



INTERSCOPE
COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

"COCKTAIL"

by

Heywood Gould

RECEIVED
AUG 14 1987
STORY DEPARTMENT

10900 Wilshire Boulevard
Suite 1400
Los Angeles, California 90024
213 208-8525 Telex 696122

July 8, 1987

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK LANE - NIGHT

A beautiful, sylvan scene. Moonlight glitters on the lake. A BIG BAND BALLAD from the Forties croons out from speakers strung up in the trees. Young couples dance cheek to cheek. Over the lake a banner has been strung. It reads: WE SURVIVED CATHOLIC SCHOOL, XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL, CLASS OF '80.

OUT ON LAKE

Couples are paddle-boating. It is tranquil, quiet, the only sounds are the muted SPLASH of the PADDLE-WHEELS, the FAINT ECHO of MUSIC coming from shore.

PADDLE-BOAT

seems empty. It floats aimlessly, causing the other boats to take evasive action.

INT. BOAT

in a clinch on the bottom, BRIAN FLANAGAN, an eighteen-year-old rake in a rented dinner jacket is tangled in an awkward embrace with AGNES GAFFNEY, another eighteen-year-old in a prom gown that is not suited to this type of grappling.

AGNES

(wriggling
uncomfortably)

Brian, the bench is right in my back.

Brian rolls over so that he is now on the bottom.

BRIAN

(with a sly smile)
That better?

AGNES

(shakes her head)
Better for you.

BRIAN

Aw c'mon...

He puts her hands in her hair and lowers her head gently toward him. They kiss. When the embrace threatens to go from lingering to passionate, Agnes pulls away. She looks searchingly into Brian's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGNES

(sarcastic)

Sure. One romantic night, right?
Tomorrow you'll move into the city,
and I'll never hear from you again.

BRIAN

Don't be paranoid, it gives you
wrinkles. I'm stayin' in the
neighborhood. I'm gonna take some
night courses, get my head
straight and figure out what I
want to do with this great
repository of brains, looks and
charm that I possess...

AGNES

You're full of it, you know that?

But she allows herself to be lowered for another kiss
which is violently interrupted by a bump from another
boat.

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

(urgent whisper)

Brian...

Brian sits up, exasperated.

BRIAN

For Chrissake, Quigley...

QUIGLEY

The cops are here, man. They're
tryin' to roust us.

BRIAN

Tell 'em we got a permit.

QUIGLEY

We told 'em. There's a sergeant
says he wants to see it... and
the guy who got it.

BRIAN

(miffed)

All right.

He starts to paddle toward the shore.

QUIGLEY

Better hurry up... Molloy's stewed
to the gills. He's all over this
cop's case.

Brian paddles faster.

ON SHORE

Several patrol cars have pulled off the road onto the grass and pointed their lights at the revelers. A dark, scowling SERGEANT is trying to ignore MOLLOY, a slobbering beanpole of a kid, who is haranguing him, making great rhetorical flourishes with his long, skinny arms.

MOLLOY

Women can't walk in the street.
Children aren't safe. People
are gettin' killed all over
Brooklyn and here you are breakin'
up a high school graduation party.
Goddamn fascist party pooper...

BRIAN

arrives in the nick of time.

BRIAN

Molloy, cool it!
(to the Sergeant)
What's the problem?

The Sergeant turns to look at Brian. His gaze shifts over Brian's shoulder at:

AGNES

who is walking toward the group, smoothing her disheveled dress, fixing her tousled hair.

SERGEANT

turns back to Brian, angered by what he has seen.

SERGEANT

No problem. You just take your
little orgy off public property...

BRIAN

C'mon, man, this is a big night
for us and you're pissing all over
it. Anyway, we got a permit from
the parks department for this
party.

SERGEANT

They didn't give you a license to
serve alcoholic beverages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

A coupla cases of beer? People
drink beer all over this park.

Molloy comes out of nowhere, shaking a can of beer.

MOLLOY

Yeah, have a brew yourself.
Loosen up a little.

He pulls the tab and the beer shoots all over the
Sergeant's uniform.

SERGEANT

(enraged)

All right, mutt!

He grabs Molloy by the collar and spins him around. The
other cops come running.

MOLLOY

(flailing and shouting)

Pig!

A cop grabs him by the collar and jerks his head back.
Another smacks him to the ground.

BRIAN

rushes forward to defend Molloy. A BRAWNY COP steps in
front of him.

BRAWNY COP

Stay outta this, Flanagan, you got
too many beefs as it is...

BRIAN

They're killin' my friend!

He steps around the Brawny Cop to challenge the Sergeant.

BRIAN

Hey, man, lighten up, he didn't do
nothin'.

SERGEANT

(threatening)

I know you, kid. You'd better
back off!

Brian sidesteps the Sergeant and tries to pull a cop off
Molloy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Leave him alone, man!

The Sergeant spins Brian around and backhands him across the face. Brian goes down heavily. The Sergeant opens his palm and we see a flat sapper, or a blackjack, cupped in the palm of his hand.

INT. BROOKLYN NIGHT COURT - NIGHT

A slow night, which means there are less than the usual number of orating drunks, bored hookers, and fast-talking hoods waiting to be arraigned. In the midst of all this, Brian sits in the front row waiting his turn. He has a huge purple welt under his eye. A few seats down sits the Sergeant, staring straight ahead, his anger obviously unabated.

BEHIND BENCH

The door to the Judge's chambers opens and PAT DEVINE, a large, florid, white-haired man, emerges.

BRIAN

stands up in astonishment.

BRIAN

Uncle Pat!

PAT

(angrily)

Sit down, Brian, and stay put!

(his tone becoming
courteous as he
addresses the
Sergeant)

Can you give Judge Mahoney a few
minutes, Sergeant?

SERGEANT

(with a hard look
at Brian)

Give him all the time he wants.
I'm still chargin' the kid...

He walks across the room, toward the Judge's chambers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT
(looking down at
Brian)
You really got yourself into a
jackpot this time, Brian.

He turns and follows the Sergeant.

BRIAN

watches them go. His cheek twitches. He touches his
bruised face gingerly. He looks up at the sound of
LAUGHTER from the Judge's chambers. A moment later the
door opens. Out come Uncle Pat and the JUDGE, a small,
dapper man. They are smiling broadly. A moment later
the Sergeant emerges; he is not smiling. Head down, he
walks quickly out of the courtroom.

PAT
I thought you either dropped dead
or took the pledge, Judge.

JUDGE
(laughing)
Neither, thank God.

His expression changes to severity as he sits at the
bench.

JUDGE
Brian Flanagan, approach the bench.

Brian walks up.

JUDGE
You're lucky in your relations,
young man. Your uncle is an old
friend and I trust him. But
assaulting an officer is a serious
offense.

PAT
(reproving)
Your father would turn over in his
grave if he knew the stupid
scrapes you've been gettin' into,
Brian. You know he always taught
you to respect the law.

Brian looks sullenly at his shoes.

BRIAN
Even when it's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT

The law's never wrong or right.
The law's to be obeyed.

The Judge shakes his head and looks at Pat.

JUDGE

Did you say he was a good student?

PAT

Top of his class.

JUDGE

He must have left his brains on
the lake. All he had to do was
apologize...

BRIAN

Why should I apologize to that
dirtbag? I never laid a hand on
him.

PAT

(shaking him angrily)

I'll tell you why, stupid. Because
now he wants to press an assault
complaint on you. And with the
other brawls you been involved with
lately, you might be lookin' at a
little jail time.

JUDGE

If I bind you over for trial,
you'll get at least ninety days in
jail on Rikers Island. And believe
me, young man, that's a life-
changing experience.

Brian looks up, shocked.

PAT

(emphasizing)

You see what you get protecting
your stupid friends?

JUDGE

Now Sergeant Maglie has very
kindly volunteered to drop the
charges. The sergeant has faith
that you'll be able to rehabilitate
yourself and spare the state the
expense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT

He will. You have our solemn promise. He'll mend his ways.

JUDGE

I'd like to hear it from Brian himself, Pat, if that's okay with you. I'd like to get a promise.

Pat nods and stares at Brian, trying to prod him with his eyes. But Brian stands mute and smoldering.

PAT

You been oratin' all night. You can certainly make one more speech to keep yourself out of jail.

BRIAN

(with great difficulty)

I won't make any more trouble...
I promise.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Uncle Pat and Brian walk out of the courtroom and down the corridor. Once away from the Judge, Pat's demeanor changes; he becomes confiding, sympathetic.

PAT

You picked the wrong cop in the neighborhood to tangle with. Had to talk his ear off...

Brian squints suspiciously.

BRIAN

What's the catch, Uncle Pat?

Pat turns and looks at a recruiting poster on the wall. It reads: BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE.

PAT

You're gonna have to get out of the neighborhood for a while.

BRIAN

I was plannin' to take some night courses next fall. See if I could find a job downtown...

PAT

You gotta change your plans, Brian. Go serve your country. That's the deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian nods, bitterly.

BRIAN

I'm gettin' set up for something
I didn't do.

Pat shrugs: that's the way of the world. He puts his
arm around Brian.

PAT

Let's go home...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

CREDITS BEGIN

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - MORNING

A Greyhound bus drives east into the sunlight toward New
York. As it heads south on Henry Hudson Parkway, we see
most of the passengers dozing. Near the middle of the
bus sits --

BRIAN

dressed in an Army uniform, three years older, his hair
shorter, the rebel look still in his eyes as he stares
out at the city as it comes into view.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL - DAY

Brian exits the terminal. His gait is straighter, posture
better. He maneuvers around the various sleeping forms
on the street, dodges the panhandlers, flipping his Good
Conduct Medal to a hooker.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

Brian walks through this neat, tranquil working-class
neighborhood of two-family frame houses carrying his
overseas bag. It is a quiet Sunday morning. CHURCHBELLS
RING as Brian walks down the street. He smiles at two
GIRLS in their Sunday best. They smile back and keep
walking, but one of them turns back and calls.

GIRL

Brian? Brian Flanagan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian turns and waves, squinting in an effort to remember her name.

GIRL
(reminds him)
Betty Gaffney, Agnes's sister.

BRIAN
(appreciative)
Well, you've sure grown up in three years. Guess they don't call you fat Betty anymore.

GIRL
You out of the Army now?

BRIAN
Did my bit.

GIRL
What are you gonna do now?

BRIAN
Get rich.

The Girl smiles flirtatiously.

GIRL
Call me when you get there.

BRIAN
I'll call you a day before, okay?
Call you tomorrow.

The Girls laugh.

GIRL
Same old Brian.

And they move on down the street, Brian pausing a moment to watch them go before turning to go on his way, his step suddenly less military and more civilian-jaunty.

EXT. PAT DEVINE'S PARK VIEW - DAY

A little neighborhood tavern across the street from Prospect Park. Parked in front of it is a large moving van with PATRICK J. DEVINE, RELOCATORS, painted on the trailer. Behind that is a mini van with PATRICK J. DEVINE, LANDSCAPERS & CONTRACTORS painted on the side. We are obviously in the terrain of a Brooklyn mini-empire.

BRIAN

turns the corner and stops to contemplate the Devine properties. He sees:

UNCLE PAT

himself, standing, arms folded in the doorway of the tavern watching EDDIE, a frail punchy old man with an eye patch, wrestle a huge iron trash barrel to the curb. Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN

(to himself)

Same old Uncle Pat...

Then walks on down the street. CREDITS END.

INT. BAR - DAY

A gloomy neighborhood saloon -- you can almost smell the stale beer. Uncle Pat is behind the bar drawing beers for Brian, Eddie and himself.

PAT

So, did you learn anything useful?

BRIAN

Yeah. I learned how to smoke a cigarette and throw up at the same time and learned that all you have to do is say 'Yes, sir' like you mean it, and then you can do anything you want...

PAT

(dour)

They sure didn't beat the wiseguy outta you.

BRIAN

No chance of that ever happening.

Pat nods his agreement.

PAT

What's the master plan now?

BRIAN

Make a million, what else?

PAT

(challenging)

Doin' what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
(defensive)
A million things.

PAT
Name me one.

BRIAN
Hey, I got the gift of gab, I can talk the balls off a brass monkey. That's all that counts in today's market. There's sales, advertising, the market. Something comes up, I'll grab it.

PAT
(knows better)
Yeah... Anyway, I'll put you on one of my vans while you're waitin'...

BRIAN
(emphatic)
No way. You got Elmer's Glue on those trucks. Once a guy gets on he never gets off...

PAT
It was good enough for your old man.

BRIAN
(a trace of bitterness)
So was arthritis. Guy used to hump three-hundred-pound barrels, by the time he was fifty-five he couldn't hold a coffee cup. No thanks, Uncle Pat.

Uncle Pat puts a fresh beer down in front of Brian.

PAT
That's a buck for the beer.

Brian puts up his money shaking his head.

BRIAN
Your nephew comes home from servin' his country and he don't even rate a beer on the house?

PAT
You don't get rich givin' things away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
(challenging)
How do you get rich then?

PAT
I'll give you your first lesson
'on the house.' I been here
forty-two years, never bought a
drink, right, Eddie?

EDDIE
I can testify to that.

PAT
Birthdays, Christmas, New Year's.
Never. In 1955, the Dodgers won
the World Series, Eddie here got
a little outta hand. Started
poundin' the bar. Demanded a
round on the house for everybody.
Remember that, Eddie?

EDDIE
Like it was yesterday, Pat.

PAT
What did I do, Eddie?

EDDIE
Smacked me with a club. Almost
knocked my eye right outta my
head.

BRIAN
And that's your way of makin'
money.

Pat leans over the bar to look grimly at Brian.

PAT
It's the only way. You gotta be
smarter and work harder than
everyone. You can't trust anyone,
you can't make any friends.

BRIAN
Doesn't sound like too much fun.

PAT
(scornful)
Fun he wants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pat steps back and RINGS No Sale. He hands Brian a ten dollar bill out of the REGISTER.

PAT

This'll get you out of Brooklyn.

Brian slides the bill back along the bar.

BRIAN

Buy Eddie a binge on me...

He turns and heads out of the bar.

PAT

You'll be back.

BRIAN

Only in a box.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

A sunny summer morning. Brian gets out of a cab in a three-piece suit, brand new attache case in hand. Brian joins the crowd of bankers and brokers jostling on the narrow sidewalk, flowing in and out of the skyscrapers of Wall Street. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, Brian slowly becomes an anonymous speck in the landscape.

INT. BACK OFFICE - LEANDER, VOGEL, MINTZ - DAY

On the wall in brass lettering we see: LEANDER, VOGEL & MINTZ, MEMBERS NY STOCK EXCHANGE. Brian, standing in his suit, holding his attache case like the useless impediment it has now become, listens as MR. TYLER, a fastidious middle-aged head clerk, breaks him in on his new job.

MR. TYLER

We have a routine here that we like to follow...

(emphasizing)

... to the letter. Having come from the military, I'm sure you'll appreciate that.

(picks up order slip)

We write in the order, clip it to the broker's memo like so...

(clips pieces together from bottom)

... Initial the transaction in red ink...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(grabs envelope)

... Cross off the preceding name so the envelope will not be routed to the wrong broker. And voila, as they say.

BRIAN

(bored already)

Hope I can get this right.

MR. TYLER

(catching the sarcasm)

You'll be fine, I'm sure. Just remember, down here we support the people who bring in the business for the firm.

BRIAN

In other words I have to sit down here and watch other people make money.

MR. TYLER

(with a sympathetic smile)

It's called 'the system.'

Brian nods, unimpressed.

BRIAN

It's called 'the rich get richer.'

INT. COLLEGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Through an open door we see Brian struggling to stay awake as an INSTRUCTOR drones on.

INSTRUCTOR

The desired information on revenue, expense and other events which change the owner's equity is generally provided by using many owners' equity accounts: (1) Permanent or balance sheet accounts and (2) temporary accounts that are used...

On the wall outside the class we see ACCOUNTING 101, PROFESSOR FIEBELMAN.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Everyone in the class, male and female, including Professor Feibleman looks exactly alike. All are pale, pear-shaped and bespectacled. All are listening in rapt attention to the Prof.; all are madly scribbling notes. All except Brian. He is very obviously out of his element.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A break in the class. Brian wanders down the hall and peeks in another classroom where a more animated class is in session. The description on the wall reads: CREATIVE WRITING, FRITZ KELSEY. Inside, KELSEY, a florid, paunchy, mustachioed bohemian in corduroy and denim, almost a parody of every jacket photo ever taken, is berating the class. Brian looks in and likes what he sees. He enters silently.

