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ON THE FILMING BY WRITER-DIRECTOR JOHN CASSAVETES
AND DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY AL RUBAN

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JOHN CASSAVETES

FACES



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FACES

by
John Cassavetes

Book compiled by AL RUBAN



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INTRODUCTION

by

John Cassavetes

In 1954 I was an assistant stage manager in New York and in the same year I finished my first film, *The Night Holds Terror*. In 1955 I acted in thirty-seven live television shows; in 1956 I did five; in 1957 I made three movies, including a good one called *Edge of the City*. At the end of 1957 we began filming a picture called *Shadows*, and that kept me busy until 1960. That was the year my wife had our first baby, and the year I did a TV series, followed by a quickie movie in Ireland. In 1961—that was a bad year—a lot of waiting. In 1962 I directed my first Hollywood film, then signed a big contract with the same studio for some more punishment. In 1964 I left that studio and made my second Hollywood film, which wasn't exactly a Hollywood film to start with. In fact it had a chance of being a very good film. But somehow it became a Hollywood film under the guidance of Hollywood people. This was especially painful because it was on a subject I cared about—retardation. From 1964 to 1965 I stayed home, looked at trees, at my family, wrote several scripts, and learned patience. In 1965 I took a job running a company—a TV package company—in partnership with Screen Gems. After six months of that, I looked back at my accomplishments and I could find only two that I considered worthwhile—*Shadows* and *Edge of the City*. All the rest of my time had been spent playing games—painful and stupid, falsely satisfying and economically rewarding. Then at the end of 1965 *Faces* was born, out of friendships and mutual dissatisfactions.

Because I wrote it at a time when I thought the only free form of expression left to the actor was the stage, *Faces* originally was done as a play. Then I decided to do a film on my own again, avoiding any outside financial help or involvement from a major film company that might stifle the creative mind.

I wanted to do a film that would allow the actors the time and room to act. So I turned *Faces* into a screenplay tailored to suit the talents of some very special people: people who could turn writing into life; people who could communicate their own beliefs, in God, Government, themselves, whatever; people who were not only starters but finishers. In my eyes it was the best cast ever assembled. And in front of the camera the people who interpreted the roles became to me a miracle of ensemble playing.

In addition, the technical side of the picture was handled by actors and ex-actors: Al Ruban, Moe McEndree, George Sims, Charlie Akins, Carolyn Fleming, Don Pike, Pat Smith, Jimmy Joyce and George O'Halloran. These are the people who worked like hell, not for rewards like money or fame, but for the pleasure of creating. From the day that we started in 1965 until we finished shooting six months later, and until the final print was completed in 1968, there was never any question of each person's dedication to the film and to making sure that everyone concerned with it was satisfied with the way it came out.

What makes a film? A script is only words and description—a shorthand for a life situation, an abstraction. The interpretation of the script and the life of the people within it are what makes it real and important. A big passage of dialogue in a nervous actor's hands is a traumatic experience and will end up either being cut out at the rehearsal stage or, if shot, deleted when the film is edited. A big passage in John Marley's hands, or Gena Rowlands', or Lynn Carlin's, or Seymour Cassel's—or Val Avery's or Fred Draper's—is like no words at all; you're not even conscious of the number of words being used, or the time that is passing.

Despite all my hysteria and the bitterness of all my mixed emotions at that time, writing *Faces* was a simple task. Setting it down on paper required only my attention and my recollections of people who had troubled my life. The result was a 215-page unfinished treatment—a barrage of attack on contemporary middle-class America, an expression of horror at our society in general, focusing on a married couple—old-fashioned in nature, safe in their suburban home, narrow in their thinking. In *Faces* this couple, Richard and Maria Forst, is suddenly exposed to the moral decay of the outside which they have unthinkingly admired so much. The script gives them new situations to cope with, takes them out of their house, makes business per se unimportant, lets them discover themselves sensually in the arms of youth, releases them from the conformity of their existence and forces them into a different context, that of the new morality: the classy whores, the hip and the hypes, the

inside thoughts and reactions of their friends when all barriers are down.

With this script to work with, I set about directing *Faces* with the help of the previously mentioned people—actors and technicians. Despite the power of confusion that I am sometimes capable of, particularly when I would like the actor to discover things for himself, I couldn't erase a certain gentle humanness from these actors, to make them as hard as the characters they played might have been.

The women—Joanne Moore Jordan, Darlene Conley, Dorothy Gulliver, Betty Deering and of course Gena Rowlands and Lynn Carlin—interpreted their roles from their individual points of view, found reasons within themselves for their characters to exist. They spilled their emotions, and what came out was deeply innocent.

For the men—Marley, Cassel, Draper, Avery and Darfler—it was not so clear. The brutish existence holds no dreams and for a man who goes out into it every day there is no signal of reassurance. And so our characters are forced into playing power games, using what they know—business techniques—to verify their social acceptability. They make love with an eye toward respect and applause, which will signify to them that life is more than just the office, that their moral ills and boredom can be cured if women find them attractive.

It is this need to prove—this bustling, bravura ego—that fatally wounds the people of the picture. For there is no purpose in the existence of these characters, and therein lies their tragedy. No matter what attempts they make to rectify their lives, they cannot. *Playboy* magazine, tit films, and cocktail party diatribes have not only affected our society, but have shaped it with such discontent regarding men and women that sex is no longer in itself sufficient without violence, death or neurosis as stimulants. The idea of love as a mysterious, undiscovered world has come to have no place in our innermost imagination. It is this confusing dilemma in which men find themselves trying to relate to a difficult life and their responsibilities in it that *Faces* attempts to explore.

Society must chuck its petty prejudices and false idols and if necessary start again from a new beginning where men as well as women can be kind to themselves.

John Cassavetes

FACES
FROM MY POINT OF VIEW
by
Al Ruban

In 1965 Cassavetes headed a TV packaging company in partnership with Screen Gems located in Hollywood. During that same period of time I had a small film-producing company in New York and was doing test commercials and very low-budget pictures. John had working with him Moe McEndree who had been with him on *Shadows*. They were developing new ideas for television shows and were working on six or eight that looked promising. But it became apparent that none would ever reach fruition; although Screen Gems said they liked the ideas, nothing was being done with them. Feeling that he could accomplish nothing further, John decided to leave Screen Gems.

He wanted to make a film that would be controlled entirely by the people who were creating it, as *Shadows* had been. So McEndree looked through the vast backlog of Cassavetes' written material and came up with *The Marriage*, which was later to be called *Faces*. He and John agreed that the story had great potential. They called me in New York, proposed making this story into a film, and asked if I wouldn't come in with them.

To me it was a godsend. I was unhappy with what I was doing, and the thought of being involved with these two men on a project I felt was worthwhile and contributing whatever I was capable of appealed to me. They told me that they had a few details to work out and would call me back. I waited about a week and then got another call from John, who said that al-

though he didn't have enough money yet to finish the picture, he did have enough to start. Did I still want to come in? Without any reservation, I knew I wanted to work on the picture and I told him so.

He suggested that we buy our own equipment and, since I have a working knowledge of film equipment, I offered to get it. He wired me \$8,000 and I proceeded to buy second-hand equipment wherever I could find it. Then I closed up my apartment, put my furniture in storage, rented a U-haul trailer, stored the equipment in it, picked up a friend, George O'Halloran, who was also going to help on the picture and, together with my wife and children, we proceeded to Kansas. There we dropped my family off to stay with the McEndree family, and O'Halloran and I went on to Los Angeles alone.

In the meantime, Cassavetes and McEndree put together a group to work behind the camera and also began to cast the parts.

When we (George and I) arrived at John's house in Los Angeles, the first thing I did was demonstrate the equipment—the Arriflex camera, the Perfectone recorder, and the associated pieces that go with them—to the people who were soon to be working with it. In the next couple of weeks we broke down the script, locked up the locations, bought some additional equipment (including quartz lights), and got an Eclair Camera, which John purchased through Universal Pictures. It turned out that the Eclair was the mainstay of the production, being an easily manipulated hand-held camera. We wound up shooting 95 per cent of the picture hand-held. In fact, a third of the way through shooting we stopped using the Arriflex and stayed completely with the Eclair.

Before we went into production, we decided to draw contracts specifying how each person would share in the picture's profits, should there be any. We went to a lawyer, and explained our ideas to him. He decided that the cooperative venture we had in mind was impossible to do, that we could never find people who would be willing to go along with it, and that it was too impracticable even to consider. So we outlined our ideas ourselves, got enough legal help to put them into contract form, and that's what we used.

We finally started shooting at John's house, our first location. From there, we went out into traffic, using Cassavetes' business manager Andy Maree's Lincoln convertible as Richard Forst's car. At our next location, the Loser's Club on La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles, the owners allowed us complete freedom and use of their club at no charge. We were there for a month. We then went to Gena Cassavetes' mother's house to

shoot our next scene. We were at that house for a couple of weeks and there, too, we were given complete freedom in the use of it; as a matter of fact Mrs. Rowlands moved out so as not to be in the way.

With each new location, a new friend was met, and contributions by people who were not working on the film directly were immense. People like David Wolper, who not only allowed us to shoot our opening projection room scene in his building, but had the building opened for us on the weekend at no charge. And again, when we were at the Loser's Club, Haskell Wexler (the cameraman who won an Academy Award for shooting *Virginia Woolf* and recently directed and shot *Medium Cool*) came down just to see how things were going. When he realized that I didn't have enough lighting equipment, he said "Hold on, I have a friend. Let me call him."

Twenty minutes later, a man called Goldie appeared. Well, Goldie not only brought the equipment we needed, he brought two men to help set up the lights and tap the main source of electricity so we would have enough power. We kept using Goldie's lights until we left three weeks later. (I later found out that Goldie was in fact, Lloyd Garnell, the inventor of the Garnell light, that he is one of the largest independent electrical suppliers in the industry.) That's how it went when we were shooting this picture.

The film was processed every day, but because of limited funds, we held back on the transferring of the sound from the quarter-inch tapes that we were recording during filming to 16mm magnetic tracks that could be edited along with the picture. (The sprocket holes and the enlarged size of the 16mm tracks enables you to control them more easily and cut more precisely.) When we finished the picture, we went to a Hollywood sound house, TV Recorders, and made a deal.

Then, on our first batch of transfers, we found out that our material was not in sync and couldn't be used with the picture. Everything would have to be discarded. The consensus of opinion was to write off the entire film as an experiment that didn't work out, and to start another. But after having gone through what we had, it was out of the question for us to give up on the picture. So the next four months were spent cutting little pieces out of the sound, and adding to and subtracting from different places, trying to fit them to the action of the picture.

By this time I was completely broke and had to leave California and go back to New York to get a job. For a year I worked at General Camera Corporation, a motion picture rental and sales house, calling John about once every two weeks in

the beginning, later about once a month. Toward the end of that year's time, it became obvious that something was wrong, that difficulties had cropped up and the film wasn't progressing to his liking. So I went back to Los Angeles, leaving my family in New Jersey and stayed at John's house.

As I sat there watching seven hours of film, I was horrified. There were many things that even after the length of time I'd been away I remembered perfectly, but they had been cut out of this version. We decided to put everything back in its original form and start from the beginning to make a new assembly. John and I worked in the cutting room for the next year, nearly all of which time I was away from my family. It was a hardship on all concerned, yet everyone felt throughout that it was well worthwhile and something we just had to do. We were like insane men who couldn't give up and I suppose everyone else was convinced that we *were* insane. We'd go down to the lab every day, checking on the timing of the print and not letting anything go by that was done casually or without concern. We were determined that every frame would be perfect.

Finally, in March of 1968, we had our first screening. It took place in Beverly Hills at the Music Hall, with a version that ran three hours and forty minutes. The theater was packed to the doors with an invited audience of friends. At the film's end, it seemed to us that they really liked it. We stood for hours discussing the film with those who remained.

The next morning we were scheduled to go to Canada. John felt that if we took the film to certain cities where people were relatively sophisticated about film and were not under the influence of only the Hollywood-type of film, we would get useful reactions. We went first to Toronto and then to Montreal. The picture was an amazing success in both places, without paid advertising at either point, I must add.

In Toronto we played at midnight at the New Yorker theater, which held, I think, seven hundred people; midnight was the only time we could arrange to let the people in for no charge. When we showed up at the theater I was startled to see lines three and four abreast that went on for at least two blocks. There were approximately thirty-five hundred people waiting to get into a seven-hundred-seat theater. Well, we played the film with people sitting in the aisles and standing in the back of the theater, and when it was over at 3:40 a.m. the audience stood up and applauded. When we went back outside, there was still a line, so we made arrangements to give another showing on the spot. I was immensely proud when at 6:30 in the morning these people who had been awake all night stood up and applauded the film.

But John still wasn't entirely happy. He felt it was too long; so we went back to Los Angeles and re-edited. This time we made it an hour and fifty minutes long, then had another screening in Beverly Hills. When it was over, there was applause and everyone claimed they liked it. But it wasn't the same kind of response we'd gotten before. The difference was that the people in the audience were satisfied to walk out and keep right on going, while at showings of the previous version they had felt compelled to stay around and talk about the film, about the characterizations, the actors, how it had been made, why it was done, or to object to certain things in it or say that it was too long. (Of course, when we asked them where it should be cut, no two people had the same answer.)

As a result of this last screening we knew that we had over-cut and thus diminished the quality of the film. So once again we went back to editing, putting some of the material we had cut back in, and that became the final version, which runs two hours and nine minutes. We had other screenings in Hollywood and in New York and in London at the National Film Theater. Each one was a brilliant success.

I went to Rome to begin working on our next picture, *Husbands*, and while I was there I took *Faces* up to Venice to the Film Festival. It played without any sub-titles and without any foreign dubbing, but despite these handicaps it won five awards, including the Volpi Cup for the best actor for John Marley.

I don't know whether a film like *Faces* can ever be made again. Personally I doubt it. To me it was a once-in-a-lifetime combination of wonderfully talented people both in front of and behind the camera. The common denominator among them was their need for involvement and once involved they never regretted that they were made vulnerable because of it.

EQUIPMENT

CAMERAS

- 1 Eclair NPR 16mm camera with 4 magazines
- Standard and baby-legs NCE head
- Hi hat on a board
- Spreader
- Spreader with wheels
- 1 12/120 Zoom lens (10:1)
- 1 blimped Arriflex 16mm

Which we stopped using a third of the way through, going completely with the Eclair.

Lenses—16, 25, 40, 50, and 150mm

LIGHTING

- 4 1000W quartz lights
- 2 1000W quartz lights—mini broads
- 2 1000W quartz lights—focusing
- 3 650W quartz lights—focusing
- 4 Macbeth inkies
- 1 Lowell light kit
- 12 Photoflood bulbs
- 12 RFC bulbs

SOUND

- 1 Perfectone recorder
- 1 Magnasyn mixer
- 1 Electro Voice 642 shotgun mike
- 2 RCA Lavolier Mikes

SEQUENCE EXPLANATIONS AND EDITOR'S NOTES

Editor's Notes

Al Ruban

Within each sequence we tried to use the type of film that would add most to the emotional impact of that sequence. For example, in the Losers Club, which was the night club sequence, we shot in a Tri-x reversal, a high-speed reversal film without any shades of gray that produces a high contrast black-on-white, an etching effect. In locations like the Forst home and Jeannie Rapp's house, we used 4-x negative, a high-speed negative film which does not require a great deal of light. It is grainy, but we felt that that would add to the realism of the picture. However, in Jeannie's bedroom the morning after Jeannie and Forst spend the night together, we used a plus-x reversal, which is a slower-speed reversal film with a good contrast but without any appearance of grain. (I like to consider that a beauty shot, because at no time in the film did Gena look more beautiful.) Whenever we went back to locations, such as the Forst home or the large room of Jeannie's house, we used the same type of stock that we had used previously. (This is why the type of film used for sequences 6, 7 and 8 is not used elsewhere.)

At no time during the shooting were there marks for the actors. Cassavetes' technique from the start was to accommodate the cameras to the actor, rather than the standard rule which is the other way round.

We tried always to keep artificial effects to a minimum, in order to take complete advantage of our locations. Thus, whenever possible in the daylight sequences, we used only what supplemental lighting was necessary to give an appearance of daylight.

During the entire shooting, with the exception of one sequence (the Losers Club), our lighting department consisted of eight 1000-watt quartz lights, three 650-watt focusing quartz lights, four Macbeth inkies, a Lowell light kit and a dozen photoflood bulbs. In the Loser's Club we borrowed six additional lights and electrical cable as we shot the full length and width of the Club.

Sequence Explanations

1. **INTERIOR OFFICE BUILDING**
Forst coming down the stairs in his office building was shot in 4-x negative. We wanted a hot, bleached-out effect from the natural light as he went by the large front windows.
2. **INTERIOR PROJECTION ROOM**
This scene was shot in 4-x negative. The room had a clean clinical feeling that we wanted to keep and our main source of light was the overhead fluorescence. In the editing of the projection room sequence we eliminated pauses by editing between the lines to increase the tempo of the scene. To heighten the tension of a business situation, the pressure to sell that always exists, we cut to each character within the projection room only when he was actually talking. The only reactions we used were those of Richard Forst, who, because he was in the position of buyer, had a reacting role in that sequence.
3. **INTERIOR LOSER'S CLUB**
This was shot in Tri-x reversal. We wanted to recreate the way a bar looks when you step out of a sunny day into its darkness, with the only source of light coming from above the bar. We felt that reversal would give us the etching effect we wanted of white on black with no shades in-between.
In the original version this sequence alone ran 40 minutes and contained outstanding performances by all participants. It was because of this, in fact, that it ultimately had to be cut to its final 20 seconds; the story went in too many directions at one time and thus confused the continuity of the film as a whole.
4. **EXTERIOR LOSER'S CLUB, NIGHT**
This was shot in 4-x negative with the lens aperture wide open (actually no reading on light meter). We used two 650-watt quartz lights, hand-held, passing through the

windshield of the car to resemble direct light from passing traffic.

5. **EXTERIOR JEANNIE RAPP'S HOUSE, NIGHT**
We shot this in 4-x negative at dusk, compensating as much as we could for light loss by adjusting the diaphragm of the lens. We used three 1000-watt quartz lights emanating from inside the house and spilling out of the front windows and doorway.
6. **INTERIOR PORTICO JEANNIE RAPP'S HOUSE**
Here we used one quartz light from overhead as the actors entered the doorway; we carried them through darkness and then silhouetted them against the side windows. We had several quartz lights mounted to the ceiling inside the house to accent the interior and to make light spill out of the windows.
7. **INTERIOR JEANNIE RAPP'S HOUSE**
This scene was pre-lit by running eight quartz lights mounted to the ceiling, four on each side of the one large room in which it was shot. We concentrated on lighting only certain areas where, through watching several rehearsals, we knew the action would take place. The slightly off-white walls of the living room made an excellent background for our purposes. We used photofloods in some of the lamps which on the low angle shots were interesting to shoot through.
This sequence was difficult because we had too much material. We had to find a way to trim it down and still retain the emotional storyline. To accomplish this, it was necessary to make some non-matching cuts.
8. **INTERIOR FORST HOME**
This scene opens with the camera shooting over the shoulder of Maria Forst in the living room out onto Richard Forst walking across the driveway to the house. The room was keyed from the top with fill from the floor. (In the lighting of a location, "fill" is the term used for a flat light that is spread over a large area. "Key" lighting is a stronger light that is focused on an individual or an object, creating the effect of separation by contrast, separating the individual from the background so that he stands out. It is used for mood lighting, to create a visually emotional picture.) We put photoflood bulbs in the lamps. In shooting through the window at Forst entering the house, we concentrated on specific points he would pass through rather than lighting all of the exterior. We poured some light at

two areas completely in the background. (Except for some films involving prison camps, I have never approved of night sequences that are as brightly lit as day.)

[A natural effect was created on the exterior of the Forst home by setting up small pools of light for Richard Forst to walk through on his way into the house and having spots focused on the shrubbery in the background. This created the effect of the homes in California that have small spotlights mounted on their exteriors; these lights shine on specific points, rather than light the entire external area of the home. In all situations we over-filled every set with light.

For the bar sequence we bounced the light off the ceiling and used a couple of photofloods. Throughout the rest of the Forst house we used similar techniques with bounced light, to compensate for the low ceilings. Bouncing lights off the ceiling results in an indirect source, which is a rather soft light that greatly reduces the amount of shadows. This is a fill light and doesn't by itself cause any separation from the background. We were fortunate, however, that in the bar there were a great many pictures and paintings that broke up the background, thus effecting a kind of separation.

Our main difficulty was keeping the lights hidden, since the camera was hand-held 90 per cent of the time and generally covered most of the room in which the action was taking place.

The same problem came up with the sound. We generally resorted to hand-holding the mikes, thus having to keep pace with the camera.]

9. INTERIOR LOSERS CLUB

Tri-x reversal

This was our largest set, in terms of the quantity of lights used, as well as space. We used Lowell lights above the bar and the rest of the lights were spaced throughout the Club. The nature of the film stock required more foot-candles and for this sequence we had to borrow another half-dozen lights and cables.

10. INTERIOR WHISKY-A-GO-GO

4-x Negative

This scene was shot in less than one day. It was shot silent. We took most of our lights up to the balcony and spotted them down on the floor, with a couple of 1000-watt Mini floods as fill on floor level.

11. INTERIOR RAPP HOUSE—BATHROOM,
BEDROOM, LIVING ROOM, KITCHEN

Plus-x reversal

We wanted a "pretty" look in this sequence so we used a close-grained reversal film stock. We stacked our lights outside the bedroom window to give the appearance of a beautifully bright sunlit day. The rest of the lighting was the same as for the previous scene done there.

12. INTERIOR FORST HOUSE

4-x Negative

The stairway sequence at the end was a tremendously emotional happening and a fitting conclusion to the shooting. Until the actual shooting of this sequence there was no one definite ending. Rather, there were several possibilities.

John felt that during the course of shooting the right ending would present itself and there would be no doubt in his mind at that time as to which would be the proper ending to choose for the picture. And so during the earlier shooting no one, including the actors playing the characters, had any idea how it would end. I recall Cassavetes asking John Marley how he thought it should be. He didn't quite put it in those words. He asked Marley what he would do, what his reaction would be, having gone through this man's life up to the point at which his wife tells him that she doesn't love him any longer, that she hates her life, and even physically strikes him. I remember Marley answering that he felt he would just walk down the stairs and leave the house, since he wouldn't put up with that crap for more than a minute. John didn't agree with him, but instead of fighting Marley's idea, he said, "O.K., let's try it, let's see if it works, let's do a rehearsal right now." Sure enough, after Lynn struck Marley across the face, he walked down the stairs and got as far as the kitchen door and found he couldn't leave. Thus the staging revealed itself. That was the truth for Richard Forst and that's how *Faces* ended, with John Marley coming back to the staircase and both husband and wife sitting there for that unbearable stretch of time.

The next problem was with the lighting of the scene. I tried putting lights in several places, but no matter what I did it resulted in a note of phoniness that hurt the scene. In the final analysis we shot the scene without any interior light at all, just one 1000-watt light on a pole from outside, and it came out, I think, very well.

FACES

CAST

RICHARD FORST	<i>John Marley</i>
JEANNIE RAPP	<i>Gena Rowlands</i>
MARIA FORST	<i>Lynn Carlin</i>
CHET	<i>Seymour Cassel</i>
FREDDIE	<i>Fred Draper</i>
JIM MCCARTHY	<i>Val Avery</i>
FLORENCE	<i>Dorothy Gulliver</i>
LOUISE	<i>Joanne Moore Jordan</i>
BILLY MAE	<i>Darlene Conley</i>
JOE JACKSON	<i>Gene Darfler</i>
STELLA	<i>Elizabeth Deering</i>
ANNE	<i>Anne Shirley</i>
NITA	<i>Nita White</i>
HARRY SELFRINE	<i>Erwin Sirianni</i>
JIM MORTENSEN	<i>Jim Bridges</i>
EDWARD KAZMIER	<i>Don Krantz</i>
JUDD LANG	<i>John Hale</i>
J.P.	<i>John Finnegan</i>
BARTENDER	<i>George Sims</i>

TECHNICAL CREDITS

Written & Directed by
Director of Photography
Camera Operator
Sound
Editors

Associate Producer
Producer

JOHN CASSAVETES
AL RUBAN
GEORGE SIMS
DON PIKE
AL RUBAN
MAURICE MCENDREE
AL RUBAN
MAURICE MCENDREE

ABBREVIATIONS

LS Long Shot
MLS Medium Long Shot
CU Close Up
ECU Extreme Close Up
MCU Medium Close Up
R-L Right to Left
L-R Left to Right
OS Off Stage
VO Voice Over
HH Hand Held

Included on the following pages are both the original script for *FACES* and the final shooting script taken from the soundtrack. They are run opposite one another, with the original script on the right, so that the reader may see at a glance which sections were dropped and what changes were made from the film's inception to its finish. A comparison of these scripts is of particular interest since the atmosphere in which the film was shot permitted the actors to explore the characters they played to such an unusual degree that the filmmakers, in editing, found that their film had assumed a life of its own—one that dictated a form and structure which differed extensively from the one they had set out with.

FACES — Final Version

RICHARD FORST, a middle-aged, white-haired, ruddy-faced, neat-looking man, is going down a flight of white marble steps on his way to an early morning business meeting.

FACES — Original Version

Exterior Forst house. Day. The reflection of a black Lincoln Continental convertible. The camera pans along the edge of a striped canopy, and across a large white house. The camera zooms up to trees and finally moves in tighter, focusing on a window. The shot continues on a close pan R-L on all the windows of the house.

Interior Forst house. Day. Bedroom. LS of FORST sitting in chair as we see him from master bedroom. He begins singing "Cain Killed Abel" and proceeds toward camera, closing windows on the way, and singing, coming to lace curtains and pulling them up as camera swings with him, following him to second lace curtain window. The camera zooms in on him, as he continues and stops singing. MLS FORST outlined against lace curtain window; he stands still, then turns and sits on bed. Camera zooms to ECU MARIA, her eyes closed. She opens them, bed shakes, camera pans to CU

of FORST, looking at her, taking a drag on his cigarette. Camera pans and zooms to clock. It reads twenty to ten.

Exterior Forst house. Day. Front. Black Lincoln, peculiar angle. Then shot of white Lincoln, raking angle. Then across white Lincoln, as FORST exits front door of house, stops, looks at sun. Angle on the sun, glaring, white hot. CU of FORST, looking up at sun, looking at his watch. Insert watch, ECU. CU of FORST, who looks, takes a drag from cigarette, walks out of picture.

LS of FORST, gray-haired and well dressed, as he moves toward camera, passing underneath living room canopy. He steps over bush as camera zooms him past trees and branches to water sprinkler spigot. He bends to turn it on.

Insert water sprinkler turning on, zoom back to reveal flowers.

FORST looks in MCU at his work, comes to camera again, past trees, as we zoom back. He runs as he steps over bush and trots in LS to white Lincoln. ECU FORST as he enters white Lincoln, reaches for his sunglasses, cigarette in mouth. Camera zooms back to reveal a little more of him. He coughs, takes a drag on his cigarette. Exits car.

FORST gets out of white Lincoln, and camera moves in cut to CU of water sprinkler. Camera zooms back as FORST reaches sprinkler and turns it on. (Alternate shot, taken over his shoulder.) Insert sprinkler turner-oner, water splashing. Garden, water turns on, sprays high and white in the sun. ECU

DICK: Anyone inside?

RECEPTIONIST: Not yet, sir.

FORST. *In sunglasses, he turns to look at his house. We see its reflection in the glasses. Back to ECU. He takes a drag and walks out of shot. FORST walks into camera range away from camera. He heads to his white Continental and enters, puts the roof up and drives away.*

Exterior Forst house. Day. Coverage on roof going up and driveway. (NOTE: All exterior Forst house, day, for this scene in reversal film except this additional coverage in 2X.)

Interior Amalgamated Insurance. Stairs and foyer. Day. FORST moves past partitions and down stairs, entering reception room and moving to switchboard.

RECEPTIONIST MAN: Good morning, Mr. Forst.

FORST: Anyone inside?

RECEPTIONIST: Not yet, sir.

FORST moves toward large antique grandfather clock and checks his watch with it. Angle over FORST at big clock. Interior Amalgamated Insurance. Reception. Day.

FORST (to receptionist): Is that the right time? (FORST moves back across receptionist.)

RECEPTIONIST: To the minute, sir.

FORST (moving to the trophy cabinets that line the far wall): I'm early. It's a disgusting habit, being early. Shows you have nothing to do. Not that you're prompt. That you're anxious. (FORST bends over pulling out a cigarette.)

FORST: Give me a light.

The RECEPTIONIST eagerly reaches for an empty book of matches, then exits as he speaks.

RECEPTIONIST: I'll find you one in a second.

FORST reaches for his briefcase and

ANNE: Good morning.

FIRST SECRETARY: Good morning, Mr. Forst.

SECOND SECRETARY: Good morning, Mr. Forst.

ANNE: I have some correspondence.

FORST: Don't bother me with that stuff.

ANNE: I have some papers for you to sign. Would you like some coffee?

FORST: No. You look lousy.

ANNE: Not in a good mood? Anything I can do for you?

FORST: I'll give you a list of my maladies. I think you'd better give me a cup of coffee. I don't want to yawn in Mrs. Miniver's face.

ANNE: Yes.

FORST: Mm?

ANNE (*handing him coffee*): Here you are.

FORST: (*referring to cigarette*): Will you take this thing out of my mouth?

ANNE: Okay.

FORST: Thanks.

NITA: Good morning.

SECRETARIES: Good morning, Miss Whiteford.

FORST: Ha, ha, Nita, how'd they get you out of bed?

goes through a glass door. Interior Projection Room. Day. As FORST enters, three SECRETARIES stand up and greet him.

SECRETARIES: Good morning, Mr. Forst.

FORST moves to his seat and sits, as ANNIE, his personal secretary, makes her way to him with a smile, some letters, and a shorthand pad. Interior Projection Room. Day. Angle over FORST at ANNIE and the other two secretaries in background.

FORST: Don't bother me with that stuff now, I'm not awake.

ANNIE (*moving away to table in background*): Yes, Mr. Forst. Coffee?

CU FORST.

