

# SCENE BOOK

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## Note:

What follows is a gathering of scenes from many genres and from many eras of cinematic storytelling. We consider each inclusion useful for study of the elements that make up a good scene and also as a specific sample of technique. This book is a work in progress, and we are open to suggestions for future revision.

The Editors

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## Scene #1

The Accused is the story of Sarah, a rape victim whose rapists have been put into jail, and a lawyer Katheryn. In Sarah's public and brutal rape, her rapists were encouraged by a number of male "onlookers." The two women decide to take these men to court to prove that they are legally culpable for their part in her rape. This scene occurs shortly before the trial begins.

-----

Katheryn moves further into the messy trailer, surveying the unwashed dishes and vast array of junk food as Sarah says goodbye to the girls.

SARAH

You want a drink or anything... I could sure use a drink...

Katheryn looks at her judgmentally.

KATHERYN

Uh... no... thanks. But you go ahead.

Sarah catches the look, but cracks a bottle of tequila and pours herself a shot anyway.

SARAH

It's just to smooth out the edge... I was wondering, do you know what time you were born?

Katheryn moves a stack of laundry from a chair.

KATHERYN

(taken aback)

Why?

SARAH

Your chart.

Katheryn sits down and opens her purse, putting her car keys inside. An envelope with her home address is very visible.

KATHERYN

I told you, I don't believe in that stuff.

SARAH

But I do. What time?

KATHERYN

(sighs)

At night. Seven at night. August  
6th.

Sarah sits down, unconsciously checking out the contents of  
Katheryn's purse as she lights a cigarette.

SARAH

Where?

KATHERYN

Portland... Do you always drink to  
take off the edge?

SARAH

Sometimes I smoke pot. You want  
some?

KATHERYN

Ah, no... Listen, when you went to  
The Mill, how were you dressed?

SARAH

What's that supposed to mean?

KATHERYN

Were you dressed provocatively? I  
mean, like a lot of cleavage?... A  
see-through blouse?...

SARAH

(furious)

What the fuck difference does it  
matter how I was dressed? They tore  
it off me.

KATHERYN

(relentless)

But did how you were dressed make  
those guys think they could have  
sex with you? Did you put on a  
show?

Sarah stands, quaking with rage.

SARAH

What the damn hell are you talking  
about?! You saw me at the hospital.  
You think I asked for that? If  
that's what you think, get the fuck  
out of my house!

Katheryn sits back in her chair and grins.

KATHERYN  
Just what I thought.

Sarah is ready to kill her.

SARAH  
"Just what you thought" what?  
What's going on?

KATHERYN  
I wanted to see how you get mad.

ANGLE

Sarah sighs and pours the tequila back in the bottle. She tries to control the spectrum of emotions crossing her face.

SARAH  
So, did I pass the test?

KATHERYN  
Yes, but we'll have to go over it  
and over it till you feel secure.  
That "sex show" business on TV is  
just the beginning. The defense  
attorneys will try to rip you and  
your testimony to pieces.

Sarah repours the tequila, throws back the drink and shudders. She turns back to Katheryn.

SARAH  
I want to put those animals away.  
Will those bastards go to jail?

KATHERYN  
(confidently)  
You bet.

Katheryn stands and collects her purse. Sarah watches her warily, but decides to trust Katheryn's tactics. She looks at Katheryn levelly.

SARAH  
I'll do my best.

KATHERYN  
(firmly)  
Yes. I'll see that you do.

## Scene #2

All About Eve is a film about two women of the theatre: the great star Margo Channing, who is nearing the end of her career of playing young, leading ladies, and her young counterpart, the upstart and devious Eve, who wants to be Margo. At this point in the story, Margo, a "little" paranoid, a little intuitive, has begun to sense Eve's darker side and suspects Eve may have her eyes on her life and her man, Bill. (Bill is the play in question's director.)

-----Part 1-----

MARGO

(quiet menace)

And you, I take it, are the Paderewski who plays his concerto on me, the piano?

(Bill waves his cigarette; he's noncommittal)

Where is Princess Fire-and-Music?

BILL

Who?

MARGO

The kid. Junior.

BILL

(looks lazily)

Gone.

MARGO

I must have frightened her away.

BILL

I wouldn't be surprised. Sometimes you frighten me.

MARGO

(paces up and down)

Poor little flower. Just dropped her petals and folded her tent...

BILL

Don't mix your metaphors.

MARGO

I mix what I like.

BILL

Okay. Mix.

MARGO  
I'm nothing but a body with a  
voice. No mind.

BILL  
What a body, what a voice.

MARGO  
The ex-ship news' reporter. No  
body, no voice, all mind!

BILL  
The gong rang. The fight's over.  
Calm down.

MARGO  
I will not calm down!

BILL  
Don't calm down.

MARGO  
You're being terribly tolerant,  
aren't you?

BILL  
I'm trying terribly hard.

MARGO  
Well, you needn't. I will not be  
tolerated. And I will not be  
plotted against!

BILL  
Here we go...

MARGO  
Such nonsense, what do you all take  
me for - little Nell from the  
country? Been my understudy for  
over a week without my knowing,  
carefully hidden no doubt-

BILL  
(sits up)  
Now don't get carried away-

MARGO  
(going right on)  
- shows up for an audition when  
everyone knew I'd be here... and  
gives a performance! Out of nowhere  
- gives a performance!

BILL

You've been all through that with  
Lloyd-

MARGO

The playwright doesn't make the  
performance - and it doesn't just  
happen! And this one didn't - full  
of fire and music and whatnot, it  
was carefully rehearsed I have no  
doubt, over and over, full of those  
Bill Sampson touches!

BILL

I am sick and tired of these  
paranoiac outbursts!

MARGO

Paranoiac!

BILL

I didn't know Eve Harrington was  
your understudy until half past two  
this afternoon!

MARGO

Tell that to Dr. Freud! Along with  
the rest of it...

She turns away. Bill grabs her, pulls her down on the bed. He  
holds her down.

BILL

No, I'll tell it to you! For the  
last time, I'll tell it to you.  
Because you've got to stop hurting  
yourself, and me, and the two of us  
by these paranoiac tantrums!

MARGO

(struggling)

That word again! I don't even know  
what it means...

BILL

(firmly)

It's time you found out. I love  
you.

(Margo says "Ha!")

I love you. You're a beautiful and  
intelligent woman-

(Margo says "A body with a  
voice")

(MORE)

BILL(CONT'D)

- a beautiful and intelligent woman  
and a great actress-

(he waits; Margo says  
nothing)

- at the peak of her career. You  
have every reason for happiness-

(Margo says "Except  
happiness")

- every reason, but due to some  
strange, uncontrollable,  
unconscious drive you permit the  
slightest action of a kid-

(Margo sneers "Kid!")

- kid like Eve to turn you into a  
hysterical, screaming harpy! Now  
once and for all, stop it!

Margo seems quiet. He gets up. She sits up.

MARGO

It's obvious you're not a woman.

BILL

I've been aware of that for some  
time.

MARGO

Well, I am.

BILL

I'll say.

MARGO

Don't be condescending.

BILL

Come on, get up. I'll buy you a  
drink.

MARGO

(with dignity)

I admit I may have seen better  
days, but I am still not to be had  
for the price of a cocktail - like  
a salted peanut.

BILL

(laughs)

Margo, let's make peace.

MARGO

The terms are too high.  
Unconditional surrender.

BILL

Just being happy? Just stopping all this nonsense about Eve - and Eve and me?

MARGO

It's not nonsense.

BILL

But if I tell you it is - as I just did. Were you listening to me?

(Margo nods)

Isn't that enough?

MARGO

I wish it were.

BILL

Then what would be enough?

(Margo doesn't answer)

If we were married?

MARGO

I wouldn't want you to marry me just to prove something.

BILL

You've had so many reasons for not wanting to marry me... Margo, tell me what's behind all this.

MARGO

I - I don't know, Bill. Just a feeling, I don't know...

BILL

I think you do know but you won't or can't tell me.

(Margo doesn't say)

I said before it was going to be my last try, and I meant it. I can't think of anything else to do. I wish I could.

(a pause)

We usually wind up screaming and throwing things as the curtain comes down. Then it comes up again and everything's fine. But not this time.

(he takes a breath)

(MORE)

BILL(CONT'D)

You know there isn't a playwright  
in the world who could make me  
believe this would happen between  
two adult people. Goodbye, Margo.

No word from her. He starts away.

MARGO

Bill...

(he stops)

... where are you going? To find  
Eve?

BILL

(smiles grimly)

That suddenly makes the whole thing  
believable.

He goes out. Margo, alone, sits for a moment sadly. Then she  
begins to cry...

## Scene #3

Annie Hall is a story about the on again-off again romance of Alvy, a writer, and Annie, an actress... of sorts. At this point in the story, the two are broken up and Annie has called Alvy in the middle of the night to ask him to come over and take care of an "emergency."

-----

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

Annie, looking slightly distraught, goes to open the door to Alvy's knock.

ALVY

What's- It's me, open up.

ANNIE

(Opening the door)

Oh.

ALVY

Are you okay? What's the matter?

(They look at each other,  
Annie sighing)

Are you all right? What-

ANNIE

There's a spider in the bathroom.

ALVY

(Reacting)

What?

ANNIE

There's a big black spider in the bathroom.

ALVY

That's what you got me here for at three o'clock in the morning, 'cause there's a spider in the bathroom?

ANNIE

My God, I mean, you know how I am about insects.

ALVY

(Interrupting, sighing)

Oooh.

ANNIE

-I can't sleep with a live thing  
crawling around in the bathroom.

ALVY

Kill it! For Go- What's wrong with  
you? Don't you have a can of Raid  
in the house?

ANNIE

(Shaking her head)

No.

Alvy, disgusted, starts waving his hands and starts to move  
into the living room.

ALVY

(Sighing)

I told you a thousand times you  
should always keep, uh, a lotta  
insect spray. You never know who's  
gonna crawl over.

ANNIE

(Following him)

I know, I know, and a first-aid kit  
and a fire extinguisher.

ALVY

Jesus. All right, gimme a  
magazine. I- 'cause I'm a little  
tired.

(While Annie goes off to  
find him a magazine,  
Alvy, still talking,  
glances around the  
apartment. He notices a  
small book on a cabinet  
and picks it up.)

You know, you, you joke with-about  
me, you make fun of me, but I'm  
prepared for anything. An  
emergency, a tidal wave, an  
earthquake. Hey, what is this?  
What? Did you go to a rock  
concert?

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

Oh, yeah, really? Really? How-  
how'd you like it?

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

Was it-was it, I mean, did it ...  
was it heavy? Did it achieve total  
heavy-ocity? Or was it, uh...

ANNIE

It was just great!

ALVY

(Thumbing through the  
book)

Oh, humdinger. When- Well, I got a  
wonderful idea. Why don'tcha get  
the guy who took you to the rock  
concert, we'll call him and he can  
come over and kill the spider. You  
know, it's a-

He tosses the book down on the cabinet.

ANNIE

I called you; you wanna help me...  
or not? H'h? Here.

She hands him a magazine.

ALVY

(Looking down at the  
magazine)

What is this? What are you, since  
when do you read the "National  
Review"? What are you turning in  
to?

ANNIE

(Turning to a nearby chair  
for some gum in her  
pocketbook)

Well, I like to try to get all  
points of view.

ALVY

It's wonderful. Then why don'tcha  
get William F. Buckley to kill the  
spider?

ANNIE

(Spinning around to face  
him)

Alvy, you're a little hostile, you  
know that? Not only that, you look  
thin and tired.

She puts a piece of gum in her mouth.

ALVY

Well, I was in be- It's three o'clock in the morning. You, uh, you got me outta bed, I ran over here, I couldn't get a taxi cab. You said it was an emergency, and I didn't ge- I ran up the stairs. Hell - I was a lot more attractive when the evening began. Look, uh, tell- Whatta you- Are you going with a right-wing rock-and roll star? Is that possible?

ANNIE

(Sitting down on a chair arm and looking up at Alvy)

Would you like a glass of chocolate milk?

ALVY

Hey, what am I-your son? Whatta you mean? I-I came over TV --\_

ANNIE

(Touching his chest with her hand)

I got the good chocolate, Alvy.

ALVY

Yeah, where is the spider?

ANNIE

It really is lovely. It's in the bathroom.

ALVY

Is he in the bathroom?

ANNIE

(Rising from chair)

Hey, don't squish it, and after it's dead, flush it down the toilet, okay? And flush it a couple o' times.

ALVY

(Moving down the hallway to the bathroom)

Darling, darling, I've been killing spiders since I was thirty, okay?

ANNIE  
 (Upset, hands on her neck)  
 Oh. What?

ALVY  
 (Coming back into the  
 living room)  
 Very big spider.

ANNIE  
 Yeah?

ALVY  
 Two ... Yeah. Lotta, lotta  
 trouble. There's two of 'em.

Alvy starts walking down the hall again, Annie following.

ANNIE  
 Two?

ALVY  
 (Opening a closet door)  
 Yep. I didn't think it was that  
 big, but it's a major spider. You  
 got a broom or something with a-

ANNIE  
 Oh, I-I left it at your house.

ALVY  
 (Overlapping)  
 -snow shovel or anything or  
 something.

ANNIE  
 (Overlapping)  
 I think I left it there, I'm sorry.

Reaching up into the closet, Alvy takes out a covered tennis racquet.

