

14

BARFLY

An original screenplay by
Charles Bukowski

For a film by
Barbet Schroeder

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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NOTE: * denotes all
additions, deletions,
changes

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

HENRY CHINASKI: Late twenties. Already life-worn. More weary than angry. Face formed by the streets, poverty. If he is mad, then it is the madness of the disowned who lack interest in the standard way of life. Rather than enter the treadmill of society he has chosen the bottle and the bars. There seems little for him to do but sit and wait, but he is not sure what the waiting means. Drinking seems a way to hide. He fears the life of the dull and the damned, and the eight-hour jobs they hate yet must fight to keep.

He thinks of suicide, he has tried suicide several times and failed, but he's not even a good suicide. He is more sad than bitter, and like most desperate men he has some humor. He attempts to remain hidden behind his street face but now and then kindness and gentleness come to the surface, though rarely.

He moves slowly for a young man, rather stiff-shouldered, but at times his movements show a sudden swiftness and grace. It is as if he were storming himself up, saving himself for some magic moment, some magic time. Meanwhile, he drinks and drinks and drinks.

WANDA WILCOX: In her forties. Has an intelligence born of disillusion. She is even more alcoholic than Chinaski. But unlike Chinaski who drinks because there is nothing else to do, Wanda drinks because it is the only thing to do. She has had a run in the madhouse. Once married. Her husband died in a drunken and flaming car crash on the East Coast.

Wanda was once quite beautiful but the drinking is beginning to have its effect: the face is fattening a bit, the slightest bit of a belly is beginning to show, and pouches are forming under her eyes. She is sexy in a quiet way. Her drunkenness and the madness in her eyes would seem to suggest that she would be great in bed, and she is that. She is not, basically, after men or after sex, she is chasing drink and catching it and consuming it. She still wears old clothing from the past, although they are some years out of fashion; her shoes, especially, were once quite expensive. Wanda carries herself with style even when she is fairly intoxicated.

Henry and Wanda have the bond of drink and the understanding of the lost toward the lost.

JIM, THE DAY BARTENDER: Between 48 and 53. He has consumed endless quantities of alcohol but has retained an essential quality of goodness, as if all the drinking had burned out the bad parts of him. He retains a distance from everybody but is not an outward rebel; you can feel the good heart in him by the way he moves, looks at things, looks at people. His wife died a long and painful death from cancer after a 20-year marriage. He seems to be waiting to die and drinks whenever possible as he waits. He likes Henry Chianski but is not quite sure why, which, of course, is the best way to like a person.

LILLY: A thin lesbian, dry-stick ugly, horrible, like a witch without character. She is between 43 and 48. She always wears a brown ankle-length coat, even on the hottest days. She is apparently without function. In her earlier days she might have attracted some women, now even that tiny magnetism is gone. How she survives is probably on relief checks. There is nothing likeable about her. She nurses draft beers endlessly. Each one takes her between 45 minutes and an hour to drink.

One might say that she is Death but even Death is more appealing. No, she is tedium. Tedium, tedium, tedium. Even when a draft beer is put in front of her it loses its good beerishness and becomes a flat yellow substance. She is darkness and drabness, not as good as a yawn. She represents the bottom of the bottom. She can't sing, she can't laugh, she can't even fart. One wants to help her sometimes but she is not interested. She is neither interested nor interesting.

Yet she is not entirely without anything: she has a hatred which lays at the bottom and will not leave. It is there all the time, it is constantly there, she is good at that and therefore not entirely useless in the world or in the bar. She probably has normal bodily movements although she has never been seen to go to the ladies room.

EDDIE, THE NIGHT BARTENDER: 24. Stocky, square-jawed, quick of movement, a seemingly nice fellow at first glance. He's quick with the word, seems to know things but does not. He's good with the ladies, knows the phrases to set them off, pours free drinks to the best lookers. He's also a man's man, black hairs jutting from his chest, his shirt open two or three buttons down. He's really a sickening prick but you don't want to admit it to anybody because he's what a man is supposed to be, and if you don't like that, you know, then there's something wrong with you.

One of his favorite stunts is to do gymnastic tricks along the bar, grabbing the edge of the bar with one hand and putting the other hand upon a stack of beer cases, then swinging his legs high into the air while grinning like a motherfucking monkey. He is a good duker, he punches hard and on target but he is only a front runner -- if he can't do his man in early he tires, loses heart, and if you catch him with one while he is coming in he blinks, backs off, looks stunned and you can see the fear in his eyes.

Eddie's mind is on women, he lives more to fuck than to drink, and fucking to him is not so much a joy as it is something he has to do to prove something to himself, and he must prove this something continually but he never asks himself why. Just another hustling bartender stamping around on the boards.

TULLY: In her late twenties. A class lady. She's over-educated, mod, warm, nervous, sad, kind.

Very intelligent and understanding she has a tendency to appear more joyous than she is.

She has been unlucky in human relationships but persists in the search for another. Perhaps her weakness is that she is too well-meaning. She won't let go of it, it's almost a disease. And others don't want to get infected.

At this point, through a family inheritance, she has financed a West Coast based magazine, The Contemporary Review of Art and Literature. And her life, like so many other lives, has been unlucky and still is. *

DETECTIVE WITH MOUSTACHE: Mid-thirties, enjoys his work loves disguises, play-acting -- such as his post as a beat-hippie type. He once wanted to be an actor but he's a better detective, quite efficient. *

GRANDMA MOSES: Between 55 and 65. Her philosophy, at her age, is to do something, anything ridiculous just to get attention, to forget her age, to forget approaching death. Oral copulation is her out, her joke and, almost, her passion; it is the only thing that can bring a small meaning to her almost meaninglessness.

"BARFLY"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 1

(including LONG SHOTS of the "Golden Horn" and "Elbow Inn")

VARIOUS ANGLES of lowlife bars on the streets throughout the city of Los Angeles. (CREDITS are superimposed over their darkest zones.) LAST SHOT is the Golden Horn. *
* *

2 EXT./INT. GOLDEN HORN BAR - NIGHT 2

2A ANGLE on the GOLDEN HORN BAR SIGN, above the entrance. Part of our view is blocked by a right angle part of the sign that reads "BAR."

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN and PANS AROUND slowly to reveal the doorway below the sign; it MOVES SLOWLY through the entrance and INTO THE INTERIOR BAR.

2B The CAMERA PANS the entrance and moves slowly towards the far end of the bar. *
* *

BEN, the assistant bartender, sits on a stool behind the bar, reading a newspaper. The bar is absent of other people. There are indications, however, that the bar was recently peopled: over one barstool is draped a man's coat; a cigarette burns in an ashtray; there are a few empty or near-empty beer bottles lined along the bar. As the CAMERA MOVES through the bar, it approaches the rear entrance; VOICES can now be heard:

RICK (O.S.) *

Deck him, Eddie, we need this kind
like we need herpes!

JANICE (O.S.)

I love you! I love your mean
guts, Eddie, kill him!

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 3

3A ANGLE on a crowd of bar patrons with the alley in the b.g. HENRY, EDDIE, RICK, GEORGE, JO, JANICE LILLY, GRANDMA MOSES are among them. *
* *

EDDIE, the night bartender and HENRY, the barfly, engage in physical combat.

Ten patrons of the bar, including those above, watch. The fight has been in progress for some time. Both men are weary and battered, especially Henry. Their clothing is torn and disheveled, their faces marked with battle, Henry's more so. They have paused in battle for the moment. They circle slowly, breathing heavily.

EDDIE

All ya gotta do now is to beg for a little mercy, then I might spare you...

3B ANGLE ON HENRY (CLOSER, EDDIE'S POV, HANDHELD, END ON TWO SHOT)

HENRY

Quitting to you would be like swallowing piss for eternity.

3C ANGLE ON EDDIE (CLOSER, EDDIE'S POV, HANDHELD, END ON TWO SHOT)

EDDIE

Okay. I'm going to take you out. All the way.

3B ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry rushes Eddie, catches him with a flurry of blows. Eddie, momentarily taken aback, retreats, wards off some of the blows.

HENRY

You're going to need the priest, prick. And while your mother's crying at the funeral I'm going to goose her with a turkey neck!

3C ANGLE ON EDDIE

Eddie begins a counter-attack. Henry's fast flurry has drained most of his remaining strength. Eddie's punches are beginning to take effect more and more. Then Eddie lands a powerful right deep into Henry's gut. Henry doubles almost in half, grabbing his middle.

HENRY

(gasping, wheezing it out)
Shit... that the best you can do? You better phone for help...

LOW ANGLE on Eddie and various faces staring down at Henry. As Henry is doubled over, Eddie brings a karate chop down on the back of his neck. Henry falls forward, drops flat. *

3D Eddie stands over him a moment. Then he lands a very hard kick to Henry's side. Pauses. Then begins kicking, again and again...

RICK

Jesus, stop it, Eddie! Leave something for the garbage man!

Rick and George rush up to Eddie from behind and pull him away. Eddie stares down at Henry.

EDDIE

I really hate that cheap punk. Where the hell's he coming from?

3E ANGLE ON HENRY

He is unconscious on the ground. Joe enters the shot and lifts him briefly.

JOE

You whipped him real good this time, Eddie. There's nothing left of him.

CAMERA PANS UP WITH Joe and DISCOVERS Eddie. George is in the background.

RICK

Let's go in and have a drink. *

EDDIE

This makes the third time. You'd think the son of a bitch would have more sense than to keep trying me.

3F ANGLE ON JANICE

JANICE

You're a genuine man, Eddie. Lemme buy you a drink, Eddie!

The CAMERA is PANNING with her. We discover Eddie and the CAMERA stays with him.

EDDIE

Okay, Janice... just as soon as I wash this coward's blood off my hands...

Eddie turns past the rear bar entrance. The crowd follows him. The CAMERA PANS with Eddie and the crowd. As they move toward the back door of the bar some of them exit frame. Somebody has inserted a coin in the jukebox inside the bar. The song should be an optimistic song of love.

3G REVERSE ANGLE - HIGH

The CAMERA IS SLIGHTLY ABOVE their heads; so that as they file into the rear door entrance, Henry is revealed, lying alone, still unconscious. Joe pauses for a moment and looks back at Henry.

JOE

Hey, are we just going to let him lay out there? He might be dying out there.

RICK (O.S.)

He hates help. He'd piss on you if he could.

Joe exits. The CAMERA holds on Henry, the sight of his very still body in the moonlight.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. GOLDEN HORN BAR - DAY 4

The bar seen from the opposite sidewalk.

5 INT. GOLDEN HORN - DAY 5

5A ANGLE ON TWO GLASSES

One is full already. The other is being filled from a bottle by Jim. We TILT up and reveal Jim, the day bartender. TWO MEN are at the bar sitting together. The men (CARL and MIKE) are standard types, businessmen in their early forties, probably traveling salesmen, dressed as such. MIKE is very fat. They are sitting in front of the scotch and waters Jim has just served. We PAN and TRACK with Jim as he crosses to the far end of the bar revealing Lilly, sitting alone near the rear exit. She nurses her usual draft beer.

JIM

(to Lilly)
And you?

She shakes her head negatively and looks over at the two men.

5B ANGLE ON CARL AND MIKE, LILLY'S POV *

MIKE
(to his companion)
Jeez, that guy's been gone for
some time. I am starving.

5C ANGLE ON JIM AND LILLY, CARL AND MIKES POV *

JIM
He was K.O.'d last night. He
might be a few steps slow. He'll
be back. He opens and closes the
place. I say he's okay.

He crosses to the bar near Lilly. We PAN with him.

LILLY
What's okay about him? He's like
a wet rat in the rain, a rat
without any teeth.

JIM *
Rat, hell. He refuses to join the *
rat-race. He drinks and he waits. *

In the background, we see a THIN OLD MAN (ROGER) and
GRANDMA MOSES, two older people, evolve from the rear
crapper and head toward the front door. They must pass
by the bar and the two men and Lilly.

The CAMERA PANS with them and pulls back slightly.

ROGER
Look, twenty bucks for that kind
of head is outrageous!

Lilly looks over at them.

GRANDMA MOSES
I did you good, old fart! I did
you good! I oughta have bit your
champagne cork off! *

ROGER
I'm giving you fifteen bucks!

Roger, embarassed, takes a few steps. She follows. *

5D ANGLE ON GRANDMA, BAR IN THE B.G. *

GRANDMA MOSES
Twenty bucks! Nobody in this
neighborhood can swallow paste
like I can!

We PAN with them as they walk past the two men, Grandma drops her shawl accidentally. She stops to retrieve it near the bar stool of Mike (the fat man). She bends over to pick it up. Mike turns and looks at her. *

5C ANGLE ON GRANDMA MOSES

as she rises up into Mike's POV. She wears a T-shirt that says: BE KIND TO ANIMALS. DON'T EAT MEAT. *

5E ANGLE ON CARL AND MIKE *

They react as in the b.g. Grandma and Roger enter shot going towards the door and exit as the others watch. *

5F ANGLE ON GRANDMA AND ROGER *

They open the door and exit. On the flash of exterior light *

CUT TO:

5I OMITTED

&
5J

6 EXT. STREET - DAY

6

6A ANGLE ON HENRY, TRACK AND PAN *

Henry is walking down the street toward the bar. He is carrying a small brown bag. Henry has a black eye and battered face from the night before. Autos go by, various people pass indifferently. Henry walks and looks something like a boxer who has stayed in the game too long. We DOLLY with him in a CLOSE ANGLE as he walks, the CAMERA PULLS back obliquely and PANS with him as he turns the corner and heads away from the CAMERA down the street. We notice a car parked there. A dog begins barking viciously and snarling. Henry stops and begins looking at the car. We cannot see the dog. *

6B ANGLE ON THE DOG - VERY CLOSE

There is a large dog locked in a parked car. The window on the street side is almost up except for a tiny space at the top. He walks up to the window and stares at the dog. The animal is intimidated to a super fury by Henry's presence. Henry moves in and out of the frame. The fur rises. Mouth bares showing mammoth clean white long and glorious fangs up to red and black quivering gums, inner tongue coated with the saliva of kill-hate. The dog shivers, whirls, trembles. It is at the ecstatic and eternal peak of murder. Henry is totally taken, watches in a trance.

6C ANGLE ON HENRY'S FACE

HENRY
(softly and with
reverence)
Beautiful.

6D ANOTHER ANGLE

Henry is seen taking leave of the dog and walking on...
The dog barks furiously. *

7 INT. BAR - DAY

7

7A ANGLE ON THE GROUP

Jim is standing wiping a glass... Two men and Lilly sit
over their drinks. There is a burst of light from the
opening of the front door. Henry has entered. They
turn around.

JIM
Good to see you, Henry.

MIKE
Yeah. Good to see you walk in
here.

7B REVERSE ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY
(standing, holding
sandwiches)
All of a sudden I'm popular.
Maybe I ought to run for City
Council.

He continues walking toward the bar. We DOLLY in front
of him for a moment and then we PAN around with him and
DOLLY beside him into a slightly wider ANGLE as Henry
walks up, drops sandwich bag between the two men.
Mike, the fat man, opens the bag, stares into it...

MIKE
Ah!

Henry reaches into shirt pocket for the change from
sandwich purchase. It amounts to sixteen cents.

CARL
Keep the change.

HENRY
(disdainfully)
All of it?

Henry goes back, finds a barstool between the two men and Lilly.

He looks down at the bar surface. *

7C ANGLE ON FLY *

A fly is crawling along the bar in front of him, lapsing in between wet pools of beer.

CARL (O.S.)
(to Henry)
What do you drink?

7B ANGLE ON HENRY *

HENRY
(looking at the fly)
Almost everything. *

CARL (O.S.)
Give him a Scotch and water. *

Henry flicks a finger at it. It ignores him. He nudges it in the butt. It flies off, drunkenly. *

Jim enters the shot and pours a drink. He brings it to Henry. Henry drinks it right down and looks at Mike. *

7D REVERSE ANGLE ON THE TWO MEN *

CARL
(to Jim)
Give the guy another scotch and water.

