

# **A Confederacy of Dunces**

Adaptation By  
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**September 24, 2002**  
Revised 10/17/02

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TITLES OVER A BLACK SCREEN.

Someone (IGNATIUS) is commenting as our credits pop on the screen.

MIRAMAX  
Presents

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Oh, my God. Is this motion picture company still in business? I thought they were shut down by The League of Decency or some such watchdog group of self-appointed moralists.

A CONFEDERACY OF  
DUNCES

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
What in the world does the title of this ludicrous movie mean?

DIRECTED BY  
X

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Hack extodinaire.

WRITTEN BY  
X

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
(blows a raspberry)

PRODUCED BY  
X  
X  
X

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
That's not a good sign; the more producers, the more feeble-minded the production.

STARRING  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Who..? That Degenerate..!  
Hollywood's obsession with self-promotion must be the result of low self-esteem and intelligence. I must make a note of that...

Sshh... PARENT/MOVIE PATRON (OFF)

FADE IN:

INT. PRYTANIA MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Children's matinee. A few rows from the screen sits the gargantuan IGNATIUS J. REILLY, filling his seat and then some. Popcorn bags, candy and soda strategically placed within ready reach.

He is surrounded by SMALL CHILDREN. Row after row of seats behind Ignatius empty as none of the little children can see the screen over him.

(CONTINUED)

The circus spectacular, "JUMBO" casts its Technicolor glow brightly on Ignatius's round moustached face.

IGNATIUS

This is even worse than I dared  
imagine...

(Screaming)

Oh, my God! There she is..!

Children stare and twitter. Ignatius is oblivious.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

The trollop must have been  
lobotomized.

Eyes fixed on the screen, Ignatius inflates an empty popcorn bag and twists it closed.

## 3 MOVIE SCREEN:

3

Amidst big-top, Busby Berkeley-pandemonium, DORIS DAY belts one out.

DORIS DAY

(SINGING)

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW UPON THE TRAPEZE.  
AT FIRST YOU'LL FALL BUT THEN,  
A YEAR FROM NOW YOU'LL DO IT WITH EASE.  
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN.  
A STAR DOES NOT COME OUT OF THE SKY,  
HE STARTS TO WORK AT TEN.  
TO REACH THE TOP YOU GOTTA KEEP TRYIN'  
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER  
AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER...

4 **BOOM!** Ignatius pops the popcorn bag. The children shriek. 4

CUT TO:

5 INT. MOVIE THEATER CANDY COUNTER - CONTINUOUS 5

The CANDY LADY leans, head in hands, on the glass counter top. The MANAGER rushes in.

MANAGER

What's all the commotion in there?

CANDY LADY

It's him. He's here again.

MANAGER

Who?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CANDY LADY

You know, the big kook who buys all  
the candy.

A loud and rather fruity fart blasts from the theater  
followed by screams/mimic-farts/laughter of sixty little  
children.

CANDY LADY (cont'd)

Are you gonna do sumthin'? He's worse  
than ever tonight.

Off the Manager's troubled look.

CUT TO:

INT. PRYTANIA MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

6 MOVIE SCREEN:

6

A frenzy of motion as TRAPEZE ARTISTS swing back and forth in  
time to Doris Day's singing.

IGNATIUS (OFF)

This is an outrage! What degenerate  
produced this abortion?

PARENT/MOVIE PATRON (OFF)

Will you please be quiet?

IGNATIUS (OFF)

Just look at those smiling morons! If  
only all of those wires would snap!  
Thank god that scene is over... These  
musical numbers are a Hollywood  
sodomite's fantasy.

7 IGNATIUS

7

straightens up as a love scene begins to unfold.

IGNATIUS

They probably have halitosis! I hate  
to think of the obscene places that  
those mouths have doubtlessly been  
before!

PARENT/MOVIE PATRON (OFF)

(screaming)  
SHUT UP!!!

CUT TO:

8 EXT. PRYTANIA STREET - DAY 8

MRS. REILLY, barely visible behind the wheel of a '49 Plymouth sedan, drives s l o w l y . A bizarre little hat is pinned to her heavily hennaed hair. CARS honk as they speed past on either side.

The cars and passing scenery confirm that this is NEW ORLEANS of 1963.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. PRYTANIA MOVIE THEATER - DAY 9

Little children and their parents stream out doors, squinting from the bright sunlight. Mrs. Reilly pilots the Plymouth to a squeaky stop in front of the theater.

Ignatius waddles out of the theater, puts a green hunting cap on his head.

MRS. REILLY  
Yoohoo! Haya babe!

She waves animatedly to Ignatius who snorts derisively.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)  
Over here, Ignatius!

IGNATIUS  
I can see you mother. You are very hard to miss.

He shuffles to the car and with some difficulty manages to shoehorn himself into the rear seat.

CUT TO:

10 INT. PLYMOUTH - CONTINUOUS 10

MRS. REILLY  
How was the matinee? Was it good?

IGNATIUS  
An abomination. Hollywood, I fear, is our contemporary Sodom and Gomorrah and we best avert our gaze.

MRS. REILLY  
Not good, huh?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

IGNATIUS

Oh, just drive, or whatever it is you are trying to do.

Mrs. Reilly attempts to re-start the already running car which produces a loud grinding noise.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

I have no idea how you managed to procure a license to operate this conveyance. The department of vehicular administration must be manned by corrupt half-wits.

11 THE PLYMOUTH

11

jerks away from the curb.

12 MRS. REILLY

12

looks in the rearview mirror at Ignatius jammed into the backseat. His balloon-like head takes up almost her entire field of vision. The hunting cap takes up the rest.

MRS. REILLY

Someone gonna think you a crazy wearin' that cap alla time.

IGNATIUS

You are in no position to make aesthetic comments regarding hat wear. Were you to venture into a wooded area with what is on your head, the volume of gunfire from excited rifle owners would probably reverse the Earth's orbit.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. WERLEIN'S MUSIC STORE - DAY

13

The Plymouth pulls up and stops. The rear door opens and Ignatius heaves himself out onto the curb.

MRS. REILLY

Remember, five o'clock!

IGNATIUS

You needn't remind me. I am not a child.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

He turns on his heels revealing a policeman, ANGELO MANCUSO watching intently as Ignatius enters Werlein's music store.

So enrapt is Mancuso that he bumps into a passing boy, GEORGE, knocking brown paper wrapped packages from his arms.

MANCUSO

Whoops. Sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going. Here, let me get those for you.

He hands George his nightstick and bends to pick up the fallen packages. George, oiled hair, dressed in black with Flamenco boots, swallows hard.

CUT TO:

14 INT. D.H. HOLMES BAKERY - DAY

14

Mrs. Reilly is pressed against the display case, resting her bosom on the glass top as she views the baked goods.

MRS. REILLY

Oh, Miss Inez. Over here babe.

MISS INEZ, the saleslady skips over.

MISS INEZ

Hey, how you making? How you feeling, darling?

MRS. REILLY

Not so hot. I got arthuritis in my elbow.

MISS INEZ

Aw, no! My poor old poppa's got that. We make him go set his self in a hot tub fulla berling water.

MRS. REILLY

My boy's floating around in our tub all day long. I can't hardly get in my own bathroom no more.

MISS INEZ

I thought he got his self married, precious.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY  
Ignatius? Eh la la... Sweetheart, you  
wanna gimme two dozen a them fancy  
mix?

Miss Inez picks cakes from the case to box.

MISS INEZ  
But I thought you told me he was  
married?

MRS. REILLY  
He ain't even got him a prospect.  
That little girlfriend he had flew  
the coop.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

15

Patrolman Mancuso, twirling his nightstick, tips his cap to a  
passing MOTHER pushing a pram.

Suddenly his eyes narrow as he looks ahead and sees,

IGNATIUS

waiting for his mother beneath the D. H. Holmes department  
store clock, its hands indicating FIVE MINUTES AFTER FIVE. He  
is holding a bag of sheet music and lute strings.

Ignatius releases a gaseous emission. While he waits, he  
passes judgment on the passing pedestrians giving him wide  
berth.

IGNATIUS  
(re: passing teenager)  
...Not the slightest conception of  
balance and unity. Those pimples are,  
no doubt, his tortured soul seeking  
greasy escape.

A BUM tries to shakedown a passing TOURIST for a handout.

BUM  
Hey, buddy, you got any loose change?

Ignatius interrupts the potential donation.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

(to bum)

Seek not salvation from the corrupt,  
you who are free of the burden of the  
advertiser's lies and the pitiless  
yoke of an uncaring employer.

BUM

What'r ya, nuts? Beat it!

The bum moves off after a RICH LOOKING COUPLE.

IGNATIUS

(shouting after the bum)

You have made your choice. When you  
find the weight of your decision  
crushing your spirt do not come  
begging to me.

The tourist snaps Ignatius's picture.

The mother pushes her pram past Ignatius.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

(re: baby)

Another little consumer to push us  
closer to the impending apocalypse.

OFFICER MANCUSO

has seen enough. He moves through the crowd like a blue clad  
torpedo aimed toward a mammoth woolly tanker.

IGNATIUS

is oblivious: Mancuso isn't tall enough to enter his field of  
vision. After a moment of being ignored, Mancuso pokes  
Ignatius with his nightstick.

MANCUSO

Any identification, Mister..?

Ignatius turns on him, eyes ablaze.

IGNATIUS

What? What did you say?

MANCUSO

Lemme see your driver's license.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

I don't drive. Kindly go away. I am waiting for my mother.

Mancuso plucks at the Werlein's bag of sheet music.

MANCUSO

What's this hangin' outta yer bag?

IGNATIUS

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

MANCUSO

Loot? What loot? You got loot in there?

IGNATIUS

Is it now the practice of the constabulary to harass innocent citizenry while the flagrant vice capital of the world thrums about unchallenged?

A CROWD begins to gather.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

(bellowing)

This city is famous for its gamblers, prostitutes, exhibitionists, Antichrists, alcoholics, sodomites, drug addicts, fetishists, onanists, pornographers, frauds, jades, litterbugs and lesbians all protected from the police by graft, corruption and bribery, while I--

Mancuso grabs Ignatius by the arm. A lute string whips around and strikes him on his ear.

MANCUSO

Hey!

IGNATIUS

Yes! Take that.

(to the crowd)

Someone telephone the Mayor. He's a personal friend.

The growing crowd is taking Ignatius's side.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Shame on you. Let that boy alone.

An old man, CLAUDE ROBICHAUX, sidles forward.

ROBICHAUX

You should be 'restin' the strippers on Bourbon Street. He a good boy. Waitin' for his momma.

IGNATIUS

(haughtily)

Thank you. You will all be subpoenaed to bear me witness in the massive civil suit that will inevitably ensue this outrage.

MANCUSO

(self-confidence waning)

Now, you come with me.

ROBICHAUX

I seed it all. This good boy was just waiting for his momma. It's the communiss, that's what it is, the communiss.

Mancuso turns on Robichaux.

MANCUSO

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

Mrs. Reilly, laden with her shopping and cake-boxes, pushes her way through the crowd.

IGNATIUS

Mother!! Not a moment too soon. I've been seized.

MRS. REILLY

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

(to Mancuso)

Hey! Take your hands off my boy!

MANCUSO

Is this here your son?

Mrs. Reilly snatches the whizzing lute string from Ignatius.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

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

Ignatius pats Mrs. Reilly on her hennaed head.

ROBICHAUX

She loves her boy.

MANCUSO

(to Robichaux)

Why don't you shut up?

IGNATIUS

This is clearly a case for The Civil Liberties Union. We must contact Myrna Minkoff immediately. She knows about those things.

MANCUSO

(to Mrs. Reilly)

How old is he?

IGNATIUS

I am thirty.

MANCUSO

You got a job?

IGNATIUS

Senseless ambition is the root cause of our current dilemma--

MRS. REILLY

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

IGNATIUS

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

ROBICHAUX

That's very nice a him. Police mus' be communiss messing with nice boys.

MANCUSO

(to Robichaux)

All right, that's it! You're coming down to precinct too!

(CONTINUED)

He moves to grab Robichaux by the arm.

ROBICHAUX  
Help! It's a takeover. It's a  
violation of the Constitution!

Ignatius quickly grabs his mother and pulls her into the crowd.

Mancuso turns just in time to see them disappear.

MANCUSO  
Hey! Come back here!

CUT TO:

Ignatius and his mother on the run.

IGNATIUS  
I think I'm having a heart murmur.

MRS. REILLY  
Oh, shut up. How you think I feel? I  
shouldn't haveta be runnin' like this  
at my age.

IGNATIUS  
The heart is important at any age,  
I'm afraid.

