

CHOOSE ME

by

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. ADAMS STREET -- NIGHT -- MAIN TITLES OVER 1.

On the corner a neon light blinks, "Eve's Place" with a tilting martini glass. A trio of LADIES patrol the shadows as the night echoes with sirens and random gun shots and a distant scream. A SAXOPHONE plays somewhere. A few hungry MEN approach the Ladies. DAWN takes over darkness. TITLES CONCLUDE.

DISSOLVE:

2. EXT. CITYSCAPE -- DAY 2.

Awakening with machines and people and a changing sky.

3. EXT. BOULEVARD/VETERAN'S HOSPITAL -- DAY 3.

Traffic passes a bus bench where two LOVERS are necking. Behind them is the large lawn of the Veteran's Hospital. Birds flirt with each other on the grass. Flags wave to no one in particular. PATIENTS stare actively at nothing.

4. BUS BENCH 4.

A frumpy WOMAN pretends to ignore the Lovers. But her fists open and close with tension. A MAN looks up from the want ads with a scowl.

5. As the Lovers whisper (tongues never separating), a pickup truck enters the Hospital Grounds. It parks in front of the Administration Building. A middle aged Woman climbs out and enters the Building. 5.

6. The Boy Lover speaks low into the Girl's ear. She suddenly pulls away, starts to cry, slapping him until he has to hold her wrists. A bird lies dead on the lawn. 6.

GLORIA'S VOICE

Well, is he crazy, or what?

ADMINISTRATOR'S VOICE

We don't use terms like that. He's just confused about his personality. Most of the time he's quite normal.

GLORIA'S VOICE

It's the rest of the time that worries me.

7. INT. CORRIDORS OF HOSPITAL 7.

WE MOVE THRU, past a few INHABITANTS on our way into the Administrator's outer office.

GLORIA'S VOICE

What's he doing in here in the first place?

7.Con't

ADMINISTRATOR'S VOICE

He got into a little trouble, that's all.

GLORIA'S VOICE

Women trouble, right? Mickey's always had women trouble.

ADMINISTRATOR'S VOICE

(chuckle)

I'm afraid there's no cure for that.

8. INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OUTER OFFICE

Two silhouettes are talking behind the pebbled-glass door.

ADMINISTRATOR

Look, Mickey tells lies. That's basically all that's wrong with him.

GLORIA

Hell, everybody lies.

ADMINISTRATOR

Precisely.

9. MICKEY BOLTON sits in an outer office chair. He listens to the muffled conversation coming from behind the door. He watches a NURSE typing at her desk. She has long legs beneath white stockings. Mickey shifts in his chair, searches for a cigarette. He nods at hers, she nods back, he takes a smoke, breaks off the filter. No match. She nods again, he lights.

GLORIA'S VOICE

You said he sometimes gets...violent.

ADMINISTRATOR'S VOICE

That was all just a misunderstanding.

GLORIA'S VOICE

Not from what I heard.

ADMINISTRATOR'S VOICE

Frankly, we're understaffed, and we need the space. You have to take him home with you.

The Administrator opens the door. Mickey stands.

ADMINISTRATOR

Mickey, your cousin wants you to move in with her family until you get started again. Now, it should only take twenty minutes for the paperwork. Think you can get ready in that time?

9.Con't

9.

Mickey looks at Gloria. She avoids his eyes. There's a true mystery about him, a direct sexiness combined with a certain volatility, a danger. He has a tough-guy posture. Yet his voice is soothing, controlled. It's as if he's been through enough to have lost patience with anything less than the absolute truth. Or he's a consummate liar.

MICKEY

I'd like to leave tomorrow. Say goodbye to a few people, y'know.

GLORIA

Sure, okay, but I'll fill out the forms now.

She still won't look at him.

MICKEY

If you'd rather not take me, Gloria, I understand. Me being crazy and all.

GLORIA

(finally facing him)
Hell, we're all crazy.

CUT TO:

10. EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS -- DAY -- HALF HOUR LATER

10.

Gloria exits the building, climbs into her pickup truck, drives out the long driveway. The two Lovers are back to necking on the bus bench. Two GARDNERS examine the dead bird on the lawn.

11. INT. PICKUP TRUCK/ EXT. STREETS

11.

Gloria turns on the RADIO, her favorite show: "The Love Line" with Dr. Nancy Love.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

I recommend that you examine the deeper feelings you have for your wife, Tom.

MAN'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

I dunno, she gets pretty wild sometimes.

GLORIA

(talking back to RADIO)

That's why you married her, stupid.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Sounds to me that's the reason you chose her in the first place.

MAN'S VOICE

Yeah, guess that was one reason.

11.Con't

11.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

What were some of the other reasons, Tom?

GLORIA

(kibutzing)

She has big tits and she's great in bed.

MAN'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Well, y'know, she looks fantastic in a bathing suit; and she's, y'know, great in bed.

GLORIA

(mutters)

Asshole...

12. She steers the pickup truck through an intersection. WE DRIFT PAST THE CAB to the REAR BED. There's a carp. Hiding under it, head resting on an old suitcase, is Mickey. Gloria has no idea that he's there. 12.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

These "wild" things she does, they'll never change. They may take different forms, but that woman is who she is for life. There's no mystery to sex, Tom, but there may be to her. (flips switch)

We have time for one more caller.

13. INT. RADIO STATION -- DAY

13.

NANCY LOVE sits at a console behind a microphone. She wears headphones, scribbles on a notepad. There's a soft spotlight on her and a cool sophistication to the technology. And to the woman.

NANCY

(flips switch)

You're on the Love Line with Dr. Nancy Love. Your name, please.

EVE'S VOICE

Jane.

NANCY

Hi, Jane. What would you like to talk about?

Pause.

EVE'S VOICE

Is Love really your last name?

NANCY

Is that what you want to discuss?

EVE'S VOICE

No. Not really...

14. INT. EVE'S PLACE -- DAY

14.

A PIANO PLAYER is setting up, working on the blues. The place is nearly empty.

15. UPSTAIRS -- EVE'S OFFICE

15.

Worn, red leather furniture. EVE has her feet up on the couch, phone cradled in her shoulder, putting on makeup. It's almost five o'clock. Sexy soul MUSIC bleeds from a cassette player.

EVE

... I just think it's great that nobody knows what you look like, and that you can go around with a last name like that.

16. INTERCUT:

16.

NANCY

That's my life, Jane, and we're talking about yours.

EVE

My life's pretty good, thank you. I'm stable, I know what I want. I just have one problem.

NANCY

And what is that, Jane?

EVE

There's only one, isn't there?

NANCY

A love problem.

EVE

Yeah. A love problem.

NANCY

And...?

Eve doesn't volunteer. Nancy is a pro when it comes to filling voids.

NANCY

And you're deciding whether or not to make a change.

EVE

It's occurred to me.

NANCY

How long have you been in this relationship?

EVE

Three and a half years.

NANCY

And how old are you?

16.Con't

16.

EVE

Thirty two.

NANCY

And him?

EVE

Forty five.

NANCY

And he's married?

EVE

You guessed it. Classic stuff, eh?

NANCY

Jane, with the dilemma you're in, we could discuss sexual attitudes, early childhood, etc. But the truth is, when you make changes, you sometimes have to endure pain.

EVE

Is that what you do with your pain?

NANCY

We're talking about you. Have you ever considered therapy?

EVE

You're my therapy. You're a doctor.

NANCY

I talk anonymously on the radio. That's very different from what you might need.

EVE

You are a legitimate doctor, aren't you?

NANCY

That's what it says on my credentials.

EVE

People invent things all the time.

NANCY

Then that would be my problem, Jane.

EVE

Come on, Dr. Love, don't you ever get the urge to meet someone in a bar and talk about your life?

NANCY

Jane, we're running out of time.

17.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EVE'S UPSTAIRS OFFICE WINDOW -- AFTERNOON

17.

Gloria's pickup truck stops at a signal. The RADIO is still on. The tarp lifts in the rear and Mickey sneaks out, Gloria unaware.

17. Con't

17.

As Gloria drives away, Mickey stands in the congested street, checking out the neighborhood. It's getting dark.

18.

INT. EVE'S OFFICE

18.

Eve, still on the phone, looks at herself in a full-length mirror. She wears black slacks, pink shirt, black vest, bow tie.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Jane, I'm sorry, but it's time for the news.

EVE

I was just getting warmed up.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Please call again.

(flips switch)

This is Dr. Nancy Love and the Love Line...

Eve hangs up the phone, expression oddly removed from her conversation on the phone. There's an air of self-assurance about her, she's used to being in control of things. She sways a little to the music, stringing on her tie.

19.

CLOSE -- MICKEY IN THE STREET

19.

Slipping into his tie, too. He pats his suit pockets, doesn't find a smoke. He quietly focuses on the neon sign that blinks across the street, "Eve's Place." Through his eyes, there is no traffic, no noise, no bother. He glides across the street. Suddenly, there's a scream and a gunshot, but it might have been an echo.

20.

INT. EVE'S PLACE -- DUSK

20.

Eve enters the large main room from the back. She steps behind the very long bar. The handful of CUSTOMERS seems lost in the place. A SAXOPHONE player unlatches his case, about to join the Piano Player.

Eve taps BILL, the bartender, on the shoulder. He's aggressively sexual and sexy. Not young, but youthful.

EVE

Okay, handsome, take your break now.

BILL

(turning, checking her out)

You could burn the eye out of a gnat, Eve.

You look terrific.

EVE

Likewise.

He winks at a young woman at the far end of the bar.

BILL

If only she meant it.

20.Con't

Bill steps away. Eve approaches the young woman, who wears rich colors and writes in a bound notepad. Her name is PEARL. She doesn't look up. 20.

PEARL

Tequila and tonic. No lime.

EVE

How old are you?

PEARL

And a rock back too, okay?

EVE

I.D.

Pearl frowns, shakes her head, produces I.D. Eve checks it, nods.

PEARL

(studying Eve)

What happens if you break the rules?

EVE

(stepping away)

You wind up owning a bar like this.

Pearl continues to watch her. Mickey has entered the place. He pulls up a stool several down from Pearl. Eve serves the tequila, puts an empty napkin in front of Mickey. There is brief but solid eye contact. They both seem to light up.

MICKEY

Smirno rocks. And a Guinness with two inches of head.

Eve smiles, a little softer than professionally, but with a sexy challenge. She steps away. Pearl finishes her writing, looks around, spots Mickey.

PEARL

Hey, listen to this. Tell me what you think.
(reads)

"i like the way you wear your hair and smell
when you're asleep i see all your beauty
but we just can't seem to work this sex thing out."

She looks up anxiously.

PEARL

Well?

MICKEY

Why do you want to know what I think?

PEARL

(gesturing to empty bar)
Who else?

MICKEY

You don't want to know what I think, I just escaped from a mental home.

20.Con't

20.

PEARL

(knows it's a joke)

So that makes you an expert. Tell me.

MICKEY

I think it sucks. You stole it.

PEARL

I did not.

Mickey still wants that cigarette. Eve arrives with his two glasses, offers him a smoke. Mickey breaks off the filter. Eve lights it, moves away.

PEARL

I don't care what you say, I didn't steal it.
It's what I feel. I got notebooks full of
feelings.

MICKEY

Then I think it's great.

PEARL

You do?

MICKEY

Absolutely.

PEARL

Now you're lying.

MICKEY

(looks at her)

I never lie.

PEARL

Then why'd you say that it sucked.

MICKEY

It's always the first thing I say when someone reads
me poetry. It's only when I get to know the person
that I form my real opinion.

Eve stands between them on the long bar, washing dishes. She smiles.

MICKEY

I used to teach poetry at Yale. I'm always being
published in the Review. Even before they gave me
a professorship.

PEARL

(long pause)

Bullshit.

Mickey shrugs, sips his Guinness. Pearl studies him a moment, returns
to her writing. When Mickey looks up, Eve is staring at him. He likes
that. There's something going on here.

CUT TO:

21. INT. RADIO STATION -- EVENING

21.

Nancy comes from her studio. There is nothing else in the station as romantic as her work area. RALPH is standing in the hallway, outside the News Department. He's got one sleeve rolled up and has a pencil in his ear, needs a shave. He checks off a clipboard held by a female TRAINEE. She steps away as Nancy moves by.

RALPH

So, where is she off to this evening?

NANCY

(shy)

Out.

RALPH

The Original Mystery Woman.

She smiles politely, slipping on a pair of glasses to hide her eyes. She is surprisingly withdrawn, somehow younger and more frail than the radio personality.

RALPH

That last caller -Jane- she wanted to know something about you, too.

NANCY

It was her dime.

RALPH

How about dinner? My dime.

NANCY

Thanks, but I can't.

RALPH

Nancy, you've been here six months and I don't know if you're married or living with someone, or what. All I know is that you bad mouth sex on the radio, and that you won't go out with me.

NANCY

I can't, Ralph, really. I'm moving into a new place, I have to meet someone.

RALPH

How about tomorrow?

NANCY

I'm working tomorrow. I'm always working, it seems.

Ralph nods, retreats slightly so that Nancy can pass by. Which she does.

CUT TO:

22. INT. NANCY'S CAR/ EXT. STREETS -- EVENING

22.

Nancy drives through rush-hour traffic, windows rolled up tight, air conditioning on. immune from the world

22.Con't

A portable telephone rests on the console. Nancy lights a cigarette,
bites her nails, checks her face several times in the rear-view mirror.

CUT TO:

23. INT. EVE'S PLACE -- EVENING

23.

