

"11"

by

Blake Edwards

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INT. 4 MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE WEBBER, 50, sits at his concert Steinway. He begins to play and sing Rogers and Hart's "My Romance". CREDITS BEGIN. After about eight bars of the song, MOLLY MULLEN, George's current live-in lady, enters, pours lighter fluid on the piano top, strikes a match and sets fire to the piano. Seemingly unmoved, George continues to play and sing. Molly exits and we watch and listen as the fire grows and spreads. As George concludes the song:

EXT. 4 MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE FRONT YARD - NIGHT

George watches fireman trying to save his blazing house as the FIRE CHIEF questions him.

FIRE CHIEF

Any idea what started it?

GEORGE

Spontaneous combustion.

INT. BARNEY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

George's favorite hangout. He sits at the bar, nursing a tequila sunrise, his favorite drink and talking to BARNEY, his favorite bartender.

BARNEY

What's that?

GEORGE

The inevitable consequence of excessive vicissitude.

BARNEY

What's that?

GEORGE

Pressure.

BARNEY

Please explain.

GEORGE

Two people who live an inharmonious existence together eventually arrive at the point when the pressure is so great that somebody has to give ... unless you bleed off a certain amount of steam in a pressure cooker, it will explode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY  
Excessive vicissitude.

GEORGE  
When wood is too dry and the  
sun is too hot ...

BARNEY  
Spontaneous combustion.

GEORGE  
Exactly.

BARNEY  
You were the wood and Molly  
was the sun.

GEORGE  
A felicitous analogy.

BARNEY  
What's that?

GEORGE  
Showing off with big words.  
A condition that occurs when  
I mix a lack of self esteem  
with an abundance of alcohol...  
(pushes his  
empty glass at  
Barney)  
To be precise... a tequila  
sunrise.

BARNEY  
Gimme your car keys.

GEORGE  
Do you actually think I would  
be foolish enough to drive when  
I've been drinking?

BARNEY  
Does a bear shit in the woods?

GEORGE  
Molly took the Jeep and the Rolls  
burned up with the house.

BARNEY  
Give her credit. Most of the  
women that I know would have  
swung with the Rolls.

GEORGE  
It had a flat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY

After you pass out, where do  
I ship the body?

GEORGE

So far, it's a toss up between  
your guest room and the Beverly  
Hills Hotel.

BARNEY

My guest room is occupied.

GEORGE

By whom?

BARNEY

By a guest.

GEORGE

I don't believe you. You're  
just timid about tidying up  
after a drunk.

BARNEY

Tidying is a cinch. Replacing  
furniture, buying new carpet and  
painting out the graffiti is  
what makes me timid.

GEORGE

(taking his drink  
to the piano)

Didn't I reimburse you?

BARNEY

Some things are not reimbursable.

GEORGE

For instance?

BARNEY

Putting Crazy Glue on my dog's  
paws and sticking him halfway  
up the wall.

GEORGE

(begins to play)

I see your point.

BARNEY

You made so much trouble the  
last time you stayed with me  
the neighbors burned a cross  
on my front lawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Beverly Hills Hotel it is.

A sensational-looking female, wearing work-out clothes, enters and takes a seat at the bar. Her name is LONNIE.

BARNEY  
It's not that I don't empathize.

GEORGE  
What's that?

BARNEY  
Feel sorry for you.  
(to Lonnie)  
Hi, Lonnie.

LONNIE  
Hi, Barney. What's the soup?

BARNEY  
(pouring a  
Perrier)  
Lentil.

LONNIE  
It's been lentil all week.

BARNEY  
As soon as somebody eats it,  
it'll be something else.

LONNIE  
Soup and a salad.

BARNEY  
That's all?

LONNIE  
And a steak. I shouldn't.

BARNEY  
Sure you should. Kinda shape  
you're in, you could eat the  
whole cow.

She takes a drink of her Perrier and regards George, who has been regarding her since the moment she came in.

LONNIE  
What's that you're playing?

GEORGE  
Something I made up.

LONNIE  
You're a song writer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I used to be.

LONNIE

Anything I'd know?

GEORGE

Not unless you spent most of  
your childhood in elevators.

LONNIE

(slides off her  
stool and crosses)

Oh, I'm not that young.

GEORGE

Oh, yes you are.

LONNIE

'You know any rock songs?

GEORGE

A few.

LONNIE

'You know "I want your sex"?

GEORGE

I thought you'd never ask.

LONNIE

It's by George Michael. He  
used to be one half of "Wham".

GEORGE

Lucky George.

LONNIE

Can you play it?

GEORGE

I can, but I won't.

LONNIE

Why not?

GEORGE

I hate it.

LONNIE

You'd rather listen to "Moon  
River".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Oh, I go back even farther than that. I'd rather listen to "Stardust". It's by Hogey Charmichael. He used to be one half of "Old Buttermilk Sky".

LONNIE

I know "Stardust". Willie Nelson.

GEORGE

Proof positive that the generation gap is not as wide as one might think.

LONNIE

As far as I'm concerned, age is all in the mind.

GEORGE

I felt the same way until I pulled the skin up on the back of my hand and it stayed up.

LONNIE

You can't honestly believe that age should get in the way of two people having a meaningful relationship.

GEORGE

Now that you mention it, no, I can't honestly believe that.

LONNIE

(introducing  
herself)

Lonnie Jones.

GEORGE

(responding)

George Webber.

LONNIE

If you're still here when I've finished my steak and lentil soup, George, we can take up this conversation where we left off.

GEORGE

I don't plan on moving from this spot, Lonnie. In fact, I'll nail my feet to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lonnie smiles and exits to a table. George segues into: "Have You Met Miss Jones". He begins to sing and Barney joins in.

INT. LONNIE'S AEROBIC STUDIO - NIGHT

Lonnie leads George, now drunk, into the big, empty, dark room.

GEORGE

Where are we?

LONNIE

This is my studio.

GEORGE

But you promised to take me home.

LONNIE

I have. This is where I work ...

GEORGE

Oh.

She opens a door and leads him into:

LONNIE'S LIVING QUARTERS

One room and a bath. A small stove and refridgerator, a chest of drawers and a queen-size bed.

LONNIE

(continuing)

And this is where I live.

GEORGE

(impressed)

Ah. I like where you live. It reflects a strong sense of individuality and taste, yet still gently feminine.

LONNIE

You sound surprised.

GEORGE

Do I?

LONNIE

Are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

About what?

LONNIE

That a woman can be an individual with taste and still be feminine.

GEORGE

If I admitted surprise, would it mitigate against us going to bed together?

LONNIE

It might.

GEORGE

Then I categorically deny any such allegation. I am unquestionably the least surprised man you will ever meet in your entire life. Ever!

LONNIE

(smiles)

I'll take your word for it.

GEORGE

(relieved)

I was hoping you would.

LONNIE

Want to use the bathroom first?

GEORGE

Ladies first. No chauvinism intended.

She exits into the bathroom. We HEAR water running, toilet flushing, various familiar sounds as George drunkenly turns the RADIO ON to the jazz station, strips, checks his out-of-condition torso in the mirror, sucks in his gut, sticks out his chest, then dashes, leaps into bed as Lonnie, wearing a robe, enters.

LONNIE

How do you feel about women who are into body building?

GEORGE

Body building?

LONNIE

Be honest. It's important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Honestly, I've never known a  
woman who builds bodies.

LONNIE  
You do now.

She drops her robe. She is wearing only a G-string. A thin  
coat of oil covers her amazingly glistening body.

LONNIE  
Well -- How do you feel?

GEORGE  
Like Maria Shriver.

LONNIE  
(sticks a pose)  
Look at it this way, George.  
I've worked for five years,  
fifty-two weeks a year.  
(strikes another  
pose)  
five days a week, three hours  
a day, to build this body ...  
and for one night ... this night...  
(strikes another  
pose)  
It's all yours.

GEORGE  
Thanks. But I really don't  
deserve it.

LONNIE  
(approaching  
the bed)  
Do you know body building  
increases your sexual appetite?

GEORGE  
No, but if you'll hum a few bars,  
I might recognize it.

