

COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR,

a screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

- 1 INT. REHEARSAL THEATRE - STAGE - NYC - OPEN ON EXTREME CLOSE-UP - TALL THIN MAN - DAY

choking to death. He is whacking at his own back, clutching his throat, rasping and squeaking. We STAY TIGHT on man. We do not yet know where we are, just that we are watching a man die.

O.S. we hear the SOUND OF FIVE OR SIX PEOPLE LAUGHING: some titter, others roar.

- 2 MED. CLOSEUP - TALL THIN MAN

still choking, closer to death. He hacks out a few whispered words of his emergency.

TALL THIN MAN
I... canno... breathe! I canno...
breathe!

- 3 MED. CLOSEUP - TALL THIN MAN

falls over backwards.

CUT TO:

- 4 TRAVALIAN AND J.J.

sitting, ostensibly watching the Tall Thin Man die. They talk to one another in casual whispered tones, as though surveying the meat market.

TRAVALIAN
What do ya think of him?

J.J.
He's not funny...

TRAVALIAN
He seems funny. I mean, everybody's
laughing, right?

CUT TO:

- 5 TWO OTHER MEN, TWO OTHER WOMEN

laughing.

BEGIN CREDITS.

J.J.
I've seen him maybe 15 years now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

J.J. (CONT'D)
He never made me laugh. I don't like
him. Maybe that's it. I don't like
him.

CUT TO:

6 MED. CLOSEUP - TALL THIN MAN

seems to have died. Pauses, dead. He opens an eye, smiles,
looks out.

TALL THIN MAN
How'd I do?

J.J.
Great, great. You always slay me.
Fippsy. Slayyy me.

TRAVALIAN
Very nice, very nice.

TALL THIN MAN
Oh, God. I really appreciate that,
coming from you, Mr. Travalian.

Tall Thin Man starts to get up, swoons, falls back.

TALL THIN MAN
Dizzy, dizzy... Overdid it... always do
... I'll be alright, really... really...

CONTINUE CREDITS.

KREPLICH, the producer, calls from a chair in theatre behind
the author, TRAVALIAN, and the director, J.J.

KREPLICH
So?

TRAVALIAN
(to J.J.)
Lemme talk to him quietly...

Travalian and Kreplich walk to each other in the aisle. They
will whisper with great confidence to one another, as friends.

KREPLICH
He's great, huh?

TRAVALIAN
I love him, yuh.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

KREPLICH

So, good, we got our second man. All you have to do is choose the lady now, huh, and we can start already!

TRAVALIAN

There's a problem. J.J. hates him.

KREPLICH

So what can I do?

TRAVALIAN

Fire him.

KREPLICH

How can I fire him? I can't even hire him!

TRAVALIAN

J.J.

KREPLICH

Oh, God, again! I have to fire another director?

Travalian nods; returns to J.J.'s side. He smiles.

KREPLICH (O.S.)

J.J.... could I have a word, privately?

J.J.

(to Travalian; speaking
of Kreplich)

How he wastes my time!

J.J. stands, exits off. Travalian gestures to Tall Thin Man that all will be okay. Tall Thin Man shrugs in delight. Travalian smiles.

CUT TO:

7 TRAVALIAN

exiting rehearsal theatre into corridor of large, dank, dingy Times Square office building.

MUSIC.

8 INT. CORRIDOR, OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

Elevator doors open, revealing EDDIE, 100-year-old elevatorman/handyman for the building. Eddie is an old codger who prides himself in speaking the Truth.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Hey, Eddie. How goes it?

EDDIE

Hi-ya, Mr. Travalian. You bringin' us a hit?

TRAVALIAN

God, I hope not! Don't wanna spoil my record!

EDDIE

Oh, yuh, right... What'd ya get outta the last one? A week, right?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, well, it's a small point, but we ran two weeks...

EDDIE

Your stuff's probably too depressing for Broadway...

TRAVALIAN

Yuh, that's probably it. Too depressing...

EDDIE

Hey, listen, c'mon, you know what they say: 'You can feed the people bad food three or four times and they'll turn it down, but sooner or later, they're gonna eat!...'

The elevator has arrived. Eddie has opened the door. Travalian exits into the theatre's alleyway.

TRAVALIAN

Catch ya later, Eddie...

EDDIE

Keep the faith, Mr. T....

9 EXT. STREETS OF THEATRE DISTRICT - DAY (CONTINUING)

MUSIC.

FINAL CREDITS.

Travalian walks under row of Broadway theatre marquees, viewing each with disdain. He rounds the corner and his way is blocked by a JUNKIE DEALER dealing drugs.

JUNKIE

Coke, speed, smack, loose J's... you name it.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN
My son's in the business. Sorry...

Travalian walks to corner.

10 EXT. JOE ALLEN'S RESTAURANT - NEW YORK

Travalian entering restaurant. ROBERT FIELDS exiting restaurant. (N.B. We can use NY actors by name. No reason not to.)

TRAVALIAN
Hey, Bobby, how's goes it?

FIELDS
Hey, Ivan, hittin' the big time, huh?

TRAVALIAN
(fingers necktie; confusing
Fields' point of reference
for 'big time')
Why? This? Like it?

FIELDS
Jessica Pine's doin' your play, huh?

TRAVALIAN
Well, maybe. I'm gonna meet with her
about it now...

FIELDS
That ain't what she said about two
minutes ago at the bar...

TRAVALIAN
What'd she say?

FIELDS
That she's got the part...

TRAVALIAN
She said that? You kiddin' me, Bobby?

Fields shrugs a "no." Travalian storms into the restaurant.

11 INT. JOE ALLEN'S

Travalian, inside, looking about, trying to get his eyes to
adjust to the darkened room.

12 HIS POV

We see JESSICA PINE at the bar.

Three young men surround her.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

She is everything a Hollywood film star should be: beautiful, intelligent, rich... and not too tall.

CUT TO:

13 SCENE

Travalian and Jessica jammed against bar. From time to time, as they attempt to talk, people will crowd against them, pushing their bodies together in the most intimate way, in counterpoint to what is going on in their conversation. Travalian is intense; not happy.

Jessica is selling. Travalian listens to her, politely. We should be fairly certain from how she acts and what she says that he will not be anxious to hire her for his play.

JESSICA

Gaj said the work I did in 'Cuffs' was the most sensitive acting he'd ever seen in his life. Lee, too... he said the same thing: 'The most sensitive...'

TRAVALIAN

You know Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg?

JESSICA

Not personally... I mean, not well... They won't remember meeting me, probably. They were shy about coming backstage. Sweet, huh?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, yes.

JESSICA

Look, Ivan... May I call you 'Ivan'?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, well, yes, please do...

JESSICA

Ivan? May I be frank?

TRAVALIAN

I'm 'Ivan' and you're Frank?

JESSICA

(she doesn't get it)
Uhh, I beg your pardon?

TRAVALIAN

Nothing. Sorry... Please... be frank.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

I've got a couple of strong things goin' for me in my corner: Your producer can raise the money on my name in about ten minutes... and, secondly, I'm a good fucking actress, Ivan, and I mean aaaaaa... goooooood...

Travalian will mouth the words "fucking actress" as Jessica speaks them.

JESSICA

... fucking... actressss...

Jessica tosses down a glass of whiskey (or whatever) as though to underline her point about her talent. Travalian watches her; a fixed smile on his lips... as it has been throughout the scene. He motions to the bartender for the bill.

JESSICA

I must tell you: I love your play.
Love your play...

TRAVALIAN

Oh. That's very nice of you...

JESSICA

I only have one or two tiny, tiny problems... in each act.

Travalian smiles, looks away, rolls his eyes to heaven.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE/EXIT, TIMES SQUARE

Travalian, walking into subway. His way is blocked for a moment by a PIMP.

PIMP

I can get you a woman...

TRAVALIAN

I'm diseased.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE/EXIT - LATER

Travalian exits subway at 7th Avenue and West 12th Street, in Greenwich Village. He walks southwest, crosses 7th Avenue past St. Vincent's (Hospital) construction, and heads toward Bank Street.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME ON BANK STREET, GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY
Travalian, climbing stairs to his house.

IGOR, Travalian's 16-year-old son, peeking out window from behind curtain.

17 INT. HOUSE

Igor, whispering from curtain, loudly, to other children:

IGOR

He's here!

Five children -- DEBBIE, BONNIE, SPIKE, GERALDO and Igor -- all scatter into hiding. (Debbie and Bonnie are Gloria's children from her first marriage to a Greenwich, Connecticut advertising executive art director. Spike is Gloria's son from her second marriage, to a minor league baseball player. Geraldo is Gloria's son from her third marriage, to a Spanish dancer. Igor is Ivan's son, from his first marriage, to Estelle, an Armenian/American musician, a guitarist, who was Ivan's 4th cousin. We are seeing an extended family.)

Ivan opens the door. The interior of the room is dark and this worries him. He looks about, sheepishly. He rubs his back. He looks about again. He calls out to the emptiness.

TRAVALIAN

I'm home!

No response.

TRAVALIAN

Hello? I'm hommmme!

Suddenly, Igor walks through the room, as though nothing had happened.

IGOR

Hi, Pop... How's it goin'?

TRAVALIAN

Hey, Ig. How about you?

The remaining four children leap out of hiding and yell.

ALL FOUR

Surprise!

TRAVALIAN

(to himself)

I'll be damned. Igor, you devil...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

Ivan smiles happily, but it is Igor who seems overjoyed.

IGOR

Oh, hot damn, you remembered! Hot
damn, hot damn, hot damn!

He embraces his brothers and sisters, who chirp their song to him, merrily.

ALL FOUR

Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday, dear Iiiiigorr.
Happy birthday to you.

TRAVALIAN

What's this? Funny? A joke? Is this
a funny joke?

The four children each give a present to Igor who rips them open, in a state of sublime delight.

IGOR

Presents! Cadeaux! Pour moi, de vous,
cadeaux! Wowie, hooray, wowieeee!

TRAVALIAN

(simply; a sickly smile
on his face)
C'mon, you guys, it's not his birthday...

IGOR

(opening gifts)
A pipe... a perfect young playwright's
pipe... I love it. Slippers... heavy
flannel slippers... Hot damnnn! A
Montblanc pen! O'm'gosh! I love it!

TRAVALIAN

(quietly; still
smiling sickly)
Hey, c'mon, you guys, those aren't for
him...

IGOR

(orgiastic scream)
OHHH, JESUS! A STOPWATCH FOR WHEN I
TAKE UP RUNNING!

Ivan smiles on. Igor tries on his presents. The other children giggle and squeal. It should be somewhat obvious that the presents are a bit adult for Igor.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

C'mon, you guys. A joke's a joke, huh?

Igor embraces Ivan. The others follow.

IGOR

Thanks, Pop, for remembering. You're the greatest.

DEBBIE

You're the greatest.

BONNIE

You're the greatest...

GERALDO

You're the greatest...

SPIKE

You're the greatest...

TRAVALIAN

C'mon, you guys, huh? I've had a rotten day... I fired the director, which made Kreplich crazy... I met some Hollywood actress for the lead... and I hated her, which will make Kreplich even crazier... I turned 38, which makes me craaaazzzyyy... and I beat my children.

He looks up from his list as though he just now realizes that he is with his children and has not yet beaten them... and therefore now must.

TRAVALIAN

Oooooop...

They squeal with delight. He raises his fist in the air and begins chasing them. They run in a full circle through the living room and dining room. Somebody tackles somebody and Ivan and the children end up in a pretzel heap on the living room floor, laughing.

IGOR (age 16)

Happy birthday, kiddo.

TRAVALIAN

Thanks, kiddo...

DEBBIE AND SPIKE (ages 11 and 7)

Happy birthday, Ivan...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

BONNIE (age 9)
Happy birthday, Daddy...

GERALDO (age 5)
Happy birthday, Pop...

18 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

straight-faced, play-acting well.

TRAVALIAN
You guys are sooo dumb, you know that?
You know how dumb you are?

DEBBIE
Pretty dumb.

TRAVALIAN
You knew!
(to the others)
She knew!

Laughter, hugs, kisses.

The swinging door to the kitchen swings open and GLORIA TRAVALIAN sweeps into the room, carrying a cake with one big, fat candle from which hangs a large tag, upon which is printed "39 & 1 for GOOD LUCK!"

Gloria is slightly younger than Travalian... perhaps 6 years younger, in fact. She is extremely bright and extremely beautiful.

Cheers from all children upon seeing the cake.

TRAVALIAN
Wow! This is great stuff! But, I'm
not 39! I'm 38!

GLORIA
You're 39...

TRAVALIAN
I'm not 39, Gloria!

GLORIA
You were 38 last year!

IGOR
You're 39, Pop...

GERALDO
39, Pop...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

(to Geraldo)

How the hell do you know! You're adopted!

GERALDO

I was here last year!

TRAVALIAN

So what, Geraldo?

SPIKE

39...

DEBBIE

You're 39, Daddy. Remember? Last year, we gave you 39 beach balls...

TRAVALIAN

One was for good luck!

BONNIE

We forgot your 'good luck,' remember?

TRAVALIAN

You forgot my good luck? What are you saying? Wait a minute... lemme do a little subtraction here... I'm 38, dammit! 1-from-9-is-8, right? 38!

GLORIA

You look very good for your age, dear.

TRAVALIAN

Don't you ever EVER! tell me I look good for my age again!

The children sing to Travalian.

CHILDREN

Happy birthday to you...

Happy birthday to you...

Happy birthday, dear (Daddy)(Ivan)

(Popper)...

Happy birthday to you...

The children all join hands under the cake, with Gloria.

Travalian, smiling. And then he senses what is coming.

We see the terror in his eyes, but he is trapped in a corner.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

Gloria and the children hit Travalian squarely in the face with his extremely gooey birthday cake.

There is a chase, in which Travalian chases and catches everyone and scoops cake onto heads, faces, lets, the lot.

There is a great deal of laughter and a great deal of love.

CUT TO:

19 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Travalian and Gloria finishing the dishes.

TRAVALIAN

Listen, I've got to go out for a little while... production meeting...

Gloria looks at him.

TRAVALIAN

I know, I know. But I shouldn't cancel. I've got to meet Kreplich and a couple of backer-types. Maybe I can make a break early and we can get the colored lights going, huh?

GLORIA

Yuh, well, maybe...

TRAVALIAN

Gloria, I can't cancel out. I haven't even told Kreplich about Jessica Pine yet... the actress I hated... I'll come back by 11...

GLORIA

It's okay, really...

TRAVALIAN

I hate threats, Gloria. I hate them...

GLORIA

What threats?...

TRAVALIAN

I'm not biting the bait. It's my birthday ... and... You are some beautiful 'chica' there, honey-chile...

He embraces her.

She smiles. They kiss again.

20 GLORIA'S FACE

She is not at all happy.

21 TRAVALIAN'S FACE

He is quite happy.

He laughs.

CUT TO:

22 BEDROOM - NIGHT

Travalian in bed. He fakes sleep as the door to the room opens, quietly, and Gloria Travalian tiptoes into the room.

This scene should be played as though the roles were reversed: It is a classic scene of the wife questioning the wayward husband as to his whereabouts.

Gloria checks Ivan in bed to see if he is asleep. Satisfied that he is, she goes about the business of dressing, which is to say, undressing... in the dark.

Ivan suddenly switches the lights on and begins his inquisition.

TRAVALIAN

Where the hell've you been till 2 o'clock?

GLORIA

You're awake!

TRAVALIAN

Correcting papers?...

GLORIA

Oh, God...

TRAVALIAN

Answer me!

GLORIA

Upset... walking... that's all...

TRAVALIAN

Bullshit!

GLORIA

I'm sorry you worried...

TRAVALIAN

(very upset here)

I knew this, you know! Seven hours ago,
I knew this... As soon as I said I had
business, 'cause you can't stand me having
business, can you?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

GLORIA

(overlapping)

Oh, c'mon... You're taking your career anxieties out on me...

TRAVALIAN

Don't 'oh, c'mon' me, and don't tell me why I'm angry! I'm angry because I walked out of my work session at quarter-to-11 because I've got a date with you at 11, here. I am here at 11, and you wander in at goddamn two in the morning!

(coldly; matter-of-factly)

In the wee, wee hours of the morning -- Hour Number 8, I believe -- I must meet Kreplich and his idea for a new director. I must be lucid, I must be coherent, I must be sane... therefore, I am leaving this room and I am going to sleep in with Spike and Geraldo...

He starts toward door, stops.

TRAVALIAN

No, I am not doing that. They both toss...
(without warning)

So, are you sleeping with Larry? Or what?

GLORIA

Who's Larry?

TRAVALIAN

Harry Frankfurt's cousin, Allan Bomser, said he saw you and some guy named Larry Kotzwinkle checking out of the Dorset around 3 o'clock, this afternoon...

GLORIA

(quietly)

Ohhh. Thaaaaaat Larry.

CUT TO:

23 REHEARSAL THEATRE - AUDITIONS - AFTERNOON

Travalian is interviewing a potential director for his play. EXTREME CLOSEUP PATTTER, the potential director.

PATTTER

What I see here is basically a Feydeau-esque romp through a bleak Beckettian landscape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

PATTER (CONT'D)

The results are deeply, profoundly,
unavoidably amusing. What can I say?
This work makes me blissfully happy!

Kreplich sits in on the meeting.

The potential director is Patter, an aging, smiley fellow.
He is thin and absurdly tall: nearly 7'. He is totally
est-ed out. Thinks well of everything.

Travalian stands, moves away. Kreplich runs to him.

KREPLICH

Well, what do you think?

TRAVALIAN

Huh?

KREPLICH

Of Patter? Can we use him?

TRAVALIAN

Of course not! He's a jerk!

KREPLICH

He's very tight with Streisand...

TRAVALIAN

That's the worst thing I ever heard
about her...

KREPLICH

What should I tell him?

TRAVALIAN

Tell him to stop all that goddamn smiling!
Tell him it's hostile... full of hate...

KREPLICH

Are you sure you want to do this play?
Or what?

TRAVALIAN

What are you giving me?

KREPLICH

You didn't notice we have neither a
director or a star?

TRAVALIAN

Nor a star! Nor a star...

CUT TO:

24 BAGEL NOSH - CHRISTOPHER STREET - LATER

Igor, eating a tremendous heap of cream cheese salads on a bagel base.

Ivan, across from him, eating a green salad.

TRAVALIAN

Doesn't it get you crazy to think that you're a teenage kid -- in the prime of your athletic-slash-sexual life -- and you are eating like a veritable raccoon ... and getting no exercise, ever... and I, your middle-aged father, sit across from you... lean and sinewy... eating a simple gard...

IGOR

(waiting a moment for completion of Ivan's thought. It doesn't come)
... en salad.

TRAVALIAN

Huh?

IGOR

You are eating a simple garden salad.

TRAVALIAN

Yes.

IGOR

(he sees that his father is not listening)
I murdered Debbie and Geraldo this morning.

TRAVALIAN

I'm paying attention. I'm paying attention...

(smiles)

Did you see your mother this afternoon?

IGOR

Nope. I haven't been over there since Monday...

TRAVALIAN

I mean Gloria...

IGOR

Gloria's not my mother.

TRAVALIAN

She's like your mother...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

IGOR

Nevertheless...

TRAVALIAN

Okay, okay... Have you seen Gloria?

IGOR

Not officially.

TRAVALIAN

What's that s'pose'ta mean?

IGOR

I saw her but she didn't see me...

TRAVALIAN

Where?

IGOR

In the kitchen... She was slumped over her crunchy granola. Can I, uh, get a, uh, carrot cake?

TRAVALIAN

You can't be still hungry?

IGOR

Oh, no, it's not hunger. It's a neurotic need to be porky...

TRAVALIAN

It's your life.

IGOR

You noticed, huh? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Parents are supposed to bring kids up... not down...

Igor stands, starts to cake counter, stops, looks at his father.

IGOR

Are we getting divorced again.

TRAVALIAN

What the hell made you ask that?

IGOR

The last time you asked me if I saw my mother and then let me order dessert, we got divorced...

TRAVALIAN

Really?

CUT TO:

25 CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Travalian, in track suit, jogging with MORRIS FINESTEIN.

TRAVALIAN

So, do you like the play, Morris?

FINESTEIN

It could work.

TRAVALIAN

But you don't love it?

FINESTEIN

The play's a little slight, don't you think?

TRAVALIAN

It's in a comic mode, Morris... it's funny ... but, I certainly wouldn't say it was 'slight'... It's a pretty devastating view of overconsumption, wouldn't you say? I mean, Morris, there is cannibalism in the piece. It will offend many, many people...

A large, smiling JOGGER runs at them and calls out in the happiest of voices:

JOGGER

(happy)

Hiii! How are YOOOOOU todayyy?

Neither man -- Travalian nor Morris -- pays the slightest attention to the happy Jogger.

FINESTEIN

I think it could work...

TRAVALIAN

Then you'll do it, Morris?

CUT TO:

26 MELANIE'S NATURAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Travalian and all children plus Kreplich sit at a table. Kreplich is upset.

KREPLICH

Morris Finestein? Morris Feinstein? He didn't even like the play...