Jim turns to pour the drink.

Mike, the fat man, reaches into the brown bag and pulls out the sandwiches, throws one to Carl, then begins rapidly pulling his out of the wax paper. *

7E ANGLE ON HENRY LOOKING *

7H CLOSER ANGLE ON MIKE

MIKE
Who the hell invented the sandwich? They ought to write a book about him. *

He is eating disgustingly. His eyes catch Henry's. *

7E ANGLE ON HENRY WATCHING *

JIM (O.S.)
(bringing a drink)
You ought to...

7G WIDER ANGLE ON JIM *

bringing the drink. Mike is still eating in the background sitting next to Carl and across from Henry. We PAN with Jim as he crosses to Henry. *

JIM (cont'd)
...stop fighting Eddie. You don't even have a reason, that's why you lose every fight.

7H ANGLE ON HENRY - JIM'S POV *

Henry drinks the "new" drink right down.

HENRY
I can whip him without a reason.
I got the guts but the guts need fuel.

Henry gets up from his stool and walks up behind Mike. WE PULL BACK SLIGHTLY and PAN WITH HIM. Mike is almost finished with the first half of his sandwich. Henry reaches over Mike's shoulder and grabs the other half of the sandwich. He jams the whole half into his mouth...

MIKE
Hey! What the hell!

HENRY
(almost finished
with the half
sandwich)
Ham! Ham with mustard and relish!

MIKE
(turning on his stool)
You son of a bitch! You ass!

7J ANGLE ON LILLY - CLOSER *

LILLY
He's a goddamned rat thief!

7K ANGLE ON HENRY - LAUGHING AND EATING *

7L ANGLE ON CARL AND MIKE - HENRY'S POV *

CARL
 (to Henry)
 Hey, buddy, I gotta tell you that
 wasn't right! That wasn't the
 right thing to do!

MIKE
 I oughta cream you good!

7K ANGLE ON HENRY *

HENRY
 All I need is a little fuel!
 That's all I need to whip Eddie!

7M ANGLE ON THE GROUP - HENRY'S POV *

JIM
 You're out of line there Henry.
 You just don't swoop down on a
 man's food.

MIKE
 He's like a goddamn seagull!

7K CLOSER ANGLE ON HENRY LAUGHING AND EATING *

7M ANGLE ON THE GROUP - HENRY'S POV

Carl motions to Jim for the bill, looks at it, throws
 some money on the bar.

CARL
 Here's for the drinks. We can't
 eat here, it's disgusting.

MIKE
 (taking the sandwiches)
 We can't but let's take the
 sandwiches.

The men walk out of the shot toward the door. There is
 a burst of light as they exit. Henry enters shot and
 sits down in Mike's seat. *

ANGLE ON JIM *

JIM
 Henry, I want you to go to your
 room and lay down for a few
 hours. Frankly, I'm sick of
 looking at you.

HENRY
 One for the road, Jim. On the
 cuff.

Jim moves toward Lilly and an area of the bar where he pours the drink. The CAMERA PANS with Jim. *

LILLY
 (looking at Henry's
 glass being filled)
 I think the last time you paid for
 a drink was the first time.

Jim exits frame to bring drink to Henry. HOLD on Lilly. *

7N ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER - JIM'S POV *

Henry drinks the drink down...

HENRY
 Thanks, Jim.

7P ANGLE ON JIM - CLOSER - HENRY'S POV *

JIM
 I'll see you tonight.

Jim takes the empty glass... *

7N ANGLE ON HENRY *

Henry walks toward the door, pauses, turns, blows Lilly a kiss. *

7 ANGLE ON LILLY *

Lilly ignores it. Jim is rinsing some glasses behind the bar. There is a burst of light indicating Henry has walked out the door. *

LILLY
 I don't see what you see in that
 guy. *

Jim lifts a glass, stares through it, lowers it and sticks the edge of a dishtowel inside it. *

7Q ANGLE ON JIM - CLOSER *

Lilly is not far away. Jim turns away from her and toward the CAMERA. He seems preoccupied with the luster of a glass. He raises it in the foreground.

JIM
 (stares through
 the glass at us)
 He's as right as any of us.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This program has been brought to you by the Southern California Gas Company.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he sits up in bed, then slides out. He is in his underwear and socks, he walks over, turns off the radio, then walks over, opens the door to his room, and walks out. *

14 INT. HENRY'S HALL - DAY 14

14A ANGLE ON THE HALL. It is a barren, poor, dimly-lit hall. Henry closes his door and we PAN as he walks -- still partially drunk, still half-asleep -- down the hall toward the roominghouse bathroom. He opens bathroom door, enters, closes door. *

14B ANGLE ON STAIRWAY AND ROOM

While he is in the bathroom, the Detective seen in the car previously, in his forties, enters the hallway from the stairway. *

He wears a suit and tie. The Detective moves quietly down to Henry's room, stands there a moment, listening. He cautiously pushes the door, goes inside, *

15 INT. HENRY'S ROOM - DAY 15

15A ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVE. He enters the room and goes quickly through some papers on the writing table. He has a Minox. He takes a few pictures of the writing. *

16 INT. HENRY'S HALL - DAY 16

16A ANGLE ON THE BATHROOM. *

The bathroom door opens and Henry comes into the hall, heading into his room. We TRACK BACK with him, he is still in the trance of sleep and drunkenness. He tries a door. He believes it is his door but in reality it is the door of the room next to his. He pulls at the door but it won't open. He believes he has locked himself out. *

HENRY

Shit!

Frantically he searches his pockets for the key. He finds his key, places it into the lock. It doesn't work.

16B VARIOUS ANGLES ON HENRY:

THE DOOR

THE LOCK WITH KEY *

HENRY (with faster cuts, etc.) He works the key, again and again. Finally, the door opens and he enters.

16C ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

The door finally opens and Henry goes inside.

17 INT. NEIGHBOR'S ROOM - DAY 17

17A CLOSER ANGLE ON HENRY

He closes the door, goes over and sits on the bed. He is still hardly aware. Then he looks about and realizes that he isn't in his own room.

17B THREE ANGLES ON THE ROOM - HENRY'S POV *

It is furnished much better than Henry's, and it is somewhat larger and cleaner.

17C WIDER ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry decides to leave. He gets up from the bed quickly, walks halfway to the door, the CAMERA PANS with him, then stops when he sees the refrigerator. *

17D CLOSER ANGLE ON REFRIGERATOR - HENRY'S POV *

Henry enters the shot. We favor him. He opens the refrigerator door: it's packed.

HENRY *

Fuel! *

Almost in a panic he grabs several slices of ham while knocking over some other articles of food within, including a carton of milk, then reaches into a bread wrapper and pulls out seven or eight slices of bread.

17E ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY

His arms full. He begins to leave, leaving the refrigerator door open. Then he notices a half gallon of dark red wine. He stands there for some moments staring at it. Then he pulls it down and moves with his load toward the door. *

17X INT. HALL *

The neighbor's room is in the f.g. The Detective exits Henry's room in b.g. and goes down stairway as Henry exits the neighbor's room and enters his own. *

18 INT. HENRY'S ROOM - SUNSET 18

Henry is sitting in a chair in his room. He is jamming in the last bit of the last sandwich. He picks up the wine bottle and takes a hit. The bottle is almost empty. He reaches to the nightstand, picks up some cigarette papers, rolls and lights a cigarette. He puts the cigarette to his mouth, inhales, blows out smoke. The RADIO still plays symphony MUSIC as he lifts the bottle again...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. STREET - ADAMS HOTEL - SUNSET 19

19A ANGLE ON HENRY *

Henry walks down the stairs. Henry is partially intoxicated. He walks slowly, his mood is calm, satisfied. *

HELEN THE LANDLADY, sitting in the sun on a chair at the bottom of the stairs, glares at Henry furiously. *

HELEN

Young man like you. Ought to get a job.

Henry stops and looks at her. *

HENRY

I have one.

HELEN

Really?

HENRY

Trying to stamp out all those roaches around your hall bathroom.

Henry walks off, leaving Helen in an indignant frenzy.

HELEN
 (in a half voice)
 You sunny bitch, you can kiss my
tookus!

19B ANGLE ON HENRY - HELEN'S POV *

He is walking away, grinning.

20 OMITTED 20 *

21 INT. BAR - SUNSET 21

21A ANGLE ON GROUP

Lilly, Janice, Jim, Ben and three other men sit at the bar. All attended the fight the night before. Eddie is tending bar. Henry enters, with a burst of light, he holds the door open (O.S.) for a moment.

21B ANGLE ON HENRY CAMERA BEHIND BAR, the light blinding our view partially. He lets the door go and we see him. He moves toward Jim. CAMERA PANS with him to include Jim. *

HENRY
 What's new?

JIM
 Grandma Moses is in the back working on Jack, the window-washer. *

HENRY
 (to himself)
 I need a draft.

He looks down toward Eddie who is leaning over the bar, his head close to Janice's, whispering things to her.

21C HENRY'S POV - Eddie whispering to Janice. Janice is looking at Henry and Jim. *

HENRY (O.S.)
 Hey, boy! Fetch me a draft!

Eddie ignores him. Goes on whispering to Janice

21D ANGLE ON HENRY & JIM - TWO SHOT CAMERA BEHIND BAR *

HENRY

(to Jim)
Some guys really know how to get
the women.

JIM

You don't know how?

HENRY

I can get one for ten minutes,
that's my limit.

JIM

How come you're so fucked up?

Henry glances at Jim, doesn't answer. Looks down
toward Eddie.

HENRY

(quite loudly)
HEY, YOU! YOU IN THAT FILTHY
APRON!

21E ANGLE ON EDDIE & JANICE - HENRY'S POV - CLOSER - CAMERA
BEHIND BAR *

EDDIE

(to Janice)
Excuse me a moment, darling...

He walks over to Henry. The CAMERA PANS and DOLLIES
with him and slightly in front of him as he approaches
Henry in 3/4 front view. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we
see Henry in the shot and the pay phone on the back
wall in the background, the Detective is sitting at the
bar. *

EDDIE

(walking) *
Seems like all those Mohammad
Ali's I've laid on you have
rattled your bells.

HENRY

Look, barkeep, I remember ordering
a draft. You out of brew or has
your lobotomy finally taken hold?

Eddie snickers at Henry, leans across the bar toward
him, says quietly...

EDDIE

I'll drive you right through the
fucking wall tonight, fag. I
pulled my punches on you last
night...

In the background and over previous dialogue, we have
seen the Detective watching the development and heading
toward the phone and dialing. *
*
*

21F REVERSE ANGLE - PHONE BOOTH

The bar is in the background we PAN LIGHTLY as Eddie
walks down to draw the draft to include Detective on
phone beginning to talk... *
*

DETECTIVE

It's him. Shall I go ahead?...
Well... I'm not sure whether you
ought to come down now.

21G WIDE ANGLE CLOSE UP *

of Eddie's fist holding a beer and moving toward
Henry. He sets it down in front of Henry. CAMERA
PULLS BACK slightly to include both of them in frame.

Eddie waits to get paid for the beer. Henry slams his
hand on the bar as if paying with coins. He stares at
Eddie, then lifts his hand. There is nothing there.

21H ANGLE ON EDDIE OVER HENRY'S SHOULDER *

He's looking at the empty counter. Then he looks up.

EDDIE

What the hell are you on tonight,
punk?

21J REVERSE ANGLE ON HENRY as he lifts his glass and
drains it.

HENRY

You're looking at a new man, my
boy. I've got a full tank of
fuel.

21K ANGLE ON EDDIE. Eddie glares at him.

EDDIE

You pay me for that goddamned
beer!

21L ANGLE ON HENRY, pushing his glass aside, looking at Eddie.

HENRY
Eddie, come closer. I want to tell you something and I want you to hear it good...

Eddie leans closer.

EDDIE
Yeah?

HENRY
(softly to Eddie)
Your mother's cunt stinks like carpet cleaner.

21M ANGLE ON EDDIE

EDDIE
That's it!

Eddie takes off his apron, throws it across the bar to Ben and jumps above the bar. CAMERA TRACKS forward behind bar with him to Ben. *

EDDIE
Take over, Ben...

21N ANGLE ON BACK EXIT and bathroom off its corridor.

The patrons begin to file out, following Henry and Eddie. We TRACK following Jim. *

BEN
(getting up to go behind bar)
Jeez, I never get to see any of these fights.

When the small crowd passes the crapper, Jack the window-washer comes out zipping up. *

JACK
My god, there's nothing left of me. She's like a vacuum cleaner!

Grandma Moses comes out, stands behind him.

They are being jostled by the patrons exiting to the rear alley. *

GRANDMA MOSES
Twenty bucks, Jack!

JACK

Shit, I gotta work three hours for that and you did it in three minutes!

GRANDMA MOSES

So what, a shrink charges \$175 an hour and you've got to come back and see him in a week, just like you do me.

JACK

(reaching into his wallet)

That's true.

22 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - SLIGHTLY ABOVE CROWD - NIGHT 22

22A HIGH ANGLE - FACING BAR EXIT

The back of the bar is constructed of brick. The moon is up. Henry and Jim appear, they stand close to the back wall of the bar, waiting. Eddie stands closer, has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The bar patrons stand about in a ring. Eddie has his back turned to Henry and is addressing the crowd. *

EDDIE

(puffing on his cigarette)

I'm giving three to one I can have this fag licking my balls inside of five minutes. Any takers?

22B ANGLE ON JIM AND HENRY

Eddie is in and out of the frame as necessary. Grandma Moses and Jack appear in the background. *

JIM

I'll take ten bucks of that.

HENRY

(to Jim)

Easy, Jim. Maybe I can't...

EDDIE

(to Henry)

Your whole life is just a bunch of can'ts. You can't work, you can't fuck, you can't fight.

JIM

I'm still putting up ten and taking three to one.

The other bar patrons all talk at once.

22C ANGLE ON CROWD

CAMERA PANS as Eddie still slightly out of frame moves among them.

GRANDMA MOSES

I'd like to get hold of your ten!

JACK THE WINDOW-WASHER

I could whip 'em both. But not tonight.

JANICE

Put it to that eunuch, Eddie!

LILLY

Send that rat back to his hole!

ONE OF THE MEN

(speaks last)

CAMERA! ACTION! LET IT ROLL!
WHAT THE FUCK!

22D ANGLE ON EDDIE

Eddie draws on his cigarette, tosses it aside. He moves forward toward Henry.

EDDIE

(to Henry)

I'd hate to be you if I were me.

The CAMERA PANS with him to include Henry.

Eddie moves forward and catches Henry with a mighty round-house right. Henry staggers against the bricks. Eddie moves in and lands rapid punches to Henry's stomach and head. Henry swings once, awkwardly, and misses.

EDDIE

You fight like a girl.

Eddie moves in again and lands more and more blows but Henry does not drop. Eddie steps back.

EDDIE

You usually fall by now, sucker.
What's holding you up?

22E ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY
 (wavering against
 the bricks)
 Fuel, Eddie. Fuel. I ate twice
 today. My body doesn't understand
 what's happening.

EDDIE
 Yeah? Well, here's something your
 body will understand!

22F ANGLE ON EDDIE RUSHING IN

The CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON HENRY over Eddie's shoulder as
 he punches him.

Eddie rushes in and smashes home more punches, but his
 strength is gradually waning against a target that does
 not drop.

22G VARIOUS ANGLES

Eddie becomes frustrated, rushes in, gives Henry a knee
 into the sexual organs. Henry drops. He rolls about
 in the alley slowly, holding his parts.