FORST: No. You look lousy.

Back to master scene.

ANNIE: Not in a good mood?

FORST: On the verge of a nervous breakdown.

ANNIE comes over with a cigarette, which she places between his lips, lights it.

ANNIE: Anything I can do?

FORST: I'll give you a list of my maladies. Take this thing out of my mouth. And get me a cup of coffee before I yawn in Mrs. Miniver's face.

ANNIE moves away. New angle on girls as ANNIE gets coffee.

Door opens and NITA WHITEFORD, the owner of Amalgamated Insurance, and eighty-five if she's a day, enters, followed by a task force of employees and ad agency men.

Angle on the SECRETARIES.

SECRETARIES: Good morning, Miss Whiteford.

CU FORST. *He sees Miss WHITEFORD. Shift back to first angle of WHITE-*

NITA: Ah, shut up and sit down. Harry! Oh, you know Harry Selfrine?

FORST: Do I know Harry Selfrine? Do I know Harry?

HARRY: Morning, Dick.

JIM: Jim Mortensen.

NITA: Nice boy.

KAZMIER: Kazmier, Edward.

FORST: Oh, yes.

NITA: Do you know Richard Forst, our manager?

JUDD: Hallo, darling. Lang, L-a-n-g. How are you dear? Huh?

ANNE: Good morning, Mr. Draper.

NITA: All right.

FRED: When I was a kid, we used to play a game called "Your Mother Wears Army Shoes."

NITA: I am not your mother. Sit down. (*There is laughter.*) Do you know Frederick T. Draper?

FRED: Thank you, Emily Dickinson! Thank you very much. Thank you . . .

FORD's entrance with group. She stands there glowering at FORST.

FORST (*rising and going to her*): Hello, Nita, they got you out of bed, I see.

NITA: Shut up and sit down. Harry! You know Harry Selfrine?

As HARRY SELFRINE comes over, NITA and FORST sit. New angle. Raking shot, master.

FORST (*to HARRY*): No, I haven't seen you since yesterday.

HARRY (*to FORST*): Hi, Dick.

Angle on NITA over shoulder of JIM MORTENSEN.

NITA: And I don't know you?

JIM: Jim Mortensen.

NITA: Nice boy.

Reverse angle on line standing waiting to re-introduce themselves to Miss WHITEFORD.

KAZMIER: Kazmier, Edward.

NITA takes KAZMIER's hand, leads it to FORST, who is forced to shake it.

NITA: This is Richard Forst; he manages the company.

A very oily customer kisses NITA's hand.

LANG: Judd Lang . . . My darling.

NITA (*as she turns to FORST, about the charming JUDD LANG*): Oodles of Charm. (*To FORST and referring to HARRY.*) We're going to be entertained today by the Madison Avenue softsell.

FORST: And what are we going to see, Nita?

NITA: A nouvelle vague film.

FORST (*sarcastically*): Sounds marvelous.

Angle on NITA as she turns to the waiting secretaries.

NITA: What're you going to sell us this time, Harry?

HARRY: Money!

KAZMIER: Actually, it's a very good film.

JUDD: We call it the "Dolce Vita" of the commercial field.

FORST: Is that so?

KAZMIER: I don't mean to insinuate it's a crude film.

NITA: We want coffee, girls, and we want it quick. (*The coffee is brought in.*) Harry Selfrine. What is it you're trying to sell us this time.

CU HARRY. He smiles.

HARRY: Money.

CU NITA. She smiles back.

NITA: That's good. We need it.

CU of FORST practically yawning, at least showing his contempt.

FORST: It better be better than the last one. Or you can take my sleeping pills! I suffer from insomnia. Can't sleep, wander around all night thinking of bad films.

NITA: We're all the same. Looking for something to eat. (*NITA turns to HARRY.*) What should we worry about, Harry? (*Angle on HARRY. He turns.*)

HARRY: I'm sorry, I didn't hear you, Miss Whiteford.

NITA: What should we take into account?

HARRY: That we can't sell institutionally, when we want a quick turnover.

Angle on FORST.

FORST (*rather loudly*): Don't be so platitudinous, Harry. It gives me gas.

Another angle. On KAZMIER and MORTENSEN.

KAZMIER (*leaning forward*): It's a good film.

The coffee is served during all this. Angle on LANG.

LANG (*speaking to FORST*): We call it the Dolce Vita of the commercial film.

FORST: Is that so?

LANG (*recovering*): Not that it's crude, in any way.

FORST looks at him a moment, then at door, and starts laughing and applauding.

FORST: Speaking of crude.

Angle on FREDDIE as he enters. He looks at the group.

FREDDIE (*standing in front of the big screen*): You want Gleason, or Pat Rooney? (*He does a little of each, then walks off the floor to secretaries.*) What a bunch of stiff. I need you at ten o'clock in the morning.

Angle on SECRETARIES.

SECRETARIES: Good morning, Mr. Draper.

HARRY *turns back to the boys, winks at them. Angle on FORST, and rest of row.*

FORST: Sounds good. Let's see it.

Angle of FREDDIE in the back.

FREDDIE: I'd rather they tell it again.

Angle on HARRY and NITA.

HARRY: What this country lacks, outside of a better tax law, is attention when attention is due. These men have worked hard to make this film good enough for you to see. So, Nita, pay attention, would you?

NITA: I thought I was.

HARRY *turns to KAZMIER and MORTENSEN. He is grinning and proud of himself. FORST looks to JP.*

FORST: Let's go, eh?

JP *gets up and moves to the back and gives the signal.*

LS of the projection Room. The lights go out and the projector shines into camera.

Angle on DRAPER as he moves into the back row. He turns and looks at secretaries.

FREDDIE: All right. All right. Coffee black. No sugar. Your mother wears army shoes . . . (*FREDDIE bends to kiss NITA from behind her.*) Hello, Mother.

Angle on NITA. She pushes him away a little too affectionately, to make her point.

JIM: We were trying to capture several approaches.

KAZMEIR: What Jim means is that we really kissed . . .

JIM: No, no, that's not what I meant at all. We were talking facts and figures until we practically went out of our minds. Losses, gains, ratings, schmatings; you know, you can lose your mind if you keep analyzing things like . . .

KAZMIER: Then we came up with an impressionistic document that shocks.

FORST: Is that so?

JIM: I don't think it so much shocks as it's honest.

KAZMIER: It's honest, but it's a good piece in itself.

JIM: So you see, we're a, a little nervous about hitting you with this.

NITA: I'm not your mother. Sit down, there. You know Harry Selfrine . . . Jim Mortensen . . . Edward Kazmier . . . Judd Lang.

CU DRAPER. He can't take introductions.

DRAPER: Bring on the dancing girls. Stag films before coffee. (*One of the secretaries hands FREDDIE his coffee.*) Thank you, Emily Dickinson.

FREDDIE turns to the rest. CU MARLEY. He is laughing. Another angle, FREDDIE featured.

DRAPER: I couldn't find the toothpaste this morning, so don't let me breathe on you.

New angle NITA. She turns to FREDDIE, sobering up now.

NITA: Harry and his boys have been working on a different approach to selling insurance. (*She turns to HARRY.*) What's the thinking, Harry?

Angle on HARRY.

HARRY (*big smile, generous man*): I'm going to let Kazmier and Mortensen tell it. They did all the work, deserve all the credit.

FORST squirms . . . NITA smiles attentively . . . Angle on KAZMIER and MORTENSEN. They lean and wiggle and gleam during the following.

MORTENSEN: Well, we tried several approaches.

KAZMIER: What Jim means is that we're not ashamed of . . .

MORTENSEN: No, that's not what I meant at all. We were talking facts and figures till we thought we'd go out of our minds. Losses, gains, ratings, schmatings . . . You know, you can lose your mind analyzing.

NITA: Yes, go on . . .

KAZMIER: And we came up with an impressionistic document that shocks.

LANG: I don't think it so much shocks as it is honest.

KAZMIER: It's honest. But more than that it's a good piece in itself.

MORTENSEN: We're a little nervous about hitting you with this.

HARRY *interjects.*

HARRY: They're worried over nothing. It's a shot in the dark.
But it's strong and attractive.

HAZMIER: And reaches the middle-income bracket as well as
those that can afford.

Angle of LANG, supercilious as ever.

LANG: I feel that we went for the marbles and came up with
a pot of gold.

Angle on NITA. She is sincere.

NITA: I'm confused as ever.

Exterior Los Angeles Freeway. Day. A stream of impressions—pieces of cars, trucks, trailers. Blurs of speed, reflections of light, screeching of brakes, the roar of motors, and the feeling of urgency. . . . Fade in—Credits. Exterior L.A. Freeway (from KMPC helicopter). Day. The rush-hour traffic below us. One system blending and turning into another. The pilot broadcasting on the KMPC mike.

DIALOGUE: (A realistic broadcast of actual traffic conditions.)

Interior FORST's car. Closed-top Lincoln convertible. Day. Two men sit in the front seats. FREDDIE, a used-car lot owner, fifty, slight paunch, blondish, moustached and jovial. And RICHARD FORST, the driver. The KMPC traffic bulletin picks up on the car radio, in direct continuity to the previous helicopter shot.

FREDDIE (*mimicking Edgar Buchanan*): "Open your mouth son. I'm going to do a little drillin'. Ha, ha, ha. That's a boy." You know who that is?

FORST: Edgar Buchanan.

FREDDIE: What about . . . "One moment like this . . . One moment of Paradise . . . no . . . one moment of Paradise . . . no. We're all mad here at the asylum."

FORST: What time have you got?

FREDDIE *looks at his watch.*

FREDDIE: I'm always slow.

FORST: What does slow say?

FREDDIE: Four-forty-two.

FORST: I've got to call my wife.

FORST picks up the car phone and starts to call.

FORST: This is mobile 833-44-210-22. I want to call OL 4-0462.

FREDDIE: We're all mad here at the asylum, Emily. I'm a monster. Oh, I know . . . listen to this one.

FORST hangs up and gets operator.

FORST:

This is mobile 833-44-210-22.
I got a no-answer. Listen,
Miss, could you ring OL 3-7333?
Thank you.

FREDDIE:

I'm not a man . . .
I'm not a beast . . .
I'm the hunchback
Of Notre Dame . . .

FORST: Charles Laughton!

FREDDIE: Right!

FORST: See? Yes, I'm getting a ring now, operator.

Interior Forst office. Day. ANNE, RICHARD FORST's secretary, sits in an enclosed glass cubicle. Down the line in this modern L.A. work building, we see other girls and men workers busily charging their day's duties. ANNE picks up the buzzing telephone, and pushes the flashing button.

ANNE: 4370, Good afternoon. Hold on please. 4371, Good afternoon. Hold on please. 4370, Thank you for waiting . . . Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Forst. (GIRL in office taps ANNE's shoulder for cigarettes.) I can't hear you . . . Call your what? Call your wife. Yes, all right, I will. Oh, I have a Special Delivery for you. (Reaching for stack of letters.) From Texas Limited. Texas Limited. Shall I open it? All right, I will. Shall I cancel your 5:30? Very good. I said, good. Bye, 4371. Thank you for waiting, Mr. Amorabli. No, he left in a rush. He was terribly busy. Hold on, would you please? 4370, Good afternoon, hold on please . . . Mr. Amorabli, can I have your number? OL 4-0464. Good, I certainly will. 4370, Good afternoon. No, he isn't. Who's calling? May I take a message please? What was that? Hold on a moment, please.

ANNE begins dialing FORST's home phone number.

Interior Forst home—late afternoon. Eight women are playing bridge, or what must have been bridge, for we enter this scene at the height of an enormous argument. ANN is a gorgeous woman in her thirties. She and her partner MARY ALLEN are madder than hornets at BILLY MAE and MARIA FORST over their attitude at sweeping the rubber. MARY ALLEN is a woman in her late forties, vivacious and gentle, a surprising temper, and a wicked sense of humor. BILLY MAE is MARIA FORST's best friend, a southern belle, buxom and honest . . . a healthy disrespect for profanity . . . MARIA is RICHARD FORST's wife, a lovely woman in her thirties, who giggles when she isn't arguing.

ANN: I was blank-suited in diamonds.

Phone rings away from table, near window

MARY ALLEN: I know.

ANN: Then why didn't you play it?

BILLY MAE: She made a mistake.

ANN: Well I don't like losing!

MARIA: It was a mistake. Anyone could have made it.

MARY ELLEN: I don't like to be shouted at everytime I hiss up.

BILLY MAE: Bad losers . . . That's all they are . . .

ANN: Then don't play bridge.
Phone rings.

MARIA: We haven't lost in a month to these stumblebums.

ANN: You can't do a thing without cards . . . Don't give me that phony Southern accent.

BILLY MAE (*affecting a Southern accent*): All I know is that we beat the great champions.

MARY ELLEN: You lose one . . . you win one.

BILLY MAE: Phony? Why, darlin', how you talk.

ANN: Telephone.

MARIA: All I know is that we made six spades and you owe us money . . . I can't . . . I'm exhausted.

BILLY MAE rises and crosses to the phone.

BILLY MAE: Forst residence . . . No, this isn't Mrs. Forst. What's it about? (To MARIA) Your husband's secretary.

MARIA: We're supposed to go to the Reynolds' house to dinner . . . Grace has a priest and a politician coming and she's so excited.

MARIA rises and crosses to the phone.

MARIA: Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . I'm fine . . . Bye, dear.

MARY ALLEN: I'm starved.
ANN: I need a Scotch and soda.

MARIA: It was the office. My husband's going to call in fifteen minutes.

MARY ALLEN: I'm dying.

MARIA: Who knows?

BILLY MAE: You look it.

ANN: What's that mean?

Abrupt cut: Exterior Freeway. Late afternoon. The cars are really piling up now. The camera finds the closed-top Lincoln Convertible. Then to Interior Forst car. Day. FREDDIE has his head stuck out of the open window. He turns back to FORST.

FREDDIE: Where do they all come from?

FORST: The installment plan. Seventy a month and interest, remember?

FREDDIE: Give them the horn.

FORST: Why fight it? (Lights a cigarette.)

FREDDIE: You're all gray.

FORST: I've been gray for twenty years.

FREDDIE: I never noticed.

FORST: Getting old, boy . . . getting old.

FREDDIE: Not old Freddie. I drink my bourbon and close my eyes . . . I yell from the throat up only, watch my diet, no fat, no grease, get plenty of sleep, and do as I please.

FORST: You've got it made.

FREDDIE: This traffic is ridiculous.

FORST: What if we were to turn off this stupid freeway and have a tall one?

FREDDIE: You're on . . .

FORST *honks the horn and the traffic moves the fifty feet needed for the Lincoln to turn off the off-ramp.*

Abrupt cut: Exterior The Losers. Late afternoon. We are focused on the Chevy sign above the nightclub. We zoom back to reveal the sign of "The Losers."

Interior The Losers. Late afternoon. Bar-nightclub. A daytime, nighttime hangout for young call girls. Paid prostitutes taking their afternoon stroll . . . finding themselves drawn to their nighttime patrol area. Sipping coffee, yakking with the bartenders, comparing notes on clothes and politics, finances and customers.

Four girls sit at the bar. Dressed in smart afternoon wear, bright and sunny as Hollywood's climate. Fresh as the sea. Not a trace of physical dissipation; not a weary smile or a hard remark; not a bit unhappy as FORST and FREDDIE enter. Two tired and uncomfortable businessmen of the world, they eye the girls from bar distance and take two stools up front.

FREDDIE: Ah, what have we here?

FORST (*looking down length of the bar*): I'll match you for the booze.

FREDDIE (*sitting*): Sure. Oh, wouldn't old Freddie like to junk his old lady and start again.

FORST: Oh, listen to the tiger. Freddie, do this . . . Yes, Louise . . . Freddie, you're late. I wouldn't put up with that crap for eight seconds.

FREDDIE: I'm going to kill her one day. Honest to God, I've come so close to ramming my fist down her throat . . .

FORST: Why don't you?

FREDDIE: She's all right. She just has too many male hormones.

FORST: (*turning down the bar*): They look good from here.

FREDDIE: Probably a bunch of dogs. You know who I've got a thing for?

FORST *lights his cigarette, still staring down the bar toward the girls.*

FORST: Who?

FREDDIE: Billy Mae.

FORST: You're just a tit man at heart.

FREDDIE: No, it's her mouth.

FORST: Her mouth.

FREDDIE: If a woman hasn't got a decent mouth she leaves me cold.

FORST: You're getting old, Freddie.

FORST (*to bartender*): Can we order a couple of drinks? Psst.

MAURY, *the bartender, comes over.*
FREDDIE *lights a cigar.*

MAURY: Quit early. Need a freshener?

FREDDIE: Are those girls as pretty as they look?

MAURY: So what'll it be, gentlemen?

FORST: I'll take a Gibson.

FREDDIE: Marguerita.

MAURY *moves away and down the counter.* FREDDIE and FORST *watch him.*

MAURY (*to the girls, who are turned toward FREDDIE and FORST*): Nothing. Strictly middle class.

JEANNIE RAPP *is staring down at the boys. She is lovely, honey blond, kookie and full of innocence. Always willing to take a chance, Jeannie. Always on the wrong side of the dirty stick. She is for just about anything that doesn't have a chance.* PHYL SAWYER *is dark and voluptuous, despite*

the cotton dress. A quiet, hip girl, who thinks a lot more than she says. She's five-nine, stocking heels, and is almost twenty-one, and never had her license rejected. IDA HOWORTH, a skinny blonde, snotty charm, gets her men by insulting them. This one is a camp when she's not working. The girls' best friend and cleverest ally. BARBARA BOOTHE, long red hair and tiger green eyes, perhaps older than the others, with a great laugh and a hide like leather. She's been there and back, and comes back for more. Barbara, without a penny and with a couple of kids, and hating everyone and everything, and all she can do is laugh, loud and hard.

BARBARA: What are they drinking?

MAURY (to FREDDIE and FORST): One Gibson . . . one Margarita, right?

Angle on FREDDIE and FORST.

FREDDIE: Right! (To FORST.) He's got a memory like a sieve.

FORST: I'd better call Maria.

FREDDIE: And you think my wife bullies me?

FORST winks at FREDDIE, rises, walks past the GIRLS into the phone booth.

FREDDIE: Did you see what he did to me?

The girls all look down toward FREDDIE. MAURY moves over with the drinks. FREDDIE picks up the Gibson and moves to the booth, as he passes the GIRLS.

FREDDIE: We got stuck in Freeway traffic . . . My pal needs this . . . (To JEANNIE) Hi.

FREDDIE juggles the drink over to the phone booth. He kicks the door open as FORST finishes dialing the last number.

FREDDIE: Did you get her yet?

FORST: It's ringing.

FREDDIE: Come on, those girls are luscious.

FORST (*into phone*): Hello, Maria?

*FORST closes the booth door on FRED-
DIE, grabbing his drink. FREDDIE
watches FORST as he talks on the
phone, downs his Gibson and hangs
up.*

*Interior Forst home. Late afternoon.
MARIA's hand puts down the phone.*

MARY ALLEN: It must be nice to have a man who checks in every fifteen minutes.

MARIA: Dickie's very reliable.

*The goodies are served on the coffee
table. BILLY MAE is eating, MARY
ALLEN starts, and ANN is chugging on
her Scotch and Soda.*

BILLY MAE: I've got to meet Louise and Florence Henry. We're having a tête-à-tête.

ANN: Well, you hate to eat and run.

BILLY MAE: Darlin', they're waiting. The cakes are delish.

MARIA: Can't you have a coffee?

BILLY MAE: Sure, baby . . . you pourin'?

ANN: Do you want us to go?

MARIA: No, Dickie won't be home for another hour.

MARY ALLEN: Where do I get the recipe to this chocolate sauce?

ANN: I've been trying to get her to tell for weeks.

MARIA: It's canned. Okay? I buy it at the market, then heat till perfect.

*The girls laugh and scratch . . . and
eat and drink.*

Interior The Losers. Night.

FREDDIE: And this is my pal, Dickie Forst. Two miserable, dilapidated businessmen dying of boredom.

BARBARA: California can do that to you.

FREDDIE: Can we buy you girls something to drink?

FORST and JEANNIE take a good look at each other.

MAURY: What'll it be, Ida?

IDA: Could I have a champagne cocktail?

FREDDIE: Anything your little heart desires.

MAURY: Barbara?

BARBARA: Dewar's and water.

MAURY: Phyl?

PHYL: Champagne cocktail.

MAURY: Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Nothing, thanks, Maury. My name is Jeannie Rapp.

FREDDIE: Freddie.

BARBARA: Barbara.

PHYL: Phyl or Phyllis, take your pick.

IDA: Howorth . . . Ida Howorth.

FREDDIE: That's cute. Shy, Dickie, come on, Shy Dickie. Ida, Barbara, Phyl and Jeannie with the light brown hair. . .

FORST (after shaking off FREDDIE): And a couple more for us, Maury.

BARBARA: What did you say you do?

FREDDIE: As little as possible. (He laughs.)

JEANNIE (to FORST): What do you do?

FORST: Disbehave.

IDA: Disbehave?

PHYL: That's a new one.

FORST: I was just kidding.

MAURY (with a couple of drinks): The last person that came in here that disbehaved was drunk as hell.

FREDDIE: How come four beautiful girls are sitting by themselves?

The GIRLS look at each other.

IDA: We enjoy each other's company.

BARBARA: How come men always wear ties?

FREDDIE: I'll take it off.

PHYL: I like your tie.

JEANNIE: I got a "how come" . . . How come people have a good time when they least expect it?

PHYL: Who's having a good time?

The GIRLS all giggle.

FREDDIE: Anybody married?

The GIRLS all giggle.

FORST: I stink at names. I'm sorry.

JEANNIE: Jeannie Rapp.

FORST: Jeannie, why don't you have a drink?

JEANNIE: I'm happy.

FORST: Please, it would make everything just right.

BARBARA: Is that your secret formula?

FREDDIE: He's got it patented.

JEANNIE: Okay, I'll have a champagne cocktail.

MAURY: That's my girl.

BARBARA (to FREDDIE): Seriously, what do you do?

FREDDIE: Seriously, nothing.

FORST laughs. JEANNIE laughs.

JEANNIE: Why does everybody have to mix business with pleasure, Barbara?

MAURY has set the drinks down.

FREDDIE: Jeannie's right. I'm a used car lot owner. And I can get it for you wholesale.

BARBARA: What kind of cars?

FREDDIE: What kind do you need?

IDA: A Rolls Royce.

FREDDIE: Oh ho!

PHYL: What's "Oh ho!" mean?

FORST: It means he doesn't have any of that kind.

The GIRLS laugh.

JEANNIE: I prefer a Bentley.

FORST: What's wrong with American cars?

BARBIE: They bore me.

BOBBY: Hey, Maury, set up another round.

BOB: And have one yourself.

BOBBY: Yeah, and have one yourself.

BARBARA: Yeah.

MAURY: Hey, John, give me a hand, will you?

FREDDIE: What does "Yeah" mean?

BARBARA: What does "Yeah" mean?

FREDDIE: Yeah . . . Y-E-A-H.

BARBARA: I don't know.

FRANNIE: It means okay.

FREDDIE: Right.

FRANNIE: Or yes, or sure, or good, or cool or like that.

FREDDIE: Ask somebody a direct question and two and two equals four becomes a problem.

BARBARA: Yeah.

Everyone laughs.

BOB: Anyone know what diction means?

FRANNIE: Yeah.

IDA: The way you pronounce words.

BOB: Wanna bet?

PHYLLIS: It means . . . diction . . . you mean D-I-C-T-I-O-N?
It means enunciation.

BOB: Nope.

FREDDIE: What does nope mean?

BOB: Maury, do you have a dictionary?

MAURY: Sure, we got a dictionary. What are you, the first person that ever got into an argument?

BOB: Never mind the philosophy. Look up "diction."

FREDDIE: So what's the bet?

IDA: A dime.

ALL repeat "A dime" as they put coins on the bar.

JEANNIE: A dollar says diction means speaking with good diction.

FOYL: The way the words form in your mouth.

FREDDIE: Okay, you say it means enunciation.

BARBARA: Yeah.

MAURY: D-I-C-T-I-O-N . . . choice of words, vocabulary, usage of language . . . not one word about enunciation.

FREDDIE: Hot damn . . .

BARBARA: Let me see that, Maur.

FREDDIE: Pay off.

FORST: To hell with it. It's a lousy gag.

FREDDIE: No, they have to pay off.

JEANNIE: It's unfair.

MAURY: Sure it's unfair. I mean, common usage . . .

FREDDIE: I mean common usage isn't a sentence.

MAURY: It is to me.

IDA: Here's your dime.

JEANNIE: Here's yours . . .

JEANNIE drops the money.

FREDDIE: Did you drop something?

All the GIRLS look, and FREDDIE gets up and looks. FORST gets down on his knees under the bar stools; JEANNIE gets down too.

JEANNIE (to FORST): Hello.

FORST: Hello.

FORST and JEANNIE rise into camera.

FREDDIE (to GIRLS): Want to see a trick? I take this dime in this hand . . . nothing up my sleeve, right?

FREDDIE (taking coin out of IDA's ear): What's it doing in your ear?

IDA: Amazing.

BARBARA (to JEANNIE): Is everything all right, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Oh, sure. You bet.

IDA: Magicians are sorcerers, not sports.

FREDDIE: You look like a sport.

IDA: Buy me another drink . . . I'm weakening.

JEANNIE: How do you like it?

FORST: Fantastic. I know some good jokes, but they're too long. I don't want to kill the party.

JEANNIE: Go ahead.

MAURY: You really want to see something? Okay, now name me your favorite color.

BARBARA: Enough with tricks already.

MAURY: Name me your favorite color, anybody.

JEANNIE: Blue.

FREDDIE: Chartreuse.

MAURY: Blue it is.

PHYL: Brown.

JEANNIE: Okay, brown. I like brown, too.

MAURY (*hesitating*): Okay, brown. The gods won't care. Now I take this match, and set the joint on fire . . . no, I'm only kidding. The ashes . . . ah, yes, ashes.

BARBARA: Have you got any peanuts? I'm starved.

MAURY: Shut up! And the ashes are wiped on the arm of the sinner, and black magic takes over . . . see . . . (*On MAURY's arm is written "blue," and part of "brown" . . .*)

FREDDIE: You really want to see something amazing?

MAURY: I bet you don't know how I did that?

FREDDIE: You really want to see something amazing? Give me a water glass and a piece of paper.

FORST: You can't top Ida.

FREDDIE: I'm not trying. I'm what they call enjoying myself. Are you finishing this or is it just fermenting?

FORST: Mad Man Morris . . . at it again.

FREDDIE: I'm going to make a fool of myself. It's the only way I'm happy.

FORST: Two-beer Freddie!

JEANNIE (*to FORST*): I love him, don't you?

FOXTY: Yes, I love him.

CRUISE: A glass, a piece of common paper. Upsy-daisy . . .
and whip the paper from under the glass. (*The paper pulls
the glass and the water flies all over the bar.*)

MAURY: Very good. Very good indeed. (*Plops rag on the bar.*)

CRUISE: He hates me. I love tricks that work.

JEANNIE: Can you say "Bugs Black Blood" three times fast?

CRUISE: Bugs black blood, bugs black blood . . .

JEANNIE: Bugs black blood, bugs black blood, bugs black
blood, Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, etc.
I need a drink.

FOXTY: Another champagne for Jeannie.

FREDDIE: All around.

FIVE: (*winding her finger around the water glass; it makes a
sound. Then stronger till it's ringing*): Do you know this
one?

*Everyone takes his glass and starts
making it ring.*

FREDDIE (*falsetto*): Deck the halls with boughs of holly . . .

MAURY: 'Tis the season to be jolly . . .

ALL: Fa la la la la, la la la la.

FREDDIE: You're the worst bartender in the history of the
world.

BARBARA: And where are my peanuts?

MAURY: That's your problem. John, are you awake or trying
to forget you're busy?

*The other BARTENDER, who has been
reading, gets up.*

MAURY: Give me a hand, will you, if it's not too much trouble?

JOHN: All you got to do is ask.

MAURY: I'm asking.

JOHN: It's not my station.

MAURY: It's not his station. Three Champagne, and a Gibson.
I'll spike the Marguerita . . . The life of a bartender . . .

JOHN: I'll get the Marguerita.

MAURY: No, I'll get the Marguerita.

JEANNIE (to FORST): You know who really has the worst life in the world? Secretaries.

FORST: No, I didn't know that.

FREDDIE: Why do secretaries have the worst life in the world?

BOB: Yeah, why do secretaries have the worst life in the world?

MAURY: Yeah, why do secretaries have the worst life in the world?

JEANNIE: I'm not setting up a joke. I was making a statement.

FREDDIE: Bugs Black Blub.

JEANNIE: First of all, they get up early in the morning. They take a bus. Come into a dreary office with neon lights, all overhead. Then have to make the coffee.

The drinks are smacked on the bar by MAURY and JOHN.

JEANNIE: The chances are the pot's dirty and needs washing . . .

FORST: Were you a secretary?

The GIRLS laugh.

JEANNIE: I'm just saying that I think it's awful. Then the phones ring and you have to answer two at a time, then the boss comes in . . . a big slob with bad breath who's always dictating too fast to follow. Then he never likes your clothes and is always grabbing hold too tight, and yelling when the chips are down, and taking it out on you because the days are too short and there's no time to get things done.

FORST: I have a secretary.

JEANNIE: Do you yell at her?

FORST (*trying to be funny*): Never. Besides, she's deaf.

JEANNIE: But they have a rough time of it . . .

BARBARA: I wouldn't work for a hundred a week, I'll tell you that.

FREDDIE: A hundred dollars is a lot of money.

PHYLL: Not for a week.

FORST: I'll tell you. I wouldn't be a secretary either. But I respect them.

JEANNIE: I don't. I think they're crazy.

BARBARA: All women should be respected.

FREDDIE: Actually, that's the trouble with the world. Too much lack of respect.

MAURY: I think there's plenty of respect. Too much respect.

IDA: You're a man.

MAURY: Thank God.

FORST (to JEANNIE): What do you do?

JEANNIE: Oh, anything . . . you know.

FREDDIE: Why does everybody hate bosses? Did you ever ask yourself that?