They round a corner, still moving as fast as they can. Mrs. Reilly glances behind to see if they're being followed.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
Don't look back! You might be blinded  
by a stray bullet!

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

IGNATIUS  
I shall never know. He was literally  
obsessed with arresting me.

MRS. REILLY  
Wouldn't that be awful! You'd be all  
over the papers! You musta done  
something. I know you, boy.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

If anyone was ever minding his business, it was I. Please we must stop. I'm going to have a hemorrhage.

He begins to slow.

MRS. REILLY

You want that policeman to find us?

IGNATIUS

Shall I collapse at your feet to prove my point? I can scarcely hear you through the pounding in my ears.

She looks around and notices that they are standing in front of the NIGHT OF JOY bar. A POLICE WHISTLE is heard in the distance.

MRS. REILLY

Come on. We'll go in here.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - CONTINUOUS

17

Ignatius and Mrs. Reilly stumble through the front door. Out of breath, they make their way to the bar.

A BLONDE FLOOZY, doing her nails watches them enter from her bar-stool. An OLD MAN reads a racing paper. A FOPPISH YOUNG MAN, smoking a Salem, gulps down a frozen daiquiri.

IGNATIUS

My god, Mother, it smells awful. My stomach is beginning to churn.

MRS. REILLY

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

IGNATIUS

We might have stopped somewhere else. I suspect the police will raid this place momentarily anyway.

MRS. REILLY

Well, let's just have us a quick drink.

Ignatius sniffs loudly trying to make out the source of the offending odor.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

Garçon!

A BARTENDER moves from the shadows behind the bar to take their order.

BARTENDER

Yes?

IGNATIUS

(grandly)

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

BARTENDER

Only instant.

IGNATIUS

(to his mother)

I can't possibly drink that. It's an abomination.

MRS. REILLY

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

IGNATIUS

I may bloat.

MRS. REILLY

(to the bartender)

I'll take me a Dixie.

BARTENDER

(in a rich assumed voice)

And the gentleman? What is his pleasure?

MRS. REILLY

Give him a Dixie too.

IGNATIUS

I may not drink it.

MRS. REILLY

We can't sit here for free, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

I don't see why not. We're practically the only customers. They should be glad to have us.

(CONTINUED)

The bartender sets the beers on the bar in front of Mrs. Reilly and pretends to knock Ignatius's beer into his lap.

BARTENDER  
(to IGNATIUS)  
Like to take the cap off?

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

BARTENDER  
Suit yourself.

The bartender drifts back into the shadows.

IGNATIUS  
(indignant)  
Really!

MRS. REILLY  
Calm down.

Ignatius raises an ear-flap of his hunting cap.

IGNATIUS  
Well, I will lift this so that you will not have to strain your voice. What did that doctor tell you about your elbow or whatever it is?

MRS. REILLY  
It's gotta be massaged.

IGNATIUS  
I hope you don't want me to do that. You know how I feel about touching other people.

CUT TO:

ROBICHAUX

sitting in an unlocked holding tank, all of his membership cards lined up on his lap. A thick cloud of cigarette smoke thins enough to make out BURMA JONES, a black man in his early thirties, smiling behind dark wrap-around sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

How come they draggin' in somebody like you?

ROBICHAUX

I'm here in violation of my constitutional rights. I only said, maybe that one was a communiss.

He points out Mancuso who is whispering to the DESK SERGEANT.

JONES

Man, they prolly let you go.

(indicating cards)

You is a member a the American Legion and the Golden Age Club... what's this one?

ROBICHAUX

The Saint Odo of Cluny Holy Name Society.

JONES

What's that, a cat-house? Ooo-wee. If I call a po-lice a cawmniss, my ass be in Angola State Pen right now fo shoa. I'd like to call one a them mother a cawmniss, though. Like this afternoon, I standin' aroun' in Woolsworth and some cat steal a bag a cashew nuts out the "nut house" star screamin' like she been stab. The nex thing, a flo' walk grabbin' me, and then a po-lice mother draggin' me here. But Saint Odo o'Cluny Holy Name Society! Hell, they give you a ride home!

SERGEANT (OFF)

Claude Robichaux!

Robichaux gathers his cards and approaches the Desk Sergeant. On a wall we see a REWARD POSTER offering \$5,000 for information leading to arrests of a PORNOGRAPHY RING.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Patrolman Mancuso here tells me you say all policemen are communiss.

ROBICHAUX

I didn't mean anything by it. I just got nervous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBICHAUX (cont'd)

This policeman was trying to arres' a poor boy waiting for his momma by Holmes.

SERGEANT

(turning on Mancuso)

What!?

MANCUSO

He wasn't a boy. He was a big fat man, in this green hunting cap. Resisted an ID check. Looked like a big pervert.

SERGEANT

(brightening)

A pervert, huh?

MANCUSO

A great big pervert. The biggest I ever saw in my whole life.

JONES (OFF)

Say, I don't call nobody no cawmniss. I been framed by that flo' walk in Woolsworth.

SERGEANT

(to Jones)

Shut your mouth up!

JONES (OFF)

(brightly)

Okay.

SERGEANT

So tell me, Mancuso. Why is this big pervert in a green hunting cap not standing here before me?

MANCUSO

He got away. This woman come outta the store and she an him run off into the Quarter.

SERGEANT

Oh, two Quarter characters.

JONES (OFF)

Don't even like cashews...

(CONTINUED)

ROBICHAUX

No, sir. She really was his momma. A nice pretty lady. I seen them downtown before. The policeman frightened her. She's a good lady. I seen her many times. Real pretty.

Robichaux seems quite excited about how pretty he thinks Mrs. Reilly is. The Sergeant wrinkles his nose in disgust.

SERGEANT

Jesus Christ. Mancuso, you're the only guy on the force who'd try to arrest somebody away from his mother and then bring in a grampaw. Ring up his family and tell 'em to come an get him.

ROBICHAUX

Please. Don't do that. My daughter's busy with her kids. I never been arrest in my whole life. What my granchirrin gonna think?

SERGEANT

Get his daughter's number, Mancuso. That'll teach him to call us communiss!

ROBICHAUX

(in tears)

Please! My granchirrin respect me.

SERGEANT

Good work, Mancuso. The streets of Crescent City are safe at last. Get grampaw in the tank and make that phone call.

(curls a beckoning finger  
towards Jones)

And now... Mr. Jones...

JONES

slowly stubs out his cigarette and struts to the Sergeant.

JONES

They mussa been slip into my pocket...

(CONTINUED)

## SERGEANT

Jones, you get yourself gainful employed. The Mayor don't like vagrants. It upsets the tourists. Come back here in a week and tell me where you're working, otherwise I'll lock you up and get Sherlock Mancuso to swallow the key. Understand?

## JONES

Ooo-wee, yassir. I shurly do. You wants me either sell my ass or you'll lock it up.

## SERGEANT

Git.

Jones skedaddles.

## SERGEANT (cont'd)

Let me see, Mancuso. How many people you arrested in the last month?

Mancuso, phone in hand, tries to calculate.

## MANCUSO

Including the old man?

## SERGEANT

You don't start arresting real suspicious characters, you're off the force, Mancuso. I want real low-life scum in here.

(raising his voice)

I want THIEVES, I want HOOKERS, I want JUNKIES, I want DEGENERATES, DEVIANTS, FAGS. Lots of fags...

(quieting)

Not grampaws and mothers and sons.

## MANCUSO

I still think he was a pervert.

## SERGEANT

Like I care what you think? You're going into the French Quarter, Patrolman. And you're going to make some serious arrests, you got that? You shape up or ship out.

Mancuso nods weakly. He hangs up the phone and starts to move away.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (5)

18

SERGEANT (cont'd)  
Wait. Not so fast. I got an idea...

CUT TO:

19 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - LATER

19

Three empty BEER BOTTLES rest in front of Mrs. Reilly. She pulls on a fourth as she chats merrily with the foppish young man, DORIAN GREENE. The box of D. H. HOLMES BAKED GOODS IS OPEN between them. Ignatius approaches, his mother's coat in hand.

IGNATIUS  
(sotto voce)  
Mother, I do believe that you are encouraging these preposterous people.

MRS. REILLY  
Well, you're the one wanted to stay, Ignatius. Why don't you try and mingle?

IGNATIUS  
Yes, as an observer. I am not especially anxious to "mingle." Can we go..?

MRS. REILLY  
I'm havin' fun.  
(turning back to Dorian)  
That's sure pretty, that jacket you got.

DORIAN  
Oh, this? It's nothing, sweetie. But where did you ever get that hat? It is truly fantastic.

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

DORIAN  
Would you consider selling it? I'll give you ten dollars for it.

Ignatius glowers at the two of them.

IGNATIUS  
Mother!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY  
(to Dorian)  
Aw, come on. For this?

DORIAN  
Fifteen?

MRS. REILLY  
Really?

Dorian produces THREE FIVE DOLLAR BILLS. Mrs. Reilly unpins her hat.

IGNATIUS  
Mother! I forbid you to sell that memento of my childhood for thirty pieces of silver.

She hands the hat to Dorian who gives her the fifteen dollars, stands and drains his daiquiri.

DORIAN  
Now I really must run.

IGNATIUS  
This is sacrilege!

MRS. REILLY  
It's my hat. Besides, you were makin' fun of it in the car.

Dorian pulls on the LAVENDER TRENCH-COAT and makes for the door.

DORIAN  
It's been perfectly delightful meeting you all.

He exits.

IGNATIUS  
My jesting was merely a defense mechanism masking my deep feelings of attachment. You seem only too happy, in your inebriated state, to cast said feelings aside.

Mrs. Reilly begins to cry. It catches the blonde floozy DARLENE's attention.

DARLENE  
Don't talk to your momma like that.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY

Oh, he treats me bad sometimes, you just don't know. When I think of all I've done for that boy.

IGNATIUS

Mother, what are you babbling about?

MRS. REILLY

You treat me like garbage. I been good.

IGNATIUS

Mother, we've been through this: You are an overt masochist. Kind treatment would confuse and destroy you.

MRS. REILLY

(to Darlene)

And I spent all his Gramma Reilly's insurance money to keep him in college eight years, and since then all he's done is lay around the house watching television.

DARLENE

(to Ignatius)

You ought to be ashamed!

IGNATIUS

This is ridiculous! Mother, stop that!

Mrs. Reilly lays her head on the bar and begins sobbing loudly.

DARLENE

Look what you done!

The door of the bar opens, revealing LANA LEE, a statuesque woman nearing middle age. Her fine body is covered with a black leather overcoat glistening with fine mist. She is not happy with what she sees.

LANA LEE

What's going on here? I step out and look what happens.

DARLENE

This guy's been mistreating his momma.

(CONTINUED)

LANA LEE

Mothers? We got mothers in here now?  
Business already stinks.

IGNATIUS

I beg your pardon.

Lana looks at the empty cake boxes.

LANA LEE

Somebody's been having a picnic in  
here.

(to Bartender)

Goddammit, Ben, what the hell are you  
thinking? Why do you think I'm  
looking for a janitor? To clean up  
crap like this!

IGNATIUS

Excuse me, but my mother is present.

LANA LEE

(to bartender)

Get these two out!

BARTENDER

Yes, Miss Lee.

MRS. REILLY

Don't you worry. We're leaving.

IGNATIUS

We certainly are.

He lumbers toward the door leaving his mother behind to climb  
off her stool.

LANA LEE

Wait!

She grabs Ignatius's sleeve.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

(to bartender)

How much these characters owe?

BARTENDER

Ten dollars.

IGNATIUS

This is highway robbery. You will  
hear from our attorneys.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Reilly pays Lana with two of the bills given her by Dorian.

MRS. REILLY

We know when we're not wanted. We can take our trade elsewhere.

LANA LEE

Good. Beat it. Trade from people like you is the kiss of death.

Lana roughly shoves first Ignatius out and then his mother slamming the door behind them.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

I never liked mothers. Not even my own.

OLD MAN

(reading racing paper)

My mother was a whore.

LANA LEE

Mothers are full of shit. Now, let's you and me have a little talk, Darlene

CUT TO:

20 EXT. NIGHT OF JOY BAR - EARLY EVENING

20

Ignatius and Mrs. Reilly stumble down the street.

IGNATIUS

Hurry, mother. That woman looked like a Nazi commandant. She may yet come out and strike us.

He turns and looks back toward the bar and emboldened by the distance shouts:

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Impertinent doxy! Let us not tarry, mother.

MRS. REILLY

What a terrible woman.

IGNATIUS

A negation of all human qualities, certainly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

I need hardly add that it was on your suggestion that we entered the establishment...

(cheerily)

Oh, look! A hot dog vendor.

Ignatius points to an old HOT DOG VENDOR with a CART IN THE SHAPE OF A FRANKFURTER IN A BUN ON WHEELS.