ALVY  
 (Holding the racquet)  
 Okay, let me have this.

ANNIE  
 Well, what are you doing ... what  
 are you doing with-

ALVY  
 Honey, there's a spider in your  
 bathroom the size of a Buick.

He walks into the bathroom, Annie looking after him.

ANNIE

Well, okay. Ooh.

Alvy stands in the middle of the bathroom, tennis racquet in one hand, rolled magazine in the other. He looks over at the shelf above the sink and picks up a small container. He holds it out, shouting off screen to Annie.

ALVY

Hey, what is this? You got black soap?

ANNIE

(Off screen)

It's for my complexion.

ALVY

Whatta-whatta yuh joining a minstrel show? Geez.

(Alvy turns and starts swapping the racquet over the shelf, knocking down articles and breaking glass)

Don't worry!

(He continues to swat the racquet all over the bathroom. He finally moves out of the room, hands close to his body. He walks into the other room, where Annie is sitting in a corner of her bed leaning against the wall)

I did it! I killed them both.

What-what's the matter? Whatta you-

(Annie is sobbing, her hand over her face)

-whatta you sad about? You- What'd you want me to do? Capture 'em and rehabilitate 'em?

ANNIE

(Sobbing and taking Alvy's arm)

Oh, don't go, okay? Please.

ALVY

(Sitting down next to her)

Whatta you mean, don't go?

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

Whatta-whatta -what's the matter?  
Whatta you expecting -termites?  
What's the matter?

ANNIE

(Sobbing)

Oh, uh, I don't know. I miss you.  
Tsch.

She beats her fist on the bed. Reacting, Alvy puts his arm around her shoulder and leans back against the wall.

ALVY

Oh, Jesus, really?

ANNIE

(Leaning on his shoulder)

Oh, yeah. Oh.  
(They kiss)  
Oh! Alvy?

ALVY

What?

He touches her face gently as she wipes tears from her face.

ANNIE

Was there somebody in your room  
when I called you?

ALVY

W-w-whatta you mean?

ANNIE

I mean was there another- I thought  
I heard a voice.

ALVY

Oh, I had the radio on.

ANNIE

Yeah?

ALVY

I'm sorry. I had the television  
set ... I had the television-

ANNIE

Yeah.

Alvy pulls her to him and they kiss again.

## Scene #4

In Being John Malkovich, the main character Craig discovers a portal that one can enter to take a brief ride in the body of John Malkovich. Craig now sells the ride to all comers with his business partner Maxine. Craig and his wife Lotte invite his partner over for dinner, neither realizing that they have both fallen in love with her.

-----

INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Craig, Lotte, and Maxine are seated at the table and eating lasagna. Lotte eyes Maxine. Craig eyes Maxine. There is an awkward silence.

LOTTE

(to Maxine)

Did you know that Eskimos have not one, but forty-nine words for snow. It's because they have so much of it. So much snow.

CRAIG

After dinner I'll show you my puppets.

MAXINE

Ah.

LOTTE

After that I'll introduce you to my favorite monkey, Elijah. He's got an ulcer, due to a suppressed childhood trauma. But we're getting to the bottom of it.

(whispers)

Psychotherapy.

INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

Dinner is over. Craig, Maxine, and Lotte sit on the couch passing a joint back and forth. They are stoned.

MAXINE

(to no one in particular)

The way I see it, the world is divided into those who go after what they want and those who don't.

(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

The passionate ones, the ones who go after what they want, may not get what they want, but they remain vital, in touch with themselves, and when they lie on their deathbeds, they have few regrets. The ones who don't go after what they want... well, who gives a shit about them anyway?

Maxine laughs. There is another silence. Suddenly, at the same moment, both Craig and Lotte lunge for Maxine and start kissing her passionately about the face and neck. They stop just as suddenly and look at each other.

CRAIG

You?

Lotte looks away.

MAXINE

Craig, I just don't find you attractive. And, Lotte, I'm smitten with you, but only when you're in Malkovich. When I looked into his eyes last night, I could feel you peering out. Behind the stubble and the too-prominent brow and the male pattern baldness, I sensed your feminine longing, and it just slew me.

CRAIG

(disgusted)

My God.

Lotte strokes Maxine's face. Craig gets up, stares out window.

MAXINE

(to Lotte, removing her hand)

Only as John, sweetie. I'm sorry.

(gets up)

Thanks for a wonderful dinner.

(walks past window, to Craig)

No hard feelings, partner.

Maxine exits. Craig and Lotte look at each other, really stoned, trying to focus on the grave situation.

LOTTE

I want a divorce.

## Scene #5

Body Heat is the story of Ned, a lazy playboy of a lawyer, who finally meets the woman who can keep his attention in Mattie, the wife of a wealthy, much older man. In this scene, the two meet for the second time. (Lawrence Kasdan's adaptation of the classic Double Indemnity.)

-----

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ned enters and finds Mattie seated at the bar.

MATTIE

Look who's here. Isn't this a coincidence?

NED

How are you?

MATTIE

You're the one who doesn't like to talk about the heat. Too bad. I'd tell you about my chimes.

NED

What about them?

MATTIE

The wind chimes on my porch. They keep ringing and I go out there expecting a cool breeze. That's what they've always meant, but not this year. This year it's just hot air.

NED

Do I remind you of hot air? Bourbon. Any kind on the rocks. Do you want another?

MATTIE

Yeah. What are you doing in Pine Haven?

NED

I'm no yokle, I was all the way to Miami once.

MATTIE

You know some men, once they get a whiff of it, they trail you like a hound.

NED

I'm not that eager.

MATTIE

What's your name, anyway?

NED

Ned Racine.

MATTIE

Mattie Walker.

They shake hands.

NED

Wow. You alright?

MATTIE

Yes, I'm fine. My temperature runs a couple of degrees high around a hundred. I don't mind. The engine or something...

NED

Maybe you need a tuneup.

MATTIE

Don't tell me, you have just the right tool.

NED

I don't talk like that.

MATTIE

How did you find me, Ned?

NED

This is the only joint in Pine Haven.

MATTIE

You shouldn't have come. You're going to be disappointed.

Ned notices a couple of men eyeing him.

NED

What did I do?

MATTIE

A lot of them have tried that seat.  
You're the first I've let stay.

NED

You must come here a lot.

MATTIE

Most men are little boys.

NED

Maybe you should drink at home.

MATTIE

Too quiet.

NED

Maybe you shouldn't dress like  
that.

MATTIE

This is a blouse and skirt. I don't  
know what you're talking about.

NED

You shouldn't wear that body.

MATTIE

Sometimes I don't know. I just get  
so sick of everything I'm not sure  
I care anymore. Do you know what I  
mean, Ned?

NED

I know that sometimes the shit  
comes down so heavy I feel like I  
should wear a hat.

MATTIE

(laughs)

Yeah, that's what I mean. I gotta  
get out of here. I gotta get home.

NED

I'll take you.

MATTIE

I have a car.

NED

I'll follow you. I wanna see the  
chimes.

MATTIE

You want to see the chimes?

NED

I wanna hear them.

MATTIE

That's all. If I let you, then that's all.

NED

I'm not looking for trouble.

MATTIE

This is my community bar. I might have to come here with my husband sometime. Would you mind leaving before me, waiting in your car? I know it seems silly --

NED

I don't know who you think we're gonna fool. You've been pretty friendly.

Beat. She slaps him hard.

MATTIE

Now leave me alone!

She gets up and sits at another table. Startled, Ned stares at her for a beat. He gathers his things and exits.

## Scene #6

Boogie Nights follows a group of porn filmmakers through the late '70s into the early '80s. In very little time, the main character Dirk - under the tutelage of director Jack Homer - rises to great heights in the industry. But Dirk has recently left the fold, and the whole family begins a downward spiral. This series of scenes follows two actresses in the group, Amber and Rollergirl, in their part of the spiral.

-----

INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amber and Rollergirl are sitting in front of a pile of coke that's laid out on top of a big book...

AMBER

I miss my two sons -- my little Andrew and my Dirk -- I miss them both so much. I always felt like Dirk was my baby, my new baby. Don't you miss, Dirk?

ROLLERGIRL

Yeah.

AMBER

He's so fucking talented. The bastard. I love him, Rollergirl, I mean, I really love the little jerk.

ROLLERGIRL

I love you, Mom. I want you to be my mother, Amber. Are you my Mom? I'll ask you if you're my mother and you say, "yes." OK? -- Are you my mother -- ?

AMBER

Yes, honey. Yes.

They cry and hug and laugh and do more coke, smoke more cigs, etc.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

OMMITED.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER ROOM - NIGHT

Amber and Rollergirl, pacing around the room, talking, crying, etc.

AMBER

I don't wanna do this anymore,  
honey. I can't. I just can't.

ROLLERGIRL

What?

AMBER

Have fun now, let's keep going and  
going and going tonight -- because  
it's over. There's too many things--

ROLLERGIRL

Okay. Okay.

AMBER

Let's go walk.

ROLLERGIRL

I don't wanna leave the room.

AMBER

Me either. OHHHHHHHHH. I love you,  
honey.

ROLLERGIRL

I love you, Mom.

They laugh and laugh and laugh and smoke, talk, walk.

## Scene #7

In Broadcast News, attractive sports journalist Tom joins a hard-hitting news team in Washington, D.C. The network has just orchestrated Tom's first big success with the team: he's asked to report, with the brilliant Jane as his much-needed crutch, live and national on an international news event. At the celebration party afterwards, Tom runs into the bitter Aaron, another journalist who, in many ways, was the right man for the reporting spot.

-----

He moves off to intercept Jane -- as he stops her... Tom is stranded -- then sees Aaron and moves over to his side.

TOM  
Hi, Aaron...What's doing?

AARON  
Same old stuff. I'm watching a man who won three Overseas Press Awards pitch an hors d'oeuvre idea.

A MAN stops and introduces himself to Tom -- shaking his hand:

TOM  
You want to go out there --  
(indicating balcony)  
get out of this for a second?

AARON  
Why don't you lead? I'll just follow the flurry you cause.

Tom turns -- the sharpness of the tone unsettles him.

TOM  
What did I do to you?

AARON  
You've made my dreams silly.

Tom decides not to deal with the remark. He's jolted by the hostility. He leads the way out French Doors to a ground floor terrace, where Aaron joins him, closes the door and the two men stare at the party.

TOM  
(gesturing at the party)  
Heavy hitters.

Aaron nods.

They look inside.

AARON  
 (several beats; then)  
 How you doing?

TOM  
 (warming)  
 Great. Network news, Washington...  
 I love it. What do you do when your  
 real life exceeds your dreams?

AARON  
 Keep it to yourself.

TOM  
 You know the other day I really  
 wanted your reaction to how we did  
 with the Libyan report -- I was  
 going to ask but I guess I feel a  
 little intimidated with you.

AARON  
 Oh, stop it.

On Tom's reaction.

AARON (CONT'D)  
 You can't talk about feeling  
 intimidated when you're on top of  
 the world. It's unseemly.

TOM  
 I'm not buying into any of that. I  
 have a load to learn. I'm not going  
 to act as if...

AARON  
 (finishing for him)  
 You have the job you have...

The sudden debate is important to Tom -- but it's moving too  
 fast for him.

TOM  
 Shut up a second...

AARON  
 (amiably)  
 Okay. Pretty petty party, isn't it,  
 pal?

TOM  
(picking his words)  
I made one rule for myself when  
this started and I realized I was  
going to take a lot from you people  
because of being from sports...

AARON  
And the rule was...

TOM  
Never to pretend to know more than  
I did.

AARON  
Can you name all the members of the  
Cabinet?

TOM  
(flustered)  
Okay, let's drop it. I didn't mean  
I'd take a test for you -- I mean  
if that came up in conversation  
I'd...

AARON  
We're conversing...Oh my, the names  
of the entire Cabinet has slipped  
my mind. What are they?

Tom is getting pissed.

AARON (CONT'D)  
(compromising)  
Don't name them. Just tell me if  
you know.

TOM  
Yes, Aaron, I know the names of the  
Cabinet.

AARON  
Okay.

A beat.

AARON (CONT'D)  
All twelve?

TOM  
Yes.

AARON  
There are only ten.

Aaron's suddenly a good deal happier -- damned if it isn't a little infectious.

TOM  
You're feeling good, aren't you?

AARON  
(sincerely)  
I'm starting to... We may do the capitals of the states.

TOM  
(dry)  
Fifty, right?

Aaron almost smiles.

Tom enters the party leaving the door open.

## Scene #8

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid are legendary bank robbers in a bit of a slump after perhaps too much time off the job. The world is changing on them, what with the new bigger safes and new bigger posses. At this point in the story, they're celebrating a minor success, and Sundance leaves Butch at the whorehouse in search of a woman to suit his own more refined tastes.

-----  
SCHOOLHOUSE - NIGHT

ETTA

There is a clock on her desk. She glances at it, brings the papers into a neat pile, and gets up, goes to the door. As she opens it --

CUT TO:

THE DOORWAY

and Etta is turning off the inside light, moving into the dark night, quickly closing and locking the door and hurrying now around a corner of the building.

CUT TO:

A SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

She almost runs to it. The night is very dark and there is wind. The house is set off by itself behind the school. It is a one-story affair, obviously the kind of place built by the town to house the schoolmistress.

