

CURLY SUE

Written by
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CURLY SUE * 7/1/90

EXT. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE. NIGHT

The skyline from it's least flattering angle.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STRIP

Hard by the interstate. Junkyards, rent cottages and bars.

EXT. THE DANDY-LION LOUNGE

A stucco box that was once an H. Salt Fish restaurant. The Tudor trim is splintered and weathered. Battered, road-weary cars are parked in front.

INT. LOUNGE

Travelers, locals, whores, and truckers are drinking their health away in the smokey-blue room.

INT. LOUNGE. BOOTH

At the window. A man in his early thirties is hunched over the table, listening to the boozy promises of a tough, sinewy woman in her late twenties. His name is BILL DANCER. Hers is DINAH TOMPKINS. A hard life, too much liquor, smoke, dope and men has left her pretty face tired and harsh. Her make-up and hair are over-done, like she's trying hard to be something she was or thought she was. She's playing with Bill's middle finger, resting her chin on her forearm, looking up at him with a cat smile. She has something big on her mind. Behind Bill's hillbilly hair and the sideburns and under the worn Pendelton and the tattered jean jacket is a handsome man. He has a moody, unpredictability about him.

DINAH

What'd you do to get yourself in trouble?

BILL

(after a pause)

I had a few automobiles in my possession that weren't rightfully mine.

DINAH

(with a smile)

I thought maybe you shot your wife.

BILL

I might have if I had one.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Dinah grins as she takes one of his Marlboros and snaps the filter off. She puts it in her mouth. Bill lights up for her.

DINAH

I'm living temporary in the trailer park not too far from here. I come up from Florida to be with him when he died. That was a couple months back. It was his time.

(pause)

Tell me something, can I trust you?

BILL

With what?

DINAH

With anything I got?

BILL

Why're you asking?

DINAH

Because I think I'm falling in love.

Bill leans back and blows a plume of smoke against the window. He's embarrassed. He laughs.

BILL

You think it's wise to say something like that to someone who just got out of the joint? Who has no prospects and doesn't want any?

DINAH

You been buying me drinks all night and you haven't asked for nothing in return. And I know it ain't even on your mind.

BILL

How're you so sure?

She slides out of the booth and slithers toward the door. Bill sits for a moment holding back a grin. He's falling too. He sneaks a look back at her.

6 HIS POV

6

She's gone.

- 7 CLOSEUP - BILL 7
 He quickly digs into his pockets for his cash. He slaps a ten down on the bar and bolts out of the booth.
- 8 EXT. TRAILER PARK - TRAILER 8
 A decaying single with a cinderblock step. Bill's '78 Impala is parked in front.
- 9 INT. BEDROOM 9
 A double mattress on the floor, a busted chest of drawers, laundry basket, dirty clothes. Bill's sleeping on his belly in the bed. Dinah's sitting on a folding chair, smoking a cigarette, looking through his wallet.
- 10 CLOSEUP - WALLET 10
 She looks at his driver's license -- Nebraska. Social Security card. Photo of an old lady. She puts the cards back and lifts his cash. A BABY CRIES.
- 11 CLOSEUP - DINAH 11
 She flips the wallet on the floor, stuffs the cash in her panties and with irritation, exits the filthy room.
- 12 INT. LIVING ROOM 12
 A year-old child is standing in a playpen in a filthy sleeper. She's crying. Dinah walks in.
- DINAH
 (loud, angry
 whisper)
 What're you crying about? Lay down.
- Dinah, without a shred of tenderness, lifts the baby, swings her legs out from under her and lays her belly down. She reaches down on the floor for the child's pacifier. She leans into the playpen and stuffs the pacifier in the baby's mouth. The baby sucks hungrily on it. Dinah drops her cigarette end in a can of pop, swishes it out and exits.
- 13 INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN 13
 Dinah opens her purse and digs out a tiny ring. She fishes through the rubbish on the counter and finds an envelope. She removes the contents, flipping it on the floor. She drops the ring in the envelope, picks up a pen, scratches it rapidly to get the ink flowing and scribbles something on the envelope.

14 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - BILL - MORNING 14

The sun's beating on his face. The BABY'S HOWLING. His head's throbbing. He slowly opens his swollen eyes.

BILL

Shit...

He rolls over.

BILL

Your baby's crying.
(pause)

Hon?

There's no answer. He rolls over.

15 INT. BEDROOM 15

Bill sees that Dinah's not in bed.

BILL

Dinah?

Bill sits up with a heavy wince.

BILL

Dinah?
(pause)
Jesus Mary...

He looks at his wrist. Where his watch should be. He looks around for it. His immediate thought is she lifted it. He spots it on the floor next to the bed, on top of his pants.

16 CLOSEUP - WATCH 16

The envelope is curled inside the watch. Bill slips it out and looks at it. Written on it -- FOR SUE WHEN SHE'S OLDER. IT WAS HER GRANNY'S.

17 CLOSEUP - BILL 17

He can't make sense of it but knows something's gone wrong.

18 INT. BEDROOM 18

Bill gets up on unsure legs and stumbles out of the bedroom.

19 INT. HALLWAY 19

The short, narrow hallway linking the three rooms. He pokes his head in the kitchen. No one. He looks in the living room.

- 20 HIS POV 20
- The child is standing in the playpen, howling. She's a teary, hungry, tired, irritated mess. A pathetic sight. CAMERA MOVES IN ON her.
- 21 CLOSEUP - BILL 21
- It's dawning on him that he's stepped into some serious trouble.
- 22 EXT. TRAILER 22
- Bill throws the door open to see that his car's gone.
- 23 CLOSEUP - BILL 23
- No more confusion. She boosted his car and left him with her baby. He looks over his shoulder into the trailer and the bawling baby. He looks back out the door.
- 24 HIS POV 24
- The sun's coming up on the trailer park and the long road leading to the highway.
- 25 EXT. TRAILER - BILL 25
- CAMERA PULLS BACK, UP AND AWAY from the biggest fool who ever pulled down his zipper. MUSIC COMES UP. TITLES BEGIN.
- 26 EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - CLOSEUP - SAPPHIRE RING 26
- The child's ring. SHOT WIDENS to reveal a seven-year-old girl, CURLY SUE. The face of an angel, dirty and rosy from the chill, framed by a wild, tumbling mass of curly hair. Dirty and in need of care but gloriously curly. She's wearing an old nylon parka. She's looking out the frost-scratched window at the passing scenery with wonder and excitement. She looks to...
- 27 INT. CAR - CLOSEUP - BILL 27
- He's now in his late thirties. Behind the wheel of the car. He's smoking a cigar stump. He's wearing an old overcoat, worn leather gloves and a tattered scarf. He has the bones of a good-looking man. Handsome, smart eyes. A fine, strong jaw. A week's growth, road grit and dirt, thinning hair, a missing bicuspid and a million dollar smile. He gives her a wink and glances out the window.
- 28 HIS POV 28
- The City of Chicago rising up from the plains.

- 29 EXT. CAR - CLOSEUP - BILL 29
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that the luxury sedan is on a railroad auto transport car and that Bill and Curly Sue are bumming their ride.
- 30 EXT. RAILROAD YARD 30
Bill and Curly Sue trudge across the frozen yard.
- 31 EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE 31
A beverage truck rolls past. Bill and Curly Sue have hitched a ride.
- 32 EXT. CITY STREET 32
Morning business crowd. Serious, purposeful men and women marching up and down the windy boulevard. A sidewalk freight elevator rises up. CURLY SUE and BILL, standing tall and still, ride it up INTO FRAME.
- 33 EXT. ANOTHER STREET 33
Bill and Curly Sue stroll down the sidewalk, weaving happily in and out of the stuffy, regimented business people.
- 34 EXT. RESTAURANT 34
A classy; understated facade.
- 35 REVERSE 35
Bill and Curly Sue look in the restaurant. They exchange looks of mutual approval. TITLES END.
- 36 INT. RESTAURANT 36
A high-end restaurant serving the business breakfast trade. Delicately packed with wealthy men and women. A snooty MAITRE D' cruises the tables, looking for the slightest imperfection in the service or fare. A sour, pinch-faced man, he steps into a startling CLOSEUP. His eyes narrow angrily.
- 37 HIS POV 37
Bill and Curly Sue are standing at the front of the restaurant in all their impoverished splendor.
- 38 INT. RESTAURANT - BILL AND CURLY SUE 38
The Maitre d' intercepts Bill and Curly Sue.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Table for two, please.

MAITRE D'
Out. Right now. Go. Shoo.

BILL
Non-smoking, by the window,
if you have it.

Curly Sue side-steps to a pastry buffet, escaping the notice of the Maitre d'.

MAITRE D'
I have no tables.

Bill peeks around him into the seating area.

MAITRE D'
(anticipating Bill)
They're all reserved.

BILL
Do you realize this is the United
States of America?

MAITRE D'
Yes, I do.

A reed-thin waiter joins the Maitre d', having seen from afar the difficulty he is having.

MAITRE D'
Tesio? Could you notify Albert
that we have a situation?

The waiter exits. The Maitre d' offers a reassuring grin to his guests.

39 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

39

She's loaded her mouth with breakfast pastry. She loads her pockets.

40 CLOSEUP - PATRON

40

A middle-aged man looks down with indignation.

41 HIS POV

41

Curly Sue looks up at him. Her mouth's jammed. She can't talk. She points to a particular selection and gives the man the "okay" sign.

42 INT. RESTAURANT

42

Bill leans on the Maitre d's registry.

BILL

I have every right to be in this restaurant.

MAITRE D'

Not unless you have a tie.

Bill pulls one out of his pocket and wags it in the Maitre d's face.

43 INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN DOOR

43

It opens. A six foot six, 250 pound cook's helper, Albert, steps out.

44 CLOSEUP - BILL

44

He sees Albert. He reacts with a wince.

BILL

(to the Maitre d',
pleasant,
retreating)

How does Saturday look?

45 EXT. STREET

45

Albert hauls Bill out of the restaurant and heaves him across the sidewalk. He slams into a parked cab. Albert turns back to the restaurant. Curly Sue blocks the door.

46 HIS POV

46

Curly Sue snarls at him.

CURLY SUE

Why don't you pick on somebody your own size, you big horse's ass?

47 HER POV

47

Albert towers over her.

48 EXT. RESTAURANT - SIDE ANGLE - CURLY SUE AND ALBERT

48

Curly Sue kicks Albert in the leg.

49 EXT. RESTAURANT - FROM BEHIND - ALBERT

49

Curly Sue struts between his legs to assist Bill.

50 EXT. SKYSCRAPER 50

One of the newer and more elegant buildings in the downtown heart of the city.

51 CLOSEUP - GREY ALLISON 51

She's in her mid-thirties, boldly handsome, strong, determined, energetic. A very, tough, cold woman.

GREY

You lived with him when he was nothing, you suffered his youth and endured the years of struggle. You're entitled to half of everything he has.

52 INT. OFFICE 52

Grey is behind a large antique desk in her vast, upper-story, corner office. Close by is her secretary, ANISE HALL, note pad in hand. She's a younger, plumper knock-off of Grey. A middle-aged woman of considerable means, MRS. ARNOLD, sits across the desk from Grey.

GREY

I'm not married so I don't know precisely what it feels like to face the conclusion of a decades old relationship. And I don't have children so I can't say precisely how the final disposition of the offspring would impact me emotionally. But I can say this much. You have it within your means to grind your husband into the ground.

MRS. ARNOLD

I don't know if I want to go quite that far.

GREY

You came to me because you wanted economic protection. If you want sympathy, you won't get it here. You won't get emotion from me. I'm not an emotional person. I very proudly regard myself as one, cold lady.

MRS. ARNOLD

(cautiously)
What's 'grinding him into the ground' entail?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

GREY

Going for his weakest spot. He's a public man, a politician. We threaten his image.

MRS. ARNOLD

How?

GREY

We immediately begin documenting his sexual improprieties.

MRS. ARNOLD

That's awfully personal.

53 CLOSEUP - GREY

53

She smiles.

54 EXT. ALLEY

54

Bill and Curly Sue are in a deep alley between skyscrapers. Bill's holding a board. Curly Sue is fearful and tentative.

CURLY SUE

I don't want to do it, Bill.

Bill leans forward, hands on his knees and pleads with Curly Sue in a gentle but firm fashion.

BILL

Honey, you have to. It won't hurt me, I swear. We talked about this all the way in from Detroit. Didn't we?

Curly Sue nods.

CURLY SUE

You're gonna cry.

BILL

Have you ever seen me cry?

CURLY SUE

No. But I seen you sad.

BILL

That's not crying. You can cry and not feel sad just like you can feel sad and not cry. Now, come on, we have to hurry up with this. There's things to do.

(CONTINUED)

He hands her the board and bends down before her.

BILL

However much you love me, that's how hard you hit me. You understand?

CURLY SUE

I love you a lot.

BILL

Well, the harder you hit me, the more I know you love me. Okay?

Curly Sue nods again. Bill squeezes his eyes shut.

BILL

Tell me you love me, honey.

Curly Sue lets fly with a mighty swing. It catches Bill clean in the forehead, lifts him off his feet and sends him crashing into a heap of plastic trash bags.

INT. GREY'S OFFICE

Grey is sitting with the senior partner in the firm, a sage old Ivy Leaguer, BERNARD OXBAR.

OXBAR

Mrs. Arnold stopped by and said hello on her way out. She looked like she saw a ghost.

GREY

I told her what her options are.

OXBAR

She's not interested in destroying her husband. And I'm not interested in this firm being known for ruining Frank Arnold.

GREY

You want to be known for modest settlements and kid glove treatment of big shots?

OXBAR

There's nothing wrong with tough so long as it's fair.

GREY

Please don't tell me how to do my work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oxbar drops his angry stance.

OXBAR

I remember a first year attorney
in a hideous peasant skirt and a
Farrah Fawcett hairdo who
criticized me for getting rich
and fat on the misery of others.

Grey recalls the attorney and the remark. She's not
about to lend it any credence.

GREY

It's a good thing peasant skirts
disappeared, huh?

He rises from his seat.

OXBAR

Go easy on this divorce or I'll
put another attorney on it.

GREY

You do that and you can buy me
out.

OXBAR

If I thought it'd flush a little of
the bitch out of you, I'd do it
without hesitation.

Grey glares at him. She's furious.

OXBAR

You keep going a hundred and
ninety miles an hour, you're
bound to hit something.

He exits.

GREY

Go to hell.

EXT. STREET

Curly Sue helps Bill down the sidewalk. He has heavy
feet and loose knees from the smack he took. It was
a lot more than he expected.

CURLY SUE

I bet you never knew I loved you
so much, huh, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

BILL

(groggy)

I saw a real live bird, a whole bunch of stars and a teensy bit of my life as a kid.

CURLY SUE

When were you a kid?

BILL

For a few months back in the Fifties. Take a right.

Curly Sue directs him into a parking garage.

57

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

57

Grey rushes out the revolving lobby door and hurries down the sidewalk.

58

INT. GARAGE

58

Bill, hand to his head, Curly Sue at his side, surveys the parking lot.

59

HIS POV - 560 SEL

59

60

CLOSEUP - BILL

60

Despite the pain and the scrambled brains, he smiles.

BILL

Dinner.

61

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

61

Grey rounds the corner and heads into the parking structure. She digs through her purse for her keys.

62

INT. MERCEDES

62

Grey drops into the seat.

63

CLOSEUP - KEY SLOT

63

The key rams into the slot and turns.

64

CLOSEUP - GEAR CONSOLE

64

Grey flicks the gear shift handle into reverse.

65

CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

65

She moves INTO FRAME with her board raised.

- 66 CLOSEUP - MERCEDES BUMPER 66
Curly Sue smacks the bumper with the board.
- 67 INT. MERCEDES 67
Grey slams on the brakes as she hears the IMPACT. She whips her head around.
- 68 HER POV - CURLY SUE 68
is standing behind the car. She looks down and screams.
- 69 CLOSEUP - GREY 69
A tingle of terror streaks up her spine.
- 70 INT. PARKING GARAGE - GREY 70
She flings open her door banging the car next to her. She rushes to the back of her car, looks down and gasps in horror.
- 71 HER POV - BILL 71
is sprawled on the pavement behind the car.
- 72 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 72
Her sweet, round face is contorted with forced grief and shock. She looks up at Grey with the saddest eyes in the world.
- CURLY SUE
(whimper)
You killed my daddy...
- 73 CLOSEUP - GREY 73
She's stunned speechless. She drops to her knees.
- 74 INT. GARAGE 74
Grey kneels over Bill and gingerly removes his hand from his face. She grimaces at the wound on his forehead.
- CURLY SUE
That's the shittiest thing anybody
ever did to him!
- Grey looks up from Bill to Curly Sue.
- GREY
He's not dead, sweetheart. He's
breathing.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

Curly Sue momentarily drops her act.

CURLY SUE
(surprised)

He is?

A young PARKING ATTENDANT hurries over. A few business-
men and women gather around.

PARKING ATTENDANT
I'll move him for you, lady. They
come in to get out of the cold...

GREY
Don't touch him!

PARKING ATTENDANT
It's alright. I'm wearing gloves.

GREY
I hit him with my car! Call 911!

Bill slowly opens one eye and surveys the situation.

75

INT. GARAGE

75

Curly Sue slinks over to the open door of the Mercedes
and peeks inside.

76

HER POV - GREY'S PURSE

76

is lying on the seat.

77

CLOSEUP - BILL

77

His lips are moving but nothing's coming out.

78

CLOSEUP - GREY

78

She leans over him, trying to hear what, if anything,
he's saying.

79

CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

79

One eye on Grey, one on the purse. She's moving slowly
into the car.