LONNIE  
(sits on the  
bed)  
I love your sense of humor, George.  
Do you always try to joke your way  
out of a tight spot?

GEORGE  
Not always. Occasionally, I'm too  
frightened to make my lips move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

I hope you're not frightened  
now, George.

GEORGE

I'm not, but fortunately, my  
cock is scared stiff.

LONNIE

(turns off  
the light)

Wonderful.

GEORGE

I hope so.

LONNIE

(gets into bed)

Now, just relax.

GEORGE

Right.

LONNIE

And leave everything to Lonnie.

GEORGE

You got it, Lonnie.

She switches the radio to a rock station. In the darkness, we cannot entirely distinguish what Lonnie is up to or down to, as the case may be, but the sounds and movements make it easy to figure out. True to her word, Lonnie is working miracles. The passion builds. George is lead into sexual exploits he hasn't managed since his twenties. A pillow bursts. Feathers fill the room.

LONNIE

(screams)

I'm coming!

GEORGE

(screams)

Fuck Arnold Schwarzenegger!

INT. LONNIE'S STUDIO - MORNING

SOFT MUSIC as Lonnie leads fifteen ladies in their morning aerobic warm up.

LONNIE

Okay, ladies, now that we're  
warmed up ... let's get it on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lonnie pushes the 'play' button on the stereo. HARD ROCK assaults our ears. For a few seconds, Lonnie leads the class in a really strenuous routine. Suddenly:

GEORGE

wide-eyed, like a terrified animal, wearing only his shorts, bursts into the room. The surprised women react humorously and continue their exercise. George wheels, yanks on the doorknob which comes off in his hand.

LONNIE

grins.

GEORGE

turns.

GEORGE

Good morning.

THE WOMEN

(shout)

Good morning.

Feebly, George joins in the exercise.

LONNIE

laughing.

GEORGE

huffing and puffing.

EXT. 4 MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE FIRE SITE - DAY

Nothing standing but a chimney and Molly in the middle of charred ruins. George arrives in a Hertz Rent-A-Car.

MOLLY

searching for something as George picks his way through the rubble.

GEORGE

How'd you get in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molly doesn't reply, continues her searching.

GEORGE

Sorry everything's in such a mess, but it's the maid's day off.

MOLLY

How bad does it have to get, George, before you stop making wise cracks?

GEORGE

I don't know. It's never gotten that bad.

MOLLY

You must have been at your wittiest when your mother died.

GEORGE

(winces)

I thought when you burned down my house that you were just having a tantrum, but I guess you really are mad.

MOLLY

Mad? Me? At what? Certainly not you. Mr. Wonderful. God's greatest gift to helpless females.

GEORGE

Well, I could be wrong, but there was something in your eyes when you set fire to my forty-five thousand dollar Steinway.

MOLLY

I'm not going to argue with you anymore, George. You're dishonest and too good with words.

GEORGE

Will you answer a question?

MOLLY

No.

GEORGE

When have I ever been dishonest with you?

MOLLY

Will you answer a question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Yes.

MOLLY

When haven't you been dishonest with me?

GEORGE

I asked you first.

MOLLY

George, you were dishonest with me from the time you decided you wanted to fuck me.

GEORGE

I decided that the minute I saw you. How could I be dishonest with you if I didn't even know you?

MOLLY

I'm talking about after we met.

GEORGE

We were introduced and I said, "How do you do? I want to fuck you." What's dishonest about that?

MOLLY

You see -- I swore to myself last night that I would never argue with you again. You don't want the truth. You just want to win.

GEORGE

No, I don't.

MOLLY

Yes, you do!

GEORGE

No.

MOLLY

George -- In six months of living together we have had literally hundreds of arguments ...

GEORGE

Come on.

MOLLY

Okay, a hundred.

GEORGE

Seventy-five, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

We argued every day last month. That's thirty one right there.

GEORGE

Last month was September. That's only thirty.

Threateningly, she picks up a charred table leg.

GEORGE

Would you settle for eighty arguments?

MOLLY

Out of eighty arguments was there one time that you admitted that I was right?

George considers.

MOLLY

(continuing)

One time?

GEORGE

Honestly? No.

MOLLY

Doesn't that tell you something?

GEORGE

Yes.

MOLLY

That I was wrong.

GEORGE

Yes.

MOLLY

(brandishing the table leg)

Get out of my face, George, or I'm gonna kill you.

GEORGE

One more question?

MOLLY

No.

GEORGE

What are you looking for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

My runes.

GEORGE

Your what?

MOLLY

Runes. You know.

GEORGE

No.

MOLLY

Yes, you do. I cast them for you once when we were first going together.

GEORGE

Runes?

MOLLY

(yells)

Viking Runes! Little stones that tell your fortune with runic symbols on them. You said they were bullshit, but the last time I consulted them, I turned up Isa.

GEORGE

Isa? What does that mean?

MOLLY

Spiritual winter.

GEORGE

Oh?

MOLLY

I'm spiritually frozen.

GEORGE

And you thought a good fire might thaw you out.

MOLLY

I'm sorry about the fire. I was pissed off.

GEORGE

I wish you'd pissed on the piano.

MOLLY

There you go ...

GEORGE

Where did you keep the runes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

In my bedside drawer. I thought because they were stone... but I guess they melted or something.

GEORGE

Well, you won't find them here. The bedroom's over there. You're in the toilet.

MOLLY

(nods)

Yeah. Story of my life.

She drops the table leg and walks away.

GEORGE

Molly ...

MOLLY

Don't worry, George. I won't bug you and I'll send back the jeep as soon as I get a job.

GEORGE

You don't have to do that.

MOLLY

Yes, I do.

George watches her make her way to the jeep.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

George pulls up in his rent-a-car. An attendant approaches, starts to give him a parking ticket.

GEORGE

(getting out)

I'm a guest.

ATTENDANT

(starts to write)

Room number?

GEORGE

Bungalow eleven.

ATTENDANT

(unimpressed)

Name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

You're new here.

ATTENDANT

No.

GEORGE

Webber. What happened to Paul?

ATTENDANT

Paul who?

GEORGE

He was in charge.

ATTENDANT

What's your first initial? We got a couple of Webbers.

GEORGE

He worked here for years.

ATTENDANT

Must have been before my time. Initial?

GEORGE

G.

ATTENDANT

We got a G.

GEORGE

You've got another George Webber?

ATTENDANT

I don't know. We've got another "G" Webber. 'Could be George. How about a middle initial?

GEORGE

Paul used to personally take care of my car. This is just a rented car, but it needs a wash.

ATTENDANT

What for?

GEORGE

Because it's dirty.

ATTENDANT

You think washing it's gonna make a difference?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
I'm counting on it. 'A'.

ATTENDANT  
Mr. G. A. Webber. A for Anthony?

GEORGE  
No. When did you leave N.A.S.A.?

Attendant  
Nasa who?

GEORGE  
You must miss the launches.

ATTENDANT  
I think you got me mixed up with  
Paul.

(points at  
George)  
Alonzo!

GEORGE  
Nope.  
(walks away)  
But you're getting warm.

ATTENDANT  
(thoughtfully)  
'A' ... got it! Asshole!

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL POLO LOUNGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Attorney, JAKE BERKOWITZ, makes his way to George's table.

JAKE  
(sits down)  
You don't look great.

GEORGE  
Jake, you've been my lawyer for  
eight years. In your memory,  
when did I ever look great?

JAKE  
Well, let's put it this way; you  
don't look as good as you usually  
look when you should look great.

GEORGE  
I can't imagine why not. All I've  
done in the past twenty-four hours  
is escape from a burning house, get  
shit-faced and shack up with a  
muscle-bound sex maniac and do three  
hours of aerobics that make Jane Fonda  
look like an arthritic sloth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Speaking of burning houses,  
they haven't said so in so  
many words, but they're making  
sounds like they think the fire  
might have been deliberately set.

GEORGE

'They' being?

JAKE

The insurance company.

GEORGE

Based on?

JAKE

Information from the fire  
department.

GEORGE

What information?

JAKE

We'll know that whey they tell  
us.

The WAITRESS enters.