JEANNIE: I don't hate bosses. I just don't want to be a secretary.

FREDDIE: Jeannie, all bosses don't pinch behinds, you know.

PHYLL: I suppose all men are loyal to their wives.

FREDDIE: I suppose all wives are loyal to their men!

JEANNIE: I like bosses.

BARBARA: There she goes.

JEANNIE: You never know about people. Somebody you think you hate could have a polio victim for a kid, or a crazy wife, or lost a brother, or went bankrupt, or has a bad outlook and don't believe in anything because he's too scared.

PHYLL: Tough.

JEANNIE: No, not tough . . . too bad, you know.

FORST: I agree with Jeannie.

MAURY: She's for anything that hasn't got a chance.

FORST: That's good, isn't it?

IDA: What's good about it?

FREDDIE: Never discuss politics or religion at a bar.

BARBARA: I've been through this party before. I'm going to split.

FREDDIE: Barbara, I love you. Stay, the night is ours. Ol' Freddie guarantees a magic evening.

BARBARA *turns and looks at the others.*

FORST: Don't go.

BARBARA: I haven't had a laugh all day.

FREDDIE: "We're all mad here at the asylum." Ah, I think your tooth needs pulling ma'am . . . hold still, give me that there drill, son . . . mmmmm . . .

BARBARA: You're impossible.

FREDDIE: "Mammy's little baby love shortenin' shortenin', Mammy's little baby love shortenin' bread."

BARBARA: Do you want me to go or don't you?

FORST: Sit down!

JEANNIE: Listen. Why don't we all go to my house . . .

FORST (to JEANNIE): Are we going to have a party?

JEANNIE: I don't know. Do you want one?

FORST: Yes.

JEANNIE: Okay . . . then, that's what we'll do.

FORST: Will you excuse me?

FORST gets up and goes to the phone booth. Group sings "Mammy" softly in background. Inside the phone booth FORST is dialing. JEANNIE appears, knocks on the booth, opens it.

JEANNIE: I don't think they want a party.

FORST: I'll be right out.

JEANNIE (*whispering*): Do you want me to leave?

FORST (to JEANNIE): No, that's all right.

FORST slams the door on JEANNIE. We see her through booth window.

FORST (*into phone*): Hello, Maria. Listen, honey. I don't think I can make it in twenty minutes like I told ya.

We see JEANNIE; she has walked back to the bar and seated herself. She turns slightly and looks back at FORST.

FORST: Something came up and I'm going to be delayed a little longer.

Abrupt cut. Interior Forst house. Night. MARIA and BILLY MAE on the couch, MARIA on phone. ELSIE clean-

ing up, CAROL helping, LADY sipping coffee, YVETTE PACE . . . busying herself, too.

ELBIE: We were expected at the Reynolds'. I'll have to call them and tell them.

BILLY MAE: Honey, Darling. I hate like poison to run out on you but Old Malcolm is due there at any given moment, and you know what that means.

YVETTE: Maria, where do you want these things to go?

MARIA: In the kitchen. (*Into phone.*) Darling, what's up? You making money? Big promotion? A blonde?

ELBIE: You're a wonderful hostess and you're beautiful. We don't mind your talking on the telephone. Just talk.

MARIA (*to ELSIE*): Thank you, Elsie. (*Into phone.*) Oh, the usual thing. Oh, I see.

BILLY MAE: Louise and Florence Henry are coming over for dinner and fun. For some God-awful reason Malcolm likes Florence's husband, Louis, and you haven't even seen Florence.

YVETTE (*to MARIA*): The spout in your sink needs a washer. I know the greatest plumber in the world. If you need one just call me. I'd fix it myself if I wasn't so lazy.

CAROL *sneezes.*

ELBIE (*to CAROL*): Ha! You caught that from Pat.

MARIA (*into phone*): Come home, help! Bridge parties are death.

BILLY MAE: Speakin' of death, you have to meet Florence's husband, Louis.

MARIA (*to ELSIE*): No offense intended. (*Into phone.*) I meant death tired. I love you.

BILLY MAE (*rising*): So, anyway I leave you to you and yours, I'll go to mine.

ELBIE: I don't have any of mine anymore.

BILLY MAE: Who does?

CAROL *sneezes.*

ELBIE: I bet you got that from Pat.

CAROL: Oh, Mother.

BARBARA (*Into phone*): You still there? Say you love me.

CAROL: Oh, Mother, I can do it myself.

BOB: I want to go home, but I can't. I'm not going home till I finish my coffee.

Abrupt cut. Interior bar. The whole group explodes with laughter, FREDDIE sitting on BARBARA's lap.

FREDDIE: For my next number . . . hey, where's sourpuss? The party's dying.

JEANNIE: On the phone.

FREDDIE: That's a great dress.

JEANNIE: Thank you.

FREDDIE: In fact, you're all chic, snazzy . . . what the heck is the right word?

BOB: Bull . . .

All laugh. FREDDIE gets up from his stool.

FREDDIE: The party's dying. Let me get Forst.

FREDDIE takes off, leaving JEANNIE with the girls.

JEANNIE: Look, let's all go to my house.

IRLIS (*ad libbing*): No.

JEANNIE: Why not have a good time?

BARBARA: I'm game.

MAURY: They're spending . . . let them spend.

IDA: Besides, there's nothing in it.

JEANNIE: Who cares?

There is silence.

PHYLL: We have to work, or don't we?

IDA: Those jokers have twenty bucks between them.

JEANNIE: Guys like this come along once in a blue moon. Don't you like them?

MAURY: Strictly middle class.

IDA (*putting thumbs down*): Have a ball and forget it. No thanks.

HARRY: Ah now, they've got nothing to be nervous about. It's a shot in the dark, but it's strong. And it's attractive.

FORST: It had better be better than the last one, Harry. I think I'll loan you my sleeping pills. Y'know, I have insomnia, and I stay awake all night looking at pictures, worrying about pictures. I walk all over the place. Let's see it, J.P.

FRED: I'd rather hear him talk about it . . .

J.P.: All right, Arnold, roll it.

Studio darkens and the film is projected on the screen. Camera moves in, leaving audience to a close up: JEANNIE in a dark bar (Loser's), then to LS. We see FORST, FRED and JEANNIE obviously on their way out, leaving three women seated at the bar and the bartender behind it.

FRED: Mmmmmh. So you're after my money, huh? Mmmmm-mmoooooh! Ha ha. You're not going to drink this? Too bad. Never let good liquor go to waste. Never-never-let-go-to-was-aste!

JEANNIE: Oh!

FRED: Never let it go to waste, Ida. Ida, I adore you, never let good liquor go to waste. Arriverderci!

FORST: Ugh . . .

FRED: Ciaou! Scusa pregal!

BARTENDER: Go on, beat it, sucker!

FRED exits the Loser's Club and runs to join JEANNIE and FORST by a parked car.

FRED: I'll drive, I'll drive, give me the keys and I'll drive.

FRED gets behind the wheel of the car, JEANNIE and FORST get in, FORST takes a flask from the glove compartment and in turn they drink from it, first JEANNIE, who wipes it off before passing it on to FRED, who then hands it to FORST. The car drives off. Cut LS car weaving down the street. It pulls into a driveway of a small stucco, typically Los Angeles house. FRED gets out and drunkenly begins dancing on the lawn.

JEANNIE: What about you Phyl?

PHYL: I've got the baby. Got to get home . . .

BARBARA: It's only going to be a drag anyway. Sooner or later it'll get sloppy.

JEANNIE: No, it won't.

IDA: No. You want to waste time on two jerks, go ahead.

FREDDIE and FORST come back.

FREDDIE: Well . . .

JEANNIE: I thought we'd go to my place.

MAURY: You got to settle the tab first.

FREDDIE: No, we're going to run out without paying.

MAURY leaves the tab with FREDDIE.

MAURY: You're hysterical.

FREDDIE: I'll flip you for it.

MAURY: Are you kidding?

FREDDIE peels off a roll of bills, throws them on the counter.

FREDDIE: And give me a receipt.

The GIRLS look at the bankroll.

FREDDIE: So, who all's going to this party?

JEANNIE: Just us.

BARBARA: I'll go.

JEANNIE: Just us.

BARBARA: I said I'd go.

JEANNIE: You, me and Dickie.

IDA: Little Miss Know-It-All.

JEANNIE: Come on. The air is heavy in here. *(JEANNIE exits.)*

PHYL: You ought to have an accident.

MAURY: Go on, beat it.

FREDDIE: What's the story?

MAURY: So long, sucker.

JEANNIE: They're sore because you're not spending your wad on them.

JEANNIE and FORST rush to quiet him down. There is a crash and laughter as FRED and FORST, with his hand over FRED's mouth, burst through the outer door that leads to an enclosed patio.

FRED: Don't make any noise. Drink, drink.

JEANNIE: Sssshhhhh.

FRED: Drink, drink . . . Ah, I don't care . . . Wake 'em all up, give 'em all a drink. I'll have a drink! Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha. (There is a crash and laughter. Chorus is singing at a distance.) "I got drunk . . ."

JEANNIE: Sssshhhhh.

FRED: I got drunk tonight. Never got drunk before. Tonight I'm drunk! I'm happy as can be. (FRED continues singing with others and chorus joining in.)

FRED and CHORUS:

"The Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany . . ."

JEANNIE (banging on the window): SSssh!

JEANNIE goes into her house while FREDDY and FORST watch her through the window and continue to sing their song. They then rush into the house, grab hold of JEANNIE, dance and sing as a trio until exhaustion overtakes them. They sit down.

CHORUS:

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa, la la la la, la la la la . . ."

Laughter.

JEANNIE:

"Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa, la la la la, la la la la
Down the ancient yuletide carols,
Fa, la la la la, la la la la

More laughter.

FREDDIE: Ho ho ho ho.

FORST: Are we going or not?

JEANNIE joins FORST and they exit. Nobody touches anything and FREDDIE darts for the drinks, devouring each. FREDDIE does various ad libs. FREDDIE leaves a bill on the counter. FREDDIE exits bar, humming, as JOHN mixes, pours Marguerita. GIRLS are left at the bar, disconsolate. MAURY, JOHN argue about drinks.

Exterior. Night. The Losers Bar. They wander into the lot, get into the car. It starts and pulls out onto the main drag.

Exterior. Quiet street. Night. The car is weaving.

Interior FORST's car. Night. FORST, JEANNIE, FREDDIE, all whistle "Dem Bones" and drink from silver flask until flask is empty.

Exterior JEANNIE's house. Night. FORST, JEANNIE and FREDDIE enter JEANNIE's house, singing.

ALL:

Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
Gonna get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before.

Interior JEANNIE's house. Night. They continue singing as they come into the house.

ALL:

Oh, the Souse family
Is the best family
That ever came over
From Old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch
And the Lowland Dutch,

There's the Rotterdam Dutch
And the God-damned Dutch.

Sing glorious—glorious!
One keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to God
That there are no more of us,
'Cause the four of us can drink it all alone!

FREDDIE: How do you like that bartender?

JEANNIE: You've got to know Maury for years . . . before you
can like him.

FREDDIE: I don't want to like him.

FORST: I've never been thrown out of a restaurant in my life.

JEANNIE: "Losers" isn't a restaurant—it's a bar.

FREDDIE: He's never been thrown out of a bar, either.

JEANNIE: Can I make you something to drink? (*They just
stand there for a moment, looking at each other.*) Do you
like my place? It's Victorian. I just loved Queen Victoria.

FREDDIE: I could use a double Scotch.

FORST: Double, double Scotch.

JEANNIE crosses to kitchenette.

JEANNIE: I'll see how much I've got.

FORST: Beer's fine for me then.

JEANNIE: Sorry, I don't have beer. It's fattening. Would you
like some dietetic Coke and rum? I have real pre-Castro
rum.

FORST: I prefer Scotch. If you have enough.

JEANNIE: There's about five fingers.

FORST: That's enough.

*The two MEN look at each other.
FREDDIE walks into the kitchenette.*

FREDDIE: Here, honey, let me help you.

JEANNIE: Jeannie!

FREDDIE: Sure, honey.

JEANNIE: Jeannie!

FREDDIE (*continuing*): I always call people I like "honey."

JEANNIE: Oh, I hate it, Freddie, honest, I really do. Like someone'll call you up and say, "Hi, honey, what are you doing tonight?" And you feel cheap. It's like as if I didn't call you Freddie . . . I said, "Hey, Bud, give me a hand, will you, cutie, because sweetie, I'm dragged and can't make this scene, okay baby?" I mean you'd say . . . hey, I wonder if this dame knows my name. Right, Dickie?

FORST: Are you married?

JEANNIE: Hell no!

FORST: Pretty girl like you . . .

JEANNIE: I don't believe in it.

FORST: Don't you get lonely?

JEANNIE: Lonely, shmonely. You're always by yourself.

FREDDIE: Who the hell said people have to get married and be slaves all their lives?

JEANNIE: I turn on the TV to watch "Million Dollar Movie"; a man turns it to the boxing match.

FORST: Get two TV sets.

JEANNIE: "Where were you? Who called you? What did you do all day?"

FORST: All husbands aren't jealous.

JEANNIE: Mine would be.

The drinks are done. FREDDIE and JEANNIE carry them into the living room and sit.

FREDDIE: A double for Dickie.

JEANNIE: I don't like lamb. I like steak. "Then earn enough money and you can have steak."—You know what I mean?

FORST: Marry a rich man.

JEANNIE: Where am I going to find a rich man, with a great sense of humor? And if I found him, what the hell would he want with me?

FREDDIE: I drink to Jeannie—the last of the independent dependents.

JEANNIE: That's cute. Cheers!

FORST: Cheers.

JEANNIE: I think we lost our glow. Maury's has atmosphere, don't it?

FORB: I like it here.

JEANNIE: Only a hundred-twenty-five a month. I furnished it myself. Those antique shops are the greatest. But you gotta look. This table was way in the back of a place I go to, Angelo's—you know it? It was covered with plaster . . . so I got it real cheap. You can find the bargains if you look. But anyway, here's to you both, may you have luck in your lives. Cheers.

They watch JEANNIE drink her drink.

JEANNIE: You want to hear some music? I got a crazy stereo setup.

FORB: Sure.

FREDDIE: I'm going to run down and get some more Scotch.

JEANNIE: Hey, wait a minute. For special customers I got another bottle.

She gets up and rushes to the kitchenette, looks under the cabinet way in the back and pulls out a bottle of J & B.

JEANNIE: Success!

FREDDIE moves into the kitchen again.

FREDDIE: Hey, honey, I'll bet you're a hell of a dancer.

JEANNIE: What's my name?

FREDDIE: Oh ho! You don't trust me.

JEANNIE: I don't think you know my name.

FREDDIE: Estelle? Francine? Joanie, Janie . . . no?

JEANNIE: Oh, go to hell!

FREDDIE (*singing*): "I dream of Jeannie, with the light brown hair . . ."

JEANNIE joins him and they continue the song. The record player comes on with the "William Tell Overture" by the Boston Pops. JEANNIE pulls away, begins mixing drinks.

FREDDIE: Where you going, adorable?

JEANNIE: I'm making myself another drink. Care to join me?

FREDDIE *looks at FORST, rubs his hands, goes to kitchen.*

FREDDIE: But of course. (*Sotto voce to FORST.*) You got to show her we're young, stupid. Lovely place you've got here, Jeannie.

JEANNIE (*OS*): It's my hideaway.

FREDDIE: That's what I need, a little hideaway. A hideaway where no one will be able to find me . . . Yes, a little place of my own would be very appropriate.

JEANNIE (*OS*): Appropriate for what?

FREDDIE *looks at FORST.*

FREDDIE: For whatever some charming little lady would have me do.

JEANNIE (*OS*): Why, Freddie! I'm surprised at you.

FREDDIE: Old Freddie is full of surprises.

JEANNIE (*OS*): What about you, Dickie? Any secret desires?

FORST: I'm just the simple type.

JEANNIE (*OS*): Now, I hardly believe that.

FREDDIE: I know him very well, my dear, and it's true—old toe-the-line Forst. But watch him at the office, he's a tiger. Chews 'em up alive and spits 'em out. Honest as the day is long, well liked, but feared. (*Sotto voce.*) How'm I doing?

FORST: Oh, shut up.

FREDDIE: He wants me to shut up.

JEANNIE (*coming out*): That would be impossible, wouldn't it?

FREDDIE: I kept my mouth shut for a whole day, once. A friend of mine when I was a kid was a Jew . . . I spent Passover with his family . . .

JEANNIE: I thought you could talk at Passover.

FREDDIE: Sure, you can talk. It's the eating that disqualifies you. But I was so irreligious, even with another religion, that I was afraid to open my mouth for fear of saying "Holy Moses," or "Jesus Christ," or some stupid thing. I was always spoiling celebrations when I was a kid.

FORST: You're spoiling this one, I can tell you . . .

FREDDIE: I'm a misfit. I didn't shave until I was twenty-three. I had arrested physical development.

JEANNIE: Freddie!

FREDDIE: I didn't grow hair on my chest until my wife told me to. (*He stops.*) She likes hair on a man's chest. She thinks it's manly or some goddamned thing.

JEANNIE: I like hair on a man's chest too.

FORST: I don't have any hair on my chest.

JEANNIE: You will!

FREDDIE (*raising his glass*): To the love Goddess . . .

JEANNIE: That's me.

FREDDIE: No, seriously, I saw one of those jungle pictures on the late show. You look just like that actress, what was her name, Dickie?

FORST: I don't know.

FREDDIE: You bastard . . .

JEANNIE: Lauren Bacall?

FREDDIE: Yeah, that's the one . . . see, she knows who I meant. That's the trouble with you, Dickie ol' pal, you don't go to the movies enough . . .

JEANNIE: How old are you?

FREDDIE: Guess!

JEANNIE: I'll bet you're a respectable businessman.

FORST: Completely irreverent.

JEANNIE: No kidding.

FREDDIE: Oh, I treat it like a game. If you don't have fun in this stupid world, what's it all about?

JEANNIE: What's it all about anyway?

FREDDIE: I don't get you, honey.

JEANNIE: I'm just fed up. Don't mind me.

JEANNIE: We just joined the family of I-don't-give-a-damners. Wake up and have a good time before the Bad Fairy comes!

FRED: If there's anything I can't stand, it's a Bad Fairy.

FORST: What the hell do you know about Cinderella!

FRED: Look, now, siddown. I wanna' tell you something. Just sit down. Sit down. Don't let this sophisticated exterior fool you. I believe in Aesop's Fables and Walt Disney.

FORST: All right, Freddy, okay, all right, all right.

FRED: All right, my left eyeball. We met at a bar. Right, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Right!

FRED: And it was love at first sight. Right, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Right!

FRED: We were thrown out by Maury. But we had laughs . . .

JEANNIE: Right!

FRED: Right! Ssshut up. Who asked you? I think . . . Forst is holier-than-thou.

FORST: I am not.

FREDDIE: You mean up to here, swim the rest fed up . . . or just tired?

JEANNIE: Hell, I'm never tired. That's part of my problem. It's up to here and swim the rest . . . The world is full of thoughtless bastards that always want to ruin a good time.

FORST: I'll drink to that.

FREDDIE: College boys with sneakers.

FORST: Kiss-ass-ism is sweeping the country.

JEANNIE: Crude . . . everybody's crude, that's all. What does it take to give somebody a smile and say hello?

FREDDIE (*smiling*): Hello, honey! See, it's easy.

JEANNIE: I'm sick and tired of everybody having a problem. Why can't you just meet somebody who's happy?

FREDDIE (*singing*): "Deck the Halls . . ."
They have their arms wrapped around each other.

JEANNIE: See, and all of a sudden we're having a good time. Okay, that's better. Now you're members of the clan of I-don't-give-a-damners. Wake up and have a good time before the bad fairy comes and makes it midnight.

FREDDIE: Anything I hate, it's a bad fairy.

FORST: What do you know about Cinderella?

FREDDIE: Are you kidding . . . don't let this sophisticated exterior fool you. I believe in Aesop's fables and Walt Disney.

FORST: Okay, Freddie.

FREDDIE: Okay, my left eyeball. We met in a bar, right, Jeannie? And it's love at first sight . . . right, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Right.

FREDDIE: We got thrown out by Maury, but we had laughs . . .

JEANNIE: Right.

FREDDIE: She's on my side, right, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Right.

FREDDIE: Who the hell asked him? I think Forst is a "holier than thou" . . .

FORST: I am not.

FRED: So who asked you? Now cool it.

JEANNIE: You go to a psychiatrist, don't you, Dicky?

FORST: No, I don't.

JEANNIE: Well, you look Freudian.

FORST: I never even met a psychiatrist.

FRED: He looks like Sigmund.

JEANNIE: Yes, he does. (*Laughter.*) Listen, you know what Freud said, if you go to the bathroom it's supposed to be sexy or something?

FRED: Oh! Oh! Oh! Sick, sick, sick, sick. Ha ha ha ha ha. AAaaaaah.

FORST: Now wait a minute. Wait a minute! What the hell are we talking about?

FRED: Who cares?

JEANNIE: Who cares? For a minute or two, we just don't give a damn, so who gets hurt? I mean, just what are the rules? Always play it cool, go around putting everybody down. Shrug, frown, and stand in a corner trying to peek through the corner of your eye to see if anyone's looking at you. The hell with it. I'm twenty-eight.

FRED: Uhah. Uhah.

JEANNIE: Twenty-three. Time for me to forget myself. Right?

FORST: Right. Down with the middle class, white collar workers . . .

JEANNIE: Right.

FRED: Da da da da, down-down-down-with the . . .

FORST: Who give me the swiftest pain in the behind that was ever invented.

FRED: Down with lecturers and do-gooders!

JEANNIE: You know what I hate?

FORST: Down with squealers.

JEANNIE: I hate cheap people.

FRED: Down with hospitals that keep people waiting till they get paid.

JEANNIE: Some hospitals are okay.

FREDDIE: Who the hell asked you?

JEANNIE: He goes to a psychiatrist, don't you, Dickie?

FORST: No.

JEANNIE: Well, you look Freudian.

FORST: I do? No, I've never even met a psychiatrist.

JEANNIE: Freud said if you go to the bathroom, it's supposed to be sexy or something.

FREDDIE: Sick, sick, sick!

JEANNIE: That's what's so wonderful. Don't you remember when you were a little girl . . .

FREDDIE: He does!

They all laugh hysterically.

JEANNIE: . . . and all your friends came over to see you when you were sick. I always had the best kind of time . . .

FORST: Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

The party stops.

FORST: What the hell are we all talking about?

JEANNIE: Who cares? For a minute or two we just don't give a damn, so who gets hurt? I mean, just what are the rules? Always play it cool . . . go around putting everybody down. Shrug, frown, and stand in a corner trying to peek through the corner of your eye to see if anyone's looking at you. Hell, boys . . . I'm twenty-eight, twenty-three, years old. It's time for me to forget myself, isn't it?

FREDDIE: Right!

FORST: Down with the middle class, white collar workers, who give me the swiftest pain in the behind ever invented.

FREDDIE: Down with lecturers and do-gooders.

FORST: To hell with politics, they all stink.

JEANNIE: You know what I hate?

FORST: Down with the squealers . . .

FREDDIE: Kill the finks.

JEANNIE: I hate rabble . . . I mean cheap people . . .

FREDDIE: Down with hospitals that keep people waiting till they get paid . . .

JEANNIE: Some hospitals are okay . . .

FORST: Down with hospitals!

JEANNIE: Don't bully me.

FRED: Don't bully her!

FORST: And to hell with politics, it stinks.

FRED: Kill the finks . . . Down with Sunday schools. Ha ha ha ha ha.

JEANNIE: I like Sunday schools. I've got the best one.

FORST: What is it?

JEANNIE: Down with friendships.

FRED: That's a girl. Ha ha ha ha.

FORST: Ah c'mon. You don't know what you're talking about. Friendship, friendship, it's a, it's a tradition.

JEANNIE: I've got some pretty rotten friends.

FORST: Friendship is useful. I don't care, sometimes you need a friend.

FRED: So buy a dog.

FORST: Ah, I'm talking about us, stupid. You know how long I know this jerk?

JEANNIE: Dicky, he's just . . .

FORST: No, no . . . There it is, come on out and to hell with families and responsibilities. C'mon, let's ball it up, ol' buddy. It's a wonder we know each other. I'm talking about down deep.

JEANNIE: He's going to cry! Do something! Freddy!

FORST: I'm talking about something . . .

FREDDY pulls a handkerchief from his hip pocket and begins to cry quite phonily into it. He gets up and goes to FORST, who immediately breaks away from him and begins to camp.

FRED: Ga-ha-ha, gaaaaah. Dicky, Dicky, Dicky.

FORST: Hi Ho Silver, away!

FRED: Get 'um up, Scout. The Lone Ranger rides again. Masked man, injun, gettum Tonto. Aaaaaaagh. Aaagh. Oh, my hand.

FORST: That wasn't your hand, it was a Silver Bullet.

FRED: Hi Ho Silver, away.

FORST: Down with them!

JEANNIE: Don't bully me!

FREDDIE: Down with Sunday schools . . .

JEANNIE: I like Sunday schools . . .

FREDDIE: Down with gossip columns . . .

JEANNIE: I got the best one.

FORST: What?

JEANNIE: Down with friendship, I think it's phony.

FORST: You don't know what you're saying. Friendship is traditional and it's useful.

JEANNIE: I've met some pretty rotten friends.

FORST: I don't care—like sometimes you need a friend.

FREDDIE: Buy a dog.

FORST: I'm talking about us, stupid! Why are you so stupid? What are you supposed to be? You know how long I've known this jerk?

JEANNIE: Oh, Dickie . . .

FREDDIE: Down with sentiment.

FORST: No. I'm not one of these guys that has a few and says, "Okay, buddy, we're in business. Let's chuck the whole bit, family responsibilities, and have a ball from now on, old buddy" and the next day forget the guy completely . . . I mean really deep down like somebody that you're willing to do something for.

JEANNIE: The glow is perfect; any more and we'll get sloppy.

FORST: I love you, Jeannie.

FORST makes like he's riding a horse and gallops into the kitchenette, followed by FREDDIE.

FORST: Hi Ho Silver, away . . .

FREDDIE: "Get 'um up Scout." The Lone Ranger rides again . . . Oh, my hand . . .

FORST: That wasn't your hand, that was a silver bullet!

FREDDIE: Hi Ho Silver, ha way . . .

FORST and FREDDIE return to living room.

FORST: Didja hear the one about the goose that went down into the subway and got peopled to death?

Loud shouting.

FRED: Do you know that Dicky and I used to do routines in college? Ha, ha, ha, boy. Hey, remember that time we auditioned for the nightclub?

FORST: It closed. Hey, Freddy, let's do one of our routines for Jeannie, eh? Come on. Come on, let's do it. Well, c'mon.

FRED: Ha, ha, ha. It wasn't funny then, buddy, and a hundred years wouldn't change it.

FORST: Listen, Freddy, after what I saw on television, I'm not ashamed of any of our routines. Now, come on.

FRED: Okay, get up then.

FRED and JEANNIE: Come on. C'mon.

FRED: Ah, all right, let's do it. Come on, you crazy, shy son-of-a-bitch. Up on your feet! Come on. Come on. C'mon, out with that goddamn routine. C'mon. Hey, listen, get this. Ladies and Gentlemen. The Great Siegfrieds. Da, da, da, dah, DAH! Bow, will ya'. Bow!

JEANNIE: C'mon, Dicky. Dick bow wow!

FRED: Ah, foey. Foey, foey, foey. Spoiled the whole goddamn act. When the drum roll begins, he's supposed to bow.

JEANNIE: All right, you chickens. I'll do my act. You ready?

FRED: I'm ready.

FORST: Well, well. . . .

Shouting, JEANNIE breaks into song.

JEANNIE:

There's a Moscow theater
Where the Reds love to go
To see Sonia the cutie
Of the burleskovitch show.
All the Commies love her stripping
To the very last man
They think it even better
Than the 5-year plan.
Take it off, take it off
Shout the Reds from the rear
Take it off, take it off
That is all you can hear
But she didn't join the party
Which in Russia's not so smarty

FORST: Hey, did you hear the one about the goose that went down into the subway and got peopled to death?

FREDDIE: Dickie and I used to do routines in college. Like, remember that time we auditioned for that nightclub . . . what the hell was the name of that damned club?

FORST: It closed.

JEANNIE: Take off your coats.

FORST: Hey, Freddie . . . let's do our routine for Jeannie.

FREDDIE: It wasn't funny then and one hundred years wouldn't change it.

FORST: Believe me, after watching some of those clowns on television, I'm not embarrassed about our routine.

FREDDIE: Okay . . . get up then.

FORST: You're too anxious. To hell with it. Give me my drink.

FREDDIE: Come on, stand up. Damn it! Come on, you lazy, shy son of a bitch . . . up on your feet!

FORST: Jeannie doesn't want to see us jerk around.

JEANNIE: You better be good, because after, I'm going to do my act.

FREDDIE pulls to his feet.

FREDDIE: Drum roll. Ladies and gentlemen—the Great Siegfrieds!

FREDDIE bows to FORST, who just stands there with his drink.

FREDDIE: Bow, will you, for God's sake. Look I'm bowing. Bow, will you?

FORST: Bow wow.

JEANNIE: Go ahead, bow, Dickie.

FORST: Fine impression we're making on the lady.

FREDDIE: Aw . . . foey!! You spoiled the whole gag. When the drum roll begins, he's supposed to bow.

JEANNIE: You big chickens, I'll show you. I'll do my number . . . a Russian song. You're not Communists, are you? I don't care, but I don't want to hurt your feelings. Okay, here goes. I'm a Russian, see . . .

JEANNIE starts to sing and dance—a strip polka. Applause. FORST moves to JEANNIE and kisses her hand, so does

FACES—FINAL VERSION

So now she is here to cheer ya
It's better than Siberia.

CHORUS: *joined by FORST and FRED:*

Take it off, take it off
Da da da, da da da
Take it off, take it off
Da da da, da da da . . .
Ha, Ha. Aaaaah.

JEANNIE: Oh. Oh.

FRED: Come on, Dicky, come on. Now, listen, get the picture.
Stand up there!

FORST: This is the kind . . . this is a great impression to give a
lady, huh?

FRED: Stand up there. Get the picture.