TRAVALIAN

He's never enthusiastic.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

KREPLICH

What are you talking? He said to me,
'I will not direct this play... I do not
like this play...' That is not a lack
of enthusiasm... that is a firm decision.

TRAVALIAN

He changed his mind.

KREPLICH

Now he likes it?

TRAVALIAN

He said he'd do it...

KREPLICH

I don't understand this. He personally
turned me down: 'I will not do this
play. I do not like...'

TRAVALIAN

(cuts him off,
interrupts)

... Look, Larry, he doesn't like comedy,
that's all. Morris Finestein is a
first-rate director... He did an excellent
job with 'The Indian Wants "Whatdayacallit"...'

KREPLICH

Who's Larry?

TRAVALIAN

Huh?

KREPLICH

You called me 'Larry'...

TRAVALIAN

No, I did not.

IGOR

Yes, you did.

DEBBIE

I heard you, Daddy!

GERALDO

Me, too...

SPIKE

Me, too...

A WAITRESS brings their food: sprouts, etc.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

WAITRESS

I heard it, too...

She doles out their food.

WAITRESS

Who's having the Wedge-a-Veggies?

Spike nods to Kreplich.

SPIKE

Larry is.

TRAVALIAN

Don't be cute...

DEBBIE

(playing sweet and
cuddly)

Ooooo, my Cheese Spree... I love cheesiee...

TRAVALIAN

Act your age!

DEBBIE

I'm eleven...

TRAVALIAN

Act it!

DEBBIE

How the hell do you act eleven?

TRAVALIAN

That's better?

KREPLICH

(looking at his food,
depressed)

I hate this kind of stuff. Why did you
bring me here?

TRAVALIAN

It's healthy. You'll live longer...

KREPLICH

I have a miserable life. I don't want
to life longer.

(lifts his sprouts)

This is what was growing in front of my
newpew's house in Pound Ridge. It
choked his lawn. He had it removed...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

IGOR

My father always makes us eat shrubbery.
(bites his sandwich)
This is the worst food in the world.
The very and absolute worst. I am sooo
unhappy to be chewing this... and
swallowing this... Yuchh!

GERALDO

Don't say 'Yucch!'

DEBBIE

Shut up, Geraldo.

SPIKE

Shut up, Geraldo!

IGOR

Shut up, Geraldo!

TRAVALIAN

Will you please shut up, all of you? I'm
having a serious business meeting with
Mr. Kreplich that could result in my play
being a success that could result in
paying a couple of your tuitions next
year, and pay for food, and pay for
clothing and for your rotten movies and
ballgames and orthodonture...

(to Kreplich)

Okay, now you listen to me. Larry
Finestein is the man I want. He may be
a total depressive, but he is a major --
major -- talent. Period.

KREPLICH

Larry, again...

TRAVALIAN

Out of the question. I called you 'Mr.
Kreplich.'

KREPLICH

Finestein. You called him 'Larry.'

TRAVALIAN

That's bullshit, Kreplich!

DEBBIE

I heard you, Daddy!

GERALDO

Me too, Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

IGOR

No need for me to chime in here, right?

KREPLICH

Look, Ivan, I appreciate your good work with Finestein. I'm confused, but, I'm impressed. Good. But understand this: Morris Finestein or no Morris Finestein, if you want this play to open on Broadway, you're gonna havta bring me a star...

TRAVALIAN

Again with the stars. You'd think we were trying to open a planetarium, not a play...

(simply; coldly)

I'll bring you a star, Kotzwinkle! You can rest assured... I will bring you a goddamn star!

KREPLICH

So who's 'Kotzwinkle'?

TRAVALIAN

(shocked and amazed)

What?

KREPLICH

So, who is Kotzwinkle? You called me Kotzwinkle!

Igor, Debbie, Geraldo, etc. all shrug.

Travalian is amazed.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. N.Y.U. - MAIN BUILDING - WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Travalian walking toward building. He fidgets with his collar and tie. He stops and looks at his reflection in the window of the NYU art gallery. He pulls the tie open by about 6", but does not remove same.

He sees the reflection of a LITTLE OLD LADY beside his own. She is also looking at reflection. He talks to her.

TRAVALIAN

Excuse me, but do you think it will look better with the tie, or with the collar open? I'm trying to patch things up with Gloria...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

The Little Old Lady, a complete stranger, considers the question.

COMPLETE STRANGER

I'd have to see it without the tie.

TRAVALIAN

I, uh, can't do that...

COMPLETE STRANGER

I always feel the slightly dressier look is the best thing. I would go with the tie...

TRAVALIAN

I agree. Thank you very much for your time...

COMPLETE STRANGER

Not at all.

As Travalian exits to cross street, we see that the Complete Stranger is a bag lady. She tends to an enormous lump of used clothing that rests atop a child's little red wagon. The lump could be, for example, 6' high, 5' deep, 4' wide. It is quite a lump.

CUT TO:

28 TRAVALIAN

entering Goldblatt Pavilion of New York University. He is tying his necktie and checks his reflection in the shine and glow of the bronze-substitute Goldblatt Pavilion Plaque.

CUT TO:

29 INT. GOLDBLATT PAVILION - CORRIDORS - DAY

Travalian frantically searching for the room in which Gloria is about to teach a class. He stops a student, a YOUNG WOMAN.

TRAVALIAN

Where's 557-Goldblatt?

YOUNG WOMAN

Don't bother me, please!

TRAVALIAN

Just head me in the right direction...

YOUNG WOMAN

Do not bother me! Oh, I just hate that!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

She storms off. Travalian stops a YOUNG MAN.

TRAVALIAN
557-Goldblatt?

YOUNG MAN
What?

TRAVALIAN
I'm looking for 557-Goldblatt.

YOUNG MAN
I'm really a night student...

As though he has made sense, the Young Man EXITS THE SCENE.

The corridors are empty of people. Travalian looks about at the unnumbered doors. His quest is seemingly impossible.

He screams Gloria's name.

TRAVALIAN
Gloria! Gloooooorrrriiiiiiaaaaaahhhhhh!

Gloria's head appears in a doorway, several doors away from Travalian. It has popped into view in a Punch-and-Judy fashion.

30 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

He is pleased. He says "ah," quietly.

TRAVALIAN
Ah.

CUT TO:

31 DOORWAY - GLORIA'S CLASSROOM

Gloria is at the doorway, in the classroom, with Travalian. Her class, a small group of graduate students, awaits her return. They watch and they listen.

GLORIA
How the hell can I go off now? I just started the class!

TRAVALIAN
What is it? Grammar or conversation?

GLORIA
Conversation.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Can't they just chat?

GLORIA

What's the matter?

TRAVALIAN

Nothing. Nothing. I just wanted to see you...

GLORIA

I see you every night... every morning
... sometimes noons, too. What's
happening?

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God...

GLORIA

Meet me at 5...

TRAVALIAN

I can't. I can't. Meet me at 7...

GLORIA

I can't. I've got a supper thing. Why
can't you meet me at 5?

TRAVALIAN

I've got to meet another star...

GLORIA

Another what?

TRAVALIAN

Another star! Another star! Kreplich
has me meeting some movie actress...
Alice Detroit... for my play... at 5:30...

GLORIA

Change it.

TRAVALIAN

I can't. She's flying in. How about you
changing your supper date?

GLORIA

I can't. How about breakfast? Away
from the house... just us...

TRAVALIAN

I guess, sure... Oh, wait, I can't... I
... okay, sure... breakfast... See ya...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

He doesn't move.

GLORIA
What's with your tie?

TRAVALIAN
Hmmm?

GLORIA
Is that your tie?

TRAVALIAN
Yuh, it is. Why?

GLORIA
Oh, nothing... it's just tied funny...
He fidgets tie, nervously.

GLORIA
I'd better stop this...

TRAVALIAN
Yuh. You wouldn't wanna risk patching
things up and saving the marriage...

GLORIA
Ivan, we're standing in front of my
Intermediate Conversation Class...

TRAVALIAN
So? We're not having a conversation?
(simply asked)
You're not coming home tonight, are you?

GLORIA
I'm not sure... I...
(simply)

No.
(brightly)
How about The Village Star at 10?

TRAVALIAN
Great.

GLORIA
Great.

She smiles, shrugs, turns and goes back into her classroom.
She reunites with her students. Travalian watches her a
moment, as do we.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

GLORIA
(in flawless French
language)
Un petit histoire... Un jour qu'ils sont
alles voir le Marche aux fleurs, Bill et
Ann brayensent le Pont Neuf. 'Ce pont
est une espee de monument...'

Travalian turns from her and walks away.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PALM COURT, PLAZA HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

OPEN ON chin of a violinist as he bows across his ratty old
violin. At the exact moment we see violinist, we hear:

VIVALDI, being played by string quartet. PULL BACK TO Travalian, at table with ALICE DETROIT. The string quartet is just behind them, serenading them.

Alice Detroit is a great beauty. She is also charming, funny and very, very smart.

Travalian is distracted, depressed.

DETROIT
Couldn't you just die?

TRAVALIAN
In what sense?

DETROIT
The Plaza... Vivaldi... violins...

TRAVALIAN
(depressed, absently)
Oh, yuh, all that... great, great. My
wife, Gloria, and I came here for our
early dates... 5 or 6 of them... great
place.

DETROIT
Here?

TRAVALIAN
Uh, here, yes. It was, uh, discreet.

DETROIT
Uh... How'd you meet your wife... uh...
Gloria?

TRAVALIAN
How'd you know her name?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

DETROIT

You just told me!

TRAVALIAN

Oh. Yuh...

DETROIT

Uh... I'm interested in how couples get together. It amuses me.

TRAVALIAN

(stares at Alice a moment
before answering)

I took her class. She teaches 2nd year French...

DETROIT

She's that much older than you?

TRAVALIAN

Huh? Oh, no, not college. I took it just a couple of years ago...

(laughs)

It was a second marriage for me and, uh, multiple for her, too...

DETROIT

Kind of a brush-up... huh?

He looks up, confused.

DETROIT

Uh... The French class... brushing up on your French...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, well, not exactly. Yuh, I s'pose...

DETROIT

You speak French?

TRAVALIAN

Me? Uh uh. No languages... Barely English.

Begins to speak in broken English to amuse Detroit.

TRAVALIAN

Eye cin harrrrdly speeeks dess tonng...

DETROIT

(not amused; pressing)

So, you didn't learn any French, but you married her?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

You from the Times, or what? You got a Wednesday column on the side, Alice?

DETROIT

Just interested...

TRAVALIAN

I saw Gloria... this wife, see... on the IRT local, heading uptown. She was strikingly... uh... beautiful, so I followed her. When it turned out she was married, I, uh, tracked her down to her job at NYU, and I took her course.

(simply)

You wanna do this play of mine, or not?

DETROIT

I did, until it occurred to me that you basically couldn't stand me. That's why I'm being so charming now... and keeping the conversation centered on you... instead of me. So, you'll pay attention and see that I'm an okay 'chica'...

TRAVALIAN

I'm looking for an actress, not a friend.

DETROIT

I can see that, Mr. Travalian.

TRAVALIAN

(smiles)

I'm talkin' like a jerk, huh?

DETROIT

I would have to say more like a rat than a jerk... What did I do here? Order the wrong thing? Or what?

TRAVALIAN

Oh, noo... It's just that my, uh, life's a little unsettled and all... and I've been meeting a lot of Hollywood types... in relation to my play... and I musta figured you'd be just like the others...

DETROIT

A Hollywood type?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh, well, you're okay... You're, uh, likable...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

DETROIT

I think it was going better when you were talkin' like a rat...

TRAVALIAN

Uh, look, my play is difficult to perform and expensive to produce... You're a major star and my producer (that snaky son-of-a-bitch) tells me that he can raise all the money on you. I saw you in your movie...

DETROIT

Which one?

TRAVALIAN

You made two?

DETROIT

(absolutely serious)

You're really brilliant. I'm most delighted to have finally met you. I knew you'd be smart, but I had no idea you'd be this smart.

TRAVALIAN

(genuinely embarrassed)

I'll, uh, just overlook that.

DETROIT

I'm sure you will...

TRAVALIAN

The thing is, I'm basically refusing to do any rewrites on the script. I think it works and I don't want to puff up any parts, if you get my meaning...

DETROIT

Fine. I agree. I'll do it...

TRAVALIAN

I know it's kinda juvenile of me... me being 38-ish and all... but... Did you say 'yes'?

DETROIT

I did, yes, say 'yes,' yes, I did, yes...

TRAVALIAN

Kreplich said you'd never say 'yes' in a million years...

DETROIT

Why, that snaky son-of-a-bitch!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN

Well, okay...

(he shakes her hand)

I got myself a star, you got yourself a
star vehicle...

DETROIT

Life is certainly great when it works
out, isn't it?

The violins play on, romantically. Travalian pays his share
of the bill and leaves.

33 EXTREME CLOSEUP - ALICE DETROIT

watching Travalian EXIT THE SCENE. She likes Travalian and
her attraction to him shows.

CUT TO:

34 INT. & EXT. STREETS (5TH AVENUE) AND SUBWAY (F TRAIN) - EVENING

Travalian, walking on 5th Avenue. He is happy but not happy.

THEME MUSIC IN.

This should be a non-verbal, simply a visual/aural scene. The
MUSIC should be sentimental, probably a modern variation on
Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," extending the motif of the prior
scene.

Travalian encounters a blind BEGGAR with no legs and no dog
who "sits" on his stumps on the sidewalk. There is a sign
hung about his neck, upon which the legend "GOD GIVES TO
GIVERS" is printed. The Beggar sings and strums a guitar.

BEGGAR

(faintly)

'O! My love! My darling!
I've hungered for your touch...'

Travalian trips over the Beggar's stump and very nearly falls.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God, excuse me, terribly sorry...

Travalian fishes in his pockets for change, but can't find any.
He doesn't want to give the blind Beggar any folding money, so
Travalian looks about to see if he is being observed. Satis-
fied that he isn't, he taps the blind Beggar's cup, once, with
his finger, causing the cup to "ping."

BEGGAR

God smiles on you, brother.

35 SCENE

Travalian exiting subway at 6th Avenue and West 14th Street, where several drug dealers attempt to press variant drugs into his hands and pockets, each murmuring something sales-worthy. He refuses all.

TRAVALIAN

No, thank you, no, thank you. Already high... High enough... Stoned free... Tripping, tripping... All 'coked' out... Just shot up not more than two mintues ago...

CUT TO:

36 EXT. TRAVALIAN'S HOUSE

He walks up staircase. He is depressed. He enters house.

CUT TO:

37 INT. HOUSE

Travalian, sitting on edge of his bed, strapping on his running shoes, probably Nike Daybreaks. He wears shorts and a T-shirt upon which is written the legend "THIS BODY RAN UP MOUNT WASHINGTON."

Igor stands in the doorway.

IGOR

I don't wanna run!

TRAVALIAN

Why? You afraid you'll lose a pound?

IGOR

Yuh, you got it. I'm the featured wrestler at Madison Square Garden tonight. I don't wanna risk bein' outweighed...

TRAVALIAN

C'mon, Iggggyyy. I'm depressed. I need company...

IGOR

God damm it... all you want me around for is for company!

TRAVALIAN

You want money for the Palladium this weekend, or what? Springsteen... the final vestige of rock music... chance of a lifetime...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

IGOR

Have you no shame? I absolutely refuse
to go running with you. Period.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. LOWER BROADWAY - IGOR AND TRAVALIAN

jogging.

Igor is beside himself with unhappiness.

TRAVALIAN

Why aren't you talking?

IGOR

Why aren't you talking?

TRAVALIAN

I'm thinking...

IGOR

And you're the only one here who can
think?

TRAVALIAN

I'm the only here who's paid to think,
yuh...

IGOR

I can't believe that you just said that
to your sixteen-year-old son. What am
I s'poseta do? Drop outta school, and
get a job in philosophy?

TRAVALIAN

Let your conscience be your guide...

IGOR

If she leaves for good, do we keep
Geraldo?

TRAVALIAN

Why? You don't like Geraldo.

IGOR

I'm crazy about Geraldo.

TRAVALIAN

So, let's keep him.

39 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - MIDNIGHT

Travalian sits at an enormous round table with Kreplich and the Dicker Brothers: HAROLD and JACKIE DICKER.

The Dickers are remarkably obese: circus proportions. They eat in the manner of circus horses, in fact, but their overall manner, by contrast, is courtly, elegant. They are both gentlemen: bright, soft-spoken, artistic-souled.

Spicy sea bass bones and carcass lie in front of Travalian, who stares sickly at these remains.

KREPLICH

This is a beautiful, beautiful meal...

TRAVALIAN

Carnage.

KREPLICH

What?

TRAVALIAN

Carnage. It's midnight and I'm staring at corpses...

KREPLICH

Don't talk crazy! This is a crazy person!

TRAVALIAN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm tense...

KREPLICH

Writers.

HAROLD

This is a first rate spicy sea bass...
You agree, Jackie?

JACKIE

Remember the spicy sea bass in Machibello's?

HAROLD

Oh, Lord! Pathetic!
(to Kreplich)
We ordered spicy sea bass in Stuttgart,
in a stunningly expensive fisch-haus...

JACKIE

Two Italian auto workers founded it...

HAROLD

They were raised by a Chinese nanny...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

JACKIE

Amazing, what? Italian laborers cooking
Chinese in Stuttgart, Germany?

KREPLICH

Boy, you guys travel a lot, don't you?

HAROLD

Worst fucking sea bass you've ever seen!

KREPLICH

I'll tell you something, Travalian...
when you got Harold and Jackie Dicker on
a show, you got class workin' for you...
I mean tons of class, too...

JACKIE

Drenched in tabasco...

HAROLD

Reeking of tahini...

JACKIE

Oily...

HAROLD

... overcooked to a gray...

JACKIE

... basically a boring bass...

HAROLD

I agree, Jackie. I agree.

KREPLICH

A ton of class. Harold and Jackie Dicker.
Welcome aboard the 'Compliments of the
Author' team...

JACKIE

I beg your pardon...

KREPLICH

Us.

TRAVALIAN

That's the name of my play; 'Compliments
of the Author'...

HAROLD

Of course.

JACKIE

Slipped my mind...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

You read my play, right?...

KREPLICH

They love it! Adore it! They cherish it!

TRAVALIAN

Hmm?

HAROLD

By Wednesday... sacred word, Ivan... may we call you 'Ivan'?

KREPLICH

Of course you can! That's his name!

TRAVALIAN

Uh, how come we're meeting like this... at midnight and all... if you haven't read the play? I mean, how can you budget the thing properly... suggest people?... if you haven't actually read the thing?

KREPLICH

Come-onnnnn, Ivannn, these guys are pros! When you've got the Dickers on a show, you've got greatness There's no better accountant in the business than Jackie Dicker! No better. Right, Jackie?

JACKIE

Harold's the accountant. I'm the lawyer.

KREPLICH

See that? Two brothers... one's an accountant and one's a lawyer. They were born to do show business, right, you guys?

HAROLD

Our parents took us to a lot of plays, that's for sure...

KREPLICH

They don't write that way anymore...

TRAVALIAN

What exactly will you be doing on my play?

Smiles.

JACKIE

We're backing you with seven hundred and fifty thousand.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN

I see. Well, that's great. That's really great...

(pauses)

It costs that much, huh?

HAROLD

That's cheap... That's because Arnold Kreplich is a superb producer.

TRAVALIAN

I think you guys ought to know that my wife, Gloria, is having an affair with an accountant named Larry Kotzwinkle...

JACKIE

I don't think I know him...

HAROLD

I know Izzy Kotzwinkle, but he's kinda old. How old is your wife?

TRAVALIAN

Thirties.

HAROLD

Oh, no. God, Izzy must be eighty by now...

KREPLICH

(very upset)

What the hell are you bringin' stuff like that up at a business dinner for?

WAITER ENTERS SCENE with two ducks and another bass, and a salad.

WAITER

I got a duck, a duck, a boiled bass and a Nature-Boy Salad. Who gets?

Travalian sobs.

TRAVALIAN

I... am... sooo... depressed.

He puts his head down on the table.

CUT TO:

40 VILLAGE STAR COFFEE SHOP - 7TH AVENUE - MORNING

Gloria sits facing Travalian.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

GLORIA

You probably think I'm a little late coming to this...

TRAVALIAN

Late coming to this breakfast?

GLORIA

Late coming to this life-concept, Ivan. And please stop your constant joking.

TRAVALIAN

Sorry, sorry. I know that this is a very serious and difficult thing for you, Gloria... kissing me off like this. I don't know why it is that I always make with the jokes as soon as life makes with the pressure, butttt, it's a living...
(smiles)

Go on, go on, I'm all ears...

GLORIA

I'm not leaving you for another man, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

Who's Larry? He's not a man? He's a duck?

GLORIA

Larry Kotzwinkle is a friend: no more, no less.

TRAVALIAN

Go on...

GLORIA

Look, Ivan, for God's sakes! We got three years out of our marriage... three really wonderful years. Do you know what a miracle that is -- in this day and age -- for two consenting adults to get three wonderful years out of a marriage?

TRAVALIAN

Really great. What about your children?

GLORIA

I'll give you money toward help with the children, of course...

TRAVALIAN

Of course, of course. What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA

I want the children's fathers to keep
their children... for a while, anyhow.
Until I'm set up properly...