MRS. REILLY

Honey, in this cold and wet, I gotta stand without a hat and eat wienies?

IGNATIUS

(smacking his lips)

Ah, they're of the jumbo variety.

MRS. REILLY

Let's get to the car an' go home.  
'Sides, I wouldn't eat nuthin' outta one o' them dirty wagons anyways.  
They all pushed by a bunch a bums.

CLYDE, the hot dog vendor hears this.

CLYDE

Hey! We're human bein's, we gotta make a livin' too, lady, jus' same as everyone else.

IGNATIUS

I'll thank you to keep your sentimental maunderings to yourself, my man, and not address my lady mother in that familiar tone.

They walk away, Clyde shakes his head and mutters to himself.

MANCUSO, in BERET, BALLETT TIGHTS and STRIPED KNIT SWEATER, steps from the shadows of his hiding place, behind the hot dog cart. CLYDE points his rusty hot-dog fork at him threateningly.

CLYDE

Beat it, freak, or I'll call the cops.

Mancuso gingerly tip-toes down the street and out of sight.

round a corner moving toward their car.

22 MANCUSO

22

flits from shadow to shadow, following at a very discreet distance... Not yet at the corner... Suddenly

THERE IS A TERRIFIC **BANG!**

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ST. ANN STREET - CONTINUOUS

23

The old Plymouth, with Mrs. Reilly at the wheel, lurches forward in its parking space and SMASHES the car in front of it.

IGNATIUS

Oh my god!!

MRS. REILLY

Shut up, Ignatius, you making me nervous.

With a great gnashing of gears, she tries to put the car in reverse. From the back seat, Ignatius looks about disdainfully.

IGNATIUS

That car is a total wreck. Your driver's license, if you indeed have one, will doubtlessly be revoked.

She gets the car into reverse and it immediately lurches back and climbs the hood of a Volkswagen. The sudden change in angle pitches Ignatius forward. He COLLIDES with the front seat.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Oh my god! My valve!  
(grabbing his stomach)  
You've sealed it forever!!

MRS. REILLY

Will you be quiet!! Lay down and take a nap!!

IGNATIUS

A nap?! I may never close my eyes again for fear of seeing this calamity played out repeatedly in my sleep! Are you sure you're turning the wheel the right way?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly the Plymouth LEAPS out of the parking spot and 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 (cont'd)  
What have you done now?

MRS. REILLY  
Call a priest!

IGNATIUS  
My digestion has been destroyed!

Mrs. Reilly shifts the worn gears and inches backward. As the car moves, the SPLINTERING OF WOOD sounds over their heads.

24 DOWN THE STREET

24

Patrolman Mancuso, 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  
Honey, are you okay?

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

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)  
Say something, Ignatius.

The Patrolman freezes as Ignatius sticks his head out of the rear window and prepares to vomit. As his mouth opens we hear:

THE SCREECHING BRAKES of a train hurtling through a station.

CUT TO:

25 INT. B.M.T. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

25

Views of Brooklyn and Manhattan through greasy windows as the train crosses the bridge in early morning sunlight on the way into the city.

Looking out the window is a maiden from the Bronx, MYRNA MINKOFF, draped in black. She turns from the window and LOOKS FIERCELY AT THE CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Behind and around her passengers are crowded in, getting on and off when the train stops at a station.

MYRNA

(to the CAMERA)

What is this strange, frightening letter that you have written me, Ignatius? How can I contact the Civil Liberties Union with the little evidence you have given me? I can't imagine why a policeman would try to arrest you. You stay in your room all the time. I might have believed the arrest if you hadn't written about that "automobile accident." If both of your wrists were broken, how could you write me a letter?

Myrna glances out the window and gets up.

MYRNA (cont'd)

(to the CAMERA)

Let us be honest with each other, Ignatius. I do not believe a word of what I read. But I am frightened - for you. The fantasy about the arrest has all the classic paranoid qualities. You are aware, of course, that Freud linked paranoia with homosexual tendencies.

CUT TO:

26 INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

IGNATIUS at home in his bathtub, reads Myrna's letter.

IGNATIUS

Filth!

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

27

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

MRS. REILLY

What are you mumbling about in there, boy?

IGNATIUS (OFF)

I'm praying.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY  
You're what?

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Please leave me alone! You're  
shattering my religious ecstasy!

CUT TO:

28 INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Ignatius crumples the letter.

IGNATIUS  
How unspeakably offensive!

He hurls the letter onto the floor, where it immediately  
soaks up the contents of a small puddle.

CUT TO:

29 INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

29

Mrs. Reilly eyeing the door, hears a pat-pat-pat of water  
gently slapped.

MRS. REILLY  
What are you doing in there?

The sound behind the door abruptly stops.

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Will you please stop eavesdropping  
and warm up the television! It's  
nearly time!

We hear him rise from the tub and water splash on the floor.

Mrs. Reilly looks down to see her shoes doused with tub water  
sloshing under the door.

MRS. REILLY  
Oh, Ignatius!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE - EARLY AFTERNOON

30

Harley-Davidson. Big. Black. Rumbling thunder through its  
chrome exhaust pipes. The driver: Bermuda shorts, white  
ribbed-tank top and long red beard hooked over his ears.

(CONTINUED)

It's MANCUSO. Over this we hear Frankie Valli's recording of "Big Girls Don't Cry" coming tinnily from a TV.

TV (O.S.)  
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.  
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.  
BIG GIRLS, THEY DON'T CRY-YI-YI. THEY  
DON'T CRY.

Mancuso thunders across Magazine Street onto the Reilly block and into their driveway.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. REILLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

31

In the front yard is the dented and scarred Plymouth. A piece of cardboard is taped across the hole in the rear window printed, VAN CAMP'S PORK AND BEANS. A mummified banana tree shudders in the breeze.

The TV continues its booming of "Big Girls Don't Cry," from inside the house. Mancuso dismounts and walks toward the porch. He notices the weathered CELTIC CROSS and the PLASTER STATUE OF A COLLIE.

MANCUSO  
(re: cross inscription)  
Rex..?

Mancuso rings the doorbell. MISS ANNIE, the terminally unseen nosey neighbor, calls out from behind her window shade.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)  
(screaming to be heard over the Reilly's  
TV)  
They home!

Mancuso POUNDS savagely on the door.

MISS ANNIE (OFF) (cont'd)  
Miss Reilly's proolly in the kitchen.  
Go round back. What you? A cop?

MANCUSO  
Patrolman Mancuso. Undercover.

He steps from the front porch.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)  
You come for the boy?

(CONTINUED)

MANCUSO

The mother.

He rounds the front of the house and walks down the dank alley, between the houses, toward the backyard.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

(shouting)

What you nuts? It's the boy you want.  
He's watchin' TV. You hear that? It's  
drivin' me crazy. My nerves is shot.  
He's crazy. He should be locked away!

Miss Annie, inside her house, runs from window to window, to keep up with Mancuso

MISS ANNIE (OFF) (cont'd)

Lemme tell you something, that  
Ignatius was okay until that big dog  
a his died.

CUT TO:

32 CHOPPY, FADED 8MM FILM OF REX, IGNATIUS'S COLLIE JUMPING, SKY 32  
IN BACKGROUND.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

He had this big dog useta bark right  
under my window. That's when my  
nerves first start to go. Then the  
dog dies. Well, I think, now maybe I  
get me some peace and quiet. But no,  
Ignatius got the dog laid in his  
momma's front parlor with some  
flowers stuck in its paw.

CUT TO:

33 YOUNG IGNATIUS AND HIS MOTHER FIGHTING IN THE LIVING ROOM, 33  
REX STIFF ON THE COUCH.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

That's when him and his momma first  
starta all that fighting. To tell you  
the truth, I think that's when she  
start drinkin. So Ignatius goes over  
to the priest and ax him to come say  
somethin over the dog. Ignatius was  
planning some kinda funeral. You  
know? The priest says no, of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MISS ANNIE (OFF) (cont'd)  
So big Ignatius, he puts on his own  
funeral.

CUT TO:

34 YOUNG IGNATIUS, IN THE FRONT YARD, STANDING OVER REX'S FRESH GRAVE. HE READS FROM A LARGE GREEN BOOK, DRESSED IN RED LONG JOHNS WITH A BEACH TOWEL TIED AROUND HIS NECK LIKE SUPERMAN. A DOZEN SMALLER KIDS STAND AS MOURNERS AROUND THE GRAVE. 34

MISS ANNIE (OFF)  
A big fat high school boy oughta know  
better. They was candles burning all  
over. The whole time his momma was  
screamin out the front door to throw  
the dog in the garbage-can and get in  
the house.

We hear her bump into something or something crashes on a  
floor.

MISS ANNIE (OFF) (cont'd)  
Yowch! That's when things started  
going bad around here. You hear!? You  
hear..!?

CUT TO:

35 EXT. REILLY HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

35

Mrs. Reilly, at her wash line, trying to hang a stained,  
yellowing, bedsheet to dry. She almost screams at the sight  
of Mancuso in his red beard.

MRS. REILLY  
Oh, goodness, it's you Mr. Mancuso.  
How you doin'? Come into the house an  
have a nice cuppa coffee. You gotcher  
self cleaned up all right?

CUT TO:

36 INT. REILLY KITCHEN - LATER

36

"My Boyfriend's Back" now playing loudly on the TV in the  
background.

MRS. REILLY  
You sure is sweet helpin' a poor  
widow lady with a child to support.

(CONTINUED)

MANCUSO

Well, uh yeah. Maybe you was right and none a this woulda happened, if I didn't try and arrest your son away from you. Uh, do you mind if I put my beard on the table? Sergeant told me to wear it for my undercover work today. But it's kinda hot in here, giving me a rash.

MRS. REILLY

Sure. Go ahead. You mind if I take me a drink?

She goes to the oven and takes out a bottle of Muscatel, holding to her cheek to feel it's pleasant warmth.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

Sometimes I sure get the blues.

MANCUSO

You should get you a hobby, Miss Reilly. Me, when I get down, I go bowlin'. You oughta try it. Meet plenty a people over by the alley.

MRS. REILLY

Ay-yi-yi. I already got arthiritis in my elbow. I'm too old to play around with them balls. I'd wrench my back or drop one a them on my toe.

MANCUSO

I got me an aunt, almost seventy, a grammaw, an she goes bowlin' all the time. She's even on a team. Next time I come by I'll bring my Aunt. You and me and my Aunt Santa, we'll go by the alley. Okay?

Mrs. Reilly isn't sure. She takes a pull of her Muscatel.

CUT TO:

37 INT. PARLOR/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

Ignatius watching "Saturday Hop," the John Pela teen dance show, on an ancient black & white TV.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my heavens! These girls are doubtless prostitutes already.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
How can they present horrors like  
this to the public?

CUT TO:

38 INT. REILLY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

38

MRS. REILLY  
So... what the man say, honey? You  
toll them I'm poor, right? An' a  
widow with a child too...

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

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

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

MRS. REILLY  
Settlement, huh? That means money,  
don't it?

Mancuso reaches into his shorts pocket and fishes out a piece  
of paper.

MANCUSO  
He got a contractor to appraise the  
damage. Here, this is the estimate.

Mrs. Reilly squints at the estimate.

MRS. REILLY  
That say one thousand twenty dollars?

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

MRS. REILLY  
One thousand twenty dollars! Where am  
I gonna find that?

MANCUSO  
He'd let you pay in installments. How  
much that boy of yours earn in a  
week?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Reilly stares at the piece of paper. "MY BOYFRIEND'S BACK" builds to a climax. Mrs. Reilly closes her eyes and,

MRS. REILLY  
(screaming)  
Ignatius! Ignatius! Turn off that TV  
and come in here. Right now!  
Ignatius! Ignatius!

We hear Ignatius rise and turn off the television. His flip-flops echo as he makes his way ponderously down the hallway toward the kitchen.

IGNATIUS

enters wearing a monstrous red flannel nightshirt. He calmly fixes himself a coffee.

IGNATIUS  
The children on that program should  
all be gassed. What would our  
founding fathers think of an America  
where children are being publicly  
debauched in the name of Clearasil?  
(noticing Mancuso)  
Oh...

Mancuso is enraptured by the nightshirt.

MRS. REILLY  
Ignatius, you know Mr. Mancuso. Say  
hello.

IGNATIUS  
I do believe that I've seen him  
about.

MRS. REILLY  
Ignatius, the man wants over one  
thousand dollars for what we did to  
his building.

IGNATIUS  
A thousand dollars! He won't get a  
cent. We shall have him prosecuted.  
Contact our attorneys, Mother.