FORST: Boy, this is ridiculous.

FRED: No, look. I'm gonna—we're gonna do it if my heart
holds out.

FORST: All right, I give up.

FRED: Are you ready? Now get the picture. Pinpoint spot.
Whееееееew!

FREDDY swings his arms about, describing the perimeter of a spotlight. FORST stands behind him, and they go into a routine drawn from the memories of their college days. JEANNIE, seated, gives them her undivided attention.

JEANNIE: I got the picture!

FRED: Got it, got it. Got it?

JEANNIE: Got it!

FRED: *Achtung!*

FORST: *Achtung.*

FRED: Right turn!

FORST: Right turn.

FRED: Shoulders back! Back. Attention.

FORST: Attencione. Aaaaaaaaaaaaa, mmmmaaaaaaaaa . . . Yaaaaaaah.

Laughter.

FRED: And I'm supposed to act like it's all a big mistake.

FACES—ORIGINAL VERSION

FREDDIE. *Then the two men face each other, FORST bows, JEANNIE applauds. FREDDIE bows, JEANNIE applauds.*

FREDDIE: Drum roll, pin point spot. We're dressed in black
tails.

JEANNIE: I get the picture.

The two men bow again. Finally they grab hands sharply and press tensely against each other, like fencers will in Hollywood movies.

FREDDIE: Tension, drums, tension.

FORST: This is ridiculous.

FREDDIE: Crescendo!

FORST throws FREDDIE over his shoulder. FREDDIE rolls on the floor.

FREDDIE: Ta dummm.

JEANNIE (*laughs*): This is great!

FREDDIE: Then I jump on my feet and act insulted . . . like
it was a mistake . . .

FORST: Calm down, you idiot.

JEANNIE goes to FREDDIE and kisses him.

JEANNIE: You're terrific! (*Assumes British accent.*) I'm going
to retire into the bedroom and change into something loose.
Don't worry gentlemen, you shall feel many guilts, but
remain pure.

JEANNIE swings lightly into the bedroom.

FREDDIE looks long and hard at FORST as the door closes.

FREDDIE: My heart's beating like crazy! Well, what do you
wanna' do? You wanna' flip for her?

FORST: No.

FREDDIE: Remember when we didn't have to worry about
wives and children and mundane things like that? Remember
when we had our own apartment and all the girls
would flock up to see us? They'd mix the drinks . . . they'd
cook us anything we wanted . . . they'd give us their money
and go to bed with us. Remember?

JEANNIE: It's wonderful! You're wonderful! You're great! And now, and now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going in to the boudoir to change into something more comfortable. Don't worry. You shall feel many guilts but remain pure.

JEANNIE exits from living room.

FRED: My heart. It's beating. I'm so excited. Uh, uhh. What are we doing on our knees? Ha ha ha ha ha ha. What is the matter with you? She's going to change! Ooooooh, Dicky. Remember when we didn't have to worry about our wives and kids? O God . . . Phew! Mmmm . . . Remember when we had our own apartment, and all the girls would come up and see us? And they mixed drinks for us and they would cook us anything we wanted—and then, they'd give us their money and go to bed with us! Don't you remember?

FORST: It never happened.

FRED: Oh, course it did. Don't you remember Connie and Julie and what-the-hell's-er-name, the one with the . . .

FORST: I dunno.

FRED: Oh, my God, Dicky, you're getting old and gray, and I'm getting fat and gray. What the hell's she doing in there?

FRED goes to the bedroom door to listen for JEANNIE.

FRED: "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair . . ."

Song is sung repeatedly by FRED and sometimes by FORST and JEANNIE after she reenters the room. They begin to dance, the two men cutting in on each other.

JEANNIE: "I dream of Dicky with the sil-ver hair . . ."

FRED: "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair . . ."

JEANNIE: Sing it, Dicky.

FORST: Jeannie, Jeannie, light brown hair.

JEANNIE: ". . . dream of Freddy with the light brown hair . . ."

FORST cuts in and begins dancing with JEANNIE. Suddenly a new mood is felt, a romantic one. FREDDY is now an outsider. As he stands there watching them dance, a cold look comes over his face.

FRED: By the way, Jeannie, what do you charge?

JEANNIE: Ah, no Freddy! Don't spoil it, Freddy, please . . .

FORST: Never happened.

FREDDIE: Sure it happened. Are you kidding? Don't you remember Connie and Julie and . . . what the hell was her name?

FORST: I don't know.

FREDDIE: You bastard! My God, Forst, you know you're getting old and gray? And I'm getting fat and gray.

FREDDIE goes to the bedroom door.

FREDDIE: What the hell's she doing in there . . . Jeannie?

FREDDIE paces back and forth. There is no answer and he starts singing "I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair." JEANNIE comes out dressed in slacks and FREDDIE takes her quickly in his arms and while still singing, he dances her across the room, continuing his off-key chant, and JEANNIE joins in the singing. FORST sits. JEANNIE breaks away from FREDDIE and goes to kneel down in front of FORST. She continues singing. FREDDIE comes over. JEANNIE reaches for FORST and pulls him delicately from the chair and begins to dance with him, not in a comic manner, but in a very serious, romantic way. They dance until the song's conclusion, then turn and look at FREDDIE.

FREDDIE: Hey, Jeannie, can you get another girl?

JEANNIE: Yes, I can get you a girl, Freddie.

FREDDIE: Are you sure?

JEANNIE: I can get a girl for you!

FREDDIE: How about that card. She's a mercenary little thing, aren't you? I'm the only man in America who pays for everything cash!

FORST: No, she isn't.

FREDDIE: By the way, what do you charge?

JEANNIE: Please don't, Fred.

FREDDIE: A deal is a deal. I never renege . . .

JEANNIE: Don't spoil it, Freddie . . .

JEANNIE walks to FRED, puts her arms around him, trying to recapture the happy mood, but FRED continues to give vent to his bitterness. The three of them stand there, watching one another while FRED talks.

FRED: Spoil what? Honey, I'm game for anything. I just want to know how much you charge. Legitimate, isn't it? I know I have to pay. I'm not too schooled in these things, but I know that somewhere along the line your little hand's going to find its way into my pocket. You're shocked, ol' Dicky, ol' pal. What do you think she is? You think she's a clean towel, never been used? My God, Dicky you think you don't pay? How many times a week does Maria ask you for some money? Money, chum, is a necessity, and don't you think that you don't work for it and pay for it. My God, what is this? He thinks I'm insulting you . . . Hell, look, what's the matter? If I went to one of those fancy restaurants I'd probably tip the head waiter, the waiter, the busboy and a hundred bucks goes flying down the drain. And I couldn't have any more fun that I could with Jeannie here.

FORST (*coldly*): All right, let's go.

JEANNIE has taken all that she can from FRED but she stops FORST from trying to force FRED to leave by physical means. Instead, she lashes out bitterly at FRED.

JEANNIE: Dicky, wait. Please, please, please . . . Don't be shocked. It's like this: Freddy's a very sad man.

FRED: Now, you wait just a minute.

JEANNIE: Let me finish. Because you're a man who doesn't say what you mean very well. What you meant was this was a wonderful evening, and you enjoyed my house and you like me. But, like you said, you're crude.

FREDDIE: Spoil what? I'm game for anything. I just like to know what you charge . . . legitimate, isn't it? I'm not too schooled on these things, but I know somewhere along the line, your little hand is going to find its way into my pocket.

JEANNIE: No charge.

FREDDIE: What! What do you mean, no charge?

JEANNIE: Free, absolutely free—knowing me is the price of admission.

FORST: I think we ought to go, Jeannie. I'm sorry.

FREDDIE: I'm a seventeen-year man. I'm a miserable wretch, but I know I'm no one's choice. I know I have to pay the price, despite my charm and length of experience in world affairs. He's shocked, aren't you old Dickie, ol' pal? What do you think she is? He thinks you're some kind of a clean towel, never been used.

FORST: That's enough, Freddie!

FREDDIE: Human beings aren't glass. Money, chum . . . that's the answer to every pleasure. From cigarettes, to drink, to children, to a bed to sleep in and to make love in . . . isn't that right, Jeannie? My God, Dickie, you're married, you think you don't pay? How many times a week does Maria ask you for some money . . . "I have to pay the groceries, the car needs washing, I have to fix the dishwasher, I need a black dress." She never cringes out of shame, you don't blush and scrape your feet across the floor. Money is a necessity and don't kid yourself you don't work for it. He thinks I'm insulting you . . . what's the matter? I'd probably tip the headwaiter, the waiter, the busboy, and a hundred bucks goes flying down the drain . . . I couldn't have any more fun than Jeannie, here right now, right?

FORST: Fred, I want you to get out of here with me, right now.

FREDDIE: Why?

FORST: Well, I'll tell you frankly, I'm shocked.

JEANNIE: Well, don't be shocked. It's like this . . . Fred is sad . . . he's a very shy, very inhibited, sad, old man . . .

FREDDIE: Now wait a minute . . .

JEANNIE: No. Let me finish! You're a man who doesn't say what you really mean too well. You see, what he meant to say was, that this was a beautiful evening and that he enjoys being at my house and likes me. But like he says, he's crude.

FRED: I'm sorry, honey. I was only trying to be funny.

JEANNIE: I thought you said you were trying to be funny.

FORST: I think you'd better leave.

FRED: Well, you go. You go if you're in such a damned hurry.
My reputation is at stake here. (*There is a silence.*) Ah . . .
Good-night, Jeannie. I'm sorry. (*FRED exits.*)

FORST: I'd like to know how the hell do you do it?

JEANNIE: I just, I just close my eyes and I see how much liquor
I can swallow. I pray that I'll die and be martyred by the
Church for my service to humanity.

FORST: You're a lovely girl.

JEANNIE (*no longer bantering*): I'm too old to be lovely. And
I haven't got a heart of gold. And the nights are long and
Little Orphan Annie of Hard Knoxville gets tough.

FREDDIE: I'm sorry. My God . . . I was just trying to be funny!

FORST: Come on, Freddie, the party's over.

FREDDIE: Why don't you go, if you're so damned in a hurry.
My reputation is at stake here.

JEANNIE: I don't want him to go and I'm not going to bed
with either one of you. Now does that make my point?

FORST: I'll be outside.

JEANNIE: Don't you go!

FREDDIE: Nobody feel like coffee? Well, I'm tired anyway. I
guess I'll just go home to my kids . . . my wife . . . it's
been a long day . . . so, Forst. When am I going to see
you again? You know my wife's been bugging me to have
you and Maria over. You know how it is, Jeannie, old
friends . . . they only get together once in a while; go out
for an evening, have a few drinks, get blind stinking drunk,
meet some pretty girls, have a little conversation, but the
wives get jealous, you know?

FORST: Good night, Freddie.

FREDDIE: Yeah, good night. Ah . . . good night, Jeannie. I'm
sorry.

*He reaches over and kisses her on the
cheek. Then he goes to the door and
exits.*

FORST: I'm sorry . . . he's an old friend.

JEANNIE: Please don't go.

FORST: How the hell do you do it?

JEANNIE: I just close my eyes as tight as I can, swallow as
much bourbon as I can hold, pray that I'll die one day
and be martyred by the church for my service to humanity.

FORST: Just like in the movies.

JEANNIE: Some of the pictures I've seen are worse.

FORST: You're a lovely girl.

JEANNIE: I'm too old to be lovely . . . and I haven't got a
heart of gold. The nights are long, and Little Orphan Annie
of Hardknocksville gets tough.

FORST: You're a beautiful girl.

JEANNIE: I just want to get by with a smile and the scrubbed
and polished look.

FORST: Have you tried a regular job?

JEANNIE: Yes, I also had an analyst. I layed him.

FORST: I see . . .

JEANNIE: You don't approve.

FORST: I have nothing to say about it.

JEANNIE: Aren't we friends?

FORST: Not yet.

JEANNIE: Just what are we?

FORST: Two people who like each other.

JEANNIE: Is there such a thing?

FORST: Sure, two people can like each other, hate each other, love each other . . .

JEANNIE: Well, we met in a bar . . . what does that make us?

FORST: It doesn't make us anything. All kinds of people meet in bars.

JEANNIE: Yes, and people drink in bars. Do you want to go to bed with me?

FORST: I want to know you.

JEANNIE: If that's a compliment, thanks. But that's not what I'm for.

FORST: You're a beautiful, intelligent woman.

JEANNIE: Hey, what's with you . . . or you getting up a complicated make?

FORST: I didn't understand.

JEANNIE: Do you want to go to bed with me?

FORST: I don't know . . .

JEANNIE: You do or you don't. I mean, you want to or you don't want to.

FORST: You're one of the most attractive women I've ever seen. But right now, I'm going home.

JEANNIE: You're scared, aren't you?

FORST: No.

JEANNIE: Who am I? What happens if we don't make it? Is it worth it? Getting involved.

FORST: I've got to go.

FORST: I think I'd better go.

JEANNIE (*angrily*): Go. Go. Get the hell out of here. Beat it! Snow ball. Right?

FORST: Right. You're on your own again.

We cut to MARIA FORST sitting on couch, talking on telephone as FORST enters.

MARIA (*into phone*): Ha ha. Yes. Uh-huh. Mm . . . mmmmm. Ah-hah. Ha-hah. Ah-hah. Yeah. (*Whispers to FORST.*) Come here. (*Into phone.*) And how'd you find that out? It's very important, but I don't think there's anything you can do about it.

FORST: Maria, I want to talk to you.

MARIA: Mm. Mm-mm.

JEANNIE: Then go. Get the hell out. Beat it. Snowball, okay?

FORST: Okay.

JEANNIE: Boy am I a sucker. Boy am I stupid. Broke my butt listening. Had a ball, good night and forget it! Right?

FORST: Right. You're on your own again.

JEANNIE (*a kiss*): Call me . . . would you . . . I'm in the book. Call me, please . . . day or night . . . five minute's notice.

FORST exits. The phone rings.

JEANNIE: Hell . . . yes, this is Jeannie Rapp. Yes, I know him, yes, I know him too. Yes, I'm as beautiful as they say . . . no, I'm not busy . . . no, I don't mind "nice quiet evenings" . . . do you want to make it here or do you have a place? I think I can get a friend for your friend . . . that's one thing you'll find out about me, Mr. McCarthy, I'm always sure.

Exterior Forst house (driveway). Night. FORST in his car, slightly loaded, almost runs off the high winding drive. He backs the car up and makes the turn, revealing the house. An elegant, large, white, non-descriptive and comfortable home.

Interior. The Forst home. Night.

MARIA (*on the telephone*): Uh-huh, uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . .

FORST: I'm sorry I'm late.

MARIA: I've already eaten.

FORST: We were supposed to go out to dinner tonight, right?

MARIA: Doesn't matter. I called up the Reynolds and told them you would be working late.

FORST: I wasn't at the office.

MARIA: Yes, Louise . . . well, how did you find out about that? Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh . . . yes . . . uh-huh, uh-huh . . . well, that's important, but I don't think you can do anything about it. Uh-huh . . .

FORST: You want a drink?

MARIA: Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . no, darling . . . uh-huh . . .

FORST: Maria, I want to talk to you.

MARIA: Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh

- FORST (*grabbing phone*): Louise, I just came home from the office and I've had a very hard day and something important came up. Can she call you back later? Ah-hah. Uh-huh. Yeah? Uh-huh. Ah-hah. Louise, we'll call you back later. G'bye.
- MARIA (*giggling*): Ha ha ha ha. I'm going to have a drink! You kill me!
- FORST: Yeah, why do I kill you? Why do I kill you?
- MARIA: Ha ha ha ha . . .
- FORST: Why do I kill you, heh? Why? What do you want to drink?
- MARIA: Oh, whatever it is, I want it on the rocks, straight and dirty, because I feel very, very bitchy tonight.
- FORST: Well, I feel very, very bitchy, too. That makes two of us.
- MARIA: Blue Monday for me today. All day the phone rang and rang . . . Hello, Maria. G'bye, Maria. Hello, darling. G'bye, darling.
- FORST: Hello, darling . . .
- MARIA: Your sense of humor's going to destroy our marriage some day.
- FORST: I wasn't trying to be funny. Listen, Maria, go get me a cigarette, will you?

FORST *drinks his drink down, walks over to the telephone and, taking it away from MARIA, speaks into the receiver.*

- FORST: Louise? This is Forst. Yes, how are you? Well, that's wonderful. Look, Louise, I just got home . . . I've had a very busy day and some important things have come up and I would like to talk to my wife . . . can she call you back? Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . yes, well, that's wonderful, and she'll call you back. Good-bye. (*He hangs up.*)
- MARIA: You kill me . . . I think I'll have a drink. (*She exits to the bar.*)
- FORST: Why do I kill you? (*He follows her out to the bar.*)
 MARIA *enters bar.* FORST *is right behind her.*
- FORST: Why do I kill you?
- MARIA: I'll have mine on the rocks, straight and dirty. I feel lewd tonight.
- FORST: I feel lewd too . . . that makes two of us.
- MARIA: It was Blue Monday for me today . . . the phone never stopped ringing . . . "Hello Maria, good-bye, Maria, Hello darling, good-bye, darling . . ."
- FORST: Hello, darling.
- MARIA: Your sense of humor is going to destroy our marriage one of these days.
- FORST: I wasn't trying to be funny.
- MARIA: I was invited to three old lady's teas and four luncheons, all benefits. Really, I'm thinking of joining the Legion of Decency . . .
- FORST: Don't do that.
- MARIA: Oh, and Louise bought a dog, did I tell you that?
- FORST: No, you didn't get around to that yet.
- MARIA: Well, she bought this crazy black dog with big, long hair and pink eyes, and he bites and barks and drives Fred crazy.
- FORST *barks.*
- MARIA: Fred wants to have him put away . . . Do you think that's fair?
- FORST: No. . . .

MARIA: Ohh—ow—sorry. I've smoked myself silly today.
 FORST: You're such a conformist.
 MARIA: Like hell I am. Dicky, why don't you take me to a movie, okay?

MARIA: I mean, you don't just go around killing dogs. This is the Twentieth Century, after all.
 FORST: Call the A.S.P.C.A.
 MARIA: You have no heart.
 FORST: Red Heart . . . that's pretty good, isn't it?
 MARIA: It's bad enough that we eat meat, and speaking of meat . . . Caesar, that's what they call him . . . isn't that a little affected?
 FORST: Well, I actually
 MARIA: Can I finish a sentence, please? Caesar attacked the cat, almost bit its right front leg off. Louise says Caesar was protecting the parakeet because the cat was forever knocking the cage down, and guess what the goldfish are suffering from . . . lack of oxygen.
 FORST: I thought you were going to say thirst.
MARIA walks over to him, puts the drink in his hand. Looks at FORST.
 MARIA: Don't you think that's funny? . . . Hello, where are you?
 FORST: I'm here. Get me a cigarette, would you, Maria?
 MARIA: We're out. I smoked myself silly today.
FORST starts walking around the room, looking for cigarettes.
 FORST: You're a goddamned conformist.
 MARIA: Like hell I am.
 FORST: Joke!
 MARIA: Too much ice?
 FORST: Perfect.
 MARIA: What's new with you?
 FORST: Cheers.
 MARIA: Cheers, darling. You look tired. Have you been drinking, you old drunk?
 FORST: I had one or two for the road. You look great.
 MARIA: I feel lousy.
 FORST: What's that, a new dress?
 MARIA: I've had it in the closet for years. Want to go to a movie tonight?

FORST *looks for cigarettes.*

FORST: Why doesn't somebody fill these stupid boxes?

MARIA: You smoke too much. There's a Bergman film in the neighborhood.

FORST: I don't feel like getting depressed tonight.

MARIA: But you always love foreign films.

FORST (*impatiently*): Where the hell are the cigarettes?

MARIA: We're out.

FORST (*conciliatorily*): What are you getting so huffy about?

MARIA: There's nothing on television tonight.

FORST: If I had a cigarette, I could think.

MARIA: You're hungry!

FORST: Right!

MARIA: You're always hungry . . .

FORST: That's because I always come home at dinnertime.
Oooohh, I love you when you look like that.

MARIA: Look like what? Tell me, quick, and I'll write it down.

FORST: You wanna fight?

MARIA: Yeah, I wanna fight. Yeah, I knew it the first time I looked at you, that better-than-you-expression.

FORST: Right. I'm the pompous puke of all time.

MARIA: You smell like a brewery, too.

FORST (*mimicking*): I smell like a brewery, too.

MARIA: And you'll take me to a movie show?

FORST: I'll . . . take you . . . any place your little heart desires . . . if you'll just keep that lovely mouth of yours closed for a couple of seconds.

FORST (*looking into cigarette boxes*): Doesn't anyone ever fill these stupid boxes?

MARIA: You smoke too much. There's a Bergman film in the neighborhood.

FORST: I don't feel like being depressed tonight.

FORST *exits bar, into dining room.*

MARIA: You always enjoy foreign films.

MARIA *exits after him.*

FORST: Where the hell are the cigarettes?

MARIA: We're out!

FORST: What are you so huffy about?

MARIA: There's nothing on TV tonight.

FORST: If I had a cigarette I'd be able to think.

MARIA: You're hungry?

FORST: Yes!

MARIA: You're always hungry.

FORST: I come home every night around dinner time.

MARIA: Ha, ha, ha

FORST: I love you when you look like that.

MARIA: Look like what? Tell me quick and I'll write it down.

FORST: You wanna fight, is that it?

MARIA: I wanna fight! Why don't you be a sport and take your little wifey out to dinner, see a movie . . . you know, like everyone else.

FORST: I don't want to be like everyone else.

MARIA: Smug. I knew it the first time I looked at you. That "better-than-you" expression.

FORST *crosses to her to love it up.*

FORST: You're right, baby. I'm the pompous puke of all time.

MARIA: And you smell like a brewery.

FORST: I smell like a brewery.

MARIA: And you'll take me to the movie show.

FORST: I'll take you anywhere your little heart desires . . . if you shut that lovely mouth of yours for two seconds.

MARIA: Have a lovely dinner for you. Come on, take off your coat and stay awhile, bright eyes.

FORST: Well, that sounds like some kind of a proposition.

MARIA: Oh, Dicky. You're so innocent, it's hard to get through to you sometimes.

FORST: Oh, really? No place like home.

MARIA: What?

FORST: I said, have you ever been to Rome?

MARIA: Italy?

MARIA sits FORST down at the dining room table, then runs into the kitchen to prepare his dinner. The dialogue continues over this action. She brings a plate to FORST, puts it before him, goes back into the kitchen, gets a can of beer from the refrigerator, opens it, pours it into a crystal mug. Then she sits down at the opposite end of the dining room table, about eight feet away from her husband.

FORST: I love you.

MARIA: You always love me when I bring food.

FORST: That's because I'm a glutton.

MARIA: Were you with Fred tonight?

FORST: Yeah.

MARIA: I think he's a terrible father. He never talks to the kids or plays with them anymore.

FORST: Their kids are grown up.

MARIA: Ah, nineteen isn't grown. I don't like Fred anymore.

FORST: Why don't you like Fred anymore?

MARIA: Because. He cheats on his wife.

FORST: Now who told you that?

MARIA: Louise.

FORST: Aaaaah . . . Louise. Ah.

MARIA: Fred talks in his sleep. He comes home at night and he just stares at her. Doesn't say a word. They have a drink. Silence. They eat; they say nothing.

MARIA: I have a lovely dinner for you. Take off your coat and stay awhile, bright eyes.

FORST: That sounds like a proposal of some sort.

MARIA: You're so innocent it's hard to get through to you.

FORST: Maria?

MARIA: What?

FORST: I'm going to quit smoking.

MARIA: I think I know where there's a pack.

MARIA runs into the hall and comes back with a pack of cigarettes. FORST lights one.

MARIA: Now, relax while I bring you a little goody.

MARIA dances out like an elf. FORST sits at dining room table, sings "Drunk Last Night."

FORST: There's no place like home.

MARIA comes out with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

MARIA: What?

FORST: I said, have you ever been in Rome?

MARIA (*serving him*): Italy?

FORST: I love you.

MARIA: You always love me when I bring food.

FORST: That's because I'm a glutton.

MARIA: Were you with Fred tonight?

FORST: Yes.

MARIA: I think he's a terrible father.

FORST: Why do you think Fred's a terrible father?

MARIA: Well, he never plays with the kids . . . or talks to them.

FORST: The "kids" are grown men.

MARIA: Nineteen isn't grown . . . I don't like Fred anymore.

FORST: Why don't you like Fred anymore?

MARIA: Because he cheats on his wife.

FORST (*stopping short*): What? Who told you that?

FORST: Salt, pepper, please.

MARIA: They get into bed and they say nothing. And I forgot he just barely looks at the kids, and Louise says it's because of that.

FORST: Because of what?

MARIA: Well, she reads and he just rolls over and goes to sleep and talks to all these different girls, and Louise says they have to be in a compromising position.

FORST: Ha ha ha. Ho, ho . . . good ol' Freddy! Ha, ha ha.

MARIA (*affecting shock*): He says things like: "Roll over. Let's try that again." Yes! Things like that.

FORST: Things like that, eh?

MARIA: And d'ya know what he did, do you know what he did with Darlene?

FORST: Darlene? Who the hell's Darlene?

MARIA: The girl in his dream.

FORST: Oh. Well, what did he do with Darlene? Ha ha ha. You going to tell me?

MARIA: He kisses her . . . You know . . .

FORST: Oh . . . You mean . . . He goes . . . Ha ha ha! You mean he goes . . . Aaaaah. Ha ha ha. Whooo whoooo whooo. Is that what you mean?

RICHARD FORST looks at his wife with a sly smile and chuckles as he sticks his tongue out, then quickly withdraws it. He repeats this action several times with an air of accomplishment while laughing at himself.

MARIA: No! No! I mean yes. Then he says for her to do it to him! Well, well . . . Well, that's what he said.

FORST: Yeah, well, Freddy's getting on in years, and a man his age!

MARIA: You're Fred's age!

FORST: But sexual nightmares are not one of my problems. Besides, what the hell has that got to do with Fred being a good father? Ha ha ha ha.

FORST suddenly rises and begins pacing up and down next to the table. He starts to attack MARIA. She looks up at him and seems to welcome the battle.

MARIA: Louise. He talks in his sleep. He comes home, stares at her, never says a word. They have a drink, silence. They eat, they say nothing.

FORST: Salt and pepper.

MARIA: They get ready for bed, they say nothing . . . Salt, pepper . . . they get into bed, say nothing . . . and, oh, I forgot, he just barely looks at the kids and Louise says it's because of that.

FORST: Because of what?

MARIA: She reads and he rolls over and goes to sleep and talks to different girls and Louise says they have to be in compromising positions . . .

FORST: Good for him . . . I knew he'd make it some day.

MARIA: He says things like "Roll over, let's try that again" . . . things like that.

FORST: Things like that . . .

MARIA: You know what he did with Darlene?

FORST: Who's Darlene?

MARIA: The girl in his dream.

FORST: Oh, well. No, what did he do with Darlene?

MARIA: I really shouldn't tell you . . . it even embarrasses me . . .

FORST: Then don't tell me.

MARIA: He kissed her . . . you know where!

FORST: Huh?

MARIA: You know . . .

FORST: And how did you all figure that one out? Did he go smack . . . Blblblblblblbl? (*MARIA pushes him.*) Did he?

MARIA: He said for her to do it to him after he got through. That's what he said.

FORST: A man reaches Fred's age, he has a right to dream a little.

MARIA: Darling, you're Fred's age.

FORST: Having sexual nightmares is not one of my problems. What the hell's it got to do with him being a good father or not?

MARIA: I'm sorry, I talk too much.

MARIA: Well, I . . . I'm sorry I talk too much!

FORST: Well . . . he puts up with their asinine friends, you know that? If his kids want a drink, he lets them drink. If they want to smoke, he lets them smoke. Well, he sends them to college. They each have their own cars. He gives them fifty bucks a week spending money, and his daughter is beautiful and his son's a big six-foot-three hunk of man and the girls think he's cute and he's got Simon, a one-year old son . . . I wish I was that kind of a father.

MARIA: Well, we weren't discussing that part of it anyway. I'm talking about it from a wife's point of view.

FORST: Oh ho ho ho. A woman's point of view! O God. Oh boy. Jesus Christ Almighty. There go the Goddamn women again. One of these days, you girls are going to yell charge and you know something funny? We'll all surrender, and you can have everything. You can have the house and the cars and the office and the bills and the headaches . . .

FORST walks off into the kitchen, gets another can of beer and opens it while continuing the conversation. He slams a door, comes back into the dining room, refills his glass, takes a sip, sets it down sharply on the table.

. . . and we'll sit . . . That's what we'll do. All we ask for is peace. Give us our daily beating and three square meals a day, bread and water and we'll just sit staring at the sun, going blind. Okay?

MARIA (*mockingly, in baby talk*): Oh, I'm so sorry. Do we emasculate you? Poor little boy. Lose your virility.

FORST quickly sits down and continues the argument with their faces only six inches apart.

FORST: Well, I don't have it any more. What happened to it, huh?

MARIA: I just don't appeal to you.

FORST: Oh, you appeal to me all right. When I come home, you appeal to me. When I'm at the office, you appeal to me.

MARIA: I am not a sex machine!

FORST: No. You want to go to the movies!

MARIA: 'Cause I'm bored.

FORST: That's how you get your jollies.

FORST: He puts up with their asinine friends. They want a drink, he gives them a drink. They want a smoke, he lets them smoke. He sends them to college, lets them throw parties at the house, gives them a car of their own and fifty dollars a week spending money. The boy is good-looking, six feet, three inches—the girls think he's cute. The girl is beautiful. And last year they had Simon. One year old. I wish I could be that kind of a father.

MARIA: We weren't talking about that. I'm talking from a woman's point of view. You don't understand that.

FORST: A woman's point of view! There go the women again. I can see it all now, one day you'll charge. And I'll tell you something funny, we'll all surrender and you all can have everything . . . the house, the car, the office, the bills, the headaches. Maybe we'll just garden and if you don't want us to do that, we'll just sit and think and the only thing we'll ask for is peace. Just beat us three times a day, give us our bread and water, and let us sit there staring at the sun, going blind . . . okay?

MARIA: Oh, I'm sorry. Do we emasculate you, darling? Poor little boys losing their virility.