TRAVALIAN

(sudden rage)

How can you be fucking Larry Kotzwinkle?
I happen to know a little something
about this Larry Kotzwinkle, you know...

GLORIA

Oh, you do not!

TRAVALIAN

He was an accountant...

GLORIA

Not for years. He quit...

TRAVALIAN

'Quit'? 'Quit' is not a word that
would hold up in tax court for what
Larry 'One-for-You-One-for-Me'
Kotzwinkle did, Gloria...

GLORIA

I won't hear this!

TRAVALIAN

You will hear this, Gloria. Gerchiev!
'Meetings with Remarkable Men'... Peter
Brook... Armonk, Gloria, Armonk...
Cheap help! Denims! I know about this
man, Gloria!

GLORIA

(after a long pause)

Don't try to be the one to obliterate
a religious/philosophical movement
people by more than 250,000 followers.
The odds are against you, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

'Religious/philosophical,' Gloria?
Come onnnn! Larry Kotzwinkle is a
lapsed goddamn accountant with an
embarrassingly grey beard-and-moustache
set.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

He is a veritable symphony of distressed denim... He is what my grandmother used to call 'A little nothing...'

GLORIA

He's short...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, come on, Gloria! I'm not putting down height!

GLORIA

Why would you want me to stay married to you when you know that I'm not in love with you?

TRAVALIAN

That was the unkindest thing you ever said to me, Gloria. Of course I couldn't keep you under these conditions... not loving, generally... specifically... me! Oh, God! This is depressing!

GLORIA

I'm sorry, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

You're sorry? Can you imagine how I feel? I have a play in rehearsal for Broadway... Broadway!... And my life is falling apart. Can you imagine how I feel?

GLORIA

Wrecked... undercut... betrayed...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, shut up! I just hate it when you tell me precisely how miserable I feel.

GLORIA

Sorry.

TRAVALIAN

Does Larry have any children?

GLORIA

Uh, well, a couple?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN

More than five?

GLORIA

They're not all his.

TRAVALIAN

More than five!

GLORIA

Some aren't staying.

TRAVALIAN

Why? They're getting divorced, too?

GLORIA

They're getting old.

TRAVALIAN

How old's Larry?

GLORIA

Why? I thought you knew him!

TRAVALIAN

Refresh me. Less than fifty? Less than forty? Thirty? Twenty? Less than ten!

GLORIA

Oh, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

That's the kindest thing you've said all day: 'Oh, Ivan.'

GLORIA

I don't want to grow old with you...

TRAVALIAN

I see we've finished with the Kindness Column and we're moving now to Hatred and Heartbreak.

Smiles.

GLORIA

Sorry... Ivan, I've, uh, said what I can. I should be going... I've, uh, got to catch a train. I'm, uh, going away for a couple of days... to think.

TRAVALIAN

Where, uh, where are you going? Not for me, for, uh, the kids... in case something comes up.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

GLORIA

I'll write out the phone number... It's in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Larry's got a house there... Don't try to stop me from doing this, Ivan... please...

BRUNO THE WATER

(ENTERS FRAME)

You can pay me when you're ready...

TRAVALIAN

No! No checks! That'll end the goddamn meal!

(suddenly, to Gloria)

Don't go to Gloucester, Gloria! Gimme another shot. I won't let my career distract me from you, Gloria. I'll abandon the children...

GLORIA

What are you saying?

TRAVALIAN

I don't know.

(pauses)

I may choke on this, but... I still love you, Gloria. Let's take a trip. I can't take a trip. I'm in rehearsal. Let's see a counselor. I don't believe in counselors. This is a disaster. Gloria, I'm keeping Geraldo. I love him like he was my own kid, and so does Igor, and I won't even argue the point: Geraldo stays! He wants to and I said 'yes' to him, and that's that...

GLORIA

Okay. I agree...

Gloria hands a slip of paper to Travalian, shrugs; starts to leave.

TRAVALIAN

What's this?

GLORIA

Please, Ivan... It's the Gloucester number... for the children...

TRAVALIAN

You would hand me a long-distance telephone number after what I just said?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA

Please, Ivan...

BRUNO THE WAITER

(embarrassed beyond
embarrassment)

I, uh, uh, I, uh, I'll, uh, uh, wait
over there...

GLORIA

I'd better go. I'm late...

TRAVALIAN

Wait... lemme say one thing before you
go, Gloria...

GLORIA

Don't speak in anger, Ivan... Just let
me go...

TRAVALIAN

What do you want me to speak in if not
anger? You want that maybe I should
speak in what? In underpants? In
Kansas City? In what?

Gloria puts on her coat. Ivan watches her and then talks
gently.

TRAVALIAN

Glo, really... lemme say somethin',
before you go...

GLORIA

I... okay.

Gloria sits. Ivan looks at her, calmly, smiles.

TRAVALIAN

I want you to get out, Gloria. You're
the worst and craziest bitch I've met
since Eva Braun. I don't want you for a
wife. I don't even want you for a friend.
You've been married six times... why not
seven? Why not seventeen? Why not a
hundred and seventeen? You are a sick
person, Gloria. You can't commit to a
man... you can't even commit to your
children... you would probably abandon
your clothing, if it made any kind of
emotional demand on you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

I tried my dammedest to make a home with you. I was loving, faithful and I was caring...

GLORIA

(the war is on)

You were none of those things... You are at the typewriter fourteen goddamn hours a day. You are on the goddamn telephone six hours a day. That is 14 and 6 which comes to 20 out of a possible 24! That leaves four and you like to play with the children! I have been lonely!

TRAVALIAN

I'm done listening...

Now it is Travalian who is packing up.

TRAVALIAN

Bruno! Check! Check! Done with meal!
Bruno! Here with check!

CUT TO:

41 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Travlian and all children, eating supper. N.B. The children are eating meat and potatoes; Travalian is eating raw vegetables. They are using plastic knives, forks and spoons.

TRAVALIAN

How's your steak? Don't tell me you don't like it. You liked it the week before. Welll?

ALL

Great... terrific... fabulous... etc.

TRAVALIAN

Good, very good... How come the plastic? This an indoor picnic?

IGOR

Uh, Gloria, uh, needed some silverware for her place...

Travalian looks up, amazed.

IGOR

I, uh, wouldn't make a big deal here, okay?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Geraldo, depressed, not eating, staring downward.

TRAVALIAN

Come on, Geraldo. Your mother's not a bad person. She's just temporarily insane... that's why she took our silverware...

IGOR

Great. I think you cheered him up. Very good.

Geraldo starts to leave the table.

TRAVALIAN

Don't leave, Geraldo! I command you to stay in your seat! We are all depressed in this family and we will stay depressed together! No leavesies!

Geraldo sits.

GERALDO

I'll stay, but I don't wanna eat no meat...

TRAVALIAN

I don't blame you, Geraldo. You want some of my sprouts?

GERALDO

Don't be ridiculous!

TRAVALIAN

(smiles, insincerely)

Now, then. Let's talk openly about our situation. I think the healthiest thing to do... Spike, you have anything to say about what's going on with this family?

SPIKE

I talked to my mom when she came for the kitchen stuff...

TRAVALIAN

(to Igor)

'Kitchen stuff'? I thought she just needed silverware?

DEBBIE

(sudden expression of anger)

It was her silverware, goddamnit!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

Who said it wasn't? Did I say it wasn't
Gloria's goddamn silverware? Did I?

DEBBIE

You did, yuh...

TRAVALIAN

I said she was insane. I did not say
she was a crook. I know the difference.
Nixon was a crook... Hitler was insane...
Ophelia was not a crook...

Debbie runs from room.

TRAVALIAN

What the hell was that about?

IGOR

You ask people to say what's on their
minds and then you don't listen...

TRAVALIAN

(ashamed)

I do that. I know. Yuh...

GERALDO

It's okay, Pop. Debbie's just mad
'cause her heart is broken...

TRAVALIAN

Why does that seem familiar? I know
why: You sound like your mother, Geraldo...

IGOR

For Christ's sakes!

TRAVALIAN

Okay, okay...

He stands and goes out of the room. DOLLY WITH HIM as he
walks into pantry, where Debbie stands, crying.

42 PANTRY

TRAVALIAN

I'm a rotten and irresponsible man
and I beg you to forgive me.

DEBBIE

My father hates us.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God. Deb, that's not true! I just talked to him myself. He fought for you in court when you were little! He loves you!

DEBBIE

I'm so unhappy...

She is crying. Travalian moves close to her.

DEBBIE

I never even met his new wife!

TRAVALIAN

She's very nice. I had a drink with them. She's, uh, youngish, but she's really nice. She seemed really excited about having you with them...

DEBBIE

That's not true!

TRAVALIAN

Then stay here, Deb. Don't go anywhere ... your mom'll be back.

DEBBIE

You're not my father any more than Lefty was or Juan-Phillipe was. I've got a perfectly good father, Ivan... My mom's not coming back... She never comes back. She leaves.

Travalian shrugs.

DEBBIE

I'm so sick of this. You know that?

TRAVALIAN

I can imagine.

DEBBIE

You can't imagine! Eleven goddamn years old: that's all I am. I'm really sick of it! Sick... of... it... sick of it!

(pauses)

I've got one natural sister, seven stepbrothers and six stepsisters...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I've got more than twenty aunts and twenty-six uncles, precisely. I've got nine grandparents and five great-grandparents... I've got more than two hundred cousins in America alone!

(pauses)

When are you gonna stop this, huh? Huh? I don't wanna live in Greenwich, Connecticut, and neither does Bonn, but we're gonna, right, Ivan, we're gonna? And what if we hate it? Huh? Then what?

TRAVALIAN

You guys are certainly in a bind, there, Deb... You certainly are.

DEBBIE

I wouldn't ever get married, if you paid me a hundred and fifty dollars... Never! Not in my whole life! That's a promise, too!

Travalian, looking at her.

Debbie waves him away, as she tries to regain her composure.

CUT TO:

43 SPIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Travalian, sitting on Spike's bed.

SPIKE

(quietly)

I'll make a lot of friends in Daytona...

PULL BACK to reveal that child has a photograph/baseball card of his father, framed in a duo-frame, next to his bed. Both photo and card are autographed: "To my son, with love from his dady, Lefty Cahoon."

44 EXTREME CLOSEUP - LEFTY'S PIX

We hear Spike, O.S.:

SPIKE (O.S.)

It's not like I'm gonna really be alone, Ivan... I mean, there's all my dad's other kids 'n all... and there's the whole team, too, right? I mean, I'm gonna have plenty of friends...

CUT TO:

45 TRAVALIAN

looks down at boy, speaks; quietly:

TRAVALIAN

You're invited to stay, Spike. Igor, Geraldo and I want you to know that. I mean, if anything ever changes and... uh ... well, you've always got a home if I've got one... and when your mom and I get through this arguing business, you'll be expected to come whippin' right back here...

SPIKE

My mom doesn't get over the arguin', ever, Ivan, so's if I was you, I wouldn't keep waitin' for her to, okay? I did that for the longest time when she and my dad were first broken up. She never came back. First, she married Juan-Phillipe and then she married you. She don't even think about my dad. I know that for a fact. Once she's mad, she stays mad...

(pauses)

That's why I never let her get real mad at me. I just make sure she doesn't. I mean, if I did let her get mad at me, I'd have no mom, right? And that'd be awful.

CUT TO:

46 THEATRE - DAY

Morris Finestein, Travalian, SETH SHAPIRO (the stage manager), and assorted BACKERS, sit watching FIPPSY GONZAGA (the tall thin actor from Scene #1) audition with TWO GERMAN CHARACTER ACTORS. Alice Detroit sits with them.

NOTE: Travalian's hair is cut very, very short: close cropped and styled.

GERMAN #1

Bitte, geven Sir mir mein Gepack!

FIPPSY (Tall Thin Man)

(speaking in play-acted
heavy Italian accent)

Eye canno understann uno single parola
quel due dici, buddy-pal...

GERMAN #1

(sudden anger)

I zed 'Gimme my plaid zuitcase, Jewboy!'

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Travalian, upset. Whispers to Finestine:

TRAVALIAN

I cut that line outta the first goddamn draft! What's it doing in these sides?

FINESTINE

I dunno, I dunno. You like him?

DETROIT

I really like him, Ivan... He's just the way I imagine Edmund Scorn... nervous, birdlike... What do you think?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh. I guess. I dunno... I can't tell. I find it so upsetting to hear him doing lines I cut...

DETROIT

Concentrate on him, not the script...

TRAVALIAN

(archly)
I know that!

DETROIT

I think I'll go powder my knees...

She stands. Finestine is alarmed. He looks at Travalian.

FINESTEIN

Sit, Alice...

TRAVALIAN

Sorry, Alice...

DETROIT

It's okay, it's okay. It's just that my knees are shiny...

She exits up aisle.

TRAVALIAN

I'm in a state. I can't get out of it... Goddamn Gloria...

MORRIS

She's driving you crazy, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

She's not driving me anywhere, Morris. She lives with Larry...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

Nevertheless...

TRAVALIAN

Don't 'nevertheless' me, Morris! It's patronizing! I am upset about hearing the cuts, not about Estelle... I mean, Gloria!

(he calls out)

Albie!

MORRIS

(to the actor)

That was a very special reading, Fritz...

(to Travalian)

Who's Albie?

TRAVALIAN

Estelle was my first wife, for God's sakes. You know Estelle!

MORRIS

I do, I do. But who's 'Albie'? You called for 'Albie'...

TRAVALIAN

Albie. Albie. The stage manager. Albie...

MORRIS

The stage manager is Seth. Seth Shapiro...

SETH turns to them.

SETH

You call me, Mr. Fineststein?

TRAVALIAN

He's Fineststein. I called you...

SETH

Yes, sir, what?

TRAVALIAN

Why is this page xeroxed for the auditions? That page was out!

SETH

I just copied what you gave me...

FINESTEIN

You gave the pages to him yourself, Ivan!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN

When? When did I give those to you?

SETH

Three days ago!

TRAVALIAN

Those were the cuts, you idiot!

Everybody stares at Travalian, who seems to be flipping out. Finestein gives everyone a "I'll take care of this" look.

FINESTEIN

(to Travalian)

What are you? Nuts? If this guy walks, it'll be stage manager number three!...

TRAVALIAN

Come on, Morris. He won't walk...

SETH (O.S.)

(to assistant stage manager)

Fuck 'em! I can always go back to Papp...

FINESTEIN

Seth, come on. Mr. Travalian's just pressured...

TRAVALIAN

I apologize, Seth. Hands and knees...

SETH

(he doesn't quit)

It's okay...

FINESTEIN

(to Travalian; whispered)

Don't you see how self-destructive you're being? You're destroying your own show! We'll have no star... no cast... no stage manager... no rewrite pages...

TRAVALIAN

I'm working on the rewrite pages, Albie... Don't pressure me, please...

FINESTEIN

Who's Albie? Who the fuck is Albie?

TRAVALIAN

I'm gonna tell you, Morris, because I want you to know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

Albie is Gloria's haircutter at Sassoon's ... I've talked with him four days in a row now, and he's told me everything... everything... about their little work-weekend in Armonk... his goddamn prayer-pit in Gloucester... his 'laid-back, mellow' goddamn constant smile... Four days in a row, Morris...

FINESTEIN

Oh, that's why your hair is...

TRAVALIAN

(interrupting)

Yuh, that's why. That's exactly why! None of this has been pretty, Morris, believe you me.

Travalian stands, shakes out his curls.

TRAVALIAN

I've gotta get back to the house, now, Morris. There's trouble there, too... in every corner of my life, actually... I have a housecleaner working there... the third one this week... People don't understand people, Morris. They truly don't...

He pulls on a stocking cap, covering his curls, some of which have to be tucked under the band of the cap.

TRAVALIAN

If you're worried about losing some goddamn stage manager...

Seth looks over, scowling.

TRAVALIAN

Sorry, Seth, just making a point...

(to Finestein)

... consider losing three housekeepers in less than seven days, Morris... I mean, really... What I am talking now is Guinness Record material...

FINESTEIN

You poor bastard...

TRAVALIAN

I am neither poor, nor am I fatherless.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

I am 38 or 39 years old and I am a little anxious. That's about it.

Travalian hugs Morris and kisses him goodbye... on the lips. He pulls back, punches Morris' arm in locker-room fashion.

TRAVALIAN

See ya, buddy...

Travalian exits scene, up the aisle. German Actor calls from the stage.

GERMAN ACTOR

I have another audition to get to. I'd like to zing now!...

FINESTEIN

Zing, zing!

GERMAN ACTOR

(he zings)

'In a little Zpanish town...
'Twas on a night like zis...'

CUT TO:

47 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Travalian standing watching MRS. KREPS, as she cleans Spike's room.

TRAVALIAN

Mrs. Kreps, I'm going to have to ask you to stop doing this room, too!

MRS. KREPS

Now what?

TRAVALIAN

I didn't ask you to clean, did I? Did I?

MRS. KREPS

I dunno...

TRAVALIAN

I know. Believe me, I know. This is Spike's room, not my room, not your room. He is a kid, but he is a person... and coming into another person's room and goddamn cleaning it is judgemental... it is a total intrusion of the other person's privacy... identity... life, itself. Parents say to kids 'This is your room'... but do they mean it?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

MRS. KREPS

I dunno...

TRAVALIAN

Of course not! And they have forgotten what it was like to have their own rooms violated, so what do they do? Hah! It's just like Santayana said, isn't it?

MRS. KREPS

I dunno... if I were you, I would take my head to a hospital...

She walks from the room. Travalian, alarmed.

TRAVALIAN

Where are you going? Where are you going?

CUT TO:

48 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - AFTERNOON

Travalian, at desk, writing. DOOR OPENS DOWNSTAIRS. He calls down.

TRAVALIAN

Who's down there?

SPIKE & GERALDO (O.S.)

(in unison)

Me.

TRAVALIAN

Who, specifically? Don't make me guess! I'm pushed for time...

SPIKE (O.S.)

(calling up)

Geraldo...

GERALDO (O.S.)

(calling up)

... and Spike...

TRAVALIAN

(calling down)

Come up here.

The SOUND of their FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. They appear in doorway.

TRAVALIAN

Is your mother gonna call here tonight?

SPIKE

She calls every night... six o'clock...

GERALDO

She never misses...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Tonight, I wanna speak to her! You got me?

49 REACTION SHOTS

50 TRAVALIAN TALKING INTO TELEPHONE

TRAVALIAN

Hello? I've got it. Hang up.

He listens a moment, walks to staircase and screams downstairs.

TRAVALIAN

I've got it. Hang up!

He returns to telephone, talks into it.

TRAVALIAN

Hi, how ya doin'? Where are you? Back in New York? Good...

(pauses)

Listen, I think you should come over here and we should talk to them together. I think we're driving them nuts and we should present them with one story... us... their parents... united... in accord... in agreement... solid ... definite... one point of view...

CUT TO:

51 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - EVENING

Gloria and Travalian explaining to children what is happening and why it is happening.

The children barely pay attention.

GLORIA

To have one's own life is the most important thing...

TRAVALIAN

Things are never absolute...

GLORIA

Every human being deserves the right to fail or succeed... on one's own terms... I know this hurts...

TRAVALIAN

She knows she's hurting you...

GLORIA

But, I must live this day as though it were the first day of the rest of my life... because it is...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

How very Oriental, my dear!

GLORIA

(suddenly furious;
yells at Travalian)

It's no wonder I'm driven from here,
dammit! You just cannot control
yourself, can you?

52 REACTION SHOTS - EVERYBODY

This is not new to anyone.

CUT TO:

53 INT. THEATRE - DAY

Finestein, Kreplich and Travalian are auditioning an actor. The actor is male, 70's, German, skinny, pasty-white. His name is OLIVER CROMWELL. He speaks with a thick, German/Jewish accent. Travalian has taken over and is being hostile.

TRAVALIAN

You've done comedy, Mr. Cromwell?

CROMWELL

Why? You find me not funny?

TRAVALIAN

I find you funny, Mr. Cromwell. I was just wondering if maybe anybody did before me...

CROMWELL

In Toledo, I killed them.

TRAVALIAN

May I ask who in Toledo you killed, Mr. Cromwell?

CROMWELL

The entire Meadowbrook Dinner Theatre crowd. We were scheduled for two weeks, limited run, we played SRO-boffo-smash for nineteen weeks and then moved to Pittsburgh for an unlimited run for six more weeks.

TRAVALIAN

May I ask which play you played Toledo and Pittsburgh in?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

CROMWELL

Of course you may ask! And I'm gonna tell you! We played 'The Student Prince'...

TRAVALIAN

And that was comedy?

CROMWELL

There are a million laughs in that show, believe me!

FINESTEIN

One minute, okay, Mr. Cromwell?
(to Travalian)
Come here, you!

CROMWELL

You can call me Oliver.

Cromwell, watching Finestein huddle with Travalian and Kreplich, deciding on his fate in their show.

We hear only their MURMURS. Cromwell watches, carefully. It is obvious that Finestein and Kreplich are screaming at Travalian, angrily.

CROMWELL

Take your time, take your time. I'm an old man.

Finestein looks up, nods to Cromwell.

FINESTEIN

We would love to have you in the play...

