

"BAREFOOT IN THE PARK"

Screenplay

by

Neil Simon

FINAL WHITE SCRIPT
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BAREFOOT IN THE PARK1. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - COLD AND WINTRY - (DAY)

A long shot of cars driving through the park. A single hansom cab comes into view.

We zoom in closer and see that the horse has a blanket to ward off the cold. The steam from his nostrils give us some idea of the temperature. The driver, wrapped in scarves and gloves, wears ear muffs that protrude from under his English bowler.

Through the following we intersperse the titles.

2. CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF THE CAB. It is an open, exposed carriage and there are two people huddled together. They are PAUL and CORIE BRATTER, two newlyweds. PAUL, without a hat, holds one hand to his coat collar to ward off the icy winds while he holds his bride with the other hand. CORIE is huddled close to him for more romantic reasons than for warmth. PAUL is shivering and his teeth begin to chatter. CORIE kisses him.

In a very close shot, we see PAUL'S lips chattering on CORIE'S.

3. CUT TO a policeman on horseback who looks at the couple as if they are mad. Who would take an open hansom on a day like this?

Use close shots, horses' feet, head, coachman's head.

4. CUT BACK TO CAB

CORIE is now standing and waving to the people passing by in cars.

CORIE

Just married! We're just married!

SHE continues to wave as Paul pulls her down, embarrassed. The cab continues its chilly way through the park as our couple continue to kiss and shiver, respectively.

The titles are over just as the cab pulls up in front of the Plaza Hotel.

5. EXT. L.S. FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY - (DAY)

We follow the cab as it comes down Fifth Avenue, pulls up in front of the Plaza Hotel. The DOORMAN goes to the cab, opens the door.

Over the Doorman's shoulder we see PAUL and CORIE locked in an embrace. Paul notices that they've arrived and tries to break out of the clinch, but Corie is adamant about completing what she's started.

6. CUT TO DRIVER

DRIVER
(Turning to them)
This is the Plaza.

Paul, embarrassed, finally manages to break the clinch.

PAUL
Oh, the Plaza. Corie, it's the Plaza.

CORIE
Wait a second, I didn't finish.

She kisses Paul again, who tries to break away.

7. CUT TO CLOSE-UP - PAUL AND CORIE

PAUL
Corie, the man is waiting.

CORIE
You'll give him a big tip ... Tell me you're not sorry we got married.

PAUL
After forty minutes? Let's give it a couple of hours first.

Paul starts to get up but Corie pulls him back once again.

CORIE
Paul, if the honeymoon doesn't work out, let's not get divorced. Let's kill each other.

PAUL
... All right, we'll have one of the maids do it. The service here is wonderful.

7. (Cont'd)

Paul climbs out of the cab with Corie still clinging to his arm. Since they are just married, she is afraid this wonderful dream will all vanish suddenly if she were ever to let go of him for one second. Paul is merely uncomfortable. The Doorman takes their two bags out of the cab and Paul tries to pay the Driver, again with great difficulty because she has refused to let go of his arm. He manages to get his hand into his pocket, takes out a bill and gives it to the Driver. It's obvious she's not letting go of him till their 25th wedding anniversary ... if then. Her arm entwined around his, they go up the steps and she is faced with her first obstacle, the one thing that can separate them. A revolving door. She solves it by pulling Paul in with her and they go around in the same unit.

CUT TO:

8. INT. LOBBY OF THE PLAZA HOTEL - (DAY)

The enjoined couple cross to the desk where the CLERK greets them cheerily.

CLERK

Good afternoon.

Paul nods back weakly as the Clerk swings the registration card around and hands Paul a pen. Paul attempts to take it but Corie, who is blissfully looking around at her new love nest, is still welded to him.

PAUL

(Weakly, to Corie)

I need my arm.

Reluctantly, she lets go and he takes the pen and signs the registrar. The Clerk swings it around and looks at it.

CLERK

(Reading)

Mr. Paul Bratter ... And is Mrs.
Bratter staying with you?

PAUL

(Puzzled)

My mother? ... Oh, Mrs. Bratter ...
Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Bratter.

The Clerk makes the adjustment on the registration. Corie takes Paul's arm again.

8. (Cont'd)

CLERK

How long will you be staying with
us, Mr. Bratter?

PAUL

Six days.

CORIE

(With meaning)
... and nights.

CLERK

A pleasure to have you at the Plaza.
(Hands keys to BOY)
Seven seventeen.

Corie and Paul follow the Boy into the elevator.

9. CUT TO: INT. ELEVATOR

They are the first ones in the car and step to the rear. The elevator quickly fills up, the doors close and it starts its ascent. Corie and Paul are standing in the rear corner of the elevator. Corie is looking straight ahead with a mischievous smile on her face. Suddenly Paul giggles.

PAUL

Corie, stop that.

Everyone in the elevator turns their head slightly to look at Corie. She is staring ahead, the picture of pure innocence. Paul loosens his collar uneasily. The elevator stops.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Seven.

PAUL

That's us.

Paul and Corie push their way through the crowd.

PAUL

Excuse us, please.

CORIE

(To Paul, aloud)
Mr. Adams, I hope you realize that
I'm only fifteen years old.

9. (Cont'd)

The doors close leaving an elevator full of shocked and astonished passengers.

10. CUT TO: THE HALL ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - (DAY)

PAUL

(To Corie, angrily)

Thanks a lot.

CORIE

Well, they're so stuffy around here.

Corie takes Paul's arm again, clinging on for dear life. They follow the Boy a few steps down the corridor.

PAUL

Is this what I'm going to have to put up with for the next fifty years?

CORIE

Is that all we're going to be married? Fifty years? It's not very long, is it?

PAUL

Wait. Don't make rash judgments.

The Boy opens the door to seven seventeen and goes in. Corie and Paul stop at the door.

CORIE

Paul ... I think I'm going to be a lousy wife. But don't be angry with me. Because I love you very much and I'm very sexy.

PAUL

Then let's go inside because I'm paying thirty dollars a day.

CORIE

Okay. Let's start the marriage.

(She holds out her hand)

Good luck, Paul.

PAUL

(Looks at her hand, smiles and shakes it)

Good luck, Corie.

They both walk into the room and close the door.

10. (Cont'd)

The door reopens and the bellboy leaves. A hand appears, probably Corie's, and places the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the knob. The door closes.

DISSOLVE:

11. We are still on the "Do Not Disturb" sign. We pan down to the floor. There's a pile of newspapers there. A maid is polishing one of the light fixtures in the hall. A bellboy appears with a newspaper and goes to their room. He rings the doorbell.

MAID

Forget it. They're never coming out.

BELLBOY

How long has it been now?

MAID

Five days.

BELLBOY

(Whistles)

That's a hotel record, isn't it?

MAID

For political conventions. The honeymoon record is nine days.

The boy drops the paper on the floor.

DISSOLVE:

12. Another paper is dropped on the floor.

Pan up and the door slowly opens.

Paul appears carrying attache case. He looks tired and haggard. He yawns. From inside we hear Corie's voice screaming:

CORIE'S VOICE

Paul! Paul! Wait!

Paul stops, a look of deep consternation on his face.

13. CUT TO: CORIE IN THE BEDROOM

Wearing only Paul's pajama top. She bounds out of bed and out of the room after him.

14. CUT TO: PAUL AT THE DOOR

Corie rushes at him throwing her arms around his neck.

CORIE

Where are you going?

PAUL

(Wearily)

To work. I have to go to work.
I don't do this for a living,
you know.

CORIE

Call them and tell them you can't
come in today. Tell them you're
sick.

PAUL

I am sick but I have to go in today.

CORIE

(Her world shattered)

Last night you promised you would
never leave me.

PAUL

(Trying to release her
arms from his neck)

Just until five thirty. Every day
until five thirty. If it's a good
marriage, Corie, it'll last until
five thirty.

(He pecks her cheek)

I'll see you tonight.

He goes out the door into the hall. Corie stands
in the doorway, her legs exposed.

CORIE

What was that? A kiss?

PAUL

(Looks around)

Corie, go inside. This is a nice
hotel.

CORIE

(Takes another step out)

Was that a kiss? Because if that's
what the kisses are going to be like,
don't bother coming home at five
thirty.

14. (Cont'd)

PAUL

I can't kiss you anymore.
My lips are numb. Will you
please go inside.

CORIE

If you don't give me a real
kiss, you can have your pajamas
back...right now.

She starts to unbutton it. He rushes back to her
and kisses her firmly on the lips.

CORIE

...Can't you make it four thirty?

PAUL

I'll see you at the new apartment.

He pushes her in the door. He starts for the elevator
when she steps out into the hall again.

CORIE

It's 22 East 10th Street.
Top floor. I love you!

The elevator door opens and it is jammed with people.
They all stare at Corie who is still outside her door
wearing only Paul's pajama top.

CORIE

(Waves and shouts)
Thank you, Mr. Dooley. Anytime
you're in New York, just give
me a call.

Paul, his face a new shade of red, slumps into the
elevator and the doors close behind him.

DISSOLVE:

15.

EXT. 10th STREET - GREENWICH VILLAGE - (DAY)

Later that afternoon. It is a cold, wintry day, but
sunny. Corie comes bounding down the street wearing
a white shaggy fur coat and blue denims. She is
carrying a bouquet of flowers. She stops in front of
Number 22 and squints up happily to the top floor
apartment. Above the hanging ledge, we can see a
skylight. Corie sighs happily over the prospects of
her new home in the sky and then bounds up the outside
stoop that leads to the entrance of the multiple
dwelling brownstone.

16. CUT TO: THE TINY VESTIBULE JUST INSIDE THE DOOR

Here are the mailboxes and the buzzers one must ring before getting in the house proper. Corie's finger traces the boxes until it arrives at "5A Aram Mangassarian" ... She takes out an eyebrow pencil, crosses out the former tenant's name and writes in "Bratter, Lovers" ... Then she takes a key out of her coat pocket and opens the door.

17. CUT TO: INT. OF BUILDING - (DAY)

Corie bounds up the first flight of stairs, taking them two at a time. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she takes the second and third flights with the ease of a gazelle. She slows ever so slightly going up the fourth flight and there is the first sign of weakening as we FOLLOW her up the fifth flight. She may be slightly winded but her spirits are soaring as high as ever.

17A. At last she appears in front of Apartment 5A. She takes the shiny new key out again, kisses it warmly for whatever luck it might bring, inserts it in the lock and opens the door. The look of rapture on her face can only be attributed to her extreme youth and her romantic inclinations. What we see is an entirely different story.

18. INT. OF APARTMENT - (DAY)

THE CAMERA SWEEPS around the room. It is empty of furniture. A ladder and a couple of empty paint cans stand forlornly in the center of the room. The huge skylight above is the most prominent feature in the room. There is really only the one room. Well, not quite. A few steps up lead to a dressing room about 6 feet by 7 feet. This, as we shall learn later, will serve as their bedroom.

As THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AROUND we see the rest of the "apartment." The tiny little bathroom (no tub, just a shower), the Franklyn stove that probably furnishes what little heat they can expect, a radiator that sits high and uselessly on the wall and the kitchen which is still part of the main single room. It's really unfair to call that battered old stove, the aging refrigerator and the cracked sink a kitchen, but for the want of a better word, there it is. There are also a couple of steamer trunks and a few suitcases lying around, apparently delivered some time during the day.

18. (Cont'd)

Corie couldn't be happier. She picks up one of the paint cans, rushes over to the sink, fills it with water, quickly arranges the flowers and then sets it picturesquely on top of the Franklyn stove. The first bit of "color" in the room.

The doorbell buzzes. She rushes to the buzzer next to the door and buzzes back. Then she opens the door and yells down:

CORIE
(Out the door)
Hello?

19. CUT TO: THE ENTRANCE DOOR DOWNSTAIRS

A heavysset, middle thirtyish employee of the New York Telephone Company steps into the building and looks up. He carries his box of equipment over one shoulder. He consults his little pad, then calls up.

TELEPHONE MAN
Bratter?

20. CUT BACK TO CORIE IN DOORWAY

CORIE
Up here. Top floor.

21. CUT DOWN TO TELEPHONE MAN

He looks up, sees what lies before him and mumbles sardonically.

TELEPHONE MAN
Top floor ...

CORIE'S VOICE
(Echo)
Take your time!

Telephone man reacts.

22. CUT BACK TO CORIE IN APARTMENT

She crosses to one of the suitcases, opens it and takes out a large bottle of champagne which she puts in the refrigerator.

23. CUT TO THE TELEPHONE MAN ON THE STAIRS

He is breathing fairly heavily and is obviously not happy in his present assignment. He mumbles again.

TELEPHONE MAN

Top floor ... It's always the top floor.

24. CUT TO CORIE IN APARTMENT

She rushes back to the suitcase, takes out three small logs and carries them to the stove.

25. CUT BACK TO THE TELEPHONE MAN ON THE STAIRS

He is breathing quite hard now and mumbling angrily.

TELEPHONE MAN

... Whatever happened to elevators? ...

26. CUT BACK TO CORIE IN APARTMENT

She dashes up the few stairs that lead to the dressing-bedroom.

27. CUT TO INT. DRESSING-BEDROOM

Corie begins to step off the measurements of the room.

CORIE

(Placing one
foot after
the other)

Let's see ... The bed is six feet
long and-the-room-is-five-and-a-
half-feet-and I'm in big trouble.

28. CUT TO THE ENTRANCE DOOR

The Telephone Man, panting breathlessly, braces himself against the door.

TELEPHONE MAN

Tel --

(Catches his
breath)

-- telephone company.

29. CUT TO CORIE COMING OUT OF BEDROOM

CORIE

Oh, the phone. Good. Come on in.

TELEPHONE MAN

That's --

(Breath, breath)

-- that's quite a climb.

CORIE

Yes, it's five flights. If you don't count the front stoop.

TELEPHONE MAN

I counted the front stoop.

He sucks for air.

CORIE

Would you like a glass of water?

TELEPHONE MAN

(Barely getting the
word out)

Please.

30. CUT TO CORIE BOUNDING UP THE KITCHEN

CORIE

I'd offer you a soda or a beer but we don't have anything yet.

TELEPHONE MAN

A glass of water's fine.

CORIE

(Turns on tap)

... Except I don't have a glass either.

TELEPHONE MAN

Oh.

CORIE

Nothing's arrived yet. You could put your head under and just schlurp.

TELEPHONE MAN

(Limps into room)

I don't have enough breath to schlurp
... Where would you like the phone?

30. (Cont'd)

Corie looks around.

CORIE

Gee, I don't know. Any suggestions?

TELEPHONE MAN

Well, it depends what you're gonna do with the room. You gonna have furniture in here?

CORIE

Sure. Listen, just give me a long extension cord and I'll carry it around with me for the first few years.

The Telephone Man crosses to the plug where the original phone outlet was located. Corie begins to drag one of the heavier suitcases up the stairs and into the bedroom.

Telephone Man takes out tools and begins to work.

TELEPHONE MAN

(One last breath)

Whoo!...You're really gonna live up here, heh? I mean, every day?

CORIE

(Dragging suitcase)

Every day.

The doorbell buzzes.

CORIE

Oh, I hope that's the men with the furniture.

TELEPHONE MAN

(Hand over his eyes)

I don't want to see this.

Corie rushes to the door and presses the downstairs buzzer.

31. CUT TO DOOR DOWNSTAIRS

As the buzzer rings, the door opens and a DELIVERY MAN, white haired, in his late sixties and carrying three or four heavy packages, manages to get the door open. From the top of the world we hear Corie's voice.

31. (Cont'd)

CORIE'S VOICE
(Far away echo)
Helloo? Bloomingdale's?

DELIVERY MAN
(Shouting)
Lord and Taylor's.

CORIE'S VOICE
Oh. Up here. Top floor.

The old Delivery Man looks up and sees what's before him.

DELIVERY MAN
Oh, my God.

32. CUT UP TO APARTMENT.

Corie coming away from the door.

CORIE
Probably another wedding gift from
my mother. She sends me wedding
gifts twice a day.

TELEPHONE MAN
I hope it's an electric heater.
(He blows on his
hands)

CORIE
Really? Is it cold in here?

TELEPHONE MAN
(He exhales a deep
breath and we see
his cold breath)
And I don't smoke. Maybe the steam
is off.

Corie crosses to the radiator that's hanging on the wall.

CORIE
Maybe that's it.

TELEPHONE MAN
Just turn it on. It'll come right
up.

32. (Cont'd)

CORIE

(Stands on steps and
feels radiator)

It is on. It's just not coming up.

TELEPHONE MAN

(Zips up jacket)

Oh ... Your husband have a lot of
sweaters?

CORIE

I prefer it this way. It's a medical
fact, you know, that steam heat is
very bad for you.

TELEPHONE MAN

Yeah? In February?

33. CUT TO THE DOOR

The Delivery Man staggers into the doorway holding
the packages. He gasps for a breath, each one seems
to be his last. Corie rushes to him.

CORIE

Oh. Just put it down. Anywhere.

The Delivery Man doesn't put them down. He drops
them. He holds his hands out towards the Telephone
Man for a little sympathy and compassion.

34. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

TELEPHONE MAN

I know. I know.

35. CUT BACK TO CORIE AND DELIVERY MAN

CORIE

I'm awfully sorry about the stairs.

The Delivery Man takes out a pad and pencil and
motions wordlessly. Corie looks at him confused.

36. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

TELEPHONE MAN

I think he wants you to sign it.

37. CUT BACK TO DELIVERY MAN

who nods helplessly.

CORIE

Oh, yes.

She signs it quickly. The Delivery Man, still gasping, turns to go.

CORIE

Wait a minute.

She quickly takes some change out of her purse and forces it into the old man's hand.

CORIE

Will you be alright?

The Delivery Man nods and utters his first words to her. They are something like, "Argh, Argh" ... He turns and staggers out the door.

CORIE

(Closing door)

Gee, it's a shame giving such hard work to an old man.

38. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

still on floor working.

TELEPHONE MAN

He's probably only twenty five.
They age fast on this route.