CUT TO:

ETTA

entering her small house. Closing the front door she moves across the tiny living room into the bedroom, undressing as she goes.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ETTA

entering the bedroom, pulling off her blouse. There is a small light by the bed and as she gets it on, in this shadowlight, it is clear that she is really a terribly pretty thing.

She wears a white slip and it contrasts nicely with her sun-darkened skin. She has a fuller body than she showed before. She begins to take off her skirt and is almost done before she whirls and freezes and damn near screams and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

gun in his lap, seated happily in a corner of the room, watching.

SUNDANCE  
(gesturing with his gun)  
Keep going, teacher lady.

CUT TO:

ETTA

She does not move.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)  
It's all right, don't mind me --

And now he gestures with his gun again --

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)  
-- keep right on going.

CUT TO:

ETTA

She makes a nod, then nervously manages to undo her skirt and as it slips to the floor --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

He is enjoying himself.

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)  
Don't stop on my account.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

She stares at him a moment, then begins to take off her slip. As she does so --

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you something, teacher lady -- you're not so bad. Outside you're all stiff and starchy and prim, but underneath it all, not so bad.

Her slip is off now and her body is also revealed to him. It is a splendid body.

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)

Okay. Let down your hair.

CUT TO:

ETTA

She hesitates a moment before reaching back behind her head with both hands. Her fingers work quickly and in a moment her hair tumbles down over her shoulders.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

watching appreciatively.

SUNDANCE (CONT'D)

Shake your head.

CUT TO:

ETTA

She shakes her head and her hair loosens up, covering her shoulders now, thick and gloriously black.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

He tilts his head a moment, carefully examining the girl.

CUT TO:

ETTA

as she stands there. She looks wild.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

Slowly he begins to rise from the chair and move across the silent room toward her.

CUT TO:

ETTA

not looking away, watching him come.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

very close to her now. Beside them is the bed.

CUT TO:

ETTA

unafraid, she stares at him.

ETTA

Do you know what I wish?

SUNDANCE

What?

ETTA

That you'd once get here on time.

And her arms go around him, her mouth finds his, and locked, they fall toward the bed. As their bodies fall --

CUT TO:

## Scene #9

Class is a story about the testing of two young men's close friendship and their passage into adulthood. Roommates at prep school, Jonathon is the innocent from the Midwest and Skip the experienced Easterner who wants to educate him in the ways of the world. This scene is an early example of the education that eventually gets Jonathan into big trouble.

-----

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Jonathon sits at his desk, studying. Skip is sprawled on his bed, in his robe, perusing the Cliffnotes version of "Moby Dick". Without looking up, he grabs the tequila bottle and freshens his drink. He drinks, sighs, and tosses the Cliffnotes at Jonathan.

JONATHON

Some of us are trying to work.

SKIP

Pardonnez moi.

MANNIX (O.S.)

Lights!

Jonathon gets up and attaches a BLACK-OUT BOARD to the window. Then he places a towel at the foot of the door and returns to his desk. Skip watches this ritual, disgusted. He gets up and thumps the bottle down on the book Jonathon is reading.

SKIP

If you read one more word, I'm going to drink this entire bottle myself and barf all over you.

Jonathon gauges the sincerity of this threat, then closes the book.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Skip and Jonathon are seated on their respective beds facing each other. Glasses in hand, the half-empty tequila bottle is on the floor between them. Skip is in the midst of cleaning and repacking his pipe. Jonathon is lost in thought, takes a sip from his drink. Skip refills Jonathon's glass.

SKIP

What d'you say we play a little drinking game. It's called "Your deepest darkest secret."

JONATHON

Must we?

SKIP

Sure, it's great. First I tell you a secret, then I drink. Then you tell me a secret, then I drink again. Then when I'm really drunk, you put me to bed and give me a blow job. Ready?

JONATHON

I'm not sure I like this game.

SKIP

You wanna cut out all the bullshit and get right to the blow job?

(winks)

Just kidding. Okay. Here we go.

(ponders)

A secret, a secret, a deep dark secret... Okay, my first car, an Alfa just like the one I've got now. First day I had it, I totalled it. So me and a friend towed it up on top of a mountain and pushed it off. I reported it as stolen and got a new one. With a better radio I might add.

Skip drinks.

SKIP (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Your turn.

JONATHON

I'm supposed to tell you a secret.

SKIP

You got it.

Jonathon thinks for a moment, then --

JONATHON

Okay, we live in Pittsburgh in your basic tract house. When I was a kid I built a fort in the garage.

(MORE)

## JONATHON (CONT'D)

I used to go in there and smoke cigarettes and read dirty magazines. So one day I'd been in there smoking. And that night when my old man got home and closed the garage door, all these hot coals and charred Playboys came down on his head. The whole fucking garage was on fire.

SKIP

What'd you do?

JONATHON

The intelligent thing. I blamed it on the kid down the street.

Jonathon drinks. Skip nods.

SKIP

Two years ago I met this girl, Heather McMillan. She was twenty-five and I told her I was twenty-one. I didn't know what I was doing, but I must've done something right 'cause a month later she shows up on my doorstep and tells me she's pregnant.

JONATHON

You knocked her up the first time?

SKIP

Dat ain't all folks. My old man is Squire Franklin Burroughs, the third, and if I wanted to live to be the fourth there was no way I was going to tell him. So one night my folks are throwin' a small party for a hundred and fifty close personal friends. With my last twenty bucks I buy this huge pair of boots -- size fourteen. I tromp through the gardens, break in the French doors, leave these giant muddy tracks all over the Persian rug, then sneak into the study where all the coats and purses are. To make it look real, I couldn't take a little, I had to take everything. I gave the girl enough money to have six abortions.

(MORE)

SKIP(CONT'D)

Then about a week later I meet this other guy who tells me he gave the same girl money for the same thing. It was all a crock a shit.

Jonathon stares at him for a moment, then bursts out laughing.

SKIP (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
And to this day, they're still looking for this enormous burglar with size fourteen feet.

Jonathon laughs even harder. Skip takes a healthy belt from his glass.

SKIP (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Okay... beat that one.

Jonathon calms, remains silent for a long moment, then --

JONATHON  
When I was twelve I went to the hospital to have my tonsils out. I was lying in bed after the operation and I'd already read all the books I brought with me so I got up looking for something else and picked up my medical chart.

SKIP  
And you found out you were dead.

JONATHON  
I found out I was adopted.

SKIP  
No shit?  
(Jonathon nods)  
What did your parents say?

JONATHON  
I never told them I found out.

Both are silent for a moment, then Jonathon drains his glass. Skip immediately refills it.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
Okay... beat that one.

SKIP  
(a long pause, then --)  
Alright, but I have to drink before this one.

(MORE)

SKIP(CONT'D)

(drinks)

This is something I've never told anyone. And you've got to swear what you hear will never leave this room. Swear to God?

JONATHON

Okay.

SKIP

(ultra serious)

I killed a man.

(a long beat)

I was in Puerto Vallarta last year with some friends. We're all in a bar when I meet this gorgeous girl. She takes me back to her place. I walk in the door and the next thing I know some huge guy puts a gun to my head and my gorgeous gal is goin' through my pockets. I musta been really drunk 'cause I kicked the sonuvabitch in the balls and went for the gun. The next thing I know there's this huge explosion and the guy's lying there with blood pouring out of this hole in the side of his head.

JONATHON

Jesus! What d'you do?

SKIL

I got the hell out of there.

Skip tosses his glass aside and drinks from the bottle. Another silence.

SKIP

Ball's in your court, ace.

Jonathon is speechless, then:

JONATHON

I can't beat that.

SKIP

Alright. Then just tell me the worst thing you've ever done.

A long pause.

JONATHON

I cheated on the S.A.T.

SKIP  
(belittling him)  
What, you wrote a few logarithms on  
your sleeve.

JONATHON  
No, I bought the test. I had all  
the answers going in.

SKIP  
Come on. I can smell bullshit a  
mile away.

JONATHON  
Cost me three hundred and fifty  
bucks.

SKIP  
You cheated on the S.A.T. You  
cheated on the S.A.T.  
(thoroughly delighted)  
That's incredible! I love it!

JONATHON  
You love what?

SKIP  
You're the smartest guy in the  
school. You didn't have to cheat on  
the S.A.T. Christ, even Roger  
passed the S.A.T. Jesus, you really  
cheated on the S.A.T. That's pretty  
serious.

JONATHON  
Well you killed a guy!

SKIP  
Well... not exactly.  
(starts laughing)  
That sonuvabitch in Puerto Vallarta  
got away with everything I had. And  
I was so scared I shit in my pants!

Skip falls off the bed laughing. Jonathon just stares at him.

JONATHON  
What an asshole.

Skip laughs all the harder as we...

CUT TO:

## Scene #10

Coal Miner's Daughter, based on the life of Loretta Lynn, is largely the love story of Loretta and Doolittle Lynn. Shortly before this scene, the two have married and then separated, Doo sending Loretta home until she's ready to "act like a wife." Her parents welcome her home joyfully, until they notice an all-too-telling change in her weight, and send her off to the doctor for a checkup.

-----

EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - VAN LEAR STREET - DAY - LORETTA

comes out and starts walking home, miserable. She begins to sniffle, then cry -- and suddenly she sees -- Doolittle's jeep pulled up at the curb down the street, his back to her. Leaning suggestively on the jeep, talking and smiling, is Lizzie. Enraged, Loretta picks up a stick and runs to the jeep.

LORETTA

Doolittle Lynn -- what's this sow doin' a-wallerin' all over your jeep!

LIZZIE

What'd you call me?

LORETTA

A sow -- which is a woman pig!

Loretta swings the stick. Lizzie makes a quick retreat, with Loretta right after. Doo watches apprehensively as Loretta starts back for him. He steels himself for the blows, but she walks right past him. He jumps out and runs after.

DOOLITTLE

Loretta, wait a minute -- I was just comin' to see you --

LORETTA

Was you a-gonna bring your girl friend with you?

DOOLITTLE

Aw, she just flagged me down, it didn't mean nothin'. I got somethin' to tell you.

LORETTA

I got somethin' to tell you, too.

DOOLITTLE  
I'm leavin' Kentucky, Loretta.

She stops dead, incredulous.

DOOLITTLE (CONT'D)  
I'm goin' out west, to Washington.  
Get me a job on a ranch or  
somethin'. That coal mine's buryin'  
me alive, Loretta.

LORETTA  
You was just gonna leave me...?

DOOLITTLE  
Just long enough to get set up,  
then I'll send you the money to  
join me.

LORETTA  
What makes you think I'm gonna  
come?

DOOLITTLE  
You're my wife, baby.

LORETTA  
I'm you wife! Boy, you better think  
of a better reason than that! Maybe  
Mommie and Daddy's right, maybe I  
ain't ready for no marriage -- but  
if what we got is a marriage, I'd  
just as soon not have one noways.

DOOLITTLE  
If we could just start over, away  
from our families, and -- there  
ain't nothin' for me here, Loretta,  
nothin' but a chestful of coal dust  
and bein' a old man by the time I'm  
forty. Ask your daddy. And it's so  
pretty out in Washington. I was  
there as a kid, pickin' fruit. You  
gotta come with me. I love you.

LORETTA  
You promised Daddy you wouldn't  
take me off from home...

DOOLITTLE  
You gotta make up your mind,  
Loretta -- whether you're his  
daughter or my wife. Come on.

(MORE)

DOOLITTLE (CONT'D)

I'll drive you home. What was you  
doin' down here anyways?

LORETTA

I came to see Doc Turner.

DOOLITTLE

You ain't sick, are you?

LORETTA

I'm gonna have a baby.

DOOLITTLE

(stunned, pleased)

Well, I be damned... You know,  
maybe you finally found somethin'  
you know how to do.

They drive towards the holler in the jeep.

## Scene #11

Dog Day Afternoon is based on the true story of a bank robbery led by "Sonny Abramowicz" on the afternoon of August 22nd, 1972. Some foul-ups by his team and just plain bad luck strand Sonny in the bank with a group of bank workers as hostages. By evening, the situation reaches gigantic proportions with thousands of watchers and hundreds of police on the street. The police bring Sonny's mother in to talk to him.

-----

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

as Sonny walks to his MOTHER. Baker tactfully moves away, leaving the two of them in the center of the floodlighted street. Again the crowd can be HEARD but not seen; armed police fringe the lights and shadows, in B.G.

SONNY

What do you want here, Ma? You could of watched it on TV.

VI

My God, Sonny - you oughtta see - Alla Brooklyn is here! On all three networks!

SONNY

Mom - I got it all worked out; it's over. The best thing is you go home. Watch it on TV.

VI

I talked to the FBI, I told them about you, they said if you just come outta the bank it's gonna be okay.

SONNY

You did what? Who did you talk to? What for?

VI

Well, I'm only trying to get you outta this. I told them you were in Vietnam, you always had good jobs, you were with Goldwater at the '64 convention, but you had marital problems...

SONNY

Oh my God, mother!

VI

I said you were never a faggot.

SONNY

Don't talk to them anymore. Sal and me are getting a jet, we're going to Algeria - I'll write you from there.

VI

He was very understanding - you ought to talk to him... Algeria?

SONNY

We can't stay here.

VI

Oh my God! I don't understand. If you needed money, why couldn't you come to me? Everything I got is yours. I got two hundred and maybe twenty-five in the savings. It's yours. You know it.

Sonny abruptly realizes he is getting sidetracked by Mom - like always. Tries to get it back again.