The happy hour crowd. The Piano and Sax are in harmony, two people even dance. Eve is active behind the bar, a cool professional, as she delivers drinks, witty comments, and an occasional smile for any man who stares at her too long. She seems pleased with herself and the attention she has set up to receive. Mickey is now sitting next to Pearl, but he watches Eve. Pearl, a little sloshed, reads from her notepad.

PEARL

(reads)

"no matter who i'm with
they want to know
if i'm still sleeping with you.
i say that you sleep while i die a little.
but i'm not afraid of death,
at least you get laid in your coffin..."

She sighs, faces Mickey, who is still fixed on Eve.

PEARL

You weren't even listening.

MICKEY

You want to get laid.

PEARL

It was just a poem.

Eve steps next to Bill, who has returned to the bar.

EVE

Around six-thirty somebody's coming to see me
about moving into my house.

BILL

Eve. If you were looking for a roommate, what's
wrong with me?

EVE

Female roommate.

BILL

Oh. You advertise in the paper?

EVE

Yes.

BILL

I've been running an ad like that for years.
No takers. Maybe I shouldn't mention whips
and chains.

24.

ENTRANCE TO LOUNGE -- EVENING

24.

Nancy walks down the short hallway, entering the main room. She pauses, tentatively moving to the bar. Nancy watches Eve expertly handling orders and flirtations, and she seems a little intimidated. Eve is dealing with a CUSTOMER who is trying to pay his long-standing bar tab with a big painting. Eve finally agrees, and the Customer moves to the wall and hangs the canvas beside a row of others.

EVE

What'll it be?

NANCY

Oh, excuse me, I'm looking for Eve.

EVE

You found her.

NANCY

Hi, I'm Anita.

Her speaking voice hardly resembles her radio voice.

EVE

Well, hello. Like something to drink while we talk?

NANCY

Scotch, please. Straight.

EVE

No ice?

NANCY

No, thank you.

Eve gives her a look, fixes the drink. Nancy lights a cigarette. She finds Mickey staring at her. She looks away with a nervous smile.

PEARL

God, you love to stare at women.

MICKEY

An old habit.

PEARL

Ever been married?

MICKEY

Sure.

PEARL

What happened?

MICKEY

Which time?

24.Con't

24.

Eve leads Nancy to a table. Mickey swivels in his stool so that he can watch their reflection in the bar mirror.

25.

TABLE

25.

NANCY

(sitting)

Seems like a pleasant place to work.

EVE

I own it.

NANCY

How wonderful.

EVE

What about you, what do you do?

NANCY

I only work half day. Sort of a telephone answering service.

EVE

Servicing is very big these days.

NANCY

(nervous laugh)

Yes, I suppose so.

EVE

Guess there's only so many things you can do by yourself.

There's an edge in her voice. A couple of MEN squeeze past their table. One smiles at Nancy. She looks away. It's not lost on Eve.

EVE

Best thing about having this place is there's always a new man coming through the door. It's also the worst thing. Where are you living now?

NANCY

Uh, actually I've been staying in a hotel for six months.

Eve nods, studying her new roommate.

26.

BAR

26.

PEARL

I'm drunk, how about you?

MICKEY

(finishing his vodka)

Never. Something to do with my blood.

PEARL

Got any money?

26.Con't

26.

MICKEY

I can get it.

PEARL

I got plenty of money.

She pulls out a wad of cash, peels off twenty for the bar top. She slides off her stool, almost onto his suitcase.

PEARL

So, where you from?

MICKEY

Las Vegas.

PEARL

Nobody's from Las Vegas.

MICKEY

I am.

PEARL

So, where you headed?

MICKEY

Las Vegas.

PEARL

You're crazy.

MICKEY

That's what they say.

PEARL

When I go away, I'm headed for Europe. I'm learning French.

MICKEY

I lived in Europe for six years.

PEARL

Yeah? Where?

MICKEY

Berlin, Rome. Moscow.

PEARL

You been to Russia??

MICKEY

Twice.

PEARL

What for?

MICKEY

I'm not supposed to tell you.

26.Con't

26.

She steps back a little.

PEARL

Jesus, you been a lot of places, done a lot of things.

MICKEY

Just like a dream.

PEARL

So, where you coming from now?

MICKEY

Told you. The Veteran's Mental Hospital.

PEARL

Look, I believe almost everything else you said, but not that.

He shrugs. She sighs, still monitoring Eve and Nancy through the mirror. Pearl takes the moment to look carefully at him.

PEARL

Want to come home with me.

It was a big thing for her to say, although she tries to remain casual.

MICKEY

You don't want me to come home with you.

She looks defiant, writes something on a napkin, slips it into his pocket.

PEARL

Key's under the mat.

She leaves the bar without looking back. Nine dollars is change from the twenty. Mickey pockets most of it.

27.

TABLE

27.

EVE

So, you'll come over tomorrow around noon.

NANCY

Yes, if that's all right with you.

EVE

No problem. Most of my men are early risers.

NANCY

Eve, I don't want to interrupt anything...

EVE

You're not interrupting anything, Anita.

NANCY

I guess I'm nervous because I've always lived alone.

27.Con't

27.

EVE

Always? Never even with a man?

NANCY

No. I don't have much success with men.

EVE

I have too much.

NANCY

Is that possible?

EVE

Anything's possible.

Eve and Nancy finish their drinks in silence.

NANCY

(checking watch)

Oh, I have to be going, I'm sorry.

28. BAR

28.

Mickey swivels as Nancy stands. She shakes Eve's hand and leaves.
Eve returns to the bar.

29. EXT. EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT

29.

Nancy exits, goes to her car. A little OLD WOMAN approaches as
Nancy unlocks the door.

OLD WOMAN

Hi.

NANCY

(startled)

Hello.

OLD WOMAN

Looking for a good time?

Nancy looks at her, somewhat confused. She hurriedly climbs inside her car

NANCY

No, no I'm not.

She drives off.

30. INT. EVE'S PLACE

30.

Eve steps over to Mickey.

EVE

How you doing, soldier? Need another round?

MICKEY

I haven't been a soldier for a while.

She shrugs, nods to Pearl's empty stool.

EVE
Class dismissed?

His eyes won't let hers go.

MICKEY
I used to come in here a lot. Before it
got fancy.

EVE
You call this fancy? Where do you hang out,
trailer parks?

MICKEY
Nevada, same thing. But I know this area pretty
good. I used to fly jets down South. I knew Eve.

EVE
What? Oh, you mean the original owner. She died.
Did you know that?

He doesn't answer.

EVE
I never met her. I'd just moved here, was walking
down the street one night, saw my name on a neon
sign with a lounge bar for sale beneath it. Decided
to take advantage and go into business. Figured it
had to be better than marriage.

MICKEY
How'd you figure that, were you getting married?

EVE
No way. I'm never getting married.

She smiles gestures to his suitcase.

EVE
Moving?

MICKEY
Photographic equipment.

EVE
Really.

MICKEY
I do portraits. Have a following, I've won awards.

A beautiful female shape slinks past Mickey's stool and his eyes
wander to her.

EVE
I see. And you came in here to find some new faces.

MICKEY
(back at her)
No. I came in here to find Eve.

31.

EXT. STREET -- VERY LATE THAT NIGHT

31.

The three LADIES of the evening are standing under a street lamp, giggling, smoking, dressed for action. Two MEN approach, one tall, one dark. They both leave with the shortest lady. The remaining pair nudge each other when they spot Eve and Mickey exiting the lounge, heading for a parking lot. The street glistens, quiet and empty.

32.

EVE AND MICKEY

32.

Walking in silence. The late night, the velvet colors, the painted ladies, make the setting dreamlike. Mickey checks out the hookers.

MICKEY

Is that how you saw the sign that first night?

EVE

How's that?

Mickey gestures to the women working under the street lamp. One waves to Eve (IDA). Eve nods back.

EVE

Didn't you know? All us working girls are pals.

MICKEY

You work long hours.

EVE

I could say the same about you.

MICKEY

You could? You think I'm working on you?

EVE

Part time work.

MICKEY

You smile for a lot of the guys.

EVE

I like men. Always have.

MICKEY

Doesn't that make some men jealous?

EVE

That's a woman's role.

MICKEY

Nothing permanent, huh?

EVE

Permanents are for hair dressers.

32.Con't

32.

He nods, looking at her.

MICKEY

I was thinking about how it would be to kiss you.

EVE

And?

MICKEY

I wanted to marry you.

He has a somewhat serious expression.

EVE

I've ruined too many other marriages to have one of my own.

MICKEY

You smile for a lot of the guys because you have a beautiful smile. Yeah, I could see somebody falling for your smile alone. Or your eyes, and what goes on behind them.

He takes a glance back at Eve's Place as Bill locks up. Bill moves to his motorcycle, cranks it up, roars down the street, not looking at Eve. Mickey continues to study the building.

MICKEY

She used to smile at everyone, too.

EVE

How well did you know her?

MICKEY

I knew her.

EVE

Did you know she committed suicide? Shot herself over a guy. Maybe that's what we have in common besides our name... Men problems.

He stops walking, halfway to her car. There's tension in his voice. His eyes narrow. Aggressive.

MICKEY

You said it was a rough neighborhood at night. You said you wanted somebody to walk you to your car.

EVE

I did.

He looks at her carefully, black dress with red roses billowing in the cool air.

32.Con't

32.

MICKEY

I came this far because we had an understanding.

EVE

Goodnight, Mickey.

MICKEY

Didn't we?

EVE

An understanding, you're right.

MICKEY

I know I'm right. You said you needed protection. I'm just trying to be correct about all this.

EVE

You're right and you're correct. Okay?

MICKEY

Yeah. Okay.

EVE

I think I can make it alone.

MICKEY

I scare you.

EVE

No, you don't scare me. I just know where I am now.

He shuffles a little, readjusts his suitcase, faces her. Kisses her. She responds more than she needs before protesting. She steps back, stares hard at him. Hard, but not necessarily angry.

MICKEY

What if I wanted to see more of you? Privately.

EVE

You have to really want that.

She looks away, back at him.

EVE

Goodnight, Mickey.

He nods, turns, walks across the street. He pauses at the two ladies long enough for Ida to light his cigarette and give him a swig of brandy.

33.

EXT. PARKING LOT

33.

Eve watches Mickey disappear. She stands for a moment before opening her car door (which has never locked because of a broken window). She sits behind the wheel.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE

You scared me.

Eve almost crawls out of her skin. The voice is old, fuzzy, threatening. Eve turns around. The same Old Woman peers from the shadows in the backseat. Eve swallows.

EVE

Who the hell are you?

OLD WOMAN

I'm an old woman.

EVE

What do you want?

OLD WOMAN

I want you to drive me home.

EVE

I... I can't do that.

OLD WOMAN

I'm old and tired. I'm hungry.

EVE

I'll call you a taxi.

OLD WOMAN

I don't want a taxi. You never know what might happen.

EVE

Look, either I call you a taxi, or you get out.

OLD WOMAN

I think you're afraid of me. I think you're afraid of being old.

EVE

Get out now, please.

OLD WOMAN

I can tell you don't say please enough.

EVE

(opening door)
All right, that's it.

OLD WOMAN

Tossing an old woman like me into the darkness.

EVE

I can't help you, okay?

OLD WOMAN

Do you have a boyfriend?

33.Con't

33.

EVE

(impatient)

Yes, I have several boyfriends.

OLD WOMAN

Call one of them, see how reliable he is,
how strange everything is.Eve moves quickly away from the car to a nearby pay phone. As she
dials, she searches for Mickey. But he's already gone.

DISSOLVE:

34.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- TEN MINUTES LATER

34.

A police car pulls in, Eve there to flag it down.

FIRST COP

What's the problem, lady?

EVE

There's someone in my car. An old woman.

FIRST COP

An old woman. You want us to evict an old woman
from your car. Do you know how busy we are?For some reason, explained or not, Eve bursts into tears. Long-protected
tears. She, we, and the Cop are surprised. The Cop climbs from his
patrol car.

FIRST COP

Okay, okay, we'll roust this old broad from your
car. Just stop cryin'.

EVE

Never see a woman cry before?

SECOND COP

(climbing out of car)

Lady, crying women is all we do see.

EVE

Well, I haven't cried for twenty years, and I've
had plenty of reason. I'm crying now because...
because nobody... nobody... Just get her out,
please...

SECOND COP

Right, right.

The first Cop steps to Eve's T-Bird, opens the door. The Old Woman is
still in the backseat.

FIRST COP

Okay grandma, time to move on.

34. Con't

34.

OLD WOMAN

Hmm, didn't think she had a boyfriend.

The Cop urges the Old Woman from the backseat. The Second Cop steps up to Eve.

SECOND COP

This the person you saw in your car?

Eve nods.

FIRST COP

Okay grandma, let's go.

The Old Woman laughs. A raw, rude laugh. The First Cop senses something not right. He reaches for the Old Woman's hair. He pulls it off. A wig. The Old Woman is really a small man. The Man laughs. Eve hurries into her car, drives off. The Working Girls watch from their corner. Just another lonely night.

CUT TO:

35.

EXT. DOOR -- DAYTIME

35.

Nancy is knocking. She checks her watch. Noon. She adjusts her glasses, knocks again. The door opens. Eve is in a robe. She hasn't slept much.

EVE

(groggy)

Anita. Come on in, what time is it?

36.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE -- DAY

36.

Nancy carries a small suitcase. Eve shuts the door. The shower is running down the hall.

EVE

Coffee?

NANCY

Please.

Eve goes into the kitchen. Nancy looks around, but without taking a step. Enough rooms with narrow archways, dark furniture and plenty of large pictures. Nancy stares at a particular painting of a seated woman holding a telephone in her hand. A painted caption below states: "Obsessive love knows no bounds."

