



A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

A Screenplay

by

Maidee Walker

From the novel

by

John Kennedy Toole

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Harold Lewis - Director

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BLACK SCREEN

THEME SONG from original soundtrack BEGINS.

FADE IN

"When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him."

Jonathan Swift

DISSOLVE TO

1 EXT - CITY OF NEW ORLEANS AND THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER - AFTERNOON

Approaching New Orleans from down river, an aerial shot plays on the bulging curves of the winding Mississippi River. MAIN TITLES BEGIN. As we descend on Canal Street, crowded with people in the 5:00 rush, the focal point becomes a green hunting cap moving slowly through the masses.

CUT TO

BACK VIEW OF AN ENORMOUS MAN

The camera zooms in and follows the bulging backside of an enormous man. As he waddles squarely down the middle of the sidewalk, his trousers billow around his gargantuan rump as he rolls forward--making him look like a baby elephant from behind.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF THE ENORMOUS MAN'S FACE

Underneath the visor of the green hunting cap, which is squeezed down on his fleshy fat face, the man's huge supercilious eyes look down on the crowds of people. Full, pursed lips protrude beneath a bushy, black moustache and, at their corners, sink into little folds filled with disapproval and potato chip crumbs.

The angle slowly widens until it includes all of him.

CUT TO

FULL FRONTAL VIEW OF THE MAN

He is dressed in voluminous tweed trousers, a plaid flannel shirt and a woolen muffler . . . the earflaps on the green hat stick out like on either side like turn signals indicating two directions at once. As he lumbers along, he is taking handfuls of potato chips from a huge bag and stuffing them into his mouth.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

As the man plows through the people like the prow of a ship, the shot begins to widen to include the bustle on Canal Street . . .

2 EXT - CANAL STREET - D.H. HOLMES DEPARTMENT STORE - AFTERNOON

The TITLES END and the MUSIC GIVES WAY just as the man reaches the front of the department store. Then, suddenly, right at that moment, the doors fly open and a YOUNG BLACK MAN in a bright yellow shirt and spaceage sun glasses bursts out onto the sidewalk, and whams straight into the waddling mass. The large man's legs buckle, the bag of potato chips flies into the air and the black man collapses as if he had just run into a brick wall. They land together in a heap on the sidewalk. Immediately, the doors crash open again as an older woman, obviously a SALESLADY, barrels out, screaming bloody murder.

SALESLADY (screeching)
He stole my nuts! Grab 'im! Grab 'im!

ENORMOUS MAN (bellowing)
Oh, my God! Reality, in the guise of a giant bumble bee, has jumped up and struck me down!

YOUNG BLACK MAN
Bubble bee?
(trying to untangle himself)
Say, man, you all right?

ENORMOUS MAN
I simply cannot say at the moment . . .

The saleslady continues to jump up and down and shriek as the young black man struggles to help the large man to his feet. A small crowd begins to form. The black man picks up the huge bag of potato chips, which is still half full, and hands it to him.

YOUNG BLACK MAN
Hey, man, I sorry! I jus standin aroun in there and some cat steal a bag of cashew nuts out the "Nut House" and den dis woman start screamin like she been stab! Wow! Star sayin I steal them nuts! Whoa!

The crowd is growing larger when suddenly a uniformed POLICEMAN comes pushing his way to the middle.

POLICEMAN
Lemme through! Lemme through!

YOUNG BLACK MAN
Oh, Lawd, de po-lice! Dat woman probly gonna try to send me up for life. I don't even like cashews!

POLICEMAN (to enormous man)
What's going on around here?

MAN IN CROWD (to black man)
Hey, watch out! You're guilty before you start, brother!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

The crowd is getting really loud and out-of-hand.

POLICEMAN

(grabbing the large man's arm)

So you won't answer any questions? Then you're coming with me.

ENORMOUS MAN (thundering)

How dare you touch my being, you mongoloid! It is my Divine Right to be here! I am a free person in a supposedly free country! Now why don't you run along and bother somebody else. I am waiting for my mother.

OLD MAN

That's right, he's a free man waitin for his mama . . . I'm telling you the city was never like this before . . . and gettin arrested . . . just like in Russia . . . I'm tellin you, it's the communiss.

POLICEMAN (to the old man)

You callin me a communiss? I'll take you in too!

OLD MAN

You can't arrest me . . I'm a member of the Golden Age Club.

WOMAN

Let dat old man alone, you dirty cop . . . he's prolly somebody's grampaw.

POLICEMAN

(screaming at the crowd)

Everybody shuddup!

(to the two men)

Okay, you two guys are comin with me. For suspicion of theft and loitering!

The crowd goes bananas . . . protesting and yelling.

ENORMOUS MAN (haughtily)

Sir, I suggest that you refrain from making the mistake of harrassing me! I shall contact the mayor if you don't move along immediately! And as for this gentleman . . .

(indicating the black man)

. . . he has made it perfectly clear that he doesn't even like cashews!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

The young black man has a big smile on his face when suddenly the policeman lunges for both of them with a pair of handcuffs. The enormous man takes a step backward and then, in a deft movement, sends the bag of potato chips crashing down on the policeman's head, sending potato chips flying everywhere. As the crowd cheers gleefully and the policeman sputters through the chips, the old man spots someone standing on the fringe of the crowd, watching the commotion.

OLD MAN (yelling and pointing)
I tol' you! I tol' you! There's his mama now!

The crowd turns to see a short, sixty-ish WOMAN with maroon hair who is wearing a wierd and ancient WPA hat from the Forties. She is trying to get a glimpse of what is going on when she is suddenly caught off guard as everyone turns to look at her. She stares at the old man who is jumping up and down and pointing at her. Then a look of horror comes over her face as she spots her son in the middle of it all.

ENORMOUS MAN (to the black man)
Come quickly!

The young black man skips through the parting crowd and the large man darts, like a hippopotamus, through the people. Then, like the closing of the Red Sea, the crowd converges again, shutting off the policeman. As the two race down Canal Street, the young black man puts out his hand. There is a distant roll of thunder and a fine mist begins to fall.

YOUNG BLACK MAN
My name is JONES . . . BURMA JONES . . . and I'm
proud to know you . . .

ENORMOUS MAN (breathlessly)
Well, my name is IGNATIUS J. REILLY . . . and I think
I'm having a heart murmur.

YOUNG BLACK MAN (smiling)
Come on, brother, I know where we go . . .

Behind them they can hear wild protests from the crowd as the policeman seizes the old man . . .

3 INT - POLICE PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

There is general commotion in the squad room . . . policemen, hookers, pick-pockets, muggers. A group of "shady characters"--waiting to be booked--fills the benches along a gray wall. The policeman storms into the room pushing the old man in front of him.

OLD MAN
Take your hands off me! This is a violation of my
constitutional rights!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

The policeman presents his charge to the SERGEANT, a surly man, scowling from behind a large desk in the middle of the room.

SERGEANT (derogatorily)
Whatcha got dis time, MANCUSO?

MANCUSO
This old man called the whole New Orleans Police Department communiss and resisted arrest.

SERGEANT (to old man)
What's your name, mister?

OLD MAN
CLAUDE ROBICHAUX.

SERGEANT
You heard the officer. Did you say dos things?

CLAUDE (in a panicked voice)
I didn't say nuthin. I just got nervous. I got carried away. This policeman was trying to arress a poor boy waitin for his mama by Holmes.

SERGEANT (turning to Mancuso)
What? What were you trying to do?

MANCUSO
He wasn't a boy. He was a big fat man, dressed funny. He looked like a suspicious character. To tell you the truth, he looked like a prevert.

SERGEANT
A pervert, huh?

MANCUSO (with new confidence)
Yes. A great big prevert.

SERGEANT
How big?

MANCUSO (stretching his arms wide)
The biggest I ever saw in my whole life.

SERGEANT
Well, where is he, Mancuso? How come he ain't standing here in front of me steada dis old man?

MANCUSO (defensively)
He hit me over the head with a giant bag of potato chips and while I was dazed, the crowd helped him and that black guy get away.

(CONTINUED)

4 INT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS WARDROBE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The room is narrow and dimly lit, with gray metal lockers lining one wall opposite an over-loaded rack of miscellaneous costumes. A long wooden bench divides the two. Mancuso's uniform is laying across the bench and he is standing forlornly in front of the Sergeant, dressed in some ballet tights and a yellow sweater.

SERGEANT (brutally)

You've disgraced our uniform, Mancuso . . . from now on you're in a different costume ever day until you arrest somebody.

He picks up Mancuso's uniform and puts it over his arm.

SERGEANT

And I'm warning you, Mancuso, you better shape up or get off the force. Now get out on the streets and bring me in a suspicious character!

5 INT - NIGHT OF JOY - LATE AFTERNOON

The NIGHT OF JOY is a typical Bourbon Street strip joint. A long bar stretches the width of the room and garbage-can-sized tables are packed around a bar-high stage complete with a mirrored back wall and a shiny chrome pole in the middle. Sitting on the bar stools are several people . . . a depressed-looking BLONDE who seems attached to the bar in some way or another and at the end by the phone is a shriveled QUARTER CREATURE studying a racing form. Down at the other end is a really INSANE-LOOKING MAN who keeps taking quick glances behind him and then telling his drink about what he has just seen. Next to him is a GOOFY CHARACTER who has a hat that blinks lights off and on and a pair of glasses with wind-shield wipers. He seems to find everything hilarious, although he isn't speaking or listening to anyone. In the middle is an elegantly dressed YOUNG MAN who is chainsmoking Salems and drinking frozen daiquiris in gulps. There is an underscoring of music playing continuously . . .

(NOTE: There can be a wider assortment of wierdos and Quarter Creatures--either fabricated or simply recruited on Bourbon Street on location. The Bourbon Street "regulars" are the extras one dreams of.)

The door opens and in comes Jones followed closely by MRS. REILLY and a red-faced, breathless Ignatius, clutching his side.

IGNATIUS

My God, my valve!

MRS. REILLY

You talking about that valve again? Nobody else got him a valve but you. I ain't got no valve.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

Everyone has a valve! Mine is simply more developed

. . .

(sniffing loudly and making faces)

It smells awful in here . . . what is this soulless place?

The goofy character breaks into guffaws of laughter and wiggles his wind-shield wipers at Ignatius.

JONES

Why dis place is where I gainfully employ . . . place where the po-lice say, "Now you be becomin a real member of the community. No vagran, son, jus nigger." Got me a mutha humanitaria paying me twenny dollar a week, say the Night of Joy help keep a po color boy outta jail. Whoa!

(blowing out a cloud of cigarette smoke)

Dis mutha cat house de one belong in jail!

IGNATIUS

I have to agree with you. And indeed if I were you, I would quit this vile brothel immediately and go live quietly some place where I could reflect. Or some such thing.

JONES

Ain't possible . . . they throw me in jail.

The earflaps on Ignatius' hat go up as he peers through the darkness at Jones.

IGNATIUS

Impossible? Well, I daresay you haven't had practice in thinking about what is possible or impossible. Why sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.

The BARTENDER looks over at Jones and scowls at him.

BARTENDER

Hey Jones! What do you think you're doing? Get to work.

Jones disappears into the back of the bar as Ignatius and Mrs. Reilly climb onto two stools.

MRS. REILLY

All right, Ignatius. What was goin on with that old man? How come that policeman was after you?

IGNATIUS

I shall never know . . . if anyone was ever minding his own business, it was I . . .

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. REILLY

I know you, boy, you musta done sumpin . . .
arrested by the police . . . wouldn't that be awful
. . . you'd be all over the papers . . .

Ignatius looks around the bar. The blonde is on his right and the young man is to Mrs. Reilly's left. The bartender doesn't move from where he has been talking to the blonde.

BARTENDER (rudely)

Yeah? . . . What'll it be?

IGNATIUS

(sniffing again and turning to his mother)
Mother, my stomach is beginning to churn . . .

INSANE-LOOKING MAN

That's the signal! That's it! It's the end of the world!

Ignatius rolls his eyes and looks disgusted.

BARTENDER (walking over)

I said, what'll it be, buddy?

MRS. REILLY (eagerly)

I'll take me a Dixie 45 . . . long neck, if you got it, bartender.

(punching Ignatius)

What you want?

IGNATIUS

Well, I certainly won't have that.

(to the bartender)

A Dr. Nut, if you please . . . and be certain that it's frosty cold.

BARTENDER

No Dr. Nut . . . no soft drinks.

MRS. REILLY

Well, get a beer, Ignatius. It won't kill you.

INSANE-LOOKING MAN (nodding sagely)

We're all going to die.

IGNATIUS

I may not drink it . . . I may bloat . . .

MRS. REILLY (to the bartender)

Bring us two Dixies, bartender.

IGNATIUS (frowning)

Mother, your intemperance is appalling. I made the

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS

mistake of heating the oven the other day before inspecting it properly. When I opened it to put in my frozen pizza, I could have been blinded by a bottle of broiled wine that was preparing to explode.

The goofy character breaks into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter.

MRS. REILLY

For shame, Ignatius. A few bottles of muscatel . . . and you with all them trinkets.

The bartender slams down two beers. Mrs. Reilly immediately guzzles hers from the bottle.

IGNATIUS (snapping)

Will you please define the meaning of the word "trinkets?"

MRS. REILLY

All them books. That gramophone. That trumpet and that banjo.

IGNATIUS (thundering)

That is a lute, not a banjo! Do you think that I am one of those perverse Mark Twain characters?

Outraged, Ignatius slams the bar with one of his huge paws just as the elegant young man is taking a gulp of his daiquiri. The drink goes all over him.

MRS. REILLY

Hey, bartender, get a rag. One of the customers just spilled they drink.

YOUNG MAN (arching an eyebrow)

That's quite all right, darling. I'm only in this tacky place because my favorite bar next door isn't open yet.

(giggling)

Everyone simply let his hair down in there last night, sweetie . . . we're all completely ruined today . . .

IGNATIUS

How dare you talk to my dear, beloved mother like that!

YOUNG MAN

Oh, hush, you big thing! Just look at my jacket.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS

It's totally grotesque. It is new enough and expensive enough to be considered an offense against taste and decency. In fact, your possession of that ludicrous piece of clothing only reflects your lack of theology and geometry . . . it perhaps even casts doubts upon your soul . . .

YOUNG MAN

Oh, my dear . . .

MRS. REILLY

Aw, now, let's be friends. Let me buy you another drink, babe, for the one you spilled. What's that you drinking . . . it looks like a pineapple snowball.

YOUNG MAN (sighing)

No, I really must run . . . thanks anyway . . .

INSANE-LOOKING MAN

(his eyes flickering frantically around the bar)
Yes, run! Run! They're coming to get us!

MRS. REILLY (to the young man)

Aw, honey, you gonna go out on a night like this? Listen, don't pay no mind to what Ignatius says . . . why don't you stay and I'll get us a nice drink.

She signals the bartender who is having words with Ignatius over the quality of the long neck Dixie 45.

MRS. REILLY

That's sure pretty, that jacket you got?

YOUNG MAN

(feeling the velvet on the sleeve)
Oh, this? I don't mind telling you it cost a fortune. I found it in a dear little shop in the Village.

The bartender puts down a daiquiri and another Dixie in front of them and goes back to his argument with Ignatius.

MRS. REILLY

You don't look like you from the country?

YOUNG MAN

(lighting a Salem with a great click of his lighter)
Oh, my . . . I meant Greenwich Village in New York, sweetie . . . by the way, where did you ever get that hat? It's truly fantastic.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (5)

MRS. REILLY

Aw, Lord, I had this since Ignatius made his First Communion.

YOUNG MAN

Would you consider selling it?

MRS. REILLY (giggling shyly)

Aw, honey, this old thing?

YOUNG MAN

I'll give you ten dollars for it.

MRS. REILLY

Aw, come on. For this?

YOUNG MAN

Fifteen?

MRS. REILLY (removing the hat)

Really? Sure, honey . . .

The young man takes out his wallet, gives her three five dollar bills and drains his daiquiri. Then, taking up his trench coat, he places the hat carefully underneath it and stands up.

YOUNG MAN (smiling)

Well, it's been perfectly delightful meeting you .

. .

MRS. REILLY

Yeah, dawlin, you take care out in the cold and wet

. . .

As the young man leaves, Ignatius turns to his mother.

IGNATIUS

Mother, I do believe that you are encouraging these preposterous people. We are hiding in this bar and therefore forced to observe. I am not, however, necessarily anxious to mingle.

As if by an involuntary reflex, the blonde looks up at the word "mingle" and slides closer to Ignatius.

BLONDE

Hi, honey, my name's DARLENE. Buy me a drink?

MRS. REILLY (eyeing Darlene)

Ignatius, we better go.

IGNATIUS (also eyeing Darlene)

What? We must stay to watch the corruption. It's already beginning to set in.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (6)

MRS. REILLY (finishing her beer)
I'm hungry, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS
Well, get something to eat then . . . order some
peanuts. I might even have a peanut or two myself.

DARLENE
I bet you like to eat, huh?

IGNATIUS
I would if my mother would cook. As it is, she
burns.

DARLENE
I useta cook . . . but I sorta used a lot of that
canned stuff . . .

While Ignatius and Darlene are talking, Jones suddenly appears from the
back of the bar carrying a mop, a bucket, a broom, some rags and pushing
a large commercial trash barrel on wheels. He brings it all up beside
Ignatius and listens.

IGNATIUS
Canned food is a perversion. You must never eat
canned food. I did once, and I could feel my
intestines starting to atrophy. I suspect that it
is ultimately very damaging to the soul . . .

DARLENE
Gee you talk good . . . what you do?

IGNATIUS
I am presently involved in solving the mysteries of
the planet . . . this takes up quite a bit of my
time.

The goofy character's wind-shield wipers suddenly go haywire as he chokes
with laughter.

JONES (to Ignatius)
Yeah, I like to be solving some mysteries too . .
. . look like the whole thing goin to hell to me.

IGNATIUS (to Jones)
Yes, particularly during the last four centuries.
The turn of events has been unfortunate indeed since
the Reformation . . . and then what with Doris Day
and Greyhound Scenicruisers, we are literally
teetering on the edge of an abyss . . .

The bartender has now moved a little closer.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (7)

DARLENE

You talkin' about buses?

Ignatius ignores her and looks square at Jones.

IGNATIUS

However, I always suspected that democracy would come to this. A firm rule must be imposed upon our nation before it destroys itself. The United States needs some theology and geometry, some taste and decency . . .

JONES (very seriously)

Well, what you think we ought to do? I know lots of people want to change things. I like to change my whole life.

IGNATIUS

One certain way to do that is to have a fair and decent king who will rule as they did in the Middle Ages.

DARLENE

You talkin' about kings?

IGNATIUS (to Jones)

It's called "the divine right of kings." You should have your people look into it.

The bartender has now moved a little closer.

BARTENDER (very surly)

Yeah, well, I don't know what you're talking about and, as a matter of fact, I don't give a damn . . .

(to Jones)

. . . and you don't either, Jones. So get back to your sweepin and moppin, you lazy . . .

IGNATIUS (thundering)

How dare you speak to a man of Mr. Jones' stature in that tone! Who are you to presume . . .

MRS. REILLY (interrupting loudly)

Oh, Lord, my elbow's acting up again!

BARTENDER (to Ignatius)

And what's more, buddy, I don't think I like the way you look.

Mrs. Reilly turns frantically toward her son and as she does, she knocks her beer bottle and several glasses to the floor. Just at that moment the door to the bar swings open and a WOMAN enters. She is statuesque, nearing middle age.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (8)

Her fine body is covered with a black leather overcoat that glistens with mist. She is LANA LEE, the owner. Glaring at Ignatius and his mother as if they are the strangest ones in the bar, she turns on the bartender.

LANA LEE

What's going on here? Who are these characters?

INSANE-LOOKING MAN (about to lose it)

I don't know! I don't know who they are! But they're coming to get us!

BARTENDER

Just two drunks, Miss Lee. I've been trying to get them out of here since our friend Jones brought 'em in, but they've been sticking like flies.

LANA LEE

I go out shopping for a few hours and look what happens.

JONES

Wonder what she shoppin for this time . . . a whip?

LANA LEE

What are you doing, Darlene? Playing games on the stools with these two characters? You can really pick 'em, can't you? I swear. You're no B-drinker, you're a liability.

DARLENE

Aw, Lana, I know. That's why I wish you'd let me dance . . . I got such a great routine if you'd just let me get up and dance . . .

LANA LEE

Shut up.

(to the bartender)

Get those two outta here.

MRS. REILLY

Don't you worry. We're leaving.

Mrs. Reilly and Ignatius start to climb down from the stools just as the insane-looking man flies by them, screaming out the back door. The goofy character is now out of control. Ignatius snorts and looks at Lana Lee.

IGNATIUS

We certainly are. I've never seen anything like this miserable bordello . . . even the name is a contradiction in terms . . .

(brushing by Lana)

Hurry along, Mother. This woman looks like a Nazi commandant. She may strike us.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (9)

As Ignatius billows toward the door, Jones follows him quickly.

JONES

Say, man, I wants to thank you for helping me out with that po-lice . . . you the first person ever . . .

IGNATIUS (stopping)

Think nothing of it, sir . . . the pleasure was mine.

JONES

Sometimes I wonder jus what kind of world this is . . .

IGNATIUS

Well, it is, I'm afraid, at the moment, one which appears to be without a point . . .

Mrs. Reilly comes hurrying up behind them just as Lana Lee screams.

LANA LEE

I said beat it!

The door slams and they are gone.

LANA LEE (angrily to Jones)

What are you grinning about, Jones? Get back on my floor.

JONES (mocking)

I already finish on your flo. I turnin into a expert on flos. I think color cats got sweepin and moppin in they blood, it come natural. I bet you give some little color baby one-year-old a broom in he han, he star sweepin his ass off. Whoa!

LANA LEE

Shut up, Jones. I took you off the streets and gave you a job when the cops was about to lock you up for vagrancy. Now stop goofin off behind them damn glasses!

JONES

Goofin off? Shoo! I in here for twenny dollar a week sweepin and moppin up all the shit your po, stupor customer drippin on the flo. I feel sorry for them po peoples comin in this mutha cathouse thinkin they gonna have theyself some fun, probly gettin knockout drop in they drink, catching the clap off they ice cube. Ooo-wee!

The door to the bar swings open again and a pimply-faced YOUNG BOY comes clicking in. The boy gives Lana a handful of bills and looks at Jones.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (10)

Lana Lee goes around to back of the bar and pulls out a package wrapped in brown-paper.

LANA LEE

So everything went okay, GEORGE? The orphans liked them?

GEORGE

Yeah . . .

(to Jones)

Hey, you a junkie? You look like a junkie to me.

JONES (very slowly)

You be lookin pretty junkie with a Night o' Joy broom stickin out you ass . . .

LANA LEE

Okay, okay. Come on, George.

(handing him the package)

Now go on. Beat it.

George winks at her and bangs out the door.

JONES

(blowing out a huge cumulus of smoke)

That supposed to be a messenger for the orphans?
I like to see the orphans he operatin for. I bet
the United Fun never heard about them orphans . .

.

(staring at Lana Lee)

Ooo-wee, if bullshit was music, she'd be two brass
bands!

6 EXT - BOURBON STREET - DUSK

Bourbon Street is lighting up, preparing to host another evening. Sounds of jazz float around the usual menagerie of tourists and wierdos.

Mrs. Reilly takes her son's arm for support, but as much as they try, they move forward very slowly, although they seem to move sideward quite easily. Their walking develops a little pattern along the wet flagstones: three quick steps to the left, pause . . . three quick steps to the right, pause.

MRS. REILLY

That was a terrible woman.

IGNATIUS

A negation of all human qualities.

(looking at his mother)

You left your hat in the bar.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

Oh, I sold it to that young man.

IGNATIUS

You sold it? Why? Did you ask me whether I wanted it to be sold? I was very attached to that hat.

MRS. REILLY

I'm sorry, Ignatius. I didn't know you liked it so much. You never said nothing about it.

IGNATIUS

I had an unspoken attachment to it. It was a contact with my childhood, a link with the past.

MRS. REILLY

But he gave me fifteen dollars, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

Please. Let's don't talk about it anymore. The whole business borders on sacrilege. Goodness knows what degenerate uses he will find for that hat.

MRS. REILLY

There's the car, honey.

Ignatius sees the high profile of the old 1946 Plymouth over the roofs of the other cars. Parked next to it on the corner is a cart. It is shaped like a hot dog on wheels.

IGNATIUS (eyeing the hot dog wagon)

Do you have any of the fifteen left?

Mrs. Reilly nods.

IGNATIUS

Then why don't we stop and eat something?

(pointing to the wagon)

I believe that they vend foot-long hot dogs.

MRS. REILLY

Hot dogs? Honey, in all this rain and cold we gonna stand outside and eat weenies?

IGNATIUS

It's a thought . . .

Mrs. Reilly takes his arm and they continue on toward the car.

MRS. REILLY

No, let's go home. I wouldn't eat nothing outta them dirty wagons . . . they all operated by a bunch of bums anyway.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

IGNATIUS (pouting)

Well, if you insist . . . although I am rather hungry, and you have, after all, just sold a memento of my childhood for thirty pieces of silver, so to speak . . .