MRS. REILLY  
Our attorneys? He got him a estimate.  
From a contractor. Officer Mancuso  
says there's nothing we can do.

(CONTINUED)

Ignatius goes to the cookie jar.

IGNATIUS

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

MRS. REILLY

I could take him to court if you think it's best.

IGNATIUS

Drunken driving. You haven't a chance.

MRS. REILLY

Well, what my gonna do, Ignatius?

IGNATIUS

I'm certain you can procure some funds. Is there any more coffee, or have you given the last to this carnival masker?

(to Mancuso)

If you had any sense you'd be raiding dens like that Night of Joy saloon in which my beloved mother and I were mistreated and robbed last night. I was the victim of a vicious, depraved B-Girl. In addition the proprietress is a Nazi.

MANCUSO is struck by this.

MANCUSO

(to himself)

B-Girls..?

CUT TO:

39 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

39

Burma Jones stands in the gloom, cap in hand.

Lana Lee comes out from behind the bar.

JONES

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

LANA LEE

Yeah? You got any references?

(CONTINUED)

JONES

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

Lana Lee puts her hands in the pockets of her leather overcoat and looks into the reflecting blackness of Jones's sunglasses.

LANA LEE

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

JONES

Hey! No wonder the right man ain show up. What ever 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. You come in regular? Who knows, you might even get a little raise.

Jones blows some smoke on Lana Lee.

JONES

Don't worry, I come in regular. Anything to keep my ass away from a po-lice for a few hour. Where you keep them motherfuckin' broom?

LANA LEE

One thing we gotta understand is keeping our mouth clean around here.

JONES

Yes, ma'am. Don wanna make a bad impressia in a fine place like the Night a Joy. Whoa!

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

LANA LEE

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

Lana marches toward the padded front door then turns suddenly around.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

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

She swings through the door.

DARLENE

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

JONES

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

DARLENE

At least you're gonna get a salary. I only work on commission for how much I get people to drink. You think that's easy? Try to get some guy to buy more than one of the kinda drinks they serve in here. All water. They gotta spend ten, fifteen dollars to get any effect at all.

JONES

Wha she go shoppin for? A whip?

(CONTINUED)

DARLENE

Don't ask me. Lana never tells me nothing. That Lana's a funny one. What I really wanna be is an exotic. I been practicing in my apartment on a routine. If I can get Lana to let me dance in here at night, I can get me a regular salary and quit hustling water on commission. Look, we better do something about this place before Lana comes back. But listen, don't knock yourself out cleaning up this dump. I never seen it really clean and it's so dark in here nobody can tell the difference.

Jones blows a cloud of cigarette smoke and disappears in its haze.

CUT TO:

40 INT. REILLY HOUSE - DAY

40

Mrs. Reilly stands in the hall looking at the **DO NOT DISTURB** sign printed on a sheet of Big Chief tablet paper and stuck to the door with a used flesh-colored Band-Aid.

MRS. REILLY

(screaming)

Ignatius, let me in there, boy.

IGNATIUS (OFF)

You know that you are not allowed in here.

Mrs. Reilly POUNDS on the door.

MRS. REILLY

Open up this door, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS (OFF)

Absolutely not. You may have a knife or a broken wine bottle.

Mrs. Reilly THROWS HERSELF against the unpainted wood.

MRS. REILLY

Ignatius!

CUT TO:

41 INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

Ignatius slides open the bolt.

IGNATIUS

Well, don't break down the door.

He opens the door and tip-toes back to bed. His room makes Dresden look like a minor dust-up. Mrs. Reilly steps into the dark room. Ignatius throws himself back on his bed. The sound of the bedsprings muffling a flatulence among the pillows. He snatches up a Big Chief tablet from the rubble near him and begins doodling.

MRS. REILLY

(looking down)

Ignatius, what's all this trash on the floor?

Dozens of Big Chief tablets make a rug of Indian head-dresses around the bed.

IGNATIUS

That is my worldview that you see. Be careful where you step.

MRS. REILLY

It smells terrible in here.

IGNATIUS

Well, what did you expect? The human body, when confined, produces certain odors which we tend to forget in this age of deodorants and other perversions.

MRS. REILLY

If I know it was like this, I'd been in here long ago.

IGNATIUS

I do not know why you are in here now.

MRS. REILLY

I came to talk to you, boy.

IGNATIUS

Mother, you are standing on my tablets.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY

(angrily)

Well, where I'm gonna stand,  
Ignatius? You want me to get inta bed  
with you?

IGNATIUS

(thundering)

Watch out where you're stepping! My  
God, never has anyone been so  
literally stormed and besieged! What  
is it that has driven you in here in  
this state of complete mania?

MRS. REILLY

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

Ignatius is stunned. His blue and yellow eyes bulge.

IGNATIUS

Knowing that you are congenitally  
incapable of arriving at a decision  
of this importance, I imagine that  
mongoloid law officer put this idea  
in your head.

MRS. REILLY

Angelo say the man might take the  
money in installments.

IGNATIUS

Don't you realize that he is trying  
to destroy our home? Through the  
centuries it has been the Mancusos of  
the world who have started wars and  
spread diseases. Has he become your  
Svengali? In my private apocalypse he  
will be impaled upon his nightstick!

MRS. REILLY

We gotta pay that man, Ignatius!

IGNATIUS

It is INCONCEIVABLE that I should get  
a job! Perhaps if you took certain  
economies around the house...

MRS. REILLY

I spend everything I get from social  
security on you for food.

(CONTINUED)

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

(through clenched teeth)

Tomorrow we looking at the want ads in the paper. I'm gonna iron you a nice white shirt and you gonna put on one of your poppa's nice ties and go find you a job.

CUT TO:

42 INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

42

Patrolman Mancuso, dressed as a LUMBERJACK, 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)

She's probably a B-girl herself! Get outta here, Mancuso, and bring me in a suspicious character. I'm gonna give you ten days to find one or you're off the force.

(CONTINUED)

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

SERGEANT (cont'd)  
(to the detective)  
Send a couple men over to that Night  
of Joy some night.

DETECTIVE  
(indicating reward poster)  
What about the porn ring? I got all  
the men I can spare working on that.

SERGEANT  
Leave it for a couple a days. Someone  
might've been just dumb enough to  
talk to Mancuso. But don't tell him.  
I don't want that goon taking any  
credit.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. REILLY HOUSE - MORNING

43

GOTHIC MUSIC. The front door opens and Ignatius steps out into the early morning sunlight. He is squeezed into a coat and a tight white shirt vertically divided by a wide flowered tie. His thick black hair is plastered to his skull in the style of the 1920'S. His moustache, too, gleams brightly as he descends the worn brick steps.

Mrs. Reilly runs after him with a greasy lunch bag and numerous classified sections of various newspapers and kisses him proudly on his moustache. Ignatius glowers at his mother as he snaps up the papers and the lunch bag. He shuffles down the steps and stops at the mound with the plaster statue of Rex the Collie and the Celtic cross.

The shutters of the house next door SNAP OPEN and the two bottle-green eyes peer out. Ignatius bows his head and prays.

IGNATIUS  
(sotto voce)  
Oh, Fortuna, blind, heedless goddess,  
I am strapped to your wheel. Do not  
crush me beneath your spokes. Raise  
me on high, divinity.

CUT TO:

44 INT. JAX BREWERY - DAY

44

Ignatius is seated opposite the PERSONNEL DIRECTOR in a small office. Battalions of brown bottles march by on a long belt beyond a glass wall. The director, a little bald man in a bow-tie, seems about to speak.

## IGNATIUS

As a medievalist I subscribe to the notion of the rota Fortuna, or wheel of fortune, a central concept in the philosophical works of Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius the late Roman martyr and poet who laid the foundation for medieval thought.

CUT TO:

45 INT. TELEPHONE COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

45

The OFFICE MANAGER, a frail woman in a stiff "D.A." haircut plays with a paper clip at her desk. Behind her, through a window, is an immense room full of telephone operators crossing wires at their great flashing consoles.

## IGNATIUS

You see the gyre has widened; the Great Chain of Being has snapped like so many paper clips strung together by some drooling idiot; death, destruction, and anarchy have led to the perverse excesses of progress, ambition and self-improvement.

CUT TO:

46 INT. SUPER MARKET STOCK ROOM - DAY

46

The PRODUCE MANAGER, a lad of nineteen, with orange hair and freckles, leans back in his office chair under a Playmate-of-the-Month calendar. Ignatius is squeezed into a wooden school desk filling out an application.

## IGNATIUS

As I've told you, my world view is basically tragic. Optimism nauseates me. It is perverse. Since man's fall, his proper position in the universe has been one of misery.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

The produce manager nods and shoots a rubber band.

CUT TO:

47 INT. CHICKEN PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

47

The SUPERVISOR sits on one edge of a small table. Behind her are rows of women plucking chickens. Ignatius is perched on a folding chair.

IGNATIUS

Employers sense in me a denial of their values. They fear me. I suspect that they can see that I am forced to function in a century which I loathe.

CUT TO:

48 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

48

GONZALEZ, the office manager, in awe. Ignatius is standing on the other side of the desk, cap in hand.

GONZALEZ

You're hired.

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.

A very old woman, MISS TRIXIE, hobbles into the room and BUMPS into a row of filing cabinets.

GONZALEZ (cont'd)

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

MISS TRIXIE

Who?

Miss Trixie turns and leaves.

GONZALEZ

Here, I'll take your things.

(CONTINUED)

Gonzalez reaches for the green cap. Ignatius SLAPS his hand.

GONZALEZ (cont'd)

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. Can you begin work today?

CUT TO:

49 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

49

Lana Lee is snapping rubber bands around piles of bills. Jones is sweeping the floor with a push broom. The padded door BANGS open and George CLICKS into the bar, scraping METAL TAPS of his flamenco boots across the floor.

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 (cont'd)

Everything went okay, George? The orphans like the pretty pictures?

GEORGE

They like the one of you on the desk with the glasses on. They thought you were some kinda teacher or something.

LANA LEE

You think they want more 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

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

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

(to Jones)

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

JONES

You be looking pretty junky with a Night a Joy broom stickin' out yo ass. Night a Joy brooms old, they good an 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 (cont'd)

Come on, George. The orphans are waiting. Now go on. Beat it.

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.

Jones produces a small nimbus of smoke.

JONES

Uh-huh...

LANA LEE

You just be happy you got a job.

JONES

Ever night I'm fallin' on my knee.

CUT TO:

50 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

50

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

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

Gonzalez and Miss Trixie are looking up at the sign. Ignatius moves to his desk, where a large stack of DOCUMENTS await filing.

GONZALEZ

Isn't that nice.

MISS TRIXIE

What does it mean? Gomez, who is this person?

GONZALEZ

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

MISS TRIXIE

I don't know any Reilly, ask Gloria.

Ignatius takes all the paperwork, looks around making certain he is not being watched, and then ceremoniously DUMPS it into a large waste basket. He sits down and begins devouring a luncheon meat sandwich.

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. Mr. Gonzalez approaches Ignatius' desk. His eyes widen.

GONZALEZ

You finished that filing already?

IGNATIUS

Of course.

GONZALEZ

But... but how?

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

My methods are quite revolutionary. I wouldn't expect you to understand them.

MAN'S VOICE (OFF)

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. Filing just seems to disappear when he's around.

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

Right here, sir. I also have some letters for you to sign.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GONZALEZ (cont'd)

I had to write a letter to Abelman's Dry Goods. We always have trouble with them.

Mr. Gonzalez gives Mr. Levy his stack of personal mail.

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 re-enters, shuffling over to her desk.

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 preparing to make his getaway.

MR. LEVY (cont'd)

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.

Ignatius steps forward.

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.

The door closes behind him as he exits.

GONZALEZ

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

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

A seguro. A little Spanish in honor  
of your noble heritage.

Gonzalez smiles wanly as he opens the door to the factory  
letting in a BLAST OF DIXIELAND JAZZ.

Ignatius glances at the snoring Miss Trixie. He sails over to  
Gonzalez's desk, rolls a sheet of Levy stationary into the  
office manager's high black typewriter and begins to TYPE. We  
see:

Abelman's Dry Goods  
Kansas City, Missouri  
U.S.A.

Mr. I. Abelman, Mongoloid, Esq.:

We have received, via post, your absurd comments about  
our trousers...

CUT TO:

51 INT. LEVY LODGE - LATE DAY

51

MRS. LEVY, aquamarine-lidded eyes and high plasticized curls  
of platinum hair, is being kneaded mercilessly by a rather  
ornate, mechanized massage apparatus.

Mr. Levy enters. Steve Lawrence is singing "Go Away Little  
Girl" from the TV set.

