud when you see your mother in her red dress and golden shoes on television.

HARRY

What's the big deal about being on television? Those pills'll kill ya before ya ever get on, fa krist's sake.

51.

SARA

Big deal? You drove up in a cab. You see who had the sun seat? You

notice your mother in the special spot getting the sun? You know who everybody talks to? You know who's somebody now? Who's no longer just a widow in a little apartment who lives alone? I'm somebody now, Harry. Everyone likes me. Soon millions of people will see me and like me. I'll tell them about you and your father. I'll tell them how your father liked the red dress and how good he was to us. Remember?

Harry nods. Defeated, he stares at the floor.

SARA

And who knows what I might win? A new refrigerator. A Rolls-Royce, maybe. Robert Redford.

HARRY

Robert Redford?

SARA

So what's wrong with Robert Redford?

Harry blinks and shakes his head. Bewildered, he surrenders to her flow.

Sara looks at her entire family and a softness overtakes her.

SARA

It's not the prizes, Harry. It doesn't make any difference if I win or lose. It's like a reason to get up in the morning. It's a reason to lose weight so I can be healthy. It's a reason to fit in the red dress. It's a reason to smile, already. It makes tomorrow alright.

(close to Harry now)

What have I got, Harry? Why should I even make the bed or wash the dishes? I do them, but why should I? I'm alone. Seymour's gone, you're gone, I have no one to take care of. Anybody. Everybody. What do I have? I'm lonely, Harry. I'm old.

52.

Harry fidgets, his eyes blink, he tries:

HARRY

You got friends, Ma. What --

SARA

It's not the same. You need someone to make for. No, Harry, I like how I feel this way. I like thinking about the red dress and the television...and your father and you. Now when I get the sun I smile.

HARRY

I'll come visit, Ma. Now that I'm straight, my business is going good, I'll come. Me and Marion. Honest, Ma. I swear. We'll come for dinner. Soon.

Sara shakes her head and smiles at Harry, trying hard to believe.

SARA

Good, you bring her and I'll make your soup and a roast.

HARRY

That sounds great, Ma. I'll give you a call ahead a time, OK?

SARA

(nods)

Good. I'm glad. I'm glad you got a nice girl and a good business. I'm glad.

Sara gets up and hugs Harry, tears welling in her eyes.

SARA

Your father and I were always wanting only the very best for you. I'm glad, Harry, that you have someone to be with. You should be healthy and happy. And have lots of babies. Don't have only one. It's no good. Have lots of babies. They'll make you happy.

Harry does his best to hug his mother. He fights his desperation to get away and holds onto her.

Eventually, Sara backs away and looks into his face, smiling.

53.

SARA

Look, I'm crying already. I'm so happy I'm crying.

HARRY

(forces smiles)

I'm glad you're happy, Ma. I  
really love ya. An' I'm sorry --

Sara waves his apology away -- tosh, tosh.

HARRY

I really am. But I'm goin' ta make  
it up now. You should just be happy.

SARA

Don't worry about me. I'm used to  
being alone.

A long silent beat as child and parent smile at each other.  
Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY

I got to go, Ma. I have an  
appointment in Manhattan in a  
little bit. But I'll be back.

SARA

Good. I'll make for you. You  
still have your key?

HARRY

(shows her)

Yeah, I got it, Ma. I'd better  
hurry. I'm late now.

SARA

Goodbye, Son.

One more kiss and hug and Harry is gone. Sara stares at the  
door for many long moments.

Then she takes her orange pill -- pop, hit, glup, snap --  
and washes it down with a fresh cup of coffee.

**RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7 (Columbia, 1981)**

INTERIOR. MIKE AND KATIE'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

**MAURA:** JT?

**JT:** Can't sleep?

**M:** No.

**JT:** Me neither. How're you feelin'?

**M:** I dunno. Funny. It's so different not to be...attached to Jeff. I feel like a different person.

**JT:** You don't seem so different. Just a little sad.

**M:** Did you ever...before when you knew me...I can't get this out.

**JT:** You can't what?

**M:** Never mind. You really goin' to LA?

**JT:** I think so. It's time to either shit or get off the pot with my music.

**M:** You involved with anybody right now?

**JT:** Involved?...No. You cold?

**M:** No. I keep thinking about sleeping with you.

**JT:** ...Oh. Wow.

**M:** I mean, I've never been in this position before where I've really considered it –

**JT:** Uh –

**M:** What I was going to ask you before was, did – did you ever consider it? I mean, when I was with Jeff...did you ever wonder what it would be like? Not that you'd make any moves while Jeff was still in the picture but –

**JT:** Uh-huh.

**M:** Uh-huh what? JT, don't make me do all the work.

**JT:** Uh – sorry. It’s just that uh – I don’t know if you’re, like, bein’, you know, rhetorical or, if you’re makin’ an offer.

**M:** You could ask.

**JT:** You wanna sleep with me?

**M:** I think so. Do you wanna sleep with me?

**JT:** Uh-huh. I mean, if things had been different – I mean, I always liked you, it’s that I never considered that you –

**M:** – I wasn’t available.

**JT:** Right, right. I – I always liked you –

*Long pause.*

**JT:** So – so you think we should?

**M:** What do you think? I mean, I mean if it’s Jeff, it’s been over for months, really.

**JT:** Do you think...c-could we now? I mean, would you like to?

**M:** ...Is Frances asleep?

**JT:** Oh, she must be.

**M:** We have to be quiet.

*They look at each other, then come together for a long kiss.*

**M:** Ooh, I like you so much.

**JT:** I am so excited. My stomach’s all tight.

**M:** Me, too. I never thought we’d get to do this. Do you wanna come up, or should I come down?

**JT:** It’s an old couch. You better come down.