INT. CREATIVE WRITING CLASS - NIGHT

Brian takes a seat among a more mixed and congenial student population. Kelsey continues his harangue, then insults the class. They love every minute of it.

KELSEY

(sarcastic)

I realize I've got a class of Hemingways here. At least twenty undiscovered masterpieces are gonna come out of this experience. And at least two of you will sell the movie rights for at least a half million dollars. But let's try something simple for your first assignment. I want you all to write your own obituaries. Not that I wish you were dead. Well, not yet, anyway...

Everybody laughs.

INT. BACK OFFICE - DAY

Brian is typing feverishly on his assignment, paying no heed to the mountain of transactions on his desk. The floor around him is littered with crumpled discards. Still, Brian looks excited at what he is doing. Mr. Tyler approaches noiselessly and stands behind for a moment until Brian senses his presence and looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. TYLER

Am I interrupting anything?

BRIAN

I'm on a break, Mr. Tyler.

Mr. Tyler nods and looks pointedly at the transaction pile.

BRIAN

I'll get to them.

MR. TYLER

We have to make sure that all the transactions are processed...

BRIAN

I know, Mr. Tyler. It's the way the system works.

MR. TYLER

(not unkind)

You're not exactly inflamed by the world of finance, are you?

BRIAN

I'm a slow burner.

MR. TYLER

This is the third time I've had to speak to you, Brian. I know you're far from stupid so I have to believe you don't really care about the job.

BRIAN

So, you're thinking about a nice way to can me.

MR. TYLER

It hasn't come to that. But if you keep this up I will have to let you go to protect my own job.

BRIAN

Yeah, that's the way things work, isn't it? Let me make it easy for both of us.

(offers his hand)

Goodbye, Mr. Tyler.

He picks up his typing and turns to walk out. Mr. Tyler calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. TYLER

Good luck.

BRIAN

Thanks, Mr. Tyler.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Brian emerges from the building, fighting his way through the crowd. He seems to be the only person leaving the building.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian walks the narrow streets of the financial district, again walking the crowds. Again he seems to be the only person who is walking away from the Wall Street area; everyone else is rushing in eagerly.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Brian has walked a long way. He has loosened his tie and thrown his jacket over his shoulder. Now he looks up and sees:

LORD BOUNTIFUL'S

A big, trendy corner saloon.

BRIAN

looks through the front window. It seems quiet enough. He shrugs and enters.

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - DAY

Dark, empty, intimidating. A skinny Chinese porter mops the floor. A very hungover, young bartender slices oranges behind the bar. BACH fills the air. Brian walks in and looks around.

DOUG COUGHLIN

A trim, casual Irishman who looks like Superman's black sheep brother, is sitting at the bar making red eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has a bowl of eggs, a jar of tomato juice, a bottle of tabasco, salt, pepper and a pack of Marlboros, all arranged like satellites around a pitcher of beer. As Brian approaches he fills a frosted mug with beer and juice, half and half, adds the condiments and breaks the egg into the mixture without stirring. He chug-a-lugs the mixture so fast his Adam's apple hardly pops. Then he lights a cigarette and starts the process all over again. Brian chokes back his nausea and approaches.

BRIAN

I'd like to see the manager.

COUGHLIN

What's the matter, you find a hair in your quiche?

BRIAN

I'm lookin' for a job.

Coughlin looks him over with interest.

COUGHLIN

Temporary employment?

Brian shrugs affirmatively.

COUGHLIN

Just to tide yourself over until one of your business ventures takes hold? Or your stage career blossoms?

BRIAN

(not amused)

Uh-huh.

Brian turns to go. Smiling, Coughlin calls after him.

COUGHLIN

Maybe to cover the calories while you work on your novel?

Brian turns back. He reacts enough for Coughlin to see that he has struck the truth.

BRIAN

How'd you know?

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's Law: All writers think they can drink. All bartenders think they can write.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Who's Coughlin?

COUGHLIN

Douglas Coughlin. Logical
negativist. Flourished in the last
half of the Twentieth Century.
Propounded a set of laws that the
world generally ignored... To its
detriment... Me. Ever work behind
the bar?

BRIAN

Guess I could if I had to.

Coughlin holds up the mug for Brian's inspection.

COUGHLIN

... Know how to make a red eye,
Mr....

BRIAN

(wincing at the
thought)

Brian Flanagan. Looks easy
enough.

COUGHLIN

How about a vodka martini with
a Pernod float?

BRIAN

I'm a fast learner.

COUGHLIN

Ever throw a four-hundred pound
psychopath out of a bar?

BRIAN

I guess I could if I had to.

COUGHLIN

How about a hundred pound
ballerina who's been speeding
for three days?

Brian steps forward angrily.

BRIAN

You puttin' me on...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

These are only some of the tasks you will be called on to perform, young Flanagan. This is the Upper East Side, saloon capital of the world. This is the big time. Are you ready for the big time, young Flanagan?

Brian looks back. Confident as always.

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - DAY (HOUR LATER)

Lord Bountiful's is packed to the rafters with screaming singles. The BLARING JUKEBOX adds to the hysteria.

BEHIND BAR

CAMERA PANS FROM tranquility TO anarchy. On one side of the bar Coughlin, a cigarette dangling out of the side of his mouth, dispenses drinks and wisecracks to his admiring customers, working easily, without strain; everything is neat and spotless at his end. A HAPPY CUSTOMER drags a pretty BLONDE through the crowd up to the bar.

HAPPY CUSTOMER

Of course you want to meet him. Everybody wants to meet Doug Coughlin... Doug, this is the great love of my life...

Coughlin and the Blonde exchange secret smiles. Obviously, they've already met. Coughlin keeps working at top speed.

COUGHLIN

Henceforth, your life shall have meaning.

BLONDE

That's sweet.

CAMERA PANS a mere ten feet away TO Brian, sweating profusely, knee-deep in spilled drinks, soggy fruit and cigarette butts. Dirty glasses have piled up, puddles glisten on the bar. Customers are screaming. WAITRESSES, heavily-mascaraed in white blouses and black mini-skirts, stand at the service end, drumming their lacquered fingernails impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST WAITRESS
I got four people, I can't
go back with three drinks.

SECOND WAITRESS
Vodka Gibson up, rusty
nail down, perfect
Manhattan, a Harvey
Wallbanger.

ELEANOR, a waitress, very hard, very sexy, calls:

ELEANOR
Ordering: a Heineken and a Cuba
Libra...

AT COOLER

Brian stoops under the register to open the cooler door. It is a jungle of wine gallons and beer bottles. He has to remove half the contents before he can find a Heineken. Meanwhile:

ELEANOR
Hey, Doug, what's this, Hire the
Handicapped Week?

Brian sticks his head out to reply. Unfortunately, it is just at the moment that Coughlin RINGS up a sale, and Brian gets smacked square in the forehead with the drawer, falling back onto the duckboards. Coughlin looks down in amusement.

COUGHLIN
You wanna sit in the water go to
Coney Island...

Brian clutches at the bar, knocking over a carton of matches and a glass of swizzle sticks as he struggles to his feet. Coughlin shoves a dog-eared copy of Mr. Boston's Bar Book at Brian.

COUGHLIN
... Here, this has all the
recipes...

ELEANOR
(obnoxious)
Ordering: a Cuba Libra.

MOUSEY FEMALE CUSTOMER
Could I please have a glass of
water...

SNOTTY CUSTOMER
He don't know how to make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everybody laughs.

SECOND WAITRESS

Hey, where's my Harvey Wallbanger?

Brian thumbs frantically through the book.

ELEANOR

(singsong)

I'm not leaving until I get my
Cuba Leebra.

BRIAN

(frantically thumbing)

Cuba Libra, Cuba Libra...

(finds it)

... Cuba... Rum and...

That's the last straw. Brian throws the book out over the bar, its paper fluttering down on the clamoring crowd.

BRIAN

... You bitch. Why didn't you tell
me it was just a rum and Coke?

CUSTOMERS

especially the women, smile at Brian's defiance.

COUGHLIN

watches the reaction.

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

Only a few customers at the bar, and they're all at Coughlin's end. Brian is sloshing through the swamp trying to clean up his station. Eleanor comes up to the bar. She has changed to a form-fitting Coca Cola jumpsuit. She hands Brian some crumpled bills.

ELEANOR

You're supposed to get ten percent
from the waitresses.

BRIAN

I don't deserve it.

He tries to return the money, but she slaps his hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELEANOR

Hey, schmuck, you get money from girls every day?

BRIAN

(pockets the money)

Look... I'm sorry I called you a bitch.

ELEANOR

Why? I am a bitch.

She gives him a provocative look and walks away, turning to throw him one more come-hither look.

COUGHLIN

has been watching this little scene. He calls down to Brian.

COUGHLIN

Hey, frog man...

Eleanor walks by Coughlin.

ELEANOR

(en passant)

Got yourself a new disciple?

COUGHLIN

(calls after her)

Anybody who could get money out of you is a major talent.

As Brian sloshes over, Coughlin grabs a mixing glass full of money and empties it on the bar.

COUGHLIN

Of all the gin joints in all the world you were lucky enough to come into mine. Humphrey Bogart, 1942. Come back next Wednesday. I got five shifts open.

BRIAN

(incredulous)

You offering me a job? The waitresses hate me.

COUGHLIN

Wait'll you've given them the crabs. Then you'll get hatred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coughlin pours himself a shot of cognac and downs it with a nimble flick of the wrist, picking up his rap before the booze has hardly gotten down his throat.

COUGHLIN

You see, the name of this game is Woman. The little darlings come in panting, their little hearts pit-a-patting for the handsome, all-knowing bartender. In their wake, a parade of slobbering geeks, one hand on their crotches, one hand on their wallets. Just get the women you'll get the bucks. You got 'em. Buttons were dropping, skirts were rising. When you can see the color of their panties, you know you got talent.

(puts his arm
around Brian)

Stick with me, kid, I'll make you a star.

BRIAN

(abashed)

Hey, man, that's great, thanks. But I'd only do this until I got something better.

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's law: Anything is always something better.

He slides a shot over to Brian, who shakes his head.

BRIAN

I'll stick with a brew...

COUGHLIN

Beer's for breakfast around here.

(wrists down a shot)

Try it, it'll change your life...

Brian imitates Coughlin's quick gesture. He gasps, reddens and coughs, but holds his ground.

INT. CREATIVE WRITING CLASS - NIGHT

Kelsey is deeply in his cups. There is a pile of papers on his desk. Kelsey picks them up one by one and throws them around the room to punctuate his diatribe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

I told you that writing is blood
and fear and urgency. It's not
done by a bunch of spoiled
dilettantes who think of
themselves as artists.

(picks up paper and
reads it)

It's not done by Ronald Ianello,
a transit cop who's been staring
at grafitti so long he thinks
he likes it...

(launches paper and
picks up another)

... or John LeMaster, who thinks
the world is panting to hear
every detail of his rather
mediocre divorce...

ANGLE - CLASSROOM

is shocked and apprehensive. Brian, however, just shakes
his head.

KELSEY

takes another paper off the pile, then turns with a vicious
smirk.

KELSEY

And, my all-time favorite, Mrs.
Sheila Rivkin, who comes to us
all the way from Little Neck,
Long Island.

ANGLE - CLASS

stirs uneasily, sensing a major tirade. In front of
Brian, a matronly woman in her mid-forties turns to a
friend. It's MRS. RIVKIN.

MRS. RIVKIN

Oh, my God, he's got my paper.

KELSEY

snarls with relish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Mrs. Rivkin who spent twenty years
burning her husband's dinner and
giving her children complexes and
now decides to give the benefit
of her totally worthless
experience to the waiting world.

MRS. RIVKIN

trembles and daubs at a tear. Brian leans forward to
comfort her.

BRIAN

Don't pay any attention, Mrs.
Rivkin, the guy's loaded.

KELSEY

hears this and walks through the seats toward Brian.

KELSEY

You have a meaningful contribution
to make?

Brian looks up, unafraid.

BRIAN

I just said you were drunk as a
skunk. You got a snoot full...

KELSEY

You're Mr. Flanagan...
(searching through
papers)
... Let's see what you have to
say.

BRIAN

Hold it, pal!

KELSEY

Ah, Brian Flanagan whose -- and I
quote -- 'father was no stage
Irishman. Slight and hollow-eyed,
he had the crabbed fingers of a
day laborer made to do work his
body couldn't sustain. He was an
embarrassment to my brother, my
baby sister and me.'

Brian has now moved on Kelsey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

You do any more numbers on my paper and I'll make you eat it.

Kelsey steps out of punching distance, but keeps up his malicious invective.

KELSEY

Oh, a diamond in the rough. The noble savage, who can't take criticism.

BRIAN

Not from a phony who doesn't care about writing.

KELSEY

(deeply sarcastic)

Mr. Flanagan wants truth and beauty. He came here to find pure spirits communing.

BRIAN

I came here to learn how to write...

KELSEY

No way, Flanagan. You're not ready to tear your guts out and have people laugh at you. You're not willing to devote your life to a craft that nobody gives a damn about.

BRIAN

I'm not willing to spend another second with a con artist who takes advantage of people who want to better themselves. I've had enough phonies in my life, already...

Brian turns and walks out. Kelsey calls mockingly after him.

KELSEY

The night is young, Flanagan, the night is young.

EXT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

After closing. THROUGH the window we see that the place is empty, except for the ubiquitous Chinese porter, Coughlin and Brian.

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

Coughlin listens sympathetically to Brian's story of his disillusioning encounter with Kelsey.

BRIAN

I mean these people come in with their dreams, you know, and he just pisses all over them.

COUGHLIN

That'll teach them to have dreams...

BRIAN

Everything's a hustle, huh? Even poetry.

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's law: When a can of tuna fish costs \$2.09, poetry becomes a hustle... Just the same, if you really want to write there's no better place to get material than behind a bar...

BRIAN

(despondent)

I don't know what I want to do.

COUGHLIN

(trying to cheer him)

Then you're in the perfect job. No better way to mark time than behind three feet of mahogany. Within one square mile of this saloon is the greatest concentration of wealth in the world.

BRIAN

How's a bartender gonna get any of it?

COUGHLIN

Why, a bartender is the aristocrat of the working class. He can make all kinds of moves if he's smart. There are investors out there, there are angels... There are suckers. There are rich women who have nothing to do with their money. You can stand here and get struck by lightning, I've seen it happen...

He pours them both a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

Shall I continue?

BRIAN

(amused and
fascinated)

Please do.

COUGHLIN

Thank you. Now, young Flanagan,
here is the essential technique
of bartending: less is more.
The less you pour, the more you
score. The boss does better, you
do better.

BRIAN

The customer...?

COUGHLIN

Think of the customer as a hurdler
thinks of a hurdle. Means to an
end. We dazzle him with ice work.

Coughlin begins to demonstrate his artistry. As Brian
tries, he's all thumbs at first.

COUGHLIN

... The short pour. The top pour.
The ice mountain. The spring thaw.
The speed rack shuffle. The hot
shot...

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - DAY (DAWN)

Brian and Coughlin, both pretty far into their cups,
negotiate the winding Village streets. Brian is ashen.

BRIAN

(fighting drunkenness)
It's stupid to get this loaded,
man.

COUGHLIN

You're in training.

BRIAN

Training for what?

COUGHLIN

Stardom!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

I don't care how liberated this world becomes, men will still judge you on your ability to consume alcohol. And women will be impressed whether they admit it or not.

Brian stops and doubles over a garbage can, but Coughlin pulls his head up.

COUGHLIN

Only a block away from home, kid.

BRIAN

I'm not going to make it.

COUGHLIN

A star never pukes or passes out in public.

He straightens Brian out, brushes his sleeve, steps back with a smile, loses his balance, staggers and falls down a flight of subway steps. Brian staggers to the top of the steps, grabs onto the banister and sees:

AT BOTTOM OF STEPS

Coughlin rises painfully and shouts.

COUGHLIN

Falling down steps is allowed, however.