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 us to  
bring her out here someday soon. 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  
on at the office instead of retiring  
her. When I went there this morning  
she was asleep on the floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MR. LEVY (cont'd)  
 You should see this other character  
 Gonzalez hired. I don't know where  
 the hell he finds them.

CUT TO:

52 INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - EVENING

52

Ignatius lays on his unkempt bed, propped up by many stained  
 and yellowing pillows. He writes in a Big Chief tablet,  
 occasionally cleaning an ear canal with the pencil's eraser.

MRS. REILLY (OFF)  
 Ignatius, honey, I'm going.

Ignatius puts down his pad and stares at the door...

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)  
 Open the door, babe, and come gimme a  
 kiss goodbye.

IGNATIUS  
 Mother, I am quite busy at the  
 moment.

MRS. REILLY  
 Aw, Ignatius. Don't be like that.  
 Open up.

Ignatius ponderously evacuates himself from the bed and opens  
 the door to find

CUT TO:

53 INT. REILLY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

53

Mrs. Reilly's maroon hair is fluffed high over her forehead;  
 her cheekbones are red with rouge spread up to her eyeballs.  
 White powder has exploded over her face, dress, a few stray  
 maroon wisps and her bowling shoes.

IGNATIUS  
 Grant me a little peace. Isn't it  
 enough that I am harried all day long  
 at work? I thought that I had  
 adequately described to you the  
 horrors which I must face daily.

MRS. REILLY  
 You know that I'm proud and  
 appreciate you, babe. Now come on and  
 gimme a little goodbye kiss like a  
 good boy.

(CONTINUED)

Ignatius bends down and lightly bussess her cheek.

IGNATIUS

Oh. My God!

(he spits out powder)

Now my mouth will feel gritty all night.

MRS. REILLY

I got too much powder on?

IGNATIUS

No, it's just fine. Aren't you arthritic or something? How in the world can you bowl?

MRS. REILLY

I think the exercise is helping me out. I'm feeling better.

A car horn honks from the street.

IGNATIUS

Ah, the bowling Sicilians beckon.

Mrs. Reilly runs down the hallway to the front door.

MRS. REILLY

I'll be home early.

She closes the door behind her.

Ignatius turns into his room.

CUT TO:

54 INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

54

Ignatius grabs an empty ink bottle from his desk and, opening his shutters, he sticks his head out of the window and hurls the bottle, with all his strength, out into the street. We hear the bottle hit the roof of a car and an unknown female voice scream out, "Hey!"

Ignatius silently closes the shutters and gloating settles back onto the bed with his Big Chief tablet.

CUT TO

55 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

55

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 goddamn precinct. Did you see what was going on here last night?

DARLENE

Morning Lana Lee.

LANA LEE

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 and stuffs the soiled Kleenex into her cleavage.

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 a policeman. You know what we need in here to make money?

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

DARLENE (cont'd)

What we need in here is a animal.

LANA LEE

A what? Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

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 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  
You 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.

(CONTINUED)

JONES  
(blowing blue smoke)  
Them orphans better star applyin to  
the United Fun.

DARLENE  
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:

56 EXT. NIGHT OF JOY - CONTINUOUS

56

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 Eskimo for the  
salary I'm paying him. He thinks if  
he tries to quit, I can get him  
arrested for vagrancy. The whole  
things 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 somewhere.

LANA LEE

Go check it somewhere. 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:

57 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - CONTINUOUS

57

Lana Lee steps back into the doorway.

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 stage than on my stools with a cop. Bring in the goddamn bird.

CUT TO:

58 INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

58

A nervous Patrolman Mancuso stands, dressed as a DRUM MAJOR, before the sergeant.

SERGEANT

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

MANCUSO

Well, I thought--

(CONTINUED)

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. 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.

CUT TO:

59 MYRNA MINKOFF

59

in close-up, addressing the CAMERA.

MYRNA

I must tell you about a bold and  
vital new development.

As she speaks, the background plays out the events in her  
dialogue.

MYRNA (cont'd)

Last week I was at a party being  
given for this very real boy that had  
just returned from Israel. He is  
unbelievable, I mean that.

Behind her, the man she speaks of chats her up at a well-  
attended bohemian get-together. He is scraggly and guitar-  
laden.

MYRNA (cont'd)

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.

60      IGNATIUS      60

Jammed into his bathtub, reads the letter.

                    IGNATIUS

            Ho hum.

61      MYRNA      61

Behind her, the guests have gone, and she and the man are alone, talking.

                    MYRNA

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

Myrna jumps on the man and starts KISSING him.

62      IGNATIUS      62

snorts derisively.

                    IGNATIUS

            Oh my god!

A KNOCK on the bathroom door.

                    MRS. REILLY (OFF)

            Ignatius, you in there?

63      MYRNA      63

stops talking, waiting for Mrs. Reilly to finish.

                    IGNATIUS (OFF)

            Yes! Please join your bowling Sicilians and leave me in peace!

Satisfied the interruption is over, Myrna resumes.

                    MYRNA

            So anyway, he said, "I can't believe someone with your voice and personality isn't appearing before the people."

                    IGNATIUS (OFF)

            Hah!

She pointedly ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

MYRNA

The next day I got a telephone call from him: Would I lecture his social action group in Brooklyn Heights?

IGNATIUS (OFF)

Obviously Soupy Sales had other engagements.

MYRNA

(in reaction to Ignatius's castigation)

I don't imagine your sociological ideas have progressed beyond your mattress. You know what, Ignatius? A satisfying sexual encounter would purify your mind and body. I'm afraid-- from what I know about clinical cases like yours--that you may end up a psychosomatic invalid like Elizabeth B. Browning--

64 IGNATIUS

64

crumples up the letter and throws it into the toilet.

IGNATIUS

I'll show this offensive trollop!

CUT TO:

65 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

65

Close on a hand-painted 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, as he opens the frosted glass door leading to the factory beyond.

CUT TO:

66 INT. LEVY PANTS FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

66

DIXIELAND JAZZ issues forth loudly from various loudspeakers on the factory walls.

The original sweatshop has been preserved for posterity at Levy Pants. It is a scene combining the worst of Uncle Tom's Cabin and Fritz Lang's Metropolis.

(CONTINUED)

Ignatius, cross in hand, 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 fuchsia satin on one of the large sewing machines. She whips the material back and forth under the massive electric needle.

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 crisscross 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 be heard over  
music, 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 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.

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 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. Ignatius twists his bulk and pumps a fist and the cross in the air above his head.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

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

The song stops, the record finished. There is an awkward silence as the workers continue to stare at Ignatius.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Fellow workers of Levy Pants I am  
here to aid you in your plight!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

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

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. I'll tell you, friends, if I was a factory worker at Levy Pants I would long before this have stormed the office and demanded a decent wage!

The Levy Workers mumble their approval.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Les Africains, hear me, this is what we're going to do...

CUT TO:

67 INT. MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - DAY

67

Jones perched on a wooden stool at the bar of this combination saloon and grocery. Working 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

You want another beer?

JONES

You tryina sell me another beer, a po color boy bustin his ass for twenty dollar a week? Shit! I think it about time you gimme a free beer with all the money you makin' sellin' pickle meat and sof drink to po color peoples. You sen you boy to college with the money you makin' in here.

Mr. Watson opens a bottle of beer.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WATSON

He's a school teacher now.

JONES

Ain that fine. Whoa! I never go to school more than two years in my life. My momma out washing other people clothin', ain nobody talkin' about school. I spen all my time rollin' tire aroun the street. I'm rollin, mamma washin, nobody learnin' nothin'. Shit! Who lookin' fo a tire roller to give them a job? I end up gainfully employ workin' with a bird, got a boss probly sellin' Spanish fly to orphan. Ooo-wee.

MR. WATSON

Well, if conditions really bad--

JONES

Really bad? Hey, I'm workin' in modern slavery. If I quit, I get report for bein' vagran. If I stays, I'm gainfully employ on a salary ain even startin' to be minimal wage.

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

MR. WATSON

(conspiratorially)

I tell you what you can do.

The customer at the end of the bar looks up and bends an ear toward them.

MR. WATSON (cont'd)

You try you a little sabotage. That's the only way you fight that kinda trap. Like a maid ain bein paid enough not to throw too much pepper in the soup on accident. Like the parkin lot attendant takin too much crap skid some oil and crash a car into a fence.

JONES

Whoa! Like the boy workin the grocery suddenly get slippery finger an drop the aigs cause he ain been paid overtime.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WATSON

Now you got 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 fat white man comin in the factory tellin us he like to drop a atom bomb 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 them raise our wage an dignity.

JONES

Yeah, and it sound like he gonna lead you peoples right into the unemployment line. Tell me, man, what this white savior cat look like?

CUSTOMER

He big and fat, real fat, got him a huntin' cap he wearin' all the time.

JONES

This huntin' cap green? He got him a green huntin' cap?

CUSTOMER

Yeah. How you know that?

JONES

Whoa! You peoples in plenty trouble.

CUT TO:

68 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

68

Ignatius bursts through the door, his scarf-shawl flying horizontally. A cheap 8mm movie camera is slung over his shoulder and under his arm is a rolled up bed sheet.

IGNATIUS  
(brusquely)  
Good morning, sir!

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

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

GONZALEZ  
Oh, of course.

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

GONZALEZ  
No. I--

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

GONZALEZ  
What, Mr. Reilly?

IGNATIUS  
You heard what I said.

Ignatius lumbers through the door to the factory. 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:

69 INT. LEVY PANTS FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

69

Ignatius stands on a cutting table pointing his movie camera at the assembled throng.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

Will all of you wave your sticks and stones again?

They do so.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Brandish those weapons fiercely!  
That's right. You can even jump up  
and down, if you like.

The workers laughingly comply. Satisfied, Ignatius puts down the camera.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Our first approach will be a peaceful  
and rational one. If Gonzalez fails  
to respond to the emotion of this  
spectacle, I shall call "Attack!"  
Then you may begin your onslaught.  
Onward!!

The crowd of workers begins moving toward the stairway. One by one they pick up a song and sing in unison:

FACTORY WORKERS

OH, JESUS, YOU PAY MY BAIL  
WHEN THEY GOT ME IN THAT OLD JAIL  
OH, OH, YOU ALWAYS GIVING  
A REASON FOR LIVING.

IGNATIUS

Wait! Someone help me down!

FACTORY WORKERS

YOU NEVER HURT ME,  
YOU NEVER, NEVER, NEVER DESERT ME  
I NEVER SINNING  
I ALWAYS WINNING  
NOW I GOT JESUS

A handful of workers help Ignatius to the floor.

Ignatius films the workers as he moves toward the front of the line.

FACTORY WORKERS (cont'd)

OH, JESUS, YOU GIVE ME PEACE  
WHEN YOU KEEPIN' AWAY THEM PO-LICE.

(CONTINUED)

## IGNATIUS

Myrna will choke on her espresso when  
she sees this!

## FACTORY WORKERS

IN THIS LONESOME PLACE  
YOU GIVE ME GRACE  
GIVING YOUR LIGHT  
THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT  
OH, JESUS, YOU HEARIN MY WOE  
I NEVER, NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO--

CUT TO:

70 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

70

The entire labor force of Levy Pants is now crowded into the  
office behind Ignatius.

The workers' fists punch in cadence above their heads as they  
chant.

## FACTORY WORKERS

RAISE OUR WAGES!  
RAISE OUR WAGES!  
RAISE OUR WAGES!

Two of the more statuesque women are holding Ignatius's  
stained bed sheet gingerly between their fingers as if it  
were a leper's shroud. Painted on the sheet are these words:

FORWARD  
CRUSADE  
FOR  
MOORISH DIGNITY  
raise our wage  
NOW!

Ignatius scans the crowd with his little movie camera.

## FACTORY WORKERS (cont'd)

RAISE OUR WAGES!  
RAISE OUR WAGES!  
RAISE OUR WAGES!

Gonzalez and Miss Trixie are both standing on top of his desk  
with their hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MISS TRIXIE  
 (to Ignatius)  
 What's happening, Gloria? Is this a  
 minstrel show?

71 P.O.V. OF HAND-HELD CAMERA: as Ignatius's CAMERA SCANS The 71  
 worker's faces. CAMERA PANS FROM THE WORKERS OVER TO THE  
 OFFICE DOOR JUST AS IT OPENS AND MR. LEVY ENTERS FOLLOWED BY  
 HIS WIFE IN A LONG FUR COAT.

72 Ignatius lowers his little movie camera. The workers stop 72  
 chanting and lower their fists. All eyes are turned to the  
 Levys.

MR. LEVY  
 Who's responsible for this, Gonzalez?

Ignatius steps forward and picks up the fallen bed sheet.

IGNATIUS  
 I am, sir, and--

MR. LEVY  
 You're fired.