80

CLOSEUP - BILL

80

He finally manages to speak.

BILL
My child... where's my child?

81 INT. GARAGE - GREY 81
 She turns to look for Curly Sue.

GREY
 Honey?

82 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 82
 She drops the purse and flies out of the car.

83 CLOSEUP - BILL 83
 In a great show of pain and suffering, he continues.

BILL
 Keep the child near... she's
 young and... she don't have...
 the glasses she needs.

84 CLOSEUP - GREY 84
 She takes Curly Sue's arm, noting how dirty and tattered
 she is.

GREY
 She's here.

85 CLOSEUP - BILL 85
 He makes eye contact with Curly Sue.

BILL
 Oh, my little baby. Everything's
 okay now. Help your daddy to his
 feet so this lady can be on her
 way.

86 CLOSEUP - GREY 86
 She's alarmed that he wants to move.

GREY
 Don't move. The boy's gone for
 help.

CURLY SUE
 Lady, my daddy can't see no
 hospitals because he's with the...
 (looks to Bill)
 ... at his church the hospital is
 against the law? It's the
 Scientist of... God? What is it
 again?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

GREY
Christian Science?

Her sad face suddenly brightens. She snaps her fingers.

CURLY SUE
Damn, if you don't suck them words
right off my tongue. That's
exactly what it is.
(to Bill, unsure)
Right?

87 CLOSEUP - BILL

87

She's not playing the ruse right. He rises up on his
elbows. It's time to cash out.

BILL
I'm fine, ma'am. Just a little
hole in my head. It's not the
first and it won't be the...
(grimace)
... the last. I got full use of
the one eye. The other one'll be
fine in the morning. I'm sure
of it.

88 INT. GARAGE

88

Grey is completely sucked in by the scam.

GREY
You can't see out of your eye?

BILL
A few shapes and a little light
but it's fine. I got the one and
like I said, the other should
come around by morning. Me and
the child'll think real positive
and it'll come to be.
(to Curly Sue)
Help me up so I can get out of the
way of this fine woman and her
automobile.

Curly Sue helps Bill to his knees. Grey doesn't know
what to do. She wants to help but at the same time
doesn't want him to move.

BILL
I should never have been behind
your car.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)

I thought I saw a Lifesaver on the ground. No way you could have seen me.

(to Curly Sue)

Honey, you wanna real quick take a look under there, see if you can get that Lifesaver?

GREY

Oh, Jesus...

Curly Sue bends over.

GREY

Not off the ground.

CURLY SUE

Never mind, Bill. It's a washer.

BILL

We gotta go on our way. It's getting dark and we have to get situated for the night. Curly Sue, sweetie, you look over the lady's car and take your sleeve and wipe off any blood I might have got on it.

Curly Sue steps over to the bumper.

CURLY SUE

It's all good and bloody.

Grey is horrified that he's concerned about blood on her car.

BILL

We won't keep you.

GREY

I can't let you go like this.

BILL

I'm not the suing kind. Lawyers are rich enough.

GREY

You're injured. And I presume you don't have a place to live.

BILL

Not permanent but we get by just fine.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

GREY

I feel terrible. What can I do?

Bill bows his head in mock shame.

BILL

I don't like charity, ma'am. But the times we're in, every now and then I have to put my pride away. If it's in your heart to buy the child her supper, I'd be very grateful. And should circumstances change, I will be most certain to repay your kindness.

He grins and pets Curly Sue on the head. She puts on an identical grin.

89 INT. APARTMENT

89

A Gold Coast palace. A handsome, aristocratic blueblood, WALKER McCORMICK, is dressed in a tuxedo, pacing nervously with a drink in his hand.

WALKER

This is a goddamn joke...

He looks at his watch and sighs deep and angry. The TELEPHONE RINGS. He crosses to an end table and answers.

WALKER

Where in the sweet name of Frank Sinatra are you?! There's a rather large and important Civic Opera fund raiser we're expected to attend tonight.

90 INT. RESTAURANT

90

A bargain steak joint in the Loop. Grey is on a pay phone.

GREY

I hit a man with my car.

91 CLOSEUP - WALKER

91

His anger subsides momentarily.

WALKER

Is he alright?

92 CLOSEUP - GREY

92

She sighs and leans her head against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

GREY
 I guess so. I don't know. He
 refused medical attention.
 (pause)
 I said a man.

93 CLOSEUP - WALKER 93

He's frustrated by her vagueness.

WALKER
 What kind of man? Middle-class,
 upper-middle-class, white, black,
 brown?

94 CLOSEUP - GREY 94

She's thoroughly annoyed by the questions.

GREY
 What difference does it make for
 Christ's sake?!

95 CLOSEUP - WALKER 95

He strokes his brow.

WALKER
 Were there witnesses?

96 INT. RESTAURANT - BILL AND CURLY SUE 96

They're in a booth feasting on a low but large beef
 dinner. Curly Sue's sawing on her beef. Bill leans
 across and helps her with it.

CURLY SUE
 I almost had that lady's purse
 but you blew it.

Bill scowls at Curly Sue.

CURLY SUE
 I had it right in my hand.

BILL
 Tough. We don't steal.

CURLY SUE
 (after a pause)
 But we cheat.

BILL
 A little. But we don't steal.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

We lie.

BILL

A little more than we cheat, but that's not right either.

CURLY SUE

It's because of the times.

BILL

That's right, but we don't steal. And we don't break laws.

CURLY SUE

Some laws we do.

BILL

Not the good ones.

CURLY SUE

(after a pause)

I'm sorry, Bill.

BILL

If you are, I'm not mad.

CURLY SUE

I are.

BILL

(corrects her)

You are.

CURLY SUE

Absolutely.

She's frustrated with the conversation. Walker has no idea how badly she feels, how upset she is.

GREY

Walker, the man has a child, he has a lump on his head the size of a peach and they're eating like it's their first meal in days. They have nowhere to sleep...

He can't believe how badly her heart is bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

WALKER

You're not the welfare department.
Don't tell him your name, don't
let him follow you. Pay the bill
and get out.

(pause, manly)

No. Stay there, I'll come get
you. This stinks like trouble.

(looks at his watch)

God, I don't need this...

(to the phone)

Where are you?

99 INT. RESTAURANT

99

Grey's looking across the restaurant to Bill and Curly
Sue.

GREY

Rocky Feller's House of Beer on
Randolf.

100 CLOSEUP - WALKER

100

He's revolted.

WALKER

Did anyone see you go in?

101 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH

101

Bill's having coffee, Curly Sue's eating pie.

BILL

(through his teeth)

She's looking at us. Give her the
twenty-five dollar smile, sweetie.

Curly Sue gives Grey a huge, treacly smile.

CURLY SUE

(holding the smile)

This hurts the lips, Bill.

BILL

(smiling, through
his teeth)

But it melts the hearts.

102 EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

102

A BMW 750 pulls up in front of the grubby steak house.
Walker gets out in his tux and overcoat.

103 INT. RESTAURANT

103

Grey has joined Bill and Curly Sue in the booth. She's slightly uncomfortable putting her \$1,500 suit against leatherette of questionable cleanliness. Bill's finishing his coffee and Curly Sue has finished her pie. Bill dips a paper napkin in a glass of cloudy water.

BILL

You should have joined us, ma'am.

(to Curly Sue)

It was sure good, wasn't it,
sweets?

He cleans the corners of her mouth. As Bill tends to Curly Sue's face, Grey studies him.

104 CLOSEUP - BILL

104

Beneath the bruises, dirt and whiskers is a handsome man.

105 CLOSEUP - BILL'S HAND

105

resting on the table. Battered and scarred. Fighter's hands. Laboring hands.

106 CLOSEUP - GREY

106

She shifts her eyes from Bill to Curly Sue.

107 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

107

Grimacing as she gets cleaned up.

108 CLOSEUP - BILL

108

He eyes Grey as she eyes Curly Sue.

109 CLOSEUP - GREY

109

She can't mask her sorrow, her crying heart.

110 INT. RESTAURANT - DOOR

110

Walker steps inside. He makes an unpleasant face as the strong scent of low-grade food assaults him.

111 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH

111

Bill's cleaning Curly Sue's hands.

BILL

This little angel's not only the
cutest girl in the world, she's
the smartest.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111
 Curly Sue smiles proudly.

BILL
 Spell asphyxiate for the lady.

112 CLOSEUP - GREY 112
 A warm smile slithers across her lips as she looks at Curly Sue.

113 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 113
 She looks up at Bill. She's giddy, giggly and embarrassed to be put on the spot.

114 CLOSEUP - BILL 114
 He encourages her.

BILL
 Come on...

115 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 115
 Great facial contortions as she thinks.

CURLY SUE
 A... S -- P -- H... Y?

116 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH 116
 Bill nods to Curly Sue. She continues.

CURLY SUE
 X?

117 INT. RESTAURANT - WALKER 117
 He scans the big, bi-level restaurant. He spots Grey.

118 HIS POV - BOOTH 118
 FROM ten yards. Grey's back is to Walker. Bill's looking at Curly Sue. She's sucking on her finger, eyes to the ceiling as she tries to spell the rest of the word.

119 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH 119
 Curly Sue wraps it up with a gush of cuteness.

CURLY SUE
 A -- I...
 (corrects herself)
 I -- A, I mean. I -- A -- T... E!

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Bill looks to Grey with a proud smile.

BILL
You ever see anything like that?

Grey applauds softly.

GREY
That's a big word for such a little girl.

CURLY SUE
I know a huge one but it's a swear.

Grey chuckles. Bill smiles sheepishly. He looks up.

120 HIS POV 120

Walker's standing at the end of the booth.

121 CLOSEUP - GREY 121

She follows Bill's look to Walker.

122 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH 122

Walker's standing at the end of the booth, looking down at Grey.

WALKER
Hello, Jane.

123 CLOSEUP - GREY 123

She's momentarily puzzled by the new name.

124 CLOSEUP - BILL 124

He picks up on Grey's bewilderment.

125 CLOSEUP - WALKER 125

He glances at Bill.

126 CLOSEUP - BILL'S FOREHEAD 126

The plum purple bruise.

127 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH 127

Walker returns his attention to Grey.

WALKER
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

Grey gathers her purse.

GREY

(to Walker)

This is the gentleman I mentioned
on the phone and his daughter.

WALKER

(quick and cold)

Pleased to meet you.

BILL

And nice to meet you. I'm William
Dancer. Bill.

He offers his hand.

128 CLOSEUP - WALKER

128

He looks at the hand nervously.

129 CLOSEUP - HAND

129

Gnarled and dirty and waiting in the air.

130 CLOSEUP - WALKER

130

He looks to Curly Sue, ignoring the hand.

WALKER

(clipped and chilly)

She's a very pretty little girl.
You must be very proud. Jane?

131 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

131

She looks at Bill. She's confused and concerned.

132 CLOSEUP - BILL

132

He reassures her with a wink.

133 INT. RESTAURANT

133

Grey slips out of the booth.

BILL

I am extremely grateful for your
kindness, ma'am.

(to Walker)

You're a lucky man to have such a
good-hearted woman for your wife.

GREY

We're...

134 CLOSEUP - WALKER'S FOOT/GREY'S FOOT 134

Walker's patent leather pump crunches down on Grey's lizard heel to shut her up.

135 INT. RESTAURANT 135

Walker closes the conversation.

WALKER

Good luck and good night.

He leads Grey from the table. She glances over her shoulder.

136 HER POV - MOVING 136

Bill and Curly Sue wave farewell.

137 EXT. RESTAURANT 137

Grey and Walker exit the restaurant. Walker loses his temper. He's in a hurry and she's staring back in the window.

WALKER

Grey! What the hell's wrong with you?

GREY

(snapping to)

Nothing. I hit a man with my car, I'm upset.

WALKER

You're getting sucker kissed. He's a bum...

GREY

Did you see his head?

WALKER

An absolute pity. He probably got beaned in a fight and took advantage of it by laying behind your car.

Grey's shocked by his coldness.

WALKER

(retreats)

Grey, it's a hard life but it's not your life.

GREY

Did you see that little girl?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

WALKER

Yes, I did. It's tragic, it's pitiful and it's trouble you don't want. It's a problem for government, not Grey Allison, private citizen. Those people don't need handouts, they need programs. We'll vote Democratic in the fall. Come on, we're gonna be late.

He puts his arm around her and walks her in the direction of his car.

138 INT. RESTAURANT

138

Curly Sue is still tending Bill's head. He's had his eye on Walker and Grey the whole time. He knows he's lost.

BILL

That's enough, sweetie. They're gone.

CURLY SUE

Gone?

She looks around to the window. She's disappointed.

CURLY SUE

We didn't get nothing but dinner. She looked like fifty bucks for sure.

BILL

We take what we get.

CURLY SUE

We had her, Bill. The guy screwed it up.

BILL

That's just the kind of lady you should be praying for to be your mom.

CURLY SUE

You don't got a mom and you came out alright.

BILL

Grab some napkins and use the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

He reaches into his coat and removes a toothbrush case and a squeezed-down tube of Crest from his inside pocket.

BILL

Brush your teeth.

CURLY SUE

I brushed my teeth in Detroit.

BILL

Fine. Now you can brush them in Chicago.

139 INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM

139

The fund raiser is underway. A monstrous soprano is belting out a number before a crowd of well-heeled civic contributors.

140 INT. BALLROOM - WALKER AND GREY

140

Walker is delighted with the musical selection. Grey is distracted. She looks out the window of the hotel ballroom. A blue-nosed FAT CAT leans over to Grey.

FAT CAT

I wonder how much of the half million dollars we pay her a year goes to groceries?

He snorts. Grey smiles politely. She shifts her eyes back to the window.

141 HER POV

141

A sharp wind blows. Snow swirls against the window.

142 EXT. MISSION

142

A near Loop shelter. A neon cross glows in the frigid night.

143 INT. MISSION

143

Crowded with snoring, sleeping men.

144 INT. MISSION.- BILL

144

He's crammed in with the crowd, holding Curly Sue close to him, keeping her as hidden as he can. He's cheek-to-jowl with a white-bearded OLD-TIMER. He snuggles in, repositioning Curly Sue. He kisses the top of her head and buries her beneath the handout blanket. He sighs and closes his eyes.

145 CLOSEUP - BILL 145
 A beat and his eyes open.

146 HIS POV 146
 The Old-Timer's staring at him. He grins. He knows Bill's secret and hopes to profit in some small way.

OLD-TIMER
 Welfare people know about that kid?

147 CLOSEUP - BILL 147
 He's worried. He's dealing with an old, cold heart.

148 CLOSEUP - OLD-TIMER 148
 Grinning like Santa gone bad.

OLD-TIMER
 What have you got?

149 CLOSEUP - BILL 149
 His voice catches in his throat. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

150 CLOSEUP - OLD-TIMER 150
 He knows how scared Bill is. He can see it, smell it, taste it, feel it.

OLD-TIMER
 Everybody's got that one good thing.

151 CLOSEUP - BILL 151
 He finds a sliver of voice.

BILL
 Shoes?

152 INT. MISSION - BILL AND OLD-TIMER 152
 The Old-Timer's not interested in shoes.

OLD-TIMER
 I got shoes.

BILL
 Belt.

OLD-TIMER
 I got a belt.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

BILL

I don't have any money.

OLD-TIMER

The kid's got a ring.

BILL

(after a pause)

That's from her mother. I don't
have the right to give it up.

OLD-TIMER

If you want to hold onto that kid,
I don't think you got much choice.

Bill knows it to be true. He looks down at Sue.

153 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

153

Hand tucked under her cheek. Bill gently slips the tiny,
sapphire ring off her third finger.

154 EXT. CITY MORNING

154

From the west. A hard, cold, blue morning. A couple of
forgotten men gather around an oil drum fire. Beyond
them, the wall of downtown skyscrapers.

155 CLOSEUP - FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

155

A massive display of flowers.

156 INT. RESTAURANT

156

The restaurant that Bill and Curly were ejected from
earlier. Marble, vintage wood, flowers, warmth, fine
food and business people meeting over breakfast.

157 INT. RESTAURANT - GREY AND WALKER

157

They're dressed for work, having breakfast. Grains and
fruit and decaf. Walker's looking through his papers,
Grey is reviewing hers. They read and eat and talk.

WALKER

What can you tell me about the
Frank Arnold divorce? It sounds
wonderfully filthy and sick.

GREY

You know I can't tell you anything,
so why do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

You might say yes. I don't understand why your firm's handling the wife with all the work you do for the city.

GREY

We're handling it because I want to.

WALKER

He's pretty corrupt. What if you need a favor sometime?

GREY

With the material I'm collecting on him, I'll get favors for the rest of my life.

WALKER

Like what kind of material?
Photos?

GREY

Let's change the subject?

WALKER

Come on. This is fun.

GREY

(angry)

I said change the subject.

WALKER

(offended)

A little short-tempered this morning?

GREY

(pause)

I just don't want to talk about it.

WALKER

Something's bothering you.

GREY

If you need to know I can't stop thinking about what happened last night.

WALKER

Me, either. It's not very often you get a chance to see one of the world's great sopranos choke on a piece of meat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

WALKER (CONT'D)

You know Dick Patterson said he
couldn't even get his arms around
her to Heimlich her.

GREY

I meant the accident I had.

WALKER

Oh. I wouldn't worry about it.

Something catches Grey's eye. She tunes Walker out as she looks out of the restaurant to the street. Walker pops a raspberry in his mouth and makes a face.

WALKER

(aside)

The raspberries are embarrassingly
sour.

Walker notices that Grey's looking beyond him. He turns around in his seat.

158 HIS POV - OUT WINDOW

158

A couple of ragtags milling around outside the restaurant. One looks a little like Bill from the back. He turns to reveal that he's not Bill.