7 EXT - ST. ANN STREET - DUSK

The second ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS as Mrs. Reilly and Ignatius climb into the ancient Plymouth . . . she in the front seat, he in the back. Ignatius slumps down so that just the top of his green hunting cap is showing, looking like the tip of a promising watermelon.

With a horrendous grinding of gears, the Plymouth climbs the curb twice and then whams backward into the Volkswagon behind, demolishing the hood with its bumper.

As she begins her wild shifting again, the car jerks back one more time. Then, with a violent thrust forward, it suddenly leaps out of the parking spot and goes skidding across the wet street straight into a post supporting a wrought-iron balcony. As the post gives way, the Plymouth bangs against the building with a horrible crunch.

Rounding the corner on a bicycle, Patrolman Mancuso, in the ballet tights, hears the collision. With a hopeful look on his face, he races up St. Ann and sees an old Plymouth inching slowly backward from where it has hit a building.

Delighted, Mancuso bears down on the scene until, suddenly, he stops in horror . . . as the car moves, there is an ungodly sound of splintering wood . . . which changes to a ghastly splitting of boards . . . to a horrible scraping of metal.

Dumb-struck, Mancuso watches as the balcony begins to fall in huge sections, thundering on the roof of the car with the dull, heavy sounds of grenades. As the bombardment continues and the SONG ENDS, WE HEAR the STRAINS OF A LUTE beginning to play over the demolition . . . one final piece of wrought-iron shatters the rear window . . .

DISSOLVE TO

INT - IGNATIUS' BEDROOM - DAY

The STRAINS OF THE LUTE continue. Ignatius, wearing an enormous red flannel nightshirt, is lying on a small bed with yellowed, rumpled sheets and a pile of pillows. He is playing the lute. The room is dark and close and very messy. Scattered across the room are stacks of articles he has written and around the bed are dozens of Big Chief tablets. There is a variety of old pizza crusts, mutilated-looking pastries and empty Dr. Nut bottles. On the bed is a large leather-bound book of Boethius' The Consolation of Philosophy and on the little desk is a framed photograph of a tan and white collie.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Ignatius strums the lute a few more times and rolling his massive pink tongue up over his moustache, he begins to sing . . . badly.

IGNATIUS (his voice off-key)
Tarye no longer; toward thyn heritage Hast on thy
weye, and be of ryght good chere . . .

From the house next door, the voice of MISS ANNIE, the Reilly's neighbor, comes screaming through her closed shutters.

VOICE OF MISS ANNIE
Shut up!

Ignatius rolls off the bed and rips open his own shutters.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)
How dare you! Open up there . . .

There is a KNOCKING on his bedroom door.

IGNATIUS
How dare you hide behind those shutters!

The knocks become louder as Ignatius, in a frenzy, turns to stare at the door.

IGNATIUS
Go away! My God, has anyone ever been so totally
stormed and besieged!

MRS. REILLY (from behind the door)
Ignatius! Let me in there, boy!

IGNATIUS
Let you in here? No. I won't. I am occupied at
the moment . . . now go away . . .

MRS. REILLY
(screaming shrilly and pounding on the door)
Open this door! . . . What you do locked up in that
room alla time? You let me in, you hear me?
(through the keyhole)
That Myrna Minkoff girl's here to to see you,
Ignatius . . .

Ignatius perks up and waddles quickly toward the door, flinging it open. He looks around . . . only his mother is in evidence.

IGNATIUS
Well? Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. REILLY

She's in the kitchen getting herself some coffee .
. . what's that Myrna want now, Ignatius? She needs
a good bath, that girl.

IGNATIUS

I'm afraid Myrna's psyche is only capable of dealing
with water in an oral context . . . now run along
and tell her to come here.

WE HEAR the ding-dong of the front doorbell as Mrs. Reilly walks around
her son and peers into the room.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius! Look at this room! What's all this trash
on the floor?

IGNATIUS

Trash? . . . Trash? That is my worldview you are
standing on!

Mrs. Reilly walks over to the bed and picks up the large book.

MRS. REILLY

What's this you're reading, honey?

IGNATIUS

It is the very basis for medieval thought. It
describes the plight of a just man in an unjust
society . . . it also teaches us about Fortuna.

MRS. REILLY

Who?

IGNATIUS

She is a blind and heedless goddess who spins us on
a wheel, bringing us our luck in cycles.

MRS. REILLY

What?

IGNATIUS

Oh, never mind. It is at any rate through Boethius
that I have the seeds of my plans to save the world
through Divine Right.

MRS. REILLY

Divine Right? What's all this Divine Right business?
You alla time talking about how you're gonna change
everything and you can't hardly get outta the house.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! I've told you repeatedly that history has been following a disastrous course for the last four centuries and what we need is a good, strong monarchy in order to cultivate a rich inner life . . . a tasteful and decent king who has some knowledge of theology and geometry.

MRS. REILLY

A king? You want a king?

IGNATIUS

Oh, stop babbling at me.
(bellowing down the hall)
Myrna!

Myrna comes into the hallway, carrying a mug of coffee and squinting at him through her black-rimmed glasses. She has on a drab corduroy car coat, a short plaid kilt, black tights covering her knobby knees, and has a guitar slung over her shoulder. Her hair is twisted under one ear in a pigtail. She glares at Mrs. Reilly as she passes her, going into Ignatius' room. Mrs. Reilly is just about to say something when the doorbell RINGS again. Mrs. Reilly turns to go answer it and Ignatius slams the door behind her.

8 EXT - FRONT PORCH OF REILLY HOUSE - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso rings the doorbell again. He is wearing a jacket over a T-shirt and Bermuda shorts and has a long red beard hooked over his ears with little wires. On his spindly legs are formal garters and nylon socks which hang near his ankles. Mancuso looks down into the tiny yard . . . it is completely bare except for a dead banana tree and a slight mound of earth topped with a leaning Celtic cross cut from plywood. He can just make out the word "Rex" in faded letters on the cross. On the tiny porch are some signs which are tacked onto the peeling paint: "Every Man a King!" and "Divine Light is Your Right!" and "Why Not?"

Mancuso knocks loudly on the shutters.

VOICE OF MISS ANNIE

They home!

(a beat)

What are you anyhow, mister?

Mancuso turns toward the voice behind the shutters which is about a yardstick away from the corner of the miniature Reilly house and assumes what he considers to be his erect, official posture.

MANCUSO (sternly)

Mancuso. Undercover.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

VOICE OF MISS ANNIE

Yeah? Which one you want . . . the boy or the mother?

MANCUSO

I want . . .

The door to the Reilly house flies open as Mancuso turns to face Irene Reilly.

MANCUSO

. . . the mother . . .

MRS. REILLY (warmly)

Hey, how you doin, Mr. Mancuso? Come on in the kitchen and we'll have us a nice cup of coffee . .

(pulling him inside)

You sure was sweet the other night in the Quarter . . . what that man say about his building?

INT - IGNATIUS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ignatius now has on a very old flannel robe over the nightshirt which is fastened around him with a safety pin. He is sitting in the little chair at his desk and Myrna is stretched across his bed, her guitar hanging from the bedpost. She is leafing through some of his Big Chief tablets.

MYRNA

This stuff is fascinating . . .

Her voice is flat, direct, monotonous, slightly hostile and has a heavy Bronx accent. She throws the tablets down.

MYRNA

You should come with me, Ig. You have a brain that could really grow and flower in New York . . .

IGNATIUS

No, I've only been out of New Orleans once in my life and I felt I was hurtling into the heart of darkness . . . Baton Rouge was a terrible place. Besides, New Orleans has a certain apathy and stagnation which I find refreshing . . .

Myrna has edged up her skirt and is rubbing her thigh suggestively.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

Will you stop that offensive display this instant?
Put down that skirt!

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

MYRNA

Look, Ignatius, we've been going over these same things since college. Not just the sex thing . . . you've got to commit yourself to something . . .

IGNATIUS (yawning)

. . . and I have told you before that I am not interested in lie-ins and wade-ins and sit-ins and such . . .

MYRNA

(swinging her legs over the side of the bed)
But, Ignatius, if you would actively participate in critical social movements then you might open up in other areas . . . a good, explosive orgasm would cleanse your being and bring you out of the shadows . . .

Ignatius slams one huge paw down on the tiny desk and covers one ear with the other one.

IGNATIUS (screaming)

I will not listen to this filth again! Why do you insist that the cure-all for everything from fallen arches to depression is sex! Your worldview is a compound of misconceptions written from the perspective of a subway tunnel!

MYRNA (angrily)

And you are sick! A very bad crack-up is on the way, Ignatius! Every time I come back to this swamp-hole of alligators, all you're doing is lying around rotting in your room.

IGNATIUS

Then why don't you go bray at somebody someplace else? You are without shame entirely. Perhaps you should make yourself available to the authorities and they will apprehend you for simply being you. Incarceration would finally make your life meaningful and end your frustration!

MYRNA (taking a new tack)

Look, Ignatius, let's not fight . . . I'm leaving tonight and you should come with me. It'll be just like the old days . . . we can work on your problems. I've tried to describe you to my friends in the group therapy group . . . this strange medieval mind, working away in this room, sealed off from society . . .

IGNATIUS (haughtily)

No doubt they were intrigued . . .

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

MYRNA

They'd be amazed . . . all that originality pouring out of your head . . .

IGNATIUS (slightly pacified)

Myrna, my musky Minkoff minx, for the last time, you may stop trying to urge me to Manhattan. I fear my system will not tolerate that center of mechanized horrors.

MYRNA (sighing)

All right, Ignatius, then let's get back to the issues at hand. I'll see what I can do about activating the Divine Right Movement in New York and starting a chapter up there.

(pulling something out her pocket)

Look, I had a poster made already . . . everything is all set up.

She hands Ignatius the large folded poster which he opens. In big letters, it reads:

LECTURE! LECTURE!

M. Minkoff speaks boldly about
SEXUAL FREEDOM FOR ALL
THROUGH DIVINE RIGHT

Join the movement now and save
America from sexual ignorance,
chastity and fear.

IGNATIUS (staring at it in disbelief)

Oh, my God! What in the world does this mean? What are you planning to do?

MYRNA

(stretching herself back across the bed)

Well, when you came up with the idea back in college . . . remember when I challenged your political apathy? Well, I always thought it was good but there was something missing. Finally, when we were talking the other night I came up with this . . . it's the only way to pull people in . . . Divine Right is okay but it's the sex thing that'll get them to join . . .

IGNATIUS (turning purple)

Sex! Sex! How dare you desecrate the purity of my thoughts by dragging them through an orgy of depraved, sex-crazed degenerates! You wench!

MYRNA

Look, Ignatius, I know how dedicated you are in your opposition to sex of any sort. But, this is the answer.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (4)

MYRNA (Cont'd)

Do you think you're going to get anybody to join the Divine Right Movement just on the strength of it?

Ignatius is sputtering and going through violent facial contortions.

MYRNA

I mean, let's face it, Ignatius . . . the Divine Right Movement doesn't mean anything to anybody except you. And, even then, you don't know what to do with it. How are you going to convince people that it is possible to run a candidate based on the theory that the candidate will appear through some sort of divine process and rule like a Sun King?

IGNATIUS (furiously)

Because he will! When the time is right, the proper person will come forward, someone who cares. It will change everything—all this middle class thinking and striving onward and upward into nothingness. Striving is meaningless, don't you understand that? People must realize that before they can change .

. . .

MYRNA

Yeah, but, I mean, nobody thinks that way . . .

IGNATIUS (defiantly)

They did! They did in the Middle Ages and they were all a lot better off!

MYRNA

Okay, now look, Ignatius. I agree . . . and we need a three-party system in this country. Day by day the fascists are growing in strength and this sort of fringe-group scheme could syphon off a large part of the fascist support . . . but we have to use sex to . . .

IGNATIUS

(his huge eyes crossing in anger)

My God! You are totally depraved! You have no taste, no decency, no understanding! Go away and take your tawdry ideas with you.

MYRNA (getting up angrily)

Okay, if that's the way you're going to be then I'm going. But I think you're regressing terribly, living in this substandard old house with only that mother of yours for company . . .

(picking up her guitar)

. . . and I'm going ahead with the lecture, Ignatius. I think it'll work and I'm going on with it.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (5)

MYRNA (Cont'd)

If you can come up with a better idea, then fine .
 . . if you can find a way to get the changes started,
 then you just let me know. Otherwise, don't bother
 to make contact with me until you've taken part.
 I hate cowards.

IGNATIUS

You can't do this! You cannot take this approach
 toward world enlightenment!

MYRNA (walking toward the door)

Well, what do you suggest? You're not doing anything
 about anything.

(looking at him)

I swear, Ignatius, you need the therapy of sex
 desperately . . . if you want to, I could stick
 around for a few more minutes and we could . . .

IGNATIUS

How dare you! I'm a virgin!

MYRNA (screaming furiously)

Well, then why don't you go get . . .

The slamming door drowns out her parting "word." Ignatius wads the poster
 into a ball and heaves it across the room. Then he beats a huge paw in
 the pillows.

IGNATIUS

Offensive musky Minkoff minx! I'll show this
 liberated doxy!

9 INT - REILLY KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Reilly and Mancuso are sitting at an oilcloth covered table drinking
 coffee. The kitchen is high-ceilinged, dark and very sparse with an old
 Edwardian stove and a refrigerator with a cylindrical motor on top.
 Mancuso hands Mrs. Reilly a sheet of paper with a typed column of
 itemized figures on it and then stares helplessly at the greasy
 wallpaper. The front door slams loudly and Mancuso jumps. Mrs. Reilly
 continues to stare at the paper.

MRS. REILLY

Good Lord, Mr. Mancuso! A thousand and twenty
 dollars! You sure that's right?

MANCUSO (nodding sadly)

Yes, ma'am . . . the man's got a contractor and a
 lawyer . . . it's all on the up and up . . .

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

You told him I was a poor widow with a child to support, huh?

MANCUSO (nearly heartbroken)

I'm sorry . . .

MRS. REILLY

Aw, it's not your fault, dawlin . . . you just brought me the bad news . . . oh, Lord, a thousand dollars. How I'm gonna pay that?

Mrs. Reilly opens the oven and takes out a bottle of muscatel.

MRS. REILLY

You want some nice wine, Mr. Mancuso?

MANCUSO

No, thanks. Being on the force, I gotta . . .

MRS. REILLY (interrupting rhetorically)

You don't mind, then? Sometimes I just gotta have my little drink . . . it relieves the pressure. Nerves, you know?

(beginning to sniffle)

Sometimes I don't know what I done wrong . . . and now all this money I gotta pay that man . . .

MANCUSO

You gotta look up. When things get bad, I go bowl . . . it takes your mind off things. Whenever I get down, I go bowling . . .

MRS. REILLY

Maybe I could mortgage the house . . . I could go over by the Homestead and see what they say . . . I ain't got no other choice . . .

MANCUSO (brightening)

Well, Miss Reilly, how bout your boy? Can't he go get a job and help you out?

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius? A job? Eh, la, la . . .

MANCUSO

Why sure. He's a big boy with a good education . . .

MRS. REILLY (sniffing again)

Eight years in that college . . . with a master's degree. I spent all his Grammaw Reilly's insurance money . . .

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

MANCUSO

Yeah, see. He can get a good job and I bet that man'll take the money in installments.

MRS. REILLY

You think so?

She brightens for a moment but then fades again.

MRS. REILLY

Aw, but you don't know Ignatius, Mr. Mancuso. He ain't like other chirren . . .

(taking another slug from the bottle)

I tell you, Mr. Mancuso, my heart's broke. Ignatius useta be such a precious child . . . I don't know what made him change. He useta say, "Mama, I love you." He don't say that no more . . .

Mrs. Reilly begins to cry, making Mancuso more uncomfortable than ever.

MRS. REILLY

The sisters loved Ignatius. He was such a dawlin child. He used to win all them little holy pictures for knowing his catechism . . .

MANCUSO (helpfully)

Well, maybe a priest could talk to Ignatius and tell him how you need him to help you out. Maybe . . .

MRS. REILLY (weeping)

A priest? Ignatius won't listen to no priest. He calls the priest in our parish a heretic . . .

Mrs. Reilly wipes her eyes and has another drink.

MRS. REILLY

Lemme tell you something, Mr. Mancuso . . . I gotta be fair to Ignatius. It seems like such a long time ago now . . . but I tell you true, Ignatius was okay 'til that big dog of his died . . . seems like that's when it all started . . . that's when he and the priest had a big fight over Rex . . .

DISSOLVE TO

MONTAGE OF SCENES - FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Ignatius is sitting on the floor beside a pallet where a big tan and white collie is lying. The dog is obviously sick and Ignatius is stroking him over and over while the dog licks his hand. After a few moments the dog stops licking and Ignatius, sitting very straight and staring at nothing, begins to cry . . .

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. REILLY
(V.O.)

I never seen anything like it, how Ignatius loved that dog . . . and that dog loved him too. He'd follow Ignatius to school ever day and then just sit there until he came out the building again . . . They was sumpin, those two. Well, anyway, one day Rex dies . . . and Lord, you know what that boy does then? He picks up that dead dog and carries him straight over by the church to the priest . . .

Ignatius is carrying the big collie in his arms down the street. His face is filled with a heartbreaking innocence . . . grief and loss reflect in his huge eyes . . . Ignatius walks up the steps to the church and disappears through the doors. The shot remains on the doors as they close . . .

MRS. REILLY
(V.O.)

. . . and that's when all the trouble starts, Mr. Mancuso. . . that priest wouldn't say no words over Rex . . .

The doors to the church swing open. Ignatius, still carrying the collie, is red-faced and breathing heavily. There is a priest behind him voicing some incoherent words at Ignatius . . . the priest looks disgusted and irritated. Ignatius' face is now one of total disillusionment and fury and incomprehension. His huge eyes are filled with hate and tears . . .

MRS. REILLY
(V.O.)

So, Lord, Mr. Mancuso, Ignatius comes back from fightin with that priest and lays Rex out in the front parlor with some flowers stuck in his paw. I almost died . . . he called that priest all kind of names. It was awful. I thought I'd get throwed out the Church myself . . . and that's when Ignatius and me starts fightin . . .

Ignatius has Rex laid out in the parlor . . . there are candles and flowers everywhere. Mrs. Reilly and Ignatius are screaming at each other.

MRS. REILLY
(V.O.)

. . . Ignatius is saying things to me I can't even say and I'm tellin him to stop it and just go throw the dog in the garbage can. But he screams at me to get away from him and Rex . . . and Lord, the next thing I know he has this big funeral going on . . . right out the front yard!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

Ignatius is standing in the front yard with about two dozen little kids in mesmerized attendance. He is wearing a big cape, like Superman. There are dozens of candles burning and all of the children appear nothing less than awe-struck. The grave has been dug and there is the Celtic cross lying beside the mound of earth. Ignatius puts a coffin-like box into the hole . . .

MRS. REILLY
(V.O.)

I never seen anything like it, Mr. Mancuso . . .
and all the neighbors watching. It was a disgrace
. . . that's what it was . . . I tell you true . . .

DISSOLVE TO

10 INT - REILLY KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. REILLY

. . . I guess that's when my nerves started.
(taking a drink)
Sometimes I just don't know what I'm gonna do . . .

MANCUSO (with false conviction)

Aw, now, Miss Reilly, everything's gonna be okay.
We'll work on Ignatius. Everything will be fine once
your boy gets a job . . . you need to get out the
house too. Make some friends. You meet plenty nice
people over by the bowling alley, Miss Reilly . . .

(cheering up)

Listen, next time I go by the alley, I'll let you
know . . . I'll bring my AUNT SANTA. She's sixty-
five and a grammaw and she bowls all the time . . .
. You and me and my aunt, we'll go down by the
alley, okay?

MRS. REILLY (taking another slug)

Ay-yi-yi . . . Ignatius and a job . . .

Mancuso picks up a newspaper off the table and opens it up.

MANCUSO (happily)

Here, Miss Reilly. Let's look in the want ads. I
bet they's the perfect job for your boy in that paper
right now . . .

11 INT - IGNATIUS' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Ignatius hears the front door slam. He is writing in one of his Big Chief tablets with a red crayon. Obviously annoyed, he throws the crayon down in exasperation.

IGNATIUS (thundering to himself)
 Good grief! What is going on around this house!
 Neither my system nor my worldview will tolerate
 these types of intrusion for much longer . . .

Irritably, he grabs his Shirley Temple mug from the bedside table and lunges off the bed and toward the door. With a violent movement, he unlocks the bolt and pulls the door open.

CUT TO

12 INT - REILLY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The kitchen door swings open in the same violent motion as the bedroom door was pulled in the last shot. Ignatius bursts in, the giant nightshirt billowing around him and shower shoes flapping against the soles of his huge feet. Ignatius stops and looks around at the coffee cups, the open door to the oven and the red beard on the table.

IGNATIUS
 Oh, my God! What is this?

Mrs. Reilly comes into the kitchen behind him.

IGNATIUS
 (picking up the beard distastefully)
 Mother! What is this? What sort of carnival masker
 have you been entertaining in here all afternoon?

MRS. REILLY
 Oh, Mr. Mancuso musta forgot his beard . . .

IGNATIUS
 What? Is this true? You have allowed that mongoloid
 of a policeman into this house!

Ignatius opens the refrigerator and begins to rummage around inside.

IGNATIUS
 My nerves are totally frayed . . . the last few days
 have critically delayed the progress of my work .
 . .

He takes some milk and smells it before putting it into the pot.

IGNATIUS
 Mother, this milk is quite aged . . . I suggest that
 you telephone that dairy immediately . . .

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

Dairy? Now, listen, Ignatius, honey, I gotta talk to you. The man wants over a thousand dollars for what I did to his building . . .

IGNATIUS (fumbling in the cookie jar)

A thousand dollars? He will not get a cent . . . we shall prosecute immediately. Contact our attorneys, Mother!

MRS. REILLY

Our attorneys? Ignatius, Mr. Mancuso told me there is nothing I can do.

IGNATIUS (sucking at some jelly doughnuts)

Oh? Well, you shall have to pay him then . . .

MRS. REILLY

We can mortgage the house.

IGNATIUS

Mortgage the house? Of course we won't! I will not have any disinterested party controlling my domicile . . . my whole sense of security would crumble.

MRS. REILLY

But we gotta pay that man, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS (absently)

Something will turn up . . .

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, they can put me in prison!

IGNATIUS

(pouring boiled milk in his mug)

I wish you wouldn't bother me with this . . . my day has been fraught with trauma already . . .

MRS. REILLY (getting angry)

Listen, boy, you wanna see me in jail? Wouldn't you be ashamed with your poor mama behind bars?

IGNATIUS

(adding coffee to the mug)

Will you please stop talking about imprisonment? You seem to enjoy thinking about it. Martyrdom is meaningless in our age . . .

MRS. REILLY (angrily)

Listen, boy, I made up my mind. We ain't gonna mortgage the house and I ain't going to jail. You gonna go out and get you a job!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

Ignatius, who is about to leave the kitchen, stops abruptly and stares at his mother.

IGNATIUS

What? Mother, what did you say?

MRS. REILLY

Mr. Mancuso says if you go to work, you can help me pay off that man.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God . . . police brutality, a traffic accident and now . . . employment!

(rolling his eyes heavenward)

Oh, Fortuna, what cruel joke are you playing on me now? Do I sense a new cycle spinning toward me on your great wheel?

MRS. REILLY

Wheel? What wheel?

IGNATIUS (regaining his composure)

So . . . your current mentor Mancuso is apparently the type of person who thinks everything will be all right if everyone works continually.

MRS. REILLY

Mr. Mancuso works hard. He . . .

IGNATIUS

(putting his huge paws over his ears)

Stop! Work as such, that habitude of striving, is a perversion! Striving is meaningless. We all have the Divine Right not to strive!

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, what you saying, boy! Mr. Mancuso found this ad . . .

IGNATIUS (screaming)

Mother, this man is our nemesis! He is destroying our home!

MRS. REILLY (angrily)

Now you listen to me, boy! You look here.

(holding a newspaper up to her nose)

"Clean, hard-working man, dependable, quiet type . . ."

IGNATIUS (grabbing the paper)

Good God! What kind of monster is this that they want . . . I'm afraid that I could never work for a concern with a worldview like that . . .

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. REILLY

Read the rest.

IGNATIUS

"Clerical work. 25-35 years old. Apply Levy Pants, Industrial Canal and River, between 8 and 9 daily."

(tossing the paper aside)

Well, that's out. I could never get all the way down there before 9 in the morning.

(shaking his head)

No, Mother, I could never survive this type of work. Besides, I doubt seriously if anyone would hire me . . . employers sense in me a denial of their values. They fear me. I suspect that they can see that I am forced to function in a century which I loathe . . . perhaps something like a newspaper route would be rather more agreeable . . .

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, a big man like you can't pedal around on no bike delivering newspapers.

IGNATIUS

Perhaps you could drive me about in the car and I could toss the papers from the rear window.