Eve returns with two cups. She nods at Nancy's suitcase.

EVE

That's all you have?

NANCY

A mover's coming with the rest. It's not much.

EVE

Like to take the grand tour?

36.Con't

36.

Nancy balks at the sound of the shower.

NANCY

Actually, I have to go to the phone company.

Eve nods, opens a drawer.

EVE

Here's a key. I usually leave for the lounge around four every day.

NANCY

I get off work around five.

EVE

We might get along just fine. If the tv doesn't work, kick it. The hot water is hot, and the refrigerator can always use help.

Nancy smiles, puts her suitcase against the wall, glances again toward the sound of the shower.

NANCY

I shouldn't be long.

EVE

Neither should he.

CUT TO:

37.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EVE'S -- DAY

37.

Nancy starts her car, hesitates, turns off the engine, sits for a moment. She checks the time, then Eve's house. She dials the portable telephone. A deep intelligent male voice answers, DR. GREENE.

GREENE'S VOICE

This is Ernest Greene.

NANCY

Am I bothering you?

GREENE'S VOICE

Nancy?

NANCY

Am I?

GREENE'S VOICE

I've always said you can call on this line, day or night, if there's a problem.

(pause)

What is the problem, Nancy?

NANCY

I just want to talk with you. I've moved again.

37. Con't

37.

GREENE'S VOICE

I see. Would you like to come in and discuss it?

NANCY

(quickly)

No, over the phone. You know I'll only do it over the phone.

GREENE'S VOICE

But, Nancy...

NANCY

If you can't accept that, Ernest, I'll find someone who will.

GREENE'S VOICE

(sigh)

Well, I'm with another patient now. I can call you after the session.

NANCY

Uh, no. No, it'll be okay. I'm sorry I got upset. Sorry.

She hangs up, sits very still, reclines slightly in the plush seat, turning on the RADIO. She continues to watch Eve's house while listening to a rival talkshow. Her eyes close.

DISSOLVE:

38.

DREAM

38.

A sexy MAN's face passes in a smokey bar. And another. A WOMAN's smile. A sexual carress. A scream. Gunshot. A WOMAN falling from a high spot.

CUT TO:

39.

INT. BUS STATION -- DAY

39.

Mickey struggles awake with a startled expression. He's been sleeping on a bench, head on suitcase. He rubs his face, goes to a nearby ticket window.

40.

WINDOW

40.

FEMALE CLERK

(young, gum chewer)

Yes, sir.

MICKEY

When's the next bus to Las Vegas?

CLERK

(checking form)

Two-thirty-eight.

40.Con't

40.

MICKEY

How much?

CLERK

Las Vegas: One hundred and six dollars, plus tax, one way.

MICKEY

(checking money)
Will you let me go on credit?

CLERK

We'll take a credit card, if that's what you mean.

MICKEY

All my credit cards, all my money's in Vegas.

CLERK

I'm sorry, sir.

Mickey nods.

MICKEY

Bum a smoke?

She offers one, he breaks the filter off, jams the unlit cigarette between his lips, walks off, patting himself for a match.

41.

REAR OF STATION

41.

Mickey drinks from the water fountain. He can see outside, into the service bays. There is much activity. A MECHANIC comes into the station to buy a soft drink from a machine. He seems fairly inefficient. Mickey moves over, nods.

MICKEY

Got a match?

The Mechanic flips a Zippo.

MICKEY

Having trouble out there with that Graumann?

MECHANIC

Fuckin' monsters. Been workin' two whole days on the clutch assembly. Ain't even made in America. They're gonna can my ass if I don't fix it today.

MICKEY

I can fix it.

The Mechanic swallows his Orange Crush, looks carefully at Mickey.

MICKEY

The trick is to rotate the flywheel just right. I worked at the Bonn plant. I could fix that clutch in half an hour.

41.Con't

41.

The Mechanic scratches his head, looks around.

MECHANIC

There's twenty bucks in it for you.

They step outside.

CUT TO:

42.

INT. BUS STATION/ TICKET WINDOW -- HALF HOUR LATER

42.

Mickey slaps a twenty dollar bill on the counter.

MICKY

How about I give you the rest later on that ticket to Vegas?

FEMALE CLERK

(would like to help)

Really sorry, sir, still can't do it.

Mickey nods, returns to his bench. He opens his old suitcase to put away his coat. Everything is packed orderly inside. Including a Leica camera among the clothes. Also a well-worn leather folder and several magazines.

CUT TO:

43/44.

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE/ INT. NANCY'S CAR -- DAY

43/44.

The front door of the house opens and Eve steps out onto the porch with Bill. Eve is still in her bathrobe. Nancy lowers in her car seat, down the block. Part of her is intrigued by the scene.

45.

CLOSER -- PORCH

45.

Bill tries to kiss Eve's lips, settles for her neck.

BILL

I want to do this all the time. You know I do.

EVE

Well, I don't think I'll be parking in that lot anymore.

BILL

Yeah? We'll see.

He steals a kiss, very passionate. Eve closes her eyes, a conditioned response.

EVE

(unconscious whisper)

How much did you leave on the night stand?

BILL

What?

45.Con't

45.

EVE

(small laugh)

Huh? Oh, I said, nothing like a good old one night stand.

BILL

Don't worry, I won't tell anybody.

She starts back into the house, but he grabs her wrist, draws her back to him. They stare at each other for a moment, then he releases her, slips on his wrap-around shades, skips to his motorcycle, roars off. Eve returns inside her house.

46.

NANCY

46.

Straightening after Bill drives by. She gets out of her car, opens the trunk. Inside are a variety of her belongings, some in boxes, some not. Clothes, tape recorders, books, mink coat. She pulls out a sweater, replaces the one she wears, closes the trunk, starts toward Eve's house.

47.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - DAY

CUT TO:

47.

A MOVER has just delivered two trunks for Nancy, plus a small desk and chair, bed, nightstand, lamp, etc. Everything is hi-tech, just like her studio. It contrasts sharply with the early bordello feel of Eve's furniture. A TELEPHONE MAN is working furiously to hook up Nancy private phone line.

Meanwhile, Nancy and Eve chat in the living room, Nancy again studying the seated woman on the phone painting.

EVE

I don't know, guess I'm a sucker for painters. Especially ones who can't pay their bar tabs. (checks time)

Guess I should be leaving, got errands to run. If my phone rings, you can let it go.

NANCY

I don't mind answering.

EVE

Right, that's your profession.

Nancy looks away as Eve picks up her jacket with a sigh.

EVE

What a night I had.

NANCY

Sorry I came by so early.

EVE

You were on time, Anita. I was off.

NANCY

Can't imagine you off, Eve.

47.Con't

47.

EVE

Yeah, well.

Eve goes to the door, leaves. Nancy starts for her room when Eve's telephone rings.

NANCY

Hello.

Pause.

NANCY

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

That isn't you?

NANCY

Well, who did you expect?

There's a slight change in her behavior. On the phone she becomes naturally more forceful, self-assured.

MAN'S VOICE

(regrouping)
Is Eve there?

NANCY

No, she isn't?

MAN

Who's this?

NANCY

Would you like to leave a message?

INTERCUT:

48.

INT. GAUDY RESTAURANT -- DAY

48.

Virtually empty except for a waiter, bartender, squat ex-boxer type on a pay phone, and ZACK, seated at a table with the remains of a careful lunch, talking on the house phone with Nancy.

ZACK

Yes, there's a message. But first tell me who this is.

NANCY

I'm Anita. Eve's new roommate.

ZACK

Roommate, huh? Well, Anita, tell Eve that Zack called.

Zack is a ruggedly handsome man in his forties. He looks dangerous and debonaire at the same time. Small time bookie with big time habits. There's a trace of a French accent.

NANCY

Is that all, Zack?

ZACK

What? No, that's not all. Tell her...
tell her that... that Pearl knows everything.

As he's saying this, the ex-boxer type, MAX, has come from the phone booth with a racing form and a bookie's betting sheet. Zack runs his pen down a list of bettor's names and size of their bets, checking off which ones he'll handle. Max obediently takes the information back to the phone booth.

NANCY

Will Eve know what that means?

ZACK

(sipping wine)
Wish she didn't. But she will.

Nancy has become very professional with the call, comfortable.

NANCY

Maybe you should tell her yourself, Zack.
Somehow things work out differently that way.

ZACK

What do you mean things work out differently?
What do you know that I don't?

Nancy leans back on the couch, picking up a pencil, jotting down a note.

NANCY

How old are you, Zack?

CUT TO:

49.

NANCY'S LIPS

49.

NANCY

And how did you get yourself into this
situation?

EVE'S VOICE

I keep asking myself that same thing.

50.

INTERCUT:

50.

INT. NANCY'S RADIO STUDIO/ INT. EVE'S UPSTAIRS OFFICE -- 4:55PM

Eve is getting ready for work, just like the last time. Nancy is back to being Dr. Nancy Love and The Love Line.

EVE

I mean, he's sort of a bad guy when I think
about it.

50.Con't

50.

NANCY

How is he bad, Diane?

EVE

Well, he knows some pretty sleazy people.
And his wife is just a kid from what I hear.

NANCY

Yet you're still drawn to him.

EVE

Maybe not as much as before. But he's right
there, you know? He looks at you, he listens.
He's a good lover.

NANCY

Being a good lover is a distant third in
that race, as far as I'm concerned. Do
you have other lovers, Diane?

EVE

That's really the reason I called, Dr. Love.
There's a guy who works with me, he's got a
crush on me. And... last night I made love
with him for the first time.

NANCY

Why did you do that, Diane?

EVE

Because something happened, and it was late,
and I wanted a man to hold me. Anyway, he's
not for me... I wonder if there's anyone for
me. See, I met this other guy yesterday,
and I swear I almost fell for him in an
instant. But then he came on in sort of
a crazy way and I got confused...

NANCY

Diane...

EVE

You must think I'm really... loose...

NANCY

Diane, I don't judge any of my callers, but
I'm afraid we'll have to continue this
discussion another time. The News is coming up.
(flips switch)
This is Dr. Nancy Love and The Love Line.

CUT TO:

51.

INT. EVE'S PLACE -- EVENING

51.

The Piano Player works solo. Pearl is at her perch, notebook open, but attention on Eve, who is behind the bar. Bill crosses closely behind her, smelling her hair as he passes.

BILL

(to Eve)

Hey, what gives, I get more attention from the water and power lady.

She is making Pearl the tequila and tonic concoction.

BILL

I mean, you were in a panic last night.

EVE

I thanked you for last night.

BILL

(heating up)

Christ, you call at four in the morning, I rush over, now we're strangers.

Eve looks directly at him.

EVE

Bill, I'll never do it again.

Bill

Damnit, I want you to.

EVE

We're not talking about it anymore.

She means it. She moves to Pearl with the drink.

PEARL

(aggressive)

Tell me, Eve, do you consider yourself a sex object?

EVE

What?

PEARL

Why do you suppose men are drawn to you?

EVE

Because I don't ask dumb questions.

She steps away, catching sight of Mickey as he enters the lounge. There is spark on both sides of the eye contact. Mickey pulls up next to Pearl. He's still carrying his suitcase.

EVE

Two inches of head, right?

51.Con't

51.

MICKEY

That's right. And a Smirno rocks.

She gives him an odd smile. Pearl misses none of it. Mickey's eyes follow as Eve moves off.

PEARL

You like her, don't you?

MICKEY

Could be.

PEARL

How come?

MICKEY

Her name reminds me of someone.

PEARL

Just her name?

MICKEY

Different face, different personality, same name.

PEARL

So, what happened to the other one?

MICKEY

We were supposed to get married.

PEARL

Married, again?

MICKEY

She would have been the first. I asked her twice.

PEARL

But it never happened.

MICKEY

I was in the Air Force, jet pilot. Held some speed records. I met her in a bar one night. Walked her to her car. Kissed her. Asked her to marry me.

(lights a cigarette)

She met another guy a week before the wedding.

PEARL

(the old pro)

That's the most amazing thing about men and women, y'know? There just aren't any rules. So, did she marry him?

51.Con't

51.

MICKEY

Yeah, but she was miserable. I went away to teach at Yale. Eve showed up one day, wanted us to be together, but I was already married.

PEARL

Jesus, what a sad story. So, what did you finally do?

MICKEY

What did I do? Well, I became a gambler, a mechanic, a spy... madman.

He is smiling.

PEARL

Don't forget college professor...

EVE

(serving drink)
Or photographer.

Pearl is annoyed that Eve has joined the conversation. She excuses herself to the bathroom.

PEARL

(leaving)
Don't go away, all right?

MICKEY

(staring at Eve)
Wouldn't think of it.

Eve watches Pearl step away. A COUPLE dances very slowly on the dancefloor.

MICKEY

You get home safely last night?

EVE

What? Yeah, fine. Everything worked out fine.

Bill is looking over as he grinds a marguerita.

MICKEY

Well?

EVE

Well, what?

MICKEY

When can I see you again?

EVE

(gestures to self)
What is this? Your friendly ghost?

The irony is not lost on either of them.

51.Con't

51.

MICKEY

You said I had to really want that.
I really do. It's meant to be, right?

He makes her look at him, and she gets a funny feeling in her belly. Pearl returns. Eve moves away slowly. Pearl checks her, then Mickey, who is still watching. A scheme pushes its way into Pearl's expression.

PEARL

You want to know her better? I'll give you her address and phone number.

She quickly scribbles into her notepad, tears out the paper.

PEARL

Sometime my old man goes over to her house.

MICKEY

Your father?

PEARL

He's old enough to be my father, but he's my husband. We're separated. He doesn't go over there all the time, just when he thinks I'm not looking. That's why I come in here, to try and catch him. She doesn't know who I am.