159 CLOSEUP - WALKER

159

He turns back. He knows why she was looking. He's concerned.

160 EXT. DOWNTOWN - McDONALD'S

160

Bill and Curly Sue walk into the McDonalds' parking lot, heading for the drive-through window. They're bundled against the cold wind. Curly Sue is dragging behind. She's been crying.

BILL

Things get stolen all the time.

CURLY SUE

That was my favorite ring.

Bill can't look at her when he has to be tough and harsh.

BILL

That was your only ring and it's
gone and crying won't bring it
back.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

Don't you care?

BILL

I care more about your finger than I do about any ring. You'll get another ring sometime.

CURLY SUE

That one was special.

BILL

You're only making it more special by crying about it.

CURLY SUE

You don't care!

Bill stops to let Curly Sue catch up to him.

BILL

Watch the cars!

Curly Sue peeks out of her hooded jacket as she moves between the cars lined up alongside the restaurant waiting for their takeaway orders.

BILL

Don't ever tell me I don't care because I do and you know it.

CURLY SUE

Maybe you care about me but you don't care about my ring and my ring was special to me and I'm me and that's almost, but not exactly, like not caring about me.

BILL

If you grow up spending your money like you spend your words, you'll be penniless your whole life.

CURLY SUE

I don't talk that much. It just seems that way to you because I'm telling the truth.

BILL

Maybe you don't want to be with me anymore.

CURLY SUE

Maybe I don't.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2)

160

BILL

Oh, really? Where're you gonna
be? In a home? With a foster
family?

That's it for her. She draws back and kicks Bill in
the shin.

161 INT. CAR

161

An impatient MOTORIST is watching the argument. Bill
and Curly Sue are blocking his way to the window.

162 EXT. RESTAURANT

162

Bill's dancing, holding his stinging shin. Curly Sue
immediately apologizes.

CURLY SUE

I'm sorry, Bill!

BILL

Nobody's sorry if they're sorry
that fast! What have I told you
about kicking people?

CURLY SUE

If I hit you you'd think I loved
you.

BILL

I thought you did!

CURLY SUE

I do but for a second I didn't
and that's when I kicked you.

Bill accepts the logic reluctantly. He comes off his
anger slightly.

BILL

Next time I get soft for somebody,
it's gonna be a dog!

163 INT. CAR

163

The Motorist has had enough of the delay. He lays on
his HORN.

164 EXT. RESTAURANT

164

Bill and Curly Sue react violently to the sudden blast
of noise. Curly Sue turns to the car and kicks the
bumper.

165 INT. RESTAURANT - DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW 165

It's busy, orders are flying, uniformed workers are scurrying around barking instructions into radio headsets. The Motorist pulls up to the window. A perky young GIRL hands him a cup of coffee in a bag.

GIRL

Have a happy day.

166 CLOSEUP - MOTORIST 166

He looks at the coffee with surprise.

MOTORIST

This is it? Where's the rest of my order?

167 INT. CHURCH 167

Bill and Curly Sue are sitting in the back of a big, downtown church. Curly Sue's eating the Motorist's breakfast.

CURLY SUE

(holding up an
Egg McMuffin)

Don't you want any?

BILL

I'll have what you don't eat.

CURLY SUE

That won't be anything pretty soon.

BILL

(after a pause)
What part don't you like?

CURLY SUE

The meat?

BILL

You need meat.

CURLY SUE

No you don't.

BILL

Alright, gimme the meat but you eat the egg. You need the egg.

Curly Sue opens the McMuffin and removes the Canadian bacon.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

When we're done here, I need to check into a job. After that we'll go to the museum.

CURLY SUE

I hate the art museum.

BILL

Does it hurt you to learn a thing or two?

CURLY SUE

All you learn from the art museum is how to keep your mouth shut and how to walk without making squeaky sounds with your shoes.

BILL

How about if I put you in school?

CURLY SUE

You can't. Welfare people'll take me away.

BILL

Not if I get a job and we have a place to live.

CURLY SUE

We gotta keep moving. You don't got legal custody. We get caught, cops'll throw your hunky ass in jail.

BILL

That's a hell of a nice thing to say.

CURLY SUE

We wouldn't even be talking about this if you'd got some money out of that lady. We'd be on the road.

The mention of Grey trips Bill. He doesn't respond.

CURLY SUE

You didn't because she was too pretty.

BILL

She was too smart.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

CURLY SUE
And she was too pretty.

BILL
You're pretty but I don't leave
you alone.

CURLY SUE
And she had a husband.

BILL
She wasn't married. He was lying.

CURLY SUE
She's too pretty.

BILL
If I say she was too pretty will
you shut up?

Curly Sue nods.

BILL
Promise?

Curly Sue holds her crossed fingers.

BILL
She was too pretty.

CURLY SUE
(smiles)
I knew it!

168 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE 168

A big, Loop department store.

169 INT. LADIES' ROOM 169

Curly Sue has stripped down to her panties and T-shirt
and is brushing her teeth. She's washed her face, hands,
arms and legs. A woman enters.

170 CLOSEUP - WOMAN 170

A look of surprise as she sees Curly Sue.

171 INT. OFFICE 171

A grim, barren, middle-aged PERSONNEL DIRECTOR is sitting
behind a desk with his pork sausage fingers laced over a
calendar blotter, reading Bill's application. Bill's
sitting across from him, wearing a suit, white shirt and
the tie he wagged at the maitre d'. The outfit doesn't
fit very well.

- 172 CLOSEUP - BILL'S WRIST 172
 Bill tries to conceal a plastic security tag affixed to his jacket sleeve.
- 173 CLOSEUP - BILL'S FEET 173
 His grubby work boots and the unfinished cuffs of the store pants with another large, plastic security tag.
- 174 CLOSEUP - PERSONNEL DIRECTOR 174
 He looks up from the application.
 PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
 Your hospital stay, was it work related?
- 175 CLOSEUP - BILL 175
 He crosses his legs. The security TAG hits the steel desk with a resounding CLANG.
 BILL
 (clears his throat)
 No.
- 176 CLOSEUP - PERSONNEL DIRECTOR 176
 He stares at Bill for a moment then looks down at the application.
 PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
 I'm confused about your education. Is this nine years of college or none?
- 177 INT. OFFICE 177
 Bill leans forward to look at the application.
 BILL
 That's...
 The Personnel Director turns the application for Bill to read.
 BILL
 ... An 'O.' None. I went into the service immediately after...
 The Personnel Director looks at the application.
 PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
 11th grade.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
That's right.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
You're now thirty...

BILL
That's correct.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
(finishes)
... eight.

BILL
Yes.

The Personnel Director leans back in his chair. He's had enough of the interview.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
And if first glance is best glance
I'd have to say you're a day
worker. I'm not interested in
day workers. I'm interested in
men who want to invest in a job
and make a career of it.

BILL
Make a career of carting rubbish
to a dumpster?

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
People have. Sorry, I have nothing
to offer you.

BILL
I have a child.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
I have three.

BILL
All mine wanted for Christmas was
a slice of hot pizza.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
I can understand your position but
I can't do anything for you. I
suggest you seek public assistance.

BILL
That's an option I don't want to
take, unfortunately. If I'm not
good enough to clean up a
department store...

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR

It's not a question of being good enough. It's a question of being qualified.

178 INT. LADIES' ROOM

178

Curly Sue's singing for the woman in a loud, enthusiastic voice. Several other LADIES are gathered around her, listening and watching Curly Sue.

CURLY SUE

'Home, home on the range!
Where the deer and the antelope
play...!'

A lady drops a dollar bill in the hat on the floor.

CURLY SUE

(quickly)
Thank you, ma'am.
(continues)
'Where seldom is heard...
A discouraging word...'
(to the ladies)
Everybody!

WOMEN AND CURLY SUE

'And the skies are not cloudy all
day!'

179 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ESCALATORS

179

Bill and Curly Sue meet at the escalators in the women's clothing department. Curly Sue's upbeat and happy. Bill is subdued and depressed about the failed interview. He's annoyed with Curly Sue for taking so long. He's changed back into his own clothes.

BILL

You sure took your time.

CURLY SUE

I made six bucks and something
singing. How'd you do?

BILL

I was honest.

CURLY SUE

You didn't get the job.

Bill shakes his head, no. Curly Sue knows he's embarrassed about it.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

CURLY SUE

You still want to take me to the art museum?

BILL

You really want to go or are you just trying to cheer up an old failure?

CURLY SUE

(after a pause)

I'm trying to cheer up an old failure.

Bill scowls. She motions for him to bend down to her.

BILL

Let's just get going.

CURLY SUE

Come on, Bill.

BILL

Can't you ever just let me stew a little?

CURLY SUE

No.

Bill sighs and bends down. Curly Sue grabs his cheeks and gives his face a good shake.

CURLY SUE

(at the top of her voice)

Smile!

180 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE

180

All heads turn to the escalator.

181 CLOSEUP - PAINTING

181

Renoir's On the Terrace.

182 INT. ART INSTITUTE - BILL AND CURLY SUE

182

They're standing before the painting. Bill is clutching his hat, looking very reverential. Curly Sue is squinting, making a bit of a face. Her reaction is the near total opposite of his.

BILL

What's the picture say to you?

(CONTINUED)

Curly Sue looks at him like he's mad. Bill realizes he didn't phrase the question correctly.

BILL

How does the picture make you feel?

CURLY SUE

I don't know what you mean.

BILL

Is it pretty?

CURLY SUE

(leaning forward)
It's all crappy and cracked.

BILL

The colors.

CURLY SUE

They're very good.

BILL

Do you like what it's about?

CURLY SUE

(after a puzzled
pause)
What's it about?

BILL

It's a mother and her little girl.

CURLY SUE

So?

BILL

So, I'm showing it to you so you'll see how pretty it is when mothers and little girls are together.

CURLY SUE

You're nuts.

BILL

What would you think of that picture if that beautiful little girl was with a rummy with whiskers and raggedy clothes and a shiner and a tooth gone?

CURLY SUE

That'd be okay.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2) 182

BILL
It wouldn't be okay!

CURLY SUE
If she liked him, it would!

183 INT. ART INSTITUTE - GALLERY 183

A group of matrons on an art tour turn their attention from the opposite wall and a painting to Bill and Curly Sue.

184 THEIR POV 184

Bill and Curly Sue continue their bickering.

BILL
That painting wouldn't be worth a nickel if that pretty lady was an old floater. Nobody needs to see that.

He senses he's being observed. He turns slowly to face the elderly women.

BILL
'Afternoon.

185 INT. GALLERY - MATRONS 185

They turn away in disgust.

186 INT. GALLERY - BILL AND CURLY SUE 186

Bill's further annoyed that he's lost his temper and that he and Curly Sue are being watched and listened to.

BILL
People didn't come here to listen to you complain and get snotty.

CURLY SUE
You're the one who's pissing battery acid.

187 INT. GALLERY 187

On that, the matrons quickly file out, abandoning their study and their tour guide.

188 INT. GALLERY - BILL AND CURLY SUE 188

He notes that the women have fled.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

You don't talk foul here. This is a place of beauty and intelligence.

CURLY SUE

It's boring.

BILL

It's boring because you want it to be boring.

CURLY SUE

It's boring because there's nothing to do but sit and look.

BILL

Years from now, you'll remember this. And you'll remember that picture.

CURLY SUE

No, I won't.

BILL

Yes, you will, because someday that's gonna be you and I'm gonna be that lady, only it won't be me. It'll be a real lady and you'll have things right, the way they're supposed to be.

Curly Sue looks up at him quizzically. She has an inkling of what he's getting at.

BILL

And I mean that because you're important to me and I don't know why. You argue with me and you don't like anything I try to do for you.

189 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

189

She's still confused. She looks from Bill to the painting.

190 EXTREME CLOSEUP - PAINTING

190

The soft, radiant face of the woman in the painting. Grey's face DISSOLVES THROUGH the painting...

191 CLOSEUP - GREY

191

She's wearing the expression of the woman in the painting.

(CONTINUED)

- 191 CONTINUED: 191
 Eyes at their corners, lost in a stare, lips delicately pursed in thought. As quiescent as a dewdrop on a rose petal.
- 192 HER POV OUT SKYSCRAPER WINDOW 192
 The crumbling fringes of the immediate downtown area. Evening's come.
- 193 CLOSEUP - GREY 193
 Without changing her peaceful expression on her face, she slowly turns her desk chair away from the window.
- 194 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSEUP - GREY 194
 She turns INTO FRAME and rears back in alarm.
- 195 HER POV - EXTREME CLOSEUP - ANISE 195
 She's leaning across the desk.

ANISE

Did you know that it's ten after six? You have a dinner at seven?

- 196 EXT. GREY'S OFFICE BUILDING - LATER 196
 She marches out of the building with Anise trailing behind, trying to keep up, reading notes from a pad.

ANISE

Grey! Slow down! My legs are moving so fast, my pantyhose is melting!

Grey slams to a stop. Anise catches up to her.

ANISE

(out of breath)
 Mrs. Arnold called. She sounded pissed. She needs to see you tomorrow. I gave her two-thirty. Is that okay?

GREY

Two-thirty. When?

ANISE

Tomorrow. Are you okay?

GREY

No. I'm late.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

ANISE

Walker called. He said he has a dinner meeting and probably won't come over but if you think you'll need to have sex... he said it... go ahead over to his place after your dinner.

GREY

He's sick. We had sex nine times on Sunday...

ANISE

He said Saturday. And it was only twice.

GREY

He's wrong. Call him and decline. I really have to go.

ANISE

A little advice? Slow down before something bad happens. Okay?

Grey ignores her and continues on her way down the sidewalk, leaving Anise confused and shivering outside the building.

197 EXT. STREET

197

Curly Sue and Bill are trudging down the sidewalk, bundled against the wind.

CURLY SUE

You want me smack you in the head again?

BILL

Nope.

CURLY SUE

You gonna let me get her purse?

Bill answers with a stern look.

CURLY SUE

We ain't beggars, right?

BILL

Nope.

CURLY SUE

So what's the point of going to find that lady again?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Are you hungry?

CURLY SUE

Not much.

BILL

Well, I am. And it might be awhile before I can find work so there's no harm showing our face around that lady and seeing if she'll offer us another supper.

CURLY SUE

That's begging.

BILL

Begging's asking in a pathetic fashion.

CURLY SUE

You're splitting hairs. Hell, I'd just as soon sing for my supper than sit in a parking lot. They stink all to holy heaven.

BILL

We'll just wait by the garage looking like we have business and if she comes by and feels kind, we'll take her kindness. If she doesn't come...

CURLY SUE

We freeze our nuts off.

BILL

You don't have any nuts to freeze off.

CURLY SUE

How about my toes?

BILL

Fine.

198

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

198

Grey enters the garage.

199

CLOSEUP - GREY

199

The sight of her car in the parking lot triggers the memory of the evening before. She slows to a stop as she looks at her car.

200 HER POV (MOVING) 200
Closing in on the back of the Mercedes.

201 CLOSEUP - GREY 201
She looks left and right half-expecting to see Bill and Curly Sue. She reaches her car and unlocks it.

202 INT. CAR 202
Grey drops into the seat and closes the door.

203 CLOSEUP - MERCEDES TAILLIGHTS 203
The backup lights shine white.

204 INT. GARAGE 204
The car backs out very slowly.

205 CLOSEUP - GREY 205
She's watching like a hawk. No one's getting behind her car tonight.

206 INT. PARKING LOT 206
The Mercedes pulls fully and safely out of the space, stops briefly and pulls away.

207 EXT. STREET 207
Bill and Curly Sue approach the parking garage.

208 EXT. PARKING GARAGE 208
A car pulls out and another. The sound of SQUEALING TIRES can be heard inside.

209 INT. GARAGE - EXIT RAMP 209
The nose of the Mercedes heads up the ramp.

210 INT. MERCEDES - CLOSEUP - GREY 210
She looks away for a moment to turn on her headlights.

211 CLOSEUP - MERCEDES GRILLE 211
The headlights go on.

212 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - BILL AND CURLY SUE 212
They round the corner. Bill's on the outside.

- 213 CLOSEUP - GREY 213
 She looks from the dash to the ramp ahead. She screams.
- 214 HER POV - OUT WINDSHIELD 214
 Bill's directly in front of her. He leaps to avoid getting run over. He lands on the hood of the car.
- 215 EXT. STREET 215
 The MERCEDES SCREECHES to a halt. Bill slides off the hood onto the sidewalk. The door flies open and Grey jumps out.
- 216 CLOSEUP - GREY 216
 She's in horror as she looks down in an eerie and more immediately disturbing repeat of the night before.
- 217 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 217
 She screams at the top of her voice.
- 218 CLOSEUP - BILL 218
 He's laying with his head against a French cotton pillow-case. His eyes are closed.
- 219 INT. BEDROOM 219
 An elegantly-decorated guest room in Grey's apartment. Bill's in bed.
- 220 INT. LIVING ROOM 220
 Curly Sue's sitting on a sofa in the large, art and antique-filled living room. Grey and a physician, DR. MORAGA, a lean, fragile man in his late sixties, are speaking in soft tones.
- DR. MORAGA
 There're no broken bones, no contusions, no abrasions. A few lesions, but that's not of your doing. There's a wound on his forehead a day or two old.
- GREY
 I did that yesterday.
- DR. MORAGA
 You hit him twice?
- 221 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 221
 She eavesdrops on the conversation, leaning heavily toward Dr. Moraga and Grey.

222 INT. LIVING ROOM - DR. MORAGA AND GREY

222

They finish their conversation.

DR. MORAGA

What he needs is rest, soap, a razor, a decent meal and a swift kick in the behind. You're crazy to let a person like that in your house.