39. CUT TO STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE

A cab pulls up and Paul gets out with his suitcase and his attache case. He pays the DRIVER, turns and inspects his new home for a moment. He looks up to the first floor window.

40. CUT TO WINDOW ON FIRST FLOOR

From behind an old tattered curtain, we see an eye, a single eye peering out at Paul. When the eye notices that Paul is watching, it quickly ducks out of sight.

41. CUT BACK TO PAUL

He starts to climb up the front stoop. Just as he gets

41. (Cont'd)

to the door, it opens and TWO PEOPLE come out. They are in their mid twenties, dressed quite similarly, in black leather slacks, a hairy jacket, turtle neck sweaters and long black sassoon hair styles. One is a fellow and one is a girl. They look at Paul curiously as they pass him. He looks at them incredulously.

42. CUT BACK TO THE APARTMENT

Telephone Man is making the last adjustments on the wall.

TELEPHONE MAN

Okay, lady. You're in business.

CORIE

(Picks up phone)

My very own phone. Can I make a call yet?

TELEPHONE MAN

Your bill started two minutes ago.

CORIE

Who can I call? Oh, I know.

She starts to dial. The Telephone Man begins to pack up.

TELEPHONE MAN

By the way. My name is Harry Pepper. And if you ever have any trouble with this phone, please, do me a favor. Don't ask for Harry Pepper.

Corie hangs up, a look of disappointment on her face.

TELEPHONE MAN

... What's the matter? Bad news?

CORIE

(Imitating nasal operator)

It-is-going-to-be-cloudy-tonight-with-a-light-snow.

Telephone Man points up to skylight.

TELEPHONE MAN

And just think, you'll be the first one in the city to see it fall.

CORIE

(Dials phone again.

Into phone)

Hello? Can I speak to Mr. Paul

42. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)
Bratter, please. This is Mrs.
Paul Bratter.
(To Telephone Man)
Hey, this is terrific. It works
just great.

TELEPHONE MAN
Just like a real phone, heh?

CORIE
(Into phone)
Hello, Frank? Is Paul there?

43. CUT TO LAW OFFICE - FRANK, A BUDDING LAWYER ABOUT
PAUL'S AGE, IS BEHIND A DESK

FRANK
Left about twenty minutes ago.
He looked very tired ... Hey,
tell him to call me the minute
he gets in. I've got good news
... if he can stand any more
excitement.

44. CUT BACK TO CORIE

CORIE
No kidding? What is it?
The doorbell rings.

CORIE
Wait a second. That may be him
now.
She puts the phone down on the floor and races across
the room to buzz back.

CORIE
Darn. I was hoping he'd come
after the furniture arrived.

She buzzes back.

45. CUT TO ENTRANCE DOOR DOWNSTAIRS

Paul enters and is just about to climb the stairs when
he makes way for the old man who staggers down past
him.

45. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(Yells up)
Corie, where are you?

CORIE'S VOICE
(Disappointed)
It is you. Up here. Top floor.

When the Old Delivery Man hears this he gestures and tries to warn Paul but all he can get out again is "Argh, Argh." He stumbles out as Paul begins the ascent.

46. CUT BACK TO APARTMENT

Corie looks disappointed as the Telephone Man is all packed and ready to leave.

CORIE
It's him.

TELEPHONE MAN
How long d'ja say you were married?

CORIE
Six days.

TELEPHONE MAN
He won't notice the place is empty till June.

He crosses to the door.

TELEPHONE MAN
Well, so long, Eldorado 5-8191 ...
have a nice marriage ... and may
you soon have many extensions.

He gives one look down the stairs, moans at the stairs and exits.

Corie notices the phone and rushes back to it.

CORIE
(Into phone)
Frank, he's on his way up. Can
you hold on for five more flights?

She puts the phone down and runs to the door and yells down.

CORIE
Paul, hurry up, darling.

47. CUT TO THE STAIRS

Paul, huffing and puffing, has completed about two flights. As he turns on one of the landings, he passes a door and kicks over a pile of empty tin cans of what was once tuna fish. It is not a pretty sight as the look on Paul's face indicates.

48. CUT BACK TO CORIE - SHOOTING UP AT HER HANGING OVER RAILING

She is still yelling.

CORIE

Now, Paul, don't expect too much.
The furniture didn't get here yet
and the paint didn't come out
exactly right but I think it's
going to be beautiful ... Paul? ...
Paul? Are you alright?

49. CUT DOWN TO PAUL ON THE STAIRS

He is puffing harder. He mumbles incoherently.

PAUL

I'm coming. I'm coming.

CORIE'S VOICE

What?

The Telephone Man on his way down, passes Paul. He yells up.

TELEPHONE MAN

He's coming. He's coming.

50. CUT BACK TO CORIE RUSHES INTO APARTMENT FROM HALL

She rushes back to the phone.

CORIE

(Into phone)

He's coming. He's coming.

She puts down the phone, then quickly rushes around to give one final fix to the apartment before Paul sees it. She picks up some scattered paint stained newspapers, rolls them into a ball, and then, not knowing where to put them, sticks them in the refrigerator.

51. CUT TO THE DOOR

Paul practically falls in dropping his attache case on the floor. Corie jumps on him, smothering him with kisses. He just pants.

CORIE

Hi, sweetheart.

He fights for air.

CORIE

Oh, Paul, darling.

He sucks for oxygen.

CORIE

Well? ... Say something.

PAUL

It's six flights ... Did you know it's six flights?

CORIE

It isn't. It's five.

PAUL

(He staggers into room, sitting on his suitcase)
What about that big thing hanging outside the building?

CORIE

That's not a flight. It's a stoop.

PAUL

It may look like a stoop but it climbs like a flight.

CORIE

Is that all you have to say?

PAUL

I didn't think I'd get that much out.

(Still gasping)

It didn't seem like six flights when I first saw the apartment. Why is that?

CORIE

You didn't see the apartment. Don't you remember, the woman wasn't home. You saw the third floor apartment.

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL

... Then that's why.

CORIE

You don't like it. You really don't like it.

PAUL

I do like it. I'm just waiting for my eyes to clear first.

CORIE

Oh, Paul, it'll be beautiful, I promise you.

(She nuzzles his neck)

PAUL

You know I missed you.

CORIE

Did you really?

PAUL

Right in the middle of the Monday morning conference I began to feel sexy.

CORIE

No kidding?

(She kisses him)

Let's go back to the Plaza. We still have an hour before check out time.

PAUL

We can't. You stole three towels and an ash tray. We're hot.

(He kisses her)

CORIE

Hey, for a lawyer you're some good kisser.

PAUL

For a kisser I'm some good lawyer.

CORIE

Paul, something's happened! Something wonderful! ... Well, for Pete's sakes, what?

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL

(Beaming)

It's not positive yet. The office
is supposed to call and let me know.

CORIE

Oh! They called!

PAUL

What?

CORIE

I mean I called.

PAUL

When?

CORIE

Now! They're on the phone now!

PAUL

(Looking around)

Where!

CORIE

(Points)

There:

PAUL

(Rushes to phone)

Why didn't you tell me?

CORIE

I forgot. You kissed me and got
me all crazy.

PAUL

(Into phone)

Frank? ... Yeah! ... Listen, what
did -- Oh, very funny.

(Looks to Corie)

"For a lawyer, I'm some good
kisser" ...

Paul looks at Corie and nods as if to say, "Now look
how you embarrassed me."

CUT TO:

52. INT. LAW OFFICE - (DAY)

FRANK, another budding lawyer about Paul's age, is on

52. (Cont'd)

the other end of the wire. His desk is strewn with legal documents.

FRANK

(Into phone)

... I really would love to listen for the rest of the night but I've got work to do.

(He smiles happily)

... So do you, Mr. Barrister. We've got a case in court tomorrow.

53. CUT TO MED. SHOT OF PAUL ON PHONE

He is beaming with happiness. Behind him we can see Corie opening one of her valises, taking out a black silk negligee and taking off her blouse.

PAUL

(Into phone, excited)

... You're kidding? We got it, Frank? The whole thing?

54. CUT BACK TO FRANK

FRANK

(Nods)

"Birnbaum versus Gump" ... Marshall just walked in and dumped it in our eager but inexperienced laps. This is it, Paul. Our chance to win the key to the executive washroom.

55. CUT TO PAUL

who is beside himself with anticipation. Behind him, Corie has draped the negligee over herself and is posing languidly ... in vain.

PAUL

(Into phone)

... We're a cinch. I'll go over the briefs tonight and meet you at eight o'clock tomorrow at the office ... Gee, I wonder if I have time enough to grow a moustache.

He laughs into the phone as Frank is probably doing on his end. The two young men are extremely happy. Paul hangs up.

55. (Cont'd)

PAUL

(Turning)

Corie, did you hear? Did you hear?
...I've got my first case...I'm
going to be a lawyer.

CORIE

(Weak smile)

That's wonderful...Do you have
to work tonight?

PAUL

(Nods)

I have to go over the affidavits.

(He rushes to his
attache case)

A furrier is suing a woman over
non-payment of bills. I've got
the furrier.

(Opens case, takes out
papers)

CORIE

(Posing)

I've got a black lace nightgown.

PAUL

Now the furrier's stuck with
four specially tailored coats.
She's only four feet eight. He'd
have to sell them to a rich midget.

CORIE

Then I was going to put on a record
and do an authentic Cambodian
fertility dance.

(She does one)

PAUL

But he never got a signed contract.
The trouble is --

(Looks at her)

What are you doing?

CORIE

I'm trying to get you all hot and
bothered and you're summing up for
the jury. The whole marriage is
over.

PAUL

(Moves to Corie)

Oh, Corie, honey, I'm sorry.

55. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)

(Puts arms around her)
I guess I'm pretty excited.
You want me to be rich and
famous, don't you?

CORIE

During the day. At night
I want you to be here and sexy.

PAUL

I will. I'll tell you what.
Tomorrow night is your night.
We'll do whatever you want.

CORIE

Something wild, insane and crazy?

PAUL

I promise.

CORIE

Like what?

PAUL

Well ... I'll come home early
and we'll wallpaper each other.
(He kisses her nose,
then gets to his feet)
... But tonight I've got to work ...
Except where do I sit?

He crosses room and goes up the steps into the tiny
dressing-bedroom.

CORIE

The furniture will be here,
Paul. They're probably stuck
in traffic.

56. CUT TO PAUL IN THE TINY ROOM

PAUL

But I've got a case in court
tomorrow. Maybe we ought to
check into a hotel.

He opens the closet door. It is full of pipes with
very little room for clothing.

57. CUT TO CORIE IN DOORWAY

57. (Cont'd)

CORIE

We just checked out of a hotel.
I'm sleeping in my apartment
tonight.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Paul as he goes past Corie out of
the room.

PAUL

Where? Where?

He goes into the bathroom. He looks around. It is a
tiny bathroom with just a sink, john and stall shower.

PAUL

There's only room for one in the
bathtub.

The CAMERA is in the bathroom. Paul closes the door
and we STAY on the closed door. A beat of two seconds
and then the door opens again and Paul looks in.

PAUL

... Where's the bathtub?

Corie comes in behind him and looks into the bathroom.

CORIE

There is no bathtub.

PAUL

No bathtub?

CORIE

There's a shower.

PAUL

How am I going to take a bath?

CORIE

You won't take a bath. You'll
take a shower.

PAUL

I don't like showers. I like baths.
... Corie, how am I going to take a
bath?

CORIE

You'll lie down in the shower and
hang your feet over the sink.

Paul looks at her incredulously.

57. (Cont'd)

Paul is coming out of bathroom into the living room, followed by Corrie.

PAUL

(He rubs hands)

It's freezing in here. Isn't there any heat?

CORIE

(Points to radiator)

Of course. There's a radiator.

Paul looks up to the radiator hanging on the wall. He goes up steps, stretches up and feels radiator.

PAUL

The radiator's the coldest thing in the room.

(Crossing to door)

Does this building have a janitor?

CORIE

(Sheepishly)

Only Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

PAUL

(Stops)

You mean we freeze Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays?

CORIE

It'll warm up when the furniture gets here.

PAUL

You mean you got warm furniture? Corie, I've got a case in court in the morning --

CORIE

Will you stop saying it like you always have a case in court in the morning. This is your first one.

Paul crosses to window, rubbing his hands.

Corie strikes a match and tries to directly light the logs that protrude from the Franklyn stove. No Daniel Boone she. Paul bangs on the windows.

CORIE

What are you doing?

57. (Cont'd)

PAUL

I'm checking to see if the windows
are closed.

CORIE

They're closed. I looked.

PAUL

Then why is it windy in here?

CORIE

I don't feel a draft.

PAUL

(Looking around room)
I didn't say draft. I said wind.
... There's a brisk, northeasterly
wind blowing in this room.

CORIE

All right, you don't have to get
sarcastic.

Paul crosses up to the kitchen.

PAUL

I'm not getting sarcastic. I'm
getting chapped lips.

CORIE

How could there be a wind in a
closed room?

PAUL

(Looks up, spies something)
How's this for an answer? There's
a hole in the skylight!

58.
thru
60.

OMITTED.

61.

CUT UP TO SKYLIGHT

Sure enough, in one of the glass panes, we see a
nice, large, gaping hole.

62.

CUT BACK TO CORIE

who is feeling very low.

CORIE

(Looking around for
some help)

62. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)

All right, Paul, don't get excited.
We could plug it up with something
for tonight.

PAUL

(Climbs up ladder to get
a better look at hole)
How? How? That's twenty feet high.
You'd have to fly over in a plane
and drop something in.

CORIE

(Putting on coat)
It's only for one night. And it's
not that cold.

PAUL

In February? Do you know what it's
like at three o'clock in the morning?
In February? Ice cold freezing.

CORIE

It's not going to be freezing. I
called the weather bureau. It's
going to be cloudy with a light sn --

She catches herself and looks up.

PAUL

What?

Corie crosses to the kitchen to busy herself with
other matters. Paul, angrily, follows her.

PAUL

What? A light what?

CORIE

(Weakly)

Snow.

She begins looking in shelves.

PAUL

Snow? ... It's going to snow
tonight? In here?

CORIE

They're wrong as often as they're
right.

PAUL

I'm going to be shoveling snow in
my own living room?

62. (Cont'd)

CORIE

In the first place it's only a little hole. And in the second place, what is it you want me to do?

PAUL

Go to pieces like me. It's only natural.

Corie crosses to him and puts her arms around him.

CORIE

I've got a better idea. I'll keep you warm. And there's no charge for electricity.

PAUL

Corie, you just can't --

But before he can get out another word, Corie has stopped him with a long, hard kiss. At this stage of the marriage, passion is one thing Paul can't fight. He kisses her back.

62A. CUT TO: EXT. TENTH STREET - (DAY)

A car pulls up in front of the house.

62B. CUT TO: INT. CAR

Two women are in the front. Behind the wheel is MRS. BANKS, Corie's mother. In her late forties, pretty, but she could use a new hair style and new wardrobe. Next to her is her sister-in-law, HARRIET.

ETHEL

Do you think Corie'll be upset?
If I just pop in and say hello?

HARRIET

Upset with her own mother? Why?
I do it all the time.

ETHEL

But the children aren't even set up yet. They're still practically on their honeymoon.

HARRIET

She's probably dying for your advice.
You know young brides.

62B. (Cont'd)

ETHEL

Not Corie. She gives her own advice.

HARRIET

(Shrugs)

All right. Let's go home.

ETHEL

(Opens car door)

I'll just stay ten minutes.

(She starts out)

HARRIET

No later. I'll be circling the block.

She exits up steps.

63. CUT BACK TO APARTMENT - PAUL AND CORIE

PAUL

I can see I haven't got much of a law career ahead of me.

CORIE

Good. I hope we starve. And they find us up here dead in each other's arms.

PAUL

"Frozen skinny lovers found on 10th Street."

CORIE

Are we in love again?

PAUL

We're in love again.

They kiss.

64. CUT TO VESTIBULE DOWNSTAIRS - (DAY)

The Mother, squinting, is looking for the right buzzer. She finds it and presses it.

65. CUT BACK TO APARTMENT

Corie and Paul still kissing. They hear the buzzer.

CORIE

The bed. I hope it's the bed.

65. (Cont'd)

She rushes to buzzer and buzzes back. She quickly opens the door and yells down.

CORIE

Hellooo? Bloomingdale's?

66. CUT TO STAIRCASE

Mother has started up and yells back.

MOTHER

Surprise!

67. CUT BACK TO APARTMENT

CORIE

Oh, no.

PAUL

(Nervously)

Your mother? Now?

CORIE

She couldn't wait. Just one more day.

PAUL

(Putting affidavits back in case)

Corie, I can't entertain your mother now. I've got a case in court in the morning.

68. CUT TO STAIRS

The Mother, huffing a bit, has just completed the first flight and is now crossing the first landing. She looks up, fearfully at what lays before her.

69. CUT BACK TO APARTMENT

Paul is scurrying back and forth putting away the the suitcases.

PAUL

How am I going to work tonight?
Maybe I ought to sleep in the office.

69. (Cont'd)

CORIE

She'll hate it. She'll think we're gypsies living in an empty store.

PAUL

(Putting away ladder)

I don't get you. Five minutes ago this was the Garden of Eden. Now it's suddenly Cannery Row.

CORIE

She doesn't understand, Paul. She has a different set of values. She's practical. She's not young like us.

PAUL

Yeah? ...

(Carrying suitcases towards bedroom)

Well, I'm twenty-six and cold as hell.

He disappears up the stairs and into the room.

70.

CUT TO THE NEXT LANDING

Mother is huffing and puffing. As she staggers by, accidentally she kicks over the large pile of empty tuna fish cans. The door suddenly opens about an inch and an Eye peers out at her. The Mother apologetically says "Sorry." The door slams.

71.

CUT BACK TO APARTMENT

Corie is hurriedly trying to straighten her hair. Paul comes back into room.

CORIE

Paul, promise me one thing. Don't tell her about the rent. If she asks, tell her you're not quite sure yet.

PAUL

Not sure what my rent is? I have to know what my rent is. I'm a college graduate.

72. CUT TO THE TELEPHONE

It rings. Paul picks it up quickly.