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

Coughlin and Brian stand behind the bar on a busy night. Coughlin points out the varying types of customers he will have to deal with.

COUGHLIN

Going to a saloon is like watchin' T.V. in the afternoon. You've always got something better to do and you know it. So we gotta make 'em feel like comin' in here was the smartest move they ever made.

CAMERA PANS DOWN the bar as Coughlin explains O.S.

COUGHLIN (O.S.)

Now there's two cheaters. How do I know?

COUPLE

Sitting in a quiet corner, talking quietly. Brian answers like a star pupil.

BRIAN (O.S.)

They're holding hands under the table. The guy ordered a split of champagne and drank it all himself. Every time somebody passes, they get nervous.

COUGHLIN (O.S.)

Okay. Next.

SOLITARY BUSINESSMAN

BRIAN (O.S.)

His company just got bought out. He's got about a month before the ax falls. Seven hundred dollar suit, but he's counting his pennies.

COUGHLIN

Procedure.

BRIAN

Having a ball.

BRIAN

We buy him a cocktail?

COUGHLIN

For what? He's just gonna get soused and petulant and then he'll find a reason to stiff us. Short-shot him, don't empty his ashtray, don't laugh at his sour jokes.

BRIAN

You're mean.

ELLIOT FUCHS

Chubby, swarthy, very gay, but not after the day he's had.

COUGHLIN

A grand gesture is definitely indicated here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he walks down the bar, grabbing a bottle as he goes, he explains to Brian.

COUGHLIN

Elliot Fuchs, the entrepreneur.
Opens and closes more joints than
the health department. Just
closed another one.

Coughlin pours Elliot a stiff drink as he speaks.

COUGHLIN

Brian Flanagan, Elliot Fuchs.
This is a man you'll absolutely
have to know if you want to make
it in cafe society.

ELLIOT

Not this week. We had a fire at
the club. Damn busboy left the
oven on.

COUGHLIN

Sure, tell it to Allstate... Why
don't you call the next joint
Chapter Eleven? You'll save a
lot on stationery.

Elliot shakes his head and takes a swig. Brian is amazed at Coughlin's rough banter.

BRIAN

This guy a friend of your's?

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's Law: Never sympathize
with a loser. Congratulate him
for being alive...

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

Brian's dexterity and general looseness behind the bar have increased dramatically. He and Coughlin work alongside each other with an act choreographed so well they almost seem to move in unison.

CAREER WOMAN

Rather superior, arrives at the bar and announces her order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAREER WOMAN

Can I have a golden dream...

BRIAN

If you come home with me...

COUGHLIN

We don't make nickname drinks...

CAREER WOMAN

Well, what can you make?

BRIAN

May I recommend a zombie...

COUGHLIN

No reflection on your date, of course.

Now Brian stands there, hands at sides, describing the drink as Coughlin ducks behind him, slipping his arms around Brian, so it looks as if his hands are Brian's hands and making the drink in this fashion.

BRIAN

First a cube or two in a large glass... A shot of dark rum, the wine of the tropics... Another cube... A shot of light rum cascading gently over a mixing spoon to float a moment on the darker liquid. Another cube. And a shot of apricot brandy poured ever so gently over the back of the spoon so it will stand on the soft shoulders of the rum... Pineapple juice dribbles down the side of the glass to perch lightly on the apricotness... Can't you just see the voodoo fires flaring in the jungle as orange juice shoots like a tongue of flame through the layers? In the end, a dash of 151, the great inebriator of the other America, floats like a cloud through this alcoholic rainbow... Et voila!

He slides a beautiful multi-colored drink across to the Career Woman. She is completely won over. The Career Woman takes a careful sip and looks across the bar in wonderment. This girl's in love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAREER WOMAN
Unreal... I'm impressed.

COUGHLIN
That'll be fifty dollars,
please...

The customers laugh at this immoderate price. Then they cheer as the Career Woman reaches into her purse and produces a fifty-dollar bill. Brian snaps up the bill and glides it into his tip cup. Then, in one fluid motion, he draws a beer and walks to the end of the bar where a customer has been watching the whole scene.

UNCLE PAT

looks down at the beer Brian has slid in front of him.

PAT
A lotta head.

BRIAN
That'll be three bucks, please.
We charge for foam in Manhattan.

Uncle Pat puts up the money... slowly.

PAT
Quite a little act you got goin'
here.

BRIAN
We're doing great.

PAT
Doing great for the boss...

BRIAN
We'll have our own joint, soon.
Got a tip on some penny stocks.

Uncle Pat drains his beer and gets up to leave. He flips Brian a quarter.

PAT
Here, buy a nail for your new
joint...

But he and Brian turn at the sound of a COMMOTION, O.S.

COUGHLIN

leans over the bar and smacks a menacing customer with a rolled-up bar rag. Blood spurts and the guy goes down and out of sight. Coughlin unrolls the bar rag, revealing an ugly, black flat sapper. He jumps over the bar and beats the by now helpless drunk on the head.

BRIAN

jumps in and pulls Coughlin off the drunk. They struggle. Coughlin pulls angrily away from Brian. But he's off-balance and the drunk, who has wobbled to his feet, manages to land a lunging shot right on his jaw. Coughlin goes down and now it's Brian's turn to get creamed by one of the drunk's wild swings. Now, both he and Coughlin get up and wrestle the drunk out of the bar to the cheers of the patrons.

UNCLE PAT

reaches over and draws himself a free beer as the fight rages.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brian and Coughlin walk down the street away from Lord Bountiful's, Coughlin gesturing violently.

COUGHLIN

You gotta pull the other guy away,
not your friend. Always gotta
leave your friend's hands free.

BRIAN

(retorts angrily)

But you were coming down too hard
on that dude. All he did was take
a feeble swing at you.

Coughlin, realizing that he's gone too far, laughs and puts his arm around Brian, trying to charm away his anger.

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's Law: If they tickle
you, hit 'em with a chair. If
they hit you with a chair, run 'em
over with a truck. If they come
at you with a truck, give 'em your
old lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(uncharmed)

Man, I wouldn't want to live
inside your head.

COUGHLIN

Too bad. 'Cause you already
signed the lease.

Brian smiles and shakes his head, his anger dissipated.
The two walk down the street together.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER - DAY

Brian and Coughlin greet the first light of dawn with
containers of coffee and a pint of cognac.

BRIAN

(smiling at a
thought)

Funny thing about bartending. You
never start out to be one.

COUGHLIN

You never start out to be most
things you end up being.

BRIAN

Can you imagine a six-year-old
kid tellin' his father: I'm
gonna be a bartender. You just
gotta fall into it like I did.

(amazed)

I mean, it's great. The whole
night kind of stays in your head,
you know, and you can play it
over and over like a video, you
know.

COUGHLIN

Told you...

BRIAN

It seems like years since I was
in the service.

COUGHLIN

That's a plus right there.

BRIAN

Sounds like you were in, too...
What branch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

Army, what else?

BRIAN

Were you in Vietnam?

COUGHLIN

(with a quiet laugh)

You mean Los Mo'squitos, Slope City, Mudville, where there was no joy?

(takes a sip of cognac)

You want war stories out of me, young Flanagan? Tales of derring-don't? You want me to rake up some old romances to make the booze go down smoother? Sorry, I flunked history.

BRIAN

Just curious.

COUGHLIN

(curt)

I don't talk about myself. Okay?

BRIAN

(hurt)

Okay... Case closed.

INT. SOHO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

People are lined up to get in, but Brian and Coughlin are led through the crush by a doorman, as some party types clutch at Coughlin's arm, yelling: "Doug, take us in... C'mon, Doug..." They are greeted at the bar by Elliot who we saw earlier down and out in Lord Bountiful's, but is now maitre d'.

ELLIOT

Busman's holiday?

COUGHLIN

Who do we have to screw to get a table?

ELLIOT

Who did you screw? You're at ringside for the hottest opening since my appendectomy.

He leads them through the crowd at the bar. Customers shout hello. The bartenders wave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coughlin stops to kiss a pretty brunette, who immediately gets into a hassle with her boyfriend as they move on. Brian goes down the bar shaking hands. Elliot pushes through the crowded club.

ELLIOT

Lady with a baby... Lady with a baby...

And takes them to a tiny table at ringside. As the lights go down a black musician walks out. He spots Brian and Coughlin and waves to them. They are clearly stars. The audience takes note. Brian turns to Coughlin.

BRIAN

We're famous.

COUGHLIN

I've been famous for fifteen years. Now I'll take the cash.

The musician plays a few explosive chords as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

Another busy, festive night. Brian and Coughlin work as a team, sliding bottles down to one another. Coughlin throwing olives in for Brian to catch in his mouth. Brian juggling mixing glasses, while Coughlin slips in behind him to snatch them out of the air.

INT. OLD SEAMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

A bar with a nautical motif. Harpoons, stuffed fish, portraits of stern, bearded captains.

COUGHLIN AND BRIAN

are at one end, hobnobbing with a fat, bearded guy in a tux and his entourage of almost underaged females... sleazy drug holders, worried executive-types and one very artsy female, named CORAL. They are obviously stars of some kind because other patrons are walking by them and stopping for another look, hanging back hoping to be noticed, trying to get up the courage to approach them, etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRIAN AND COUGHLIN

have moved in on Coral, who is slim, dark and well-traveled. They engage in a friendly rivalry to see who can win her favors. She takes out a cigarette, Coughlin lights it. But then Brian takes it out of her mouth.

BRIAN

Shouldn't smoke. Makes your clothes smell.

CORAL

I didn't know you cared.

BRIAN

(puffing on her cigarette)

I don't. I just ran out.

CORAL

(looks at both of them)

I'm surrounded.

COUGHLIN

You're the door prize.

CORAL

(tapping his arm)

I know you.

COUGHLIN

I'm famous.

CORAL

(to Brian)

You're Brian Flanagan.

BRIAN

This week.

COUGHLIN

He's my protege. He's just here to take notes...

Coral smiles.

CORAL

... Then, you're not joined at the hip.

Coughlin smiles and shakes his head.

ON MAKESHIFT STAGE

A YUPPIE POET, horn-rimmed glasses, Brooks Brothers suit, holding an attache case, is waiting for quiet.

YUPPIE POET
(Manhattan lockjaw)
I am the world's first Yuppie
poet.

Hoots and applause greet this announcement.

YUPPIE POET
The poem is entitled 'The Bottom
Line.'

More hoots, jeers, applause. The Yuppie Poet takes a few sheets of legal paper out of his attache case.

YUPPIE POET
Money isn't everything they say
Okay, so what is?
Sex?
Did you ever make love to a
pauper?
P.U. Revolution?
It takes money to overthrow a
government, you know.
Art?
The more it costs, the better it
is.
And that's the bottom line.

Wild applause. With that, STEVE, the owner, short, swarthy and profane, barges onto the stage.

STEVE
We gave you pseudos cow fungus and
grape piss. We gave you
literature. Fuckin' literature.
So give back to the land, huh?
Bar's open.

The audience hoots him down.

AUDIENCE
Where are the poets? More poets...
(begins to chant)
... We want poets. We want poets...

STEVE
I want your money, I want your
money.

The audience keeps chanting: "We want a poet/We want a poet." Coughlin and Brian exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

The natives are getting restless.

COUGHLIN

(to Coral)

You a poetry fan?

Coral looks coyly from Brian to Coughlin.

CORAL

Depends on the poet.

Brian and Coughlin realize that the gauntlet of competition has been thrown down.

COUGHLIN

I guess we have to sing for our supper.

BRIAN

After you, sire.

Coughlin heads for the stage, but Brian beats him to the punch by jumping on the bar and shouting. The audience quiets down.

BRIAN

Words to live by... The best way
to see the world is behind three
feet of mahogany. You can't drink
it, steal it and give it away, so
don't give it away. In the end
you'll be belly-up in gray sheets
watching the paint flake off the
ceiling.

And the nuns will cover your face
with a pillowcase

And fold your clothes in a row

And you'll stink like an empty
beer keg

While they tie a tag on your toe

And if you've left no love behind

You'll be the last to know.

He stops and makes a mock bow. The audience goes wild, whistling, applauding, chanting: "Encore, encore..."

BRIAN

Bar's open...

The audience rushes the bar. Brian hops down nimbly. Coral is laughing, applauding.

CORAL

Fantastic.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brian and Coughlin emerge from the bar. Coral is standing at the curb, taking the lens cap off a camera.

COUGHLIN

Looking for local color?

Coral smiles and aims her camera.

CORAL

Can't get the both of you in.
Think I'll just try Brian.

With a gallant bow, Coughlin steps aside. Coral takes the picture.

INT. OPULENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The quintessential brownstone living room. Thirty-foot ceilings, original art, teak and tapestries, you don't know what to look at first. Brian sits on the coffee table, pouring himself a shot of cognac from a Baccarat decanter. Coral circles him, snapping away with a Hasselbad, all business.

BRIAN

(smacking his lips)

I hope I taste this good when I'm
fifty years old. How'd you get
all this?

CORAL

(snapping away)

Taking pictures of famous people.

BRIAN

I'm not famous.

CORAL

You will be. Think you can pry
that glass out of your hand for
a second?

INT. OPULENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Coral writhe in a snowdrift of white bed clothes on a stately old four-poster.

CORAL

rolls over on top of Brian, smiles shyly, then slides down his chest and OUT of FRAME.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY (DAWN)

Shivering naked behind the thick mahogany door, Coral kisses Brian goodbye.

CORAL
Tuesday night?

BRIAN
I'm working.

CORAL
So I'll come and sit by the bar
until closing. Isn't that what
all bartenders' girl friends do?

Coral kisses him lightly and closes the door. Brian leaps gleefully off the stoop into the brisk morning air.

EXT. FULTON FISH MARKET - DAY

Brian and Coughlin sit on a bulkhead at the South River, watching the fish come off the trawlers.

COUGHLIN
Coral. Why are these chicks always
named after inanimate objects?

BRIAN
There's nothing inanimate about
her.

COUGHLIN
Hot momma, huh? Where does she
live?

BRIAN
Brownstone on Seventy-sixth Street.
She's got the whole building.
Darkroom in the basement, the
whole trip.

COUGHLIN
You don't think she lives in that
building all by herself? See any
pictures?

BRIAN
Of guys? No.

COUGHLIN
(sarcastic)
Guess she's been saving herself
for you all these years.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Or she hides all the pictures when she goes out. Look on her ring finger. See if there's a white circle from a wedding band.

BRIAN

(laughs)

Man, you're paranoid.

COUGHLIN

Hey, it's the difference between a one nighter and a meaningful relationship if she's an unattached millionairess.

BRIAN

(defensive)

I'm not thinking that way about her, okay?

Coughlin shrugs.

COUGHLIN

How could I have been so vulgar?

BRIAN

Some chicks you hustle, others you don't.

COUGHLIN

Wrong... But typical...

INT. LORD BOUNTIFUL'S - NIGHT

A few nights later. Jammed as usual. Brian works at top speed. He looks down at the bar and sees:

CORAL

leaning over the bar toward Coughlin. The customers step away to give her room and then laugh and applaud as she gives him a long, passionate kiss.

BRIAN

gapes in astonishment at this betrayal.

CORAL

disengages from Coughlin and weaves effortlessly through the crowd, almost floating as she approaches Brian.

CORAL

I take it back. You're not going to be famous.

She wafts through the crowd of clamoring customers and turns for one parting shot.

CORAL

Too bad you couldn't keep your mouth shut. It gets better.

BRIAN

turns and walks down the bar toward Coughlin.

BRIAN

(in disbelief)

You made a move on Coral? After what I told you?

COUGHLIN

(joking)

You made the chick sound so hot I couldn't resist.

BRIAN

Yeah, but you knew how I felt about her.

Coughlin realizes Brian is serious.

COUGHLIN

How can you feel anything for an assembly line hump who does the book on the first date? I did you a favor. Took her off your hands before she really started to twist your head. One day you'll thank me for it.

BRIAN

You son of a bitch!

Brian takes a step forward. Coughlin's hand closes around the neck of the Galliano bottle.

COUGHLIN

(deadly calm)

We don't allow brawling in here, and that goes for the help as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian leaps over the bar and heads for the door.

COUGHLIN

Hey, bartender!