223 CLOSEUP - GREY

223

She indicates to Dr. Moraga to cease. She turns around to Curly Sue.

224 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

224

She's sitting perfectly upright, hands folded in her lap, looking overly innocent.

225 CLOSEUP - GREY

225

She turns back and offers an explanation.

GREY

The little girl is his daughter.

226 CLOSEUP - DR. MORAGA

226

He glances beyond Grey to Curly Sue. Then back to Grey.

DR. MORAGA

She could use a little soap, too. This is a matter for the city, not for a single woman living alone.

227 CLOSEUP - GREY

227

Part of her understands very clearly. The rest of her is heart-controlled.

GREY

It looks worse than it is, I'm sure. I appreciate your concern, but it's okay.

228 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

228

She's leaning heavily once again. Grey and Dr. Moraga have lowered their voices further, making it very difficult for Curly Sue to hear what they're saying. She leans dangerously close to the edge of the sofa. She leans another inch, loses her balance, and flips off the sofa, crashing to the floor.

229 INT. LIVING ROOM

229

Grey and Dr. Moraga turn suddenly to see Curly Sue in a heap on the floor. As quickly as she fell to the floor, she sits up. Curly Sue offers her sweetest smile.

CURLY SUE

I'm sorry. I fell asleep seeing
as how I was so extremely tired.

She rubs the back of head with the heel of her palm.
She took a crack on the head.

GREY

You can go to sleep in just a
minute.

(to Dr. Moraga)

Thank you so much for coming up.

DR. MORAGA

Don't be silly.

He gives her a peck on the cheek. She walks him to the front door.

DR. MORAGA

This is the stuff of ten o'clock
news lead stories but you're over
twenty-one.

GREY

I'll sleep with my door locked.

DR. MORAGA

Good night, dear.

Dr. Moraga exits. Grey closes the door.

230 CLOSEUP - GREY

230

She rests her head against the door. The trauma of the accident has compounded the fatigue of her job pressure and the friction in her relationship with Walker. She releases a heavy, anguished sigh and turns into the room.

231 HER POV - CURLY SUE

231

is sitting prim and proper on the sofa.

CURLY SUE

You have a very nice apartment.
A-P-A-R-T-M-E-N-T.

232 INT. BEDROOM

232

Bill's out of bed, listening at the door. He's dressed except for his shoes.

- 233 INT. BATHROOM 233
 A large, modern bathroom with a giant whirlpool tub. High ceilings, granite and chrome, every technological bathroom toy. Curly Sue is sitting in the tub, water to her collar bones, dwarfed by the vast tub and bathroom. She's staring at a bottle of shampoo sitting on the edge of the tub.
- 234 CLOSEUP - SHAMPOO BOTTLE 234
 A bottle of high-end salon brand shampoo.
- 235 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 235
 She's staring at it fearfully.
- 236 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN 236
 Grey's looking in her cupboards.
- 237 HER POV - CUPBOARD 237
 Except for a box of matzo and a bottle of soy sauce, the cupboard is empty.
- 238 CLOSEUP - REFRIGERATOR 238
 A Sub-Zero door opens on a bare interior. Evian and a plastic container of tofu.
- 239 CLOSEUP - DOMINOS PIZZA BOX LID 239
 The graphics are right side up and FILL FRAME. CAMERA MOVES DOWN OFF the box TO the kitchen tabletop and UP TO Curly Sue sitting at the table visible from the chin up, eating pizza. CAMERA has started UPSIDE DOWN ON the opened pizza box and has ended up RIGHT SIDE UP ON Curly Sue. She has a large white bath towel wrapped around her head. She's engulfed in one of Grey's white terry cloth robes.
- 240 INT. KITCHEN 240
 Curly Sue and Grey are sitting across the kitchen table. There's an uncomfortable silence, finally broken by Curly Sue.

CURLY SUE
 This is very excellent.

GREY
 I'm glad you like it.

CURLY SUE
 I never knew pizza's so good when it's hot.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: 240

Grey nods in mild agreement.

CURLY SUE
Do you think Bill wants some?

GREY
I think Bill's better off resting.

Curly Sue, in a dramatic display, turns her head to the side, puts her hand to her mouth and sighs.

241 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 241

She peeks at Grey to see her reaction.

242 INT. KITCHEN 242

The reaction is perfect. Grey leans forward, gushing sympathy.

GREY
The doctor said he's fine.

CURLY SUE
Don't tell him he saw a doctor.
That's not his faith.

GREY
That'll be our secret.

A pained GROAN comes from O.S.

CURLY SUE
(knowingly)
That's his 'afraid to die alone!'
groan.

Grey quickly rises from her seat.

GREY
You keep eating, I'll go see how
he is.

CURLY SUE
Tell him I love him. Tell him to
hold on and not leave me.

GREY
He'll be alright. I'm sure of it.

She exits. Curly Sue watches her, holding her sorrowful look. As soon as Grey is out of the room, the sorrow evaporates and she takes another slice of pizza and sails into it with contentment.

243 INT. BEDROOM 243
 Bill has his ear pressed against the door. He hears GREY APPROACHING and rushes back to the bed.

244 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY 244
 Grey listens at the door before opening it.

245 CLOSEUP - DOOR 245
 It swings open to reveal Bill back in bed, an exaggerated look of confusion on his face. He lifts his head off the pillow.

BILL

The angel of mercy has come for me!

246 INT. BEDROOM DOORWAY 246
 Grey sheepishly enters. She doesn't really know what to say or do.

GREY

It's me.

247 INT. BEDROOM - BED 247
 Grey walks to the bed. Bill looks at her with feigned bewilderment.

BILL

Who?

GREY

The lady from the parking garage?

BILL

(after a long pause)

Ooooohhh. Sure. I'm sorry. I thought I was having a vision.

(another pause)

Where am I?

GREY

You're in my apartment. I hit you with my car.

BILL

(feigned confusion)

Is it yesterday?

(looks around in a panic; sniffs the air)

My faith! I smell a doctor. I smell alcohol and leather!

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

247

GREY
There's no doctor.

BILL
No?

GREY
No.

Bill grabs her arm in alarm.

BILL
Where's my child?

GREY
She's in the kitchen eating.

Bill sighs with relief. Then shakes his head.

BILL
We're causing an imposition.

GREY
No, not at all.

BILL
(looks away)
I'm ashamed, ma'am.

GREY
Don't be.

BILL
Oh, ma'am, ma'am, ma'am...

GREY
My name's Grey.

Bill takes her arm again. She looks down at his hand.

248 CLOSEUP - GREY'S WRIST

248

Bill's dirty, rough hand has a hold on her smooth, soft wrist.

249 INT. BEDROOM

249

His eyes lock on hers. He's scamming her but can't help noticing how beautiful she is. His look is more reverential than seductive or cavalier.

BILL
Mrs. Grey?

(CONTINUED)

She skips a breath as she makes eye contact. For a split second she forgets that he's destitute. She breaks eye contact and clears her throat.

GREY

Just Grey.

The faintest, most gentle smile ripples across his lips.

BILL

It would be an honor... Grey.

Bill lets go of Grey's wrist.

BILL

I believe I'm missing my shoes.

GREY

(looking down)
They're here on the floor.

He attempts to get out of bed.

BILL

I'll gather the child and...

Grey puts her hand on Bill's chest to block his exit from the bed.

GREY

You can't leave.

Grey removes her hand. It was a knee-jerk reaction to his trying to get up and she's momentarily embarrassed.

BILL

I can't stay. We've had our fair share of kindness..

GREY

The little girl's had a bath and I have a room all ready for her. I'd feel better if you stayed the night.

BILL

(touched)
Were your folks religious people?

Grey doesn't understand where the question came from. She thinks a moment and answers.

GREY

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
I'm surprised.

GREY
Why?

BILL
(to the hilt)
Because you're a saint. You'd
look so lovely in marble.

Grey's uncomfortable with the overblown compliment.
Rather than flatter her, it causes a tinge of suspicion.

GREY
There're fresh towels in the
bathroom...
(pointing to the
bath off the
bedroom)
... There's a robe and there might
be a pair of pajamas in the
closet. At any rate, rest and
I'll see that your daughter gets
to bed.

BILL
(dropping the
bullshit)
Thanks.

Grey walks to the door. A last, unpleasant thought.

GREY
(firm and strong)
The apartment's wired for security.
There's a man downstairs. I need
only push a button. I don't mean
to be harsh or unfriendly but I
don't know you and you are in my
home. If you have any dishonest
inklings, I caution you that I'm
no fool.

BILL
I understand. For the record,
I'm no criminal.

Grey nods. The conversation wasn't proper and she
doesn't want to leave him with anything that he could
take for weakness or vulnerability.

GREY
Good night.

She exits the room.

250 CLOSEUP - BILL 250

He considers whether or not he's pushed too hard and too fast. He's concerned that he may have blown it.

251 CLOSEUP - GREY 251

On the other side of the door. She thinks for a moment. She puts her ear to the door.

252 INT. BEDROOM 252

Bill knows she's listening. He cups his hand to his mouth and lets out a soft groan.

BILL

Oh, mercy, my head...

253 CLOSEUP - GREY 253

A look of worry. Did she lean too hard on him?

254 INT. KITCHEN 254

Curly Sue's going through Grey's wallet. She's checking the credit cards.

CURLY SUE

(to herself)

American Express platinum card.
You can buy a car on this.

She opens the cash compartment and whistles at the wad inside.

CURLY SUE

Big time...

She suddenly slaps the wallet closed, returns it to the purse and runs the purse to the counter where she found it. She runs back to the table. Stops. Runs back and removes a checkbook from the pocket of the robe. She returns to the chair a moment before Grey returns.

GREY

I just spoke with your father.
He's feeling much better.

CURLY SUE

Bless his soul. He's a fighter,
ma'am.

GREY

I think what he'd most like from
you is for you to go to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

I think that's probably a good idea because I'm desperately tired.

GREY

Do you have any...
(realizes the
stupidity of
her question)
... pajamas?

CURLY SUE

I had a nightgown when I was little. But I don't know where it went. It probably became a car wash rag. That's where most old clothes end up, you know.

255

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

255

Grey's looking through her dresser. Curly Sue's looking into her closet. She's still wearing the robe but the towel's gone from her head and her hair's pulled back in a pony tail.

CURLY SUE

How many people live here?

GREY

Just me.

(corrects herself in
the interests of
safety)

But sometimes others come and stay.

CURLY SUE

Whose are all these clothes?

GREY

Mine.

Curly Sue whistles.

CURLY SUE

Oh, ma'am, that's bullshit.
There's a ton of shoes.

GREY

There's not a ton and you shouldn't talk like that.

Curly Sue realizes she let slip with an obscenity.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

Don't tell Bill I said 'bullshit', okay? He said if I say 'bullshit' one more time, he'd slap the piss out of me.

GREY

That's not nice talk and nobody's slapping anything out of you.

CURLY SUE

It's okay.

It occurs to Grey that Bill might be abusing her.

GREY

Does he hit you?

CURLY SUE

No, he don't. It's a saying. But if he's really mad, he'll yell and sometimes spit flies out. That's just as bad as a smack.

GREY

(partially relieved)
Promise me you won't say those bad words in my house.

CURLY SUE

You got it. How come your bed's so huge?

GREY

I like a big bed.

CURLY SUE

You got a lot of pillows.

GREY

I like a lot of pillows.

CURLY SUE

How come you got so many TV's?

Grey's uncomfortable with the questioning. She removes a T-shirt and a pair of gym shorts from the dresser.

GREY

How about this? It won't be the most beautiful outfit in the world but it should do.

She hands the clothes to Curly Sue. She feels the fabric and sniffs it.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

It smells like perfume.

GREY

It's probably fabric softener.

CURLY SUE

What's that?

GREY

A laundry additive that gives clothing a softer feel.

CURLY SUE

Well, what do you know.

GREY

Why don't you go to the bedroom next to mine -- that'll be your room tonight -- and try those things on. I'll come in and say good night.

CURLY SUE

Ma'am, you are so nice.

Curly Sue can be so sincere when she wants to be and it works very well. Grey is touched.

GREY

My name's Grey.

CURLY SUE

Mrs. Grey?

GREY

Just Grey. What's your name?

CURLY SUE

Curly Sue.

GREY

I know why they call you Curly Sue. Because of that beautiful, curly hair.

Curly Sue stares at her a long beat.

CURLY SUE

No. It's because when I was a baby I didn't have no hair at all and Bill thought I looked like the big oaf in the Three Stooges.

INT. BILL'S ROOM

Bill's out of bed, fiddling with the TV. He's trying to figure out how to turn it on. It's a remote control set and has no on/off switch. The door opens and Curly Sue slips in. He jumps in alarm, thinking it's Grey.

BILL

Jeez!

(relieved)

You scared the crap out of me.

CURLY SUE

Sorry. This sucker's flying like all hell, Bill. She's got a little swimming pool in her bathroom, more clothes than two K-Mart's, and I ate a whole entire pizza.

BILL

You like it, huh?

CURLY SUE

The whole goddamn place smells good. Everything. Even the clothes. And when you take a bath, use this crap called creme rise and it makes your hair real slippery and it don't hurt to comb it.

BILL

That's great but this lady's no easy drop. Don't forget that.

CURLY SUE

I know. I'll bet she went to high school.

BILL

Gimme a kiss.

Curly Sue gives him a big, happy hug and a kiss.

BILL

How much do you love this old geezer?

CURLY SUE

All the way around the world ten times and to the moon, back by June.

Curly Sue starts for the door. She slows, stops and turns.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY SUE

(worried)

Bill? I never slept by myself since I was a baby.

BILL

You'll like it. You don't get kicked so much.

CURLY SUE

Will I get scared?

BILL

Not in a place like this. You're gonna have the most beautiful dreams of your life. Promise.

Curly Sue's fears are put to rest. A final thought occurs to her as she opens the door.

CURLY SUE

(whispers)

We still don't steal, right?

BILL

That's right.

CURLY SUE

Just checking.

257 INT. BATHROOM

257

Grey's getting ready for bed. She notices Curly Sue's clothing on the floor in the corner. She crosses to them and picks them up. She's almost brought to tears by the deteriorated condition of the mismatched collection of clothing. She unravels a tattered girl's undershirt and toys with the frayed ribbon decoration on the collar.

258 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE'S SHOES

258

Worn, torn, dirty, mismatched leather high tops.

259 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM - LATER

259

Another elegantly furnished bedroom. Grey's sitting on the edge of the bed. Curly Sue's buried in the sheets, comforter, pillows. She's Never had such luxury.

CURLY SUE

How come you don't have kids? You have plenty of dough for lots of them.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

It'd be hard for me to have kids.
I'm not married.

CURLY SUE

Kids don't come from weddings,
you know. They come from...
(she lifts the covers)
... right down between...

GREY

(cuts her off)

I know. The proper way to have a
family is to start with a wedding
isn't it?

CURLY SUE

Unless you have a baby first.

GREY

True.

CURLY SUE

I want seven babies.

GREY

Seven?

CURLY SUE

I'm naming them Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday and Bill. After Bill.

GREY

Can I ask you why you call your
Dad, 'Bill'?

She knows she blew it. She plots a quick recovery.

CURLY SUE

If I'm in a crowded place? An' I
yell 'Dad!', fifty guys turn
around. I yell 'Bill!', and maybe
two turn around. It's a time-
saver, really.

(changes the subject)

Boy, I'm tired. Bill...

(makes quote marks)

'Dad' used to tell me, 'sleep
tight, don't let the bed bugs bite'.
But they did anyway.

GREY

Where's your mom?

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED: (2)

259

There's a long pause between the question and the answer.

CURLY SUE

You have to ask... Dad.

GREY

You don't know?

CURLY SUE

I think Florida.

GREY

Bill knows?

CURLY SUE

I think.

GREY

Are you and your dad going some place? Do you live here?

CURLY SUE

(nervous)

We're going some place.

GREY

To visit?

CURLY SUE

Yeah.

GREY

Do you go to school?

Curly Sue considers her answer.

CURLY SUE

I'm on vacation.

GREY

Oh. What vacation?

CURLY SUE

Winter.

GREY

Oh.

CURLY SUE

It's almost over.

GREY

Okay. You better get some sleep.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED: (3)

259

CURLY SUE
I'm exhausted, frankly.

GREY
Good night.

Grey stands up.

CURLY SUE
Thank you for being nice to us.

GREY
Thank you for keeping me company
tonight. If it wasn't for you, I'd
be lonely.

CURLY SUE
Where's the guy you were with
yesterday?

GREY
He had to work late.

CURLY SUE
Is he a cop?

GREY
No. Good night.

She turns off the light and walks to the door.

CURLY SUE
I bet he loves you a ton.

GREY
I hope so.

CURLY SUE
I know how you can tell.

Grey stands at the door.

CURLY SUE
He lets you eat first.

260 CLOSEUP - GREY

260

Sad but probably true. She blows Curly Sue a kiss,
steps out and closes the door.

261 INT. HALLWAY

261

Grey walks down the hall slowly, considering what Curly
Sue said. She stops at her door and looks down the
hall.