Mr. Levy looks around.

MR. LEVY (cont'd)  
 Anyone else want to get fired?

The workers look at each other. The answer is no. They begin  
 turning around and heading back toward the factory.

IGNATIUS  
 Wait! Come back! This man is a symbol  
 of all that oppresses you! He must be  
 made to grovel and quiver!

Mrs. Levy marches over to the desk and helps Miss Trixie  
 down.

MRS. LEVY  
 Come Miss Trixie, dear, you're going  
 home with me.

MISS TRIXIE  
 Am I retired?

MRS. LEVY  
 No, darling, you're promoted.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Ignatius is bumped, purposely, by an escaping worker, the movie camera FALLS to the floor. Its contents spill out: Film-guts fatally exposed to light.

CUT TO:

73 INT. REILLY KITCHEN - NIGHT

73

Close on bowling shoes pounding the linoleum kitchen floor to the beat of "Hold That Tiger."

Pull back to reveal the bowling-shirted, kinky-grey-haired SANTA BATTAGLIA, aunt of patrolman Mancuso. Pendulous breasts swing and sway, hips rotating as she dances with wild abandon.

MRS. REILLY

Whooh! Santa!

Mrs. Reilly tips a glass of whiskey back.

SANTA

Watch this, Irene!

Santa shakes her booty lower and lower until she's almost sitting on the floor.

MRS. REILLY

(laughing)

You gonna bust a gut girl. You gonna go right through my good floor.

SANTA

Who says a grammaw can't dance no more?

Her arms akimbo, Santa bumps across the linoleum runway.

MRS. REILLY

Lord! What if Ignatius comes in here and sees this?

SANTA

Fuck Ignatius!

MRS. REILLY

Santa!

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

You people cut it out! Cut it out before I call the cops!

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Reilly quickly turns off the radio and Santa stops dancing.

SANTA

What you doin, Irene? Who's that screamin?

MRS. REILLY

That's my next-door, Miss Annie. Come on Santa, let's go before Ignatius gets hisself out the bath.

She starts stuffing old bowling shoes and a towel into a torn and dusty bowling bag. Near the bag, on the kitchen table, are numerous Big Chief tablets as well as a very large green book: *The Consolation of Philosophy - Boethius*.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

Where's your nephew? He joining us?

SANTA

That sergeant got him stuck in the toilet at the bus station. Have you ever? He sounds like he's got him pneumonia already.

MRS. REILLY

Aw, poor Angelo.

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 just re-read the whole thing since he lost him that job at Levy's.

Santa takes the book.

SANTA

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

CUT TO:

74 INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

74

Ignatius soaking in the bathtub, BLOWING BUBBLES into a bottle of Dr. Nut soda through a straw, his eyes dim and sad.

MRS. REILLY (OFF)

I'm leaving the classified right here for you, Ignatius, although if you can't hold a little job in an office...

IGNATIUS

I was hated and resented. My excellence confused them.

MRS. REILLY (OFF)

I know you, boy. You musta pulled some real boo-boos at that Levy Pants.

IGNATIUS

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

MRS. REILLY (OFF)

Myrna!? Don't give me none a that foolishness. That girl's in New York. Tomorrow mornin you get on that trolley and when you get home you better have you a job.

IGNATIUS

Fortuna has decided on another downward spin.

MRS. REILLY (OFF)

What?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE JOB INTERVIEW: OVER MELANCHOLY STRAIN FROM SCARLATTI, IGNATIUS WALKS INTO, AND THEN MOMENTS LATER OUT OF:

75 EXT. "MAX'S MATTRESS" FACTORY - DAY

75

IGNATIUS (OVER)

I should tell you that I am only seeking employment at this time because I would be beaten senseless with a baked wine bottle if I dared stay at home.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. "EZ SHIPPING" COMPANY - DAY

76

IGNATIUS (OVER)

Opening the door of my home is like intruding into the den of a lioness with a maroon mane.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. "CRESCENT CITY CANDY" COMPANY - DAY

77

IGNATIUS (OVER)

My mother is becoming increasingly abusive and vicious. Indifferent to the fact that my struggle to improve the lives of the oppressed resulted in calamity and heartache.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. "MID-CITY MUSHROOM" FARM - DAY

78

IGNATIUS (OVER)

Furthermore she has taken to dressing up like a courtesan and bowling on certain evenings with a lascivious bawd and her nephew, a notorious cross-dresser affiliated in some corrupt way with the police department.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. POYDRAS STREET - DAY

79

THE SAD SCARLATTI TUNE CONTINUES as Ignatius waddles slowly and wearily along. Suddenly he stops and looks up spreading his great hairy nostrils. He finds himself halted before the narrow half-open garage doors of a converted automobile repair shop. Ignatius sniffs vigorously.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

The protruding hairs in his nostrils twitch as they analyze wafting fumes. The sign above the garage door reads:

## PARADISE VENDORS INCORPORATED

Ignatius checks his watch and enters the garage.

CUT TO:

80 INT. PARADISE VENDORS - DAY

80

In the gloom Ignatius discovers a fleet of large tin hot dogs mounted on bicycle tires. Several of the mobile hot dogs are badly dented and one crumpled frankfurter cart lays on its side, its one wheel horizontally above it, a traffic fatality

In a dark corner is the old hot dog vendor, Mr. Clyde. He is boiling hot dogs in a large institutional pot that dwarfs the gas range upon which it rests.

IGNATIUS

Pardon me sir. Do you retail here?

MR. CLYDE

What do you want?

IGNATIUS

I would like one of your hot dogs. They smell rather tasty. I was wondering if I could have just one.

MR. CLYDE

Sure.

IGNATIUS

May I select my own?

MR. CLYDE

Here, take this fork.

Ignatius takes the corroded instrument and peers down the top of the pot.

IGNATIUS

I shall pretend I am in a smart restaurant and that this is the lobster pond.

He fishes around in the boiling water, spearing a tumbling wiener.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CLYDE

Try to keep your hands out of the water. It's like acid. Look what it's done to the fork.

Ignatius drops his dog in a handy bun and takes a big bite.

IGNATIUS

My, these are rather strong. What are the ingredients in these?

MR. CLYDE

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

IGNATIUS

They're curiously appealing. I do believe that I shall have another of these savories.

Ignatius spears and eats three more hot dogs in rapid succession.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

I cannot recently remember having been so totally satisfied.

MR. CLYDE

Four wienies. That'll be one dollar.

IGNATIUS

I am afraid that they will all have to be on the house. Or on the garage or whatever this is. My bowling-fanatic mother has given me only carfare today.

MR. CLYDE

Why you, I'll call the police!

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God!

MR. CLYDE

Pay me! Pay me or I'll get the law.

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

IGNATIUS

You're puncturing my imported muffler!

(CONTINUED)

MR. CLYDE

I'm not gonna be robbed again. That's all that happens to you in the hot dog trade. Hot dog vendors and gas station attendants always get it. Holdups, muggings. Nobody respects a hot dog vendor.

IGNATIUS

That is patently untrue, sir. No one respects hot dog vendors more than I. They perform one of our society's few worthwhile services.

MR. CLYDE

Okay, buddy, now listen to me...

CUT TO:

81 EXT. CARONDOLET STREET - DAY

81

IGNATIUS, in a white smock, pushing a tin wienie cart.

IGNATIUS

Hot dogs! Hot dogs from Paradise!

Ignatius turns a corner into an alley and parks. He opens the various lids in the wagon, prepares a hot dog for himself, and ravenously eats it.

CUT TO:

82 INT. BUS STATION MEN'S ROOM - DAY

82

Patrolman Mancuso, miserable head cold, is seated in the end stall attempting to make sense of Boethius's writings. He turns one thin page and then watches, from under the stall door, delicate boots as they click moving back and forth from the lavatory to the 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 his stall and approaches George, coughing deeply.

MANCUSO

What's dat you're wridig on your had, pal?

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

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Get away from me before I kick your nuts in.

MANCUSO

Go owd. Caw da 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 to trouble with the cops.

MANCUSO

You dote?

GEORGE

No, and neither does a screwball like you.

MANCUSO

You udder arres.

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 and kicks him in the nuts.

From the tiled floor Mancuso sees George run from the rest room with the big green book in his hand.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

83

George runs down a corridor of lockers, quickly opens one with a key, takes out an arm-load of BROWN PAPER PACKAGES and runs out into the street.

CUT TO:

84 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - DAY

84

Jones 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 stained bird-stand with perches set at various heights.

DARLENE (OFF)

Okay, Lana, we're ready.

LANA LEE

(to Jones)

Put the record on.

JONES

Sorry. Recor plain star at thirty a week.

LANA LEE

(hollering)

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

JONES

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

LANA LEE

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.

(CONTINUED)

LANA LEE

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

Jones is silent behind his dark shades.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

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 the door has been left OPEN to 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 (OFF)

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 with SMALL GOLDEN RINGS SEWN ONTO VARIOUS SEAMS, makes several clumsy lascivious motions toward the bird-stand while the cockatoo sways unsteadily on her arm. Holding onto the top of the stand with one hand, she makes a grotesque gesture with her pelvis and SIGHS lewdly.

DARLENE (cont'd)

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: *The Consolation of Philosophy - Boethius*.

THE MUSIC CHANGES TEMPO.

DARLENE (cont'd)

Oooo. Oooo. Go birdie, go.

Darlene places the cockatoo on the lowest perch, and with beak and claw it climbs up to the next highest perch. As Darlene bumps and grinds around the bird-stand in an orgiastic frenzy the bird grabs one of the sewn-on rings, with its beak, and a piece of the gown is torn free. Lana Lee is frozen in her seat.

(CONTINUED)

DARLENE (cont'd)

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'd)

Oh.

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

LANA LEE

Stop it! Stop the music!

JONES

Whoa!

He SNAPS the cabinet shut, and TURNS OFF the phonograph.

DARLENE

Hey, what's the matter?

Sunglasses in place, Jones comes out from behind the bar.

LANA LEE

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 LEE

We gotta re-think the whole act. I know this business. Stripping's an insult to a woman. Anybody can insult a tramp. The kinda 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.

DARELENE

Who says I'm not refined.

(CONTINUED)

LANA LEE

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

JONES

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

LANA LEE

Get back on my floor.

JONES

Right, away, Scarla O'Horror.

LANA LEE

Wait a minute!

"TARA'S THEME" pours forth. Lana SNAPS HER FINGER and the MUSIC STOPS.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

That's it.

DARLENE

That's what?

CUT TO:

85 INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

85

Patrolman Mancuso, dressed as a MATADOR in a suit of lights, leans against the sergeant's desk and WHEEZES.

MANCUSO

I'b gettig 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 (cont'd)

Okay. Don't go back to the bus station. Get out on the streets again and get some sunshine. But listen here. You've got two more days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

SERGEANT (cont'd)

If you don't bring in nobody by then,  
you're off the force. You understand  
me, Mancuso?

Mancuso nods and SNIFFLES.

CUT TO:

86 MYRNA MINKOFF

86

staring at us. She is in her apartment, where her therapy  
group has gathered in a circle, holding hands. Incense  
burns...

MYRNA

Your letters are sick, Ignatius, and  
I am worried. First you claim you've  
become an activist labor organizer  
and now you produce a pack of lies  
about being connected with the "food  
merchandising industry."

87 IGNATIUS

87

soaking in the tub sucking on a Dr. Nut and reading her  
soiled letter. Large BUBBLES emerge from the bath water  
beneath his legs.

88 MYRNA

88

fans her nose.

MYRNA

Let's face it, Ignatius. Since I last  
saw you, you have done nothing but  
lie around rotting in your room. You  
must do something, Ignatius; a very  
bad crack-up is on the way. Get out  
of that womb-house for at least an  
hour a day. Realize that life is  
surging all around you. The valve  
closes because it thinks it is living  
in a dead organism. Open your heart,  
Ignatius, and you will open your  
valve.

89 IGNATIUS

89

rolls his eyes and continues reading:

MYRNA (OFF)

If you are having any sex fantasies,  
describe them in your next letter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

MYRNA (OFF) (cont'd)

I may be able to interpret their meaning for you and help you through this psychosexual crisis you are having. The members of my group therapy are all following your case with interest.

90 INT. MYRNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

90

Behind Myrna, sitting cross-legged and holding hands, semi-dressed therapy members can be seen staring off, blissed-out, into space.

MYRNA

If I were not so busy, I would take off on a long overdue inspection tour and come to see you personally.

91 IGNATIUS

91

sitting in the tub. His eyes are weary.

MYRNA (OFF)

Hold on until we meet again.