KREPLICH

(calling up to
Cromwell)

Can you start rehearsal on December first?

CROMWELL

I need time to decide.

KREPLICH

I have to know right now.

CROMWELL

Okay, I decide 'yes'...

KREPLICH

Thank God, thank God, thank God. We are cast!

CUT TO:

54 REACTION SHOT

Travalian. He is worried.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME - EVENING

A Volkswagen Microbus BEEPS ITS HORN.

Inside the van, we see:

ROGER ROSENBERG, his young, pregnant wife, ELOISE, his children and her children.

From inside Travalian home, we hear Bonnie's V.O.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Oh, God, Debbie! He's here...

DEBBIE (V.O.)

Oh, God...

BONNIE (V.O.)

I feel really sick...

DEBBIE (V.O.)

If your start cryin', Bonnie, so help me God! I'll bat you one!

BONNIE (V.O.)

I'm not gonna cry! I'm not gonna cry!

56 WINDOW OF TRAVALIAN HOME

Girls looking down at scene.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

He brought 'em all...

BONNIE (V.O.)

Who's the little curly-haired kid?
Is that Dad's, or hers?

DEBBIE (V.O.)

Hers. Let's go, okay?

BONNIE (V.O.)

Okay...

We hear Igor's V.O., SINGING a song and PLAYING a soft acoustical GUITAR.

As he sings, we see Bonnie and Debbie loading their meager belongings into their father's car.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

He leaps out and kisses them.

Smaller children are arguing.

Eloise, very pregnant, will embrace the girls.

The girls look up at the house.

The MUSIC FADES OUT.

The girls enter the van.

The van drivew away.

STUDY house. Geraldo stands in one window, staring down.
Opposite side of house, Igor stares down from another window.

CUT TO:

57 INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Travalian, Igor, Spike and Geraldo, running through JFK corridors to gates. They are carrying Spike's meager belongings and they are late.

IGOR
We missed it!

SPIKE
Did we miss it? Did we?
Did we?

TRAVALLIAN
We didn't miss it! Just go for it!

GERALDO
We look like O.J. Simpsons!

They are sprinting.

TRAVALLIAN
No jokes, Geraldo!

IGOR
No jokes, Geraldo!

SPIKE
No jokes, Geraldo!

GERALDO
What a bunch'a jerks!

They reach the security checkpoint, which is, as ever, jammed.

SPIKE AND IGOR
Oh, my God!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN
Quick! A diversion! Get sick,
Geraldo!

IGOR
Get sick, Geraldo!

Igor aims Geraldo at security GUARD. Geraldo pulls at Guard's leg, as Travalian and Spike move behind him.

TRAVALIAN
The kid's sick! He's gonna throw!

GERALDO
I'm incredibly sick. I'm gonna
lose it...

GUARD
(alarmed)
What! Get something...

TRAVALIAN
There's a men's room other side!

GUARD
Let them through!

CUT TO:

58 TRAVALIAN

et alia, sprinting down final corridor to gate.

SPIKE
(as he sprints)
I'm gonna miss you guys a lot...

IGOR
(running, as quickly)
We'll write, Spike...

SPIKE
Of all the families my mother's had,
this is the number one best!

TRAVALIAN
You're a part of this family for life,
Spike. Any time you want back in, just
do it, okay?

SPIKE
My dad's gonna be great, huh?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Oh, yuh, Spike! Definitely! He's gonna be thrilled ta' have you with him...

SPIKE

It ain't like I'll be alone when he ain't home... I mean, he's got a million other kids in the house...

IGOR

Endless companionship. I know the feeling.

GERALDO

(little legs; breathless)
Hey, Spike, can ya' do som'pin' for me, huh?

SPIKE

What, Geraldo?

Geraldo takes a baseball from his pocket.

GERALDO

Will you ask your dad to sign this for me?

SPIKE

(taking ball)
Sure thing, Geraldo.

They arrive at the gate, just in time.

TRAVALIAN

We made it, Spike! Great finish, you guys, great!

Gloria has been waiting. She walks to Spike.

SPIKE

Hi, Mom. You talk to Dad?

GLORIA

He's all excited that you're coming to him, darling. This will be a wonderful time together for both of you...

SPIKE

Okay, Mom... I know. I don't really mind...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

I love you, too, Mom.

Spike and boys and Travalian shake hands, kiss, hug.
MUSIC. We hear Igor's SONG reprised on soundtrack.

Spike gets on rear of line. Gloria hugs Igor and Geraldo.
Spike disappears into the chute to the airplane.

The MUSIC BEGINS TO FADE. Gloria and Geraldo walk alone to other side, hug, kiss. Gloria leaves. Geraldo rejoins Igor. Travalian nods to the remaining sons, Geraldo and Igor, to follow him. He turns from the gate and starts to walk, silently, toward the lobby of JFK Airport.

Igor follows first.

Geraldo follows Igor.

Travalian slumps, slightly, putting his hands in his pockets.
Igor slumps, slightly. Putting his hands in his pockets.
Geraldo imitates Igor and Travalian; slumps slightly, puts hands in pockets. The three men walk OUT OF FRAME.

MUSIC OUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

59 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - MORNING (MARCH)

Travalian attempting to tie a necktie around his neck. He is nearly undone. He stares out of window: snow.

Igor stands next to him, brushing teeth. Geraldo stands at toilet, trying to pee.

TRAVALIAN

I'm not going to take this snow as a danger signal. I am going to keep a positive spirit here for my first day of rehearsal...

IGOR

You want breakfast, or not?

TRAVALIAN

I don't have time anymore. Yes, I do... I'll have a stomach ache if I don't eat something...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

(sudden anger as he
fails with necktie)

Will you tie this goddam thing for me,
Iggy!?!

GERALDO

(watching Igor tying
his tie for him)

How did you get to be forty, huh?
Without knowing how to do a tie?

TRAVALIAN

You don't tie shoelaces, so don't
put me down... Your mother tied my
ties, and you know it! And before
your mother, his mother!

IGOR

Don't, Geraldo, shhh...

TRAVALIAN

Do you, huh? Do you know how ta' tie
shoelaces, you little put-down
bastard!?

GERALDO

I don't need to tie no shoelaces! I
got loafers! There's nothing wrong
with loafers, right?

TRAVALIAN

Are you gonna stand there all day or
are you gonna pee?

GERALDO

I can't pee with you watching!

TRAVALIAN

Why not?

GERALDO

(yells back at
Travalian)

I don't know why not! Because I'm
Spanish!

IGOR

(shocked and amazed)
Geraldo!

TRAVALIAN

Maybe you're right!

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

Travalian rips off necktie and throws it into toilet.

TRAVALIAN

Snow! Snow! March 31st and it's
snowing! It is nearly summer!

He yells out of the window to God.

TRAVALIAN

This is not Anchorage, this is New York City. This is a warm and temperate place... I have nine actors showing up for my first read-through and you are putting snow on them! Why, I ask you, why? Gimme the necktie, Geraldo. It cost twenty bucks in Remeniscence. It's antique ... How the hell could she leave me knowing I have dress-up functions? Hey! Heyyy!!!

Geraldo is peeing on the necktie.

60 REACTION SHOTS

Travalian... then Igor... Then to Geraldo, who is happy to have learned to urinate while being observed.

61 INT. THEATRE - MORNING (LATER)

Cast is completing read-through. They sit in line of chairs across stage.

The Dickers, Kreplich, Travalian, Finestein, etc., are in the audience watching.

(NOTE: It is my plan that my play, The Reason We Eat, be used as the "play about contemporary overconsumption" that Travalian has written.

Thus, at this point in the film, we should actually hear some of this play being read in the cast's sit-down-1st-reading. Thus, a scene from The Reason We Eat will be selected and insinuated into the film-script, here. I.H.)

Alice Detroit sits in the center of the actors' group.

HAROLD

She's perfect.

JACKIE

I... smell... moneyyy!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

KREPLICH

I dunno. I hope you're right.

MORRIS

It'll take work...

SETH

I loved it...

TRAVALIAN

She's wonderful...

Travalian stands, addresses cast from his place in audience.

TRAVALIAN

Uh, listen, you guys, that was, uh wonderful... Alice, you have a future. Thank you. That was more than I deserve.

MORRIS

Okay, everybody, take five minutes and we'll start to work it from the top.

(to Travalian)

We know it has no social significance whatsoever, but maybe we can make it entertaining. Maybe.

KREPLICH

(to Travalian)

What did Morris say?

TRAVALIAN

He said he loves the play, Kreplich. He loves the play.

62 TRAVALIAN'S POV

We see Alice Detroit, laughing with another actor. She senses that Travalian is watching her.

She looks at him.

She smiles.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

63 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - TRAVALIAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Travalian typing at typewriter. Looks up, calls out.

TRAVALIAN

Iggy?

CUT TO:

64 SOFA

Igor listens to music with headphones on head. He cannot hear Travalian.

Travalian throws a book at Igor, who is startled and amazed when it hits him.

IGOR

Nice.

TRAVALIAN

Lemme just read this to you, okay?

IGOR

Sure, right... I'm right in the middle of Mozart's 'The Magic Flute' and the guy's lips are padlocked, but okay, okay, read...

Travalian walks to Igor, pulls headset plug out of amplifier, causing MUSIC to SOUND in room. It is new wave punk: THE CLASH. Travalian replugs plug, CUTTING OFF SOUND. Igor shrugs.

TRAVALIAN

(reading from pages)

'The first time I had sex, I was terrified. I was alone...'

IGOR

The line is 'I was all by myself.'
It's Rodney Dangerfield's...

TRAVALIAN

(stunned)

Oh, God! I hate that!

SFX: The TELEPHONE RINGS.

TRAVALIAN

Let the machine grab it...

SFX: Travalian's VOICE on the machine, in the corner of room.

TRAVALIAN (V.O.)

(on answer-machine tape)

Hello, this is Ivan Travalian. I'm working now, so I've shut off my phone and turned on this machine. If you're calling for me, Igor, Geraldo, Spike, Deb or Bonnie, leave a message and the appropriate one of us will call you as soon as possible...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

SFX: A BEEPER BEEPS. We hear Alice Detroit's VOICE on machine.

DETROIT (V.O.)

My name is Detroit... Alice, not Nathan. I was going to call and pretend that I wanted to talk with you about the play... but, actually, I'm alone and having a small, not unsightly sexual fantasy featuring a fellow who looks remarkably like toi-meme...

TRAVALIAN

(winces)

French...

DETROIT (V.O.)

(continuing on tape)

I'll be on the corner of Prince Street and West Broadway in exactly 51 minutes and 12 seconds... I have a digital watch, sad to say... making it, precisely, 11 P.M. If you're not there, I will either take my life, or I will not. You won't know which of those two choices I've made until rehearsal tomorrow. If you do choose to join me, however, I will make it well worth your while. I give great cappuccino... Oh, Ivan... I know your wife dumped you and I'm alone, so what the hell, huh?

(pauses)

Alice... Detroit.

SFX: The CLICK OF TELEPHONE being hung up.

IGOR

If I was you, I would spend 50 minutes dressing, and a minute and 12 seconds sprinting to Prince and West Broadway.

TRAVALIAN

If I were you. It's subjunctive. Piss off. I have to think.

Igor leaves the room. Travalian looks at the photograph of Gloria, makes a gun of his two fingers and "shoots" at Gloria, yelling "pucchhh!"

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

He rewinds a bit of Detroit's tape on his machine and listens again, on PLAYBACK.

DETROIT (V.O.)

(on tape)

I will eaither take my life or I will not...

He flips ahead on fast forward.

DETROIT (V.O.)

(to tape)

... dumped you, and I'm alone, so what the hell? Huh?

TRAVALIAN

It's a whole new ball game, Gloria...

DETROIT (V.O.)

(on tape)

Alice...

TRAVALIAN

Ne-c'est pas?...

DETROIT (V.O.)

(on tape)

... Detroit...

SFX: CLICK OF TELEPHONE being hung up.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SOHO STREETS - NIGHT

Travalian, walking through back streets, side-by-side, with Alice Detroit. He takes her arm, crossing street. They are both embarrassed by the touch. Travalian laughs, but lets loose of her arm. She is charmed by this. A light, misty rain falls on them. Their breath bursts from their mouths in cloud-solid cones that seem to hang on the air in front of them as though toy horns... and then the cones magically disappear only to be replaced by new breath.

Alice Detroit is excellent audience for Travalian. She laughs at his every joke, listens to him and carefully.

His spirits are high.

CUT TO:

66 INT. SPRING STREET NATURAL FOODS RESTAURANT - LATER
Travalian lighting Detroit's cigarette.

TRAVALIAN
I can't believe you're still doing this...

DETROIT
I know. I know.

TRAVALIAN
It'll kill you quicker than angst...

DETROIT
I know. I know.

TRAVALIAN
So, why don't you quit.

DETROIT
Okay, I will...

She grinds cigarette out on her plate.

TRAVALIAN
What are you doing?

DETROIT
Quitting... quitting...

TRAVALIAN
Just like that?

DETROIT
Just like that.

TRAVALIAN
(looks about a moment;
speaks)
Hmmm. Deja vu...

DETROIT
Deja vu, again?

TRAVALIAN
(mimics himself exactly)
Hmmm. Deja vu...

DETROIT
Deja vu, again?

TRAVALIAN
You know, I would like to smoke. I used
to. I enjoyed it. Smoking was my friend,
too. Buttt... I had to quit.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

DETROIT

How much did you smoke?

TRAVALIAN

Oh, 5 or 6 a day...

DETROIT

That's not that bad, is it?

TRAVALIAN

Packs, 5 or 6 packs... Same with meat.
I couldn't just eat a little meat: sides
of beef. Candy? The whole shoppe. I
have a voluptuous nature. I have to be
very, very careful. It's a curse, Alice.

DETROIT

I can imagine...

TRAVALIAN

Sex, for example... You may have wondered...

DETROIT

It never crossed my mind...

TRAVALIAN

6 or 7 times, on waking, mornings...
then, by midmorning... You heard of
tea-time?

DETROIT

Why do I think a joke's coming?

TRAVALIAN

Jokes! Don't get me started with jokes!
The Irish priest and the lace curtains!
The Pole Vaulter and the Red Lipstick!
The Loan Shark and the Slow Swimmer!...

Alice Detroit has ground out her cigarette on her bread plate.
She has the bread plate in her hand and has stood up during
Travalian's list of joke lines. He playacts shock and
amazement.

TRAVALIAN

Where... the hell... are you going???

DETROIT

Emptying my ashes. Disgusting mess...
compulsive personality...

TRAVALIAN

Gimme. I'll do it...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

DETROIT

No! I'll just dump it over there...

Detroit stands and moves toward back wall of restaurant. She quickly carries plate with cigarette around corner, out of Travalian's sight. DOLLY WITH HER. Once out of his sight, Detroit crouches like an animal, of sorts, under a wall pay phone, and frantically lights the ground-out cigarette. She puffs on the butt, hungrily inhaling the smoke, as might a diabetic such sugar, when in need.

We STAY on her for a moment, ESTABLISHING what it is she is doing.

67 HER POV

We see Travalian, arms folded over chest, smile in position on lips. He watches her, silently.

68 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Detroit and Travalian, walking arm-in-arm, over bridge.

Manhattan glistens behind them; Brooklyn, ahead.

We hear Igor SINGING lightly and playing accoustical GUITAR, on track, O.S.

TRAVALIAN

There weren't really a whole lot of Armenians in Bridgeport, when I was growing up... Not what you'd call a 'huge Armenian community.' There was me... my mother, father, sister. That was it.

DETROIT

I don't know a whole lot about Armenians...

TRAVALIAN

Nobody does, really... We're sort of a discreet race...

DETROIT

How can you tell who's Armenian and who's not?

TRAVALIAN

I'll tell you, but, don't tell anybody, okay?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

All Armenians have names that rhyme with the word 'Armenian.'

DETROIT

Ohhhhh.

Travalian nods back to her, proudly. Suddenly, Travalian takes off, running. Detroit runs after him, catches him. They kiss their first kiss. They break from their first kiss. They are amazed.

69 EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 59TH STREET SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Travalian and Detroit will walk INTO VIEW, up subway exit stairs. For the moment, we see an empty staircase, but hear their VOICES.

TRAVALIAN (O.S.)

This is Bloomingdale's. You live in Bloomingdale's? That's really a coincidence...

DETROIT (O.S.)

What's really a coincidence?

TRAVALIAN (O.S.)

My first wife lived in Bloomingdale's...

DETROIT (O.S.)

Really?

TRAVALIAN (O.S.)

Really.

DETROIT (O.S.)

She must have paid a tremendous rent.

TRAVALIAN (O.S.)

Tremendous.

They exit up the staircase. A NYC policeman is at the corner. He turns and looks at them.

The policeman and Travalian make eye-contact. Travalian will suddenly yell, turn, and run back down the subway stairs; startling Detroit.

TRAVALIAN

A cop! A cop! Quick! Run!

Detroit looks at the cop, meekly, confused. She looks back to where Travalian was; confused. She shrugs at the policeman. She turns and runs after Travalian.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SUBWAY

Detroit, alone on platform. She looks around for Travalian. He is nowhere in sight. She is confused; worried.

(N.B. The film should seem like a murder mystery, for a moment, here.)

She turns this way and that. No Travalian. She starts to move to the staircase again. The SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS on the staircase.

Detroit turns away from the staircase.

71 HER POV

We see exit sign, opposite end of platform.

She starts to walk to the exit. We hear the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, even closer than before. She hastens her walk to the exit; breaks into a run.

The SCENE is quite scary here.

Suddenly, abruptly, Travalian steps out from behind a column and cups his hand over her mouth, squelching her small scream.

TRAVALIAN

Quick! Kiss me!

The policeman appears at staircase they both used to enter. The policeman is some forty yards away from them. Travalian puckers and Detroit moves in to kiss him, but she suddenly will yell and run up the nearby staircase.

DETROIT

Rape! Rape! Rape!

Travalian watches Detroit disappear. He watches the policeman begin to move toward him.

Travalian sprints up the staircase, after quietly muttering to no one in particular, short of the Lord Himself.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, my God...

CUT TO:

72 EXT. DETROIT'S BUILDING (OR SO IT SEEMS) - NIGHT

Travalian chases and catches Detroit, under the canopy to the building, as the DOORMAN watches, silently.

TRAVALIAN

You're a crazy person!

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

DETROIT

That's a fact!

TRAVALIAN

I could have been shot!

DETROIT

You would have lived!

TRAVALIAN

My heart is pumping!

DETROIT

Thank God for that!

TRAVALIAN

I want a kiss!

They kiss. Travalian breaks the kiss, becoming aware of the DOORMAN.

TRAVALIAN

You wanna go up?

DETROIT

We could, I suppose...

TRAVALIAN

I think we should.

DETROIT

Are you planning to, uh, do it with me?

TRAVALIAN

The dirty deed?

DETROIT

The dirty deed, indeed. Is that what you're planning? With me, yet?

TRAVALIAN

With you, yet... yuh... I have hope in that direction.

DETROIT

A quickie, or are you spending the night?

TRAVALIAN

Lady's choice.

DETROIT

Up here? With me?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

She motions into building.

TRAVALIAN

Yup.

DETROIT

My hunch is a quickie.

TRAVALIAN

Okay by me. I got kids on the stove at home...

(grabs her; kisses
her again)

I think you're sensational, Alice.

DETROIT

Okay...

She shrugs. They turn toward building and start to go in.
The Doorman stops them:

DOORMAN

Can I help you?

TRAVALIAN

We're just going up to her place for a quickie, thanks...

DOORMAN

I beg your pardon.

TRAVALIAN

(to Alice)

You said you lived here!

DETROIT

I never said I lived here.

TRAVALIAN

You did!

DETROIT

Didn't!

TRAVALIAN

(to Doorman)

Did she say she lived here, or what?

DOORMAN

She doesn't live here.

DETROIT

See? I never said I did... and I don't...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

DETROIT (CONT'D)

(to Doorman)

Listen, he's really insistent. Would you let us just maybe use somebody's place for 15 or 20 minutes?

73 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

TRAVALIAN

Oh, my God...

74 EXTREME CLOSEUP - DOORMAN

A police cruiser cruises up 5th Avenue, past them. The Doorman blows his whistle.

Travalian is panicked. He yells at Detroit.

TRAVALIAN

Where do you live? Where do you live?

DETROIT

1075 5th...

TRAVALIAN

Gimme the key!

She does. Travalian will sprint away, ahead of her.

TRAVALIAN

I'll meet you there. I'm very anxious.

Two enormous policemen exit their cars as Travalian sprints OUT OF FRAME, up 5th Avenue. Detroit shrugs, smiles, walks calmly after him.

CUT TO:

75 INT. ALICE DETROIT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Detroit and Travalian are in bed together. They have made love and are both, presumably, dozing. Detroit is, in fact, in the throes of doze. She is smiling, content. Travalian is, by contrast, not content. He is awake, turned away from her, in a deep deep depression.

TRAVALIAN

I am sooo... depressed. Oh, God...

DETROIT

Hmmm?

TRAVALIAN

It's nothing, Alice, nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

I'll pull myself out'ta' this, believe me.
It's nothing you did, so, don't start
feeling guilty. This is my doing... all
mine.

