

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

by

JOHN KENNEDY TOOLE

screenplay by
FRANK GALATI

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Failure to make contact with reality is...characteristic of almost all of America's "art." Any connection between American art and American nature is purely coincidental, but this is only because the nation as a whole has no contact with reality.

A Confederacy of Dunces, (p.131)

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

CREDITS OVER:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - LATE AFTERNOON - 1965

Damp streets of the Quarter at sunset. Various Quarter "characters" pass through slabs of dusty light.

HUSKY VOICE (V.O.)

With the breakdown of the Medieval system,
the gods of Chaos, Lunacy, Bad Taste gained
ascendancy.

SOUND OF PINBALL ROLLING AND BELLS.

CREDITS END.

CUT TO:

INT. PENNY ARCADE - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON PINBALL MACHINE. "FORTUNA'S WHEEL" IN GAUDY COLORS.

SOUND OF THROTTLE PULLED. SPRINGS CREEK.

CLOSE ON VERY FAT DIRTY HAND LETTING GO OF KNOB.

The smooth ball shoots out of the pen and flies over flashing lights. It rolls down into the cog of an ornate wheel and spins.

HUSKY VOICE (V.O.)

Fortuna's Wheel turned on humanity,
crushing its collarbone, smashing its
skull, twisting its torso, puncturing its
pelvis, sorrowing its soul.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL IGNATIUS J. REILLY, huge and heaving over the glass top of the pinball machine. CLOSE ON HIS FACE: full pursed lips beneath a bushy black moustache dusted with potato chip crumbs, a green hunting cap squeezed on the top of a fleshy balloon head. Supercilious blue and yellow eyes glare at the flashing numbers of the rather low score.

HUSKY VOICE (V.O.)(CONT.)

The day of the locust was at hand...

Ignatius adjusts his great bulk and kicks the pinball machine; its spindly legs collapse. BELLS RING and glass flies.

IGNATIUS

BRRAAAAAAGH!

CUT TO:

INT. "NO EXIT" CAFE - SUNSET

CLOSE ON MYRNA MINKOFF, a loud offensive maiden from the Bronx. She is draped in black.

MYRNA

Ignatius, I've told you time and again,
you must forget about the Middle Ages
and commit yourself to the crucial
problems of the times. Our times.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ignatius sitting at the tiny table opposite Myrna and sucking on a Dr. Nut. Beside him is a shopping bag full of sheet music.

IGNATIUS

(heavy lidded)

Ho hum.

MYRNA

And, let's face it, Ignatius, a
satisfying sexual encounter would
purify your mind and body. You need the
therapy of sex desperately. I'm afraid --
from what I know about clinical cases
like yours -- that you may end up a
psychosomatic invalid like Elizabeth
Barrett Browning.

Ignatius stands, pulls down the ear-flaps of his hunting cap and picks up his shopping bag.

IGNATIUS

How unspeakably offensive.

He stomps out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Ignatius bulldozes his way through the crowds. Some distance behind him is Myrna, waving her arms and shouting.

MYRNA

Aren't your natural impulses crying
for release? A beautiful and meaningful
ejaculation would transform you...
IGNATIUS?!...

Ignatius disappears around a corner. Myrna stops, her eyes full. The crowds break around her.

MYRNA (CONT.)

(to herself)

...I know it would. Great Oedipus bonds
are encircling your brain and destroying
you. I can't take much more of this...
Ignatius?

CUT TO:

EXT. D.H. HOLMES DEPARTMENT STORE - SUNSET

CLOSE ON D.H. HOLMES' CLOCK: IT IS NEARLY FIVE.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Fortuna's Wheel turned and humanity
having once been so high...fell so low...

PULL DOWN TO IGNATIUS standing beneath the Holmes' clock peering
out from under the green visor of his cap at the crowds of people
in front of the department store.

IGNATIUS (V.O.) (CONT.)

...What had once been dedicated to the
soul was now dedicated to the sale.

CLOSE ON TWO EYES hungrily watching Ignatius from behind one of
D. H. Holmes' pillars: two sad eyes shining with hope and desire.
Ignatius shifts his bulk from one hip to another sending waves of
flesh rippling beneath tweed and flannel. He glowers at the crowd
as it flows around him.

CLOSE ON THE COVETOUS EYES as they move toward Ignatius through the
crowd: torpedoes zeroing in on a great wooly tanker.

EYES

You got any identification, mister?

Ignatius looks down and sees the badge and blue cap of patrolman
ANGELO MANCUSO, owner of the two sad eyes.

IGNATIUS

What? Who are you?

MANCUSO

Let me see your driver's license.

IGNATIUS

I don't drive. Will you kindly go
away? I am waiting for my mother.

The patrolman plucks at Ignatius's bag of sheet music.

MANCUSO

What's this hanging out your bag?

IGNATIUS

What do you think it is, stupid?
It's a string for my lute.

MANCUSO

What's that?
(drawing back)
Are you local?

IGNATIUS

(bellowing over the crowd)
Is it the part of the police department
to harass me when this city is a flagrant
vice capital of the civilized world? This
city is famous for its gamblers, prostitutes,
exhibitionists, anti-Christ, alcoholics,
sodomites, drug addicts, fetishists,
onamists, pornographers, frauds, jades,
litter-bugs and lesbians, all of whom are
only too well protected by graft.

Mancuso grabs Ignatius by the arm. Ignatius strikes him on the cap
with his sheet music.

MANCUSO

Hey.

IGNATIUS

Take that!

A circle of interested shoppers is beginning to form around them.

CUT TO:

EXT. D.H. HOLMES LOBBY - SUNSET

The panels of the glass doors flash in the light as MRS. REILLY
struggles through them with string-tied stacks of bakery boxes. She
stops when she sees Ignatius's hunting cap, the green radius of the
circle of people, bobbing about violently.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER D.H. HOLMES' CLOCK - SUNSET

The crowd closes in around Ignatius and the patrolman.

IGNATIUS

I shall contact the mayor.

An OLD MAN shakes his fist at the patrolman.

OLD MAN

Let the boy alone. He's a good boy.
He's waiting for his momma.

IGNATIUS

(haughtily)

Thank you. I hope that all of you
will bear witness to this outrage.

MANCUSO

(to Ignatius)

You come with me. We're going to
the precinct.

OLD MAN

A good boy can't even wait for his
momma by D.H. Holmes. I'm telling you,
the city was never like this. It's
the communiss.

MANCUSO

(to the old man)

Are you calling me a communiss? I'll
take you in, too. You better watch out
who you calling a communiss.

OLD MAN

You can't arress me, I'm a member
of The Golden Age Club sponsored by
the New Orleans Recreation Department.
I got six granchirren all studying
with the sisters.

IGNATIUS

Mother!

Mrs. Reilly is pushing her way through the crowd.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius! What's going on here?
What you done now?

She breaks through into the clearing and steps up to the patrolman.

MRS. REILLY

Hey, take your hands off my boy.

MANCUSO

I'm not touching him, lady. Is this
here your son?

Mrs. Reilly snatches the whizzing lute string from Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

Of course I'm her child. Can't you see
her affection for me?

OLD MAN

She loves her boy.

MRS. REILLY

(to Mancuso)

What you trying to do my poor child?

Ignatius pats his mother's hennaed hair with one of his huge paws.

IGNATIUS

This is clearly a case for the Civil
Liberties Union. I must inform my
devoted colleague Myrna Minkoff, she
knows about these things.

OLD MAN

It's the communiss.

MANCUSO

(to Mrs. Reilly)

How old is he?

IGNATIUS

I am thirty.

MANCUSO

You got a job?

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius hasta help me at home.
I got terrible arththritis.

IGNATIUS

I dust a bit. In addition, I am at
the moment writing a lengthy indictment
against our century. When my brain
begins to reel from my literary labors,
I make an occasional cheese dip.

OLD MAN
(to Mrs. Reilly)
The police are all communiss.

MANCUSO
Didn't I say for you to shut up?

OLD MAN
He tried to arrest your boy. Just like
in Russia. They're all communiss.

The patrolman grabs the old man roughly by the back of the coat.

MANCUSO
Come on.

He drags the old man into the crowd.

IGNATIUS
Oh, my God. Now my nerves are totally
frayed.

OLD MAN
(appealing to the crowd)
Help! It's a takeover. It's a
violation of the Constitution!

MRS. REILLY
He's crazy, Ignatius. We better
get outta here, baby. He might kill
us all.

IGNATIUS
You don't have to overdo it, Mother.

They push through the dispersing crowd and start walking down Canal Street. Ignatius glances back and sees the old man and the bantam policeman grappling beneath the department store clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOURBON STREET - EVENING

Ignatius and his mother are walking down into the French Quarter.

MRS. REILLY
How come that policeman was after
you, boy?

IGNATIUS

I shall never know. He seemed determined to arrest me. He must have some sort of quota or something.

MRS. REILLY

Wouldn't that be awful! You'd be all over the papers, Ignatius. The disgrace! You musta done something while you was waiting for me, Ignatius. I know you, boy.

IGNATIUS

Please. We must stop. I think I'm going to have a hemorrhage.

MRS. REILLY

Okay.

They stop in front of a luminous wall of glass bricks. Flashing in a dark window set in the wall is a neon sign: NIGHT OF JOY.

MRS. REILLY

Let's go in here and sit down.

She pushes Ignatius through the padded door.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - EVENING

Mrs. Reilly arranges her cake boxes on the bar as Ignatius climbs on a stool and spreads his expansive nostrils.

IGNATIUS

My God, Mother it smells awful.

A BARTENDER looks at them quizzically from the shadows.

MRS. REILLY

You wanna go back on the street? You want that policeman to take you in?

BARETENDER

(without moving)

Yes?

IGNATIUS

(grandly)

I shall have a coffee. Chicory coffee with boiled milk.

BARTENDER
Only instant.

IGNATIUS
(to Mrs. Reilly)
I can't possibly drink that. It's an
abomination.

MRS. REILLY
Well, get a beer, Ignatius. It won't
kill you.
(to the bartender)
I'll take a Dixie 45.

BARTENDER
And the gentleman? What is his pleasure?

MRS. REILLY
Give him a Dixie, too.

The bartender goes off to open the beers.

IGNATIUS
I may not drink it.

MRS. REILLY
We can't sit in here for free, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS
I don't see why not. I suspect that
the police will raid this place
momentarily anyway.

The bartender appears and sets the beers before them.

BARTENDER
(to Ignatius)
Like to take that cap off?

IGNATIUS
(thundering)
No, I wouldn't! There's a chill
in here.

The bartender drifts off into the shadows.

IGNATIUS
Really.

MRS. REILLY
Calm down.

Ignatius raises one earflap.

IGNATIUS
I smell wine cakes.

Mrs. Reilly picks up a bakery box and places it in front of Ignatius. He tears it open and sends his pink flabby tongue out over his moustache.

IGNATIUS
But first I think that I shall
have a macaroon or two. I have
always found coconut to be good
roughage.

Ignatius picks around in the box.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

The old man sits on a bench with numerous other detainees. He has neatly arranged, along his thigh, his many identification and membership cards. BURMA JONES, a young black man, eyeless behind spaceage sunglasses, studies the little dossier on the thigh next to his.

OLD MAN
(to Jones)
I'm here in violation of my
constitutional rights.

JONES
Well, they not gonna believe that.
You better think up somethin else.

The old man looks at Jones. Jones lights a cigarette.

JONES (CONT.)
How come you here, man?

OLD MAN
I really don't know. I was just
standing in a crowd in front of D. H.
Holmes.

JONES
And you lif somebody wallet.

OLD MAN
No, I called a policeman a name.

JONES

Like wha you callin him?

OLD MAN

Communiss.

JONES

Cawmniss! Ooo-woo. If I call a po-lice a cawmniss, my ass be in Angola right now for sure. I like to call one of them mother a cawmniss, though. Like this afternoon I standin aroun in Woolsworth and some cat steal a bag of cashew nuts out the "Nut House." The nex thing, a flo'walk grabbin me, and then a po-lice mother draggin me off.

He blows out a cloud of blue smoke. It envelops him and the old man and the little cards.

JONES (CONT.)

I wonder who lif them nuts. Probly that flo'walk hisself.

A policeman leads the old man to a SERGEANT seated behind a desk in the center of the roon. Patrolman Mancuso stands beside the desk.

SERGEANT

What's your name?

The old man spreads the little cards on the sergeant's desk.

OLD MAN

Claude Robichaux.

SERGEANT

Mancuso here says you says all policemen are communiss.

Jones rocks on his bench in the distance.

JONES

Oo-wee.

SERGEANT

(calling)

Will you shut up, Jones?

JONES

Okay.

CLAUDE

I didn't mean anything I said.
I just got nervous. I got carried
away. This policeman was tring to
arress a poor boy waiting for his
momma 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. He looked
like a big prevert.

SERGEANT

(greedily)

A prevert, huh?

MANCUSO

(with new confidence)

Yes. A great big prevert.

SERGEANT

How big?

MANCUSO

(stretching his arms)

The biggest I ever saw in my whole
life. The first thing I spotted was
this green hunting cap he was wearing.

SERGEANT

Well, what happened, Mancuso? How
come he's not standing here before
me?

MANCUSO

He got away. This woman came out the
store and got everything mixed up, and
she and him run around the corner into
the Quarter.

SERGEANT

Oh, two Quarter characters.

CLAUDE

No, sir. She was really his momma.
A nice, pretty lady. I seen them

downtown before. This policeman frightened her.

SERGEANT

Oh, listen, Mancuso. You're the only guy on the force who'd try to arrest somebody away from his mother. And why did you bring in grampaw here? Ring up his family and tell them to come get him.

Claude turns in horror. The Sergeant fixes Mancuso with his gaze.

SERGEANT (CONT.)

Jesus Christ! Trying to arrest a kid with his momma, bringing in somebody's grampaw. Get the hell outta here, Mancuso, and take grampaw with you. You wanna arrest suspicious characters? We'll fix you up.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

DORIAN GREEN, an elegantly dressed young man, is taking a gulp of his frozen daiquiri. He is seated at the bar near Mrs. Reilly.

MRS. REILLY

(to Ignatius)

Ignatius, we better go.

IGNATIUS

(bellowing)

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

DARLENE, a depressed blonde, emerges from a back room behind the bar and seats herself next to Ignatius. He is spreading another bakery box on the bar.

DARLENE

Ooo. Where you bought these nice wine cakes?

MRS. REILLY

Over by Holmes, sugar.

DARLENE

My name's Darlene. I just love wine cakes.

IGNATIUS

Well, have one. They are rather tasty.

Darlene reaches in the box.

MRS. REILLY

Me, I always like some good cake
after I finish eating.

DARLENE

I bet you cook good, huh?

IGNATIUS

(dogmatically)

Mother doesn't cook. She burns.

The elegant young man spills his daiquiri on his bottle-green
velvet jacket.

MRS. REILLY

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

DORIAN

That's quite all right, darling.

MRS. REILLY

(smiling)

Let me buy you another drink, babe,
for the one you spilled. And I think
I'll take me another Dixie.

DORIAN

I really must run. Thanks anyway.

MRS. REILLY

Why don't you stay and see the show?

IGNATIUS

(coldly)

Mother, I do believe that you are
encouraging these preposterous people.

MRS. REILLY

Well, you're the one who wanted to stay,
Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

Yes, I did want to stay as an observer.
I am not especially anxious to mingle.

MRS. REILLY
(to Dorian)
You know, sweetheart, that's sure
pretty, that jacket you got.

DORIAN
Oh, this? I don't mind telling you it
cost a fortune. I found it in a dear
little shop in the Village.

MRS. REILLY
You don't look like you from the country.

Dorian sighs and lights a cigarette with a GREAT CLICK of his
lighter.

DORIAN
You must tell me, where did you ever
get that hat? It's truly fantastic.

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

DORIAN
Would you consider selling it?

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

The wooden station door opens and the sergeant pushes Patrolman
Mancuso down the steps. He is dressed now in ballet tights and a
yellow sweater.

SERGEANT
Going undercover is your last chance,
Mancuso. In an outfit like that you
oughta be able to bring in *bona fide*
suspicious characters not grandpaws
and boys waiting for their mothers.
Now shape up! Or you're off the force.

The sergeant SLAMS THE DOOR and Mancuso heads up the wet street in
a fine drizzle.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly reaches up and touches her hat.

DORIAN

Fifteen.

MRS. REILLY

Really?

She removes her hat.

MRS. REILLY

Sure, honey.

Dorian opens his wallet and hands Mrs. Reilly three five dollar bills. The bartender SLAPS the check on the bar between Ignatius and his mother.

BARTENDER

That'll be eight dollars.

IGNATIUS

This is highway robbery!
Come along, mother. You will hear
from our attorneys.

Ignatius tips off of his stool, scoops up his bag of sheet music, and begins to tack to the door. Mrs. Reilly hands two five dollar bills to the bartender.

MRS. REILLY

Wait a second, Ignatius. There's
one macaroon left.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. ANN STREET - NIGHT

SEEN FROM ABOVE, a 1946 Plymouth lurches forward in its parking space and smashes the car in front of it.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

My nerves! Look what you've done.

The car reverses suddenly, jumps the curb and crushes the hood of a Volkswagen behind it.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

Shut up, Ignatius. You making me
nervous.

CUT TO:

INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON IGNATIUS slumped in the back seat.

IGNATIUS
Your driver's license, if you do
indeed have one, will doubtlessly
be revoked.

Mrs. Reilly glares at the hunting cap in the rear view mirror.

MRS. REILLY
Lay down there and take a nap.

The car jerks suddenly forward.

IGNATIUS
Do you think that I could sleep
now? I'm afraid for my life.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. ANN STREET - NIGHT

Suddenly the Plymouth leaps out of the parking spot.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Are you sure you're turning the wheel
the right way?

The car SKIDS across the wet street into a post supporting a wrought-iron balcony. The POST FALLS away to one side, and the Plymouth CRUNCHES against the building.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Oh, my God! What have you done now?

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)
Call a priest!

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
I don't think we're injured, Mother.

CUT TO:

INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Ignatius BELCHES in the back seat.

IGNATIUS

However, my digestion has been destroyed. I think I am beginning to bloat.

Mrs. Reilly SHIFTS the worn GEARS and inches backward. As the car moves, THE SPLINTERING OF WOOD SOUNDS OVER THEIR HEADS.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. ANN STREET - NIGHT

SOUND OF BOARDS SPLITTING AND METAL SCRAPING. Patrolman Mancuso, in tights and sweater, emerges around the corner onto St. Ann and stops when he sees the balcony falling in large sections, THUNDERING ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR. The Plymouth, like a stoned human, stops moving, and a piece of wrought iron decoration SHATTERS the rear window.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

Honey, are you okay?

A GAGGING SOUND comes from the car as Mancuso runs up to the rear door.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

Say something, Ignatius.

The Patrolman freezes when Ignatius sticks his head out of the rear window and vomits down the side of the dented car.

CUT TO:

INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is very dark. CLOSE ON MYRNA. Her face is printed with narrows bars of light from the closed shutters.

MYRNA

This "automobile accident" is a new crutch to help you make excuses for your meaningless, impotent existence. Ignatius, you must identify with something. I've told you time and again, you must commit yourself to the crucial problems of the times.

The enormous dark mound on the bed moves and Ignatius uncovers his head, holding the blanket under his huge chin.

IGNATIUS

I have suffered a serious trauma.

MYRNA

What good is a serious trauma if it doesn't make a serious impact on society?

IGNATIUS

You're not happy unless a police dog is sinking its fangs into your black leotards or you're being dragged feet first down stone steps from a senate hearing.

MYRNA

That's because I'm terribly engaged in my society.

IGNATIUS

Well, I am terribly *dis*-engaged. That's probably why they want to arrest me.

MYRNA

Another crutch! Another fantasy!

IGNATIUS

If you won't contact the Civil Liberties Union on my behalf I never want to see you again!

MYRNA

How can I contact the A.C.L.U. when there is no evidence? Why would a policeman try to arrest you, anyway? I'm frightened for you, Ignatius. This is a paranoid fantasy and you are aware, of course, that Freud linked paranoia with homosexual tendencies.

IGNATIUS

Filth!

MYRNA

However, we won't go into that aspect of the fantasy because I know how dedicated you are in your opposition to sex of any sort.

IGNATIUS

Sex of course is your cure-all for everything from depression to fallen arches.

Myrna stands suddenly.