MICKEY

So, you're married, eh?

PEARL

Well, it's pretty shakey, but what the hell am I supposed to do? I still love him.

MICKEY

You want to marry me?

She knows he's kidding, shrugs.

PEARL

One husband's enough right now, thanks.

She slides off her stool.

PEARL

You really a gambler?

MICKEY

Sometimes.

PEARL

There's a big poker game a few blocks from my house. Real serious stuff. I could drop you off there on my way home.

51.Con't

51.

Mickey seems interested, maybe that's why she mentioned it. He thinks a moment, swallows his vodka, stands.

MICKEY

Let's go.

They start away from the bar together. Eve is busy, back to them.

MICKEY

Goodnight, Eve.

She turns, sees Mickey and Pearl leaving together. She pretends it's no big deal, but somehow it hurts.

52. EXT. EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT

52.

Pearl leads Mickey to her car, they get in, drive away.

53. INT. PEARL'S CAR -- NIGHT

53.

Pearl checks Mickey several times.

PEARL

What did you do about the guy who stole your woman?

MICKEY

I killed him.

Her eyes widen.

PEARL

Liar.

He shrugs, looks out the window. Again, for him there are no cars on the street, a dreamlike mood. There is distant THUNDER.

PEARL

How... I mean, how did you, y'know... kill him?

MICKEY

Shot him with his own gun. Self defense.

Pearl doesn't know what to think. She drives ahead slightly.

MICKEY

That's why my wife divorced me. My second wife.

PEARL

(wild guess)

And then you went to Russia, to forget.

MICKEY

Had already been there. That's why my first wife let me go, because she heard I was brainwashed.

Pearl faces him as if to say "Wow." But she doesn't say anything. An isolated car comes out of the night, passes them, going in the opposite

54. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT 54.

The sedan coupe parks in front of the bar. Zack climbs out, leaning back to say something to Max. Zack straightens his tie, enters.

55. INT. EVE'S PLACE 55.

Zack comes from the entryway, pauses, checks out the place, unsmiling. He approaches Eve at the bar, surprising her. Bill watches from the cash register.

EVE

Why did you come here, Zack?

ZACK

(private)

I had to see you. I called your house.

EVE

Zack, let's not have a scene here, please.

ZACK

(calm, lighting cigarette)

I talked to your new roommate, Anita. She's a very perceptive woman. Clarified a few things for me.

EVE

(upset)

What?

ZACK

Don't worry, they're all good. But we need to talk. I want to see you tonight.

EVE

Zack, we've been through all this too many times.

ZACK

Not me. Not yet. Listen, Eve, Anita told me something that really helped. We should talk.

EVE

(sigh)

All right, Zack. Come back around two.

He nods, touching her hand slightly. She reacts, softly. Bill sees the exchange, tightens.

56. EXT. EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT 56.

Zack returns to his car, taking in the night air and a glimpse of Ida and the girls across the street. He smiles, slides into the coupe where Max waits.

56.Con't

56.

ZACK
(in French)
Feeling lucky tonight, Max.

The car roars off.

CUT TO:

57.

INT. PEARL'S CAR/ EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

57.

Pearl's car parks across the street from a Japanese restaurant.

PEARL
There's a buzzer at the bottom of those stairs.
Just them them that Whitey said it was all right.

MICKEY
Right. Thanks.

There is a moment. She doesn't want him to leave, stalls.

PEARL
You really a photographer?

MICKEY
Six covers of Newsweek, three of Esquire.

PEARL
That's what I need, a good job. You know
what would be my favorite job of all time?
To be that radiotalk lady, Dr. Nancy Love.
You ever listen to her?

MICKEY
I don't listen to radiotalk.

PEARL
Well, let me tell you, she is smart. What
a life that must be, to talk on the telephone
all day and get paid for it. Women trust her,
men fantasize about her. What a life. I
hear she's tall and blonde. (untrue)

Mickey opens the door, but Pearl touches his arm.

PEARL
Would you like to take my picture sometime?

She leans over and kisses him. He's like an unleashed animal,
suddenly all over her. It takes her breath away.

MICKEY
Yeah, I could marry you...

PEARL
You're crazy. Keys still under the mat.

57.Con't

57.

He climbs out and she drives away. Mickey inhales, approaches the stairs next to the restaurant, press the buzzer on a rusted call box.

MICKEY

I'm a friend of Whitey's.

CUT TO:

58.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

58.

There is soft, sexy MUSIC. Candlelight. A room that glows sensually. Faces populate the walls in the many moody paintings. The table is set for two over a linen tablecloth. The only discordant note is a ringing telephone from Nancy's room, which is also romantically lit.

59.

INT. NANCY'S ROOM

59.

Nancy comes from the bathroom to answer the phone. She wears a silky gown, hair down, sort of wild.

NANCY

Yes.

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

Nancy, this is Ernest Greene. You never called back.

NANCY

Oh. I'm having dinner with someone, Ernest.

GREENE'S VOICE

You had me worried.

NANCY

I'm fine now, I'm working.

GREENE'S VOICE

There's a sound in your voice, Nancy.

NANCY

Ernest, I'm fine. I'm beginning to understand myself better now, entering a more knowing phase. That's really what it is, you know. Consciousness of self to consciousness of purpose. A struggle on all fronts, ceaseless and remorseless, and I know that I remain my own worst enemy, but I also know that I am my own savior. Freedom means responsibility...

(she sits)

But believe me, Ernest, I also know how easily desire can be converted to deed. Even when I close my eyes, I must be careful of how I dream and of what...

Her eyes are closed, she has lulled herself with her own analysis. There is a confused, perhaps insecure moment, then:

NANCY

Ernest, I'm sorry, but I have to go,
I can't be rude to my guest. Thanks for
your concern. I'll call tomorrow.

GREENE'S VOICE

Nancy....

She hangs up.

60. INT. LIVING ROOM

60.

Nancy glides into the living room, pouring herself another glass of wine. She sits at the cozy dinner table, sips the wine, dreamily looks around the room. The empty setting opposite her has not been used all night.

CUT TO:

61. EXT. STREET OPPOSITE JAPANESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

61.

Zack's coupe parks and he and Max approach the stairway, Zack buzzing his arrival.

VOICE

Who is it?

ZACK

Me. Open up.

CUT TO:

62. INT. CARD ROOM -- NIGHT

62.

A smokey, professional game of stud poker in progress. Mickey has a big bet in the pot, most of his substantial winnings. Two players have dropped out because of the heavy betting, a JAPANESE MAN and HEAVY SET WOMAN. Max tosses in his cards, leaving just Mickey and Zack Antoine.

ZACK

Raise you twenty.

MICKEY

Bump twenty.

Zack carefully rubs his face.

ZACK

That hole must be magic.

MICKEY

Cost you twenty more to find out.

ZACK

(not intimidated)
Call. And raise twenty.

62.Con't

62.

Max and the Japanese Man look at each other as Mickey puts in the bet, then slides in the rest of his money.

MICKEY

And... thirty six.

Zack smiles.

ZACK

Who did you say told you about this place, mister?

MICKEY

I didn't.

Zack's smile contracts slightly.

ZACK

I didn't think so.

He checks his watch.

ZACK

Ah, this is it, I've got something more important to do.

He tosses in his cards, stands. Mickey scoops up the pot, never revealing his hand.

ZACK

(even)

I don't like you very much, mister. Do you get that impression?

MICKEY

Hadn't noticed.

Zack leans over to Max and says something low in French.

MICKEY

(stuffing the money into his pocket)

(in French)

Watch what you say, you never know who's listening.

He stands. Zack gives him a very potent look.

ZACK

I don't want to see you around anymore.

Mickey shrugs, takes a cigarette from the table, leaves.

CUT TO:

63.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

63.

Mickey walks alone in the misty fluorescence. He stops in front of an apartment building. A coupe cruises past. Mickey checks it, enters the building.

64. INT. PEARL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 64.

Mickey quietly steps inside. Everything is dark and still.
Mickey replaces the key under the mat.

65. INT. PEARL'S BEDROOM 65.

Mickey stops in the doorway. Pearl is asleep on the sheets, naked.
Mickey looks at her for a moment, retreats down the hallway.

66. INT. LIVING ROOM 66.

Mickey sits on the couch, glances around the semi-dark. Eccentric colors fight through the shadows. Old movie posters. Mickey fluffs a pillow, takes off his clothes, goes to sleep.

CUT TO:

67. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT 67.

The street Ladies are under their street lamp, chatting, laughing. Hidden in the shadows, one of them is being groped by a MAN in a white suit.

In front of Eve's Place, Eve and Zack are leaning against her car, talking. Ida waves to Eve subtly. Zack fidgets with his cigarette.

ZACK

(sincere)

I wanted to see you in person because sometimes things work out differently that way. Eve, I want to make it clear that I'm entering a more knowing phase of my life.

EVE

Zack, it's going to hurt either way, I know that. But when you make changes you sometimes have to endure pain.

He tries to kiss her, she opens the car door. He tries again, succeeds. As before, she seems to melt when a man she is attracted to does that to her.

ZACK

Just give me a little time to think about it. That's all I'm asking.

EVE

You're married, Zack. But not to me.

ZACK

You don't want to get married.

EVE

That's not the point.

67. Con't

67.

ZACK

Look, I know it's been difficult for you,
but I'm going to work it out, I swear.

EVE

So am I, Zack.

He lets her go, walks to his car (empty), drives off. Eve sits inside her T-Bird, pauses, checks the backseat in a rush. Nothing.

CUT TO:

68. INT. EVE'S HOUSE -- THAT NIGHT

68.

The shower is running. The rest of the house is asleep. There is no trace of candle lighting or a romantically-set dinner table. All that has been put away.

69. BATHROOM

69.

Eve is in the shower, soaking herself, letting something warm surround her. She moans slightly.

70. INT. NANCY'S ROOM

70.

Nancy lies in bed. Awake.

DISSOLVE:

71. DREAM

71.

A turbulent movement of bodies and colors. Dark, rushing shapes. Two men grappling with each other. The flash of fire as a gun goes off.

CUT TO:

72. INT. PEARL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

72.

Mickey is startled awake again, unsure of where he is. He looks around, sits, rubs his face, puts on his pants. He wanders down the hall to Pearl's bedroom. The walls indeed are colorful, bright. The posters are sexy vamps from the past.

Pearl is still sprawled nude on the bed. Mickey steps away, goes to his suitcase, removes his Leica. When he returns to Pearl's room, he takes a photo of her sleeping. He steps closer, takes another. She opens her eyes, smiles, doesn't move. He snaps another shot. He is not a speed-king photographer. One shot, slow wind, another shot.

Suddenly, the sound of someone coming in the front door. Pearl sits up quickly.

PEARL

Zack...

72.Con't

72.

Mickey stands as Zack enters the room, surveys the scene in one glance: his estranged wife, naked in bed, being photographed by the half-clad punk who beat him at cards a few hours ago. Mickey recognizes Zack from the game, but has no idea of how he is involved with Pearl.

Zack takes a swipe at Mickey, who dodges down the hall. Pearl screams.

73.

LIVING ROOM

73.

Mickey tries to hurry into his clothes while Zack tosses a chair aside to clear a path. He smacks Mickey in the head. Mickey goes tumbling into a table. Pearl is standing in the hallway, sheets draped around her, tearful. Zack swings again, flattens Mickey in the back with an elbow. Mickey springs up, digs one into Zack's gut. Zack doubles up, out of breath, cursing in French. Mickey gathers the rest of his clothes, is almost at the door when Zack produces a gun.

PEARL .

Don't shoot him, Zack, please!

MICKEY

(calm)

You want to put that gun away, friend.

ZACK

The money.

Mickey pauses.

ZACK

I'm going to get it one way or another.

Mickey inhales, hands over his winnings.

ZACK

Don't you know about fucking somebody else's wife, pervert?

PEARL

(trying to do it in French)

He didn't touch me... He didn't even know... uh...

(finishes in English)

He didn't even know we're married.

ZACK

(in French)

Shut up! I'll deal with you later.

(English, to Mickey)

And then photographing what you did?

You don't do that with my wife, mister.

You do it with the hookers on Adams Street, but not my wife.

73.Con't

73.

MICKEY

You're not going to shoot me, Zack.
We both know you can't do it here.

Zack cocks the gun. Mickey smiles, opens the door, starts to walk out. Zack takes a step after him.

ZACK

You're a dead man, pervert.

74. A NEIGHBOR is picking up her newspaper. Her look bounces off Zack's 74. gun and Mickey's back as it walks away.

CUT TO:

75. INT. EVE'S HOUSE -- DAY

75.

Nancy and Eve are eating lunch, watching a game show on a small portable TV set. Eve checks Nancy between stares at the set.

WOMAN CONTESTANT'S VOICE

(excited)

Oh, I know that, it was a movie about
Romans, a classic. Marlon Brando was in it.

EVE

(trying to recall title)

Yeah, right, violence in togas.

NANCY

Look at her hair. Do you think I'd look good
with my hair like that?

EVE

Don't you like the way you look, Anita?

CONTESTANT'S VOICE

All those angry politicians with the swords...
Oh, what was the name?

MODERATOR'S VOICE

You have twenty seconds.

EVE

I remember when I saw that movie, I had to go
to the bathroom. I couldn't hold it in. The
guy I was with said I had to hold it in, that's
why it was a classic.

NANCY

Look at her hands, look at the way she touches
her husband's hands. Do you suppose he loves her?

EVE

Only if she answers the question correctly.

75.Con't

75.

MODERATOR'S VOICE

I'm sorry, but it was not "Quo Vadis."

EVE

That's it, he's going to kill her.