PAUL

(Into phone)

Yes? ... Yes, it is ... What?

Paul glares at Corie. Back into phone, angrily.

PAUL

Oh, that's fine. That's just fine.

(He hangs up)

The furniture won't be here until tomorrow morning. But they're sending a mattress and blankets for tonight. Won't that be cozy?

CORIE

It'll be all right ... Shh, she's here.

PAUL

(Grabs her)

Just promise me one thing. Don't let her stay too long because I've got a --

CORIE

(Says it with him)

-- case in court in the morning
... I know, I know.

73. CUT TO THE DOOR

The Mother shoots into the room and grabs the rail inside to keep from falling. Paul and Corie rush to her.

CORIE

Hello, Mother.

MOTHER

(Struggling for air)

Oh! ... I can't breathe.

CORIE

(Takes her arm)

Take it easy, Mother.

MOTHER

I can't catch my breath.

73. (Cont'd)

PAUL

You should have rested.

MOTHER

I did. But there were always more stairs.

Paul starts to help the Mother up the one step that leads into the room.

CORIE

Paul, help her.

PAUL

Watch the step, Mom.

MOTHER

More stairs?

They lead her into the room.

CORIE

Do you want some water?

MOTHER

Later. I can't swallow yet.

PAUL

Here, sit down. .

The Mother sits down on the suitcase. She breathes a long sigh.

CORIE

It's not that high, Mother.

MOTHER

I know, dear. It's not bad really.

(To Paul)

What is it, nine flights?

PAUL

Five. We don't count the front stoop.

He glances meaningfully at Corie who glares back.

MOTHER

I didn't think I'd make it. If I'd known the people on the third floor, I'd have gone to visit them.

CORIE

Gee, this is a pleasant surprise, Mother.

73. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

Oh, I'm not staying. Aunt Harriet is ringing the bell for me in ten minutes. Just one good look around, that's all ... I'm not sure I'm coming back.

CORIE

You really can't tell anything now. I wish you came after the furniture arrived.

MOTHER

Don't worry. I've got a marvelous imagination.

She gets up, turns to look and stops cold. It's obvious what her opinion is.

CORIE

Well?

MOTHER

(It's stunned)
... It's -- adorable.

CORIE

You hate it.

MOTHER

(Moves up towards window)
No, no. It's a charming apartment.

She trips over the platform. Paul catches her.

MOTHER

... I love it.

CORIE

It's not your kind of apartment. I knew you wouldn't like it.

MOTHER

I love it ... Paul, didn't I say I loved it?

PAUL

She said she loved it.

MOTHER

I knew I said it.

73. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Do you really, Mother? I mean
are you absolutely crazy in
love with it?

MOTHER

Oh, yes. It's very cute ... And
there's so much you can do with it.

CORIE

I told you she hated it.

MOTHER

(Moves towards bedroom)
Corie, you don't give a person
a chance. At least let me see
the whole apartment.

PAUL

This is the whole apartment.

MOTHER

(Cheerfully)
It's a nice, large room.

CORIE

There's a bedroom.

MOTHER

Where?

PAUL

One flight up.

CORIE

It's three little steps. See.

One two three ...

(Then notices there's
one more)
... four.

MOTHER

Oh, split level.

The Mother follows Corie up the steps.

74.

CUT TO TINY BEDROOM

The Mother follows Corie in.

MOTHER

And where's the bedroom?
Through here?

74. (Cont'd)

CORIE

No. In here. This is the
bedroom.

The Mother looks around the tiny cubicle suspiciously.
Paul comes up behind them and looks in.

CORIE

It's really just a dressing room
but I'm going to use it as a
bedroom.

MOTHER

That's a wonderful idea. And
you can just put a bed in here.

CORIE

That's right ...

MOTHER

... How?

CORIE

It'll fit. I measured the room.

MOTHER

A double bed?

CORIE

No. An oversized single.

MOTHER

Oh, they're nice ... And where
will Paul sleep?

CORIE

With me.

PAUL

In an oversized single?

MOTHER

(Crosses to closet)
You won't be able to get to
the closet.

CORIE

Yes you can.

MOTHER

Without climbing over the bed?

CORIE

No, you have to climb over
the bed.

74. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

Oh, that's a good idea.

The Mother opens the closet and looks in. She sees all the pipes.

MOTHER

... And you can just hang your clothes from the pipes.

75. CUT OUTSIDE OF ROOM

Corie, wishing to change the subject of small bedrooms, leads the Mother out of the room.

CORIE

Everything's just temporary. As they say in Harper's Bazaar, it won't really take shape until the bride's own personality becomes clearly defined.

MOTHER

(Looks around)

I think it's you right now.76. CUT INTO BATHROOM

The door opens and we see the Mother peer in.

MOTHER

What's in here? ... Oh, the bathroom.

(Looks around)

No bathtub!

(She closes door)

77. CUT BACK INTO ROOM

MOTHER

(Staring down stairs)

This is the kitchen?

78. CUT TO KITCHEN AREA

We see what passes for the kitchen.

79. CUT BACK TO MOTHER

79. (Cont'd)

MOTHER
(Stunned)
Oh, ... Very cozy.

She walks into the living area again and stops.

MOTHER
(Rubs her arms)
It's chilly in here. Do you
feel a draft?

80. CUT TO PAUL

He looks up at the skylight, then quickly moves to Mother and leads her away from the direct line of the wind.

PAUL
Stand over here, Mother. It's
warmer.

CORIE
What you need is a drink? Paul,
why don't you run down and get
some scotch?

PAUL
(Shocked)
Now??

MOTHER
(Looking around)
You certainly have lots of wall
space. What color are you going
to paint it?

CORIE
It's painted.

MOTHER
... Very attractive.

PAUL
(Looks at watch,
dropping hints)
Wow! Nearly six.

MOTHER
Oh. I have to go.

CORIE
Not until you have a drink.

80. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)
(Pushing Paul out
the door)

Will you get the scotch.

Paul argues with Corie.

MOTHER
All right, I'll stay for one
drink.

PAUL
Good. I'll get the scotch.

He starts for door.

MOTHER
Are you sure, Paul? Six flights
of stairs again?

PAUL
Oh, I love it. It's the only way
to travel.

He glares at Corie and exits. Corie and Mother are
alone. Corie looks to the Mother for some sign of
approval.

CORIE
... Well?

MOTHER
Oh, Corie, I'm so excited for
you.
(They embrace)

CORIE
It's not exactly what you pictured,
is it, Mother?

MOTHER
Well, it is unusual ... like you ...
I remember when you were a little
girl you said you wanted to live on
the moon ... I thought you were
joking!

The Mother is still inspecting the room as Corie is
picking up the gifts that were delivered previously.

CORIE
Hey, let's open my presents and see
what you sent me.

80. (Cont'd)

Corie picks up one small box and shakes it vigorously.
We hear it rattle.

CORIE

What's in here? It sounds expensive.

(Shakes it once more)

MOTHER

Well, now I think it's a broken clock.

She starts to open another package.

MOTHER

Aunt Harriet helped me pick them out. She thinks I ought to move into New York now.

CORIE

(Unwrapping)

That's an idea.

MOTHER

I said, "Why, Harriet? Just because I'm alone now," I said. "I'm not afraid to live alone. In some ways it's better to live alone," I said.

As Corie throws away some of the tissue paper, the Mother smooths them out on her lap. Waste not, want not.

Corie has unwrapped the next gift and takes out a shiny new coffee pot. It's one of the latest modern designs.

CORIE

Hey, does this pot come with directions?

MOTHER

If I knew about this kitchen it would have come with hot coffee.

The Mother laughs good naturedly.

CORIE

(Crossing to kitchen
with pot)

Mother, I love everything. But you've got to stop buying me presents. I think you should start spending your money on yourself.

80. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

(Picking up the empty
boxes)

Myself? What does a woman like me
need? Living all alone. Way out
in New Jersey.

The Mother carts the empty packages out in the hall.
Corie follows her.

CORIE

Well, you could travel.

MOTHER

Alone? At my age? I read a
story in the Times. A middle
aged woman travelling alone fell
off the deck of a ship. They never
discovered it till they got to France.

She comes back into room, followed by Corie.

CORIE

(Losing patience)

Mother, I promise you, if you fell
off a ship, someone would know
about it ... Do you know what I
think you really need?

MOTHER

Yes, and I don't want to hear it.

CORIE

Because you're afraid to hear the
truth.

MOTHER

It's not the truth I'm afraid to
hear, it's the word you're going
to use.

CORIE

You're darn right I'm going to use
it. It's love ... A week ago I
didn't know what it meant. Then I
checked into the Plaza Hotel. For
six wonderful days. And do you
know what happened to me there?

MOTHER

I promised myself I wouldn't ask.

80. (Cont'd)

CORIE

I found love. Spiritual, physical
and emotional love. And I don't
think anyone on earth should be
without it.

MOTHER

I'm not. I have you.

CORIE

I don't mean that kind of love.
I'm talking about late at night
in --

MOTHER

I know what you mean.

CORIE

Don't you want to discuss it?

MOTHER

Not with you in the room.

81. OMITTED.
thru
84.

85. CUT TO STREET

Harriet drives up in the car. Double parked, she im-
patiently honks on the horn.

86. CUT BACK TO ROOM

MOTHER

That's Harriet. I've got to go.

CORIE

Some visit.

MOTHER

Just a sneak preview. I'll see you
Friday night for the World Premiere.

87. CUT TO THE DOOR

Paul flies in clutching a bottle in a brown paper bag.
He closes the door behind him and wearily leans his
head against it, utterly exhausted.

87. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

Oh, Paul, you shouldn't have run
just for me.

(Crosses to door)

Goodbye, love.

(Throws Corie a kiss.

Kisses Paul's cheek)

I love your new home. See you both
on Friday.

(She glances out
the door)

Geronimo!

(She exits)

Paul shuts the door and, breathing hard, puts the
bottle down and gasps.

CORIE

What's wrong, Paul?

PAUL

I just had an interesting talk with
the man down at the liquor store ...
Do you know we have some of the
greatest weirdos in the country right
here in this building?

CORIE

(Smiles, eagerly)

Really? Like who?

PAUL

(Pacing to regain
strength)

Well, like to start with, in Apartment
1C are the Bosco's. Mr. and Mrs. J. Bosco.

CORIE

Who are they?

PAUL

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bosco are a lovely
young couple who just happen to be
of the same sex and no one knows
which one that is.

He crosses up to kitchen and Corie follows him.

CORIE

(She loves the idea)

Crazy.

87. (Cont'd)

PAUL

(Turns on tap and
"schlurps")

Who do you think lives in Apartment 4D?

CORIE

I don't know.

PAUL

Neither does anyone else. No one has
been seen going in or coming out in
three years except every morning
there are nine empty cans of tuna
fish outside the door.

CORIE

No kidding? Who do you think lives
there?

PAUL

Well, it sounds like a big cat with
a can opener.

He crosses and picks up his attache case.

PAUL

... Oh, yes. I forgot. Mr. Velasco.
Mr. Victor Velasco. He lives in
Apartment 6A.

CORIE

Where's 6A?

Paul points straight up.

CORIE

On the roof?

PAUL

Attic. He lives in an attic. He
also skis and climbs mountains and
he's fifty eight years old and he's
been married five times and he's
known as the Bluebeard of 10th Street.

CORIE

What does that mean?

PAUL

It either means that he attacks
young women on 10th Street or else
he has a blue beard.

87. (Cont'd)

Paul starts up stairs to the dressing-bedroom.

CORIE

Where are you going?

PAUL

I'm going to stand in the bedroom and work. I've got a case in court in the morning ... If anything comes up, like the bed or the heat, just let me know.

He goes into room and slams the door. Corie looks lonely and forlorn.

DISSOLVE:

88. EXT. TENTH STREET - 2 A.M.

The street is deserted. The only sound is the cold, chilling wind.

89. CUT TO HOLE IN SKYLIGHT

Shooting down through the hole in the pane, we hear the wind whooshing into the apartment.

90. CUT TO BEDROOM

The mattress arrived and is now in the room taking up almost every available inch. There is just enough room to open the door a few inches. Huddled together in the "bed" are Paul and Corie. He wears his coat over his pajamas and a knitted ski hat on his head. Corie is wearing her furry white coat over her black negligee. They have the blanket wrapped over them but they cling to each other for warmth. Paul is shivering.

CORIE

Paul ... Are you sleeping?

PAUL

(Teeth chatter)

Just my hands and feet.

CORIE

The trouble is we're wearing too much clothing. Do you know how the Eskimos keep warm?

90. (Cont'd)

PAUL

They check into a motel.

CORIE

Paul ... Do you hate me?

PAUL

Yes.

CORIE

Then say it.

PAUL

I hate you.

CORIE

(Turns away from him)

Then I hate you.

As she turns, she pulls the blanket off Paul, revealing him folded up into a neat little ball. He pulls the blanket back. The doorbell rings.

CORIE

Paul, there's someone at the door.

PAUL

If it's the Red Cross, let them in.

CORIE

Aren't you going to answer it?

PAUL

You found the apartment, you answer it.

She looks at him angrily and gets out of the "bed." Since the door cannot open fully because it jams up against the bed, she has to squeeze her body out of the door.

91. CUT INTO LIVING ROOM

The room is dark except for the bright moonlight which pours in through the skylight. Corie starts to cross the room when suddenly she is stopped by the sound of keys rattling in the lock.

10-13-66

92. CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF DOOR KNOB

The door knob is slowly turning.

93. CUT TO CORIE

A CLOSE SHOT of her face. Her eyes widen in fear.

CORIE

(Whispers aloud)

P-Paul!!

94. CUT BACK TO DOOR

The door slowly opens and a man enters. Corie darts quickly to the kitchen area. The man puts the keys back in his pocket and starts to cross the room when suddenly the naked light bulb that hangs over the kitchen turns on. There is Corie poised defensively holding her new coffee pot in the air as a weapon. The man stops and turns quickly.

This is VICTOR VELASCO. He is in his late fifties and is still quite a dashing figure. He wears no overcoat. Just a black flowing cape over his double breasted blue blazer and ascot and of course, a Tyrolean hat with feather. He is only slightly breathless.

VELASCO

Who are you?

CORIE

Who are you?

VELASCO

I live here.

CORIE

So do I!

VELASCO

(Smiles in anticipation)

How delightful. I hope I didn't disturb you. My name is Velasco. Victor Velasco.

CORIE

Oh, the Bluebea -- from the attic.

She points up with the coffee pot.

94. (Cont'd)

VELASCO

That's right. I was wondering if
I could use your bedroom.

CORIE

My bedroom?

VELASCO

Yes. I can't get into my apartment
and I wanted to use your window.
I'll just crawl out along the ledge.

CORIE

Did you lose your key?

VELASCO

No. I have my key. But it no
longer fits the lock. The penalty
of being four months behind in the
rent.

(Moves closer, turning
on charm)

You say you live here?

CORIE

(Nods, hugging coffee
pot)

Moved in this morning.

Velasco surveys the empty room.

VELASCO

Really? What are you, a folk
singer?

CORIE

No. A wife.

VELASCO

You know of course, you're unbear-
ably pretty. All indications point
to my falling in love with you.

(He shivers, then
looks up)

...I see our rat fink landlord
left the hole in the skylight.

CORIE

But he'll fix it, won't he?

VELASCO

I wouldn't count on it. My bath-
tub's been leaking since 1949 ...

94. (Cont'd)

VELASCO (Cont'd)

(Moves closer)

Does your husband work during the day?

CORIE

(Nervously)

Yes.

VELASCO

In an office?

CORIE

Yes.

(Backing away)

VELASCO

Good. I work at home during the day. I predict interesting complications ... Am I making you nervous?

CORIE

Very nervous.

(Edging towards bedroom)

VELASCO

Wonderful. Once a month I try to make pretty young girls nervous just to keep my ego from going out. But I'll save you a lot of anguish. I'm fifty-eight years old and a thoroughly nice fellow.

CORIE

I'm glad to hear that.

VELASCO

I'm not. I wish I were ten years older.

CORIE

Older?

VELASCO

Yes. Dirty old men seem to get away with a lot more. I'm still at the awkward age. When do I get invited down for dinner?

CORIE

Dinner? Oh. Well, we'd love to

94. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)

have you to dinner as soon as
we're set up.

VELASCO

With newlyweds, I could starve to
death. Shall we say Friday night?

CORIE

Friday night? Oh, no, on Friday
night my mother's --

(She thinks, smiles)

Yeah, Friday night's fine.

VELASCO

It's a date. I'll bring the wine.
You can pay me for it when I get here.

(Moves to stairs,
stops)

Which reminds me. You're invited
to my cocktail party tonight. Ten
o'clock. You do drink, don't you?

CORIE

Yes, of course.

VELASCO

Good. Bring liquor.

(He shakes her hand)

Until tonight.

CORIE

If we don't freeze first.

Velasco feels her cold hand.

VELASCO

Oh, you don't know about the
plumbing, do you? Everything in
this museum works backwards. For
example, on the steam it says,
"Turn right" ... So you turn left.

(He tries to reach it,
but can't)

... Except I can't reach it.

CORIE

Oh. Can you give me a little boost?

VELASCO

(Eagerly)

With the greatest of physical
pleasure. One, two, three, up.

94. (Cont'd)

He boosts her up as Corie tries to reach the radiator.

95. CUT TO BEDROOM DOOR

Paul comes out, his coat collar up, over his pajamas.

PAUL

... Corie, was there anyone at
the -- ?

He looks and sees Velasco holding Corie up.

96. CUT TO VELASCO

He smiles and tips his hat to Paul with his free hand.

VELASCO

We were just warming up the
apartment.

He lets Corie down.

CORIE

Paul, this is Mr. Velasco. From
upstairs. He was just telling me
that all the plumbing works backwards.

VELASCO

That's right. An important thing to
remember is, you have to flush "up."

He pantomimes flushing up.

VELASCO

Until tonight then.

(He kisses Corie's hand.

Tips his hat to Paul)

A ce soir.

(He exits into the
bedroom)

PAUL

(To Corie)

What's tonight?