- 262 HER POV 262
Bill's closed door at the end of the hallway.
- 263 CLOSEUP - GREY 263
She wonders what the hell she's doing. She slips into her bedroom and closes the door. CAMERA SLIDES DOWN TO the doorknob. The LOCK CLICKS.
- 264 EXT. APARTMENT - LATER 264
From the next building. The lights in Grey's apartment go off.
- 265 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM - CURLY SUE 265
She's saying silent prayers. Hands clasped, eyes squeezed shut, lips moving rapidly.
- 266 INT. GUEST ROOM - BILL 266
On his back, snoring to beat all hell.
- 267 INT. BEDROOM - GREY 267
She's in bed in the master. She's experiencing feelings she's never had before.
- 268 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - LATER 268
Walker strolls into the lobby. His tie's loosened. He's tired. He crosses to the elevators.
- 269 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - LATER 269
The front door opens slowly and Walker peeks in. He scopes the situation and slips in. He closes the door and locks it. He slips off his shoes and enters.
- 270 INT. HALLWAY - GREY'S DOOR 270
Walker tries the door. It's locked.
- WALKER
(whispers)
Shit... she's mad...
- Walker figures he's been locked out. He crosses to the guest bathroom and goes in.
- 271 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM - CURLY SUE - LATER 271
She's sound asleep. Dead to the world.

272 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM 272
Walker steps softly into the room. He's in his shorts,
ready for bed. He crosses to the bed and slips in.

273 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 273
Her eyes pop open in fear. She lifts her head off the
pillow. She cringes as she hears Walker sigh. She looks
over her shoulder.

274 CLOSEUP - WALKER 274
He hears the RUSTLE of the SHEETS. His eyes open. He
looks over his shoulder.

275 HIS POV 275
Curly Sue's looking at him. She screams and throws a
punch INTO CAMERA.

276 CLOSEUP - WALKER 276
He's knocked out of the bed.

277 INT. GUEST ROOM 277
Bill leaps from the bed and scrambles to the door.

278 INT. GREY'S ROOM 278
She jumps out of bed.

279 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM 279
Walker jumps up and runs to the door. Curly Sue's
shrieking.

280 INT. HALLWAY 280
Bill dashes to the guest room door.

281 CLOSEUP - DOOR 281
Walker swings it open. He yells.

282 CLOSEUP - BILL 282
He yells.

283 CLOSEUP - WALKER 283
He draws back and throws a punch.

284 INT. HALLWAY 284
Bill hits the deck. Walker jumps over him and runs to
Grey's room.

ROOM
286 She swings open her door. Walker's waiting.
CLOSEUP - GREY

287 She screams and throws a punch.
INT. HALLWAY

288 Walker hits the deck.
INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Walker is sitting at the kitchen table holding his head.
Grey's making him an ice pack of cubes and a kitchen
towel.

You're nuts! WALKER

Will you keep your voice down? GREY

Am I hallucinating? You have
two derelicts in your apartment? WALKER

It's a long story. GREY

She hands the ice pack to Walker. He puts it against
his forehead, wincing in exaggerated pain.

A weird story and I'm putting an
end to it as soon as I can focus
my eyes. WALKER

I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't
recognize you. GREY

That speaks well for your relationship.
WALKER

I was ripped from my sleep by
a screaming child, I open the
door... GREY

Speaking of which, that goddamn
little urchin gave me a pop you
wouldn't believe. Knuckle punch
right in the nose. WALKER

(CONTINUED)

288

CONTINUED:

288

Grey snaps at him again as he raises his voice to keep it in line with his anger.

GREY

I asked you to keep your voice down.

WALKER

(angry whisper)
And I told you last night you were itching for trouble buying those two food. How the hell did they end up in here?

Grey hesitates before she delivers the embarrassing truth.

GREY

(sheepishly)
I hit him with my car again.

WALKER

(after a pause)
Exactly what time were you born yesterday?

GREY

It's crazy but it's true.

Walker nods, mocking her.

WALKER

Did it ever occur to you that this monkey might be throwing himself in front of your car?

289

INT. HALLWAY - BILL AND CURLY SUE

289

They're eavesdropping.

CURLY SUE

Jig's up, Bill.

BILL

Shh...

290

INT. KITCHEN

290

Walker continues.

WALKER

You're an educated woman who has a position of responsibility in a major law firm, making a tremendous living. What happened to you? What possessed you to invite vagabonds into your house?

(CONTINUED)

GREY

I'm not stupid. I had my bedroom door locked.

Walker has her on the ropes. He keeps pressing, pushing her down, making her feel stupid, making her defend the indefensible.

WALKER

Oh, gee, then you were perfectly safe.

GREY

I didn't sense any danger. If I had, I wouldn't have done it.

WALKER

There wasn't any danger? I got slugged twice in five seconds.

GREY

That was an accident. I'm sure when you got in bed you scared the living hell out of Curly Sue.

WALKER

Curly Sue? Oh, that's cute. What is she? The last Stooge?

GREY

No, but you're warm. Listen, I don't know what this is about. I can't explain it in words you'd understand.

WALKER

English, Spanish. Hebrew, Mandarin, it'd come out the same. You're stark, raving out of your head.

Grey's had enough of Walker's potshot. She shoots back.

GREY

And you're abusive and insensitive.

WALKER

You want to keep it down?

GREY

No, I don't!

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED: (2)

290

WALKER

Don't think you can get holy with me just because you endangered your life for no goddamn apparent reason...

GREY

If it's a mistake, you can chortle at me all week.

WALKER

If it's a mistake, you won't be around to chortle at.

GREY

You can let yourself out.

WALKER

Oh, no. I'm not leaving you here alone with them in the house. No way, babe.

GREY

Then sleep on the couch. The guest rooms are taken.

291 INT. HALLWAY

291

Bill and Curly Sue are waiting for Grey as she returns.

BILL

We're causing you a load of trouble.

GREY

No, you're not. Go back to sleep.
(pause)
How's your face?

BILL

It's getting a little soft.

GREY

I apologize. You scared him. He didn't recognize you.

BILL

I think it'd be much better if we just cleared out.

GREY

I said I wasn't a fool.

BILL

No, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

So quit playing me for one and go to bed.

BILL

I didn't mean anything by what I said.

GREY

If you want to take a child out in the street, in the cold, in the middle of the night, to prove you're a swell guy, you're not.

Bill's offended. He defends himself.

BILL

If I didn't think I could provide her with something, you can be damn sure I wouldn't take her out of here and if I did I wouldn't go empty handed.

Grey backs down. She realizes she was too harsh.

GREY

I apologize.

BILL

I lost my pride a long time ago. But I'm never gonna lose my dignity.

(pause)

Do you want us to stay or go?

GREY

(after a pause)

I'd like you to stay.

BILL

Done.

(to Curly Sue)

Say good night to the lady.

CURLY SUE

Good night.

GREY

Good night.

Grey starts back to her room.

CURLY SUE

Did I bust that man's nose?

(CONTINUED)

- 291 CONTINUED: (2) 291
- GREY
I sure as shit hope so.
- CURLY SUE
(corrects her)
You sure as hell hope so.
- 292 EXT. CITY - MORNING 292
- A bright, clear, cold day.
- 293 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 293
- Walker's a twisted, contorted mass of sore muscles and joints as he sleeps on a sofa. He's in his shorts, using his suitcoat as a blanket.
- 294 CLOSEUP - WALKER 294
- One eye slides slowly open.
- 295 CLOSEUP - PANTS 295
- Walker's pants are in a heap on the floor. His hand searches for his wallet. It's in his back pocket where it should be.
- 296 CLOSEUP - WALKER 296
- He checks the contents. Nothing's missing.
- 297 INT. SECOND GUEST ROOM 297
- Curly Sue's gone. The bed's open.
- 298 INT. GREY'S ROOM - GREY 298
- She's sleeping, comforter pulled up tight to her jawline. She stirs. Her eyes open. Something feels wrong and strange. She determines that it's in the region of her neck. She peels the comforter back to reveal a small arm and hand around her neck. She gently unhooks herself from the hold, turns and draws the comforter back further.
- 299 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 299
- As pure and innocent and vulnerable as a child can be.
- 300 CLOSEUP - GREY 300
- She doesn't recall Curly Sue getting in bed with her. For the briefest moment, she feels invaded and put-off. The feeling passes as she looks upon the sleeping face. Again, it stirs something in her.

301 INT. APARTMENT - FOYER 301
The front door opens and a maid, TRINA, lets herself in. She's in her mid-twenties, a firm, sturdy, Eastern European. She takes off her coat and hangs it up. She hears the TV and pads down the hall to the library and looks in.

302 HER POV 302
The TV's ON. CARTOONS.

303 INT. LIBRARY - LATER 303
Curly Sue's watching CARTOONS, eating cold pizza. She doesn't see the maid.

304 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - BILL 304
He's still sleeping.

305 INT. GUEST ROOM 305
Trina walks in. Bill is hidden beneath the down comforter. She crosses to the closet and takes out a white uniform.

306 CLOSEUP - BILL 306
He awakens.

307 CLOSEUP - TRINA'S ANKLES 307
Her dress hits the floor.

308 CLOSEUP - BILL 308
He peeks over the covers. He's startled to see...

309 HIS POV 309
Trina. From behind. In her underwear.

310 CLOSEUP - BILL 310
He quickly lays back down.

311 INT. GUEST ROOM 311
Trina crosses around to the side of the bed and sits down...

312 CLOSEUP - BILL 312
Looking up in alarm.

435 EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE 435

Bill's carrying Curly Sue on his shoulders. Grey is huddled beside him. They're heading home.

436 EXT. BRIDGE TOWER 436

A homeless man is curled up at the base of the tower. He's turned in for the night, his possessions carefully secured between him and the tower.

437 EXT. BRIDGE 437

Bill, Grey and Sue approach the man. Grey doesn't see him. Bill slows down, reaches in his pocket for his change, Curly gets hers and hands it to Bill. He drops it in the man's hat. Grey removes the buck Oxbar gave her. She slips it in the hat. They continue. MUSIC ENDS...

438 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - LATER 438

The lights are out. Curly's in bed. Grey and Bill are sitting in the dark on the couch, looking out at the city lights. They say nothing. Grey yawns and stretches out her arms. She lets one arm down around Bill's shoulders. He's uncomfortable with the intimacy.

GREY

I had a lovely evening.

BILL

It's nice as a joke. The charm fades pretty quick.

GREY

And I love your daughter.

BILL

She knows how to have a good time.

GREY

And I'm growing very fond of her father.

BILL

That would be your biggest mistake.

GREY

I don't know.

She hangs one leg over his.

(CONTINUED)

438 CONTINUED:

438

BILL

I may be without means and at the mercy of a whole lot of people and things but I am still a man and an old-fashioned one.

GREY

That's good.

BILL

What I mean is...

GREY

Your male pride is wounded by having to take favors from a woman and my arm around you intensifies the feelings.

BILL

(after a long beat)

That's true but I was getting at something else.

GREY

What?

BILL

Do you think you could leave your door unlocked tonight?

Grey smiles.

GREY

I left it unlocked last night.

BILL

No, you didn't.

GREY

You checked?

Bill smiles.

439 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

439

The lights are out. Someone's in bed.

440 CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB

440

It turns slowly.

441 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BED

441

Bill slips into the bed. He lays for a moment, catches his heart and relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

441 CONTINUED:

441

BILL

It's been a long time since I've
been in a situation like this.

There's no response.

BILL

You know what's really hard?

CURLY SUE

If I guess right will you wash my
mouth out with soap?

Bill sits bolt upright. Curly Sue rolls over to face
him.

BILL

Sue!

(pause; bad vamp)

My God! I just had the weirdest
dream. Where am I? This isn't
my room.

CURLY SUE

Do you want me to leave?

Bill gives up trying to bullshit her.

BILL

(long pause)

If you wouldn't mind.

She puts her hands to her temples and gives him the
"horns." She hops out of bed.

CURLY SUE

You could do a lot worse.

She exits. Bill lays back in the bed. Grey comes out
of the bathroom.

442 CLOSEUP - BILL

442

He watches her. He's nervous.

443 CLOSEUP - GREY

443

She's just as nervous.

GREY

It's strange. Suddenly, this is
really hard.

444 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GREY'S ROOM 444

Sue's listening at the door.

SUE

(to herself)

If she ain't careful, she's gonna
get her mouth washed out with
soap.

445 EXT. CITY - MORNING 445

A frosty morning. The city from the railyards.

446 CLOSEUP - GREY 446

Sleeping. She wakes up. Opens her eyes for a moment.
Closes them. Opens them again. Alert. Something's
wrong.

447 INT. BEDROOM 447

Rolls over and sits up. She's alone in the bed.

448 INT. BILL'S BEDROOM 448

Grey throws open the door. The bed's made. The suit's
on the bed. No Bill.

449 INT. KITCHEN 449

Sue's eating cereal, watching TV. Grey walks in.

GREY

Did you see Bill this morning?

CURLY SUE

No.

GREY

What time did you get up?

CURLY SUE

It was still dark. What's wrong?

GREY

He's not here.

CURLY SUE

(worried)

Did he leave a note?

She shakes her head, no.

CURLY SUE

Did he leave a ring? A little
one?

(CONTINUED)

449 CONTINUED:

449

Grey shakes her head again.

CURLY SUE

He'll be back.

She returns to her cereal. Grey's completely confused but relieved.

450 EXT. WESTSIDE LABOR OFFICE

450

FROM a sign on the door -- DAY LABORERS WANTED -- PAST a gallery of prospective day laborers -- forgotten men, young and old, lined up outside the building, ENDING ON Bill.

451 INT. GREY'S OFFICE

451

She's sitting on the couch with Mrs. Arnold.

GREY

Let me just ask one question.
Do you love him?

Mrs. Arnold looks at her like her lips are on fire.

MRS. ARNOLD

Not if I'm gonna grind him into
the ground.

GREY

Do you want to save your marriage?

MRS. ARNOLD

What about the pictures and the
tape recordings and the interviews
with the call girls?

GREY

Forget about that. Do you want to
stay with the man?

MRS. ARNOLD

(after a pause)
Yes.

GREY

Then let's work on that.

MRS. ARNOLD

(after a confused
pause)

Are you okay? You seem a little
nice.

452 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - MASTER BATH

452

Curly Sue's scrubbing the bathtub. Her hair's tied up in a scarf, she's wearing rubber gloves. Trina's cleaning the mirror over the sink.

CURLY SUE

I hope you know you're making me miss 'Flipper.'

TRINA

You don't go to school, you work. Everybody's gotta do something when they get big.

CURLY SUE

I'm not going to be a bathtub washer.

TRINA

No? What are you going to be?

CURLY SUE

I'm gonna be a lawyer.

TRINA

You know how long you have to go to school to be that? Twenty years.

CURLY SUE

Slap my butt! No way!

453 INT. DEEP TUNNEL

453

The massive flood control project -- a thousand-foot-deep tunnel and subterranean reservoir. Bill's hauling six-foot-long rolls of fresh-cut clay.

454 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

454

Grey's home from work. She has her shoes off. Curly Sue has her shoes off. She's tired. Two working girls relaxing.

GREY

How was your day?

CURLY SUE

Total pisser.

GREY

I'm too tired to lecture you about using that kind of language.

CURLY SUE

Sorry. It slipped out.

(CONTINUED)

454 CONTINUED:

454

GREY
Did Bill call?

CURLY SUE
Nope.

GREY
Are you sure he wouldn't leave?

There's a KNOCK on the door.

455 INT. APARTMENT - DOOR

455

It swings open on Bill, dead tired, covered with mud, holding a fifty in his first two fingers.

456 INT. ENTRY - CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE AND GREY

456

They stare at him in disbelief.

457 CLOSEUP - BILL

457

He looks down at Curly Sue.

BILL
If I can work, you can go to school.

458 EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL BUILDING

458

A dark, forboding brick building. It could have been built as a lunatic asylum.

459 INT. SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

459

Grey is chatting across a desk with a hermaphroditic headmaster, ELVIN FORTEMPS.

GREY
I'd appreciate your discretion in this matter, Elvin.

FORTEMPS
Of course.

GREY
There're some legal loose ends that can't be straightened out right now. She's very bright, very streetwise but severely lacking in formal skills.

FORTEMPS
For instance?

(CONTINUED)

- 459 CONTINUED: 459
- GREY
She's illiterate.
- Fortemps sneezes.
- 460 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY 460
- Sue's being given a tour by a grim little blueblood by the name of AGNES. She's wearing a drab blue uniform.
- AGNES
I won't bore you with the academic particulars of the institution except to say we're ranked sixth in the nation, twelfth in the western hemisphere.
- CURLY SUE
That and a quarter buys a cheap cigar.
- Agnes gives her a puzzled look.
- 461 INT. LUNCH ROOM 461
- A roomful of uniformed kids. Actually two kids -- a boy and a girl, repeated fifty times each. In uniform. The same two stress-fatigued faces. All wearing glasses.
- 462 INSERT - LUNCH 462
- Broccoli, carrots, tofu, bean sprouts. Skim milk. A fig.
- 463 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE AND AGNES 463
- She stares into the lunch room. A nightmare. Agnes beams.
- AGNES
You can request a sodium-free lunch.
- 464 INT. MUSIC ROOM 464
- Fifty kids playing violin. All wearing glasses.
- 465 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DOORWAY 465
- Curly Sue's holding her ears. Agnes is enjoying the music.
- 466 INT. CLASSROOM 466
- More sour, serious children.

(CONTINUED)

466 CONTINUED:

466

All of them with glasses. A BOY is addressing the TEACHER from beside his desk.

BOY

(dry monotone)

The Muslims in the Philippines were known to the Spanish as the Moors. They are racially and linguistically indistinguishable from Filipino Christians.

TEACHER

Thank you, Gunther.

BOY

May I please assume a seated position?

TEACHER

By all means.

467 INT. DOORWAY

467

Agnes and Sue are standing in the doorway.

AGNES

And this is recess.

468 INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - GREY

468

Her back is to the open door. She's talking...

GREY

Maybe it's best to start with a tutor.

Behind her Curly Sue streaks past.

469 EXT. SCHOOL

469

Curly Sue roars out of the school, bounding down the stairs to the street.

470 INT. HALLWAY - AGNES

470

She's dumbfounded that Curly Sue took off.