NANCY

No. He's embarrassed for her. See?

EVE

Maybe he'll just break her leg.

She clears away some dishes, carries them to the sink, checks the time.

EVE

Damn, almost two. I have to go to the bank before work.

NANCY

Will you be home around three, like last night?

EVE

Yes, Anita, I will. Like last night, and the next one, and hopefully the one after that.

Nancy nods. Can't resist the temptation to pursue.

NANCY

Be difficult to keep a marriage going with a schedule like that.

EVE

Marriage doesn't interest me.

NANCY

You've never been married?

EVE

No, and I don't plan on it.

NANCY

May I ask why?

EVE

Sure. And I'll tell you why, Anita. Because I wouldn't want my marriage to fail. And, one way or another, I know they all fail.

NANCY

Maybe not with the right man.

EVE

All my men are the right man, Anita. You spoke to one yesterday, what's your opinion?

Her tone is getting harsher. Nancy nods, caught.

75.Con't

75.

NANCY

You're angry. ' I'm sorry.

Eve puffs, then relaxes slowly. An ironic smile forms.

EVE

No. I'm not angry. I should probably thank you. It was the sweetest Zack's been to me in months.

She stares off. Nancy puts some food in the refrigerator.

EVE

I'll try to come in more quietly tonight.

NANCY

Oh, that's no problem. I'd just gone to bed myself. I was at a dinner party.

EVE

Yeah? You get lucky?

NANCY

Lucky? I think so. Very lucky.

Nancy's phone rings.

EVE

Maybe that's him.

NANCY

No. I don't think it is.

She allows the phone to ring as Eve gets her coat, keys, opens the door.

EVE

Aren't you going to answer it?

Nancy shrugs as Eve leaves. Then she answers her phone.

76.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM

76.

NANCY

Hello.

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

Hello, Nancy.

She sits.

GREENE'S VOICE

How are you, Nancy?

NANCY

I'm fine, Ernest.

GREENE'S VOICE

You mentioned that you've moved again.

NANCY

I did, and everything's fine. I'm sorry I called you yesterday, Ernest.

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

Are you living alone this time, Nancy?

NANCY

Well, almost alone.

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

(firm)

Nancy, you said that you were going to find your own place this time, and not become involved with other people's lives for a change. You want your own privacy, but you respect no one else's.

NANCY

I can't help it, Ernest, it's what I do for a living.

Eve's phone has started to ring in another room. Nancy uses it as an excuse.

NANCY

I have to go, Ernest, I'm still working. I'll call.

She hangs up.

77.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM

77.

Nancy answers the phone. On Eve's bulletin board are photos of Eve and many, many men.

NANCY

Hello.

78.

INTERCUT: MICKEY IN A PHONE BOOTH

78.

MICKEY

This is Mickey.

Beat.

MICKEY

(thinking it's Eve)

Does it bother you that I called?

NANCY

No.

MICKEY

Would it bother you if I came over? I need a place to lay down for a little while.

79.

CLOSE -- NANCY

79.

She stares at a photo of Eve and a handsome man. Nancy touches her face.

NANCY

I...

MICKEY

Look, I'm just tired, that's all. You don't even have to talk to me.

NANCY

I...

MICKEY

Good. Be there in half an hour.

He hangs up. She takes longer, moving back into the kitchen. She clears a few dishes, sees her face reflected, pushes her hair around a little.

CUT TO:

80.

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

80.

Mickey approaches. He pauses, transfers his suitcase to the other hand, knocks. No answer. He rings the bell. No answer. Peers through the window. Nothing. He sighs, starts away. The door opens behind him.

MICKEY

Is Eve around?

NANCY

No. She went to the bank.

MICKEY

(puzzled)

Damn.

They almost recognize each other from Eve's Place.

NANCY

Is that blood on your jacket?

MICKEY

Listen, when will she be back?

NANCY

Three in the morning.

Mickey shifts his weight, looks at her, finds her smiling.

CUT TO:

81/82.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - SHOWER/DINING ROOM DAY

81/82.

Mickey is taking a shower. Nancy has set up lunch for him. She turns on MUSIC, not too loud. Mickey allows the bathroom to steam so that he can press the wrinkles out of his rumpled suit. Nancy glimpses Mickey's valise sitting on the floor. She sips glass of wine, stares at it. She opens it.

Nancy lifts Mickey's camera, stirs gently through a few articles of clothing. Mickey is taking a long shower, so she delves deeper. Despite her actions, she doesn't come across as a voyeur, not in the classic sense. More clinical, an archeologist or historian. Someone whose curiosity for human information is boundless. She finds the magazines -- dated copies of Newsweek and Esquire and Rolling Stone with portraits of famous people on the covers. She comes to the worn leather folder, opens it: Official documents, military and otherwise; Selections of the Yale Review, clipped open to articles and poems by M. B. Olson. Also carefully arranged and separated photographs: Mickey in Air Force uniform and flight suit, in and out of a jet; Two files on two wives, each clipped and noted; A third woman, standing in a bar with an outfit and name tag, "Eve." Several faded accounts from Russian and German periodicals of Mickey being arrested by three KGB agents.

The shower stops and Nancy quickly replaces the things in the suitcase, latches it, resumes a pose at the table with her wine glass. She fluffs her hair once more, unbuttons the top two buttons of her blouse, then cinches the lower one back up.

Mickey appears, finds a clean shirt in his suitcase, unembarrassed by his semi-naked condition. He might notice something slightly out of order in his suitcase, something only an eagle eye would catch. He takes in the image of Nancy sitting at the table opposite a setting for one.

MICKEY

How did you know that I was hungry?

NANCY

It was in your eyes.

MICKEY

(sitting)

It's also in my stomach.

NANCY

Less than in your eyes.

MICKEY

(eating)

What's your name?

NANCY

What's yours?

MICKEY

I remember seeing you in Eve's Place.

NANCY

Were you there?

MICKEY

What's your name?

NANCY

Anita.

MICKEY

Mickey.

NANCY

Have you known Eve long?

He shakes his head.

NANCY

I just moved in here.

He looks around.

MICKEY

Nice.

NANCY

Yes. And Eve's very nice, don't you think?

MICKEY

Yeah. I like her.

NANCY

So do I. There's a strength about her.
Very solid. I'm impressed, I truly am.

MICKEY

I think she's a blink away from going off.
I've seen it before.

NANCY

No, not at all. I'm a good judge of people,
and she's one of the more stable ones.

There's a technical affirmation in her voice. Mickey just looks at her.
She looks away.

NANCY

Yes, I think I remember you now.

MICKEY

What do you do, Anita?

NANCY

I operate a telephone answering service.

MICKEY

You like to talk on the phone.

NANCY

Yes, it's comfortable for me. I learn so much on the phone. Not having to deal with the complexities of people's faces. Getting straight answers if I ask straight questions. I mean, when I ask questions, that is...

MICKEY

Somebody told me last night that the best job of all time would be to talk on the phone all day. Radiotalk.

NANCY

(surprised)
What did you say?

MICKEY

Yeah, to be some radio doctor named Love. Norma Love, Frances Love...

NANCY

Nancy Love.

MICKEY

Right.

NANCY

You don't know who Nancy Love is?

He shakes his head again, pours more coffee.

NANCY

Truthfully?

MICKEY

Always.

She sips her wine, studies him.

NANCY

She's quite popular, you know, that's why I asked you.

MICKEY

Smart.

NANCY

Her?

(likes the compliment)

Yes, extremely smart. She helps a great deal of people.

82.Con't

82.

MICKEY

Good.

NANCY

But there's a price involved. She can help others, but not herself. She gives advice to the lovelorn every day, but she's never been in love herself. Or, so I've heard.

MICKEY

Rough.

NANCY

Some people worship her. Can you imagine how hard that must be to live with? Knowing that anything you ever say to anyone will count heavily, be acted upon, whether you're right or wrong. There's a tremendous responsibility in that, don't you think? She'd have to live a life of secrecy to avoid that pressure. And even then, she'd have to be careful of listening to herself, you know?

He looks at her. She's having trouble opening a fresh bottle of wine with an Ahso Opener. Ultimately he does it with ease -

NANCY

And she must wonder about her own life experiences. She must have difficulty touching life, because she gives so much to others. She spends so much of her time absorbing others...

She realizes that she's been exposing an awful lot, pours another glass of wine.

MICKEY

Do people really listen to that shit?

NANCY

Oh, they do, believe me. I've heard her show before.

MICKEY

I can tell.

NANCY

Very complex person. I imagine very few people understand her. She probably does very eccentric things that have become quite normal to her. Half-in, half-out of reality. Very complex.

MICKEY

Men fantasize about her and women trust her.

NANCY

(pleased)

Yes, you're right, I think that's true.

He is looking at her and she looks away again.

NANCY

How long have you known Eve?

MICKEY

You already asked me that. And then you said that you thought she was solid, and I said she was scared. Then you talked about Frances Love.

NANCY

Nancy Love. Scared of what?

MICKEY

What else? Herself.

NANCY

How interesting. You must be close.

MICKEY

I met her the day you were there.

NANCY

And she gave you her phone number and address?

MICKEY

She didn't give them to me.

NANCY

Oh.

MICKEY

I kissed her, too. I wanted to kiss her more.

NANCY

But she wouldn't let you.

MICKEY

Time ran out, that's all.

NANCY

So, you've come here for more time.

MICKEY

I came here to clean up, get some rest. Food.

NANCY

I see. The kissing would come later.

MICKEY

It's up to you.

NANCY

Me? I beg your pardon.

82.Con't

82.

MICKEY

No you don't.

He grabs the back of her chair, slides it closer. She looks at him a long moment.

NANCY

What are you doing?

MICKEY

Same thing you are.

NANCY

No. You're mistaken.

He kisses her. When they part, she exhales mightily. They kiss again with tighter passion. She pulls away, breathless.

NANCY

Oh, my...

MICKEY

I need a woman right now.

NANCY

I can tell.

MICKEY

Can you use a man?

NANCY

(stands)

No, it's been... I mean... I...

MICKEY

I thought so.

He moves to her. She can't resist, crushes him with a kiss, a kid with a pleasant new toy. He swoops her up in his arms.

MICKEY

Which room's yours?

He's tense, excited. She points, dizzy. He carries her down the hall.

NANCY

This is silly. It must be the wine.

MICKEY

It's blood, not wine.

83.

NANCY'S BEDROOM

83.

Mickey kicks the door shut, lays her on the bed. She pulls at his clothes he touches her all over. Mutual lust. She gives a hoarse groan. So does he.

DISSOLVE.

84.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

84.

Nancy is dressing. Mickey is fast asleep in the bed. Nancy is completely satisfied, glowing. Her head feels light. She watches Mickey as she puts on garments. She steps near him. His eyes don't open, but he speaks.

MICKEY

Marry me.

She laughs.

MICKEY

I'm serious.

NANCY

We don't even know each other.

MICKEY

What did we just do, become strangers?
We'll take a bus to Vegas, I can get money
there.

NANCY

I have to go to work now.

MICKEY

Let somebody else answer the phone. Marry
me. You may never get as good an offer.

He opens his eyes, sits up. This makes her uncomfortable because he looks like he means it. She straightens, steps back from him slightly, buttons her blouse.

MICKEY

I've been engaged three times before,
married two of those. Colonel's daughter
and a teaching assistant.

NANCY

(deflates)
Oh, Mickey.

MICKEY

I loved each one, I'd still be married if
something didn't happen each time.

NANCY

What happened?

MICKEY

What didn't? There was a little foreign
intrigue with one, a domestic crime with
another. They were both forced to divorce
me. I understood. It's got nothing to do
with you and me.

84.Con't

84.

Nancy runs a hand through her hair.

NANCY

Mickey, you came over here expecting Eve.

MICKEY

I might have married her, but she wasn't home.

NANCY

You're impossible.

MICKEY

You mean crazy.

NANCY

I didn't say that.

MICKEY

I hear it enough.

NANCY

Do you think I'm crazy?

Looks at her, smiles.

MICKEY

I can give you a few pointers.

He approaches her, kisses her hard. She loves it. They roll on the bed again.

NANCY

I have to go to work, Mickey.

MICKEY

Forget work. I'll get money in Vegas, you'll never have to work.

She seems frightened of him all of a sudden, but it arouses her more. They embrace.

MICKEY

Marry me, damnit.

NANCY

Mickey, you can't ask every woman you kiss to marry you.

MICKEY

Why not? I only kiss women I'd marry. And once I marry them, I never cheat. That's the way it is with me. My wives owned me. It's everyone else that breaks you up. Governments, cops, hospitals...

He looks at her carefully, relaxes. Suddenly, she is all over him. When they part, she stands.

84. Con't

84.

NANCY

It's the wine, I know it's the wine.

She smooths herself out.

NANCY

I'm leaving now. I think you should leave, too.

He inhales, nods, starts to dress fully.

MICKEY

So you're not coming to Vegas with me?
Pick up some dough, get married, start
something?

NANCY

Oh, Mickey, you're not serious. And even
if you were, I can't.

MICKEY

I am serious, I told you. So give me one good
reason. And don't say because we don't know
each other.

He takes one of her cigarettes, breaks off the filter.

NANCY

I... I'm not... You see, I mean other people's
problems are...

MICKEY

Your best reason.

NANCY

I... I've never loved anyone. I... I don't
think I can...

MICKEY

I think you just don't know enough about it.
I could teach you that, too. How to be crazy,
and how to be in love.

NANCY

Please, go.

He brushes close to her on his way out. She reaches for him and they kiss
a last time.

85.

LIVING ROOM

85.

Mickey picks up his suitcase. Nancy watches from a distance.