22H ANGLE ON HENRY

He crawls to the brick wall and lifts himself against
 the bricks like a man trying to climb a cliff. He gets
 himself upright with his back to Eddie. Then he turns. *

HENRY
 Okay, Eddie...

22I ANGLE ON EDDIE

EDDIE
 Okay, what? What's 'okay'? You
 fuckin' rummy, what's okay?

22J ANGLE ON HENRY

Eddie rushes in and begins throwing punches again. As
 Eddie continues to swing Henry looks at him, not flin-
 hing. Then Henry reaches out and grabs Eddie by the
 shirt collar. He picks him off the ground and whirls
 him against the bricks, lets go and begins punching at
 Eddie, very slowly but with hard and powerful blows.

Some of Henry's punches miss and his knuckles are smashed and bloody against the bricks but he continues to punch at his target, hitting Eddie brutally and with much force, landing with two punches out of three. Eddie can no longer swing back. Henry gives him a powerful blow to the stomach, then as Eddie doubles he uppercuts him, watches him fall to the alley. Eddie cries.

22K ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry turns and walks back to the bar. We TRACK BACK with him in crowd away from Eddie lying on the ground. PAN with him into rear entrance of bar.

23 INT. BAR - NIGHT

23

23A HIGH ANGLE ABOVE THE BAR

The two women (Lilly and Janice) enter, helping Eddie to sit on the customer's side of the bar in the foreground. Henry is sitting in the background, alone at the bar. Ben is behind the bar.

JANICE

Oh, Eddie, what did that bastard
do to you?

EDDIE

My fuckin' head, it really
hurts...

The women are all about him, dabbing away the blood with their handkerchiefs.

23B CLOSER ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry looks down and watches all this impassively. Nobody is sitting near him.

To Ben, the substitute bartender who replaced Eddie during the fight:

HENRY

Hey, man, give me a draft!

23C ANGLE ON BEN AND EDDIE AND THE GIRLS - HENRY'S POV *

Ben looks down at Eddie. Eddie raises his head, shakes his head "no" toward Ben. Ben walks slowly toward Henry.

The CAMERA PANS with Ben and DOLLIES SLIGHTLY to include Henry.

BEN

I'm sorry, sir, but we can't serve you.

Henry looks at Ben for a moment, gets up from his bar-stool and walks out through the bar door. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

24

24A Henry walks down the street coming at the camera. Jim is walking rapidly behind him, trying to catch up. *

JIM

Hey, Henry!

Henry stops.

24B ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry turns. Jim enters close, walks up. He has some money in his hand.

JIM

Look, Henry, take this. Eddie wailed through his blood but he paid up.

24C ANGLE ON JIM

JIM

Go on, take it. You've earned your cut. All I did was watch.

24D ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry stares at the money in Jim's outstretched hand.

HENRY

I can't take the money, Jim. Suppose I had lost?

JIM

You can buy a lot of drinks with this, slugger...

HENRY
 Since you put it that way, well,
 I'll take a couple of scotch and
 waters.

Henry picks three dollars out of Jim's palm

24E ANGLE ON JIM - CLOSER

JIM
 I wish you'd take some more.

24F ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER

HENRY
 (smiling)
 What do you think I am? A bum?

Henry sticks the money in his pocket. Turns, slowly
 walks off. We still see him.

HENRY
 (over his shoulder)
 Thanks, Jim...

Jim walks a little further into the frame.

JIM
 You better not eat anything for a
 while. You might turn into
 something dangerous...

Henry walks off across the street...

*

CUT TO:

25 EXT. "KENMORE," A BAR - NIGHT

25

*

Henry walks in.

26 INT. "KENMORE" - NIGHT

26

*

26A HIGH ANGLE ON BAR FACING ENTRANCE BEHIND WANDA IN
 SLIGHT PROFILE

*

*

There are three or four men at the bar and one woman,
 WANDA. She sits on the corner, far away from the
 others. The other men don't sit near her or speak to
 her. Henry enters and sits down directly across the
 room from Wanda, at the opposite end of the bar.

26B ANGLE ON HENRY

He motions to the BARTENDER for a draft beer. The bartender draws it and brings it to Henry.

26C ANGLE ON THE BARTENDER, INCL. WANDA

For a moment we see Wanda alone with her thoughts.

26D ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY
(to bartender)
Christ, who's that one?

BARTENDER
Who?

26E ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSER

HENRY (O.S.)
That woman. Looks like some kind
of distressed goddess.

26F ANGLE ON BARTENDER & HENRY - WANDA'S POV - CAMERA
BEHIND BAR

*
*

BARTENDER
Oh, Wanda?

HENRY
Well, this Wanda... Tell me, then.
She looks pretty good. How come
nobody sits near her?

BARTENDER
She's crazy.

Henry picks up his draft beer, walks down toward Wanda. We PAN with him for a moment and he exits. We hold for a moment on the saddened faces of the patrons of the bar.

26G ANGLE ON WANDA

Henry enters and sits next to Wanda. Wanda is drinking a scotch and water. She is smoking a cigarette and looking straight ahead.

WANDA
(still looking
straight ahead)
I can't stand people. I hate
them.

HENRY

Yeah.

WANDA

You hate them?

HENRY

No, but I seem to feel better when they're not around.

Wanda knocks off her drink. Henry finishes his beer.

HENRY

Bartender, two scotch and waters.

The bartender pours drinks, brings them down. Henry pays. Bartender walks off.

HENRY

(to Wanda)

I think I'll ask you the same damn thing people are always asking me.

WANDA

Like?

HENRY

Like, what do you do?

WANDA

I drink.

They both stare ahead. Henry knocks off his drink. Wanda sits awhile. They are silent. Then she knocks her drink off.

HENRY

Well, that's it.

WANDA

That's what?

HENRY

I can't buy another drink. I'm broke.

WANDA

(turns to Henry)

You mean you don't have any money?

HENRY

No money, no job, no rent. Back to normal.

*

As the clerk walks toward the telephone, which is on the back wall in the foreground at the end of the counter, away from the door, two young Black Kids enter frame. Clerk is seen in a mirror as he begins to dial a number. The young kids are ten or eleven years old, thin, quick of movement, bright-eyed, hip. One reaches and grabs a candy bar, peels it, jabs it into his mouth, chews it away. Henry and Wanda turn around to observe.

*
*
*

28D ANGLE ON YOUNG BLACKS - HENRY'S POV

*

YOUNG BLACK #1
(still chewing a bit)
Good shit, man!

*

Clerk listens to phone ringing at other end.

CLERK (O.S.)
Wilbur, Wanda is here. She's got
some stuff. It adds up to
\$23.80...

The other Kid goes to the refrigerated section, pulls open the door, grabs a beer, flips off the cap and drains the complete bottle.

*
*

28E ANGLE ON WANDA AND HENRY, looking at the Kids.

*

WANDA
(turns to Henry)
How'd your face get so beat up?

HENRY
(turns to Wanda)
You don't mind, do you?

*

28F ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSER

The Kids run out of shot in foreground.

*

WANDA
I think it looks beautiful...

28G ANGLE ON CLERK

...favoring Henry and Wanda. Kids behind them. Henry cannot take his eyes from Wanda.

*

The other Kid rips off a cigarette lighter, takes a long brown thin cigarello from a can of them, lights it...

*

CLERK

Hey, you little pricks! Pardon
me, Wilbur...

(to Wanda)

Wilbur wants to know if you're
coming over.

Wanda turns and nods. The young Black #1 grabs another
can of beer from refrigerator. *

CLERK

(hanging up)

Yes. It's okay, Wanda...

The young Kid uncaps the beer can, takes a hit. *

WANDA

(to Henry)

Pick up the stuff and follow me.
We'll try my place...

As Henry picks up the goods and follows her out, the
other young Kid with the cigarello comes next to his
friend, takes a hit while his friend puffs on his
cigarello. Clerk moves toward the young Blacks... *

CLERK

Goddamn it, I'll have your ass!

YOUNG BLACK #2

(flipping open his
switchblade)

Hey, man, haven't you heard,
there's a new world coming... *

As Henry and Wanda exit shot, the young Black #1 shakes
beer and squirts it at the Clerk's face. *

CUT TO:

29 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

29

29A HIGH ANGLE

In the distance, Wanda and Henry walk up the sidewalk
in front of a row of apartment houses. In between two
apartment houses is a vacant lot where somebody has
planted corn. Fencing off the corn are a row of sticks
with string about them. The string is ordinary string
and sags between the sticks.

WANDA

My place is next. I'm up on the
third floor! 309. But don't
worry, there's an elevator... *

Wanda stops, looks.

WANDA
I love corn. I want to pick some
corn.

Wanda climbs towards corn. Henry follows her. *

HENRY
It's right out in the open. You
can be seen.

29B REVERSE ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE CORNFIELD *

Wanda in the foreground. Henry following in the back-
ground.

WANDA
I don't care. I love corn. I'm
going to pick some corn.

Henry follows her into the vacant lot, carrying the two
sacks of goods. Wanda breaks the strings of the make-
shift fence and walks into the corn patch. She rips
off ears of corn and stuffs them into her purse, or
most of them -- some of them fall to the ground. She
continues to yank off more ears. *

HENRY
You're drunk. Look at those ears.
They're still young, green. You
can't eat that stuff.

Wanda keeps yanking at the ears.

HENRY
Who's Wilbur? Is he your pimp?

WANDA
(still yanking at
the corn)
I'm no hooker. I don't have a
pimp.

HENRY
Who's the guy?

WANDA
(still yanking)
Wilbur's just an old guy who cares
for me.

A searchlight scans through the corn slowly but sud-
denly.

Henry looks down the street, sees a police car coming.

29C ANGLE ON POLICE CAR - HENRY'S POV

through corn with searchlight.

29D ANGLE ON HENRY & WANDA (TRACKING SHOT ON SIDEWALK) *

HENRY

Jesus, it's the cops! Let's go!

WANDA

(dropping ears of corn)

Shit! Run! Head for the
basement!

Red light starts scanning the corn more rapidly. They both are running toward the apartment house, Henry running with the two sacks of goods. Wanda running with now and then an ear of corn dropping from her stuffed purse.

HENRY

They're coming, fast!

WANDA

These goddamned high heels!

The cops put the searchlight on them.

We are in front of Wanda and Henry running with them. *

HENRY

Keep going! Faster!

They are in front of the apartment house and running down the walk toward the basement elevator.

WANDA

If the elevator isn't at the
bottom, we're dead.

Henry and Wanda disappear into the building. *

We see the police car enter shot and stop out front. *
One cop jumps out.

ONE COP

(over loudspeaker)

Halt! Halt or we'll fire! *

30 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

30

We see an elevator and part of the basement corridor. Wanda and Henry are running toward the elevator door. The elevator is there.

31 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 31

31A ANGLE ON HENRY AND WANDA - OVER THEIR HEADS

Henry pulls the door open and they get in. As they do the Cops can be seen running up to the elevator door. Henry pushes the button and the elevator rises. Looking down, Wanda and Henry can see one of the Cops pushing the elevator button.

WANDA

Keep your fingers on that three button. There's no way they can bring this thing down if you keep your finger on that three button!

*

*

*

The elevator rises to the third floor.

WANDA

Leave the sliding gate open!

32 INT. HALL - WANDA'S FLOOR - NIGHT 32

Wanda runs out of the elevator first, Henry runs after her down to apartment 309. We track behind them. Wanda unlocks the door and they go inside.

*

33 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 33

33A MEDIUM SHOT ON HENRY AND WANDA

*

Wanda puts the chain on the door.

HENRY

Leave the lights out.

WANDA

Don't make a sound.

HENRY

Quiet. Take your shoes off.

Henry starts to take off his shoes as Wanda exits frame.

*

*

33B ANGLE ON WANDA

*

She removes her shoes and she tiptoes into the kitchen, lets the hot-water tap run into a pot, opens her purse which she has carried into the kitchen with her, drops some ears of corn into the water.

*

*

34 OMITTED

35 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 35

Henry walks quietly to the door, listens and looks through the peephole in the door. *

36 INT. HALL - WANDA'S FLOOR - HENRY'S POV - FISHEYE - NIGHT 36 *

The two Cops are walking about, stopping, standing in front of apartment doors, listening.

ONE COP

I'd really like to get those fuckers.

OTHER COP

Did you see the woman? She really flashed those legs when she ran. Great legs.

37 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 37

37A ANGLE ON HENRY AT DOOR *

PAN with him to kitchen. TRACK with him to living room. *

37B ANGLE ON BOILING POT OF CORN - HENRY'S POV *

Red Mobile horse blinking outside the window. *

37C ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV *

Henry stumbles across the room in the dark. Wanda is on the couch. Henry joins her. We track with him. *

CLOSER on the two of them in shadow. They sit on the couch with a coffee table in front of them. There is an open bottle of soda in front of them, plus two glasses. *

Henry mixes two drinks. The neon lights of the city are all that light up the apartment. Henry and Wanda lift their drinks in a silent toast, drink them down. Henry mixes two more.

WANDA

(whispering)

Do you think they're gone?

HENRY

(whispering)

Let's not take a chance. Let's be quiet for the rest of the night. They might be camped out there.

WANDA
 (whispering)
 I guess you've got to stay all
 night. Don't you hate cops?

HENRY
 (whispering)
 No, but I seem to feel better when
 they're not around.

ANGLE ON HENRY. He looks at Wanda. *

ANGLE ON WANDA. She looks at Henry. They drink a
 portion of their drinks. He reaches for a cigar. *

WIDER ANGLE - TWO SHOT *

Henry peels the cellophane from a cigar, bites the end
 off, lights cigar. Takes a puff.

HENRY
 (whispering)
 I sure want to thank you for your
 hospitality.

Wanda winks and lights a cigarette.

WANDA
 (whispering)
 Just one thing...

HENRY
 (whispering)
 What?

ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSE *

WANDA
 (whispering)
 I don't ever want to fall in love.
 I don't ever want to go through
 that again.

ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSE *

HENRY
 (whispering)
 Don't worry. Nobody's ever loved
 me yet.

37G ANGLE ON WANDA

They finish their drinks. We PAN with her to kitchen.

37H ANGLE ON HENRY

Wanda returns with the corn and enters the shot, corn first, in foreground, on a large plate.

HENRY
(still whispering)
Shit, I told you! That stuff is
green! Look at it!

Wanda picks up an ear of corn, tries to bite into it. She fails.

She throws the ear of corn across the room. Her life has been frustrating, and now the corn isn't even any good. It's too much.

37-I CLOSER ANGLE ON WANDA

She slowly begins crying. She begins throwing the other ears of corn about the room.

WANDA
Nothing ever works, nothing in
this life ever works right.

Henry grabs her wrists.

HENRY
(whispering)
Stop it! They still might be out
there!

Henry holds Wanda's wrists and they look at each other. Wanda silently cries, the tears coming more and more.

We PAN to a wider view as he turns to look at Wanda as she pulls her hands free, gets up, walks to the bedroom.

She undresses, facing away from Henry and still crying silently. She gets down to her panties and bra, then climbs into bed.

37L ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry sits on the couch. He puts out his cigar and mixes himself another drink. He picks up an ear of corn from the floor, tries to bite into it. No good. He places it back on the plate. He drinks his drink. Then he pulls off his shoes. He stands up, takes off his pants and shirt. In his underwear he stretches out on the couch.

WANDA
There you go, lover!

HENRY
Lover?

WANDA
(she leans into frame
from top)
Don't you remember?

Henry picks up the object on the bed. It's a key.

HENRY
What's this?

WANDA
An extra key. Two can get the
rent better than one.

Henry stands up, tucking in his shirt.

HENRY
Christ, I don't know. I'm not so
good at this sort of thing.

WANDA
What are you good at?

HENRY
Juicing...