AGNES

I didn't get a chance to show her the sculpture garden.

471 INT. GREY'S OFFICE - OXBAR

471

He's sitting on her sofa, legs crossed, annoyed, simmering. He looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

471 CONTINUED: 471

The office door opens and Grey hurries in. She tosses her briefcase on the sofa and...

472 CLOSEUP - OXBAR 472

The briefcase lands in his lap. He lifts it and drops it on the coffee table.

473 INT. GREY'S OFFICE - GREY 473

Behind her desk, looks up. Surprised.

GREY

Bernie! I'm sorry. I didn't know you were sitting there.

474 INT. OFFICE 474

Oxbar leans back on the couch and puts his big cap soles up on the edge of the coffee table.

OXBAR

How could you. You're never here.

GREY

That's not true. Obviously, something's bothering you.

She sits down at her desk.

OXBAR

Seriously, what are you doing? Every time I've called down here for the last couple weeks, you're not in.

GREY

I've had some personal business that needed attention.

OXBAR

How personal?

GREY

Personal enough that I'm not discussing it. What else?

OXBAR

I don't know if your personal business and the time it's taking away from your work has anything to do with this, but you've got this Arnold divorce all screwed up.

(CONTINUED)

474 CONTINUED:

474

GREY

She admitted that half the girls he was seeing, she was seeing. If they're on equal ground, they should be able to work something out. I told her to go back to her husband.

OXBAR

She did.

GREY

So what's the problem?

OXBAR

He wanted her out. That's why I told you to go easy. He wanted out but he didn't want to give up everything.

GREY

(after a pause)

I guess that's his tough luck.

OXBAR

When a politician is annoyed with a law firm that does a lot of city work, that firm has a problem.

GREY

What's your point?

OXBAR

You have photographic evidence of certain liaisons?

GREY

Not if he's going to screw her out of what she's entitled to.

Oxbar gets up.

OXBAR

No opposition on this. Destroy it. He wants the grounds. He wants the kids.

(pause)

Try spending a little bit of time at the office, alright?

He exits.

475 CLOSEUP - GREY

475

She's appalled by the request and the insult.

476 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT 476
 Grey unlocks the door and comes in. She sets down her
 briefcase, lets out a weary sigh, picks up her mail and
 walks into the living room.

477 CLOSEUP - WALKER 477
 He's sitting in a chair by the window.

478 CLOSEUP - GREY 478
 Thumbing through the mail. Looks up. Freezes.

479 CLOSEUP - WALKER 479
 He smiles.

WALKER

Hi. I remembered I had a key.

480 INT. LIVING ROOM 480
 Grey tosses the mail on the couch. Walker stands up.

GREY

You got a lotta nerve letting
 yourself in here. Give me the
 key.

WALKER

I had to see you.

GREY

That's too bad.

WALKER

I miss you.

GREY

It's not mutual.

WALKER

Why are you being so intransigent?
 I popped off at dinner. Big deal.
 I didn't like walking into a
 restaurant and seeing my lady
 sitting with a cleaned-up hobo,
 you know. I got a little crazy.

GREY

Can't you understand? I don't
 like you.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

You're on a kick. You've been working like a dog...

GREY

Leave.

WALKER

Let me finish. Maybe I'm at fault for not seeing a problem.

GREY

There's no problem to see.

WALKER

I play squash with a psychiatrist and I ran down the situation...

GREY

I don't want to hear it.

WALKER

I've been spending a lot of time thinking about us. You can show me the courtesy of listening for a minute.

GREY

No.

WALKER

Your friends are gone?

GREY

(pause)

No.

WALKER

(with a smile)

Did you fall for this guy? What's the deal? I'm truly at a loss here.

GREY

I don't want to see you anymore. It's that simple.

Walker nods angrily. He realizes how dead the situation is.

WALKER

What's the old saying? Once you've had a derelict you can never go back.

(CONTINUED)

480 CONTINUED: (2)

480

She steps forward and slaps him hard across the face.
The POP ECHOES. He grabs her wrist.

WALKER

That's what it is, huh? A little
Pygmalion? You want a guy you
can mold into the perfect
household toy?

Grey struggles to free her arm. Walker's too strong for
her.

WALKER

Playing mommy? Getting back at
your father for all those pies he
made your mother bake back in the
sixties? You're making yourself
a little housewife? You have a
serious problem. You're sick.
Get some help.

He shoves her down on the couch. He straightens his tie
and jacket. Something catches his eye. He smirks.

481 HIS POV

481

Bill's standing in the entry. Sue's at his side.

482 CLOSEUP - WALKER

482

Cocky, confident, purged of his anger.

WALKER

She's all yours.

483 INT. BUILDING - HALLWAY

483

An approaching SCUFFLE and MUFFLED VOICES. The door
flies open and Billy hurls Walker out the door into
the wall. He stands over Walker as he sits up.

BILL

Give me the key.

WALKER

You're in some big trouble, pal.

Bill explodes. He grabs Walker by the shirt collar and
rips him to his feet. He slams him against the wall and
holds him immobile with his forearm.

BILL

You ever meet one of me? Huh? A
man with absolutely nothing to
lose?

(CONTINUED)

483 CONTINUED:

483

He grabs Walker's pants pocket and tears it to the knee. The key drops on the carpet. He pulls Walker away from the wall and heaves him down the hall.

BILL

Next time you're in the neighborhood, call before you drop in.

He picks up the key and goes into the apartment.

484 CLOSEUP - WALKER

484

Angry but impotent. He picks himself up.

485 INT. APARTMENT

485

Bill walks back in. Curly Sue's waiting with a hand held high. Bill slaps it listlessly. It's not a proud moment.

CURLY SUE

He won't be calling for a rematch.

BILL

Go put on the T.V.

486 INT. LIVING ROOM

486

Grey's sitting still and sullen on the couch. Bill walks in and sits across from her on a chair.

BILL

I'm sorry.

GREY

So am I. You should have thrown him out the window.

Bill has no reply.

GREY

I don't know what you heard but none of it was true.

BILL

Does it matter?

GREY

If you think it's true it does.

(CONTINUED)

486

CONTINUED:

486

BILL

We said we'd play this until it's over. As far as I'm concerned, we're not there yet.

(pause)

What kind of pie would you like me to bake you?

Grey grabs a pillow off the couch and throws it at Bill.

487

INT. WALKER'S CAR

487

He's on his car phone. He's angry and humiliated.

WALKER

Chicago. The number for the Department of Child and Family Sevices, please.

488

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

488

Grey, Curly Sue and Bill are sitting in the living room. Curly Sue has her arms folded tight across her chest. A scowl on her face.

GREY

How do you know the dentist is bad if you've never been to a dentist?

CURLY SUE

My teeth aren't hurting. They're fine.

BILL

Don't be so pig-headed.

CURLY SUE

It used to be one against one. Now it's two against one.

BILL

It's only two against one because you're wrong. Grey wants to take you to the dentist. For your own good. Can't you understand that?

CURLY SUE

Who's taking care of me now? Her?

BILL

Cut it out. She's trying to do something nice for you.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

Don't be angry with me, Susan.

CURLY SUE

Quit calling me Susan!

BILL

What's got into you? Somebody wants to take you to a dentist and you jump all over 'em?

CURLY SUE

First it's the dentist, then it's the doctor, then it's this and then it's that and wham bam, I gotta change my whole life again.

BILL

(chuckles)

Sue, you're eight. How many times have you had to change your life?

Grey smiles. Curly Sue scowls at her.

CURLY SUE

Go ahead, make fun of me.

BILL

Then don't go to the dentist.

GREY

She's going to the dentist.

CURLY SUE

The hell I am.

GREY

What did I tell you about that kind of language in my house?

CURLY SUE

I don't have to listen to you.

BILL

As long as you're in her house, you listen to her.

CURLY SUE

Watch this!

She gets up and exits. Grey goes for her. Bill stops her.

BILL

Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

488 CONTINUED: (2)

488

GREY

What's the problem with her?
She's been as sweet as she can be.

BILL

She's spent every waking moment
of her life with me until we got
here. The more time I spend
working, the more time I spend
with you, it comes off her
account. She'll change. It's
just gonna take time.

GREY

I'm sorry.

BILL

She likes you to think she's
tough. But she's as fragile as a
soap bubble.

GREY

And she's scared to death she's
going to lose you.

Bill knows. He nods.

489 INT. ENTRY

489

Curly Sue comes out of the guest room with her old high-
tops. She stuffs her feet in them and crosses to the
door.

CURLY SUE

I'm outta here and nobody's
stopping me. Okay?

No answer. She's a little disturbed that they're not
stopping her.

CURLY SUE

No ifs, ands or buts. Have a nice
life!

She grabs the handle and pulls open the door.

490 CLOSEUP - DOOR

490

It opens on two police officers and two social workers.
A male and female each.

491 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

491

She takes a step back, looking up fearfully.

- 492 HER POV 492
The cops and the SWs look down on her.
- 493 INT. DISTRICT 18 LOCK-UP 493
A dark, somber precinct cell block. An officer leads Bill down the short, narrow hall, unlocks the cell, removes Bill's cuffs and shoves him inside.
- 494 INT. LOCK-UP - BILL 494
The door closes behind him. He gets his bearings and steps forward...
- 495 HIS POV 495
CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the drunken, beaten, lost faces TO...
- 496 CLOSEUP - MAN 496
The MAN who took Curly Sue's ring in the mission. He's sitting on a metal bench along the wall. He looks up.
- 497 CLOSEUP - BILL 497
He looks at the Man for a moemnt. He recognizes him.
- 498 INT. DCFS BUILDING - EXAMINATION ROOM 498
Curly Sue's sitting on a table. A physician is examining her. She's silent, still and sullen. The doctor checks her reflexes. He taps her knees. She slugs his head.
- 499 INT. DCFS OFFICE 499
An eight-by-ten cubicle. Grey is sitting across a desk from a young, female CASEWORKER. She's drab and plain and officious.

GREY

I'm an attorney. The child was
in my care. In my home.

CASEWORKER

Ma'am. You aren't a legal
guardian.

GREY

Jesus Christ! Who can I talk
to?

(CONTINUED)

CASEWORKER

Ma'am, the child is in protective custody. She's being properly cared for. Within 48 hours a hearing will be called in Juvenile Court.

GREY

I know that.

CASEWORKER

Then how else may I help you?

GREY

What are the charges against her father?

CASEWORKER

Child neglect and he isn't her father.

- 500 INT. LOCK-UP - MISSION MAN 500
 Bill has him by the neck, pressed tight against the wall.
- 501 CLOSEUP - BILL 501
 He's concentrating his frustration and rage on the man's windpipe.
- BILL
 The ring. What did you do with it?
- 502 CLOSEUP - MISSION MAN 502
 Bill relaxes his grip enough for the man to speak.
- MISSION MAN
 I pawned it. On Madison and Ogden.
- 503 CLOSEUP - BILL 503
 He leans back from the man and releases his grip.
- 504 INT. DARK ROOM 504
 A door opens from a lighted hallway. A round and matronly middle-aged WOMAN walks in. As she CLEARS FRAME, Curly Sue steps into the doorway. She's wearing clean but worn pajamas.

505 HER POV 505

Two sets of bunk beds in the tight, Spartan room. Two young children in one bunk. Another sleeps on the bottom of the second bunk. The Woman opens the top bunk and pats it, looking at Curly Sue.

WOMAN

Come on in, honey.

506 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 506

No expression, blank.

507 INT. ROOM 507

Curly Sue walks in. The Woman bends down and hefts her up on the bed and works her legs under the blanket. She pulls it up around her chin.

WOMAN

Everything's going to be fine. Do you say prayers?

Curly Sue doesn't answer.

WOMAN

That's alright.

She pats her arm and exits. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Curly Sue and her empty, drained face. The door closes. The room falls dark.

508 INT. POLICE STATION 508

Bill is brought out from the lock-up. He walks slowly forward. He's tired and whipped from the worry.

509 HIS POV 509

Grey's sitting on a wooden bench in the waiting area. She stands up.

GREY

Let's go home.

510 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 510

Bill's sitting on the sofa. Grey's at the window.

GREY

At the hearing they'll set a custody trial date. Until the trial, the court determines custody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREY (CONT'D)

In this case, the D.C.F.S. will be granted custody and she'll be placed in either a foster home or an emergency shelter -- whichever's available at the time. She's with a short-term foster family. They don't give names. Obviously.

BILL

It's over, right? She's gone from me for good.

GREY

How you feel about her and what you've done for her with what you have doesn't mean anything. You're homeless -- or were -- and the educational neglect...

BILL

Son of a bitch. I always knew if I stopped moving...

GREY

It was gonna happen, Bill. And if it didn't, what kind of life is it?

BILL

She's a fuckin' ward of the state.

GREY

But really, what did you expect to have happen? You had to know that sooner or later you'd get caught. I know it's easy to forget things like that. I did. You go on and you keep it out of your thoughts. But didn't you think...

BILL

(pause)

I used to take her in bars when she was a baby. Women would flock around me and look at her. And I'd get somebody to go home with because they wouldn't be afraid of a man with a baby. I've never been worth a good goddamn. I never did anything good. I never thought anything good. But I had this baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

510 CONTINUED: (2)

510

BILL (CONT'D)

(pause)

At first I used to think her mother was a bitch. I did terrible things to her in my mind. The more time I spent with the baby and then the little girl, I didn't hate her so much. And I started to look at her leaving Sue as an act of compassion.

GREY

Walking out on a child isn't an act of compassion.

BILL

I started thinking that way when I realized how much she didn't have by being with me. And how much more a lot of other people could give her. I made up my mind that if the situation ever came around that there was somebody who could take better care of her than me, I'd give her up. That's how much I love her.

Grey understands. She sits on the window ledge.

GREY

Is that why you didn't want to leave?

After a long pause, Bill nods.

GREY

You were going to leave her with me?

Bill nods again.

511 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

511

A handsomely-decorated outer office. A plump middle-aged SECRETARY is on the telephone.

SECRETARY

Mr. Arnold has lunch at the Union League Club and a two fifteen with Judge Solomon.

Grey marches in and walks up to the desk.

GREY

Is Frank Arnold in?

(CONTINUED)

511 CONTINUED:

511

The Secretary raises her finger for Grey to hold on.

SECRETARY

(to the phone)

Can you hold a moment?

(to Grey)

I am on the telephone.

GREY

I can see that. Is he in his office?

SECRETARY

He's in with someone right now.

GREY

Thank you.

512 INT. FRANK ARNOLD'S OFFICE

512

A leather and wood power chamber. FRANK ARNOLD, a lean, trim man in his fifties in a three piece with his hand in his trouser waist is sitting behind his desk, talking on the phone.

FRANK

I can't do anything tonight. I have a blister on my...

The door bursts open and Grey barges in. Frank bolts forward.

GREY

Grey Allison. I'm your wife's attorney.

Frank blanches.

FRANK

(on the phone)

I'll get back to you.

He hangs up.

FRANK

Who do you think you are busting in like this?

GREY

I'm in a hurry.

FRANK

Well, Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

512 CONTINUED:

512

GREY

Your wife loves you, she wants you back. I know from other sources you don't want her back. I'd like you to work it out and I'd like a favor from you.

FRANK

Are you nuts?

GREY

I got a list of names and some pretty racy photos of a certain city official in some blue boxer shorts. I don't want to be a bitch but I have a problem and I need some strings pulled.

Frank sits down slowly. He's shocked.

513 INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

513

Curly Sue is sitting on the floor in the ratty little panelled basement family room watching cartoons.

514 EXT. SKID ROW - PAWNSHOP

514

A low brick building in a half-abandoned commercial strip. A garish red and yellow sign offers cash for goods, loans, and check cashing.

515 INT. PAWNSHOP - JEWELRY CASE

515

Among the watches and wedding rings, a child's sapphire ring.

516 REVERSE

516

Bill is looking in the case. He points to the ring.

517 INT. GREY'S OFFICE

517

She's with Mrs. Arnold. She's weepy with tears of joy.

GREY

It's gonna work out. Don't ask me how or why, just go home.

Mrs. Arnold nods. Grey walks her to the door.

(CONTINUED)

517 CONTINUED:

517

MRS ARNOLD

How do I thank you?

GREY

Stay off your husband's back.

MRS. ARNOLD

I don't think I was ever on his back.

GREY

Stay off his girlfriends' backs.

Grey closes the door. She hurries back to her desk and hits her intercom.

GREY

Anise? Is Oxbar ready for me?

ANISE (V.O.)

Ready when you are.

518 INT. OXBAR'S OFFICE

518

A large corner suite. Simple and elegant. Oxbar's seated on a couch, jacket off, feet up on the coffee table. Grey's sitting across from him.

OXBAR

Frank won't tell me what's going on.

GREY

I'm not telling you either.

OXBAR

You have to.

GREY

Sorry.

OXBAR

I heard a rumor that you're having some strings pulled in a child custody case.

GREY

Rumor.

OXBAR

There's another rumor that you're living with a man and you have his child? Would there be a connection?

(CONTINUED)

518 CONTINUED:

518

GREY

You said if I keep going a hundred and ninety miles an hour, I'd hit something? I went off the road completely. And I'm a happy little lady lawyer.

(pause)

I want you to buy me out.

Oxbar reacts with surprise.

OXBAR

Why?

GREY

Because you're stupid, you're greedy, you're fat and you're nosy.

519 INT. BUILDING - LOBBY

519

Grey gets off the elevator and heads for the doors.

520 INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - DOORS

520

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Walker standing by the revolving doors. He smiles sheepishly.

WALKER

Honey?

521 INT. LOBBY

521

Grey sidesteps him and keeps going.