FORST: Well, I don't have it. Where did it go?

MARIA: I just don't appeal to you.

FORST: You appeal to me! I come home and you appeal to me . . . I get up in the morning and you appeal to me . . . I'm at the office and you appeal . . .

MARIA: I'm not a sex machine.

FORST: No, you want to go to the movies.

MARIA: I'm bored!

FORST: So we'll see a Bergman film and that's the way you'll get your jollies.

MARIA: Don't be crude.

FORST: Crude, shmude . . . I'm crude.

MARIA: The minute you come home you want to go to bed.

FORST: That's the general idea.

MARIA exits to kitchen and hall. FORST follows her. They go upstairs. FORST slams open bedroom door.

MARIA: I can't stand the rush.

MARIA: Don't be crude.

FORST: Crude, sch-crude. I'm crude!

MARIA: The minute you get home you want to jump into bed.

FORST: That's the general idea.

MARIA gets up and rushes out through the kitchen, into the hallway, and up a half-darkened flight of steps. FORST is quick to follow her, turning off the light as he goes. He reaches for her on the steps, but misses and stops chasing her. Then, very slowly, he walks upstairs, down the hallway and into the pool room, deep in thought, reflecting back to the previous evening when he and MARIA were in bed.

FORST: I can't stand the wait.

MARIA: Well, you're a dirty old man.

FORST: What's wrong with that? I'm not a kid. I work hard all day. Bleed my guts out, argue, cheat, fight, and for what? The drapes? Two-car garage? I like being dirty.

MARIA: Then you should have married a whore!

FORST: And another thing, when I come home . . . hang up!

MARIA: Oh, shit!

FORST: And I'm tired of being called a slob just because I'm hungry.

MARIA: Then go to a restaurant.

FORST: This is my house. I'm head of this family.

MARIA: I run it, I clean it . . .

FORST: I pay for it.

MARIA: Why don't we get a divorce?

BOTH exit into hall. FORST enters bathroom. MARIA follows.

FORST: Every time we talk, all you can say is, "Why don't we get a divorce?"

MARIA: I just don't want to go through this anymore.

FORST: Why don't you put your arms around me? Have I done anything so wrong? Why can't you touch me?

MARIA: Because I wanted to go to the movies.

FORST: O.K. Let's get a divorce.

MARIA: Why don't you try loving me instead?

FORST: I do love you.

MARIA: Then why won't you take me to the movies?

Interior Forst house. Night. FORST walks from out of the bathroom and into the poolroom, snaps on lights. He chalks his cue, racks the balls and breaks.

Angle on MARIA. Hallway upstairs. Night. MARIA moves out of the bathroom into the half-light of the hallway.

Angle on FORST. Poolroom. Night. He breaks the balls. Angle on balls. They make their way to a pocket, sink. Angle on FORST. He grimaces as he sets himself for another shot.

Angle on MARIA. Upper hallway. Night. ECU. She waits a long moment, then turns and moves downstairs.

Angle on FORST. Poolroom. Night. He stands a moment, then moves out of the room. Angle on FORST. Reverse angle. Upper hallway. Night. He moves unsurely, seeking out MARIA.

Interior Forst living room. Night. LS MARIA lies watching TV. Camera picks up FORST's feet moving into picture, see him sit down quietly next to her.

FORST: What are you watching?

MARIA: I haven't made up my mind.

FORST: You want to go to that movie?

MARIA (*turning and looking up at him for a long moment*):
No, that's all right.

FORST: I'd be glad to take you. No kidding.

MARIA (*turning back to TV*): Uh-huh.

FORST: I love you, Maria. Times you think I don't, I do. You make me very happy . . . no kidding. I'm sorry I said I was a dirty old man. It was a mood.

MARIA turns affectionately to FORST, and rolls on top of him. Kissing him all over and furiously, curiously funny.

MARIA: I liked it.

FORST is smashed by MARIA, obviously her physical slave. He responds to her like a man who doesn't know where to begin. CU MARIA. She is liking it.

MARIA: Gently . . . gently, Dickie . . .

FORST kisses her more evenly now, on

the arms, the fingers, the neck. And, finally, she rises above him responding as a forceful entity.

FORST (*rolling away*): I'd better take a bath.

MARIA (*still involved*): You smell good to me.

FORST: I've been at the office all day. The traffic, and what the heck, you don't want a dirty old man, do you? (*He rises.*) I'll be right down.

We zoom in on MARIA and hold on for a long time. Her arm moves over her head, her eyes remain open, as FORST's presence is long since missing. The camera moves ever tighter until we can feel the frustration of this thirty-four-year-old woman.

Interior. Master bathroom. Night. Steam fills the room as FORST emerges from the shower, still drying himself. He moves to the mirror, examining himself, combing his hair, looking at his teeth, gargling with mouthwash, putting powder and after shave on and, finally approving, he exits.

Interior. Living room. Night. The television still plays. The electronic tuner is in MARIA's hand as she flicks it from channel to channel, finally ending on the baseball game as FORST's entrance interrupts. He sits down beside her and kisses his wife. CU FORST as he pulls away.

FORST: Something wrong? Are you all right?

CU MARIA.

MARIA (*not wanting to hurt FORST*): I just got tired.

FORST *kisses her again.*

MARIA: You go ahead. Don't worry about me.

FORST: I'm not a machine.

MARIA: I'm sorry . . . I just can't do anything.

FORST: I took a shower, combed my hair, washed my mouth,

FORST (*with great hilarity*): Why'd the man throw the clock out the window? Heh? He wanted to see time fly! Ha ha ha ha ha. Eh? What does Dracula do every night at midnight? He takes a coffin break! Ha ha ha ha. What is it that's blue and whistles and hangs in a delicatessen? Ha ha ha. Aren't you gonna say that a herring doesn't whistle, aren't you gonna say but a herring isn't blue eh? What is it that weighs five-thousand pounds and has got a stick through it? Ah ha ha. A hippo-popsicle! Ha, ha. What is it that's black and white and red all over?

MARIA (*triumphantly*): A newspaper.

FORST: A zebra's ass! Ha ha ha ha.

MARIA does not think the joke is funny and the spell is broken. With the change of mood, FORST asks:

FORST: You don't think I'm very funny, do you?

MARIA: I think you're funny . . .

FORST: Well, I could be funnier, you know, I really could. If I tried a little harder.

MARIA: Not all that funny . . . (*turning over*) Good night.

FORST: Good night!

put perfume on . . . I have powder on my chest. Don't I attract you?

MARIA: Of course you attract me.

FORST: But I don't satisfy you?

MARIA: Yes, you satisfy me.

FORST: Did I do something wrong? No, I really want to know . . .

MARIA: I can't go on this way you know, "Maria, I'm sorry." It's not a question of sorry.

MARIA goes to kiss him. FORST pushes her away. MARIA looks at him.

FORST: You're my whole life. I come home, only to you. I think only of you. I've kept my life clean and pure from the first day. What's the matter with me? If I don't attract you, tell me.

MARIA: You do, you attract me.

FORST: But I don't satisfy you? I love you, Maria, as much as it's possible for me to do. I don't like living this way. Do you hear me?

MARIA: I'm sorry, Dick. (*She rolls over and starts flicking the stations.*)

FORST: Have I done something wrong I don't know about?

MARIA continues to flick as FORST exits. Living room camera holds on MARIA.

Abrupt cut. Interior Forst house. Upstairs hallway and bedroom. Night. FORST comes charging upstairs; he enters the bedroom.

New angle. Interior bedroom. Night. The lights are out, and FORST is backlit as he moves to the dresser . . . He takes out a shirt. New angle—Insert shirt. New angle CU FORST as he starts to get undressed.

Interior living room. Night. MARIA stares out of the window. She turns suddenly in the direction of the hall-

Cut to MARIA fixing two drinks in the bar, as FORST comes to the doorway.

MARIA (*conciliatory*): Dicky, I'm sorry . . .

FORST (*abruptly*): I want a divorce.

MARIA: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Ha ha ha aha . . .

FORST (*serious*): Didn't you hear what I said?

MARIA: Oh, Dicky. Oh ho ho ho . . .

FORST: I want a divorce. That's the only thing to do, isn't it? (*MARIA stops laughing and looks at him carefully.*) Well, why dontcha laugh? It's funny. Well, what's your answer? ANSWER ME!!!

FORST exits. Cut to living room. FORST is dialing the phone. MARIA follows him, uncertain now.

FORST: Hello, Jeannie? Hold on a minute . . . (*To MARIA.*) I'll send for my clothes in the morning. I'm not coming back. I'm on the phone. (*Into phone.*) This is Richard Forst. Hi. Hey, I'd like to see you tonight. It's very important . . . Well, how busy are you? Well, I could meet you at the Losers Club . . . twenty-thirty minutes? Take as long as you like. Fine. I'll see you later.

way. New angle. LS. Hand-held dolly with her from living room, as she snaps off TV, to her entrance to bar.

Interior Forst house bar. Night. MARIA moves behind bar and begins setting up for two drinks. FORST moves into the room. New angle FORST.

FORST (*to MARIA*): I want a divorce.

New angle MARIA. Camera pans in to an ECU. MARIA smiles, then giggles.

FORST: You think that's funny. It's not funny. I think it's the best thing to do. Don't you?

FORST exits . . . MARIA stands there for a moment.

Interior Forst house. Night. As FORST moves into the living room. He goes directly to the phone and begins by dialing information. 113.

FORST: Hello, I want a number for Jeannie Rapp. Rapp in Hollywood. Rapp. R-A-P-P.

FORST hangs up the phone and dials again. He waits . . . As MARIA appears in doorway.

FORST (*covering phone, to MARIA*): I'll send for my clothes in the morning. (*Back to phone.*) Hello, Jeannie? (*Back to MARIA.*) Excuse me. I'm on the telephone.

Angle on MARIA standing in doorway. She smiles painfully. All is lost now.

Angle on FORST on phone. He goes on despite himself.

FORST: Hello, this is Richard Forst. Remember me? I'd like to see you . . . It's important, yes . . . Well, I'd like to see you tonight. How busy are you? I'll meet you at the Losers then in say twenty minutes? Take as long as you like. I'll wait for you.

Angle on MARIA. She has walked over to FORST and she has sat on the couch during the preceding dialogue.

CU on FORST. He hangs up the phone.

CU on MARIA. She doesn't look at him now.

LS on FORST as he moves quickly out of the house, leaving a badly shaken MARIA behind.

FORST: Making love with you is an operational activity.

MARIA: Well, I'm a woman, and that's what I need.

FORST: According to you, you need to go to the movies.

MARIA: I need a baby, that's what I need.

FORST: Pregnancy is not an act of love with you. You want to make it happen. You've got to watch it happen, nurture it, take its temperature, formalize it. Ten years of sterility is enough.

MARIA: All right, no scenes. Let's have a nice quiet evening with no discussion about important matters.

FORST: All right, Maria, I don't want to spend the rest of my life playing who-can-hurt-who-harder games.

MARIA: You started it.

FORST: What's the difference who started it?

MARIA: You never admit you're wrong.

FORST: What am I wrong about?

MARIA: Everything.

FORST: Find some other man who'll make you happy.

MARIA: I don't want another man.

FORST: You don't want me, either.

MARIA: No, I don't want you!

FORST: Let's figure it out. I owe you something!

MARIA: You owe me something? Is that what it is? The night you got the heart attack or what the doctor later said was heart, and you couldn't walk around you were so scared . . . who petted you and nursed you and encouraged you and proved to every single person in the medical profession that you were sound and that it was your back . . . a nerve ending in your back. Who stayed with you through the crisis when you were fired? Who said, "To hell with them, we'll fight. It's you and me, baby . . . it's you and

me, baby!" Who sat at the endless parties being pawed at and propositioned while you made your points with your wonderful business associates? Who turned her back when you were disloyal . . . ?

FORST: I've never been disloyal.

MARIA: I held your hand as your family died off one by one . . . I listened to you when no one else in the world would . . . I gave you everything . . . Forst.

FORST moves to MARIA for the first time and puts his arms around her.

MARIA: No, please, don't feel sorry for me . . . *(She breaks away.)*

FORST: We both say things that we don't mean. We're both nuts.

MARIA: You're nuts.

FORST: I'm nuts. I want to take you in my arms and make you feel I love you . . . I don't want to talk or explain or complicate anything anymore . . .

MARIA: Why, because you owe me something?

FORST: Because I love you.

MARIA: But occasionally you wish I would take my problems to a psychiatrist?

FORST: Sometimes I'm not the man I wish I was.

MARIA: I'll try to be happy for you.

FORST: That's all right, I'm kind of used to your dramatic disposition.

FORST moves to the bar, pours two healthy shots of liquor, turns to the victrola, turns off the lights, brings the drinks over to MARIA.

FORST: What shall we drink to?

MARIA: I don't know.

FORST: Come on, baby, please . . .

MARIA: Cheers.

FORST: Cheers.

FORST and MARIA clunk their glasses together and drink the drinks down. FORST looks at her a moment.

FORST: You still Fox Trot?

MARIA: Why not?

They get up and begin to dance. They dance well together, dipping, weaving through the furniture.

FORST: I can't dance with anyone but you.

MARIA: You dance fine.

FORST: Maria, I'm sorry. You want to go to the movies?

MARIA: No.

They dance on. MARIA begins to sing very lightly at first. The number is "Dancing in the Dark." FORST begins to sing too, slightly off-key. As they dip, they almost fall to the floor, losing their balance.

FORST: I'm sorry.

They dance again. This time without vocal accompaniment. The phone rings. They keep on dancing. The phone stops. It rings again.

FORST: They called back. They thought they had the wrong number.

MARIA: They're right. Let it ring.

They begin to dance again. MARIA begins singing again. But FORST breaks it off and just looks at the phone. Finally the record stops. In between changes, FORST goes to the glasses of Scotch. He hands MARIA hers, they clunk glasses together once more.

FORST: Another?

MARIA makes no reply. FORST crosses to the bar. On the way, he turns out the remaining lights, then pours himself another Scotch and turns off the bar light. FORST goes to the telephone, dials.

FORST: This is Dick Forst . . . remember me? I have a slight problem. I'd like to discuss it with you. I don't care what it costs, or what dates you have to cancel, I need your

Cut to the interior of the Losers Club, featuring a singer and band finishing up on stage. Shortly thereafter, a comedienne takes their place. FORST, looking for JEANNIE, travels the length of the club, working his way through the huge crowd, oblivious to the performers on stage. He makes a full circle, goes outside, walks to the curb, stares at the traffic, first in one direction, then in the other, then goes back into the club.

help . . . Yeah, I can meet you at Maury's—twenty minutes. I think you're cute too.

FORST hangs up, goes to the closet, gets his coat and walks to the door.

FORST: I'm not coming back. I'll send someone for my clothes.

MARIA: All right . . .

FORST: I'm sorry it didn't work out.

FORST goes out. MARIA rises, goes to the telephone and dials.

Exterior Forst home. Night. FORST moves quickly out of the house, enters his car, starts it; lights blurt on, and wheels spin rubber.

Exterior The Losers. Night. The Chevy sign with the car. Down to The Losers sign.

Interior The Losers. Night. The place is jammed. The people, noise and smoke smack FORST in the face. It's different from what he had remembered. MAURY is busy, BARBARA is in the middle of two jokers at the bar, pawing her. Waitresses are in black stockings and pretty. The place is jumping and a three-piece combo fills the place with sound. A singer hits a three-quarter melody. FORST pushes his way along the bar . . . then into the big room, searching the dark corners for JEANNIE . . . No luck. FORST makes his way back to the bar. He reaches for BARBARA, squeezes in and taps her bare shoulder. The men that are with her look around. BARBARA doesn't recognize him.

FORST: Dickie Forst?

BARBARA: What do you say?

FORST: Have you seen Jeannie?

BARBARA: Honey, the place is crowded. Look around.

FORST *moves away . . . finds another spot in the bar he can squeeze into. He tries to get MAURY's attention.*

FORST: Maury! Hey, Maury! Maury!

MAURY (*looking up, extremely busy*): What?

FORST: Have you seen Jeannie Rapp?

MAURY: Are you kidding?

FORST *watches MAURY go about his business . . . tending bar, laughing professionally . . . saying hello. FORST moves out of his place.*

Exterior The Losers. Night. FORST waits in the cool, silent night air. He watches the traffic go by.

Exterior Forst home. Night. Headlights smack up the driveway, searching out the turn. Two cars pull in front of the house. Angle on women getting out of the cars. There are three women. In the first car is BILLY MAE. In the second car is LOUISE driving and FLORENCE HENRY next to her. They emerge. FLORENCE stands staring at the house as LOUISE goes to the front door, BILLY MAE to the garage door. BILLY MAE comes past LOUISE and FLORENCE, under the living room canopy and to the back living room door. FLORENCE and LOUISE following. BILLY MAE hurriedly moves to the back door, tries it. It's open. She enters, girls follow.

Interior Forst home. Night. Hallway, paneled. BILLY MAE heads to the stairs, LOUISE and FLORENCE follow.

FLORENCE: You don't think she did anything silly?

LOUISE: No, I don't.

Upstairs in the bedroom—

MARIA (*on telephone as BILLY MAE enters*): Yes, I was happy—I am not happy now. It has nothing to do with his

business. It has nothing to do with another woman. I could have a baby any time I damn please. I hate the house! Well, things have changed since your day, Mother, if you don't mind me saying so. Am I feeding him? God. It's over—*It is done!* No, I don't remember the fights you and Daddy had. . . . This has nothing to do with Daddy. I'm sorry, Darling . . . Yes, I miss him too. I hate the son of a bitch! Mother, I'll call you tomorrow . . . No. I love you. No, I know you're on my side . . . Good-bye, Mother, good-bye, darling, good-bye, good-bye . . . God, I need a drink!

MARIA *hangs up and she and BILLY MAE go down the stairs. We see FLORENCE and LOUISE at the foot of the landing.*

FLORENCE: Hello, I'm Florence Henry. You don't know me . . . I don't think . . . But we do have so many mutual acquaintances.

BILLY MAE: Not now, Florence. Please!

FLORENCE: Did I open my big mouth at the wrong time again?

MARIA: I need a cigarette.

FLORENCE: I'll get you one. I have some in my purse.

BILLY MAE and MARIA *stand looking at each other as FLORENCE disappears into the living room.*

BILLY MAE: Did he hit you?

MARIA: No.

BILLY MAE: You weren't fooling around or anything?

MARIA (*collapsing against the stairway*): Please . . .

BILLY MAE (*helping her*): Oh, sweetie pie . . . hold on now . . . Do you still love the son of a bitch?

MARIA: I'm numb . . . that's all.

BILLY MAE: Just stand up tall, you hear?

BILLY MAE *takes MARIA into the powder room, washes her face and puts lipstick on her.*

BILLY MAE: Come on, we'll have a few drinks with the old crows . . . and you'll feel better.

MARIA: You told them.

BILLY MAE: I had to get over here, darling.

MARIA *slams out of the powder room.*
 BILLY MAE *follows. They enter the living room.*

MARIA: Hello, Florence. I'm Maria Forst.

FLORENCE: I just want to say one thing. If there's a chance to patch things up . . . do it. Divorce is a terrible thing.

LOUISE: Hello, Maria . . . I like the robe.

BILLY MAE: I need a big, fat drink. Malcolm was on the rampage tonight, too. "Why do you drink so much, Billy Mae?" "To stay sane, that's why." He didn't cotton to that remark, so when you called I said, "Malcolm, honey, Louise, Florence and I are going out on a mission of mercy . . ."

MARIA: You didnt say anything about me?

LOUISE: Darling, we had to get here.

BILLY MAE: I can't even have a little old gin and tonic without grumbling and carryings on.

LOUISE: So, now, tell us what happened.

FLORENCE: I'll mix the drinks.

BILLY MAE: Gin and tonic.

MARIA: Nothing for me.

LOUISE: Scotch and soda. Tell us what happened.

BILLY MAE: She doesn't want to talk about it, Louise!

LOUISE: Why not?

BILLY MAE: It's immature.

LOUISE: Talking is immature!

FLORENCE: Sometimes it helps to talk it out. Now, if you want to cry—don't you be embarrassed. Just let it all out. We're your friends.

LOUISE: What happened?

MARIA: Tonight . . . you mean what happened tonight?

LOUISE: Yes.

A beat.

MARIA: Dickie won't give me a baby.

BILLY MAE: Don't let on . . . just go to bed with the son of a bitch and when he thinks you're all armor-plated protected . . . just stay vulnerable.



FORST: Y'know, I have insomnia, and I stay awake all night looking at pictures, worrying about pictures.

FRED: What do you think she is? You think she's a clean towel, never been used? My God, Dicky, you think you don't pay?





JEANNIE: Let me finish. Because you're a man who doesn't say what you mean very well. What you meant was this was a wonderful evening, and you enjoyed my house and you like me. But, like you said, you're crude.

FORST: What is it that's blue and whistles and hangs in a delicatessen?



FORST: You don't think I'm very funny, do you?

MARIA: I think you're funny . . .

MARIA: Dicky, I'm sorry . . .





MC CARTHY: *Hey Jackson! Jackson! Remember the time we went to New Orleans on a bet?*

STELLA (to MC CARTHY): *You're coming on awfully strong.*

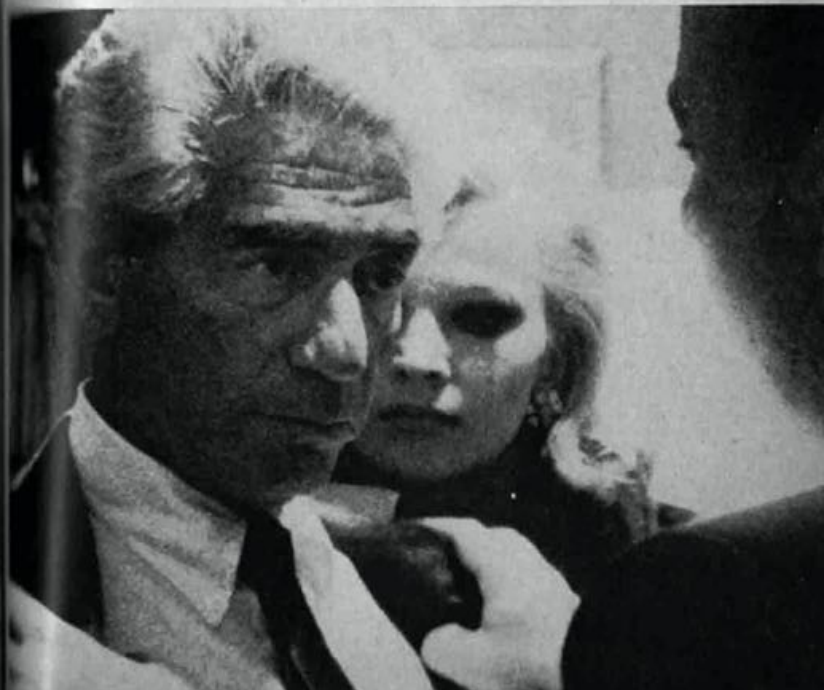


MC CARTHY: . . . *So what have I got after all those years? A big house, a kookie wife, and a kid who wears sneakers.*



MC CARTHY (to JACKSON): *Aw, shut up. Will you sit down!*

MC CARTHY: *Ah, then, take your coat off, come on, relax. Join the party, okay?*





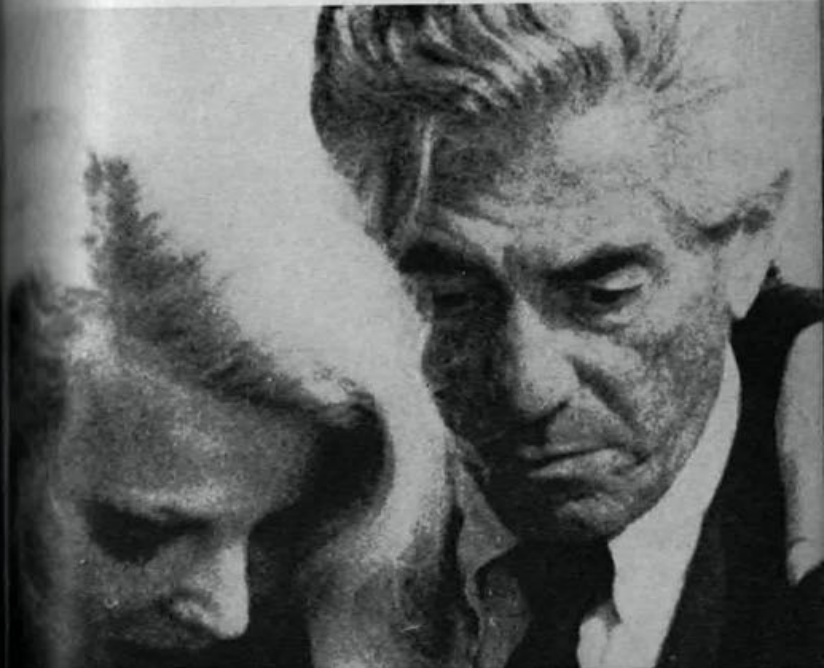
MC CARTHY: *Now you did it, now you did it. Now your head's gonna leave your body.*

MC CARTHY: *No! No! No! I don't need any help.*



MC CARTHY: *. . . Hey, you ever hear the one about the jag motorcycle driver?*

JEANNIE: *Dicky, why did you want to see me?*





FORST: *Can you imagine raising poor little chickens and steers and lambs to fill our tummies—now there's a problem and nobody cares.*

MARIA: *Sit down!*



CHET: *You dance. You have a few belts and go up to some chick's pad, then make it, baby.*

LOUISE: *Oh, I know what you mean.*

BILLY MAE: *Well, Louise, Maria, Florence, this is it: the new generation, the one our husbands are frightened to death of.*





FLORENCE: *Oh, Chetty, you're a goddamn good-looking boy for only twenty-three. Let's dance some more.*

CHET: *Florence from Torrance
She's got the insurance
Florence from Torrance
The men all want Florence.*



CHET: *Come on Billy Mae, I want it your way.
Come on Billy Mae, make it any day.
Come on Billy Mae, I want to do the thing . . .*

CHET: *Come on, you will see everything for
You and me
We will do all the things
That we did before, my dear.*





CHET: *I want the red meat, baby.*

LOUISE: *Well, you don't have to tell me I'm making a fool of myself. Look, I know how to dance my way, I don't need you to tell me about it. I come from a musical background. I take care of a family of five. I have a college degree, and I don't need you to tell me I'm making a fool of myself.*



CHET: *. . . You've got to stay awake. Please. I don't want you to die. Please, you've got to stay awake.*

CHET: *Come on now, cry. That's it, that's life, honey. Tears, tears of happiness, but just do it.*





CHET: *Can I trust you? Huh? Huh? Ah, you little sneaky, you!*

CHET: *... And I called you a mechanical woman, eh. I've got news, I'm so mechanical, honey, it's absolutely ludicrous how mechanical a person can be.*



CHET: *You silly little pudding.*

MARIA: *Yes, I am a silly little pudding.*



CHET: *You know, anybody that would pop a lot of sleeping pills, anybody that would ugh their guts out in front of company, anybody that would let a guy slap her and not be mad at him ...*

MARIA: *Dicky, I don't care.*



Interior Forst bar. Night. MARIA walks into the bar, followed by BILLY MAE.

BILLY MAE: Have the marriage annulled.

MARIA: What's a baby between friends?

BILLY MAE: You'll get it, honey . . . if not by him by someone else.

MARIA: He said I'm too cold to have a child. What he means is I'm too old to have a baby. But he hasn't got the guts to say it.

LOUISE is standing in doorway.

LOUISE: I had Simon last year . . . of course, I'm not thirty-four, but well, it's not dangerous, I can assure you. My obstetrician, Ted Lanier, you know Ted . . . he's a darling . . . I love him because he's just about the most assuring, gentle . . .

BILLY MAE: Good-looking . . .

LOUISE: Good-looking too, but he's good.

MARIA: My problem isn't an obstetrician.

BILLY MAE: She has to become with child first.

LOUISE: Well, we were just discussing the situation.

BILLY MAE: I know we are discussing the situation.

LOUISE: So how did it end?

MARIA: It just ended . . . Dickie would do anything to keep from having me look ugly. A pregnant woman doesn't suit the executive image.

FLORENCE: You mean he's worried about how you'll look when you're pregnant?

MARIA: Yes.

FLORENCE: Well, that's ridiculous. What kind of man is he? You don't have to live like that! There are men. I mean there are *men*. My Louie is stupid but he loves the kids, and that goes a long way with me. Little League, lunches on Saturdays, the ball games, the circus, the movies, parties . . . Nothing you ever think about concerning the children is too much for him.

BILLY MAE: Shut up, Florence.

LOUISE: Just shut up.

BILLY MAE: It'll take about two seconds for you to find someone.



DICK: *My lighter, please.*

MARIA: *Those pills—they tie up your lungs. Ouch!*



MARIA: I don't need anybody.

BILLY MAE: That's just what Dickie wants. You can bet he's not sitting around moping. Men don't have fights, they cause them. He wants you to sit and bleed your little heart out while he's on the rampage. "Hello, Sweetie"—"Hi, honey"—"My, you're blonde." Don't tell me. I know.

FLORENCE: Not all men are like that. That isn't necessarily true.

LOUISE: You don't even know this man.

BILLY MAE: Maria, did you want soda with your Scotch?

MARIA: No, I don't want anything.

BILLY MAE: Now, you drink that medicine and I'll tell you something, honey. If it was me, which it isn't—but it might be someday—I would guzzle me so many little old Gin and Tonics that I would be floating three feet off the ground and I would just reach me down and snatch me up the biggest, strongest lifeguard that you ever saw in your life.

MARIA: I don't think that way.

LOUISE: One affair can change that.

BILLY MAE: My God! Don't tell me I finally agree with her on something. That calls for a drink!

FLORENCE: Did he leave for good?

MARIA: Florence, Florence, Florence . . . Did you ever get down on your knees and beg someone to touch you? There are worse things, I suppose, than having a sexless marriage. I'm sorry if that sounds vulgar, Florence.

FLORENCE: No, no . . . it doesn't.

MARIA: I suppose my frustrations disgust Dickie. Li'l ole Dickie! Maybe I am getting old, and I'm not exactly a man's end-all. I mean I'm not exactly built.