Detroit is awake now. She sees his mood. She tries to kiss him.

TRAVALIAN

I'd rather not. Please... It's not you!
(he kisses her, falsely
affection)

It was great, Alice, just great. I loved
it. Uh, best sex since Gloria...

DETROIT

You've, uh, slept with other women since
Gloria?

TRAVALIAN

Of course not, Alice! Once you've cheated
on your wife, you can kiss the whole marriage
goodbye. I would never do that!

DETROIT

Oh, Ivan, I'm sorry...

TRAVALIAN

Don't. Don't be sorry. That would just
be... depressing. This was all my doing.
At least, give me credit for that.

DETROIT

Okay...

TRAVALIAN

This isn't you. I've always been like
this. Even before I was married, I felt
like I was cheating. It's crazy...
Gloria's certainly doing it with Larry,
right?

DETROIT

Well, of course... They must be...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God, they must be! You're right.
Well, Alice, now you know the secret of
my success with women: bring 'em down,
bum 'em out...

ALICE

(depressed)

It's okay, Ivan, really. I don't mind...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

I s'pose you've always been at ease... in sexual relationships...

DETROIT

Well, uh, not bad, really, uh, I...

TRAVALIAN

(suddenly)

Don't! I don't wanna know... uh, I shouldn't have asked.

(quietly)

I always feel like I have to marry every woman I sleep with more than ten times...

DETROIT

Oh, yuh, I've heard about that problem ... What do you do? Stop seeing the women?

TRAVALIAN

No, I, uh, marry them...

DETROIT

Really?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh, I rarely go over ten. I went over ten with Estelle and with Gloria... Otherwise, nine's about it for me...

DETROIT

(depressed)

Well, Ivan, uh, you don't have to feel any kind of... uh... obligation. I mean, we've only done it this one rotten time...

TRAVALIAN

It'll get better...

DETROIT

(bravely smiling at his joke)

Yuh, it takes practice...

TRAVALIAN

No, it takes love, Alice. Oh, God, I am sooo depressed.

ALICE

Ohhh, God... me... too...

CUT TO:

76 INT. TRAVALIAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

(
(NOTE: Time has passed, perhaps, one month. The season has changed to winter.)

Travalian, attempting and failing to tie a necktie. Geraldo and Igor, watching, as they eat their dinners. Travalian stands in front of glass in breakfront, working in the reflection in the door.

TRAVALIAN

God!

(he rips necktie off
and opens collar)
This looks okay, right?

IGOR

Depends... If you're singing with a big band, and it's real late... say, two a.m. ... it's fine. Perfect...

TRAVALIAN

(tries necktie again)
Up yours... I almost had it, too... I don't know why I'm going to this thing ... white ties!

IGOR

What are you going to?

TRAVALIAN

Some awards thing. Heavy TV coverage and heavy ink. I'm doing publicity for my play. I promised Kreplich. I can't back out. It's just me and somebody from the show...

IGOR

You seeing that same actress?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh, so what? You don't approve?

IGOR

I just asked if you were seeing her... What's-her-name... uh, Toledo, Chicago, San Francisco, Des Moines... What's her name?

GERALDO

Jersey City...

TRAVALIAN

Shut up, Geraldo!

IGOR

Shut up, Geraldo!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

They don't want me there, just her. I'm playing Mr. Alice Detroit, I swear to God. Never sleep with any movie actresses: That's my advice to you guys: father to sons...

GERALDO

You're sleeping with Alice Detroit? I saw her movie. She's hot!

Igor and Travalian both stare at Geraldo, who giggles.

TRAVALIAN

What are you givin' me, with the dirty talk, huh?

SFX: The TELEPHONE RINGS.

TRAVALIAN

(to Geraldo)

Now you made the phone ring.

(picks up phone)

Hullo?

GLORIA (V.O.)

Hi, it's me...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, hi...

GLORIA (V.O.)

Going out?

Travalian looks around stunned, as though he is being televised.

TRAVALIAN

Uh, yuh, actually. Publicity thing... with an actor... So? How've you been? Cold, huh? You in town, or what?

GLORIA (V.O.)

I'm in Gloucester... at a pay phone... near the beach... It's cold...

TRAVALIAN

Are you swimming?

GLORIA (V.O.)

I'm dressed. I wanted to call you...

TRAVALIAN

What time is it there?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA (V.O.)

Same as New York. It's just Massachesetts...

TRAVALIAN

I thought it was 5 hours...

GLORIA (V.O.)

That's the driving time...

TRAVALIAN

Well, uh, what's doin'?

GLORIA (V.O.)

I miss you, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God, well, that's great. Come on over... up... uh, South... whatever...

GLORIA (V.O.)

No, I can't do that.

TRAVALIAN

Why? Is he holding you prisoner?

GLORIA (V.O.)

No, Ivan. I'm trying something that's important... something that's honest and truthful...

TRAVALIAN

With Larry?

GLORIA (V.O.)

Yes.

TRAVALIAN

That's why you called? To tell me that?

GLORIA (V.O.)

I called to tell you that I missed you...

Travalian slams down the telephone in anger.

He spins around in a circle. He holds his lower back, which is in spasm.

TRAVALIAN

(looks at kids)

Oookayyy, right. That was your mother, Geraldo. She wants you to call her back ... after I leave.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

(tries to tie tie)

Goddamn white tie dinner! I mean, really,
that's from the sixteenth century, right?
Whoever heard of giving a white tie dinner
in this day and age?

Igor is inspecting Travalian's tie which is black, with a cowboy
printed on it:

IGOR

That tie will never pass for white.

TRAVALIAN

Jokes! I love jokes!
(complete failure
with necktie)
Shit!

IGOR

You're hysterical.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, great! I really needed that!

GERALDO

Are you gonna marry this actress you're
sleeping with?... This Alice Detroit?
Are you gonna marry her, or what?

There is a long slow take by Travalian. Igor looks at Geraldo
and then at Travalian. Igor shrugs. Geraldo looks at Igor and
at Travalian and then again to Igor; shrugs.

He ties the necktie around his neck as though it were a shoelace.
He exits the room, grabbing his coat as he leaves.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ROSELAND - NIGHT (LATER)

A great publicity/awards night is happening at Roseland to, os-
tensibly, benefit a LUPUS CAMPAIGN. A lot of photographers are
overdoing it, having Italian photographer fantasies, thus, each
arriving star is faced with an overwhelming number of popping
flashbulbs... There is much excitement.

Into this festive setting... night... spotlights playing on a
dank winter's sky... Travalian and Alice arrive, by taxi.

The taxi skids on an ice patch and is, for a moment, out of
control.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shit, we're skidding...

DETROIT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, my God...

DRIVER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(after a pause;

taxi has stopped)

Three eighty five...

CUT TO:

78 EXT. ROSELAND - SIDEWALK

Travalian paying taxi. Detroit waiting for him. PHOTOGRAPHERS grabbing sight of Detroit: a star.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Alice fucking Detroit!...

Thirty photographers run at Detroit, who squeals, amazed, and runs for it, into the theatre (Roseland).

Travalian is lost in his business negotiation with the taxi DRIVER and turns around, confused, seeing Detroit run with the photographers.

TRAVALIAN

Keep the quarter, keep it, really... Hey?!...

(to Driver)

Why'd she do that?

Driver shrugs a knowing shrug.

DRIVER

She's from out'ta' town...

Taxi drives off. Travalian looks and sees that Detroit is now inside lobby of Roseland, waving to him frantically from behind the glass doors, safe from the photographers, who are now back at the curb.

Travalian walks through the photographers who take no notice of him, whatsoever.

TRAVALIAN

(snaking through star-hungry photographers)

Excuse me, sorry, etc...

He arrives at door and is stopped by TICKETMAN, a white-tied fat man.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

TICKETMAN

Ticket?

TRAVALIAN

My... wife has it...

TICKETMAN

Sorry, can't let you in. This is private...

TRAVALIAN

What are you giving me? She's right there.
Alice Detroit...

TICKETMAN

Ohhh. You shoulda' spoke up!

CUT TO:

79 INT. ROSELAND - LATER

Throughout the scene that follows, Alice Cetroit will silently, wordlessly, sign autographs for people who will come to her offering their Gala Programmes for her signature. No one will ask Travalian for anything.

OPEN ON:

Travalian, dancing with Alice Detroit. He wears the necktie still tied like a shoelace, but there will be no comment about it. Other men are wearing traditional white tie and tails get-up. Travalian is absolutely out of place and character for this event. "WE CAN WHIP LUPUS" banners, all around.

DETROIT

I don't see what the big deal is here...
Why don't we just try it?

She signs autograph.

TRAVALIAN

This is giving me a tremendous headache.
Can't you understand, Alice, I've been
trying it all my life? I fail at marriage.
Fail. F... A... I... L...

DETROIT

I hate it when you spell.

She signs autograph.

TRAVALIAN

See that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

You hate it when I spell. We don't even live together, and you already hate it when I spell. I always spell! I'm a goddamn writer!

Suddenly, just as Travalian yells, a huge spotlight is turned on them and everyone in the room breaks into applause. We hear an EMCEE's voice, in the distance, over a mike:

EMCEE

... a great American actress, and a great, great humanitarian, as well... Miss Alice Detroit!

She signs an autograph.

TRAVALIAN

(smiling publicly)

Great, great humanitarian... and who is she with? A great, great vegetarian...

EMCEE

Her excort, a most witty fellow, a great, great American playwright... Ivan Travaliannn...

Applause from all. An AUTOGRAPH HUNTER gets Alice Detroit's signature and now turns to Travalian.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER

Are you anybody?

TRAVALIAN

No. She is.

EMCEE

And over there, far corner...

TRAVALIAN

I hate spotlights.

DETROIT

Me, too. I hate spotlights, too...

The spotlight leaves them and goes into the far corner. Travalian and Detroit will scream (playacting their scream) to their own delight, after the spotlight.

TRAVALIAN

Come back!

DETROIT

Come back!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

Spotlight! TRAVALIAN

Spotlight! DETROIT

Two great Americans! TRAVALIAN

We want more! DETROIT

We deserve more! TRAVALIAN

They laugh and fall into each other's arms. Five autograph hunters surround them, pads and pencils outstretched, like beggars.

TRAVALIAN
(screams, playacting
surprize and fear)
Arrrrrhhhh! Let's get outta here...

The autograph hunters are amazed. Travalian and Detroit run from them.

CUT TO:

80 INT. DETROIT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Travalian and Detroit walking about her apartment. They have made love again and both wear a robe owned by Detroit.

DETROIT
See? You could set up your desk right there, under that hanging lamp...

TRAVALIAN
I couldn't...

DETROIT
You could! Why not?

TRAVALIAN
My desk took years and years to set up.
I mean, my desk is like an artichoke...
Many layered, complex, impossible to
duplicate, really...

DETROIT
Do you know how crazy you sound?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Well, that should give you an idea
of the turmoil in my poor brain right
now...

DETROIT

What is the big deal about your moving
in here?

TRAVALIAN

Alice, for God's sakes, I cannot do
that! I have five or six children,
for God's sake!

DETROIT

Come on! You do not have five or
six children! You have two lousy
children!

TRAVALIAN

You haven't even met them! Why are
you judging them?

DETROIT

Look, Ivan, darling... I can
understand your feeling pressured by
having the kids at home... It's
selfish of me to force you to move
into my place... It isn't even mine,
really. I don't have any strong
emotional attachment to this place.
I can move into your place...

TRAVALIAN

No way, Alice. Please. Sit down.
Listen to me. Hear me out...

He sits her down for his short lecture.

TRAVALIAN

I have thought this over a million
times. Alice, I have strong, strong
feelings for you, really... I do.
We've slept together many, many
times... way over ten and you know
that this is a very significant
thing for me to have such a
relationship...

(pauses)

But, Alice, darling...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

(shows his palms
to her, guiltily)

I won't let you move in with me.
I can't do that to the kids, I
can't do that to you, I can't do that
to myself. I care for you. I do.
But... I want to keep the old status
quo with you, Al, really. I feel
that I can sustain our relationship,
given your help... your affection
and your support. But I can't
consummate this thing as though we
were a marriage. That's not the
way I feel, that's not the way I
want to continue... Okay? I said
it simply... maybe a touch too
cruelly, coldly, but I've been honest
with both of us. I know what I want,
finally... and I've just gotta play
my own cards. You can't move in
with me, Alice. It's just out of
the question.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME - DAY

Rented moving van in front of house. Igor and Geraldo
standing on stoop, watching, in utter amazement, as Trav-
alian attempts to carry a sofa, by himself.

Detroit calls up to him:

DETROIT

Have you really got that?

TRAVALIAN

I've got it, I've got it!

DETROIT

Are you sure?

TRAVALIAN

I'm sure, I'm sure.

Travalian climbs the stoop stairs and screams at Igor and
Geraldo.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

What are you? Nuts, just watchin' me carry this thing? I got a rupture putting it into the truck... I did brain damage takin' it out? Grab... an... end!

Igor and Geraldo rush to him. They grab an end.

TRAVALIAN

She doesn't have much. Not an insane amount... A couple of chairs, a couple of sofas... that's it.

CUT TO:

82 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Detroit, smiling at the family. She has just served them her very best casserole dish.

DETROIT

Do you like it, Geraldo?

IGOR

I'm Igor. He's Geraldo...

TRAVALIAN

It's easy to remember, because Geraldo speaks with a Spanish accent...

GERALDO

What are you putting me down for that for?

Igor starts coughing and gagging to clear his throat.

IGOR

Archh! Archh!

TRAVALIAN

Don't do that!

IGOR

I've got a potato chip jammed... Arcech! Archh!... in my goddamn throat!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

DETROIT

They should have softened up in the oven! They always do!

IGOR

Arrrch! Arccchhh!

TRAVALIAN

He's doing this to make you feel uncomfortable...

(suddenly)

Jesus! There are chips in this stuff!

IGOR

Arrrch! Arccchhh!

(his chip clears)

It's better. It's better. I'm going to live, really... All gone. Oh, my God!

Igor smiles. Travalian smiles. Detroit smiles. Geraldo chokes on a chip. He gags and tries to clear his throat.

GERALDO

Arrrchhh! Arccchhh!

CUT TO:

83 INT. DOOR TO TRAVALIAN BEDROOM - MORNING

Geraldo opens the door to the bedroom. Detroit and Travalian lie atop the bed, sound asleep. They are naked.

Geraldo moves to Travalian's side of the bed, first.

GERALDO

Roll it over. Laundry day...

84 REACTION SHOT - DETROIT

CUT TO:

85 INT. THEATRE - REHEARSAL - EVENING

Kreplich, Finestein, the Dickers, Seth and Travalian in a meeting. They sit in a circle of chairs, onstage. (NOTE: We see some of the play being rehearsed onstage.)

HAROLD

If you'll forgive me saying this, I think we have a smash on our hands.

85

CONTINUED:

KREPLICH

Shush, you! Don't say that!

SETH

It feels very good to me, too, Mr. Kreplich...

KREPLICH

Will you both stop with the jinxing! Just do your work and no talking...

JACKIE

When do we get out first preview audience?

KREPLICH

First preview in fifteen days. Lots can happen in fifteen days... in fifteen days' time, healthy people can get sick and die! I once knew a midget character man who was in the pink -- in the pink. He was teensy, but a little bull, he was so healthy... in the goddam pink...

TRAVALIAN

Stop it! Stop ittt!

Alice Detroit ENTERS SCENE.

DETROIT

I'm ready...

(stops)

Am I interrupting?

JACKIE

She's beautiful. Isn't she beautiful? You couldn't interrupt, darling, if you wanted to! You're too beautiful to interrupt!

HAROLD

Your coat is French?

DETROIT

Italian...

HAROLD

Same thing. We had snails once in Cap d'Antibes...

JACKIE

Some snails!

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED: (2)

HAROLD

You remember, Jackie?

JACKIE

Could I forget?

Travalian stands.

TRAVALIAN

I'm hittin' it with Alice...

KREPLICH

You're some lucky guy, Ivan. If I
were twenty or twenty-two years
younger, I would give you trouble...

TRAVALIAN

That hasn't been trouble you've been
giving me? That's been chopped liver
maybe?

JACKIE

Funny you should mention liver...

HAROLD

Du Foie...

JACKIE

Montmartre... Chez Jean-Paul et Monique...

HAROLD

A very disappointing meal...

JACKIE

And a hell of a hill to climb...
straight up a mountain for a very,
very disappointing liver...

HAROLD

A black night in an otherwise sunny
bright trip...

TRAVALIAN

Ready?

DETROIT

Ready...

They start to go. Finestein stops them.

FINESTEIN

Can we cut the cheesecake story...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

DETROIT

Oh, Morris, I love the cheesecake story!

TRAVALIAN

Slice the cheesecake. I agree...

JACKIE

I beg your pardon?

TRAVALIAN

Going! We're going!

They start off.

HAROLD

Two major talents...

KREPLICH

Don't say that!

HAROLD

Why not?

KREPLICH

Why risk it?

Kreplich shrugs.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. GREENWICH AVENUE - LATER

Travalian and Detroit, walking arm-in-arm.

DETROIT

I'd like to do something a little different for dinner tonight...

TRAVALIAN

Fish?

DETROIT

No... I mean maybe eat out.

TRAVALIAN

I dunno... It's kind of a hassle. You never get Igor and Geraldo to agree on one place... and going to two places kills a lot of time. The last time we did it, Igor picked Spring Street Natural... Not exactly... but he owed me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

But goddam little Geraldo, he hadda
have been Cuban... Victor's... 72nd and
Columbus... Twenty minutes by subway,
from one to the other... I personally...

DETROIT

(interrupting; softly)

I mean just you and me.

TRAVALIAN

Without the children?

DETROIT

Oh... well... No, I didn't mean that...

She contains the idea; squelches it. Travalian is lost in
thought. He smiles, happily.

TRAVALIAN

I'll make one of my special salads.

CUT TO:

87

INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Geraldo, Igor, Ivan and Detroit around dining table. All
have salads on their plates. Travalian is burning through
his salad, eating every scrap. The others, by contrast,
are uninvolved with their salads and they push the vegetables
around their plates, carelessly.

IGOR

He makes us eat shrubbery...

GERALDO

Like groundhogs...

IGOR

You know what my favorite vegetable is,
Alice?

GERALDO

You'll never guess...

TRAVALIAN

Tell her...

IGOR

Milky Way...

Alice doesn't laugh.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

GERALDO

The chocolate bar? Milky Way? His
favorite vegetable? Don't you get it?

TRAVALIAN

Shut up, Geraldo!

IGOR

Shut up, Geraldo!

GERALDO

Okay, okay. Big shpill...

Travalian sees that Detroit is depressed, nearly weeping.

TRAVALIAN

We're taking a walk.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. BATTERY PARK (OR WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK) - BENCH - LATER

Travalian and Detroit, huddled together.

DETROIT

I didn't know it was going to be kids,
every night, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

I've got kids. What can I say?

DETROIT

I figured we'd be part of Elaine's...
the New York Literary Power Structure
... dialogues with Norman Mailer...

TRAVALIAN

What are you talking about?

DETROIT

I had an idea of what it would be like
... living with you... New York...
Greenwich Village... world-famous
playwrights, uncompromising, serious,
intellectual. Monroe and Arthur Miller
kind of thing...

TRAVALIAN

Who am I? Monroe or Miller?

DETROIT

Always the jokes!

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

I can't help it! I'm a hilarious guy!

DETROIT

Oh, God...

TRAVALIAN

You're starting now with the 'Oh God!'
... We're really a family now. This
is the beginning of the end...

DETROIT

Don't be depressing!

TRAVALIAN

I see the handwriting on the padded
wall...

DETROIT

Don't you ever drink with Gay Talese?

TRAVALIAN

With Gay Talese?

DETROIT

You don't even know him?

TRAVALIAN

Of course, I know Gay Talese!!! Come
on, Alice, really!

(pauses; quietly now)

I don't drink. You know I don't drink.
I can't hang out with Mailer and Gay
Talese and keep sayin', 'No, no, thank
you, but I don't drink.' I mean, they'll
get angry, sooner or later, right?

DETROIT

So, drink! You think it would kill you
to take a drink, once in a while?

TRAVALIAN

I hate drinking. I detest it. It makes
me giddy and gregarious. Two of the
very worst things a man of my years can
possibly be: giddy and/or gregarious...
And, with my voluptuous nature, one
drink leads to a dozen, one dozen to
ten dozen... Believe me, Alice, I know...

DETROIT

Nevertheless, Melanie's Natural does not
swing for me...

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

You don't try the right salad...

DETROIT

That's not it, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

It could be it. The bonton salad is very, very different than a basic mixed...

DETROIT

Oh, God... I only want us to be happy, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

It's not even two months. How can we be in so much trouble in less than two months? This is a Guinness Book record... this is what we're talking here: Guinness Book record... Oh, God...

DETROIT

Maybe I should stay in my own place a few nights a week...

CUT TO:

89 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

A family meeting is in progress, in the midst of shaving, peeing, etc. Alice is still abed. It is the men who meet now.

IGOR

Happy? She wants happy? Who the hell is happy?