38D ANGLE ON WANDA - OVER HENRY'S SHOULDER *

The PHONE RINGS. We PAN with Wanda as she walks to
the coffee table and picks it up. *

WANDA
Oh Wilbur...! Geez, I couldn't
make it over, Wilbur. I got
stinko and passed out, I went to
bed. Tonight? Well, geez, I
don't know. Let me think about
it...

We track with Henry as he enters shot and grabs the
phone... *

HENRY
Wilbur, you call this number again
and I'm coming over to do a little
tap dance on your skull!

Wanda grabs phone back. Henry takes a drink. We PAN with
him to the window. After a beat, he turns around and
looks at Wanda. *

WANDA (O.S.)

Wilbur, please be careful! He's a very jealous man! He's a wrestler. He just sits around all day drinking barrels of beer. He drinks beer and farts and wrestles and lifts weights...

38E ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSE

WANDA

(looking at Henry)

He hung up.

Wanda puts phone down.

WANDA

You really cut off a good source of supply there, Mr. Vanbilderass.

HENRY

Hey, what's this 'Mr. Vanbilderass' stuff?

WANDA

It's the way you walk across the room, the way you act. You're the damnedest barfly I've ever seen. You act like royalty, like some weird Blueblood.

HENRY

Oh yeah, how nice... I wasn't aware. But I've noticed your class, baby.

WANDA

All right, but I've got to tell you, if some man came by with a fifth of whiskey I'm afraid I'd go with him.

38F ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER

WANDA (cont'd)

I could get a lot of booze out of Wilbur without giving up too much. Now I don't know about the next...

HENRY

I'm the next. I'll supply the booze.

WANDA

How?

HENRY

I'll get a job...

38G ANGLE ON WANDA

*

Wanda laughs. She walks up close to Henry, pulls at one of his ears.

WANDA

What happened to you along the way? You're strange.

*

HENRY

Forget what happened.... By the way, first thing I noticed about you were your legs...

*

*

*

WANDA

Really?

(sits in chair,
crosses her legs,
skirt fairly high)

I guess I got lucky with legs,
it's my brain I was shorted on...

HENRY

I could look at a woman's legs for hours. Sometimes I think that's better than the act of copulation.

WANDA

The way you drink, that could be your best move.

HENRY

(pouring himself a
new drink)

Drinking's always my best move.
Do you think that's crazy?

*

*

WANDA

What's crazy? I don't know.
We're all in some kind of hell.
And the madhouses are the only places where many people know they are in hell. So maybe the crazy people are the most realistic.
Who cares, anyway?

HENRY

I don't. I'm just a crazy, beer-drinking wrestler who farts.

Henry turns around, assumes a semi-squatting position. He grunts several times, his face reddening, the veins in his neck straining. No sound, no fart. He grunts harder... Wanda shoves her shoe into Henry's butt. He stumbles forward trying to retain his balance, falls...

38F LOW ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV

WANDA

You ass! You got anything to pick up at your place?

Henry sits up into frame.

HENRY

Yeah. Some rags and a radio. We don't need a moving van.

WANDA

Let's go...

CUT TO:

39 INT. BAR - DAY

39

39A ANGLE ON HENRY AND WANDA as they enter the bar. We DOLLY and PAN with them to a closer view of the bar.

Jim is tending bar. Lilly is the only other person in the bar. Henry is carrying a radio and a shopping bag full of old clothing. Henry and Wanda sit down. Henry puts the items on top of the bar.

HENRY

Jim, can you hold this stuff a while?

JIM

Sure.

39B ANGLE ON JIM

He places items under the bar. *

JIM

Last time I saw you, you had nothing. Now you've got a woman and a radio.

39C ANGLE ON HENRY AND WANDA - JIM'S POV *

HENRY

Well, I'm used to radios... Jim, this is Wanda. Wanda, Jim.

WANDA

Hi, give me a beer.

HENRY

Likewise. Also, can you cash this check for me? I signed it.

We PAN to a slightly wider view of bar and back again with Jim.

Henry lays the check on the bar. Jim looks at it as he brings the beers back.

JIM

Hey, what's this?

HENRY

You're not going to believe this but it's an income tax refund. I found it in the mailbox of the old place.

39D ANGLE ON JIM

Henry and Wanda in foreground as before.

JIM

You mean you worked last year?

A flash of light indicates someone has entered the bar. *

39E ANGLE ON HENRY AND WANDA

as before, including Lilly and Jim. *

HENRY

Six months in a toy factory. You don't know how men suffer for children.

LILLY

Hey, Henry, you gonna buy one or be one?

HENRY

Give her a beer.

As Jim walks down to draw Lilly a beer, a Fat Bald MAN enters frame, sits down, his back in the foreground. *

Henry and Wanda look at him. *

39F ANGLE ON THE MAN *

His hands are trembling; now and then his face jerks about on his neck, his face twitches. He manages to place a cigarette in his lips. Opens match book and with much difficulty strikes a match, places match near cigarette, fails to light it, burns his nose, spits cigarette out.

39G ANGLE ON JIM *

PAN with him. Jim serves Lilly, walks on down to Bald Man. *

JIM

Yes, sir?

39H CLOSER ANGLE ON MAN IN FOREGROUND

Jim crosses in closer. Wanda and Henry in background. Whiskey glass in foreground also.

MAN

Shot of bar whiskey.

Jim pours the shot.

39-I CLOSER ANGLE ON MAN ALONE

The man's hand grabs the glass. He holds it steady on the bar. Then he slowly tries to raise the glass to his lips. The higher he raises the glass the more it shakes. Finally, almost all the whiskey is spilled out of the glass. The man puts the glass back down. Jim walks up and fills it again.

JIM

On the house. With the high cost of living you need all the help you can get.

MAN

Thank you.

The man pulls a long scarf out of his coat and puts it on the bar as Jim gives Henry the money for his check.

39J ANGLE ON WANDA AND HENRY - JIM'S POV

HENRY

Thanks, Jim.

(to Wanda)

You take this. It should get the rent. I'll hold the rest.

WANDA

You trust me?

HENRY

Why not? It's easier that way.

Wanda puts the money in her purse. Henry finds a newspaper on the bar and begins to read the classified section. At the same time the man takes the end of the scarf and ties it around the wrist of his hand.

Henry looking up from newspaper.

HENRY

(to Wanda)

Here it is: SHIFRIN INC.
 Laborer. No experience necessary.
 That's me. I'm going to hop a bus
 and go on down there...

The Man wraps the scarf around the back of his neck and grabs the other end with his right hand.

JIM

Henry, are you losing what is left
 of your god damned mind?

The man reaches for the glass with his left hand. He grabs the glass, holds it.

WANDA

(to Henry)

You mean you're going to leave me
 here all alone?

The man grabs the glass, holds it.

HENRY

(to Wanda)

Not all alone. There's Jim and
 there's Lilly.

The man bends his head halfway forward and down, pulls on the scarf with his right hand, slowly pulling the left hand with the glass in it toward his mouth.

LILLY

What are you doing with a woman,
 Henry?

HENRY

Wish we could get you one,
 Lilly...

(to Jim)

Four scotch and waters, Jim...

The man gets the drink to his mouth, drinks it down without spilling a drop.

WANDA

Look, Hank, why don't you go tomorrow? We just met. When you run off like this I feel like you're trying to get away from me.

HENRY

Baby, I'm doing it for us. We'll be able to drink with class. We don't have to be barflies right down to the grave.

The man's head comes back down. He unties the scarf, jams it back into his coat pocket, stands up.

MAN

Thank you, bartender.

JIM

Sure.

Jim brings the scotch and waters to the bar for Lilly, Henry, Wanda and one for himself as the man gets up and walks out.

LILLY

Hey, he didn't pay!

JIM

He's already paid.

HENRY

(looking at the drinks; dully)

I'm going to get a job... Yeah.
(he brightens, lifts his glass)

A TOAST TO THE WORKING CLASS!

They lift their glasses...

*

39P WIDER, HIGHER ANGLE

From back of bar on the group and front door. Lilly's profile in foreground.

WANDA

To us... with God's help.

JIM

The best.

LILLY
 No chance. Even the devil
 wouldn't have you...

They drink them down...

HENRY
 Give me a pack of breath chasers,
 Jim.

Henry places some bills on the bar, gives Wanda a kiss on the cheek, rises and is about to exit from the bar when Tully enters, well-dressed, sober.

There is a flash of daylight when she enters... we can barely see her.

39Q ANGLE ON THE DOOR AND TULLY

She steps part way into Henry's path causing him to pause a moment. As the door swings shut we get a glimpse of the DETECTIVE standing there. *

TULLY
 Pardon me, sir, but... are you the
 writer?

Henry smiles, doesn't answer, pushing her gently on the shoulder, going around her toward the door.

TULLY
 Who are you?

HENRY
 The eternal question and the
 eternal answer: I don't know.

Then Henry is out the door and Tully is left vaguely staring about the bar as if she had wandered into some chamber of dank half-horror...

She takes a few steps forward and stops when her eye catches Wanda's eyes and they stare at each other; but it is just for a moment, a most tiny moment, but in that moment it is as if two animals of prey have each recognized a dangerous adversary.

38R ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSE *

Wanda breaks the moment by turning her head to pick up her drink.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SHIFRIN COMPANY - DAY 40

A small factory. Henry finds his way through Mexican workers loading trucks.

41 INT. OFFICE - SHIFRIN COMPANY - SAME DAY 41

41A ANGLE ON LADY favoring her crossed legs. Henry is seen in foreground.

Henry sits in front of desk of the LADY. The Lady is a well-kept and well-schooled, in her late twenties. She wears a bright red slit dress and high-heeled shoes. Her legs appear around end of desk where Henry can see them. The slit bares long and unbelievably beautiful legs. Henry stares at the legs and then, as the lady speaks, he stares at her face.

LADY

There seem to be a great many gaps in your employment record.

HENRY

Uh huh.

He looks back at the legs.

LADY

How do you account for these gaps in your employment record?

HENRY

Anybody can get a job. It takes a man to make it without working.

LADY

What?

HENRY

I was just joking.

Henry looks back at the legs. Lady looks at Henry's application form.

LADY

Everything here seems to read none. Hobbies, none. Religion, none. Education, none. Even where it asks your sex you have written 'none'...

41B ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY

(smiles)

Well, hardly none. Okay, put down 'male'.

LADY

Would you intend to make a life-time career here at Shifrin's if we hired you?

HENRY

Yes, if my job paid what yours did and if it were just as easy.

41C ANGLE ON LADY - HENRY IN FOREGROUND

She reacts negatively.

HENRY

Okay. I'll be leaving...

Henry reaches forward and squeezes one of her knees. The Lady tears up Henry's application and throws it into the wastebasket.

LADY

(covering her legs
and pulling them
in under the desk)

All right. I'm not going to call the police. Just get out of here.

HENRY

Go ahead. Call the police. I won't deny anything.

LADY

Just go. Please go! You're totally disgusting!

41D ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY

I came for a job. You flashed me your legs, that's unfair!

41E ANOTHER ANGLE ON LADY

LADY

Get the fuck out of here, will you?

HENRY
 Okay, but I'm going to whack-off
 to those gams!

CUT TO:

42 INT. BAR - SAME DAY

42

42A ANGLE ON LILLY looking and listening.

*

42B WIDE ANGLE - JIM AND HENRY - LILLY'S POV

*

JIM
 (bringing beer)
 How'd the job go?

HENRY
 They gave me a hard-on. They
 couldn't use a hard-on.

42B ANGLE ON HENRY (CLOSER) as Jim puts the radio and shopping bag on top of the bar. The radio is on one side, the shopping bag on the other. Henry sits between them.

HENRY
 This is a world where everybody's
 got to do something. Somebody
 laid down this rule that
 everybody's got to do something,
 be something -- a dentist, a
 glider pilot, a narc, a janitor, a
 preacher. All that.

42C ANGLE ON JIM LISTENING

HENRY (cont'd)
 Sometimes I just get tired
 thinking of all the things I don't
 want to be, of all the things I
 don't want to do -- like go to
 India, get my teeth cleaned, save
 the whale. All that. I don't
 understand it.

JIM
 You're not supposed to think about
 it. I think the whole trick is
 not to think about it.

42D WIDER ANGLE ON JIM AND HENRY

Henry finishes his beer, puts some coins on the bar.

HENRY
Well, I guess Wanda went home.

JIM
Henry...

HENRY
Yeah?

JIM
Eddie came in with a fifth of Jim Daniels. Tonight's his night off. Ben's working his shift.

HENRY
Jim, I won't miss Eddie tonight.

JIM
Henry, Wanda left with Eddie.

Henry sits for some moments. Then --

HENRY
Jim...

42E ANGLE ON JIM - CLOSE UP

JIM
Yeah?

42F ANGLE ON HENRY - EXTREME CLOSE UP

HENRY
Scotch and water...

Henry sits motionless as Jim walks down to mix the drink.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. STREET - FROM WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

43 *

The Mobil Horse sign is still blinking in the early morning.

44 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

44

44A ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry is in the apartment alone, in bed. He has slept in his underwear. He is awakened by the first light of dawn. He kicks his legs out of bed, sits up, looks very hungover and goes to close the balcony door.

He goes into the living room and sits down by the coffee table.

- There is a brown paper bag and a pen on the coffee table. He picks up the pen and begins to hand-print on the paper bag.

He reads what he has written, crumbles it up, throws it on the floor.

44B ANGLE ON LIVING ROOM WINDOW FACING PARK - LATER

The sun is up. The PHONE RINGS. He jumps at it.

HENRY

No, this isn't...

He puts down the phone.

- He gets up and goes to the bathroom. We can hear gagging. He doesn't vomit but comes close. Henry walks out...

HENRY

(softly; almost
exhaling)

Shit...

He sits on the bed and places his hand on his stomach. Then he inhales and exhales rapidly. Then he stretches out on the bed, looks up at the ceiling.

He closes his eyes. Soon, in spite of his unhappiness, he is asleep...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

45 INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

45

45A ANGLE ON HENRY SLEEPING

from across the room. There is a SOUND of a KEY in the door. The door opens, Wanda enters. Henry is awakened by the sounds, sits up in bed.

45B ANGLE ON WANDA AT THE DOOR. She closes it. She looks
bedraggled and tries to pull herself together. She
goes into the bedroom. *

45C LOW ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV *

WANDA

Hello. I paid the rent.

Henry kicks his feet out of bed, sits into frame,
lights a cigarette. *

WANDA

Did you get the job?

HENRY

Yeah. I start tomorrow. Maitre'd
at Musso and Frank's.

WANDA

Listen, I told you not to leave me
alone.

Henry gets up from the bed and advances toward Wanda
and begins a pacing routine. *

She moves away to window, we PAN with her. *

WANDA

Don't hit me!

45D ANGLE ON HENRY - WANDA'S POV, PANNING and TILTING. *

HENRY

Hit you? I'm not your goddamned
pimp!

WANDA

Then stop acting like one!

HENRY

Why did it have to be Eddie? He
symbolizes everything that
disgusts me.

WANDA

You're right, he's not much. I
made an error, an unhappy error.
I drink. Sometimes when I drink I
move in a wrong direction.

45E ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV *

HENRY

Give up drinking then. Join Nancy
Reagan's War on Drugs.

WANDA

Drugs? People are drugged by the daily hustle, they're drugged by television, the newspapers, the freeways, they're drugged by the food they eat and the water they drink, they're drugged by credit cards and monthly payments...

HENRY

(sarcastically)

What a speech! Hey, hey!

WANDA

Go on, knock it! But if the people had more to live for, if the futility and the pain weren't always jumping them, then the drugs wouldn't be needed. Tell that to Nancy.

HENRY

Sure. I'll phone collect...

Henry sits back down on the bed.

HENRY

(pauses)

Every time I get with a woman something happens. It either happens sooner or it happens later. This time it happened pretty fast.

WANDA

Back to Eddie, huh? Listen, we've just met. You don't own me!