JAKE

Another tequila sunrise for  
Mr. Webber and a Jack Daniels  
soda.

The Waitress exits.

JAKE

Sorry about Hugh.

GEORGE

(suddenly tense)  
What about Hugh?

JAKE

Oh -- I thought for sure you'd  
have heard ...

GEORGE

Oh, shit...

JAKE

It was on the morning news.

GEORGE

(overcome)  
Ohhh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

I thought for sure somebody  
would have called you.

GEORGE

Where? Nobody knows I'm here  
but you.

JAKE

I'm sorry.

GEORGE

What was it? Heart?

Jake

No. Pneumonia. They said he went  
in the hospital on Tuesday. Died  
last night.

GEORGE

The last time I talked to him was  
about two years ago, just before  
Christmas. I was driving along  
Pacific Coast Highway and I started  
thinking about him. I called him  
from my car. I said, "Hello, Hugh"  
and there was a long pause and he  
said, "Who is this?" like he knew  
but didn't want to believe it. I  
said, "This is George" and he said  
"George who?". I told him that I  
wanted to apologize.

JAKE

Apologize? For what, for Christ  
sake?

GEORGE

Whatever I did that hurt him so much.

JAKE

You hurt him?

GEORGE

He said, "Well, that's big of you,  
George..but I'm afraid it's too  
late..you cut me too deep".

JAKE

Well, not to bum rap the dead, but  
what the hell did you expect? The  
only time Hugh Fallon ever admitted  
he was wrong was when he got a  
refund on his income taxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I didn't expect him to admit he was wrong. I just hoped by admitting that maybe I was, he might forgive me and...I don't know. The truth is... I did it for me. I was sad for him, but I felt better for it.

The Waitress brings their drinks.

JAKE

Did he have any family?

GEORGE

No. I heard about a year ago that he'd broken up with Larry. I wonder if he was alone when he died?

Jake downs his drink and looks at his watch.

JAKE

Well, I've got to get home to the fucking loved ones.

GEORGE

Give 'em my regards.

JAKE

(stands)

The fire was an accident?

GEORGE

Why would I want to burn down my own house?

JAKE

Come to think of it, why would anybody?

GEORGE

Come to think of it...they wouldn't.

Jake nods and goes. For a moment George slinks into himself, remembering. Then he downs what's left of his first drink and signals the waitress.

GEORGE

Can I have a phone, please?

The Waitress exits and he goes after his second sunrise, but the glass doesn't reach his lips.

GEORGE'S P.O.V.

seated in a booth across the crowded room, AMY MC KENNA, a knock-out looking lady in her early twenties, looks back at:

George  
frozen.

AMY

lowers her eyes.

GEORGE

thaws as the Waitress arrives with a phone. He dials a number, sneaks a look at:

AMY

ordering a drink from a waitress. She glances at:

GEORGE

caught.

OPERATOR VOICE

We're sorry, but you have  
reached a number that has  
been disconnected...

AMY

looks away.

OPERATOR VOICE

(continuing)  
...or is no longer in service...

GEORGE

looking.

OPERATOR VOICE

(continuing)  
If you feel that you have  
reached this number in error...

He looks away, hangs up, dials information.

INFORMATION VOICE

What city?

GEORGE

West Los Angeles. Samantha  
Taylor. 305 San Marino.

He looks at:

AMY

watching him.

GEORGE

smiles.

INFORMATION VOICE  
I have no listing for a  
Taylor on San Marino.

AMY

smiles.

INFORMATION VOICE  
(continuing)  
I show an S. Taylor on  
North Bristol.

GEORGE

beams.

INFORMATION  
(continuing)  
Sir?

GEORGE  
Yes, ah, no other Taylors in  
West Los Angeles?

INFORMATION VOICE  
No, sir.

AMY

looks away as the waitress enters with her drink.

GEORGE

signals his Waitress.

GEORGE  
(into the phone)  
Give me the Bristol number,  
please.

INFORMATION VOICE  
459-5657

GEORGE  
5657. Thank you.

He hangs up as his Waitress enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
 (nodding in  
 Amy's direction)  
 There's a young lady --  
 directly across -- blond...

WAITRESS  
 (looks)  
 In white?

GEORGE  
 Yes. Would you find out what  
 she's drinking and I'd like  
 to buy her another, okay?

WAITRESS  
 (shrugs)  
 Fine with me.

She exits, leaving George looking at:

AMY

looking at George. She is obviously intrigued and amused.  
 She looks away.

GEORGE

delighted. Dials. One RING. George looks at:

AMY

looking at George. Another RING and Amy looks up as FRANK  
 FACTOR, her boyfriend and well-known rock musician-composer,  
 kisses her and joins her in the booth.

GEORGE

taken by surprise. Another RING and a WOMAN answers:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 Hello? Hello?

GEORGE  
 (into phone)  
 Sam?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 Who you callin'?

GEORGE  
 Samantha Taylor.

George's eyes grow wide as he sees:

## THE WAITRESS

delivers a drink to Amy and indicate that it was sent by George.

## WOMAN'S VOICE

We got a whole bunch of  
Taylors here, but no Samantha.

## GEORGE'S VOICE

(hurriedly)  
Sorry. Wrong number.

We HEAR George hang up the phone as Frank whips around to get a look at the scum bag who's trying to pick up his girl.

## GEORGE'S TABLE

a phone, a half-finished tequila sunrise, but no George.

## EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL WALKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

George pops out of the Polo Lounge and walks rapidly toward his bungalow. A moment later, Frank pops out of the Polo Lounge, but George has just disappeared around a corner.

## EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BUNGALOWS - LATE AFTERNOON

Still moving at a fast clip, George rounds a corner and makes his way to Bungalow 11.

## INT. BUNGALOW 11 LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

George unlocks the door and enters. He stands for a moment breathing hard and feeling cowardly. He looks around at the familiar, tasteful-as-hotels-go-impersonal room. He heaves a sigh of resignation, picks up the hotel registry, crosses to the phone and dials.

## MAN'S VOICE

Men's shop.

## GEORGE

This is George Webber.

## MAN'S VOICE

Yes, Mr. Webber.

## GEORGE

Send me over a half-dozen jockey shorts, half dozen pair of socks, three pairs of pajamas and a robe. Usual colors and a pair of slippers. Bungalow eleven. I'll come tomorrow and pick out some pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE

Yes, sir. Good to have you  
staying at the hotel again,  
Mr. Webber.

GEORGE

Good to be here.  
(hangs up,  
heads for the  
bedroom)  
Fuck.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BUNGALOW 11 BEDROOM - NIGHT

George, wearing new yellow pajamas, is asleep. A bowl of half-eaten, melted chocolate ice cream rests on his stomach. PLAYBOY, open to the centerfold, and the trades lie next to him on the bed. A half-dozen other magazines, including YACHTING, litter the floor. We begin to HEAR Amy and Frank arguing outside. The voices get louder as they near the bungalow. We can only make out part of a sentence or an occasional explosive expletive as they climb the stairs to their apartment above.

AMY'S VOICE

...fed up....jealousy...  
...in my pants.

FRANK'S VOICE

...lot of crap...Bitch wolf...  
in heat...

AMY'S VOICE

No!...pissed off....back to  
New York...

The upstairs door SLAMS and George starts awake, spilling the chocolate ice cream all over his new pajamas.

GEORGE

Shit!

He gets out of bed, goes into the bathroom. Above there is much STOMPING about as the argument continues. George, trying to wash off the ice cream with a wet towel but succeeding only in making it worse, returns from the bathroom and starts unpinning a new orange pajama top. As the argument and stomping gets louder, George looks angrily up at the ceiling. He changes pajama tops. Upstairs, Amy SLAMS the bedroom door, locks it. Frank begins POUNDING on the door.

FRANK'S VOICE

...FUCKING DOOR!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
(at the ceiling)

HEY!

Silence. George climbs into bed, closes the PLAYBOY and turns off the light. A moment and Frank starts breaking down the door. George snaps on the light, grabs the phone and dials the operator.

GEORGE  
This is Mister Webber in  
Bungalow eleven. Would you  
please call the people in the  
apartment above me and tell  
them to stop yelling and screaming  
and breaking up your furniture.  
(pause)  
Yes! Listen.