TRAVALIAN

God damn it! We are New York intellectuals and we are going to start living like New York intellectuals! And that means culture will start being visible in our lives ... Culture... and art and crafts and museum trips and intellectual thought...

(suddenly, to Geraldo)

Will you either pee or get away from there, dammit, you're driving me crazy!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

GERALDO

Gimme ten more seconds, that's all...

TRAVALIAN

You got it! Okay, tonight, it's Elaine's for drinks...

IGOR

Geraldo and I both have school tomorrow.

TRAVALIAN

You can be late. I'll give you a note.
(suddenly, to Geraldo)
Your time is up!

GERALDO

Okay, okay...

Depressed, Geraldo quits the toilet area.

TRAVALIAN

And all I can tell you is this: if you two don't have fun at Elaine's tonight, don't plan on getting another penny from me as long as you live. No tuition money, no allowance, nothing in my will. Is this clear?

90 REACTION SHOTS

of Igor and Geraldo.

CUT TO:

91 INT. ELAINE'S - NIGHT

Alice Detroit, Travalian, Igor and Geraldo, all overdressed, sitting around a tiny table at Elaine's.

DETROIT

Who are these people?

TRAVALIAN

(playacting pleasure)
Great writers... There's Beckett in the corner there...
(waves to no one)
Hi, Sam...

ELAINE, herself, walks to table, greets Alice Detroit.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

ELAINE

I heard you were here. I'm Elaine.
Let me know if there's anything you
need...

After nodding politely to Travalian and the children, Elaine
moves on. Detroit giggles. She is enjoying herself.

TRAVALIAN

(waves to a tourist
in another corner)

Hi-ya, Jamie!

DETROIT

Who's that?

TRAVALIAN

James Joyce. Whoops, look! Ezra
Pound, nasty guy...

(waves again)

'lo, Ezra...

(smiles to boys)

Isn't this nice?

IGOR

(smiles)

Very nice, Papa...

DETROIT

I never met a family so full of crap
as this family!

IGOR

Nice, Papa!

GERALDO

Nice, Papa!

TRAVALIAN

What are you trying to do, Alice?
Spoil our night? My sons and I have
come to a literary place to see some
goddam luminaries and that is precisely
what we intend to do!

JACKAL RATNER walks to their table.

DETROIT

I dunno... it's kinda' sweet here...
Elaine saying 'Hello'...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

That was Elaine? She's lost a ton of weight. Hmmm.

RATNER

Ivan Travalian, as I live and as I breathe!

TRAVALIAN

Well, look at you...

RATNER

And these are the kiddoes?

IGOR

You bet.

RATNER

And this is Estelle?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, not exactly...

RATNER

Oh, God, I forgot that you remarried ... Gloria, right?

DETROIT

Two down, one to go... bottom of the world...

TRAVALIAN

Uh, this is Alice here, and you're ... I'm amazed to have to admit this, but I've kinda' let your name slip...

RATNER

Jackal Ratner...

TRAVALIAN

My God, you're Jackal Ratner?

RATNER

We get older, huh?

TRAVALIAN

We do, Jackal, we do... Well, my God ... Look at you. Jackal Ratner. A talented playwright, too, Alice. I haven't seen you in ten years...

RATNER

Fifteen...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN

Fifteen years. My God! How goes
the career, Jackal? You on the Coast?

RATNER

I loathe the Coast! I would never live
on the Coast! I'm right here in town
... Manhattan Plaza...

TRAVALIAN

And you're, uh, still writing plays?

RATNER

I'm producing dramatic specials...

TRAVALIAN

Television.

RATNER

I know what you're thinking, but, I'm
telling you, Ivan, artistically, this is
an untapped form. The theatre is dead.
They don't produce plays any more, they
produce shit...

DETROIT

He's got a play, actually...

TRAVALIAN

I, uh, well, I, uh, welll, Jackal,
it's great seeing you!

Ratner turns to leave; spots another man at another table.

RATNER

(calling across)

Mario Vetere! I'm callin' your name!

VETERE

(calls back to Ratner)

Hey, you horse's ass! How's your mother?

RATNER

See you, Ivan... boys... Estelle...
You're looking just swell... Me and this
one go back together years and years,
huh?

He EXITS SCENE.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God, well... hah...
(MORE)

91 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

I've kinda got a headache goin' here...
That used to be a skinny, intense young
man whose plays were too poetic to be
popular...

ALDEN BIDGETT walks to the table.

BIDGETT

How goes it, Travalian?

TRAVALIAN

Great. How's yourself?

BIDGETT

You know what Rilke used to say...

(Insert lengthy German language quotation here, which no one
will understand. Bidgett will laugh at his own words, rather,
Rilke's words... and then Bidgett changes his mood.)

BIDGETT

(continuing)

The system stinks. You know it. I
know it. There's no way that serious
work can get produced on the American
stage... So, what can you do? You
drink too much. You fuck around until
your wife gets fed up and leaves. You
go on. Like Beckett says, 'You can't
go on... you must go on... you won't
go on... but you go on.'

DETROIT

Oh, yes. He's just over there...

BIDGETT

Huh?

DETROIT

Nothing, really...

Suddenly, a MAN from the bar in the back yells:

MAN

Quick! Go get a doctor, quick!
Somebody just punched Gay Talese and
his nose is bleeding!

Igor and Geraldo sleep.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (5)

TRAVALIAN

Igor! Geraldo! Wake up! We're going home!

GERALDO

(looking up; sleepily)
I don't want to go home. I'm having too much fun.

Geraldo looks at Alice and fakes a tremendous fake smile.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. FRONT OF ELAINE'S

Elaine is saying goodnight to Detroit. There is a tremendous line of limousines in front of them. Geraldo and Igor sit near the curb, virtually asleep. Travalian is waiting for Elaine and time to pass.

ELAINE

I'm a big, big fan of yours, Alice, probably your biggest...

DETROIT

Oh, gee, well, thanks...

ELAINE

No, really, I am. Anytime -- anytime -- you are in New York, you come here to my place. You're welcome here, Alice.

DETROIT

Well, gee, thanks... Elaine.

ELAINE

Your driver know you're waiting? Which car is yours?

TRAVALIAN

(quickly)

We're around the corner... What am I saying? We came up on the 7th Avenue line to the Shuttle, then across and straight up Lex on the I.R.T...

DETROIT

Do you, uh, know Ivan? Ivan Travalian...

ELAINE

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

DETROIT

Ivan's the writer...

ELAINE

Maybe I've read you... I think I have...

TRAVALIAN

Plays, actually...

DETROIT

I'm in his play...

ELAINE

I always say 'I gotta get to a play!'
It's awful, huh, livin' right here in
New York. I never go. Never...

TRAVALIAN

Most people don't. They stay away in
groves...

IGOR

(joining scene)

Can I have two tokens? Geraldo's asleep
and I think he's having a bad dream...

TRAVALIAN

Tell Geraldo I understand...

(to Detroit)

Let's go...

Detroit looks at Travalian and smiles, but, she isn't all
that happy.

CUT TO:

93 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT (6:00 P.M.)

Rehearsal has just broken.

SETH

Everybody! We'll start from the
finger-eating scene at 7:15, sharp
... Don't be late, huh?

Travalian stands with Detroit.

DETROIT

How'd it look?

TRAVALIAN

Don't ask me. I wrote it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)
(pulls his stormcoat on)
What's your plan? I've gotta chuck
the ol' stew at a couple'a cowboys...
You comin', or what?

DETROIT
Oh, uh, I think I'll grab a bite with
Morris. We've gotta talk over the
second act some...

94 EXT. THEATRE

Travalian stands in doorway with Detroit. Morris appears,
coat on.

FINESTEIN
What did ya think, Ivy?

DETROIT
Don't ask him. He wrote it...

TRAVALIAN
Good, good. Looked sharp. I just
can't stand some of the words, that's
all.

FINESTEIN
There are many of us who agree. So?
Change 'em, already...

TRAVALIAN
I will. I will...

FINESTEIN
(smiles at Detroit)
Ready?

TRAVALIAN
(as Detroit smiles at
Finestein; awkwardly)
I'll just get their dinners in them
and come right back...

DETROIT
I'll be fine...

A YOUNG BUM bums from them.

YOUNG BUM
Anything loose you can spare so I can
get some smoke?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

If it's smoke you want, just run
behind a bus...

YOUNG BUM

Great! Comics on the streets! Great!

Young Bum EXITS SCENE.

TRAVALIAN

(to Alice)

See you in forty-eight minutes.

He turns and jogs away from her.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. STREETS

Travalian jogging home, through traffic.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME

Travalian stops on the doorstep, sensing something is out
of character.

He goes up stairs, cautiously.

He enters house.

CUT TO:

97 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME

OPEN on Geraldo's face. He is faking a smile.

GERALDO

Mom's home.

PULL BACK TO include Gloria, staring at an amazed Travalian.
The tension in the room should be beyond unbearable. All
human muscle is rigid.

GLORIA

Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

Hi.

GLORIA

You're looking great.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

You're looking great yourself...

Igor calls from corner of room.

IGOR

How about my slipping a funky cassette
into the tape deck and we can all
boogie down?

CUT TO:

98 INT. BEDROOM

Gloria is enraged. She is handling Alice's nightdress.

TRAVALIAN

Glo... really...

GLORIA

Who is she, anyway?

TRAVALIAN

Gloria, for God's sake...

GLORIA

Look at this! A name tag. She sews
her goddamn name in her underwear.
What is she? A camper? Are you
getting them that young now?

(squints at name tag)

I can't read this. Where are my
glasses? Read this!

TRAVALIAN

It's Alice Detroit.

GLORIA

(shocked and amazed)

The actress?

TRAVALIAN

She's in my play, yuh...

GLORIA

You are schtupping an actress?!?

TRAVALIAN

Don't be grotesque.

GLORIA

You have moved a goddamn actress into
my house... in front of my children?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Actress, Gloria, actress... not
anarchist... actress.

GLORIA

Ten weeks! Ten lousy weeks, that's
all, and you've got yourself another
goddamn woman living here?

TRAVALIAN

What are you? Kidding me?

GLORIA

I ordered these curtains! I ordered
these vertical venetian blinds! It
was I who ordered this horrible
bedspread (I thought you were going
to exchange this for a print?)... I
ordered every lick of decor in this
goddamn room, Ivan! Not this bitch!

Travalian picks up a night table and threatens to hit Gloria
with it.

TRAVALIAN

Gloria, sit on your hands on the bed
and shut your mouth, or, so help me
God, I'll hit you with this chair!

GLORIA

That is the fucking night table.

Travalian is amazed to find the night table in his hands.

TRAVALIAN

So what?

(screams out of frustration
and confusion)

Arrrrggggghhhh!

Igor and Geraldo poke their heads into the room.

GERALDO

You okay, guys?

IGOR

You call me, huh?

Travalian heaves the night table at the door. It slams the
door closed. (The boys exit, quickly)... and breaks into a
few chunks.

TRAVALIAN

I am so frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA

That comes out of the anger you feel
because you're trapped in your own error.

TRAVALIAN

I will kill you twice, if you tell me
why I'm frustrated, Gloria. I just
hate that in you!

GLORIA

How could you move another woman in here?

TRAVALIAN

Where is Larry, Gloria? Did he dump
you?

GLORIA

He most certainly did not!

TRAVALIAN

So what is the deal here? You walk out
on me -- not ten weeks ago, but thirteen
weeks ago -- three months, Gloria -- a
season of the year has passed. It was
winter, with snow on it, and now it is
late spring with birds on it.

GLORIA

The reason you end every sentence with
my name, Gloria, is because you are
hysterical thinking you might call me
'Alice' or even 'Estelle.'

Travalian walks to the wall and kicks it, four kicks. He
lifts something heavy. Puts it down. His back is in spasm.

GLORIA

(continuing; suddenly
weeping)

Oh, Ivan... I'm so confused.

Travalian turns to her, stares.

TRAVALIAN

This could actually drive me crazy...
Gloria.

GLORIA

(seeing that Travalian
is bent over)

Is your back in spasm?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN

Of course, my back is in spasm. I wish I could straighten up and actually see what it is you're saying... As you might have noticed, Gloria, I've grown to be several inches shorter than I was just a very few minutes ago...

GLORIA

Larry is a wonderful man...

TRAVALIAN

It's wonderful of you to say that...

GLORIA

But Larry Kotzwinkle is not you...

TRAVALIAN

That's what I figured when he scratched his leg and I felt nothing: this man is not me.

GLORIA

How can you make jokes at a time like this?

TRAVALIAN

You sob, I joke. What the hell's the difference? We're both miserable.

GLORIA

I miss you, Ivan. I miss the family ... the constant bickering... the sprouts... the toilet seat up... I miss it all.

TRAVALIAN

I knew you would.

GLORIA

Are you in love with this woman?

TRAVALIAN

With Alice?

GLORIA

No, with Sy Peck, the Arts and Leisure Editor of the New York Sunday Times!

TRAVALIAN

That was funny...

(MORE)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

(smiles at her, genuinely)

No, I'm not in love with Alice Detroit.
 I did not actually conceptualize the
 fact until this very moment, Gloria.
 I miss you and I miss our family so
 much I could vomit.

(smiles)

I would take you back in a minute, Gloria.
 ... Not too many questions asked.

GLORIA

(matter-of-factly)

Larry and I are moving to Gloucester,
 Massachusetts, for the summer. We've
 agreed to live together for a three-
 month trial period there. If it works,
 we'll get married in October, on Larry's
 birthday...

TRAVALIAN

(after a long pause)

Well, I think I'd better get back to
 rehearsal. Enough taking time off from
 work for fun, huh? You can keep the
 night table, Gloria. I, uh, just want
 to tell you that you are the craziest
 person I have seen today since the guy
 blocking the bank door. He was wearing
 a Superman cape and panty hose. He was
 crazier than you, Gloria...

(opens door)

Maybe not.

Travalian exits. He is hunched, holding and rubbing his back.
 Gloria, frightened; she weeps.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. STREETS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE - LATER

Travalian, jogging back to the theatre in his street clothes.
 He runs hard, somewhat blindly, lost in his angry memory of
 minutes past with Gloria. He smashes into an enormous GANG-
 STERISH FELLOW, who is eating an ice cream cone, which imme-
 diately tumbles to the ground.

GANGSTERISH FELLOW

Hey, you dumb fuck! Who you bumpin'?

Travalian looks back at Gangsterish Fellow; runs into subway.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. MIDTOWN STREETS - LATER

Travalian, exiting subway, trots to corner of Broadway and 44th Street (or, thereabouts), where he sees a HOT DOG MAN selling hot dogs. A LARGE FELLOW approaches hot dog stand at same time. Travalian cuts him off and steps neatly to head of line.

TRAVALIAN

I want to do this. I want to eat meat.

HOT DOG MAN

One, or how many?

TRAVALIAN

One. One...

The Hot Dog Man hands a hot dog to Travalian, who is lost in angry thought. Travalian, absently, takes mustard squeeze-bottle and squeezes out a thin line of mustard on to the finger of the Large Man, who is pointing, at that moment, to a can of soda, probably Dr. Pepper.

LARGE MAN

What the deuce?...

TRAVALIAN

(realizes)

Oh, God, oh my God, oh, God... I am soo sorry, oh, God... Napkin!

There are no napkins to be found. Travalian wipes Large Man's finger clean of mustard, by rubbing his own jacket cuff along Large Man's long finger. Large Man stands staring, amazed. Travalian walks quickly away.

CUT TO:

101 INT. THEATRE - LATER

Detroit turns from Morris and their intimate script conference to greet Travalian.

DETROIT

Kids okay?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh. Great.

DETROIT

Long meal, huh?

TRAVALIAN

Yuh. Long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

(pauses)

Alice, if I were to ask you to move out
would you quit the play?

DETROIT

Of course not.

TRAVALIAN

Would you hate me?

DETROIT

Uh uh. I'm crazy about you.

TRAVALIAN

Why, Alice? Is there something wrong
with you?

DETROIT

Ivan, darling... I'm delighted to move
out, really. I won't quit the play...
I won't quit our friendship... I think
we should sleep together two or three
times a week, minimum. Sex with you is
the greatest... But I don't think we
should live together, either.

(pauses)

I'm kinda curious. What made you see
it today, instead of last night?

102 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

CUT TO:

103 INT. HOME - TWO DAYS LATER

Igor, amazed.

IGOR

'Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore'?
You don't think that sounds funny?

GERALDO

I, myself, never saw the movie, so I
don't know...

TRAVALIAN

I think I'm still hung up with your
mother...

IGOR

My mother or his mother...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

(back in spasm; stooped over)
Uh, his mother, actually...

IGOR

I see.

TRAVALIAN

(looking up at G raldo from
stooped-over position; to
Igor)
Has he grown? Or what?

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Finestein and Travalian jogging together. We PICK THEM UP for
a piece of their conversation.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, no, it's true, Morris. I really
envy you. It used to be, if I tried
sex without love, I got a splitting
headache... a migraine...

The same E.S.T.ed -out Jogger from prior scenes jogs by
Finestein and Travalian and screams a loving greeting at them.

E.S.T.ED -OUT JOGGER

Hiii! Have a great day, you guys!

There is absolutely no response to this Jogger at all from
either Travalian or Finestein.

FINESTEIN

And you've found someone now who you're
having what kind of relationship with?

TRAVALIAN

Two to three nights a week... great sex
... no migraines...

FINESTEIN

I knew something was going on -- you're,
uh, less hyperactive...

TRAVALIAN

Well, you know... It's not great... I
mean, it's not Gloria, is it? But,
it's not painful...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

FINESTEIN
I'm delighted... with whom?

TRAVALIAN
God, I figured everybody knew. Alice.
Alice Detroit. She moved out but
we're still friends. She's, uh, fond
of me... and I'm, uh, quite fond of
her, too... I, uh...

Finestein laughs.

TRAVALIAN
(continuing)
What the hell is funny, Morris?

Finestein laughs again. Travalian grabs the back of his neck,
where a headache is forming.

CUT TO:

105 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - NIGHT

Travalian eating dinner with Igor and Geraldo. They are all
quite bored. They pick at their food -- Igor and Geraldo at
their steak and potatoes; Travalian at his cukes and carrots.

Travalian throws down his fork in disgust. Igor and Geraldo
look up at him.

CUT TO:

106 INT. TRAVALIAN'S STUDY - LATER

Travalian is trying to write. He types a while, stops, looks
into space, moans, types a while, stops, moans. On and on.
He dials a number on the telephone. He adjusts his answering
machine, so that we hear the conversation, amplified: the
DIALING, the PHONE RINGING AT THE OTHER END, the eventual
VOICE answering the telephone -- Gloria's voice.

GLORIA'S VOICE
(through the machine)
Hullo? Hullo? Hello, is somebody
there? Hello? Dammit, I really hate
that!
(to Larry)
Some goddam pervert... calling...
breathing...
(into telephone)
Okay, have a good day.

She HANGS UP, LOUDLY.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

Travalian sits a moment, winds back tape, after hanging up his telephone. He now replays tape.

GLORIA'S VOICE

(through machine)

Dammit, I really hate that... Some
goddam pervert... calling... breathing...

Travalian switches machine to OFF.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SARDI'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Travalian at table with MEL MORRIS, a newspaper interviewer.
Travalian is morose.

MEL

Would you say that 'Compliments of
the Author' was one of your major plays?

TRAVALIAN

What's that, Mel?

MEL

Would you say that 'Compliments' was a
major play?

TRAVALIAN

Among plays of its type, yes.

MEL

What is its type, exactly, Ivan?

TRAVALIAN

It's a small, kind of, uh, minor play,
Mel... I dunno...

MEL

Ivan, have I, uh, done anything to, uh,
piss you off, so to speak?

TRAVALIAN

Huh? Oh, nooo, Mel, nooo! I'm just
kind of distracted...

WAITER

Tea or coffee?

MEL

Coffee, black, with Sweet-n-Low, please...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Uh, oh, God, I'll have one of each,
okay?... Milk and lemon on the side...

Waiter shrugs, EXITS SCENE.

MEL

You okay?

TRAVALIAN

Oh, yuh, Mel, I'm fine.

MEL

You excited about the opening? Broadway
versus off-Broadway kinda' thing...

TRAVALIAN

Excited? I guess. It's my thirtieth
play to open in New York City, Mel.
Thirty plays in twenty years. I
wouldn't say this opening is exciting,
exactly... It's more, uh, enthralling
than exciting...

MEL

(writing this down on his
pad)

Enthralling...

TRAVALIAN

You'd better not quote me as saying
that, Mel... It, uh, doesn't make sense.

MEL

Not to me, not to you... But maybe
the public will understand...

TRAVALIAN

My wife left me, Mel...

MEL

You married Alice Detroit?

TRAVALIAN

No, no, my wife -- Estelle. Did I say
'Estelle'? I meant Gloria. Gloria left
me...

MEL

(writing this down)

I see. I thought she left you several
months ago...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

Please don't write that down, Mel...

MEL

I've gotta write something down, Ivan. It's three-thirty! We've been here since noon! Arts and Leisure closes out at five, sharp...

TRAVALIAN

Mel, we've known each other for years, right?

MEL

This is the nineteenth feature I've written on you, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

Is this exciting for you?

MEL

Interviewing you?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, yuh. Is it?