MRS. REILLY (furiously)

Listen, boy, you gonna answer that ad in the morning. You getting on that St. Charles street-car with the birds! You going to go to work!

Ignatius sighs heavily and twists his face into a mask of suffering.

IGNATIUS

I see no alternative. You realize, of course, that the progress of my work will be greatly delayed. I suggest that you go to your confessor and make some penance. Promise him that you will avoid the path of sin and drinking in the future. Let him know that you have deferred the completion of a monumental indictment against our society. If he is my type of priest, the penance will no doubt be rather strict. However, I have learned to expect little from today's clergyman . . .

MRS. REILLY

Oh, Ignatius, I'm so proud you gonna work at last! And I'm gonna be good, Ignatius. I promise. You'll see.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS

There, there. Perhaps the experience can give my writing a new dimension. Being actively engaged in a system which I criticize will be an interesting irony in itself.

(a beat)

Now run along and fix me some dinner. I must be at the theatre on time. It's a circus musical, a heralded excess which I have been waiting to see for some time.

13 INT - PRYTANIA THEATRE - NIGHT

Ignatius is sitting at attention, eating popcorn, in the darkness of the theatre only a few rows from the screen, his body filling the seat and protruding into the two adjoining ones.

On the seat to his right he has stationed his overcoat, three Milky Ways and two auxiliary bags of popcorn. The flaps on the green hat are up.

Suddenly, the screen glows in bright, wide technicolor, the lion roars and the strident score of the musical assaults his ears. His face freezes and his popcorn bag begins to shake as he fumbles to unbutton the earflaps. Ignatius greedily studies the screen.

IGNATIUS (screaming)

Oh, my God! There she is!

The CHILDREN in the rows in front of him turn and stare. The screen flashes on an elephant disappearing into a circus tent.

IGNATIUS

This is going to be even worse than I thought.

He puts the now empty popcorn bag to his full lips, inflates it, and waits, his eyes gleaming with reflected technicolor. There is a tympany beat and the soundtrack fills with violins as the heroine begins to sing about trying over and over again until you succeed. In the darkness two trembling hands meet violently as the popcorn bag explodes with a bang. The children shriek.

14 INT - PRYTANIA THEATRE LOBBY - NIGHT

The MANAGER is walking across the lobby toward the entrance to the blackened theatre as the shrieking of the children grows wilder. The WOMAN at the candy counter is leaning around trying to see what is going on.

WOMAN AT COUNTER

What's all that noise?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

MANAGER

He's here tonight.

They both look down at the isolated and hulking silhouette of Ignatius which rises like some great monster among the little heads of the children.

15 INT - PRYTANIA THEATRE - NIGHT

Ignatius' eyes shine under the green visor as the second chorus begins and the entire ensemble joins in the song about ultimate success while they swing, dangle, flip and soar on trapezes and the high wires. Ignatius is unable to contain himself any longer as popcorn spills down his shirt and gathers in the folds of his trousers.

IGNATIUS (shouting)

Oh, good heavens! What degenerate produced this abortion?

MAN IN AUDIENCE

Shut up!

IGNATIUS

Just look at those smiling morons . . . they're going to kiss! I hate to think of the obscene places that those mouths have doubtlessly been before!

16 INT - PRYTANIA LOBBY

WOMAN AT COUNTER

You'll have to do something . . . he's worse than ever tonight.

The manager sighs and starts down the aisle as Ignatius is yelling.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God, their tongues are probably licking each other's capped and rotting teeth!

DISSOLVE TO

17 EXT - MONTAGE OF TRAVEL SHOTS THROUGH NEW ORLEANS - EARLY A.M.

The third ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS as WE SEE Ignatius, dressed in a very tight, white shirt, flowered tie and green hunting cap, standing on St. Charles Avenue waiting for the streetcar. It is a beautiful sunny morning. The streetcar comes and Ignatius, with his open overcoat flapping behind, climbs aboard. Inside the steetcar, he sits uncomfortably in the hard, narrow seat, his bulk taking up the better part of two.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

A scrawny-looking kid tries to make Ignatius move over to let him sit down and a slight altercation ensues when Ignatius refuses. He avoids the kid by looking out the window at the sights on St. Charles: the beautiful oak-lined avenue with gorgeous stately mansions, the obvious prosperity and serenity. The streetcar rocks through Lee Circle and on into downtown to Canal Street. Here Ignatius gets off and transfers to a Desire St. bus, which takes him down Bourbon Street through the French Quarter. Ignatius' facial expressions show his obvious disdain for the Quarter and the Quarter characters. Then, as the bus passes the Night of Joy, Ignatius' face suddenly contorts and he mouths a thunderous "Oh, my God!" There, prancing down the street and shrieking with laughter, is the young man from the bar with several of his friends . . . the young man is wearing his mother's hat.

The bus continues its trek through the Ninth Ward and on to the factory section on the Mississippi. As the bus stops at Canal and River, Ignatius gets off and waddles slowly toward a preposterous looking building. He pauses for a moment and then opens the door which bears the name "Levy Pants." The SONG ENDS . . .

18 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Ignatius opens the door and bursts into an extremely disreputable office. It is a typical dingy factory office with rows of musty filing cabinets. A dapper little man, MR. GONZALEZ, comes rushing over to him. Just as he is about to introduce himself, the door swings open again. A VERY OLD WOMAN wearing a green celluloid visor and carrying three or four brown paper bags comes shuffling in.

MR. GONZALEZ

Ah, good morning, MISS TRIXIE. And how are we this morning?

MISS TRIXIE

Who? Oh, hello, Gomez.

Mr. Gonzalez turns to Ignatius while Miss Trixie collides with a row of the filing cabinets. Ignatius is visibly pleased.

MR. GONZALEZ (clearing his throat)

Ah, yes? I'm Mr. Gonzalez, the office manager. What can I do for you?

IGNATIUS

Oh, I thought that the lady was in charge . . . I am Ignatius J. Reilly. I have come in response to your advertisement.

MR. GONZALEZ (brightly)

Oh, wonderful. Which one? We're running two in the paper, one for a woman and one for a man.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS (indignantly)
Which one do you think I'm answering?

MR. GONZALEZ (very confused)
Oh, dear. I wasn't thinking . . . here come sit
down. Miss Trixie will take your coat and hat and
put them in the employees locker . . . we want you
to feel at home here at Levy Pants.
(loudly)
Miss Trixie . . . Miss Trixie!

MISS TRIXIE
(nodding at her desk, snaps awake)
Who?

IGNATIUS
But I haven't even spoken with you yet.

MR. GONZALEZ
I'm sure we'll see eye to eye. Here I'll take your
things. By the way, this is Miss Trixie, one of our
oldest employees.

Miss Trixie is asleep again, her white head on the old newspapers on her
desk.

MR. GONZALEZ
Miss Trixie! This is one of our new workers, Mr.
Reilly.

MISS TRIXIE
(looking sleepily at Ignatius)
Really? Is it quitting time yet, Gomez?

MR. GONZALEZ
Miss Trixie has been with us for over sixty years.

MISS TRIXIE (wheezing)
They work you till you drop . . . and every year they
tell me I've got one more year until I can retire.
(sorting through a bag of scraps)
They told me they are going to give me a nice boiled
ham for Easter. I certainly hope so . . . they
forgot all about my Christmas turkey . . .

Sounds of general chaos come suddenly from behind another door with a
sign saying "FACTORY ENTRANCE." The door bangs open and a BLACK WORKER
comes in holding up a pair of trousers . . . they are about two feet
shorter than the length of a normal pair.

BLACK WORKER
Say, Mr. Gonzala . . . here is tha pant you wanta
see . . . we got bout two thousand of them shipped
out already . . . or so say somebody . . .

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. GONZALEZ (agitated)
 Oh, dear . . . all right, I'll be right there.
 (to Ignatius)
 Just make yourself comfortable, Mr. Reilly.

Mr. Gonzalez scuttles off with the black worker following lazily behind. As the door opens, Ignatius can see the general pandemonium. With a gleam in his eye, he follows Gonzalez into the factory . . .

19 INT - NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

The bar is empty except for Jones and Lana Lee. Lana is counting money behind the bar and Jones is sweeping indifferently. Through the opened front door a slim ray of daylight fights its way in along with the sounds of Bourbon Street.

LANA LEE
 Take those glasses off, will you? How the hell can you see all that crap on the floor?

JONES
 Who wanna see all that crap on the flo?

LANA LEE
 I told you to take the glasses off, Jones.

JONES
 The glasses stayin on . . . for twenny dollar a week, you ain running a plantation in here . . .

LANA LEE
 You better be glad you're working.

JONES
 Ever night I'm fallin on my knee.

Jones pushes the broom into a stool. Then it bumps the bar several times.

LANA LEE (screaming)
 Danmit to hell, stop knocking that broom against the bar. You making me nervous!

JONES
 You want quiet sweepin, you get you a old lady . .
 . I sweep yawng . . .

LANA LEE
 (snapping a rubber band on some bills)
 Listen here, Jones. All I gotta do is phone the police and report you're out of work. You understand me?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

JONES

(blowing smoke over over the bar)
 And I tell the po-lice the Night of Joy a glorify
 cathouse. I fall in a trap when I come to work in
 this place. Whoa! Now I jus waitin for you to slip
 up . . . when you do, I really gonna flap my mouth.

LANA LEE

I'm warning you Jones . . .

JONES

Times changin . . . you cain't scare color peoples
 no more. I get me some folks form a human chain in
 front your door, drive away your business, get you
 on the TV news . . .

Lana stares at him furiously and accidentally knocks a pile of nickels
 to the floor.

JONES

Hey! Watch out, butterfinger . . . you be droppin
 your profit from the orphans . . .

They stare at each other in stony silence for a few moments until the
 stand-off is broken by Darlene pushing through the door. She is dancing
 in on her toes and carrying a covered bird cage.

DARLENE

You-who-ooo! Here we co-ooome!

LANA LEE

(turning sharply)

Jesus Christ! What is that?

DARLENE

Oh, Lana, it's my cockatoo, "Hak Hak" . . .

LANA LEE

Well, get it outta here.

DARLENE

Wait, Lana, I got this idea for a dance . . .

She puts the cage on the bar and whisks off the cover to reveal a huge
 asthmatic cockatoo which wheezes and then makes a horrible coughing
 noise. Then Darlene throws back her coat . . . tiny rings are attached
 to her clothes with safety pins.

LANA LEE

I said get that thing outta here before it dumps on
 my bar!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

DARLENE

Aw, wait, Lana, let me tell you. See these little rings . . . well, while I'm dancing, he grabs at those things and rips my clothes off . . .

Lana is staring in disbelief . . . Jones is smiling quietly.

DARLENE

It works, Lana. We been practicing . . . and besides all the clubs making the big money has got them an animal . . . they got snakes and a baby tiger and a chimp . . .

JONES

Well, I ain cleanin up after no animal . . .

LANA LEE

Shut up, Jones. Go sweep over there.

(to Darlene)

The "big money," huh?

DARLENE (enthusiastically)

Oh, yeah . . . they're packin' em every night . . . and you know you worried about me on my stool not recognizing cops and things. Why, me and Hak Hak up dancing is just the answer to everything.

JONES

I ain cleanin up after no animal . . .

LANA LEE (screaming)

I said for you to shut up! Check those booths.

JONES

(clouding the area with smoke)

Hey! Whoa! Where I miss a spot?

LANA LEE (to Darlene greedily)

You think you can really get that bird to strip you?

Darlene nods eagerly.

LANA LEE (reasoning)

Yeah, and what if it pulls your nips off? All I need in this place is a damn accident and a ambulance to drive away my customers and ruin my investment. Or maybe this bird gets it in his head to fly out in the audience and crap all over somebody . . . I don't know . . .

The light from the front door is broken again as George, scraping the metal taps on his flamenco boots across the floor, slides in and sits down at the bar next to Darlene and the bird cage.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

JONES (spotting him)
Whoa! Watch out! Your orphan frien just pullin in
. . . it's humanitaria time.

GEORGE
Still got the junkie, huh, Miss Lee? And now a bird
to go with him. Ha, this place is really turnin into
a zoo!

JONES (ominously)
Yeah, you think a zoo . . . only this one ain't got
no bars . . . like the one you're goin to . . . with
your orphan gig . . .

GEORGE (quickly to Lana)
Hey! What's he talking about?
(screaming out of control to Jones)
What the hell are you talking about, you mutha! What
can you prove?

LANA LEE (screaming)
Shut up, you little jerk!

JONES
Hey! Whoa! Then there is somethin crooker with the
orphan. I knowed it all along . . . the only thing
you ever be givin the orphan is da claps! Ooo-wee!

Lana grabs George roughly by his arm and drags him to the end of the
room.

LANA LEE
You stupid asshole! What were you thinking about
. . . saying that?

GEORGE (terrified all round)
Well, Jesus Christ! What am I supposed to think .
. . with that black bastard mouthing off about . .
.

LANA LEE
Now listen to me. You can't come around here any
more at the usual time. This Jones goes to lunch
around twelve . . . so you come in and pick up the
stuff about twelve-fifteen.

GEORGE
But I can't do anything with them packages till after
three. What am I supposed to do with them all
afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

LANA LEE

I don't care what you do with them. Go check them in a locker in the bus station, anything . . . just as long as they're safe, I don't care.

GEORGE

Look, why don't you just fire the jig . . . they're plenty around . . . and he's already starting to make . . .

LANA LEE

Listen, George, how I run my business is my problem. This guy works for next to nothing and I need a porter. Now get out of here. Beat it.

George slouches out while Darlene comes up to Lana about the dance again.

DARLENE

So we can try it, Lana? You wanta see the bird do it now? Or tomorrow?

JONES

Ooo-wee! Ain this the shit.

Lana sits at the bar, lights a cigarette and looks at Jones who is staring back through his spaceage dark glasses. And, staring at each other, she matches him cloud for cloud . . .

20 INT - POLICE PRECINCT - WARDROBE/LOCKER ROOM - DUSK

Mancuso, standing dejectedly before his locker, slowly sheds his matador outfit and sombrero and pulls out his bowling shirt and ball. The Sergeant walks up behind him.

SERGEANT

Well? Where are the suspicious characters, Man-cu-so? No arrests again today?

Mancuso shrugs his shoulders and looks down.

SERGEANT (turning to the rack)

You know what we do to people who don't bring us in nobody for as long as you ain't?

MANCUSO (meekly)

No . . . sir . . .

SERGEANT

(grabbing an elegant cowboy costume and a furry 10 gallon hat with a garish rhinestone band)
We put 'em where they can think about it . . . we put 'em on a throne . . .
(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

(Cont'd)
 (sarcastically)
 You got the picture . . . Mancuso?

The Sergeant hangs the frilly western duds on Mancuso's locker and slams the hat down over his ears.

MANCUSO (quietly)
 Yes . . . sir . . .

21 INT - REILLY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Italian music blares from an old table top radio on the counter. At the table are Mrs. Reilly and Mancuso, with a half-full bottle of Early Times between them. A STOCKY WOMAN with kinky, gray hair is dancing alone on the linoleum, shaking her large breasts in rhythm to the music. All are in their bowling clothes.

MRS. REILLY (laughing shyly)
 Whoo . . . SANTA! You sumpin else!
 (turning to Mancuso)
 Ain't she sumpin else?

Mancuso nods forlornly as Mrs. Reilly taps her foot. The dance is outrageous.

SANTA (screaming)
 Watch this, kids!

MRS. REILLY (gaily)
 You gonna bust a gut, girl! You gonna go right
 through my good floor!

MANCUSO (pleading)
 Maybe you better stop, Aunt Santa.

SANTA (bumping along)
 Hell, I ain't stopping now. I just got here. Who
 says a grammaw can't dance no more?

MRS. REILLY (tipping the bottle)
 Lord! What if Ignatius . . .

With her drink halfway to her mouth, her voice trails off and her face becomes a mask of horror. There, in the doorway, is the huge silhouette of her son.

IGNATIUS
 Oh, my God!

SANTA
 Hey! You must be Irene's boy . . . come on in,
 dawlin, and dance with me! We havin a pawty!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS

Mother, what is going on in here? Turn off that abrasive music this instant!

MRS. REILLY (quickly flipping the switch)

Ignatius, honey, you know Mr. Mancuso . . . and this is his aunt, Santa Battaglia.

SANTA

Niceta meecha, dawlin . . .

IGNATIUS (cutting her off)

Never in my life have I seen so shameless an orgy. And right in my very own kitchen. Mother, is this offensive display the result of your association with these bowling Sicilians?

SANTA (angrily)

Now wait a minute boy . . . what you talkin to your mama like that for?

MRS. REILLY

Aw, Ignatius, we just havin some fun . . .

MANCUSO (apologetically)

I think it's time to go.

IGNATIUS

Yes. It is. And take that "aunt" with you.

MRS. REILLY (getting upset)

Ignatius! You oughta be ashamed!

IGNATIUS (to Mancuso)

Shouldn't you be out arresting some aged fascist rather than corrupting my mother at a bowling alley?
(to his mother)

This is the most absurd thing you have ever done! Aren't you arthritic or something? How in the world can you bowl?

(to Santa)

Bowling!

Ignatius' enormous frame disappears from the doorway. Santa pulls a chair up next to Mrs. Reilly.

SANTA

Listen, Irene babe, don't look so blue . . . we'll have a pawty at my house where that big Ignatius can't interfere.

(suddenly eager)

Oh, and dawlin, I almost forgot to tell you . . .

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

they's an old man axin bout you down by the alley last night. He seems like a real nice man wanting to meet you. I seen him around before taking some little chirren to Mass.

(a rocky laugh)

I don't know, kid, but you better watch out. Somebody's got they eye on you.

MRS. REILLY (cheering up)

Aw, Santa, I'm too old, girl!

SANTA (chuckling)

Listen to you . . . so, anyway, I'll have a little pawty with you and Angelo and if I can find out about the old man, I'll invite him over too. You and him can dance . . . you still plenty cute, Irene.

MRS. REILLY (pleased)

Aw, go on.

SANTA

That's the truth, kid. I ain't lying . . . you been stuck with that son of yours too long . . .

At the mention of Ignatius, Mrs. Reilly takes another drink and Mancuso looks at his watch.

MANCUSO

C'mon, Aunt Santa . . . it's getting late . . .

22 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

The office is quiet. Gonzalez is sitting next to a little gas heater listening to the sounds of the river and Miss Trixie is asleep. The office has also been redecorated: Tacked to Miss Trixie's desk is a large sign that says MISS TRIXIE with an old-fashioned nosegay drawn in crayon. Tacked to Gonzalez's desk is a sign reading SR. GONZALEZ and decorated with the crest of King Alfonso. A large board reading GOD AND COMMERCE is nailed across one of the square support columns, giving the impression of a giant cross. And, on a post near Ignatius' desk is a wide sign with bold Gothic lettering:

DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH AND REFERENCE

I. J. REILLY, CUSTODIAN

On top of the filing cabinets are several empty ice cream cartons filled with bean plants whose vines are healthily twining downward through the handles of the file drawers. On Ignatius' desk there are "IN" and "OUT" filing trays . . . the "IN" tray is empty and the "OUT" tray is full.

Two huge paws reach down and pick up the "OUT" tray. The tray balances over the wastepaper basket for a moment and then is turned upside down, dumping all of the contents into the trash. Ignatius then replaces the "OUT" tray on his desk. He heads for the row of filing cabinets near where Miss Trixie is standing, going through a bag of scraps.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

MR. GONZALEZ (looking up pleasantly)
 Oh, Mr. Reilly? Have you seen the Abelman Dry Goods folder? We're having some trouble with them about those "half-leg" trousers we sent out . . .

IGNATIUS
 Oh, that. When I opened the "A" drawer this morning, I was greeted by a rather large rat which appeared to be devouring the Abelman Dry Goods folder . . . I thought it politic to wait until he was sated. The bubonic plague is a valid medieval fate . . . I believe, however, that contracting the plague in this dreadful century would only be ludicrous . . .

MR. GONZALEZ (timidly)
 Yes, of course. But perhaps now you could . . .

IGNATIUS (thundering)
 Those files are a tenement for assorted vermin . . . I am, at the moment, tending those which appear to be unoccupied!

MR. GONZALEZ (meekly turning away)
 Quite right . . . quite right . . .

Continuing on, Ignatius comes to a tiny metal stool on the floor by Miss Trixie. He squats lower and lower until his great buttocks touch the stool. As Ignatius tries to scoot toward the cabinets, one of the tiny wheels lodges in a crack and sends him crashing backward into Miss Trixie. Ignatius hits the floor with a loud thud and Miss Trixie lands directly on top of him. Her celluloid visor whacks him in the throat.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)
 Oh, my God! I think I've broken by back!

MISS TRIXIE
 (looking into the face directly beneath hers)
 Really! Gomez! Call a doctor!

In a state of near apoplexy, Gonzalez rushes over to them.

GONZALES (terrified)
 Here, Mr. Reilly, let me help you up.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)
 No! Don't touch me! You must never move a person with a broken back . . .

MISS TRIXIE
 That's right! You must never touch your chickens before they hatch . . .

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

GONZALEZ (kneeling by Ignatius)
Please try to get up, Mr. Reilly . . . I don't think
you're injured badly.

Suddenly, a MAN'S VOICE is heard.

MAN'S VOICE
(O.S.)

What are you people doing down there on the floor?

All three turn to see a middle-aged MAN dressed in a polyester plaid coat followed by a fifty-ish WOMAN dressed in pearls and a flowered hat. The man has an absurdly arrogant swagger about him. He is unquestionably cocky and decidedly preposterous. They are MR. and MRS. GUS LEVY.

GONZALEZ (squeaking with horror)
Mr. Levy! . . . Oh, Mrs. Levy, how nice to see you!

MR. LEVY
(eyeing the mass on the floor sarcastically)
Breaking in a new worker, Gonzalez?

IGNATIUS (still on his back)
Is that Mr. Levy? I have been wanting to meet him.

GONZALEZ (brushing himself)
Oh, yes sir. Mr. Levy, this is Mr. Reilly.

MR. LEVY
Huh . . . Jeeze . . .

He looks at Gonzalez who is fidgeting nervously.

MR. LEVY
Well, things look about right around here . . .
your basic funny farm of the rag trade . . .
(turning to Miss Trixie)
. . . and how is "the oldest worker" known to man
today?

Miss Trixie is sitting on the floor replacing one of her sneaker as Ignatius attempts to roll over.

GONZALEZ
(whispering viciously to her)
Miss Trixie! Mr. Levy is talking to you!

MISS TRIXIE (snarling)
Who? I thought you said he was dead.

Mrs. Levy comes from behind her husband. She runs dramatically over to Miss Trixie.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. LEVY (to her husband)
 Shut up, Gus! Don't tell her she's old . . .
 (to Miss Trixie)
 Oh, darling! What happened? Tell me all about it.

She helps Miss Trixie to her desk. Mr. Levy is looking around the office.

MR. LEVY
 What is all of this, Gonzalez?
 (pointing to the God and Commerce sign)
 What's this big sign over here for? Somebody's going to get his eye knocked out on that thing.

Ignatius has laboriously pulled himself up from the floor.

IGNATIUS
 That is my innovation, Mr. Levy . . . only the first of several which I plan. Mark my word, sir.

As Ignatius speaks, he begins to waddle toward Mr. Levy . . . and as he gets closer, Mr. Levy's eyes begin to widen . . . there's something about Ignatius that sends little shivers down Levy's spine. Levy stares at him coming toward him and then begins to back up . . . Ignatius eyes him for a moment . . .

IGNATIUS (officially)
 And now if you will excuse me, sir, I must go to the factory, the bustling heart, as it were, of Levy Pants. I feel the factory folk calling me . . .

With a great bow, Ignatius sweeps the green hunting cap off his head and bangs through the factory door. A great CHEER is heard in the office. Mr. Levy has a rather sick look on his face.

MR. LEVY (to Gonzales)
 Where did that monstrosity come from . . . he gives me the willies . . .
 (trying to shake the wierd feeling)
 I don't think I like this . . . and I don't think I like him at all . . .

GONZALEZ
 Well, sir, he's very efficient . . . a whiz. As a matter of fact, he's made it possible to do away with several other workers . . .

MRS. LEVY (interrupting)
 Hear that, Gus? A man of action. He wouldn't have thrown his father's company down the drain.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4)

GONZALEZ

(nodding sagely)

. . . and he has had quite an influence on the factory workers.

MR. LEVY

Yeah, I bet . . .

(a pause)

Okay, Gonzalez. Let's get this over with so I can get back to the Gulf Coast before dark . . . what about the mail?

Mrs. Levy has succeeded in getting Miss Trixie seated at her desk. While she is rummaging through her handbag, Miss Trixie is already beginning to nod off. Mrs. Levy pulls out a little box.

MRS. LEVY

Look, darling. Look what I brought you.

MISS TRIXIE (growling)

Silence!

(peering at the box)

Is that my Easter ham? That's the smallest ham I've ever seen.

Mrs. Levy opens the box to reveal a new set of gleaming false teeth.

MRS. LEVY

Here, dear, now try these on.

MISS TRIXIE

(opening her eyes and wheezing)

Am I retired?