MYRNA

Not anymore, Ignatius. At least not as far as your fallen arches are concerned. I'm leaving New Orleans -- I've had enough of *this*. And I've stopped feeling sympathy for you. You have closed your mind to both love and society. I'm going back to New York where my every waking hour will be spent helping some dedicated friends raise money for a bold and shattering movie about an interracial marriage. I've humored you long enough, Ignatius, good-bye.

Myrna picks up her guitar case and storms out of the room. Ignatius pulls his flannel nightshirt up and looks at his bloated stomach.

IGNATIUS

Offensive trollop.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly watches Myrna depart and then KNOCKS on Ignatius's bedroom door.

MRS. REILLY

Where's that girl going now, Ignatius?

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

Please, I am still in trauma.

MRS. REILLY

I put out good money for you to go to college, and you have to pick up with somebody like that. I wish that dog of yours was still alive, then maybe some beatnik girl wouldn't be hanging around here so much.

CUT TO:

INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ignatius rolls over on his side and begins bouncing up and down vigorously.

IGNATIUS

Oh, Fortuna, blind heedless goddess, I am strapped to your wheel.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)
What are you mumbling about in
there, boy?

IGNATIUS
I'm praying.

Ignatius's huge paw reaches down between his legs. His bouncing grows even more vigorous and rapid.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly's ear is pressed to the door.

MRS. REILLY
Patrolman Mancuso's coming today
to see me about the accident. You
better say a little Hail Mary for
me, honey.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Oh, my God.

MRS. REILLY
I think it's wonderful you praying,
babe.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
(screaming)
Please go away! You're shattering my
religious ecstasy.

Mrs. Reilly throws her hands in the air and waddles away down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ignatius's face, sparkling with sweat, is drawn up close to a photo tacked on the wall beside his bed. The photo is of a large tan and white collie dog smiling with a stick in his mouth. Ignatius is shuddering wildly.

CELESTIAL MUSIC SWELLS AND A DOG BARKS, ECHOING FAR AWAY.

IGNATIUS

(panting)

That's it Rex. The stick! Good boy!
Bring...me...the...stick...ahhhh!

Ignatius's eyes dilate, cross and close. He lays wanly back against the pillows.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

LANA LEE, a fierce woman with pale pink lips is standing behind the bar. Opposite her, cap in hand, Burma Jones nods behind his bright sunglasses.

JONES

I come about that porter job you
got advertize in the paper.

LANA LEE

Yeah? You got any references?

JONES

A po-lice gimme a reference. He
tell me I better get my ass gainfully
employ.

LANA LEE

I've been looking for the right boy
for this job for several days. The pay
is twenty dollars a week.

JONES

Hey! No wonder the right man ain show up.
Whatever happen to the minimal wage?

LANA LEE

You need a job, right? I need a
porter. Business stinks. Take it
from there! You work six days a week
from ten to three. If you come in
regular, who knows? You might get
a little raise.

JONES

Don worry. I come in regular, anything
keep my ass away from a po-lice for
a few hour.

The front door opens and Darlene flounces in wearing a satin cocktail dress and a flowered hat.

LANA LEE

How come you're so late?

DARLENE

My cockatoo come down with a cold last night, Lana. It was awful. The whole night he was up coughing in my ear.

LANA LEE

Where do you think up excuses like that?

DARLENE

Well, it's true.

Darlene puts her huge hat on the bar and climbs on a stool just as Jones lets out a blue cloud of smoke.

DARLENE

I hadda take him to the vet's this morning to get a vitamin shot. I don't want that poor bird coughing all over my furniture.

LANA LEE

Show this boy where we keep our brooms and crap. I'm going shopping.

Lana Lee marches to the door and then turns around suddenly.

LANA LEE

I don't want nobody fooling with that cabinet under the bar.

Lana Lee swings through the front door.

DARLENE

I swear, this place is worse than the army. She just hire you today?

JONES

Yeah. She ain exactly hire me. She kinda buying me off a auction block.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET AND HOUSE - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso, wearing a t-shirt and Bermuda shorts, with a long red beard hooked over his ears by means of wires, pulls up on

a large and LOUD chromium and baby blue motorcycle in front of the tiniest of the wooden Gothic houses on the short degenerated block. A frozen banana tree languishes against the front porch preparing to collapse. Mancuso dismounts and notices, near the dead tree, a mound of earth with a weathered leaning Celtic cross cut from plywood in the middle of the tiny bare yard. Painted on the arm of the cross in white Gothic script is the name REX. Mancuso turns and looks at the 1946 Plymouth with the deep crease in its roof and fender parked near the mound in the yard. Taped across the hole of the rear window is a piece of cardboard printed with VAN CAMP'S PORK AND BEANS. Mancuso climbs the worn brick steps. A BOOMING CHANT issues from the closed shutters:

TV (O.S.)
Big girls don't cry.
Big girls don't cry.

He presses the BELL.

TV (O.S.)(CONT.)
Big girls, they don't cry-yi-yi.

A WOMAN'S VOICE screams through the shutters of the house next door.

VOICE (O.S.)
They home. Miss Reilly's proolly
in the kitchen. Go around the back.
What are you, mister? A cop?

MANCUSO
(sternly)
Patrolman Mancuso. Undercover.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah? Which one you want, the
boy or the mother?

Mancuso starts down the brick steps.

MANCUSO
The mother.

He turns and walks into the dark alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. REILLY BACK YARD - DAY

Mrs. Reilly is hanging a spotted and yellowed sheet on a line that runs through bare fig trees. She stares at the man with the long red beard when he steps out of the shadow of the alley into the sun.

MRS. REILLY

Oh, it's you. How you doing, Mr. Mancuso? What them people said?

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Reilly pours boiling milk into two cups half full of cold coffee and brings them to the table.

MANCUSO

I told him I investigated the accident and that you just skidded on a wet street.

MRS. REILLY

That sounds good. So what he said then, babe?

MANCUSO

He said he don't want to go to court. He wants a settlement now.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

Oh, my God! What an egregious insult to good taste.

MRS. REILLY

A "settlement." That means he wants some money, huh?

Mancuso produces a letter and hands it to Mrs. Reilly. She stares at it.

MANCUSO

That's the estimate of the damage from a contractor he got.

MRS. REILLY

Lord! A thousand and twenty dollars. This is terrible. How I'm gonna pay that?

MANCUSO

He's got a lawyer working on it, too. It's all on the up and up.

MRS. REILLY

Where I'm gonna get a thousand dollars, though? All me and Ignatius got is my poor husband's Social Security

and a little two-bit pension, and that
don't come to much.

A CHORUS OF FALSETTOS SINGS INSINUATINGLY ON THE TV IN THE PARLOR.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Do I believe the total perversion
that I am witnessing?

MANCUSO
I'm sorry.

MRS. REILLY
Aw, it's not your fault. Maybe
I can get a mortgage on the house.

Ignatius billows into the kitchen in a monstrous flannel
nightshirt.

IGNATIUS
The children on that program
should all be gassed.

He notices Mancuso.

IGNATIUS
(coldly)
Oh.

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius, honey, the man wants
over a thousand dollars for what I
did to his building.

IGNATIUS
A thousand dollars? He will not get
a cent. We shall have him prosecuted
immediately. Countact our attorneys,
Mother.

MRS. REILLY
Our attorneys? He's got an estimate
from a contractor. Mr. Mancuso here
says they's nothing I can do.

IGNATIUS
Oh. Well, you shall have to pay
him then. I am certain that you
can procure some funds.

MRS. REILLY
We can mortgage the house.

IGNATIUS
Mortgage the house? Of course we won't.

MRS. REILLY
What else we gonna do, Ignatius?

IGNATIUS
(absently)
There are means. I wish you wouldn't bother me with this. That program always increases my anxiety anyway. Furthermore, I suggest that if this mongoloid officer here had any sense he would stop molesting us and start investigating dens like that Night of Joy in which my beloved mother and I were mistreated and robbed. There are depraved B-girls and pedarasts in the Night of Joy. Go investigate that gang and let us alone, you homewrecker.

Ignatius billows out in the direction of the MUSIC, his shower shoes FLAPPING LOUDLY against the soles of his huge feet.

MANCUSO
Night of Joy?

MRS. REILLY
How many chirren you got, Mr. Mancuso?

MANCUSO
Three. Rosalie, Antoinette, and Angelo, Jr...

MRS. REILLY
I bet they sweet, huh? Not like Ignatius. He don't care if they lock me up.

Mrs. Reilly SNIFFLES and opens the oven door. She pulls out a bottle of muscatel.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)
You want some nice wine, Mr. Mancuso?

He shakes his head and puts up his hands.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)
You don't mind?

She takes a long drink from the bottle.

MRS. REILLY
I gotta have my little drink.
It relieves the pressure. You know?

MANCUSO
What I do is go bowl.

MRS. REILLY
You like that, huh?

MANCUSO
Bowling's wonderful, Miss Reilly.
It takes your mind off things.

MRS. REILLY
Me, I never was much for sports.

MANCUSO
You meet plenty of people over by
the alley. Nice people. You could make
some friends. Next time I go by the
alley, I'll let you know. I'll bring
my aunt. You and me and my aunt, we'll
go down by the alley. Okay?

Mrs. Reilly smiles faintly and takes another slug from the bottle
of muscatel.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

FURIOUS POUNDING.
Ignatius UNLOCKS the door.

IGNATIUS
Well, don't break the door.

He opens it and quickly returns to bed. Mrs. Reilly steps into the
room over sprawled heaps of Big Chief tablets.

MRS. REILLY
I came to talk to you, boy. Get your
face out them pillows.

IGNATIUS
This must be the influence of that
ludicrous representative of the law.
He seems to have turned you against
your own child.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius, that Mr. Mancuso came to see me on his own time.

IGNATIUS

(thundering)

Watch out where you're stepping, please! That is my world view all over the floor. What has driven you in here in this state of mania?

MRS. REILLY

I made up my mind. You gonna go out and get you a job.

IGNATIUS

(calmly)

I suppose that mongoloid law officer put that idea into your head.

MRS. REILLY

Mr. Mancuso says if you work you can help me pay off the man. He says he thinks the man might take the money in installments.

IGNATIUS

Your friend the patrolman is trying to destroy our house!

MRS. REILLY

He's a good man.

IGNATIUS

In my private apocalypse he will be impaled upon his own nightstick.

MRS. REILLY

We gotta pay that man, Ignatius. You wanna see me in jail? Wouldn't you be ashamed with your poor momma behind bars?

IGNATIUS

Will you stop talking about imprisonment? Martyrdom is meaningless in our age.

He BELCHES QUIETLY. Mrs. Reilly stares at her son.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

I would suggest certain economies around the house.

MRS. REILLY

I spend all our money on you for food.

IGNATIUS

I made the mistake of heating the oven the other day before inspecting it properly. When I opened it to put in my frozen pizza, I was almost blinded by a bottle of broiled wine that was preparing to explode. I suggest that you divert some of the monies that you are pouring into the liquor industry.

MRS. REILLY

Tomorrow we looking at the want ads in the paper. You gonna dress up and go find you a job.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: Ignatius walks vaguely along various streets. He checks newspaper ads. He enters and exits various stores and small businesses.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

I told you that it would be like this. I am an anachronism. People realize this and resent it.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

Lord, babe, you gotta look up.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

(savagely)

Look up!? I refuse to "Look up." Optimism nauseates me. It is perverse. Since man's fall, his proper position in the universe has been one of misery.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

I ain't miserable.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

You are.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

No, I ain't.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Ignatius is soaking his feet in a dishpan of Epsom salts.
Mrs. Reilly is adding some hot water from a kettle.

IGNATIUS
Yes, you are!!

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius, get a holt of yourself.

IGNATIUS
This water is tepid.

Mrs. Reilly fills the kettle and puts it on the stove to boil.

MRS. REILLY
Let's us look in the afternoon
paper. Maybe they got a nice
job in there!

IGNATIUS
If I must go out again tomorrow,
I am not leaving the house so
early. I felt very disoriented
all the while I was downtown.

Mrs. Reilly moves to the kitchen table and picks up the paper.

MRS. REILLY
You didn't leave here until after
lunch.

IGNATIUS
Still, I was not functioning
properly. I suffered several
bad dreams last night. I awoke
bruised and muttering.

Mrs. Reilly holds the newspaper very close to her eyes.

MRS. REILLY
Here, listen to this. I been
seeing this ad in the paper every
day. "Clean, hard-worker man..."

IGNATIUS
That's hard-working.

MRS. REILLY
Clean, hard-working man,
dependable, quiet type...

IGNATIUS

"Quiet type." Give that to me.

Ignatius reaches over and snatches the paper. The kettle on the stove begins to SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso stands before the sergeant and CLEARS HIS THROAT.

MANCUSO

I got a lead on a place where
they got B-girls.

SERGEANT

You got a lead? Who gave you
the lead?

MANCUSO

A lady I know. It's called
Night of Joy.

SERGEANT

How come this lady knows about
the place? Who took her to this
place?

MANCUSO

She was there alone.

SERGEANT

(screaming)

A lady was in a place like that
alone? What kinda lady was this?
She's probly a B-girl herself.
Get outta here, Mancuso, and bring
me in a suspicious character. You
ain't brought in one person yet.
Don't gimme no tips from B-girls.
Go look in your locker. You're a
soldier today. Beat it.

Mancuso drifts sadly away as a DETECTIVE approaches and drops a
paper on the sergeant's desk.

SERGEANT

(to the detective)

Send a couple men over to that
Night of Joy some night. Someone
there might've been just dumb enough

to talk to Mancuso. But don't tell him. I don't want that goon taking any credit. He stays in costume until he brings me in a character.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE LEVY PANTS - DAY

Ignatius, squeezed into a coat and a tight white shirt vertically divided by a wide flowered tie, is looming over the desk of small dapper MR. GONZALEZ who looks up in awe.

GONZALEZ

Yes?

IGNATIUS

I have come in response to your advertisement.

GONZALEZ

(enthusiastically)

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

IGNATIUS

(hollering)

Which one do you think I'm answering?

GONZALEZ

(in great confusion)

Oh, I'm very sorry. I wasn't thinking. I mean, the sex doesn't matter. You could handle either job. I mean, I'm not concerned with sex.

A very old woman, MISS TRIXIE, hobbles into the room and BUMPS into a row of filing cabinets. Ignatius looks around and removes his green cap revealing the thick black hair plastered to his skull with Vaseline in the style of the 1920s. His moustache, too, gleams brightly as he smiles and removes his coat.

GONZALEZ

Come sit down, please. Miss Trixie will take your coat and hat and put them in the employee's locker. We want you to feel at home at Levy Pants.

IGNATIUS

But I haven't even spoken with you yet.

GONZALEZ

That's all right. I'm sure that we'll see eye to eye. Miss Trixie. Miss Trixie.

MISS TRIXIE

Who?

Miss Trixie sits at her desk and puts her white head down slowly.

GONZALEZ

Here, I'll take your things.

Gonzalez reaches for the green cap. Ignatius SLAPS him on the hand and then passes Gonzalez his coat.

GONZALEZ

By the way, this is Miss Trixie, one of our oldest employees. You'll enjoy knowing her.

MISS TRIXIE

Is it quitting time already?

GONZALEZ

Miss Trixie has been with us for over fifty years. That will give you some idea of the satisfaction that our workers get from their association with Levy Pants.

Miss Trixie begins to SNORE.

GONZALEZ

Can you begin work today?

IGNATIUS

I don't believe that we have discussed anything concerning salary and so forth. Isn't that the normal procedure at this time?

GONZALEZ

Well, the filing job pays sixty dollars a week. Any days that you are absent due to sickness,

et cetera, are deducted from your weekly wages.

IGNATIUS

That is certainly far below the wage that I had expected. I have a valve which is subjected to vicissitudes which may force me to lie abed on certain days. Several more attractive organizations are currently vying for my services. I must consider them first.

GONZALEZ

(confidentially)

But listen, Miss Trixie here earns only forty dollars a week, and she does have some seniority.

IGNATIUS

(looking over at her)

She does look rather worn.

Miss Trixie has spread the contents of a shopping bag on her desk and is sorting through scraps.

IGNATIUS

Isn't she past retirement?

GONZALEZ

Shh. Mrs. Levy won't let us retire her. She thinks it's better for Miss Trixie to keep active. Now to return to your prospects, you are very fortunate to start with the salary I quoted. This is all part of the Levy Pants Plan to attract new blood into the company...

IGNATIUS

I hate to disappoint you, sir, but I am afraid that the salary is not adequate. An entrepreneur in New York is currently dangling thousands before me.

GONZALEZ

We'll include twenty cents a day for carfare.

IGNATIUS

Well. That does change things.

I shall take the job temporarily.
I must admit that the "Levy Pants
Plan" rather attracts me.

GONZALEZ

Oh, that's wonderful, Mr....Mr....

IGNATIUS

Reilly. Ignatius J. Reilly.

GONZALEZ

Mr. Reilly will love it here, won't
he, Miss Trixie?

TRIXIE

(looking up from scraps)
Reilly? I thought it was Gloria.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Lana Lee is SNAPPING rubber bands around piles of bills. Jones is
SWEEPING the floor with a push broom.

LANA LEE

Stop knocking that broom against
the bar, Goddamit to hell, you
making me nervous.

JONES

You want quiet sweeping, you get
you an old lady. I sweep yawng.

LANA LEE

You better be glad you're working.

JONES

Ever night I'm fallin on my knee.

He BUMPS the broom against a table.

LANA LEE

Let me know when you finish
with that sweeping. I got a

little errand I want you to
run for me.

JONES

Erran? Hey! I thought this a
sweepin and moppin job. What

this erran shit?

Lana Lee DUMPS a pile of nickles into the cash register and writes down a figure on a sheet of paper.

LANA LEE

Listen, here, Jones. All I gotta do is phone the police and report you're out of work. You understand me?

Jones adjusts his glasses.

JONES

You cain scare color peoples no more. I got me some peoples form a human chain in front your door, drive away your business, get you on the TV news. Color peoples took enough horseshit already, and for twenty dollar a week you ain piling no more on. Get somebody else run your erran.

The padded door BANGS open and a young boy, GEORGE, CLICKS into the bar, SCRAPING THE METAL TAPS on his flamenco boots across the floor.

LANA LEE

(to George)

Well, it's about time.

George looks at Jones through his swirls of oiled hair.

GEORGE

You got a new jig, huh? What happened to the last one? He die or something?

LANA LEE

(blandly)

Honey...

George opens a flashy hand-tooled wallet and gives Lana a number of bills.

LANA LEE

Everything went okay, George?
The orphans like them?

GEORGE

They like the one on the desk
with the glasses on. They thought
it was some kinda teacher or
something. I want only that one
this time.

LANA LEE

You think they want another
like that?

GEORGE

Yeah. Why not? Maybe one with
a black board and a book. You
know. Doing something with a
piece of chalk.

George and Lana exchange lecherous smiles.

LANA LEE

(winking)

I got the picture. I got a
blackboard in the back.

GEORGE

(to Jones)

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

JONES

(slowly)

You be lookin pretty junky
with a Night of Joy broom stickin
out your ass. Night of Joy broom old,
they good and splintery.

LANA LEE

Okay, okay, I don't want a race
riot in here. I got an investment
to protect.

Lana UNLOCKS a cabinet under the bar and gives George a package
wrapped in brown paper.

LANA LEE

Come on, George. This is the
one you want. Now go on. Beat

it. See if you can find me a
book somewhere.

George takes the package, winks at Lana, and BANGS out the door.

JONES

That suppose to be a messenger
for the orphans? I like to see
the orphans he operatin for.
I bet the United Fun don know
about them orphans.

LANA LEE

What the hell are you talking about?
There's nothing wrong with a little
charity. Now get back on my floor,
boy.

JONES

Say, who you callin "boy?" You
ain Scarla O'Horror.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON Mrs. Reilly's hand as she puts a match to a burner and
produces a localized EXPLOSION. Mrs. Reilly jumps back from the
stove. She is wearing a short pink topper and a small red hat.

MRS. REILLY

Lord, I almost got myself burnt.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

I am now an employee of Levy Pants.

Mrs. Reilly turns suddenly and sees Ignatius standing in the
doorway.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius!

She runs to embrace him, crushing his nose in pink wool.

MRS. REILLY

I'm so proud of my boy.

IGNATIUS

I'm quite exhausted. The atmosphere
in that office is hypertense.

MRS. REILLY

How much Levy Pants is gonna
pay you, darling?

IGNATIUS

Sixty American dollars a week.