BILLY MAE: You're built all right, honey.

MARIA: I mean, I'm more the college type that hasn't grown up—if you know what I mean. Maybe if I were—you know—different—you know? And believed in the smutty material you read in dime store novels, I could do better. But while other girls were out swinging around the town, I was just home with Mama listening to stories about my grandma, and my grandmama didn't do too much from what my mama told me.

FLORENCE: Have you tried those very sheer nightgowns?

LOUISE: Don't be a stupid ass.

FLORENCE: Well, there are ways . . . I wouldn't say this to anyone . . . but men get bored by sameness . . . A little of this . . . then maybe, he wants something else. So what does it hurt, give it to him . . .

BILLY MAE: Give it to him!

FLORENCE: Maybe you'll like it too—see? I went to a prostitute once . . .

LOUISE: Florence, don't be a stupid ass! You are a stupid ass, Florence!

FLORENCE: When I was having tough times with Louis . . . I almost fainted, there were so many sexual devices . . .

BILLY MAE: Thank you, Florence Henry.

MARIA: I repulse him . . . that's all. He wouldn't touch me . . . for anything.

FLORENCE: Have you tried?

MARIA: Everything.

FLORENCE: Maybe he didn't feel well.

LOUISE: That's kind, Florence, very kind.

FLORENCE: Well, I like men. Men are good, men are kind, men are right! Women are weak! There's got to be a reason for a man hurting a woman.

MARIA: He hates babies! He doesn't want a baby—is that reason enough? I've got a baby inside of me that wants to come out. Is that reason enough for you?

BILLY MAE: You poor baby.

LOUISE: He probably goes out two or three times a week.

BILLY MAE: Knock it off, sweetie.

LOUISE: It's true. Men cheat, or didn't you know?

FLORENCE (to MARIA): How did it end?

LOUISE: Florence, you've got to be the most insensitive person I've ever met.

MARIA: That's all right. Florence is Florence! She means well.

FLORENCE: Well, I do mean well!

LOUISE: Have you seen a doctor?

MARIA: A medical doctor or a psychiatrist?

LOUISE: Psychiatrist.

MARIA: No, I don't think that's my problem.

FLORENCE: That's what psychiatrists are for. I wouldn't say this to everyone, but I've been, and I tell you, I couldn't have made it without him . . .

LOUISE: Freudian?

FLORENCE: No.

LOUISE: The other kind are useless and, darling, don't argue. I've been through the whole thing with the other kind. It's Freudian. It's sex. That's the problem and you'd better believe it.

MARIA: It's having a child that's my concern.

LOUISE: That's sex. What do you think having a child is? And I don't mean the intercourse . . . I'm talking about *it*, the child. I don't mean that in a dirty way, or that there's anything conscious there, but after five years of analysis, you begin to understand the whole set-up.

BILLY MAE: Well, I've got three, and they're anything but sexual.

LOUISE: I'm talking about Freudian.

BILLY MAE: Changing the diapers and all that, and listening to the screaming and the yelling . . .

LOUISE: In the Freudian sense . . .

BILLY MAE: . . . and hearing that awful sound of "Mommy," that means trouble.

LOUISE: It means you're needed.

MARIA: I'm not going to any psychiatrist, that settles that.

FLORENCE: Well, anyway . . .

LOUISE: It's done then, you're sure?

MARIA: It's done.

LOUISE: Darling, it never would have happened if you kept him in line. Husbands aren't born, you know . . . They're made!

BILLY MAE: Now she's going to tell us about Fred . . .

LOUISE: Fred behaves himself. If I have to kill him, he'll behave.

BILLY MAE: Careful, Louise . . . One day . . . bang . . . you're dead, Fred!

LOUISE: A woman is given insight. Use it. Train him. Once they're trained they're fine. Do you know that Fred dies to go to bed with me and we've been married fifteen years?

BILLY MAE: That's fifteen years of death.

LOUISE: I have a double indemnity one hundred thousand dollar life policy . . . on Fred. He gave me a boy and a girl. We have stocks and bonds and three cars and a garage to match. He comes home on time, speaks when he's spoken to, and feels guilty when he reads Playboy magazine.

BILLY MAE: I believe it.

LOUISE: Shut up! Fred and I are happy.

BILLY MAE: He talks about women in his sleep . . .

LOUISE: Normal frustration.

BILLY MAE: Normal?

FLORENCE: Your husband talks about other women in his sleep?

LOUISE: It's not significant. (*She pours drink.*)

BILLY MAE: Mine doesn't talk in bed. Not one word. He makes love to me in bed. Occasionally, he sleeps.

LOUISE: Fred looks at salacious pictures, granted, but who doesn't have a fantasy or two? Who doesn't get on each other's nerves? I'm not going to leave a man just because I don't love him like I would Cary Grant. I mean, how do I know Cary Grant is as good as he looks?

BILLY MAE: If I had the chance . . . I'd take it!

FLORENCE: Well, I wouldn't. I happen to be happy. And I wouldn't trade that for any wanderlust.

BILLY MAE: Listen to her. And we've met Louie.

FLORENCE: He's not a big man physically, and he wears glasses, but he's decisive.

LOUISE: You admire him . . . that's good.

FLORENCE: I admire him.

BILLY MAE: Maria, I think what you ought to do, is go out and try living for a while.

LOUISE: Why should she do that? Dickie wants to support you, doesn't he?

MARIA: I don't think there's even a question about that.

LOUISE: I'd get a good lawyer. And don't fool around with his. Right?

MARIA: Well, I hadn't thought . . .

LOUISE: You'd better think. First things first. He's taken the best part of your life, you're entitled to be paid. Right?

BILLY MAE: If you say you don't care about those things, I'll kill you.

LOUISE: Now is the time to worry about yourself. If you don't, nobody in this vacant existence we call life will. Right?

BILLY MAE: Chuck Stanton . . . he's good at divorce, don't you think so, Louise?

LOUISE: I like Mark Waters. He handled Ann Seward against Pat, and she cleaned up.

MARIA: I thought I would try a separation for a while.

BILLY MAE: It never works out.

LOUISE: If there's nothing, there's nothing.

MARIA: There's nothing.

LOUISE: Well, then do it and be done. Right?

FLORENCE: Till death do us part . . . that's what you said . . . I don't believe in divorce . . .

LOUISE: This isn't your life.

MARIA: It all seems such a cheap way to end it.

LOUISE: Maria, damn it to heck! Think that way and you'll never get a cent out of the settlement. Right?

BILLY MAE: You have anything saved?

MARIA: We're fine.

BILLY MAE: And you have to start saying "I'm fine . . . I'm fine."

LOUISE *interjects during BILLY MAE's speech.*

LOUISE: Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . .

BILLY MAE: Not *we* anymore. It's *me*, and *my*, and *mine* from now on . . .

LOUISE: Does he have stocks?

MARIA: I do. Everything is in my name.

LOUISE: Who owns the house?

MARIA: Everything is in my name. I told you.

LOUISE: How much?

MARIA: How much?

LOUISE: How much is the house worth?

MARIA: It's expensive . . . I mean for our income . . .

LOUISE: Fifty?

BILLY MAE: More . . . this is a sensational house.

MARIA: Seventy-five thousand.

LOUISE: All right, you can get sixty for it easy . . .

BILLY MAE: More with the furniture . . .

LOUISE: What she can count on . . . I'm just talking what she can count on . . . I'd say sixty . . . Right?

BILLY MAE: At least.

FLORENCE: How much in stocks?

MARIA: I'd have to add it up.

LOUISE: Maria, you're going to make a killing . . . Right?

BILLY MAE: She's not interested in that, Louise!

MARIA: That's the way Dickie is . . . he never likes to own anything at all . . .

BILLY MAE: Well . . . what is he, a communist?

FLORENCE: You know, I met a communist the other day . . . at least I know he was . . . at the dramatist's tea. Oh, what's his name . . . that writer . . . movies . . .

BILLY MAE: Recent?

FLORENCE: Pretty . . .

BILLY MAE: Mystery, comedy, musical . . .

FLORENCE: Mystery . . . and human stories . . . Big writer . . . of course I know . . . I just can't think . . .

LOUISE: Tennessee Williams?

BILLY MAE: He's no communist . . . he's southern.

FLORENCE: I'll tell you a story about him some other time.

BILLY MAE: Who's the communist?

FLORENCE: I can't think of his name.

LOUISE: Why don't we all go out tonight instead of sitting around like a bunch of old ladies?

BILLY MAE: I think that's a hell of a good idea. That's the second time I've agreed with Louise.

MARIA: It's too late. We'd never make it.

FLORENCE: All right, I have to call Louie if we go into town.

BILLY MAE: I think it's a great idea. I haven't been out for a week.

FLORENCE: All right, all right. I'm going to call Louie then. Can I use your phone, Maria?

MARIA: Sure, darling . . . you want to go into the kitchen. If you want privacy, go into the bedroom.

FLORENCE: No, this is all right. I have no secrets.

LOUISE: So, where shall we go?

BILLY MAE: A night club.

MARIA: Well, we don't have to go anywhere.

LOUISE: We're going . . . now, you see, that's the kind of attitude that keeps women prisoners. Do you see!

BILLY MAE: I'll tell you what I'd like to do, is go to one of those jazz joints on Sunset.

LOUISE: They give me a headache.

FLORENCE: Let's go to Wil Wright's and have gobs of cake and ice cream.

BILLY MAE: After.

LOUISE: After what?

BILLY MAE: We could go to one of those young places . . .

FLORENCE: TR 7-2339?

MARIA: Who we going to go with?

FLORENCE: TR 7-3239?

BILLY MAE: Ourselves, darling. Therapy for the lonely and the conventional.

LOUISE: You're not a bit of that, Billy Mae.

BILLY MAE: That's why my husband's still mad about me. When rock and roll comes up, I'm rocking, and when twist comes up, I'm twisting . . . bikinis, shifts, and dirty jokes all appeal to men . . . my husband's a man, so why shouldn't he like me doing what appeals to him?

LOUISE: Does he like you being promiscuous?

BILLY MAE: Promiscuous . . . my, how you talk. I'm not inhibited, if that's what you mean. We only live once, Louise, my dear. Settling for bridge and food is my idea of a fast suicide.

FLORENCE: You mean you cheat on your husband?

BILLY MAE: My father had many mistresses. My mother was a full-bosomed woman, thank God, and she was emotional—oversexed to you, Florence.

FLORENCE: I'm as sexual as you are.

BILLY MAE: Can you imagine what a witch she'd have been had she starved herself . . . I'm the same. It's the genes, that's all. I guess you wouldn't know.

FLORENCE: I'm as sexual as you are.

BILLY MAE: It wouldn't surprise me, Florence.

MARIA: Go ahead and make your phone call, Florence.

FLORENCE: Hello, Louie? . . . No, I was expecting Ben Casey . . . No, I'm not sick. I feel fine. . . . Where am I? You miss me? . . . Of course, I love you . . . (*kiss*).

GIRLS *begin to leave*.

FLORENCE: How are the kids? Can I talk to them? . . . I'm at Maria Forst's . . . Oh, problems . . . I'll tell you when I get home. How'd it go with Jefferson? (*She calls to the others.*) He said he got elected. (*Back to phone.*) Funny, darling . . . Louie, you're funny . . . About an hour . . .

LOUISE (*finally going out*): We're going out for the evening . . .

FLORENCE (*into phone*): What a mess there is here. I think I'll be late, they just told me . . . No, you won't have to pick me up. Billy Mae will drive me . . . Oh, didn't I tell you? Well, she's here . . . What's the problem? It's personal, I'll tell you tomorrow . . . Hello, Steve boy—my big boy . . . your Mommy loves you. Did you brush your teeth? . . . I know you're fourteen. How's Jimmy? Let him speak to his Mommy . . . Hello, Jimmy . . . hello, yourself . . . I love you too. (*Toward departing girls.*) God, he's affectionate. (*Into phone.*) I said, God, you're affectionate . . . You're a love too. Don't forget to brush your teeth . . . (*kiss*) . . . Put Stevy on . . . (*kiss*) . . . I love you too . . . Bye, Louie.

Interior The Losers. Night. The stage . . . A stand-up comic George Dunne

does his routine, accompanied by a drum, piano and bass. The AUDIENCE . . . laughing, drinking, talking . . . The WAITRESSES . . . in their black stockings and brief halters, bending, serving, smiling, smoking. The bar crowded with customers, girls, smoke, and noise, plus the overlapping routine of the comic echoing into the bar.

The camera slides up to the end of the bar, where FORST is watching for JEANNIE. He smokes nervously. Super dissolve, holding on FORST, OVER . . .

Exterior Whisky-A-Go-Go. Night. Moving shot of the sign of "The Body Shop." Dissolve out.

Matching shot—Exterior Sunset Blvd. Night. Near "The Body Shop." A red Buick Station Wagon moves past the sign and up Sunset.

Interior Red Buick station wagon. Night. It moves up Sunset. In the car are BILLY MAE driving, MARIA next to her. In the back seat behind BILLY MAE is FLORENCE, next to her LOUISE. Behind their individual shots are signs of Los Angeles night life: Nightclubs, Ice Cream Parlors, Hypnotism, L.A. Bohemia, etc.

An approach shot to the Whisky-A-Go-Go. Car suddenly stops short and skids. Tires screech. Inside the car the girls lurch forward. Cars swerve and almost slide into the station wagon. BILLY MAE rolls down her window.

From BILLY MAE's point of view a car moves by. Two men are in it.

FIRST MAN: Why the hell don't you watch where you're going?

Exterior Whisky-A-Go-Go. Night. Patrons huddled outside, awaiting

entry. The Buick turns past the entrance.

Interior The Losers. Night. FORST in the phone booth.

FORST (*into phone*): Are you coming? It's . . . (*looking at watch*) . . . eight o'clock . . . a little after . . . Okay, I'll wait.

He hangs up, stays in booth for a moment, exits.

Abrupt cut. Exterior Whisky-A-Go-Go. Night. A buzzing, frantic, dark cave, crowded and disturbing. The GIRLS stand there for a moment. We follow LOUISE as she grabs hold of a "BOUNCER" MAITRE D'.

LOUISE: There are four of us, and we'd like a good table.

MAITRE D': It'll be a few minutes.

LOUISE: Oh, no it won't. Now. And a good table!

LOUISE reaches into her purse.

MAITRE D': Where's your party?

LOUISE turns . . . and we see FLORENCE, MARIA and a very shy BILLY MAE. A hand-held camera sweeps the quartet of wives through this wild jungle . . . pushing, crowding, groping, to a ringside table. The GIRLS sit. The MAITRE D' starts away.

LOUISE: Oh, no you don't. We're going to order now.

MAITRE D': I'm not a waitress.

LOUISE: We'll have one gin and tonic, one Scotch on the rocks, one—what, Florence?

FLORENCE: Gibson.

LOUISE: And one Marguerita. Can you remember that?

MAITRE D': I'll try. (*He leaves.*)

LOUISE: You have to be tough, in places like this.

By now the GIRLS are caught up in the traffic conditions on the dance floor and the glass cage above, containing two young girls dancing for the benefit

of the customers. Over close-ups of the women—MARIA, LOUISE, BILLY MAE and FLORENCE—we see the floor and the booth. High angle point of view of the whole Go-Go. Shooting from the booth. Down below a snake pit of movement.

Zoom into two people dancing, CHET, a young blond man, and a big-bosomed, tassel-bloused CUTIE. Closer floor angle of the two making it together on the floor.

Zoom back to the table and close-up of MARIA. She turns to a close-up of LOUISE . . . swing over to close-up of BILLY MAE to FLORENCE.

Close-up of CHET dancing on the floor. CHET turns to see the table of out-of-place GIRLS. CHET's point of view of OUR GROUP. We zoom in. A series of impressions of CHET and TASSLED CUTIE watusiing. Drinks being devoured by the GIRLS supered over.

Interior The Losers. Night. Clock says 9:45 PM. Down to MAURY. Down to his hands mixing drinks, down to JOHN, bent beneath the bar mixing drinks. MAURY's smile as he serves. JOHN's smile as he serves. Cash register rings up, two scotch and sodas clunked down on the bar, whiskey being poured, Grasshoppers being stirred in Waring Blender. Girls' legs at bar, eye of MAN winking, kissed cheek.

FORTIER smoking, caught in the middle of a crowd, standing at bar, a Scotch on the rocks in front of him. PHYL and DRUNK FORTIER sit next to him. As PHYL exits shot:

FORTIER: Hey—I would like you to meet somebody . . . I

would like you to meet my girl. She loves everybody . . . In fact—she's home loving somebody right now. Hey—that's a joke! Listen—you know what karate is? C'mere—hey. Listen—I used to be a vice squad officer but I quit. You don't think that's funny, do you? Listen—I don't have many friends. I need somebody to talk to—listen to me—let me tell you a little joke. I could have been a comedian. Stop me if you've heard this—these two old maids get these—uh—lessee—uh, uh . . .

FORST *exits shot.*

IDA: Wait! But buy me a tall one, will you? I'll be right back.

FORST *watches IDA move toward Ladies Room. He turns back to the bar.*

FORST: Maury . . .

MAURY *turns to FORST.*

MAURY: What'll it be, Mr. Forst?

FORST: A tall something for my partner.

MAURY: Jeannie show up?

FORST: No, I'm with Ida now.

MAURY: She wants a Collins.

MAURY *disappears.* FORST *turns and looks down the length of the bar. FORST's point of view—the bar patrons in profile, loving, hating, flirting, drinking. JOHN moves over.*

JOHN: Everything okay, Mr. Forst?

FORST: Fine. Everything's fine.

JOHN: Time for a drink on the house.

JOHN *scoops up his Scotch on the rocks and pours him a healthy shot. FORST turns and moves back to the phone booth. He dials, waits. People move past the booth.*

FORST: Hello, Jeannie? Are you coming or not? Well, if I'm inconveniencing you—uh-huh, uh-huh . . .

FORST *hangs up and starts dialing again. He waits . . .*

Interior Forst home. Living room. Night. We are focused on the phone.

It rings, and again. We are looking out the window to the driveway as the Red Buick Station Wagon pulls up. Its lights catch in our lens.

Exterior Forst Driveway. Night. CHET, MARIA, LOUISE, FLORENCE and BILLY MAE get out of the car and head for the house. FLORENCE takes CHET by the arm. They are all a little drunk. MARIA opens the door with her key.

Interior Forst Home. Night. Entryway . . . as FLORENCE takes CHET by the hand and leads him into the living room.

FLORENCE: This is the living room, Chet.

All are smashed and happy . . . after a long drinking, twisting, swimming, watusiing session at the Go-Go.

GENERAL NOISES: Bum dink dong dick, bum, dink dong bum . . . Oh, baby, you're much older than I.

CHET NAKALSKI is attractively virile, individual, and young. He carries a brown bag containing a bottle of wine and a bunch of twist records. All are high. FLORENCE is twisting on CHET's back . . . BILLY MAE comes around competing with FLORENCE, in front of CHET. LOUISE stands there for a moment, then twists hard and energetically.

CHET, LOUISE, BILLY MAE, FLORENCE: Bum, dink, dong, dick . . . etc. (*All the way in until MARIA breaks it with . . .*)

MARIA: Chet, let's sit down and relax and cut out the nonsense.

Everyone stops . . .

CHET: Nice place . . . you got here.

MARIA: It's twenty-seven years old. Sit down Chet, please.

FLORENCE: Oh, twist, twist, twist baby doll, 'cause your mama's much older than I.

LOUISE: Sit down, Florence.

FLORENCE: No . . . Like, I'm going to mix the drinkees. Ladies—declare.

BILLY MAE: Scotch.

LOUISE: Scotch and soda.

CHET: I'm having the wine.

LOUISE: You're no lady.

FLORENCE (*going to CHET*): You can say that. Twist, come on everybody.

LOUISE: Florence, the party's over.

FLORENCE: The party's just starting. Right, Chet?

CHET: Right. Flo, I'll need a glass first.

FLORENCE: What do you want, Maria?

MARIA: I think I'll have some of Chet's wine.

FLORENCE: Two glasses—coming up! (*Exits to bar.*)

BILLY MAE: I love the twist. Everything moves. I mean, every part of the anatomy swings and wobbles and shakes. And those girls down there with the tassels . . .

CHET: Did you like it?

BILLY MAE: All those young kids. Who was the little blonde girl with the blue eyes and the big bosoms.

CHET: The big bosoms? I don't know.

BILLY MAE: She dance there every night?

CHET: Yeah, I think so.

BILLY MAE: And wasn't that a darling costume?

LOUISE: Well, you have to have the shape to wear it.

BILLY MAE: I've never had any complaints.

CHET: Hey! You girls have nothing to worry about. Believe me . . . none of you.

MARIA: Where are you from, Chet?

CHET: Detroit.

MARIA: You like Los Angeles?

CHET: Do you?

MARIA: I like the climate.

CHET: So do I. Listen, I got these records; you got a hi-fi, Maria?

LOUISE: It's over there.

FLORENCE (*with glasses*): Wouldn't you like something stronger?

CHET (*pouring*): I don't need it. I'm turned on all the time.

LOUISE: It was awfully nice of you to offer to teach us the twist.

CHET: Forget it. I have nothing to do. I'm cool.

LOUISE: Well, cool or hot, it was nice, wasn't it, Billy Mae?

CHET: It's really a good way to express yourself.

BILLY MAE: What do you mean?

CHET: Well, like a guy my age . . . he's got to have some kind of release. I can't very well hold up a bank for kicks . . . it's against the law, right?

FLORENCE: Right.

CHET: Right. So, what do you do?

LOUISE: You dance.

CHET: You dance. You have a few belts . . . you go to some chick's pad and you make it.

LOUISE: You make it?

CHET: Yeah, make it. Or you sit around and have a drag and think about what's wrong and all, you know.

LOUISE: Yes, I think I do.

CHET: And just when you think you're gonna split . . . the music starts and you're up on your feet rocking and moving with some broad that has all the answers, in which case you don't bother, cause the chances are she's more screwed up than you are.

LOUISE: Are you screwed up?

CHET: No, I consider myself pretty straight.

LOUISE: What's the difference—in your opinion—between "screwed up" and "straight"?

CHET: Screwed up is unhappy and straight is you learn to live with it.

LOUISE: Exactly, but unhappiness is a state of mind, and I do feel that if we could learn to control and feel prominent emotions and curb the more animalistic instincts . . . rely more on our minds . . . if you know what I mean . . .

though I'm not asking for your agreement. But I did notice that you handled yourself at the Go-Go. You're definitely an individual type. I mean, you didn't seem to succumb to the atmosphere.

CHET: I don't fraternize with the help or odd-balls, you know . . . but you can make time with a chick who, for instance, has a problem . . .

LOUISE: So that's how you do it, then?

CHET: So we have a drink and dance and . . . what the hell, you know the whole story . . .

MARIA: On the contrary, we don't know.

BILLY MAE: What did you see in us?

CHET: Huh?

BILLY MAE: I mean, out of that whole room full of pretty chicks, how come you came over to our table?

CHET: There was something wrong with it. With you guys sitting there like you was all gonna break into tears any minute. Whenever I see somebody trying to join in and not knowing how, and if I know how, I say . . . well, let it go . . . go on over, give them a welcome . . . like Christ said, you know . . . Help thy neighbor.

BILLY MAE: Is he the one who said that?

CHET: I don't know. Well, somebody did. If it wasn't him, it could've been Ghandi, or Bhudda, or one of them jokers. But anyway, that's what I do . . .

BILLY MAE: You know something Maria, Louise . . . this is it . . . the new generation . . . you know, the group that our husbands condemn . . . *(She laughs.)*

CHET: What the hell does that mean. LOUISE: How did we get on the subject of husbands again?

BILLY MAE *(gets up, goes to CHET)*: They are scared, Chet . . . scared of your build, your spirit, your youth . . . they think they're the kings of the world. They don't want you taking their place.

FLORENCE *(bringing drinks)*: Chet, you're a damn good-looking kid for twenty-three.

CHET *(up on his feet)*: Thanks.

CHET moves over to the hi-fi. The girls look at him—CHET is aware of them. The music blurs out. CHET stands and

begins twisting. BILLY MAE and FLORENCE get up and start shaking their cans, twisting with CHET. He is very animalistic as he moves and twists around the room, stopping beside MARIA to take the wine bottle from her and drink from it, never stopping the movement. He gives the bottle back to MARIA and moves to FLORENCE and twists with her. FLORENCE starts to giggle.

FLORENCE: Oh, twist, twist, twist . . .

CHET moves over to LOUISE, who isn't dancing, and starts with her. She doesn't dance. BILLY MAE and FLORENCE are having the time of their lives as CHET continues to dance with LOUISE, who stands stiffly. He stops and begins slowly, trying to give LOUISE a chance to come along. Finally LOUISE begins her movement. She circles and twists and rather vulgarizes the whole thing . . . CHET moves over to the hi-fi and turns it off.

CHET: Louise, here, let me show you. All you do, you do on the balls of your feet, like this . . . see, you're moving too hard.

LOUISE (*stops dancing*): Well, that's the way I do it.

CHET: It's more subtle than that . . . here, like this . . .

LOUISE: Well, that's the way I do it, I say. Who are you to criticize me?

CHET: I'm sorry.

LOUISE: You ought to be. I know how to twist . . . my way. You look out for yourself if you don't like me. I come from a musical background. I take care of a family of five. I have a college degree. And I've never had a complaint about my subtlety.

CHET: I'm sorry.

LOUISE continues dancing . . . FLORENCE moves to CHET.

FLORENCE: What's the matter with her?

CHET: Forget it.

FLORENCE: You criticized her . . . criticize me. At my age, I'm willing to learn.

LOUISE continues dancing for a moment then stops. She watches CHET and FLORENCE and sees BILLY MAE moving over to CHET and dancing between CHET and FLORENCE.

BILLY MAE: What's the matter with her?

CHET: Forget it. You move real good, Billy Mae.

FLORENCE: What about me?

CHET: You're the greatest.

FLORENCE (to BILLY MAE): I'm the greatest.

CHET looks off for MARIA. She is not in the room. LOUISE is standing in the doorway. CHET breaks and starts toward LOUISE.

CHET (to BILLY MAE and FLORENCE): Listen, guys, I think I really rocked the boat with Louise. Let me take a second to straighten it out. Okay? Play it cool.

LOUISE: Chet!

CHET: What do you say?

LOUISE: I'd like to talk to you.

CHET: Sure, in a minute, Louise.

LOUISE turns abruptly away.

Interior hallway and bar. Night. CHET continues down the hallway and enters the bar, bumping into MARIA, who carries a tray full of drinks. The tray rocks and almost falls to the ground, but CHET saves it.

CHET: I'm sorry.

MARIA: That's all right.

We see LOUISE at the end of the corridor, eavesdropping.

CHET (grabbing MARIA as she starts again): Wait a minute. I mean it . . . I'm sorry. Did you ever hear the story about the Revenuer in the Ozarks? He comes up to this pathway in the forest and there's a little kid of twelve or thirteen and the Revenuer says, "Kid, does that path lead to a still?" And the kid says, "Yessir, but it sure don't lead back."

MARIA (*moving away from CHET as she talks*): Charming.

CHET: Wait a minute! Where's the men's room?

MARIA: First door on your right.

CHET: Charming.

We move with MARIA down the hallway, until she's almost upon LOUISE.

LOUISE: Good night.

LOUISE turns and moves out the door, slamming it.

Interior living room. Night.

MARIA continues into the room with the tray.

MARIA: What's the matter with her?

FLORENCE: Who knows?

CHET is back in the room by now.

BILLY MAE: I felt I maintained my dignity through the entire thing. Why that prude! That selfish, priggish, sex-starved prude! My God, it's not as if we did anything wrong. If Malcolm gets upset at this kind of an evening, where are we? All anyone has to do is look at the four of us. No one can ever say we did anything wrong. Now she'll go shooting her mouth off about how she couldn't stand the whole party we're having, how vulgar we all behaved, and how she went home the minute it began. And if she does, I'm just gonna tell her she's full of it. But I don't think she will, do you? Not that I give a damn.

CHET: Are you going?

BILLY MAE: Yes I am, Chet.

CHET: The Go-Go is open every night of the week.

BILLY MAE: I don't think my husband would appreciate the Whisky-A-Go-Go and I'm sure he wouldn't appreciate you. But you have been charming.

CHET: I'll walk you out.

BILLY MAE: No, thank you. I was supposed to give you a lift, Florence . . .

FLORENCE: Chetty Boy will take me home, won't you?

CHET: Why not? Listen . . .

BILLY MAE: I'll call you tomorrow, if I don't get my head handed to me by Malcolm.

JOE: I'll walk you to your car anyway. You never know at this time of night.

They exit leaving FLORENCE with MARIA.

FLORENCE: I think he's nice, don't you?

MARIA: Yes, he's very attractive.

FLORENCE: Poor Louie is so short, and those glasses . . . and he can't sing even to carry a tune, much less twist.

MARIA: Make me another drink, would you, Florence?

FLORENCE: I thought you were having wine.

MARIA: Wine can make you sick . . . just a straight Scotch.

FLORENCE: Tired?

MARIA: Yes . . .

FLORENCE: Oh, don't get tired. The night is young . . . I mean it. It's like twisting succeeded where science failed. I can sit in the beauty parlor for hours having my nails polished or my hair done and I won't feel a bit younger, even if I look it, but this twisting . . . it does something to me . . . inside . . . I wish poor Louie would try it, but he won't. To hell with Louie. Poor Louie, to hell with him, because right now I feel like Hoop-dee-doing all over hell and back and no regrets.

MARIA: No regrets?

FLORENCE: We're gonna croak one day . . . we're gonna flop right down on the ground and some Goddamned preacher is gonna say some Goddamned sermon over our Goddamned bodies and we're gonna be dead . . . So why can't we pretend for a second . . . have a good time, huh? Don't you realize that? Have I offended you? Don't you understand how I feel?

MARIA: Fix me another drink, Florence.

FLORENCE goes to the hi-fi, puts on another record, tries to dance to it, but can't. She pours herself a drink at the bar and downs it.

FLORENCE: I don't like this nearly as well as the other one, do you, Maria?

MARIA: No, it doesn't have the beat . . .