MRS. LEVY

No, darling. You're always going to be needed and loved and wanted here at Levy Pants. You have an age psychosis . . . you only think that you're old and tired.

MISS TRIXIE

Who?

MRS. LEVY

You.

MISS TRIXIE

Oh. I am. I am very, very tired.

While Mrs. Levy tries to stuff the teeth into Miss Trixie's mouth, there is another loud cheer from the factory. Across the room, Gus Levy, holding some opened letters in his hand, looks up quickly.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

MR. LEVY

Just what does he do in there, Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ

I don't know, sir, but he goes every day.

The office is already beginning to depress him. He hands Gonzalez the mail.

MR. LEVY

Here, you take care of the rest of this . . . sign my name to the letters like always . . . I have to get out of here.

He looks over at his wife and Miss Trixie who is asleep on her shoulder.

MR. LEVY (to Mrs. Levy)

Come on, let's go. You've tortured her enough for one day . . .

MRS. LEVY

Torture her . . . I'm trying to help her . . . you won't!

MISS TRIXIE (snarling awake)

Help? I need silence!

The teeth snap and clack together menacingly.

MR. LEVY

Come on. Let's go . . . before I have to take you to get a rabies shot.

MRS. LEVY (walking toward the door)

You don't care about anything, do you? The new worker cares more about Levy Pants than you do. You're a failure, Gus . . . a sad, sad failure.

DISSOLVE TO

23 INT - LEVY PANTS FACTORY - DAY

The fourth ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS, as the shot sweeps the factory, a large barnlike structure with massive cutting tables, giant sewing machines and huge coal-burning, steam furnaces for pressing material. The workers are milling about--some in small groups, most of them dancing--doing basically doing whatever they want . . . only one pair of pants is being made. A very drunk WHITE MAN comes reeling from an office with a sign saying "Foreman," gives a pie-eyed look around and reels back inside again.

Everywhere there are signs: "Every Man A King!" . . . "It's Time to Commit . . . Sign the Writ!" and "Why not?"

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Ignatius is waddling through the factory nodding and waving to the workers in a cavalier fashion. He stops to chat with several of the different groups and shouts back and forth to other workers over the music that blares out from loud speakers on the wall. After a bit of this, Ignatius climbs the stairs half-way to the fabric loft by the radio and turns it off, mid-song. The "moving and grooving" workers freeze mid-step and, en masse, they turn angrily toward Ignatius. This is not what he had expected . . . he quickly turns the radio on again and starts to sway and dance to the rhythm. As Ignatius "grooves" elephantine-like, the workers begin to respond slowly until the entire factory is dancing wildly . . .

DISSOLVE TO

24 INT - MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - NOONTIME

Mattie's is a combination bar and grocery, the grocery aspect limited to a sparse selection of goods, soft drinks, bread and canned foods. Beside the bar there is an ice chest that cools a few pounds of pickled meat and sausage. There is no Mattie.

Jones is perched on a wooden stool, drinking a beer and talking to MR. WATSON, the quiet, tan, cafe au lait owner.

WATSON

(putting a draft beer mug in front of Jones)
You sho takin a long lunch today, brother . . .

JONES

The Queen Bee left her nest so she won't miss me .
. . beside ain't nuthin left to do in there 'cept
watch that po Darlene gal practicin with that ball
eagle she up dancin with.

(blowing a thundercloud of smoke)

You ain never seen nuthin like what that gal tryina
to do with that bird. Ooo-wee! I tell you that
mutha cat house is a disgrace. It's a trap, Watson,
and I right in the middle of it . . . gainfully
employ workin with a bird and got a boss probly
sellin Spanish fly to orphan! Whoa!

WATSON

Well, if it really bad, why don you quit?

JONES

Man, I like to quit. I like to get outta there and
get me a respectable job where I can learn somethin
and be a human being . . . but if I quit, that Lee
mutha gonna report me for bein vagran. Ain nobody
lookin to hire a man with no education . . .

(more)

(CONTINUED)

JONES (Cont'd)

and the Lee woman know it . . . give me twenny dollar a week . . . she got me right where she want me . . . she a bad woman, Watson, and for now she got me right in her crooker hands . . . but we'll see who be dancin at who's funeral . . .

WATSON (leaning over the bar)

Whatcha mean? . . . what's happenin over there?

JONES

They's somethin goin on around tha place . . . somethin evil . . . all tha crap about the orphan. As soon as somebody like Lee say, "Charridy," you know they somethin crooker in the air. And I know they somethin wrong cause the Head Orphan start get all upset when I mention somethin bout the po-lice . . . and then he stop showin up cuz I'm axing plenny question . . .

Watson hands Jones another beer and leans close again.

WATSON

So wha you think it is, Jones?

JONES

Shit! I don know . . . but I gonna fin out. No tellin wha that woman doin . . .

The door opens and a BLACK MAN comes in and sits at the bar by Jones.

BLACK MAN (to Watson)

Gimme a draft.

Watson draws a beer and places it in front of the black man.

JONES (continuing to Watson)

I gonna fin out what goin on and bust those cats. I tire of working below minimal wage . . . and bein treated like dirt. Color peoples can change for better too . . . we jus gotta get hip to the way.

BLACK MAN (laughing)

Say, man, you talkin now! Tha's wha my ole lady been sayin ever night she get home from work . . .

JONES

(blowing out a huge nimbus formation)

Whatzat?

BLACK MAN

She say they got this big fat white cat comin in the factory at Levy Pant ever day tellin them how he want to change everythin.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

JONES (with interest)

Yeah? Wha else she say?

BLACK MAN

She say he say a lot of foolishness . . . bout how color peoples don have to act like color peoples . . . bout how they can be they own king and change they lives.

(chuckling)

She say they listen to him cause they ain got nuthin better to do in that factory . . . she say he funny . . . always flappin his big moustache . . . wearin a green hunting cap all the time . . . she say he a one-hunner-percent freak.

JONES

(staring through his dark glasses)

You say a big fat man wearing a green huntin cap?

BLACK MAN

Yeah? You know him?

JONES

Yeah, I know him. I seen him once in the Night of Joy . . . he look like a freak but I hear him talk and I think he might know sumpin bout wha he sayin . . . he tellin them how to change things, maybe they just don't know how to listen.

BLACK MAN

How dey gonna listen to a man tellin dem dey all kings and queens . . . that dey responsible for all dey problems . . . nobody else! Sheeit! It ain't our fault . . . cain't do nuthin bout it no how.

JONES

Cain't?

(smiling and sending out a cloud of smoke)

Well . . . we gotta try . . . don't we?

25 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Gonzalez is sitting at his desk staring out the window at the river. Miss Trixie is standing underneath the GOD AND COMMERCE, examining it frantically.

MISS TRIXIE

But what does it mean?

GONZALEZ

Oh, who cares what it means. I don't think anybody knows what it means . . .

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

MISS TRIXIE (demandingly)
I don't understand all this . . . what's going on
around here?

GONZALEZ (looking at his watch)
I wonder where Mr. Reilly could be . . . and Mr. Levy
was supposed to be here a half an hour ago to pick
up his plane tickets . . .

Getting no response, Miss Trixie goes tacking off to the ladies' room
just as Ignatius comes bursting through the door like a torpedo. He has
something rolled up underneath his arm, tied with a ribbon. As he
sweeps by Gonzalez, he eyes him distastefully.

IGNATIUS (brusquely)
Good morning, sir.

Gonzalez immediately jumps up and scurries along behind him.

GONZALEZ
Oh, pardon me , Mr. Reilly . . .

Ignatius stops, turns and stares at Gonzalez.

IGNATIUS
I cannot. You are inexcusable.

Gonzalez becomes immediately flustered as Ignatius waddles away and
throws his coat in the general direction of the his desk.

GONZALEZ
But, Mr. Reilly, I've been meaning to speak with you
about your hours. You are a bit late this morning,
aren't you?

IGNATIUS
Late for some things . . . not for others.

GONZALEZ (meekly)
Yes, well, of course . . . I . . .

As Ignatius quickly lumbers into the factory, Gonzalez can hear a loud
CHEER coming from behind the slamming door.

26 INT - LEVY PANTS - FACTORY - MORNING

Ignatius waddles down the steps to a large wooden box which has printed
on the side "SOAP." Beside the box is a table where he puts several
sharpened pencils. Then he climbs on the box . . . his rolled
parcel under his arm. The workers gather around attentively.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS (surveying the crowd)
 Friends! We have been talking for a while now and
 I feel the time has come! At last the day is ours
 . . . it is time to commit and sign the writ!

WORKERS (enthusiastically)
 Right on! Yeah, we hear ya talkin!

IGNATIUS
 It is time to change and it is your divine right to
 make that change!

WORKERS
 Yeah, Mr. R., you got it now! We be skating along
 now!

IGNATIUS
 I have always felt a certain kinship with you because
 your position is the same as mine . . . we both
 exist outside the inner realm of American society
 . . .

(to the aside)
 . . . of course, my exile is voluntary . . .
 (louder again)
 Ours is a society that tolerates social injustice
 and encourages the very roots of your apathy.

All the workers are applauding him loudly.

IGNATIUS
 Now today I have brought with me something which will
 initiate the change you have been waiting for . . .
 . this "writ" will allow you to express yourselves
 without having to necessarily say anything . . .

WOMAN WORKER
 Wha he say?

IGNATIUS (frowning)
 Your attention please!
 (resuming his podium stance)
 Now . . . you people have all been brainwashed. You
 all want to become a success or something equally
 as vile . . .

MALE WORKER
 Say yeah! Get a good job, big Buick, air condition,
 color TV!

WORKERS
 Yeah, now you gettin it! Now you talkin!

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

Please! You can't possibly realize how confused you are. Your value judgements are all wrong. You do not have to strive . . . striving, in this context, is meaningless!

The workers are fairly quiet now . . . a few are still "yipping" and "yeahing" in the background.

IGNATIUS

Now what I have here is a "Writ of Kings for Common Things." I will read the articles to you and, as I am reading, each of you, in turn, will commit your signature, nom de plume, alias or "X" on the appropriate line . . .

Ignatius unties the ribbon and unfolds an extremely long scroll-like document which has roman numerals and writing on it, all done in different colored crayon. As he unfurls it, it drapes across the table. Ignatius begins to read.

IGNATIUS (very grandly)

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Gus Levy!

The workers are laughing, screaming and cheering.

IGNATIUS

We, the Workers of the Factory, do hereby demand and petition for these, our natural rights!

The workers crowd closer.

IGNATIUS

Roman Numeral Number One: More pay for better Work!

WORKERS

Say, yeah! You got it now!

IGNATIUS

Number Two: Shorter Working Hours . . . Sleep later in the morning, leave earlier in the evening.

The workers begin to line up and the first few sign the writ. They are all delighted.

IGNATIUS

Number Three: Guaranteed jobs for Life . . . No one can be fired, only retired . . .

The workers react with loud cheers and more people push to get up to the table to sign.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS

Number Four: All Employees share in the Company Profits . . . the more you create, the greater your reward.

Over-whelming cheers come from the workers as more sign.

IGNATIUS

Number Five: Longer Breaks and Free Food.

Ignatius' enthusiasm is building in a crescendo. Several of the workers, however, look at each other after this last article.

IGNATIUS

Number Six : Free Clothes from Levy Pants . . . if you have to make them, you get to wear them.

WOMAN WORKER

Wha that? Who want to wear Levy Pant?

MALE WORKER

Shoo, I don want no Levy Pant . . .

IGNATIUS (very excited)

Number Seven: Fully Paid Sick Leaves . . . you don't have to be sick, you only have to be sick of work.

A lot of the workers are now looking at each other. This whole thing suddenly isn't sounding right.

WORKERS

Why, tha crazy . . . we cain't get no sick leave cuz we sick of Levy Pant . . . wha he sayin?

As some of the group start to hold back and others still push up to sign, Ignatius reads on excitedly.

IGNATIUS

Number Eight: Continuing Periods of Relaxation . . . a relaxed mind is more creative. These will include: Day beds, color television, a vastly improved stereo system . . .

(CON) WORKER

Say, wha he talkin bout? This big crazy man gonna make us lose our job! We cain't ask for no color TV . . . honky mutha!

(PRO) WORKERS

Say yeah, yeah! We goin for it! Mebbe we get us a catty-lack car too!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS (building to a pitch)
 . . . fresh flowers cut daily, the establishment of
 a child care center, pictures of girlfriends and
 loved ones to adorn the walls . . .

(CON) WORKERS
 Man, this fat freak is crazy . . . wha this jive cat
 comin on with . . . this gonna git us in trouble
 . . .

IGNATIUS
 . . . fresh lemonade squeezed daily, a podiatrist
 on hand for your tired aching feet . . .

At this point most of the workers have stopped signing and are just standing there looking at him.

MALE WORKER
 Aw, sheeut . . . this honky jive cat crazy as a loony
 bird. Gimme tha thing . . . I don want my name on
 tha. I lose my job!

ANOTHER WORKER
 Yeah, gimme tha . . . I din know wha I signing. He
 gonna git all our ass thrown in jail with tha wit
 . . .

A group of workers start to move toward the table.

WORKERS
 Give us back tha thing . . . we takin our names off
 yo crazy wit . . .

IGNATIUS (thundering)
 No! You will not touch it! This document has been
 signed and witnessed. You cannot stop the changes
 that you have already set in motion!

As the workers reach for the scroll, Ignatius frantically begins gathering it, bunching it up in his arms. Then, like an elephant stepping off of a circus stool, he climbs off of the "SOAP" box and waddles as fast as he can toward the steps to the office door with the scroll trailing behind him.

WORKERS (following him)
 Hey! Come back here, you crazy mutha! You gonna
 git us fired! Grab that honky freak!

With the workers in hot pursuit, Ignatius reaches the steps and starts up. Then, there at the bottom, he spies a large clothes hamper . . . he reaches back down and with one of his great paws, he pushes it into the first of the on-coming workers. They all pile up on each other for a moment as Ignatius almost reaches the office door . . .

CUT TO

27 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

Gonzalez and Mr. Levy are standing by Gonzalez's desk . . . Gonzalez is handing Mr. Levy some airline travel folders and what look like some football tickets. Directly underneath the GOD AND COMMERCE sign, Miss Trixie is kneeling and devoutly praying.

Suddenly, the factory door swings open and Ignatius blasts backward into the office, closely followed by the workers. There is a lot of yelling and screaming going on.

MR. LEVY (jumping back and yelling)
Hey! What the . . .

IGNATIUS (screaming at the workers)
What is the matter with you?

GONZALEZ (horrified)
Oh, my goodness!

(CON) WORKERS
Mr. Gonzala, he got a wit . . . he tellin us to sign
a crazy wit . . .

IGNATIUS (bellowing)
It's a "writ" . . . not a "wit" . . . a "writ of
kings" . . .

(CON) WORKERS (angrily)
Yeah and he make us sign it . . . we wants off that
crazy wit . . . ain no tellin what it do . . .

(PRO) WORKERS (loudly)
I signed de wit . . . Mr. R. know wha he saying .
. . . gonna turn Levy Pant into fat city . . .

Mr. Levy turns on Ignatius. He's angry and obviously isn't liking, at all, the feeling that he has little control of the situation.

MR. LEVY
Would you mind explaining just what the hell is going
on here?

Miss Trixie crosses herself and gets up from the floor. As she tries to make it to her desk, she bumps into several of the factory workers.

IGNATIUS (gathering up his scroll)
No, I would not "mind" explaining . . . I would be
delighted.

(handing the scroll to Mr. Levy)
Before you is a "writ of kings" . . . in this case
for "common things." I have prepared this petition
for these people to sign in order to improve the
appalling conditions of the inferno, the original
sweatshop, that you so euphemistically refer to as
the factory . . .

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

(PRO) WORKERS

Yeah, Mr. R. gonna put us on easy street . . . he gonna get us a catty-lack car before he through! We be moving uptown now!

(CON) WORKERS

Lawd, he crazy, Mr. Levy . . . he say we can all be kings if we wanna . . . he say we all be better off in the middle wage . . .

IGNATIUS (yelling indignantly)

That's middle age! The Middle Ages . . . before progress, ambition and self-improvement became the peoples' fate . . . before the perversion of having to go to work!

Mr. Levy feels the same icy fingers crawl up his spine. He looks incredulously, from the scroll to Ignatius to the factory workers.

MR. LEVY (becoming incensed)

You were trying to tell these people that? And this? Why you . . . you . . . you're insane!!

IGNATIUS (agreeably)

Well, of course, sanity is merely a matter of perception. And I am simply offering these people a way out of their particular madness. I have a sense of destiny.

MR. LEVY

But I don't believe this! Look at what you have down here . . . fresh flowers, day beds, this retirement plan . . . this sounds more like a country club!

IGNATIUS

(in a haughty English accent)

Yus.

MR. LEVY (shouting)

My God, you're nuts!

As Mr. Levy screams this, chaos breaks out again among the workers . . . some yelling for the writ, others protesting. Miss Trixie comes tacking out from behind the factory workers as if she just noticed that something was going on.

MISS TRIXIE

(with a look of happy expectation)

Is this the Christmas party?

(wildly to Gonzalez)

Gomez! Where is that turkey? I want that turkey right now!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Levy suddenly puts his fingers to his mouth and lets out an ear-splitting whistle.

MR. LEVY (yelling)
That's it! I've had enough of this!
(waving at the workers)
All of you, get back to the factory! Gonzalez, come here.
(turning to Ignatius)
And as for you, you fat aberration, pack up and get out of here. You're fired!

He heads for the door, with Gonzalez hurrying beside him apologetically.

GONZALEZ
Mr. Levy. I never thought . . .

MR. LEVY
Oh, shut up! Where do you find these freaks that work in here? I never see people like this anywhere else!
(opening the door)
Now go take care of those ass . . .

His voice trails off as he turns to look square into a sea of black faces . . . all dead silent and watching him intently.

MR. LEVY
(with a sick smile at the group)
. . . the workers, Gonzalez . . . go take care of the workers . . .

The office door slams, and the workers begin filing sullenly back into the factory, mumbling and complaining. Miss Trixie snuggles back into the old newspapers on her desk and with a wheeze, lays down her head. Gonzalez, following the workers, passes by Ignatius.

GONZALEZ (officially)
You heard Mr. Levy. Now pack your things. Good day, Mr. Reilly.

The factory door closes behind the blacks and Gonzalez.

IGNATIUS (rolling his eyes heavenward)
Oh, Fortuna! Where is your justice?

He goes over by the filing cabinets, takes his bean plants and puts them in a cardboard box. Then he takes his Shirley Temple mug and his Mickey Mouse clock and puts them in too.

IGNATIUS (to himself)
. . . cesspool of a company . . .

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

Ignatius takes down his I.J. REILLY/CUSTODLAN sign. He then waddles over to Gonzalez's desk and is reaching for the King Alfonso sign when his gaze falls on a letter in the ancient black typewriter. It is addressed to I. Abelman, Abelman Dry Goods. Ignatius sits down and reads the letter quickly.

IGNATIUS (to himself)

So . . . this buffoon of an office manager is now apologizing for those short trousers . . . doesn't the cretin know that this is not the way to survive in the jungle of modern commercialism? Gus Levy deserves more . . . much, much more.

A gleam comes into his huge eyes . . .

DISSOLVE TO

INT - NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Lana is working on some figures at the bar. She reaches down and pulls an accounting book from an open safe underneath the cash register. Jones is wiping a rag along the bar at the other end.

From backstage there suddenly comes the hideous screeching of a cockatoo in distress followed by a scream from Darlene and more shrieks and coughs from the cockatoo.

LANA (irritably)

What are those two idiots doing?

She jumps down from her stool and runs toward the dressing room.

LANA

Jones, watch the door!

JONES

Yeah, I watch the mutha door. Won't nuthin be comin in tho . . . ever'thin get in here want out.

As Lana disappears, Jones cocks an eye toward the safe and starts wiping quickly in that direction. Behind the bar, he crouches down and looks in. The safe contains three packages, all wrapped in brown paper.

JONES

Ooo-wee! Nows ma chaine . . .

The fifth ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS as Jones pulls out one of the packages.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

Ignatius yanks Gonzalez's letter from the typewriter and rolls in a sheet of Levy stationery. He begins to type.

CLOSE UP OF LETTER (BEING TYPED)

Mr. I. Abelman, Mongoloid, Esq.: We have received via post your absurd comments about our trousers which reveal your total lack of contact with reality . . . the offending trousers were dispatched to you with our full knowledge that they were inadequate so far as length was concerned . . . a clever, wide-awake business concern should be able to make three-quarter length trousers a by-word of masculine fashion . . . your retarded and blighted worldview . . .

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

Grinning broadly, Jones takes a pencil from his pocket and writes as minutely as possible the address of the Night of Joy on the side of the package. He puts it back and pulls out another.

CUT TO

Ignatius finishes the letter and with a big smile, forges Gus Levy's signature. He then slips it into the envelope Gonzalez has by the typewriter.

CUT TO

Jones finishes writing on the last package and lines them all up neatly in the safe the way they were.

CUT TO

Ignatius tosses the letter into the "outgoing" mail box and waddles back to his desk. He picks up his cardboard box and looks around the office. Miss Trixie is fast asleep on her desk. As Ignatius tiptoes carefully around her, he gives the old white head a soft pat. The door closes as the SONG ENDS . . .

CUT TO

Jones, hearing Lana coming back from the dressing room, quickly jumps to the other side of the bar and begins wiping furiously.

LANA (eyeing him with distrust)
What the hell are you doing over there? Get away from that cash register . . . I can't even trust you for one minute!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (5)

JONES

(throwing his hands in the air and grinning)
Me? Why, Miss Lee, I'm the mos honorable person you
know . . .

DISSOLVE TO

28 INT - REILLY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ignatius and Mrs. Reilly are sitting at the kitchen table eating bowls of red beans and rice . . . Ignatius' looks like a large mixing bowl, Mrs. Reilly's is more like a cup. A single light bulb hangs from the ceiling.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, it's been a week now and you just been laying around the house . . .

IGNATIUS

Yes, and I shall need another week, this one in bed, with service, before I feel I shall be whole again.

MRS. REILLY

A little job in an office and you couldn't hold it down . . . with all your education . . .

IGNATIUS (with a hurt expression)

I was hated and resented.

MRS. REILLY

You musta really pulled some boo-boos at that Levy Pants.

IGNATIUS

My excellence confused them.

MRS. REILLY

Well, I don't know what you did there, boy, but we never gonna pay off that man at this rate.

IGNATIUS

Please, Mother . . . I am near the breaking point with these discussions about employment. I have decided a job is out of the question. Henceforth, I shall mingle with my peers or no one, and since I have no peers, I shall mingle with no one.

Ignatius picks up the newspaper and begins reading it.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, we need money! We gotta pay that man!

Ignatius continues reading.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY (getting angry)
Gimme that paper, Ignatius! We gonna take a look
at them want ads.

IGNATIUS (thundering)
What? Is this true? Are you seriously thinking of
throwing me out again into the abyss?
(glaring ar her)
Apparently you have bowled all the charity out of
your soul.

MRS. REILLY
Okay, hand over that paper, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS
No . . . I am reviewing a very interesting article
in the science column about mollusks.

Mrs. Reilly snatches the paper from him, leaving two little scraps of
it in his hands.

IGNATIUS
Mother! What are you doing? Are these ill manners
indicative of what you've learned from your new
mafioso friends?

MRS. REILLY
I had about enough outta you, boy! Now I don't know
what you done at that Levy place, but you got to go
try someplace else.

IGNATIUS (sighing)
Even if I told you, you wouldn't understand . . .
ultimately, it was all Myrna Minkoff's fault anyway.

MRS. REILLY (screaming)
Myrna Minkoff? Myrna Minkoff? That girl's in New
York! Ignatius, you actin crazy . . . you getting
crazier alla time!

IGNATIUS
Well, I am not going to participate in this idiotic
conversation. Isn't there something that you, as
a housekeeper, feel compelled to do at the moment?
Make the beds . . . wash the linens . . . polish the
silver . . . dush the china . . . as a matter of
fact, why don't you lie down and take a nap . . .
you're looking rather peaked these days.

MRS. REILLY
Shut up, Ignatius! You take the Picayune and go find
you a job!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

IGNATIUS (rolling his eyes)
Oh, Fortuna, is there an end?

DISSOLVE TO

29 EXT - FERRY LANDING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER - MORNING

Ignatius is standing on the dock with the want ad section of the newspaper under his arm. It is overcast and the wind is blowing in from the river. Ignatius looks cold and unhappy. Several other people are standing near him. A MAN and a WOMAN are talking.

MAN

Isn't the Mississippi incredible? It's awesome, absolutely totally awesome.

WOMAN

And so romantic. Just think back when the old river boats used to go up and down and down and up.

Ignatius frowns and looks over at them.

WOMAN

And it's so beautiful . . . the way it winds all those different directions . . . and it's so-oo-oo big . . .

MAN

That's right . . . Old Man River . . .

IGNATIUS

Oh, God!

The two people look around at him.

IGNATIUS

If you break into that atrocious song and verse which attempts to make this treacherous and sinister body of water an ersatz father figure, I shall be sick.