MRS. REILLY

Aw, that's all? Maybe you should
of looked around some more.

IGNATIUS

There are wonderful opportunities
for advancement, wonderful plans
for the alert young man.

Mrs. Reilly opens a can of Libby's stew and tosses it in a pot.
Ignatius takes off his coat.

MRS. REILLY

They got any cute girls working there?

IGNATIUS

Yes, there is one.

MRS. REILLY

Single?

IGNATIUS

She appears to be.

Mrs. Reilly winks at Ignatius and throws his overcoat on top of the
cupboard.

MRS. REILLY

Look, honey, I put a fire under
this stew. Open you a can of peas
and they's bread in the ice-box.
I got a cake from the German's, too,
but I can't remember right off
where I put it. Take a look around
the kitchen. I gotta go.

IGNATIUS

Where are you going now?

MRS. REILLY

Mr. Mancuso and his aunt, they
gonna pick me up in a few minutes.
We going down by Fazzio's to bowl.

IGNATIUS

What? Is that true?

MRS. REILLY

I'll be in early.

IGNATIUS

This is certainly a fine reception that I am given after my first day of work.

Mrs. Reilly turns in the doorway.

MRS. REILLY

Oh, honey, a letter come for you today from New York. I put it behind the coffee can. It looks like it came from that Myrna girl because the envelope's all dirty and smudged up. You didn't tell me she went back where she came from. How come that Myrna's gotta send out mail looking like that? I thought you said her poppa's got money.

IGNATIUS

You can't go bowling! This is the most absurd thing you have ever done.

Mrs. Reilly SLAMS the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STUDIO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MYRNA MINKOFF. SHE TALKS TO THE CAMERA.

MYRNA

I know you probably never expected to hear from me again, Ignatius, but in spite of your emotional problems and your failure, both as an intellectual and a soldier of ideas, to actively participate in critical social movements, I've decided to take it upon myself to keep channels of communication open.

PULL BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL IN BACKGROUND: a dreary studio space in which floodlights are focused on a rumpled bed near a broken window. A young white man, SHMUEL, sits naked on the bed smoking.

MYRNA (CONT.)

(to the CAMERA)

Returning to Gotham was the most uncanny thing I've ever done.

I am totally emersed in the bold movie I told you about. It's a low budget number but the script itself is chock full of disturbing truths. It was written by Shmuel, a boy I've known since Taft High days.

Shmuel looks up, smiles, and waves vaguely at the CAMERA. A young slender black girl, LEOLA, kneels on the bed behind Shmuel and begins massaging his shoulders. Myrna CONTINUES TO CAMERA.

MYRNA (CONT.)

Shmuel will also play the husband in the movie. We have found a girl from the streets of Harlem to play the wife. She is such a real, vital person that I have made her my very closest friend.

The girl pulls Shmuel down onto the bed and straddles him, she rides gently up and down behind Myrna as she CONTINUES TO CAMERA.

MYRNA (CONT.)

I discuss her racial problems with her contantly, drawing her out even when she doesn't feel like discussing them...

The humping IN THE BACKGROUND becomes more olympic.

MYRNA (CONT.)

...and I can tell how fervently she appreciates these dialogues with me...

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ignatius is soaking in a tub of gray water reading Myrna's letter.

MYRNA (V.O.)

There is a sick, reactionary villain in the script, an Irish landlord who refuses to rent to the couple. You, of course, would be fantastic for the part. Are you interested? We can't pay much, but you can stay with me. I hope that we can finally get this magnificent project on film soon because Leola,

the unbelievable girl from Harlem
is beginning to bug us about salary.
Already I've bled about \$1,000
from my father, who is suspicious
(as usual) of the whole enterprise.
Write if you'd like to play the
landlord. I hate cowards.
M. Minkoff.

Ignatius CRUMPLES the letter in his huge paw and PUNCHES it into
the soiled water. A tidal wave surges over the side of the
victorian tub.

IGNATIUS
I'll show this revolting strumpet!

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

Ignatius is TACKING a wide cardboard sign to a post near his files.
The sign, in bold blue Gothic lettering, reads:

DEPARTMENT OF REFERENCE
AND SOCIAL RESEARCH
I.J. REILLY, CUSTODIAN

Gonzalez and Miss Trixie are looking up at the sign.

GONZALEZ
Isn't that nice.

MISS TRIXIE
What does it mean?

IGNATIUS
It is simply a guidepost.

MISS TRIXIE
Gomez, who is this person?

GONZALEZ
Miss Trixie, you know Mr. Reilly.
He's been working with us for a
week now.

MISS TRIXIE
I don't know any Reilly, ask Gloria.

GONZALEZ
Miss Trixie, Gloria is no longer
with us. She was our last file clerk.

MISS TRIxie
You can say that again.

Miss Trixie SHUFFLES off to the ladies room.

GONZALEZ
Mr. Reilly, I don't want to pressure you, but I do notice that you have quite a pile of material on your desk that hasn't been filed yet.

IGNATIUS
Oh, that. Yes. Well, my valve has been misbehaving and has prevented me from bending over to reach the lower drawers.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's this big sign over here for? Somebody's going to get his eye knocked out on that thing.

A sportily dressed middle-aged man, MR. LEVY, is standing at the door. Gonzalez's face hardens into a mask of horror.

GONZALEZ
Good morning, Mr. Levy. We're so glad to see you.

MR. LEVY
I just came in to see if I had any personal mail. I'm driving back to the coast right away.

IGNATIUS
(to Gonzalez)
Is that Mr. Levy? I've been wanting to meet him.

Mr. Levy notices Ignatius.

MR. LEVY
Hello there. New worker, Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ
Oh, yes sir. Mr. Levy, this is Mr. Reilly. He's very efficient. A whiz.

MR. LEVY
Oh, yeah, the name on the sign.

IGNATIUS

I've taken an unusual interest
in your firm.

MR. LEVY

You don't say. What about the
mail, Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ

There's not much. You received
your new credit cards.

MR. LEVY

You'd better start making my
spring practice reservations.
I gave you my itinerary of
practice camps, didn't I?

GONZALEZ

Yes, sir. By the way, I have some
letters for you to sign. I had to
write a letter to Abelman's Dry
Goods. We always have trouble with
them.

MR. LEVY

What do those crooks want now?

GONZALEZ

Abelman claims that the last lot
of trousers we shipped him were
only two feet long in the leg.
I'm trying to straighten out the
matter.

Miss Trixie SHUFFLES over to her desk and stands.

MR. LEVY

Yeah? Well, stranger things have
happened around this place. Better
check with that foreman in the
factory. What's his name? Look,
suppose you sign those letters
like always. I have to go.

He pulls the door open.

MR. LEVY

Don't work these kids too hard,
Gonzalez. So long, Miss Trixie.
My wife asked about you.

Miss Trixie is sitting on the floor SNORING SOFTLY.

GONZALEZ

(screaming)

Miss Trixie, Mr. Levy is talking to you.

Miss Trixie

Who?

IGNATIUS

I hope that you will see some vast changes the next time that you drop in on us. We are going to revitalize, as it were, your business.

MR. LEVY

Okay. Take it easy.

He SLAMS the door.

GONZALEZ

Mr. Reilly, I am going into the factory to speak with the foreman. Please keep an eye on things.

Ignatius glances at Miss Trixie who is SNORING LOUDLY. Mr. Gonzalez opens the door to the factory letting in a BLAST OF DIXIELAND JAZZ. Ignatius sails over to Gonzalez's desk, rolls a sheet of Levy stationary into the office manager's high black typewriter and beings to TYPE.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Mr. I Abelman, Mongoloid, Esq.:
We have received via post your absurd comments about our trousers, the comments revealing, as they did, your total assenineness and lack of contact with reality. You, sir, must be a certified idiot...

A TELEPHONE RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALL - DAY

Mrs. Reilly answers the phone.

MRS. REILLY

Hello.

WOMAN'S HOARSE VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, Irene? What you doing, babe?
It's Santa Battaglia.

MRS. REILLY
How you making, honey?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA BATTAGLIA BEDROOM - DAY

SANTA BATTAGLIA, a stocky woman with kinky gray hair and pendulous breasts, is propped up on a mound of satin pillows in bed.

SANTA
I'm beat. You remember when we
was out bowling the other night?

MRS. REILLY
Tuesday?

SANTA
No, it was Wednesday, I think.
Anyway, it was the night Angelo
got arrested and couldn't come.

MRS. REILLY
Wasn't that awful.

SANTA
Anyway, this morning I was over
by the fish market buying some
ersters, and this old man comes
up to me and says, "Wasn't you
by the bowling alley the other
night?" So I says, "Yeah, mister,
I go there a lot." And he says,
"Well, I was there with my
daughter and her husband and I
seen you with a lady got sorta
red hair." I says, "That's my
friend Miss Reilly. I'm learning
her how to bowl." That's all,
Irene. He just tips his hat and
walks out the market.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly now holds a bottle of muscatel in one hand and the
phone in the other.

MRS. REILLY
I wonder who that could be.

SANTA (V.O.)
Nice man. I seen him around the
neighborhood. I think he's got
granchirren.

MRS. REILLY
Ain't that strange? Who'd be
asking about me?

CUT TO:

GRANULATED TV IMAGE OF PERRY COMO. HIS FACE IS LIVID, HIS LIPS
GREEN.

PERRY COMO
(singing)
Find a wheel and it goes
round, round, round...

WOMAN (V.O.)
He looks like a corpse. You'd
better take this set back to
the shop.

PERRY COMO
(singing)
As it skims along with a happy sound...

MAN (V.O.)
I just brought it back from the
shop.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Well, take it back again. I'm
not going to go blind looking
at a broken TV.

MAN (V.O.)
Oh, shut up. He looks all right.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY LODGE - NIGHT

MRS. LEVY, aquamarine-lidded eyes and high plasticized curls of
platinum hair, is seated next to Mr. Levy submerged among yellow
pillows on a nylon couch. Perry Como continues on the TV set in
front of them. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC SWELLS.

MRS. LEVY

When we were married, I idolized you, Gus. I thought you had drive. You could have made Levy Pants really big. Maybe even an office in New York. It was handed all to you and you threw it away.

MR. LEVY

Oh, stop all that crap. You're comfortable.

MRS. LEVY

You could have made Levy Pants nationwide.

MR. LEVY

The nation is lucky, believe me. I spent my childhood in those pants.

MRS. LEVY

You've never been a father figure to Susan and Sandra. No wonder they're so mixed up. I tried with them.

MR. LEVY

Listen, let's not discuss Susan and Sandra. They're away at college. We're lucky we don't know what's going on.

Mrs. Levy studies her husband and shakes her head.

MRS. LEVY

How's Miss Trixie? I hope she's still relating and functioning pretty well.

MR. LEVY

She's still alive.

MRS. LEVY

That woman's a real prospect for psychic rejuvenation. I want you to bring her out here someday. I'd like to really get to work on her.

MR. LEVY

Bring that old bag out here? Are you nuts? I've already let you

keep her at the office. When I went there this morning she fell asleep on the floor. You should see this other character Gonzalez hired. I don't know where the hell from. I'm afraid to guess what those three clowns do in that office all day long. It's a wonder nothing's happened already.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS - DAY

The door to the office opens and Ignatius enters wearing a plaid scarf as large as a shawl.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

I have taken to arriving at the office one hour later than I am expected. Therefore, I am far more rested and the work which I do perform is of a much higher quality.

Ignatius looks happily over the office-scape. Tacked to Miss Trixie's desk is a large sign: MISS TRIXIE with a nosegay drawn in crayon in one corner. Mr. Gonzalez is huddled and smoking under a huge sign decorated with the crest of King Alfonso that reads: SR. GONZALEZ.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

My innovation in connection with the filing system is rather revolutionary.

Ignatius steps up to the long corridor of filing cabinets near his desk. At the end of the aisle, purple monkscloth drapes hang from the dusty window and the morning sun casts a claret-colored glow over the three-foot plaster statue of St. Anthony that stands on a pedestal above a giant wastebasket.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

In theory the innovation is magnificent. However, I shall have to see how it works out.

Ignatius sails to his desk pausing at a multisectioned cross constructed of LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE and KRAFT JELLY cartons nailed to a post.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

I am still in the process of adapting myself to the tension

of the working world. As soon as my system becomes used to the office, I shall visit the factory itself and interview the minions. I believe in bold and shattering commitment to the problems of our times. I may be able to do something that will make that offensive minx Myrna look like a reactionary in the field of social action.

GONZALEZ (O.S.)
Good morning, Mr. Reilly.

IGNATIUS
(majestically)
Good morning, sir.

Mr. Gonzalez approaches timidly with a file and passes it to Ignatius.

IGNATIUS
(looking around)
And where is our little distaff member this morning?

GONZALEZ
(returning to his desk)
I had to send her home. She came to work this morning in her nightgown.

Ignatius takes the file down the long corridor of cabinets to the statue of St. Anthony.

IGNATIUS
I do not understand why she was sent away. After all, we are quite informal here.

He drops the file in the huge wastebasket beneath the statue and returns.

IGNATIUS
I only hope that you have not damaged her morale.

Ignatius fills a glass at the water cooler and moves to the filing cabinet under the cross. In several empty ice cream cartons on top of the cabinet, bean vines are sprouting. Ignatius waters them.

GONZALEZ

(anxiously)

I certainly don't mean to
dictate what...

IGNATIUS

Today I shall finish the cross.

Ignatius removes two quarts of paint from the pouchlike pockets of
his overcoat.

GONZALEZ

That's wonderful.

IGNATIUS

Filing, alphabetizing - all of that
must wait until I have completed
this project. Then, when I finish
the cross, I am going to have to
visit the factory. I suspect that
those people are screaming for a
compassionate ear, a dedicated
guide. I may be able to aid them.

GONZALEZ

Of course. Don't let me tell you
what to do.

IGNATIUS

I won't. At last my valve seems
able to permit such a visit. If
I wait, it may seal up for several
weeks.

GONZALEZ

Then you must go to the factory today!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Darlene is pouring water into the half-filled liquor bottles behind
the bar when Lana Lee swings through the front door. She props it
open, letting the morning sun pour onto the greasy floor.

LANA LEE

This place is turning into a goddam
precinct. Did you see what was
going on here last night?

DARLENE

Morning Lana Lee.

LANA LEE

All I'm putting on is a benefit show for the Policemen's Benevolent Association. A lotta empty space and a few cops throwing signals at each other. Half the time I gotta watch you, brain, to see you don't try to sell them a drink.

DARLENE

Well, Lana, how I'm supposed to know who's a cop? Everybody looks the same to me.

She BLOWS HER NOSE.

DARLENE (CONT.)

I try to make a living.

LANA LEE

You tell a cop by his eyes, Darlene. They're very self-assured.

Lana Lee gets a cup of coffee, sits at the bar and opens the newspaper.

DARLENE

I ain't making no money I'm so afraid the guy on the next stool is the police. You know what we need in here to make money?

LANA LEE

(angrily)

What?

Jones enters through the front door and stands in the shaft of sunlight.

DARLENE

What we need in here is a animal.

LANA LEE

A what? Jesus Christ.

JONES

(getting his broom)

I ain cleanin up after no animal.

DARLENE

Just look there in the paper, Lana,
almost every other club on the street's
got them an animal.

Lana turns to the entertainment pages and studies the nightclub
ads.

LANA LEE

Look at this. They got a snake at
Terry's, got them some doves at
the 104, a baby tiger, a chimp...

DARLENE

And that's where the people are
going. You gotta keep up with
things in this business.

LANA LEE

Thanks a lot. Since it's your
idea, you got any suggestions?

JONES

I suggest we vote unanimous
agains changing over to a zoo.

LANA LEE

Keep on the floor.

DARLENE

We could use my cockatoo. I
been practicing a smash dance
with it. The bird's very smart.
You oughta hear that thing talk.

JONES

Watch out. Your orphan frien
just pullin in. It's humanitaria
time.

George CLICKS through the door in his flamenco boots.

LANA LEE

(quickly)

Sorry, George, nothing for the
orphans today.

JONES

(blowing blue smoke)

Them orphans they better star
applyin to the United Fun.

DARLENE

They sure keeping a buncha hoods
in the orphanages these days.
I wouldn't give him nothing, Lana.
He's operating some kinda shakedown
racket, if you ask me.

LANA LEE

(to George)

Come here.

She leads him out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Lana Lee and George stand in the bright sun.

GEORGE

Whatsa matter?

LANA LEE

I can't talk in front of those
two jerks. Look, this new porter's
not like the old one. This smartass
has been asking me about this
orphan crap since he first saw you.
I don't trust him. I got cop trouble
already.

GEORGE

Then get yourself a new jig. There's
plenty around.

LANA LEE

I couldn't get a blind Eskino
for the salary I'm paying him.
He thinks if he tries to quit,
I can get him arrested for
vagrancy. The whole thing's a
deal, George.

GEORGE

But what about me?

LANA LEE

This Jones goes out to lunch from
twelve to twelve-thirty. So you
come around about twelve-fifteen.

GEORGE

What am I supposed to do with them packages all afternoon. I can't hustle them pictures till after three when the schools let out. I don't want to be carrying that stuff around.

LANA LEE

Go check it in the bus station. I don't care. Just be sure they're safe. I'll see you later. I've got a globe and the chalk, see if you can find me a great big serious-looking book.

George CLICKS off up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Lana Lee steps back into the doorway. The sunlight floods in behind her.

DARLENE

Come on, Lana. Give me and the bird a chance. We're boffo.

LANA LEE

Okay. We audition the bird. It's probably safer for you to be on my stage with a bird than on my stools with a cop.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso stands before the sergeant.

SERGEANT

I don't know what whore gave you the tip on the Night of Joy, but our boys have been in there almost every night and they haven't turned up anything.

MANCUSO

Well, I thought...

SERGEANT

Shut up. You gave us a phony lead. You know what we do to people give us a phony lead?

MANCUSO

No.

SERGEANT

We put them in the rest room at the bus station.

MANCUSO

Yes, sir.

SERGEANT

You stay in the booths there eight hours a day until you bring somebody in.

MANCUSO

Okay.

SERGEANT

Don't say "okay." Say "yes, sir." Now get outta here and go look in your locker. You're a farmer today.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS - DAY

BIBLICAL MUSIC SWELLS. CLOSE ON THE NOW COMPLETED BYZANTINE CROSS. IN GOLD LEAF ON THE ARMS ARE PRINTED THE WORDS: *GOD AND COMMERCE*. PULL BACK TO REVEAL IGNATIUS, his scarf wrapped around his head, standing at the frosted glass door leading to the factory.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

And so the time came for me to begin my descent into the heart of darkness.

Gonzalez and Miss Trixie wave good-bye faintly from across the room and Ignatius opens the door. A WAVE OF MUSIC CRASHES. Miss Trixie falls to her knees in front of the cross and Ignatius steps out onto the landing. He stands at the top of a long flight of metal steps high above the large barn-like room of the factory. Spread below him are the bolts of fabric, cutting tables, massive sewing machines, and furnaces that provide the steam for the pressing. In the grooves and traces between the tools and equipment, move the makers of Levy Pants.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

It seems the original sweat-shop has been preserved for posterity at Levy Pants. If only the Smithsonian Institution, that grab-bag of our nation's refuse, could somehow vacuum-seal the Levy Pants factory and transport it to the capital of the United States of America, each worker frozen in an attitude of labor, the visitors to that questionable museum would defecate into their garish tourist outfits. I must locate my old movie camera. I may have an idea for a project that will not only outstrip the engage Miss Minkoff but could also have highly commercial possibilities.

THE MUSIC SOARS as Ignatius slowly descends. The frail metal staircase sways some with his gargantuan tread.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

I descend, like Kurtz, but not into the darkness of the Congo, this is the darkness of the Mississippi --, that river famed in atrocious song and verse; verse which attempts to transform it into an ersatz father figure when actually, the Mississippi is a treacherous and sinister body of water whose eddies and currents yearly claim many lives.

Ignatius reaches the bottom of the stairs and pauses. Several of the factory workers shamle about with scraps of cloth. DIXIELAND JAZZ ISSUES FORTH from the various loudspeakers on the factory walls. Ignatius lurches forward and comes upon a woman pressing some baby clothes. He turns away and watches another woman making a colorful but rakish evening gown by joining together sections of fuschsia satin on one of the large sewing machines. She whips the material back and forth under the massive electric needle. She stops working and looks up, puzzled.

IGNATIUS

(shouting)

You are quite obviously a skilled worker, it is unfortunate that you are not lending your talents to the creation of a pair of

Levy Pants...