MEL

It could be worse.

TRAVALIAN

Sure. You could be stationed on Manila... Mel, tell me the truth: isn't it depressing that you and I are sitting here at Sardi's for the nineteenth time?

MEL

I like Sardi's...

TRAVALIAN

Mel! Mel! It's not Sardi's that's in question. It's our lives!

MEL

Look, Ivan, it's a job. I tried to move over to the Post, but you know what happened there. And this is not a face for television, right?

TRAVALIAN

Uh, right.

MEL

So, here I am. And here you are. And we should be grateful to have each other, shouldn't we?

TRAVALIAN

But, are we, Mel? Are we?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3)

MEL

You are... so... fucking... depressing!

TRAVALIAN

Of course I am, Mel. Of course I am!
And the reason why is a very, very simple
matter to understand... tell your New York
Sunday Times readers that Ivan Travalian
said this about the human condition...
Are you writing, Mel?

MEL

(looks at Travalian,
depressed)

I'll write, I'll write...

TRAVALIAN

I trusted Gloria, Mel, and she betrayed
me... she betrayed my trust and she
betrayed me. And that is the human
condition, Mel. Stick that in your
feature!

Mel looks at Travalian, who is nodding to Mel confidently,
as though he has just imparted great Western World wisdom.

CUT TO:

108 INT. TRAVALIAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Travalian typing rewrite pages. Geraldo in doorway. He
studies notes and speaks with enormous authority. He is well-
trained in this.

GERALDO

It's Finestein, the director, on the
phone. He's dying with the flu and
can you take over tomorrow's rehearsal?
Not to worry about a thing. Everything
will be alright... Have you got the
new Act One, scene three rewrite pages
and can you work them in? His number
is area code 212-PL7-6453, God forbid
I got cut off. What should I tell him?...

Geraldo waits, poised with pencil and pad, waiting for
Travalian's answer.

TRAVALIAN

Boy, doesn't anybody know how to handle
a simple phone message around here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN (CONT'D)

Yes I have the new pages and yes I'll handle the rehearsal tomorrow... tell him to sleep and drink a lot of liquids and, Geraldo, try to handle the next call on your own, okay?

Geraldo, writing down the reply, feverishly. He looks up at Travalian.

GERALDO

I've never met such a horse's ass as you...

TRAVALIAN

Now, gimme a kiss and then give Finestein the message and then come back in here and give me another kiss.

Travalian types feverishly. Geraldo returns.

TRAVALIAN

You told him not to worry... everything will be alright?

GERALDO

I did.

TRAVALIAN

Okay, okay. Now, give me a kiss, then go put on your pyjamas and then come give me a kiss and then go to bed and stop bothering me, okay?

GERALDO

Will you come tuck me in?

TRAVALIAN

(does a gangster's voice)

No! I don't tuck!

GERALDO

(same gangster's voice)

Sooo! You don't tuck, huh?

Geraldo slaps his head in mock, overacted disappointment, exits room. Travalian types a while.

109 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

typing, smiling.

TRAVALIAN

(quietly; to himself)

You will love this rewrite, Morris...

CUT TO:

110 INT. THEATRE - DAY

The ACTORS are distraught. The rewrite pages do not seem to fit the play as much as they describe Travalian's troubled home life. End of day, coffee cups everywhere. OPEN TIGHT on OLD JEWISH ACTOR.

OLD JEWISH ACTOR

(he explodes)

What are you? Kidding with this stuff?

CUT TO:

111 TRAVALIAN

TRAVALIAN

(calmly, sternly)

You are professional actors and I am a professional playwright and we are opening this professional play on Broadway, in a matter of days. The second act of my play was less than perfect and I have labored to improve the beast, which I have, I believe, done... and admirably. Professional actors act, yes? Well, please, do it?

DETROIT

Ivan, for God's sake...

TRAVALIAN

You guys are taking advantage of the situation... Could you kindly just read them to me, simply?

DETROIT

But, I don't exactly know how to read them, simply, Ivan. I'm playing Edna Wrath... a 300-pound overeater who has cannibal tendencies. Who the hell is Hamalian? This is Act Two material and his name has never come up before!

OLD JEWISH ACTOR

I can't play Edmond Scorn as a chubby 17-year-old. It's just stupid!

DETROIT

Ivan, I think I know what's happened here. These pages are just a little off-center... just a little, uh, personal...

TRAVALIAN

What are you giving me here?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

FIPPSY

(stepping forward)

I just don't understand... really...
 How can you expect me to suddenly --
 now -- a couple of weeks before we open
 -- change my entire character??? A
 gray wig? A gray wig? And how come
 you change my character's name? Larry!
 Larry! I just don't understand, really...

Finestein, ill, with Kreplich, at back of theatre.

FINESTEIN

What is going on here, please? What
 is going on here?

TRAVALIAN

I will handle this!

KREPLICH

You have been handling this, hoochem!
 You got mutiny here, a sinking ship!

FINESTEIN

(to Kreplich)

Will you please???

(to Travalian)

Quickly, Ivan, before I die. I have
 terminal flu... chills...

TRAVALIAN

It is a simple matter of actors
 historically rejecting change this
 close to the opening. It's classic.
 I gave them a couple of simple
 adjustments to make...

OLD JEWISH ACTOR

This is not a simple adjustment. This
 is simple shit!

TRAVALIAN

(after a take)

You see?

FINESTEIN

Everybody, will you please sit,
 peacefully, and read the new pages to
 me? Please?

TRAVALIAN

Good idea, Morris. Excellent idea.
 You'll hear the pages and you'll
 understand.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

Travalian looks at Actors smugly and confidently.

CUT TO:

112 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Travalian, in audience. Actors, onstage, are pretending not to be listening. They are talking -- in whispers -- with Kreplich. Finestein is screaming.

TRAVALIAN

Morris, you're screaming.

FINESTEIN

(screaming)

Yes, I'm screaming! I waited a week for a rewrite and when I get it, it worsens the problem... No, no... It doesn't worsen the problem, Ivan. It doesn't even address the problem! Have you ever read 'Compliments of the Author'? I wonder, because these pages are not germane!

TRAVALIAN

Okay, okay, I've been a little flaky...

FINESTEIN

A little flaky? A little flaky? In one day, you have left my script in a taxicab... lost my goddamn Burberry raincoat (four hundred and fifty dollars to replace that schmatah!)... And you have rewritten a scene from another play, Ivan... not this play. Not the play on which I have worked for three goddamn months of my life for no money, and no intellectual stimulation.

TRAVALIAN

Don't be bitchy, Morris. Stick to the facts...

FINESTEIN

The facts are, Travalian, I have a terminal cold. I was 103 this morning and I must be up to 110 or 112 as we speak. The facts are, Travalian, if I die from this, I will haunt you and I will pull every hair out of your body one by one... do you understand? Because those are the facts!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

FINESTEIN (CONT'D)

You are doing everything within your power to sink and submerge your own ship, but I am not going down with you, you rat! Throw these pages away. Let me direct what I had for pages, which I will do happily and brilliantly, if my fever breaks, and if you will please, please, please find my goddam script!!

Kreplich walks INTO FRAME.

KREPLICH

It's okay. The actors agreed not to quit. I promised to keep him away from them.

TRAVALIAN

(shocked and amazed)

What can I do with myself, Morris?

FINESTEIN

Go to your room, Ivan. Sit and think. This woman was driving you crazy, three short months ago, but she's not driving you anywhere anymore. You... have... arrived. Go away and leave us alone...

Alice ENTERS THE SCENE, quietly. She tries to "make peace."

DETROIT

Hi, honey.

She kisses Finestein and then turns to Travalian.

DETROIT

(continuing)

'Hi, honey,' to you, too, Ivan. How are the kids?

She puckers her lips about to kiss Travalian, who backs away.

TRAVALIAN

Don't! Please! I've had all the love I can stand!

CUT TO:

113 EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - QUEENS - ESTABLISHING

114 INT. EASTERN AIRLINES SHUTTLE BUS COUNTER

Travalian is crazed, yelling.

TRAVALIAN

What do you mean, 'No more planes
tonight'? Oh God!

Travalian exiting down airlines exit ramp with other
passengers.

A young religious FANATIC (Moonie) leans in to Travalian and
to the woman Travalian is overtaking as he rushes past.

FANATIC

You're a beautiful, beautiful couple...

Travalian screams at Fanatic as might a wild animal.

TRAVALIAN

Arrrgggghhh!

The Fanatic and the woman shrug at one another.

Travalian runs for a taxi.

TRAVALIAN

Yooo! Taxiii!

A TAXI SCREECHES to the curb. Travalian gets in.

CUT TO:

115 INT. TAXI

TAXI DRIVER, looking at Travalian.

TAXI DRIVER

(strong Brooklyn accent)

I'll do it, but, it'll cost you maybe
four hundred bucks. You could take
the train from Penn Station in the same
amount of time. It's three hundred and
seventy-eight dollars cheaper...

TRAVALIAN

Are you for hire, or what?

TAXI DRIVER

Okay, you're the boss. I've gotta hold
the four hundred bucks in front, though,
okay? I get some wicked-awful strange
people in my can... no implications
toward you, however.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

Travalian hands him nine \$50 bills.

TRAVALIAN

If you hurry, you can keep the change.

TAXI, SCREECHING out of airport.

CUT TO:

116 VARIOUS HIGHWAY SITES ALONG ROUTE FROM NEW YORK CITY TO BOSTON

117 EXT. GLOUCESTER - BASS ROCKS - LATER

It is very early morning. Lobstermen set traps; seagulls hunt. Taxi Driver looking out to sea.

Travalian looking inward to land masses.

TAXI DRIVER

Beautiful, huh?

TRAVALIAN

There are more hotels up ahead. Come on!

They drive on.

CUT TO:

118 INT. TWIN LIGHTS MOTOR HOTEL - GLOUCESTER - LATER

Travalian, with old YANKEE INNKEEPER. Driver sits waiting in yellow NYC taxicab, probably with Scull's Angels sticker on rear.

TRAVALIAN

His name is Larry... he's about sixty, but boyish. Her name is Gloria. She speaks French, Spanish and English...

YANKEE INNKEEPER

(hasn't heard a word
Travlrian has spoken)

What's 'at?

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God...

He runs out of office.

CUT TO:

119 INT. TAXI - LATER

Travalian, handing more money to Driver.

TAXI DRIVER

Listen, it's okay with me. I got no
life goin'... as long as you've got
the loot...

He laughs, moronically.

They pass the statue of the GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN ("To those
who have gone down to the sea in ships...")

He sees Gloria and Larry picnicking in the park next to the
statue. They are kissing.

TRAVALIAN

Gloria!

He leaps out of taxi and starts to Gloria and Larry, who have
not yet seen him.

TRAVALIAN

(to Driver)

Wait for me by the statue of the truck
driver! You'll soon be taking me and
my wife home to the city!

CUT TO:

120 THE CONFRONTATION

is on.

SFX: MUSIC IN.

Travalian begins a long walk to the picnic basket of Larry and
Gloria, who are, at present, unaware of the anxiety-filled,
action-packed moments ahead. The MUSIC is intense.

Travalian's jaw is locked into sternness, anticipation of what
he must do. We INTERCUT from Travalian, during his walk, to:

121 GLORIA AND LARRY

They are eating hot buttered corn and lobsters. Larry is
instructing Gloria as to where to find the best meat and how
to suck the tiny claws of their meat and juices.

Travalian, senses keen, sees their every move; hears their
every word.

Gloria wears a bikini of a nautical motif.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

Larry, sporting his straggly white beard and 1960's long hair, wears distressed denim Bermuda shorts, sandals and a smile.

LARRY

The best meat, darling, iiii think, is this little chicklet of meat right under each tiny claw... See?

He rips off a claw.

LARRY

I want you to have this...

Larry puts a tiny claw into Gloria's mouth.

LARRY

Suck on this...

GLORIA

Mmmmmmm...

Travalian, an angry God, continues his move towards them.

SFX: MUSIC, DRUMS.

LARRY

The second-best meat is the major claws... and, to myyyyy thinking, the most overrated meat in the world is the third or forth best in the lobster: the tail ... I would give my tails away for half as much in tiny-claw-chicklets...

GLORIA

Mmmmm...

Suddenly, Gloria becomes aware of Travalian, bearing them. She looks up, amazed to see him and terrified by the anger in his eye.

GLORIA

(mouths the word, silently)

Oh... my... God...

LARRY

The broth that collects in the lobster-body is, of course, disgusting... What's up with you?

Larry now turns and sees Travalian.

Travalian nears them. Larry spins, ready to defend his woman. The trio is silent, wordless.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

MUSIC AND DRUMS STOP. Travalian stops, suddenly turns, walks away from them. Travalian approaches the statue of The Gloucester Fisherman, stops, reverse, returns to them.

Travalian faces Larry.

TRAVALIAN

I have to borrow four hundred dollars
-- I spent all my money getting up here.

Larry reaches into his shorts and produces a lot of money.

TRAVALIAN

I'll get this back to you.

Larry waves a "No Problem" wave. Travalian turns and trudges away from them, across the sand.

CUT TO:

MUSIC THEME IN.

122 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME - NIGHT

Travalian exits taxi, waves, walks upstairs. Enters house.

CUT TO:

123 INT. HOUSE

Travalian reading note from Igor. It upsets him.

"WE CANNOT FIND YOU. OUT OF FOOD.
SLEEPING AT MY MOTHER'S. XXX,
IGOR (AND GERALDO, TOO.)"

124 EXT. TENEMENT - LATER

Travalian, looking at building. Enters.

125 INT. CORRIDOR

Travalian knocks on door. A gray-haired WOMAN opens the door. She appears to be several years older than Travalian. He smiles at her.

TRAVALIAN

Hello, Estelle...

ESTELLE

Hello, Ivan. Come in.

CUT TO:

126 INT. ESTELLE'S APARTMENT

Travalian sits opposite Estelle. They drink tea.

TRAVALIAN

So? How goes it, Estelle?

ESTELLE

Fine, Ivan. You look... youthful.

TRAVALIAN

Your hair's gone gray.

ESTELLE

Yours didn't?

TRAVALIAN

I'm more salt and pepper...

ESTELLE

I can see that...

TRAVALIAN

Geraldo's here, too? I appreciate this. Unexpected trip...

ESTELLE

He's adorable.

TRAVALIAN

We like him, yuh.

ESTELLE

You spawned with somebody Spanish?

TRAVALIAN

Not quite. I spawned with somebody who spawned with somebody...

ESTELLE

Oh, right. I heard that...

TRAVALIAN

I guess they'll just come home to me after school, huh?

ESTELLE

Certainly.

TRAVALIAN

Does, uh, does Igor visit you, uh, often? Like he used to when he was little?...

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

ESTELLE

Two or three times a week. There's no set schedule... when he feels like it.

TRAVALIAN

Oh, right, of course.

ESTELLE

You didn't know that?

TRAVALIAN

No, I did, I did. I just didn't know whether he was still coming over here as often... that's all. I can see why he does: nice, comfortable place... you're a good mother... comforting to him... Not hysterical... calm...
(eyeing photograph)
God, look at us! A couple of Armenian kids... Where'd you find this?

ESTELLE

Iggy found it. He gave it to me for my birthday... three or four years ago.

Travalian sighs.

ESTELLE

How come you're so depressed?

TRAVALIAN

I'm not at all depressed.

ESTELLE

Suit yourself.

TRAVALIAN

I'm a lousy father, Estelle.

ESTELLE

No, you're not a lousy father. You're a wonderful father. You're a lousy husband. At least you were a lousy husband... but, a lousy father? Never! You're a first rate father...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God...

ESTELLE

So, how come you're so depressed, Ivan?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

So, how come you're not depressed,
Estelle?

ESTELLE

I don't expect as much from life as
you do, Ivan. I never did. I got a
nice place, I've got a nice job. I've
got nice friends. Why should I be
depressed?

TRAVALIAN

I'd better go.

ESTELLE

You always left when things were getting
good.

TRAVALIAN

Ain't it the truth.

He stands, smiles.

TRAVALIAN

You remember the Chordettes, Estelle?

ESTELLE

Who could forget the Chordettes, Ivan?

CUT TO:

127 EXT. TRAVALIAN HOME - LATER

Travalian, walking towards house. From his POV, we see:

Spike, sitting on front steps to house. Travalian looks at
him, is surprised, hastens his steps. He moves upstairs.

TRAVALIAN

Hey, Spike. How goes it?

SPIKE

Can I move back in?

TRAVALIAN

You bet.

CUT TO:

128 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - DINNER TABLE - EVENING

Igor, Spike, Geraldo and Travalian all chattering away.
Spike has a scrapbook he's showing off to all.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

Travalian is working on rewrites.

GERALDO

What I really wanted was a Luis Aporicio or maybe a Luis Tiant... or, of course, an Ed Figueroa. I had an Aporicio autograph, but I sold it for four bucks to a tourist...

SPIKE

Jees, I dunno, Geraldo. I got a couple ... but those guys... I dunno...

Plucks out some scraps of papers; hands them to Geraldo.

SPIKE

Maybe these?

GERALDO

(amazed)

Oh my God! Lookit this! Goddam Figueroa five times! Oh my God, oh my God! Aporicio... one, two, five, six -- six Aporicios!!! Oh my God. Spike, oh my Goddd!

SPIKE

Keep 'em, kid. They're yours...

GERALDO

Oh myyy Godddd!!!!

Geraldo kisses Spike on the hands.

GERALDO

Slave for a day... nine to five... everything except scoring cocaine.

SPIKE

This is for you.

He hands a scrap of paper to Travalian, who looks at it and screams.

TRAVALIAN

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.
Johnny Goddam Pesky three times! Three
Peskys!!! How did you KNOW, Spike???
How did you know???

Spike laughs, shrugs, as Travalian continues to playact sublime ecstasy, dancing about the room. He will kiss Spike's hands as did Geraldo.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

I tried to get Pesky to sign maybe
fifty different times, but he never
signed for me... not once... Oh,
Spike. Spike, oh, Spike, oh, Spike...

(hand kissing here)

I am your slave for a day. Anything,
except scoring red meat such as liver
or tongue...

SPIKE

(hands paper to Igor)

And this little fella is for you, Igor...

Igor takes a look at the paper; falls out of his chair in a
playacted faint onto the floor.

CUT TO:

129 INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Spike, Geraldo and Igor, in their beds; talking in hushed
tones.

SPIKE

My dad's great. He is. And he loves
me a lot. But, you know, some guys
just don't know how to live with kids...

(pauses)

My dad tried pretty hard, but, I could
tell pretty fast it wasn't gonna work...

(pauses)

I had good times and all... meetin'
players... goin' to the beach a lot...
but, the thing is, the whole time I
was there, I never once laughed. I
mean. Nothin' funny ever got said or
done.

(pauses)

I guess I got spoiled bein' around here
... around you guys and all... Your dad
the best dad for livin' with kids I
ever lived with, or even the best I
ever heard of...

GERALDO

Oh, yuh. He's definitely one of us...
as much as a grownup can be, I mean...

IGOR

We must never tell him this, however...

CUT TO:

130 TRAVALIAN

standing in the room, listening to every word. He is wet-
eyed, weeping. The children have pretended that they didn't
know he was in the room. Of course, they did.

TRAVALIAN

Tell me! Tell me! I'm pretty tough...
for a cookie. I can take it. Tell me!

During his playacted tirade, he has sat himself on the bed
with the boys. They all snuggle up to him and they all are
weeping and laughing, both at the same time.

131 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

TRAVALIAN

Oh, God. Oh, God...

He wraps his arms around all three boys at once.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. CENTRAL PARK RING ROAD - WEST 90TH STREET - MORNING

Travalian, jogging up the road to Finestein, who awaits him on
the corner, at the entrance to the park. Finestein is reading
rewrite pages, which he'll tuck into the back of his sweat-
pants, as they jog together: their business meeting.

TRAVALIAN

So, Morris, tell me? You like the
rewrites?

FINESTEIN

It'll work...

TRAVALIAN

So? We're done rewriting?

FINESTEIN

The script is locked up...

TRAVALIAN

This is frightening...

FINESTEIN

This is terrifying...

ESTed-Out Jogger comes at them. He will scream his generous
greeting with deep hostility; painfully loud.

ESTED-OUT JOGGER

Hi! How are you today?! I hope you
have a wonderful wonderful wonderful day!!!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

They jog past him without any sort of acknowledgment, whatsoever.

FINESTEIN
I really hate jogging...

TRAVALIAN
Yuh. Me, too...

An ACTOR passes by on a bike, cycling in the same direction. He slows down and calls out to Travalian.

ACTOR
Hey, Ivan, lookin' good...

TRAVALIAN
(forgets his name)
Well, hey... uh, there... look at you!
You're lookin' good, too!

ACTOR
Thank you... I hear the play's goin'
great!

TRAVALIAN
Spread that around!

ACTOR
I will...

TRAVALIAN
You know Morris Finestein?

ACTOR
Surre! We met at Barnet Kellmann's
loft-warming party, four years ago...
I'm Quenten Bates...

FINESTEIN/TRAVALIAN
(lying, in unison)
Offf courrrrse... Quenten...

ACTOR
See you guys... Good luck!

He bikes off.