SONNY

Mom - they're sending a bus to take us to the airport. You understand? If you're here - they're not gonna send it. They'll think I'm gonna come out with you.

VI

What's wrong with that? The FBI was very understanding when I explained it to him. Everybody knows it isn't you... It's the pressures from your home life.

SONNY

For God's sake don't start in on Heidi again...

VI

Did I say a thing against her? God forbid I should say anything against that fat cunt.

SONNY

Mom. Mom. There are some things a mother shouldn't say in front of her son.

VI

If she comes down here, so help me I'm gonna mash her brains in. Everything in your life was sunlight and roses until you met her. Since then, forget it.

SONNY

She doesn't have anything to do with it! You understand that? Mother? This is me!

VI

I know you wouldn't need Leon if Heidi was treating you right. The thing I don't understand is why you come out and sleep with Heidi anyway? You got two kids on welfare now. What're you goin' to bed with her, you don't have enough with one wife and two kids on welfare, you want a wife and three kids on welfare?

SONNY

(this is old stuff)  
Not now, Mom, please.

VI

What'll you do? Come out.

SONNY

(patiently - I told you a hundred times)  
I can't, Mom. If I come out Sal will kill them.

VI

Oh.  
(she thinks for a moment)  
Run.

SONNY

What the hell for? Twenty-five years in the pen?

VI

Maybe...

SONNY  
 Maybe! Aw Christ, what dreams you  
 live on! Maybe what?

She stares at him. He talks slowly and carefully to her.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
 I'm a fuckup and an outcast. There  
 isn't one single person in my life  
 I haven't hurt through my love. You  
 understand that? I'm the most  
 dangerous person in the world,  
 because if I love you, watch out,  
 you're gonna get fucked, fucked  
 over and fucked out!

VI  
 No!

SONNY  
 Did Pop come down?

VI  
 No. This really pissed him off,  
 Sonny. He says you're dead. He says  
 he doesn't have a son.

SONNY  
 He's right. You shoulda done what  
 he did. Go home.  
 (embraces her)  
 Don't talk to the FBI anymore.

He walks away and moves toward the bank door.

ON VI

Her desperate smile, apologetic and false at the same time,  
 glistens with a mother's tears. After a long beat:

VI  
 I remember how beautiful you were.  
 As a baby you were so beautiful. We  
 had such hopes.

INT. BANK - CLOSE ON DOOR - NIGHT

as Sonny enters and stops, controlling his emotions.

## Scene #12

In Double Indemnity, insurance salesman Neff is cruising along in life, happy with his job and his single life-style until he meets Phyllis, the wife of a wealthy client. Soon enough, Neff is agreeing to anything Phyllis wants, and what she wants is out of her marriage, but with a little spending cash to take along. As we enter this scene, their plans of escape have gone terribly wrong, but Neff has just realized that perhaps *Phyllis'* plans have not.

-----

Phyllis crosses to the chair by the fireplace (the one she sat in the first time Neff came to the house). She lifts the loose cushion and puts what was in the scarf behind it. As she withdraws the scarf, there is a brief glint of something metallic before she covers the hidden object with the cushion again.

She turns to the low table in front of the davenport and takes a cigarette from the box. She takes a match and is about to strike it when, just then, she hears a car coming up the hill. She listens, motionless. The car stops. A car door is slammed.

Calmly, Phyllis strikes the match and lights her cigarette. She drops the match casually into a tray, goes back to the chair, sits down and waits, quietly smoking. There are footsteps outside the house.

Over the chair in which Phyllis is sitting, the hallway is visible through the arch. The front door opens. Neff comes in. He is silhouetted against the moonlight as he stands there. He closes the door again.

PHYLLIS  
(in foreground)  
In here, Walter.

Neff comes through the arch and walks slowly towards her.

NEFF  
Hello, baby. Anybody else in the house?

PHYLLIS  
Nobody. Why?

NEFF  
What's that music?

Neff sits down on the arm of the davenport, close to her.

NEFF (CONT'D)

Just like the first time I was here. We were talking about automobile insurance. Only you were thinking about murder. And I was thinking about that anklet.

PHYLLIS

And what are you thinking about now?

NEFF

I'm all through thinking. This is goodbye.

PHYLLIS

Goodbye? Where are you going?

NEFF

It's you that's going, baby. Not me. I'm getting off the trolley car right at this corner.

PHYLLIS

Suppose you stop being fancy. Let's have it, whatever it is.

NEFF

I have a friend who's got a funny theory. He says when two people commit a murder they're kind of on a trolley car, and one can't get off without the other. They're stuck with each other. They have to go on riding clear to the end of the line. And the last stop is the cemetery.

PHYLLIS

Maybe he's got something there.

NEFF

You bet he has. Two people are going to ride to the end of the line, all right. Only I'm not going to be one of them. I've got another guy to finish my ride for me.

PHYLLIS

So you've got it all arranged, Walter.

NEFF

You arranged it for me. I didn't have to do a thing.

PHYLLIS

Just who are you talking about?

NEFF

An acquaintance of yours. A Mr. Zachette. Come on, baby, I just got into this because I know a little something about insurance, didn't I? I was just a sucker, I'd have been brushed off as soon as you got your hands on the money.

PHYLLIS

What are you talking about?

NEFF

Save it. I'm telling this. It's been you and that Zachette guy all along, hasn't it?

PHYLLIS

That's not true.

NEFF

It doesn't make any difference whether it's true or not. The point is Keyes believes Zachette is the guy he's been looking for. He'll have him in that gas chamber before he knows what happened to him.

PHYLLIS

And what's happening to me all this time?

NEFF

Don't be silly. What do you expect to happen to you? You helped him do the murder, didn't you? That's what Keyes thinks. And what's good enough for Keyes is good enough for me.

PHYLLIS

Maybe it's not good enough for me, Walter. Maybe I don't go for the idea. Maybe I'd rather talk.

NEFF

Sometimes people are where they can't talk. Under six feet of dirt, for instance. And if it was you, they'd just charge it up to Zachette, wouldn't they? One more item on his account. Sure they would. That's just what they're going to do. Especially since he's coming here tonight... Oh, in about fifteen minutes from now, baby. With the cops right behind him. It's all taken care of.

PHYLLIS

And that'd make everything lovely for you, wouldn't it?

NEFF

Right. And it's got to be done before that suit of yours comes to trial, and Lola gets a chance to sound off, and they trip you up on the stand, and you start to fold up and drag me down with you.

PHYLLIS

Listen, Walter. Maybe I had Zachette here so they won't get a chance to trip me up. So we can get that money and be together.

NEFF

That's cute. Say it again.

PHYLLIS

He came here the first time just to ask where Lola was. I made him come back. I was working on him. He's a crazy sort of guy, quick-tempered. I kept hammering into him that she was with another man, so he'd get into one of his jealous rages, and then I'd tell him where she was. And you know what he'd have done to her, don't you, Walter.

NEFF

Yeah, and for once I believe you. Because it's just rotten enough.

PHYLLIS

We're both rotten, Walter.

NEFF

Only you're just a little more rotten. You're rotten clear through. You got me to take care of your husband, and then you got Zachette to take care of Lola, and maybe take care of me too, and then somebody else would have come along to take care of Zachette for you. That's the way you operate, isn't it, baby?

PHYLLIS

Suppose it is, Walter. Is what you've cooked up for tonight any better?

Neff gets up from the davenport. He listens to the music for a moment.

NEFF

I don't like this music anymore. It's too close. Do you mind if I shut the window?

Phyllis just stares at him. He goes quietly over to the window and shuts it and draws the curtain. Phyllis speaks to his back:

PHYLLIS

(her voice low and urgent)  
Walter!

Neff turns, something changes in his face. There is the report of a gun. He stands motionless for a moment, then very slowly starts toward her. CAMERA is shooting over his shoulder at Phyllis as she stands with the gun in her hand. Neff stops after he has taken a few steps.

NEFF

What's the matter? Why don't you shoot again? Maybe if I came a little closer?

Neff takes a few more steps toward her and stops again.

NEFF (CONT'D)

How's that? Do you think you can do it now?

Phyllis is silent. She doesn't shoot. Her expression is tortured. Neff goes on until he is close to her. Quietly he takes the gun out of her unresisting hand.

NEFF (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you shoot, baby?

Phyllis puts her arms around him in complete surrender.

NEFF (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me it's because you've  
been in love with me all this time.

PHYLLIS  
No. I never loved you, Walter. Not  
you, or anybody else. I'm rotten to  
the heart. I used you, just as you  
said. That's all you ever meant to  
me -- until a minute ago. I didn't  
think anything like that could ever  
happen to me.

NEFF  
I'm sorry, baby. I'm not buying.

PHYLLIS  
I'm not asking you to buy. Just  
hold me close.

Neff draws her close to him. She reaches up to his face and  
kisses him on the lips. As she comes out of the kiss there is  
realization in her eyes that this is the final moment.

NEFF  
Goodbye, baby.

Out of the shot the gun explodes once, twice. Phyllis quivers  
in his arms. Her eyes fill with tears. Her head falls limp  
against his shoulder. Slowly he lifts her and carries her to  
the davenport. He lays her down on it carefully, almost  
tenderly. The moonlight coming in at the French doors shines  
on the anklet. He looks at it for the last time and slowly  
turns away. As he does so, he puts his hand inside his coat  
and it comes out with blood on it. Only then is it apparent  
that Phyllis' shot actually did hit him. He looks at the  
blood on his finger with a dazed expression and quickly goes  
out of the room, the way he came.

## Scene #13

Girl, Interrupted's Susanna, tired, confused and suffering from hallucinations at 18, finds it harder to get out of the mental hospital than to get in. She and her friend Lisa decide to break out of the mental hospital and pay a visit to another patient, the recently released Daisy. Susanna is about to learn what the cherished, vibrant Lisa is capable of and what choosing not to recover can lead to.

-----  
 INT. DAISY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Orange shag carpeting. Yellow drapes. Impeccably neat. But it is so dark that there is a bluish caramel color to everything - eerily lit by moonlight and a throbbing television displaying a static shot of the American flag, squawking out "Stars and Stripes Forever".

DAISY locks the door behind them. She wears a terry robe and slippers.

SUSANNA  
 Cool pad.

DAISY  
 Thanks.

LISA AND SUSANNA stand, uneasy, in the dark room. DAISY shuffles to the stairs. She turns on the lights.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
 I'll get some blankets.

SUSANNA  
 Let me help.

DAISY  
 (spinning around, firm)  
 No. Stay here.

Lisa raises an eyebrow to Susanna - moves into the room. She fingers some of Daisy's trinkets on an end table: Porcelain figurines of animals, an antique clock.

Susanna watches Lisa - coveting the delicate knick knacks.

SUSANNA  
 Don't take anything.

IN THE DARKNESS - A CHICKEN CARCASS sits on the counter. A GRAY CAT licks at it, its eyes glowing in the shadows.

LISA

Meow.

SUSANNA

Here, kitty, kitty.

Lisa crosses - reaching for the cat. IT SPITS. LISA RECOILS.  
Daisy clomps down the stairs, arms filled with blankets.

DAISY

That's Ruby. My Dad bought her for me.

LISA

You named your cat after my arm.

Daisy drops the blankets on the couch and turns -

DAISY

This is a Castro Convertible. It pulls out. The bathroom's there.

Lisa looks in the bathroom. A MOP PROPPED IN A SMALL SHOWER STALL - AND A TOILET.

LISA

Don't you have a tub?

Susanna unfolds the bed - spreading the sheets.

DAISY

No - I don't.

LISA

What about upstairs?

DAISY

No.

Lisa crosses - to the refrigerator.

DAISY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Did you two escape or what?

LISA

All you have in here is mustard.

Susanna pulls off her jeans and climbs under the covers.

SUSANNA

We're going to Florida tomorrow.

DAISY  
And what are you gonna do in  
Florida?

LISA  
(closing the fridge)  
I'm gonna be a professional  
Cinderella at Walt Disney's new  
theme park. Susanna's gonna be Snow  
White.

Daisy laughs. Lisa searches the cupboard.

LISA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
You can come if you want - you  
could be that Cocker Spaniel that  
eats spaghetti.  
(beat)  
I want to make pancakes.

DAISY  
There's a market on the corner.

SUSANNA  
I want to sleep.

LISA  
No. In the morning.

DAISY  
Pans are under the sink. Silver's  
in the drawer.

Lisa pulls open the drawer. A FULL SET OF SILVERWARE. Daisy  
watches her, washing a glass - filling it with water.

RUBY THE CAT hops up on the fold-out bed. Parks herself in  
front of Susanna. The cat stares at her. Susanna smiles and  
reaches out - very gently - toward Ruby. The cat meets her  
fingers with the side of its head - purrs.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Do you guys have any money? You got  
a safety net down there?

Susanna looks up from the cat.

DAISY (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
People you know, relatives.

LISA  
- yeah -

Daisy decides to press no further. She peels a five from A WAD OF BILLS in her robe pocket and puts it on the counter.

DAISY  
- for your pancakes. Don't make a lot of noise in the morning. I sleep late. I'll come down when I'm ready.

Lisa eyes Daisy. Daisy smiles, uneasy. Getting impatient.

DAISY (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Gimme the Valium.

LISA  
We don't need your Daddy's money.

DAISY  
Then leave it there. Just give me the fucking Valium.

Daisy holds out her hand. Lisa sighs, holding out the pills - but suddenly notices - a red scab peeking out from the sleeve of Daisy's robe.