He holds the receiver up toward the ceiling. Frank breaks the door down. Amy throws something that SMASHES against the wall.

FRANK'S VOICE  
...CUNT.

AMY'S VOICE  
...PRICK.

George hangs up the phone and waits. Frank grabs Amy and drags her kicking and screaming across the bedroom, throws her on the bed. Amy kicks Frank in the balls, leaps off the bed. Frank tackles her. Their PHONE starts a loud persistent RINGING.

Frank crawls across the floor to answer it. Silence for a moment, then Frank's purposeful footsteps as he strides out of the bedroom, crosses the living room.

AMY'S VOICE  
FRANK!

We HEAR Amy's footsteps as she runs after Frank, who exits their apartment, slamming the door behind him. We HEAR his footsteps hurrying down the steps and the front door SLAM again as Amy exits.

AMY'S VOICE  
Frank, don't!

George turns off his light. A moment and George's doorbell RINGS. George snaps on the light, angrily throws back the covers and storms into the:

## LIVING ROOM

The doorbell RINGS again as George stomps across the room.

AMY'S VOICE

Don't be a damned fool...

George flings open the door, revealing Frank and Amy.

ALL THREE

You!

George starts to shut the door, but Frank shoves it open, moves into the room.

FRANK

(threateningly)

What's with you, man?

GEORGE

(angrily)

Hey, just a god damned minute...

AMY

Frank, please...

FRANK

Who th' fuck are you?

AMY

Stop it!

GEORGE

Who th' fuck are you?

FRANK

First you try to hit on my lady...

GEORGE

Get out of here!

AMY

STOP IT! STOP IT! What are you blaming him for...?

FRANK

You know fuckin well...

AMY

You said it was my fault...that I'm always comin' on to guys the minute your back's turned. Well, you're right, Frank. I pick up guys all the time...whenever I can get away with it...and you want to know why? Because you're a boring...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Arrogant.

AMY  
Arrogant...

GEORGE  
Sanctimonious.

AMY  
Sancimonious...

GEORGE  
Cock sucker.

Frank starts for George, but Amy steps between them.

AMY  
(yells)  
I picked him up, Frank!

A moment of silence.

FRANK  
Hey - times out great. While  
you're screwing him, I'll move  
out.

She slaps him hard. He turns to George.

FRANK  
Don't panic, man. I pack  
fast.

He exits.

AMY  
(sags)  
Oh, God. I'm so sorry...

GEORGE  
It's okay.

We HEAR Frank SLAM the upstairs front door. Amy starts to  
leave.

GEORGE  
Wait, you can't go back up  
there.

AMY  
(shakes her  
head)  
I'll take a walk or something...

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE  
(takes her  
by the arm)  
Why don't you just relax...  
Let him get out...

She begins to cry. George shuts the door and leads her over to the sofa.

GEORGE  
Come on.

AMY  
Don't be nice to me...

GEORGE  
Can I get you a drink?

AMY  
No.

GEORGE  
Coffee?

AMY  
No, thanks. Look, you're being  
very nice, but I've caused you  
enough trouble...  
(starts to rise)  
And I think I really should...

GEORGE  
No, you shouldn't. This is not  
your fault. Even if I did buy  
you a drink because we had a kind  
of mutual exchange across a crowded  
room, Frank had no business beating  
you up.

AMY  
Oh, he didn't exactly...

GEORGE  
He didn't? What was that all  
about upstairs...

AMY  
Look...

GEORGE  
Then forcing his way in here.

AMY  
Okay...

GEORGE  
He keeps shoving people around, he's  
going to get himself killed. You're  
not married?

CONTINUED:

AMY

Oh, God no...

GEORGE

Who is he? What does he do?

AMY

Frank Factor.

GEORGE

I get the feeling you think I should know him.

AMY

Moon Rocks?

GEORGE

Oh, of course.

AMY

He's the lead guitarist.

GEORGE

Naturally.

AMY

Why naturally?

GEORGE

Because rock groups and lead guitarists like Frank are an unnatural phenomenon put on this earth, I suspect, to test my reality.

(shakes his head)

I don't know how I missed it. By the way, I'm George Webber.

AMY

(smiles)

How do you do.

(extends her hand)

Amy McKenna.

They shake hands.

GEORGE

Sorry we had to meet like this, but better than not meeting at all, I hope.

AMY

What do you do, George?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I'm rich and occassionally I  
wear orange and yellow pajamas.

(heads for  
the bedroom)

Usually under a  
robe.

(as he exits)

Don't go away.

Amy heaves a sigh and reacts to a sound from the apartment  
above.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Where's your home?

AMY

My home? Well, I was working  
in Seattle when I met Frank.  
He's got a house in New Jersey  
and we traveled a lot. Originally  
I'm from Kansas City...

George, wearing his new robe, the price tag still fixed to  
the sleeve, enters.

GEORGE

(singing)

Goin' to Kansas City... 'know that  
song?

Amy nods that she does.

GEORGE

I'm surprised. Thought it would  
be before your time.

AMY

My father loves jazz.

GEORGE

Good man. How does he feel  
about Frank?

AMY

He's never met him. He wouldn't  
like him.

GEORGE

How does he feel about his music?

AMY

He's never heard it. He wouldn't  
like it. Where do you come from,  
George?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
You mean geographically or  
emotionally?

AMY  
(smiles)  
Okay, both.

GEORGE  
I was born in England, but I  
come from Kansas City...

AMY  
(sings)  
Kansas City here I come.

GEORGE  
Do you like jazz?

AMY  
I love it.

GEORGE  
But you prefer rock and roll.

AMY  
No, I prefer good music.

GEORGE  
That eliminates rock and  
roll.

AMY  
I love good rock and roll.

GEORGE  
Impossible. There's no such  
thing as good rock and roll.

AMY  
You sound just like my...

GEORGE  
Don't say it.

AMY  
But you do.

GEORGE  
I know. Sometimes it can be a  
major handicap.

AMY  
What times?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Times when trying to impress  
females under thirty.

AMY  
You could lie.

GEORGE  
Then I would never know if it  
was me or the lie. Sooner or  
later I'd start lying about my  
age.

AMY  
How old are you, George?

GEORGE  
Forty-nine. How old are you,  
Amy?

AMY  
Does it matter?

GEORGE  
Does it?

AMY  
No.

GEORGE  
Congratulations, you just said  
the magic word.

We HEAR the upstairs front door slam.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BUNGALOW 11 - NIGHT

Frank, carrying a suitcase, comes down the stairs. Across  
the way a BIG MAN and his WIFE are about to enter their  
bungalow. As Frank passes George's front door.

FRANK  
(yells)  
It's all yours, kids. Happy  
fucking.

BIG MAN  
Hey! Watch your mouth.

FRANK  
(flips him off)  
Hey! Watch this.

The Big Man starts to go after Frank, but his Wife restrains him.

## GEORGE'S FRONT DOOR

George opens the door for Amy.

GEORGE  
Do you have to leave?

AMY  
(nods)  
Thank you.

GEORGE  
'Not good to be alone.

She kisses his cheek and steps out on the porch. George follows.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
I'll walk you up.

AMY  
No, it's okay.

George follows her to the stairs. As she starts up: .

GEORGE  
Buy you breakfast?

AMY  
That's tomorrow. That's years  
away.

GEORGE  
I'll be up early.

She reaches the top of the stairs.

AMY  
Good night, George and thanks  
again. You're terrific.

GEORGE  
If you can't sleep and you'd  
like to talk...do a time step.

AMY  
Isn't there an old song about  
dancing on the ceiling?

GEORGE  
Rodgers and Hart.  
(sings)  
"She dances over head..."

AMY  
Good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Good night.

BIG MAN'S VOICE

GOOD NIGHT!

Amy smiles and waves. George returns the wave and notices the price tag fixed to his sleeve. Amy exits and George crosses back to his front door, rips the tag off his sleeve as he enters his bungalow.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BUNGALOW 11 BEDROOM - NIGHT

George in bed, looking up at the ceiling, listening.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL-AMY'S BUNGALOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy in bed, fretful, unable to sleep. She turns on the T.V., switches channels until she locates the "Firebird" ballet.