(Suddenly realizes)

Where's he going?

CORIE

(Calling after
Velasco)

And don't forget Friday!

96. (Cont'd)

PAUL
What about Friday? ... What's
he doing in the bedroom?

Paul goes to the bedroom.

97. CUT TO BEDROOM

Paul forces the door open and looks in. He looks
around, bewildered.

98. CUT TO THE WINDOW

The window is open.

99. CUT TO PAUL

Paul looks around for Velasco, even giving a quick
glance under the blankets. Not being able to find
him, he crawls over the bed and looks out the window.

100. CUT TO OUTSIDE OF BUILDING

There along the ledge, five stories up, Velasco,
clinging tightly to the narrow space he must maneuver,
is crawling precariously along the ledge.

101. CUT TO PAUL IN WINDOW

He reacts in horror and quickly disappears.

102. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

Corie is dialing the telephone. Paul forces his way
out the bedroom door.

PAUL
(Ashen)
That nut went out the window.

CORIE
(Into phone)
Hello, Mother, it's me ... No,
nothing's wrong.

102. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Corie, did you hear what I said?
There's an old nut out on our ledge.

CORIE

(Into phone)

I just wanted to confirm our Friday
night dinner date.

103. CUT TO MOTHER - BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The Mother is in bed wearing curlers. She was
obviously fast asleep. A clock is on the night table.

MOTHER

At two o'clock in the morning?

104. CUT BACK TO CORIE

CORIE

(Into phone)

I just wanted to make sure you
were coming.

105. CUT TO MOTHER IN BED

MOTHER

At two o'clock in the morning?

106. CUT BACK TO CORIE IN LIVING ROOM

CORIE

And Mother, wear something gay
and frivolous. As a matter of fact,
buy a new dress.

107. CUT TO MOTHER IN BED

MOTHER

At two o'clock in the morning?

108. CUT BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Paul is standing next to Corie. He has his back to
her and is looking up. He is waving.

108. (Cont'd)

CORIE

(On phone)

I'll speak to you tomorrow.
G'night.

(She hangs up. She
looks at Paul)

What are you waving at?

PAUL

(Blankly)

Him!

The CAMERA SWINGS AROUND and we see Velasco climbing across the skylight.

109. CUT TO VELASCO - EXT. SKYLIGHT POSSIBLE TRANSPARENCY

A REVERSE SHOT Velasco out on the skylight looking down at Paul and Corie. He waves as he climbs across.

109A. SHOOTING DOWN - VELASCO P.O.V.

Paul waves back as Corie sees him, smiles and waves too.

DISSOLVE:

110. EXT. A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - (DAY) - (STOCK)

PAN up to a window in the tower.

111. CUT TO INT. OFFICE - (DAY)

It is a large, rich, oak paneled office, obviously the domain of the head of the firm. MR. GARDNER, middle aged, pipe smoking, sits behind the grand antique desk. Before him in a semi-circle sit nine or ten men, the legal staff of Gardner, Gardner and Malloy, ranging from the senior members to the two young junior members, Paul and Frank.

MR. GARDNER

... Before we get cracking, boys, I just want to commend Hal and Warren for doing a magnificent job on the Olympia Motors suit. I'd say a three hundred thousand dollar settlement was a nice week's work.

111. (Cont'd)

MR. GARDNER (Cont'd)

(He looks at papers
on desk)

... And now if you'll take out your
briefs, we'll get on to the United
States Government versus Spencer
Products. It's a big one, fellows,
and we're going to need every brain
in the office.

112. CUT TO PAUL AND FRANK

They glance at each other, hopefully. This may be
their big opportunity.

113. CUT TO THE DOOR

A SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Mr. Gardner ... Mr.
Bratter, phone call. They said
it's urgent.

114. CUT TO MR. GARDNER

MR. GARDNER

Take it here, Paul.

115. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

Thank you, sir.

Worriedly, he crosses quickly and picks up phone.

PAUL

Hello. This is Mr. Bratter.

116. CUT TO CORIE IN A PHONE BOOTH - (PROCESS)

It's one of those outside, streetcorner booths. She
has a package in her free hand.

CORIE

This is Mrs. Bratter. I had to hear
you say it again. Do you still
love me?

117. CUT TO PAUL IN OFFICE

His eyes widen in horror. Can this really be happening to him? He looks around in embarrassment, then turns phone away to avoid the possibility of anyone hearing this incredible conversation on the other end.

PAUL

(Through gritted teeth)

Now? ... I'm sorry, I'll have to call you back on that matter.

He smiles embarrassedly at Mr. Gardner.

118. CUT TO CORIE IN PHONE BOOTH

CORIE

Oh, someone's with you, right?

119. CUT BACK TO PAUL

PAUL

(Fuming)

Er, yes. You've appraised the situation accurately.

120. CUT TO CORIE IN BOOTH

CORIE

(Beaming)

Oh, good, then I'm going to talk dirty to you. Hey, Paul -- when you get home tonight ----

121. CUT TO PAUL

He is obviously hearing some wild things from the other end and doesn't quite know how to react in front of the members of the legal staff. If there were a hole in the ground, he'd love to crawl into it.

DISSOLVE:

122. A FIFTH AVENUE BUS - STREET CORNER - (EVENING)

The bus stops and Paul gets off carrying his attache case. Corie is at the bus stop and rushes to him, throws her arms around him and kisses him. Paul looks embarrassedly at the Bus Driver, who smirks and drives off.

122. (Cont'd)

CORIE

I've decided to meet you here every night. It takes you too long to climb the stairs and I can't wait to see you.

(She kisses him again)

PAUL

You will not meet me every night. The bus driver'll think you're my mother.

Corie takes his arm. They start out of shot.

122A. CUT TO EXT. TENTH STREET

CORIE

Hey, do you have an Aunt Fern? She sent us a check. Boy, do you have a cheap Aunt Fern.

PAUL

I'll write and tell her.

CORIE

Oh, your mother called from Philly. She and your Dad will be up a week from Sunday. And your sister has a new boy friend. From Rutgers. He has acne and they all hate him ... including your sister ... Did you miss me today?

PAUL

No.

CORIE

(Stops)

Why not?

PAUL

(Continues walking)

Because you called me eight times. I don't speak to you that much when I'm home.

CORIE

Ooh, what a grouch. What happened in court today? Gump or Birnbaum?

PAUL

Birnbaum!

122A. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Oh, Paul, you won!

She stops, throws her arms around him and kisses him.

CORIE

Oh, sweetheart, I'm so proud
of you.

Paul pulls her arms off him.

CORIE

Well, aren't you happy?

PAUL

Birnbaum won the protection of
his good name but no damages.
We were awarded six cents.

CORIE

Six cents?

PAUL

That's the law. You have to
be awarded something so the
court made it six cents.

CORIE

How much of that do you get?

PAUL

Nothing. Birnbaum gets the
whole six cents. And I get
a going over in the office.
From now on I get all the
cases that come in for a
dime or under.123. CUT WHIP PAN TO STAIRS - INT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Paul and Corie are climbing the stairs.

CORIE

(Loudly)

Grouch grouch grouch. You
weren't so grouchy at six
o'clock this morning under
the covers.

PAUL

(Turns quickly)

Sssh. Do you always have to

123. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
carry on personal conversations
on the stairs?

CORIE
What's wrong with it?

PAUL
Everyone knows the intimate
details of our life. I ring
the bell and suddenly we're
on the air.

124. CUT WHIP PAN TO NEXT FLIGHT OF STAIRS

Paul is now climbing after Corie. He is puffing.

CORIE
I'd better make you a drink.
You're supposed to be charming
tonight.

PAUL
Yeah, well, I've got news for
you. This little dinner you
arranged has fiasco written
all over it.

CORIE
It's possible they may have
something in common.

PAUL
(Laughs)
Your mother? That quiet,
dainty, woman from New Jersey ...
and the Count of Monte Cristo?
You must be kidding.

CORIE
Why?

PAUL
You saw his apartment. He
wears Japanese kimonos and
sleeps on rugs. Your mother
wears a hair net and sleeps
on a board.

125. CUT TENTH STREET - EXT. - MOTHER RUNNING IN THE RAIN

10-13-66

126. CUT WHIP PAN TO TINY LITTLE DRESSING ROOM

The mattress has now been mounted on a bed, but it still takes up almost the entire area of the room. A lamp hangs down from the ceiling over the bed. Paul and Corie are dressing but there is precious little room for it. Corie stands on the bed while Paul has to do it mostly in the pipe exposed closet. Corie is changing into a new dress while Paul is putting on a clean white shirt.

CORIE

Well, maybe we could help her.
I mean we don't have to come
right out and introduce her as
"my dull, fifty-two year old
housewife mother."

PAUL

That wasn't the wording I had
planned. What did you have
in mind?

He bangs his arms on the pipes as he tries to button
his shirt.

CORIE

Something a little more glamorous.
A former actress.

PAUL

Ha!

CORIE

Well, she was in "The Man Who
Came To Dinner."

PAUL

(Gets on bed to help
Corie zip up her dress)
Your mother? Where? In Miss
Fogarty's Finishing School?

CORIE

No! On Broadway. And she was
in the original company of
"Strange Interlude" and she
had a small singing part in
"Knickerbocker Holiday."

PAUL

Are you serious?

CORIE

Cross my heart.

126. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Your mother? An actress?

CORIE

Yes.

PAUL

Why didn't you ever tell me?

CORIE

I didn't think you'd be interested.

PAUL

That's fascinating. I can't get over it.

CORIE

You see. Now you're interested.

PAUL

It's a lie?

CORIE

The whole thing.

PAUL

I'm going to control myself.

127. CUT TO STAIRS

The Mother is dragging herself up the last few steps. She can't make the rest and finally sits down on the last step, exhausted. With her umbrella, she reaches over and knocks on their door.

128. CUT INTO BEDROOM

They are both just about dressed now.

CORIE

That's her. Paul, what are we going to do?

PAUL

We're going to help your mother get very drunk. Because once she meets that Hungarian Batman, she's gonna head right for New Jersey.

Paul and Corie both squeeze out the little space between the door and the bed.

129. CUT TO MOTHER SITTING ON STEPS

The door opens and Corie and Paul look at her.

CORIE

Mother! Are you alright?

They both rush to her.

MOTHER

... In my ... pocketbook ...
are some pink pills.

PAUL

Pink pills.

He quickly picks up her purse which is at her side
and looks for the pills.

MOTHER

I'll be alright. Just a little
out of breath.

CORIE

Sit there. I'll get you a drink.

Corie dashes inside.

MOTHER

I had to park the car three blocks
away. ... Then it started to rain
so I ran the last two blocks ...
then my heel got caught in the
subway grating ... so I pulled my
foot out and stepped in a puddle
... then a cab went by and splashed
my stockings ... if the hardware
store downstairs was open, I was
going to buy a knife and kill myself.

Corie rushes back out with a cocktail.

CORIE

Here, Mother. Drink this down.

PAUL

(Hands her pill)
Here's the pill.

The Mother takes the pill, drinks and coughs.

MOTHER

A martini to wash down a pill?

CORIE

It'll make you feel better.

129. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

I had a martini at home. It made me sick. That's why I'm taking the pill.

PAUL

(Lifting her up)
Come on, I'll help you inside.

CORIE

You need food. I'll get you an hors-d'oeuvre.

MOTHER

(Getting up)
No, thank you, dear.

CORIE

It's just blue cheese and sour cream.

MOTHER

(Holds stomach in dismay)
I wish you hadn't said that.

PAUL

Maybe you'd like to lie down?

MOTHER

No, dear. I can't lie down without my board ... Right now all I want to do is see the apartment.

They open the door and they help the Mother in.

130. CLOSE-UP OF MOTHER

MOTHER

(Her eyes open in wonderment)

Corie!

131. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

The CAMERA PANS AROUND the room now, revealing it for the first time since it's been furnished. Miraculously, the empty, cold loft has turned into a warm, tasteful and comfortable home. The skylight has been partially covered by a large, striped Austrian curtain. Lace curtains are on the small windows below them. The

131. (Cont'd)

furniture is mostly antiques and reproductions. A bamboo screen hides the unsightly kitchen. Scatter rugs, primitive English paintings, wooden ships on the wall, an old hutch turned bar and various knick-knacks give the room a cozy elegance.

CORIE

(Anxiously)

Do you like it?

The Mother moves about the room, inspecting everything.

MOTHER

Like it? It's magnificent ... And you did it all by yourself.

CORIE

Well, Mr. Velasco gave me a few ideas.

MOTHER

Who?

PAUL

Our decorator. He comes in through the window once a week.

MOTHER

Oh, the man who lives upstairs.

PAUL

Then you know about him?

MOTHER

Yes. Corie had me on the phone for two hours yesterday.

PAUL

Did you know he's been married four times?

MOTHER

Yes.

(To Corie)

If I were you, dear, I'd sleep with a gun.

Corie leads the Mother up the stairs, wishing quickly to get off the subject of Velasco.

CORIE

See! We did get the bed in.

131. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

(Looking in)

O, it just fits, doesn't it?

PAUL

Just. We have to turn in unison.

MOTHER

Well, I must admit, I never
expected anything like this ...
I can't wait to see the expression
on your parents' faces tonight,
Paul.

PAUL

Who?

MOTHER

Your mother and father. We're
having dinner with them tonight,
aren't we?

(To Corie)

Isn't that what you said, Corie?

PAUL

(About to be angry)

Is that what you said, Corie?

CORIE

(Who has been looking
for a corner to hide in)

Well, if I told you it was a
blind date with Mr. Velasco
upstairs, I couldn't have blasted
you out of the house.

MOTHER

A blind date? ... With Mr. Velasco?
... The one who -- ? Good God!

She picks up her unfinished martini from the table
and gulps it down.

CORIE

What's the panic about? He's
just a man.

MOTHER

My accountant's just a man. You
make him sound like Douglas Fairbanks.

CORIE

He looks nothing like Douglas
Fairbanks, does he, Paul?

131. (Cont'd)

PAUL

No. He just jumps like him.

Corie takes Mother's hand and pulls her out of the chair.

CORIE

Come on, Mother. I promise you'll have a wonderful evening.

Corie goes towards door.

MOTHER

Come on where?

CORIE

To Mr. Velasco's apartment. For cocktails.

MOTHER

I'm not even dressed.

CORIE

You look fine.

MOTHER

For Paul's parents I just wanted to look clean ... He'll think I'm a nurse.

132. CUT TO HALL OUTSIDE DOOR

CORIE

He'll think you're very interesting.

Corie is virtually pulling the Mother.

MOTHER

Is my hair all right?

CORIE

It's perfect ... Just push it up in the back.

MOTHER

(As though she had a dread disease)

Paul, is something wrong with my hair?

They stop. There are no stairs that lead any further up. Just an iron ladder that is attached to the wall.

132. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Mother, just try and go along with everything.

MOTHER

What do you mean? Where are we going?

CORIE

I mean just try and be one of the fellows.

MOTHER

One of what fellows?

PAUL

(In front of ladder)
Shall I go first?

MOTHER

(Looks around)
Go where?

PAUL

(Points up ladder)
Up there. That's where the Birdman lives.

The Mother looks up. The ladder leads up to a hatchway that is closed.

CORIE

Go on, Paul. It's alright, Mother.
I'll be right behind you.

Paul starts to climb up the ladder. The Mother, just a bit petrified, follows him. When Paul gets to the top, he pushes the hatchway open. The Mother is still trying to get up. Corie is behind her, giving her moral support.

CORIE

You alright, Mother?

MOTHER

You should have told me about this.
I would have gone into training.

The Mother steps up on the next rung and suddenly slips. She yells and holds on tightly.

CORIE

I've got you, Mother.

132. (Cont'd)

Corie is holding her ankles.

MOTHER

My heel. I broke my heel.

CORIE

Paul, pull her up.

Paul has climbed up through the hatch and now leans down to help the Mother.

PAUL

Give me your hands, Mother.

The Mother reaches out her hand and Paul starts to pull her.

MOTHER

My arms. You're pulling my arms.

CORIE

(Yells)

Don't pull her arms.

PAUL

I'm not pulling. I'm helping.

They finally manage to navigate the Mother up the rest of the ladder.

133. CUT INTO ROOM

What was formerly a large attic has been converted to living quarters by the imaginative Mr. Velasco. The decor is decidedly Eastern, a mixture of Oriental and Indian. There is a noticeable absence of "normal" chairs. Large cushions serve the purpose. Corie follows the Mother up through the hatch and they all stand in the room.

CORIE

Well, Mother? Isn't this wild?
What do you think?

MOTHER

(Holds side)

I think I broke some straps.

Paul looks around the room for their host.

PAUL

Helloooo?

133. (Cont'd)

A door opens and Velasco steps out wearing a large, colorful Japanese kimono. He takes it off. He has a blue double breasted blazer underneath.

VELASCO

Ahh, my guests.
(He shakes Paul's hand)
Paul, Ah ho si mah ling.

PAUL

I beg your pardon?

VELASCO

I was just saying "hello" in Burmese.

PAUL

Hello.

VELASCO

Corie, rav-a-shing!

CORIE

(Enthralled)
Oh, what does that mean?

VELASCO

(Puzzled)
Ravashing. That's English!

CORIE

Oh! Er, Paul, would you do the honors?

PAUL

Yes, of course. Mr. Velasco, I'd like you to meet Corie's mother, Mrs. Banks ...

Corie steps back and unveils the Mother with a magician's assistant type of gesture.

PAUL

Mother, this is our new neighbor, Mr. Velasco.

MOTHER

How do you do?

Velasco sweeps to Mother, takes her hand and bows over so slightly.

VELASCO

Mrs. Banks, I've been looking forward

133. (Cont'd)

VELASCO (Cont'd)

so to meeting you. I invited your daughter to my cocktail party last night and she spends the entire evening talking of nothing but you. Won't you sit down?

He points the way over to a few large cushions scattered in a semi-circle. Mrs. Banks limps over as a result of her broken heel. Embarrassed, she tries to explain.

MRS. BANKS

(To Velasco)

I broke my heel.

VELASCO

... Recently?