FLORENCE puts on the original record

again, huffs and puffs, trying to compose herself again, then slowly begins dancing. The doorbell rings. MARIA admits CHET, who immediately begins twisting with her. MARIA sees FLORENCE standing alone, watching, and she tries to sit down, but CHET won't let her. She insists, so he goes to finish the number with FLORENCE. He puts a slow fox trot on.

FLORENCE: I'm exhausted. I love to dance, don't you, Chet?

CHET: Love it.

FLORENCE: I think I move pretty good for a big woman, don't I?

CHET: You sure do . . .

FLORENCE: Pretty graceful, for someone my size, aren't I?

CHET: You're amazing.

FLORENCE: I could go on all night.

CHET: I know you could. (*He moves over to MARIA.*) I think I should dance with Maria, too, for a while!

FLORENCE: Then after that you can take me home like you promised. I don't have a ride.

CHET: It is late.

FLORENCE: It is late . . . but I feel strong. I mean, there's spring in the old legs yet . . . maybe I'll just have another drink . . . and then we'll go.

CHET: Sure, that's a good idea. Fix me one too, will you, Flo?

FLORENCE: Flo, all my friends call me Flo.

CHET: Would you make me that drink?

MARIA: No, thanks.

CHET: What kind of hostess are you, anyway?

MARIA: I'm a very tired one.

CHET: You are also very beautiful. I mean it. I know you don't like me, but I'm just trying to be nice to everybody. You're very soft, you know? I don't mean that to be bad, but I just want you to know what I think of you before I leave. You're a woman. There aren't too many around.

FLORENCE (*at the bar*): You like a lot of ice in it?

CHET: Fine.

CHET and MARIA dance cheek to cheek. He whirls her around. They move nicely. FLORENCE goes to the closet, puts her coat on. MARIA stops dancing. CHET looks around.

FLORENCE: Maria.

MARIA: Don't go, Florence.

FLORENCE: It's late. Will you loan me your car? I'll return it tomorrow.

MARIA: Yes, yes.

FLORENCE: Chetty will drive me home, won't you, Chet?

CHET: Yeah, groovy. You can drop me off on Sunset. Good night, Maria . . . a pleasure.

MARIA: Good night, Chet. You're a nice boy.

CHET: I try to be.

FLORENCE: It's difficult sometimes, isn't it?

CHET: Let's go, Flo.

FLORENCE: Good night, Maria. I'll call you tomorrow . . . we'll work out something. Come on, Chetty.

CHET and FLORENCE exit. MARIA walks through the house, locking up. MARIA goes to the telephone, dials. She waits, sitting, then rises.

MARIA: Hello, Freddie, is Louise there? Why, can't I speak to her? I know it's late. I know he's your friend, but he's my husband. Because we hate each other, that's why. Hello, Louise . . . Yes . . . they've all left . . . no, nothing happened . . . what should have happened? (*LOUISE has hung up.*) Louise?

MARIA sets the phone down, and CHET is seen. He walks up to MARIA, stares at her, moves to her confidently, and kisses her gently. MARIA responds . . . freely, willingly. CHET's hands grab MARIA's buttocks . . . MARIA breaks loose . . . CHET looks at her . . . then turns into Mr. Machine. He exits as the mechanical man, grabbing his buttocks as the camera swings with him to the foyer. The lights go off. The

door slams, and MARIA appears back to us in a moment.

Close-up of MARIA. She waits quietly for a moment, then she starts in close-up toward the foyer. We pan her across the living room to foyer. She half disappears in the darkness . . . CHET absent from shot . . . hidden in the black of the hallway. MARIA smiles.

New angle, MARIA moves over to CHET . . . She screams and darts out of the darkness. New angle, MARIA appearing in the living room archway; CHET follows her, and with assurance takes her around the neck and leads her down the hallway.

MARIA: You're a crazy guy.

Interior Forst house. Night. CHET and MARIA come down the hallway to the stairs, falling, laughing, playing . . . they dart up the stairs.

Interior Forst house. Night. CHET and MARIA continue the chase . . . she darts into the bedroom, CHET breaks open the door and pursues her . . . she moves into the master bedroom, screaming playfully . . . CHET moves over to her and in a moment the scene is transformed into one of intensity. CHET looks at MARIA, bends and kisses her on the chest, picks her up and carries her to the bed . . . they kiss again.

MARIA: Please, Chet . . . let me go and change. (CHET kisses her again. MARIA gets up, goes into the connecting bathroom. Angle on CHET as he undresses while seated on the bed. New angle LS. Long shot CHET on bed with a cover over him. MARIA appears in foreground dressed in a robe. She goes to the bed, sits down. CHET grabs her, begins kissing her.) I can't do it with the lights on . . .

CHET pulls the blanket over them as he slips down into the bed. New angle,

shooting from head of the bed over them. We see them kiss . . . and then disappear under the covers. Another angle, reverse, CHET comes out and throws her robe at camera; MARIA breaks out without robe. Reverse angle, MARIA goes for her robe, we are shooting over CHET as she gets it and puts it on.

CHET: I don't think you're funny. You're not even good-looking.

Angle on CHET. He sits up. Angle on MARIA. Close-up: she's terribly angry and embarrassed.

MARIA: You're cheap.

Back to scene.

CHET: Cheat or cheap?

MARIA: Cheap! (She rises and crosses to light switch and turns off lights.)

CHET: Oh, cheap.

MARIA: And I don't like the lights on.

CHET: (He burps.)

MARIA: You're a phony.

CHET: You really know how to hurt a guy.

MARIA: You're not even good-looking. You have a nasty mouth . . . and you're cheap.

CHET: Cheat or cheap?

MARIA: Cheap!

CHET: Oh, cheap. Yeah.

MARIA gets up, turns out the lights. After a moment she turns them back on. She moves over to the bed.

MARIA: I don't like the lights on . . .

CHET pretends he's just snoring.

MARIA: Stop that. That's disgusting.

CHET snores again.

MARIA: Leave. I want you to leave.

CHET snores again. MARIA moves down and CHET pulls her to him . . . He takes her robe near off, she pulls it back. CHET lies down and snores again. MARIA socks him in the stomach. He rolls over faking sleep snoring loudly on purpose. MARIA regains herself. She rises and goes to the dresser, lights a cigarette . . . moves to the door and turns out the lights. The cigarette is burning. She turns on the light.

MARIA: I just can't stand the lights on . . . it's just that I'm not that kind of person . . . I never have been.

New angle in the darkness as she switches off the light and heads for CHET's bed . . . she is seen, as is her cigarette . . . New angle reverse from door. The lights are switched on by CHET and he dives at MARIA . . . balls naked. CU angle of CHET as he lands. CU of MARIA. She stares at him a moment . . .

MARIA: I want you to leave.

CU of CHET, over MARIA.

CHET: Look, I have no car and you have no car . . . I have no bed and you have a bed . . .

New angle. MARIA gets up and crosses into bathroom, then back out and listens as CHET goes back into his Mechanical Woman routine.

CHET (vo): I am the mechanical woman. . . . I have a maid, I have clean sheets, I can have anything I want.

MARIA moves back into the bedroom and switches on lights.

CU of CHET as he gets out of bed continuing his mechanical monster routine, he follows her but goes into her walk-in closet and takes her clothes, tries them on, talking all the while. He drapes her black diamond mink around his shoulders and a hangered skirt around his neck and bursts into

the bathroom. He forces himself upon her as she struggles with him . . . he then moves out still talking.

New angle on MARIA in bathroom. She slams the door, CHET goes to it, tries to break in. He can't, goes through various threats . . .

CHET: Come on, open the door . . . I'll get your wasi tusi, your kuka saki, you're happy dappy . . . *(He finally walks away from the door.)* I'll wait!

Interior The Losers. Night. Bar area. Close-up IDA HOWORTH, laughing and gagging at the same time. FORST is next to IDA, rather disenchanted by the proceedings taking place on the bar. MAURY is combing his hair . . . has salt and pepper placed in a napkin and the static electricity is carrying it up.

IDA: It looks like dandruff, honest to God it does. *(She leans heavily on FORST's arm.)*

MAURY: Are you kidding? That's a good trick. Be right back.

The bar is still swinging and MAURY has to work in between yaks.

IDA *(to FORST)*: Maury's a gas.

FORST: He's a gas.

IDA: I love gray hair.

FORST: You like me.

IDA: Like, love . . . it's all the same. Right?

FORST: I guess so.

IDA: Buy me another tall one, will you, Dickie?

FORST: I'm going home.

MAURY *(coming back)*: Listen to this . . . There's a cat down there, about five stools, who says the Cubs are going to win the pennant.

IDA: What's he gonna bet?

MAURY: Get your mind off money. This is baseball.

IDA: His one love.

FORST: He told me.

Cut to a small white bedroom with several mirrors and pictures placed indiscriminately on the wall. JEANNIE is seated on the bed alone, finishing a glass of champagne, voices of a man and a woman are heard coming from the next room. JEANNIE puts down her glass and with a shrug gets up to join those voices, which belong to STELLA, her girl friend and business associate, and JOE JACKSON, a strong, tall, midwestern type, assistant to MR. JIM MCCARTHY, who is seated in a chair waiting for JEANNIE to come back. MCCARTHY has a round face, is slightly balding, pockmarked, a highly efficient salesman type who lives the life of an executive who is always on the road.

JOE JACKSON: Now what is a girl to do, who plays a violin?

STELLA: She tucks it under her chin . . .

JACKSON: She plucks at her strings . . . like angel wings. She plucks at her strings, among numerous things, and tucks it under her chin. Ha ha ha.

JEANNIE: Well, Mr. McCarthy.

JIM MCCARTHY: Jim.

JEANNIE: Jimmy McCarthy. Ah, that's a fine name. Fine.

MCCARTHY: Just call me Jamie, my mother used to . . .

JEANNIE: Did she, now? Say, how'd you like to call me "mother"?

MCCARTHY: Come on, I'm old enough to be your father!

JEANNIE: Listen. Listen, in that case, I'd like some fatherly advice.

MCCARTHY: Aye?

JEANNIE: I have a terrible problem.

MCCARTHY: What's your problem, daughter?

JEANNIE (*lying*): Well, this fellow—a friend, an Irish friend. He just called me from a bar. He's in terrible trouble and wants me to come rescue him. What do you think of that?

MCCARTHY: And what do you think of it?

MAURY: Everyone thinks I'm crazy when I talk about the Mets. Hold on—idiot face needs a tonic . . .

FORST rises as MAURY leaves. FORST takes out a few bills, leaves them on the bar.

FORST: See that he gets that, will you?

MA: You're really going?

FORST: That's right.

FORST moves toward the phone booth and enters. He puts a dime in and dials. SMITTY is at piano.

FORST: Hello, Jeannie? I'm half-tanked. I'm sick of waiting. I'm being picked up right and left. The music stinks. I hate Maury and I frankly think you're a rat for not showing up.

Abrupt cut. Interior JEANNIE's house. Night.

JEANNIE (*on phone in bedroom*): Well, don't hate me, would ya? I'll be down in a couple of minutes. I know I said that before . . . I can't talk . . . No, my brother and his friend . . . A couple of minutes. Okay, believe me.

JACKSON (*overlap*):

There once was a girl from Oberlin
Who played the violin . . .

STELLA: She tucked it under her chin.

JACKSON: She plucked at her strings . . .

STELLA: Like angel's wings.

JACKSON:

She plucked at her strings . . .
And numerous things
While she tucked it under her chin

STELLA: Very good. Do you Watusi? Do you frug?

JACKSON (*uncertainly*): What do I do?

MCCARTHY breaks into peals of laughter.

JEANNIE: Mr. Jackson . . . Jim . . . I don't even know how to say this, but something has come up and I have to meet someone.

JEANNIE: I'm asking for your advice. You're the wise one. Be a hero, tell me.

MCCARTHY: Hey, Jackson! Jackson! Remember the time we went to New Orleans on a bet?

JACKSON: Yes sir, I do.

MCCARTHY: We stayed up all night, screaming at the top of our lungs. We had a . . . we had a . . . we had a . . . couple of bimbos. No, actually, they were very nice girls. They remind me a lot of you two.

JEANNIE: Oh?

MCCARTHY: But they knew more dirty limericks than you could shake a stick at.

JEANNIE (*coolly*): How nice.

STELLA: Well, I knew a guy used to make 'em up and sell them.

MCCARTHY: Really? He must have been an ex-convict. That's right, don't look so wide-eyed.

STELLA: I'm not wide-eyed.

MCCARTHY: Do you realize that ex-convicts and jailbirds are the ones that write all the limericks?

STELLA: Not all of them.

JACKSON: Don't argue with Mr. McCarthy, Miss.

STELLA: Jimmy Arnold, he wrote a couple that were really funny, didn't he, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: That's right, he did.

MCCARTHY: Jimmy Arnold? Jimmy Arnold? Not *the* Jimmy Arnold?

STELLA: Do you know him?

MCCARTHY: Never heard of him!

Laughter.

MCCARTHY: Hey, Jackson . . . you remember that night we went to New Orleans on a bet?

JACKSON: Yes, sir, I do.

MCCARTHY (*to JEANNIE*): We stayed up all night . . . screaming to the top of our lungs . . . we had a couple of bimbos with us that knew more dirty limericks than you could shake a stick at.

STELLA: I knew a guy would make them up and sell them.

MCCARTHY: He must have been a convict. That's right. Don't look so Goddamned wide-eyed.

STELLA: I'm not wide-eyed.

MCCARTHY: Jailbirds are the ones that write the limericks.

STELLA: Not all of them.

JACKSON: Don't argue with Mr. McCarthy, Miss . . .

STELLA: Jimmy Arnow, he wrote a couple that really were funny. Didn't he, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: That's right.

MCCARTHY: And what was your name again?

STELLA: Stella.

MCCARTHY: Stella. That's a beautiful name. Isn't that a beautiful name, Jackson?

JACKSON: It sure is. I had a cat named Stella. She behaved herself.

STELLA: Had? Did she die?

JACKSON: No, she lived for a few years.

JEANNIE: Look, Mr. Mc . . .

MCCARTHY: Sounds like she was having a time. Speaking of time, what is it? What time is it, anybody?

JEANNIE: It's one-thirty.

JACKSON: There once was a man from Bel Air . . .

MCCARTHY: Ah, come on, not that one!

JEANNIE's and JACKSON's next lines overlap.

JEANNIE: Mr. McCarthy . . .

JACKSON: . . . Who oomphed his wife on the stair,

JEANNIE: I have to meet someone.

JACKSON:

The banister broke,
he quickened his stroke . . .

JEANNIE: I am serious now.

JACKSON: And finished her off in mid-air.

End of overlap.

MCCARTHY goes to JEANNIE . . . *tickles her.*

MCCARTHY: What's the matter?

JEANNIE: I hate limericks.

JACKSON: What do you like?

MCCARTHY: Yeah, what do you like?

JEANNIE: Nothing.

JACKSON: The lady likes nothing.

MCCARTHY: You're not very friendly, are you now?

JEANNIE: Something has come up, I told you.

MCCARTHY: But sweetheart, I'm all dressed up with no place to go.

JACKSON: You invited Mr. McCarthy and me up for the night.

MCCARTHY: A deal is a deal.

WELLA: We didn't agree on a price.

JACKSON: Was anyone talking to you?

MCCARTHY (to JEANNIE): I mean, what the hell, this joker can't have any more money than I've got.

JEANNIE: It's nothing like that, honestly.

JACKSON: Did you ever hear of Metal Industries of the Pacific West Coast?

JEANNIE: No.

MCCARTHY: That's all right. It's industrial metals.

JACKSON: It happens to be the second largest firm of its kind in the world.

JEANNIE: I don't know anything about it.

MCCARTHY: That's all right.

JACKSON: And he only happens to be the first vice-president in charge of public relations and advertising.

JACKSON: Ah, come on, now. What the hell do we care about two whores?

JEANNIE (*warningly*): Listen, you better watch it . . .

MCCARTHY: Now wait a minute, wait a minute!

JACKSON: Two whores!

MCCARTHY: What's the matter with you?

JEANNIE (*furious, shouting*): I don't want you around.

JACKSON (*shouting*): You don't want us around?

JEANNIE: That's right.

JACKSON: Look who says she doesn't want us around.

STELLA: You're coming on awfully strong.

JACKSON: Yea and who in the hell are you, huh? WHO IN THE HELL ARE YOU?

MCCARTHY: We went through all that.

STELLA: Well, you better do a better job, McCarthy, because I never heard of it.

JACKSON: You never heard of it?

MCCARTHY: You never heard of it? Where ya been, on the moon? You have a kitchen?

STELLA: Yes.

MCCARTHY: Well, every kitchen in the world uses our metal for the pipes.

STELLA: Bathrooms too?

JACKSON: Bathrooms too.

STELLA: Kind of a royal flush.

MCCARTHY: You don't believe me, here's a card.

JACKSON: Aw, to hell with them. What the hell do we care about two whores?

JEANNIE: You'd better watch the way you talk.

JACKSON: Two whores!

MCCARTHY: He's got a big mouth. Let's keep it friendly, Jackson.

JEANNIE: I don't want you around!

JACKSON: You don't want us around? Look who says she doesn't want us around.

JEANNIE: I'm not afraid of either one of you guys.

STELLA: Take it easy, Jeannie.

MCCARTHY: I can't stand fighting with girls.

JEANNIE: I told him, and the other one too. I have a friend, it isn't business . . . he's waiting for my call at a bar. He's a friend.

MCCARTHY: Tough.

JEANNIE: If you want, I'll call someone else for you.

MCCARTHY: I made a date with you.

JEANNIE: I told you, I have a personal obligation.

MCCARTHY: You got a personal obligation to me. And if you start getting smart, I'll have my pal Bendix from the vice squad up here.

JACKSON: How would you like to spend a few months in jail, sweetheart?

STELLA: You're coming on awfully strong.

MCCARTHY: I don't like to be insulted.

STELLA: Well, okay . . . neither do we.

JACKSON: Who the hell are you?

STELLA: Can't you see Jeannie is stuck? I could call someone else.

MCCARTHY: How old is she?

STELLA: About twenty-one or twenty-two.

MCCARTHY: We made a deal and I want spunky-face over there.

The phone rings. JEANNIE goes to answer it.

FRANNIE: Yes? Oh, Dickie . . . I told you. I have my brother here . . . they're just leaving . . . They're just leaving.

MCCARTHY: The hell we are.

FRANNIE: I'll call you back. I have the number.

JEANNIE hangs up phone. MCCARTHY pulls her onto his lap.

FRANNIE: Look, Mr. McCarthy . . .

MCCARTHY: Jim, please . . .

FRANNIE: I don't want to get in any trouble with any Bendix at any vice squad . . .

MCCARTHY: Ah, come on . . . you didn't take me seriously, did you? I was only kidding.

FRANNIE: I know you're a big man and Jackson is an ace too . . . but I'm just not in the mood.

MCCARTHY: What's this guy, a fag? They always fall for fags.

JACKSON: Or pimps.

FRANNIE: He's a nice guy and fine.

JACKSON: I'll bet this "nice guy" is an intellectual.

FRANNIE: He's intelligent, if that's what you mean.

JACKSON: We should take all the nice fag guy intellectuals and string them up to the nearest tree.

MCCARTHY: Well, you'll have to start with sweetie.

JACKSON: Why, lover . . . how you talk.

STELLA: Jeannie, call Marta.

MCCARTHY: Wait a minute, will ya. Take it easy, what's the matter with you? Why are you so violent? Jeannie . . . wait, Jeannie!

Cut to JEANNIE'S bedroom.

MCCARTHY: Jeannie, you know something? You're one of the most attractive blondes I've ever seen.

JEANNIE: I don't care.

MCCARTHY: I mean for me personally. You didn't know it, but I couldn't care less about most of the women I meet.

JACKSON: And we travel around to all the fifty states.

MCCARTHY: You know something? Alaska is for the birds.

JACKSON: He don't like the Eskimos.

MCCARTHY: Who does? Even the Eskimos don't like the Eskimos. Glorified Indians.

JEANNIE: I have to get out of here. I really have to get out of here.

JACKSON: She wants a bracelet.

MCCARTHY: Is that what's wrong? Jackson's a ten-minute analyst. Now, let go of her. How about an eighteen-karat bracelet, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: No.

MCCARTHY: When I like someone, I like them. I like you, Jeannie. You have the eyes of my first love. Now there, I'm sentimental . . . you didn't expect that, did you? I can be a gentle man.

JACKSON: He's a gentle man.

MCCARTHY: Most of them let this big old frame fool them . . . I'm a gentle man.

JACKSON: A gentleman.

MCCARTHY: Is two hundred dollars apiece okay with you?

STELLA: Fine with me.

JEANNIE (*getting up from MCCARTHY'S lap*): I don't want your money.

JACKSON (*getting up and going around chair and yelling*): If he offers you the money, you'll take it. Now, that ends that, doesn't it?

JEANNIE: What the hell?

JEANNIE angrily goes into her bedroom.

MCCARTHY: What's the matter with you? I can't take you anywhere.

JACKSON: I was only kidding.

MCCARTHY: Sorry. Have a cigarette? Let me close this door. (JEANNIE objects.) All right, I'll open it. Ah, boy, what a life. What's the matter, Jeannie? Don't you like me? Huh? Why not? Come on, I can take criticism. Mmn? What's the matter with me? You don't want me to be crude? All right, I won't be crude. Jeannie, Jeannie, I'm a nice guy. Would you think that I weigh a hundred-ninety pounds?

JACKSON *whispers to MCCARTHY in a clinch. MCCARTHY goes to chair, lights cigarette, finally gets up, and goes toward camera, in hall door to JEANNIE. JACKSON laughs and picks up STELLA.*

JACKSON *comes from the bathroom, turns to the doorway to the bedroom. MCCARTHY shoos him away, but JACKSON motions to STELLA who is in the main room. She turns and looks behind her.*

JACKSON (*motioning*): C'mere. . . .

STELLA (*moving to him*): What's the matter?

JACKSON: Nothing.

STELLA: Don't you like me?

JACKSON (*whispering*): Are you kidding? I'm crazy about you. (*He leans toward her, whispering in her ear.*) Look at McCarthy. Did you ever see anything like that?

STELLA: What's the matter with him?

JACKSON (*whispering*): He always does this.

STELLA: Hasn't he got any sex?

JACKSON: Ma'am, the only thing that Mr. McCarthy can do well is talk.

STELLA: Oh!

MCCARTHY (*referring to JACKSON*): Clown. Always clowning . . . Some people can get a laugh out of anything. Someone trips and breaks their neck, he giggles . . . Have you got a cigarette I can steal? Can I close the door? I don't have to close it . . . What a crazy life this is . . . You don't like me. All right . . . what is it? I'm a man who can take criticism. You don't like us to be crude . . . all right, I won't be crude. Don't go. You don't mind me, do you? I'm not such a bad guy. I have some good faults and some bad faults. (*He laughs nervously.*) You know how much I weigh? A hundred and ninety pounds . . . now out of all that poundage, there's gotta be some good, right? It can't be all bad . . . You're depressed. Hell, I've seen depression. Hunger is a bitter thing, but why should you think of things like that? I wish you knew me. I would like very much for you to know me. To other people I seem like a tough guy, but in

JEANNIE: You're married.

MCCARTHY (*resignedly*): Ah, Jeannie, am I married. Yeah, I'm married. I got a son almost as old as you. Thinks he's a grown man. Goes to college. I wanted him to go to one of those Mid-western schools and play football, but his mother said no, no football. So I said, all right, what the hell, okay, no football. So instead he goes to Dartmouth, goes out for tennis instead, and all day long he walks around in tennis shoes. What kind of a thing is that for a grown boy to walk around in tennis shoes all day long? But what the hell, he's my son. Even if he does want to nance around, I say, so what. Everybody's got to lead their own life. Right? So he goes out for swimming and track, and wears tennis shoes. (*Pauses.*) Jeannie, you know what it's like to be a promo man with a firm like mine, huh? I'll tell you. You meet more millionaires and more presidents than you'd dream could exist. That seems like a big thing to you, huh? So what have I got after all those years? A big house, a kookie wife, and a kid who wears sneakers.

MCCARTHY *rises quickly from the bed and goes into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He looks at himself in the mirror for a moment, then deliberately messes up his hair, pulls his shirttail out of his pants. Going back to the doorway of the bedroom, he loudly exclaims to a startled JEANNIE.*

MCCARTHY: Hey, Jeannie, baby. Hey, you're all right. Jeannie, baby! Whooh! Hey, turn out these lights, it's like an office in here.

MCCARTHY *rushes into the living room up to STELLA and JACKSON.*

(*Shouting.*) How d'you expect to make out with all these lights on? Hey, you know what? You got quite a . . .

my own mind I'm just a person . . . you'd be surprised how generous . . . not that there's anything so great about giving . . . It's really a blessing. Not that I want anything free. Good cigarette . . . shouldn't smoke, but that damned phone rings and I go puff, puff, away like a chimney. Vices . . . who doesn't have them? I sometimes think the world is one big vice. If you stop and think of all the things you shouldn't do, nobody would do a Goddamned thing—sorry.

JEANNIE: For what?

MCCARTHY: Swearing. I'm almost fifty. Would you guess that? So after all these years here we are, me and you and a long way between us . . .

JEANNIE: Are you married?

MCCARTHY: Oh, boy! Jeannie, am I married!

JEANNIE *sits down beside MCCARTHY, puts her head on his shoulder, then lies down listening to him.*

MCCARTHY: You don't like me? All right, what is it? I'm a man who can take criticism . . . you don't want me to be crude? I won't be crude. I have an only child and he's going to Dartmouth. The kid has manners. He's sweet . . . shy . . . I never even made him play football. His mother said no . . . I say okay. He wants to dance around even, he's my son . . . I say fine . . . everybody leads their own life. And believe me, I don't want him going to Dartmouth. He's bigger than me and it don't do for a kid that size to be wearing white sneakers. So, what the hell . . . I give in. He goes to Dartmouth, he wears sneakers, he goes out for swimming instead, he goes out for track . . . all right. Jeannie, you think I'm a big tough push-your-weight-around kind of a jerk. Well, I'll tell you something. I studied dramatics . . . I took elocution. I bet you don't even know what elocution is . . . Through high school, through college, through business . . . I've never cheated in one deal yet. I've got it here (*points to heart*) and here (*points to head*) and I'm fair. You know what it is to be a promo man for a firm like mine? You meet more presidents and more millionaires than you could dream exist. You think that's something, eh? Well, I'll tell you it isn't. You bow, you scrape, like Jackson out there . . . not easy . . . there are times when you want to punch and punch and keep on hitting . . . but you don't. You learn to be . . . what is it? . . .

JEANNIE: Diplomatic.

JACKSON: Hey, how about a little kiss for my buddy here?

JEANNIE with her fur jacket on comes into the living room headed for the door, anxious to leave.

JEANNIE: Joe, Jim, have a good time. Stella, lock up when you go. (To JACKSON.) Leave me alone!

MCCARTHY: Leave her alone, I mean it, just leave her alone. Get out of here.

MCCARTHY: Diplomatic! You learn to tell a good story, learn the latest jokes. You meet women, the boss's wife, and she likes you and that's good . . . but you got to be careful not to flatter her too much, and you don't. And you got to be warm, and you are . . . but if you're too warm, then you're in trouble. Then it begins and you're out on your ass and all the bowing and scraping is down the drain. Do me a favor. Leave me alone for a minute. Okay, so what have I got after all that? A big house and a kooky wife and kid with sneakers that wants to go to Dartmouth. Now that may not seem like much to you, but it's all I've got besides the fun I can create out of these three-day trips. You're the fun, and even you have a price. Now I'll tell you, I like your spirit, but I'm a tired, cranky son of a bitch when I'm crossed.

JACKSON and STELLA have come to the doorway.

JACKSON: You better believe it.

MCCARTHY: One minute, huh? And I want to make love to you, and treat you nice and know you enjoyed me and my wit and my charm, and my physical . . . It's raining out and probably ten-thirty, and it's time to consummate this deal.

STELLA: Why did you tell Jeannie that?

MCCARTHY: Make some coffee will you, Stella?

STELLA: Where do you keep the coffee, Jeannie?

MCCARTHY: Turn off those overhead lights, the place looks like an office.

JACKSON: He's got a tongue on him, doesn't he?

JEANNIE: I don't give a damn who you are or what you say . . . I'm leaving.

MCCARTHY: Where are you from? Brooklyn?

STELLA: Hollywood.

MCCARTHY: She talks like she's from Brooklyn.

JEANNIE: Well, you're wrong about me. I'm not what you think. I'm a person and I have something too. I'm not just a piece of flesh. I'm a girl! Now leave me alone.

MCCARTHY: Wait a minute!

JEANNIE: I said leave me alone.

MCCARTHY: Friends?

JEANNIE: No, leave me alone.

JACKSON: Now, what are you making a scene for? Huh?

JEANNIE: Give me a break.

MCCARTHY: Give you a break? Why? You think you deserve a break?

JEANNIE: Look, I met this guy . . .

MCCARTHY: You met this guy. So?

STELLA: Leave her alone!

MCCARTHY: Ah, shut up. Will you sit down! So you met this guy. Go ahead. So you met this guy? What about it? You in love with this guy? You hate this guy? You went to college with this guy?

JEANNIE: Okay . . . Okay . . . don't . . . don't . . .

MCCARTHY: Now come on, come on, will you? Cut it out.

MCCARTHY grabs JEANNIE and roughly kisses her. She breaks away, then crosses to the opposite side of the room, hunting for a cigarette. JACKSON and STELLA make forced conversation in an attempt to calm the atmosphere.

JEANNIE: You son of a bitch.

JACKSON: This joke about Siamese twins. Hah?

JEANNIE: What?

JACKSON: Have you heard that belly twister about the Siamese twins?

STELLA: No.

JACKSON: Ha ha . . . One's named June, and the other's July.

STELLA: Is that a real one? (*Takes out a cigarette.*)

MCCARTHY: Oh no, no, no. Let me light that for you.

STELLA: Thank you.

MCCARTHY: Oh boy, women. If I live to be a million I'll never understand them. Crazy broads.

JACKSON: Aw, shoot now. Come on over here, hah? Come on . . . come on, son of a gun . . . come on now. Come on . . . ooh, you . . .