The people stare at him.

IGNATIUS

The Mississippi River as Father-God-Moses-Daddy-Phallus-Pops is an altogether false motif, begun, I would imagine, by that deary fraud, Mark Twain.

The man takes the woman's elbow and begins to edge away.

MAN

Come on, honey.

(CONTINUED)

Ignatius, however, is just beginning.

IGNATIUS

I have never known anyone who would even venture to stick his big toe in its polluted brown waters. But, this failure to make contact with reality is characteristic of almost all of America's "art."

The two people are trying to back off. They obviously think he's crazy.

IGNATIUS

Stop! You must listen to me! Any connection between American art and American nature is purely coincidental . . . it should be obvious that this nation as a whole has lost contact with reality!

The man and the woman hurry down toward the ferry which has just landed. Ignatius is calling after them.

IGNATIUS

Don't you see, this is only one of the reasons . . .

30 EXT - ON FERRY BOAT (MOVING) - MISSISSIPPI RIVER - MORNING

Ignatius is standing on the front of the ferry which has pulled away from the landing into the river. The water is rough and the boat is rocking in the waves and currents. As the ferry makes its way out into the river, Ignatius turns a sick green color.

A BOAT HAND is standing near by. Ignatius, with his hand clutching his side, staggers over to him.

IGNATIUS

Sir, I am ill. Where is your captain?

BOAT HAND

What?

IGNATIUS

Where is the captain of this vessel? I must speak with him immediately.

The dock hand shrugs and points to the little structure on top of the ferry.

BOAT HAND

Up there.

Painfully, Ignatius climbs the steps and opens the door to the loft. The CAPTAIN is an unpleasant-looking man who turns and growls at Ignatius.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN

Hey! You can't come in here!

IGNATIUS

Sir, this is a dire emergency. My valve has closed and I must be returned to the shore immediately.

CAPTAIN

Whadda ya talkin' about? Get outta here.

IGNATIUS

My valve has closed and I cannot be responsible for what might happen if you do not return immediately. In fact, my condition deteriorates by the second and within a very few, I think I might . . .

CUT TO

31 EXT - FERRY BOAT

The boat is doing an "on-a-dime" turn in the middle of the Mississippi River.

DISSOLVE TO

32 INT - TULANE UNIVERSITY - DR. TALC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

DR. TALC, dressed in a velvet smoking jacket, lights a Benson and Hedges, takes a sip of his vodka and V-8 juice and then complacently picks up a newspaper. His office is littered with stacks of old papers, principally unreturned essays that have accumulated over a period of years. There is a KNOCK on his door.

DR. TALC (taking another sip)

Yes? Come in.

As the door swings open, a look of sheer horror comes over Talc's face. There, in the abundant flesh and in the same massive muffler of five years before, stands Ignatius. Talc chokes, spitting liquid onto his smoking jacket.

DR. TALC

Oh, my God, the Reilly monster!

IGNATIUS

Good afternoon, Dr. Talc. I have come to apply for a position in the Medieval History Department.

DR. TALC

You what? You're kidding.

Talc is standing, brushing his jacket with a tissue.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS

No, I do not jest. However, I want to make it very clear that I come to you only as a last resort. I have been thrown out into this brutal century by forces beyond my control. My life's work is being seriously curtailed because of my mother's intemperance and I have been launched upon a quest for employment.

DR. TALC

Oh, for God's sake . . .

IGNATIUS (ignoring the comment)

But apparently I lack some particular perversion which today's employer is seeking.

DR. TALC

I don't doubt it . . .

IGNATIUS

Therefore, I am here to offer my services to teach your grimy undergraduates my philosophies on world enlightenment. Perhaps a few will benefit.

DR. TALC

Forget it, Reilly. After what you did on this campus for all those years, you think the administration would give you a job?

IGNATIUS

It crossed my mind.

DR. TALC

Well, I can tell you right now . . . no. Especially, if I have anything to do with it. You and that brutal, dreadful, slovenly Minkoff girl made my life miserable for years, disrupting my lectures with those impertinent, venomous questions that no one, aside from God, could possibly have answered. You were like two Huns sweeping down on Rome. No, no, please go away.

IGNATIUS (haughtily)

Well, I see you haven't changed. I had hoped that you would have progressed slightly. But, it's obvious that you are as imbecilic as ever. In fact, your total ignorance of that which you profess to teach will always stun and amaze me.

Talc is becoming more upset. He begins to shudder.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. TALC

And you are a total psychotic who almost drove me crazy! You and that awful girl anarchist! Now get out of here. I would resign my position before I would consider having you teach in this department.

IGNATIUS

Well, that wouldn't be such a bad idea. The fact that you were unable to remember absolutely anything about Kings Lear and Arthur in one of your obscure lectures--aside from the fact that the former had some children--was one of the most . . .

DR. TALC (screaming)

I mean it, Reilly, get lost! Now! There's the way out!

Ignatius turns where Talc is pointing and looks at the bright red marker above the door.

IGNATIUS (sarcastically)

Ah, then that explains the exit sign.

Ignatius leaves and slams the door.

33 EXT - TULANE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Ignatius is waddling along, muttering to himself.

IGNATIUS

Deluded fool! That "anyone for tennis?" golf-playing, cocktail-quaffing pseudo-pedant! I loathe this century for people like Talc--that it can produce so meaningless a person!

34 EXT - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

The sixth ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS as WE SEE Ignatius lumbering slowly along the streets of the Quarter . . . waddling disdainfully through the myriad of winos, locals and lost tourists. A lot of the people are laughing or snickering at him . . . some just jump out of his way . . . others point. Ignatius has the Times-Picayune classifieds under his arm. Occasionally he stops in front of some particular shop or glaring advertisement which obviously annoys him . . . travel agencies, beauty aids, high-fashion posters, shiny new cars. The music continues . . .

35 EXT - DECATUR STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - DAY

As Ignatius makes his way along Decatur Street, he suddenly stops and begins sniffing the air with great sensory pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

As he turns to investigate where the "tasty" scent might be coming from, he spies a sign over the open door of an old garage. It reads:

PARADISE

INT - PARADISE VENDORS - DAY

The MUSIC ENDS as Ignatius steps into the garage and looks around. In the corner an OLDER MAN, holding a long spear of a fork, is boiling hot dogs in a large institutional pot. Scattered around is a fleet of large tin hot dog-shaped wagons mounted on bicycle tires.

IGNATIUS (calling in)
Pardon me, sir . . . do you retail here?

OLDER MAN (turning up watering eyes)
What?

IGNATIUS
I would like to buy one of your hot dogs . . . they do smell rather tasty.

OLDER MAN
Sure . . . here . . .

The man fixes Ignatius a hot dog and watches while he chomps it with blissful savagery.

IGNATIUS
My . . . these are rather strong. What are the ingredients?

OLDER MAN
Rubber, cereal, tripe. Who knows? I wouldn't touch one of them myself.

IGNATIUS (clearing his throat)
They're curiously appealing . . . in fact, I believe I shall have another.

The man shrugs, fixes him another and begins a tuneless whistle.

IGNATIUS (chewing)
Do I hear a strain from Scarlatti?

OLDER MAN
What? Scar-who?

IGNATIUS
Oh, I had hoped that you might be familiar with Scarlatti's work . . . he was the last of the great musicians.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

OLDER MAN

I thought I was whistling "Turkey in the Straw."

IGNATIUS

I suspect that you imagine "Turkey in the Straw" to be a valuable bit of Americana . . . well, it is not. It is a discordant abomination!

OLDER MAN

I can't see that it matters much.

IGNATIUS

Sir, it matters a great deal! Veneration of such things as "Turkey in the Straw" is at the very root of our current dilemma. What is your opinion of a society that considers "Turkey in the Straw" to be one of the pillars, as it were, of its culture?

OLDER MAN (worriedly)

Who thinks that?

(getting agitated)

Where the hell do you come from? Whadda you want?

IGNATIUS (gulping down his last bite)

Another hot dog, perhaps?

The man fixes his third.

IGNATIUS

I was fortunate to find this place. Before me lies a day fraught with God knows what horrors. I am at the moment unemployed . . . and work, it seems, is the only way one can receive some great undefined societal blessing. In my case, peace from my increasingly antagonistic mother . . .

OLDER MAN (commiseratorily)

Yeah, well, that's too bad.

IGNATIUS

It could be worse . . . at least I'm outdoors, with no supervision. The only pressure, at the moment, is upon my feet.

OLDER MAN

It's a tough life, ain't it?

IGNATIUS

Not necessarily . . . it depends on how one views it . . .

OLDER MAN

Well, I view it like this . . . you owe me \$3.00 for them hot dogs.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

Ignatius runs his huge pink tongue around his lips and up over his moustache.

IGNATIUS

Well, sir, I cannot recently remember having been so totally satisfied . . . but I'm afraid that they will have to be on the house. Or the garage. Or whatever it is. I only have my busfare with me today.

The old man picks up the long fork and deftly places its two rotting tongs at Ignatius' throat.

OLDER MAN

I'll call the police! You pay me or I'll swear I'll get the law!

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! You are puncturing my imported muffler!

OLDER MAN

Gimme your busfare!

IGNATIUS

What? I am not walking fifty blocks to my house.

OLDER MAN

Then get a taxi . . . someone can pay the other end.

IGNATIUS

Do you seriously think my mother will believe me if I tell her that an old man held me up with a fork and took my sixty cents?

OLDER MAN

I don't care what your mother would believe! Now shut your fat lip and pay me!

IGNATIUS

No. I would rather face death by a rusty fork! Death before dishonor and disease!

OLDER MAN

Oh, Jesus. Okay, buddy, now listen to me. I'll make a bargain with you. You go out and push one of them carts on Canal Street for an hour and we'll call it even.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

What? Out in the rain and snow!

OLDER MAN

Whatsa matter with you? It don't snow here.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS

It has, and it probably will again as soon as I
trudge out with one of those wagons.

The old man reaches inside a metal locker.

IGNATIUS

Don't I need clearance from the Health Department
or something?

OLDER MAN

Here . . .
(holding up a white smock)
. . . put this on.

IGNATIUS (happily)

Oh, what is this? . . . It looks like an academic
gown!

OLDER MAN

Take that wagon over there . . . I guess you ain't
gonna do too much damage . . . besides I need vendors
bad . . .

IGNATIUS

Damage? Sir, I am the very soul of the working ethic
. . . my past employment records would show you an
impeccable slate. My innovations in the work-a-day
world are magnificent indeed!

Ignatius waddles to the door . . .

CUT TO

36 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

Gus Levy is standing in the middle of the office reading a letter. He
has an incredulous look on his face.

MR. LEVY

What! A \$500,000 libel suit! . . . What the hell
is he talking about?

Mr. Levy flips the letter over to the attached photocopy. As he skims
it, he turns a sick, white color.

MR. LEVY (reading out loud)

. . . I. Abelman, Mongoloid . . . the trousers were
sent to you as a means of testing your initiative
. . . testing your ability to meet our standards
requisite in a distributor . . . you are apparently
a faithless people . . .

(more)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

MR. LEVY (Cont'd)

we do not wish to be bothered . . . if you molest us again, sir, you may feel the sting of the lash across your pitiful shoulders . . . Yours in anger, Gus Levy!

He waves the letter at Gonzalez whose lips are quivering.

MR. LEVY (trying to control himself)

Who wrote this?

Miss Trixie, who is milling through some scraps at her desk, clacks the new false teeth together like a bear trap.

MISS TRIXIE (fiercely)

Quiet! You people are the noisiest I've ever met!

Mr. Levy looks at Miss Trixie as if he might strangle her.

MR. LEVY

Gonzalez, I asked you a question. What do you know about this?

GONZALEZ (piping)

I don't know a thing. It's the first time I've ever seen that letter.

MR. LEVY

You incompetent fool, you write the correspondence around here.

GONZALEZ (squeaking)

But I didn't write that! I wouldn't do something like that to Levy Pants!

Suddenly, Mr. Levy's face changes. He grits his teeth and then lets out an uncontrollable roar.

MR. LEVY (screaming)

Where is he? Where is he? I'll kill that fat blimp . . . I'll kill him with my bare hands!

GONZALEZ (squeaking with terror)

Oh, my goodness!

MISS TRIXIE (snarling)

Silence! I said silence! And I don't want to have to say it again . . .

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. LEVY

(to Miss Trixie)

Why you decrepit old . . .

(screaming at Gonzalez)

Where does he live? What's his name? Where are the
damn phone books!

GONZALEZ

Ah, Miss Trixie keeps all the telephone books, sir.
Ah, sir, who are you talking about?

MR. LEVY

You stupid idiot! Who do you think I'm talking
about?

(his voice building to a pitch)

That fat slob in the green hat! What's his name?
What's his name?

GONZALEZ

Oh, yes, sir! It's Reilly. Reilly, sir. Ignatius
J. I believe on Constantinople Street.

Mr. Levy stomps over to Miss Trixie's desk where there is a pile of telephone books. As he reaches for one, Miss Trixie throws herself over the stack.

MISS TRIXIE

No! I keep all of the telephone books. And no one
is going to use them! You'll only lose them!

Mr. Levy is now out of control.

MR. LEVY

Why you . . . give me one of those!

MISS TRIXIE (snapping)

Oh, all right, hold your horses! I must say, you
people are very impatient and excitable . . .

Mr. Levy grabs one of the books and begins tearing through the pages. Then he scribbles down an address. As Gonzalez watches in terror and Miss Trixie nods off, Mr. Levy slams out of the door . . .

INT - NIGHT OF JOY - LATE AFTERNOON

Lana is sitting on a bar stool and Jones is leaning on a mop. Both of them are staring at the stage . . . there is a bird perch sitting beside the chrome pole.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Okay, Lana, we're ready.

LANA (to Jones)

Put the record on.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

Jones throws his mop into a booth and puts on a typical "stripping" record. Darlene comes bumping on stage, wearing a low-cut satin evening dress and has the cockatoo on her arm. She makes several clumsy and lasciviously grotesque passes at the pole with her pelvis while the cockatoo sways unsteadily.

DARLENE (sighing)

Ooooo . . . ahhhh . . .

She puts the cockatoo on the bird perch and continues to bump and grind around the pole. Then she offers him the ring sewed in the side of the dress. The cockatoo grabs at it with his beak and the dress pops open. Darlene then begins to grind in a sort of orgiastic frenzy.

DARLENE (climatically)

Ooo . . . ahhh . . . oh, ohh . . .

JONES (laughing)

Whoa!

LANA

(screaming and snapping off the record)

Stop it! Stop it!

DARLENE (offended)

Hey, what's the matter?

LANA

It's terrible is what's the matter. You look like the monkey on the elephant's trunk.

JONES (mocking)

Ooo-wee!

LANA

The bird's okay, you stink.

Lana lights a cigarette which she holds in her lips, a la Bogart.

DARLENE

But Lana . . .

LANA

Now listen Darlene, we gotta re-think the whole act. You look like your motor's broke or something. Anybody can insult a tramp. These jerks want to see a sweet, clean virgin get insulted and stripped. You gotta be pure. I want you to be like a nice, refined girl who's surprised when the bird starts grabbing at your clothes.

DARLENE (angrily)

Who says I'm not refined?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

LANA

Okay. You're refined. Then be refined on my stage. That's what gives a turn drama, dammit.

JONES

Ooo-wee. Night of Joy be winnin a Academy Awar with this ack . . . the bird get one, too.

LANA

Get back on my floor.

JONES

Right away, Scarla O'Horror.

LANA (screaming)

Wait a minute! That's it!

She is yelling suddenly in the best tradition of a director in a musical movie.

DARLENE

That's what?

Lana is holding her cigarette before her lips and speaking through it as if it is a director's megaphone.

LANA

An idea. Now see this act. You're gonna be a southern belle type, a big sweet virgin from the Old South who's got this pet bird on the old plantation.

DARLENE (enthusiastically)

Say, I like that.

LANA (excitedly)

Of course you do. Now listen to me. You're just coming in from a big ball where a lot of southern gentlemen were trying to feel you up over the fried chicken and hog jowls . . . but you cooled them all . . . you go to tell your little pet goodnight and say, "There was plenty beaux at that ball, honey, but I still got my honor." Then all of a sudden the damn bird starts grabbing at your dress . . . you're shocked, you're surprised . . . but you're too refined to stop it. Got it?

DARLENE

That's great.

Lana is still barking like a director.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (5)

LANA (correcting Darlene)
 That's drama.
 (to Jones)
 Okay, let's give it a try. Music, maestro.

JONES
 Whoa! Now we really back on the plantation.

LANA
 Put on the Dixie record, Jones. Okay, Darlene, let's give it a try.

As the MUSIC BEGINS, Darlene minces out on stage, sashaying and making a rosebud of her mouth.

DARLENE (drawling-badly)
 There sure was plenty balls at that beau, honey, but
 . . .

LANA
 Stop!

DARLENE (pleading)
 Give me a chance, Lana . . . I been practicing to be an exotic, not an actress.

LANA (drawing out her words)
 Darlene, you have to feel the character . . . feel the scene . . .

DARLENE
 (clearing her throat and enunciating carefully)
 There sure was plenty beaux at the bowl, honey, but I still got me honor.

LANA
 Oh, for God's sake, it's just one line! What's the matter with you?

JONES
 Whoa! You sure a understandin director . . . if you makin big movies, half the people in it be daid.

LANA (screaming)
 Get back on my floor!
 (to Darlene excitedly)
 Now try it again, Darlene. This one line could bring down the house!

JONES
 Dat's for sure!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (6)

DARLENE (sighing hopelessly)
 There sure was plenty bones at that ball, honey, but
 I still got my honor . . .

DISSOLVE TO

37 INT - REILLY HOUSE/HALLWAY - DUSK

Ignatius enters the house through the front door. Still in his vendor's smock, he waddles down the hall to his room. As he inserts the key in the lock to his bedroom door, he suddenly cocks an ear toward the kitchen . . . his mother is on the telephone. Quietly, he tiptoes across the hall to the kitchen door and eavesdrops on his mother's conversation.

IGNATIUS' POV

As the camera moves toward the kitchen door—we see the back of Mrs. Reilly on the phone.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The angle widens so that we see both Ignatius and Mrs. Reilly— she is talking and he is reacting.

MRS. REILLY (on the telephone)
 I tell you true, Santa, I don't know what I'm gonna
 do about Ignatius. He ain't got a job . . . he
 don't care about his poor mama . . . he don't care
 if they throw me in jail . . .

Ignatius makes a sour face.

MRS. REILLY (on the telephone)
 . . . my heart's broke . . . and he acting crazier and
 crazier . . . talking bout kings and changing the
 world . . . who you ever know talking bout changing
 the world . . . what you think, Santa babe, about
 somebody who wants to rule a kingdom?

Ignatius mouths an "Oh, my God" and rolls his eyes.

MRS. REILLY (on the telephone)
 . . . Oh, Santa, send him away? He's my flesh and
 blood, even if he is crazy . . .

Ignatius eyes grow huge and his face goes through some violent contortions.

MRS. REILLY
 (on the telephone)
 . . . Aw, I couldna do that . . . well, we'll give
 him a chance . . . maybe he'll make good yet . . .
 yeah, dawlin, I'll see you tonight at the pawty .
 . .

Ignatius heads toward into his bedroom as his mother hangs up the phone.

38 INT - SANTA BATIAGLIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The seventh ORIGINAL SONG BEGINS while Santa tastes a spoonful of potato salad, cleans the spoon with her tongue and places the spoon neatly on a paper napkin.

She then arranges her best jelly glasses on the mantelpiece between a bowl of waxed fruit, a bouquet of paper zinnias, the statue of the Virgin Mary, the figurine of the Infant of Prague and a photograph of an ancient and hostile-looking Sicilian woman standing in a dark alley paved with oyster shells.

On top of an old console radio are two fifths of Early Times and a six-pack of Seven-Up. A phonograph sits on the linoleum floor in the center of the room, its cord rising to the ceiling's light fixture where it is plugged in . . . there are two giant-sized bags of cheetos in either corner of the sofa. Santa pulls a little picnic cooler of ice cubes over by the mantel, popping one of the cubes in her mouth.

There is a KNOCK on the shutters. Santa flings open the front door and sees Irene Reilly and Mancuso, standing on the banquette. The music trails off . . .

SANTA (delighted)

Irene! Come on in, sweetheart dawlin. You sure lookin cute.

Mrs. Reilly and Mancuso come in and Santa eagerly tears off Mrs. Reilly's old woolen topper. Mrs. Reilly has on a green taffeta cocktail dress and has a book under her arm. Mancuso looks terrible.

MRS. REILLY

Thanks, honey . . . whoo! I forgot how long it take to get to da Ninth Ward from Uptown. Seems like me and Angelo been in that car for almost an hour.

MANCUSO (talking through his nose)

Id's the traffic is what id is.

SANTA

Aw, babe, it ain't that far. Anyways, I'm glad you made it.

Mancuso collapses onto the sofa and sits there attempting to breath.

SANTA (concerned)

Angelo, dawlin, what dey done to ya? That sergeant still gotcha sittin in that bus station terlet?

MANCUSO (nodding unhappily)

Yeb, Aunt Santa . . . I'b gotta stay der until I bring in a subbicious characder.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

Oh, Angelo, that reminds me . . . Ignatius sent you a book to read while you're locked up in that terlet all day. He says to me, "Mama, this book teaches us to accept what we ain't gonna change" and then sumpin about someone getting tortured and killed in a prison by a king. Anyways, he says it's inspirational.

Mrs. Reilly hands Mancuso the large, leather bound copy of Boethius' The Consolation of Philosophy.

SANTA

Yeah? Well, I wouldn't trust no "inspirational literature" I got from that Ignatius . . .
(changing the subject)
Here, Angelo, fix Irene a nice drink . . .

MRS. REILLY

You got any aspirins, Santa honey?

SANTA

Aw, Irene . . . what kinda pawty pooper I got on my hands? Take a drink . . . wait till da old man comes. You and him can dance right here in front the phonograph.

MRS. REILLY

I don't feel like dancing . . .
(starting to cry)
Aw, Santa, I can't lie to you . . . my heart's broke. Ignatius really done it now.

Santa grabs the drinks from Mancuso and rushes over to her.

SANTA

What's he done now, sweetheart? Tell Santa.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius come home this afternoon dressed up like a butcher . . . aw, but honey, he ain't a butcher . . . he's a hot dog vendor.

SANTA (croaking)

Come on. A hot dog vendor? You mean out on the streets?

MRS. REILLY (weeping)

Out on the streets . . . like a bum . . . selling weenies in the broad daylight. I'm so ashamed.

Mrs. Reilly drinks her drink in about two gulps. Mancuso blows his nose.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

SANTA

Lord, Angelo, you look bad. Why don't you go lay down there in the back.

MRS. REILLY

I'm gonna make me another one, if you don't mind, sugar . . . I got problems.

Mancuso leaves and Mrs. Reilly fills her glass with bourbon and a jigger of Seven-Up. Santa pulls her down beside her on the couch.

SANTA

Now you listen to Santa, babe. Don't be ashamed. It ain't your fault you got a big kook on your hands. You better wake up, girl . . . if you had any sense, you woulda had that boy locked away at the Charridy Hospital a long time ago . . . they'd turn a hose on him . . . they'd stick a letrit socket in that boy! They'd show that Ignatius . . . they'd make him behave himself.

MRS. REILLY

Santa, honey, you mind if I make me another drink?

SANTA

Irene! You gonna be on the floor, girl! I ain't gonna introduce no drunk to this nice old man.

MRS. REILLY

To tell you the truth, I don't think I want to meet anybody.

(drinking)

Listen, Santa, what time you got? Ignatius says he's sure the burgulars is striking tonight and for me to get in early.

SANTA (a little angrily)

Aw, relax, Irene. You making me nervous.

She pulls Mrs. Reilly's drink down from her lips.

SANTA

Now, look here girl. You was stuck home with that crazy boy ever night till Santa come along. Right? You listen to Santa, precious. You don't wanna end up all alone with that crazy Ignatius on your hands . . . this old man looks like he got him some money . . . he dresses neat . . . and he knows you from somewhere. He likes you . . . he could pay off debt!

There is a light tapping on the front shutters. Santa rushes to the door. Mrs. Reilly sits frozen on the sofa, staring into her drink.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

SANTA (to the new guest)
 We been waiting for you . . . my friend Miss Reilly
 here's been wondering where you was . . . Irene!
 What you doing, girl? Say "hello".

Mrs. Reilly looks up and almost swoons as she recognizes the old man whom
 Patrolman Mancuso had arrested in front of D. H. Holmes.

MRS. REILLY
 Ay yi-yi . . . eh, la, la . . .

CLAUDE (beaming happily)
 I'm Claude Robichaux, Miss Reilly . . . I seen you
 before down by Holmes. That policeman tried to take
 your boy in and he took me instead.

MRS. REILLY
 Oh, yeah, I think I remember. A little.

SANTA
 Well, to think you two are old friends . . . it's
 sure a small world, ain't it? . . .
 (stopping suddenly)
 A policeman?