HENRY

Nobody owns anybody. I just thought we had a little something going. I guess it was just green corn. What are we, just people who pass in the hallways?

WANDA

What the hell do you want? What the hell do you expect?

HENRY

I know. I expect too much.

He pulls the bedcover up around his head, forms a cowl.

HENRY

I can't handle the scene. I ought
to be a fucking monk.

Wanda gets up, goes into the bathroom. We PAN with her
to include Henry throwing the blanket off. We PAN with
him as he walks to the window, looks out. He scratches
his ass through his shorts. She begins removing what's
left of her makeup with a large jar of cold cream. The
PHONE RINGS. Henry walks over and picks it up...

*

*

CUT TO:

46 INT. TULLY'S HOUSE - DAY

46

46A ANGLE ON TULLY and the phone in a rich and tasteful
living room.

Tully Sorenson is sitting, neatly and conservatively
dressed. She is attempting to light a cigarette with
difficulty as she speaks, finally does so just as the
conversation is about over. She is surrounded by the
photos we saw the detective take in Henry's room.

TULLY

Henry Chinaski?... This is Tully
Sorenson. I know this sounds like
I'm out of Norwalk or something
but I have this reason why I wish
to talk to you.

It becomes evident that Henry has hung up.

47 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY - A MOMENT LATER

47

47A ANGLE ON WANDA'S BATHROOM from outside the door. We
see Wanda reacting to the phone call. She is finishing
her makeup. We see her partly in the mirror. Henry
enters frame, pacing in the foreground.

*

*

WANDA

Well, what do you want to do?

HENRY

What can a man do with a third-
rate chippy?

WANDA

You keep talking like that and I'm
leaving.

We PAN with Henry as he walks over and opens the door. *

HENRY

I'll be a gentleman. I'll hold
the door open for you.

47B ANGLE ON WANDA, who is closing her cold cream jar. Wanda walks over to her purse, carrying the jar of cold cream. The CAMERA DOLLIES and PANS with Wanda to the purse. She puts the large jar of cold cream into it, closing it. Wanda has her purse in her hand. She walks to the door, turns, stands in the doorway.

WANDA

Okay, I'm going...

47C ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER

HENRY

Go on, go! I hope you find a live
one!

47D ANGLE ON WANDA - CLOSER

WANDA

You rotten son of a bitch.

47E ANGLE ON WANDA AND HENRY FAVORING HER BACK

Wanda raises her purse over her head as if to strike. Henry looks at her that way and laughs. He keeps his hands down. Wanda brings the purse down on Henry's head. Henry is stunned, wavers. Wanda is encouraged and brings the purse down again. Henry's knees buckle a bit.

47F ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER

HENRY

Stop! Please stop! You've got
something in there!

As Henry begins to show the effects of being hit with the purse Wanda is more and more encouraged. As his knees buckle lower his head is lower. Wanda begins to bring the purse down rapidly with swift hard strokes.

HENRY

Baby, baby, please stop!

47G ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV

Wanda continues with increased vigor.

HENRY
Baby, stop! I love you!

47H ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry slowly crumbles toward the floor. He falls flat. Wanda closes the door and is gone. Henry is stretched before the closed door, some blood is beginning to flow upon the floor...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

48 INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

48

48A ANGLE ON HENRY, regaining consciousness in a pool of blood. He shakes his head, slowly rises. He stands up, looks around. *

There is a CRASHING SOUND in the next apartment.

LOUIE'S VOICE

(loudly)

Get up, you whore! You used to
take a punch better than that!

WOMAN'S VOICE

(loudly)

Oh, go climb into a roach motel!

TRACK with Henry entering into the bathroom and looks in the mirror. His white undershirt and shorts are smeared with blood, his face and arms show patches of dried blood. He walks out of frame. *

48B ANGLE ON HENRY. The CAMERA is DOLLYING with him. *

He turns the RADIO on loud. It isn't the symphony station but a popular music station. A sickening modern song of love comes on over the radio. *

He lets it play on, walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator and there is almost 3/4 of a fifth of scotch. He takes the fifth and a glass and walks into the bathroom with them. He stands in front of the mirror, putting drinking glass in the sink. He unscrews cap from bottle and while holding bottle in one hand, he looks into mirror and feeling with his free hand locates the gash in his skull. He lifts the bottle and pours some of the contents over the wound.

Some of the scotch runs down the side of his face. Almost automatically he reaches a hand and gets some of the trickle. He licks his fingers, smiling gently. Then he picks up the glass, pours it half full with scotch, drinks it right off. Then he pours a lesser drink, drinks about half of that and while still holding the bottle down at his side in one hand and the remainder of the drink in the other, looking into the mirror:

HENRY

nothing matters
 but flopping on a mattress
 with cheap dreams and a drink
 as the leaves die and the animals
 die
 and the landladies stare in the
 halls;
 brisk music of pulled shades,
 a last man's cave
 in an eternity of swarm
 and explosion;
 nothing but the dripping sink,
 the empty bottle,
 euphoria,
 youth fenced in,
 stabbed and shaven,
 taught words
 propped up
 to die.

He smiles.

There is a KNOCK on the door. We PAN with Henry as he walks in his bloody underwear, holding the bottle in his hand as he opens the door. *

48C ANGLE ON THE OPEN DOOR *

It is the Detective in his forties with the moustache and the loud clothing. The RADIO is PLAYING another love song, loudly. *

DETECTIVE *

(in loud voice, to be
 heard over the radio)

Are you Henry Chinaski?

48D ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY

(loud voice)
No, I'm Leon Spinks!

DETECTIVE

(loud voice)

You look in bad shape. Should I
call a doctor?

48E ANGLE ON DETECTIVE - OVER THE SHOULDER OF HENRY.

HENRY

(loud voice)

No, thank you, I'm quite all
right!

Henry closes the door, drinks from his bottle. He walks toward CAMERA, stops, sees something in bedroom.

48F ANGLE ON WANDA'S DRESS ON CHAIR. Henry enters frame, grabs it, PAN with him into living room, he bundles dress up and gives it a kick. It sails across the room. He picks it up again, gives it another kick. It sails out the window. He is pleased, nods reverently. Goes to table, gets another dress, walks near window, bundles dress and kicks it through the open window which is four floors up.

He sticks his head out the window and watches:

48G ANGLE ON CLOTHES (HENRY'S POV) sailing to the ground. The RADIO still plays loudly. Henry is impassioned.

48H ANGLE ON HENRY IN ROOM, close to the clothes dresser.

He runs to the closet, comes out with an armful of Wanda's clothes, hurls it out the window. An ambulance SIREN can be HEARD outside. Henry runs to the dresser, finds panties and a bra, a pair of pantyhose. He runs to the window and throws them out. There is a loud KNOCKING on the door (O.S.). He exits the shot, furious.

49 EXT. LOT BESIDE APT. HOUSE 49

49A ANGLE ON HENRY throwing clothes and watching them fall from the window. We PAN and TILT DOWN with the clothes to the lot.

CUT TO:

50 INT. WANDA'S APT. - DAY 50

50A ANGLE ON DOOR. Furious, Henry enters frame and opens the door. LENNY and HARRY, two large men in white, unshaven, stand at the door.

HARRY
 (loudly, over the
 sound of the radio)
Where's the body?

HENRY
 (loudly)
There's no body!

HARRY
 (loudly)
We got a call somebody was dying
 up here!

HENRY
 (loudly)
No, everything is fine!

Harry steps inside. Lenny carries a black bag. He stands there as Harry searches the apartment out of frame. *

LENNY
 (loudly)
You know what each of these calls
 cost a taxpayer?

Henry looks at him, drinks his drink off. We PAN with them to reveal Harry in the living room. *

50B ANGLE ON LENNY AND HENRY *

HARRY
 (loudly)
I can't find anybody.

LENNY
 Jesus, why don't you turn your
 radio down?

Henry walks over and turns the RADIO OFF. We DOLLY with Henry.

HARRY
 Look, maybe this is something.

He bends to read the brown paper bag, then picks it up. *

HARRY
 (reads it out loud)
 I wonder how many other men
 Are laying in their shorts this
 morning
 Hungover
 Wondering what happened?
 And women in sweaty nighties
 Wondering the same thing?
 I guess loyalty is not too much
 In overabundance in humanity.

He throws the paper on the floor.

HARRY
 This guy is some kind of nut...

HARRY
 (to Henry)
 This is room 309, ain't it? *

HENRY
 Yes.

LENNY
 You didn't put in the call, did
 you?

HENRY
 No.

HARRY
 (pulling a small black
 notebook from his pocket)
 All right, sign this to show that
 we've been here.

Henry signs the book. The men walk to the bedroom
 door, look back at Henry. *

LENNY
 Listen, buddy, you don't look so
 good. You better go to bed or
 something.

They exit O.S. as Henry stands there. He looks at the
 bed. *

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

51 INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY 51

51A ANGLE ON HENRY

He is on the bed sleeping. An empty glass and the almost empty bottle sit on the nightstand. Henry awakens, sits up. He pours remainder of the bottle into his glass, drinks it off. He goes to the closet, puts on a shirt over his bloody underwear. *

MAN'S VOICE
(through apartment wall)
Goddamn you, who asked you
anything, anyhow?

SOUND of somebody being SLAPPED. A WOMAN SCREAMS. Then silence.

Henry gets up. He puts on his pants looking out the window, after Wanda's clothes in the lot below. *

51B ANGLE ON THE LOT (HENRY'S POV). They're still there.

51C ANGLE ON LIVING ROOM *

The PHONE RINGS. Henry rushes into frame to the phone. He is fully dressed. *

HENRY
Hello? Yes, I'm all right. Do I want to see you? Well, you know what Tolstoy said: "Regard the society of women as a necessary unpleasantness of life, and avoid it as much as possible." What? Yes, I know I'm in your apartment. I also know I've paid a month's rent here. Well, yes, I can always use a drink... Where'd you say you're phoning from? All right, see you in a minute.

Henry hangs up and rushes out of frame.

52 EXT. ROYAL PALM - (WANDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING) 52 *

Henry runs out of the main entrance of the building and exits frame. *

53 OMITTED 53 *

54 EXT. WANDA'S APT. BUILDING LOT 54 *

54A Henry gathers clothes and races back up with clothes in his arms.

55 INT. WANDA'S APT - DAY 55

55A ANGLE ON HENRY in the room near the dresser.

Henry rapidly begins hanging Wanda's clothing in the closet, putting underwear and things back in the wrong places. Henry HEARS Wanda's KEY TURNING in the door. He slams the dresser shut, grabs his drink, picks up newspaper and pretends to relax, looks up. *

55B ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV *

Wanda enters. She has a couple of sacks of goodies, drinking goodies: scotch and beer, and smokes. Wanda walks in with the sacks, and sets them down in front of him. *

WANDA

How's your head?

HENRY

My head needs a beer.

55C ANGLE ON HENRY - CLOSER *

Henry reaches into one of the sacks, extracts a can of beer, pulls open the tab and takes a good long drain. Wanda walks into the bathroom, starts the bathwater going.

WANDA (O.S.)

The booze is on Wilbur Evans. It's probably the last tab I'll be able to run on him. I guess it's not fair to Wilbur but he's got nothing but money.

HENRY

Yeah. Poor Wilbur.

He unpeels a scotch and begins to pour a couple of drinks.

WANDA

(now from living room)
What did you do while I was gone?

HENRY

I thought about going to a Woody Allen movie.

Henry pours out the two drinks, alongside his can of beer on the coffee table, looks up.

*

55B ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV

*

Wanda enters bedroom, and goes to closet. She can't find some dress and she's looking for it. She goes to the dresser and starts pulling drawers open and shut. She searches through the drawers, almost wildly.

*

WANDA

Where the hell are my panties?
Where the hell is anything? Did
an earthquake hit this place?

HENRY

I was looking for a lottery ticket.

WANDA

Lottery ticket? You don't play the lottery!

HENRY

Well...

WANDA

How was the movie? I know, you didn't go. You don't go to movies either.

HENRY

Well, I almost went. I just love the way Woody has all these problems leaping from one beautiful woman to another.

She crosses to the dresser where she finds a housedress, but is still a little confused.

WANDA

Is your head really all right?

HENRY

Oh, just fine...

Wanda has hung her clothes in the closet... She turns half-naked, comes to coffee table, picks up her drink, walks toward bathroom...

*

55C ANGLE ON HENRY

*

Henry is smiling after Wanda. Then he takes a hit from his drink. OFF SCREEN, Wanda shuts off the bathtub water so that we HEAR A SOUND through wall of apartment to south: DRUNKEN VOICES.

LOUIE (O.S.)

(loudly)

YOU'RE LIVING WITH A REAL MAN
NOW. I'M TOUGH AND I'M GOOD AND
I'M HARD.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(loudly)

I KNOW A PART OF YOU THAT NEVER
GETS GOOD AND HARD!

LOUIE (O.S.)

(loudly)

NOT FOR YOU, BABY! NO WAY EVER!

WOMAN (O.S.)

WHO FOR THEN? BETTE DAVIS, FORTY
YEARS AGO?

LOUIE (O.S.)

(loudly)

SHUT UP!

There is the loud crash of broken glass against the south wall. Henry laughs.

WANDA (O.S.)

(having heard Henry laugh)

What is it?

HENRY

It's hatred, the only thing that
lasts.

Henry gets the bottle, and exits frame to the bathroom. *

56 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

56

56A ANGLE ON WANDA in the bathtub. Henry enters frame.
CAMERA TRACKS INTO TWO SHOT. He sits by her side. *

Wanda holds out her glass and Henry fills it. He puts the toilet lid down and sits on it, takes a hit from the bottle.

WANDA

That guy beats up his old lady.
And I hear he's killed two guys.

HENRY
 (lighting a cigarette)
 No shit. How come he's out?

WANDA
 I don't know. He killed one guy
 and they put him in. Then he got
 out and killed another guy and now
 he's out again. Maybe it was
 self-defense or maybe it's our
 penal system. Anyhow, he's out on
 parole.

HENRY
 He must jack-off his parole
 officer when he comes around.

WANDA
 (from bathtub)
 I'm getting out...

HENRY
 Okay.

He exits and closes the bathroom door. *

57 INT. WANDA'S APT - DAY (SUNSET?) 57 *

57A ANGLE ON CHAIR AND COUCH *

Henry sits down on the chair. *

WANDA (O.S.)
 (talking from bathroom)
 Maybe this guy had a reason for
 killing.

HENRY
 Most people think they do.

57B ANGLE ON BEDROOM - HENRY'S POV *

Wanda walks into bedroom wrapped in a large towel. *

WANDA
 What are we going to do about us?

HENRY
 (standing up) *
 Us? Well, "us" is going to drink,
 I hope.

Wanda climbs into the bed and pulls the cover up, bundles the pillow under her head. Henry enters and sits down next to her, bottle in hand.

*
*

WANDA

Well, pour me one then.

HENRY

Oh... yeah...

WANDA

Thanks... I'm kind of sleepy. I don't know if it's the booze or what but I need a nap.

Wanda picks up her glass and takes a hit.

HENRY

Go ahead. I'll watch things... Listen, I didn't get that job.

WANDA

Tomorrow it's my turn. Okay, I've been a typist, a waitress... I can do it again...

HENRY

Don't do anything ridiculous. Maybe I can figure something out...

Wanda turns in the bed to get away from the light from the table lamp which is on Henry's side.

*

WE PAN with him into the living room. He sits on the couch. Henry lifts the bottle again, takes a hit. Then he inhales, exhales on his cigarette while staring at the bedroom. He starts writing.

*

*

*

57C ANGLE ON WANDA in bed asleep.

*

58 INT. APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

58

58A ANOTHER ANGLE on Wanda.

Wanda is still in an alcoholic sleep.