Daisy reaches for the pills - but Lisa grabs Daisy's wrist. Daisy jerks back. Her robe sleeve pulls way up and we see - all along her arm - slashes - vicious slashes - scabbed.

LISA  
What's this?

DAISY  
Let go!

Susanna sits up in bed.

LISA  
Trying out your new silver?

DAISY  
LET FUCKING GO!

SUSANNA  
Lisa!

LISA  
-- less appealing for Daddy, huh?

Daisy jerks her arm away, swallows the pills, growls.

DAISY  
Look at your own arm, asshole.

LISA

I'm sick, Daisy - we know that. But here you are, in so-called "recovery", playing Betty Crocker, cut-up like a goddamn Virginia ham.

SUSANNA

Lisa - stop it!

LISA

Help me understand, Daisy. I thought you didn't do Valium. Tell me how the safety net is working for you. Tell me you don't drag that blade across your skin and pray for the courage to press down. Tell me Daddy helps you cope with that. Illuminate me.

Daisy smiles, tense - speaks very quietly.

DAISY

My father loves me.

LISA

I'll bet. With every inch of his manhood.

Daisy's eyes are black. She speaks with an eerie calm.

DAISY

I'm going to sleep now. Please be gone in the morning.

(back to Lisa, proud,  
plain)

You're just jealous, Lisa - because I was released. Cause I got better. Cause I have a chance - at a life.

LISA

(smiles, amused)

They didn't release you because you're better, Daisy. They - just - gave - up.

Daisy moves to the stairs. Her back to Lisa.

LISA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You call this a life? This? Taking Daddy's money - buying doilies and knick knacks - eating his chicken - fattening up like a prize heifer.

(MORE)

LISA(CONT'D)

Y'changed the scenery, baby, not  
the situation. The Warden makes  
fucking housecalls.

(deliberate, almost  
serene)

Everyone - knows - he - fucks -  
you.

Halfway up the stairs, Daisy stops, head down.

LISA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

What - they - don't - know -

SUSANNA

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

LISA

- is that you like it.  
(eyes blazing, with a  
smile)

Hey. That's okay. It's only  
natural. A man is a dick is a man  
is a dick is a chicken is a dad, a  
valium, a speculum, a cucumber -  
What-ever. It's all the same. You -  
like - being - Mrs. Randazzo.

(with disdain)

Probably all you've ever known.

Daisy rubs her head. Turns away. Her body collapsing as she  
mounts the last steps.

DAISY

Have fun in Florida.

THE DOOR UPSTAIRS CLOSES. Lisa looks to SUSANNA, who crosses  
to the bathroom and SLAMS THE DOOR.

## Scene #14

Good Will Hunting is the story of Will, a young prodigy living the life of your average blue-collar worker. People begin to discover his astronomical talents, but Will doesn't know what to do with the new doors that open to him. One new door is the love of Skylar, a strong and smart young co-ed who goes to the college where Will is a janitor.

-----

INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will and Skylar lie in bed. Skylar watches Will sleep. She gets up and goes to the fridge. Returning to the bed:

SKYLAR  
Will? Are you awake?

WILL  
No.

SKYLAR  
Come with me to California.

WILL  
What?

SKYLAR  
I want you to come with me.

WILL  
How do you know that?

SKYLAR  
I know. I just do.

WILL  
Yeah, but how do you know?

SKYLAR  
I don't know. I just feel it.

WILL  
And you're sure about that?

SKYLAR  
Yeah. I'm sure.

WILL  
'Cause that's a serious thing  
you're sayin'.  
(MORE)

WILL(CONT'D)

I mean, we might be in California next week and you could find out somethin' about me that you don't like. And you might feel like "hey this is a big mistake."

(getting upset)

But you can't take it back 'cause you know it's real serious and you can't take somethin' like that back. Now I'm in California 'cause you asked me to come. But you don't really want me there. And I'm stuck in California with someone who doesn't really want me there and just wishes they had a take-back.

SKYLAR

"Take-back?" What is that? I don't want a take-back. I want you to come to California with me.

WILL

I can't go out to California.

SKYLAR

Why not?

WILL

One, because I have a job here and two because I live here --

SKYLAR

(beat)

Look Will if you're not in love with me, you can say that.

WILL

I'm not sayin' I'm not in love with you.

SKYLAR

Then what are you afraid of?

WILL

What do you mean "what am I afraid of?"

SKYLAR

Why won't you come with me? What are you so scared of?

WILL

What am I so scared of?

SKYLAR

Well what aren't you scared of? You live in your safe little world where nobody challenges you and you're scared shitless to do anything else --

WILL

-- Don't tell me about my world. You're the one that's afraid. You just want to have your little fling with the guy from the other side of town and marry --

SKYLAR

Is that what you think --

WILL

-- some prick from Stanford that your parents will approve of. Then you'll sit around with the rest of the upper crust kids and talk about how you went slummin' too.

SKYLAR

I inherited that money when I was thirteen, when my father died.

WILL

At least you have a mother.

SKYLAR

Fuck you! You think I want this? That money's a burden to me. Every day I wake up and I wish I could give that back. I'd give everything I have back to spend one more day with my father. But that's life. And I deal with it. So don't put that shit on me. You're the one that's afraid.

WILL

What the fuck am I afraid of?!

SKYLAR

You're afraid of me. You're afraid that I won't love you back. And guess what? I'm afraid too. But at least I have the balls to give it a shot. At least I'm honest with you.

WILL  
I'm not honest?

SKYLAR  
What about your twelve brothers?

WILL  
Oh, is that what this is about? You want to hear that I don't really have any brothers? That I'm a fuckin' orphan? Is that what you want to hear?

SKYLAR  
Yes, Will. I didn't even know that.

WILL  
No, you don't want to hear that.

SKYLAR  
Yes, I do, Will.

WILL  
You don't want to hear that I got cigarettes put out on me when I was a little kid. That this isn't surgery.

Will lifts his shirt, revealing a six inch SCAR on his torso.

WILL (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
You don't want to hear that. Don't tell me you want to hear that shit!!

SKYLAR  
Yes I do. Did you ever think that maybe I could help you? That maybe that's the point, that we're a team?

WILL  
What, you want to come in here and save me? Is that what you want to do? Do I have a sign that says "save me" on my back?

SKYLAR  
I don't want to "save" you. I just want to be with you. I love you. I love you!

WILL, full of self-loathing, raises his hand to strike her.

WILL

Don't bullshit me! Don't you  
fuckin' bullshit me!

SKYLAR

(standing up to him)

You know what I want to hear? I  
want to hear that you don't love  
me. If you tell me that then I'll  
leave you alone. I won't ask any  
questions and I won't be in your  
life.

A beat. Will looks Skylar dead in the eye. Lowers his hand.

WILL

I don't love you.

He walks out.

## Scene #15

In The Hustler, Eddie is a hot young pool hustler who wins and then loses \$18,000 in his first game with the legendary Minnesota Fats. Broke, Eddie settles down in Fats' hometown to raise the money to play him again. In this scene, Eddie runs into Bert at a poker game: Bert is a broker or agent of sorts who witnessed Eddie's rise and fall with Fats at the Ames pool hall. He makes Eddie an offer.

-----

INT. JOHNNY'S FRONT ROOM - TIME LAPSE

The game is over. Bert is already in the front room. He sits at a table with a drink, and watches Eddie pass him by on the way to the bar.

EDDIE  
Bourbon. J. T. S. Brown.

BERT  
Two.  
(Eddie looks at him)  
I'm buyin'.

EDDIE  
Thought you only drank milk?

BERT  
Only when I work.

EDDIE  
Yeah. Why?

BERT  
I like it. It's good for you.  
Besides, you start drinking whiskey gambling and it gives you an excuse for losing. That's something you don't need - an excuse for losing. How did you make out in the poker game?

EDDIE  
I lost twenty bucks.

BERT  
Poker's not your game.

EDDIE  
What is?

BERT

Pool.

EDDIE

You being cute?

BERT

I don't think there's a pool player alive who shoots better pool than I saw you shoot the other night at Ames. You got talent.

EDDIE

So I got talent. So what beat me?

BERT

Character.

EDDIE

(laughs)

Yeah. Sure, sure.

BERT

You're damned right I'm sure. Everybody's got talent. I got talent. You think you can play big-money straight pool, or poker, for forty straight hours on nothing but talent? You think they call Minnesota Fats the best in the country just because he's got talent? No, Minnesota Fats has more character in one finger than you got in your whole skinny body.

EDDIE

I got drunk.

BERT

He drank as much whiskey as you did.

EDDIE

Maybe he knows how to drink.

BERT

You bet he knows how to drink. You bet he knows how.

(sips his drink)

You think that's a talent too, knowing how to drink whiskey? You think Minnesota Fats was born knowing how to drink?

EDDIE

OK, OK... What do you want me to do, lay down on the floor and bow from the ankles? What do I do, go home?

BERT

That's your problem.

EDDIE

So I stay. Stay till I hustle up enough to play Fats again. Maybe by that time I'll develop myself some character.

Amused, Bert gets up and joins Eddie at the bar.

BERT

Maybe by that time you'll die of old age. How much do you think you'll need?

EDDIE

A thousand.

BERT

No, three thousand at least. He'll start you off at five hundred a game and he'll beat the pants off you. Because that's the way he plays when he comes up against a man who already knows the way the game is. He'll beat you flat four or five games -- maybe more, depending in how steady your nerves are. And he might... he just might... be a little scared of you, and that could change things. But I wouldn't count on it.

EDDIE

How do you know? Huh? When nobody knows that much?

BERT

See that big car parked out by the fireplug on the way in? Well, that's mine. I like that car. But I get a new one every year because I make it my business to know what guys like you and Minnesota Fats are gonna do.

(MORE)

BERT(CONT'D)

I made enough off of you the other day to pay for it twice over.

EDDIE

In that case, you owe me another drink.

Bert signals to the bartender for another round.

BERT

Eddie, is it all right if I get personal?

EDDIE

Whaddya been so far?

BERT

Eddie, you're a born loser.

EDDIE

What's that supposed to mean?

BERT

First time in ten years I ever saw Minnesota Fats hooked, really hooked. But you let him off.

EDDIE

I told you. I got drunk.

BERT

Sure, you got drunk. That's the best excuse in the world for losing. No trouble losing when you got a good excuse. And winning! That can be heavy on your back too. Like a monkey. You drop that load too when you got an excuse. All you gotta do is learn to feel sorry for yourself. One of the best indoor sports: feeling sorry for yourself... a sport enjoyed by all, especially the born losers.

EDDIE

(gets up to go)  
Thanks for the drink.

BERT

Wait a minute. Maybe I can help you.

EDDIE

To do what?

BERT  
Get the three thousand. Play  
Minnesota Fats again.

EDDIE  
Why?

BERT  
Ten reasons. Maybe fifteen. And  
also there's something in it for  
me.

EDDIE  
Oh yeah, I figured that. How much?

BERT  
Seventy-five per cent.

EDDIE  
For who?

BERT  
For me.

EDDIE  
That's a pretty big slice. Who do  
you think you are, General Motors?

BERT  
How much do you think you're worth  
these days? I'm puttin' up the  
money, I'm puttin' up the game. For  
that I get seventy-five per cent  
return on my money -- if you win.

EDDIE  
You think I can lose?

BERT  
I never saw you do anything else.

EDDIE  
You saw me beat Minnesota Fats for  
eighteen thousand dollars.

BERT  
Look, you wanna hustle pool, don't  
you? This game isn't like football.  
Nobody pays you for yardage. When  
you hustle, you keep score real  
simple. The end of the game you  
count up your money.

(MORE)

BERT(CONT'D)

That's how you find out who's best.  
And that's the only way.

EDDIE

Why back me then? Why not back  
yourself? Go find yourself a big  
fat poker game and get rich... You  
know all the angles.

BERT

I'm already rich. But I like  
action. That's one thing I think  
you're good for is action. Besides,  
like I say, you got talent.

EDDIE

(pleased)

Yeah, you already told me that. You  
cut that slice down to bite-size  
and maybe we can talk.

BERT

No, we don't talk. I don't make bad  
bets. Seventy-five, twenty-five.  
That's it.

EDDIE

Kiss off.

He starts to go.

BERT

Hey, wait! What are you going to do  
about the money?

EDDIE

There are places. I'll scuffle  
around.

BERT

Word's out on you, Eddie. Walk into  
the wrong kind of place and they'll  
eat you alive.

EDDIE

Now, when did you adopt me?

BERT

(with a friendly grin)

I don't know when it was.

## Scene #16

In Il Postino, Mario, an Italian dreamer, becomes postman to Pablo Neruda, the famous poet who has come to his small island seeking sanctuary. Learning that Neruda's poetry is "loved by women everywhere," Mario begins to read his books in order to cultivate a relationship with the poet. He believes Neruda may help him to win over the love of his life.

-----

EXT. NERUDA'S HOUSE/PATIO - DAY

Neruda sits at a table, writing, as Mario looks on from the gate. Neruda chuckles.

Mario rings the bell on his bicycle.

MARIO

Mail.

Mario opens the gate as Neruda gets up and walks to him. Mario gives Neruda some mail as Neruda gives Mario some money.

NERUDA

Thank you.

MARIO

Thank you.

Neruda walks to the table and sits down as Mario looks on.

NERUDA

What's the matter?