The woman does not hear. She smiles broadly and nods.

IGNATIUS
(bellowing)
PANTS!

Ignatius sails on among the cutting tables and sewing machines. Several women working at the dye vats are doing laundry and hanging it out on pulley lines that swag and criss-cross above a neighborhood of pressing machines. One man in his seventies takes a break from his work building a china-cabinet and swigs from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

IGNATIUS
(screaming to the old man)
Is there no one in this factory
working on a PAIR OF LEVY PANTS!?

The old man shakes his head, points to his ear and then to one of the loudspeakers BLASTING JAZZ. He waves to Ignatius and then points out the turntable on a shelf near an idle pressing machine. Ignatius sails over to the turntable and yanks the record out from under the needle arm. A LOUD SCREECH. THE MUSIC STOPS. The workers GASP. Ignatius holds the record aloft.

INGATIUS
This obscene jazz is no doubt
at the root of the apathy we
are witnessing among the workers
here at Levy Pants!

A LOUD AND DEFIANT ROAR OF PROTEST RISES UP FROM THE COLLECTIVE WORKERS who abandon their individual projects and begin advancing on Ignatius. He smiles broadly and staggers as he sees them approach. He waves amiably with the record and then puts it back on the turntable. DIXIELAND POURS IN TORRENTS from the speakers on the walls.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)
I needed to win the worker's
confidence. I would have to
struggle to show them my almost
psychotic dedication to their cause...

Ignatius smiles ever more broadly, clicks his fingers and begins waving his arms. The workers stop in their tracks and watch in awe as Ignatius swings his massive bulk from side to side. A few workers BEGIN TO CLAP in cadence.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

Having spent countless hours of my life watching those blighted children on television dancing to this sort of music, I knew the physical spasm which it was supposed to elicit, and I attempted my own conservative version of the same on the spot to pacify the workers.

A PARTICULARLY HOT LICK ON A TENOR SAX sets everyone to dancing. Ignatius twists his bulk and pounds his fists in the air above his head.

IGNATIUS

Go! Go! Do it, baby, do it!
Hear me talkin' to ya. Wow!

Two women join Ignatius in a breathtaking *pas de trois*. The crowd ROARS and CLAPS along.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

I must admit that my body moved with surprising agility; I am not without an innate sense of rhythm; my ancestors must have been rather outstanding at jigging on the heath.

Through a series of stunning collective moves the Levy workers manage to create steps out of boxes and assist Ignatius and his two partners onto a large cutting table. They proceed to gyrate so furiously that the table COLLAPSES beneath them and Ignatius sprawls helplessly as the workers gather around him with concern. He wiggles a bit, then holds out a huge hand.

IGNATIUS

Fellow workers of Levy Pants I am uninjured!

All CHEER and APPLAUD.

IGNATIUS

Furthermore, since pride is a Deadly Sin which I feel I generally eschew, absolutely nothing has been hurt!

Several of the men help Ignatius to his feet.

IGNATIUS

Tell me, brothers and sisters in pants, what is your weekly wage?

The workers look at each other in some vexation, then...

VARIOUS WORKERS

Shit, man, \$27.50. Thirty dollars a week. Fuck. I'm only getting twenty-six-fifty. Shit. Let's put it this way, man, under thirty dollars a week.

IGNATIUS

(roaring)

In my considered opinion, a person deserves more than thirty dollars a week for simply staying in a place like this factory for five days a week. And who knows? A person might very well have better things to do than to loiter about Levy Pants, such as composing jazz or creating new dances. I'll tell you, friends, if I was a factory workers at Levy Pants I would long before this have stormed the office and demanded a decent wage!

The gathered throng of Levy Workers CHEERS.

CUT TO:

INT. MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - DAY

Jones is perched on a wooden stool at the bar of this combination saloon and grocery. Behind the bar is the elderly cafe au lait-tinted MR. WATSON, owner of the Inn. Another CUSTOMER is hunched over an empty glass at the end of the bar.

MR. WATSON

(to Jones)

You want another beer?

JONES

You tryina sell me another beer, a poor color boy bustin his ass for twenty dollar a week? Shit! I'm workin in modern slavery. If I quit, I get report for bein vagran. If I stay, I'm gainfully employ on a salary ain

even startin to be a minimal wage.

Mr. Watson leans over the bar and hands Jones a beer.

MR. WATSON
(confidentially)
I tell you what you can do.

The customer at the end of the bar looks up and bends towards them.

MR. WATSON
You try you a little sabotage.
That's the only way you fight
that kinda trap.

JONES
Wha you mean "sabotage?"

MR. WATSON
(whispering)
You know, man. Like the maid ain
been paid enough to throw too much
pepper in the soup by accident. Like
the parkin lot attendant takin too
much crap skid on some oil and crash
a car into the fence.

JONES
Like the boy workin in the supper-
market suddenly get slippery fingers
and drop a dozen aigs on the floor.
Cause he ain been pay overtime. Hey!

MR. WATSON
Now you get it.

CUSTOMER
We really plannin *big* sabotage.
We havin a big demonstration where
I work.

JONES
Yeah? Where?

CUSTOMER
At Levy Pant. We got this big old
white man comin in the factory
tellin us he like to drop a atom
bum on top the company.

JONES
It sound like you peoples having

more than sabotage, it sound like
you havin a war.

CUSTOMER

He gonna lead us in a big demonstration
he say make all the other demonstration
look like a ladies' social.

JONES

Yeah, and it sound like he gonna
lead you peoples right into jail.

CUSTOMER

He big and fat outta see him. Come
in wearin a rag all over his head.

JONES

You better stay away from that
freak. He probably wanted by
a po-lice.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS - DAY

Mr. Gonzalez, smiling and shaking his head, is observing Ignatius's bean vines, growing so healthily that they have even begun to twine downward through the handles of the file drawers. Ignatius bursts through the door, his scarf-shawl flying horizontally. A cheap movie camera is slung over his shoulder and under his arm is a rolled up bed sheet.

IGNATIUS

(brusquely)

Good morning, sir!

MR. GONZALEZ

Well, you certainly are early
today, Mr. Reilly.

IGNATIUS

What do you mean? I always
arrive at this time.

MR. GONZALEZ

(meekly)

Oh, of course.

IGNATIUS

Do you believe that I am here
early for some purpose?

MR. GONZALEZ

No. I...

IGNATIUS

Speak up, sir. Why are you so strangely suspicious? Your eyes are literally flickering with paranoia.

MR. GONZALEZ

What, Mr. Reilly?

IGNATIUS

You heard what I said.

Ignatius lumbers through the door to the factory. Mr. Gonzalez tries to compose himself but becomes disturbed when WILD CHEERING AND APPLAUSE explodes behind the factory door. He tries nervously to light a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Ignatius stands on the largest and sturdiest cutting table at the center of the factory. He dramatically whips the sheet from under his arm and flaps it open.

IGNATIUS

Now this we will carry with us in the vanguard!

Among the yellow stains on the sheet the word FORWARD is printed in red crayon and below that CRUSADE FOR MOORISH DIGNITY, in an intricate blue script. The workers GASP in horror.

SECOND WOMAN

I wonder who been sleepin on that old thing. Lord!

Ignatius STOMPS ONE FOOT THUNDEROUSLY on the table.

IGNATIUS

Two of the more statuesque women here will carry this banner between them as we march into the office.

THIRD WOMAN

I ain puttin my hand on that.

OLD MAN

How come we gotta take that
old sheet with us? I thought
all this about WAGES!

IGNATIUS

Sheet? What sheet! I am holding
before you the proudest of banners,
an identification of our purpose,
a visualization of all that we seek.
This banner alone gives form and
credence to the agitation.

Ignatius hands the sheet down to two women who hold it gingerly
between their thumbs and index fingers as if it were a leper's
shroud.

IGNATIUS

Now wave it thus with honor and with pride.

FOURTH WOMAN

Don wave that thing around me, gal.

A RIPPLE OF GIGGLES runs through the crowd. Ignatius flips his
camera into action and aims it at the banner and the workers.

IGNATIUS

Will all of you please wave your
sticks and stones and so forth?

P.O.V. OF HAND-HELD CAMERA IN BLACK AND WHITE: The Levy workers
merrily wave their fence posts and bricks and other crude weapons.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Myrna will choke on her espresso
when she sees this.

CLOSE ON Ignatius as he scans the crowd with the little camera.

IGNATIUS

A bit more violently now. Brandish
these weapons fiercely. Make faces.
Perhaps some of you could jump up
and down, if you don't mind.

P.O.V. OF HAND-HELD CAMERA: The Levy workers are making faces AT
THE CAMERA and jumping up and down.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Now in an interesting
and rather recherche bit of
cinematography...

The CAMERA ZOOM-LURCHES over the heads of the jumping, arm-waving workers to the tall metal staircase and begins to CLIMB SLOWLY.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)

...we pan up the aspiring staircase to the very threshold of our social crusade! At some future date all of us may realize some additional revenues from the rental of this film to student organizations and other similarly appalling societies.

CLOSE ON OFFICE DOOR: The clear but elongated shadows of Mr. Gonzalez and Miss Trixie slide up the frosted glass of the door behind the painted words: EXECUTIVE OFFICES. The silhouette heads turn and look at each other.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

Cue the choir.

WORKERS (O.S.)

(singing)

Oh, Jesus, you be my friend
Right, oh, yeah, right up till the end...

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

Now, forward!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Miss Trixie and Mr. Gonzalez have their ears to the glass panel of the office door and are staring at each other with mouths open in awe.

WORKERS (O.S.)

(singing)

You take my hand and I feel grand
Knowing you walking, hearing me talking...

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

The battalion of workers is filing up the metal staircase. Ignatius remains stranded on the cutting table.

IGNATIUS

Stop! Come back immediately!

He gets down on his hands and knees and crawls to the edge of the

table where he begins maneuvering his extremities in an effort to sit on the edge.

WORKERS

(singing)

I ain't gonna moan
When I'm lef all alone
'Cause I ain all alone
When I'm with Jesus.

IGNATIUS

Wait for me!

As Ignatius pushes himself free of the table and lands on the floor, the camera slides from his shoulder and hits the cement WITH A CRACK. Ignatius looks up and sees the workers attain the top step, open the office door, and begin pouring in. He struggles to get up.

WORKERS

(singing)

Oh, Jesus, when I'm on the flo
You gonna help me up show...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Gonzalez and Miss Trixie are both standing on top of his desk with their hands in the air. Below them is the banner, held up but turned the wrong way around, and the gathering choir of workers.

WORKERS

(singing)

Oh, Jesus, you pay my bail
When they put me in that old jail...

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Ignatius is laboring up the metal staircase trailing unwound film.

WORKERS (O.S.)

(singing)

You never hurt me,
You never, never, never desert me...

IGNATIUS

What are those maniacs singing?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Their eyes closed, the choir members are CHANTING COMPULSIVELY, lost in their melody, CLAPPING and swaying from side to side.

WORKERS

(singing)

I never sinning
I always winning
Now I got Jesus.

The banner is suddenly torn aside and Ignatius steps up to the office manager's desk with the sheet in one fist and a coil of film in the other. Miss Trixie lowers her hands when she recognizes Ignatius.

MISS TRIXIE

What's happening, Gloria? What
are all the factory people doing
in here?

IGNATIUS

(with great seriousness)

Run while you're able, Miss Trixie.

WORKERS

(singing)

Oh, Jesus, you give me peace
When you keeping away them po-lice.

MISS TRIXIE

I can't hear you! Is this a
minstrel show?

IGNATIUS

(screaming savagely)

Get down off that desk and go
dangle your withered parts over
the toilet.

THIRD WOMAN

Now wait a minute!

Ignatius gives one end of the banner to the worker nearest him and snaps it open, printed side facing front. Mr. Gonzalez steps forward on his desk.

MR. GONZALEZ

(pointing at the banner)

What does this mean?

IGNATIUS

Do you refuse to help these people?

MR. GONZALEZ

(frightened)

Help them? What are you talking about, Mr. Reilly?

THIRD WOMAN

(to Ignatius)

You pologize for talk like that.

IGNATIUS

(to Mr. Gonzalez)

I am talking about the sin against society of which you are guilty.

MR. GONZALEZ

(lower lip quivering)

What?

IGNATIUS

Attack! This man is totally without charity.

THIRD WOMAN

(to Ignatius)

You ain givin out no charriddy talkin to that po ol lady the way you did.

IGNATIUS

Attack!

WOMAN HOLDING SHEET

You ain give him a chance to say nothin. You let Mr. Gonzalez talk.

IGNATIUS

Attack! Attack!!

A YOUNG MAN half-heartedly FLINGS A BICYCLE CHAIN over the top of the file cabinets and KNOCKS the bean plants to the floor.

IGNATIUS

(turning on him)

Now look what you've done! Who told you to knock those plants over?

YOUNG MAN
You say, "Attagg."

One worker is apathetically making a slash in the DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH - I. REILLY, CUSTODIAN sign with a pen knife.

IGNATIUS
What do you people think you're doing?

SEVERAL WORKERS
(singing)
Oh, Jesus, you hear my woe
And I never, I never never gonna
let you go.

IGNATIUS
(shouting)
Stop that awful song. Never has
such egregious blasphemy fallen
upon my ears.

The CHOIR STOPS SINGING and looks hurt.

FIRST WOMAN
What you call our song?

MR. GONZALEZ
(to Ignatius)
I don't understand what you're
doing.

IGNATIUS
Oh, shut up, you mongoloid.

THIRD WOMAN
(angrily to Ignatius)
We goin back to the factory.
You a bad man.

INN CUSTOMER
You probably wanted by a po-lice.

IGNATIUS
(begging)
Now wait a moment. Someone
must attack Gonzalez. The man
with the brick, come over here
at once and knock him a bit
about the head.

MAN WITH BRICK
I ain't hittin nobody with this.

The two women drop the sheet disgustedly on the floor and follow other workers already beginning to file through the door.

IGNATIUS
(choking with fury)
Where do you people think you're
going?

Ignatius grabs a MAN WITH A BROOMSTICK by the arm and swings him around. The man yanks his arm free and swats at Ignatius.

MAN WITH BROOMSTICK
We got enough trouble without
gettin' thrown in jail.

The procession moves silently and determinedly out the door and down the long flight of stairs into the factory.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

The Levy workers are returning to their posts. Ignatius appears in the doorway at the top of the stairs. He raises the stained sheet in the air with one clenched fist.

IGNATIUS
Come back in here! We're not
FINISHED!

His yellow and blue eyes are frantic and wild.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrolman Mancuso SNEEZES. He is fully dressed and seated in one of the stalls. He looks at his watch and tries to open the door, but it will not give. He fumbles with the lock, RATTLING and pushing.

MANCUSO
Help!

Another SNEEZE.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly is stuffing old bowling shoes and a towel into a torn and dusty bowling bag.

MRS. REILLY

So you got yourself fired.

Ignatius is sucking a bottle of Dr. Nut. He is seated at the kitchen table which is littered with empty bakery boxes, a large green book and spread sections of the newspaper.

IGNATIUS

Please, Mother, I am near the breaking point.

MRS. REILLY

A little job in a office and you can't hold it down. With all your education.

IGNATIUS

I was hated and resented.

He BELCHES some Dr. Nut.

IGNATIUS

Ultimately it was all Myrna Minkoff's fault. You know how she makes trouble.

MRS. REILLY

Myrna Minkoff? Don't gimme that foolishness, Ignatius. That girl's in New York. I know you, boy. You musta really pulled some boo-boos at that Levy Pants.

Ignatius picks up the paper and turns to the Funny Pages.

IGNATIUS

My excellence confused them.

MRS. REILLY

Gimme that paper, Ignatius. We gonna take a look at them want ads.

Ignatius slaps down the paper, picks up the large green book and stands majestically.

IGNATIUS

I must have at least a week in bed, with service. I intend to re-read the writings of Boethius in order to be made whole again.

MRS. REILLY
(snatching the book)
Boethius my foot! Gimme that book!
Tomorrow you back on the street.

IGNATIUS
(thundering)
Is that true? Am I going to be
thrown out again into the abyss?

There is a TAP on the back door. It opens and Santa Battaglia leans her kinky gray head into the kitchen.

SANTA
Yoo hoo, Irene, honey, time
to scoot over to the Alley.

IGNATIUS
(to his mother)
Apparently you have bowled all
the charity out of your soul.

He sails out of the kitchen up the long hallway. Santa pads into the room.

SANTA
So that's himself. Well,
my sympathy.

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius is alright. He's
just delicate.

SANTA
You are a riot, Irene. Course,
you think you got problems, you
should see our poor Angelo. They
got him stuck in the toilet at
the bus station. Have you ever?
He sounds like he's got pneumonia
already.

MRS. REILLY
Aw, poor Angelo. See, he wants
to work.

SANTA
Dedicated? And never complains. He
says it ain't so bad, he just wishes
he had him a good book to read.

Mrs. Reilly turns the big green book over and then hands it to Santa.

MRS. REILLY
Give him this one. It's Ignatius's favorite. He says it makes him feel "whole again" whenever he reads it.

Santa takes the book.

SANTA
Aw, that's sweet. I know Angelo'll be glad to get this.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVY LODGE - DAY

VERY LONG SHOT: The Levy home stands among the pines on a small rise overlooking the gray waters of Bay St. Louis. CAMERA APPROACHES VERY SLOWLY TO TIGHT ON MR. LEVY STANDING IN A PICTURE WINDOW LOOKING OUT OVER THE ESTATE.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
(moaning softly)
Oh...

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
He got all the workers to bring bricks and chains up to the office to attack Gonzalez.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
That's *passion*, Gus.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
He'd been telling them they were underpaid and overworked.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
I think he's right.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
This guy was a real psycho.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
To you character is a psychosis.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
So, I fired him.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
Integrity is a complex. I've
heard it all before.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
It seems he had them singing
and waving banners.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
To somebody like you, crusaders
and idealists are always beatniks.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
Whatever, he's gone.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)
That young idealist must be
floundering somewhere at this
very moment.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
Oh, shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY'S LODGE - DAY

Mrs. Levy is prone on a motorized exercising board. Its several sections prod her ample body gently. Mr. Levy remains standing at the window looking out over the grounds.

MRS. LEVY
You see that? You're always
attacking. It's insecurity,
guilt complexes, hostility.
If you were proud of yourself
and of the way you treat other
people, you'd be pleasant. Just
take Miss Trixie as another example.
Look what you've done to her. She's
alone, afraid.

MR. LEVY
She's almost dead.

MRS. LEVY
Bring me Miss Trixie.

MR. LEVY
What?

MRS. LEVY

It's not enough that I've kept that woman active. She needs personal help, Gus, and so, as a matter of fact, do you.

MR. LEVY

Oh, boy.

MRS. LEVY

Go see the doctor before it's too late, Gus. For the girls' sake you should be helped. I don't care.

MR. LEVY

I'm sure you don't.

MRS. LEVY

You're a very mixed-up person. Sandra, personally, is much happier since she was psychoanalyzed. Some doctor at the college helped her out.

MR. LEVY

I'm sure he did.

MRS. LEVY

Sandra may have a setback when I write to her about what you did to that young activist. I know the girls will at last turn against you completely. They're warm and compassionate, just like I was before I was brutalized.

MR. LEVY

Brutalized?

MRS. LEVY

Please. Not another word of sarcasm. Do I get Miss Trixie or do the girls get a letter?

Mr. Levy turns from the window and stares fiercely at his wife. The exercise board HUMS as it undulates. SOUND OF WATER SPLASHING GENTLY AND BUBBLES.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY BATHROOM - DAY

Ignatius is soaking in the bathtub and BLOWING BUBBLES in his bottle of Dr. Nut with a straw.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)
I got the classified right here,
Ignatius. Tomorrow morning you
getting on that St. Charles trolley
with the birds.

IGNATIUS
(absently)
Huh?

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly, in full bowling regalia, is standing outside the bathroom door waving the paper.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
What was that you said, mother
of mine?

MRS. REILLY
I said you gettin on that
trolley with the birds.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
That sounds appropriate.

MRS. REILLY
(pointing to the paper)
When you come home again, you
gonna have you a job.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ignatius is bathing a plastic brown-and-white collie dog.

IGNATIUS
(to the dog)
Apparently Fortuna has decided
upon another downward spin of
her great wheel.

A LUSH ORCHESTRAL INTRO FILLS THE AIR.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)
(singing)
Find a wheel and it goes round, round, round...

MRS. REILLY
What?