58B REVERSE ANGLE ON HENRY

*

Henry who is still sitting on the couch. The bottle is almost empty. He is again only in his bloody underwear. His clothes are thrown about him on the floor. He looks at the bottle, takes another hit. He has a pen and a piece of paper. He begins to print something out on the coffee table. Henry's VOICE OVER reads the text:

*

*

58B ANGLE ON THE PAPER AND THE WRITING

HENRY

Robert Frost said a woman makes a
man
Less of a man
But what else is a man good for?
To touch something finally.
And if that's weak, let it be
weak.
To feel good, to feel weak:
It's all right...

58C ANGLE ON HENRY. *

Henry puts the pen down, turns out the table lamp.
Neon lights of the city come through the window.

Henry is barely seen in the darkness. Mostly one sees
the glow of his cigarette as he lifts it to inhale,
lowers it. Some moments pass...

WANDA (O.S.)

(stirring)

Henry...

HENRY

Yes, what is it?

WANDA (O.S.)

Are you there?

HENRY

Yes, I'm right here...

WANDA (O.S.)

Henry, I'm going to die...

HENRY

What?

58D ANGLE ON WANDA IN BED *

WANDA (O.S.)

(sitting up in bed)

I'm going to die. I just saw this
angel. He came to take me. He
spread all across the room. He
had huge white wings. He was
beautiful and glowing. He came to
take me...

Henry enters frame and turns on light. He reaches over
and takes Wanda's hand, then feels her pulse. *

HENRY
You're going to be all right...

WANDA
Henry, you'd better call an ambulance.

HENRY
An ambulance?

WANDA
Yes, an ambulance. I saw this angel... I can't breathe! Henry, I'm going...

She lays down in the bed. Henry sits and looks at Wanda.

58E ANGLE ON WANDA CLOSE UP

She is very still, her eyes are closed.

HENRY (O.S.)
Operator? I need an ambulance...
No, better connect me with the county... I don't have any money... Thank you...

58F ANGLE ON HENRY ON PHONE

HENRY
Hello. I need an ambulance.
Royal Palm Apartments, 334
Westlake Place, South... A woman is dying. No, I'm not a doctor. I'm her boyfriend. There wasn't time for a doctor! I tell you, she's dying! Hurry up! 334 Westlake Place, South... Apartment 309... Hurry!...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

59

SEEN from the third floor, an ambulance arrives in front of Wanda's apartment building. PULL BACK to reveal Henry waiting at the window in living room. He looks down at ambulance and then at Wanda.

60 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

60

60A ANGLE ON WANDA IN BED. HENRY'S POV. There is a loud KNOCKING at the door. *

60B ANGLE ON DOOR. Henry crosses the shot to go to the door. *

He walks to door with bottle in hand. We PAN and DOLLY with him part of the way, following him to the door. Still dressed as before in the same bloody underwear he opens the door. The same two ambulance attendants stand there a moment, then push in. *

60C REVERSE ANGLE *

HENRY

What do you guys do, work the night shift and the day shift?

HARRY

I was going to ask you the same. *

LENNY (O.S.)

(with the black bag,
moving toward Wanda
in the bed)

This time he's got the body.

60D ANGLE ON WANDA FROM LIVING ROOM *

Henry re-enters the frame with Harry.

HARRY

(pulling out his little
black book, handing it
to Henry)

Sign here.

Henry signs, hands the book back, looks at Wanda in the background. *

Lenny has the black bag open. He has a stethoscope out, pokes it at various parts of Wanda's body, listens, looks at Henry.

60E ANGLE ON HENRY AND HARRY - LENNY'S POV

HARRY

(looking at Henry)
Jesus, man, don't you ever change
your underwear?

HENRY
 (looking at Wanda)
 Sorry.

HARRY
 Don't be sorry. Just change your
 underwear.

Lenny sticks the stethoscope inside the black bag, zips
 it up, walks up to Henry, into frame.

LENNY
 No more calls here tonight, buddy,
 we're not answering any more calls
 here tonight...

HENRY
 But what about Wanda?

LENNY
 Wanda? Is that her name? Well,
 Wanda's just drunk, and besides
 that she's too fat... Come on,
 Harry... Let's get out of here!

60F ANGLE ON WANDA. Closer.

Both men exit, close the door. (O.S.) The moment the
 door closes Wanda almost leaps upward into a sitting
 position on the bed.

WANDA
 Did you hear what that son of a
 bitch said?

HENRY
 He said you were all right.

As Henry exits frame we TRACK BACK slightly.

WANDA
 That son of a bitch said I was too
 fat!

Henry switches off the light and climbs into bed. It's
 dark except for the neon lights shining in the window.

WANDA
 He had no right to say that! Do
 you think I'm too fat, Henry?

HENRY
 No, no. You're just right.
 Perfect.

WANDA

I thought so. Thank you.

HENRY

Look, if you're going to look for that job in the morning, we'd better get some sleep.

WANDA

I'll look for the job. I just don't understand that angel. I'll bet you don't believe I saw him.

60G WANDA'S POV INTO EMPTY LIVING ROOM *

The neon horse flaps his wings in the distance. *

HENRY

I believe you. It must have been kind of awesome.

WANDA

There was this strange, beautiful music playing...

HENRY

I'm glad he had the wrong address. I would have missed you badly.

WANDA

You lying S.O.B.!

They embrace and kiss as scene...

CUT OUT.

NEW X-60 EXT. WANDA'S APT. ROYAL PALMS BUILDING - DAY

NEW X-60*

HENRY AND WANDA in the morning are walking out of Wanda's building. We TRACK down the street with them. *

HENRY

Look, why don't you wait another day? Say when you're feeling better...

WANDA

I said I'd look for a job. What do you want me to do, go back on my drunken babble?

HENRY

Yes.

X-60B EXT. WESTLAKE AVENUE - DAY

X-60B*

We TRACK BACK with them down the street. *

WANDA

The angel came. That was a warning to get straight.

HENRY

You don't believe in that crap, do you?

WANDA

Sure, the more crap you believe in, the better off you are. Listen, do you have a cigarette?

Henry reaches into his pocket, finds a pack, extracts a smoke. Then, holding the cigarette in one hand he searches about himself for matches, can't locate. As he continues to look...

HENRY

Where the hell are you going, anyhow? *

WANDA

I've got a couple of places in mind... I used to clerk-type... Christ, don't you have a match? *

An old bum is slowly ambling toward them from a vacant lot. He looks just upon the edge of death. Each step is an agony that almost screams across the earth. His clothing is completely tattered. He stinks awfully. He seems at the end. *

HENRY

Hey, buddy!

Bum pauses, wavers before Wanda and Henry with his eyeless eyes.

BUM

Huh?

HENRY

(cigarette now dangling from his mouth)
You got a light?

BUM

(in an almost cultured English accent)
Well, indeed, I do have that! *

And then, with a sudden and magical grace, he becomes alive, reaches into his pocket and like a young re-born man, with great and easy style, he brings forth a beautiful lighter, flicks it into flame and applies it to the end of Henry's cigarette. He nods with aplomb as Henry gets the light, then replaces the lighter, again with the most youthful and delicate grace. All the bum's movements have been almost ballet-like.

HENRY

Thank you, very much.

BUM

The pleasure is more than mine,
sir --

(and nodding,
in a half bow)

-- and my lady...

But as he walks off the bum once again resumes his almost dead man role, painfully moving down the street. *

Henry hands the cigarette to Wanda who inhales, exhales.

WANDA

See, the angels are everywhere.

HENRY

It's time those fuckers came out
of hiding...

X-60C EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

X-60C*

People are getting on a bus. *

HENRY *

You got bus fare?

WANDA *

Yeah, wish me luck.

Wanda enters bus door glancing back at Henry. He gives her the right "thumbs up" as the door closes and bus drives off. Henry crosses the street. *

NEW Y-60 INT. HALLWAY WANDA'S APT. BUILDING - DAY

NEW Y-60

We TRACK behind Henry walking down the hall toward Wanda's apartment. He pauses when he notices a woman waiting in front of the apartment. She is dressed casually but appears apprehensive. Her very apprehensiveness gives an innocence and an elevation to her actual beauty. *

Henry walks up close to the woman, stops.

TULLY

Mister?

HENRY

Blake. Bill Blake. Look...

TULLY

You're Henry Chinaski. I tried your door but you weren't in. On a hunch, I decided to wait a bit.

Y-60B ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY AND TULLY

HENRY

All right, I'm Chinaski. But I don't owe any bills. If you're from a collection agency, forget it.

TULLY

I'm Tully Sorenson. We met each other at your bar... Can I come in for a moment?

HENRY

Well...

TULLY

Look, I'm not going to consume you or anything.

HENRY

All right. Come in.

61 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT

61

61A-

61B OMITTED

61C He waves at a chair. We PAN and DOLLY to a DIFFERENT ANGLE favoring Tully as she sits down in the chair, crosses her legs, lights a cigarette. She is nervous.

TULLY

I feel entirely foolish.

61D ANGLE ON HENRY, over Tully.

HENRY

(who is taken by her upper-class handsomeness)
How come? Care for a beer?

TULLY

All right.

Henry goes to the kitchen and gets a can of beer. He exits frame.

61E ANGLE ON TULLY

Tully glances about the cheap apartment and the writing on the coffee table.

Henry enters with the two cans of beer and the glass. He slips his beer can under his left arm pit, holds it there, pulls tab of Tully's beer, pours part of a glassful, hands glass to Tully, places can on arm-table near her chair. Then he walks over to his chair, sits down, pulls the tab on his beer, has a good swallow.

TULLY

I'm one of the main producers of
The Contemporary Review of Art and
Literature.

HENRY

Producers.

TULLY

Well, I own the magazine.

Henry walks to the bottle of the night before. There is a hit in it. He takes it. Turns towards Tully.

HENRY

So?

TULLY

So, we've discovered you.

HENRY

I had an idea that I'd be
discovered after my death.

TULLY

You look well on the way. You
might beat our deadline.

HENRY

What's this "deadline" crap?

TULLY

Don't you remember? You've sent
dozens of stories. Are you that
out of it?

HENRY
I don't think so.

TULLY
Why did you send your stuff to us?

HENRY
I like the title of the mag. It boggled my scrotum.

TULLY
We liked your stuff because it was simple and raw.

Henry looks nervously at his empty bottle, his empty beer can.

HENRY
Let be be raw then: You don't seem to be enjoying your beer.

Tully laughs, holding up her beer can. Henry takes it, has a good hit... Then, the can is empty. He tosses it off.

TULLY
Why don't you stop drinking? Don't you want to achieve anything?

HENRY
I have. Plenty of hangovers.

TULLY
Anybody can be a drunk...

HENRY
Anybody can be a non-drunk. It takes a special talent to be a drunk. It takes endurance. Endurance is more important than truth.

TULLY
Nothing is more important than truth... Anyhow, you've had some luck. We're taking your last story, THE DRUNKEN BOAT IS SINKING.

HENRY
 (wavering a bit in
 drunkenness and
 surprise)
 Better than Rimbaud, right?

TULLY
 Rimbaud would have liked it...
 Anyhow, we pay upon acceptance.

She reaches into her purse, finds check, hands it to Henry. Henry holds it, oddly staring at it, mathematically transferring in his mind how many drinks said check could purchase.

TULLY
 You change your address quite a bit, don't you? And without leaving a forwarding address? I had to hire a private detective to find you, to follow you...

HENRY
 Ah, the guy in the clothes, eh?

Tully nods. Henry looks at the check again.

HENRY
 Hey, wait. I can't cash this fucking thing.

LOUIE (O.S.)
 (with much volume from
 wall to south)
 OKAY WHORE! THIS IS IT! I CAN'T
 STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE! YOU'RE
 LIKE SOME LEECH IN THE CENTER
 OF --

61F ANGLE ON TULLY. CAMERA behind couch -- over Tully's shoulder -- we see the far wall. She is listening to O.S. dialogue of Louie. She feels awkward and helpless and looks at Henry, in profile, we PAN to him. *

LOUIE (cont'd)
 -- MY MIND EATING AWAY AT ME!
 THIS IS IT! SO HELP ME, CHRIST,
 I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU OFF NOW!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 PLEASE, LOUIE! OH NO, LOUIE!
 PLEASE DON'T, LOUIE! NO, NO, NO!

There are some minor SOUNDS, then large loud SOUNDS mixed with terrified FEMALE SOUNDS.

HENRY
(to Tully)
Wait here. I'll be back...

As he exits into hallway, we PAN back to her and hold. *

CUT TO:

62 INT. HALL - DOOR TO APARTMENT 308 - DAY 62 *

62A ANGLE ON HENRY at the door

Henry lunges against door, bounces back. Then he kicks at door just above lock with his right foot.

Tully appears in the background in the hallway of Wanda's apartment. *

63 INT. APT. 308 AND HALLWAY - DAY 63

63A The door breaks open. Henry enters. *

63B ANGLE ON LOUIE AND WOMAN *

A tall, thin man, LOUIE, is seen with his hands about a WOMAN'S throat. She is in a bed and he beats her head down against the back of the bed. She is nothing but a white thin stick of a creature.

When the man Louie sees Henry, he releases his hold, stands and looks at Henry.

Louie's face is sallow and yellow, long thin hairs stick straight out from his face. He has a small round full mouth, wet, and his teeth are decaying and spotted with black. He has bloodshot eyes, small very round ears. He is slump-shouldered, barefooted, he wears old pants and is in an undershirt. Small cheap tattoos are on his thin arms. His female companion lies quietly in the bed, semi-conscious.

LOUIE
Hey, man! You got a search
warrant? You owe me for a lock
and a door!

Henry enters the frame.

HENRY
I don't like the way you're
handling your woman.

LOUIE
That right, buddy? Where you from
anyhow?

63C CLOSER ANGLE ON HENRY

LOUIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Don't you know she likes it?

63D ANGLE ON WOMAN AND LOUIE

Apparition rises and clammers about bars of her crib,
spittle rolling from her mouth.

WOMAN
Fuckin' A-right! Get your ass out
of here, buster! We don't need no
fucking Chamber of Commerce
clearance to play around here!
Move out!

With that the Woman goes back into a state of semi-
consciousness.

LOUIE
It's love, you see? Anything else
bothering you?

63E ANGLE ON HENRY AND LOUIE, favoring Henry.

HENRY
Yeah. How'd you kill your two
men?

LOUIE
Easy. I got one in a Standard
station with a jack handle!
Gutted another at a Roller Derby
with the neatest six-inch
switchblade you ever seen.

HENRY
I just don't like you.

63F ANGLE ON LOUIE over Henry.

LOUIE
That's just the way the nature of
things works. I don't like you --

63G ANGLE ON HENRY. Watching.

LOUIE (O.S.)
-- you don't like me.

Henry stands there. They look at each other. Henry turns and begins to walk toward the door.

LOUIE (O.S.)
Hey, man!

63H ANGLE ON WOMAN AND LOUIE

LOUIE (cont'd)
Watch this one!

Louie reaches into the crib and picks up the Woman by the throat. He bounces her head against the wood of the bed quickly three times. Henry ENTERS shot.

63I ANOTHER ANGLE favoring Henry.

HENRY
Okay, killer, want to try for three?

63J ANGLE ON HENRY AND LOUIE

Henry charges. They grab each other and wrestle. As they struggle, Louie draws a switchblade.

63K ANGLE ON LOUIE'S HAND AND SWITCHBLADE. It is held low, below them, flicks open.

63L ANGLE ON HENRY AND LOUIE. Louie slips upon a wine bottle that is upon its side.

63M ANGLE ON HENRY AND WOMAN. Louie falling out of frame. He falls from Henry's grasp and somehow manages to stab himself with his own switchblade. Henry looks down. The Woman in background also.

63N HIGH ANGLE ON LOUIE on the floor. He slowly withdraws his switchblade from the wound.