Brian turns, ready to fight.

COUGHLIN

Coughlin's Law: Never tell tales
about a woman. She'll hear you no
matter how far away she is.

Brian throws him a look of hatred before turning to walk
out of the saloon.

COUGHLIN

(calls after him)

Can't take the truth, huh?

Brian shouts back.

BRIAN

It wasn't about that girl. It
wasn't about doin' a friend a
favor. It wasn't about nothin'
but takin' a cheap shot at me.

COUGHLIN

So....?

BRIAN

So where I come from you don't do
things like that to your friends.

COUGHLIN

(full of contempt)

Where you come from? They're
still waiting for the Dodgers to
come back where you come from.
Saluting the flag and making
novenas, while the kids burn out
and the old folks eat dog food.
You'd better stop thinking about
where you come from and worry
about where you're going.

Brian pauses at the door.

BRIAN

Coughlin's Law: Any place is
better than where you are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he leaves. As Brian disappears into the night, Coughlin pours himself a drink and turns to face the stupefied customers.

COUGHLIN

... Bar's open.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Head down, hands jammed into his pockets, Brian walks into the darkness, the bright lights of the bar scene receding in the distance.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

On Barbados, an island paradise in the Caribbean. Mirage is an art deco outdoor bar built right on the beach. A huge deco sign "Mirage" looms over the dunes. It has a patio where tourists sit under big umbrellas sipping drinks with little umbrellas in them. It also has a circular bar where more tourists sip drinks out of coconut shells. The bartender has his BACK TO the CAMERA, but we can see he's quite a virtuoso. He's making two drinks at once, shaking them both at the same time, then pouring in two separate glasses. CARIB-POP lilts out of the RADIO.

TIPSY CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Hey, buddy.

BARTENDER

turns and it is Brian, hair longer, a bit older, a lot wiser. The act is second nature now, but he still does it good-humoredly.

BRIAN -

Name's not buddy. It's pal.

TIPSY CUSTOMER

Where's my drink on the house.
Pal!

BRIAN

It's on the house, climb up
and get it.

The Tipsy Customer laughs at the abuse aimed at him..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIPSY CUSTOMER
You own this joint?

BRIAN
If I did I'd be skiing in
Switzerland.

TIPSY CUSTOMER
Well what's a guy like you doin'
here?

BRIAN
The beach, the bitches, the blue
Caribbean. And 1200 bucks a
week off the books.

TIPSY CUSTOMER
That much!?
(reflecting)
So you winter in the tropics,
spend spring in New York. Kind
of a jet-set bartender. Hell,
you couldn't afford to go out and
get a real job.

BRIAN
I'm trapped like a civil servant.

EXT. MIRAGE - NIGHT

Closing time. The stools are up, Brian is ringing out.
Behind him on the beach we see a bunch of Bohos partying
by a bonfire. Brian pours himself a going-off drink,
when:

MOONEY (O.S.)
Excuse me.

He turns to see:

DOLLY MOONEY

Blonde, early twenties, looking very appealing in cut-
offs and a bathing suit top. Brian looks her over --
approvingly.

BRIAN
You don't need any excuses...

MOONEY
(desperate)
I'm looking for a phone.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY (CONT'D)

Friend of mine is passed out on a beach... I think she might have swallowed her vomit...

Brian leaps over the bar, and starts running toward the beach.

ON BEACH

A bunch of Soho Bohos, representing every style from the Roaring Twenties to the New Wave Eighties is standing over the prostrate form of DULCY LEVIN as Brian and Mooney run up. The way Dulcy's foot is bent under her back, you can tell she's not taking a peaceful nap.

BRIAN

stoops by Dulcy, who is lying very still with her mouth open. He shakes her, then leans over to smell her breath and makes a face.

BRIAN

Champagne. Perfume going in, sewage coming out.

He grabs Dulcy by the arm and jerks her to her feet. Something drops out of her pocket. A tiny pipe.

BRIAN

She been smoking crack? Let's walks her around...

The Bohos step away warily. But Mooney grabs Dulcy's other arm and they drag her up the beach, Brian calling over his shoulder:

BRIAN

... Somebody run down to the condo office. Tell 'em to send an ambulance to Mirage.

He and Mooney proceed up the beach with Dulcy's dead weight between them. LARRY BENNETT, a broad, bearded man in his late thirties, runs up to them.

LARRY

(impatiently)
Dunk her in the surf, for Chrissake, she'll be all right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
She's pretty low in the water,
man.

LARRY
(pugnacious)
You a doctor, man? Gonna write
her up a prescription?

BRIAN
You the guru? Gonna cure her
with a mantra?

Dulcy starts to moan her way into consciousness. She
opens her eyes and looks up at Brian with drunken
pugnacity.

DULCY
Who the hell are you? Get
your hands off.

She tries to hit Brian.

BRIAN
The New Woman of the Eighties.
Young, vibrant, ready for the
thrill of romance, the challenge
of a career...

Dulcy moans and sags onto Brian. Mooney smiles in spite
of herself.

EXT. MIRAGE - NIGHT

Brian and Mooney watch the ambulance ease away into the
night.

MOONEY
Good thing you were around. The
rest of us were paralyzed.

BRIAN
Wrestling druggies is one of
my specialties.

MOONEY
What are some of the others?

BRIAN
Bad advice, toxic cocktails, lewd
remarks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY
(playing along)
You must be a bartender.

BRIAN
The bartender... The epitome of...
The highest evolution of the
species... Boozus Brooklykanus...

Mooney laughs in spite of herself.

MOONEY
Very rare...

BRIAN
Pretty well-done actually... Ah,
I see you are laughing at me.

MOONEY
(tries to stop)
Sorry...

BRIAN
Oh no, you see the way to a
woman's heart is through her
funny bone. Giggling is a form
of sexual excitation.

MOONEY
(composes herself)
In that case...

BRIAN
Don't throttle your natural
impulses. It creates stress.
Ingrown toenails, housemaid's knee,
polyglottous of the blowhole...

Mooney starts laughing again.

MOONEY
What?

Brian takes her hand.

BRIAN
I'm afraid you're hopelessly in
love, my dear.
(pulls her to him)
Don't hold back that torrent of
emotion.

Mooney explodes with laughter right in Brian's face.

JEEP

pulls up, Mooney's friends hanging onto the roll-bar,
Larry driving.

LARRY

Mooney... C'mon, we're going
to the hospital.

MOONEY

Coming...

Larry jams the gears angrily and pulls a short distance
away.

BRIAN

Who's your friend?

MOONEY

It's Larry Bennett, the artist.
We came down here on his yacht.

BRIAN

An artist with a yacht. Van Gogh
just lopped off his other ear...

AT JEEP

Mooney's FRIENDS yell impatiently.

FRIENDS

Yo, Mooney.

MOONEY

MOONEY

I'm coming, I'm coming.

She stops and looks back sadly at Brian.

MOONEY

Well, it was nice knowing you. I
think.

BRIAN

Oh no, you don't get away that
easy. I'm working the day shift
tomorrow. Why don't you come by
about five. We'll go someplace
authentic.

MOONEY

Five o'clock... Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mooney laughs and runs off to join her friends. Brian looks after her.

EXT. MIRAGE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON - SUNSET)

Brian behind the bar catering to the cocktail crowd, but playing to Mooney, who sits in a corner enjoying every minute. He gestures at the "happy couples," getting rapidly in their cups.

BRIAN

Happy hour. That great American invention known as getting through the night with spouse -- soused.

MOONEY

(has to laugh)

You have a line for everything...

Brian winks and walks down the bar. He passes a lonely vacationer, empties ashtray and picks up his empty glass. The lonely vacationer is about to protest, but Brian silences him with a gesture.

BRIAN

My round. Just 'cause I like your company.

As he makes the drink, Mooney looks down the bar in curiosity.

MOONEY

How come you don't needle him like the others?

BRIAN

Look at the guy. Saved up his bread for this vacation and now he can't get arrested. Might as well be at the North Pole for all the beach action he's getting. Last thing he needs is a bartender throwing zingers at him.

MOONEY

That's nice...

BRIAN

Besides. I'm working the stool. Jammin' the guy won't put any money in my pocket. This way I put him on a gratitude trip. He's good for twenty a day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY

(doesn't buy it)

Why don't you just admit that you
feel sympathy for the guy?

BRIAN

Didn't you hear? Sympathy's dead.
Got hit by a truck on Flatbush
Avenue.

Brian turns back to deliver the drink. As he does Doug Coughlin enters and slides in next to Mooney with a mocking smile. He nudges Mooney and whispers confidentially.

COUGHLIN

Wanna see a grown man cry like
a baby?

(and calls to
Brian, who has
his back turned)

Hey, is this a saloon or a mirage?

Brian recognizes the voice. He freezes. A million emotions flash over his face, but when he turns he's cool.

COUGHLIN

What, no tearful greeting?

BRIAN

Coughlin's Law: Never show
surprise. Never lose your cool.

COUGHLIN

Ah, my sons, my rebellious sons.
Be nice now and don't piss on
the campfire, and tell your
old buddy how great he looks.

BRIAN

You look like a guy who dyes his
hair and shaves with a Brillo pad.
A guy who gets an erection on his
birthday -- if the wind is right.

COUGHLIN

(to Mooney)

Isn't this great? Two years we
haven't seen each other, and we
just flow right into the old act...

BRIAN

Please don't molest the customers,
sir...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

Just one little daiquiri, thanks,
I'm driving.

Coughlin sits down and sets up his little constellation of cigarettes, lighter, ashtray. He turns to Mooney. They speak in such clenched, confidential tones that Brian doesn't hear a word.

COUGHLIN

Taught him everything he knows.

MOONEY

I doubt that...

Coughlin gives her a second look.

COUGHLIN

Don't waste your loyalty. He'll
dump you after Valentine's Day.

Brian slides the drink in front of him.

BRIAN

I heard you were in Portugal.

COUGHLIN

Majorca... I ran a saloon for
a while, but then the tourists
left and the place got overrun
by natives.

BRIAN

What are you doing down here?

COUGHLIN

(takes a sip)

Ah, liquid crystal. I see the
hand hasn't lost its cunning.

Coughlin turns to Mooney.

COUGHLIN

This lad is the best bartender
south of Fourteenth Street...
It's his downfall.

MOONEY

I don't see how being good at
something can be your downfall.

COUGHLIN

I'll grant you, it's not an easy
concept to grasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps away from the bar, addressing Mooney, but speaking to Brian.

COUGHLIN

Now take our hero over here. I haven't seen him for a while, never been in this joint before, but I'll bet my bile duct he's got some kind of textbook behind the bar.

Mooney looks over at Brian, who reaches behind the register with an abashed look and comes up with.

INSERT - TEXTBOOK

A business school tome entitled Case Studies in Entrepreneurial Success.

COUGHLIN

shakes his head in mock sympathy.

COUGHLIN

He's a sad case, young Flanagan. We live in a world where there are eight million Yuppies and eight thousand Yuppie jobs. M.B.A.'s are dropping like flies. A guy stopped me on the street and asked me for ten bucks to buy a pound of pasta primavera. But young Flanagan keeps pluggin' at those books.

BRIAN

(amused, says to Mooney)

You're gettin' the A material. Vintage Coughlin...

COUGHLIN

(ignores this)

Flanagan's a believer, always will be. He doesn't realize that the doors are closed for people like us.

MOONEY

Maybe he wants to open them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

Then he has to steal the key,
sweetheart.

BRIAN

Lee Iacocca over here...

COUGHLIN

Hey, I'm a non-combatant. I've
had my miracle.

BRIAN

Don't tell me. Some alky
remembered you in his will.

COUGHLIN

Better. I'm in love.

BRIAN

(guffaws),

Oh...

COUGHLIN

(pointing toward the
door)

There's my miracle.

KATHY

A stunning young blonde, tall, almost nude in a string
bikini, is making her way up the beach towards the bar,
heads turning in her wake. She stops at the entrance
to the saloon and scans the room.

BRIAN AND COUGHLIN

watch her.

BRIAN

You mean the miracle who's
waiting for everybody to see
her before she makes her
entrance.

COUGHLIN

How dare you speak that way about
my wife?

BRIAN

In your dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

For real. Got her in a church with a priest and a ten-piece band. New York State champagne, a steamship roast, and a wedding cake as big as the Ritz. I'm down here on my honeymoon.

KATHY

arrives at the bar and grabs Coughlin in mock indignation.

KATHY

Where were you? I thought you had drowned or something.

BRIAN

No such luck.

Coughlin pulls her roughly to him and gives her a loud smacking kiss.

COUGHLIN

The love of my life...

He turns her around so he is facing Brian and silently forms the word:

COUGHLIN

(mouthing)

... Millions...

Then he spins her back and puts his arm around her, facing Brian with a contrite expression.

COUGHLIN

... You see before you a changed man. The love of a good woman has made me see the light.

(seems sincere)

I'm trying to atone for all my past sins.

Brian looks skeptical, but decides to believe him and extends his hand impulsively.

BRIAN

Congratulations to both of you...

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

where the natives go to party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Carib-pop band on the stand. The dance floor is jammed. Dayglo, strobe, rickety tables, a tattered wooden floor, a tin roof. Bartenders sell beer out of barrels of ice, and slide rum drinks across a plain, wooden bar. Brian, Coughlin, Kathy and Mooney are the only white folks in attendance, but nobody seems to notice. Kathy, in a white outfit, presents a startling contrast to the native patrons. She enjoys the stir she's creating. Brian and Coughlin sit there counting the house.

BRIAN

The place has gotta do at least twenty grand a week. And that's with no tax.

COUGHLIN

No tax, but you gotta bribe every coconut that comes in with his hand out.

Bored stiff, Kathy tries to change the subject.

KATHY

I've never seen a club with such heavy dance vibes.

BRIAN

(a la W.C. Fields)

Ah yes, the proverbial dance vibes. Very common in the tropical rain forests.

Kathy is bewildered for a moment, but then she realizes that Brian is making fun of her and puts on the baby-talk act with Coughlin.

KATHY

(pouty)

Did I say something stupid, Dougie?

COUGHLIN

(strokes her lips)

Nothing out of that mouth could be anything but profound.

With a quick disdainful look at Coughlin, Brian summons the Waiter.

BRIAN

(calling)

Garcon, Ober, Carminierro...
Waiter...

The WAITER arrives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

... I've O.D.'d on rum and its colorful variations. How about a coupla sidecars?

WAITER

Don't make it, mon...

BRIAN

Don't make it? Don't make the aristocrat of cocktails?

COUGHLIN

This means war, my good man.

BRIAN

Shall we enlighten them?

COUGHLIN

Let's...

And off they go to the bar, leaving Kathy and Mooney uncomfortably alone. There is a moment of strained silence.

KATHY

They really get off on each other, don't they?

MOONEY

Old buddies.

KATHY

Brian's cute... Known him long?

MOONEY

(playing along)

Since I was a little girl... He baby-sat for me.

She looks O.S. and makes a face.

TWO HUSKY TOURISTS

in mail order leisure suits are standing at the table, gawking down at them.

FIRST TOURIST

You girls look like you're ready for a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND HUSKY TOURIST

(to Kathy)

We're with the Electrolux salesmen
of the year party?

Brian leaps INTO the FRAME a la Douglas Fairbanks, but instead of rushing to Mooney's rescue he approaches the Second Tourist.

BRIAN

Is this woman molesting you?

(turns to Mooney

talking like

a pimp)

You gotta dance with the man,
bitch. Make him spend his bread.
I told you that...

He turns his back to the Second Tourist, who stands there, glaring angrily.

BRIAN

(without turning
around)

... That's right, give it a good
think. Anybody who's as obnoxious
as me must know something.

The Tourists think it over and disappear, discreetly.
Mooney feigns a swoon.

MOONEY

My knight in shining armor.

And Brian rushes forward to grab her.

BRIAN

(a la
Bogart)

How about a dance, sweetheart?

MOONEY

Sorry, I like my men comatose.

BRIAN

The night is young.

They begin to dance. The music is hot, but Brian enfolds Mooney and slow dances in place.

BRIAN

They say this place has intense
dance vibes...

MOONEY

They seem to have bounced off you.