CUT TO:

92 INT. BATTAGLIA PARLOR - NIGHT

92

On top of the old console radio are two fifths of Early Times and numerous bottles of Seven-Up. Patrolman Mancuso, in a T-shirt and chaps, 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

SANTA (cont'd)

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. Now listen to me. You had arthritis real 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 somewheres. He likes you...

Santa looks Mrs. Reilly in the eye.

SANTA (cont'd)

This old man can pay off your debt.

MRS. REILLY

(suddenly understanding)

Yeah?

Someone KNOCKS LIGHTLY at the shutters on the front door.

SANTA

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANTA (cont'd)

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. I had to take my little granchirren around the neighborhood. They raffling some rosaries for the sisters.

SANTA

Oh, I know. Lady friend of mine won the outboard motor the sisters was raffling last year.

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

SANTA (cont'd)

Irene! What are 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 widely.

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.

(CONTINUED)

SANTA

Mancuso?

COUGHING EXPLODES in the kitchen.

MRS. REILLY

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

Patrolman Mancuso appears in the doorway.

MR. ROBICHAUX

Christ Awright! That's him!

MRS REILLY

(rising)

Well--

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 sorry he took you in.

MR. ROBICHAUX

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

SANTA

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

Patrolman Mancuso COUGHS SADLY.

MANCUSO

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

MRS. REILLY

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

(CONTINUED)

SANTA

Somebody oughta beat up on that Ignatius. Now come on. Everybody make friends. I know, how about we go see us a picture show? Why don't we go see that cute little Debra Reynolds. Remember that picture where she played that dummy got herself raped? The look on that dummy's face! I'll never forget it.

MR. ROBICHAUX

I don't think I saw that one.

MRS. REILLY

I think Ignatius told me that movie ain't no good.

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 letrit socket in that boy. They'd show that Ignatius. They'd make him behave hiself.

MRS. REILLY

Yeah? How much that cost?

SANTA

It's all for free. You gotta think about yourself, Irene. That son of yours is gonna put you in your grave.

MRS. REILLY

Let's go see that precious Debra Reynolds.

CUT TO:

93 INT. LEVY LODGE - DAY

93

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

MR. LEVY

Let her alone. Look, she's trying to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

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

Miss Trixie. Wake up.

Miss Trixie opens her eyes and WHEEZES.

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 vibrant woman.

MR. LEVY

All she wants is to retire. It's like torturing a dumb animal.

MISS TRIXIE

Where am I?

CUT TO:

94 EXT. PIRATE'S ALLEY - DAY

94

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 wienie is the hand-lettered sign:

(CONTINUED)

## TWELVE INCHES 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'd)

Oh, my God! How dare you present such abortions to the public. You ladies need to be taught how to handle a brush. For starters, I suggest you get together and paint someone's house.

SECOND LADY

Please leave.

IGNATIUS

Gladly!

Ignatius grabs the handle of his cart and waddles off down the Alley. A small stone bounces off the back of his head.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. JACKSON SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

95

Ignatius rounds the fence, comes to a stop, parks the wagon, squats uncomfortably on the steps of St. Louis Cathedral and removes his boots. He inspects the great slabs of his feet.

A VOICE (OFF)

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?

DORIAN GREENE approaches.

DORIAN

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.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

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

DORIAN

Oh, that. I'm afraid it was destroyed at a really wild gathering. Everyone dearly loved it.

IGNATIUS

I'm sure 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 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 is my idea. It is meant to draw attention to our product. Not easy in the Quarter with so many other grotesque distractions.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

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'd)

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

DORIAN

Who knows?

IGNATIUS

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

96 INT. LEVY PANTS OFFICE - DAY

96

GONZALEZ turns around in his swivel chair just as the 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 Doris Day wig.

MISS TRIXIE

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

GONZALEZ

(heartbroken)

She's back?

MR. LEVY

Can you believe your eyes?

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.

GONZALEZ

Just a moment. I have some mail for you. And this is a certified letter from Abelman.

Mr. Gonzalez hands Mr. Levy an envelope. He opens it and reads.

GONZALEZ (cont'd)

It's addressed to you and not the company, and it's marked personal, so I thought you'd better open it.

CUT TO:

97 INT. ABELMAN OFFICE - DAY

97

ISADORE ABELMAN is pacing around his desk, dictating a letter. His SECRETARY scribbles furiously.

ABELMAN

Dear Gus Levy,  
We are shocked and grievously injured to receive the attached letter. We have been a faithful outlet for your merchandise for thirty years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

ABELMAN (cont'd)

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 five hundred thousand dollars. 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.

Signed,  
I. Abelman,  
Abelman's Dry Goods.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MR. LEVY'S OFFICE - LEVY PANTS - DAY

98

Mr. Levy, seated in his executive chair in his rarely used office, flips the page and scans the Thermofax 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 our lash across your pitiful shoulders ... yours in anger... Gus Levy" GUS LEVY!!! Who wrote this? What do you know about this, Gonzalez?

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?

GONZALEZ

Reilly. Ignatius J. Reilly.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. ST. CHARLES STREET - DAY

99

Ignatius is pushing his cart against the traffic toward the Quarter.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

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

(to himself)

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.

100 STREETCAR CAB

100

The MOTORMAN sees the wienie wagon on the track ahead and RINGS THE TROLLEY-BELL.

101 IGNATIUS

101

continues in his groove of thought.

IGNATIUS

Our first step will be to elect one  
of their number to some very high  
office, perhaps 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 (cont'd)

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.

102 STREETCAR CAB

102

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 SQUEALS and SNAPS. He pumps the lever back and forth realizing that the brake has failed.

103 IGNATIUS

103

stops the wagon to more fully think out his plan.

(CONTINUED)

## IGNATIUS

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' eyes focus upon the olive and copper trolley car pitching and rocking TOWARD HIM.

## IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Oh, my God!

Ignatius tries to turn the cart and sees that it is STUCK.

## GEORGE

appears on the sidewalk and sees the trolley approaching the wienie 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.

George runs over and attempts to free the great tin wienie.

## IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Oh, my God! A pubescent mugger!

## 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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

I hope you realize that our association is only the result of an emergency.

George helps Ignatius to his feet.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Hot dog?

GEORGE

No, thanks.

IGNATIUS

Then pardon me while I have one. My nervous system is on the brink of collapse.

Ignatius OPENS the door and plunges his paws down in the well. George studies the wagon. He gets an idea.

GEORGE

Now I helped you out, prof. Maybe you can do the same for me.

IGNATIUS

(biting into a hog 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 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?

(CONTINUED)

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'd)

What are these? Visual aids for civics or some other equally stultifying high school subject?

GEORGE

Gimme that, you nut.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God!

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 *The Consolation of Philosophy* HIDES her face.

105 ON IGNATIUS

105

IGNATIUS

Do I believe what I am seeing? What  
brilliance. What taste. Good grief.

Ignatius turns the brown paper over, revealing the NIGHT OF  
JOY ADDRESS, WRITTEN IN JONES' MINUTE HAND. He tears the  
corner with the ADDRESS and pockets it along with the  
postcard and hands the torn package back to George.

GEORGE

Hey, put that back.

IGNATIUS

This one is mine.

GEORGE

Fine, you keep that one. I gotta  
blaze.

George opens the bun compartment and drops his packages  
inside.

GEORGE (cont'd)

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

(to himself)

I see. A secret operation. On Bourbon  
Street...

CUT TO:

106 INT. REILLY HALLWAY - NIGHT

106

Mrs. Reilly, in an old nightgown, sits in the little hall  
speaking on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

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:

107 INT. SANTA BATTAGLIA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

107

Santa, at her stove, stirring a huge pot of gumbo.

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. REILLY (PHONE)

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:

108 INT. THE REILLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

108

Ignatius sails in the front door.

MRS. REILLY

(on phone, quietly)

He's sure considerate.

IGNATIUS

What in the world are you whispering  
about?

SANTA (PHONE)

Christ. It sound like that Ignatius  
come in.

IGNATIUS

Good grief. Are you speaking to that  
Battaglia strumpet?

SANTA (PHONE)

You better ring up the Charity,  
honey.

Santa guffaws in a husky voice and hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

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

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. She stares  
at the NUDE WOMAN, her mouth agape.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

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  
wienies 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 (PHONE)  
Mr. Reilly?

IGNATIUS  
(heavy Mayfair accent)  
Mr. Reilly is not here.

MR. LEVY (PHONE)  
This is Gus Levy.

IGNATIUS  
(heavy Mayfair accent)  
Mr. Reilly is at the state mental  
hospital at Mandeville. He has been  
since being so viciously dismissed by  
your concern. You may yet receive his  
psychiatrists' bills. They are rather  
staggering.

MR. LEVY (PHONE)  
He cracked up?

IGNATIUS  
(heavy Mayfair accent)  
Violently and totally.

MR. LEVY (PHONE)  
Can he have visitors at Mandeville?

IGNATIUS  
(heavy Mayfair accent)  
Of course. Drive out to see him.  
Bring him some Oreos.

Ignatius SLAMS the telephone down, presses a QUARTER into his  
mother's palm, waddles into his room, and SLAMS THE DOOR.

MRS. REILLY  
Ignatius, what you up to?

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Please, Mother, I'm rather rushed.

(CONTINUED)

Sounds of dressing behind the door. A large piece of METAL is heard 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 (OFF)

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. She swallows and looks at him.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

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. This rather impressive saber I purchased only this afternoon.

He swipes at the air with the sword.

MRS. REILLY

You can't go out like that.

IGNATIUS

Please. Not another hysterical scene.

Mrs. Reilly begins BEATING Ignatius on the arm as he sheathes his cutlass.

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.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Reilly SLAPS Ignatius flatly on the face.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)  
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 into the yard.

MRS. REILLY  
(screaming)  
Come back in this house!

CUT TO:

109 INT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

109

Mrs. Reilly exits onto the porch. Ignatius draws his sword 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!

Miss Annie CALLS from behind the front shutters next door.

MISS ANNIE (OFF)  
Hey, knock it off, you two!

MRS. REILLY  
Take a look at Ignatius, Miss Annie.  
Ain't that awful?

MISS ANNIE (OFF)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. REILLY  
Ignatius!

CUT TO:

110 EXT. ST. PETER STREET - NIGHT

110

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 Truhard*  
*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, allowing escape a blast of party sounds, 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'd)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

The camera stays in the street watching Ignatius follow Dorian down the carriageway.

IGNATIUS

This building is repelling  
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 them there under something of a  
cloud, you see.

They disappear into shadows. The door is again heard opening.  
Squeals, Broadway music, sounds of mayhem issue forth loudly.

The door slams shut, the sounds immediately muffled... We  
wait listening... and wait... and wait... **BAM!!!** The door  
slams open. The sounds of merrymaking now seem more of an  
angry mob. We hear the hurried footfalls of someone  
attempting a hasty getaway...

IGNATIUS

Running from the shadows, out of breath, a look of fear on  
his face, he runs past camera left.

**BAM!!!** The door slams open again and mixed with the sharp  
sounds of angered voices comes the heavy fall of pursuers  
boots.

Three king-sized bull-dykes FRIEDA, BETTY and LIZ, thunder  
past camera right.

FRIEDA

You'd better run and hide and hope we  
don't find your fat ass, tubby!!!

CUT TO:

111 EXT. NIGHT OF JOY - NIGHT

111

Jones, in tails and a stovepipe hat, resting at an angle above his dark glasses, sitting on a bar stool trying to entice customers into the Night of Joy.

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'd)

Hey! Ever motherfuckin drink got a  
guarantee knockout drop! Everybody  
guarantee to catch them some clap off  
they glass!

Ignatius walks up, stops, withdrawing the large POSTCARD and the torn scrap of brown paper with the miniscule address from his smock. He looks down at the scrap of brown paper in his hand and then up at the facade of THE NIGHT OF JOY.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God! This dump! 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 !!)**

JONES

Hey, man, you tha walkin' sabotage!

IGNATIUS

Please. Do you, by any chance, have a  
woman in that den who is given to  
reading?

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Readin'? Yeah! Sure! We got one real fine lookin' gal in here always got her nose in a book.

IGNATIUS

Oh, my God. Is there any way that I can meet this paragon?

JONES

Yeah, I put you up nice an close. 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 big 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 but of the shadows:

PATROLMAN MANCUSO.

CUT TO:

112 INT. NIGHT OF JOY - CONTINUOUS

112

Ignatius lumbers through the gloom and seats himself at a small table directly beneath the stage.

A three-piece band is thumping through "Fools Rush In". 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 (cont'd)

We no have Dr. Nut. Mira you are owe twenty-four dollar for these champagnes.

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 champagnes.

She sits at the table.

RITA (cont'd)

Come on, hoeney. Open the champagnes. 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 pa to! 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

Your are pay me now.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS  
Shut up, you strumpet.