MARIO

(confused)

Don Pablo?

NERUDA

You're standing as stiff as a post.

MARIO

Nailed like a spear?

NERUDA

No. Immobile like the castle on a chess board.

MARIO

Stillier than a porcelain cat.

NERUDA  
"Elementary Odes" isn't the only  
book I've written.

Mario smiles.

NERUDA (CONT'D)  
I've written much better. It's  
unfair of you to shower me with  
similes and metaphors.

Neruda peruses the mail.

MARIO  
(confused)  
Don Pablo?

NERUDA  
Metaphors.

MARIO  
What are those?

Neruda gets up and walks to the doorway as Mario starts to  
follow.

NERUDA  
(chuckling)  
Metaphors? Metaphors are... how can  
I explain... when you talk of  
something comparing it to another.

Mario walks to the doorway and looks at Neruda in the living  
room.

MARIO  
Is it something you use in poetry?

NERUDA  
Yes, that too.

MARIO  
For example?

NERUDA  
(chuckling)  
For example... when you say, "the  
sky weeps," what do you mean?

MARIO  
That it's raining.

NERUDA

Yes, very good. That's a metaphor.

MARIO

It's easy then!

NERUDA

Mm-hm.

MARIO

Why has it got such a complicated name?

NERUDA

(sighing)

Man has no business with the simplicity or complexity of things.

MARIO

Excuse me, Don Pablo, then I'll go... I was reading something yesterday. "The smell of barber shops makes me sob out loud." Is that a metaphor too?

NERUDA

No, not exactly.

MARIO

I liked it too, when... when you wrote: "I am tired of being a man." That's happened to me too, but I never knew how to say it. I really liked it when I read it. Why "the smell of barber shops makes me sob?"

NERUDA

You see, Mario, I can't tell you in words different from those I've used. When you explain it, poetry becomes banal. Better than any explanation, is the experience of feelings that poetry can reveal to a nature open enough to understand it.

Mario nods.

## Scene #17

Methodical and determined, Klute comes from the Midwest to New York to prove his friend Tom Grunemann innocent of attacking and murdering prostitutes and a subsequent guilty suicide. He first tracks down Bree, one prostitute known to have survived a meeting with the murderer, or "dumper." Upon learning he's not a cop, she is less than forthcoming, so he sets up shop in an apartment in her building. She's not happy when she discovers him.

-----

EXT. BREE'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Near the entrance, outside the door to KLUTE's apartment below. We open on BREE. She shouts angrily, miserably --

BREE  
Whyn't you just cut out?

We WIDEN TO INCLUDE KLUTE. Now she begins to get it. He turns, opens door to his room below. She comes slowly down steps.

INT. KLUTE'S ROOM - DAY

She steps in the door, looks slowly around at his various appurtenances -- the bed, the necktie over the mirror, etc. -- and then, the TAPE RECORDER and then the STACK OF TAPE BOXES. Softly, venomously --

BREE  
Oh you bastard.

But then she adjusts -- a frightened but matter-of-fact hooker --

BREE (CONT'D)  
Is it the shakedown hon? You picked a loser, I just don't have it.

KLUTE  
No, I'm look --

BREE  
(vehemently again)  
If I was taking calls full time would I be living in this kip? I'd be back on Park Avenue; I could support the whole National Guard!

KLUTE  
 (gestures upward)  
 Could I ask some questions?

BREE  
 Or you'll get me shoved back in the  
 brig you mean; another month with  
 the bull-dykes.

She seems to have expressed it; the balance of power. She turns, goes out, heads upstairs. Klute unhurriedly takes up his folder of notes, then follows.

INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bree disposes her belongings. Klute moves to table. There is a group of plants on the table that long since died of neglect. He notices them and the disorganization of the room without comment, opens his folder, rummages for the photographs. Then, exasperatedly --

BREE  
 Look, I told the police everything:  
 I don't even remember the schlub!

Klute doesn't respond. Klute sets out a photograph for her to look at.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH TOM GRUNEMANN

KLUTE, BREE

BREE (CONT'D)  
 They showed me that one. I  
 understand it's Grunemann, but I  
 told them, I just don't remember.

Klute tosses down a second photograph.

INSERT: SECOND PHOTOGRAPH

Tom Grunemann, Elaine Grunemann, two daughters.

BREE, KLUTE

BREE (CONT'D)  
 (cool)  
 A family sort of man.

Klute grunts, meaning 'yes'. She echoes his grunt, meaning we don't know what. He tosses another --

INSERT: WIDE PHOTOGRAPH - COMPANY PICNIC

An everybody-over-here, fellow-employees, sort of picture. (Including the figures of Streiger and Cable among many others, male and female.) The usual impedimenta -- picnic baskets, balls, bats, a held sign: 'Tole-American'. KLUTE'S FINGER indicates --

KLUTE (V.O.)  
-- Tom, again.

KLUTE, BREE

She looks at the picture briefly, at him questioningly.

KLUTE (CONT'D)  
Company outing or picnic or something like that.

BREE  
Isn't that sweet.  
(then)  
Well it could be any one of them  
bubi; I get to see them all.

She separates from Klute, around the table (but remains standing, restless). Klute puts photo aside, prepares to take notes, as she pleads --

BREE (CONT'D)  
Look -- please -- will you just try to get it from my side? A year ago. I was in the life fulltime. I was living on Park with leather furniture and a million dresses. Then they dropped on me, the fuzz, they caged me -- they started asking me about a man, some man, I'm supposed to have seen a year before that. Two years ago, two. He could be in Yemen!

She waits for Klute to respond -- he doodles permissively on his pad of paper -- she goes on.

BREE (CONT'D)  
A name. Grunemann. Nothing. And they showed me pictures like this and they meant nothing. Then they asked me, well had I been getting letters, from someone out there in Cabbageville --

KLUTE

-- Tuscarora --

BREE

All right, yes, I had been. Those sick, wild letters -- I'm watching you, gonna follow you, gonna punish you, kill you et cetera. Well, they said, all right that's Grunemann. So try to remember when you and he - - when -- well I don't know, there was that dumper once, he sounded like that dumper --

(explains)

Dumpers; they get their kicks beating you up. A man hired me once, then tried to really kill me - - that'd be about two years ago.

Without warning she wheels to the open windows, and shouts out full-voiced -- both startling and somewhat intriguing Klute --

BREE (CONT'D)

(shouts)

OK Tommy-baby, Allie-Allie-in-free kid, I got the gumdrops.

Turns around again, to Klute. Cheerfully --

BREE (CONT'D)

You remind me of my uncle.

KLUTE

What?

(then --)

What do you remember about that -- dumper?

BREE

Nothing. Except he wasn't kidding. Usually it's a fakeout, you probably know. They pretend to tie you up, and you wear a dress with a cloth belt and they pretend to whip you or you --

(beat)

Hell it's their money. I'll hang from the shower rod and whistle Maytime. Except this guy was really tripped out on it; he --

KLUTE

But you can't say that Dumper was  
Tom Grunemann.

BREE

I can't say he was anybody!

A brief pause. Klute sorts his notes. She may take it that he's packing to leave -- hopes so anyhow. For an instant we see the undefended girl underneath --

BREE (CONT'D)

So -- OK -- that's all?

Then again she changes manner -- remembering a practical problem, approaching it as a matter-of-fact hooker.

BREE (CONT'D)

Well could I have them back now  
hon? -- those tape recordings  
you've got downstairs -- OK? -- and  
if you want you can have a good  
time and I'll have a good time and--

KLUTE

What about everything since?

She draws back again. Up to now she's been reasonably on top of things. Starting now we see her driven toward the things she'd really rather not talk about -- and increasingly more shaken.

KLUTE (CONT'D)

(prompts)

Everything that's happened since  
Tom Grunemann disappeared. The  
phone calls and the --

BREE

Just phone calls, right? They ring,  
you answer, they don't say  
anything, just blank. Kids getting  
kicks. Burglars looking for an  
empty apartment. I mean there is  
nothing that proves --

KLUTE

What about the other things you've  
reported? --

(consulting notes)

-- being followed on the --

BREE

(interrupts -- awkwardly)  
 Look -- I'm sorry -- I've led everybody wrong. I mean yes, I get those feelings, but that's just me, that's just feelings.

(beat)

I'm sure this will amuse you; I'm scared of the dark. And sometimes I get shook up, I hear people or -- well, I'll come out in the morning and think someone's been prying at my mailbox, or there's a little -- trash outside my door and I wonder if someone left it there for -- do you see? -- things other people wouldn't even notice. Well that's not real, it's just nerves; it's got nothing to do with --

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. I'm 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.

At this point -- or about this point -- Klute takes note of something. A little above her. He grows more watchful, but containing it carefully. We don't understand the change in his manner -- or even notice; she doesn't. In mock dismay --

BREE  
Gee. I've had men pay two hundred dollars for me -- here, you're turning down a freebie.  
(pause)  
You can get a perfectly good dishwasher for that.

He has risen, is approaching her slowly -- carrying his notes as if to check something. She is hopeful again --

BREE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
You've changed your mind? You do want to play?

KLUTE  
(quietly, steadily)  
I don't want you to look up.  
There's someone on the skylight.

She gasps, terrified -- immediately -- almost beyond control. He taps the pencil on his notes.

KLUTE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Easy -- pretend you're looking here-  
(more insistently)  
-- here.

She manages to take hold of a corner of the notes, trembling. He goes on --

KLUTE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Now I'm going to walk around -- you  
just keep talking, straight  
through, straight through.

He strolls away from her. His destination is the area of the door -- out of view from the skylight -- from where he can head for the roof. But he doesn't head that way directly -- first takes a turn in another direction, his bearing casual. Prompting --

KLUTE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Tell me about acting -- what are  
you doing tomorrow -- where do you  
go?

BREE  
(manages, barely)  
I go on rounds.

KLUTE  
Rounds, what are they? -- don't  
watch me, keep talking.

BREE  
You go see agents -- or Equity  
calls, open casting calls. And ad  
agencies -- commercials -- you  
don't get work, you just go around.

Klute has strolled out of view from above -- instantly flattens himself against the wall, eases the door open, about to slip and charge. As Bree labors on --

BREE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
And they're always polite -- show  
people -- they say thank you very  
much. You lie there covered with  
blood, smiling, they say --

## Scene #18

In Network, things have begun to go a little crazy at the U.B.S. news division. When Howard Beale, an old-time newsman, gets his walking papers, he first threatens to kill himself on air and then begins to rail about the pointlessness of modern-day life, encouraging people everywhere "not to take it anymore." The main character, Beale's friend and colleague Max Schumacher and news division president, watches in amazement as U.B.S. considers keeping the possibly mental Beale on the air as a "latter-day prophet." In this scene, Schumacher is visited by Diana Christenson, the woman responsible for Beale's new journalistic role at the division.

-----

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - LATER

On the office console, the Network News Show has come to an end; the CLOSING THEME MUSIC emerges into SOUND, and the show's CREDITS begin to roll. MAX clicks off the set, folds his hands on the desk and sits glumly regarding his folded hands. After a moment, he becomes aware of another presence in the room and looks to the doorway where DIANA CHRISTENSON is standing, wearing a white blouse and dark slacks and carrying her jacket and purse. If we haven't already noticed how attractive she is, we do now -- standing as she is, framed in the doorway, backlit by the lights of the deserted common room, suddenly sensuous, even voluptuous.

DIANA

(entering the office)

Did you know there are a number of psychics working as licensed brokers on Wall Street?

(she sits across from MAX,  
fishes a cigarette out of  
her purse)

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.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

"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

(smiles)

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

(sighs)

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

(smiles, stands)

Okay.

She leans forward to flick her ash into MAX's desk ash tray. Half-shaded as she is by the cone of light issuing from the desk lamp, it is nipple-clear she is bra-less, and MAX cannot help but note the assertive swells of her body. DIANA moves languidly to the door and would leave but MAX suddenly says:

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 moves back to the desk and crushes her cigarette out in the desk tray.

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.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

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 pauses in the doorway, and then moves back briskly to the desk, picks up the telephone receiver, taps out a telephone number, waits for a moment --

DIANA

(on phone)

I can't make it tonight, luv, call me tomorrow.

She returns the receiver to its cradle, looks at MAX; their eyes lock.

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.

She moves for the door. MAX stares down at his desk.

MAX

(mutters)

Schmuck, what're you getting into?

He sighs, stands, flicks off his desk lamp.

INT. A RESTAURANT

MAX and DIANA at the end of their dinner. In fact, MAX is flagging a WAITER for two coffees, black --

DIANA

(plying away at her ice cream)

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

(pushes her ice cream away, regards him affably)

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.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

(sipping coffee)

The corridor gossip says you're Frank Hackett's backstage girl.

DIANA

(sipping coffee, smiles)

I'm not. Frank's a corporation man, body and soul. 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?

They smile at each other.

DIANA  
Is your wife in town?

MAX  
Yes.

DIANA  
Well, then, we better go to my  
place.

## SCENE #19

Ordinary People tells the story of a family recovering from the death of their golden boy, Buck, survived by his parents, Calvin and Beth, and his younger brother, Conrad. After a stint at the state hospital, Conrad has been seeing a therapist. Uncertain about the success of his therapy, Calvin pays his son's doctor a visit. In this scene, he returns home to talk to his wife, who - following his talk with Conrad's therapist - he has begun to see in a different light.