MRS. BANKS

On my shoe.

She sits on the cushion. Although the cushion is about two feet high, she discovers it is all "puffy" and she sinks slowly in and down. She does not look very happy. Corie, loving the atmosphere, plops down on the cushion.

CORIE

Woosh!

Paul, unhappily, sits. Being the tallest, his plight is greater than the others.

CORIE

(To Paul)

Aren't these marvelous?

PAUL

(A slight touch of venom.
Nods)

Woosh!

Mr. Velasco, who had disappeared behind a screen, appears with a small, covered frying dish and wearing a cook's glove.

VELASCO

And now --

With a flourish, he picks up the cover of the dish and presents it ...

VELASCO

-- Knichi!

134. CUT TO CLOSE SHOT IN THE PAN

An assortment of very weird and very green looking morsels are sizzling in butter.

135. CUT BACK TO SCENE

MOTHER

Knichi?

CORIE

It's an hors-d'oeuvre, Mother.
Mr. Velasco makes them himself.
He's a famous gourmet.

MOTHER

A gourmet. Imagine.

CORIE

Mr. Velasco once cooked for the
King of Sweden ... didn't you?

VELASCO

(Shrugs modestly)
We belong to the same Gourmet
Society. One hundred and fifty
charter members ... including
the King, Prince Philip, Fidel
Castro ...

MOTHER

Fidel Castro too ...

She is trying very hard to be "in."

VELASCO

We meet once every five years for
a dinner we cook ourselves. In
1987 they're supposed to come to
my house.

(Looks at his watch)

We have another thirty seconds.

PAUL

Until what?

VELASCO

Until they're edible.

(He puts pan on table)

The last fifteen seconds we just
let them sit there and breathe....

CORIE

Paul, don't they look gorgeous?

135. (Cont'd)

Paul scowls at her.

VELASCO

When you eat this, you take a bite into history. Knichi is over two thousand years old ... Not this particular batch, of course.

He laughs. So does the Mother, but too loud and too long.

CORIE

Mr. Velasco, would you be a traitor to the society if you told us what's in it?

VELASCO

Well, if caught, your taste buds are ostracized for two years ... but since I'm among friends ... it's bits of salted fish, grated olives, spices and onion batter.

136. CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF MOTHER

who reacts unhappily to the list of ingredients.

137. CUT BACK TO VELASCO

who looks at his watch.

VELASCO

Ah, ready. Five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... zero ... Mrs. Banks.

He shoves the pan right under her nose.

MOTHER

(Tentatively)

Oh ... thank you.

She takes one and raises it slowly to her mouth.

CORIE

What kind of fish?

VELASCO

Eel!

137. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Eel?

MOTHER

(Crumpling)

Eel!

She doesn't eat it.

VELASCO

That's why the time element is
so essential. Eel spoils quickly
... Mrs. Banks, you're not eating.

MOTHER

Well, I just had a martini and
a pink pill and I thought --

VELASCO

Please. The temperature of the
knichi is very important. You
must eat it now. In five minutes
we throw it away.

MOTHER

Oh! Well, I wouldn't want you
to do that.

She starts to raise it to her lips when Velasco stays
her hand.

VELASCO

Pop it!

MOTHER

I beg your pardon.

VELASCO

If you nibble at knichi it
tastes bitter.

(He takes off
glove)

You must pop it!

He takes a knichi and tosses it from hand to hand
three or four times and then pops it into his mouth.

VELASCO

You see!

MOTHER

Oh, yes.

137. (Cont'd)

She tosses the knichi from hand to hand a few times and then tries to pop it into her mouth. Not being very athletic, she misses wildly and it flies over shoulder. Velasco quickly offers her another. Although this time she succeeds in getting it into her mouth, she chokes on it.

CORIE

Mother, are you alright?

MOTHER

I think I popped it back too far.

There is a pitcher of water and a glass on the small table in front of them. Paul fills it quickly and offers it to the Mother.

PAUL

Here, drink this.

The Mother drinks it quickly, and gasps.

MOTHER

Is that water?

VELASCO

No, it's vodka ... I use it in the knichi.

MOTHER

Oh, my stomach.

VELASCO

Of course the trick is to pop it right to the center of the tongue. Then it gets the benefit of the entire palate ... Corie?

He offers her the dish. She takes one and prepares to plunge in.

CORIE

Well, here goes.

She tosses it back and forth a few times, and then pops it perfectly into her mouth.

CORIE

How about that?

VELASCO

Perfect. You're the prettiest epicurean I've ever seen ...

137. (Cont'd)

VELASCO (Cont'd)
(Offers it to Paul)
Paul?

PAUL
(Turns away)
No thanks. I have a bad arm.

CORIE
You can try it. You should try
everything, right, Mr. Velasco?

VELASCO
As the French say, "At least once."

Paul, reluctantly, pulls up his sleeve, takes a knichi
and shoves it into his mouth ... to the chagrin of
Corie and Velasco.

VELASCO
Agh ... Bitter, right?

Paul nods.

CORIE
You know why, don't you?

PAUL
I didn't pop! I nibbled!

CORIE
Try another one and pop it.

PAUL
I don't want to pop another one.
Besides, I think we're over the
five minute limit now, anyway.

Velasco has now moved behind the Mother and leans
over quickly.

VELASCO
Well, are we ready to go out
to dinner?

MOTHER
(To Corie)
Out? I thought we were eating
in your house.

CORIE
Our stove doesn't work.

137. (Cont'd)

VELASCO

If you're looking for the unusual,
I have a suggestion.

CORIE

That's what we want. The unusual.
Right, Mother?

MOTHER

(Gamely)

You know me. One of the fellows.

VELASCO

Then we're off to the Four Winds.

PAUL

The Chinese restaurant on 53rd?

VELASCO

No. The Albanian restaurant on
Staten Island. We'll have to
take a ferry.

MOTHER

(Seasick already)

A ferry? In February?

CORIE

I love it already.
(Corie climbs out
of the cushion)
Come on, Mother.

The Mother tries to lift herself out with not much
luck.

MOTHER

It won't let go of me.

CORIE

Paul, help her.

Velasco and Paul each take an arm and lift the Mother
out of the cushion.

138. CUT TO STREET - EXT. OF HOUSE - VELASCO AND MOTHER -
(NIGHT)

VELASCO

Don't expect anything lavish
in the way of decor. Actually,
I'm not even certain they have
a restaurant license.

138. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

Oh, how quaint.

Velasco takes a scarf and twirls it around his neck.

MOTHER

Mr. Velasco, don't you wear a coat?

VELASCO

It's only thirty degrees. For me, that's springtime. Ready? My group stay close to me. If anyone gets lost, we'll meet in the United States Embassy.

Corie appears, followed by Paul.

CORIE

Where were you?

PAUL

Getting my gloves.

CORIE

Gloves? You don't need gloves. It's only thirty degrees.

She walks down stoop.

PAUL

(Sarcastic)

That's right. I forgot. We're having a heatwave.

DISSOLVE:

139. CLOSE SHOT OF A FOG HORN

The horn blasts loudly.

140. CUT TO LONG SHOT OF THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY CROSSING - (NIGHT)141. CUT TO INT. OF FERRY

From the deck, through the glass window, we see Paul and the Mother huddled next to the heater, bundled up to ward off the cold that is now gone right through their bones. We hear the wind howling as spray

141. (Cont'd)

batters against the window. The CAMERA MOVES IN to Paul and the Mother. The Mother's eyes are closed. She is not well.

PAUL

(Looking out)

Look at her! Just look at her!

142. CUT TO THE DECK OF THE FERRY - WIND AND SPRAY

There at the rail are Corie and Velasco chatting amiably. He is still wearing nothing more than his beret and scarf to ward off the elements but neither one seems to be aware of the icy winds.

143. CUT BACK TO PAUL, STILL SEETHING

PAUL

She's freezing to death, but she wouldn't admit it.

MOTHER

I'll admit it. I'm freezing to death.

PAUL

(Rubs her hands)

Do you want some hot coffee?

MOTHER

(Opens her eyes)

Did you bring some?

PAUL

No. From the counter.

MOTHER

(Weak smile)

I don't think I'd like to eat anything they cook on a ferry.

She closes her eyes again and leans her head back. The fog horn blasts again and it quivers every nerve fiber in the Mother's body.

144. CUT TO AN OLD, CHEAP, WOOD FRAME HOUSE along a street that contains many similar houses. It's a dimly lit street and there is no evidence of commercial buildings, let alone, a restaurant.

144. (Cont'd)

Their car pulls up outside the building. They all get out.

VELASCO

Voila!

Paul and the Mother look at each other knowing full well the worst is yet to come. They climb up to the porch and enter the house.

145. CUT TO INT. OF HOUSE

It seems to be a multiple dwelling. They walk down the corridor towards the rear of the house. It is quiet and empty.

PAUL

Are you sure we're in the right place?

VELASCO

Inhale!

All four inhale. A look of rapture crosses over Velasco and Corie

CORIE

Mmm. Heaven-ly!

VELASCO

This way!

They follow him around the back of the stairs. There is a door. Above the door, a very unprofessionally lettered cardboard sign reads something in a foreign language.

VELASCO

(Pointing)

Em Shask Kepop ... The Four Winds.

PAUL

Gee. You can't miss it.

VELASCO

I bid you now enter a gastronomical paradise.

Velasco opens the door.

10-13-66

146. THE CAMERA MOVES IN.

It is not a large room but it is packed with customers. The decor is sparse. Just chairs and tables. But as many as the owners could jam in. The room is a beehive of activity with swarthy looking waiters waiting on the swarthier looking customers. The chatter is loud and incessant. It is filled with smoke generated mostly from the cigars of the male occupants. Velasco leads his incredulous little band into the room. He suddenly spots the OWNER, a short, fat, and very dirty looking man.

VELASCO

(Throwing up arms)

Kishama!

OWNER

(Turns)

Velasco!

The two men charge at each other and rap their arms around each other and smothering their cheeks with kisses. They immediately go into a loud exchange of fluid Albanian, mixed with laughter. Velasco gives the Owner one last kiss on the cheek.

VELASCO

MM. You taste delicious.

OWNER

You think so? I put myself on the menu.

They both laugh uproariously.

OWNER

How many people you got?

VELASCO

Four. All cold, all tired and all starving.

OWNER

Good. First you drink, then you eat, then you go up to my bed and take a little sleep.

The Owner barks out some commands in Albanian. Two shirt sleeved WAITERS put down a table and four chairs and squeeze it into a corner. They all sit. Above the Mother, and resting slightly on her head, is a necklace of garlic.

147. CUT TO KITCHEN DOOR

A heavy, swarthy looking WOMAN comes out holding a decanter and four cheap glasses.

148. CUT BACK TO TABLE

Corie is hanging up her coat on a hook behind their table. She looks at Mother and Paul, who still wear theirs.

CORIE

Aren't you two going to take off your coats?

PAUL

If you don't mind, we'd like to thaw out first.

He blows on his hands.

CORIE

(Shrugs)

Thaw as much as you like.

The Woman sets the decanter and the glasses down on the table.

VELASCO

Ah, Uzu. My beautiful, beloved Uzu.
Paul, you drink?

PAUL

Yes, thank you.
(To heavy Woman)
Uzu, I'd like a scotch, please.

VELASCO

No, no.
(Holds up decanter)
This is Uzu.
(Points to Waitress)
She is Mushka.

CORIE

(Giggles)

Didn't you know this was Uzu?

PAUL

I flunked Albanian in high school.

He smiles at Corie to show he can be just as "witty" as she can.

148. (Cont'd)

The Woman has been filling the glasses. The Mother picks hers up and looks at it grimly through the light.

VELASCO

(To Mother)

Is the glass dirty?

MOTHER

What color is Uzu?

VELASCO

White.

MOTHER

It's dirty.

The Woman picks up the Mother's glass, looks at it, shrugs, then changes Paul's glass with the Mother's glass. She walks off.

VELASCO

(Holds up glass
in toast)

Bashna memka kizvetz yemlok.
... To the beginning of new
friendships.

CORIE

Viznetz korvorsh keyem bzu.

PAUL

(Dumbfounded)

What does that mean?

CORIE

I don't know. I made it up.
Cheers.

She drinks.

VELASCO

Cheers.

He drinks.

CORIE

(Holds top of her head)

Wowee! Have my eyeballs stopped
rolling?

(She crosses eyes follow-
ing her finger)

148. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(Raises glass)
Mother! To your health.

MOTHER
(Raises glass)
Yes. Thank you. To my health.

They both drink. They both grimace.

VELASCO
Have another one, quickly.
He starts to refill her glass.

MOTHER
I really don't --

VELASCO
One can make you sick. Two starts
you on the road to recovery.

He refills all the glasses. The Mother smiles weakly
at Corie.

149. CUT TO THE KITCHEN DOOR

The Owner comes out with a steaming plate. He crosses
and puts it down at their table.

OWNER
Pelmenchki!

VELASCO
I don't believe it.

OWNER
Taste it. You still won't believe
it.

VELASCO
(To others)
Pelmenchki. For us. He only
makes it twice a year.

He kisses the Owner's hand.

OWNER
If you like it, I make you more
next July.

149. (Cont'd)

He exits.

VELASCO
(Raises his glass)
To Pelmenchki!

But instead of drinking it, he pours it into the
Pelmanchki.

VELASCO
Pour it in right away, otherwise
it goes sour.

They all look at each other and pour their Uzu into
the Pelmenchki. It sizzles and steams.

DISSOLVE:

150. CLOSE UP OF TWO ZITHERS

played in intricate style. As the CAMERA PANS UP we
see the MUSICIANS. They are dressed in European made
business suits and both wear ties. One wears his hat.
It is the home grown entertainment of the Four Winds.

The lights go out.

151. CUT TO A TASSLED DOOR

A SPOTLIGHT hits a corner of the door as a woman's
hand comes crawling sexily out along the edge. The
zithers tell us we are about to have an exotic dance.
The woman emerges suddenly. It is Mushka, the heavy
woman who brought the Uzu before.

She sings an Albanian folk song and does her version
of a belly dance. She is now wearing a rather shabby
version of a belly dancers costume. Despite the fact
she tends towards grossness, she does her dance
extremely well.

152. CUT TO TABLE

CORIE
Hey, I like that. What is it?

VELASCO
It's an old Albanian folk song.

152. (Cont'd)

CORIE

No kidding?

(Repeats song)

"Shama Shama"? ... What does it mean?

VELASCO

"Gimme cracked corn and I don't care."

This sends Corie and Velasco into gales of quiet laughter. Paul glares at them. Velasco refills the Uzu glasses.

153. CUT TO THREE ELDER ALBANIANS

standing to their feet giving applause and encouragement to the latest addition to the floor show.

154. CUT TO THE FLOOR

The Owner of the Four Winds has now joined Mushka in the dance. He motions to Velasco who doesn't really need any prodding. Velasco pulls Corie up with him and together they join the Owner and Mushka in a dance and a chorus of "Shama Shama." The customers cheer.

155. INTERCUT TO TABLE

Paul is angrily drumming his fingers on the table as he bitterly watches Corie's exhibition. The Mother in the meantime is heavily involved with a Waiter.

MOTHER

(To Waiter)

... No, no. Aspirin! ... For a headache ... Aspirinski! ... How about Alka Selznichi?

156. CUT TO STAIRCASE AT TENTH STREET HOUSE

Corie and Velasco are flying up the stairs in a race. Corie is about two steps ahead of him and they are both laughing uncontrollably.

157. CUT TO APARTMENT - INTERIOR - (NIGHT)

The room is dark except for the light that pours in through the skylight. The door flies open, the lights switch on and Corie flies in. She wears Velasco's beret and scarf.

CORIE

I won! I won!

She falls on the couch and collapses, exhausted.

VELASCO

It wasn't a fair race. You tickled me.

He sinks to the floor in front of the sofa and lies out prone.

CORIE

Ooh! Ooh! ... Hey, tell me how to say it again.

VELASCO

Say what?

CORIE

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

VELASCO

Oh. "Poopla ... sirca al mercoori."

CORIE

That's right. "Sirca ... poopla al mercoori."

VELASCO

No, no. That's "Fly, I have a waiter in my soup."

CORIE

Well, I did. He put in his hand to take out the fly ... Hey, how's my head going to feel in the morning?

VELASCO

Wonderful.

CORIE

No headaches?

VELASCO

No headaches. But you won't be able to make a fist for three days.

157. (Cont'd)

He demonstrates by holding up two stiff hands with all fingers outstretched.

CORIE

(Holds out stiff hands)

Yeah, look at that.

Suddenly Velasco sits up.

VELASCO

Coffee! We promised to make coffee.

CORIE

And a promise is a promise.

They both get up and stumble into the kitchen area.

158. CUT TO DOOR

Paul struggles in the door carrying the Mother in his arms. The Mother's eyes are closed, apparently dead or worse. Paul staggers to the sofa and drops the Mother's limp body. He can't quite make it to the sofa and in utter exhaustion sinks to the floor below her. They both suck desperately for air.

159. CUT TO SCREEN THAT HIDES THE KITCHEN

Velasco and Corie emerge, Corie with her new coffee pot.

CORIE

Forgot the stove doesn't work.
Upstairs everyone for coffee.

Corie pulls the Mother's coat but there is no reaction from her limp body.

CORIE

Don't you want coffee?

VELASCO

They'll drink it if we make it.

CORIE

Don't you two go away ... "Shama
Shama, el mal kemama ... "

Corie and Velasco exit.

160. CUT TO MOTHER AND PAUL

They lie there wordlessly. Both are in shock. After what seems an eternity ... the Mother speaks.

MOTHER

I feel we've died and gone to heaven
... only we had to climb up.

PAUL

... Struck down in the prime of life ...

MOTHER

I don't really feel sick ... Just
kind of numb ... and I can't make
a fist.

(She holds up stiff hand)

PAUL

You want to hear something frightening?
... My teeth feel soft.

(He rubs tongue over
teeth)

... It's funny ... but the best thing
we had all night ... was the knichi.

MOTHER

Anyway, Corie had a good time. She
seems to get such a terrific kick
out of living. You've got to admire
that, don't you, Paul?