522 EXT. BUILDING

522

Grey heads down the sidewalk. Walker catches up to her.

WALKER

I think you owe me at least an explanation.

GREY

I don't owe you anything.

WALKER

Four years we were together. That doesn't mean anything?

GREY

It means I wasted four years.

WALKER

That's not good enough.

(CONTINUED)

522 CONTINUED:

522

She stops dead. Walker nearly rams her from behind.

GREY

Did you turn in my friend and his daughter?

WALKER

What makes you think that?

GREY

Did you?

WALKER

The guy attacked me. You didn't see that.

GREY

Yes or no?

WALKER

If there was nothing to hide, it's just a concerned phone call.

GREY

I thought so.

523 INT. PARKING GARAGE

523

Grey walks rapidly to her car. Walker is several yards behind. Grey unlocks the Mercedes and gets in. Walker reaches the back of the car. She STARTS the ENGINE. Walker taps on the trunk.

524 INT. CAR - GREY

524

She glances in the mirror. Sees Walker.

525 CLOSEUP - SHIFT

525

She throws it in reverse.

526 INT. PARKING GARAGE

526

Walker wheels back in alarm. The car clips him, knocking him to the ground.

527 INT. GARAGE - PAVEMENT

527

Walker hits the cement. He rolls out of the way as the Mercedes wheels around alongside of him. He covers up.

528 INT. PARKING GARAGE

528

The MERCEDES SQUEALS away.

529 CLOSEUP - WALKER 529
 He sits INTO FRAME. He's taken a blow to the forehead.

530 EXT. DCFS BUILDING 530
 It's a bright, chilly morning. New snow has fallen.

531 INT. VISITATION ROOM 531
 Grey's waiting in a depressingly colorful visitation room. She's chipping the polish off a nail. She looks up.

532 HER POV 532
 A Caseworker is standing in the doorway. She steps aside and Curly Sue walks in. Her hair's been cut off. She's not happy about it.

CURLY SUE
 They cut off my Goddamn hair.

533 INT. MERCEDES - LATER 533
 Curly Sue's looking at herself in the passenger's vanity mirror.

CURLY SUE
 The very ends were my baby hairs.

GREY
 I think it looks pretty good.

CURLY SUE
 I look like the Larry Stooze now.

GREY
 Don't say that to Bill.

CURLY SUE
 I know. I'll never hear the end of it.

She flips the mirror up.

CURLY SUE
 Am I out for good?

GREY
 Almost. They have to run a check on your family.

CURLY SUE
 That's easy. There isn't any.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

Right and then they run a check on me and my house, where you sleep, food, warmth....

CURLY SUE

Piece 'a cake.

GREY

And if it all checks out, I'll be granted temporary custody. Then with your permission, we start adoption proceedings.

Curly Sue doesn't like the sound of it.

CURLY SUE . . .

What's Bill say?

GREY

He can't adopt you. Not now anyway.

CURLY SUE

Because he's shiftless.

GREY

He hasn't been at his job long enough. It's not permanent. But it doesn't matter. I'll have you and he'll be with me.

CURLY SUE

Are you getting married?

GREY

We'll do one thing at a time.

CURLY SUE

If he sticks. If you got me legal...

Grey gives her a worried look.

534 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY - FLOOR

534

An envelope lies on the floor. The door opens.

535 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY - DOOR

535

Grey and Curly Sue walk in.

GREY

Bill? Are you home?

She takes off her coat. Curly Sue is frozen, looking at the floor.

536 CLOSEUP - ENVELOPE 536
 Grey picks it off the floor.

537 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY 537
 Grey opens it. She takes out the ring. Curly Sue drops her head. Proof that he's gone. Grey takes a note out of the envelope. She unfolds it. And reads it.

538 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 538
 She's looking up at Grey with tears in her eyes.

539 CLOSEUP - GREY 539
 She looks down at Curly Sue. She hands Sue the ring.

540 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 540
 She looks at it and slowly slips it on her finger.

541 CLOSEUP - GREY 541
 She hands the note to Curly Sue. A glimmer of a smile on her face.

542 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 542
 The tears drop.

CURLY SUE
 I can't read.

543 CLOSEUP - GREY 543
 Looking at the note.

GREY
 It says...
 (looks up, big smile)
 I'm in the living room.

544 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY 544
 Curly Sue charges down the hall. Grey follows.

545 INT. LIVING ROOM 545
 Bill's standing in the living room. He's smiling. Curly Sue leaps into his arms and hugs him. He squeezes her tight and leans back. He looks at her hair.

CURLY SUE
 They cut my hair.

(CONTINUED)

545 CONTINUED:

545

BILL

They sure did.
(pauses)
It's about time.

CURLY SUE

You like it?

BILL

Yeah. Except now we have to call
you Larry Sue.

He grins and kisses her. He looks to Grey.

546 CLOSEUP - GREY

546

She's as glad to see him as Curly Sue was.

547 INT. LIVING ROOM

547

She walks to him. He puts Curly Sue down and takes her
in his arms. They kiss. Curly Sue sits down.

CURLY SUE

I guess this means I have to go to
school.

Bill and Grey don't hear her.

FADE TO BLACK:

END TITLES.

THE END

438 CONTINUED:

438

BILL

I may be without means and at the mercy of a whole lot of people and things but I am still a man and an old-fashioned one.

GREY

That's good.

BILL

What I mean is...

GREY

Your male pride is wounded by having to take favors from a woman and my arm around you intensifies the feelings.

BILL

(after a long beat)

That's true but I was getting at something else.

GREY

What?

BILL

Do you think you could leave your door unlocked tonight?

Grey smiles.

GREY

I left it unlocked last night.

BILL

No, you didn't.

GREY

You checked?

Bill smiles.

439 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

439

The lights are out. Someone's in bed.

440 CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB

440

It turns slowly.

441 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BED

441

Bill slips into the bed. He lays for a moment, catches his heart and relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

441 CONTINUED:

441

BILL

It's been a long time since I've
been in a situation like this.

There's no response.

BILL

You know what's really hard?

CURLY SUE

If I guess right will you wash my
mouth out with soap?

Bill sits bolt upright. Curly Sue rolls over to face
him.

BILL

Sue!

(pause; bad vamp)

My God! I just had the weirdest
dream. Where am I? This isn't
my room.

CURLY SUE

Do you want me to leave?

Bill gives up trying to bullshit her.

BILL

(long pause)

If you wouldn't mind.

She puts her hands to her temples and gives him the
"horns." She hops out of bed.

CURLY SUE

You could do a lot worse.

She exits. Bill lays back in the bed. Grey comes out
of the bathroom.

442 CLOSEUP - BILL

442

He watches her. He's nervous.

443 CLOSEUP - GREY

443

She's just as nervous.

GREY

It's strange. Suddenly, this is
really hard.

444 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GREY'S ROOM 444

Sue's listening at the door.

SUE

(to herself)

If she ain't careful, she's gonna
get her mouth washed out with
soap.

445 EXT. CITY - MORNING 445

A frosty morning. The city from the railyards.

446 CLOSEUP - GREY 446

Sleeping. She wakes up. Opens her eyes for a moment.
Closes them. Opens them again. Alert. Something's
wrong.

447 INT. BEDROOM 447

Rolls over and sits up. She's alone in the bed.

448 INT. BILL'S BEDROOM 448

Grey throws open the door. The bed's made. The suit's
on the bed. No Bill.

449 INT. KITCHEN 449

Sue's eating cereal, watching TV. Grey walks in.

GREY

Did you see Bill this morning?

CURLY SUE

No.

GREY

What time did you get up?

CURLY SUE

It was still dark. What's wrong?

GREY

He's not here.

CURLY SUE

(worried)

Did he leave a note?

She shakes her head, no.

CURLY SUE

Did he leave a ring? A little
one?

(CONTINUED)

449 CONTINUED:

449

Grey shakes her head again.

CURLY SUE

He'll be back.

She returns to her cereal. Grey's completely confused but relieved.

450 EXT. WESTSIDE LABOR OFFICE

450

FROM a sign on the door -- DAY LABORERS WANTED -- PAST a gallery of prospective day laborers -- forgotten men, young and old, lined up outside the building, ENDING ON Bill.

451 INT. GREY'S OFFICE

451

She's sitting on the couch with Mrs. Arnold.

GREY

Let me just ask one question.
Do you love him?

Mrs. Arnold looks at her like her lips are on fire.

MRS. ARNOLD

Not if I'm gonna grind him into
the ground.

GREY

Do you want to save your marriage?

MRS. ARNOLD

What about the pictures and the
tape recordings and the interviews
with the call girls?

GREY

Forget about that. Do you want to
stay with the man?

MRS. ARNOLD

(after a pause)

Yes.

GREY

Then let's work on that.

MRS. ARNOLD

(after a confused
pause)

Are you okay? You seem a little
nice.

452 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - MASTER BATH

452

Curly Sue's scrubbing the bathtub. Her hair's tied up in a scarf, she's wearing rubber gloves. Trina's cleaning the mirror over the sink.

CURLY SUE

I hope you know you're making me miss 'Flipper.'

TRINA

You don't go to school, you work. Everybody's gotta do something when they get big.

CURLY SUE

I'm not going to be a bathtub washer.

TRINA

No? What are you going to be?

CURLY SUE

I'm gonna be a lawyer.

TRINA

You know how long you have to go to school to be that? Twenty years.

CURLY SUE

Slap my butt! No way!

453 INT. DEEP TUNNEL

453

The massive flood control project -- a thousand-foot-deep tunnel and subterranean reservoir. Bill's hauling six-foot-long rolls of fresh-cut clay.

454 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

454

Grey's home from work. She has her shoes off. Curly Sue has her shoes off. She's tired. Two working girls relaxing.

GREY

How was your day?

CURLY SUE

Total pisser.

GREY

I'm too tired to lecture you about using that kind of language.

CURLY SUE

Sorry. It slipped out.

(CONTINUED)

454 CONTINUED:

454

GREY
Did Bill call?

CURLY SUE
Nope.

GREY
Are you sure he wouldn't leave?

There's a KNOCK on the door.

455 INT. APARTMENT - DOOR

455

It swings open on Bill, dead tired, covered with mud, holding a fifty in his first two fingers.

456 INT. ENTRY - CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE AND GREY

456

They stare at him in disbelief.

457 CLOSEUP - BILL

457

He looks down at Curly Sue.

BILL
If I can work, you can go to school.

458 EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL BUILDING

458

A dark, forboding brick building. It could have been built as a lunatic asylum.

459 INT. SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

459

Grey is chatting across a desk with a hermaphroditic headmaster, ELVIN FORTEMPS.

GREY
I'd appreciate your discretion in this matter, Elvin.

FORTEMPS
Of course.

GREY
There're some legal loose ends that can't be straightened out right now. She's very bright, very streetwise but severely lacking in formal skills.

FORTEMPS
For instance?

(CONTINUED)

- 459 CONTINUED: 459
- GREY
She's illiterate.
- Fortemps sneezes.
- 460 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY 460
- Sue's being given a tour by a grim little blueblood by the name of AGNES. She's wearing a drab blue uniform.
- AGNES
I won't bore you with the academic particulars of the institution except to say we're ranked sixth in the nation, twelfth in the western hemisphere.
- CURLY SUE
That and a quarter buys a cheap cigar.
- Agnes gives her a puzzled look.
- 461 INT. LUNCH ROOM 461
- A roomful of uniformed kids. Actually two kids -- a boy and a girl, repeated fifty times each. In uniform. The same two stress-fatigued faces. All wearing glasses.
- 462 INSERT - LUNCH 462
- Broccoli, carrots, tofu, bean sprouts. Skim milk. A fig.
- 463 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE AND AGNES 463
- She stares into the lunch room. A nightmare. Agnes beams.
- AGNES
You can request a sodium-free lunch.
- 464 INT. MUSIC ROOM 464
- Fifty kids playing violin. All wearing glasses.
- 465 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DOORWAY 465
- Curly Sue's holding her ears. Agnes is enjoying the music.
- 466 INT. CLASSROOM 466
- More sour, serious children.

(CONTINUED)

466 CONTINUED:

466

All of them with glasses. A BOY is addressing the TEACHER from beside his desk.

BOY

(dry monotone)

The Muslims in the Philippines were known to the Spanish as the Moors. They are racially and linguistically indistinguishable from Filipino Christians.

TEACHER

Thank you, Gunther.

BOY

May I please assume a seated position?

TEACHER

By all means.

467 INT. DOORWAY

467

Agnes and Sue are standing in the doorway.

AGNES

And this is recess.

468 INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - GREY

468

Her back is to the open door. She's talking...

GREY

Maybe it's best to start with a tutor.

Behind her Curly Sue streaks past.

469 EXT. SCHOOL

469

Curly Sue roars out of the school, bounding down the stairs to the street.

470 INT. HALLWAY - AGNES

470

She's dumbfounded that Curly Sue took off.

AGNES

I didn't get a chance to show her the sculpture garden.

471 INT. GREY'S OFFICE - OXBAR

471

He's sitting on her sofa, legs crossed, annoyed, simmering. He looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

471 CONTINUED: 471

The office door opens and Grey hurries in. She tosses her briefcase on the sofa and...

472 CLOSEUP - OXBAR 472

The briefcase lands in his lap. He lifts it and drops it on the coffee table.

473 INT. GREY'S OFFICE - GREY 473

Behind her desk, looks up. Surprised.

GREY

Bernie! I'm sorry. I didn't know you were sitting there.

474 INT. OFFICE 474

Oxbar leans back on the couch and puts his big cap soles up on the edge of the coffee table.

OXBAR

How could you. You're never here.

GREY

That's not true. Obviously, something's bothering you.

She sits down at her desk.

OXBAR

Seriously, what are you doing? Every time I've called down here for the last couple weeks, you're not in.

GREY

I've had some personal business that needed attention.

OXBAR

How personal?

GREY

Personal enough that I'm not discussing it. What else?

OXBAR

I don't know if your personal business and the time it's taking away from your work has anything to do with this, but you've got this Arnold divorce all screwed up.

(CONTINUED)

474 CONTINUED:

474

GREY

She admitted that half the girls he was seeing, she was seeing. If they're on equal ground, they should be able to work something out. I told her to go back to her husband.

OXBAR

She did.

GREY

So what's the problem?

OXBAR

He wanted her out. That's why I told you to go easy. He wanted out but he didn't want to give up everything.

GREY

(after a pause)

I guess that's his tough luck.

OXBAR

When a politician is annoyed with a law firm that does a lot of city work, that firm has a problem.

GREY

What's your point?

OXBAR

You have photographic evidence of certain liaisons?

GREY

Not if he's going to screw her out of what she's entitled to.

Oxbar gets up.

OXBAR

No opposition on this. Destroy it. He wants the grounds. He wants the kids.

(pause)

Try spending a little bit of time at the office, alright?

He exits.

475

CLOSEUP - GREY

475

She's appalled by the request and the insult.

476 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT 476
 Grey unlocks the door and comes in. She sets down her
 briefcase, lets out a weary sigh, picks up her mail and
 walks into the living room.

477 CLOSEUP - WALKER 477
 He's sitting in a chair by the window.

478 CLOSEUP - GREY 478
 Thumbing through the mail. Looks up. Freezes.

479 CLOSEUP - WALKER 479
 He smiles.

WALKER

Hi. I remembered I had a key.

480 INT. LIVING ROOM 480
 Grey tosses the mail on the couch. Walker stands up.

GREY

You got a lotta nerve letting
 yourself in here. Give me the
 key.

WALKER

I had to see you.

GREY

That's too bad.

WALKER

I miss you.

GREY

It's not mutual.

WALKER

Why are you being so intransigent?
 I popped off at dinner. Big deal.
 I didn't like walking into a
 restaurant and seeing my lady
 sitting with a cleaned-up hobo,
 you know. I got a little crazy.

GREY

Can't you understand? I don't
 like you.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

You're on a kick. You've been working like a dog...

GREY

Leave.

WALKER

Let me finish. Maybe I'm at fault for not seeing a problem.

GREY

There's no problem to see.

WALKER

I play squash with a psychiatrist and I ran down the situation...

GREY

I don't want to hear it.

WALKER

I've been spending a lot of time thinking about us. You can show me the courtesy of listening for a minute.

GREY

No.

WALKER

Your friends are gone?

GREY

(pause)

No.

WALKER

(with a smile)

Did you fall for this guy? What's the deal? I'm truly at a loss here.

GREY

I don't want to see you anymore. It's that simple.

Walker nods angrily. He realizes how dead the situation is.

WALKER

What's the old saying? Once you've had a derelict you can never go back.

(CONTINUED)

480 CONTINUED: (2)

480

She steps forward and slaps him hard across the face. The POP ECHOES. He grabs her wrist.

WALKER

That's what it is, huh? A little Pygmalion? You want a guy you can mold into the perfect household toy?

Grey struggles to free her arm. Walker's too strong for her.

WALKER

Playing mommy? Getting back at your father for all those pies he made your mother bake back in the sixties? You're making yourself a little housewife? You have a serious problem. You're sick. Get some help.

He shoves her down on the couch. He straightens his tie and jacket. Something catches his eye. He smirks.

481 HIS POV

481

Bill's standing in the entry. Sue's at his side.

482 CLOSEUP - WALKER

482

Cocky, confident, purged of his anger.

WALKER

She's all yours.

483 INT. BUILDING - HALLWAY

483

An approaching SCUFFLE and MUFFLED VOICES. The door flies open and Billy hurls Walker out the door into the wall. He stands over Walker as he sits up.

BILL

Give me the key.

WALKER

You're in some big trouble, pal.

Bill explodes. He grabs Walker by the shirt collar and rips him to his feet. He slams him against the wall and holds him immobile with his forearm.