EXT. COVE - NIGHT

On the beach, under the coconut trees, Brian and Mooney sit. The tip of Brian's cigarette glows in the dark. Mooney sits in the moonlight sketching Brian on a pad she took out of her backpack.

MOONEY

Do you ever have a feeling you're going to meet somebody? Like when you walk into a place or something?

BRIAN

The star-crossed lovers syndrome
... No.

MOONEY

Because I really had a premonition I was going to meet somebody when I came down here.

BRIAN

You still have time.

MOONEY

(amazed at his
cynicism)

Boy... Some woman must have really done a job on you.

BRIAN

(kidding)

Why would it have to be a woman?

MOONEY

Wouldn't. Your friend down there could have done it.

BRIAN

What's this? Immune to Coughlin's fatal charm? Give him an hour, you'll love him. All women do.

MOONEY

I'm not like all women.

BRIAN

(charmed)

I'll give you that... Of course, I'm not like all men.

MOONEY

I'll give you that. I've never met a man like you. At least I don't think I have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Uh-oh... Better be careful not to
lose my unique status.

(kisses her lightly)

Happy birthday.

MOONEY

(playing along)

How did you know?

They are distracted by a gleeful SHRIEK O.S.

KATHY

is running toward the ocean, shedding her clothes as she goes. Coughlin runs after her. He loses his footing and stumbles into the surf. Kathy shrieks with laughter and splashes him. Mooney shakes her head in puzzlement.

MOONEY

I don't get the two of them.

BRIAN

Simple. Kathy's just a ditzy little rich chick, whose family owns half of Fire Island. She was lookin' for a way to get even with them so she married a bartender old enough to be her father.

MOONEY

Get even for what?

BRIAN

For making her the way she is.

BRIAN

kisses Mooney again, easing her back onto the sand. Mooney looks up at him, almost ready to yield, but decides against it.

MOONEY

One-night-stand time.

BRIAN

Doesn't make you a bad person.

MOONEY

What's the point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Symmetry. In this godless universe there are some rituals we mortals must observe. You meet, you drink, you party, you talk and then you make love. You close the cosmic circle.

MOONEY

And you wake up the next morning convinced that the world consists of cheaters and sluts.

Brian is charmed.

BRIAN

Oh, Miss Worldly Experience over here. Flanagan's Law: A cheap thrill is better than no thrill.

Mooney sighs and rolls over.

BRIAN

Am I compromising my unique status?

Mooney answers with total silence. Brian considers the situation.

BRIAN

Your family own property on Fire Island?

MOONEY

No.

Brian rolls over and closes his eyes.

BRIAN

Go to sleep. Your virtue is safe with me.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (DAWN)

Brian sleeps awkwardly on his arm. He stirs and awakens. Rolls over painfully and feels for Mooney. She's gone. A trail of footprints leads off the beach. In her place, Mooney has left a sketch held in place by four rocks. Brian picks it up.

INSERT - SKETCH

Not a bad rendering of Brian asleep on the beach. On the bottom in neatly printed letters: "YOU'RE STILL UNIQUE! TOMORROW AT FIVE. ALONE!"

EXT. BEACH - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

The beach is deserted. Brian and Mooney rush out of the surf and up toward a beach blanket on a dune just under the coconut trees. Shivering, Mooney goes for her towel.

MOONEY

Whew, it's warm in the water, but
when the air hits you...

Brian grabs his towel and wraps it around her shoulders as she rubs her hair dry.

MOONEY

... Now you'll be cold...

Brian grabs a bottle of champagne out of a bucket next to the blanket.

BRIAN

Antifreeze...

He pours two glasses. Mooney takes a glass and is about to take a sip when Brian interrupts her.

BRIAN

Never drink without toasting the
one who drinks with you...

He holds out his glass. They clink glasses.

MOONEY

Nice custom.

BRIAN

Keeps you from drinking alone.

MOONEY

Is that a problem with you?

BRIAN

(with a sad smile)

Off and on...

MOONEY

(only half-kidding)

Well, from now on you can always
call me.

BRIAN

Thanks, pal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY

I'd hate to think of you being
alone with no one to toast.

(looks at him sadly)

Poor lonely Brian...

BRIAN

(melodramatic)

Friendless, rudderless, hopeless,
penniless...

Smiling, Mooney leans forward and kisses him lightly.

MOONEY

Happy birthday...

BRIAN

It's not my birthday...

Mooney kisses him again.

BRIAN

And my folks don't own property
on Fire Island.

She kisses him again.

BRIAN

I haven't got a dime and I probably
won't make it to thirty-five.

MOONEY

(with a fond smile)

My kind of guy.

And they kiss again.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT (FEW HOURS LATER)

Brian and Mooney lie on the blanket under the stars.
Mooney cuddles into Brian's chest.

MOONEY

This is a nice one-night stand.
Are they all like this?

BRIAN

Nope. You usually wake up ashamed
or disgusted. Can't look at each
other. Slink away...

MOONEY

That'll never happen to you
again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian smiles and kisses her hair.

BRIAN

Why not?

MOONEY

Because we're going to move in right here. We'll build a little hut.

BRIAN

I'll fish and pick coconuts. You'll make thatched skirts to sell to the tourists.

MOONEY

We'll never go home. Our families will forget about us...

BRIAN

Our friends'll say 'I wonder whatever happened to...'

MOONEY

Sounds great. When do we start?

BRIAN

Right after my shift...

EXT. MIRAGE - DAY

Brian is tending to his regulars, among them two argumentative sports BUFFS. He sets two incredibly complicated tropical concoctions in front of them.

FIRST BUFF

(angry)

Moe Berg? Who the hell was Moe Berg?

SECOND BUFF

The only major league catcher who spoke ten languages. That's a fair question.

BRIAN

You want the ultimate sports question? I've won thousands on this one. The year is 1964. Five players in four sports win the M.V.P. Football, basketball, hockey and both leagues in baseball.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

They all wore the number 32.
Name them.

(as he walks down the
bar)

Chew on that for a while...

LONELY VACATIONER

is sitting a few stools down toying with a cup of coffee.
He looks over at the sports Buffs as Brian walks by.

VACATIONER

They're having fun.

BRIAN

Sports fans. In the middle of a
nuclear attack they'd be arguing
about whether Joe Louis could beat
Mohammed Ali.

VACATIONER

(morose)

They're lucky. I've been striking
out all week.

(anxious)

What am I doing wrong?

BRIAN

I can't tell.

VACATIONER

Some guys have the knack, some
don't. You see a lot of people in
this job. Do I look like I
belong?

BRIAN

I don't know.

VACATIONER

I guess I come on like a schmuck.
Tell the truth, do I come on like
a schmuck?

BRIAN

I don't think so.

VACATIONER

You don't?

(encouraged)

Thanks... All of a sudden I feel
better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN (O.S.)

Medic!

BRIAN

Excuse me, I have another patient
to attend to...

He walks down the bar to Coughlin, who is standing haggard
and unshaven, hungover to beat the band.

COUGHLIN

What is this a saloon or the 'Phil
Donohue' show?

Brian gathers the makings of a red-eye as he speaks.

BRIAN

(to the customers)

Gentlemen, a perfect specimen of
the menopausal male.

COUGHLIN

Last time I looked I was on the
buying side of the bar.

BRIAN

(just kidding)

Happenstance. A mere roll of the
dice and you'll be serving me.

Coughlin chug-a-lugs another red eye; he's beginning to
feel better. Brian glances out to the beach where he
sees:

KATHY

in a skimpy bikini, is spreading herself with suntan
lotion. Club Med Casanovas are stumbling all over them-
selves to get a better view.

COUGHLIN

How'd you make out with that
little chippie last night?

BRIAN

How come I'm always with the
chippies and you've always got a
princess?

COUGHLIN

That's a question only you can
answer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

(to the customers)

The man's phenomenal. Put him in a room full of women and he goes to the poorest and the dumbest every single time...

Brian just shakes his head. It's the old Coughlin, nothing has changed.

BRIAN

The man's astounding. His wife parades naked on the beach and he thinks she's there for the sun.

Coughlin's mocking smile fades. He doesn't like that.

COUGHLIN

My wife doesn't need other men.

BRIAN

(has hit a nerve)

You know what they say about sexual vanity in men over forty. First sign of senility.

COUGHLIN

(composes himself)

Try to keep your envy in check.

Brian's bantering smile fades. Now it's getting serious.

BRIAN

Envy you?

COUGHLIN

(to the customers)

He's my protege. Taught him all I knew.

BRIAN

Which together with a token might get me on the subway...

COUGHLIN

But you can only take a guy so far. Then, it's a question of biology. Biology is destiny...

BRIAN

And now for a quick trip back to the Nineteenth Century...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

You see, there are two kinds of people in this world...

BRIAN

The famous two kinds of people theory. At last count there were fifty two kinds of people theories...

COUGHLIN

(unperturbed)

Workers and hustlers. The hustlers never work, the workers never hustle. You, my friend, are a worker. Lord knows I've tried to beat that instinct out of you, but it's ingrained in your immigrant blood. Look how tasty your cocktails are, look how clean you keep your bar. Why, man, you actually take pride in your work.

BRIAN

I do not.

COUGHLIN

(turns to the customers)

Isn't he a great bartender?

The Customers are unanimous.

CUSTOMERS.

The best.

Coughlin turns to Brian with the utmost contempt.

COUGHLIN

(the crowning insult)

You see? They love you.

BRIAN

Listen, bozo, if you think I'm stuck in this gig...

COUGHLIN

(on a roll)

Face it, you're a career proletarian. You've been standing in a puddle so long you've got webbed feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Just because you got lucky with
a rich chick...

COUGHLIN

Lucky he says. You couldn't do
it.

(to the Tippy
Customer)

I know this man for seven years.
He's not a closer, believe me.

(looks O.S.)

This place is crawling with
moneyed females. Case in point.

BONNIE

is entering. She's in her early thirties, wearing one-
piece fire engine-red bathing suit, cut high along the
thigh. One thin gold chain around the neck, a tiny
embroidered bag from which she extracts a gold Dunhill
and a gold cigarette case as she sits at the far end of
the bar.

COUGHLIN

lowers his voice.

COUGHLIN

Rich and ripe. Outta your league.

BRIAN

She was checking me out the other
night.

COUGHLIN

So she had fifteen minutes to kill.
(cold)

You know what it'd take to make a
score on a smart woman like that?
You have to get over on her, her
lawyer, her trustees, her managers,
her maid...

BRIAN

(phony French accent)

Chopped liver, monsewer.

COUGHLIN

I've got fifty bucks says you
don't even make it over the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(without thinking)

It's a bet.

(hesitates)

I'd hate to ditch this little blonde...

COUGHLIN

There you go again letting a woman throw you off your game.

Brian looks up determined.

BRIAN

All right, you're on.

They shake hands and all of them turn as Bonnie arrives at the end of the bar.

BRIAN

You guys are all in on this so be cool...

And he saunters down the bar toward Bonnie, singing softly, in blues time.

BRIAN

... Tan as an eggplant, thirsty
as a fern

Too young to teach

And too old to learn that's my
baby...

... A vos ordres, mademoiselle...

BONNIE

(very New York)

Vodka on the rocks with a squeeze
of lime.

BRIAN

Oh, c'mon, this is the tropics,
at least try a j'us d'amour.

BONNIE

(not charmed)

Excuse me?

BRIAN

Means juice of love. Made with
fresh fruit right off the...

BONNIE

Hey, do I have fuck me written
on my forehead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Can't see a thing without my contacts.

He makes the drink quickly, puts it on a coaster and slides it over to her. Coughlin and the expectant customers keep their amused vigil. Bonnie pulls out a cigarette and Brian picks up her Dunhill and flicks it a light. Bonnie just stares at him.

BRIAN

C'mon, you're wasting gas.

BONNIE

You're just full of confidence, aren't you?

BRIAN

Kinda makes you curious, don't it?

He turns and walks toward Coughlin, who is smiling and shaking his head.

COUGHLIN

Mighty Casey has struck out.

BRIAN

A little sales resistance, that's all. Wouldn't be any fun if they all fell over with their legs in the air, now would it?

BONNIE (O.S.)

Oh, bartender...

BRIAN

Excuse me.

And he walks back down the bar, past the nearly-panting customers, to Bonnie.

BRIAN

Mademoiselle wishes...?

BONNIE

I was here last night for three hours. Almost threw myself over the bar and you didn't even notice me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

After ten o'clock I'm legally blind.

(takes her hand)

How can I make up for my deplorable manners?

Brian throws a quick look over his shoulder.

COUGHLIN

shaking his head, throws a fifty-dollar bill on the bar.

EXT. MIRAGE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

Mooney is walking toward the bar, but stops as she sees:

BRIAN

escorting Bonnie out and into a cab. Brian looks O.S. and sees Mooney. He turns away quickly before eye contact is made, so he can pretend he hasn't seen her.

MOONEY

is stunned, then hurt... then resigned.

MOONEY

Just lost your unique status, pal.

INT. BONNIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Lavish -- resort-style. Wicker furniture, seascapes, a well-stocked bar cart. A balcony overlooking the Caribbean. Brian stands there with a drink in his hand, contemplating the moonlit sea. Bonnie stands at the bar in another stylish flimsy, making drinks.

BONNIE

What's in a j'us d'amour?

BRIAN

Lemon Hart 151, mango juice, pineapple juice, guava extract, pureed cockroach and a mulled Quaalude...

Stirring her drink, Bonnie joins him on the terrace. She takes a sip and makes a face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONNIE

It tastes better when you make it.

BRIAN

Let that be a lesson to you.

They kiss. Brian steps back with a sigh. He fingers her baubles.

BRIAN

... And this was from my first husband... This was my second... This is the old fart who's keeping me...

BONNIE

(smiles)

No husbands, no protectors. I'm in the business. I import it.

BRIAN

Nice. A lot of traveling?

BONNIE

Four months a year. Belgium, Italy, India, the Middle East...

BRIAN

Need someone to carry your valise?

BONNIE

I'm always in the market.

BRIAN

Where do I apply?

BONNIE

If you don't know you don't qualify.

They kiss again.

BRIAN

We're getting along swimmingly.

She reaches up to kiss him again.

BRIAN

You know I'm here on a bet.

Bonnie steps back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONNIE

And here I thought it was my red bathing suit.

BRIAN

An old friend bet me that I couldn't get it on with you. I took the bet just to show him up. The red bathing suit makes it easy, but I guess you deserve the whole story.

Bonnie looks at him with interest.

BONNIE

You're either the dumbest guy in the world. Or the smartest. At this point I could care less.

Bonnie comes forward and kisses him again.

MONTAGE

Brian and Bonnie are on vacation.

- A) WATER SKIING: The two of them in tandem.
- B) ON BEACH: Coughlin sits under an umbrella, reading. Kathy, gleaming with suntan oil, sits up and shades her eyes to watch them.
- C) PICNICKING ON DUNE: Brian lays with his head in Bonnie's lap. Nearby, a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. Bonnie spreads pate on a cracker and pops it in Brian's mouth.
- D) DANCING: in the club at night. Cheek to cheek.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Brian is working. Coughlin sits at the bar with a red eye and the Wall Street Journal. Brian gives Coughlin a look of secret glee as he lays another red eye in front of him.

BRIAN

Checking your investments?

COUGHLIN

As a matter of fact I am.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

My father-in-law's the kinda guy who walks around with ten thousand dollars in loose change in his back pocket.

BRIAN

And you're looking to lighten his pants for him.

COUGHLIN

I've put him into some good things. Workin' on a little operation out in Fire Island. Might have something for you this summer.

BRIAN

Hey, what a guy, what a pal. Just what I need, another bar job...
Not!

Throws a folder on the bar. Coughlin looks down and sees:

INSERT

An airline ticket to New York.

COUGHLIN

fingeres the ticket casually.

COUGHLIN

First class or coach?

BRIAN

(gloating a bit)

I'm gonna be spendin' the winter at Bonnie's. Until I get my own place, of course.

COUGHLIN

Kept man...

BRIAN

Bonnie's gonna hook me up with her company. Says I'd make an ideal salesman.

COUGHLIN

She's wrong, you know. You're not a closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(leans in, determined)
I'm goin' all the way this time.

COUGHLIN

You think you made a breakthrough just 'cause you cut that little blonde loose. Meanwhile, your conscience is killing you. Lucky for you she left, otherwise you'd be back there beggin'...