IGNATIUS
Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly holds a bowling ball under her chin and squints down the long hall.

MRS. REILLY
And when I say a job, Ignatius,
I mean a job!

PERRY COMO (V.O.)
As it skims along with a happy sound...

Mrs. Reilly starts to run with the ball, then lowers it, lets it swing behind her, skips, and pitches it forward. She crashes into the hallway wall as the ball RUMBLES down the long corridor.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
(singing)
As it goes along the ground, ground, ground,
Till it leads you to the one you love.

The ball ROLLS into the kitchen where it KNOCKS OVER A FULL RACK of empty muscatel bottles. THE MUSIC SOARS.

CUT TO:

EXT. POYDRAS STREET - NIGHT

THE HUGE LUMINOUS DISC OF THE MOON is snagged by the wires and telephone poles leaning over a dark vacant commercial building.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)
(singing)
In the night you see the oval moon
Going round and round in tune

TIME LAPSE - MOON FADES, SUN RISES over commercial building. Battered garage doors are closed and the sign above them reads: PARADISE VENDORS, INCORPORATED.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
 (singing)
 And the ball of sun in the day
 Makes a girl and boy want to say...

CUT TO:

EXT. POYDRAS STREET - DAY

TIME LAPSE - GARAGE DOORS OPEN. IGNATIUS WADDLES INTO THE STREET WITH HIS NOSE IN THE CLASSIFIED. HE STOPS, LOOKS UP, SNIFFS THE AIR AND SEES PARADISE VENDORS. THE OPEN GARAGE DOORS FRAME A BLACK ABYSS. STILL IN FAST-FORWARD HE WADDLES INTO THE DARK GARAGE.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
 (singing)
 Find a wheel and it goes round, round, round...

Ignatius emerges from the deep shadows pushing a large tin hot dog mounted on bicycle tires.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE SPINNING WHEELS OF THE MOBILE HOT DOG.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
 (singing)
 As it skims along with a happy sound...

FAST FORWARD: An OLD MAN runs out of the deep shade into the sunlight and waves at Ignatius. Ignatius stops the weenie wagon. The old man helps him on with a white smock and puts a little rectangle of white paper on his head. Ignatius rips the hat from his head and throws it on the ground. The old man picks it up and shrugs as Ignatius gives the wagon a shove and its bicycle wheels begin again to bounce over the cobblestones in the street.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
 (singing)
 As it goes along the ground, ground, ground...

Ignatius turns a corner into an alley and immediately parks the weenie wagon.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
 (singing)
 Till it leads you to the one you love...

Ignatius opens the various lids in the wagon, prepares a hot dog for himself, and ravenously eats it. FAST MOTION: IGNATIUS PREPARES AND CONSUMES HALF A DOZEN HOT DOGS.

TENOR VOICE (O.S.)
 Gimme one of those.

NORMAL SPEED: Ignatius looks up and sees George carrying an armload of packages wrapped in plain brown wrappers and wearing an aquamarine jacket, delicate boots, and tight trousers that bulge offensively in the crotch in violation of all rules of theology and geometry.

IGNATIUS

(snorting)

I am sorry. I have only a few frankfurters left, and I must save them. Please get out of my way.

GEORGE

Save them? Who for?

IGNATIUS

That is none of your business, you waif. Why aren't you in school? Kindly stop molesting me. Anyway, I have no change.

GEORGE

(sneering)

I got a quarter.

IGNATIUS

I cannot sell you a frank, sir. Is that clear?

GEORGE

Whatsa matter with you, friend?

IGNATIUS

What's the matter with me? What's the matter with you? These dogs are made with rubber, cereal, tripe, who knows what else? Just look at your loathsome complexion. I will not contribute to the debauchery of a minor.

GEORGE

Whadda you talking about? Sell me one of them hot dogs. I'm hungry. I ain't had no lunch.

IGNATIUS

No! Now get away from me before I run you over with this cart.

Ignatius backs up the cart and RAMS it into George's crotch. He drops the packages.

GEORGE
Ouch! Watch out there.

Ignatius ROLLS past him down the alley.

GEORGE (CONT.)
You oughta be locked up, you
big fruit. You know that?

CLOSE ON THE BIG BICYCLE WHEEL AS IT ROLLS UP ONTO CARONDELET STREET.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLIER HALL - DAY

Ignatius is leaning against the worn granite wall behind his parked wagon. He holds a heavily decorated hot dog in each paw, biting first from one and then from the other.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)
Once again my personal life has
undergone a metamorphosis. Who
would have guessed that one day
I would be connected in a most
vital manner with the food
merchandising industry. I must
inform Myrna the Minx.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)
(singing)
Then your love will hold you round, round, round...

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STUDIO - NIGHT

The floodlights are gone but the rumpled bed remains near the broken window. Myrna, Shmuel and Leola carry on a wild and violent argument. Leola is smoking, standing near the door with a suitcase. Shmuel is crashing around the apartment stuffing clothes and books in a cardboard box. Myrna follows Shmuel and tries to unpack as he packs. Leola stews and TAPS her foot.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)
(singing)
And your heart's a song with a
brand new sound...

CLOSE ON MYRNA as she screams insults and gesticulates wildly.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)

(singing)

And your head goes spinnin' round, round, round...

Shmuel BARKS at Myrna, grabs her and throws her on the bed. He and Leola pick up boxes and suitcases and storm out...

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)

(singing)

Cause you found what you've been dreaming of.

SHMUEL SLAMS THE DOOR. MYRNA SITS UP ON THE BED AND STARES AT THE CAMERA.

MYRNA

(trying to control her emotion)

What is wrong, Ignatius? I have not heard from you. You know how much I respect your mind, and I have always accepted your eccentric tendencies. Let's not close doors. I'm writing to tell you that the movie is off, so if you were planning to play the landlord, forget it. Basically, we had trouble with funds. I could not milk another drachma out of my father, so Leola, the Harlem find, got very hostile about salary (or lack of it) and finally dropped a remark or two that sounded a little anti-semitic to me. Shmuel has decided to become a forest ranger in Montana because he is planning a dramatic allegory set in a dark woods and he wants to get the feel of the forest. From what I know of Shmuel, he will be a big flop as a ranger, but the allegory, I know, will be challenging and controversial, full of unpleasant truths.

(tears well up in her eyes)

Wish him well. He is fantastic...

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ignatius is sitting in the bathtub reading Myrna's letter. He PUNCHES the water with his fist. A Niagra spills over the side of the tub.

IGNATIUS
Brraaaaaagh!

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly and Santa Battaglia are startled, sitting at the kitchen table, sipping wine.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Trollop!

SANTA
Somebody oughta punch that boy
in the nose.

MRS. REILLY
Imagine my Ignatius selling hot
dogs out there on the streets in
broad daylight like a bum.

SANTA
Bum is right, girl. Even worst.
Read the police notices in the
paper sometimes. They all a bunch
of vagrants.

MRS. REILLY
He just don't care about his poor
momma, that's all. Suppose somebody
I know sees him with one of them
wagons.

SANTA
Don't be ashamed, babe. It ain't your
fault you got a brat on your hands.
What you need is a man in this
house, girl, to set that boy straight.
I'm gonna find that nice old man ast
about you.

MRS. REILLY
I don't want a nice old man. All
I want is a nice child.

SANTA
Don't you worry. Just leave it to
Santa. I'll fix you up.

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Oh, my God!

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON RUMPLED POSTER HELD TIGHTLY IN IGNATIUS'S DRIPPING PAWS. UNDER A GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO OF MYRNA IS THE FOLLOWING TEXT:

LECTURE! LECTURE!
M. Minkoff speaks boldly about
"Sex in Politics: Erotic Liberty
as a Weapon Against Reactionaries"

SIGN M. MINKOFF'S PETITION AND SAVE
AMERICA FROM SEXUAL IGNORANCE, CHASTITY
AND FEAR. ARE YOU COMMITTED ENOUGH TO
HELP IN THIS BOLD AND CRUCIAL MOVEMENT?

IGNATIUS
This time she has outdone herself
in offending taste and decency.

VERY LOUD ROCK-AND-ROLL GUSHES IN OVER THE SOUNDS OF A WILD PARTY.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

MYRNA IS TALKING TO THE CAMERA. BEHIND HER A PARTY OF YOUNG
ACTIVISTS IS IN FULL SWING. MUCH OF THE GROUP IS GATHERED AROUND A
SLIM, BEARDED FOLKSINGER WEARING A YARMULKE AND PLAYING THE GUITAR.

MYRNA
(to the CAMERA)
At last it seems that I am finding
a platform for my philosophy. As
you see from the enclosed, I'm
giving a lecture at the "Y." It
all happened in a strange way. A
few weeks ago I was at a party that
some friends were giving for this
very real boy who had just returned
from Israel.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ignatius scowls as he reads.

MYRNA (V.O.)
He was unbelievable. I mean that.

SOUND OF UNDERWATER FART. Bubbles rise up in the greasy waters around the islands of Ignatius's knees.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Myrna wrinkles her nose and waves her hand in front of her face.

MYRNA

(to the CAMERA)

For hours and hours he sang these folk songs he had picked up over there; really significant songs that proved my theory that music should basically be an instrument of social protest and expression.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myrna and the FOLKSINGER are in bed. He smokes. She talks TO THE CAMERA.

MYRNA

Later we started talking - on many levels - and I let him know what was on my mind in general.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ignatius YAWNS violently at the letter.

IGNATIUS

Ho, hum.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myrna picks the cigarette from the folksinger's fingers and takes a drag.

MYRNA

(to the CAMERA)

He said...

FOLKSINGER

(to Myrna)

Why are you keeping all of this
to yourself, Myrna? Why haven't
you let the world in on this?

MYRNA

(to the CAMERA)

I told him that I often spoke in
my group therapy group and in...

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

(screaming)

Get out of that tub, boy.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Please! I am attempting to read
a letter.

The folksinger takes the cigarette back. Myrna drums her fingers on
her knees.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

A letter? Who wrote you a letter?

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

My dear friend, Miss Minkoff.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

What that Myrna's doing now? How
come she's writing so much?

SOUND OF SPLASHING. MYRNA LOOKS PUZZLED.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.) (CONT.)

She needed a good bath, that girl.

Myrna gives "the finger" to the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly is leaning against the bathroom door.

MRS. REILLY

(bellowing)

What?

IGNATIUS (O.S.)

Will you please stop shrieking
like a fishmonger and run along?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ignatius's blue and yellow eyes flash.

IGNATIUS

Don't you have a bottle of muscatel baking in the oven?

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

You know what Santa said?

IGNATIUS

Ho, ho, ho.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly clenches her fists.

MRS. REILLY

She said somebody oughta punch you right in the nose.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

I am not going to participate in this idiotic conversation. I must concentrate on M. Minkoff.

MRS. REILLY

You breaking your poor momma's heart. Getting fired outta a two-bit clerk job in a factory and now you selling weenies in the streets. Well, I'll tell you one thing, Ignatius, you better not get fired by the weenie man!

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Ignatius trundles his weenie wagon along the sidewalk in front of the bus station. An elderly tourist approaches wanting to buy a hot dog. Ignatius waves him away and pushes ahead through the crowds. George runs into the bus station with an armload of brown-paper packages.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso is seated in the end stall attempting to read the big green book of Boethius's writings. He turns one thin page and then watches delicate boots as they CLICK moving back and forth from the lavatory to the paper-towel dispenser. Mancuso opens the door a crack and sees George leaning against the lavatory drawing on the back of his hands with a ball-point pen. Mancuso opens the door of the stall and approaches George COUGHING DEEPLY.

MANCUSO

(pleasantly)

What's that you're writing on
your had, pal?

GEORGE looks up and sees Mancuso in his monocle and beard.

GEORGE

Get the hell away from me before
I kick your nuts in.

MANCUSO

(taunting)

Cawd the police.

GEORGE

No. Just get away. I ain't
making trouble.

MANCUSO

You afred udda police?

GEORGE

Look, kookie, move it. I don't
want no trouble with the cops.

MANCUSO

You dote?

GEORGE

No, and neither does a screwball
like you.

MANCUSO

You udder arrest.

GEORGE

What? Boy, you are out of it.

MANCUSO
(flashing his badge)
Patrodeman Madcuso. Uddercover.
Cubb alogg wid me.

Mancuso reaches out to grab George by the arm and handcuff him, but George snatches the big green book from under Mancuso's arm and SLAMS it into the side of his head. When Mancuso straightens up he sees George SCRAPING RAPIDLY out of the door of the rest room with the big green book in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

George runs into a corridor of lockers, quickly opens one and takes out an armload of brown paper packages. Without closing the locker door, he runs out onto Canal Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Ignatius and the weenie wagon are parked near the river. He is half-way through a hot dog, in one hand, and Myrna's letter, in the other.

MYRNA (V.O.)
...I never met anybody so dedicated
to fighting reactionary ideas and
prejudice as this folksinger.

Ignatius BELCHES. A TELEPHONE RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWHICH VILLAGE STUDIO - DAY

Myrna runs from the bathroom in a kimono to answer the phone.

MYRNA (V.O.)
The next day I got a telephone call
from him. Would I lecture to this
social action group he was going
to form in Brooklyn Heights? I
was overcome.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soiled sheets and blankets cover two people wildly copulating.

MYRNA (V.O.) (CONT.)

In this world of dog eat dog, it is rare to find a friend...a really sincere friend...or so I thought.

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING. Myrna walks to the foot of the bed as the sheets are pulled down and the folksinger is revealed beside a teenage girl with short red hair and freckles.

MYRNA (V.O.) (CONT.)

Well, to make my point as briefly as possible, I found out later that this "folk singer" guy was really a Baptist from Alabama. Boy, what a fraud he was.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Myrna is sitting alone in a booth drinking a cup of coffee and talking TO THE CAMERA.

MYRNA (CONT.)

The incident reminded me of the time in Poe Park when this squirrel I was feeding turned out to really be a rat which at first glance could have passed for a squirrel any day. So live and learn. This phony gave me an idea. I decided to ask up here at the "Y" if I could get the auditorium one night. After a while, they said o.k., see enclosed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

Ignatius is parked in front of Pirate's Alley. He continues reading Myrna's letter in the shadow of the Cathedral.

MYRNA (V.O.) (CONT.)

I hope that you are working on your personality problems, Ignatius. Please get out of the house and enter into the world around you. I am worried about your future. Ever since L.S.U., you have always been one of my

most important projects and I am interested in hearing of your current mental condition, so please get out of the pillows and write.

Ignatius looks up. His great yellow and blue eyes see far into the distance. He folds the letter slowly and puts it in his white smock. He glances up at the Cathedral, takes a red scarf, ties it around his hunting cap, and snaps a gold ring on one ear.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTAGLIA PARLOR - NIGHT

On top of the old console radio are two fifths of Early Times and numerous bottles of Seven-Up. Patrolman Mancuso and Mrs. Reilly are seated on the sofa. Santa is standing in the doorway with a highball in a jelly glass. Mancuso COUGHS DEEPLY.

SANTA

Angelo is just afraid he'll spoil the party. He lost the book you gave him from Ignatius.

MRS. REILLY

That won't spoil the party. Just don't ever tell Ignatius.

SANTA

My lips is sealed.

Mancuso COUGHS DEEPLY.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius don't know I come here tonight. I told him I was going to a novena.

Mancuso COUGHS.

SANTA

Lord Angelo. Stop that coughing. Go lay down in the back and rest up till the old man comes.

Mancuso erupts into a SPASM OF COUGHING and leaves the room.

SANTA (CONT.)

I wonder how come that old man ain't showed up yet.

MRS. REILLY

To tell you the truth, Santa, I don't think I want to meet this old man.

SANTA

Well, it's too late now.

MRS. REILLY

Yeah, but what me and this old man gonna do?

SANTA

Aw, relax, Irene. You making me nervous. I'm sorry I axt you over. Now listen to me. You had arthritus very bad. The bowling's helping you out. Right? You was stuck home with that crazy boy every night until Santa come along. Right? Now listen to Santa, precious. You don't wanna end up all alone with that Ignatius on your hands. This old man looks like he got him a little money. He dresses neat. He knows you from somewhere. He likes you.

Santa looks Mrs. Reilly in the eye.

SANTA (CONT.)

This old man can pay off your debt.

MRS. REILLY

(suddenly understanding)

Yeah?

Someone KNOCKS LIGHTLY at the shutters on the front door.

SANTA

(eagerly)

Oh, I bet that's him.

MRS. REILLY

Tell him I hadda go, honey.

Santa opens the door and pushes the shutters outward.

SANTA

Hey, Mr. Robichaux. We been waiting for you. My friend Miss Reilly here's been wondering where you was. Come on in out the cold.

Mr. Robichaux steps into the parlor.

MR. ROBICHAUX

Yeah, Miss Battaglia, I'm sorry
I'm a little late, but I had to
take my little grandchirren around
the neighborhood. They raffling
some rosaries for the sisters.

Mrs. Reilly sits frozen on the sofa staring into her drink.

SANTA

Irene! What you doing, girl? Say
"hello" to Mr. Robichaux.

MRS. REILLY

(to her drink)
Glad to meet you.

MR. ROBICHAUX

(to Santa)
Maybe Miss Reilly don't remember,
but we met before.

(to Mrs. Reilly)
It was downtown by Holmes. That
policeman tried to take in your
boy.

Santa's eyes open wide.

MRS. REILLY

Oh, yeah.

MR. ROBICHAUX

It wasn't your fault though, Miss
Reilly. It's them police. They all
a bunch of communiss.

SANTA

Policemen got them a hard line of
work. Sometimes they make a mistake.

MR. ROBICHAUX

I'll never forget that Patrolman
Mancuso.

SANTA

Mancuso? I got plenty relatives with
that very same name. As a matter of
fact, one of them's on the force.

COUGHING EXPLODES in the kitchen.

MRS. REILLY
I think I hear Ignatius calling me.
I better go.

Patrolman Mancuso appears in the doorway.

SANTA
As a matter of fact, here he is.

MR. ROBICHAUX
Christ Awmight! That's him!

MRS. REILLY
I shoullda stayed home.

MR. ROBICHAUX
If you wasn't a dirty cop, I'd
punch you right in the nose.

SANTA
Aw, take it easy, Claude. Angelo
here didn't mean no harm.

MR. ROBICHAUX
(to Santa, wildly)
How come you brought me here?
What is this?

MRS. REILLY
Santa, honey, you wanna call me
a nice taxi?

SANTA
Aw, shut up, Irene. Now listen,
Claude, Angelo says he's sorry he
took you in.

MR. ROBICHAUX
It's too late to feel sorry. I
was disgraced in front my
granchirren.

MRS. REILLY
It was all Ignatius's fault. Angelo
shoullda locked him up.

SANTA
Angelo got that cold on account of
he took you in, Claude. Now he's
stuck in a toilet. Next thing
they gonna kick him off the force.

Patrolman Mancuso COUGHS SADLY.

MR. ROBICHAUX
Maybe I got a little excited.

MANCUSO
I shouldn't of toog you id. I got
nerbous.

MRS. REILLY
(to Mr. Robichaux)
It was all my fault. Mr. Robichaux,
you don't know Ignatius. He makes
trouble every place he goes.

SANTA
(eagerly)
Somebody oughta punch that Ignatius
in the nose.

MRS. REILLY
Somebody oughta punch him in the
mouth.

SANTA
Somebody oughta beat up on that
Ignatius. Now come on. Everybody
make friends.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY LODGE - DAY

Mrs. Levy props Miss Trixie on the yellow nylon couch. Mr. Levy is
painting a paint-by-numbers undersea-scape.

MR. LEVY
Let her alone. Look she's trying
to sleep.

MRS. LEVY
Let her alone? Do you realize,
Gus, that this is the tragedy of
this poor woman's life. She's
always been alone. She needs
someone. She needs love.

MR. LEVY
Ugh.

MRS. LEVY
(sweetly)
Miss Trixie. Wake up.

Miss Trixie opens her eyes and WHEEZES. She is wearing stupendous false teeth.

MISS TRIXIE
Am I retired?

MRS. LEVY
No, darling.

MISS TRIXIE
I am very tired.

MRS. LEVY
It's all in your mind. You have this age psychosis. You're still a very attractive woman.

MR. LEVY
Can't you take her outside? It's a nice day.

MRS. LEVY
She likes the couch. Let her have some enjoyment.

MISS TRIXIE
(SNARLING with her false teeth)
Silence!