NANCY

So, what will you do?

MICKEY

Find someone else to kiss.

85.Con't

85.

He opens the door.

MICKEY

It's all right. Not many people would've said yes.

He leaves. She has been holding her breath. Her skin is flush. Her heart pounds like a jackhammer. She cracks the door open to watch him walk down the street.

NANCY

(low)

It's the wine, I know it is.

CUT TO:

86. EXT. CITYSCAPE/ RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC -- LATE AFTERNOON

86.

NANCY LOVE'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Well, Rita, have you figured out why your husband sees other women if he says he loves you?

PEARL'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Yeah, that's simple. He loves to mess around with something new. He loves sex.

87. INT. RADIO STATION -- CLOSE -- NANCY

87.

NANCY

He does?

88. INT. PEARL'S BEDROOM

88.

She's wearing dark glasses, sitting on her bed, notebook open, knees tucked under her chin.

PEARL

Yeah, he does.

NANCY

And you knew that about him when you married him?

PEARL

That's why I married him. He's twice my age, sex is all we had in common. It was great. Then we started talking... and it stopped working. I love him, I really do, even though he roughs me up. At least he cares enough to do it. Dr. Love, I need your help.

NANCY

I'm trying to help you, Rita.

89. RALPH AND ENGINEER
Monitoring show.

89.

RALPH

Right. Next thing you'll hear is how sex is the worst thing to invade this earth since the bubonic plague.

90. INTERCUT: NANCY AND PEARL

90.

PEARL

Do you know how it is when you feel something about a man, and you don't want to know why? Because if you ever found out, you might lose it altogether?

91. RALPH AND ENGINEER

91.

RALPH

The only thing Nancy ever felt about a man was G-rated.

92. NANCY AND PEARL

92.

NANCY

(low, unusually vulnerable)
Maybe it's not just one man, Rita.
Maybe it's a feeling you have for all men...

Ralph and the Engineer look up.

NANCY

Sex, like everything else is largely a mystery.

RALPH

What did she say?

NANCY

And there's no such thing as "normal" sex. Normal sex is a matter of statistics. What may be normal for the vast majority is no criterion of behavior for the exceptional person.

PEARL

I'm very exceptional, Dr. Love. I'm a poet.

NANCY

(not listening)
Throughout history, individuals of the first rank would never have produced had they not been immersed in sex, in spontaneous sexual behavior. I mean that uncontrollable impulse that shakes you to your very foundation, that makes you feel like jelly. That makes your nerve ends tickle and your head spin. You may think it's wine, but it's not. It's blood, Rita. And there's nothing

92.Con't

92.

Ralph's jaw hangs open.

NANCY

There's nothing wrong with it. Even if you've been kept from experiencing it...

PEARL

No, I understand all that, Dr. Love, I've had enough sexual experience, it's the other stuff I'm not...

NANCY

(charging on)

There's nothing wrong with it, Rita. We all need it. We all need to get it.

The Engineer is making ferocious signals to Nancy. She sits in silence a moment, then snaps out of it.

NANCY

I'm sorry, Rita, we're going to a commercial now. Than you for calling the Love Line.
(flips switch)

A COMMERCIAL plays. Ralph sticks his head into Nancy's studio and waits for Nancy to catch his eyes before he cools off his hand, as if to say "hot stuff."

93. INT. PEARL'S BEDROOM

93.

She removes the dark glasses to check her face in the mirror. The black eye is still black. She frowns. Cries. Kicks her feet in a rage, sits at her dresser in front of a picture of Zack and cries some more.

PEARL

I hate men.

CUT TO:

94. EXT. EVE'S PLACE -- AFTERNOON

94.

Eve unlocks the door, enters.

95. INT. EVE'S PLACE

95.

Bill is washing dishes. The Piano Player is tuning his piano. A CUSTODIAN plays drums on his cleaning equipment. Bill looks up as Eve steps in, dragging a little.

EVE

Hello, Bill.

She starts for her office.

95.Con't

95.

BILL

You okay?

EVE

What?

BILL

You feeling alright?

EVE

Sure. Why?

BILL

Everything alright with that guy?

EVE

Which guy is that, Bill?

BILL

The bookie. Okay, it's none of my business.
But every time he comes in here, you're a
basketcase the next day.

He steps closer to her.

BILL

And I don't like that. Gets me upset, too,
and I take it out on the customers. It's
bad for business all around.

She nods, almost grateful for the attention. He touches a strand of her
hair.

BILL

I don't like to see you hurt.

He manages to put both arms around her, swaying her gently. He tries to
kiss her, she lets him.

EVE

I'm alright.

BILL

Let me take care of you.

EVE

I can take care of myself.

BILL

Forget the bookie. You've seen him long enough,
forget him. Start something new.

EVE

Story of my life, something new.

BILL

Something new with me. C'mon, Eve,
you're an explorer. That's why every guy
who walks in the place is hung up on you.
They know you might go farther than they would.

She pulls back.

EVE

I'm not sure I like the sound of that, either.

BILL

You know what I mean, Eve.

EVE

No, I don't. I have to make a phone call now, Bill.

CUT TO:

96. INT. EVE'S UPSTAIRS OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

96.

Eve lights a cigarette, pours a drink, checks the street below, her
face in the mirror, her MUSIC on the tape player. She is talking on
the phone with Dr. Nancy Love.

97. INTERCUT: INT. RADIO STATION -- NANCY

97.

EVE

I just met him, really. We've only talked
a few times, but I'm attracted to him, I
think about him.

NANCY

Does that bother you? That you could be attracted
to someone you hardly know?

EVE

It bothers me more that I might not see him again.
But maybe what really concerns me is that I'm not
sure I'm able to give myself to anyone. And here
comes this guy who could be the right type, and
I play hard to get. I don't know, maybe I should've
given in to a few things...

NANCY

You mean sexual things.

98. RALH AND ENGINEER

98.

RALPH

Here she goes again.

EVE

(ironic laugh)

Sex? Are you kidding, I wrote the book on sex. I'm a prisoner of sex, hell, a victim of it. I know all about that feeling you get in your belly when a man says he wants you. Even if I know he's lying, I still get that feeling. I'm conditioned now.

Eve seems to fade, locking herself into her mirrored image.

NANCY

I understand, Karen.

EVE

You understand? Then what should I do, if you understand. Tell me that much, what in the hell should I be doing?

NANCY

Well, I'm not sure that I know what you're after.

EVE

(covers eyes)
Yeah, right...

NANCY

I'm... I'm not sure you can do things like that, on the spur of the moment.

EVE

You mean fall for some guy? Or resist it? Now, I don't understand.

NANCY

Giving in. Either to yourself, or to him.
(second thought)
And yet, there's something thrilling about giving in, don't you think, Karen?

EVE

I thought that was what's wrong with me. I trusted the moment too much. That's why I never got married, I know that much about myself... that there will almost certainly be another moment with another man.

NANCY

(again off on her own)
This man, we're talking about, where is he now? Can you talk with him now?

EVE

No. I may never see him again.

99.Con't

99.

NANCY

But can't you reach him, didn't he call you?

EVE

No, he's never called me. He doesn't even know my number.

NANCY

Oh, I thought he called. You say you don't want to marry him. Did he ask you to marry him, Karen?

EVE

No, he was just joking. What I was saying to you was that I couldn't make marriage last with anyone.

It's as if they are having a conversation in the same room, but aren't connecting. Eve is annoyed by this. She paces. The illusion is that she's pacing in Nancy's radio station studio. They really are in the same room. Nancy looks out Eve's office window.

NANCY

Well, if you can't see him, what will you do?

EVE

(sigh)

Won't kill me.

(pours drink)

Maybe it wasn't even him. Maybe it was just the thrill of it, like you said.

NANCY

Yes, the thrill.

EVE

He seemed okay, though.

NANCY

Honest somehow.

EVE

A little crazy, maybe, but it made sense in a funny way

NANCY

Yes.

EVE

Don't even know that much about him.

NANCY

Maybe more than you think. Like he said, sex doesn't make you strangers.

100.

RALPH AND ENGINEER

100.

RALPH

I think I know what that woman needs, Harry. And I'd love to give it to her.

101.

EVE AND NANCY

101.

EVE

We didn't have sex.

NANCY

Oh, I thought you said that you made love with him.

Eve sits on the console.

EVE

No. He kissed me. Once. It was very first-kiss like, you know?

NANCY

Yes, wonderful feeling. I love that feeling. What would you think of someone who would only kiss women he'd marry, Karen?

Nancy has to smile at the notion.

EVE

Can't say I ever met anyone like that.

(smiles)

Although there was a little of that in this guy.

The Engineer gives Nancy the signal.

NANCY

I'm sorry, Karen, we have to break for the News. I've enjoyed talking with you, I hope we can do it again. I mean that.

EVE

You never know, Dr. Love.

NANCY

And I hope you find that man again.

EVE

Yeah.

Eve hangs up, a little depressed.

102.

INT. STUDIO

102.

Nancy takes off the headset, walks out of her studio, into the corridor. Ralph is there, smiling like a wolf. Nancy makes him light her cigarette, very unlike her.

RALPH

That was quite a show, Nancy.

NANCY

Thank you, Ralph.

RALPH

Very provocative.

She blows smoke past his face, a naughty look in her eyes.

RALPH

How about dinner tonight? My place.

She continues to simply stare at him. His smile takes on a more honest proportion.

RALPH

(low)

Got me all hot and bothered with that sexy talk, Nancy.

She nods, slips on her glasses, walks out of the building without saying a word.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION -- NIGHT

Dreamlike shadows and light. A young Air Force RECRUIT is saying goodbye to a pair of tearful GIRLFRIENDS. He takes turns kissing each one. When he does, the other breaks into tears and he has to console her.

Mickey is sleeping on a bench nearby. He jolts awake, lost again. He rubs his face, stretches, carries his suitcase to the drinking fountain. The same Mechanic comes over from the restroom.

MECHANIC

Hey, how's it goin'?

Mickey nods. The Mechanic wipes the corners of his mouth, looks both ways.

MECHANIC

You know anything about Graumann master cylinders? There's another twenty in it for you.

MICKEY

I need a hundred and six, plus tax.

MECHANIC

Hey, you tryin' to squeeze me? I can handle... maybe, fifty.

MICKEY

Yeah, okay, fifty.

Mickey follows the Mechanic to the service door.

MECHANIC

You really work in that plant in Germany?

MICKEY

Yah vol.

MECHANIC

How'd you arrange that?

MICKEY

I was doing intelligence work for the Air Force, following a connection into East Berlin. It ultimately took me to Moscow, where I got arrested by the KGB, and the CIA had to trade for me.

The Mechanic holds open the service door as Mickey passes through.

MECHANIC

Yeah, okay, sorry I asked.

They walk into the service bays.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S PLACE -- NIGHT

The usual crowd. The same PAINTER is offering another part of the tryptich as payment for his bar tab. Eve accepts. Bill is working behind the bar, also. Most guys hit on Eve as she serves them drinks, but she seems less eager to smile back. She brings the tequila and tonic down the long bar for Pearl, who still sits with the open notepad, as well as dark glasses. The Sax and Piano play something sad.

EVE

(referring to Pearl's glasses)
The sun went down about four hours ago.

Pearl lowers the frames enough for Eve to see the black eye.

EVE

Jesus, who did that?

PEARL

You know him. He comes in here a lot.

EVE

What's his name?

PEARL

What difference does it make what his name is?

EVE

What are you getting upset with me for?

PEARL

(angry)
You know this guy. And he's mine.

EVE

He's yours?
(thinking it might be Mickey)
And he gave you that shiner?

104.Con't

104.

PEARL

That's right. He can get insane and dangerous.
But it's nothing like what you'd get from me
if you don't stop seeing him.

EVE

Why don't you tell him that?

PEARL

I'm telling you. Woman to woman.
Leave him alone.

She gets off her stool, struts out of the place. Bill watches her.

CUT TO:

105.

EXT. FRONT OF EVE'S PLACE -- CLOSING TIME

105.

Eve and Bill lock up.

BILL

I'll walk you to your car.

EVE

I'm tired, Bill.

BILL

Don't worry, I said walk.

They move in silence. The Ladies of the evening are busy tonight. Only one is left standing on the corner. She gives a subtle hi-sign. Eve nods. Bill notices.

106.

EVE'S CAR

106.

Eve opens the door. Bill looks at her longingly as she climbs inside.

EVE

See you tomorrow, Bill, thanks.

BILL

I'm not gonna always be here, Eve.
You know that.

EVE

Nobody's always there.

BILL

Your choice.

EVE

No, I think it's beyond me.

BILL

(bends down to her eye level,
frustration rising)
Wasn't beyond you to get off that street corner
and into a place of your own.

EVE

How dare you talk to me like that.

BILL

It doesn't bother me, Eve. Who both of us,
were before doesn't matter. I still want you.

She just glares at him. He sighs, straightens, walks to his motorcycle
and roars off, looking back only once, as if for good.

VOICE FROM BACKSEAT

You scared me.

Eve's gasps, whirls around. It's Mickey. He was asleep.

EVE

(catching breath)

Why.. what are you doing here?

MICKEY

Sorry. I just didn't feel like going into
the lounge. But I wanted to see you.

She cups her face in her hands. It's all building up in a hurry. Mickey
feels badly, having upset her. He moves around to the front seat. She
looks at him, eyes misty.

EVE

Please get out of my car, I want to go home.

MICKEY

(withdraws, rubs chin)

Home. Yeah, well, listen, about that...

He tries to touch her arm, about to explain his encounter with Nancy.

EVE

No, don't touch me. I've seen some of your
handiwork. I've got a gun in the car.

MICKEY

A gun, huh?