BRIAN

(provoked)
Forget her! A C-note says I make sales manager by the end of the year.

COUGHLIN

Pretty chintzy bet for a high roller like you.

BRIAN

All right, you make the proposition.

COUGHLIN

A bottle of Louis Treize says you're out working for me by Memorial Day.

BRIAN

Vintage cognac...

COUGHLIN

Five hundred dollars a pop... Is it a bet?

BRIAN

It's a lock.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BONNIE'S BUILDING - DAY

A high-rise on the Upper East Side.

INT. BONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Black, white and gold. Rock posters on the wall, heavy plush curtains to keep out the sun. Brian is dead to the world, lying in a drunken daze, mouth agape, one arm hanging over the bed when he is rudely awakened by:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORKOUT TAPE (V.O.)

All right, ladies, let's stretch
'em now. Five... six... seven,
eight...

Brian sits up in a fright and sees:

BONNIE

in leotards and tights, draws the curtain flooding the room with light, and stands in front of the TV going through her morning calisthenics.

BONNIE

C'mon, Brian, this is addictive.

Brian swings slowly off the bed, shaking his head, but Bonnie persists.

BRIAN

Just what I need, an aerobic jones.

Bonnie is flushed, energetic. Brian rolls out of bed, pats her on the back as he walks by.

BRIAN

Keep it flyin'.

He staggers into the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie in her party togs. Brian a la "GQ." Bonnie drapes his collar over his lapels.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

In a glittery, over-furnished apartment. Somewhere a PIANO MURMURS. Brian circulates, drink in hand, bored stiff. Maybe a trifle fried.

IN CORNER

Bonnie chats with her dumpy friend, RACHEL, one eye on:

BRIAN

whose circles are narrowing as he zeroes in on a pretty waitress carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Hmm, pigs in blankets, my all-time favorite.

(eats one)

Came all the way from Akron, Ohio for these.

(takes another)

We don't cover our pigs in Akron.

(and another)

Let 'em freeze, that's our motto.

BONNIE

has had enough. She crosses the room and grabs Brian by the arm, pulling him away.

BONNIE

C'mon, my friend Rachel wants to meet you.

Brian gets a look at Rachel.

BRIAN

I don't think they got a blanket big enough for her...

Rachel is deep in conversation with Randi, another of Bonnie's friends.

RACHEL

I had to keep going into the bathroom to put Cover Girl on my hickey... I'm telling you, younger men...

She turns and gives Brian the lecherous once-over.

RACHEL

... Everybody else gets liquor when they go to the Islands. Look what Bonnie brought back.

BRIAN

Think of me as a basket of cheer.

INT. BONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Very gray and glassy. Brian lolls on a couch half-asleep. The receptionist smiles. Office girls wander by for a look. Then, Bonnie bursts out of her office at full speed. Brian jumps up. Bonnie stands there holding her coat, expectantly. Brian jumps up to help her.

INT. BONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brian lies in bed watching Bonnie, in a turban and robe, fresh from the shower, doing business on the telephone.

BONNIE

Tell him not to make a move until he's seen our line, that's all. Send Harvey down to Dallas right away. Good, Tony, good. I'll be in the office in fifteen minutes.

She hangs up and rushes frantically around getting dressed. Brian watches.

BRIAN

Isn't that Tony Scaduto, your sales manager, the one you wanted me to meet?

BONNIE

Yeah.

BRIAN

I thought me was in Mexico.

BONNIE

Just got back Friday.

BRIAN

Then I can go in and see him.

BONNIE

(dressing)

We'll let it wait just a smidgen longer.

BRIAN

(eagerly)

Why? Listen, I got a million ideas...

BONNIE

(soothing)

I know you do. I just don't want them to think I'm shoving my boyfriend down their throat.

BRIAN

What difference does it make what they think? You're the boss.

Bonnie smiles tolerantly. She sits down at the bed and takes Brian's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONNIE

These guys are top salesmen, babe.
I can't treat them like office
boys. Let's get you a new wardrobe
and iron out a few more of the
kinks, okay? We've got time.

BRIAN

You've got time. You're there.

BONNIE

And you're on your way. You could
wait six months and still be the
youngest sales manager in the
business. Stop worrying...

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek, then runs into
the bathroom to put on her makeup. Brian looks after
her in puzzlement.

BRIAN

Who's hustling who here?

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A prestige opening. More cocktails and canapes. The
artsie-craftsie crowd circles the room casting learned
looks at some crab-like pieces of junk sculpture.

AT BAR

Brian is shaking hands with the catering BARTENDERS,
all of whom seem to know him very well. They can only
communicate by shouting in each other's faces.

FIRST BARTENDER

You look prosperous. What are
you doin', dealin' dope?

BRIAN

I've gone back to brian surgery.
Just until I find a bar job,
of course.

Rachel slides in next to Brian.

RACHEL

Like the work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(pretentious)

You can't like contemporary art.
But you can admire its ability
to deal with the abstract issue
of space and the very concrete,
moral issue of materials...

RACHEL

(confiding a
great secret)

This is the hottest young sculptor
around...

Brian grabs a drink.

BRIAN

Aren't there any cold, old people
anymore?

He looks across the room and sees:

MOONEY

in a crowd of Soho types, the kind you only see at
cultural events.

BRIAN

fights his way through the crowd, jostling Larry, who
turns angrily and watches Brian's progress toward Mooney.

BRIAN

Sis!

He hugs Mooney, who stands there coldly, arms at her side.

BRIAN

Where you been, Mom's been out of
her mind. Dad's hemorrhoids flared
up on him, little Timmy got caught
with ten keys of pure...

MOONEY

I like the one about cosmic
circles better...

BRIAN

Okay, I'm easy...

(and goes into
the line)

... You have to close the cosmic...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But he is interrupted by Larry who pops up next to Mooney, glaring at him.

BRIAN

... Oh, look, one of the creative types...

LARRY

(to Mooney)

This guy bothering you...?

MOONEY

He wishes.

BRIAN

(grand gesture)

I'll buy all of these. Don't wrap 'em up, I'll eat 'em here...

Mooney steps between them, nervously.

MOONEY

This is Brian, Larry. He's the guy who helped us down in Barbados remember?

LARRY

An art lover, huh?

BRIAN

Oh yeah. Guess I'm in the wrong place.

Larry lunges at Brian who steps back and kicks him in the shin, slowing down his charge.

BRIAN

And then the free spirit sculptor started a brawl to show how earthy he was...

LARRY

Wise ass!

He winds up again. This time Brian jabs him in the shoulder, throwing him off-balance.

BRIAN

(to Mooney)

At least he fights better than he sculpts.

BONNIE

pushes her way through the crowd and grabs Brian.

BONNIE

For God's sake, Brian, stop this.

Brian turns to remonstrate.

BRIAN

Hey, the man can't take constructive criticism.

But as his attention is distracted, Larry grabs an ash-tray and smacks Brian on the side of the head. Brian goes down hard. Mooney jumps on Larry's back and pulls his hair. Larry flails drunkenly. He falls forward, taking everyone down with him. They all land on Brian.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO STREET - OUTSIDE GALLERY - NIGHT

Brian sits in a doorway holding a cold towel to his bruised eye. O.S. we hear the angry CLATTER of HIGH HEELS. Brian doesn't even bother looking up; he knows who it is. A shadow falls over him.

BRIAN

C'mon, the suspense is killin'

me.

BONNIE

is standing over him, glaring down.

BONNIE

At least you could apologize.

BRIAN

Flanagan's Law: Never apologize, never explain.

BONNIE

We have to talk about this, seriously.

Brian rises painfully.

BRIAN

Talk is overrated as a means of resolving disputes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(hands Bonnie
her key)

I moved all my stuff out of your pad, this afternoon. There's a can of Spam in the refrigerator. I hope the Brewer's yeast won't take it personally...

BONNIE

Bastard!

She throws a smack, but Brian ducks under it.

BRIAN

Never drop your shoulder, it's a dead giveaway.

Bonnie sags, all the fight gone out of her, and starts to weep.

BONNIE

This is no way to end it.

BRIAN

Everything ends badly. Otherwise it wouldn't end. Take my word for it. You'll wake up tomorrow morning with a sigh of relief because I'm not there.

Brian turns the corner.

AROUND CORNER

Now that he is out of Bonnie's sight, Brian takes off skipping gleefully down the block. He's free.

EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Brian looks through the window. Larry is sitting in a corner being ministered to by sympathetic females. Mooney is gathering the fragments of a sculpture that was broken in the brawl. Brian taps lightly on the window. She turns and makes a quick warning gesture. Brian slides back out of sight as Mooney comes out.

MOONEY

You'd better take off. Larry's friends are looking to kill you.

Feigning terror, Brian grabs her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Oh no. You'll have to hide me.
Please don't abandon me to my
enemies...

MOONEY

(pulls free)

What about your girl friend?

BRIAN

She just walked out of my life.
Took her Vuitton luggage and her
thirty pounds of charge cards.
Her Cuisinart, her Peter Allen
records, her shower pik, forty
cases of Perrier, twelve thousand
limes, her Jane Fonda tape. I
mean I'm bereft. Alone on the
tundra. I hear the hoofbeats of
the Cossack horses. Who will
shelter me?

Mooney just stands there smiling and shaking her head.

MOONEY

Oh no, you're not going to get a
laugh out of me.

out of They look at each other and burst into laughter. Then,
they come together impulsively and walk up the block,
holding hands.

INT. SOHO STAIRS - LATE NIGHT

Brian and Mooney climb the interminable stairs to her
loft. Brian is breathing hard, Mooney is fresh as a
daisy.

BRIAN

You do this every day?

MOONEY

Three or four times.

BRIAN

All these healthy women in New
York. It's frightening...

INT. MOONEY'S LOFT - DAWN

In an artist's loft. The CAMERA PANS along one wall strewn with urban wreckage, another stacked with canvasses. There is a smeared table, an easel; the floor is thick with ropes of paint.

IN CORNER

In a neat, homey, living space, Brian and Mooney stand at the window looking out at the Hudson River.

MOONEY

Why did you ditch me on Barbados?

BRIAN

Good question...

MOONEY

I really thought you were going to be there. I really trusted you.

BRIAN

Can I tell you a story? I come from Brooklyn, you know? Spent the first sixteen years of my life playing ball and fighting and committing the sin of self-abuse so often I knew they'd never let me out of purgatory. There was a kid down the block. Didn't play ball and couldn't fight. Played a guitar day and night. Used to pass his house and hear him. Walked around lookin' weird. That kid's a rock star today. Gotta be worth fifty million. Sings about guys like me. Makes believe he's a guy like me. But he's not. He's a punk. Can't fight. Can't play ball.

MOONEY

What's that got to do with me?

BRIAN

I'm a kid off the streets. Guy throws down a dare, I take it.

MOONEY

(sarcastic)

Your friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Dougie boy. He landed a rich chick. Bet me I couldn't do the same.

MOONEY

A rich chick... That so important?

BRIAN

I can't play the guitar.

MOONEY

Money that important?

BRIAN

It's not the money, it's the feeling. Like hitting the ball on the sweet spot of the bat or scoring the game-winning hoop. It's the feeling of success, that's what people are really after.

MOONEY

You can't have that feeling any other way?

BRIAN

I can't go to my left anymore.

MOONEY

You're hopeless...

Suddenly, she coughs and puts her hand to her mouth. Brian rushes forward to help her.

BRIAN

You okay...

MOONEY

(with a nauseous
face)

I'm sick... Feel like I'm going to throw up...

BRIAN

(slightly pedantic)

You gotta lay off the onion dip at those parties. People think it's the wine, but it's the dip...

MOONEY

Shut up, will you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns and staggers into the bathroom. Brian follows her.

BRIAN

Run some cold water over your wrists...

She slams the door in his face. Brian turns back and wanders around the room, looking at the paintings, checking out the view, testing the bed. He is just making himself comfortable in a ratty leather armchair by the window when Mooney emerges, pale but recovered. Brian jumps up.

BRIAN

... You okay?

MOONEY

(sarcastic)

Just great...

BRIAN

Hors d'oeuvres are a menace...

MOONEY

I think you'd better go, Brian...

Brian is stunned, but comes up wisecracking.

BRIAN

Got someone coming over for brunch?

Mooney falters over to her bed.

MOONEY

No jokes, please, just go.

BRIAN

I thought we were okay...

MOONEY

We're not. I thought it over...

BRIAN

In the bathroom between retches...?

MOONEY

I can't have people wandering in and out of my life.

BRIAN

Uh-huh... It's okay if they float in and out on a yacht, though. That's okay...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY

Go back to your friend, Doug.
That's where you'd end up
anyway...

BRIAN

My friend Doug has made a lot of
weird moves on me. But he'd never
throw me out in the street...

MOONEY

You'll survive...

BRIAN

You bet I'll survive. I'm the
kind of guy who can find a soft
spot on the sidewalk.

He goes to the door and then turns with a wounded
expression.

BRIAN

... You got me up here just to
throw me out, didn't you?

Mooney throws herself on the bed without answering.

BRIAN

Funny thing is I deserve it. But
it was still a rotten thing to
do...

He leaves, closing the door softly.

MOONEY

buries her head in the pillow.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

A sparkling, sunshiny morning on the Great South Bay.
The BREEZE is WHISPERING, the WAVES are LAPPING, the
GULLS are SQUAWKING. The ideal morning for a trip to
the beach. CAMERA PANS TO the rail and we see:

BRIAN

gazing moodily out at the bay. He removes an ornate
Baccarat crystal decanter from a brown paper bag. It is
a bottle of Louis Treize cognac. He takes reflective
sips out of the bottle.

EXT. WAVEY DUNES - DAY

A Fire Island resort town in the last stages of preparation for the summer season. Carpenters, painters all busily at work. Old signs being taken down, new ones going up.

BRIAN

circumnavigates Main Street, taking it all in.

BAR ON BAY

the sign on the yardarm swinging over the bar reads: "THE BEACH HEAD." There is a nice-looking BLONDE on a ladder painting the trim. Long hair, tight jeans.

BRIAN

smiles; things are starting to look up.

BRIAN

Excuse me, miss.

The Blonde turns. She has a handlebar mustache and five-o'clock shadow. She may not mind being called miss, but she isn't. Brian apologizes.

BRIAN

Ooops, we'll have to repaint the nursery. Doug Coughlin around?

BLONDE

(calling)

Doug... Oh, Doug...

COUGHLIN

comes out of the bar. He looks thinner, a little worn out as well. But he breaks into an I-told-you-so smile.

COUGHLIN

Well, well, look who came home to papa. Where's my bottle?

Brian reaches into his knapsack and removes the empty bottle.

BRIAN

You didn't specify whether you wanted it full or not.

INT. BEACH HEAD - DAY

A theme bar, World War II nostalgia. The place is done up like a USO canteen. There are pinup photos on the wall, models of airplanes and battleships. A BENNY GOODMAN TUNE is on the JUKEBOX as Brian and Coughlin enter. Brian looks around in dismay. The place is virtually empty.

ON DOCK

A few cabin cruisers are moored at the restaurant dock. A few gay waiters dressed in Navy uniforms scurry back and forth with trays of drinks.

BRIAN

turns to Coughlin, stunned into sobriety.

BRIAN

I didn't have to take a ferry to a loser. This kind of place can't make it here.

COUGHLIN

(confidential)

Just hang in. I'll lay out the program tonight.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Where is he? Where is the best bartender on the Eastern Seaboard?

ELLIOT

the gay waiter we met briefly, sweeps grandly into the bar, wearing a dress Navy uniform jacket, complete with epaulets.

BRIAN

(in shock)

Elliot Fuchs...

ELLIOT

Commodore to you...

COUGHLIN

Well, three's a crowd. I'm sure you two will be divinely happy together...

He turns and looks O.S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

... Kathy...

And hurries out. Brian looks around at the distressed state of business. He shakes his head. Elliot tries to sound hopeful.

ELLIOT

I'm really glad you came. Doug said you'd be able to help the place.

BRIAN

I'm a bartender, not an embalmer.
(catches himself)

I'm sorry, Elliot. This isn't the kind of joint they have down at the mall.

ELLIOT

Maybe I'm a bit too flamboyant for the clientele?