MR. LEVY
You'd better take those teeth out of her mouth before she bites off her tongue. And let her alone. All she wants is to retire. It's like torturing a dumb animal.

MISS TRIXIE
Who took my eyeshade? Where am I?

MRS. LEVY
It's all going to end very badly, Gus. Please skip one of your tournaments and go see Lenny's doctor. The man works miracles, believe me.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

Jones is sweeping out the booths in a cloud of cigarette smoke and dust. Lana Lee is seated at a small table in front of the small stage. On the stage is a stand that looks like a hatrack with large rings instead of hooks attached to the top and three rings on chains hanging from the top at different heights.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Okay, Lana, we're ready.

LANA

(to Jones)

Put the record on.

JONES

Sorry. Recor plain star at thirty a week.

LANA

(hollering)

Put down that broom and get on that phonograph before I call up the precinct.

JONES

Get on the phonograph yourself before I call up the precinct and ax them po-lice mothers make a search for your orphan frien who disappear.

LANA

I'd like to see a jailbait vagrant like you trying to get the cops to believe you, especially when I tell them you been dipping into my cash register.

JONES

The only thing I been dipping in around here is a mop bucket fulla dirty water.

LANA

It's my word against yours. Which one you think they'll believe?

Jones is silent behind his silver shades.

LANA (CONT.)

Now get on that phonograph.

Jones throws his broom into a booth and slips behind the bar. When he bends down to turn on the turntable he sees that the door has been left open on the little cabinet. He places the needle on the record and A FULL ORCHESTRA INTRO FLOODS THE ROOM. Jones kneels down and, for the first time, takes off his sunglasses.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Okay, everybody, here we come.

Darlene bumps her way onto the little stage with the cockatoo on her arm. Jones pops up behind the bar, his shades restored. Darlene, in a low-cut orange satin evening dress, makes several clumsily lascivious motions over toward the stand while the cockatoo sways unsteadily on her arm. Holding onto the top of the stand with one hand, she makes a grotesque pass at the pole with her pelvis and SIGHS.

DARLENE (CONT.)

Oh.

Lana stares in disbelief. Jones pops down behind the bar. Inside the little cabinet, neatly stacked, are ten packages wrapped in plain paper. Piled in the corner is a globe, a box of chalk, and the large green book. Jones retrieves the book and sees the title: *The Writings of Boethius* in gold letters on the cover. THE MUSIC CHANGES TEMPO. Jones quickly restores the book and pops back up behind the bar.

DARLENE (CONT.)

Oooo. Oooo. Go birdie, go.

Darlene places the cockatoo on the lowest ring, and with beak and claw it begins to climb up to the next highest ring. Darlene bumps and grinds around the pole in an orgiastic frenzy. Lana Lee is frozen in her seat.

DARLENE (CONT.)

Oh. Oh. Bird, oh.

Jones snatches a pencil from the cash register and ducks behind the bar. He writes the address of the Night of Joy as minutely as he can on the side of each package.

DARLENE (CONT.)

Oh, bird, go!

The bird is now on a level with Darlene's waist. She offers the bird the ring sewed in the side of her gown. He grabs at it with his beak and the gown pops open.

DARLENE (CONT.)

Oh.

She bumps down to the edge of the little stage to show the audience the lingerie that shows through the opening.

LANA

Stop it! Stop the music!

Jones pops up from behind the bar.

JONES

Whoa!

He ducks behind the bar, SNAPS the cabinet shut, and TURNS OFF the phonograph.

DARLENE

(offended)

Hey, what's the matter?

Jones comes out from behind the bar.

LANA

It stinks is what's the matter.
You look like a whore in that
orange dress. And what's all
these sounds you're making
like a slut?

DARLENE

But Lana...

Lana sticks a cigarette between her coral lips and lights it.

LANA

We gotta re-think the whole act.
I know this business. Stripping's
an insult to a woman. Anybody
can insult a tramp. The kind
creeps come in here wanna see
a sweet, clean virgin get insulted
and stripped. You gotta use your
head for Chrissake, Darlene.
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

Who says I'm not refined.

LANA

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

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!

TARA'S THEME POURS FORTH. Lana SNAPS HER FINGER and the MUSIC STOPS.

LANA (CONT.)

That's it.

DARLENE

(bewildered)

That's what?

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

Patrolman Mancuso leans against the sergeant's desk and WHEEZES.

MANCUSO

I'b getting pneumodia. My at says if I stay iddat badroom, I'b gudda die.

SERGEANT

Your aunt? A grown man like you's gotta listen to his aunt? Jesus. Stand up straight.

The sergeant studies the miserable figure before him shaking with the aftereffects of a dangerous cough.

SERGEANT

Okay. Don't go back to the bus station. Get out on the streets

again and get some sunshine. But listen here. I'm giving you one week. If you don't bring in nobody by then, you're off the force. You understand me, Mancuso?

Mancuso nods and SNIFFLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIRATE'S ALLEY - DAY

The alley is filled with well-dressed ladies in large hats. A variety of artwork dangles from the iron pickets of the fence behind the Cathedral and a sign reads: LADIES' ART GUILD EXHIBIT AND SALE. Ignatius, in scarf and earring, points the prow of his wagon into the throng. Taped to the side of the great tin weenie is a hand-lettered sign: TWELVE INCHES (12") OF PARADISE. A WOMAN reads the sign and SCREAMS. Several other women gather around her.

IGNATIUS

Hot dogs, ladies? Savories
from the hygienic Paradise
kitchens?

Ignatius BELCHES VIOLENTLY. The ladies pretend to study the sky and Ignatius glances at the numerous paintings hanging near him on the fence.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Oh, my God! How dare you present
such abortions to the public.

FIRST LADY

Please move along, sir.

Ignatius draws a plastic cutlass from his belt and thrusts it at an offending pastel.

IGNATIUS

Magnolias don't look like that.
You ladies need a course in botany.
And perhaps geometry, too.

SECOND LADY

You don't have to look at our work.

IGNATIUS

(screaming)
Yes, I do! You ladies need a
critic with some taste and decency.
Good heavens! Which one of you did

this camelia? Speak up. The water in this bowl looks like motor oil.

THIRD LADY

Let us alone.

IGNATIUS

You women had better stop giving teas and brunches and settle down to the business of learning how to handle a brush. I would suggest that you all get together and paint someone's house for a start.

FOURTH LADY

Go away.

FIRST LADY

We don't want you here.

IGNATIUS

(breathing heavily)

I should imagine not! Apparently you are afraid of someone who has some contact with reality, who can truthfully describe to you the offenses which you have committed to canvas.

SECOND LADY

Please leave.

IGNATIUS

I shall.

Ignatius grabs the handle of his cart and waddles off down the Alley.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)

Beloved Myrna:

I have received your offensive communication. Do you seriously think that I am interested in your tawdry encounters with such sub-humans as folk singers?

A small rock bounces off the back of Ignatius's head. Angrily, he shoves the wagon along the flagstones.

IGNATIUS (V.O.) (CONT.)

(rubbing the back of his head)

The comments upon my personal life

were uncalled for and revealed a shocking lack of taste and decency. Actually, my personal life has undergone an apotheosis. I am currently in the nutrition management merchandizing industry, and therefore I doubt quite seriously whether I shall have much time in the future to correspond with you. Busily, Ignatius.

Ignatius has parked the wagon, squatted uncomfortably on the side steps of the Cathedral, and removed his boots. He is inspecting the great slabs of his feet.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, dear. What am I seeing? I come out to see this dreadful, tacky art exhibit, and what do I find as Exhibit Number One?

Ignatius looks up and sees Dorian Greene.

DORIAN (CONT.)

It's the ghost of Lafitte, the pirate. No. It's Fatty Arbuckle. Or is it Marie Dressler? Tell me soon or I'll die.

IGNATIUS

Get away from me, you fop. Where is my mother's hat?

DORIAN

(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.

DORIAN

I wouldn't remember anyway. Too many martinis that night for little moi.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God.

DORIAN

What in God's name are you doing in that bizarre outfit? You look like the Queen of the Gypsies. What are you supposed to be? I really want to know.

IGNATIUS

The traditional uniform did not claim enough focus. This ensemble was my employer's idea. It is meant to draw attention to our product. Not easy in the Quarter with so many other grotesque distractions. Now, move alone, you coxcomb.

DORIAN

(lighting a Salem)

How is that dear mother of yours?

IGNATIUS

I don't want to hear her sainted name cross your decadent lips. I am laboring here to pay her debts.

DORIAN

I hope she doesn't know that you're flouncing around the streets like some sort of Hungarian Joan of Arc. That earring. It's so Magyar.

IGNATIUS

If you want a costume like this, then buy one.

DORIAN

It would bring the house down at a party.

IGNATIUS

I suspect that the parties you attend must be true visions of the apocalypse. In a few years, you and your friends will probably take over the country.

DORIAN

(with a bright smile)

Oh, we're planning to. We have connections in the highest places. You'd be surprised.

IGNATIUS

No, I wouldn't. Now, why don't you run along and partake in some dubious recreation that appeals to you.

Ignatius BELCHES.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Look, there's a sailor drifting along Chartres Street. He looks rather lonely.

Dorian glances down to the Chartres Street end of the alley and sees the sailor.

DORIAN

Oh, him. That's only Timmy.

IGNATIUS

Timmy? Do you know him?

DORIAN

Of course. He's one of my dearest, oldest friends. He's not a sailor at all.

IGNATIUS

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

This is extremely serious. Every soldier and sailor that we see could simply be some mad decadent in disguise. My God! We may be all trapped in some horrible conspiracy. I knew that something like this was going to happen. The United States is probably totally defenseless!

Dorian and the sailor wave at each other and the sailor drifts out of sight.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

I wonder how many of our "military" are simply people like your friend.

DORIAN

Who knows?

IGNATIUS

(in a thoughtful serious voice)
Of course, this could be a world-wide deception. The next war could turn out to be one massive orgy. Good grief. 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. Perhaps you are the hope for the future.

Ignatius dramatically POUNDS one paw into the other.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

There certainly doesn't seem to be anything else very promising on the horizon.

DORIAN

We would certainly help to end the population explosion.

IGNATIUS

Have you people considered forming a political party and running a candidate?

DORIAN

Politics? Oh, Maid of Orleans. How dreary.

IGNATIUS

This is very important. We may be able to save the world! We must organize immediately.

DORIAN

I can't tell you how much you're depressing me.

IGNATIUS

There must be a large organizational meeting to kick off the campaign.

DORIAN

Wouldn't that be something like a party?

IGNATIUS

Yes, in a way.

DORIAN

Then it might be sort of fun. You can't imagine how drab, drab the parties have been lately.

IGNATIUS

There is no time to be lost. The apocalypse is near at hand.

DORIAN

We'll have it at my place. This Friday. Here's my card.

IGNATIUS

Begin organizing at every level.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTAGLIA PARLOR - DAY

Santa Battaglia is reading the newspaper seated on the sofa between Mrs. Reilly and Mr. Robichaux.

SANTA

Aw, look. They got a cute picture show on in the neighborhood with little Debbie Reynolds.

MRS. REILLY

Aw, she's sweet. You like her, Claude?

MR. ROBICHAUX

Who's that?

MRS. REILLY

Little Debra Reynolds.

MR. ROBICHAUX

I don't think I can place her. I don't go to the show much.

SANTA

Aw, she was good. Listen, you two. Why don't we go see that cute little Debbie Reynolds.

MR. ROBICHAUX

That would be nice.

MRS. REILLY

I think Ignatius told me this movie ain't no good. He sees every picture that comes out, that boy.

SANTA

Irene! You all the time thinking of that boy, and with all the trouble he's giving you. You better wake up, babe. If you had any sense you woulda had that boy locked away at Charity Hospital a long time ago. They'd turn a hose on him. They'd stick a lettrit socket in that boy. They'd show that Ignatius. They'd make him behave himself.

MRS. REILLY

(with interest)

Yeah? How much that cost?

SANTA

It's all for free, Irene.

MR. ROBICHAUX

You gotta think about yourself, Irene. That son of yours is gonna put you in your grave.

MRS. REILLY

(pensively)

Let's go see that precious Debbie Reynolds.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS - DAY

Mr. Gonzalez turns around in his swivel chair just as the main door to the office opens and Miss Trixie steps in. Her eyes are weak pools edged with blue shadow. Her lips are extended in an orange line that almost reaches her nostrils. A few gray wisps of hair escape from beneath the black wig.

MISS TRIXIE

(SNARLING)

This is Levy Pants!

Mrs. Levy steps into the door-frame behind her.

MRS. LEVY

You're back again where you're
wanted and needed, darling.

MISS TRIXIE

I thought I was retired. You
people have tricked me!

Mr. Levy passes Miss Trixie on his way into the office with a shopping bag of her things. Mrs. Levy brings Miss Trixie into the office and closes the door.

MR. LEVY

Now are you happy? If she had a
knife on her, I'd be taking you
to the hospital right now.

MRS. LEVY

Listen to the fire in her voice.
So vigorous. It's unbelievable.

MR. GONZALEZ

(heart broken)
She's back?

MRS. LEVY

Can you believe your eyes?

MR. GONZALEZ

She certainly looks tan.

MISS TRIXIE

I am a very attractive woman.

MR. LEVY

All right. You've had your fun.
Let's go. I'm getting depressed.

MR. GONZALEZ

Just a moment. I have some mail
for you. And this is a letter
from Abelman.

Mr. Gonzalez hands Mr. Levy an envelope. He opens it and reads.

MR. GONZALEZ (CONT.)

It's addressed to you and not
the company, and it's marked
personal, so I thought you'd
better open it.

CUT TO:

INT. ABELMAN OFFICE - DAY

ISADORE ABELMAN is pacing around his desk, dictating the letter to his SECRETARY.

ABELMAN

Dear Gus Levy,
We were shocked and grievously injured to receive the attached letter. We have been a faithful outlet for your merchandise for thirty years. Maybe you remember the wreath we sent when your father died for which we spared no expense. This will be very short. After many nights without sleep, we have given the original letter to our lawyer, who is investigating a libel suit for \$500,000. This may do little to compensate for our hurt feelings. Get a lawyer. We will see you in court like gentlemen. No more threats, please. Very best wishes,
I. Abelman, Abelman's Dry Goods.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY PANTS - DAY

Mr. Levy is now seated in a swivel chair. He flips the page and scans the Thermofaxed copy of Ignatius's letter.

MR. LEVY

(reading)

"Mr. I. Abelman, Mongoloid, Esq....
your total lack of contact with
reality...your blighted worldview...
you may feel the sting of the
lash across your pitiful shoulders..."
Signed Gus Levy! Who wrote this?
What do you know about this,
Gonzalez?

MR. GONZALEZ

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

MR. LEVY

Gonzalez, what was the name of that big kook you had working in here, the big fat one with the green cap?

MR. GONZALEZ
Reilly. Ignatius J. Reilly.

MR. LEVY
Get me this Reilly's phone number.
He isn't going to know what hit
him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CHARLES STREET - DAY

Ignatius is pushing his cart against the traffic toward the Quarter. He is lost in thought and does not seem to notice that one of the bicycle tires is traveling in the groove of a streetcar track. A streetcar approaches in the distance.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)
Does M. Minkoff want sex in politics?
I shall give her sex in politics and
plenty of it! Almost everyone else
has had an opportunity to run the
world. I cannot see why these people
should not be given their chance.

CUT TO:

INT. STREET CAR - DAY

The MOTORMAN sees the weenie wagon on the track ahead and RINGS THE TROLLEY-BELL.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CHARLES STREET - DAY

Ignatius continues in his groove of thought.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)
Our first step will be to elect
one of their number to some very
high office -- the presidency. If
Fortuna spins her wheel kindly...

CLOSE ON BICYCLE WHEEL MOVING SMOOTHLY IN THE GROOVE OF THE TRACK.
THE TROLLEY BELL RINGS AGAIN.

IGNATIUS (V.O.)(CONT.)
Then they will infiltrate the
military. As soldiers, they will

be so continually busy giving
cocktail parties that they will
never have time for battle.

CUT TO:

INT. STREETCAR - DAY

The motorman is CLANGING THE BELL WILDLY as the wagon and its distracted driver get closer. The motorman pulls the lever of the brake. It SQUEELS and SNAPS. He pumps the lever back and forth realizing that the brake has failed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CHARLES STREET - DAY

Ignatius stops the wagon and looks to the future.

IGNATIUS (V.O.) (CONT.)

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. Degeneracy, rather than signaling the downfall of a society as it once did, will now signal peace for a troubled world...

Ignatius's yellow and blue eyes focus upon the olive and copper trolley car pitching and rocking toward him.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God!

Ignatius tries to turn the cart and sees that it is stuck.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Help! My valve is closing!

George appears on the sidewalk and sees the trolley approaching the weenie wagon. Wildly Ignatius pulls up on the tin bun. The bicycle tire shoots up out of the tracks, rises upward, and then becomes horizontal as the cart turns over LOUDLY on its side. A few steaming hot dogs roll onto the street.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

What vicious trick is Fortuna
playing on me now?

George runs over and begins lifting the great tin weenie.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Oh, my God! My pubescent nemesis.

GEORGE

I'm just tryna help you out.

Ignatius makes a vague effort to help lift. The streetcar bears down on them, its passengers SCREAMING, some of them leaping from the car.

IGNATIUS

Where did you come from?
Why are you following me?

GEORGE

Look, you want me to help you
save this pile of junk?

IGNATIUS

Pile of junk?

With a great HEAVE the wagon bounces back onto its two bicycle tires. It straddles the tracks as the cowcatcher of the streetcar slides up. George yanks the wagon out of the way and the streetcar RATTLES by. When it passes Ignatius is revealed sprawled on the cobblestones.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

(to George)

I hope you realize that our
association is only the result
of an emergency.

George helps Ignatius to his feet.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Hot dog?

GEORGE

No, thanks.

IGNATIUS

Then pardon me while I have one.
My system is petitioning for
appeasement.

Ignatius OPENS the door and plunges his paws down in the well.

GEORGE

Now I helped you out, prof.
Maybe you can do the same for
me.

IGNATIUS
(biting into a hot dog)
Perhaps.

George indicates the brown paper packages under his arm.

GEORGE
You see these? These are school supplies. Now this is my problem. I pick them up from the distributor at lunchtime, but I can't deliver them to the schools until after school's closed. So I gotta carry them around for almost two hours. You understand? What I'm looking for is a place to put these things in the afternoon. Now I could meet you someplace about one and put them in your bun compartment and come get them out sometime before three.

IGNATIUS
(BELCHING)
How bogus. Do you seriously expect me to believe you? Delivering school supplies after the schools are closed?

GEORGE
I'll pay you a couple bucks every day.

IGNATIUS
You will? Well, you will have to pay me a week's rent in advance. I don't deal in small sums.

George opens his wallet and gives Ignatius a ten-dollar bill.

GEORGE
Here's ten for the week.

Ignatius happily pockets the ten and rips one of the packages from George's arms.

IGNATIUS
I must see what it is that I'm storing. You're probably selling goof balls to infants.

GEORGE
Hey! I can't deliver the stuff if it's opened.

IGNATIUS
Too bad for you.

He TEARS OFF the brown wrapping and reveals a stack of large postcards.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)
What are these? Visual aids for civics
or some other equally stultifying
high school subject?

GEORGE
Gimme that, you nut.

IGNATIUS
Oh, my God!

CLOSE ON POSTCARD: A NUDE WOMAN IS SEATED ON THE EDGE OF A DESK NEXT TO A GLOBE OF THE WORLD. THE GESTURE OF ONE HAND SUGGESTS ONANISM WITH A PIECE OF CHALK. IN THE OTHER HAND IS A LARGE GREEN BOOK WHICH HIDES THE WOMAN'S FACE. THE TITLE, IN GOLD, ON THE COVER OF THE BOOK IS: *THE WRITINGS OF BOETHIUS*.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)
Do I believe what I am seeing?
What brilliance. What taste.
Good grief.

Ignatius turns the brown paper over. CLOSE ON THE ADDRESS IN MINUTE PENCIL ON THE BROWN FLAP.

GEORGE
Give that back.

IGNATIUS
This one is *mine*.

Ignatius tears the corner with the address and pockets it along with the top card. He hands the torn package back to George.

GEORGE
Okay, you can keep that one.
I gotta blaze.

George opens the bun compartment and drops his packages inside.

GEORGE (CONT.)
I'll meet you in Pirate's Alley
at two forty-five.

He runs off.

IGNATIUS

Wait! Where in the world did you get these? Who is this brilliant woman.