EVE

I've got enough problems in my life without
you, okay?

(near tears)

Everytime I'm around you, I start to cry.
And I never cry.

MICKEY

Might be good for you, Eve.

He tries to touch her face, she pulls away sharply.

EVE

Don't touch me! And don't call me by my name.
That's for your other Eve. Maybe you're the
one who drove her to suicide.

106.Con't

106.

MICKEY

I ought to smack you for that.

EVE

Yeah, maybe you roughed her up to the point where she couldn't take it anymore.

MICKEY

Listen to me, another guy did that. But he's dead now, too.

EVE

Damn you, I don't want to talk to you about this, I don't want to talk about anything. And I don't like to cry. I want to laugh. I want to go home.

MICKEY

I'll make you laugh.

He reaches out to touch her face again. She is torn between wanting to be carressed and wanting to run away.

EVE

What do you want me to do about our... friend. Why did you do that to her.

She means Pearl. He thinks she is talking about Nancy.

MICKEY

Forget it, it was between me and her. It happened and now it's over. It's what's between us that matters now.

EVE

There's nothing between us, okay?
(pulls away)
I thought I was through going around, getting involved with men who are trouble, one night, two... falling in love on a look... out... I... I...

She looks up. His expression is sympathetic. She starts to smile through the tears.

EVE

It's all so ridiculous.

MICKEY

Sure is.

EVE

And I'm so tired.

MICKEY

Me too.

106.Con't

106.

She wipes away her tears. He helps her.

EVE

You have a nice face.

MICKEY

Not half as nice as yours.

EVE

I used to be pretty. Not anymore.
I used to be really something.

She looks across the street. Two Ladies are there dressed to kill.

EVE

People never understand the beauty in what we do.

He brings her face next to his, but she continues to look away.

EVE

I can't look at you now that I know how you
were with her. I could be next.

MICKEY

You certainly could.

EVE

(frighteued again)
Please, get out.

He leans in and kisses her. She struggles but it lasts.

MICKEY

Marry me.

She giggles, then laughs.

EVE

Thanks.

MICKEY

Don't mention it, we'll leave tonight.

EVE

I mean for making me laugh.

MICKEY

Yeah, guess it's a funny question, if you're
not ready for it.

EVE

Are you trying to be correct again?

Now he laughs.

MICKEY

No. I'm just trying to get to Las Vegas.

EVE

Oh, I get it. You thought I'd pay your way if you asked me to marry you.

Across the street, the Ladies have attracted two MEN.

MICKEY

No, you don't get it. I can pay my own way, I can get money. I can knick any one of the casinos for at least two grand a night if I get hot. I asked you to marry me because... you have perfection about you.

EVE

Oh, brother. Perfection, me?
(laughs)
You really are funny.

MICKEY

Your eyes have music and your heart's the best part of your body and when you move every man, woman and child on earth is forced to watch.

EVE

You sure know how to make it up, Mickey, I'll give you that much.

MICKEY

I'm an expert, I make everything up, I'm a pathological liar. That's why they locked me up in a mental home, I make everything up.
(smiles)
Except this.

EVE

And why am I so privileged?

MICKEY

Because your name reminds me of a time when I was a lot happier, and I came here looking for some of that time. And there you were, under the blinking sign. And now I get this strange feeling it was all part of a plan, so why fight it? Look, I want you. I want you to want me. There are others who could fill the bill for each of us, but we're here now and they're not. And there's not as much time as there used to be. So, I want to go home to Vegas, pick up a few things for the future, yours and mine. I want to marry you, Eve, I got this thing about marriage.

EVE

You really are out of your mind.

MICKEY

And you're not? Tell me who's not out of their goddamn mind?

She seems to relax, uncertain of what to think about this strange, enigmatic man.

EVE

Most marriages don't last, you know. And it's because too many of them begin like yours.

MICKEY

Is that a yes?

EVE

Mickey, I'm not going to marry you or anybody else. Okay?

He leans in close and soon they're kissing again. She is whispering something unconscious, on the rollercoaster again. Suddenly, the passenger door is whipped open and Mickey is yanked out of the car by Zack Antoine and Max. Zack makes sure he is looking Mickey directly in the eye before hitting him. Eve leaps out of the car.

EVE

Zack, what the hell are you doing, stop it!

ZACK

(in control)

I don't want to hear anything from you.

He grabs Mickey's face while Max holds Mickey from behind.

ZACK

Just when I think I understand, you show up and make me feel bad. You're messing up my life, pervert.

MICKEY

I was thinking the same thing about you.

Zack punches Mickey in the gut.

ZACK

Killing you is going to make me feel good for a change.

He reaches into Mickey's pockets, finds the fifty Mickey earned at the bus station.

ZACK

Look at that, things are looking up already. Call it interest.

Eve has rushed behind Zack, trying to pull him off. He belts her. She falls back. Mickey struggles against Max's thick grip.

ZACK

(to Eve, low)

This guy's fucking up everything I got. My money, you... my wife?

106.Con't

106.

EVE

What are you talking about, me...?
And what do you mean your wife?

MICKEY

He's full of shit.

Max tightens his grip.

ZACK

(to Eve)

Listen to this. First, he sleeps with her.
Okay, I understand that, I'm French. But then
he's taking nude photos of her when I walk in.
He's a goddamn pervert. It's my duty as a
citizen to eliminate him.

Eve just looks at Mickey, dusts off her skirt, storms back into her car, drives away. The activity allows Mickey a moment to react. He flips Max over his shoulder. Zack charges him and they roll on the pavement. Zack climbs on top of Mickey and doubles his big fist. He smashes at Mickey's face, but Mickey squirms away and Zack punches the pavement. He tries not to shout in pain, but his eyes tear up fast. Mickey stands just as Max comes up. Mickey punches Zack in the head, twice. Blood.

107. EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

107.

The same police car is parked with the same two COPS. Both are interviewing a pretty young HOOKER on the corner. Their hats are off and they chew gum, relaxed, but still on duty. One of them unscrews the Lady's brandy flask, sniffs. He is about to pass it over to his partner when Eve screeches up. Frantic.

108. EXT. PARKING LOT

108.

Both men circle Mickey. Max steps up and Mickey knocks him into Zack. When Zack recovers, there's a gun in his hand. Mickey runs behind a trash can, near the alley. Zack's shots ring out, ricocheting off the trash cans. Max senses something, hauls Zack back to the car. They escape the scene just before the police arrive. Mickey has leapt over a short wall and is running like hell down the empty alley. The commotion has scattered all the business being conducted across the street under the lamp.

CUT TO:

109. EXT. EVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

109.

Eve drives up recklessly. She leaves her T-Bird in the driveway, enters the house.

110. INT. EVE'S HOUSE

110.

Eve tries to be quiet, but her heart isn't into it. She opens a cupboard, pours a straight shot of whiskey, downs it, pours another. She sits at the table, wipes her eyes, turns on the TV, an old movie. She is startled by Nancy.

110.Con't

110.

NANCY

Are you all right, Eve?

She stands in an open bathrobe.

EVE

Fine. Thirsty.

NANCY

I heard your car screech up. Hope you don't mind.

Eve pours another shot.

EVE

Christ, what a night...

Nancy steps closer, sits at the table. Eve reaches back for another glass, pours Nancy a shot.

NANCY

Do you want to talk about it?

Eve can only smile at that.

NANCY

I couldn't sleep, I was hoping we could talk.

EVE

I don't feel much like talking.

NANCY

I understand. Maybe you'll listen.

EVE

Listening I can do, Anita.

NANCY

Well...

She shoots back the whiskey.

NANCY

You really don't know that much about me.
For instance, my name really isn't Anita.
And I have lived with people before. But
it's always been, well, more like research.

EVE

Maybe I should listen to this in the morning,
I've had a rough night.

NANCY

Eve, it shouldn't wait until morning. It
concerns Mickey, and I want to clear that up.

110.Con't

110.

EVE

(stands)

Mickey? How do you know about Mickey?

NANCY

He was over here today. He was looking for you.

EVE

What?

NANCY

(a little of the radio personality)

Eve, I'm a very complicated person.

Not all of which I can explain to you.

Eve backing away.

EVE

I don't want to hear any of this, Anita,
or whatever your name is. I don't think
I could take it.

NANCY

Mickey said that you two had just met each other...
I know that played an important part in my behavior.

EVE

Look, I don't even know this man...

She feels the effects of the whiskey. Nancy falters slightly herself.

NANCY

From my point of view, I'm sure it's just sexual.
I've been with men before, but it was always a
planned event.

Eve tries to leave the conversation. She goes into her bedroom.
Nancy follows at a distance.

NANCY

I mean, no matter how attached I would become
to a man's sex; I was always more interested
in the person who owned it.

Eve sits on the bed, holding her head and saying low to herself, "this
isn't really happening."

NANCY

But -- and this is new for me, a major breakthrough --
from Mickey I learned that perhaps when a man
enters your life through your sex, it might just
be as good a way as any. Isn't that marvelous?
And I thought it was the wine.

She sips her drink.

NANCY

And, seeing how you admit you don't really know him that well, I was wondering if we might share him.

Eve looks up slowly.

EVE

(measured)

Are you trying to tell me that Mickey found out where I live, came over here yesterday, and that you were home, and that you fucked him?

Nancy nods yes. Eve inhales, stands deliberately. She slaps Nancy, hard. Nancy tightens, she's never been slapped before.

NANCY

(creeping anger)

He said you barely knew each other, Eve, you just said that yourself. And he was quite taken with me. As a matter of fact, strange as it sounds, he asked me to marry him. It was amusing, but very interesting. At least part of him was serious.

Eve can't believe her ears. She moves to the bathroom, washes her face in the sink. Nancy leans in the doorway, sipping whiskey.

NANCY

I admit I got excited, you would have done the same. And for a while, I thought it was simply sensual pleasure, I even said that on the... at work, this afternoon. Now, it's evolving further. It's all very exciting, it'll have a terrific impact on a great number of people. (almost let out too much)
But I don't want to talk about that.

Eve towels her face, breathing low, even. Her eyes are wild.

NANCY

I'm sorry about it, Eve, but knowing all the facts, and under the circumstances, I don't think I did something all that wrong. It's not as if you "owned" him.

EVE

(hissing)

No, I don't own him, Anita, I don't own any man and I never have. And no man has owned me.

She gathers her jacket, bag.

EVE

(looking around)

I thought I wanted to own this house,
but now I don't care.

(crazy laugh)

Why don't you keep it? You seem more
comfortable here than I do. You can have
the house and all the men I've collected.

She opens the front door.

NANCY

Eve, you're not listening to me.

Eve walks out into the night.

NANCY

(low)

I understand what you're feeling, Eve.
I might be able to help. Where are you
going, Eve?

111. Eve climbs in her car, drives away. Nancy stands in the doorway, robe aglow in the porch light. The phone rings. 111.

NANCY

(whispering)

The phone. Of course.

She returns inside, closes the door.

112. LIVING ROOM

112.

NANCY

Hello?

113. INTERCUT: INT. GAUDY RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

113.

Closed for several hours. Zack is alone at his table. A CLEANING WOMAN mops the floor. Zack drinks his bourbon, puts a dab on his bruised hand, winces.

ZACK

Anita, is that you?

NANCY

No, I mean, yes. Who's this?

ZACK

Zack. I miss you. You don't have to say anything.

CUT TO:

114. EXT. EMPTY STREET -- LATE AT NIGHT

114.

Eve's car weaves along the wet pavement. Thunder barks. Somewhere a SIREN cries. A lady of the evening is standing under a lamp post, Ida. Eve pulls over. Ida steps to the car, cigarette dangling from her lips.

IDA

Hey, Eve. How's it goin'?

Eve is silent.

IDA

You look terrible, what's goin' on?

EVE

My life stinks.

IDA

Hey, who's doesn't?

EVE

I'm not happy anymore, Ida. Maybe I never was.

IDA

Hey, I remember when you were happy.

Eve looks at her. Young and alluring.

IDA

And who knows better than me, right?
Most people walk into your life and leave
their stuff outside. That's why when a
guy shows me a little kindness, I'm ready
to bare my soul as well as my ass. But
most men don't know that. That's why they
get so little for their money.

EVE

(feels worse)
Oh, shit, Ida.

IDA

Hey, it's no big deal, Eve. Let's go have a drink.

Eve jams her car into gear, roars around the corner. Ida shrugs, steps
back onto the sidewalk. A man is walking toward her. He stops to light
her cigarette.

IDA

Thanks, soldier. How 'bout you? Need anything?

She brushes his body with hers. Their lips are close.

MICKEY

You don't want to kiss me.

IDA

Won't cost you much to find out.

MICKEY

I got ten bucks, you got a car?

114.Con't

114.

IDA
(pulling away)
Forget it, Jim, I don't do it in cars.

MICKEY
I'd give you the ten if you just drive me to
the end of 7th street.

CUT TO:

115. EXT. SEVENTH STREET -- NIGHT

115.

Mickey climbs out of Ida's car. Gives her ten bucks.

MICKEY
Thanks.

IDA
C'mon, I'll let you kiss me for the ten.

MICKEY
Maybe some other time.

IDA
Tryin' to hurt my feelings?

He takes a moment, closes his lips to hers, lightly.

IDA
Forgot what that was like, without the sideshow.

He looks at her carefully.

IDA
What? You don't like me, right?

He starts to say something, straightens with a smile, walks off.

CUT TO:

116. EXT. EVE'S STREET -- NIGHT

116.

Mickey walks up to Eve's house. A light is still on. He knocks on the door. Nancy peers through the window, opens the door. She kisses him without being invited. MUSIC comes from inside.