LOUIE
(looking up at Henry)
Nothing but dumb luck,
motherfucker.

63-O ANGLE ON HENRY. Woman in background, listening.

HENRY
(looking down)
Yeah, but that counts, too.

Henry exits shot. *

63P WIDER ANGLE on Henry walking out the door. *

CUT TO:

64 INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

64

64A ANGLE ON TULLY AND THE DOOR

Henry enters. We PAN with him to the phone. Tully reenters shot in the foreground. He picks up the telephone, and dials.

HENRY

Hello. I need an ambulance.
Royal Palm Apartments, 334
Westlake Place, South. Apartment
308. Hurry up! A man is dying
and maybe a woman.

(pause)

I tell you it's for real this
time. There's a guy on the floor
gutted and a woman in bed with her
head split open! Okay, and hurry
(hangs up; looks at Tully)

We've got to get out of here!

Tully is turned toward the camera with her back toward Henry. She's nervously trying to light a cigarette... She looks up trying to think "why." She turns toward Henry quizzically, her back to us.

CUT TO:

65 INT. - EXT. CAR - STREETS - DAY

65

65A ANGLE ON TULLY AND HENRY

Tully is driving with her convertible west on Sunset Boulevard. Henry sits nervously looking out the window at the shops, at the people walking by. Turns, looks at Tully. *

HENRY

(loudly)

I TELL YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
THE SUCKER TRIED TO KILL ME! THE
GODS INTERVENED!

Henry smiles, starts the car, punches the CLASSICAL MUSIC station on the RADIO. He backs the car out. The girl turns her head. He smiles. *

She walks up gracefully, leans her arms on the window ledge, looks into the car. Henry smiles engagingly.

Girl leans her head further into the car. She looks down at Henry's center.

GIRL

For seventy-five dollars I'll suck you until your asshole rumbles like a volcano!

HENRY

I can always tell a class lady when I see one.

Henry puts car in gear, guns it forward swiftly, almost tearing girl's head off. *

Girl straightens her dress, gets herself together and screams:

GIRL

YOU GOD DAMNED FAG!

She walks along the sidewalk towards Henry's car. *

Henry stops the car, but leaves the engine running. *

68 OMITTED *

69 EXT. STREET - BANK - DAY

69 *

Tully is seen exiting from bank. She walks up to car, slides in. Hands Henry the cash. He jams it into one of his pockets.

HENRY

Thanks much, really. There have been many angels around lately.

(pause)

Which way, my dear angel?

70 INT. CAR. - DAY (MOVING SHOT) - SUNSET

70

TULLY

Just pull on out, take a right. I'll guide you.

Henry starts to pull the car forward. *

70A ANGLE ON GIRL - (MOVING SHOT) - THEIR POV *

The girl is walking along. She looks over at the car, *
speaks to Tully who is nearest her. *

GIRL

Your boyfriend is a goddamned fag!

She spits at the car.

ANGLE ON HENRY AND TULLY *

Henry pulls out and into traffic.

TULLY

What was all that?

HENRY

A mis-directed animosity. She
doesn't know a damn thing about
me.

As they drive down the boulevard:

TULLY

But I know something about you.

HENRY

Really?

He punches the classical music button again.

RADIO VOICE

We will now give you our calendar
of events...

Henry snaps the radio off.

TULLY

I know that you were born on
August the 16th at 10 PM. Your
mother's name is Katherine; your
father's name is Paul. You
haven't seen them in five years.
An only child, you were sick
through most of your childhood.

70B ANGLE ON TULLY

TULLY (cont'd)

Two years at L.A. City College. You've been jailed twelve times, eleven for common drunk, one time for aggravated assault and battery. You like Mozart and Mahler. You have an aunt and uncle in Palm Springs. You can't dance. You hate movies. You like avocados and Schopenhauer.

70C ANGLE ON HENRY AND TULLY

HENRY

Your man earned his money.

TULLY

When I read your stories I had to find out. They made me feel, and they made me curious, very curious. Listen, you can really write. Why do you live like a bum?

HENRY

I am a bum. What do you want me to do, write about the sufferings of the upper classes?

TULLY

Well, it may be news to you, but they suffer too.

HENRY

Nobody suffers like the poor.

Henry stops at a stoplight. He looks ahead. *

70D ANGLE ON LOVEBIRDS - HENRY'S POV

In the car in front of them a young couple begins to kiss (Lovebirds). *

70E ANGLE ON HENRY, looking ahead.

HENRY

I'm worried about that guy who got knifed. But I think he just got it in the side.

70F ANGLE ON LOVEBIRDS

HENRY (cont'd)
When you get it in the stomach,
that's bad.

The two in the car in front continue to hold their long
kiss.

70G ANGLE ON LOVEBIRDS AND HENRY AND TULLY in foreground. *

The light has changed and the Lovebirds are holding up
the traffic in the inner lane.

HENRY
SHIT!
(he honks the horn)

The Lovebirds stop kissing, the man puts the car in
gear and pulls out, looks back, gives Henry the finger.

70H ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry, without change of expression, follows the car.

TULLY
Maybe they're in love.

HENRY
You can call it love; I'd call it
unoriginal exhibitionism.

TULLY
Maybe it's only that you want to
be the one kissing her.

HENRY
Maybe, but I wouldn't put it on
parade.

TULLY
Why aren't you more romantic?
Think of making love, say, on a
rollercoaster?

HENRY
These vain idiots, I'll give them
a 'rollercoaster'! What they
really need is a little hint of
death. That's the awakener!

70K ANGLE ON HENRY

Henry is upset. He almost hits the Lovebirds' car still in front of him as the light ahead turns red.

70L ANGLE ON THE LOVEBIRDS' CAR

It is stopped. The Lovebirds are being what they are. Suddenly their car starts moving and Tully's car is revealed with Henry and Tully pushing it from behind. Henry's bumper is against the bumper of the car in front.

70M ANGLE ON HENRY'S FOOT ON GAS. He steps on the gas and is slowly pushing the car in front of him out into the cross traffic. The girl in the car ahead begins screaming.

70N ANGLE ON HENRY AND TULLY (closer from the driver's side).

Henry is pushing the other car. Tully's car is moving through the frame. The other cars are stopped at the light.

TULLY

My god, stop! Are you crazy?

HENRY

Yes.

70-0 ANGLE inside the Lovebirds' car from the driver's side. The Girl is screaming. The driver is trying to stop the car.

70P WIDER ANGLE ON THE TRAFFIC INTERSECTION. Lovebirds' car is being pushed into intersection. The cars coming at us have to go out of their way to avoid the Lovebirds' car. The Man inside leans his head outside his car in a panic.

70Q ANGLE INSIDE HENRY'S CAR over Henry and Tully's heads as the Lovebirds' car slowly inches ahead and the man turns, yells back...

MAN

Hey, you son of a bitch! What the hell are you doing? Stop it!

The man begins to open his car door. Henry leaps out and moves forward. When the man eyes the creature with the beaten face and old clothing getting out of the new convertible he pulls his car door shut and begins to roar off the frame.

70R ANOTHER ANGLE ON HENRY AND TULLY. Henry gets back into the Mercedes and drives off down Sunset.

TULLY

That whole thing was dumb, childish. It was an impetuous act of a spoiled asshole.

HENRY

So you hired a dick to find an asshole.

71 INT./EXT. TULLY'S CAR (MOVING) ON MULHOLLAND DR. NEW 71
- DAY

TULLY

All right, take a right at the black gate and go on up...

(smiling, almost to laughter)

What do you want to be when you grow up?

The car stops in front of an electric gate.

HENRY

You know, Tully, I'm not pretending to be anything, that's the point.

The car goes up a driveway with a view of the city below.

TULLY

You mean, not being anything holds some kind of wisdom for you?

HENRY

Yeah.

They pass a guest house by a swimming pool.

TULLY

(pointing)

That's the guest house!

*

72 EXT. TULLY HOUSE - PORCH - DAY 72

72A ANGLE ON CAR. Henry and Tully.

Henry brings the car to a quick halt before the garage door.

TULLY
I suppose you need a drink?

HENRY
Yeah. Like a spider needs a
fly...

73 INT. TULLY'S HOME - DAY

73 *

73A ANGLE ON THE DOOR - HENRY AND TULLY

Henry and Tully enter. She puts her purse on a table. She goes to get the drinks. Henry looks around. He is in a very tasteful environment, filled with paintings, rugs, and primitive art.

*

Tully produces a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. She hands Henry a glass and the bottle.

*

TULLY
(laughing)
Here. You're the bartender. How does it feel to be on the other end?

73B ANGLE ON HENRY (unscrewing the cap, looking at her).

HENRY
Either way's great as long as the bottle pours...

73C ANGLE ON TULLY

TULLY
It seems to be a limited world. Is there anything else to it?

73D ANGLE ON HENRY. As Tully is speaking Henry notes a pair of glasses on the piano. He puts them on.

*

HENRY
No, it's a self-sufficient delusion.

TULLY
One of the editors left these here.

He takes the glasses off, offers her a drink. She hesitates, then accepts.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Henry and Tully have been drinking. They are sitting on the couch. There is one empty bottle of whiskey; they are working on a second.

Tully takes the bottle on the coffee table and pours new drinks, spilling some of the drinks upon the coffee table.

She sets the bottle down again. She is drunk.

TULLY

Listen, what are you doing here, anyhow?

HENRY

I was your chauffeur, then I was your bartender, and now...

TULLY

And now, this is as far as it goes...

HENRY

I'll leave. I'll catch a bus back...

Henry starts to rise. Tully motions him back a moment. Henry sits back down.

TULLY

You know, in the guesthouse you could write in peace.

HENRY

Nobody who can write worth a damn ever writes in peace.

TULLY

I take it you don't care much for my world?

HENRY

No, it's a cage with golden bars.

TULLY

(wavering badly,
quite intoxicated)

Listen, you better go... I'm sorry for all this... Not used to drinking... I've got to sleep it off...

Tully staggers badly... Henry leaps up, catches her, steadies her.

HENRY

Easy now, easy... Where's the bedroom?

(looks to the right where door is slightly ajar showing what is obviously a bedroom)

Ah, there! Hold on now.

Henry guides Tully into bedroom, gets her to the bed where he stretches her out, takes off her shoes...

TULLY

I can't sleep with my clothes on...

HENRY

Well, all right... wait a moment...

Henry sits in a chair, bends over, unlaces his shoes, kicks off one, then the other...

FADE OUT:

*

75 INT. TULLY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

75

*

Henry awakens. Sits up. Looks around. Tully seems still asleep. Henry looks down at her. Pulls at her arm.

HENRY

Tully? Tully, baby...

Henry reaches under, tugs at her under one shoulder.

HENRY

Tully...

TULLY

(awakening)

What is it?

HENRY

Tully, I've got to go...

TULLY

No, you can stay here. You can have the guesthouse. Privacy. You can get your work done. You don't belong on the streets. You can write a novel, here, take your time...

HENRY

I've got to go.

He gets up and starts getting dressed.

TULLY

What is it? What went wrong?

HENRY

I belong on the streets. I don't feel right here. It's like I can't breathe!

TULLY

You're just not used to goodness, to easiness. You can grow into it.

HENRY

Growing's for plants. I hate roots.

Henry finishes dressing. Stands before Tully in the bed.

HENRY

I've got to go.

Tully sits up in bed. She turns her head away from Henry as she talks. She looks toward the far wall.

TULLY

You had all this feeling in your stories... I thought maybe it came from you...

She looks forward again, glances at Henry for an instant, then suddenly grabs the sheet, covers her face as if to cry. Then she pulls the sheet away, looks at Henry.

TULLY

No, I'm not going to cry. You fooled me, that's all. It's been done before.

HENRY

Look, I didn't mean to do anything
ugly.

TULLY

Forget it.
(in a medium-low tone)
Anyhow, you were a lousy lover.
Get out.

Henry walks out of the bedroom as Tully sits up listening. Then she hears the front DOOR of the house CLOSE. She sits up in bed, slowly gets out, walks into the dining room where the drinking of the night before took place. She sits on the couch opposite the coffee table. There is still an open bottle of whiskey sitting there, one-third full. She uncaps the bottle, pours a small amount of whiskey into her glass (straight, no mix), lifts the glass and drinks it off. As she sits her glass down, the jolt of whiskey hits her and she makes a small face. She waits a moment, then pours another drink, this time a bit larger. She drinks it right off, sets her glass back down. For a moment, nothing registers on her face. Then a small smile appears, gets larger, almost as if she understood Henry's need to drink. She sits motionless.

CUT TO:

76 INT. HALL LEADING TO WANDA'S APARTMENT, 309 - NIGHT 76 *

76A ANGLE ON HENRY AND THE HALL

We TRACK back as Henry walks down the hall with two large bags of goodies. We PAN as he nears 309, he stops at 308, the scene of the knifing. He listens. He stands a moment before door 309. He's apprehensive. Finally he sets the bags down, gets out his key and unlocks the door. *

77 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 77

77A ANGLE ON WANDA in the bed.

Wanda is in the bed, passed out. Two empty wine bottles, one glass and an ashtray full of gutted cigarettes are on the table.

78 INT. WANDA'S APT. - BEDROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

78

78A ANGLE ON HENRY.

He walks into the kitchen with the bags. He doesn't turn on any lights. All that lights the place are neon lights and the moon. He empties the bags. In one of the bags are a bouquet of roses, red roses. The remainder of things are beer, scotch, cigars, cigarettes. He fixes two drinks. Walks into the other room with the drinks, we PAN with him. He stops in doorway between living room and bedroom, looking at Wanda.

*
*
*
*

78B ANGLE ON WANDA - HENRY'S POV Closer view of the bed. In front of the window, Henry and Wanda are silhouetted against the city lights.

*
*

HENRY (O.S.)

Wanda...

Wanda stirs. Henry enters shot.

*

HENRY

(again)

Wanda...

Wanda opens her eyes, brushes one of her hands across her eyes.

WANDA

You... Where the hell you been?

Henry holds out glass to Wanda.

HENRY

I've brought you a little drink...

Wanda sits up in bed, takes the drink, drinks about half, sets glass down on night stand. Henry sits in a chair near the bed, sips at his drink, sets glass upon night stand, takes an expensive cigar out of his pocket, bites off end, lights it, inhales, exhales.

HENRY

Ah...

WANDA

Where've you been? I've been so worried. I thought maybe you had been hit by a car or something. But you weren't, were you? You were with some woman.

She leans close to Henry, sniffs.

WANDA
I smell it! Perfume! Don't get
near me, you pig!

HENRY
(turns on light) *
Look what I found.

Henry stands up, reaches into his pants pocket. He
throws all the money on the bed covers.

WANDA
It's frightening! What have you
done? Did you kill somebody?

Henry laughs. He walks over to the coffee table, picks
up the two empty wine bottles, goes into the kitchen.

Wanda picks up her drink, has another hit. Then she
picks up Henry's glass and has a hit from that.

78C ANGLE ON HENRY

We DOLLY and PAN with him to a closer view including
Wanda and the bed. Henry comes out of the kitchen with
a wine bottle in each hand. In each wine bottle are
stuck four or five red roses. He sets the bottles on
the table.

HENRY
For you. Before the angel can get
you.

WANDA
You crazy ass. How about a
refill?

She finishes her glass. He fills both glasses, sits
down in the chair again, puffs on the cigar.

WANDA
That cigar smells so good. Can I
have a puff?

HENRY
Sure...

Hands cigar to Wanda. Wanda inhales, begins to cough,
then gags. Wanda hands cigar back.

WANDA
It sure smells better than it
tastes.

HENRY
(puts cigar into his
mouth, inhales, exhales)
Yeah.

Wanda climbs out of bed, walks to closet, begins
dressing.

HENRY
What are you doing?

WANDA
Dressing.

HENRY
I know. But why?