GEORGE'S BEDROOM

George listens to the faint music from above. He picks up the phone, dials.

AMY'S VOICE

Hello?

GEORGE

Stravinsky?

AMY'S VOICE

What?

GEORGE

You're playing Stravinsky.

AMY'S BEDROOM

Amy on the phone.

AMY

Oh, I'm sorry.

(quickly turns  
down the volume)

It's T.V. I didn't realize  
it was that loud...

GEORGE'S VOICE

What channel?

AMY

Thirty nine.

## GEORGE'S BUNGALOW

George, watching the sexy, gold "Firebird" ballerina on the T.V.

GEORGE  
You like the ballet?

AMY'S VOICE  
I suppose so. I don't know much about it. Have you got it on?

GEORGE  
Yes.

## AMY'S BEDROOM

Amy watching the T.V., talking to George.

AMY  
I like this ballet. I like the music. I'm sorry if I woke you up.

GEORGE'S VOICE  
You didn't.

AMY  
Couldn't sleep?

## GEORGE'S BEDROOM

George on the phone.

GEORGE  
No. Obviously you couldn't either.

AMY'S VOICE  
No.

GEORGE  
Would you like me to come up?

Pause.

AMY'S VOICE  
Yes.

## EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BUNGALOW 11 - NIGHT

Stravinsky builds, soars. George bursts out of his front door takes his steps two at a time. Amy's door opens and George sails through.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL-AMY'S BUNGALOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy and George in a passionate embrace on the bed illuminated only by the changing light from the T.V. and underscored by Stravinsky.

GEORGE

Oh, God, you're so wonderful...  
The smell of your skin...the  
taste of...

AMY

George.

GEORGE

Yes?

AMY

Would you mind wearing something?

GEORGE

I am wearing something.

AMY

You are?

GEORGE

Oh -- you mean...?

AMY

Do you have...?

GEORGE

No. I've never used.... I  
mean, when I was a kid in  
high school...a couple of times...

AMY

Well, it's just that these days...

GEORGE

Oh, I know. You can't be too  
careful...

AMY

I really want you.

GEORGE

Oh, I really want you, too.

AMY

But we can't unless...

GEORGE

Do you have....

AMY

Well....you wouldn't mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Oh, god no...

AMY

They're Frank's...

GEORGE

Oh, that's okay...I'll  
reimburse him.

Amy opens the bedside drawer and takes out a pack of condoms.

AMY

I don't know about these, but  
don't be surprised. Sometimes  
Frank's sexual tastes can be  
pretty kinky.

GEORGE

Kinky condoms?

AMY

Ever hear of a French tickler?

GEORGE

Now that you mention it...

He rises, crosses to the bathroom.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I hope this isn't going to be  
something too elaborate. I  
get easily distracted.

He enters the bathroom, switches on the light.

AMY

Frank says they're really  
coming out with some far  
out products. He's thinking  
about investing in one of the  
companies...

GEORGE

Probably keep it in profit  
all by himself.

AMY

I'm sorry, we shouldn't be  
talking about Frank.

GEORGE

Not if we're going to have  
a successful affiliation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
 (switches off  
 the T.V.)  
 Hurry, George...I'm so hot...  
 I want you.

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 Just keep talking like that  
 and you're bound to get your  
 wish.

The bathroom light goes out. Total blackness.

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 Holy shit.

AMY'S VOICE  
 What's wrong?

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 You're not going to believe  
 this.

AMY'S VOICE  
 What?

Suddenly, a GLOWING PHALLUS enters from the bathroom  
 and stops, seemingly suspended in mid-air, pointed at the  
 bed.

AMY'S VOICE  
 Wow!

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 It says in the instructions that  
 not only does it glow in the dark  
 but that it's treated with an  
 ancient Chinese herb guaranteed  
 to prolong erections. Obviously  
 it works.

AMY'S VOICE  
 Obviously.

The glowing tube moves toward the bed.

AMY'S VOICE  
 Amazing.

The glowing tube points up at the ceiling indicating that  
 George is lying down on the bed.

AMY'S VOICE  
 I'm glad I'm not stoned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE'S VOICE

Imagine the commercial...

(dramatically)

"The Goodyear Rubber Company  
brings you...

(very dramatically)

The condom that glows in the  
dark!

The top of the tube disappears then, little by little,  
all but an inch. George moans then slowly the glowing  
tube reappears. Could it be that it has grown?

AMY'S VOICE

I hope it doesn't rub off.

The glowing tube begins to disappear again. Once again  
there is but an inch of glow to be seen. Now we HEAR the  
sound of the front door opening and closing. Instantly,  
the whole tube is visible.

AMY'S VOICE

(hisses)

My God.

FRANK'S VOICE

Babe?

The sudden new position of the glowing tube makes it  
obvious that George has leaped out of bed. SOUNDS and the  
fact that the tube disappears for a split second indicates  
that Amy has run past George who quickly follows her. Amy  
throws open the closet door and George charges inside.  
Amy slams the door, runs, dives into bed a fraction of  
a second before Frank turns on the bedroom light. There  
is a long moment of tense silence as Amy tries not to  
appear too unglued.

AMY

(angrily)

You scared the hell out of  
me.

FRANK

Sorry.

AMY

What's the matter? Forget  
your mousse?

FRANK

Hey...

(crosses)

I came back to apologize.

AMY

It's too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits on the bed, reaches for her.

FRANK  
It's only one...

AMY  
(pushes him  
away)  
You know what I...

FRANK  
Come on...

AMY  
No! If you want to talk,  
we'll talk tomorrow.  
(pulls up  
the covers)  
Now, please leave.  
(beat)  
Please, Frank.

He rises, crosses to the bathroom.

AMY  
(alert)  
Where are you going?

FRANK  
I forgot my mousse.

He enters the bathroom, snaps on the light. Amy closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves.

FRANK'S VOICE  
What th' hell?

AMY  
(starts)  
What?

Frank, holding the box of condoms, appears in the doorway.

FRANK  
This.

AMY  
(yells)  
What?!

Frank crosses to the bed, shows her the pack of condoms.

FRANK  
Rubbers!

AMY  
Oh, for Christ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

It was going to be a  
surprise...

AMY

Frank!

FRANK

They were in that drawer...

AMY

You think I took them out  
and...

FRANK

Well, somebody sure as...

AMY

Frank, they're your stupid  
rubbers...take 'em and get the  
hell ...

FRANK

Okay!

(crosses)

But you don't know what  
you're missing.

He turns off the light and exits. Total darkness again.  
We HEAR the front door open and close. A moment and Amy's  
bare feet hurriedly pitter-pat their way across the room.  
The glowing tube, by some miracle still erect, appears as  
Amy opens the closet door.

AMY'S VOICE

(gasps)

I don't believe it...  
It's still...

GEORGE'S VOICE

You don't believe it. I haven't  
had one that lasted this long  
since I was twelve...

The tube repositions itself as George lies down on the bed.

GEORGE'S VOICE

(continuing)

I feel like I'm in the porno  
version of "The Red Shoes".

The middle section of the tube, Amy's hand width, disappears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY'S VOICE

No wonder Frank wanted to invest.

SOUND of the front door. The tube springs off the bed and streaks back into the closet. Silence.

AMY'S VOICE

Frank?  
(no answer)  
Frank?

Silence.

AMY'S VOICE

(suddenly frightened)  
Who is it? Who's there?

Suddenly into the room floats a second, noticeably larger, somewhat higher, glowing phallus. Amy starts a long, low, hysterical moan.

FRANK'S VOICE

(singing)  
"You light up my life..."

Amy's moan gets louder as the newcomer tube boogies its way toward the bed.

FRANK'S VOICE

Hey, it's me, Babe.

AMY'S VOICE

(hysterically)  
I know who it is, you dumb son of a bitch. Who'd you think I thought it was, Debbie Boone?

FRANK'S VOICE

I thought you'd laugh...

AMY'S VOICE

(losing it)  
Laugh? Laugh? Jesus, Frank...