PAUL

I admire anyone who has three
portions of Poofla Poo Pie.

(He struggles onto sofa)

MOTHER

I tried, Paul. But I just couldn't
seem to work up an appetite the way
they did.

PAUL

We're just not used to that kind of
food, Mom ... You just don't pick up
your fork and dig into a black
salad ... You've got to play around
with it for a while.

With great difficulty, the Mother manages to rouse herself and rise from the chair.

MOTHER

I don't think I can get through
coffee. I'm all out of pink pills.

160. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Where are you going?

MOTHER

Home. I want to die in my own bed.
(She sinks into arm chair)

PAUL

What'll I tell them?

MOTHER

Oh, make up some clever little lie.
Tell Corie I'm not really her Mother.

161. CUT TO THE DOOR

Corie and Velasco fly in.

CORIE

We decided we're going to have
flaming brandy.

Velasco is carrying four brandy snifters.

VELASCO

Corie, give everyone a match.

MOTHER

I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me,
dear. It is a little late.

CORIE

Mother, you're not going home. It's
the shank of the evening.

MOTHER

I know but I've got a ten o'clock
dentist appointment at nine o'clock
and it's been a very long evening
and I don't know what I'm saying ...

CORIE

But Mother --

MOTHER

I'll call you in the morning, dear.
Goodnight, Paul. Goodnight, Mr.
Velasco.

She starts for the door.

10-13-66

162. CUT TO VELASCO

He puts down the brandy snifters. He starts after Mrs. Banks.

VELASCO

Goodnight, Paul. Goodnight, Corie.

CORIE

You're not going too?

VELASCO

Of course. I'm going to drive Mrs. Banks home.

163. CLOSE SHOT OF MOTHER

MOTHER

Oh, no.

(She turns)

I mean it's much too late.

VELASCO

For what?

MOTHER

The buses. They stop running at two. How will you get home?

Velasco removes the beret and scarf from Corie and puts them on.

VELASCO

Why worry about that now? I'll meet that problem in New Jersey.

MOTHER

Really, Mr. Velasco, it's very sweet of you but --

VELASCO

Victor!

MOTHER

What?

VELASCO

If we're going to spend the rest of the evening together, it must be Victor.

MOTHER

Oh!

163. (Cont'd)

VELASCO

And I insist the arrangement be
reciprocal. What is it?

MOTHER

What is what?

164. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

Your name, Mother.
(To Velasco)
It's Ethel.

165. CUT TO MOTHER

MOTHER

Oh, that's right. Ethel. My name
is Ethel.

VELASCO

That's better.
(He puts on beret)
Now, are we ready, Ethel?

MOTHER

If you insist ... Walter.

VELASCO

Victor. It's Victor.

MOTHER

Yes. Victor.

VELASCO

Good night, Paul. Shama shama,
Corie.

CORIE

Shama shama.

Velasco leaps down to the door and opens it.

VELASCO

If you don't hear from us in a week,
we'll be in the Nacional Hotel in
Mexico City ... Room 703 ... Let's
go, Ethel!

He flings the scarf around his neck and exits grandly.
The Mother turns to Corie and looks for help.

165. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

What does he mean by that?

CORIE

Stop worrying. Call me in the morning.

She forces the reluctant Mother out the door. Corie closes the door and turns to Paul who is still exhausted on the sofa.

CORIE

How about that?

(She is delighted)

He likes her. He likes my mother.

166. CUT TO PAUL

He looks at Corie with disdain, rises and staggers up the steps towards the bedroom. His knees keep buckling.

167. CUT BACK TO CORIE

CORIE

He'll probably have to sleep over ... Hey, Paul, do you think -- ?
No. Not my Mother.

168. CUT INTO TINY BEDROOM

Paul has forced the door open, climbs across the bed and opens the closet door as much as the bed will allow it to open. Through the open door, we see Corie jump on the sofa in the other room.

CORIE

Oh, boy, what a night ... Hey! I got a plan. Let's take the bottle of scotch downstairs, ring all the bells and yell "Police" ... just to see who comes out of whose apartment.

Paul is angrily taking off his overcoat. He is muttering and mumbling to himself.

Corie gets off the sofa, climbs up the steps and peers into the door.

168. (Cont'd)

CORIE

What's the matter, darling?
Aren't you feeling well?

Paul puts his coat on a hanger and hangs it from the water pipe which unfortunately takes up most of the closet.

PAUL

What a rotten thing to do. To
your own mother.

He takes off his suit jacket.

CORIE

What?

He sees there is no more room in the closet. He takes a picture off the wall and hangs his suit from the picture hook.

PAUL

(Walks on bed towards
door)

Dragging a woman like that out
to the middle of the harbor for
a bowl of sheep dip.

He forces door open and goes back into living room. Corie, who was standing on bed with him, looks after him angrily.

CORIE

It was Greek bean soup.

169. CUT TO DOOR FROM LIVING ROOM ANGLE

Corie comes out.

CORIE

... And at least she tasted it.
She didn't jab at it with her
knife, throwing cute little epi-
grams like, "Ho ho ho ... I think
there's someone in there"!

Paul has pulled off his tie and has folded it neatly.

PAUL

Oh, that's quite a match you made.

169. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)

I can just hear the conversation.
He's telling her about a great
Japanese restaurant in East Berlin
and she's explaining the joys of
having a root canal job.

He opens an enormously thick dictionary on the table,
places the tie in the middle and slams the book down
on it to press it for the night.

170. CUT TO THE STOOP IN FRONT OF HOUSE

Velasco and the Mother step out. It is cold and she
bundles her coat closer around her throat.

VELASCO

Give me your hand, Ethel.

MOTHER

My what?

VELASCO

Your hand. There's ice on the
stoop.

MOTHER

Oh, don't worry about me. I can
manage.

The Mother takes one step and her feet go out from
under her. With a blood-curdling scream, she goes
bounding down the stoop, sliding down mostly on her
rear.

171. CUT TO THE BATHROOM UPSTAIRS

Paul is gargling and Corie watches him.

PAUL

I don't see how you can be so
unconcerned about this. I really
don't.

(He gargles)

CORIE

Unconcerned? Do you think I'm
going to get one wink of sleep
until that phone rings tomorrow?
I'm scared to death for my Mother.
(Paul massages his hair)

171. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)

But I'm grateful there's finally the opportunity for something to be scared about ... What I'm really concerned about is you!

She walks out of bathroom on that line. Paul stops massaging as if struck by a dagger, his fingers still poised on his head.

PAUL

Me? ME?

He follows her out into the living room.

172. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

CORIE

I'm beginning to wonder if you're capable of having a good time.

She goes past Paul into the bathroom and closes the door.

PAUL

(Yells through)

Why? Because I like to wear my gloves in the winter?

173. CUT TO BATHROOM DOOR

It opens and Corie stands there.

CORIE

No. Because there isn't the least bit of adventure in you. Do you know what you are? You're a Watcher. There are Watchers in this world and there are Do-ers. And the Watchers sit around watching the Do-ers do. Well, tonight you watched and I did.

She closes door. Paul glares at it then opens it up.

PAUL

Yeah. Well, it was harder to watch what you did than it was for you to do what I was watching.

He steps into the bedroom and slams the door.

173. (Cont'd)

Corie is unzipping her dress.

CORIE

You can't relax for even one night.
Gee, Paul, sometimes you act like
a -- a --

Paul comes out.

PAUL

What? A stuffed shirt?

CORIE

(Steps out of dress and
throws it into room on
floor)

I didn't say you're a stuffed shirt.
But you are extremely proper and
dignified.

She kicks her shoes off flinging them in any old direction. She storms into living room. Paul follows her.

PAUL

I'm proper and dignified? When?
When was I proper and dignified?

CORIE

All right. The other night at
Delfino's. You were drunk, right?

PAUL

Right. I was stoned.

CORIE

There you are. I didn't know it
until you told me in the morning.

(She picks up brush
and brushes her hair)

You're a funny kind of drunk, Paul.
You just sat there looking unhappy
and watching your coat.

PAUL

I was watching my coat because I
saw someone else watching my coat
... Look, if you want, I'll show
you a drunk sometime, make your hair
stand on end.

(He unbuttons shirt)

CORIE

It isn't necessary.

173. (Cont'd)

PAUL

(Starts to go, stops)
Do you know ... do you know in
Harry's Bar last New Year's Eve,
I punched an old woman ... Don't
tell me about drunks.

She goes into bedroom. He follows her.

PAUL

When else? When else was I proper
and dignified?

CORIE

Always. You're always dressed
right. You always look right.
You always say the right things.
You're very close to being perfect.

He stops unbuttoning and stares at her.

PAUL

... That's a rotten thing to say.

CORIE

Before we were married, I was sure
you slept with a tie.

She goes back into the living room.

174. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

Paul follows her out.

PAUL

No, no. Just for very formal
sleeps.

He goes to corner of the room. On the floor is one
of those electric shoe shiners. He steps on button
and shines his shoes.

CORIE

You have absolutely no sense of the
ridiculous. Like Thursday night.
You wouldn't walk barefoot with me
in Washington Square Park. Why not?

PAUL

(Turns off machine)
Very simple answer. It was
seventeen degrees.

174. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Exactly. Very sensible and logical
Except it isn't any fun.

PAUL

I'm not going to listen to this.
I'm not going to listen. I've got
a case in court in the morning.

He starts for bedroom.

CORIE

Where are you going?

PAUL

To sleep.

CORIE

Now? How can you sleep now?

PAUL

I'm going to close my eyes and
count knichi's.

He goes into the bedroom.

CORIE

You can't go to sleep now. We're
having a fight.

175. CUT TO BEDROOM DOOR

Paul sticks his head out.

PAUL

You have the fight. When you're
through, will you turn off the
lights?

CORIE

Ooh, that gets me insane. You can
even control your emotions.

PAUL

(Comes out)

Look, I'm just as upset as you are.
But when I get hungry I eat. And
when I get tired I sleep. You eat
and sleep too. Don't deny it.
I've seen you.

He starts for bedroom again.

175. (Cont'd)

CORIE

You will not go to sleep. You will stay here and fight to save our marriage.

PAUL

If our marriage hinges on Poofla Poo Pie it isn't worth saving. I am now going to crawl into our tiny, little single bed. If you care to join me, we will be sleeping from left to right tonight.

He goes in bedroom and slams door.

CORIE

You won't discuss it ... You're afraid to discuss it.

(She picks up shoe from floor)

I married a coward!

She hurls the shoe against the bedroom door.

176. CUT TO DOOR

Paul comes half out holding all the clothes from the closet in his arms.

PAUL

Corie, would you bring in a pail. The closet's leaking.

CORIE

Ohh, I hate you! I hate you! I really, really hate you!

Paul throws the clothes back onto the bed and storms after Corie.

PAUL

Corie, there is one thing I learned in court. Be careful when you're tired and angry. You might say something you will soon regret. I-am-now-tired-and-angry!

CORIE

And a coward.

PAUL

And I will now say something I will soon regret.

176. (Cont'd)

He comes stamping down the stairs. Corie nervously, retreats into the kitchen area and Paul follows her in.

PAUL

Okay, Corie, maybe you're right. Maybe we have nothing in common. Maybe we rushed into this marriage a little too fast. Maybe love isn't enough. Maybe two people should have to take more than a blood test. Maybe they should be checked for common sense, understanding and emotional maturity.

Corie stares at him for a second. That really hurt.

CORIE

Alllllllright! ... Why don't you get it passed in the Supreme Court? Only those couples bearing a letter from their psychiatrist proving they're well adjusted will be permitted to be married.

Paul, not wishing this to go any further, reaches out his hand for Corie to calm her.

PAUL

Alright, Corie, let's not get --

CORIE

(Pulls back)

Don't touch me! ... Don't you touch me!

Paul, very deliberately, reaches out his index finger and touches Corie lightly on the chest. She screams hysterically and runs across the room away from him.

CORIE

(Hysterical)

I don't want you near me. Ever again. I can't even be in the same room with you.

PAUL

Corie, you're hysterical.

CORIE

(Screams)

I am not hysterical! I know exactly what I'm saying. It's no good between us, Paul, and it never will be again ...

176. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)

(Fights tears)

I'm sorry. I don't want to cry.

PAUL

(Sits on sofa)

Oh, for Pete's sakes, go ahead and cry.

CORIE

(Stiffening)

Don't you tell me when to cry.
I'll cry when I want to cry. And
I'm not going to have my cry until
you're out of this apartment.

PAUL

What do you mean, out of this apartment?

CORIE

Well, you certainly don't think
we're going to live together, do
you? After tonight!

PAUL

Are you serious?

CORIE

Of course I'm serious. I want a
divorce!!!

Paul is shocked. He jumps up.

PAUL

A divorce? What???

Corie pulls herself together and starts up the stairs, quite calmly.

CORIE

I'm sorry, Paul. I can't discuss
it anymore. Goodnight.

She goes into room. She closes door.

PAUL

Where are you going?

177. CUT INTO ROOM

Corie walks across the bed.

177. (Cont'd)

CORIE

To bed.

PAUL'S VOICE
(Yelling from other
room)

You can't. Not now.

CORIE

(Lies down, calmly)
You did. Before.

Paul, angrily bursts into the room, banging his shin
painfully on the corner of the bed.

PAUL

(Grimacing)

That was in the middle of a fight.
This is in the middle of a divorce.

178. CUT TO CORIE IN BED

CORIE

I can't talk to you when you're
hysterical, Paul. Good night.

She pulls the covers over her and goes to sleep.
Paul, fuming, takes the corner of the blanket and
pulls the entire thing off, exposing Corie lying
all folded up.

PAUL

I want to know why you want a
divorce.

Corie, gets up, takes the blanket, wraps it around
herself and walks into the living room.

CORIE

Because you and I have absolutely
nothing in common.

She stands there looking like a brave Indian warrior.

Paul, a little incredulous, comes out of bedroom.

PAUL

What about those six days at the
Plaza?

CORIE

(Sagely)

Six days does not a week make!

178. (Cont'd)

Paul looks around for help.

PAUL

What does that mean?

CORIE

(Breaking down)

I don't know what it means. I
just want a divorce.

PAUL

You know, I think you really mean
it.

CORIE

(Quickly)

I do. I do. I really do.

Corie starts to cry.

PAUL

On what grounds? What is
your reason for divorcing me?
And remember, failure to appreciate
knichi's will only hold up in a
Russian court.

CORIE

(Turns on landing)

That's bitter!

PAUL

You're damned right it is.

CORIE

(Really crying)

You have no right to be bitter.

PAUL

Don't tell me when to be bitter.

CORIE

Things just didn't work out.

PAUL

They sure as hell didn't.

CORIE

You can't say we didn't try.

PAUL

Almost two whole weeks.

178. (Cont'd)

CORIE

It's better than finding out in
two years.

PAUL

Or twenty.

CORIE

Or fifty.

PAUL

Lucky, aren't we?

CORIE

We're the luckiest people in
the whole world.

(She is sobbing)

PAUL

I thought you weren't going to
cry.

179. OMITTED

180. CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF CORIE

CORIE

(Sobbing)

Well, I am! I'm going to have
the biggest cry I ever had in my
life. And I'm going to enjoy it.
Because I'm going to cry so loud,
I'm going to keep you awake all
night long ... Goodnight, Paul ...
I mean, goodbye!

She goes into bedroom and slams door.

181. CUT TO PAUL ON SOFA

From in the bedroom we hear Corie sobbing loudly.
Paul imitates her sobbing, mocking her, then slams the
attache case shut angrily. He storms up the stairs.

182. CUT TO BEDROOM DOOR

Paul is just about to open it when it opens itself.
Corie stands there with a pillow, sheet and blanket
and hurls it into Paul's face, then closing the door
on him. Paul is about to charge in after her then
thinks better about it.

183. CUT TO BEDROOM

Corie is lying on the bed, sobbing into her pillow.

184. CUT BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Paul is at the sofa, mumbling to himself. He throws the bedding on the side table and tries to make up the sofa with the sheet. He keeps pulling it from side to side and never quite managing it. In disgust he throws the blanket and the pillow down on top of it. In anger, he blurts out:

PAUL

Six days does not a week make???

185. CUT TO TELEPHONE

It rings.

186. CUT TO PAUL

He is puffing pillow up angrily, practically punching it.

187. CUT TO TELEPHONE

It rings again.

188. CUT TO CORIE IN BEDROOM

She throws her pillow over her head to drown out the outside world. She is still sobbing.

189. CUT TO TELEPHONE

It rings again.

190. CUT TO PAUL

Angrily, he crosses to phone. He picks it up, carries the phone up the stairs and yells in to Corie.

PAUL

... It's for you. I don't live here anymore.

190. (Cont'd)

He puts the phone down on the table near the wall. Not too wise a move because the phone wire now goes across the landing making it necessary to step over it in order to get down the steps. He turns to go down the stairs, does not see the wire and does a complete header down the stairs.

191. CUT TO PAUL ON FLOOR

He moans, and lifts up his head. In his hand he holds the telephone wire. It is broken having been ripped out of the wall.

Paul gets up, turns off the light, still mumbling and bangs into another piece of furniture in the dark. He limply crawls into the sofa, pulling the blankets over him.

PAUL

... You work and work for a lousy
six cents ...

He pulls the blanket over him. The room is in darkness. All is quiet save Corie's diminishing sobbing. Suddenly, through the skylight, it begins to snow ... into the living room and directly on Paul. He looks up. He gets up on his knees then pounds his head into the pillow.

PAUL

Oh, no ...

The snow continues to fall, heavily ... as we

DISSOLVE:

192. EXT. LOWER FIFTH AVENUE - (DAY)

We FOLLOW a Fifth Avenue Bus until it stops on the corner of Tenth Street. The door opens and Paul gets out. He sneezes. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes his sweating brow. His collar is up and a scarf is wrapped tightly around his neck. Paul has a doozy of a cold. He carries his attache case and starts down the street.

DISSOLVE:

193. INT. A SUPERMARKET - (DAY)

Paul is at the fruit counter. The MAN hands him a bag.