CLAUDE
 Yeah, the dirty communiss. It was the disgrace .
 . . my whole family heard about it. Them police!
 They all a bunch of communiss!

MRS. REILLY
 I think I hear Ignatius calling me . . . I better
 go.

SANTA
 Calling you? Irene! Look, we ain't even give Mr.
 Robichaux a drink. Fix him a drink, kid, while I
 go see about "A".
 (winking furiously at her)
 You know what I mean, dawlin?

Santa leaves as Mrs. Reilly fills two of the jelly glasses with whiskey.

CLAUDE (still beaming at her)
 Well, how's that fine big boy of yours?

MRS. REILLY
 Who?

CLAUDE
 Your son.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. REILLY (sniffing)
 Oh him. Lord, when I think of all I take . . .
 (beginning to weep)
 Sometimes I could really have me a good cry.

CLAUDE (confused)
 Aw, don't cry, Miss Reilly . . .

MRS. REILLY (louder)
 I gotta do something. I gotta call the authorities
 to come take that boy away! Lord, he's out there
 on the streets pushing a weenie wagon all over. With
 all his education . . . in the broad daylight!

CLAUDE (unhappily)
 Please, Miss Reilly, you got to stop crying . . .
 I get so nervous hearing somebody cry . . . I get
 so nervous . . .

MRS. REILLY (wailing outrageously)
 Aw, he's crazy okay and it's gettin worse . . .
 what I'm gonna do . . .

Claude is getting frantic. Suddenly, in the corner of the room, a
 cockroach comes scurrying out in the open making a zig-zag toward the
 table with the potato salad. Claude's eyes light up crazily. Then,
 without any warning, he makes a dash for the roach and in a practiced
 move, grabs it and pops it in his mouth.

Mrs. Reilly's sobs stop mid-wail. She sits and stares at him, not
 believing what she thinks she just saw. Claude turns to her with a gulp
 . . . he is quite calm now.

CLAUDE
 Now about your boy, maybe he went to school too long
 . . . they got plenty communiss in them colleges.

Mrs. Reilly is dumb-struck . . . Claude sits down beside her.

CLAUDE
 Ax that boy what he thinks of democracy sometime .
 . . them communiss ruint plenty people useta believe
 in democracy . . .

Suddenly, Claude screams and jumps straight up in the air. Mrs. Reilly,
 in sheer panic, lets go a shriek too. As he jumps up and down, Mrs.
 Reilly turns wildly to see where he is pointing . . . there in the
 doorway are Santa and Patrolman Mancuso.

CLAUDE (out of control)
 Christ Awmght, that's him! Christ Awmght!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (5)

As Mancuso, looking like he might be dying, breaks into a violent coughing fit, Claude makes a frantic lunge for the bowl of waxed fruit and the paper zinnias. The zinnias are the first to go . . . Mancuso's cough continues while the seventh ORIGINAL SONG from the beginning of the scene, picks up . . .

39 INT - BUS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

The SONG plays into this scene while Mancuso's horrible cough racks on. He is sitting in one of the booths in the restroom. He has The Consolation of Philosophy balanced on his knees and is wearing a Santa Claus suit and a baseball cap.

Mancuso hears the door to the bathroom open and from under the side of the booth, he can see a pair of flamenco boots moving back and forth, the metal taps on the boots scraping across the floor. The boots stop and Mancuso cracks the door slightly. A young boy is drawing daggers on the lavatory walls with a felt tip pen. The music ends as WE SEE it is George.

MANCUSO (coming out of the booth)
What's that you're writing on the walls, pal?

GEORGE (eyeing the Santa suit)
Look, kookie, move it, before I kick your nuts in.

MANCUSO (coughing)
You wanna cawd the police?

GEORGE
No, just get the hell away from me. I don't want no trouble with the cops . . . and neither should a screwball like you.

MANCUSO (slobbering)
You dote? You afred of the police? Well, you udder arrest.

GEORGE
What? Boy, are you out of it.

MANCUSO (flashing his badge)
Patrodeman Madcuso. Uddercover. Cubb alogg with me.

GEORGE (protesting nervously)
What the hell are you arresting me for? I'm just standing here. What is this? I ain't done nothing.

MANCUSO
You udder suspiciudd.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

GEORGE (in a panic)
Suspicion of what?

MANCUSO
Aha! You rilly afred!

Mancuso, who still has The Consolation of Philosophy under his arm, reaches out to grab George. Panicked, George snatches the book from Mancuso and slams him in the head. Then, as Mancuso reels backward into the stall, George, with his pockets bulging with brown-paper packages and the huge book under his arm, flees.

40 INT - PARADISE VENDORS - DAY

The older man is standing at the huge boiling pot which is steaming in the cold air. Milling around the garage are assorted BUMS and VENDORS. The vendors are distinguished from the bums by their white smocks. Over in the corner a hot dog wagon mechanic is tending to a crumbled frankfurter which lays on its side, a traffic fatality.

Ignatius billows into "Paradise" with his white smock swirling around him.

IGNATIUS
Good morning, MR. CLYDE. And how is the mogul of meat, the czar of sausage faring today?

MR. CLYDE (glaring angrily at him)
Don't gimme none of your bullshit, you fat bum! You ain't sold nuthin for three days . . .

IGNATIUS
Oh, is that all? From the expression on your face, I thought you were having some sort of epileptic seizure.

MR. CLYDE (menacingly)
Shut up, you big slob . . . you been eating all them weenies yourself . . .

IGNATIUS
Yes, I've been meaning to speak to you about that. It seems to me that you should be generous enough to give some sort of discount to your own employees . . . after all, I am becoming your best customer . . .

MR. CLYDE (furiously)
Now look here, Reilly, this is a job, not a carnival. How can you eat all them hot dogs ever day?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS (defensively)

I have found that the consumption of your hot dogs is the only way to tolerate this miserable exercise . . . one which is completely lacking in meaning or significance. In my past experience, I have discovered that a lack of food and comfort, rather than ennobling the spirit, creates anxiety within the human psyche and channels all of one's better impulses only toward the end of procuring something to eat. So you see, even though I have a Rich Inner Life, I must . . .

MR. CLYDE (screaming)

Will you listen to me?

IGNATIUS

If I really must . . .

MR. CLYDE (almost paternally)

Now I been thinking . . . I really don't wanna fire you . . . at least you show up every day. I'll give you that. So, I'm gonna fix you up with a new route and give you another chance. I got some advertising gimmicks maybe help you out too.

IGNATIUS

Well, I hope it's a scenic route. And, of course, one which will enable me to continue my crusade for taste and decency . . . for theology and geometry, perhaps . . .

MR. CLYDE

I'm gonna put you down in the French Quarter.

IGNATIUS (thundering)

What? Do you think that I could exist in that sinkhole of vice? No, I'm afraid that the Quarter is out of the question . . . my psyche would crumble in that atmosphere!

MR. CLYDE (angrily)

Take it or leave it, fatso. That's the last chance you get!

IGNATIUS

It is? Well, my mother is becoming increasingly abusive and abrasive . . . I imagine it would be better to trundle my franks down into Sodom and Gomorrah than to be beaten senseless by a baked wine bottle . . .

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. CLYDE

Okay, then it's settled.
 (reaching into a locker)
 Here, try these on.

Clyde hands Ignatius an improbable pirate's outfit.

IGNATIUS

What is this? A Clydian attempt to link the hot dog
 with Creole legend?

Ignatius holds it up. It is very small.

IGNATIUS

Well, the grandeur of my physique will never lend
 itself to this.

MR. CLYDE

Never mind the costume itself . . . put on the other
 stuff.

Ignatius takes the red sateen pirate's scarf and ties it around his
 hunting cap. Then he screws on a large golden novelty store hoop of an
 earring onto his ear. To the side of his white smock, he attaches a
 black plastic scabbard with a plastic sword. Slowly, Ignatius turns and
 studies himself in a cracked mirror on the wall. He begins to smile.
 Then, suddenly, with no warning, he whips around to face Clyde.

IGNATIUS

(brandishing the plastic cutlass)
 Walk the plank, mushbrain!

Clyde, alarmed, falls back a few steps and raises the corroded spear-like
 fork. The other bums and vendors move out of the way.

MR. CLYDE (screaming)

Hey! Watch out! What the hell do you think you're
 . . .

Ignatius lunges forward like a gargantuan swashbuckler, clicking his
 cutlass against Clyde's fork.

IGNATIUS

These are the golden days of romantic old New Orleans
 where gentlemen decide hot dog honor at twenty Paces.
 En garde!

ORIGINAL MUSIC BEGINS as Ignatius duels his way toward his wagon and with
 one final mad "click" against Clyde's fork, he swashbuckles his cart out
 the door, spirting it before him. As the others in the garage laugh
 and point, Clyde stands breathless and embarrassed. He turns to them
 and mouths the words, "Aw, shut up."

CUT TO

41 EXT - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

The MUSIC from the last scene becomes the eighth ORIGINAL SONG as Ignatius appears out of the darkness of the garage and into a beautiful crisp, sunny day . . . pushing his hot dog wagon in front of him. With a final swish of his cutlass, he stares down a passerby who has stopped to witness this French Quarter apparition. Then with the scabbard lapping against his side, the earring dangling from his ear, the bright red scarf tied around his hunting cap and the smock swirling, Ignatius strides off into the depths of the Quarter . . . assuming what he considers to be the attitude of a Crusader. The music continues through . . .

42 EXT - A MONTAGE OF IGNATIUS AND THE HOT DOG WAGON THROUGH THE

Ignatius and the hot dog wagon are rolling slowly and squarely down the middle of the side walk on Decatur Street . . . several pedestrians are forced to jump out of the way and angrily shake fists or yell something at him. An old man approaches him, petitioning for a hot dog . . . while Ignatius, never breaking stride, waves him away. He continues on past the wrought iron and brick facades of the Quarter where the balconies of the old buildings hang over his head like dark branches in an allegorical forest of evil . . . Ignatius sits himself on the curb and rests until a policeman comes along and prods him in the ribs with his toe. The ensuing argument between Ignatius and the cop appears to be loud and abrasive. Just as the policeman leaves, an orange juice can comes flying out of one of the upper story windows, barely missing Ignatius. He picks it up and peers inside . . . obviously looking for a communication of some sort. There is nothing but a trickle of concentrated juice . . . another vagrant approaches the wagon and Ignatius grudgingly sells him a hot dog. He continues on down Rue Royal . . . distastefully noting the antique and coin stores, Voodoo shops, art galleries and restaurants. At St. Peter Street, he approaches a group of tourists wandering along photographing everything in sight. They stop him, ask him to pose with his wagon. Very grandly, Ignatius complies . . . standing before the wagon as if it were a pirate's vessel, brandishing his cutlass, posing artfully. The tourists click away . . . then as they move on down the street, Ignatius prepares a hot dog for himself and chews it thoughtfully. WE THEN SEE a back view of him as he waddles down the street and the shot begins to pull away and up . . . as the shot goes higher, the music ends and WE HEAR . . .

IGNATIUS (calling)

Hot dogs . . . hot dogs from Paradise . . .

DISSOLVE TO

43 INT - MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - DAY (LUNCHTIME)

Jones is sitting at the bar talking to Watson. Watson is leaning on his elbows and Jones is finishing up a roast beef Po-boy and sippin on a draft beer.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

So wha you say the Lee woman got you doin'?

JONES (exasperated)

I say it as clear as I can, Watson . . . she gonna have me on openin night standin out front that cathouse inna costume like a plantation darky. She say I gonna be a real ol' South do'man . . . barking at the peoples on the street to come in and watch that po gal and her ball eagle. Whoa!

WATSON

That woman ain't treatin you right, Jones.

JONES (sarcastically)

Hell, you jus figurin that out, Watson? That woman running with the devil hisself . . .

WATSON

Why don you just quit, Jones . . . go to the po-lice and tell them you be between job a little while.

JONES

(sending out a radioactive looking cloud)

Yeah, and mebbe I between job about fifty year. Whoa! I go sallying up to a po-lice sayin, "Hey, man, I just be vagran a little while." And he say, "Okay, boy, you be servin a little while too."

(shaking his head)

No, Watson . . . sumpin tells me that Lee mutha goin to jail . . . and I don wanna be there holding no do' for her. Shoo! Who wanna get stuck in Angola with Lana Lee . . . she bad enough on the outside!

WATSON

So wha you gonna do now, Jones?

JONES

Well, I tol you I wrote the Night o' Joy address on some of her orphan package, so if she still distributin for the United Fun mebbe we be gettin some answer on tha. I sure like to see what that address bringin in . . .

WATSON

Well, you watch out, Jones . . . don be gettin yourself in no trouble.

JONES

Hey! I ain looking for no trouble . . . I mainly lookin for a way out . . .

(grinning)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

(Cont'd)

I don know wha the way is yet, Watson, but I do know sumpin I can do right now . . . and tha's get that Lee woman shut down.

Jones finishes his beer and leans closer to Watson.

JONES

You know, I sure would like to fin that Ignatius character . . . I try to call him at Levy Pant, but they say he gone. I bet he know what to do if anybody do . . . talkin bout solvin mysteries and changin things . . .

(laughing)

Yeah, Watson, I bet I ever talk to that green cap, we be figurin out a plan!

Jones looks at the clock on the wall.

JONES

Well, I guess it time to get back . . .

(getting off his stool)

But, I tell you this, Watson, if I gonna be a do'man for that Lee, I gonna be the mos sabotagin do'man ever guarded a plantation! Ooo-wee . . . the cotton fiel be burn to the ground before I through!

44 EXT - PIRATE'S ALLEY (FRENCH QUARTER) - DAY

Ignatius rolls his wagon along the flagstoned walkway between Royal Street and Jackson Square known as Pirate's Alley. As he rumbles along, he looks at the art work dangling from the iron pickets of the fence, judging the art and, in turn, the "artists" who are standing nearby.

The end of the Alley is filled with well-dressed ladies in large hats and flowered dresses . . . a Ladies' Art Guild exhibiting its work. Ignatius points his wagon into the throng and pushes forward . . . on the prow of the cart he has taped a sheet of Big Chief paper on which he has printed in crayon:

TWELVE INCHES (12")
of
PARADISE

IGNATIUS (pleasantly)

Hot dogs, ladies?

One of the ladies turns, reads the Big Chief statement and screams. "The rest of them shrink back into a protective little grouping as they stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS (a little put out)
Hot dogs, hot dogs . . . savories from the hygenic
Paradise kitchens.

The ladies only continue to stare at him in silence.

IGNATIUS (exasperated)
Oh, honestly.

He abandons the wagon and waddles over to the picket fence to view the paintings, an amateurish and ridiculous grouping of oils, pastels and watercolors depicting different domesticated animals . . . all of which are penned up, chained or bound by something. He scrutinizes them furiously.

IGNATIUS
(promenading up and down the fence)
Oh, my God! Do you realize what offenses you ladies have committed to canvas? You have presented all of these animals within the confines of some form of incarceration!

A BOLD LADY
Move along, sir.

ANOTHER LADY
You don't have to look at our work.

IGNATIUS
Oh, but I do! You have hung it here to be viewed, have you not? You have openly presented a hideous concept to be viewed by all . . . do you want little children to think of animals constantly in chains? Speak up!

ANOTHER LADY (shrilly)
Go away . . . leave us alone!

IGNATIUS (parading along the fence)
Just look at these poor animals! All of them are tortured into harnesses or bridles . . . they are all on leashes or caged up or fenced in . . . or otherwise incarcerated! What could possibly make you think like that?

BOLD LADY
We don't want you here and if you don't leave immediately, we will be forced to call the authorities.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

Authorities? Authorities on what?

(pointing at a picture)

And as far your "art" is concerned, I am the authority! Had you "artists" had a part in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, it would have ended up looking like a particularly vulgar subway terminal . . . perhaps you ladies should all get together and paint somebody's house for a start . . . you might acquire some feel for handling a brush . . .

BOLD LADY (threateningly)

I am warning you, sir, we do not intend to be insulted any longer by someone as coarse as yourself. Now move along! Immediately!

Ignatius stops studying the pictures and looks at the woman. He lumbers over toward his cart and grabs the handles.

IGNATIUS

I shall . . . there is little reason to stay.

As he shoves the wagon along the flagstones, he can hear their "twitterings" behind him. He glances back . . . for a fleeting moment, Ignatius thinks he sees an unbelievable exchange . . . instead of the ladies in the Alley, there is a group of animals milling about . . . some in large flowered hats, others in flowered dresses. The paintings along the fence are now filled with the ladies . . . all within the confines of some form of incarceration.

Ignatius blinks his eyes and shakes his head. He then pushes the hot dog wagon all the way down to the end of the Alley and parks it in a little passageway out of sight. Ignatius is breathing heavily as he uncomfortably squats down on the steps to the Cathedral. He removes his boots and begins to inspect his great slabs of feet. Suddenly, there is a VOICE above him.

MAN'S VOICE

Oh, dear, what am I seeing?

Ignatius looks up into the merry, glittering face of the young man who had spilled his drink that horrible afternoon in the Night of Joy.

YOUNG MAN

I came out to see this dreadful, tacky art exhibit and what do I find as Exhibit Number One? It's the ghost of Laffite, the pirate. No . . . it's Fatty Arbuckle. Or is it Marie Dressler?

(giggling with delight)

Oh, tell me soon or I shall die!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS (distastefully)

Get away from me, you fop. Where is my mother's hat?

YOUNG MAN (sighing)

Oh, that . . . I'm afraid it was destroyed at a really wild gathering. Everyone dearly loved it.

IGNATIUS

I'm sure that they did. I won't ask you just how it was desecrated.

YOUNG MAN

I wouldn't remember anyway . . . too many martinis that night for little moi.

IGNATIUS (thundering)

Oh, my God!

YOUNG MAN (shrieking happily)

Oh! That look on your face . . .

IGNATIUS (replacing his desert boots)

Well, I certainly don't have to sit here listening to this.

YOUNG MAN (disappointed)

Oh, don't go . . . look, here's my card. Let's be friends.

IGNATIUS

(looking at the little white card)

Oh, my God! How can anyone be named DORIAN GREEN!

DORIAN (languidly)

Isn't that wild? If I told you my real name, you'd never speak to me again . . . I was born on a wheat farm in Nebraska . . . my father was a colonel.

He hesitates, giggles at his little pun and peers at Ignatius with delight.

DORIAN

So, Mary Marvel, how is that dear mother of yours?

IGNATIUS

I don't want to hear her sainted name cross your decadent lips.

DORIAN

Well, since it already has, is she all right? She was so sweet, that woman, so unspoiled. You're very lucky.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS

I will not discuss her with you.

DORIAN

If that's the way you want to be, all right. I just hope she doesn't know that you're flouncing around the streets like some sort of Hungarian Joan of Arc.
(eyeing the earring)

You look like Charles Laughton in drag as Queen of the Gypsies. What are you supposed to be? I really want to know.

IGNATIUS

Why don't you run along and partake in some dubious recreation that appeals to you . . .

(pointing down the Alley)

Look, there's a sailor drifting along Chartres Street . . . why don't you go play with him?

Dorian looks where Ignatius is pointing and sees a young man in a white sailor suit preening down the street.

DORIAN

Oh, it's Timmy! He must have just gotten back from Acapulco. Honestly, look at that Nellie . . . it's winter and he's still wearing his summer whites.

IGNATIUS (incredulously)

Timmy? Do you know him?

DORIAN (heavy with boredom)

Of course. He's one of my oldest, dearest friends. He's not a sailor at all.

IGNATIUS (thundering)

What? Do you mean that he is impersonating a member of the armed forces of this country?

DORIAN

That's not all he impersonates.

Ignatius gets a funny look on his face . . . an idea.

IGNATIUS

This is extremely serious. Every soldier and sailor that we see could simply be some mad decadent in disguise. My God! We may all be trapped in some horrible conspiracy. I knew something like this was going to happen. The United States is probably totally defenseless!

As the little sailor drifts out of sight, Ignatius and Dorian see someone in an artist's smock and a beret go tiptoeing behind, stalking him. It is Patrolman Mancuso.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN (shrieking gaily)

Oh! It's that marvelous policeman! Thank goodness he's back . . . we were beginning to wonder what had happened to him.

IGNATIUS

Do you know him too?

DORIAN

Everyone knows him. We love him dearly. Oh, I simply can't wait to see what new disguise they put on him.

(exploding in wild laughter)

We've had him arrested twice for making indecent proposals . . . that's always wonderfully confusing to the police. I do hope that we haven't gotten him in too much trouble, for he's close to our hearts.

IGNATIUS (observing)

He's rather close to my mother's heart as well.

(a pause)

I wonder how many of our "military" are simply like your friend . . . disguised tarts?

DORIAN (sighing)

Who knows . . . I wish they all were . . . Oh, everybody's having such a fun day . . . you're a gypsy, Timmy's a sailor, the marvelous policeman's an artist . . . it's just like Mardi Gras and I feel so left out. I think I'll just run home and throw something on . . .

IGNATIUS

No, wait just a moment . . .

DORIAN (gaily)

I'll put on some clogs . . . I'm in my Ruby Keeler phase . . .

(singing)

"You go home and get your scanties, I'll go home and get my panties, and away we'll go. Oh-ho-ho. Off we're gonna shuffle, shuffle off to Buf-falo-ho-ho . . ."

IGNATIUS

Stop that offensive performance this instant!

DORIAN

(doing a little soft shoe around Ignatius)

". . . and for just a silver quarter, we can tip the pullman porter, turn the lights down low, oh-ho-ho, off we're gonna shuffle, shuffle off to . . ."

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (6)

IGNATIUS

Will you please pay attention!

(thoughtful and serious)

Of course . . . this could be a worldwide deception.

(his look becoming intense)

The next war could turn out to be one massive orgy!
 Good grief! How many military leaders of the world
 may simply be deranged old sodomites acting out some
 deluded fantasy role? Actually, this might be quite
 beneficial to the world . . . it could mean an end
 to war forever . . . this could be the key to lasting
 peace!

DORIAN

It certainly could . . . peace at any price.

IGNATIUS (his eyes flashing)

The power-crazed leaders of the world would certainly
 be surprised to find that their military leaders and
 troops were only masquerading sodomites who were only
 too eager to meet the masquerading sodomite armies
 of other nations in order to have dances and balls
 and learn some foreign dance steps.

DORIAN

Wouldn't that be wonderful? The government would
 pay us to travel . . . how divine!

IGNATIUS

(pounding one huge paw into another)

Oh, my God! Perhaps you people are the hope for the
 future!

(rolling his eyes upward)

Oh, Myrna, you liberated doxy! You wanted sex in
 politics . . . well, here it is!

(to Dorian)

Have you people ever considered forming a political
 party and sponsoring a candidate?

DORIAN

Politics? Oh, Maid of New Orleans, how dreary.

IGNATIUS

This is very important!

DORIAN

Well, what do you want me to do about it, Eleanor
 Roosevelt?

IGNATIUS

You must start a party organization! Plans must be
 made!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (7)

DORIAN (sighing)

Oh, please, all this mah's talk is making my mind reel. You're beginning to remind me of my father and what could be more depressing than that?

IGNATIUS (grabbing Dorian's lapels)

You must organize immediately!

DORIAN (his hands to his throat)

Oh, my goodness, now I'll be on pills all night.

IGNATIUS

Will you stop fluttering around here and be serious.

DORIAN

Moi? Fluttering? Whatever can I do, Gypsy Wcman?

IGNATIUS (very excited)

Now, you must first have a large organizational meeting to kick off the campaign.

DORIAN (cheering up)

Oh, my . . . wouldn't that be something like a party?

IGNATIUS

Yes, in a way. However, it would have to express your purpose.

DORIAN

Then it might be sort of fun . . . you can't imagine how drab, drab, drab the parties have been lately.

IGNATIUS

This is not a party, you ass.

DORIAN (giggling)

Oh, we'll be very serious.

IGNATIUS

Good. Now your first step will be to elect one of your number to some very high office--the presidency, if possible. Then you will infiltrate the military . . . as soldiers you will all be so busy fraternizing with one another, tailoring your uniforms to fit like sausage skins, inventing new and varied battle dress, giving cocktail parties and so on, that there will never be time for battle.

DORIAN (squealing)

Oh, I never thought you'd be such a fun person to know!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (8)

IGNATIUS (rapidly)

The one whom you will make Chief of Staff will want only to attend to his fashionable wardrobe, one which, alternately, will permit him to be either Chief of Staff or debutante, as the desire strikes him.

DORIAN

What a decorating job lies ahead for the party!

IGNATIUS

Then perverts around the world will also band together to capture the military in their respective countries . . . when you have at last overthrown all existing governments, the world will enjoy—not war—but global orgies . . .

DORIAN

I must get some red, white and blue bunting right away . . .

IGNATIUS (very excited)

None of the pederasts in power, of course, will be practical enough to know about such devices as bombs . . . those nuclear weapons will lie rotting in their vaults. From time to time the Chief of Staff, the President, and so on, dressed in sequins and feathers, will entertain the leaders of all the other countries at balls and parties . . . quarrels of any sort could easily be straightened out in the men's room of the redecorated United Nations.