NANCY
Is that blood on your jacket, darling?

MICKEY
Where is she?

NANCY
You better come in, Mickey.

117.

117.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE

NANCY
Hungry again?

She kisses him once more.

NANCY
(purring)
If only you knew...

MICKEY
I need to see Eve.

NANCY
I told her about us.

MICKEY
What'd she say?

NANCY
It was very helpful. She said she didn't
own anybody.

He moves away.

NANCY
Are you sorry I told her?

MICKEY
What? No, you can't lie.

NANCY
Are you sorry it's me?

He looks at her, she's great and he knows it. The slow transformation from victim to vamp, and every combination in between, has made her damn near irresistible. She kisses him again. He tries to hold back. It's hard, but he manages.

MICKEY
She's got my suitcase in her car.

NANCY
Right, I remember that suitcase. Seems like
you've led several lives. Maybe we have more
in common than I imagined.
(steps closer)
How did you get that blood on your jacket?

She kisses his lips lightly. He holds her.

NANCY
I've made several breakthroughs with you, Mickey.
And so quickly, too.

117.Con't

117.

He can't get her out of his eyes. She smells great, too.

MICKEY

You're going to break me through.

NANCY

Think of the challenge.

Somehow they are embracing heavily. Just as suddenly, there is a hard knock at the door. Mickey reacts.

NANCY

Let's not answer. Let her use the key.
I have to know about us, Mickey, about everything. Are we in love?

Mickey slips backward, needing to see if it's Eve. He opens the door.

ZACK

You!

A frozen moment, then Zack slugs Mickey. Mickey tumbles back, Nancy screams

ZACK

Anita, did this pervert lay a hand on you?

Her robe is open, plenty of flesh. Zack sees it, gets immediately jealous, goes berserk. He pulls his gun on Mickey. Mickey doesn't hesitate, lunging forward, doubling Zack over. The gun falls away. Mickey goes for it, but Nancy has picked it up. She tosses it out the open front door.

ZACK

(struggling with Mickey)
You're safe in the bedroom, Anita....

NANCY

Stop it, both of you.

They wrestle with each other, breaking a few things. Mickey unloads and Zack falls back, half unconscious. Nancy doesn't know what to do.

NANCY

Mickey, I know him, it's all right, he called to say he was coming.

Mickey hurries out the front door, returns with the gun.

MICKEY

(growling)
I'm going to kill the sonofabitch.

He cocks the trigger as if he means it. Zack is awake.

NANCY

Mickey, put the gun down. I'm telling you I know him.

118. There is a NIGHTMARE IMAGE of another time when a man pulls a gun on Mickey and Mickey turns it back on him and it goes off. 118.

119. Mickey reaches into Zack's pockets and takes all his money. 119.
Then he points the gun directly at Zack's skull.

MICKEY

You don't think I'd do it, do you, Zack?
Well, I've done it before, right in this town. And it was just like this. Him or me.

ZACK

(unafraid)
Go ahead, pervert, shoot me.

NANCY

Mickey, he doesn't mean it. Zack is a very caring person.

They both look at her.

NANCY

I promise you I can handle him, Mickey.

ZACK

Go ahead, pervert. Or are you going to use her as an excuse?

MICKEY

The guy's a goddamn menace.

NANCY

(radio personality, clear-headed)
He's no more dangerous than you, Mickey, certainly not if you killed a man. Zack's not going to kill me. Are you, Zack?

ZACK

What? You? I want to talk with you, Anita. About Eve and me and Pearl and everything. You're the first person to understand me in years.

NANCY

(to Mickey)
See?

ZACK

It's him I want to kill.

Mickey exhales, checks Nancy, who smiles reassuringly.

NANCY

But, please come back later, Mickey. You're very special. There's so much for us to explore.

119.Con't

119.

ZACK

(mumbling)

Let the bastard shoot me, I'd rather hear
the gun go off than this shit.

Mickey looks at them both, backs out the door, shutting it behind him.

120. EXT. EVE'S STREET -- NIGHT

120.

Mickey checks to see that the gun is loaded, stuffs it into his pocket,
walks down the block.

CUT TO:

121. EXT. BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

121.

A store window. Two WINDOW DRESSERS are putting their arms around two
nude mannequins. The Dressers move the mannequins this way and that.
The mannequins seems amazingly alive. Not only alive, but slightly
lascivious. Everything about the Window Dressers suggests morticians.

Mickey watches, searching for a match, wandering down the block
toward Eve's Place.

CUT TO:

122. EXT. EVE'S PLACE -- Night

122.

Closed, but with the sign still blinking. Mickey looks up at the
building. A sudden chill overcomes him. He imagines a GHOST IMAGE
123. WOMAN standing on the roof, holding a gun to her head, threatening 123.
to pull the trigger to the CROWD below. A fire engine arrives, an
ambulance, a police car. A GUN SHOT echoes, but it's only THUNDER.

124. There are no crowds, no cars. Just Mickey in the empty street. He 124.
sighs.

MICKEY

(whisper)

Eve... Eve... Eve...

He tosses his cigarette, notices Eve's T-Bird parked in front of the
lounge entrance. As he starts across the street, he looks up at the
building again. There's someone on the roof. A Woman. She has a gun.
Mickey blinks. He steps closer to see the silhouette, a nightmarish
vision blinking with the neon sign.

MICKEY

Holy shit...

He starts to run.

CUT TO:

125.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING -- NIGHT

125.

Mickey climbs the fire ladder, steps onto the roof. He sees Eve sitting next to the ledge, drinking whiskey out of the bottle, gun in her hand. She doesn't see Mickey. Her attention is just out there, onto the street. The sign with her name brightens and darkens her face, body. Mickey eases forward.

MICKEY

Eve...

She turns sharply, leaps to her feet. She drops the bottle, breaks it. She puts the gun to her temple, steps right to the edge of the building.

EVE

Get away from me. I'll kill myself,
I swear I will.

MICKEY

No, you won't.

EVE

You don't have anything to say about it.
I'm doing this for me.
(nasty smile)
Ever wonder what it is with you and women
named Eve? I'd never forgive my father
for naming me that... if I knew who he was.
(looks around)
You're a lucky guy, Mickey. You get to miss
me when I'm gone.

She is drunk. He edges closer.

EVE

One more step and you get splattered.

She looks below, wavering. She seems absorbed by the chill, the colors, the view. A few of the Street Walkers, including Ida, think they see something on the roof. They huddle together beneath the street lamp, pointing.

EVE

(low)
I've always found the naughty part of town,
it's a natural thing for me. Guess my instinct
is for dark places. Always the shouting and
laughing and grunts and groans. And now and
then, somebody sobbing. Somebody sobbing turns
me to jelly. I always think it's for love.

She pauses. Mickey steps closer.

EVE

Love, hah! Men and women twitching and tossing
on beds. Beds of stone. Bodies sweating, brains
crazy. Futile hopes and vengeful dreams.

She raises the gun.

EVE

How do you like that, Professor Poet?

MICKEY

You don't mean it, Eve.

EVE

How do you know what I mean? How do you know anything about me? Who the hell do you think you are? Lying to me all the time. You're not better than I am, so don't go acting like you are. You and me are just the same.

MICKEY

Then maybe I should join you.

He steps to the edge, also. Several feet from her. He pulls his hand from a pocket and Zack's gun is attached to his fingers. He calmly puts it to the side of his head, cocks the hammer. Somehow, he seems more committed than she.

EVE

Mickey? What the hell are you doing?

MICKEY

You're not alone in the dark, Eve. Come on, we'll go there together. Fuck hope and dreams.

EVE

Mickey... I...

She swallows, lowers her gun, drops it. His remains to his head.

EVE

It's okay, Mickey. Come on back, now.

He keeps the gun to his head. Eve moves up. Mickey's eyes widen. He lowers the gun. She puts her head to his chest. They stand in the damp night and the blinking sign.

EVE

Mine wasn't even loaded.

MICKEY

Either was mine.

The Ladies below watch them embrace on the roof.

CUT TO:

126.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE -- DAWN

126.

The front door opens to near darkness, sunlight just filtering through closed curtains. Mickey follows Eve inside.

EVE

(whisper)

I just have to get some things.

He follows her down the hallway. Nancy's bedroom door is closed. Eve continues past to her own room, begins packing. Mickey watches from the bedroom doorway. Nancy's door opens behind him. He turns. Nancy just stands there, looking at him. Eve comes from her room, pauses at Nancy, then goes into the bathroom to gather a few things. Zack is snoring in Nancy's bed.

EVE

Got lucky again, right?

Eve closes the bathroom door in defiance. Nancy steps to Mickey.

NANCY

Hi.

MICKEY

Hi.

NANCY

Do you have to go?

MICKEY

Have to?

NANCY

Can't you stay?

MICKEY

(gesturing to Zack)

You don't need me.

NANCY

No, you and I had something different.
There is a difference, you know.

MICKEY

Is there?

NANCY

Please, stay. We could all work something out,
I'm sure. We could help each other. There's
a lot more to learn.

MICKEY

Maybe you'll find somebody to help you on
the telephone. Call that lady.

126.Con't

126.

He smiles, but she looks near tears.

NANCY

It's not fair, you know. This is going to affect a lot of people.

Eve comes from the bathroom.

EVE

(to Mickey)

Ready? Let's get some breakfast, and I feel like buying new clothes. So long, Anita. I can call you that, can't I? Stay here as long as you want, don't know when I'll be back. No hard feelings?

She holds out her hand. Nancy won't shake it.

NANCY

It's just not fair. My life is a lot more complicated than you might think.

EVE

Guess we're all in the same boat. Sorry, I forgot to tell you that Zack snores.

Eve looks at Mickey as she goes to the door. Mickey leans in, whispers something in Nancy's ear, then follows Eve out. Nancy watches them through the window. They drive off in Eve's T-Bird as the sun explodes in the sky. Nancy can't control the tears. She is quickly on the telephone.

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

(croaking)

Hello...

NANCY

Oh, Ernest, I'm sorry to wake you...

DR. GREENE'S VOICE

God damnit, Nancy...

CUT TO:

127.

INT. BUS STATION -- AFTERNOON

127.

A group of ELDERLY WOMEN on a bus bench with their luggage. A transistor RADIO is tuned to The Love Line with Dr. Nancy Love. Eve is sitting on the adjacent bench, trying to listen to their radio without being rude.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

Imagine whatever you say to anyone will count heavily, be acted upon, whether you're right or wrong. There's a tremendous responsibility in that, don't you think?

127.Con't

127.

Mickey is at the same window with the same Female Clerk. He hears Nancy's VOICE on the RADIO, turns sharply. The Clerk slides him two tickets for his cash.

CLERK

See how easy it is?

Mickey takes the tickets back to the bus bench.

NANCY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

And I'm just learning, Betty, like you and so many others. I'm devoting my life to learn about men and women...

Mickey knows this voice.

EVE

That's the only thing I'll miss. Nancy Love. She really knows what she's talking about.

BETTY'S VOICE

(on RADIO)

But you have to help me, Dr. Love, I've no one else I can discuss this with. I'll do whatever you tell me.

Mickey's heard it all before. There's an ANNOUNCEMENT for his bus.

CUT TO:

128. CLOSE NANCY -- INT. RADIO STATION -- DAY

128.

NANCY

That's my point, Betty, you can't just listen to me. I have to be careful of listening to myself.

129. INT. CORRIDOR -- RADIO STATION

129.

Ralph is giving instructions to the same young Female Trainee with the clipboard. Nancy edges her way into Ralph's attention. The Trainee departs to the end of the hall. Nancy is flirtatious.

NANCY

Ralph, how about we spend that dime of yours on dinner tonight?

RALPH

Can't tonight, Nancy. I'm working.

The Trainee smiles before rounding the corner.

CUT TO:

130. EXT. CITYSCAPE -- EVENING 130.

Darkness settles into its soft pattern.

131. EXT. STREET -- EVENING 131.

Nancy's car parks and she climbs out, newspaper in hand.

132. INT. APARTMENT HOUSE DOOR -- EVENING 132.

It opens and Pearl stands there, still wearing the dark glasses.
Nancy looks up.

NANCY

Pearl?

PEARL

Yes.

NANCY

Hi, I'm Evelyn. I called about your ad in the Times about a roommate.

PEARL

Oh, yeah, right. Come on in.

NANCY

Is there something wrong with your eyes?

Pearl removes the dark glasses. The black eye.

NANCY

(stepping into the apartment)
What happened?

PEARL

My husband. We're separated. See, he was sneaking around with this other woman...

Nancy enters and Pearl closes the door.

NANCY

How old are you, Pearl?

CUT TO:

133. INT. TRAILWAYS BUS -- EVENING 133.

The same Lovers are necking. A middle aged WOMAN sits across the aisle from Eve and Mickey, knitting, pretending not to notice the active Lovers.

WOMAN

(to Eve)
On vacation in Las Vegas?

Eve nods. She's reading a House Beautiful magazine, Bridal Issue.

WOMAN

Gambling?

EVE

You might say that. Honeymoon.

WOMAN

Oh, how romantic. Have you been planning it for long?

EVE

All my life.

She shows the Woman her ring finger. A wedding band.

WOMAN

Lovely, lovely. Marriage is a very sacred thing.

EVE

So, I've heard.

Mickey is slouched in the seat, watching the view race by.

EVE

(to Mickey)

Marriage is a sacred thing, isn't it?

MICKEY

In a sordid but beautiful way.

EVE

I don't know why I ask you anything. You're bonkers.

MICKEY

Isn't that why you chose me?

She looks at her wedding band, he looks at his. They both get the same expression at the same time and he faces her and they stare at each other for a long while.

FADE OUT.