193. (Cont'd)

SALESMAN

A pound of grapes. Anything else?

PAUL

No, dank you.

He is very nasal. He sprays his nose with an inhalator and walks off.

194. CUT TO CHECK OUT COUNTER

There is a long line of customers waiting with their carts to be checked out. Paul gets on the end of the line. The back of the girl in front of him looks familiar. She turns. It's Corie. She looks at him, he looks at her. Then she turns back again ignoring him as if he were a total stranger. ... Paul sneezes.

CORIE

(Without turning)

God bless him!

Paul sniffs inhalator. He looks at the assortment of packages in her cart.

PAUL

(Points to her cart)

If that's for tonight, you needn't bother. I have my own dinner.

He holds up bag of grapes. She doesn't turn.

CORIE

I thought you were moving out.

PAUL

I haven't had a chance to look for a room. I normally work during the day, you know.

The line moves up.

CORIE

You could look tonight.

PAUL

Because I'm coming down with a cold. That's why I'm home early. I thought I'd just take a couple of aspirins and get right into the sofa.

195. CUT TO CASHIER AT CHECK OUT COUNTER

He is rapidly totalling a customer's goods.

196. CUT BACK TO CORIE AND PAUL

They still continue to ignore each other.

CORIE

I'm sure you could find some place.
... Why don't you sleep at your
club?

PAUL

It's not that kind of a club ...
It's a locker room and a handball
court ... and to sleep there, I'd
have to keep winning the serve.

The line moves up. Corie has emptied her contents on
the counter. The Cashier looks up and smiles.

CASHIER

Hello, Mrs. Bratter ... Mr. Bratter.

197. CUT TO CORIE AND PAUL

They both smile at the Cashier. They both stand there
in front of him as he totals up Corie's purchases.

CASHIER

(Cheerfully)
How's every little thing?

CORIE

The little things are fine.

The Cashier looks at them strangely. The BOY next to
the Cashier has put all of Corie's things in two large
bundles.

CASHIER

That's fourteen oh seven ... Shall
I charge it, Mr. Bratter?

CORIE

Charge it to Mrs. Bratter ... It's
a new account.

(She picks up her bundles.

Then stops)

The grapes are his!

197. (Cont'd)

Corie walks off leaving a very bewildered Cashier.

DISSOLVE:

198. CLOSE SHOT OF A SMALL TABLE - (DAY)

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that Corie is setting a single place at a little table. She has changed into slacks and sweater. She is singing mostly to herself, "Shama Shama." She brings various items of food from the kitchen. The doorbell rings.

CORIE

(Calls out)

It's open.

199. CUT TO DOOR

The Telephone Man appears with his equipment, breathing as hard as ever.

CORIE

(Looks up)

Oh, hi!

TELEPHONE MAN

Hello, again.

CORIE

The telephone's out of order.

TELEPHONE MAN

(Panting)

I know. I wouldn't be up here on a social call.

He walks into the room.

TELEPHONE MAN

Hey, you did a very nice job.

CORIE

Thank you. Do you know anyone who might want to rent it?

TELEPHONE MAN

Rent it? You're moving already?

199. (Cont'd)

CORIE

I'm looking for a smaller place.

TELEPHONE MAN

Smaller than this they're not easy to find. So how do you like married life?

CORIE

Very interesting.

Paul comes out of the bathroom and slams the door fiercely. The Telephone Man jumps. Paul crosses to sofa, sits and lays out the bag of grapes in front of him. The Telephone Man smiles nervously.

TELEPHONE MAN

Hello. I'm the telephone man.

Paul nods coldly.

PAUL

I'm the husband.

The Telephone Man senses that something is very wrong here.

TELEPHONE MAN

Well, let's see what's wrong ... with the phone.

He crosses past Paul and goes to phone. He picks it up, then clicks receiver a few times.

TELEPHONE MAN

It's dead.

CORIE

I know. It was murdered last night.

The Telephone Man looks at Paul nervously. Then at Corie. There is obviously tension in this room. He quickly takes out his tools. Paul reads newspaper.

TELEPHONE MAN

I'll be out of here as fast as I can.

The Telephone Man dives into his work.

CORIE

Take your time. No one's rushing you.

199. (Cont'd)

She continues to eat, silently.

200. CUT TO PAUL

He reads his newspaper.

201. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

He begins to hum, nervously. After what seems an eternity, Paul speaks without looking up.

PAUL

Is there any beer in the house?

202. CUT TO CORIE

She ignores the question.

203. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

He looks up.

204. CUT TO PAUL

He reads his newspaper, waiting for an answer.

205. CUT TO CORIE

She continues to eat.

206. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

I said ... Is there any beer in the house?

207. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

He has stopped working and looks over at Corie. He is extremely anxious.

208. CUT TO CORIE

She blithely ignores the situation.

10-13-66

209. CUT TO PAUL

He is still reading, still waiting for an answer.

210. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

He waits as long as he can looking at Corie. The situation is now too tense for him. He looks to Paul.

TELEPHONE MAN

... Would you like me to look?

211. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

There is no beer in the house.

212. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

He is desperate to bring a breath of life back into the room.

TELEPHONE MAN

There's no beer!

213. CUT TO PAUL

He throws down his newspaper and charges angrily to the bar which is right behind the Telephone Man. The Telephone Man, thinking he is about to be attacked, throws his hands over his head for protection and cowers, waiting for the blow. Paul passes him, pours himself a hefty scotch from the decanter and returns to his sofa.

The Telephone Man looks up, glad to be alive and safe.

TELEPHONE MAN

(Cheerfully)

That's my trouble. Beer. I
can drink ten cans in a night
... Of beer.

He looks from one to the other. There is no sign of life. He quickly begins to hum again and works feverishly on the phone.

214. CUT TO PAUL

Still reading his newspaper.

214. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Did my laundry come back today?

215. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

(Not looking at him)

Yes, your laundry came back today. They stuffed your shirts beautifully.

216. CUT TO THE TELEPHONE MAN

This last remark causes him to jam the screwdriver right into his hand. He grimaces with pain.

217. CUT TO PAUL

He puts down his paper and glares coldly at Corie. Then he turns to Telephone Man.

PAUL

Would you like a drink?

218. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

Not thinking anyone would talk to him, he ignores question and continues working feverishly on re-installing the ripped out wire.

219. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

I said would you like a drink?

220. QUICK CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

TELEPHONE MAN

(Looks up)

Who?

221. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

You!

222. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

TELEPHONE MAN

Me?

223. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

Yeah!

224. CUT TO TELEPHONE MAN

TELEPHONE MAN

No!

225. CUT TO PAUL

PAUL

Right!

Paul picks up his newspaper and starts to read again.

226. CUT BACK TO TELEPHONE MAN

He is back to work, as quickly as possible.

TELEPHONE MAN

... Just one little screw should
do it ...

(He turns screw)

There! It's finished! It's
finished!

And exactly at that moment, the telephone rings.
It frightens the Telephone Man half to death and
he emits a small scream.

The phone rings again. Paul gets up and crosses to
phone and answers it.

PAUL

(Into phone)

Hello? ... Oh! ... Just a minute,
please.

(He looks at the
Telephone Man)

... It's Aunt Harriet!

226. (Cont'd)

The Telephone Man looks at Paul, puzzled.

TELEPHONE MAN

... I don't have an Aunt Harriet.

227.

CUT TO CORIE

She puts down her fork and crosses to the phone.
She pulls it away from Paul.

The Telephone Man gets up and closes his tool case.

TELEPHONE MAN

I guess you don't need me any-
more. Goodbye.

He runs out of the apartment. Then runs back in,
picks up the tool case he forgot and runs out again.

CORIE

(Into phone)

Just a minute, Aunt Harriet.

She puts hand over receiver and looks at Paul.

CORIE

When do I get it?

PAUL

Get what?

CORIE

My divorce. When do I get my
divorce?

PAUL

How should I know? They didn't
even send us our marriage license
yet.

CORIE

I want you out tonight. Right
now. This minute.

PAUL

Okay. That's fine with me. I'll
get my suitcase and pack my wet
suits.

He storms up the steps into the little bedroom.

10-13-66

228. CUT INTO BEDROOM

Paul is on the bed pulling his suits out of the closet that hang from the pipes. We can see Corie in the other room on the phone.

CORIE

Hello, Aunt Harriet. What's wrong?

PAUL

(Mumbles to himself)

I'll sleep in the park where it's dry and warm.

CORIE

(On phone)

No, Mother's not with me ... She left about two in the morning ... What's wrong? ... What???

Paul hears Corie's concern and stops packing. He looks into other room.

229. CUT TO CORIE ON PHONE

She seems very concerned.

CORIE

... Mother? ... My mother? ... Are you sure?

Paul comes out of room holding suits in his arm.

PAUL

What's wrong?

CORIE

(On phone)

No, my phone's been out of order all day ... Alright, now Aunt Harriet, don't get excited. I'll call you as soon as I hear anything.

(She hangs up.

To Paul)

Mother didn't come home last night. Her bed wasn't slept in. Maybe I should call the police.

PAUL

Alright, take it easy, Corie.

CORIE

Don't you understand? She was not in her bedroom this morning.

229. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Well, maybe her back was bothering her and she went to sleep on the ironing board.

CORIE

Go away! Just go away!

She pushes him aside and rushes to the front door.

PAUL

Where are you going?

CORIE

Upstairs to find out what happened to my mother ...

She stops at the door and turns.

CORIE

... And you'd better not come back here. Because I'm buying a big dog tomorrow.

She rushes out.

230. CUT TO THE HALL

Corie starts to climb up the ladder. Paul races out of the apartment, calling after her.

PAUL

Good. Now you'll have someone to walk barefoot in the park with.

He goes back into apartment.

231. CUT INTO LIVING ROOM

Paul storms in. He takes a suitcase from closet.

PAUL

... A dog! That's a laugh! ... Wait'll she tries to take him out for a walk. He'll take one look at those stairs and go right for her throat.

He takes some shirts and throws them into the suitcase.

232. CUT TO THE HATCHWAY IN VELASCO'S APARTMENT

The hatch opens and Corie's head appears.

CORIE

(Calling out)

Mr. Velasco? Can I see you for
a minute?

233. CUT BACK TO PAUL IN LIVING ROOM

He is packing the rest of his clothes.

PAUL

A dog! Well, fortunately, I
don't need anyone to protect me.

He closes suitcase.

PAUL

... Because I am a man, sweetheart.

He looks around for anything he may have missed.

PAUL

... An independent, mature, self-
sufficient man.

(He sneezes)

God bless me!

(He feels his head)

I probably got the flu.

He wipes his forehead and crosses to the bar.

PAUL

Sure. Chills. Sweating. It's
probably a 24 hour virus ...

He pours himself a scotch. He holds on to bottle.

PAUL

I'll be alright --

(Looks at watch)

-- tomorrow at a quarter to five.

He takes a healthy drink. As his head is raised, his
eye catches the skylight. He stands up on a chair and
toasts.

PAUL

Oh, thanks a lot, Pal ... "And
thus it was written, some shall die
by pestilence, some by the plague
... and one poor shnook is gonna
get it from a hole in the ceiling."

233. (Cont'd)

He drinks. He gets down and gathers his suitcase and the bottle.

PAUL

Well, I guess that's it ...
Goodbye leaky closet ... Goodbye
no bathtub ... Goodbye hole ...
Goodbye six flights ...

As he is about to leave, Corie goes past him, suppressing tears.

PAUL

Goodbye, Corie ... Don't I get
a goodbye? According to law,
I'm entitled to a goodbye.

CORIE

(Her back to him)
Goodbye.

She bursts into tears and runs into the bedroom slamming the door behind her.

PAUL

Corie, what is it? ... Is it
your Mother? ... Was it an accident?

Fearing the worst, he rushes up the stairs. Corie has closed the door.

PAUL

Corie, for pete's sakes, what
happened to your mother?

234.

CUT TO ENTRANCE DOOR

The Mother suddenly rushes in through the opened door. She is now dressed in a man's bathrobe, many sizes too big for her. Over-sized slippers flap on her bare feet. She clutches her pocketbook and tries to hold robe together concealing the fact that she only has on her black slip underneath.

MOTHER

Corie, please listen ... It's
not the way it looks at all!

She rushes past the bewildered Paul and rushes up the steps to the bedroom door. She bangs on the door.

234. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

You've got to believe me! ...
Somebody believe me!

235. CUT (WHIP PAN) TO WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - (DAY)

The park is covered with snow from the previous night's fall.

236. CUT TO PARK BENCH

Paul sits alone on the bench. He holds his valise on his lap and the bottle of scotch in his hand.

PAUL

I warned her!
(He laughs, then takes
a swig from bottle)
I warned her and I was right.

237. CUT TO LITTLE BEDROOM IN APARTMENT

Corie and Mother are sitting on the bed. Corie is staring out the window.

CORIE

He warned me! ... And he was right.

MOTHER

It must have been the drinks,
Corie. I had a great deal to
drink last night. I had martinis,
vodka, coffee, black bean soup
and Uzu's. I've been so ashamed
I couldn't call you to explain.

238. CUT TO PAUL ON BENCH IN PARK

PAUL

Well, it's not my problem.
I'm well out of it now.

Paul takes another swig out of bottle. As he is doing this, an old, dirty, cold, tattered BUM sits down next to Paul and watches him drink, licking his lips.

PAUL

(Looks at Bum)
I have a cold.

238. (Cont'd)

BUM

(Smiles)

I've had one for twenty years.

Paul, reluctantly, hands bottle to Bum who joins him in a drink.

239. CUT TO MOTHER AND CORIE IN LIVING ROOM

Corie is walking in circles and the Mother is following her.

MOTHER

Then after I fell, Victor picked me up and carried me inside. I couldn't walk because my shoes fell down the sewer.

CORIE

You don't have to explain, Mother.

MOTHER

He started to carry me up here but his beret fell over his eyes and we fell down the stairs. Into Apartment 3C. I fell on his foot.

CORIE

I just thought we'd have a nice, sociable evening.

MOTHER

Then Mr. Gonzales, Mr. Armandariz and Mr. Calhoun carried us up there and put us down on the rugs. And when I woke up in the morning Victor was gone ... and I was there in his bathrobe.

(Pounds wall with fist)

I swear, Corie, it's the truth!

240. CUT TO PARK

Paul and the Bum are now getting drunker. They are both sitting on the pedestal of a statue. Paul still holds his suitcase and the bottle.

BUM

(Shivers)

That's a nice coat you've got there.

240. (Cont'd)

Paul fingers his overcoat, then looks at Bum.

PAUL

I'll make you a trade. What have you got?

BUM

(Thinks)

... Nothin'!

PAUL

(Thinks)

It's a deal.

He starts to take off his overcoat.

241. CUT TO APARTMENT

Corie and Mother both on sofa, dejected.

MOTHER

There! I've told you everything.

CORIE

(Without looking at her)
Then where are your clothes?

MOTHER

... Well, that I can't tell you.

CORIE

Why not?

MOTHER

Because you won't believe me.

CORIE

I'll believe you.

MOTHER

You won't.

CORIE

I will. Where are your clothes?

MOTHER

... I don't know.

CORIE

I don't believe you.

241. (Cont'd)

She gets up and walks away from the Mother.

MOTHER

Didn't I say you wouldn't believe me? ... I just don't know where they are ... Oh, Corie, I've never been so humiliated in all my life.

She gets up and follows Corie.

MOTHER

And I had horrible nightmares. I dreamt my fingers were falling off because I couldn't make a fist!

242. CUT TO A MIRROR ON THE WALL

The Mother's face suddenly appears in it and she emits a small scream. Then she looks at it more closely.

MOTHER

Oh, it's me!

Suddenly we hear a loud crash and a loud yell for help. Corie and the Mother look at each other and dash for the door.

243. CUT TO HALL ON LANDING

There on the floor, twisted in pain, is Mr. Velasco. He has one foot in a cast and that foot is now caught in the ladder that leads up to his apartment. Velasco moans as Corie and the Mother rush to him.

CORIE

Mr. Velasco, are you alright?

VELASCO

If a broken toe is alright, I'm fine. Hello, Ethel.

MOTHER

Hello, Victor ... Mr. Victor ...
Mr. Velasco!!

She pulls her robe around her closer.

VELASCO

I couldn't get up the ladder again,

243. (Cont'd)

VELASCO (Cont'd)

Ethel. Did you tell Corie what
happened last night?

MOTHER

(Nervously)

Why? What happened last night?
Oh, last night. Yes. Yes.

CORIE

Mother, grab his arm.

They both help him to his feet.

VELASCO

I knew I would come to this.
Being helped by women.

They start to lead him back into Corie's apartment.

VELASCO

(Moans in pain)

Ohhh!

MOTHER

Does your foot hurt?

VELASCO

Compared to my stomach, no ...
I think I have a new ailment
which I shall call, "Intestinal
Volcano".

They go into apartment. Velasco holds his stomach
as they lead him to sofa.

MOTHER

Are there little men running
around in there with spiked shoes?

VELASCO

(Nods)

And pointy steel helmets. And
they keep jumping up and down,
up and down.

(He sits)

MOTHER

How long has this been going on?

VELASCO

It hardly ever happens ...
except after every meal.

243. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

I knew it. Welcome to my club.
I think you have an ulcer.

VELASCO

An ulcer? Me. From what?

MOTHER

Too many spicy foods. You'd better
get used to taking little pink pills.

VELASCO

I'll kill myself. But first I've
got to get rid of this headache.
Corie, do you have about three
hundred aspirins?

Corie goes off to bathroom.

VELASCO

(Sighs)

Oh, Ethel. I don't think I'm
as young as I think I am.

MOTHER

Why do you say that?

VELASCO

Isn't it obvious? Last night I
couldn't carry you up the stairs
... I can't eat rich foods any-
more...

(Confidentially)

... and I dye my hair.

MOTHER

Oh. Well, it looks very nice.

VELASCO

Thank you. So are you. You know,
Ethel, you're a very unusual woman.

244.

CUT INTO BATHROOM

Corie has the aspirins and is just about to return
into the living room when she hears a bit of their
conversation.