TRAVALIAN
You know him?

Finestein shrugs a "who knows?"

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVALIAN

I dunno, lately, people are treating me sooo welll...

FINESTEIN

The play is commercial. They figure you'll be making some big bucks.

TRAVALIAN

No, no. I'm talking Spike and Geraldo ... and Alice.

FINESTEIN

Alice? You're still doing it with Alice?

TRAVALIAN

I know. I know. It's lousy of me to treat her that way... so casually... but she doesn't seem to mind at all!...

FINESTEIN

What are you? Kidding me?

TRAVALIAN

It's great for me! Not great, but nice ... really nice... Casual... no real commitment, except a quiet kind of friendship... It's very mature, I think. I tried to commit to her. I couldn't... The ghost of Gloria still haunts my nights... I feel like a skunk, but... in some craaaazy way, I think Alice must love me...

Finestein makes an odd noise.

TRAVALIAN

What's the matter, Morris?

FINESTEIN

First of all, Ivan, nobody's been a skunk since Doris Day's movie in the 50's. You could be a prime asshole; maybe, but certainly not a skunk... Second of all, Alice doesn't love you. Alice loves me. Alice likes you...

TRAVALIAN

Alice Detroit loves you, Morris?

FINESTEIN

I swear to God.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVALIAN

That is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life. Why, just last night, Morris, Alice and I were doing it! Doinnnnggg it!

FINESTEIN

Did you grow up under a rock, or what?

TRAVALIAN

You're a sweet guy, Morris, but I'm your friend, and a friend's responsibility is to point out delusionary behavior. You are deluded, Morris. Alice and I were in bed together last night... Sex. Morris!

FINESTEIN

Alice and I will probably get married, Ivan.

TRAVALIAN

When?

FINESTEIN

In a year. If we're still happy together, we'll give it a shot... I'll divorce Eileen, and Alice and I will...

TRAVALIAN

Morris, I've got to tell you something. You and Detroit are the sickest couple I have ever met in my entire life and I am not young, Morris. I am not young!

CUT TO:

133 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

First preview performance. Travalian in lobby with Kreplich.

KREPLICH

It's just a preview audience... mostly friends who didn't pay. You can't trust them... if they say they like it...

TRAVALIAN

What are you saying? You can only trust them if they don't like my play... not if they like it?

KREPLICH

Unfortunately, life in the theatre is cruel...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

SFX: LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE.

TRAVALIAN

That must be it...

SFX: BRAVOS.

KREPLICH

(frightened by what he hears)

Oy, vay... listen...

TRAVALIAN

Those are 'Bravos,' Kreplich. They loved it...

KREPLICH

Wait! Wait 'til opening night... critics... hah!... You'll see, bubula, you'll see...

CUT TO:

134 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alice and Travalian walking arm in arm on footpath over bridge. His back is straight; without pain.

TRAVALIAN

Hmmm. They liked it, didn't they?

DETROIT

They loved it. They ate it up. Yum yum...

TRAVALIAN

Oh, well, sure... preview audience. Wait 'til opening night when the price of tickets goes up to normal... Nasty critics... cheeseburgers...

DETROIT

Nice moon, huh?

TRAVALIAN

Where?

DETROIT

In the sky.

TRAVALIAN

Ohhh. Thattt moon!

Travalian looks up. Detroit takes his face in her hands and kisses him. It is a long and deep kiss, somewhat passionate.

TRAVALIAN

What are you doing, Alice? You think you're in love with Morris and I think I'm in love with Gloria.

DETROIT

Morris is married and, as far as we know, Gloria is almost married.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

DETROIT (CONT'D)

We are two unmarried consenting adults
who are crazy about each other... actually
tried to live together and failed...

(lamentably)

... and who now, from time to time, hug
and kiss with real conviction...

(she smiles)

That's what we're doing, Ivan.

TRAVALIAN

I like you very much, Alice. I don't love
you... we've established that... I mean,
I'm not in love with you... but, I am very,
very fond... because you are smart...
unmercifully smart, I might add... and
beautiful... and... you actually make me
feel... uh... happy. I said it out loud,
oh, God, oh, God...

(he spins around, once)

I'm gonna do somethin' for you, Alice,
that I've never done for any living woman
before... and you can be goddamned sure
that no living man has ever done this for
you before... and, quite possibly, no living
man has ever done this for any living woman
before... hah hah!

DETROIT

What, uh, are you, uh, gonna', uh, do?...

TRAVALIAN

I'm gonna sing 'You're the Tops' to you,
Alice... from beginning to end...

Travalian will now sing "You're the Tops" to Alice Detroit.
They are on the Brooklyn Bridge, it is a beautifully moonlit
night and Travalian's singing voice is really dreadful. Re-
grettably, he will sing the entire song to her, unaccompanied
... a capella... and she will have to walk backwards, smiling
as though she is not embarrassed.

TRAVALIAN

(singing as Sinatra might)

'You're the tops... You're the Eiffel Tower...
You're the tops'... etc., etc.

CUT TO:

135 INT. TRAVALIAN HOME - NIGHT

Spike, Geraldo, Igor and Travalian, all in line in front of
the same mirror, tying neckties.

TRAVALIAN

Come on, Iggy, will ya'?

IGOR

Just let me get mine, okay?

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

I gotta give the presents out and check
on the sound man...

Igor moves to Travalian, ties Travalian's necktie for him.

IGOR

You like this tie?

TRAVALIAN

What's the matter with it? It cost
nearly thirty bucks!

IGOR

For a necktie?

TRAVALIAN

It looked easy to, uh, get on and off
... Will you hurry?!

Geraldo turns and faces Travalian. Geraldo has dressed himself and wears reddish pants with a bright red jacket and a deep blue shirt and a white tie.

GERALDO

How do I look?

SPIKE

Great!

IGOR

I'd like something in a short Scandinavian
15-year-old girl... with braids and a
book bag, please.

GERALDO

What's this? A joke?

TRAVALIAN

You look like a pimp, Geraldo.

GERALDO

These are all the clothes I own, dammit!

TRAVALIAN

That's not true, Geraldo! I bought you
a little beige corduroy suit in Brooks
Brothers not two months ago!

GERALDO

I look like some kind of businessman
in that suit!

TRAVALIAN

You're too short to be a businessman!
Change into the suit, Geraldo, and fast!

GERALDO

What's the matter with looking like a
pimp, anyway?

TRAVALIAN

Geraldo!

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

GERALDO

Okay! Okay!

He runs OUT OF THE SCENE. Spike turns and faces Travalian and poses like a model might to be checked.

SPIKE

Yuh, well, so?

TRAVALIAN

What's on your feet?

SPIKE

Shoes.

Ratty sneakers on his feet, holey/worn out.

TRAVALIAN

Those are not shoes. Those are shoe-substitutes.

SPIKE

They're comfortable. The shoes give me blisters.

TRAVALIAN

Wear socks.

SPIKE

I do wear socks.

TRAVALIAN

Wear them on both feet...

SPIKE

I don't wanna wear those goddam shoes... They make me look like a fag!

Travalian will now scream as might a lunatic.

TRAVALIAN

MY PLAY IS OPENING TONIGHT, GODDAMMIT!
GERALDO! CRITICS! CRITICS!

GERALDO (O.S.)

I'm coming!

TRAVALIAN

GET YOUR SHOES, SPIKE, GET YOUR SHOES!!!

SPIKE

Okay, okay!

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3)

Spike runs for his shoes. Travalian turns to Igor, yells.

TRAVALIAN
Why are your pants so baggy?

IGOR
I've lost eighteen pounds, that's why.

TRAVALIAN
When?

IGOR
I've been dieting for a month...

TRAVALIAN
That's a lie!

IGOR
Look at my pants!

He holds his pants out from his waist. They are enormously large on Igor's now slimmish body.

TRAVALIAN
I have no time for this.

IGOR
Oh, right, no time...

TRAVALIAN
Don't you DARE let the critics see you looking that way, young man!

IGOR
Oh, right, sure, I can just see tomorrow's Post: 'Igor Travalian opened thin with baggy pants last night, causing the audience grief and alarm. He was, in a word, disgusting. Clive Barnes, New York Post.' Right. You got it.

Igor walks to the refrigerator and takes out a cooked chicken, which he threatens to bite.

TRAVALIAN
What are you doing?

IGOR
I've got forty-five minutes before they open the house. I've gotta gain eighteen pounds. Got any dessert topping?

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVALIAN
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M ANXIOUS???

IGOR
Oh, dear me, I didn't catch that, no.
Oh, well, that explains why you're
acting like Goebbels at Bismark,
doesn't it. Anxiety... Dear dear me...

TRAVALIAN
IGORRRR!

Spike and Geraldo enter the room, on the run: redressed.

GERALDO
Ready!

SPIKE
Ready!

TRAVALIAN
Okay, where are the presents?

IGOR
What presents?

TRAVALIAN
Do not do this to me! I left a large
red Bloomingdale's shopping bag right
here on the dining table.

Indeed, there is a large red Bloomingdale's shopping bag
on the table. Igor and Geraldo and Spike stare at it, but
Travalian does not seem at all able to see it.

SPIKE
Uhhh, I... uh...

GERALDO
Uhhh, uhh, I I I, uhhh...

IGOR
I think I found it.

Igor picks up the bag from under their noses, snatches it
past Travalian, and calls, goodnaturedly.

IGOR
Let's book, Pop. I'm sure you've
got a winner tonight.

CUT TO:

136 INT. MEN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Four actors stare at a depressed Travalian. They hold gifts from him.

TRAVALIAN

I just want you guys to know that you're a fine, fine cast of actors... major talents, really... and if the reviews are really and truly dreadful, it won't be your fault at all. It's the play...

Morris Finestein clears his throat. He has been trying to enter the room.

FINESTEIN

Okay, Ivan, the boys need their concentration time now...

TRAVALIAN

For what?

(false laugh)

This isn't exactly 'The Wild Duck' we're doing here tonight...

FINESTEIN

It's a fine play, Ivan, and they need to prepare...

Finestein elbows Travalian severely in the ribs.

TRAVALIAN

Heyyyy!

CUT TO:

137 INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR

KREPLICH

(yelling at Travalian)

What are you doing, talking like a nut, you crazy playwright, you!

TRAVALIAN

You! You're the sabotaging son-of-a-bitch that has to rush this opening! This show isn't ready!

KREPLICH

This show is ready! It's been ready for three weeks. I've kept it in previews, on cheap seats, for three goddamn weeks of previews. What other producer would do that for you?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Plenty!

KREPLICH

Sooner or later, it had to open!

TRAVALIAN

I pick later, dammit! I may vomit. Oh, God. My head is pounding. Where is Alice? Oh, God, has she checked in yet???

138 MED. CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN

He winces with back spasm pain. He is stooped over.

KREPLICH

She's in her dressing room, Ivan, she's ready... Ivan, darling, you are so fucking hysterical...

TRAVALIAN

Of course, I'm hysterical, Kreplich, you idiot! Haven't you seen this awful, awful play??? They will laugh me off the Arts and Leisure pages once and for all. We'll have to advertise this pile of manure in the Gardening Section! Oh, God, I am without talent!

CUT TO:

139 INT. ALICE DETROIT'S DRESSING ROOM

Travalian, bowing and scraping.

TRAVALIAN

... and I hope that the reviews won't matter, Alice... Not between two great friends like us, really. I'm sure the critics will see through the material and have a handle on how fine... how truly fine... your work is, in spite of the text...

KREPLICH

(in the corner)

My God, Ivan! You're depressing the piss out of both of us!

DETROIT

It's going to be fine, Ivan...

She stands and tries to comfort Travalian. Kreplich joins her.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

KREPLICH

Really, Ivan, it's going to be fine.
Fine...

Morris Finestein enters the room.

FINESTEIN

What's going on here? We're at 'five
minutes'?

DETROIT

Ivan's upset.

KREPLICH

Very upset...

TRAVALIAN

We never should have done this play.

Seth pokes his head in through the dressing room curtain.

SETH

Five minutes, please, Miss Detroit...
(sees)
... Are you okay in here?

140 INT. THEATRE - REAR OF AUDITORIUM

Travalian standing at rear of theatre with all children and
Estelle. Gloria enters with Larry. Larry wears a denim suit
and a smile.

IGOR

(speaks pig Latin)
on'tdnay ooklay ownlay...

TRAVALIAN

(annoyed)
What are you saying?
(sees Gloria)
Itshnay!

LARRY

(extending a hand)
Larry Kotzwinkle, Ivan...

TRAVALIAN

I know, I know... Hi, Gloria...

LARRY

Great good luck, Ivan. I hope you break
a leg... I really do...

TRAVALIAN

I'm sure you really mean that, Larry.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

Larry flashes a peace sign to Ivan, who winces.

TRAVALIAN

(to Gloria)

Get him away from me...

ESTELLE

You're acting crazy, Ivan.

TRAVALIAN

(with amazing simplicity)

Yes. I am. Thank you, Estelle. Take your seats, everybody. There's Walter Kerr... he will hate this! Please, take your seats. I am going to lie down in the lobby... This is my 30th play to open in New York City. This is not something I haven't survived before... and that's it...

He walks into the wall.

TRAVALIAN

Damn it!

Igor walks to Travalian, pumps his hand, claps his back.

IGOR

It'll be great, Pop. Good luck.

Geraldo does the same.

GERALDO

Good luck, Pop...

SPIKE/DEBBIE/BONNIE

Good luck, etc., etc.

Gloria kisses him on the lips. Estelle kisses him on the cheek and adds a long, meaningful hug.

The lights in the auditorium begin to fade.

CUT TO:

141 INT. LOBBY - INTERMISSION

Travalian, smiling meekly. Double doors fly open. It is Kreplich. He is smiling deeply.

KREPLICH

I smell two years!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

TRAVALIAN

Wait! God! Don't say that! Jinxing!
It's only the intermission! The first
act is clever! The second act stinks!
(smiles, nods, suddenly)
Hello, Walter... great to see you.
Clive, hello... Gotta get some air, Mel
... hi-ya. Great Sunday piece. I
loved it -- the real me! Ross, Martin,
hello...

Travalian turns and runs from the lobby.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. THEATRE - LATER

Travalian, standing alone outside of theatre. The marquee is lit with "Alice Detroit starring in Ivan Travalian's satire COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR Directed by Morris Finestein produced by Keplico and the 3rd Artists' Company Associate Producers J. & H. Entertainments, Limited."

Travalian sits on the step under the marquee.

143 EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRAVALIAN'S FACE

Silent. Staring. Fearful.

We hear LAUGHTER from inside the theatre. It is full-bodied, rich. Now we hear APPLAUSE. It is thunderous.

Travalian smiles, cocks his head, slightly. Smiles again. He shrugs.

CUT TO:

144 INT. SARDI'S - LATER

Travalian, at round table with all children, wives, etc.

TRAVALIAN

I'm going up... Kreplich's got TV's set
up, upstairs... for the early reviews.
I can take it. Really. No need to worry...
worry...

Finestein joins him, silently. So do Detroit, Igor.

CUT TO:

145 INT. AD AGENCY - BACK ROOM - WITH TV'S

Kreplich, Jackie, Harold, assorted backers and THREE AGENCY MEN are already there watching four TELEVISION SETS.

ALVIN KLEIN on television screen. His review overlaps with dialogue, which will be whispered at the same time.

AGENCY MAN
Klein is first. He was sleeping.

TRAVALIAN
What?!?

KREPLICH
You're crazy, Manny! I was sitting next to Klein! He was enthralled!

TRAVLIAN
He wasn't hysterical? He was only enthralled?

IGOR
There he is!

KREPLICH
Ten years! I smell ten years!

FINESTEIN
This is good stuff...

IGOR
Great, Pop...

TRAVALIAN
Critics. Who needs them?

KLEIN
Ivan Travalian has given us plays that have scared us... and some that have made us think... tonight, Travalian set out to make us laugh... and did we ever! 'Compliments of the Author' is this season's funniest play... maybe this decade's funniest play!... in a totally brilliant production... directed by Morris Finestein and starring my very favorite lunatic, the daffy and delightful, Miss Alice Detroit... in the most exciting... most intelligent ... most insane comedy hit of this Broadway season!... Set in an obesity clinic for the criminally rotund... at a point and time in history when obesity is illegal, we meet three inmates... Edmund Scorn, Edith Tempt, and Edna Wrath (played to perfection by Broadway's newest kid in town, Alice Detroit.) This Travalian play presents the most attractive fatties since Dumbo hit...

CUT TO:

146 INT. SARDI'S - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Party nearing its end. Travalian kisses Alice Detroit.

TRAVALIAN
We can do another play some day?

DETROIT
Maybe.

Travalian shakes everybody's hand, kisses the women, some of the men.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

JACKIE

I knew we had a winner...

LARRY

I personally got a little confused near the end...

HAROLD

You've got to go with the class...

FINESTEIN

Can you loan me twenty bucks 'til tomorrow?

KREPLICH

You'll have 20's... you'll have 50's
... you'll have six road companies!
This is a great night!

People seem to be standing around Travalian in a small circle. There is a moment of slightly embarrassed silence. Nobody seems to want to go home. There is a lot of smiling and a lot of love. The moment should look like a gathering of family left at the wedding reception's conclusion after the bride and groom have long slipped away, done it, and fallen asleep... somewhere else, somewhere far away. Gloria walks to Travalian.

GLORIA

Can we have a word?

TRAVALIAN

Sure. Walk me around the block, okay?

CUT TO:

147 EXT. BROADWAY THEATRE DISTRICT STREETS - NIGHT

Gloria and Travalian walking past theatres.

GLORIA

It's nice, huh?

TRAVALIAN

Hmm?

GLORIA

Tonight. This. Putting the circus back together again... Us, all the kids.

TRAVALIAN

Oh. Yuh. It's great.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

GLORIA

The girls hated Greenwich.

TRAVALIAN

Poor old Greenwich. The town didn't stand a chance against those two...

GLORIA

Their father offered to double his child support payments.

TRAVALIAN

You accept?

GLORIA

'Course not. He's got a new baby at home. I'm working...

Travalian looks at Gloria, admiringly.

TRAVALIAN

You're really okay, Gloria.

GLORIA

Oh, my God, Ivan! You're not in love with me anymore, are you?

TRAVALIAN

What are you saying?

GLORIA

Nobody in love ever says, 'You're really okay, Gloria.'

TRAVALIAN

I just meant that you were special... because you didn't have your head turned around by Roger's offer of money...

GLORIA

I guess...

TRAVALIAN

I'm still in love with you, Gloria... It's just that I, well, I gotta give you... up.

(smiles)

It hurts too much... for both of us... We gotta give up the stuff that hurts... even if we don't want to... even if we love it...

(pauses)

We're always hangin' in... hoping things are gonna change.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA

Ivan, maybe I made a mistake. Larry's great, but he's not you...

TRAVALIAN

Yuh, that's what I thought when I saw him scratch his leg and I felt nothing. I thought 'this man is not me...'

(smiles; imitates Gloria
and answers 'her')

Always the jokes, Ivan... I know. I know.

(looks at her)

I had an old Armenian great-uncle... my father's uncle. He was always scheming... always looking for a classy way outta Bridgeport. He hated Bridgeport...

(smiles)

The government put out for bids for a tunnel to go underground, from Coast to Coast. So, this old guy, he puts in a bid for \$400, which was about \$200 billion less than the next bid. By law, the government had to interview him. He tells the government guy, 'My son lives in Los Angeles, and he's got a shovel. We'll both dig and when we meet in the middle, you'll have your tunnel...'

(pauses)

So the government guy asks, 'What happens if you don't meet in the middle?' and my great uncle answers, 'So you'll have two tunnels.!''

Gloria laughs. They walk awhile. They stop. Travalian kisses her, lightly, on the lips. They are under a brightly lit theatre marquee.

TRAVALIAN

You were right, Gloria... we'll be friends...

GLORIA

... for a long, long time...

TRAVALIAN

Even longer!

CUT TO:

148 EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE SARDI'S

Travalian stands looking for a taxi. None in sight. He is with the children.

He looks for a taxi again. None in sight, again.

TRAVALIAN
No cabs. It's too late. All the cabs
are in bed...

Travalian looks at the children.

TRAVALIAN
Anybody wanna jog home with me?

IGOR
Wouldn't that be just a little cute?

SPIKE
I've got these goddam shoes!

GERALDO
I'll grab a 9th Avenue bus. I'm kinda
bushed...

TRAVALIAN
Okay, okay...
(he smiles at them all)
Okay,
(to Debbie and Bonnie)
You guys wanna stay over tonight?

They look at Gloria, who nods an "okay."

DEBBIE
(smiles)
Sure...

BONNIE
(giggles)
Great...

TRAVALIAN
Great. Let's go.

The ESTed-Out Jogger whizzes up to them and is about to greet them all, when suddenly Travalian puts his fingers to his lips and says Shhhhh! to the Jogger, who covers his mouth and runs off. A taxi pulls up to the curb.

149 INT. TAXICAB/EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DOWNTOWN - LATER
Travalian and the children -- Igor, Geraldo, Spike, Debbie
and Bonnie, riding home.

Travalian has his arms around them all.

There is laughter.

MUSIC THEME IN.

ROLL END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE FILM IS OVER