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## INT. JARRETT GARAGE

The door closed. Dark. HOLD a moment and then the door slowly lifts open. It's evening. A Cutlass is facing us and drives in TOWARD CAMERA. It stops. Calvin is in the driver's seat.

## INT. CUTLASS - CALVIN

He remains still. He stares at the dashboard. He pushes a button and the garage door lowers behind him. Now it's dark, save for a very small light in the garage. We STAY WITH Calvin. Then the door to the kitchen opens. Beth appears. She wears an apron. She looks toward the car.

BETH

Hi!

Calvin doesn't move.

BETH (CONT'D)

Calvin?

Calvin looks up at her. Then he opens the door and gets out of the car.

## INT. GARAGE

Beth at kitchen door. Calvin stands by the car.

BETH

What's the matter?

CALVIN

(softly)

This'll sound strange.

(pause)

What I'm going to say will sound strange to you.

BETH  
(terrified)  
What happened? Come inside.

CALVIN  
Could we talk about Buck's funeral?

BETH  
What?

CALVIN  
I know this seems trivial, but it's  
on my mind, or has been, and I just  
want to talk about it.

BETH  
Why?

CALVIN  
When I was getting dressed for  
Buck's funeral --

BETH  
What's the matter with you, Calvin?

CALVIN  
Just let me get it off my chest.

BETH  
What could getting dressed for  
Buck's funeral possibly have to do  
with anything right now?

CALVIN  
I was wearing a blue shirt and you  
said wear a white shirt and the  
other shoes and at the time it was  
nothing --

BETH  
What's wrong with you?

CALVIN  
It always seems to stay with me and  
I've for some reason been thinking  
about it and it occurred to me what  
difference did it make what I wore  
to Buck's funeral.

In a quick move, Beth turns and goes into the kitchen. Calvin follows her.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Hear me out, it won't hurt you to listen.

INT. KITCHEN

We can SEE that dinner is being prepared. Beth goes to the stove, turns off a burner.

BETH

I won't listen to that, no one in their right mind would listen to that.

CALVIN

I just want to talk about something I always remember.

BETH

Why would you want to remind me of it?

CALVIN

Because I've always wondered in some needling way what it mattered what I wore, I was crazy that day... we were going to our son's funeral and you were worried about what I wore on my feet. I know it sounds like nothing to you, but it sticks with me and I just have to tell you about it. I'm not blaming you for anything.

BETH

All right. Now you've told me about it.

She looks at Calvin. Waits a few moments. Then she moves to him. She puts her arms around him. He holds her and they stand together. Embraced. She kisses his cheek.

BETH (CONT'D)

(softly)

It's all right.

She continues to hold him.

## SCENE #20

Requiem for a Dream is a story of drug use, abuse and escape in four interconnected lives. Business has taken off recently for Harry, a young dealer and user, and so he goes to visit his mother Sara and to make amends for past sins. He finds a different woman than the one he last saw months before, when money was low and he needed to "borrow" her television.

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## 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?

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 (CONT'D)

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?

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 (CONT'D)

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 --

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

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 (CONT'D)

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?

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?

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.

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

Strung, schmung. 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 boobala, but thank God he saw you Bar Mitzvahed 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.

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 the big party he made for your Bar Mitzvah. Remember?

Harry nods. Defeated, he stares at the floor.

SARA (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

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 (CONT'D)  
 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.

SARA (CONT'D)  
 Look, I'm crying already. I'm so  
 happy I'm crying.

HARRY  
 (forces smile)  
 I'm glad you're happy, Ma. I really  
 love ya. An' I'm sorry --

Sara waves his apology away -- tosh, tosh.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 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.

## Scene #21

In Roxanne, C.D. (our modern Cyrano de Bergerac) hopes that the new, beautiful astronomer in town might just look past his large proboscis to the exciting, smart and romantic man underneath. Shortly before this scene, his friend Dixie has dropped some hints that Roxanne is interested in someone, and C.D.'s hopes are high.

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## EXT. STREET - DAY

Dixie and Roxanne, in Dixie's all black Blazer, with tinted windows, pass by C.D. who's talking to Chuck and Cyndy and possibly Jerry. The truck backs up, and Roxanne gets out.

ROXANNE

Can I see you?

## EXT. SKI LIFT AREA - DAY

Roxanne and C.D. amble up the hill. They are alone.

ROXANNE

What I'm going to say is a little forward.

C.D.

Good.

ROXANNE

There's someone I think I should get to know better.

C.D.

Yes...

ROXANNE

Someone who I think likes me, too. You know what I mean?

C.D.

Yes...

ROXANNE

I think he wants to talk to me... I can see him trying. But he won't. I like him for that.

C.D.

Maybe he needs you to make the first move.

ROXANNE

That's why I'm talking to you.

C.D.

(convinced it's he)

Well. And what else do you know about him?

ROXANNE

All I know is he's interesting.

C.D.

Uh huh...

ROXANNE

... different...

C.D.

Yeah...

C.D. gets more carried away with each adjective.

ROXANNE

... handsome.

C.D.

(stopped dead)

He's what?

ROXANNE

Handsome.

C.D.

It's amazing if you have feelings for someone how you can start to see them as handsome.

ROXANNE

Well, everyone thinks he is.

C. D.

Not everyone... believe me...

ROXANNE

What are you talking about?

C.D.

(realizing)

Nothing. It's just great that he's all these things.

ROXANNE

I've only seen him twice. We've never even spoken. Just exchanged a couple of goofy looks.

C.D.

So why are you telling me this?

ROXANNE

Because he works for you. His name is Chris McConnel.

C.D.

Oh, yeah...

ROXANNE

What's he like? No, don't tell me. Let's just let it happen. Since you're going to be working with him, I thought you could encourage him. Not too much, just enough.

He thinks about this a long while.

ROXANNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

He might not say anything all summer, and then I'll be gone.

C.D.

Well, if it comes up.

ROXANNE

Thanks, C.D. I know I'm forward.  
(she kisses him on the  
cheek)

You were great the other night. It was the first time I've ever seen anyone actually be brave.

C.D.

(in his kidding voice)  
Listen, I've been a lot braver since then.

## Scene #22

This scene occurs near the end of Sense and Sensibility, a story about the Dashwoods, a poorer gentle-family of three daughters and a widowed mother. The eldest daughter Elinor has lost the love of her life, Edward Ferrars. During Edward's prolonged engagement, her suffering was made greater by his fiancée, who took Elinor into her confidence about the secret match - this forced Elinor to suffer alone the knowledge of her loss. In the scene, Edward comes, after many months away, to pay the Dashwoods a visit.

-----

EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN GATE - DAY

ELINOR

I do not think it is the Colonel.

MRS. DASHWOOD

It must be. He said he would arrive today. You must play him the new song, Marianne.

Suddenly there is a yell from MARGARET's tree.

MARGARET

EDWARD!

MARGARET practically throws herself out of the tree onto the grass.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It is Edward!

The women look at each other in complete consternation.

MRS. DASHWOOD

Calm. We must be calm.

INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY

Tense silence reigns. Everyone tries to busy themselves. BETSY enters.

BETSY

Mr. Ferrars for you, ma'am.

EDWARD follows her in, looking white and agitated.

MRS. DASHWOOD

(rising)

Edward! What a pleasure to see you.

EDWARD

Mrs. Dashwood. Miss Marianne.  
Margaret. Miss Dashwood. I hope I  
find you all well.

He bows formally to each of them, lingering on ELINOR, who is  
looking firmly at her lap. He looks anxious.

MARIANNE

Thank you, Edward, we are all very  
well.

There is a pause while they all search for an appropriate  
remark. Finally MARGARET decides to have a go at polite  
conversation.

MARGARET

We have been enjoying very fine  
weather.

MARIANNE looks at her incredulously.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Well, we have.

EDWARD

I am glad of it. The - the roads  
were very - dry.

MRS. DASHWOOD decides to bite the bullet.

MRS. DASHWOOD

(giving him her hand)

May I wish you great joy, Edward.

He takes her hand somewhat confusedly and accepts her offer  
of a seat. There is an awful silence. MARIANNE tries to help.

MARIANNE

I hope you have left Mrs. Ferrars  
well?

EDWARD

Tolerably, thank you.

There is another bone-crunching pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I -

But EDWARD cannot seem to find any words.

MRS. DASHWOOD  
Is Mrs. Ferrars at the new parish?

EDWARD looks extremely confused.

EDWARD  
No - my mother is in town.

He plucks up the courage to look at ELINOR again and is evidently not much comforted by what he sees.

MRS. DASHWOOD  
I meant to enquire after Mrs.  
Edward Ferrars.

EDWARD colours. He hesitates.

EDWARD  
Then you have not heard - the news -  
I think you mean my brother - you  
mean Mrs. Robert Ferrars.

They all stare at him in shock.

MRS. DASHWOOD  
Mrs. Robert Ferrars?

ELINOR has frozen. EDWARD rises and goes to the window, picking up ELINOR's scissor-case on the way. He stands looking out and unconsciously cutting the scissor-case to pieces as he speaks.

EDWARD  
Yes - I received a letter from Miss  
Steele - or Mrs. Ferrars I should  
say - communicating the - the  
transfer of her affections to my  
brother Robert. They were much  
thrown together in London I  
believe, and... and in view of the  
change in my circumstances I felt  
it only fair that Miss Steele be  
released from our engagement. At  
any rate, they were married last  
week and are now in Plymouth.

ELINOR rises suddenly, EDWARD turns and they stand looking at one another.

ELINOR  
Then you - are not married.

EDWARD

No.

ELINOR bursts into tears. The shock of this emotional explosion stuns everyone for a second and then MARIANNE makes an executive decision. Wordlessly, she takes MARGARET's hand and leads her and MRS. DASHWOOD out of the room...

EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

The three DASHWOODS come into the garden, still holding hands.

INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY

ELINOR cannot stop crying. EDWARD comes forward, very slowly.

EDWARD

Elinor! I met Lucy when I was very young. Had I had an active profession I should never have felt such an idle, foolish inclination. At Norland my behaviour was very wrong. But I convinced myself you felt only friendship for me and it was my heart alone that I was risking. I have come with no expectations. Only to profess, now that I am at liberty to do so, that my heart is and always will be yours.

ELINOR looks at him, her face streaked with tears of released emotion, of pain and of happiness.

## Scene #23

In Sex, Lies & Videotape, Ann leads an orderly, quiet and unfulfilled life. She's unaware that her husband John is having an affair with her sister Cynthia. When Graham, an old friend of John's comes back to town, he pierces Ann's bubble a little with his quiet ways and unusual "hobbies." In this scene, Ann reluctantly tells her sister a little about the intriguing Graham.

-----

INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ann stands watching Cynthia get dressed for work.

ANN

I don't know. He went to school here, then he was in New York for awhile, then Philadelphia, and then just kind of travelling around.

CYNTHIA

Must be nice. So, what's he like, is he like John?

ANN

No, not at all. Actually, I don't think John likes him much anymore. He said he thought Graham had gotten strange.

A pause.

CYNTHIA

Is he? Strange, I mean?

ANN

Not really. Maybe if I just saw him on the street I'd have said that, but after talking to him... he's just kind of... I don't know, unusual.

CYNTHIA

Uh-huh. So what's he look like?

ANN

Why?

CYNTHIA

I just want to know what he looks like, that is all.

ANN

Why, so you can go after him?

CYNTHIA

Jesus, Ann, get a life. I just asked what he looked like.

Ann says nothing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Besides, even if I decided to fuck his brains out, what business is that of yours?

ANN

Do you have to say that?

CYNTHIA

What?

ANN

You know what. You say it just to irritate me.

CYNTHIA

I say it because it's descriptive.

ANN

Well, he doesn't strike me as the kind of person that would go in for that sort of thing, anyway.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you always underestimate me.

ANN

Well, I wonder why.

CYNTHIA

I think you're afraid to put the two of us in the same room together. I think you're afraid he'll be undeniably drawn to me.

ANN

Oh, for God's sake. Really, Cynthia, really, I don't think he's your type.

CYNTHIA

"My type"? What is this bullshit? How would you know what "my type" is?

ANN  
I have a pretty good idea.

CYNTHIA  
Ann, you don't have a clue. Look, I don't even know why we're discussing this, I'll just call him myself.

ANN  
He doesn't have a phone.

CYNTHIA  
Well, I'll call him when he does.

ANN  
But he won't.

CYNTHIA  
What are you talking about?

ANN  
He's not getting a phone, he doesn't like talking on the phone.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, please. Okay, so give me the Zen master's address, I'll think of a reason to stop by.

ANN  
Let me talk to him first.

CYNTHIA  
Why? Just give me the address, you won't even have to be involved.

ANN  
I don't feel right just giving you the address so that you can go over there and...

CYNTHIA  
And what?

ANN  
And... do whatever it is you do.

Cynthia laughs loudly. Ann, not happy, watches her dig through the jewelry box.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Lose something?

CYNTHIA

That goddam diamond stud earring  
that cost me a fucking fortune.

ANN

Are you getting Mom something for  
her birthday?

CYNTHIA

I don't know, I'll get her a card  
or something.

ANN

A card? For her fiftieth birthday?

CYNTHIA

What's wrong with that?

ANN

Don't you think she deserves a  
little more than a card? I mean,  
the woman gave birth to you. It's  
her fiftieth birthday --

CYNTHIA

Will you stop? Jesus.