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 BIRD-STAND now gilded. Darlene dramatically sweeps on stage in a tawdry sequined version of Scarlett O'Hara's "Gone With The Wind" ball gown, DECORATED STRATEGICALLY WITH GOLDEN RINGS. On her head is a grotesque interpretation of Scarlett's hat. On her arm is the monstrous BIRD. Another CUSTOMER CLAPS.

Darlene, attempting a grand sweep of her arm, knocks over the bird-stand eliciting a shocking squawk from the cockatoo. She rights the stand and the bird climbs from her arm to a perch while Darlene gyrates her hips seductively.

Darlene slithers around the bird-stand.

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.

As Darlene passes close enough to the bird it grabs at a ring on her dress and pulls free a piece of cloth sewn to it.

DARLENE (cont'd)  
Oh! Oh!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON THE GLITTERY GOLD HOOP HANGING FROM IGNATIUS'S RIGHT EARLOBE.

The bird FLAPS from its perch, circles Ignatius once and then lands on his SHOULDER, SQUAWKING HYSTERICALLY.

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!

CLOSE ON THE EARRING FIRMLY CLENCHED IN THE COCKATOO'S BEAK.

The bird pulls the earring loose and FLIES from Ignatius' shoulder. Ignatius KNOCKS OVER several more tables as he lurches toward the door.

RITA

(waving the bar tab)

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:

GASPING and clutching his valve, Ignatius continues forward onto the street and into the path of an oncoming DOUBLEDECKER GREYHOUND 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 the 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 Ignatius's heart.

MANCUSO (cont'd)

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 LEE

Let me get my hands on Jones.

JONES

Whoa! Hey! That cat force his way in.

(CONTINUED)

LANA LEE

Shut your smart mouth. I think I'm gonna have to call up all my pals at the precinct. You're fired. Darlene, you too. I know I shouldna let you get on my stage. Get that goddam bird off my sidewalk.

Lana Lee turns to the crowd.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

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 champagnes.

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 pornographic PHOTOGRAPH cupped in her hand.

LANA LEE (cont'd)

Take a look at this, baby. How'd you like to spend the evening with that?

115 MANCUSO clears his throat.

115

MANCUSO

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, inciting several fist fights.

IGNATIUS

(faintly)  
Spin, Fortuna, spin.

His eyes flutter and close again.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 A SPINNING NEWSPAPER.

116

It slows and comes to a halt. The headline:

**WILD INCIDENT ON BOURBON STREET**

117 FLASH BULBS POP.

117

CUT TO:

118 BLACK AND WHITE NEWSPAPER PHOTO: Jones grins broadly at what looks like a dead cow lying in the street.

118

MRS. REILLY (OVER)

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 Mardis Gras.

119 FLASH BULBS POP.

119

CUT TO:

120 INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

120

Patrolman Mancuso as he POSES FOR A PHOTO taken by the Sergeant.

MANCUSO

Thank you very much, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

The Sergeant tosses the flashbulb into a trash can and claps his hand on Mancuso's shoulder. Mancuso is surrounded by beaming policemen.

## SERGEANT

Single-handed you break up the city's most active high school pornography racket. And just a couple of days ago I was thinking you was a horse's ass. Mancuso, of all people, brings in a woman even our best plainclothesmen couldn't fool. Mancuso, I find out, has been working this case on the QT. Mancuso can identify one of her agents. Angelo, I wouldn't be surprised if you was to get a promotion.

Patrolman Mancuso's face is flushed.

CUT TO:

121 INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

121

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 (OFF)

The police? You must have the wrong apartment.

George swallows.

CUT TO:

122 INT. PRECINCT CELL - DAY

122

Lana Lee is gripping the BARS with white knuckles.

## LANA LEE

(screaming)

Get me out this goddamn hole! I can't take another minute with these three creeps.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

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  
You take a nice picture.

CUT TO:

123 INT. GREENE BEDROOM - DAY

123

Dorian is reading the NEWSPAPER in bed. Timmy is curled up on a DOG BED nearby wearing a CHOKE COLLAR.

DORIAN  
That great big old Gypsy Queen's sweet mother must have been heartbroken over this dreadful publicity.

CUT TO:

124 INT. DARLENE'S KITCHEN - DAY

124

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 (PHONE)  
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 come take a look at it.

Darlene radiates.

CUT TO:

125 INT. MATTIE'S RAMBLE INN - DAY

125

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.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

JONES (cont'd)

Now I sabotage myself right back to  
bein a vagran. That fat freak a  
guarantee one hunner percen nuclear  
bum. Shit. Drop him on somebody,  
everybody gettin caught in the  
fallout, gettin their ass blowed up.

CUT TO:

126 INT. LEVY'S LODGE - DAY

126

Mrs. Levy is on her massage apparatus. Mr. Levy settles onto  
the yellow nylon couch and unfolds his paper. Mrs. Levy  
reaches down to select an OREO 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 our Mr. Reilly.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. REILLY HOUSE - DAY

127

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.

Ignatius snorts his disdain.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

What you need is a rest, Ignatius. A  
long, long rest.

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 readin' and graduating smart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)

I want to be treated nice by somebody  
before I die.

Mrs. Reilly turns from the car and marches up the front  
steps. Ignatius scrambles out of the back seat and SLAMS THE  
DOOR.

VOICE (OFF)

Pardon me. May I speak with you Mr.  
Reilly?

Ignatius turns to see 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 me  
for five hundred thousand dollars.

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 proper  
grocery list.

IGNATIUS

Interrogate the Trixie jade. Her  
senility is a guise. She hates Levy  
Pants for not retiring her. She was  
filled with hostility.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. ROAD - DAY

128

Mr. and Mrs. Levy are jammed into a tiny speeding Italian sports car.

MRS. LEVY

This car is sad, Gus. A transparent attempt at recapturing youth.

MR. LEVY

You didn't have to come.

MRS. LEVY

I won't stand by while you browbeat Miss Trixie.

MR. LEVY

Browbeat?

MRS. LEVY

I've decided. I'm starting a Foundation.

MR. LEVY

A what?

MRS. LEVY

The Leon Levy Foundation, in honor of your father. The awards will commemorate the memory of that great man.

MR. LEVY

So you'll hand out prizes to old men of unequalled meanness? How magnanimous.

MRS. LEVY

There's resentment in your voice, Gus. I can hear it. For your sake: That doctor in the Medical Arts Building. Before it's too late.

CUT TO:

129 INT. TRIXIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

129

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

MR. LEVY

We'll retire you if you'll sign a statement that you wrote that letter.

MISS TRIXIE

Retire? I'll sign.

MR. LEVY

You know, This Abelman business has made me think about a lot of things. How come nobody buys our pants? Because they stink. Because they're made from the same patterns my father used twenty years ago, the same fabrics. Because that old tyrant wouldn't change a thing in that plant. Because he destroyed whatever initiative I had.

MRS. LEVY

Your father was a brilliant man. Not another word of disrespect from you.

MR. LEVY

Shut up. Trixie's oddball letter gives me an idea. From now on we make Bermuda shorts only. Less trouble, higher profits on lower expenditures. Levy Pants becomes Levy Shorts.

MRS. LEVY

Levy Shorts. That's rich. It'll all go down the drain in a year.

MR. LEVY

I couldn't run Levy Pants. That's true. I think I can run Levy Shorts.

MRS. LEVY

I suppose your father's foundation goes down the drain too?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. LEVY

Of course not. You want an award to honor that Bastard? Here...

He picks up the newspaper and points to the PHOTO OF JONES.

MR. LEVY (cont'd)

(reading)

**"PORTER PULLS DERANGED MAN FROM  
PATH OF SPEEDING BUS."**

130 CLOSE ON PICTURE OF JONES IN TOP HAT AND SHADES.

130

MR. LEVY (OFF)

He gets the first award.

131 ON MRS. LEVY'S SHOCKED FACE

131

MRS. LEVY

What! A Negro? Please, Gus not this.  
Leon Levy is dead only a few years  
let him rest in peace.

For the first time Mr. Levy SMILES.

CUT TO:

132 INT. BATTAGLIA KITCHEN - LATE DAY

132

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:

133 INT. THE REILLY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

133

Mrs. Reilly has pulled the phone into the kitchen and closed  
the door.

MRS. REILLY

No, listen. I don't wanna be here  
when they come. I mean, Ignatius is  
big. He might make trouble.

SANTA (OFF)

Irene, this is the best decision you  
ever made. I tell you what. I'll call  
up the Charity right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

SANTA (OFF) (cont'd)  
 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:

134 INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

134

Ignatius stares at a photo of Rex on the wall next to his  
 bed.

MRS. REILLY (OFF)  
 Ignatius.

Ignatius rolls over.

IGNATIUS  
 What do you want?

MRS. REILLY (OFF)  
 I'm going out, Ignatius.

CUT TO:

135 INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

135

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'd)  
 Ignatius, open up.

The door opens slowly. Ignatius sticks his bandaged, fat,  
 gray, face into the hall.

MRS. REILLY (cont'd)  
 (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'd)  
 Don't ever be mad at me, honey.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATIUS

What do all these lachrymose clichés mean? Why are you suddenly pleasant?

MRS. REILLY

You was right, Ignatius. You can't go to work. I shoulda tried to get that debt paid off some other way. I'm gonna take care of you.

IGNATIUS

Now I'm really in trouble. Goodness knows what you're planning.

She releases him and runs for the front door.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

Where are you going?

MRS. REILLY

Stay inside and don't answer the phone. I'm sorry I ran into that building, Ignatius. I love you.

She opens the front door and SLAMS it behind her. Ignatius's eyes widen as he realizes...

IGNATIUS

COME BACK. COME BACK, PLEASE.  
MOTHER..!

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

Aw, shut up!

THUNDER ROLLS AND CRACKS. Ignatius's yellow and blue eyes flash.

CUT TO:

136 INT. IGNATIUS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

136

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! I must escape!

HE RUNS INTO THE HALL, careening against the narrow walls on his way to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

THREE LOUD KNOCKS CRACK AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR. Ignatius freezes in his tracks.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
It's the brutes from the Charity hospital.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OFF)  
Hey! 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 locks and pulls the door 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 (cont'd)  
Thank Fortuna you've come.

MYRYA  
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.

IGNATIUS  
I've gone through hell.

He pulls Myrna into the hall by the sleeve of her coat.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
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'd)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

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. My mother may return momentarily. If I see her again, I'll regress. We must dash.

Myrna follows Ignatius into the bedroom. He stuffs his Big chief tablets into a laundry bag. Myrna looks on and drips.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)

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

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:

137 EXT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

137

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.

They emerge onto the porch laden with bags and boxes. Myrna stops to breath deeply of the rain cleansed air. Ignatius grabs his things from Myrna's arms and struggles on to her car, a beaten up old white Renault.

MYRNA

(from porch)

Ignatius. This is a very meaningful moment. I feel as if I'm saving someone.

IGNATIUS

You are, you are. Now make haste. We must flee!

MISS ANNIE (OFF)

Hey, where are you two beatniks going?

MYRNA

Does that old bitch still live here?

Ignatius stuffs his belongings and then himself into the back seat.

IGNATIUS

Shut up and get us out of here!

SIRENS CLOSER.

MYRNA gets into and STARTS THE CAR. The luminous moon slips out from behind retreating thunder clouds.

138 INT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS

138

IGNATIUS

We must hurry! Why aren't we moving?

Myrna glares at Ignatius in the rear view mirror.

MYRNA

Is this what it's going to be like all the way to New York? Me playing chauffeur and you bugging me from the back seat? I mean, I'd like to know.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

IGNATIUS  
(gasping)  
Oh, my valve!

Myrna pulls the car out onto Constantinople Street.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
Watch out for that ambulance. We  
don't want to begin our pilgrimage  
with an accident.

The little Renault heads up the street just as the AMBULANCE  
passes with "Charity Hospital" printed on its door.

Ignatius stares gratefully at the back of Myrna's head, at  
the pigtail that swings innocently at his knee. He takes the  
pigtail in one of his paws and presses it warmly to his wet  
moustache.

IGNATIUS (cont'd)  
(sotto voce)  
Oh, thank you, thank you.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

139

The little Renault travels past; farther and farther away.

IGNATIUS (OFF)  
Are you sure you know how to get to  
New York? I seriously doubt whether I  
can survive more than a day or two in  
this fetal position. I certainly hope  
it isn't snowing up north. My system  
simply will not function under those  
conditions. And please watch out for  
Greyhound Scenic-Cruisers along the  
way. They'll demolish a toy like  
this...

MYRNA (OFF)  
God, I think I'm making a big  
mistake...

The End