WANDA
I just can't stand lying under
that cover of money. It feels so
dumb. I don't know.

HENRY
Money isn't dumb. They say it
talks, you know.

Wanda continues to dress.

WANDA
By the way, the cops came by...

HENRY
Came by where? Here?

Wanda has finished dressing.

78D ANGLE ON WANDA

She walks to the night stand, picks up her drink, has
some of it. She sits on the edge of the bed facing
Henry who is in the chair with his cigar and his
drink. We PAN with her to include Henry.

HENRY
Well, come on... Did they come
here?

WANDA

Not here. It was next door at 308. Two ambulance guys carried them out. Her skull was smashed in; he'd been shanked...

*

HENRY

Was he alive?

WANDA

He must have been, he was smoking a cigarette.

HENRY

(stands up)

Great!

78E ANGLE ON WANDA, suprised. Henry walks in and out of frame.

*

WANDA

Henry, I didn't get the job.

HENRY

That's all right. The same thing happened to a lot of people today. Let's take this money and go down to the bar and celebrate...

WANDA

All right.

Henry walks over to the bed and begins to gather up the money from the bed cover. Then he has all the money bunched in his two hands.

78F ANGLE ON HENRY. POV Wanda.

*

Henry holds the money out in front of him, facing Wanda.

HENRY

Let's go, baby...

CUT TO:

79 INT. BAR - NIGHT

79

79A Henry and Wanda enter, Henry with new cigar.

78B LOWER ANGLE, Henry and Wanda in foreground.

All the regulars are at the bar, including Jim. When they see Wanda and Henry they cheer as if they have been gone for centuries.

79C CLOSER ANGLE on Henry and Wanda DOLLYING past the patrons and sit down: The camera moves in on Eddie, Henry and Wanda. Jim is in the background.

Eddie walks up. Jim gets up to greet Henry. *

EDDIE
(looking between them
rather than at them)

Yeah?

WANDA
Scotch on the rocks.

HENRY
Same. And I'm buying for the
house...

More cheers from the patrons. Jim is walking around the bar. *

EDDIE
Look, your credit's no good. You
gotta have the green.

ANGLE ON HENRY - CAMERA BEHIND HER *

Henry blows a small amount of cigar smoke into Eddie's face, then flashes part of the wad in his pocket -- a few fifties, twenties and tens...

EDDIE
This can't be true...

HENRY
Go on. Start trotting... My
friends are thirsty.

ANGLE ON EDDIE *

Eddie turns around and picks up bottle. Jim, the day bartender, stands behind Henry and Wanda. *

JIM
I missed you, Henry. You too,
Wanda...

There is an empty stool next to Henry.

HENRY

Please sit down, Jim.

Jim sits down as Eddie reenters and runs about filling orders. All the patrons are hollering at him. They want their free drinks. The camera is behind Eddie as he pours one drink after another to the faces and glasses of the patrons.

*

79D ANGLE ON JIM, HENRY AND WANDA. We see Eddie behind them pouring drinks at the far end of the bar near the door in the distance.

JIM

Eddie claims the last time you whipped him it was a fluke. He says he wants to try you again.

HENRY

Now, Jim, you know I whipped him because I finally got some food in my gut.

JIM

You been eating lately?

HENRY

Oh oh. Come to think of it, I haven't.

JIM

All that money and you haven't been eating. What the hell you been up to?

WANDA

What do you think? Mr. Vanbilderass came home reeking of perfume!

JIM

(to Henry)

Eddie's going to jump you tonight. You better go out and eat something.

HENRY

Too late for that. Eddie would think I was running.

JIM
What do you care what he thinks?

HENRY
(to Wanda)
If Eddie whips me, you going home
with him?

As Henry turns to Wanda, the camera begins to move in slowly on Henry and Wanda.

WANDA
One mistake is enough for me.
It's you and me.

HENRY
Good girl...

At this moment bar door opens and Grandma Moses enters. She stands a moment to gather her surroundings and is close enough to hear Henry's and Wanda's conversation.

WANDA
But I'll tell you something... *

HENRY
Yeah?

WANDA
If I find that one you went to bed
with I'll rip all her parts off!

GRANDMA MOSES
Well honey, it wasn't me.

She walks down and finds a seat at the bar.

Now all the drinks have been served to the patrons. Henry raises his glass... and stands... we BOOM up and PAN slightly to reveal Eddie and the patrons toasting.

HENRY
To all my friends...

All the patrons lift their glasses except Eddie, who doesn't have one.

Eddie carrying two bottles in each hand, appears both servile and a little pissed off for the rapid pace. Henry's looking at him. Eddie looks at Henry, and then at the demanding patrons. *

- 79E ANGLE ON THE CROWD. Eddie's POV of the patrons.
- 79F ANGLE ON EDDIE, looking at the crowd with ennui and then to Henry.
- 79G ANGLE ON HENRY, the patrons demanding behind him.

HENRY

Eddie, you're in... Pour yourself one...

He turns his back on Eddie and sits back down among the screaming patrons.

REVERSE ANGLE on Lilly over Wanda and Henry's shoulders. *

They drink their drinks down, all except for Lilly, who sits in front of hers. Eddie crosses, his back to us, through the frame, passing across Lilly. *

LILLY

He's like a wet rat; a wet rat in the rain...

Eddie enters, stops in front of Henry, the CAMERA PANS up as Henry looks up.

EDDIE

The drinks come up to 18 bucks.

- 79H ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY

(peels off a 20)
Keep the change. Buy yourself some bubble gum.

(LOUD)

AND ONE MORE DRINK FOR EVERYBODY.

- 79-I VARIOUS ANGLES

The patrons hear. There is another loud cheer.

- 79J ANGLE ON EDDIE

EDDIE

(picks up the money)
Listen, punk, there's something I've got to let you know. Last time I fought you I had the flu.

79K ANGLE ON HENRY

HENRY

And this time when you fight me
you'll think you have malaria.
But first pour that new round of
drinks.

70L ANGLE ON EDDIE

EDDIE

I'll pour 'em. And I'm going to
phone Ben. He'll tend the bar
while I tend you.

79M ANGLE ON JIM, HENRY, WANDA. Henry is looking straight
ahead after Eddie. After a moment.

Eddie walks off, goes to phone, pours drinks while...

JIM

(to Henry)

Let me go get you a hamburger.

HENRY

No. I need a raw steak soaked in
whiskey.

WANDA

Look, Henry, fight him tomorrow.
Get some sleep and a couple of
meals and you'll have him crying
for his mother.

HENRY

Come on, Wanda, I can't back down
now. The gauntlet has been
thrown.

JIM

To hell with the gauntlet. Think
of your future.

79N ANGLE ON EDDIE pouring drinks.

JIM (cont'd)

Look how fast Eddie is pouring
those drinks. He's ready tonight.

HENRY

His kind is no problem.

79-O ANGLE ON HENRY, JIM AND WANDA *

HENRY (cont'd)
First good punch they taste they
back off and look for an exit.

Eddie has finished pouring the drinks, walks down to
Henry, into the frame.

EDDIE
That'll be 20 bucks.

HENRY
(pulls out a 20 and a 5)
Keep the change. If you're lucky
you might be able to take a cab to
your room tonight.

79P ANGLE ON EDDIE, glaring.

79Q ANGLE ON HENRY AND GROUP. Eddie takes the money and
walks off. As he does, Henry lifts his drink...

HENRY
To my friends!...

79R VARIOUS ANGLES, including one in which all of the
patrons lift their drinks except Eddie and Lilly.

80 INT. BAR - NIGHT

80 *

80A ANGLE ON HENRY AND PART OF THE BAR. One of the
patrons, a bum, grabs two full glasses and goes to the
door. We PAN with him. As he approaches the door, Ben
enters. *

80B ANGLE: a closer view of the door. Ben is entering and
crosses toward us and out of the shot. The bum crosses
to the door and exits. Tully enters. *

80C ANGLE ON HENRY (side view), Tully in the doorway. *

Henry sees her out of the corner of his eye.

HENRY
(softly)
Shit...

WANDA
What?

HENRY
I said, "drink up!"

80D ANGLE ON TULLY from behind the bar. She begins to cross towards Henry and Wanda. The door opens behind her off screen and several ragged bums being led by the bum with two glasses enter and cross toward various open places in the bar. *

The camera's view is through the faces of the patrons. The bums are approaching and we are tracking with Tully. More bums are coming through the door. We are moving quicker than she is so that the camera stops in front of Wanda and Henry as Tully stops behind Henry. She is slightly drunk. *

TULLY
Henry, I want to talk to you...

HENRY
I told you I didn't want that cage with golden bars.

WANDA
Who's this?

HENRY
Wanda, this is Tully. Tully, Wanda...

JIM
Listen, I think I'll move down to the other end of the bar. *

Jim takes his drink and leaves. Henry motions Tully to the empty seat.

80E ANGLE ON TULLY closer (Henry in foreground, Wanda's POV). She sits down.

HENRY
Eddie, a drink for the lady.

TULLY
Vodka seven, Eddie...

80F ANGLE ON WANDA (Henry in shot still Tully's POV). *

HENRY
(to Wanda)
Tully is a publisher. She took one of my short stories.

WANDA
Yeah? What else did she take?

80G ANGLE ON TULLY, HENRY AND WANDA. *

TULLY
(looking at Wanda)
Pardon me, I don't mean to be
rude. Haven't I seen you
before? Are you a friend of
Henry's?

Wanda leaves her seat, stands behind Tully.

WANDA
Yeah, I'm a real good friend of
Henry's. How about you?

Eddie brings the drink and --

80H ANOTHER ANGLE ON EDDIE, WANDA AND TULLY in foreground. *

-- puts it in front of Tully.

TULLY
Well, Henry and I are
acquainted...

Wanda leans forward and smells at Tully's hair and neck. *

WANDA
I'll say you are! That's the
perfume.

HENRY
Look, girls, there's really
nothing to get upset about. Let's
drink a few and listen to some
jukebox music.

EDDIE
Who's gonna pay for this goddamned
drink?

WANDA
(to Tully)
I'm going to separate you from
your parts, you Westside bitch!

TULLY
Just get away from me. I just
want to talk to Henry for a
minute.

EDDIE

I asked, who's gonna pay for this
goddamned drink?

80J ANGLE ON THE GROUP, favoring Henry. *

Henry peels off a couple of ones.

HENRY

Look, girls, be realistic. None
of us hardly knows the other.
We're basically strangers to each
other. We've passed in the night
and met again in a bar. Be
realistic: there's no reality in
any of this.

(loudly)

ANOTHER ROUND OF DRINKS FOR
EVERYBODY!

80K ANGLE ON EDDIE AND GROUP with Ben in the background
pouring drinks furiously. *

The bar patrons cheer.

80L VARIOUS ANGLES ON THE PATRONS AND BUMS. It is
potpourri of SWISHES, PANS, CUTS, including longer
shots from farther away, and MORE people from the
street appearing. *

ANGLE ON WANDA AND TULLY

WANDA

(still standing
behind Tully)

Either you get out of here now or
I'm going to peel you away from
your perfume.

TULLY

I have a drink coming and I intend
to sit here and drink it...

WANDA

Really?

VARIOUS ANGLES

Wanda leaps upon Tully from the rear, pulling her
hair. She yanks Tully off her stool.

ANOTHER ANGLE, throwing her backwards upon the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Tully counter-attacks, scratching and screaming. They are upon each other, ripping, screaming, snarling, whirling.

ANOTHER ANGLE: During the fight Eddie runs about nervously pouring drinks.

*
*

ANOTHER ANGLE: Finally, Wanda and Tully roll upon the floor, kicking and gouging and biting. It is animalistic, horrifying and beautiful.

ANGLE ON HENRY during the fight. He is concerned. He looks to Jim for help.

ANGLE ON JIM. He moves in on Tully's side.

ANGLE ON A CUSTOMER pulling Wanda before Henry can. Henry helps a little.

ANGLE ON TULLY AND JIM, the crowd is in the background.

TULLY
(straightening her
hair and her clothing)
All right!

ANGLE ON WANDA, Henry beside her.

WANDA
(likewise straightening
herself up)
Just get out now before I finish
you off!

ANGLE ON TULLY

*

TULLY
All right, I know you need this.
Good luck and goodbye...

*
*
*

ANOTHER ANGLE: Henry and Wanda and Tully. Tully's back is toward us. She turns and walks toward the door. We DOLLY in front of her. Wanda, Henry and Jim are in the background, the crowd around them begins drinking again. They are becoming one with the crowd as she walks away from them.

ANGLE ON HENRY, closer. He is looking at Tully.

*

ANGLE ON TULLY. We are DOLLYING in front of her. We begin to PAN as she nears the door. Henry and Wanda are very distant in the background. We PAN past the backs of the bums and patrons and end on her back as she approaches the door. She turns at the door, opens it, pauses, and looks at Henry.

*
*
*
*

ANGLE ON THE GROUP from behind the bar. Tully closes the door in the background. Henry turns to the bar, so does Wanda. There are new drinks for everybody. Henry peels off some bills, throws them upon the bar, picks up his drink, drinks it. The others do the same. Eddie and Henry stare at each other. Henry nods, okay?

The camera PANS slowly to Eddie. Eddie takes off his apron and hands it to Ben.

The CAMERA IS MOVING BACK SLOWLY.

Eddie walks out the back of the bar and back through the rear entrance into the alley, followed by all the patrons, Henry next to last and Wanda following. They all vanish out of the rear exit... toward and into the alley, but the alley is not shown, just the empty exit with a bit of moonlight showing through.

Ben is alone. His face is very placid and immune. He has a bar rag and is wiping glasses from the bar sink.

EXT. BAR

*
*
*

CAMERA MOVES STILL FURTHER BACK to the front outside the bar. Then CAMERA BOOMS UP to the yellow neon sign. It still blares strong in a minor fog of night. It says:

THE GOLDEN HORN
a friendly place

FADE OUT.

THE END

(BACKGROUND LOUIE DIALOGUE)

(Suggested half-sounds emitted from next apartment, if needed.)

LOUIE

Hey, when the hell ya gonna cut my toenails?

WOMAN

When you get man enough to grow something else!

WOMAN

Hey, let's play games! Let's play spin the bottle!

LOUIE

Okay. Spin that son of a bitch over here, I'm thirsty!

WOMAN

You know, Louie, in spite of everything I sometimes think I love you!

LOUIE

I always told you you didn't have any god damned sense!

WOMAN

God, if my mother could see me now she'd probably die...

LOUIE

Yeah? Well, call her up and have her come over.

LOUIE

When I first met you, you had breasts! What happened to 'em?

WOMAN

Looks to me like they're hanging down over your belt.

LOUIE

You know, the best thing about you is that after looking at you anything else I look at looks a hell of a lot better!

WOMAN

Yeah, well try a mirror sometime and find out what a lying son of a bitch you are!

LOUIE

Listen, you whore, what did you do with my teeth? I can't find my teeth!

WOMAN

I stuck 'em up your crotch because you're always talking shit anyhow, ha, ha, ha!

BACKGROUND BAR TALK

(to be barely heard, if needed, in various bar scenes)

*

Hey, what ya think of the Dodgers?

The Dodgers? Those rummies! My grandmother with a flyswatter can hit harder than they can!

Your grandmother's dead.

Dead, she can hit harder...

Hey, man, when was the last time you got laid?

You ever heard of the Crimean War?

Yeah.

I think it was about then.

Hey, man, you hever heard about the Chinese Detective with the limp dick?

No.

Hell, I haven't heard it either.

I hocked my wedding ring for booze about a week ago. When I go home I have to keep hiding my left from my wife.

How do you do that?

I hit her with my right.

What's red all over, stinks like garbage, draws flies and can't tell a corkscrew from toilet tissue?

I dunno. What?

You, you son of a bitch. And if you don't find a barstool three or four away from me, I'm gonna knock you down there!