BRIAN

A few waitresses might help.

ELLIOT

(eagerly)

Doug says it has great potential. He only let me in because I'm an old friend.

BRIAN

C'mon, Elliot, Doug Coughlin's not into helping old friends.

ELLIOT

No, really. His father-in-law didn't want to do it, but Doug talked him into giving me a two-year lease.

(looks out toward
the yacht that
Coughlin boarded)

Maybe marriage has mellowed him.

ON STREET

Kathy is walking along unencumbered, while a few feet behind her, Coughlin follows, loaded with hat boxes, shopping bags and a pizza.

INT. TOOMEY'S BAR - NIGHT

A working-class joint if there ever was one, complete with neon beer signs, ELVIS on the JUKEBOX and an undersized pool table. Kathy sits at a table with the local carpenters. Coughlin huddles at the bar with Brian. In the b.g., we see TOOMEY, Coughlin's father-in-law, emptying quarters from the pool table.

BRIAN

You made Elliot pay two years in advance on the lease, knowing that he'd fail.

COUGHLIN

(nodding)

We'll have the place back by the middle of the season. Put our own operation in there and it will all be gravy.

BRIAN

And he's so grateful to you for giving him this shot.

COUGHLIN

(defensive)

Okay, I'm gettin' over on him. Elliot Fuchs wouldn't know what to do with a winner. Give him a bankroll he'll be dead in a year...

BRIAN

In other words, you're doing him a favor. Just like when you took that girl away from me...

Coughlin is about to answer, but Coughlin's father-in-law, Mr. Toomey, wanders by to interrupt.

TOOMEY

You fellas want another beer?

BRIAN

Only if it's warm and flat like the last one.

TOOMEY

(with a hard look)

You in on this thing with the queers? Pretty shrewd if I say so myself...

He takes their money off the bar and wanders away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian looks after him, shaking his head.

BRIAN

The guy's worth millions. What does he care about a nickel-dime gin mill?

COUGHLIN

(frustrated)

Christ, do I have to tell you everything? The richer they are, the tighter they are. Rich people love money for itself, not for what it can buy... Look at him...

MR. TOOMEY

is emptying quarters out of the jukebox now.

BACK TO SCENE

COUGHLIN

See what I'm up against?

BRIAN

You don't have to prove anything to this geek.

COUGHLIN

It's for Kathy. She married me against his wishes. She's counting on me.

Brian looks over at Kathy.

KATHY

is giggling at something one of the carpenters just said.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN

You sure she knows how to count?

COUGHLIN

This is my shot, Brian. I gotta make it happen.

Brian is struck by something in Coughlin's tone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I've never seen you this desperate.

COUGHLIN

You never looked.

EXT. BRIAN'S SHACK - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Brian sits out on a rickety porch, folding a letter. He slips it into an envelope, then has second thoughts and takes it out for another look.

INSERT - LETTER

The salutation reads: "Dear Mooney, I feel I've lost my unique status..."

EXT. WAVEY DUNES - DAY

The town is preparing for the Fourth of July. As Brian strolls along the main drag, storekeepers are putting out American flags. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA -- WAVEY DUNES AUXILLARY FIREFIGHTERS" is being strung up across the street. Brian strolls along with a newspaper and a container of coffee. As he passes Toomey's he arrives at a mailbox and looks at the letter.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Don't you just love a parade?

Brian turns and sees Elliot. He pockets the letter.

BRIAN

You're up early.

ELLIOT

I've got a business to run into the ground.

BRIAN

I had a talk with Doug last night. About that business. You know something, you're not marketing yourself. You say you're too flamboyant. You oughta do something that'll blow this town away. A real July Fourth happening.

ELLIOT

How about I douse myself with creme de menthe and light it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Stop feeling sorry for yourself.
I'm talking about something crazy.
Something only you could
carry off. Something they'll
never forget. Whether the
place makes it or not.

ELLIOT

(plaintive)

Brian, I can't even pay my
electric bill...

BRIAN

Then you have nothing to lose...
Make it a masquerade... let
everybody come as their favorite
drink. A door prize. Something
good... A bottle of vintage cognac
... Something worth dressing up
for...

ELLIOT

(doubtful)

It's cute, I guess... you think
Doug'll like it?

BRIAN

I'll clear it with old Dougie boy,
don't worry about that.

EXT. COUGHLIN'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian strolls down the path. A light burns within. He
knocks softly. Kathy opens the door and smiles.

BRIAN

Doug around, Kathy...

KATHY

C'mon in.

INT. COUGHLIN'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian enters and hangs back warily as Kathy disappears
into the bedroom, calling:

KATHY (O.S.)

Doug... Doug...

She comes out a moment later, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

Oh, I forgot, he's on the mainland. Has an early appointment at the bank.

(with a teasing smile.)

What's up?

BRIAN

Nothing. Just a few things I wanted to straighten out with him.

Kathy approaches Brian.

KATHY

You knew he wasn't home.

BRIAN

No, really...

KATHY

Okay, I understand.

Brian turns to go, but Kathy grabs him and kisses him, backing him up against the wall. When they break:

BRIAN

You go from zero to sixty in no time...

KATHY

I've been into you for a long time, Brian.

She kisses him again. This time Brian pushes her away.

BRIAN

Will you respect me in the morning?

Kathy steps away, hesitantly.

KATHY

Sometimes you say things... I can't tell if you're making fun of me...

BRIAN

I came here to have it out with your old man. And you give me a chance to bury him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

You supposed to live with the same man day in and day out for the rest of your life?

BRIAN

Yeah. I think they call it marriage.

KATHY

(clenched)

You knew Doug wasn't home. You're just scared.

BRIAN

Where I come from, you don't make it with your friend's old lady.

KATHY

(full of contempt)

You're just scared.

BRIAN

Tell Doug I dropped by.

And he steps out into the darkness. We hear the FAINT MUSIC of a MARCHING BAND as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The July Fourth barbecue and flea market. Everybody is having a wonderful time. In the crowd we see Kathy, Coughlin, and some other boys from the Beach Head. The carpenters are tanking up on beer. The Waiters from the Beachhead are parading in outlandish drink costumes, carrying a banner, reading "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA." Coughlin looks at them in puzzlement.

INT. BEACH HEAD - NIGHT

A very bizarre masquerade party is in full swing to the accompaniment of DEAFENING DISCO. The place is jammed with people in the most outlandish costumes. Only Brian, behind the bar, is undisguised. He is working feverishly, serving the grotesque clientele. Elliot comes up to the bar, flushed and festive.

ELLIOT

What a turnout!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WOMAN in a reddish-brown outfit with a flat hat, behind her, a MAN in black velour with a hammer tied to his head, is beaming.

WOMAN

Guess my drink.

BRIAN

-- a rusty nail.

MAN

And I'm a velvet hammer.

ELLIOT

Well, bang, bang...

BRIAN

All you need is a screwdriver...

WOMAN

(pointing excitedly)

There, there... dancing with the Manhattan...

MAN

dressed as a screwdriver is dancing with a woman with a papier mache skyscraper on her head. Brian walks down the bar past a man in a three-cornered cap with his hand on his shirt.

BRIAN

Napoleon brandy.

A woman in red, holding an infant doll.

BRIAN

Bloody Mary...

A woman dressed as Fidel Castro.

BRIAN

... Cuba Libre... That's it.

(stops and puts his
head down on the bar)

I can't go on any longer. My life
is flashing before my eyes.

KATHY (O.S.)

Hey, bartender.

Brian looks up again and sees:

KATHY

glittering in a gold lame body stocking.

BRIAN

A Golden Dream.

Coughlin is standing behind her, conspicuously out of costume. Brian points to him.

BRIAN

Irish on the rocks.

ELLIOT

You were right about Brian. He saved this place. Look what's going on here.

COUGHLIN

Cute idea. Too bad you wasted it on somebody else's saloon.

CARPENTER (O.S.)

Hey, bartender!

Brian turns and sees:

FIVE CARPENTERS

led by JEFF, are standing at the bar, dressed as Japanese aviators.

ELLIOT

(throws another
twenty down on
the bar)

Buy my friends another round.

(waves to the
Carpenters)

Love those costumes, guys...

And he wanders off, leaving Brian in consternation and Coughlin gloating over his dilemma.

COUGHLIN

(pointing to the
Carpenters)

Got quite a handful down there.

BRIAN

Stick around for a while. Maybe you can help me talk them outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

Sorry, I'm too old for that kind
of frivolity...

Brian watches as Coughlin walks over to Kathy who has
taken up with a crowd of swingers and takes her by the
arm. But Kathy pulls free and says loudly:

KATHY

Go home, it's past your bed time.

Coughlin pulls away angrily, giving Brian a chance to
pay him back.

BRIAN

(shouting over
the crowd)

Got quite a handful yourself.

Coughlin heads for the door, turning to shout back.

COUGHLIN

Give it an hour, then take a long
coffee break... That's what I
would do.

As he leaves Brian looks nervously down the bar at the
Carpenters.

(red)

COUGHLIN

smirking, throws a twenty down on the bar on his way out.

COUGHLIN

Buy my colleagues a drink.

JEFF

Five kamikazes...

INT. BEACH HEAD - NIGHT (FEW HOURS LATER)

Brian paces nervously behind the bar. The MUSIC is
LOUDER. The atmosphere has become frantic.

IN SECLUDED CORNER

Kathy has found true love -- for the evening. She is
slow dancing with a guy dressed as a Mexican bandit.

CROWD

The Carpenters are dancing with other people's dates, shoving, sneering.

JEFF

detaches himself from the crowd and swaggers up to the bar. One of the Carpenters follows him.

BRIAN

steels himself for a confrontation, as:

JEFF

thumps on the bar.

JEFF

Hey, bartender, what are you asleep back there or what?

BRIAN

Or what.

JEFF

(slurred)

Gimme a kamikaze.

Brian is suddenly very tough.

BRIAN

You've already gone down in flames.
War's over.

JEFF

What the fuck's that supposed to mean?

BRIAN

It means you're cut off. You don't drink here anymore.

He turns back toward the bar. It looks like he's walking away. Jeff grabs the inside edge of the bar, about to vault over.

JEFF

Then I'll make my own fuckin' drink.

With astonishing quickness, Brian grabs a Galliano bottle, turns back and raps Jeff on the knuckles of one hand and then the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
Hands off my bar!

Jeff screams in pain and falls back, cradling his broken hands.

BIG CARPENTER

snarls and lunges.

BRIAN

grabs the Big Carpenter by the hair and slams him face down on the bar. Leaning on the back of his neck to keep him down, Brian leaps over the bar. Then he grabs a clump of hair, pulls his head back and drags him to the front door.

BRIAN
You're outta here, asshole!

He throws him to the door, then turns to see:

CARPENTERS

who have gathered around a cowed, whimpering Jeff.

BRIAN

holds the door open.

BRIAN
Get him outta here, too, before
I give him broken knees to go
with his broken knuckles.

The customers applaud as the Carpenters drag Jeff out. Brian slams the door and faces the cheering crowd.

BRIAN
I'm going to expect a huge gratuity
for this.

And the crowd cheers even louder.

EXT. BRIAN'S SHACK - DAY

Brian arrives at his shack. He looks around warily before entering.

INT. BRIAN'S SHACK - DAY

Gloomy. There is a man sitting in the shadows as Brian enters. He sees the man. Then he swings the door open. The light falls on:

COUGHLIN

sitting on a rickety bridge chair, leaning precariously against the wall.

BRIAN

laughs with relief as he enters and goes toward his bed.

BRIAN

(relieved)

It's you... I thought it might be a posse of geeks lookin' to get even.

Coughlin gets off the chair slowly, putting a cigarette in his mouth as if he wants a light. He approaches the bed and Brian leans over with the match. But Coughlin takes the last two steps very quickly and sucker punches, knocking him off the bed. Brian rolls over and scrambles for the door. Coughlin grabs him by the hair and punches him flush in the face, knocking him through the screen.

EXT. BRIAN'S SHACK - DAY

Brian comes flying through the screen door and stumbles off the porch onto the ground. Coughlin comes out after him. Moving quickly he grabs Brian by the hair and throws him over onto his belly, then straddles him, shoving his face into the sand. Coughlin pushes Brian's face in the sand.

COUGHLIN

You sonofabitch, you been waitin' all these years to get me, haven't you?

BRIAN

What did I do?

COUGHLIN

(ranting)

You're jealous. Jealous that I broke out. That I got a real shot to do something. That I got a wife I love. So you had to try to break us up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He punches Brian again.

BRIAN

(angrily)

What are you gonna do, kill me
for it?

Coughlin lets up on Brian. He gets off him and backs away. Brian gets up slowly, grimacing and holding his side.

BRIAN

I gotta piss blood for a week
'cause you married a tart.

COUGHLIN

Just admit you made a move on her.

BRIAN

I wasn't with your scuzzy old lady
last night.

COUGHLIN

Don't try to bullshit your way
outta this. When she came in this
morning she had the stink of
another man all over her.

BRIAN

You wanna take my stink print and
see if it was me?

COUGHLIN

(subdued)

She swore up and down... Said
she'd gone out on the beach for
some air and you came out so you
stayed and talked for a while and
before the both of you knew it
the sun was up.

Brian limps onto the porch, almost doubled over, and collapses in a chair.

BRIAN

She figures I'll back her story
because I'm your friend, and I
don't want to make waves. Cheaters
get so shrewd, man. I guess
that's part of being a cheater.
You'd know more about that than
me.

Suddenly, Coughlin sobs and covers his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUGHLIN

(in agony)

The worst part of it is she's trying to protect you.

BRIAN

The worst part of it is it wasn't me. The perpetrator was a geek dressed up as a Sombrero. Just a day tripper, you know. Not the great love of her life like you.

COUGHLIN

(can't stand it)

All right...

BRIAN

(scornful)

Coughlin's Law: Never let a woman throw you off your game.

Brian realizes how much Coughlin is suffering.

COUGHLIN

All I wanted to do was make a coupla dollars for her old man. Not even for me. I didn't want to cure cancer or write a poem or save the world. All I ever asked of the world was let me make some money so I could keep my wife.

(shakes his head)

And the truth kept coming back: You ain't gonna make a nickel, sucker. You're just a bust out bartender.

BRIAN

She's an empty-headed little tramp. Just cut her loose.

COUGHLIN

And do what? Go back behind the bar?

BRIAN

Is that so bad?

Coughlin just shakes his head hopelessly. Brian stares at him full of contempt.

BRIAN

My mentor... The man who made me what I am today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coughlin looks up, desperate.

COUGHLIN

I love her,

BRIAN

She'll do this to you over and over again, each time a little worse. Before you know it she'll be bringin' guys in the house.

COUGHLIN

(distraught)

It doesn't matter. I love her. I'd crawl over a mile of broken glass for her.

Brian makes a gesture of disgust. He fishes a beer BOTTLE out from between the slats in the porch and flips it at Coughlin. It SHATTERS on a rock at Coughlin's feet.

BRIAN

Here's a head start.

Coughlin looks at Brian with a strange smile, then turns and walks back along the beach.

Under

INT. BRIAN'S SHACK - DAY

Brian lies sleepless on his unmade bed, worn out by the physical and emotional exertions of the night before. O.S. his DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

ELLIOT

enters, looking at him with concern.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Brian limps along behind Elliot, who has to slow down and wait for him to catch up. As they approach the dock they come to a dune jutting out into the bay.

WATER

is streaked with red.

ON OTHER SIDE OF DUNE

As Brian comes over the dune, we see that a small crowd has gathered. Elliot, Mr. Toomey, a local cop, etc.

ON DOCK

Kathy is sobbing hysterically.

IN WATER

His body floating gently with the movement of the tide is Doug Coughlin, blood streaming in ribbons all around him. A broken beer bottle lies in the blood-soaked sand. Brian staggers back in shock, but steadies himself and walks forward toward Coughlin's body. He bends down to lift Doug out of the water.

BRIAN

(softly)

C'mon, Doug, you've stood in a puddle long enough.

EXT. WAVEY DUNE - DAY

Coughlin's funeral cortege heads for the ferry. The flag-draped coffin is on a gurney pushed by two undertakers. Brian and Elliot walk on one side, Kathy Toomey, dressed in black, and her family on the other.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DAY

The ferry awaits the cortege. They wheel Coughlin's coffin up to the gangplank and stop.