GEORGE

(calling back)

None of your business.

Ignatius takes the card and the scrap of brown paper from his pocket. He scans the tiny street address.

IGNATIUS

(softly)

I see. A secret operation.
On Bourbon Street.

He looks up into the sunlight. His yellow and blue eyes gleam.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

The great wheel turns.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON THE FRONT WHEEL OF THE LEVY SPORTS CAR. PULL BACK to reveal Mr. Levy at the wheel, his wife beside him. The little red TR3 skims along through the salt marshes that lead back to the coast.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)

I'm establishing a foundation.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)

I see. Suppose Abelman's lawyer gets the money out of us.

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)

That's your problem. It will be called the Leon Levy Foundation, in honor of your father. And it will give awards to commemorate the memory of that great man.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)

What, are you going to give awards for unequalled meanness?

MRS. LEVY (V.O.)

Please, Gus.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
Getting an award from the Leon
Levy Foundation will be a public
insult. Your hands will be really
full of libel suits, then, libel
suits from the recipients.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

The salt marshes are a smear behind Mrs. Levy as she pulls her
blowing fur up closer around her neck.

MRS. LEVY
There's resentment in your voice.
I can hear it. There's hostility.
Gus, for your own sake. That
doctor in the Medical Arts building.
Before it's too late.

Mr. Levy grips the wheel and leans forward.

MR. LEVY
First I have to find Ignatius
J. Reilly.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Reilly is sitting in an old nightgown at the little hall
stand. She is on the phone.

MRS. REILLY
I keep thinking about what
you said. Maybe it ain't such
a bad idea after all, babe. You
know what I mean?

CUT TO:

INT. BATTAGLIA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Santa is stirring the gumbo in a huge pot on the stove and talking
into the receiver caught between her raised shoulder and bent head.

SANTA
Of course it ain't. Them people
at Charity can let Ignatius take
him a little rest. Claude ain't gonna
want no Ignatius around, sweetheart.

MRS. RIELLY (V.O.)
He likes me, huh?

SANTA
Likes you? He called up this
morning to ax me if I thought
you was ever gonna remarry.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ignatius sails in the front door.

MRS. REILLY
(on phone)
He's sure considerate.

IGNATIUS
What in the world are you babbling
about?

SANTA (V.O.)
Christ. It sound like that
Ignatius come in.

IGNATIUS
Good grief. Are you speaking to
that Battaglia strumpet.

SANTA (V.O.)
You better ring up the Charity,
honey.

Santa GUFFAWS IN A HUSKY VOICE and HANGS UP.

IGNATIUS
What in the world do you and
that old bawd babble about?

MRS. REILLY
Shut up!

IGNATIUS
Thank you. I see that things
about here are as cheerful
as ever.

MRS. REILLY
(screaming)
How much money you brought
in today? A quarter?

She jumps up and sticks her hand into one of the pockets of Ignatius's smock and pulls out the large postcard.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius!

IGNATIUS

Give that to me.

Mrs. Reilly peeks at the photograph again and then closes her eyes. A tear creeps down one withered cheek.

MRS. REILLY

I knew when you started selling them weenies you was gonna be hanging around with people like this.

Ignatius grabs the postcard and pockets it.

IGNATIUS

This is a brilliant, misused woman. Speak of her with respect and reverence.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

MRS. REILLY

That must be that Mr. Levy. He already rang up here twice today.

IGNATIUS

Mr. Levy? What does that monster want?

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

MRS. REILLY

He wouldn't tell me. Go on, crazy. Answer that. Pick up that phone.

Ignatius picks up the phone.

IGNATIUS

(heavy Mayfair accent)

Yus?

MR. LEVY (V.O.)

Mr. Reilly?

IGNATIUS

Mr. Reilly is not here.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
This is Gus Levy.

IGNATIUS
Mr. Reilly is at the state mental hospital at Mandeville. He has been since being so visceriously dismissed by your concern. His ego is badly bruised. You may yet receive his psychiatrists' bills. They are rather staggering.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
He cracked up?

IGNATIUS
Violently and totally.

MR. LEVY (V.O.)
Can he have visitors at Mandeville?

IGNATIUS
Of course. Drive out to see him. Bring him some cookies.

Ignatius SLAMS the telephone down, presses a quarter into his mother's palm, waddles into his room, and SLAMS THE DOOR.

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius, where you going to?

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
Please, Mother, I'm rather rushed.

SOUNDS OF DRESSING BEHIND THE DOOR. SOUND OF A PIECE OF METAL FALLING TO THE FLOOR. Mrs. Reilly looks at the quarter.

MRS. REILLY
(screaming at the door)
You might as well stay at home all day long for all the money you bringing in. How I'm gonna meet the note I gotta pay that man?

IGNATIUS (O.S.)
I wish that you would let me alone. I am addressing a political meeting tonight, and I must organize my thoughts.

MRS. REILLY
A political meeting? Ignatius! Ain't
that wonderful.

The door opens. Mrs. Reilly GASPS. Ignatius is in full pirate
finery.

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius, don't you think maybe
you'd be happy if you went and took
you a little rest at Charity? You
could just rest, honey.

IGNATIUS
I thought you might react like that.
That's why I have kept all of this
paraphernalia stashed at Paradise
Vendors.

MRS. REILLY
You been out on the streets dressed
up like a Mardi Gras all this time.

IGNATIUS
A scarf here. A cutlass there. One
or two deft and tasteful suggestions.

MRS. REILLY
You can't go out like that.

IGNATIUS
Please. Not another hysterical scene.

Mrs. Reilly begins BEATING Ignatius on the arm.

MRS. REILLY
Get back in that room, boy. Get
back in there, Ignatius. I ain't
fooling this time, boy. You can't
disgrace me like that.

Mrs. Reilly SLAPS Ignatius flatly in the face.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)
You ain't leaving this house, crazy.

IGNATIUS
Oh, my God, are you going mad?

Mrs. Reilly keeps raining BLOWS as Ignatius waddles down the hall,
pushes open the long shutters, and runs out into the yard.

MRS. REILLY
(screaming)
Come back in this house.

She runs out onto the front steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ignatius draws his scimitar from his belt and runs into the middle of the street.

MRS. REILLY
You ain't going nowhere, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS
I dare you to come out in that
shredded nightgown and get me!

Ignatius sticks out his massive pink tongue.

MRS. REILLY
Get back in here, Ignatius.

A VOICE CALLS from behind the front shutters next door.

VOICE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Hey, knock it off, you two.

MRS. REILLY
Take a look at Ignatius, Miss
Annie. Ain't that awful?

MISS ANNIE (O.S.)
I'm gonna ring up the cops in
about one minute.

A taxi is cruising down the block. Ignatius flags it down just as his mother runs down to the curb in her shredded nightgown. Ignatius SLAMS the taxi door in her face.

MRS. REILLY
Ignatius!

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETER STREET - NIGHT

DIM YET FRENETIC SINGING AND LAUGHING comes from an eighteenth-century three-story stucco building painted a bright canary yellow

with gas jets in reproduction brass lanterns on either side of the carriageway. Ignatius stands before the black enamel gate. His blue and yellow eyes denounce the resplendent facade. He looks at the three brass doorbells and at the little white cards above each.

Billy Truehard
Raoul Frayle

3A

Frieda Club
Betty Bumper
Liz Steele

2A

Dorian Greene

1A

He jabs his finger into Dorian's bell and a DOOR OPENS somewhere down the carriageway. Dorian Greene appears in the distance walking somewhat unsteadily toward the gate.

DORIAN

Oh, dear. Where in the world have you been? I'm afraid that the kickoff rally is fast getting out of hand.

Dorian fumbles with the lock and opens the gate.

DORIAN (CONT.)

Everyone is simply letting his hair down.

Dorian does a rapid and uncoordinated pantomime of letting his hair down.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! Stop that appalling obscenity.

DORIAN

Well, come along, Gypsy Queen, let's get inside.

Ignatius follows Dorian down the carriageway. Pastel lamps are concealed behind the palms along the walls.

IGNATIUS

This building is repellingly flamboyant. Who is responsible for this abortion?

DORIAN

I, of course, Magyar Maiden. I own it.

IGNATIUS

I should have known. May I ask
where the money comes from to
support this decadent whimsy
of yours?

DORIAN

From my dear family out there in
the wheat. They send me large checks
every month. I simply guarantee them
that I'll stay out of Nebraska. I
left there under something of a
cloud, you see. All that wheat and
those endless plains. I can't tell
you how depressing it all was.

Dorian opens the glossy black door and they step inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE PARLOR - NIGHT

JUDY GARLAND IS BLASTING "THE TROLLEY SONG" ABOVE THE DIN. Before
Ignatius is a seething mass of people. Cigarettes and cocktail
glasses held like batons fly in the air directing the SYMPHONY OF
CHATTER, SHRIEKING, SINGING, and LAUGHING. A small band of YOUNG
MEN, the only stationary ones in the room, stands before the
phonograph.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Divine!

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Fantastic!

THIRD YOUNG MAN

So human!

Herringbones and madras and lamb's wool and cashmere flash past in
a blur as hands and arms rend the air in a variety of graceful
gestures. Fingernails, cuff links, pinky rings, teeth, eyes - all
glitter. At the center of one group is a COWBOY, at the center of
another is a LAD IN BLACK LEATHER, teaching judo holds to epicene
students.

DORIAN

(to Ignatius)

I only invited the better people.

IGNATIUS

Good gracious. I can see that
we're going to have a great deal

of trouble capturing the
conservative rural red-neck
Calvinist vote.

TIMMY, the sailor turns from the judo lesson and grins.

TIMMY
(to Ignatius)
How fun.

DORIAN
(to Ignatius)
Come. You must see the decoration
that I've made.

He leads Ignatius over to the mantelpiece and shows him a bud vase
containing one red, one white, and one blue rose.

DORIAN (CONT.)
Isn't that wild? It's better than
all of that tacky crepe paper.

Ignatius TAPS the vase with his cutlass.

IGNATIUS
This is a floral abortion. Dyed
flowers are unnatural and
perverse. I can see that I am
going to have my hands full with
you people.

DORIAN
(moaning)
Oh, talk, talk, talk. Let's go
into the kitchen. I want you
to meet the ladies' auxiliary.

Ignatius follows Dorian through the crowd.

IGNATIUS
(greedily)
Is that true? An auxiliary? Well,
I must compliment you upon your
foresightedness.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - NIGHT

THREE WOMEN are seated at a table drinking from beer cans when
Dorian and Ignatius push through the large swinging door. They
regard Ignatius squarely. One woman, FRIEDA, CRUSHES a beer can in

her hand and tosses it into a potted plant next to the sink.

DORIAN

Girls...

The three women RAISE A RAUCOUS BRONX CHEER.

DORIAN (CONT.)

This is Ignatius Reilly, a new face.

FRIEDA

Put it there, Fats.

She grabs Ignatius's paw and works it over.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God.

DORIAN

That's Frieda, and they're Betty and Liz.

Ignatius slips his hands into his pockets.

IGNATIUS

How do you do. I'm sure you'll be of invaluable help to our cause.

Betty and Liz nudge each other.

FRIEDA

Well, grab yourself a beer. I wish we had it in bottles. Betty here could open you one with her teeth. She's got teeth like an iron claw.

BETTY makes an obscene gesture at Frieda.

FRIEDA (CONT.)

(bellowing suddenly)

And one of these days she's going to get them knocked down her fucking throat!

LIZ opens a beer can and a SPRAY OF FOAM shoots out onto Ignatius's distended stomach.

IGNATIUS

I think I shall return to the other room.

Ignatius turns to leave. Betty and Frieda begin wrestling.

DORIAN

Girls!

Ignatius swings open the door and Liz heaves an unopened beer can at him. It STRIKES THE DOOR FRAME near his earring. Dorian follows him out and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE PARLOR - NIGHT

Ignatius clutches his valve.

IGNATIUS

I can't imagine how you decided to besmirch the movement by inviting those rowdies here.

DORIAN

They're really fun girls when they're in the mood.

Ignatius looks over the seething mass of guests. LENA HORNE IS FORECASING "STORMY WEATHER."

IGNATIUS

You must get these people quiet. We must bring them to order. There is crucial business at hand.

The BOYS around the phonograph COO.

FIRST BOY

Clever.

SECOND BOY

Crisp.

THIRD BOY

Terribly cosmo.

The cowboy is now slinking around the floor in his boots and Stetson "lip-synching" LENA HORNE.

IGNATIUS

(shouting to Dorian)

You must stop all of this. Aside from the fact that I am witnessing a most egregious offense against taste and decency, I am also

beginning to smother from the stench of glandular emissions and overpowering cologne. My valve may close.

DORIAN

Don't be so drab. They're just having fun.

IGNATIUS

I am here tonight on a mission of the utmost seriousness. Now turn off that offensive music and quiet these sodomites. We must get down to brass tacks.

DORIAN

I thought you were going to be fun. If you're just going to be tacky and dreary, then you'd better leave.

IGNATIUS

I shall not leave! No one can deter me. Peace! Peace! Peace!

DORIAN

Oh, dear. You are serious about this, aren't you?

Ignatius breaks away from Dorian and rushes across the room, pushing through the elegant guests. He UNPLUGS THE PHONOGRAPH. When he turns around he is greeted by a WAR CRY.

VARIOUS GUESTS

(all at once)

Beast...Madman...Is this what Dorian promised?...That fantastic Lena...The outfit -- grotesque... And that earring. Oh, my...That was my favorite song...Horrible...How unbelievably gross...So monstrously huge...A bad, bad dream.

IGNATIUS

(bellowing)

Silence! I am here tonight my friends, to show you how you may save the world and bring peace.

VARIOUS GUESTS

(murmuring)

He's truly mad...Dorian, what a bad joke...Where in the world did he come from?...Not even vaguely attractive...Filthy...Depressing...

IGNATIUS

The challenge is placed before you. Will you turn your singular talents to saving the world, or will you simply turn your backs on your fellow man?

VARIOUS GUESTS

Such poor taste...Someone turn on that record again...Where is my coat?...Let's go to a smart bar...Look, I've spilled my martini on my most priceless jacket...Those eyes, they're frightening...let's go to a smart bar...Let's go to San Francisco.

IGNATIUS

Silence, you perverts! Listen to me.

COWBOY

Dorian. Make him keep quiet. We were having such fun.

LAD IN LEATHER

So inappropriate.

DORIAN

All right. Turn on the record. I thought it might be fun. I'm afraid my dears...

He looks at Ignatius who is SNORTING LOUDLY.

DORIAN (CONT.)

...That it turned out to be a terrible, terrible bomb.

LENA HORNE (V.O.)

Don't know why
There's no sun up in the sky
Stormy weather...

VARIOUS GUESTS

Wonderful...I truly think that this is her best recording...So

smart...I saw her in New York
once. Magnificent...Play Gypsy
next. I adore Ethel.

Ignatius stands alone. Dorian slips into the sea of guests. They crash around Ignatius who begins fainting at some imaginary opponent with his cutlass. Two men begin dancing near the phonograph. Other couples join in. Dorian sweeps past Ignatius in the arms of the cowboy. Frieda, Liz, and Betty burst in from the kitchen.

FRIEDA
(to Ignatius)
We couldn't take that kitchen
anymore.

She gives Ignatius a light punch in the stomach.

LIZ
(to Ignatius)
Looks like your costume's not
going over too well.

IGNATIUS
Pardon me, ladies. I must leave.

BETTY
Hey, don't go. Somebody'll ask
you. They're just trying to bitch
you. Don't give up the ship. They'd
bitch their own mother.

Timmy wanders up to Ignatius.

TIMMY
(wistfully)
Do you want to dance?

FRIEDA
There. You see?

IGNATIUS
I am not dancing! I have
never danced, and I certainly
am not going to begin with some
drunken deviate.

FRIEDA
(to her friends)
Tubby looks like a troublemaker.
Right?

Frieda winks and the three girls attack Ignatius.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They hustle Ignatius through the carriageway.

IGNATIUS

You have made your choice. Live
in a world of war and bloodshed.
I am dissociating myself from this
movement. You distempered people
hardly have voter appeal.

They push Ignatius through the gate and dump him on the sidewalk.

FRIEDA

Okay, buster. We're giving you a
ten minutes headstart. Then we
start combing the Quarter.

LIZ

We better not find your fat ass.

They return to the carriageway and SLAM THE GATE.

IGNATIUS

Your movement is doomed. You know
nothing about politics and voter
persuasion. You will not carry
a single ward in the nation. You
won't even carry the Quarter.

Ignatius raises his fat fists to heaven.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Fortuna, you vicious slut!

He lowers his arms and struggles to his feet. As he waddles off up
the street, he sticks his paw in the pocket of his smock. He stops
and withdraws the large postcard and the torn scrap of brown paper
with the miniscule address.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOURBON STREET - NIGHT

Ignatius looks down at the scrap of brown paper and then up at the
facade of the Night of Joy.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! This poor, brilliant
woman is in the hands of fiends.

He lumbers up to a poster in a glass case. It reads:

ROBERTA E. LEE
presents
Harlett O'Hara
The Virgin-ny Belle
(and pet!)

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

When I write to Myrna about this
she will spew espresso.

Jones steps out of the Night of Joy wearing tails and a stovepipe
hat that rests at an angle above his dark glasses.

JONES

Whoa! Come in, see Miss Harla
O'Horror dancin with her pet.
Guarantee one hunner percent
real plantation dancin.

Crowds of people rush by, ignoring Jones.

JONES (CONT.)

Hey! Nobody never see nothin like
Miss Harla O'Horror Old South pet
dancin. Opening night tonight.
Ooo-wee. Guarantee plantation
atmosphere, got cotton growin
right on the stage right in front
of your eyeball, got a civil
right worker getting his ass
beat up between show. Ooo-wee!

Ignatius approaches Jones.

JONES (CONT.)

Hey, man, how come you warin
that earrin and scarve? What
you supposed to be anyway?

IGNATIUS

Please. Do you by any chance have
a woman in that den who is given
to reading?

JONES

Yeah. She all the time slippin me somethin to read, telling me I be improvin myself. She pretty decent.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God. Is there any way that I can meet this paragon?

JONES

She be startin in a few minutes.

IGNATIUS

Good grief. Don't tell me that she is this Harlett O'Hara.

JONES

She Harla O'Horror all right.

IGNATIUS

Boethius plus a pet. What a discovery!

JONES

You better get you ass in there and get you a ringside seat.

Jones propels Ignatius rapidly through the padded door. A man wearing a silk suit and a homburg steps out of the shadows: Patrolman Mancuso.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

Ignatius lumbers through the few old men scattered about at tables in the gloom and seats himself at a small table directly beneath the stage. A three-piece band is THUMPING THROUGH *YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR*. Ignatius looks over at the bar but the bartender pretends not to see him. RITA, a fortyish Latin woman, pries herself loose from the bar before the bartender can stop her. She comes over to Ignatius and smiles revealing several gold teeth.

RITA

You wanna drink, chico?

Ignatius reels from her breath, rips the scarf from his cap and covers his nostrils.

IGNATIUS

Thank you, yes. A Dr. Nut, if you please.

RITA
I see what we have.

She CLOPS back to the bar. Ignatius watches her speak to the bartender in pantomime. They make a variety of gestures, mostly directed at Ignatius. She returns with two bottles of champagne and two glasses. SHE SLAMS THE TRAY on the table.

RITA
We no have Dr. Nut. Mira you
are owe twenty-four dollar for
these champagne.

Ignatius directs a few swipes of his cutlass at Rita.

IGNATIUS
This is an outrage! Bring me
a coke.

RITA
No coke. No nawtheen. Only
champagne.

She sits at the table.

RITA (CONT.)
Come on, honey. Open the
champagne. I am very thirsty.

She slides the check over to Ignatius and takes his hand.

IGNATIUS
Don't you dare touch me!

RITA
*Ave Maria! Que pato! Mira, you
are pay now, maricon.*

The band emits a DEBILITATED FANFARE and Lana Lee appears on the stage in gold lame overalls.

IGNATIUS
Oh, my God!

LANA LEE
Welcome, ladies and genitals.

RITA
You are pay me now.

IGNATIUS
(hissing)
Shut up, you slut.

The band STUMBLES into a four-count version of *SOPHISTICATED LADY*.

LANA LEE
And now that pure virgin-ny
Belle, Miss Harlett O'Hara.