The attitude of the tube alters as Frank sits down on the bed.

AMY'S VOICE

No, get away from me!

A LOUD NOISE from the closet.

FRANK'S VOICE

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY'S VOICE

What?

The tube rises, points at the closet.

AMY'S VOICE

Frank. Stop. You're driving  
me CRAZY!

The tube crosses the room. Frank opens the closet door revealing the other tube. We now have two glowing tubes, one bigger and higher than the other, pointed at each other like Luke Skywalker and Darth Vader about to do battle. Amy SCREAMS as the battle begins and the combatants fly around the room like two berserk glowworms.

INT. BERKOWITZ HOME BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake and his wife, BERNICE, are asleep in bed. The phone RINGS and Jake, still half-asleep answers it.

JAKE

Yeah?

He listens for a moment, then turns on the light.

JAKE

What jail?

(listens)

What did they arrest you for?

(listens)

Okay, I'll be right down.

He hangs up, gets out of bed.

BERNICE

What's wrong?

JAKE

(crossing)

George has been arrested.

BERNICE

For what?

JAKE

Cock fighting.

Jake exits. A beat and Bernice, looking perplexed, sits up. Another beat and Jake, looking equally perplexed, comes back into the room.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CITY HALL - DAWN

REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS, taking pictures and firing questions, close in on Frank and his ATTORNEY as they exit the building. Frank has a swollen lower lip and a cut on the bridge of his nose.

FRANK'S ATTORNEY

Sorry, no comment. Mr. Factor will make a statement at the appropriate time.

George and Jake emerge in the b.g. and skirt the crowd. As they get into Jake's car, several Reporters hurry to intercept them, but Jake gets the car started and they make their escape.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAWN

George's left eye is half-closed and turning black. Other than that, he looks terrible.

JAKE

How about some breakfast?

GEORGE

No.

JAKE

Want to tell me about it?

GEORGE

No.

JAKE

Well, you're going to have to tell it to a judge, so if you want my advice, forget being George Webber, the successful songwriter and join a circus.

GEORGE

Why a circus?

JAKE

Because when the press gets through with this one, you will forevermore be known as George Webber, the amazing rubber man.

George just looks at him.

JAKE

(continuing)

...and to add a touch of gloom to what already promises to be a really rotten day...Hugh's funeral is at one o'clock...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

(sighs)

Jesus.

JAKE

It could be worse. You could  
be Hugh.

INT. CEMETARY CHAPEL - DAY

A pitifully small turn out. LUCAS JONES, Hugh's last live-in amour, sits front row in the aisle. Sitting next to George is JASPER, Hugh's long time houseman. Next to Jasper is SAMANTHA (Sam) TAYLOR, a great-looking middle-aged lady who at one time was enough in love with George to consider marrying him and decided to give up and try to forget. To date, she has forgotten more than she has forgiven. George and Hugh sit a few rows back. Hugh's rheumatic GARDENER, a brittle ACCOUNTANT, an ancient baroque DECORATOR, a corrugated FEMALE BEACH NEIGHBOR and THREE MALE GAYS, ages 19, 26 and 34 comprise the rest of the mourners.

MINISTER

...I never had the priviledge of meeting  
Hugh Fallon, but his wonderful  
melodies that were so much a part  
of my generation make me feel  
like he was an old friend.

GEORGE

(mumbles)

If he was an old friend, you'd  
know he wrote the lyrics, not  
the melodies.

Sam indicates that she is now aware that George is present and accounted for.

EXT. CEMETARY GRAVE SITE - DAY

The mourners stand with bowed heads.

MINISTER

The Lord bless him and keep him.  
The Lord make his face shine upon  
him and be gracious to him, the  
Lord lift up his countenance  
upon him and give him peace.  
Amen.

Lucas starts weeping unabashedly. The three gays close-in to give comfort as the others turn away and start walking back to their cars, George intercepts Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Pello, George.

She gives Jake a little wave and continues walking. George falls in step.

GEORGE

You've changed your telephone number.

SAM

How do you know that?

GEORGE

Well, obviously I tried to call you.

SAM

Why did you do that?

GEORGE

Guess.

SAM

I'd rather not.

GEORGE

I wanted to talk to you, for Christ Sake...I haven't seen or heard..

SAM

(stops)

George...

GEORGE

Don't look at me that way, Sam. Whenever you look at me that way I know you're...

SAM

I'm not looking at you that way, George... I stopped looking at that way three years ago when looking at you that way was a small fraction of the distorted mosaic we once thought of as a meaningful relationship.

GEORGE

Looks like the same look to me.

SAM

Well, it's not. I used to look at you that way because what you did and said mattered...since they no longer do, it follows that I would have no reason ever again to look at you that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Could we have dinner?

SAM  
No.

GEORGE  
I'm in trouble, Sam...could  
we just go some place and talk?

SAM  
Never.

GEORGE  
Thanks.

SAM  
You're welcome. Sorry it wasn't  
nice seeing you again, George.

She walks away leaving George crestfallen in her wake. Lucas  
enters sniffing.

LUCAS  
George...you don't mind if I  
call you George. Hugh talked  
about you so much that I feel  
I know you.

GEORGE  
Then you must think I'm a  
prick.

LUCAS  
(gasps)  
No! Why would I....?

GEORGE  
Hugh did.

LUCAS  
Oh, no -- no! He said only the  
nicest...

GEORGE  
Bullshit. He thought I was a  
prick and he said so on numerous  
occasions. And according to his  
value system, he was probably  
right. And Hugh was the biggest  
prick of us all.

LUCAS  
(indignantlly)  
Well, if you feel that way about  
him, why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Because in spite of what he was, I cared about him and I didn't want him to go into the ground alone.

LUCAS

(bitchy)

That's big of you.

GEORGE

And if you want my advice, save your tears until after the reading of the will, because knowing Hugh's inherent perversity, I'll bet the most he left you was that black velvet painting he bought in Tijuana.

LUCAS

I hate that painting!

GEORGE

(smiles)

So did Hugh.

George walks away leaving Lucas looking stricken.

AT JAKE'S CAR

George and Jake are about to get in as Sam drives up.

SAM

If you feel like it, come over to dinner tonight. Eight o'clock. 'Bye, Jake.

She drives away.

JAKE

What did you do, give her back her Master Charge?

George and Jake get into Jake's car and Jake drives away, leaving us to look for a moment at Lucas and his three friends chatting by the grave.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George parks his rented car and gets out. Sam's 560 SL and Josh's vintage T-Bird are also parked in the drive.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JULIUS, the houseman, opens the front door to admit George.

GEORGE  
Hello, Julius.

JULIUS  
Good evening, Mr. Webber.

GEORGE  
You look well.

JULIUS  
Thank you.  
(leads the way)  
They're in the living room.

GEORGE  
They?

LIVING ROOM

Sam, JOSH, her twenty-three-year-old son and REBECCA, his very pretty and smart girlfriend are having drinks and talking as George enters.

JOSH  
We thought we'd drive back  
through Arizona, New Mexico,  
see that part of the...

GEORGE  
Hello.

SAM  
George, you remember Josh...

GEORGE  
Josh, my God, you've grown a...

JOSH  
Hello, George.

GEORGE  
You're enormous. How tall are  
you? You must be at least six  
feet.

JOSH  
Six four.

GEORGE  
Six fo...  
(to Sam)  
It's amazing. He just shot up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

You haven't seen him in  
nearly three years...

GEORGE

Yeah, but you don't usually  
grow that much in just three  
years...

(makes a joke)

I didn't.

(to Rebecca)

Hello.

SAM

Rebecca Sims, George Webber.

They shake hands.

REBECCA

How do you do.

GEORGE

I'll do a whole lot better  
with a drink.

(to Julius)

How about a Bloody Mary, Julius?

Julius nods and moves to the bar.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Are you Josh's 'squeeze',  
Becky?

Silence.

SAM

Squeeze?

GEORGE

Contemporary nomenclature. Right,  
Josh?

JOSH

I've heard the expression.  
I've never used it.

GEORGE

No. Well, me neither. That's  
the first time.

(to Josh)

I thought you were...how come  
you're not in school?