ANN

I just thought it might --

CYNTHIA

Okay, Ann, okay. How about this:  
you buy her something nice, and  
I'll pay for half. All right?

ANN

Fine.

CYNTHIA

Good. Now, if you'll pardon me, I  
have to go to work.

## Scene #24

In Thelma and Louise, the two main characters go on a girls' vacation. Their first night out, Louise finds a man about to rape Thelma in a bar parking lot. Gun in hand, she gets the man away from Thelma, but to his, Thelma's and her own surprise, shoots him anyway as he continues to mouth off. Next thing you know, the girls are off and on the run. This scene takes place one morning after they pick up a cute hitchhiker.

-----

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Louise is sitting in the booth by herself. Thelma comes hurrying by. She looks disheveled but is grinning like an idiot. She sees Louise and charges into the coffee shop. Her energy and volume is several notches higher than the rest of the people in the coffee shop. There are a couple more customers in there now. Thelma slides into the booth seated directly across from Louise.

THELMA

Hi.

She is shocked by Thelma's appearance.

LOUISE

What happened to your hair?

THELMA

Nothing. It got messed up.

Louise is studying Thelma closely as Thelma squirms in her seat, barely able to contain herself.

LOUISE

What's wrong with you?

THELMA

Nothing. Why? Do I seem different?

LOUISE

Yes, now that you mention it. You seem crazy. Like you're on drugs.

THELMA

Well, I'm not on drugs. But I might be crazy.

LOUISE  
 (shaking her head)  
 I don't think I wanna hear what  
 you're gonna tell me.

Thelma is just about to shriek when the Waitress comes over and puts a coffee cup on the table and pours some. Thelma gets a grip on herself for a moment then loses it as the Waitress goes away.

THELMA  
 Oh my God, Louise!!! I can't  
 believe it! I just really can't  
 believe it! I mean... whoa!

Thelma is just laughing hysterically. Louise suddenly understands.

LOUISE  
 Oh, Thelma. Oh, no.

THELMA  
 I mean I finally understand what  
 all the fuss is about. This is  
 just a whole 'nother ball game!

LOUISE  
 Thelma, please get a hold of  
 yourself. You're making a  
 spectacle.

THELMA  
 You know, Louise, you're supposed  
 to be my best friend. You could at  
 least be a little bit happy for me.  
 You could at least pretend to be  
 slightly happy that for once in my  
 life I have a sexual experience  
 that isn't completely disgusting.

LOUISE  
 I'm sorry. I am happy. I'm very  
 happy for you. I'm glad you had a  
 good time. It's about time. Where  
 is he now?

THELMA  
 Taking a shower.

LOUISE  
 You left that guy alone in the  
 room?

Louise is getting a bad feeling. She is already standing up putting money on the table.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
Where's the money, Thelma?

Thelma has forgotten all about the money.

THELMA  
Ummm... it's on the table. It's okay.

They are both leaving the restaurant now. As they hit the door they both break into a full run.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
I don't remember.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

They run across the parking lot around the back to the room. The door is ajar and no one is in the room. Louise goes in and Thelma stays outside the door.

THELMA  
Goddamnit! I've never been lucky!  
Not one time!

Louise comes back outside. She doesn't say anything. She is stoic, fighting tears.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Shit. That little sonofabitch  
burgled me. I don't believe it.

Louise sits down on the sidewalk in front of the room. Thelma comes and sits beside her. Neither one says anything for a moment.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Louise? Are you okay?

Louise shakes her head no.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Louise... It's okay. Louise? I'm  
sorry. I mean it.

Louise has seen the end of the tunnel and there is no light.

LOUISE  
It's not okay, Thelma. It's  
definitely not okay.  
(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)

None of this is okay. What are we going to do for money? What are we gonna buy gas with? Our good looks? I mean... Goddamn, Thelma!

Louise quietly starts to fall apart. This causes Thelma to leap into action.

THELMA

Come on. Stand up! Don't you worry about it. I'll take care of it. Just don't you worry about it. Get your stuff.

Louise is still sitting on the sidewalk.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Come on! Damnit, get your stuff and let's get out of here! Louise slowly gets to her feet.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Move!

(to herself)

Jesus Christ, take your damn time.

Thelma is hauling stuff out of the car.

## Scene # 25

True Romance is the story of Clarence, a nice kid with an Elvis obsession, and Alabama, a fledgling prostitute: they're just two young, enthusiastic and none-too-intellectual kids in love. In the following scene near the story's beginning, Drexl, Alabama's pimp boyfriend, makes a rather poorly planned leap into the big time.

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INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The SOUNDS of the city flow through an open window. CAR HORNS, GUNSHOTS and VOICES. Paint is peeling off the walls and the once green carpet is stained black.

On the bed is a huge open suitcase filled with clear plastic bags of cocaine. Shotguns and pistols have been dropped carelessly around the suitcase. On the far end of the room against the wall is a TV, "Bewitched" is playing.

On the opposite end of the room, by the front door, is a table. DREXL SPIVEY and FLOYD DIXON sit around it. Cocaine is on the table as well as little plastic bags and a weigher. Floyd is black, Drexl is a white boy but you wouldn't know it to listen to him.

DREXL  
Motherfucker get outta my face with that bullshit.

FLOYD  
Naw man, I don't be eatin' that shit.

DREXL  
That's bullshit.

BIG DON WATTS, a stout mean-looking black man who's older than Drexl and Floyd, walks through the door carrying hamburgers and french fries in two greasy brown paper bags.

FLOYD  
Naw man, that's some serious shit.

DREXL  
You lie like a big dog.

BIG D  
What the fuck are you talkin' 'bout?

DREXL

Floyd says he don't be eatin' pussy.

BIG D

Shit, any nigger says he don't eat pussy is lyin' his ass off.

DREXL

I heard that.

FLOYD

Hold on a second, Big D. You sayin' you eat pussy?

BIG D

Motherfucker, I eat everything. I eat the pussy, I eat the butt, I eat every motherfuckin' thang.

DREXL

Preach on, Big D.

FLOYD

Looky here. If I ever did eat some pussy -- I would never eat pussy -- but if I ever did eat some pussy, I sure as hell wouldn't tell no goddamn body. I'd be ashamed as a motherfucker.

BIG D

Shit! Motherfucker you smoke enough sherm your dumb ass'll do a lot o' crazy ass things. So you won't eat pussy? Motherfucker you'll be up there givin' niggers head.

DREXL

Heard that.

Drexl and Big D bump fists.

FLOYD

Go on, laugh pussy eaters. You two look like you be eatin' pussy. You got pussy eatin' mugs.

(he takes a hit off a joint)

There used to be a time when sisters didn't know shit about gettin' their bush licked.

(MORE)

FLOYD(CONT'D)

Then the sixties came an' they started fuckin' around with white boys. And white boys are freaks for that shit...

DREXL

Because it's good.

Drexl and Big D bust up.

FLOYD

Thing is, now if a brother wants to get his dick sucked he's gotta do a bunch of fucked up shit.

BIG D

So you do eat pussy?

FLOYD

Naw, naw!

BIG D

You don't like it but you eat that shit.

(to Drexl)

He eats it.

DREXL

Damn skippy! He like it too.

BIG D

(mock English accent)

Me thinketh he protest too much.

FLOYD

Well fuck you guys then! You guys are fucked up!

DREXL

Why you trippin'? We jus' fuckin' with ya. But I wanna ask you a question. You with some fine bitch, I mean a brick shithouse bitch -- you with Jayne Kennedy. You're with Jayne Kennedy and you say "Bitch, suck my dick." And then Jayne Kennedy says "first things first nigger, I ain't sucking shit 'til you bring your ass over here an' lick my bush." Now what do you say?

FLOYD

I tell Jayne Kennedy "Suck my dick or I'll beat you' ass."

BIG D  
Nigger, get real. You touch Jayne Kennedy and she'll have you' ass in Wayne County so fast...

DREXL  
Time out motherfucker, you ain't beating shit. Now what would you do?

FLOYD  
I'd say fuck it!

Drexl and Big D get up from the table disgusted and walk away leaving Floyd sitting all alone.

Big D sits on the bed, his back turned to Floyd, watching "Bewitched."

FLOYD (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
(yelling after them)  
Ain't no man have to eat pussy!

BIG D  
(not even looking)  
Take that shit somewhere else.

DREXL  
(marching back)  
You tell Jayne Kennedy to fuck it?

FLOYD  
If it came down to who eats who, damn skippy.

DREXL  
With that terrible mug of yours, if Jayne Kennedy told you to eat her pussy, kiss her ass, lick her feet and suck her dog, nigger you'd aim to please.

BIG D  
(glued to TV)  
I'm hip.

DREXL  
In fact, I'm gonna show you what I mean with a little demonstration. Big D toss me that shotgun.

Without turning away from "Bewitched," Big D picks up the shotgun and tosses it to Drexl.

DREXL (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
(to Floyd)  
Alright, check this out.  
(referring to shotgun)  
Now pretend this is Jayne Kennedy,  
and you're you.

Then in a blink, he points the shotgun at Floyd and BLOWS him away.

Big D leaps off the bed and spins toward Drexel.

Drexel, waiting for him, FIRES from across the room.

The BLAST hits the big man in the right arm and shoulder, spinning him around.

Drexel makes a bee-line towards his victim and FIRES again.

Big D is hit with a BLAST, full in the back. He slams into the wall and drops.

Drexel collects the suitcase full of cocaine and leaves.

As he gets to the front door he surveys the carnage, spits, and walks out.

## Scene #26

At the beginning of The Verdict, attorney Frank Galvin has reached an all-time low in his life. He hasn't won an honest case in years, and most of his waking hours are spent drunk and/or waiting in the hospital for the next ambulance to arrive. In the next scene, his salvation arrives, carried by his former associate Mickey Morrissey.

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INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The seedy, disordered small office. Gavin, in shirt-sleeves, opening a file cabinet. He takes out an armload of files, carries them to a wastebasket and throws them in. He sits on his desk, as if exhausted by his effort, pours from a whiskey bottle into a large water glass, downs the glass. He has been drinking for some time. He starts -- stumbling back to the file cabinet. On the way, his eye is caught by his degrees hanging on the wall. He stumbles to them, picks them up and walks over to the wastebasket and throws them in. He goes back to the file cabinet, the phone starts ringing. Galvin lets it ring, continues emptying the files into the wastebasket, tearing some of them up as he does so. He repeats softly to himself, as a litany, "It doesn't make a bit of difference. It doesn't make a bit of difference, it doesn't make a bit of difference..." He starts back to the desk for the bottle, knocks the still-ringing phone off the desk. He pours himself a drink. As he downs it, we hear -- softly -- from the phone on the floor: a MAN'S VOICE. "Joe. Joe. Joe... goddamit. Are you there...? Joe..." Galvin pays no attention. Drinks his drink and gazes at the wall -- now empty of degrees.

## ANGLE - P.O.V.

The empty wall. Galvin's P.O.V. The telephone heard Voice Over, insisting, "Joe..."

## INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE ANTEROOM - NIGHT

MICKEY MORRISSEY, a man in his late sixties, dressed in suit and overcoat, looking worried, unlocks the door to the dark anteroom. Looks around. Sees something in the next room.

## ANGLE - P.O.V.

Galvin asleep on his couch, clothed as before. Covered in his overcoat, the bottle and glass next to the couch on the floor, the sound of the phone off the hook.

ANGLE

Mickey walks into the office. Stands looking at Galvin.

MICKEY  
 (harshly)  
 Get up.  
 (beat, more harshly)  
 Get up.

Galvin wakes up. Looks around. Swings his legs over the couch. Drinks from the glass. Vacantly:

GALVIN  
 Hi, Mickey...

MICKEY  
 What the hell do you think you're  
 doing...?  
 (surveys the wrecked  
 office)  
 What's going on here...?

GALVIN  
 Uh...

MICKEY  
 Fuck you. I got a call today from  
 Sally Doneghy...

GALVIN  
 ... now who is that...?

MICKEY  
 ... you're 'sposed to be in court  
 in ten days and she's telling me  
 you haven't even met with them...

GALVIN  
 Now Sally Doneghy, now who is  
 that...?

MICKEY  
 One lousy letter eighteen months  
 ago... I try to throw a fuckin'  
 case your way...

GALVIN  
 ... hey, I don't need your  
 charity...

MICKEY

... I get these people to trust you -- they're coming here tomorrow, by the way -- I get this expert doctor to talk to you. I'm doing all your fuckin' legwork -- and it's eighteen months. You're 'sposed to be in court. I bet you haven't even seen the file.

Galvin pours himself a drink.

GALVIN

Hey, what are you, my nanny?

Mickey walks to him, knocks the drink out of his hand and slaps him several times in the face.

MICKEY

Listen to me. Listen to me...  
listen to me, Joe, 'cause I'm done fuckin' with you. I can't do it any more. Look around you! You think that you're going to change? What's going to change it? You think it's going to be different next month? It's going to be the same. And I have to stop. This is it. I got you a good case, it's a moneymaker. You do it right and it will take care of you. But I'm through. I'm sorry, Joe, this is the end.

(beat)

Life is too short, and I'm too old.

Beat.

Mickey walks out of the office. Slams the door. Beat. Galvin looks around the office. Goes to the sofa. Sits, reaches to side table.

ANGLE - INSERT

The side table, a pack of Luckies. Galvin taking one, his hand shaking a little. Also on side table, a pile of change containing a small rosary and a wedding ring.