An OLD MAN at one of the tables CLAPS FEEBLY. The curtain opens revealing the stand decorated with rings. Darlene sweeps onstage in a ball gown trailing yards of nylon net. On her head is a monstrous picture hat. On her arm is the monstrous bird. Another CUSTOMER CLAPS.

RITA
Mira, you are pay me now or else,
cabron.

DARLENE
(carefully to the bird)
There sure was plenty balls at
that ball, but I still got my
honor.

IGNATIUS
Oh, my God! Is this cretin
Harlett O'Hara!?

The cockatoo turns its head and sees Ignatius. CLOSE ON THE BLACK BEAD OF ITS EYE. CLOSE ON THE GLITTERY GOLD HOOP HANGING FROM IGNATIUS'S RIGHT EARLOBE. The bird FLAPS from Darlene's arm, circles Ignatius once, and then lands on his shoulder SQUAWKING.

DARLENE
Hey! It's that crazyman!

The bird sinks its claws into Ignatius's smock and snags his earring with its beak.

IGNATIUS
Good heavens!

Ignatius leaps to his feet and beats at the bird with his paws. The champagne bottles and glasses SHATTER on the floor as he springs and begins to stagger to the door.

DARLENE
Come back here with my cockatoo.

Lana Lee runs onto the stage SCREAMING. Ignatius is BEATING at the mass of rose feathers welded to his ear and shoulder.

LANA LEE

How in the hell did this character
get in here? Where's Jones?
Somebody get me that Jones.

IGNATIUS

How dare you fiends inflict a
rabid bird upon your unsuspecting
customers? You may expect to be
sued in the morning.

CLOSE ON THE EARRING FIRMLY IN THE COCKATOO'S BEAK. THE BIRD PULLS THE EARRING LOOSE AND FLAPS FROM IGNATIUS'S SHOULDER. Ignatius KNOCKS OVER several more tables as he lurches to the door.

RITA

(waving the check)

Come! You are owe twenty-four dollar
to me. You are pay right now.

Ignatius stumbles past Jones and bounces out the padded door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

GASPING and clutching his valve, Ignatius continues forward onto the street and into the path of an oncoming Desire bus. People on the sidewalk SCREAM. Jones bursts through the door onto the sidewalk. BRAKES HISS AND SCREECH. Ignatius looks up and is blinded by headlights a few feet from his eyes. The HEADLIGHTS SWIM and FADE. Ignatius swoons. Jones leaps into the street and pulls at the white smock. Ignatius falls backward and the bus RUMBLES past a few inches from his desert boots.

Lana Lee studies the mound of white lying in the street.

LANA LEE

Is he dead?

Jones blows smoke over the inert figure.

JONES

Hey, wake up, man.

Patrolman Mancuso steps out of the shadows in his silk suit and homburg.

MANCUSO

Let me take a look at him.

He bends over and listens to Igantius's heart.

MANCUSO (CONT.)

He's okay. He just passed out.
Everybody back. Give him air.

The bus has stopped a few yards down the street blocking traffic and the street is filled with people. Darlene steps through the crowd with the rose cockatoo on her shoulder. The earring dangles from its beak like a golden worm.

DARLENE

What a opening night. What we gonna do, Lana?

LANA

Let me get my hands on Jones.

JONES

Whoa! Hey! That cat force his way in.

LANA

Shut your smart mouth. I think I'm gonna have to call up all my pals at the precinct. You're fired. Darlene, too. I knew I shouldna let you get on my stage. Get that goddam bird off my sidewalk.

Lana Lee turns to the crowd.

LANA (CONT.)

Well, folks, now that you're all here, how's about coming into the Night of Joy? We got a class show.

RITA

Mira, Lee. Who is pay for champagne.

LANA LEE

You're fired too, stupid.

Patrolman Mancuso stops Lana Lee just before she turns to go in.

MANCUSO

I'd like to use your telephone.
Maybe I'd better call an
ambulance.

Lana looks Mancuso over carefully and smiles.

LANA LEE

(whispering)

Sure. Look, you don't wanna waste
your evening messing with that
character laying in the street.
He's some kinda bum. You look
like you could use some fun.

Lana Lee steps close to Mancuso, reaches into her gold lame
overalls and surreptitiously flashes the Boethian photograph cupped
in her hand.

LANA LEE (CONT.)

Take a look at this, baby. How'd
you like to spend the evening
with that?

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: THE LEGS, THE BOOK, THE GLOBE, THE CHALK.
MANCUSO CLEARS HIS THROAT.

MANCUSO

(to Lana Lee)

I'm Patrolman Mancuso. Undercover
agent. You're under arrest for
soliciting and for possession of
pornography.

Ignatius's eyes flutter open. Frieda, Betty, and Liz stomp into the
crowd surrounding Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

(faintly)

Spin, Fortuna, spin.

CLOSE ON IGNATIUS AS HIS EYES FLUTTER AND AGAIN CLOSE. DISSOLVE TO
SPINNING MONTAGE OF ALL OF THE WHEELS IN THE STORY: PINBALL WHEEL,
CAR WHEELS, TROLLEY-CAR WHEELS, BICYCLE WHEELS, AND BUS WHEELS.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)

(singing)

Find a wheel and it goes round, round, round
As it skims along with a happy sound...

SPINNING WHEELS DISSOLVE INTO SPINNING NEWSPAPER. IT SLOWS AND
COMES TO A HALT. THE HEADLINE ON THE FRONT PAGE IS:

WILD INCIDENT ON
BOURBON STREET

FLASH BULBS POP. BLACK AND WHITE NEWSPAPER PHOTO: Darlene in her ball gown holding the cockatoo and smiling a starlet's smile.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.)

We ruined. Read what it says
underneath the pictures, boy.
What you think people are
saying on Constantinople Street?

FLASH BULBS POP. BLACK AND WHITE NEWSPAPER PHOTO: Lana Lee covers her face with her hands as she climbs into the rear seat of a squad car. Patrolman Mancuso in his homberg holds open the door of the car.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.) (CONT.)

Go on, read that out loud to me,
boy. A big brawl out on the street,
dirty pictures, ladies of the evening...

FLASH BULBS POP. BLACK AND WHITE NEWSPAPER PHOTO: Jones grins broadly at what looks like a dead cow lying in the street.

MRS. REILLY (V.O.) (CONT.)

It's all there. Read it, boy.
I shoulda known something like
this was gonna happen with your
dirty pictures and running off
dressed up like a Mardi Gras.

FLASH BULBS POP. PULL BACK FROM FRONT PAGE TO REVEAL NEWSPAPER HELD UP BY PATROLMAN MANCUSO AS HE POSES FOR A PHOTO TAKEN BY THE SERGEANT.

MANCUSO

Thank you very much, Sergeant.

The sergeant tosses the flashbulb into a trash can and clamps his hand on Mancuso's shoulder.

SERGEANT

Single-handed you break up the
city's most active high school
pornography racket. Mancuso, of
all people, brings in a woman
even our best plainclothesmen
couldn't fool. Mancuso, I find
out, has been working on this
case on the q.t. Mancuso can
identify one of her agents.

Patrolman Mancuso's face is flushed.

SERGEANT (CONT.)

You staged a one-man raid, Angelo. I wouldn't be surprised if you was to get a promotion. And just a couple days ago I was thinking you was a horse's ass. What do you say to that, Mancuso?

Mancuso CLEAR HIS THROAT VIOLENTLY.

MANCUSO

Can I have my camera back?

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George is pasting an article in his Junior Achievement scrapbook while his MOTHER is VACUUMING on the other side of the living room. She watches her son hopefully, sighs, and turns OFF the vacuum. The DOORBELL RINGS and she goes to answer it. George runs his finger over the WILD INCIDENT ON BOURBON STREET headline. CLOSE ON GEORGE AS HE STRAINS TO HEAR.

GEORGE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

The police? You must have the wrong apartment.

George swallows.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT CELL - DAY

Lana Lee is gripping the bars with white knuckles.

LANA LEE

(screaming)

Get me out this goddam hole!
I can't take another minute with
these three creeps.

Frieda, Betty and Liz come up behind Lana Lee. Frieda drops her chin on Lana Lee's shoulder and holds up a copy of the front page.

FRIEDA

(softly)

Take it easy, dearie. Quit rocking the boat. Now come on and show us those pictures of yourself you got hidden in your bra.

Lana Lee's jaw tightens.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE BEDROOM - DAY

Dorian is reading the newspaper in bed. Timmy is curled up on a dog bed nearby wearing a choke collar.

DORIAN
(to Timmy)
That great big old Gypsy Queen's
sweet mother must have been
heartbroken over this dreadful
publicity.

CUT TO:

INT. DARLENE'S KITCHEN - DAY

The cockatoo FLAPS and SQUAWKS on the kitchen table. Darlene gives the bird the gold earring and continues cutting her picture out of the front page of the newspaper. The TELEPHONE RINGS. Darlene studies her photo as she goes to answer the phone.

DARLENE
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Listen, you got some great publicity.
Now I run a club in the five hundred
block of Bourbon, and I'd like to have
you and your little birdie take a look
at it.

Darlene radiates.

CUT TO:

INT. MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - DAY

Jones spreads the newspaper on the bar and blows smoke over the front page. Mr. Watson brings him a beer.

JONES
You sure gimme a good idea with
all this sabotage crap. Now I
sabotage myself right back to
bein a vagran. That fat freak
a guarantee one hunner percen
nucular bum. Shit. Drop him

on somebody, everybody gettin
caught in the fallout, gettin
their ass blown up.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVY'S LODGE - DAY

Mrs. Levy is on her exercise board. Mr. Levy settles onto the yellow nylon couch and unfolds his paper.

MRS. LEVY

Nooo. I didn't mind driving
all the way to the Mental
Hospital only to learn that
the young idealist has given
you the slip. He's on to you,
Gus. You should have checked
yourself in.

Mrs. Levy reaches down to select a cookie from the box on the floor. Mr. Levy looks at the pictures and the article on the front page and WHISTLES THROUGH HIS TEETH.

MR. LEVY

Oh, boy.

MRS. LEVY

What is it, Gus? A problem?

MR. LEVY

I just found Mr. Reilly.

CUT TO:

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Reilly pulls the old Plymouth into the front yard, gets out of the driver's seat, SLAMS the DOOR and walks around to the open rear window where Ignatius is sitting. His head is in a bandage.

MRS. REILLY

I'll get married if I want to,
boy. You can't stop me. Not now.

MISS ANNIE (O.S.)

(through the shutters)
I told you! They're at it again.

IGNATIUS

That man is a dangerous radical.

MRS. REILLY

Claude can be kind to a person, and that's more than you can do with all your politics and all your graduating smart. I want to be treated nice by somebody before I die. You learnt everything, Ignatius, except how to be a human being.

Mrs. Reilly turns from the car and marches up the front steps. Ignatius scrambles out of the back seat and SLAMS THE DOOR.

IGNATIUS

It's not your fate to be well treated. You're an overt masochist. Nice treatment will confuse and destroy you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Pardon me. May I speak with you Mr. Reilly?

Ignatius turns and sees Mr. Levy holding a thermofax of a letter out in front of him.

MR. LEVY

Mr. Reilly, did you write this?

IGNATIUS

Mr. Gonzalez was extremely dictatorial. He would never permit me near a typewriter.

MR. LEVY

I know. But he says he didn't write this.

IGNATIUS

An obvious untruth.

MR. LEVY

Mr. Reilly, this man wants to sue us for \$500 thousand.

IGNATIUS

Have you thought of speaking to the Trixie woman?

MR. LEVY

Miss Trixie is so old. I wouldn't think she could write a grocery list.

IGNATIUS

Interrogate the Trixie jade. The senility is a guise. She hates Levy Pants for not retiring her. She was filled with hostility.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIXIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is filled with a huge mountain of litter. Mr. Levy holds the Ableman letter under Miss Trixie's nose. She is not wearing her wig.

MR. LEVY

Did you write this to Abelman?
Mr. Reilly says you did.

MISS TRIXIE

Well, then, I guess I did. Now that you mention it. I guess I did write that. You people deserve it, too. I hope you lose everything you own.

Mrs. Levy leans over Miss Trixie's shoulder.

MRS. LEVY

Give me back those teeth.

MR. LEVY

We'll retire you if you'll sign a statement that you wrote that letter.

MISS TRIXIE

Retire? Thank goodness. Of course I'll sign.

MR. LEVY

You know, Trixie's oddball letter gives me an idea. From now on we make Bermuda shorts only. I want a whole new line of wash and wear swatches from the mills. Levy Pants becomes Levy Shorts.

MRS. LEVY

Levy Shorts. That's rich. You'll go broke in a year.

MR. LEVY

I couldn't run Levy Pants. That's true. I think I can run Levy Shorts.

MRS. LEVY

The Foundation goes down the drain, too, I guess.

MR. LEVY

Of course not. We'll make an award. What were they supposed to be for?

MRS. LEVY

(humbly)

Meritorious service and bravery.

MR. LEVY

Here. This is brave.

He picks up the newspaper and points to the photo of Jones.

MR. LEVY

He gets the first award.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTAGLIA KITCHEN - DAY

Santa is opening oysters and talking on the phone. THUNDER RUMBLES.

SANTA

Do it now, honey. Hang up and call them people at the Charity right now.

CUT TO:

INT. REILLY KITCHEN - DAY

RAIN BATTERS DOWN on the roof. Mrs. Reilly has pulled the phone into the kitchen and closed the door.

MRS. REILLY

(on phone)

No, listen. I don't wanna be here when they come. I mean, Ignatius is big. He might make trouble.

SANTA (V.O.)

Irene, this is the best decision you ever made. I tell you what.

I'll call up the Charity right now. You come over here. I'll get Claude to come over, too. You'll be sending out wedding invitations in about a week.

CUT TO:

INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF REX ON THE WALL NEAR THE BED.

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

Ignatius.

Ignatius rolls over and picks up the rumpled poster for Myrna's lecture.

IGNATIUS

What do you want?

MRS. REILLY (O.S.)

I'm going out, Ignatius.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Reilly, dressed in hat and coat, is pressed up against the bedroom door.

MRS. REILLY

I wanted to say goodbye.

Ignatius does not answer.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)

Ignatius, open up.

The door opens slowly. Ignatius sticks his fat gray face into the hall.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)

(tears in her eyes)

Now kiss me, honey. I'm sorry it all had to end like this.

She embraces Ignatius and kisses him on the moustache.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)

Don't ever be mad at me, honey.

She releases him and runs to the front door.

MRS. REILLY (CONT.)
(turning)
I'm sorry I ran into that
building, Ignatius. I love you.

She opens the front shutters and SLAMS them behind her.

IGNATIUS
Come back. Come back, please.
Mother!

MISS ANNIE (O.S.)
Aw, shut up.

THUNDER ROLLS AND CRACKS. Ignatius's yellow and blue eyes flash.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

THUNDER CRACKS and lightning flashes behind the closed shutters. Ignatius begins a slipshod frenzy of dressing. His red flannel nightshirt sails up and hangs on the chandelier. He jams his toes into his desert boots and leaps into his tweed trousers. RAIN EXPLODES ON THE ROOF. Shirt, cap, overcoat.

IGNATIUS
Escape! Escape!

He runs into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ignatius careens against the narrow walls on his way to the front door.

THREE LOUD KNOCKS CRACK AGAINST THE SHUTTERS. Ignatius freezes.

IGNATIUS
(whispering)
It's the brutes from the Charity
hospital.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ignatius, are you in that dump?
Listen, I can tell there's somebody
in there. I heard you stomping
around.

IGNATIUS
(trembling)
Yes, yes, I'm here.

Ignatius tears at the shutters and pushes them open. Myrna stands drenched on the porch. Her black hair is braided into a pigtail that twists under one ear and falls on her breast. A guitar is slung over her shoulders.

IGNATIUS
Thank Fortuna you've come.

MYRNA
Jesus. You look terrible. Like you're having a nervous breakdown or something. Why the bandage? Ignatius, what's the matter? Look how much weight you've gained. As soon as I heard from you about food merchandising I knew you were in trouble, that's why I came.

IGNATIUS
I've gone through hell.

He pulls Myrna into the hall by the sleeve of her coat.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)
Why did you step out of my life, you minx? Your new hairdo is fascinating and cosmopolitan.

He snatches her pigtail and presses it to his moustache.

IGNATIUS (CONT.)
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.

Myrna grabs the soggy pigtail and throws it over her shoulder.

MYRNA
Don't put me on. Look, Ignatius, I'm beat. I've been on the road since nine o'clock yesterday morning.

A SIREN SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE. Ignatius grabs Myrna and presses her to the wall.

IGNATIUS
(in a panic)
We must leave. Now! My mother
may return momentarily. If I
see her again, I'll regress.
We must dash.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Myrna follows Ignatius into the bedroom. He stuffs his Big Chief tablets into a laundry bag. Myrna looks on and drips.

MYRNA
Almost thirty-six hours of drive,
drive, drive.

IGNATIUS
Perhaps my mother has done me
a great favor by planning to
re-marry.

MYRNA
Re-marry? Who'd marry her?

IGNATIUS
Those Oedipal bonds were beginning
to overwhelm me.

MYRNA
Ignatius, I can't believe I'm
hearing this.

IGNATIUS
(picking up his plastic dog)
It's unbelievable, isn't it?
To think that I fought your
wisdom for years.

MYRNA
You're going into a whole new and
vital phase. Your inactivity is
over. I can tell. I can hear it.

IGNATIUS
The great wheel turns.

SIRENS WAIL FAR OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

The RAIN HAS STOPPED. The brown banana tree drips. Myrna and Ignatius are visible silhouettes behind the shutters of the little house as they pack.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)

(singing)

Then your love will hold you round, round, round
And your hearts a song with a brand new sound...

Myrna and Ignatius emerge on the porch laden with bags and boxes. Myrna stops.

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!

They struggle down to Myrna's Renault.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)(CONT.)

(singing)

And your head goes spinnin round, round, round...

MISS ANNIE (O.S.)

Hey, where are you two beatniks going?

MYRNA

Does that old bitch still live here?

They are packing the car. Ignatius stuffs himself into the back seat.

IGNATIUS

Shut up and get us out of here!

PERRY COMO (V.O.)(CONT.)

(singing)

Cause you found what you've been dreaming of.

SIRENS CLOSER. MYRNA STARTS THE CAR. The luminous moon slips out from behind retreating thunder clouds.

PERRY COMO (V.O.)(CONT.)

(singing)

In the night you see the oval moon
Going round and round in tune...

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT - NIGHT

Myrna glares at Ignatius in the rear view mirror.

MYRNA

Are you going to bug me like
this? I mean, I'd like to know.

IGNATIUS

(gasping)
Oh, my valve!

Myrna pulls the car out onto Constantinople Street.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)

(singing)
And the ball of sun in the day
Makes a girl and boy want to say...

IGNATIUS (CONT.)

Watch out for that ambulance.
We don't want to begin our
pilgrimage with an accident.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE STREET - NIGHT

The little Renault heads up the street just as the ambulance passes
with "Charity Hospital" printed on its door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Ignatius stares gratefully at the back of Myrna's head, at the
pigtail that swings innocently at his knee. Ignatius takes the
pigtail in one of his paws and presses it warmly to his wet
moustache.

PERRY COMO (V.O.) (CONT.)

(singing)
Find a ring and put it round, round, round
And with ties so strong that two hearts are bound
Put it on the one you found, found, found
For you know that this is really love.

END

CREDITS

EPILOGUE
(under credits)

Sunlight and the shadows of leaves dance on long wooden shutters. The LATCH TURNS, the shutters open and MISS ANNIE appears in the sunlight with her arms folded. She talks TO THE CAMERA as the CREDITS ROLL.

MISS ANNIE

Lemme tell you something. I gotta be fair. That Ignatius was okay until that big dog of his died. He had this big dog useta bark right under my window. That's when my nerves first started to go. Then the dog dies. Well, I think, now maybe I'll get me some peace and quiet. But no, Ignatius is got the dog laid in his momma's front parlor with some flowers stuck in its paw. That's when him and his momma first started all that fighting. To tell you the truth, I think that's when she started drinking. So Ignatius goes over to the priest and ax him to come say something over the dog. Ignatius was planning on some kinda funeral. You know? The priest says no, of course, and I think that's when Ignatius left the Church. So big Ignatius puts on his own funeral. A big fat high school boy oughta know better. He had about two dozen little kids standing around in that yard watching him. And Ignatius had on a big cape like Superman and they was candles burning all over. The whole time his momma was screaming out the front door for him to throw the dog in the garbage can and get in the house. Well, that's when things started going bad around here.

END CREDITS