DORIAN (giggling)

Oh, what fun, fun, fun! And what a wild gathering it will be! Gypsy Mother, you are truly fantastic!
(glancing down the alley)

Oh, look, there's Timmy again.

The little sailor is passing on Chartres Street again—this time in the opposite direction. Mancuso is still behind him, busily following by several feet.

DORIAN

Oh, dear! I just thought. Timmy doesn't know about the marvelous policeman. He's been gone. I must go warn him before he . . .

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! That ludicrous law officer will ruin everything! If that deranged sailor is apprehended, the authorities will discover he is an imposter and the political strategy will be undone.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (9)

DORIAN

Oh, yes! That silly Timmy!

IGNATIUS

Now quickly, spirit that clown away! I must go telegram a musky minx about the most enlightened coup in the history of western civilization!

DORIAN (laughing gaily)

Oh, yes, yes! . . . so long, Gypsy Queen! Until we meet again!

Dorian goes skipping after Timmy, turning to wave at Ignatius as he dances down the Alley. Ignatius watches with a look of knowing satisfaction until he disappears. He then waddles toward his hot dog wagon. There in the passageway, he prepares a hot dog and begins to chew it viciously . . .

CUT TO

45 EXT - CHARTRES STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - MID-AFTERNOON

George is lurking in a shaded entrance way. Nervously, he shifts his load of brown-paper packages from arm to arm as he cases the activity on the street. As he looks toward Jackson Square, he sees a very large vendor with a hot dog wagon coming his way.

GEORGE (coming out of the shadows)

Hey, you, fix me a weenie.

IGNATIUS (eyeing him distastefully)

No.

GEORGE

Hey, stop. Gimme one of them.

IGNATIUS

I am sorry. I only have a few frankfurters left and I must save them. Now kindly get out of my way.

GEORGE

Whatsa matter with you? Sell me one of them hot dogs . . . I'm hungry.

IGNATIUS

Are you unnatural enough to want a hot dog at this time of day? My conscience will not let me sell you one. Just look at your loathesome complexion. You are a growing boy whose system needs to be surfeited with vegetables and orange juice and whole wheat bread and spinach and such . . . I, for one, will not contribute to the debauchery of a minor . . .

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Whadda you talkin about?

IGNATIUS

Get away from me, you depraved urchin.

GEORGE

(suddenly lifting one of the wagon's lids)
I bet you got plenty of them things left . . .

IGNATIUS

How dare you touch my craft, you truant!

He pulls out his cutlass and begins to brandish it about. George doesn't respond . . . he is staring into the bun compartment. Slowly, he sets his packages on the wagon.

GEORGE (smoothly)

Say, prof, how'd you like to make a little money?

Ignatius stops winging his cutlass around.

GEORGE (indicating the packages)

See these? These are school supplies . . . and I gotta pick 'em up at lunchtime, but I can't deliver them until after school's closed. You understand? So what I'm looking for is a place to put 'em in the afternoon. This bun compartment would be just right.

IGNATIUS (snorting)

How bogus! . . . You expect me to believe that you are delivering school supplies after school's closed.

George quickly takes a ten dollar bill and sticks it in one of Ignatius' paws.

IGNATIUS (happily)

Money? . . . Thank God . . .

GEORGE

So it's a deal? I can meet you somewhere ever day about one and come back about three?

IGNATIUS

Well, I must see what it is that I am storing . . .

(grabbing one of the packages
and ripping it open)
. . . you're probably selling goof balls to infants.

GEORGE (yelling)

Hey! Stop! You can't open that!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

IGNATIUS

Too bad for you!

(stopping and staring at what looks
like a stack of postcards)

Oh, my God!

CLOSE UP OF PHOTOGRAPH

The photograph that he's seeing is of a nude woman sitting on the edge of a desk next to a globe of the world. Her face is hidden behind a large book. Ignatius looks closer . . . the book title reads Boethius, The Consolation of Philosophy.

IGNATIUS (slobbering)

Do I believe what I am seeing? What brilliance . .
. what taste! Good grief!

GEORGE

Give that back!

IGNATIUS (thundering at George)

Where in the world did you get these? Who is this
brilliant woman? A broken professor of Roman history?
A ruined medievalist?

GEORGE (pleading)

Please let me have it!

IGNATIUS

She is obviously some destitute female intellectual
doing anything for a dollar. Perhaps in the same
situation as I find myself, a seer and a philosopher
cast into a hostile century by forces beyond her
control . . .

(yelling)

Who is she, you little guttersnipe? I must meet her.

GEORGE (surly)

None of your business. Forget the deal . . . just
give me back my package.

IGNATIUS (coolly)

So that's the way it is? Well, I have a friend on
the police force, a sly undercover agent, Patrolman
Mancuso . . .

GEORGE (swallowing)

Mancuso?

IGNATIUS (cunningly)

Yes, he is small and elusive . . . given to many
disguises . . .

(more)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS (Cont'd)

a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, scurrying here and there in his endless search for marauders . . . for a while he chose the covert of a bathroom but is now out on the streets where he remains at my beck and call.

GEORGE (choking)

This is a frame-up!

In a state of total panic, George grabs the packages from the wagon and blindly tears off down the street, looking behind him and dodging pedestrians.

IGNATIUS

Wait! Come back here, you juvenile delinquent! I must find out about this woman!

(muttering)

Filthy little minor . . .

Ignatius puts the porn pic in his pocket and picks up the brown-paper package. Just as he is about to toss it in a trash can, he spies, in tiny writing, an address written on the outside: 601 Bourbon Street. As he rips off the bit of paper with the address and pockets that too, a gleam comes into his huge eyes . . .

DISSOLVE TO

46 INT - NIGHT OF JOY - LATE AFTERNOON

Jones is standing in the middle of the stage hanging Spanish moss on the bird perch. Lana is sitting on the edge of the stage bawling orders at him.

Suddenly, the front door flies open and George comes reeling in. He is breathless, obviously freaked and ranting.

GEORGE (out of control)

I quit!

(slamming the packages on the stage)

Here, you take these suckers . . . I quit!

Jones stops hanging the moss and, holding it mid-air, listens attentively.

LANA (glancing over at Jones)

George! What are you talking about . . . lower your voice!

GEORGE (hot and even louder)

I don't give a shit! There's some sort of frame-up going on . . . I'm through! I'm splitting!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

He turns to leave and Lana grabs him roughly by the arm.

LANA (low and mean)

George! I said stop that! You wait just a minute here . . .

GEORGE (losing it totally)

No, you wait! All I was trying to do was buy a hot dog . . . and then this big, fat crazy vendor in this wierd green hat and a plastic cutlass starts ripping at the packages and . . .

(his voice getting shriller)

. . . then he starts talking about knowing that cop in the bathroom . . .

Jones puts the moss down altogether.

LANA

Dammit, be quiet, you imbecile!

GEORGE (panicky)

It's too hot! I'm gone! I quit! I'm getting outta here.

(wildly at Jones)

What you lookin at, you jailbait?

JONES (smoothly)

I be lookin at da United Fun fallin apart.

George is out the door before Lana can stop him. Furious, she whips around to face Jones, who is lighting a cigarette and grinning broadly.

JONES

Tha right, Miss Lee?

LANA

Get outside, Jones . . . get outside and sweep the street until I tell you to come back . . .

JONES (brightly)

Okay.

CUT TO

47 EXT - NIGHT OF JOY

Jones comes out of the door with a large broom in his hand. As he starts sweeping, he suddenly looks down the street and stops immediately. Coming up the sidewalk is Ignatius, pushing his hot dog wagon and looking at addresses on the buildings. As he moves slowly toward the Night of Joy, he keeps bumping the wagon into obstacles and unfortunate pedestrians. Jones throws down the broom and does a little jig.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JONES (excitedly)

Well, I be damn! De king hisself! Here come de king
in de green cap crown hisself!

Jones trots down the street toward him where Ignatius has stopped.

JONES (calling to him)

Hey, man! Hey! How are you? It's me! Jones!

Ignatius looks up from the piece of paper he has in his hand.

IGNATIUS (genially)

Well, Mr. Jones . . . so we meet again. How have
you been? I hope that mongoloid of a policeman
hasn't been attempting to harrass you for any deeds
undone again . . .

JONES (excitedly)

Naw, naw, man . . . I ain't seen him . . .

Ignatius squats uncomfortably on the side of the curb and painfully rubs
his bloated feet.

IGNATIUS

My God, I believe my feet have simply ceased to
function . . . I think I am perhaps paralyzed.

JONES

Listen, man, I knew you be showing up again someday
and I sure glad to see you . . . I been hearing some
things about you . . .

IGNATIUS

That's not surprising.

JONES

Yeah, I been hearin you been tryina to tell some
color peoples how to change they lives . . .

IGNATIUS (looking up from his feet)

How do you know about that?

JONES

I hear peoples talkin about it.

IGNATIUS (interestedly)

You did? Ah, well, I hardly suspected I had become
a legend . . . perhaps a martyr of sorts. No doubt
I will be remembered for tempting fate.

JONES

I don know, man . . . but I wants to tell you right
now tha I think you was right.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

JONES (Cont'd)

You was tellin people how to improve theyselves and they wouldna listen . . .

IGNATIUS

People never do . . . since the beginning of time, it has all been a matter of communication and, at this moment, there seems to be little or none. I can speak out but I can't make people listen or show them where to look. We are hurtling into the heart of darkness, Mr. Jones . . .

JONES (sitting down beside him)

Yeah, I guess tha wha you mean when you say there ain't no point . . .

Ignatius looks at Jones, his huge eyes staring at him intently.

JONES (continuing thoughtfully)

But you know, I don believe tha . . . I believes there got to be a point . . . I jus don know wha it is . . .

Ignatius' eyes grow even larger. He is getting very excited.

IGNATIUS

Good grief, a breakthrough! You see, Mr. Jones, you don't have to know what it is right now . . . the point is that there is a point! And the problem is that most people in the world, because they think like they think and do what they do, will never get it!

(even more excited)

There is a point! There always has been and there always will be! And, if ever once, this abysmal world would think about it, the possibilities of knowledge and peace and understanding are infinite . . .

(smiling at Jones)

. . . however, you know it, Mr. Jones, and that's a start . . . I predict you will go far . . .

JONES

Yeah, well, I wish I could jus figure out a way to git outta that mutha cathouse and git on with whatever my point is . . .

They sit in silence for a moment, then Ignatius looks at the piece of paper again.

IGNATIUS

By the way, Mr. Jones, I am looking for this address . . . it should be someplace on this fowl street.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

He hands Jones the little piece of brown paper with Jones' handwriting on it. Jones looks at it incredulously for a moment and then begins to shout.

JONES

Oh, my Lawd! I knew it! I knew sumpin be happenin
. . . and Lawd, it's bout to happen now!

IGNATIUS

Now, listen, this is important! Where is this place?
I am here to rescue a damsel in distress.

Jones jumps up and helps Ignatius to his feet and hurries him the few doors to the bar.

JONES

Come on, man, I show you . . . you know it anyway
. . . it's the Night of Joy . . .

Ignatius stops dead still in front of the glass display case below the neon Night of Joy sign. Framed in a tasteless array of plastic magnolias and wilted cotton bolls is a poster.

CLOSE UP OF POSTER

ROBERTA E. LEE

presents

HARLETT O'HARA

The Virgin-ny Belle

(and pet)

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God, I have been spun full circle.

Jones is grinning and jumping around excitedly.

JONES

So where you fin tha piece of paper, man? How come
you lookin for this place?

Ignatius motions Jones aside and pulls out the porn pic from his pocket.

IGNATIUS (showing it to Jones)

I've come to find out about this . . .

JONES (staring at the picture)

Oh, my Lawd! Look at tha . . . just look at tha!
Ooo-wee! I knowed it all along! I knowed sumpin like
this was goin on!

Ignatius looks back at the display case.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

IGNATIUS (to himself)

Harlett O'Hara? And a pet? Good grief! And working
in this wretched place . . . it must be her . . .

(to Jones)

Now, listen, I must find this paragon . . . how can
I meet this kindred spirit?

JONES (confused)

Who you talkin bout, man? What spirit?

IGNATIUS

Never mind . . . just how can I see Miss Harlett
O'Hara?

JONES

You can meet anybody you want tomorrow night, opening
night for Miss Harlett O'Hara . . . they all be here
. . . ball eagle too! Show star at 8:00 sharp. But
listen, man, how come . . .

Just then the door to the Night of Joy flies open and Lana Lee looks out
into the street. She sees Ignatius.

LANA LEE (shouting)

Hey, you! What are you doing hanging around in front
of my business?

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! The Nazi proprietress!

LANA LEE

What are you doing, Jones, talking to this idiot or
what? I'll give you about two seconds to chase this
character away or I'll . . .

JONES

Sorry. Bouncer wage star at fifty dollar a week.

LANA LEE

(screaming)

I swear, Jones, I'll call the cops . . .

IGNATIUS

Oh, honestly . . . I'm leaving. I shall never make
the mistake of even passing by this miserable pigsty
again . . .

LANA LEE

Good!

Ignatius winks conspiratorily at Jones and waddles off. Lana Lee watches
him for a moment and then slams the door with a huge bang . . .

48 EXT - REILLY HOUSE FRONT PORCH - MID-DAY

Ignatius is quietly closing the front door to the house. He is dressed in his white vendor's smock along with the pirate's finery. Softly, Ignatius closes the shutters and with a sigh of relief that he has escaped unnoticed, he turns to walk down to the street and runs straight into Gus Levy who is standing there at the foot of the steps. Levy looks as if he is on the verge of some sort of fit. Ignatius jumps when he sees him.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God!

MR. LEVY

(out of control)

All right, I've found you, you fat bastard! You've tried to ruin me and, I swear, you're going to pay! You're going to jail!

IGNATIUS

Yes, well, I am waiting for my taxi . . . I am late for work as it is . . .

MR. LEVY

(shaking with fury)

Why you . . . you . . . I'm about to be sued and you . . . you big . . . you're the cause of it!

IGNATIUS

I? I rather doubt it . . .

Gus Levy pulls out two letters from his jacket and shoves them in Ignatius' face.

MR. LEVY

(very sarcastically)

Well, then you just read these . . . you just read these letters and then try and tell me you didn't write that first one and forge my name. Forgery, you big ape . . . forgery . . . you're going to jail!

While Ignatius is looking at the letters, the shutters in the house next door suddenly begin to flap up and down madly. Mr. Levy turns to see what is going on. The shutters stop. As he leans closer, he suddenly jumps back . . . two eyes, about three feet away from him behind the shutters, are staring directly into his . . .

MR. LEVY

(annoyed at being startled)

Oh, for Chrissakes . . .

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS

(finishing the letters)

Good grief! I never thought an apathetic business concern like Abelman would respond in such a reactionary way. Congratulations, Mr. Levy. Perhaps there is something to the idea of implementing force before reason after all . . .

MR. LEVY

(almost choking)

What are you talking about? Congratulations? You wrote that letter! Now admit it, before I call in the police!

Ignatius looks at Levy very steadily . . . watching rage take over the usual insolent facade.

IGNATIUS

Oh no, sir, you wrote it.

(a pause)

You've simply forgotten. Your arrogance has confused you . . . taken its toll, as it were.

MR. LEVY

(yelling)

I wrote it? What the hell . . . you wrote it and you know it! You should have been locked up a long time ago . . .

IGNATIUS

(continuing as if he hadn't heard)

Besides, what's a mere \$500,000 to a tyrant like you . . .

MR. LEVY

You'll never get away with this!

IGNATIUS

Ah, but I will, Mr. Levy . . . I'm an eye-witness.

Mr. Levy grabs the letters out of Ignatius' huge paws and starts down toward his car, screaming the entire way.

MR. LEVY

You'll never get away with this! I'll be back! You mark my words! I'll be back! You did it and you know it and I'm going to prove it!

IGNATIUS (staring at him)

Not guilty, sir . . . by reason of sanity. Now run along, why don't you. You look as if you could use a little rest . . . you appear to be a bit apoplectic . . .

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

Ignatius watches him peel away in a frenzy. Still no taxi. He opens the shutters to go back inside and there is his mother behind them. She has been listening.

MRS. REILLY (furiously)

What that man saying to you, Ignatius? What kind of letter? What's he mean, you could go to jail for forgery? What you done now, boy?

IGNATIUS (trying to get by her)

Excuse me, please, I must go call my taxi . . . it appears that they have forgotten me . . .

MRS. REILLY

Taxi? Where you getting money for a taxi?

(looking at his earring and cutlass)

Ignatius! What you got on?

(hysterically)

Get in this house! I ain't fooling this time! You can't disgrace me like this.

IGNATIUS

Mother! Control yourself!

MRS. REILLY (slyly)

Ignatius, you sure you not communiss?

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

Oh, my God! Every day I am subjected to a McCarthyite witchhunt in this crumbling building. No! I told you before . . . I am not a fellow traveler. What in the world has put that into your head?

MRS. REILLY

Claude says they got plenty communiss in them colleges . . .

IGNATIUS (thundering)

That drooling old man! That aged fascist! Clarify your relationship with that Claude roue immediately!

MRS. REILLY

Don't you talk about Claude like that, boy! He's a good, decent man . . . he's been courting me and wants to marry me! And I'll do it if I want to. You can't stop me. Not now!

IGNATIUS (covering his ears)

I won't listen to this!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, you getting worse and worse every day.

(looking at him intently)

. . . don't you think you'd be happy if you went and took you a little rest at the Charridy?

IGNATIUS (raging in disbelief)

What? Are you referring to the psychiatric ward by any chance? Do you think that I am insane? Do you suppose that some stupid psychiatrist could even attempt to fathom the workings of my psyche?

MRS. REILLY (persuasively)

You could just rest, honey. You could write some stuff in your little copybooks . . .

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

No! They would try to make me into a moron who likes television and new cars and canned food. Don't you understand? Psychiatry is worse than communism!

MRS. REILLY

But, Ignatius, they help out lotsa people got problems.

IGNATIUS (out of control)

Do you think that I have a problem? The only problem that those people have anyway is that they don't like split-levels or hair sprays. That's why they are put away. They make society fearful . . . every asylum in this nation is filled with poor souls who simply cannot stand lanolin, cellophane, plastic, polyester and subdivisions!

MRS. REILLY

But, Ignatius . . .

IGNATIUS

No! No! No! In this world, I am only limited physically . . . in a mental ward they would tamper with my worldview and my mind . . . my very soul!

VOICE OF MISS ANNIE

(from behind her shutters)

Aw, shut the hell up over there!

Suddenly there is the shrill blowing of a postman's whistle.

POSTMAN

Got a Special Delivery here for Ignatius J. Reilly.

IGNATIUS

I am Mr. Reilly . . .

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. REILLY

No, you wait a minute, boy! I ain't through with you. Where you say you getting money for that taxi? You got some in that big uniform?

She reaches in his pocket and pulls out the porno pic and a \$10 bill.

MRS. REILLY (barely breathing)

Ignatius!

IGNATIUS

(grabbing the picture and money)
Give that to me! How dare you besmirch that magnificent image!

POSTMAN (standing helplessly)

You want me to come up there, pal?

MRS. REILLY (beginning to cry)

I knew something like this was gonna happen . . .

IGNATIUS (pocketing the photograph)

This is a brilliant, misused woman. Speak of her with respect and reverence!

MRS. REILLY (wailing openly)

I don't wanna speak at all . . . I can't take it no more, Ignatius, I can't . . .

She goes into the house. Ignatius waddles toward the postman who is half-way up the steps to the porch. He signs for the letter and the postman leaves. Standing there, Ignatius rips open the envelope. As he begins reading the letter, a VOICE begins.

VOICE OF MYRNA

Did you really send me this telegram, Ignatius?
MYRNA FORM PEACE PARTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE
NORTHEASTERN ZONE AT ONCE STOP ORGANIZE AT EVERY
LEVEL STOP RECRUIT SODOMITES ONLY STOP SEX IN
POLITICS STOP DETAILS WILL FOLLOW STOP IGNATIUS

IGNATIUS (to himself)

Oh, my goodness! She must be beside herself!

A horn HONKS in the street. It is the taxi. ORIGINAL MUSIC BEGINS. Happily, Ignatius lumbers down the steps and climbs in.

49 EXT - MOVING CAB

The VOICE OF MYRNA continues as the taxi speeds through New Orleans . . . downtown toward the Quarter. The shot pulls up for an aerial view as it follows the moving cab.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

VOICE OF MYRNA

What does this mean, Ignatius? Do you really want me to recruit fags? Who wants to be a registered sodomite? Ignatius, I am very worried.

The taxi speeds along St. Charles.

VOICE OF MYRNA

I could tell you were going to flip sooner or later and now it's happened. Please leave that decaying city and come north . . . you must have therapy soon or you will become a screaming queen!

The taxi continues.

VOICE OF MYRNA

The lecture has failed, Ignatius. It went right over the people's heads . . . we must speak about what to do next with the Divine Right Party. Please let's go back to that instead of this sodomite plan . . . it doesn't sound very practical at all. In addition, I think it is only a dangerous manifestation of your declining mental health. I need immediate communication from you, Ignatius. I am very, very worried.

M. MINKOFF

The taxi pulls up in front of Paradise Vendors. The MUSIC ENDS . . .

VOICE OF IGNATIUS

How dare she criticize what she doesn't understand!

Ignatius gets out of the taxi and with his smock billowing around him, he disappears through the darkened door . . .

50 INT - REILLY HOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Reilly is sitting at the kitchen table slugging wine from a bottle of muscatel. She is getting drunk and maudlin. Her red eyes show that she has been weeping a great deal.

With a sigh, she takes another slug. Then, with a very determined look on her face, she picks up the telephone and dials a number.

MRS. REILLY (hiccupping slightly)

Angelo, I hadda call you, honey . . . I know it's your day off, but, babe, your Aunt Santa was right . . . Ignatius is crazy . . . even if I gotta say it myself, my own child is out of his mind . . .

There is some buzzing from the other end.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

Lord, Angelo, he's running around in the streets like a Mardi Gras . . . in a costume like a pirate or sumpin and now he's got some dirty picture I can't even tell you what it is . . . he's gone crazy.

More buzzing.

MRS. REILLY

. . . yeah, the hot dog place . . . he'd go there first, I guess . . . but you gotta find him, Angelo . . . we gotta get him locked up for his own sake . . . ya need to follow him, Angelo, before he gets into more trouble . . . we got to get him to the Charridy . . . yeah, babe, I be here . . .

She hangs up the telephone, wipes another tear from her eye and takes another long slug from the bottle.

CUT TO

51 INT - LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Levy, Gonzalez and Miss Trixie are all in the office. Gonzalez is pacing the floor, Miss Trixie is napping and Mrs. Levy is brushing Miss Trixie's old white head with a hairbrush.

GONZALEZ (nervously)

Oh, dear, I hope everything is going to be all right . . . I just know Mr. Levy blames me for everything . . . \$500,000 . . . oh, my . . .

Mrs. Levy looks up coolly.

MRS. LEVY

I wouldn't worry about it, Gonzalez . . . one way or the other . . .

GONZALEZ

But, Mrs. Levy . . .

The door suddenly opens and Mr. Levy walks in. There has been a remarkable change in him . . . he's extremely calm and collected . . . and he has resumed his cocky, arrogant attitude.

MR. LEVY

Hello, people.

MRS. LEVY

Well, look who's back. Have you solved your case?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

GONZALEZ (rushing over)
 Oh, Mr. Levy, what happened? Everything okay? Mr. Reilly admitted to writing that . . . that . . .

MR. LEVY (cockily)
 New-ew . . . new ew . . . as a matter of fact he didn't . . .

(looking at his wife with distaste)
 By the way, I don't think I've ever told you, but you've made me nauseous for years watching you fool around with that old bag . . .

Mrs. Levy stops brushing Miss Trixie's hair and sits back.

MRS. LEVY (smiling)
 Well, suddenly, you're very smug, Gus . . . just what are you planning?

MR. LEVY
 Well, Mrs. Levy, I'll tell you . . .

He walks over to Gonzalez's desk, sits down and crosses his legs on top of it.

MR. LEVY
 . . . a couple of months ago, I had an offer to sell this place . . . the building, the land, the factory, the business, the works. And I've just made the decision to do it.
 (chuckling insolently)
 Yes, my dear, it's all over . . . for you . . .
 (looking at Gonzalez)
 . . . and you . . .
 (indicating Miss Trixie)
 . . . and that daffy duck over there . . . yep, I'm selling out and, as far as I'm concerned, you can do what you want. As long as it doesn't cost you any money of course . . . because, Mrs. Levy, you're not going to have any! And, I'm getting out of here . . . as they say, "So long, I'm gone."

Mrs. Levy is still smiling while Gonzalez looks like a puppy that someone just smacked in the nose.

MRS. LEVY
 Oh, Gus . . . oh, Gus, Gus, Gus. You're sad, sad, sad . . .
 (she stands up)
 Not to mention the fact that you are wrong, wrong, wrong . . .

MR. LEVY (cocks an eyebrow at her)
 What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. LEVY (walking around the room)
Well, Mr. Levy, you should have been much nicer to your father and much much nicer to his attorney. It's all in my name, Gus . . . all these years and you never bothered to look.