ELLIOT

Why don't they have a priest?

TOOMEY

Can't, he committed suicide.

ELLIOT

Somebody has to say something.

Brian steps up and looks down at the plain pine box. After a moment, he begins shaking with silent laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
(to Coughlin)

Remember when we were working on the East Side and you said: 'Everybody west of Fifth Avenue was brain dead.' Then we went down to Soho and you started saying: 'Everybody north of Fourteenth Street might as well be an organ donor for all the good their organs were doing them.' Everywhere you were was the only place where there was life. And you know, prick that you were, it was true. Drop me a line and let me know where you are now. We had a great conversation going for seven years, and here I am getting the last word. You gonna let that happen? No way. You'll be back, at least one more time, won't you, Doug?

Brian feels the tears coming and steps away from the coffin.

EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT

Twilight near the Bowery. Brian wanders among the winos and the panhandlers. He passes:

MAN

sitting in a cardboard box, screaming.

FIGHT

Two scraggly homeless men swinging at each other while a group of funkyed-out teenagers eggs them on.

EXT. OLD SEAMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

A line of limos in front of the bar, jetsetters, popular punks, entertainment, industry-types, all hurrying in to have a good time, as taxis discharge the more plebian customers. Brian wanders through the crowd.

INT. MOONEY'S LOFT - DAY

Mooney is lying down, her hand over her eyes when she is brought out of her reverie by:

BRIAN (O.S.)

Mooney... Yo, Mooney...

She gets up and goes to the window.

ON PIER

Brian stands on the deck about to jump. Brian spreads his arms.

BRIAN

I can't go on any longer.

He jumps into the river.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mooney runs out of her building and across the street to the pier. She arrives in time to see Brian struggling up a ladder, soaking wet.

BRIAN

Low tide... ~~he~~ ~~th~~

Mooney just looks at him, shaking her head.

MOONEY

What am I going to do with you?

BRIAN

If I was a stray dog you'd know...

Brian reaches for her hand. She steps away.

MOONEY

You're going to be a father.

Brian steps back, stunned. Then he shakes himself like a wet dog, sits down on the bulkhead and begins to laugh.

MOONEY

You think it's funny?

BRIAN

That's why you were sick that night. And I kept telling you it was the dip...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(becomes reflective)
... Poor kid. What an old man
he's getting stuck with.

MOONEY
Or she...

BRIAN
Good God, that would be even
worse. Why didn't you tell me
that night?

MOONEY
There were two questions I didn't
want to answer.

BRIAN
Is it mine? How much do you need
to get rid of it?

MOONEY
You've asked them before.

BRIAN
Let's get married.

MOONEY
Just like that. Closing the
cosmic circle...

BRIAN
Let's take that line out of
circulation for a while.

MOONEY
Sure your friend Doug will approve?

BRIAN
My friend Doug is dead.

Mooney moves forward instinctively.

MOONEY
Brian...

BRIAN
Caught his wife cheating and cut
his wrists with a broken bottle.

Mooney weeps.

MOONEY
You don't have to say it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Doug always believed in telling it like it was... So here it is. You stand behind a bar watching people make jerks outta themselves, you start thinkin' you're a lot smarter than you are. Doug wasn't so slick. Neither am I... Look, I'm done with my famous million money making ideas. With tryin' to be something I'm not and never will be. I'm done with tryin' to prove things to people who don't care one way or another. If I can stay on your good side, that'll be more than enough...

MOONEY

I don't know, Brian...

BRIAN

You want the words?

MOONEY

Might help.

BRIAN

I love you. I've loved you since the first time I saw you.

He gets up and walks toward her, his wet SHOES SQUASHING on the ground. He drops to his knees, water streaming off him.

BRIAN

Will you marry me?

Mooney bursts out laughing.

MOONEY

What a romantic proposal.

Brian sneezes in response.

EXT. RAILROAD - DAY

The Long Island. It RATTLES along into suburbia.

TRAIN - DAY

Brian and Mooney sit across from each other staring out at the landscape, probably having the same thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian points out of the window at the little one family houses.

BRIAN

Your family live in one of these?

MOONEY

A little bigger.

BRIAN

What does the old man do anyway?

MOONEY

Not much...

BRIAN

But drink.

MOONEY

He takes a few.

Brian gropes for her hand.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON STATION - DAY

Brian and Mooney get off the train and look around. Mooney walks toward a cab. The driver jumps out of the car to open the door for her.

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

The taxi pulls off the road onto the gravel driveway of a huge Hamptons estate.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The taxi stops in front of a huge, storybook mansion. The driver gets out and runs around to open the door for Mooney. Embarrassed, Mooney gets out. She can't look at Brian who has gotten out of the other side and is staring in stupefaction around the grounds. An elderly MAID in black dress and apron stands, opens the door.

MAID

Good afternoon, Miss Mooney.

BRIAN

(almost pugnacious)

Who lives here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONEY
My parents... Good afternoon,
Margaret.

BRIAN
(stunned)
Holy shit!

INT. MOONEY HOUSE - DAY

Mooney leads Brian into the huge living room.

BRIAN
What is it, real estate, leveraged
buy outs, oil?

MOONEY
Yes...

BRIAN
Yes what?

MOONEY
Real estate, leveraged buy outs
and oil...

Brian mouths the words as he follows her into the living
room, where:

MOONEY FAMILY

posed as if for a family portrait, confronts him
grimly. There are Mooney's sisters, two pudgy redheads,
and Mooney's mom, a tennis-trim junior league type and
Mooney's dad, portly, florid, in golf togs.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A silent dinner en famille. Occasionally, Mom RINGS
a BELL for the servants who scurry in and out.

AT HEAD OF TABLE

Mr. Mooney drinks steadily, glaring down at Brian. The
TINKLE of the BELL and the CLINK of SILVERWARE are the
only sounds we hear. Nobody even tries to make
conversation.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The "library" that comes with all estates, whether their residents are readers or not. Dark leather, wood paneling, book-filled shelves lining the walls. Brian is wandering around checking the titles as Mr. Mooney enters. He closes the door quietly and stands there staring until Brian becomes aware of his presence and turns with an awkward smile.

BRIAN

Time for our little talk...

Mr. Mooney just stands there silently.

BRIAN

... Great selection of books you got here.

Absolutely no response. Brian tries a joke.

BRIAN

Of course I wouldn't know. I just use books to keep the crease in my pants.

Mr. Mooney is not amused.

MR. MOONEY

You want to give me the number or should I guess it?

Brian takes a deep breath; he was expecting this.

BRIAN

Leveraged buy out, huh?

MR. MOONEY

Don't crack wise with me. I'd just as soon get somebody to break your leg. I'll give you fifty thousand... Cash.

BRIAN

Look, man, I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong.

MR. MOONEY

Seventy-five thousand. Delivered in cash. One day after you've left this house.

BRIAN

Look, if you give me a chance...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MOONEY

I'll cut her off without a penny
if she goes through with this.
My daughter doesn't really know
what it is to be without money.
You do. A hundred thousand.

Brian gulps, looks down.

MR. MOONEY

C'mon, that's more money than
you've ever seen in your life.
For a hustler like you this is a
big score...

BRIAN

I'm not a hustler. I'm not good
enough to be one... I'm too good
to be one... Understand?

Mr. Mooney stares at him, clearly surprised and somewhat
impressed that he has refused the money.

MR. MOONEY

You'd better not be playing a
game, Flanagan. Not with me.

Brian doesn't flinch. Just stares back.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Old New England clapboard. The PRIEST, a cherubic young
man with an extra chin or two and a cheerleader's manner,
is escorting Brian, Mooney and Mrs. Mooney out. Brian
is nervous, fidgety. Mooney is radiant.

PRIEST

We do a very enlightened ceremony
here. A little James Taylor,
little Khalil Gibran.

(with a chuckle)

We're operating on short notice
here...

MRS. MOONEY

(prompting)

As long as Brian's here, Father,
maybe...

PRIEST

Yes. Have you been to confession
lately, Brian?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
(looking for some
place to hide)
Look, Father, I...

PRIEST
Not since your mother dragged you
by the ear...
(takes Brian by
the arm)
... Don't worry, I'll give you
short shrift...

INT. CONFESSION BOX - DAY

Brian settles in and looks around. Behind the screen,
we hear the PRIEST SETTling in. There is an awkward
moment of silence.

PRIEST
Have you forgotten your confiteor?

BRIAN
(awkwardly)
Forgive me, Father, for I have
sinned... It's been over twenty
years since my last confession.

PRIEST
Now that you know your way you
can come more often. Now what do
you remember?

BRIAN
Can't count the number of times
I've blasphemed... Taken the
name of the Lord in vain.

There is silence from the confessional. Brian clears
his throat awkwardly.

BRIAN
Haven't filed a tax return in ten
years.

Silence.

BRIAN
Haven't been as considerate toward
others as I should have...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST

So far you're a candidate for sainthood...

Brian hesitates a moment; it's not easy to let all the demons out.

BRIAN

I've been a heavy drinker.

PRIEST

A period of excess makes us more tolerant of others... You'll put that behind you. What else do you remember?

Brian's confessional urge becomes more intense with each sin confessed.

BRIAN

I've misused and exploited women.
I've engaged in sex without love.

PRIEST

The permissive society is more to blame than the single individual.

BRIAN

I only had one friend in the world
and I let him down.

PRIEST

Let him be the judge of that.

Brian is choked up by his own overflowing emotion.

BRIAN

I'm not worthy to be a father.

PRIEST

It is hard to make yourself responsible for other people.
But that is, after all, your duty in life...

BRIAN

What if some crazed mugger kills my wife and child? What if the baby develops an incurable illness? What if they're hit by a car?

PRIEST

Your destiny is not in your hands.
But you cannot avoid it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
(in tears)
I'm not worthy!

PRIEST
You've never really hurt anyone
but yourself. Now just stop
hurting yourself. Say six Hail
Mary's and go out and get
married...

Brian slumps in the box, mumbling the prayers. We hear
the sound of ORGAN MUSIC, SWELLING to a crescendo.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

packed to the rafters with wedding guests.

MOONEY

radiant in full bridal regalia, walks slowly down the
aisle arm-in-arm with her father.

BRIAN

in morning coat and tails awaits at the altar. Fidget-
ing next to him is his very nervous best man, Elliot.

INT. CHURCH

The Mooney guests are all correctly dressed for a morning
ceremony. Brian's guests, consist of the Beach Head
contingent, Steve and the personnel from the Old Seaman's
Home, Eleanor, Uncle Pat and Eddie. They have all
dressed according to their own personal style and form
an island of eccentricity.

MOONEY

and her father plus bridesmaids, ushers, etc., arrive at
the altar. She disengages from her father and takes
Brian's hand. All kneel at the altar. Brian turns to
Mr. Mooney.

BRIAN
Glad you could make it, Dad.

Mooney giggles.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Domini Paduum...

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

A sparkling autumn day. Waiters in white jackets scurry about. Chefs set up grills and steam tables, bartenders stock a portable bar. An orchestra tunes up.

INT. TENT - DAY

A strained reception. The guests are uncomfortable with each other. They huddle in little groups, speaking quietly, waiting for the acceptable moment to take their leave.

BRIAN AND MOONEY

walk along, looking over the moribund crowd.

BRIAN

When do they read the will?

MOONEY

It won't last too much longer.

O.S. there is a COMMOTION. Brian looks over to a bar where a RUBICUND MAN is berating the YOUNG BARTENDER.

RUBICUND MAN

I only have to know how to drink
it, not make it.

Brian smiles at Mooney.

BRIAN

Well, I'm gonna have some fun at
my wedding after all.

He hustles over to the bar.

BRIAN

What's the problem?

YOUNG BARTENDER

(coldly courteous)

This gentleman wants an old-
fashioned and I said that we
aren't mixing drinks...

BRIAN

At my wedding everybody gets
whatever they want, right? We'll
set you right up, sir.

(to the Young
Bartender)

Just mull some sugar in a glass...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG BARTENDER

Do what?

BRIAN

Never mind...

(to the Rubicund
Gentleman)

... The help you get these days.

(goes behind the
bar and beams)

Three feet of Formica between me
and the world. I feel better
already...

BRIAN'S FRIENDS

rush the bar, pointing and giggling.

ELLIOT

Look at the new day man.

MR. MOONEY

arrives at the bar.

BRIAN

walks down toward him.

BRIAN

What are you drinkin', Mooney?

MR. MOONEY

I meant what I said the other day.

BRIAN

So did I. You look like a martini
drinker. Like 'em real dry?

He pours vermouth over ice into a glass, then pours it
out and throws in the gin.

BRIAN

C'mon, loosen up, willya? I'm
just a working stiff who loves
your daughter. You could do
worse.

Mr. Mooney nods that he has heard Brian. Everybody
watches in suspense as he tastes his martini. He pauses,
then gives his son-in-law his first smile.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

The family is awkwardly posing for wedding pictures.
Mrs. Mooney looks around in dismay.

MRS. MOONEY

Oh, here he is...

MR. MOONEY AND UNCLE PAT

Flushed, in their cups, ties askew, arrive.

PAT

I hunted him down...

MR. MOONEY

(having a great time)

Hi, everybody... Waiting long?

You can blame his nephew...

PAT

His son-in-law.

MR. MOONEY

Makes the greatest martini in the
Western world.

Brian comes out and takes both men by their elbows.

BRIAN

Let's say cheese, fellas...

FLASH

A family portrait of Brian's new family, caught in a
festive tableau.

INT. TENT - DAY

The band has set up around the bar where Mr. Mooney and
Brian make drinks. The old man is feeling no pain.

MR. MOONEY

Look, don't pay any attention to
that drop-dead present I gave you.
I'll do better.

BRIAN

Let's not even discuss it.

MR. MOONEY

That daughter of mine is so
independent. She refuses to take
my money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(soothing)

I'll bring her to her senses,
Dad.

MR. MOONEY

I want you to come work for me...

BRIAN

I'm not the executive type. Think
I'll just open a saloon.

MR. MOONEY

A saloon?

BRIAN

Stupid, right? For a smart guy
like me. Just a little joint in
a nice location. You know...
mahogany bar, red plush in the
booths, T.V. Nothing fancy.
Maybe we could shoehorn a hundred
people. Do six, seven thousand
a week.

MR. MOONEY

Everybody needs a nice place to
hang out.

BRIAN

(happy that he
understands)

That's it, you got it. Bacon
cheeseburgers and homemade French
fries. Oldies on the box, thirty
different kinds of beer. The
kind of joint nobody I knew would
go in to take a leak.

MR. MOONEY

Can I come in and tend bar every
once in a while?

BRIAN

Only if you put up the money.

Mr. Mooney is taken aback, but then laughs and pounds
Brian on the back.

MR. MOONEY

What a character...

(to the guests)

... What a character.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As if on cue the band strikes up "THE ANNIVERSARY WALTZ."
Brian turns to the crowd.

BRIAN

C'mon, everybody has to dance at
my wedding.

ELLIOT

They're waiting for you, putz!

The crowd urges Brian onto the floor. Mooney leaves the happy circle around her and joins him on the floor. And off they go into a world of their own. The tent whirls around them in a blur. The smiling faces blend together. The MUSIC DIMINISHES to a whisper.

BRIAN

You realize that we're both
completely insane.

MOONEY

Yes.

BRIAN

And that you'll hate me in three
months.

MOONEY

Wrong. I'll be all puffy and
pregnant. You'll get tired of me.

BRIAN

I think I'll kiss you.

MOONEY

Not if I kiss you first...

They kiss each other and whirl away. The MUSIC gets LOUDER. As Brian and Mooney whirl around the floor they see a kaleidoscope of happy faces, all raising their glasses to the happy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, teary-eyed, Steve, the Poets, etc., shouting toasts, Elliot and the Beach Head crowd, Harley, friends, family, Uncle Pat, all suddenly transformed into happy celebrants. Then, alone at a table we get a brief glimpse of:

COUGHLIN

raising his glass with that old roughish smile.

BRIAN

blinks and looks again. But...

COUGHLIN

is gone. And...

BRIAN AND MOONEY

whirl away into the sunbeams.

FADE OUT.

THE END