JOSH

Summer vacation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Of course. How old are you now? You must be, what? Twenty-one?

JOSH

Twenty-three.

GEORGE

Three? Good Go... It goes by so bloody fast...Then you must in the what....Senior?

JOSH

I graduated from Brown. I'm going to Julliard...

GEORGE

Julliard! Well, how about...

Julius enters with his Bloody Mary.

GEORGE

(continuing)

...that's what I want.  
Bless you.

He takes an enormous swallow.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Ohh, haa...better. Well, Julliard...

SAM

Josh is studying piano and composition...

GEORGE

I'll be damned. I didn't know you were that interested in music.

JOSH

Probably because you never took the time to ask.

GEORGE

Hey, not fair.

JOSH

But accurate.

GEORGE

Fair doesn't count? Come on, Josh. You were into rock and roll like any kid your age. You never went  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
near the piano. You never  
gave me a clue. You want  
accurate? You certainly never  
took the time to tell me.

JOSH  
I hate to use the argument, but  
I was just a kid, George.

GEORGE  
Yeah, but it's a kid's argument,  
Josh.

JULIUS  
Dinner is served.

They rise.

SAM  
Let's see if we can get  
through the salad course without  
a fifteen yard penalty.

As they cross to the dining room, George downs his Bloody  
Mary and hands the glass to Julius.

GEORGE  
Fill 'er up.

JULIUS  
We're having wine.

GEORGE  
Great. I need everything  
I can get my mouth on.

He exits into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The diners are well into the main course. In spite of  
several Bloody Marys and numerous wine refills, George  
still feels frighteningly sober.

SAM  
At the risk of sounding like a  
cliche-ridden soprano, as far  
as I'm concerned, there's plenty  
of room for all kinds of music.

JOSH  
Not according to George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

And George has every right to his opinion.

JOSH

Opinion sure, but if George had his way, rock and roll would be a capital crime.

SAM

Come on, Josh, eat your vegetables and stop being aggressive.

JOSH

Sorry, George.

GEORGE

No, you're not.

JOSH

You're right.

GEORGE

Are you a student, Becky?

REBECCA

Yes.

SAM

Rebecca's a drama major at Brown. She just wrote and directed her first play.

GEORGE

Terrific.

REBECCA

No, it wasn't.

SAM

(trying not  
to laugh)  
I didn't plan this.

GEORGE

Yes, you did.

SAM

(closer to  
laughing)  
No, George, I swear...

REBECCA

But I learned a lot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Good.

REBECCA

Hopefully, one profits by  
one's mistakes...

GEORGE

Oh, hopefully.

REBECCA

Did you?

GEORGE

What?

REBECCA

Profit. Your music, your songs.  
The shows, the films...you  
must have made mistakes..?

GEORGE

Oh, constantly.

REBECCA

For instance?

GEORGE

Coming here for dinner.

Sam cracks up.

REBECCA

I was being serious.

JOSH

What were you saying about  
'fair', George?

GEORGE

I'm sorry, Becky.

REBECCA

Okay, but do me a favor, George.

GEORGE

Name it, Becky.

REBECCA

Don't call me Becky...I fuckin'  
hate it.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, Rebecca. It won't  
fuckin' happen again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julius enters and fills George's wine glass.

GEORGE  
(to Julius)  
Either make more trips or  
get me a bigger glass.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julius serving Sam, Josh and Rebecca after-dinner coffee while George makes himself a drink at the bar and checks the number on the phone. Sam joins George.

SAM  
For what it's worth, I really  
expected it would be a different  
kind of evening.

GEORGE  
Oh, I've had worse. The night  
we broke up was worse. Not  
much worse, but...

SAM  
I honestly had no idea how Josh  
felt about you.

GEORGE  
He's grown up to be quite a  
young pain in the ass.

SAM  
Understandable when you consider  
that for about five years you  
were his only male pain in the  
ass role model.

GEORGE  
How is he where I'm not concerned?

SAM  
Little pompous, occasionally  
arrogant. Mostly pleasant, loving  
...and talented.

GEORGE  
How talented?

SAM  
Josh -- why don't you play  
something?

JOSH  
Okay.  
(crosses, sits  
at the piano)  
What'll it be, George?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

How about a little Buddy Holly?

SAM

How about a little Mozart?

JOSH

How about a little Gershwin?

And Josh begins to play Gershwin about as well as George has ever heard it played. After a minute:

GEORGE

Either I'm drunker than I thought or your son's one hell of a piano player.

SAM

Well, I know I've had too much to drink because I'm feeling sorry for you tonight, George.

GEORGE

Me too.

SAM

I may regret this, but how can I help?

GEORGE

I don't know. I've thought about you a lot over the past couple of years...then when I heard about Hugh, I felt like I just had to talk to you... to see you.

SAM

Scared, huh?

GEORGE

Scared?

SAM

Scares me. Getting older. Friends dying.

GEORGE

Maybe. Yeah, I suppose so.

SAM

Want to get back together?

GEORGE

(startled)

Do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

No! God, no.

GEORGE

Don't beg, Sam. It doesn't become you.

SAM

George -- you're a loser -- you can be sweet...and funny... you're bright and talented... and you can be very loving, but you'll never last with anybody. You may settle down for a while, but then something will happen ...you'll get scared and start looking for some thing...some place...some woman...to save you ... you're on a merry-go-round, George and the brass ring is just a brass ring ...solves nothing.

GEORGE

I'm doomed?

SAM

You're George and you like merry-go-rounds.

AT THE PIANO

Josh playing. He looks O.S. and stops playing.

SAM

alone at the bar.

SAM

He said to tell you that he had to leave because you play better piano than he does ... and he meant it.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

BOB FLORENCE and his big band playing big jazz as George, now a little unsteady on his pins, enters, greets people that he knows and follows the HOSTESS to a table.

THE BAND

making that sound that George loves.

GEORGE

loving it.

THE TENOR MAN

closes his eyes and takes a solo.

GEORGE

closes his eyes and takes a drink.

EXT. DANTE'S - NIGHT

Joe Williams is advertised and we HEAR Joe singing the blues.

INT. DANTE'S - NIGHT

crowded, smoke-filled, JOE singing, George playing. We linger long enough to savor Joe and George doing what they love and do best.

INT. BARNEY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Barney locks the door, hangs up the "CLOSED" sign and crosses back to the bar where George, now shit-faced, sits with Lonnie who is nursing a Perrier.

BARNEY

Okay, kiddies, time to  
fold your tents.

GEORGE

How about one more little  
bitty one for the road?

BARNEY

Nope.

LONNIE

You know what your problem is,  
George?

GEORGE

Yep.

BARNEY

Gimme your keys, George.

GEORGE

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE  
You drink too much.

GEORGE  
Nope.

BARNEY  
Keys, George.

LONNIE  
Sure you do. You're probably  
an alcoholic.

GEORGE  
Yep.

BARNEY  
Keys?

GEORGE  
But that's not my problem. You  
know what my problem is? I'm  
an addict.

LONNIE  
Drugs?

GEORGE  
Nope. Merry-go-rounds.

BARNEY  
I'm not going to let you drive.

LONNIE  
Want to go home with me,  
George?

GEORGE  
Yep.

LONNIE  
Let's go.

GEORGE  
I can't.

LONNIE  
Why not?

GEORGE  
I'm just a kid.

LONNIE  
(kisses him)  
You're sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

That too.

LONNIE

(crosses to  
the door)

Call me if you change  
your mind.

GEORGE

I'll call you even if I  
don't change my mind, okay?

Barney unlocks the door.

LONNIE

Okay. Night, Barney.

BARNEY

Sleep tight.

She exits. George staggers to the pay phone as Barney locks up again and returns to the bar, where he watches George finally manage to drop a quarter in the slot and dial. We HEAR a phone ringing.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam rolls over in bed and answers the phone.

SAM

(sleepily)

Hello?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Sam?

SAM

George?

GEORGE'S VOICE

I think so.

SAM

George, do you know what  
time it is?

INT. BARNEY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

George on the phone, Barney at the bar.

GEORGE

Just a minute.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
 (to Barney)  
 Sam wants to know what  
 time it is.