MOTHER

Unusual? In what way?

Corie doesn't want to interrupt this moment so she
sits on the sink, with the aspirins in her hand and
waits.

245. CUT BACK TO SOFA

VELASCO

I took a long look at you last night. Do you know what you are, Ethel? ... A good sport.

MOTHER

(Disappointed)

Oh! A good sport.

VELASCO

To have gone through all you did last night. The trip to Staten Island, the strange food, being carried up to my apartment like that. And you didn't say one word about it.

MOTHER

Well, I didn't have much chance to. I did a lot of fainting.

VELASCO

As a matter of fact, we both did.

He suddenly starts to remember the entire chain of insane incidents of the previous night and it sends him into gales of laughter.

VELASCO

(Laughing)

... if you remember.

MOTHER

Yes.

She joins in. It is a warm, hearty laugh, shared by two friends. At the height of the laughter, the Mother cuts in.

MOTHER

Mr. Velasco ... where are my clothes?

VELASCO

Your clothes? ... Oh, yes.
(He takes paper from pocket and gives it to her)

Here.

MOTHER

(Looks at small piece of paper)

I'm sure I wore more than that.

245. (Cont'd)

VELASCO

(Laughing again)

It's a cleaning ticket. They're
sending them up at six o'clock.

MOTHER

Oh, they're at the cleaners.

(She laughs ... then)

When did I take them off?

VELASCO

You didn't. You were drenched and
out cold. Gonzales took them off.
(He's laughing again)

MOTHER

(Shocked)

Mr. Gonzales??

VELASCO

(Hysterical)

Not Mr. ... Doctor Gonzales!

MOTHER

(Relieved)

Oh, Doctor Gonzales! ... Well, I
suppose that's alright ... How
convenient to have an M.D. in
the building.

VELASCO

(Can't contain himself)

He's not an M.D. ... He's a Doctor
of Philosophy.

He doubles up with laughter. The Mother, with great
abandon, joins him.

246.

CUT TO BATHROOM DOOR

Corie comes out with aspirins and water. She goes
to sofa.

CORIE

Here's your aspirins.

VELASCO

Thank you. But I'm feeling much
better now.

10-13-66

246. (Cont'd)

MOTHER

I'll take them.

She takes the aspirins and the water quickly.

VELASCO

(Gets up)

I have to go. I have to soak my
foot every hour.

He starts for door.

MOTHER

Oh, dear. Is there anything I
can do?

VELASCO

(Stops, looks at her)

Yes, there is ... Would you like
to have dinner with me tonight?

MOTHER

(Amazed)

Me?

VELASCO

If you don't mind eating plain
food.

MOTHER

I love plain food.

VELASCO

Good. I'll call the New York
Hospital for a reservation ...
I'll pick you up at seven o'clock.

247. CUT TO MOTHER - CLOSE SHOT

MOTHER

Whatever you say ... Victor.

248. CUT TO VELASCO AT THE DOOR

VELASCO

Funny ... I was getting used to
Walter.

He exits.

10-13-66

249. CUT BACK TO MOTHER

She turns and smiles at Corie. She has a new, confident look we've never seen before.

MOTHER

You know what I could use right now? ... A double Uzu!

250. CUT TO A COCKTAIL LOUNGE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Corie and Mother are sitting in a booth. It is a rather picturesque and atmospheric bar usually found in the Village. The Mother is wearing her clothes from the previous night. Corie seems preoccupied with her own problems.

MOTHER

(Inspecting her clothes)

What I really could use is a new outfit. Harriet says I dress like a colonel in the Marines.

CORIE

Mother, can I talk to you?

MOTHER

You know, I just realized, I slept without a board. For the first time in years I slept without a board.

CORIE

Mother, will you listen --

MOTHER

(Holds up drink)

You don't suppose Uzu is a Greek miracle drug, do you?

The Mother picks up a peanut, tosses it back and forth, a la the knichi's, and pops it professionally into her mouth.

CORIE

Mother, there's something we've got to talk about.

The Mother gets up and goes to the record player.

MOTHER

Oh, Corie, how sweet, you're worried about me.

250. (Cont'd)

She selects a record and puts in a coin.

CORIE

I am not worried about you.

The music starts. It's a loud, way out record. The Mother's head sways with the rhythm. She catches herself in the mirror above their booth.

MOTHER

Oh, dear. My hair. What am I going to do with my hair?

CORIE

I don't care what you do with your hair. Mother, Paul and I are getting divorced!

The Mother stops and looks at Corie.

MOTHER

Divorced??

CORIE

That's right. Divorced. Paul and I have split up. For good.

MOTHER

You? And Paul? I don't believe it.

CORIE

Well, you saw him leaving the house with his suitcase. What did you think he had in there?

MOTHER

I don't know. I know how neat he is, I thought maybe the garbage.

CORIE

Mother, I believe you. Why won't you believe me?

MOTHER

Because in my entire life I've never seen two people more in love than you and Paul.

CORIE

(Breaking down)

Well, it may have been true yesterday, but it sure isn't today.

250. (Cont'd)

Tearfully, Corie gets up and runs out of the cafe.

251. CUT TO TENTH STREET - (DAY)

Corie and the Mother are walking down the street.
The Mother has taken Corie's arm in hers.

MOTHER

Well, it couldn't have been all
your fault.

CORIE

No? Because of me you were running
around without your clothes and
Paul is out there on the streets
with a cold looking for a place to
sleep. Whose fault is that?

MOTHER

Yours!! ... But do you want to
know something that may shock you?
... I still love you.

CORIE

(Stops and looks at her)
You do?

252. CUT TO INT. OF HOUSE ON TENTH STREET

We are in the interior of the building. Corie and
the Mother are walking up the steps.

MOTHER

And Paul loves you too.

CORIE

And I love him. Only I don't
know what he wants ... I don't
know how to make him happy ...
Oh, Mom, what am I going to do?

She cries.

252A. 2ND FLOOR LANDING

They stop.

MOTHER

That's the first time you've asked

252A. (Cont'd)

MOTHER (Cont'd)

my advice since you were ten ...
It's very simple. You've just got
to give up a little of you for him.
Don't make everything a game. Except
late at night in that little room
upstairs ... But take care of him.
And make him feel important. And
if you can do that, you'll have a
happy and wonderful marriage ...
like two out of every ten couples.

(She hugs Corie)

But you'll be one of the two, baby.
Now get out of there and look for him.
I've got a date.

She starts up the stairs.

MOTHER

... Aunt Harriet isn't going to
believe a word of this.

She gets to the top of the landing.

MOTHER

... If you don't hear from me
tomorrow, I'll be in the Nacional
Hotel in Mexico City ... Room 703.

She blows Corie a kiss and disappears.

253. CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF CORIE

She wipes her eyes, blows her nose and with a look of
determination, gets up and races out of the building.

254. CUT TO TENTH STREET - (DAY)

Corie dashes down the street.

255. CUT TO FIFTH AVENUE - (DAY)

On Fifth, Corie looks up, then down, deciding where
to look for Paul. She decides to try down.

256. CUT TO EIGHTH STREET

Corie fights her way through the crowds, always on the lookout for Paul.

257. CUT TO WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - (DAY)

Corie rushes through the park, looking in every direction for Paul. It seems hopeless. Defeated she sits on a bench, the tears slowly beginning to fall. Suddenly she hears something. It's a giggle. It's a man's giggle. It's Paul's giggle. She gets up. There is no one to be seen. Behind her is a large tree. She walks onto the snow and around the side of the tree. There, leaning up against the tree, mostly for balance, is Paul. He is not wearing his coat. He still carries his suitcase and the bottle of scotch.

CORIE

Paul! ... Oh, Paul, it's you.

PAUL

(Quite loaded)

I doubt that very much.

CORIE

I was looking everywhere for you.

PAUL

Really? Well, you'll never find me.

He giggles and takes another drink from the bottle. But it's empty. He tries to put the empty bottle in his side overcoat pocket but it's very difficult due to the fact that he has no overcoat.

CORIE

Your coat! Where is your coat?

PAUL

Coat? I don't need a coat. It's only two degrees.

He starts to stagger away.

CORIE

Paul ... what have you been doing?

PAUL

(Stops, turns)

What do you think I've been doing?
I've been walking barefoot in the
ice cold park.

257. (Cont'd)

He pulls his foot out of the snow and we see for the first time that he is definitely barefoot. He starts to walk away again.

CORIE

Are you crazy??

Paul stops and turns. He stands straight.

PAUL

No. But guess what I am.

CORIE

You're drunk!!

PAUL

(Ecstatic)

Ahh, you finally noticed!

He starts to frolic and jump through the snow.

258. CUT TO CORIE

She stares at him in disbelief.

CORIE

Lousy, stinking drunk!

PAUL

I see you still have your shoes on. Boy, what a stuffed shirt.

Suddenly Paul spies the bench and decides to hurdle over it. He puts down the suitcase and the bottle. He goes back for a long running start and is off.

CORIE

Paul, no!

He is away and up ... but not over. He trips over the top of the bench and goes hurtling into the snow. Corie rushes over to him. She lifts his head up.

CORIE

Paul! Paul, darling, are you alright?

Paul is suddenly subdued. He looks at her, with great sincerity, his head cradled in her lap.

258. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Corie, I've got to tell you something.

CORIE

Later, Paul.

PAUL

No, no. I got all the way downstairs, Corie, and suddenly it hit me. I saw everything clearly for the first time. I said to myself this is crazy ... crazy ... It's all wrong for me to run away like this ... And there's only one right thing to do, Corie.

CORIE

(Smiles)

Really, Paul? ... What?

PAUL

... YOU get out!!!

This sends him into gales of laughter and he rolls over and over in the snow.

Corie looks at him astonished, like a wounded little puppy.

PAUL

(Gets up)

Why should I get out? The lease is in my name.

He gets up, still laughing and picks up his suitcase and shoes.

PAUL

I'm going home, Corie. Drop in anytime. You know my address.

He walks off still chuckling to himself as Corie stands there forlornly looking after him ... then she follows him.

DISSOLVE:

259.

THE APARTMENT

The door flies open and Paul walks in with his suitcase. He now has his shoes on but no socks. He staggers in, still chuckling.

259. (Cont'd)

PAUL

... After all, a man's home is
his castle ...

Paul throws his suitcase down and shouts:

PAUL

I'm home, Castle!

He opens suitcase and begins to take out his shirts.

260. CUT TO DOOR

Corie walks in through the open door. She has been following Paul hungrily for a hint of affection, like a little child.

PAUL

(Sees her)

OH, still here? I'll give you --

(Looks at watch)

-- ten minutes to pack your Poofla
Poo Pie.

He takes shirts and crosses to desk with large dictionary on it. He opens dictionary and stuffs his shirts in them, then closes dictionary. He sneezes. Corie rushes over and feels his head.

CORIE

Paul, you're burning up with fever.

PAUL

(Proudly)

How about that?

He takes some more things out of his suitcase.

CORIE

You'll get pneumonia!

PAUL

If that's what you want, that's
what I'll get.

CORIE

(Leads him to sofa)

I want you to get those shoes off.
They're soaking wet.

260. (Cont'd)

She pushes him down on the sofa.

PAUL

I can't. My feet have swelled.

She tries to pull the shoes off. As she does he gets pulled off the sofa onto the floor.

CORIE

I never should have let you out of here. I knew you had a cold.

PAUL

(Getting up)

Hey, Corie. Let's do that thing you said before. Let's wake up all the police to see if they come out of the crazy neighbors.

He rushes out to hall.

261. CUT TO HALL

Paul goes to the stairs and yells down.

PAUL

Awright, this building is under arrest.

Corie rushes out and starts to drag him back inside.

CORIE

Will you get into bed.

PAUL

(Stops)

You get in first.

CORIE

You're sick.

PAUL

Not that sick!

He lunges for Corie. She rushes back into the apartment.

262. CUT INTO APARTMENT

Paul is stalking Corrie.

262. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Stop it, Paul.

PAUL

Hey, there, cutie.

He grabs her. Corie bites and kicks him.

CORIE

I mean it, Paul. Stop it!

She punches him in stomach with elbow and breaks away.
Paul rubs his stomach.

PAUL

Gee, you're pretty when you're
mean and rotten.

Paul stalks her again and she backs away.

CORIE

Keep away from me, Paul. I'm
warning you, I'll scream!

PAUL

(Stops)

Shh! There's snow on the roof.
We'll have an avalanche.

CORIE

You shouldn't be walking around
like this. You've got a fever.

PAUL

Stand still! The both of you.

He makes a grab for her.

CORIE

No! No!

She rushes into bathroom and closes the door right in
Paul's face. He bangs on the door.

PAUL

Open this door!

CORIE'S VOICE

(From bathroom)

I can't. I'm scared.

262. (Cont'd)

PAUL

Of me?

CORIE'S VOICE

Yes.

PAUL

Why?

CORIE'S VOICE

Because it's not you anymore.
I want the old Paul back.

PAUL

That fuddy duddy?

263. CUT INTO BATHROOM

Corie is leaning up against the door.

CORIE

He's not a fuddy duddy. He's
dependable and strong and he
takes care of me and protects
me from people like you.

264. CUT TO PAUL OUTSIDE DOOR

As Corie continues to talk, Paul looks around, then
in his bare feet, he tiptoes with great glee into the
bedroom and disappears.

CORIE'S VOICE

... And I just want him to know
how much I love him ... And that
I'm going to make everything here
exactly the way he wants it ...

265. CUT INTO BATHROOM

CORIE

... I'm going to fix the hole in
the skylight and the leak in the
closet ... and I'm going to put
in a bathtub and I'll even carry
him up the stairs every night ...
because that's how much I love
him ... Paul?

(There's no answer ...

She opens the door
a crack)

265. (Cont'd)

CORIE (Cont'd)

... Paul?

Still no answer. She opens the door and looks out.
Paul is not there. She walks into the bedroom.

266. CUT INTO BEDROOM

The room is empty but the window is open. She walks out.

267. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

Corie looks for him but the room is empty too.

CORIE

Paul, where are you?

268. CUT UP TO SKYLIGHT

There standing on the ledge looking down through the skylight is Paul. He is posed in a grotesque position much like a monster. His main purpose is to frighten Corie. He succeeds. She screams.

CORIE

Paul, you idiot, come down.
You'll kill yourself.

PAUL

I want to be a nut just like
everyone else in this building.

He teeters on the ledge, almost falling off. Corie screams.

CORIE

No, Paul, I don't want you to be
a nut. I want you to come down.

269. CUT TO LEDGE - EXT. SHOT - (PROCESS)

Below we can see the street as Paul hangs precariously to the skylight.

PAUL

I'll come down when you've said
it again. Loud and clear.

269. (Cont'd)

CORIE

Anything, Paul. Anything.

PAUL

"My husband"

CORIE

My husband ...

PAUL

"Paul Bratter"

CORIE

Paul Bratter ...

PAUL

"Rising young attorney"
(He nearly falls
off ledge)

CORIE

(Screams)

Agghh! ... Rising young attorney ...

PAUL

" ... is a lousy stinkin' drunk."

270. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

... is a lousy stinking drunk ...
and I love him.

271. CUT TO PAUL - (PROCESS) (TWO ANGLES)

PAUL

And I love you, Corie. Even when
I didn't like you, I loved you.

272. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

Then please, darling, please
come down.

273. CUT TO PAUL - (PROCESS)

PAUL

(He looks around)
I can't.

274. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

Why not?

275. CUT TO PAUL - (PROCESS)

PAUL

Because I'm gonna be sick!

He looks green. He looks around for a place to be sick. There is nothing but the street below. He staggers and holds on to the skylight.

CORIE

Oh, no.

PAUL

Oh, yes.

CORIE

(Trying to be calm)

Paul! Paul! Don't move!
I'll come out and get you.

PAUL

Would you do that, Corie?
Because I'm getting panicky.

276. CUT TO CORIE

CORIE

Yes, darling, I'm coming!
I'm coming!

She dashes off into the bedroom.

277. CUT INTO BEDROOM

Corie is about to climb out of bedroom window when she hears Paul's voice screaming for his very life.

PAUL

Corie! Corie!

Corie dashes back into living room.

278. CUT TO LIVING ROOM

CORIE

What, Paul? What?

278. (Cont'd)

Paul is plastered against the skylight.

PAUL

Don't leave me.

CORIE

You'll be alright, darling. Just hold on tight and try to be calm.

PAUL

How? What should I do?

CORIE

What should he do? What should he do?

(An idea)

Sing, Paul.

PAUL

Sing?

CORIE

Sing. Keep singing as loud as you can until I come out there. Promise me you'll keep singing, Paul.

PAUL

I promise. I'll keep singing.

Corie is slowly heading for the stairs into bedroom.

CORIE

Don't stop until I come out ...
I love you, darling ... Keep singing, Paul.

She disappears into bedroom.

279. CUT UP TO PAUL - (PROCESS)

PAUL

(Screams)

Corie! Corie! ... What song should I sing?

280. CUT TO WINDOW

Corie crawls out and onto the ledge. She looks down, closes her eyes with fear and then starts out after Paul.

281. CUT TO LONG SHOT OF PAUL HANGING ON WITH CORIE
CRAWLING OUT AFTER HIM - (PROCESS)

CORIE
(Starting to sing)
"Shama Shama" ... Sing, Paul.

PAUL
(Weakly)
Sh--Shama ... Shama ... "

Corie is crawling closer and closer to Paul.

282. DOWN SHOT TO STREET

In front of the building, a number of people are beginning to gather and watch the proceedings up above.

283. CUT TO ENTRANCE OF HOUSE

The Mother, holding on to Velasco, comes out of the house, and cross the street. They see the people looking up.

VELASCO
(Coming down stoop)
What's happening?

MOTHER
I don't know. They're looking
up at this house.

Mother and Velasco look up.

284. CUT UP TO LEDGE

Corie has finally made her way to Paul and they fall into each other's arms for protection.

285. CUT DOWN TO MOTHER ON STREET

She looks up and smiles.

MOTHER
Oh, good. They made up.

The Mother takes Velasco's arm and together they walk down Tenth Street.

FADE OUT

THE END