BILL

You ever meet one of me? Huh? A man with absolutely nothing to lose?

(CONTINUED)

483 CONTINUED:

483

He grabs Walker's pants pocket and tears it to the knee. The key drops on the carpet. He pulls Walker away from the wall and heaves him down the hall.

BILL

Next time you're in the neighborhood, call before you drop in.

He picks up the key and goes into the apartment.

484 CLOSEUP - WALKER

484

Angry but impotent. He picks himself up.

485 INT. APARTMENT

485

Bill walks back in. Curly Sue's waiting with a hand held high. Bill slaps it listlessly. It's not a proud moment.

CURLY SUE

He won't be calling for a rematch.

BILL

Go put on the T.V.

486 INT. LIVING ROOM

486

Grey's sitting still and sullen on the couch. Bill walks in and sits across from her on a chair.

BILL

I'm sorry.

GREY

So am I. You should have thrown him out the window.

Bill has no reply.

GREY

I don't know what you heard but none of it was true.

BILL

Does it matter?

GREY

If you think it's true it does.

(CONTINUED)

486 CONTINUED:

486

BILL

We said we'd play this until it's over. As far as I'm concerned, we're not there yet.

(pause)

What kind of pie would you like me to bake you?

Grey grabs a pillow off the couch and throws it at Bill.

487 INT. WALKER'S CAR

487

He's on his car phone. He's angry and humiliated.

WALKER

Chicago. The number for the Department of Child and Family Services, please.

488 INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

488

Grey, Curly Sue and Bill are sitting in the living room. Curly Sue has her arms folded tight across her chest. A scowl on her face.

GREY

How do you know the dentist is bad if you've never been to a dentist?

CURLY SUE

My teeth aren't hurting. They're fine.

BILL

Don't be so pig-headed.

CURLY SUE

It used to be one against one. Now it's two against one.

BILL

It's only two against one because you're wrong. Grey wants to take you to the dentist. For your own good. Can't you understand that?

CURLY SUE

Who's taking care of me now? Her?

BILL

Cut it out. She's trying to do something nice for you.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

Don't be angry with me, Susan.

CURLY SUE

Quit calling me Susan!

BILL

What's got into you? Somebody wants to take you to a dentist and you jump all over 'em?

CURLY SUE

First it's the dentist, then it's the doctor, then it's this and then it's that and wham bam, I gotta change my whole life again.

BILL

(chuckles)

Sue, you're eight. How many times have you had to change your life?

Grey smiles. Curly Sue scowls at her.

CURLY SUE

Go ahead, make fun of me.

BILL

Then don't go to the dentist.

GREY

She's going to the dentist.

CURLY SUE

The hell I am.

GREY

What did I tell you about that kind of language in my house?

CURLY SUE

I don't have to listen to you.

BILL

As long as you're in her house, you listen to her.

CURLY SUE

Watch this!

She gets up and exits. Grey goes for her. Bill stops her.

BILL

Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

488 CONTINUED: (2)

488

GREY

What's the problem with her?
She's been as sweet as she can be.

BILL

She's spent every waking moment
of her life with me until we got
here. The more time I spend
working, the more time I spend
with you, it comes off her
account. She'll change. It's
just gonna take time.

GREY

I'm sorry.

BILL

She likes you to think she's
tough. But she's as fragile as a
soap bubble.

GREY

And she's scared to death she's
going to lose you.

Bill knows. He nods.

489 INT. ENTRY

489

Curly Sue comes out of the guest room with her old high-
tops. She stuffs her feet in them and crosses to the
door.

CURLY SUE

I'm outta here and nobody's
stopping me. Okay?

No answer. She's a little disturbed that they're not
stopping her.

CURLY SUE

No ifs, ands or buts. Have a nice
life!

She grabs the handle and pulls open the door.

490 CLOSEUP - DOOR

490

It opens on two police officers and two social workers.
A male and female each.

491 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

491

She takes a step back, looking up fearfully.

126.

492 HER POV 492
The cops and the SWs look down on her.

493 INT. DISTRICT 18 LOCK-UP 493
A dark, somber precinct cell block. An officer leads Bill down the short, narrow hall, unlocks the cell, removes Bill's cuffs and shoves him inside.

494 INT. LOCK-UP - BILL 494
The door closes behind him. He gets his bearings and steps forward...

495 HIS POV 495
CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the drunken, beaten, lost faces TO...

496 CLOSEUP - MAN 496
The MAN who took Curly Sue's ring in the mission. He's sitting on a metal bench along the wall. He looks up.

497 CLOSEUP - BILL 497
He looks at the Man for a moemnt. He recognizes him.

498 INT. DCFS BUILDING - EXAMINATION ROOM 498
Curly Sue's sitting on a table. A physician is examining her. She's silent, still and sullen. The doctor checks her reflexes. He taps her knees. She slugs his head.

499 INT. DCFS OFFICE 499
An eight-by-ten cubicle. Grey is sitting across a desk from a young, female CASEWORKER. She's drab and plain and officious.

GREY

I'm an attorney. The child was
in my care. In my home.

CASEWORKER

Ma'am. You aren't a legal
guardian.

GREY

Jesus Christ! Who can I talk
to?

(CONTINUED)

CASEWORKER
Ma'am, the child is in protective custody. She's being properly cared for. Within 48 hours a hearing will be called in Juvenile Court.

GREY
I know that.

CASEWORKER
Then how else may I help you?

GREY
What are the charges against her father?

CASEWORKER
Child neglect and he isn't her father.

500 INT. LOCK-UP - MISSION MAN

Bill has him by the neck, pressed tight against the wall.

500

501 CLOSEUP - BILL

He's concentrating his frustration and rage on the man's windpipe.

501

BILL
The ring. What did you do with it?

502 CLOSEUP - MISSION MAN

Bill relaxes his grip enough for the man to speak.

502

MISSION MAN
I pawned it. On Madison and Ogden.

503 CLOSEUP - BILL

He leans back from the man and releases his grip.

503

504 INT. DARK ROOM

A door opens from a lighted hallway. A round and matronly middle-aged WOMAN walks in. As she CLEARS FRAME, Curly Sue steps into the doorway. She's wearing clean but worn pajamas.

504

505 HER POV

505

Two sets of bunk beds in the tight, Spartan room. Two young children in one bunk. Another sleeps on the bottom of the second bunk. The Woman opens the top bunk and pats it, looking at Curly Sue.

WOMAN

Come on in, honey.

506 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE

506

No expression, blank.

507 INT. ROOM

507

Curly Sue walks in. The Woman bends down and hefts her up on the bed and works her legs under the blanket. She pulls it up around her chin.

WOMAN

Everything's going to be fine. Do you say prayers?

Curly Sue doesn't answer.

WOMAN

That's alright.

She pats her arm and exits. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Curly Sue and her empty, drained face. The door closes. The room falls dark.

508 INT. POLICE STATION

508

Bill is brought out from the lock-up. He walks slowly forward. He's tired and whipped from the worry.

509 HIS POV

509

Grey's sitting on a wooden bench in the waiting area. She stands up.

GREY

Let's go home.

510 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

510

Bill's sitting on the sofa. Grey's at the window.

GREY

At the hearing they'll set a custody trial date. Until the trial, the court determines custody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREY (CONT'D)

In this case, the D.C.F.S. will be granted custody and she'll be placed in either a foster home or an emergency shelter -- whichever's available at the time. She's with a short-term foster family. They don't give names. Obviously.

BILL

It's over, right? She's gone from me for good.

GREY

How you feel about her and what you've done for her with what you have doesn't mean anything. You're homeless -- or were -- and the educational neglect...

BILL

Son of a bitch. I always knew if I stopped moving...

GREY

It was gonna happen, Bill. And if it didn't, what kind of life is it?

BILL

She's a fuckin' ward of the state.

GREY

But really, what did you expect to have happen? You had to know that sooner or later you'd get caught. I know it's easy to forget things like that. I did. You go on and you keep it out of your thoughts. But didn't you think...

BILL

(pause)

I used to take her in bars when she was a baby. Women would flock around me and look at her. And I'd get somebody to go home with because they wouldn't be afraid of a man with a baby. I've never been worth a good goddamn. I never did anything good. I never thought anything good. But I had this baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)

(pause)

At first I used to think her mother was a bitch. I did terrible things to her in my mind. The more time I spent with the baby and then the little girl, I didn't hate her so much. And I started to look at her leaving Sue as an act of compassion.

GREY

Walking out on a child isn't an act of compassion.

BILL

I started thinking that way when I realized how much she didn't have by being with me. And how much more a lot of other people could give her. I made up my mind that if the situation ever came around that there was somebody who could take better care of her than me, I'd give her up. That's how much I love her.

Grey understands. She sits on the window ledge.

GREY

Is that why you didn't want to leave?

After a long pause, Bill nods.

GREY

You were going to leave her with me?

Bill nods again.

511 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

511

A handsomely-decorated outer office. A plump middle-aged SECRETARY is on the telephone.

SECRETARY

Mr. Arnold has lunch at the Union League Club and a two fifteen with Judge Solomon.

Grey marches in and walks up to the desk.

GREY

Is Frank Arnold in?

(CONTINUED)

511 CONTINUED:

511

The Secretary raises her finger for Grey to hold on.

SECRETARY

(to the phone)

Can you hold a moment?

(to Grey)

I am on the telephone.

GREY

I can see that. Is he in his office?

SECRETARY

He's in with someone right now.

GREY

Thank you.

512 INT. FRANK ARNOLD'S OFFICE

512

A leather and wood power chamber. FRANK ARNOLD, a lean, trim man in his fifties in a three piece with his hand in his trouser waist is sitting behind his desk, talking on the phone.

FRANK

I can't do anything tonight. I have a blister on my...

The door bursts open and Grey barges in. Frank bolts forward.

GREY

Grey Allison. I'm your wife's attorney.

Frank blanches.

FRANK

(on the phone)

I'll get back to you.

He hangs up.

FRANK

Who do you think you are busting in like this?

GREY

I'm in a hurry.

FRANK

Well, Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

512 CONTINUED:

512

GREY

Your wife loves you, she wants you back. I know from other sources you don't want her back. I'd like you to work it out and I'd like a favor from you.

FRANK

Are you nuts?

GREY

I got a list of names and some pretty racy photos of a certain city official in some blue boxer shorts. I don't want to be a bitch but I have a problem and I need some strings pulled.

Frank sits down slowly. He's shocked.

513 INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM 513

Curly Sue is sitting on the floor in the ratty little panelled basement family room watching cartoons.

514 EXT. SKID ROW - PAWNSHOP 514

A low brick building in a half-abandoned commercial strip. A garish red and yellow sign offers cash for goods, loans, and check cashing.

515 INT. PAWNSHOP - JEWELRY CASE 515

Among the watches and wedding rings, a child's sapphire ring.

516 REVERSE 516

Bill is looking in the case. He points to the ring.

517 INT. GREY'S OFFICE 517

She's with Mrs. Arnold. She's weepy with tears of joy.

GREY

It's gonna work out. Don't ask me how or why, just go home.

Mrs. Arnold nods. Grey walks her to the door.

(CONTINUED)

MRS ARNOLD

How do I thank you?

GREY

Stay off your husband's back.

MRS. ARNOLD

I don't think I was ever on his back.

GREY

Stay off his girlfriends' backs.

Grey closes the door. She hurries back to her desk and hits her intercom.

GREY

Anise? Is Oxbar ready for me?

ANISE (V.O.)

Ready when you are.

INT. OXBAR'S OFFICE

A large corner suite. Simple and elegant. Oxbar's seated on a couch, jacket off, feet up on the coffee table. Grey's sitting across from him.

OXBAR

Frank won't tell me what's going on.

GREY

I'm not telling you either.

OXBAR

You have to.

GREY

Sorry.

OXBAR

I heard a rumor that you're having some strings pulled in a child custody case.

GREY

Rumor.

OXBAR

There's another rumor that you're living with a man and you have his child? Would there be a connection?

(CONTINUED)

518 CONTINUED:

518

GREY

You said if I keep going a hundred and ninety miles an hour, I'd hit something? I went off the road completely. And I'm a happy little lady lawyer.

(pause)

I want you to buy me out.

Oxbar reacts with surprise.

OXBAR

Why?

GREY

Because you're stupid, you're greedy, you're fat and you're nosy.

519 INT. BUILDING - LOBBY

519

Grey gets off the elevator and heads for the doors.

520 INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - DOORS

520

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Walker standing by the revolving doors. He smiles sheepishly.

WALKER

Honey?

521 INT. LOBBY

521

Grey sidesteps him and keeps going.

522 EXT. BUILDING

522

Grey heads down the sidewalk. Walker catches up to her.

WALKER

I think you owe me at least an explanation.

GREY

I don't owe you anything.

WALKER

Four years we were together. That doesn't mean anything?

GREY

It means I wasted four years.

WALKER

That's not good enough.

(CONTINUED)

522 CONTINUED:

522

She stops dead. Walker nearly rams her from behind.

GREY

Did you turn in my friend and his daughter?

WALKER

What makes you think that?

GREY

Did you?

WALKER

The guy attacked me. You didn't see that.

GREY

Yes or no?

WALKER

If there was nothing to hide, it's just a concerned phone call.

GREY

I thought so.

523 INT. PARKING GARAGE

523

Grey walks rapidly to her car. Walker is several yards behind. Grey unlocks the Mercedes and gets in. Walker reaches the back of the car. She STARTS the ENGINE. Walker taps on the trunk.

524 INT. CAR - GREY

524

She glances in the mirror. Sees Walker.

525 CLOSEUP - SHIFT

525

She throws it in reverse.

526 INT. PARKING GARAGE

526

Walker wheels back in alarm. The car clips him, knocking him to the ground.

527 INT. GARAGE - PAVEMENT

527

Walker hits the cement. He rolls out of the way as the Mercedes wheels around alongside of him. He covers up.

528 INT. PARKING GARAGE

528

The MERCEDES SQUEALS away.

529 CLOSEUP - WALKER 529

He sits INTO FRAME. He's taken a blow to the forehead.

530 EXT. DCFS BUILDING 530

It's a bright, chilly morning. New snow has fallen.

531 INT. VISITATION ROOM 531

Grey's waiting in a depressingly colorful visitation room. She's chipping the polish off a nail. She looks up.

532 HER POV 532

A Caseworker is standing in the doorway. She steps aside and Curly Sue walks in. Her hair's been cut off. She's not happy about it.

CURLY SUE

They cut off my Goddamn hair.

533 INT. MERCEDES - LATER 533

Curly Sue's looking at herself in the passenger's vanity mirror.

CURLY SUE

The very ends were my baby hairs.

GREY

I think it looks pretty good.

CURLY SUE

I look like the Larry Stooge now.

GREY

Don't say that to Bill.

CURLY SUE

I know. I'll never hear the end of it.

She flips the mirror up.

CURLY SUE

Am I out for good?

GREY

Almost. They have to run a check on your family.

CURLY SUE

That's easy. There isn't any.

(CONTINUED)

GREY

Right and then they run a check on me and my house, where you sleep, food, warmth....

CURLY SUE

Piece 'a cake.

GREY

And if it all checks out, I'll be granted temporary custody. Then with your permission, we start adoption proceedings.

Curly Sue doesn't like the sound of it.

CURLY SUE

What's Bill say?

GREY

He can't adopt you. Not now anyway.

CURLY SUE

Because he's shiftless.

GREY

He hasn't been at his job long enough. It's not permanent. But it doesn't matter. I'll have you and he'll be with me.

CURLY SUE

Are you getting married?

GREY

We'll do one thing at a time.

CURLY SUE

If he sticks. If you got me legal...

Grey gives her a worried look.

534 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY - FLOOR

534

An envelope lies on the floor. The door opens.

535 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY - DOOR

535

Grey and Curly Sue walk in.

GREY

Bill? Are you home?

She takes off her coat. Curly Sue is frozen, looking at the floor.

536 CLOSEUP - ENVELOPE 138.
 Grey picks it off the floor. 536

537 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY 537
 Grey opens it. She takes out the ring. Curly Sue drops
 her head. Proof that he's gone. Grey takes a note out
 of the envelope. She unfolds it. And reads it.

538 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 538
 She's looking up at Grey with tears in her eyes.

539 CLOSEUP - GREY 539
 She looks down at Curly Sue. She hands Sue the ring.

540 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 540
 She looks at it and slowly slips it on her finger.

541 CLOSEUP - GREY 541
 She hands the note to Curly Sue. A glimmer of a smile
 on her face.

542 CLOSEUP - CURLY SUE 542
 The tears drop.

CURLY SUE
 I can't read.

543 CLOSEUP - GREY 543
 Looking at the note.

GREY
 It says...
 (looks up, big smile)
 I'm in the living room.

544 INT. APARTMENT - ENTRY 544
 Curly Sue charges down the hall. Grey follows.

545 INT. LIVING ROOM 545
 Bill's standing in the living room. He's smiling.
 Curly Sue leaps into his arms and hugs him. He squeezes
 her tight and leans back. He looks at her hair.

CURLY SUE
 They cut my hair.

(CONTINUED)

545 CONTINUED:

545

BILL

They sure did.
(pauses)
It's about time.

CURLY SUE

You like it?

BILL

Yeah. Except now we have to call
you Larry Sue.

He grins and kisses her. He looks to Grey.

546 CLOSEUP - GREY

546

She's as glad to see him as Curly Sue was.

547 INT. LIVING ROOM

547

She walks to him. He puts Curly Sue down and takes her
in his arms. They kiss. Curly Sue sits down.

CURLY SUE

I guess this means I have to go to
school.

Bill and Grey don't hear her.

FADE TO BLACK:

END TITLES.

THE END