BARNEY  
 Five minutes after two.

GEORGE  
 (back to  
 the phone)  
 Five minutes after two.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam on the phone.

SAM  
 Aside from being drunk,  
 what else is wrong?

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 I forgot to ask you something  
 important...

Long pause.

SAM  
 Yes?

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 What th' hell was it?

SAM  
 George...

GEORGE'S VOICE  
 No, no, I remember...

INT. BARNEY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

George on the phone.

GEORGE  
 ...are you presently involved  
 with anyone?

Pause.

SAM'S VOICE  
 Yes.

GEORGE  
 Yes?

INT. SAM'S HOUSE-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam on the phone.

SAM

Yes.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Who?

SAM

His name's Jonas Mallard.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Sounds like a duck.

SAM

(irritated)

George...

GEORGE'S VOICE

Why wasn't he there tonight?

SAM

Because he's in New York on business.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Is it serious?

SAM

Yes.

INT. BARNEY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

George on the phone.

GEORGE

Gonna get married?

SAM'S VOICE

We've talked about it.

GEORGE

I don't know whether you know it or not, but it's bad luck to marry a duck.

SAM'S VOICE

Good night, George.

She hangs up.

GEORGE

(hangs up)

Unless you're a duck.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

(weaves his  
way to the  
bar)

...and even then, there's no  
guarantee that it's gonna last.

(sits down)

Are ducks monogamous?

BARNEY

Swans are.

GEORGE

This guy's a duck. That was  
Sam.

BARNEY

So I gather.

George takes out his car keys, dangles them in front of  
Barney's nose.

GEORGE

One more.

Barney takes the keys and pours George a drink.

BARNEY

You know, of course, we're  
breaking the law.

GEORGE

We?

BARNEY

I got a mouse in my pocket.

GEORGE

Ah.

(drinks)

One thing's sure...mice are  
not monogamous.

BARNEY

For sure.

GEORGE

If they were, that would make  
them manogomice.

BARNEY

I'll call a cab.

GEORGE

Nope. I'm 86 at the Beverly Hills,  
so if your guest room is still  
occupied, I'll just curl up here  
on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

George starts to crawl up onto the bar.

BARNEY  
 Promise not to throw up in  
 the fish tank?

GEORGE  
 Cross my heart.

Barney lifts George off the bar, puts him over his shoulder and exits into the kitchen, turning off the lights as he goes.

DREAM SEQUENCE

In SLOW MOTION, a magnificent FEMALE BODY, wearing a scanty flesh-colored bathing suit, blond tresses flying, runs out of the sun along the water's edge toward:

GEORGE

Also in SLOW MOTION running joyously to meet:

THE MAGNIFICENT FEMALE

silhouetted against the sun. We cannot make out her face.

GEORGE

running toward the:

MAGNIFICENT FEMALE

running toward George.

GEORGE AND THE MAGNIFICENT FEMALE

as they come together in a rapturous embrace.

THE MAGNIFICENT FEMALE

turns out to be Frank Factor.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE GUEST ROOM - MORNING

George, hollow-eyed, sporting a three day's stubble, sits bolt upright in bed and SCREAMS.

## HALLWAY

Barney, carrying a home oxygen tank and a shot of B-12 enters and crosses to the:

## GUEST ROOM

George has wrecked the place. Barely dried graffiti adorns the walls. Some of the furniture has been overturned or broken. Stuffing has been pulled out of the mattress and all of the gold fish are belly up in their murky tank. Panic stricken, trying to figure out where he is and who he is, George sits in bed as Barney approaches, secures the oxygen mask over George's nose and mouth, then prepares the B-12 shot.

GEORGE  
(eyeing the  
syringe)

Wassat?

BARNEY

B-12.

GEORGE

Do I need it?

BARNEY

Did Custer need a bullet-proof vest?

Barney shoots the vitamin into George's arm. George tucks the small oxygen tank under his arm and picks his way through the empty beer cans into the:

## BATHROOM

George crosses to the john and begins to pee. After a moment, Barney appears in the doorway. Ten seconds pass. George pees on. Twenty seconds. Thirty.

BARNEY  
Another three seconds and you've broken the record.

Three seconds pass and George finishes.

GEORGE  
Who'd I beat out?

BARNEY  
A camel.

George flushes, crosses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY

When was your last international  
urinary exploit?

GEORGE

What day is it?

BARNEY

Monday morning.

GEORGE

(exits)

Saturday night.

BARNEY

I used to think of you as  
all heart. From now on, it's  
all bladder.

He closes the door revealing his dog, paws glued half-way  
up the door.

GEORGE'S VOICE

I'm in a lot of trouble,  
doctor...

INT. ANALYST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. FRED CROCE, black, sixty-one. George's former psycho-  
analyst, faces George from his desk chair.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Frankly, I don't have the  
strength or the courage to go  
on like this...and even if I  
did, I wouldn't want to. Everyday  
I get a little more depressed  
and a little more desperate. I  
feel like if I don't get some  
help I'm going to be right back  
where I was emotionally six years  
ago.

DR. CROCE

It sounds to me like you are  
right back where you were emotionally  
six years ago.

GEORGE

How is that possible? Nearly a  
decade on your couch and I'm worse  
off than when I left you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CROCE  
When you left me perhaps,  
but not when you started with  
me. You were a mess.

GEORGE  
I'm still a mess! I haven't  
changed.

DR. CROCE  
Don't you know by now that  
changing one's basic character  
is next to impossible?

GEORGE  
(worried)  
No! I don't know that. Jesus,  
if I thought I couldn't change  
I never would have come to you  
in the first place...

DR. CROCE  
I didn't say you couldn't...

GEORGE  
You said it was impossible.

DR. CROCE  
I said next to impossible...

GEORGE  
Well, shit, doctor, next to  
isn't that far removed.

DR. CROCE  
If it were there would be no  
analysts.

GEORGE  
Not an entirely unhappy prospect,  
doctor.

DR. CROCE  
Did I ever tell you the story  
about the frog and the scorpion?

GEORGE  
No.

DR. CROCE  
A scorpion wanted to cross a river,  
so he asked a frog if he would  
carry him on his back. The frog  
said no and when the scorpion asked  
him "why not?", the frog replied,  
"because half-way across the river  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CROCE

you'll sting me and I'll drown".  
The scorpion scoffed and said,  
"you're not being reasonable.  
If I sting you and you drown,  
I'll drown too". The frog thought  
about it and said, "That's  
reasonable. Climb on". Half-way  
across the river the scorpion stung  
the frog and as the frog was  
drowning he said to the scorpion,  
"But now you're going to drown, too"  
and the scorpion replied, "Yes, I  
know". And the frog said, "But  
what about reason?" and the scorpion  
said, "Reason's got nothing to do  
with it. I'm a scorpion. It's my  
character"!

A long pause. Finally:

GEORGE

Doctor, do you know what I  
feel like telling you?

DR. CROCE

Yes. You feel like telling me to go  
and fuck myself and you probably will  
because that's your character.

Another long pause. George rises:

GEORGE

Tuesday?

DR. CROCE

Ten after two.

George crosses the office and exits. Dr. Croce rises,  
walks to his reception room door, opens it, revealing his  
next patient, a middle-aged, be-jeweled, Beverly Hills  
MATRON who rises, hurries into the office, grabs a  
handfull of Kleenex and plops herself on the sofa. Dr.  
Croce seats himself behind her.

MATRON

I don't give a shit if Irving  
doesn't trust the Chinese --  
I want a Shar-Pei.

A KNOCK at the door.

DR. CROCE

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rises, crosses the office and opens the door revealing George.

GEORGE  
Go and fuck yourself.

He exits. Dr. Croce closes the door, returns to his seat.

DR. CROCE  
(to the startled Matron)  
Sorry.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

George crosses to the elevator, pushes the down button. He's furious with himself. The elevator doors open and George enters as EMILY, a gorgeous brunette female exits. Stunned, George spins around.

EMILY

on her way down the hall. In the b.g., George sticks his head out of the elevator and looks after Emily so preoccupied with the view that he does not sense that the elevator doors are closing