(cheerily)

As a matter of fact, I have majority ownership of the stock and that gives me the right to fire you.

She walks over to him and leans right down in his face.

MRS. LEVY

So guess what, Gus? You re fired!

Mr. Levy takes his legs off of Gonzalez's desk and gets the same look on his face as when he first saw Ignatius.

MR. LEVY

What? What are you saying?

MRS. LEVY

Oh, it's all there, Gus . . . check it out . . . every bit of it . . . signed, sealed and . . .

Mr. Levy suddenly turns purple with anger and begins sputtering.

MR. LEVY

You can't get away with this! And even if you could, you've still got a \$500,000 law-suit on top of you!

MRS. LEVY (inspecting her fingernails)

You know, frankly, Gus, I don't know how you've made it this far. Don't you know that libel is a personal suit . . . Abelman is all yours!

While her husband stares at her in horror, she walks over to where Miss Trixie is sleeping.

MRS. LEVY

And as for you, Miss Trixie . . .
(the old white head doesn't move)
. . . Miss Trixie! Miss Trixie!

MISS TRIXIE (automatically babbling)

Who?

MRS. LEVY (bending down)

Now listen to me, Miss Trixie, we're going to retire you. With a raise . . . do you understand?

MISS TRIXIE (wheezing)

Retirement? . . . oh, thank goodness . . .

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

Mrs. Levy turns to Gonzalez who, with quivering lips, is staring at Mr. Levy.

MRS. LEVY

Now, come here, Gonzalez . . . pull yourself together. You know more about Levy Pants than anybody so don't think you're going anywhere . . . besides you've always been loyal beyond the call of duty . . .

Gonzalez scurries over to her like a small child.

MRS. LEVY

Let's go talk to the factory workers . . . see what we can do in there. Maybe that letter was right, we could make shorts . . .

(laughing)

. . . what do you think? Levy Shorts . . .

As they disappear into the factory, Mr. Levy begins to rant around out of control. He is throwing things and yelling incoherently. Suddenly, Miss Trixie lifts her head and slams her fists down on her desk.

MISS TRIXIE

Quiet! Get out of here! I must say you are a nuisance. You've driven me crazy these last years . . . now go get me that Easter ham! I want that ham right now!

MR. LEVY (turning viciously on her)

Why you senile old idiot! I've had about enough of you!

(coming toward her)

I'd like to shake those \$500 teeth right out of your babbling old head!

As Mr. Levy lunges for her, the teeth suddenly begin clacking like castanets . . . then, as he comes within range, Miss Trixie, with a great retaliatory snarl, sinks the teeth straight into one of the hands that are attacking her . . .

EXT - BOURBON STREET/NIGHT OF JOY - EVENING

Ignatius is lumbering as quickly as he can down Bourbon Street . . . behind him is a MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER in a silk suit and a homburg who keeps ducking in and out of the shadows. When Ignatius moves, the homburg moves . . . when Ignatius stops, the homburg stops . . .

As Ignatius gets closer to the Night of Joy, a BARKER'S calls become louder and more distinct, punctuated by occasional blasts on his whistle. It is Jones . . . in tails and a stovepipe hat that rests at an angle above his dark glasses.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

People appear to be trying to get past Jones as quickly as possible.

JONES (calling)

Hey! All you peoples draggin along there! Stop and
 come stick yo ass on a Night o Joy stool! Whoa!
 See Miss Harla O'Horror dancin with her pet.
 Guarantee one hunner percent real plantation dancin
 . . . ever mutha drink got a guarantee knockout drop!
 Hey! Nobody never see nuthin like Miss Harla
 O'Horror Old South pet dancin!

Ignatius plows through the people to get to Jones. Jones, in turn, sees him coming and his "barking" trails off . . .

JONES (excitedly)

Ooo-wee! You here . . . you here!

IGNATIUS (breathlessly)

Has the performance begun yet? I'm not late, am I?

JONES

Naw, you ain't late . . . not that you be missin much
 even if you was . . .

Ignatius stands there trying to get his breath.

JONES (curiously)

Man, I still don know why you wants to . . .

IGNATIUS

Ours is not to reason why, Mr. Jones . . . I am on
 a mission to save a seer . . . together, we might
 possibly change at least a small portion of history's
 present disaster course . . . now I haven't time
 to chat . . .

JONES

Well, okay, I be believin you! You go get yourself
 inside and get you a ringside seat . . .

Jones propels Ignatius rapidly through the padded door.

JONES

I don know what's happening . . . but I'd say de
 party is bout to star now!

52 INT - NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

Ignatius stumbles into the Night of Joy, his smock swirling. He wades through a few eager traveling salesmen and is almost knocked down by a tourist and his horrified wife as they head rapidly for the door. He notices the goofy character seated at the bar . . . this time he has on a pair of "deedly boppers" and a flashing bow-tie.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

He is howling with laughter at everything. Beside him is the insane-looking man who is again having a busy conversation with his drink. There are several obvious hookers standing around and a handful of empty-eyed old men scattered about. Ignatius seats himself at one of the small tables directly beneath the stage, where his hat looks like a solitary green footlight.

Ignatius looks over at the bar to try to attract some sort of service and catches the eye of the bartender, who pretends not to see him. He then makes eye contact with a WOMAN, a forty-ish Latin, who is leaning against the bar. She comes over to his table.

LATIN WOMAN (with a terrifying leer)
You wanna drink, Chico?

Some halitosis filters over Ignatius. He rips the scarf from his cap and shields his nostrils with it.

IGNATIUS (in a muffled voice)
Thank you, yes. A Dr. Nut, if you please. And be certain that it's frosty cold.

LATIN WOMAN (shrugging)
I see what we have . . .

She clomps back over to the bar in her straw sandals while Ignatius watches a variety of gestures going on between the bartender and the woman, most of which are directed at him.

In a few minutes, she clops back with two bottles of champagne and two glasses. She slams the tray down on the table.

LATIN WOMAN
No coke. No pepsi. No nawtheen. Only champagne.

The woman leans toward Ignatius and extends a hand toward his shoulder. Again the breath wafts toward him as he pulls back in revulsion.

IGNATIUS (bellowing through his scarf)
Don't you dare touch me! And get away from my table.

LATIN WOMAN
Ave Maria! Que pato! Oye, loco, you are . . .

As the MUSIC BEGINS, the lights go on and suddenly, not two feet in front of Ignatius, stands Lana Lee, on stage, in gold lame overalls.

IGNATIUS (sputtering)
Oh, my God!

He crouches down against the side of the stage almost under the table.

LANA LEE
Welcome, ladies and genitals.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

The Latin woman sticks her head under the table to find Ignatius.

LATIN WOMAN

You are pay me now.

IGNATIUS (hissing)

Get away, you lout!

Lana Lee is screaming over the blaring music.

LANA LEE

And now that pure Virgin-ny Belle, Miss Harlett
O'Hara!!!

Ignatius peeks over the rim of the stage and sees a stand decorated with moss. Then, in a great flurry, Darlene comes sweeping out onstage in a ball gown that trails yards of nylon net. On her head is a monstrous picture hat and on her arm, the monstrous bird. Someone claps feebly as the cockatoo makes a hideous noise.

DARLENE (very carefully to the bird)

There sure was plenty balls at that ball, but I still
got my honor.

Ignatius, unable to contain himself any longer, sits straight up in his seat and bellows.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! Is this cretin Harlett O'Hara?

The beads of the cockatoo's eyes focus on something . . . it is the bright, gold hoop earring hanging from Ignatius's ear.

With a great squawk, it suddenly flaps furiously from Darlene's arm and makes a dash for Ignatius' head and the dangling prize.

Before anyone can move, the bird sinks its claws into the white smock covering Ignatius' big shoulder and snags the earring with its beak. There it stays.

Suddenly all hell breaks loose. Ignatius is floundering around the room, knocking tables, champagne and glasses everywhere. The salesmen and old men get out of the way, Lana Lee is on stage screaming, the music has stopped and Darlene is jumping up and down. Meanwhile, Ignatius is running around making moose calls and beating at the mass of feathers welded to his ear and shoulder. Terrorized, he knocks over another table as he and the cockatoo lurch for the door.

Then, just before Ignatius bounces through the door, the earring loosens and the cockatoo falls from his shoulder, the bright gold hoop held firmly in its beak.

CUT TO

53 EXT - BOURBON STREET/NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

Blindly, clutching his bleeding ear, Ignatius flies out of the bar and trips into the street, straight into the path of an oncoming Desire Street bus. As Ignatius falls, Jones in a lightning move leaps into the street and grabs the white smock, pulling Ignatius backward. Ignatius lands in a heap in the gutter, hitting his head on the curb. The bus rumbles past, an inch or two from his desert boots.

Suddenly, the street is filled with people . . . everyone is crowded around the mammoth white mound lying on the ground. The Desire Street bus has stopped a few feet down the road, blocking traffic while its passengers come spilling out to see what is going on. Lana Lee is standing over the mountain of white.

LANA LEE (hopefully)
Is he dead?

JONES (worried)
Hey, wake up, man.

From an alleyway, the mysterious man in the silk suit and homburg quietly makes his way to Ignatius.

MAN IN HOMBURG
Let me take a look at him.

He bends over and listens to Ignatius' heart. The kettledrum of a beat tells him that life still breathes within the yards of white smock.

MAN IN HOMBURG
He's okay. He's just knocked out. Everybody get back. Give him air.

WOMAN IN CROWD
I'll go call an ambulance.

Lana Lee and Darlene are in front of the group. The cockatoo is again on Darlene's arm, the earring dangling from its beak like a golden worm. Lana Lee is livid.

DARLENE
Where he come from? What we gonna do, Lana?

LANA LEE (angrily)
Nothing. Let that character lay there till the street sweeper comes.

(turning to the crowd)
Well, folks, now that you're all here, how's about coming into the Night of Joy? Come on in and enjoy a good drink.

The crowd continues to stare at the mound of white, which is very still. Lana takes a "professional" look around the group . . . and with a decided slink, she begins to hustle. Jones is watching attentively.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

Lana moves through the crowd encouraging people to come inside the Night of Joy. Nobody is interested, however . . . the accident and the street scene are much more exciting . . . exasperated, Lana puts her hand in her pocket and slides up to the nearest man . . . a small Chinaman with a paper umbrella in his hat.

She smiles at the Chinaman and then taking her hand out of her pocket, she flashes a picture for him to see.

LANA (whispering)

You look like you could use some fun . . . how'd you like to spend the night with that?

Jones, who is still watching, immediately realizes what is going on and puts his whistle to his mouth. There is a sharp, short blast. Lana jerks her head around at the same time the mysterious man in the homburg looks sharply up. Jones stares upward into the night as the Chinaman bobs up and down several times, smiling and bowing and obviously understanding nothing.

The man in the homburg moves quietly toward Lana. As he gets close to her, she studies him carefully. He smiles at her.

LANA (getting close to him)

Hey, baby, you look like you could use some fun.

The man in the homburg is very still while she whispers seductively.

LANA (flashing the picture)

Take a look at this, baby . . . how'd you like to spend the night with that?

The man looks at the photograph of the woman, the book and the globe and clears his throat.

MAN IN HOMBURG

I'm Patrolman Mancuso. Undercover agent. You're under arrest for soliciting and for possession of pornography.

As Jones sees Lana flash the picture again, he suddenly begins to blow wildly on the whistle, giving the universal police call . . . three long blasts. And then three more blasts and three more and over and over until someone touches him on the arm. Jones stops blowing and opens his eyes. It is the man in the homburg.

Jones looks at him in disbelief as they both recognize each other. Then, as he takes a glance around, he sees that the entire area is swarming with the Quarter police . . . a hand-cuffed and livid Lana Lee is standing in the middle of a group of the uniforms.

JONES

Well, I be dammed . . . ain tha sumpin!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

MANCUSO

You did good work . . . I never would have known she was soliciting if you hadn't tipped me off with that first whistle . . .

JONES

Listen, man, I think they more than jus a hustle happenin with tha woman . . . come here, I show you.

As Jones and Mancuso disappear into the Night of Joy, the scene in the street is getting wilder. The regulars from the Quarter have arrived . . . street musicians, black kids "buck-dancing," artists and assorted eccentrics, all making a party out of the gathering. Throngs of tourists are rubber-necking through the crowd trying to get a glimpse of the mound of white which is now beginning to make little involuntary movements like a dog having a cat chasing dream. It is turning into something of a mob when the bright, rotating lights of a squad car come zooming up Bourbon Street . . . closely followed by two more police cars.

Mancuso and Jones are just coming out of the Night of Joy as the sergeant jumps out of the first squad car and rushes over to them. Mancuso is carrying a load of brown-paper packages and Jones has, in his arms, a globe of the world and a large leather bound book.

As the sergeant, Mancuso and Jones converse furiously, an "action news" van comes screaming up from the other direction on Bourbon Street. Almost before the van has stopped, the "team"—a camera man and a TV reporter—are out and "on the scene." The reporter races over to the sergeant, Mancuso and Jones and speaks with them quickly. Then lights go on, cameras roll and the reporter begins his rap. They are standing under the neon Night of Joy sign and directly over the white mound on the street.

REPORTER

Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, live on Bourbon Street . . . and what a night it is. A hot dog vendor has been attacked by a bird in the Night of Joy bar and then almost killed by a Desire Street bus. But, he was saved by the porter of the bar who then, with an undercover agent, literally blew the whistle on what could be one of the biggest police cases of the year . . . we have Police Sergeant Jackson here to tell us about it.

(turning to the sergeant)

Well, Sergeant, what is this all about?

SERGEANT

From the evidence uncovered by my agent, Patrolman Mancuso, we think this is the high school pornography ring that has plagued our city's

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

SERGEANT

chirren for the past eighteen months . . . the worst pornography ring we have ever had to deal with. I think we just broke the case . . .

REPORTER

Patrolman Mancuso, would you step up here and tell us how you staged this raid?

MANCUSO

Well, I was following a lead . . . but the main break came from this man over here. He was the one who "marked" the Lee woman, tipped me off . . . and then led me to the evidence inside the Night of Joy. That man is as responsible as anyone for exposing these criminals.

Jones is standing over by the mound of white, staring down at him with a worried look on his face.

REPORTER (turning to Jones)

Sir . . . could you step over this way, please.

Jones looks up, slightly startled. The camera man nods to him and he steps slowly out of the shadows and into the bright light of the TV news camera.

REPORTER

Patrolman Mancuso here says that you are basically responsible for breaking what could be the worst pornography ring the city's had in years . . . what is your name?

Jones looks at the reporter and then at the camera. Then, with a big grin, he takes off his dark glasses for the first time . . . his eyes are bright and shining.

JONES

(beaming straight into the camera)

The name's Jones . . . Burma Jones . . .

The focus changes as the interview continues in the background and Darlene begins acting for the camera man . . . striking a number of exotic poses. Lana is screaming insults at several of the policemen and the sergeant is clapping Mancuso on the back and pumping his right hand proudly. As the interview with Jones ends, the reporter "winds it up."

REPORTER

And there you have it, ladies and gentlemen, a concerned citizen who took it upon himself to act. Isn't it nice to know, that in this topsy-turvy world, there is someone who cares . . .

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (4)

With these last words, the gigantic mound of white on the ground begins to come to life . . . wheezing and snorting volcanically . . .

DISSOLVE TO

54 INT - REILLY HOUSE/IGNATIUS BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Ignatius is in his room, napping fitfully. There is a bandage on his head and another on his ear. The door opens softly and Mrs. Reilly comes in, wearing her coat and hat. She stands over his bed, looking sadly down at his bandages and his fat, gray face . . . Ignatius pretends he is asleep.

MRS. REILLY (softly and emotionally)

Oh, Ignatius, honey, you was right . . . you can't go to work . . . I shoulda known that. I shoulda tried to get that debt paid off some other way.

(wiping at some tears)

Aw, dawlin, I'm sorry it all had to end like this.

Ignatius cocks an eye open at this last remark.

MRS. REILLY

You are my only child . . .

Ignatius sits up in bed.

IGNATIUS (suspiciously)

What do all of these lachrymose cliches mean? What are you talking about?

MRS. REILLY

. . . now kiss me, honey . . .

IGNATIUS

Where are you going? To meet that drooling fascist?

(a beat)

Mother, answer me! Why are you suddenly pleasant?

MRS. REILLY

Now come on, son, kiss me goodbye . . . and don't answer the phone if it rings . . . I'm gonna take care of you.

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

Oh, my God! Now I'm really in trouble. Tell me where you're going!

MRS. REILLY

Stay inside and don't answer the phone.

IGNATIUS

(his eyes flash with fright)

Why? What is this?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MRS. REILLY

You won't have to worry about anything, son . . .
I'm gonna fix you up. Just remember your poor mama's
got your welfare at heart . . .

IGNATIUS

That's what I'm afraid of.

Mrs. Reilly leans over, embracing Ignatius and kissing him on his wet
moustache.

MRS. REILLY

Don't ever be mad at me, honey . . . and you wait
and see . . . this little rest is gonna be good for
you.

IGNATIUS

Wait a minute . . . something is going on here. What
is the reason for this emotional farewell? What is
this note of finality creeping into your voice?

(suddenly exploding)

What do you mean a "little rest?"

MRS. REILLY

(turning and running for the front door)

I'm sorry I run into that building, Ignatius. I love
you.

The shutters slam behind her. Ignatius heaves himself up and stumbles
to the door.

IGNATIUS

Wait! Mother, come back here!
(ripping the shutters open)
Mother! Come back! Please!

55 EXT - REILLY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Ignatius bursts out on the front porch just in time to see his mother
climb into a car with Claude. He stares after the car, helplessly
watching it leave. Then, as he turns to go back into the house, he
suddenly stops cold . . . his eyes grow huge with panic.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! She's talking about Charity Hospital!

CUT TO

56 EXT - CHARITY HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Three men in white coats come out of the emergency area and climb into an ambulance. The engine starts and it pulls off the emergency ramp, its red lights flashing around on top.

CUT TO

57 INT - REILLY HOUSE/IGNATIUS' ROOM - DUSK

Ignatius is waddling around in his little room like a sitting, panicked duck. He frantically tears open his wallet. It is empty. Big Chief tablets start flying everywhere as he scrounges for any coins on the floor. There are a few underneath the bed. Suddenly, the red flannel nightshirt goes sailing up in the air and hangs on the milk glass chandelier, casting an eerie hue over the room. Ignatius then leaps, as well as he can, into his tweed trousers which will barely button at the waist. Blindly, he jams his toes into his desert boots and puts on his shirt, cap and overcoat.

In a frenzy he pulls an old valise from under the bed. Then, like a dog digging for a bone, he frantically paws through a pile of yellowed drawers, throwing them up in an arc behind him. He finds his yo-yo, which he flings into the bag along with his Shirley Temple mug and the Mickey Mouse clock. Then, in great sweeping motions, he gathers up the multitude of Big Chief tablets and stuffs them in too. He slams the valise shut.

CUT TO

58 EXT - ST. CHARLES AVENUE - DUSK

The ambulance, with its lights flashing, speeds Uptown.

CUT TO

59 INT - REILLY HOUSE - HALLWAY

Ignatius comes flying through his bedroom door into the hallway, running madly. Then, just as he reaches the front door and grabs for the shutters, there are THREE LOUD KNOCKS.

Ignatius freezes. He stops breathing. There is another loud knock as he leans up against the wall in a near swoon. Then he hears a flat, direct, slightly hostile VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(O.S.)

Ignatius, are you in that dump?

It is Myrna. Disbelief spreads over Ignatius face.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! Fortuna has flushed Myrna from a subway tube and saved me from a straight-jacket!

MYRNA (O.S.)

Listen, I can tell there somebody in there . . . open up these crummy shutters.

EXT - REILLY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DUSK

Ignatius tears at the shutters and pushes them open.

IGNATIUS

Yes, yes, I'm here! Thank Fortuna you've come!

On the porch is Myrna, squinting at him. Her earrings reflect the rays of the streetlight like tinkling glass Chinese ornaments. She has the guitar slung over her shoulder.

MYRNA

Jesus . . . you look terrible . . . what's happened, Ignatius?

IGNATIUS (slobbering)

A total misperception.

He snatches at her pigtail and presses it to his wet moustache, kissing it vigorously.

IGNATIUS

Your new hairdo is fascinating and cosmopolitan, my minx. The scent of soot and carbon in your hair excites me with suggestions of glamorous Gotham . . . we must leave immediately . . . I must go flower in Manhattan. I'm packed and ready. Let's go!

MYRNA

Oh, Ig, are you kidding? I'm so happy!

IGNATIUS

Quickly, my little lily. To a motel. My natural impulses are screaming for release.

(a beat)

Do you have any money with you?

Myrna grabs the soggy pigtail from Ignatius paws and throws it over her shoulder onto the guitar where it lands with a twang.

MYRNA (angrily)

Don't put me on.

Then she peers at him with a worried look.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

MYRNA

Look, Ignatius. I'm beat. I've been on the road since nine o'clock yesterday morning. As soon as I mailed you that letter about the Peace Party routine, I said to myself, "Myrna. Listen, this guy needs more than just a letter. He needs your help." I came out of the post office and got in my car and just started driving. All night . . . straight . . . I mean, the more I thought about that telegram, the more upset I got.

IGNATIUS (nervously)

I don't blame you. It was insane . . . a deranged fantasy . . . now we must leave. I can't stand this house another minute.

Ignatius tries to drag her off the porch.

CUT TO

60 EXT. - ST. CHARLES AVENUE - DUSK

The ambulance is racing along St. Charles, moving through the traffic.

CUT TO

61 EXT - REILLY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DUSK

MYRNA

Wait a minute, Ignatius. You know, you're coming to grips with yourself at last. Really. I can hardly believe what I've heard on the steps to this shack right now . . . and I promise you, we'll work on your problems. You're going to enter a whole new and vital phase. Your inactivity is over . . . I can tell. I can hear it. Just think of all the great thoughts that are going to come streaming out of that head when we've finally cleared away all the cobwebs and taboos and crippling attachments.

IGNATIUS (disinterestedly)

Goodness knows what will happen . . .

(grabbing her arm)

We must leave. Now! If I don't leave this instant, I'll regress horribly. We must dash.

MYRNA

Ignatius, you're jumping all over the place. Relax. The worst is over.

IGNATIUS (frantically)

No! It isn't!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

Ignatius begins waddling quickly to the car . . . a little Renault. Myrna stays on the porch . . . she has her eyes closed. She opens them and calls to him.

MYRNA

Ignatius, this is a very meaningful moment. I feel as if I'm saving someone.

IGNATIUS

You are! You are! Now we must flee. Please! We'll chat later.

Ignatius reaches the car and opens the rear door.

IGNATIUS (screaming wildly)

Hurry up! We don't have time to stage a tableau-vivant here before the house!

Myrna runs down the steps while Ignatius piles in the back of the car. She comes around to the front and looks in at him.

MYRNA

I mean, are you really going to sit back there?

IGNATIUS (bellowing)

Of course I am! I am certainly not going to sit up in that deathtrap of a passenger's seat for highway travel . . . now get in this go-cart and get us out of here!

MYRNA (still standing in the street)

Jesus, Ignatius . . . calm down . . .

CUT TO

62 EXT - ST. CHARLES AVENUE - DUSK

The ambulance is screeching onto Constantinople Street, moving quickly toward the Reilly house, it's lights flashing.

CUT TO

63 INT - RENAULT - MOVING - DUSK

The car begins to accelerate slowly, dragging very low in the rear. Myrna is looking at Ignatius' green hunting cap in her rearview mirror.

MYRNA (worriedly)

Ignatius, I wish you'd tell me why you're so nervous . . . I mean, it's like you're about to have a breakdown or something . . .

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

Ignatius looks over her shoulder at a blinking red light coming toward them. With a great sigh, he settles back.

IGNATIUS

A breakdown? Why, what do you mean, my musky minx . . . I have never felt better.

MYRNA

Oh, Ig, is that really true? You know, I can't believe that I'm actually taking you out of this dungeon, this hole. We're going to have the most fantastic time in New York. Honestly.

IGNATIUS

I can hardly wait . . . the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, the thrill of opening night on Broadway with my favorite musicomedy stars . . . gab sessions in the Village over espresso with challenging, contemporary minds . . .

MYRNA (excitedly)

God, Ignatius, you really have changed.

IGNATIUS

Yes. And why not? Don't you know, Myrna my sweet, that once a person is forced to step into this brutal century . . . anything can happen?

64 EXT - CONSTANTINOPLE STREET - DUSK

The ORIGINAL THEME SONG BEGINS as the ambulance with "Charity Hospital" printed on its door passes the Renault. For one brief moment, the red light atop the ambulance splashes over them. The fleshy, fat face in the backseat of the car has a certain irony about it . . . expectant and grateful . . . but there is no anger there.

Aerial shots then pull back to follow the Renault through the traffic until it is no longer distinguishable. The shots then go sweeping higher to reveal the glittering lights of New Orleans as it prepares to host another evening. All along the river, barges and riverboats turn into twinkling floats which seem to glide, undisturbed, down the Mississippi . . .

FADE OUT

THE END