MCCARTHY: You know you're nuts?

MCCARTHY crosses to sit down. The doorbell chimes and STELLA gets up to

JACKSON: She wants us to leave.

JEANNIE runs to door, JACKSON stops her. MCCARTHY comes over.

MCCARTHY: You're making a scene.

JEANNIE: Give me a break, will you?

MCCARTHY: A break?

JEANNIE: I met this guy.

MCCARTHY: You met this guy.

STELLA: Leave her alone, will you?

MCCARTHY: Shut up! Go on now . . . you met this guy.

JEANNIE is silent.

MCCARTHY: And what? You love this guy? You hate this guy? You went to college with this guy?

JEANNIE: Please!

MCCARTHY: You're upset. I hate to see a girl cry. (*Hands her his handkerchief.*) Let go of her, Jackson . . . You're hurting the girl.

JEANNIE: You son of a bitch!

MCCARTHY intervenes.

JACKSON: Hey, Stella . . .

STELLA (*outside*): What?

JACKSON: You know the story about the Siamese twins?

STELLA (*outside*): A real one?

JACKSON: No, it's a joke.

STELLA: No.

JEANNIE goes to the bedroom to telephone the Losers Club.

JEANNIE: Hello, Maury . . . is there a guy named Richard Forst sitting at the bar? . . . Jeannie Rapp. Hello, yourself.

JACKSON: Siamese twins. One is named June, the other July.

STELLA: Oh, that's cute . . . for twins, I mean. Don't you think so, Mr. McCarthy?

MCCARTHY: Huh? Oh yeah, yeah.

JEANNIE: Well, did you check the john? Oh, I see. No, it's not important . . . No, don't run after him. The hell with it. Let it go, Maury . . .

The doorbell rings.

open the door. FORST enters and, seeing the others, steps back. MCCARTHY quickly goes to FORST, brings him into the room and tries to help him remove his coat.

MCCARTHY: Now wait a minute . . . wait a minute! Don't go away! Come on in, come in, join the party. Now, there's been a lot of controversy over you tonight.

JEANNIE: Oh no. There hasn't been controversy.

MCCARTHY: Sure there has. Hey, you're the one in the bar, right?

FORST: That's right.

MCCARTHY: You been waiting a couple of hours?

FORST: That's right.

JEANNIE: I love you too . . . Good luck yourself.

Doorbell rings again. No one moves.

STELLA: Don't you want to answer it, Jeannie?

JEANNIE: Let it ring.

STELLA: I can't stand it, it'll drive me crazy.

JEANNIE: Let it ring.

STELLA: Let me answer it . . . please? I won't say anybody's here.

STELLA moves to the door, opens it, revealing FORST. The phone rings, JEANNIE goes quickly to it.

JEANNIE (on phone): Hello? Oh, hi Abe . . . yes . . .

STELLA: It's a man.

JEANNIE: . . . tonight is a very bad time. Well, then let me have your number and I'll call you back. Abe, there's somebody at the door. Well, frankly I don't give a damn how sore you are.

She hangs up and turns to see FORST standing inside the door sizing up the group. JEANNIE moves quickly to the door.

FORST: I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a group of people here.

JEANNIE: I told you on the phone.

MCCARTHY: Come on in . . . let's have a look at you. There's been a lot of controversy over you tonight.

JEANNIE: There hasn't been any controversy.

MCCARTHY: You're the one in the bar, aren't you?

FORST: That's right.

MCCARTHY: Been waiting couple hours?

FORST: That's right.

MCCARTHY: Well, come on in and take off your coat and stay a while, we're having a party.

FORST: I'm not in the mood.

MCCARTHY: That's too bad. Well, maybe some other time.

STELLA: Jeannie's been trying to get rid of us all for an hour now, haven't you, Jeannie?

MCCARTHY: Ah then, take your coat off, come on, relax. Join the party, okay? Come on, sit down, sit down. Just have a couple of drinks and then we'll get out of here. You don't mind do you? What's your name, by the way?

FORST: Richard.

MCCARTHY: Richard! Richard! Attaboy, that's a nice name, Richard. Isn't that a nice name, Jackson?

JACKSON: Yeah.

MCCARTHY: Hey, Richard! Richard, Richard! I'm talking to you, boy . . . come on, pay attention. Let's go. I'm Jim, that's Joe and . . . Stella, I suppose you know. Hey, what do you do, Richard?

FORST: I'm a businessman.

JACKSON: Insurance, hah?

FORST: That's right.

MCCARTHY: I didn't know you wanted us to go . . . My God, we'd have gotten up and gotten the hell out of here . . . wouldn't we, Jackson?

STELLA: We'll all go now, then. We can go to my place . . . it's big and we can have a marvelous time.

FORST (*overlapping* STELLA): I don't want to break it up . . . I can see Jeannie another time.

MCCARTHY: I'll tell you what you're going to do. You're going to sit down like a gentleman and have a drink, and we'll get on just fine for a few minutes, then we'll leave. (*He sits down.*) You don't mind if I finish my drink. What's your name, by the way?

FORST: Richard.

MCCARTHY: Well, fine, Richard. I'm Jim and this is Joe. Stella, I suppose you know.

STELLA: No, I don't believe we've ever met.

FORST: How do you do?

JACKSON: What do you do, Richard?

FORST: I'm a businessman.

MCCARTHY: Oh, come now, we're not going to bite you. What line are you in . . . advertising, merchandising, hardware, sales, IBM, yo-yo's . . . what?

JACKSON: Insurance.

FORST: That's right.

MCCARTHY: You're supposed to be making the drinks.

FORST: Nothing.

MCCARTHY: A teetotaler?

FORST: No . . . full up.

MCCARTHY: You know any good dirty jokes, Richard?

FORST: Can't think of a one.

MCCARTHY: How are you at limericks, then?

FORST: Not good.

MCCARTHY: Well, then, Richard, you're in for an education.

FORST: I don't think I'm going to stay that long, if you don't mind.

MCCARTHY: What are you, some kind of a snob?

FORST: No.

MCCARTHY: Heh heh heh! At least he's not a fag, Jeannie.

FORST: Maybe I am.

MCCARTHY: Ha ha ha! There's a boy, Richard! He's all right.
Your friend, Richard, he's got spirit, hasn't he, Jeannie.

FORST: Now that we're through with basic training, can we knock off the grade school theatrics? Jeannie, I . . .

MCCARTHY and JACKSON (*singing loudly, in chorus*):

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store—
I used to work in Chicago
I did but I don't anymore.
A lady came in and she asked for a whoop
What the—whoop—said I,
Whoop she said, whoop I said,
I did but I don't anymore.

Laughter.

MCCARTHY: Hey, Richard, you don't know a goddamn thing about women, do you? You know that women are basically all whores, did you know that?

JEANNIE: Ooooh!

MCCARTHY: I'm sorry. Excuse me, Jeannie. You're married, right? Wouldn't you say he's married, Jackson?

JACKSON: Oh yeah, he's married. Very much so. Forty-eight and unhappy as hell?

MCCARTHY: Separated? Out for a good time? Out for a good time.

JACKSON: Looking for a little momentary relationship?

FORST: Who the hell are you guys?

MCCARTHY: Oh, didn't we tell you, Richard? We're the police!

JACKSON: Oh, yeah, we're vice squad. You run along home, sonny boy, and play with your own.

STELLA: Joe is Joe Jackson, Jim is Jim McCarthy. He's Vice President of Metal . . .

MCCARTHY: Industry to the Pacific West Coast. And affiliated companies.

JACKSON: Here you are, one weak Scotch and soda, sweetie.

MCCARTHY: At least he's not a fag.

JACKSON: We thought you might be a fag or something.

FORST: Maybe I am.

MCCARTHY: Good for you, Richard.

JACKSON: He's got spirit, hasn't he, Jim?

FORST: Now that we've been through basic training, let's knock off the grade school theatrics. Jeannie, I want to see you alone. Tell me you're busy and I'll get the hell out.

MCCARTHY: I used to work in Chicago in a department store . . .

JACKSON and MCCARTHY (*singing*): I used to work in Chicago . . . I did but I don't anymore. A lady came in, she asked for an umph!

MCCARTHY: You from Chicago originally? I knew a man that looked exactly like you that came from Chicago.

FORST: Jeannie . . .

MCCARTHY: You don't know a hell of a lot about women do you . . . I mean, do you? Women are all whores . . . basically . . . now that's the trouble with . . . Excuse me, Jeannie . . . The trouble with a man like you . . .

FORST: What's the trouble with a man like me?

MCCARTHY: You're married, right? (*To JACKSON.*) He's married, wouldn't you say?

JACKSON: Married, forty-eight, unhappy . . .

MCCARTHY: . . . Out drinking, probably separated . . .

JACKSON: Looking for a momentary relationship . . .

FORST: And who the hell are you?

MCCARTHY: We just explained that to Jeannie.

JACKSON: We're police . . . vice squad.

STELLA: They're not. They're just saying that.

JACKSON: So run along home, sonny, and play with your own.

STELLA: Jim is Jim McCarthy. Joe is Joe Jackson. Jim McCarthy is vice-president of Metal Industries.

JACKSON: And affiliate companies.

FORST: Out of Chicago.

MCCARTHY: That's right.

FORST: Jackson's supposed to mix the drinks, right? Jackson!
Get me a double-double scotch. Straight, no soda, and no ice.

JACKSON: No soda, no ice. Neat, clean, straight down the line,
huh?

JEANNIE: Dicky, why don't you go?

MCCARTHY: What do you want me to do? I'll take my coat off.

FORST: All right, let's step outside.

MCCARTHY: No!

FORST: What d'you mean, no?

FORST: Don't I know you?

MCCARTHY: You should, but I don't think you do.

JACKSON: Don't put Jim on, he'll murder you with dialogue.

FORST: Thanks.

MCCARTHY: Jackson's trying to do you a favor.

FORST: Jackson is supposed to mix the drinks. All right, Jack-
son, mix me a double Scotch. No soda, no ice.

MCCARTHY: The man wants it neat. Straight, plain, am I right?

FORST: You're brilliant.

JEANNIE: Why don't you go, Dickie?

MCCARTHY: Dickie would rather stay, wouldn't you, Dickie?

JACKSON: Where did you go to college, Dickie?

MCCARTHY: Leave Dickie alone . . . he's a nice fella.

JEANNIE: Please go, Mr. Forst.

MCCARTHY: Please go, Mr. Forst. He needs a written invitation.

FORST: Are you going to give it to me?

MCCARTHY: Get out.

FORST: Stand up and say that.

MCCARTHY *rises.*

JEANNIE: All right, now sit down and say that.

FORST *rises.*

FORST: Now what do I do, take off my coat?

MCCARTHY: Do you want me to take off my coat?

FORST: Yes . . .

FORST *takes off his jacket.* MCCARTHY
takes off his jacket.

MCCARTHY: I hope you're fast on your feet. Because that's
your only hope.

FORST: Don't worry about it.

MCCARTHY: I never worried a day in my life. I'm not going to
start now.

FORST: Shall we step outside?

MCCARTHY: No.

FORST: What do you mean, "No"?

MCCARTHY: If you think I'm going to fight in the dark you're crazy.

FORST: Well, we can't fight in Miss Rapp's house.

MCCARTHY: Why not?

JEANNIE: Why not? Look, McCarthy, why don't you just get out of here? Nobody wants you around.

MCCARTHY: Oh, nobody wants me around, huh? A little while ago, you almost fainted when I offered you two hundred bucks! Two hundred bucks! Who needs you, you're not even pretty.

JEANNIE: I hope he knocks you on your fat pratt.

FORST: Now take it easy, Jeannie!

MCCARTHY: You want to fight it out?

FORST: You mean you want to go through with it?

MCCARTHY: What are you, yellow? (FORST pushes MCCARTHY abruptly. MCCARTHY assumes the stance of a prize fighter and yells to FORST.) Now you did it, now you did it. Now your head's gonna leave your body.

JACKSON (*shouting to his boss, MCCARTHY*): Hey, do you need any help, boss?

MCCARTHY grabs FORST around the neck and begins wrestling with him. They both hit the floor, FORST falling heavily upon MCCARTHY, hurting MCCARTHY'S knee. Unable to continue the fight, MCCARTHY is picked up and carried off to the kitchen by JACKSON. There they have a private conversation.

MCCARTHY: No! No! No! I don't need any help. (aagh- ugh- aah). Ow my knee. I'll kill ya. I'll kill that bum. My knee! Owwww. I'll take him apart and put him together again.

JACKSON: Look, just a minute, for crying out loud. I know you'll kill him.

MCCARTHY: I'm not going to fight in the dark.

FORST: We can't fight in Miss Rapp's house.

JEANNIE: Now, why don't you behave yourself, McCarthy? You're not wanted.

MCCARTHY: Not wanted. I mentioned two hundred bucks, you almost fainted. Two hundred bucks and who needs you. You're not even pretty.

FORST: It's her house.

MCCARTHY: Who cares?

JEANNIE: I hope you fall on your fat . . .

FORST: Take it easy, Jeannie.

MCCARTHY: Are you going to fight or not?

FORST: You really want to go through with this?

MCCARTHY: You're yellow.

FORST pushes MCCARTHY.

MCCARTHY: Okay, you asked for it.

MCCARTHY and FORST stand poised. They make motions at one another . . . both flinching and backing away.

MCCARTHY: Your head is going to leave your neck, buster.

MCCARTHY looks at FORST, and back to kitchen where JACKSON watches.

JACKSON: Need any help, Jim?

MCCARTHY: No!

With this final inducement MCCARTHY closes his eyes and lunges at FORST grabbing him in a headlock. They tumble to the floor.

JACKSON (*entering with drinks*): Are you all right?

JEANNIE and STELLA look at each other.

JEANNIE: I don't care. I hope he kills him.

Angle on the floor. MCCARTHY holds FORST in the headlock . . . FORST pushes his hand under MCCARTHY'S chin . . . and breaks the hold.

MCCARTHY: You wanna play dirty, eh?

MCCARTHY: What's a matter with you? Look, I've taken out guys twice his size.

JACKSON: Bet you have . . .

MCCARTHY: All right. I had a 300-pound wrestler one time. Gave me some gaff. I picked him up over my head, threw him on the ground. I broke his collarbone.

JACKSON: You son of a gun.

MCCARTHY: You don't believe me, huh?

Laughter.

MCCARTHY lunges again at FORST. They roll over on the floor. And again over. They are both breathing hard now. FORST finally gets the upper hand, pinning the struggling Jim to the ground.

JACKSON: Atta boy, Jim, you can take him.

Angle on floor.

FORST (on top): Give up?

MCCARTHY: Never.

FORST: You're stupid . . . Just give up.

MCCARTHY: You'd better kill me. That's the only way you'll get away with this.

FORST: Just give up, and we can get our breath.

With a shout of rage MCCARTHY up-ends FORST and they go scuffling again . . . MCCARTHY is now roaring like a wild beast . . . FORST is tiring . . . MCCARTHY on his knees with his arms around FORST who struggles to stay on all fours . . . finally MCCARTHY gives a last scream and a last tug and the two hit the floor . . . JACKSON rises as MCCARTHY screams with pain.

MCCARTHY: My knee . . . I'll kill him. My knee . . .

FORST is lifted to his feet by JACKSON . . . FORST holding his elbow, wincing with pain himself. JACKSON tugs the flailing MCCARTHY into the kitchen.

Interior kitchen of JEANNIE's house. Night.

MCCARTHY: I'll tear that clown apart, and put him together again.

JACKSON: Yes, sir.

MCCARTHY: Don't patronize me.

JACKSON: No, sir, I sure wouldn't.

MCCARTHY: He wants to play dirty. Okay, I can play too.

JACKSON: JIM.

MCCARTHY: Get out of my way.

JACKSON: Oh sure I do.

MCCARTHY: How did we get into this.

JACKSON: How did we get *into* this? I'd like to know how we gonna get out of it? You son of a gun. Ah, shoot, you look fine. Now take it easy, will ya?

MCCARTHY (*allowing himself to be placated*): Okay. But one word out of him and . . .

JACKSON: You son of a gun!

MCCARTHY: Come on, let's go. . . . You go first! . . .

JACKSON: But it's the first time in my life, since I've been working for you that I think you're wrong.

MCCARTHY: I'm wrong? Where do you get off telling me I'm wrong? How could I be wrong.

JACKSON: You're letting that big fire in you blind you to one fact, if you tangle with that man, you're going to kill him. You're going to have a man's life on your hands, over two whores! It's not the girl . . . it's ego! You're too powerful to act like an ordinary man.

MCCARTHY: Pride!

JACKSON: Ego! Would I snow you M.C.?

MCCARTHY: No. My manhood's at stake, Joe.

JACKSON: Oh, hogwash.

MCCARTHY: I've taken guys twice his size.

JACKSON: Sure you have . . . you don't have to prove anything.

MCCARTHY: I tell you the truth . . . I don't care! I'm hot. And when I get hot, I don't care. I go blank, see red . . . I start swinging . . . and I really could hurt someone.

JACKSON: I bet you could.

MCCARTHY: Once I picked up a three-hundred-pound wrestler and lifted him over my head. I smashed the phony to the ground, broke his shoulder.

JACKSON: You know I'm on your side. . . .

MCCARTHY: I'll try, Joe . . . but one word and I'll have to break his neck.

JACKSON: You know I'm on your side. . . .

MCCARTHY (*straightening his hair and tie*): I know that, boy . . .

In the living room while MCCARTHY and JACKSON are in the kitchen.

JEANNIE: What a dope.

FORST: Stupid.

JEANNIE: He's just a dope.

FORST: For the life of me, I have no idea what it was all about.

JEANNIE: He's an intimidator. Do you know what an intimidator is?

MCCARTHY and JACKSON go back into the living room.

FORST: Understand you're a pretty big businessman, that right, Jim?

MCCARTHY: Yeah, that's right.

FORST: Well, Stella tells me you're advertising and promotion.

MCCARTHY: Yeah, that's my title. They think I'm worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, plus expenses, for it.

FORST: Who's your biggest account?

MCCARTHY: He doesn't believe me.

JACKSON: Hey, look, here's his card.

FORST: I'm not interested.

MCCARTHY: No. He's not interested in that.

FORST: You buy brass? And aluminum?

MCCARTHY: Yep. I buy brass. And aluminum.

STELLA: It's someone who intimidates!

JEANNIE: Right! Hey, toughie? Do you want to go?

FORST: Hell, no. I've got my motors running now.

STELLA: You did real good against him.

FORST: I used to do a little fighting.

FORST moves back to JEANNIE. STELLA moves to JEANNIE, loosens her dress and continues speaking.

STELLA: You ever notice how lonely people are? They say a lot of things they don't want to say, mean things and all to keep people off their backs. But what I really think is that they are afraid someone will call their bluffs . . . so they make their voices real deep and their threats real loud and obvious. If you don't mind my saying so . . . frankly, some people are full of shit.

MCCARTHY and JACKSON enter.

MCCARTHY: What?

STELLA walks away from JEANNIE and sits down.

STELLA: Do you know what I mean, Mr. Forst?

FORST: Yes, I know what you mean, Stella.

JACKSON sits on one side of FORST, MCCARTHY on the other. There is a poisonous moment, then . . .

FORST: You're a pretty good businessman, eh, Jim?

MCCARTHY: That's what they tell me.

FORST: I thought Stella said you were in advertising and promotion.

MCCARTHY: That's my title. And they think I'm worth a hundred and fifty thousand a year and expenses for it.

FORST: Who's your biggest account?

MCCARTHY: He doesn't believe me.

JACKSON: Here's a card.

FORST: I'm not interested in that . . .

MCCARTHY: No, he's not interested in that . . .

FORST: You buy brass and aluminum . . .

MCCARTHY: I buy brass and aluminum.

FORST: Is that right?

MCCARTHY: That's right. (*Laughter.*) Case closed.

JIM MCCARTHY takes offense but JACKSON quickly takes hold of him.

JACKSON: Hey look now, you son of a gun, remember what you told me in the kitchen?

MCCARTHY: Okay. So. Hey, you ever hear the one about the fag motorcycle driver?

FORST: Yeah, I heard that one.

MCCARTHY: Well, how about the one about the little Jewish agent who was . . .

FORST: "Not necessarily." I heard that one, too.

JACKSON: Hey, why don't you tell him that one about "probably"?

MCCARTHY: Oh, come on. You gave the punch line away. What's the matter with you?

FORST: I heard that one.

STELLA: How about the goose one?

MCCARTHY: The goose one?

STELLA: Yeah. The goose that goes down the subway and gets peopled to death.

Laughter, shouting.

MCCARTHY: The goose that goes down the subway and gets peopled to death. Ah, you're too much . . . Did you hear the one about the little Jewish carpenter who was so mean . . .

FORST: Once a schmuck, always a schmuck!

Laughter.

MCCARTHY: That's not the ending I heard. Ah . . . You're really uncanny. Oh boy. You said you were a businessman. What line are you in?

JACKSON: He said he was in insurance.

FORST: Well, I'm in finance. That's a form of insurance.

MCCARTHY: Oh. Really?

FORST: Yes.

MCCARTHY: What do you do there?

FORST: I'm chairman of the board. We have one corporation.

MCCARTHY: Yeah, what's the firm?

FORST: Is that right?

MCCARTHY: That's right, case closed. You ever hear about this fag motorcycle driver . . .

FORST: Yeah, I heard it.

MCCARTHY: How about the one about the little Jewish agent?

FORST: Not necessarily . . . yeah, heard it.

JACKSON: Probably.

MCCARTHY: You tipped the punch line.

STELLA: How about the goose one?

MCCARTHY: The goose one?

STELLA: Yeah, the goose that goes down in the subway and gets peopled to death.

MCCARTHY: You know the one about the little Jewish carpenter, mean . . . so dog mean that one day in heaven . . .

FORST: Once a schmuck always a schmuck.

MCCARTHY: I heard a different ending.

FORST: The joke is old enough to have a beard.

MCCARTHY: You seem to know a lot about business . . . what did you say you were in?

JACKSON: He said insurance.

FORST: I'm with a finance company . . . it's a form of insurance.

MCCARTHY: And what do you do there?

FORST: I'm the chairman of the board . . . we only have one corporation.

MCCARTHY: What's the firm?

FORST: Investment Finance.

MCCARTHY (*visibly impressed*): Pheeew! That's a pretty big outfit!

FORST: Yes.

MCCARTHY: Hey, do you know Stewie Ray?

Laughter.

FORST: Works for me.

MCCARTHY: No kidding. Really?

FORST: Yeah, he's a nice guy. Hell of a nice guy. You do business with him?

MCCARTHY: Ah, we talk once in awhile. Ah, you know, a firm like mine has to have a good credit rating. Yeah, we talk.

FORST: That's very good.

MCCARTHY: Yeah!

STELLA: Enough of this, I'm getting hungry.

MCCARTHY: Hey, you been to Chicago, Dick?

FORST: Not often.

MCCARTHY (*obsequiously*): He's uncanny with this phraseology—you know that? Gee, no wonder you're chairman of the board. Jeannie, you know what chairman of the board is? He's the big man. He's a killer. Boy, he's a murderer. Did you ever tell Jeannie about the board of directors meeting?

FORST: I was just about to, but I didn't get the chance, somehow.

MCCARTHY: There he goes with that uncanny phraseology of his again. (*Flattering.*) Boy, I'll bet you're a real murderer behind that big desk of yours.

FORST: Well, I don't have a big desk.

MCCARTHY: You know, you're all right. You're all right. You know, I've been a roadman all my life. I've been in every toilet in fifty states. I sorta prefer it that way. (*Laughter.*) Hey, you know what, you know before they had planes, they had trains. Now they got these planes that fly—like that—four and a half hours from New York to Los Angeles. Four and a half hours. You believe that?

FORST: I don't want to talk about planes.

MCCARTHY: I don't want to, either. I'd rather play a game of

FORST: Investment Finance.

MCCARTHY: That's a pretty big outfit.

FORST: Fair.

MCCARTHY: You know Stewie Ray?

FORST: He works for me.

MCCARTHY: Works for you? He's a pretty good egg. Knows his stuff.

FORST: You do business with him?

MCCARTHY: Once in a while, every big company needs a good credit rating . . . we talk . . .

FORST: Good.

STELLA: Enough business already . . . I'm getting hungry.

MCCARTHY: You been to Chicago?

FORST: Not often.

MCCARTHY: This man is wonderful . . . he has a way of turning phrases . . . no wonder you're chairman of the board. Jeannie, you know what a chairman of the board is? He's the man, the one with all the weight, the man to be afraid of. Am I right, Dickie? Did you ever tell her about a meeting of the directors?

FORST: I was just about to, but I didn't get the chance somehow.

MCCARTHY: There he goes with that uncanny phraseology . . . I bet you're a real murderer behind that big desk of yours . . .

FORST: I don't have a big desk.

MCCARTHY: He doesn't have a big desk . . . that's funny. You know, Dickie, I've been a road man all my life . . . it's more interesting. I've stopped at every toilet along the way in fifty states . . . you know, before the planes there were trains, or don't you go that far back? I remember when I used to fly, I used to have to take seasick medicine. Now they have these jets . . . four and a half hours from LA to New York, you know that?

FORST: I don't want to talk business.

billiards, too. Do you play billiards? I can tell by your expression you don't. I bet you're a golf man, right?

FORST: Tennis.

MCCARTHY: Tennis! You know, my kid plays tennis. Is that right? Tennis? I got a friend of mine who bought Don Budge's house. No kidding. I know those guys—Segura, Kramer, er—Gonzales.

FORST: Oh, I only play for myself.

MCCARTHY (*shouting*): Sure. Play a few sets. Work off the gut. Keep your body up with your mind. Ha ha. I got a kid who plays too. He's a hell of a nice kid too. Smart—smart as a whip, too. Nothing like his old man.

JEANNIE: Ah, you s.o.b.!

MCCARTHY (*shouting*): You're right. I am an s.o.b.! This kid's fantastic. He runs, he runs and he runs for hours and hours. Weather, any kind of weather, summer and winter, snow and rain, he doesn't care. Oh boy, I'm telling you, I don't know where these kids get the energy. You ever see these Ivy League kids? They all look alike . . . skinny shoulders, sneakers.

FORST (*impatiently, growing tired of this conversation*): I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

Laughter.

JACKSON: Jim, I think he'd like to be alone with the lady.

MCCARTHY: Oh sure, who wouldn't. I would too. You kidding? Couple of visiting firemen! Come in and cramp your style and step all over your feet, huh?

JEANNIE: Listen, McCarthy, if you don't get out of here, I'm going to call the vice squad.

MCCARTHY: Hey, remember? We're the vice squad. (*Laughter, shouting.*) Hey, hey Stella, why'nt you give that girl—what's her name?

STELLA: Martha.

MCCARTHY: Martha—why don't you give her a call? All right? Now come on, sweetheart. Then we can get out of here. Okay? Ah, gee, Dicky, how did we get into a situation like this anyway. It's ridiculous—isn't it?

STELLA crosses to the telephone and calls a girl friend of hers to arrange a new date for MCCARTHY. FORST rises

MCCARTHY: I'm glad you said that. I'd much rather shoot a game of billiards. You don't play, I can tell from your expression. You're a golf man, right?

FORST: Tennis.

MCCARTHY: Oh, yeah. A friend of ours bought Don Budge's old house. I know a lot of the boys, Gonzales, Segura, Kramer . . .

FORST: I only play for myself . . .

MCCARTHY: Sure, go down, play a few sets, work off some of the gut, keep your body up with the mind. Listen, I still go out once a week with my kid, he's going to Dartmouth this year . . . smart kid, nothing like his old man.

JEANNIE: You're an s.o.b.

MCCARTHY: Runs, runs the mile, isn't that stupid? A damned good swimmer too . . . I get such a kick out of those Ivy League kids with their white sneakers and the skinny shoulders.

FORST: I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

JACKSON: He wants to be alone with the girl.

MCCARTHY: What's wrong with that? Sure he wants to be alone with the girl. Out on a tear and a couple of visiting firemen, half-tanked, step all over your toes, eh?

from his chair, as does MCCARTHY, and like long lost friends they animatedly slap each other on the shoulder during their conversation.

FORST: Yeah.

MCCARTHY: Hey, why'nt I give you a call Monday? Maybe we can have lunch or . . . maybe just talk on the phone. Right?

Laughter.

FORST: That's a very good idea.

MCCARTHY: Okay. Ah boy. Stewie Ray. Ha ha. Hey, come on. Hey, Jeannie, I'll call you next time I get in town.

JEANNIE: Yes, you do that.

The three of them move to the door.

MCCARTHY: Come on, Stella, let's go! Shake it up!

JACKSON: Been a real pleasure.

MCCARTHY: Richard old boy.

FORST: Jim.

MCCARTHY: Nice meeting you. Sorry about what happened.

FORST: Ah, that's the way it goes.

MCCARTHY: Night. Stewie Ray, ha.

FORST: Joey, you gonna get a raise—Joey.

JACKSON: Ha ha ha ha! I hope so! Good night, Miss Rapp.

JEANNIE: Good night.

MCCARTHY (*pokes his head back in doorway*): Stewie Ray, ha ha.

*STEWART, MCCARTHY and STELLA exit.
The door bangs shut.*

JEANNIE: I thought they'd never leave.

FORST: Stewie Ray. Ha ha ha.

JEANNIE: So you're a golf man, right, Richard?

FORST: Tennis!

JEANNIE: I never laughed so hard.

FORST: I was pretty good, wasn't I?

JEANNIE: My hero.

FORST: Hi Ho Silver. White Horse hero. You get it?

JEANNIE: Good night.

MCCARTHY (*standing with FORST*): Listen, maybe I could give you a call on Monday . . . have lunch, or just talk on the phone. It's ridiculous that we got into this mess. (*They move to the door.*) Stewie Ray . . . I just can't believe it.

STELLA (*moving toward door*): I forgot to feed the cat. We'll have to go by my place first.

MCCARTHY: Don't ooze out. Walk out. (*To FORST.*) Stewie Ray, huh?

JACKSON, MCCARTHY, STELLA file out of the door, leaving FORST and JEANNIE. FORST and JEANNIE stand staring at each other, terribly amused by the scene that preceded.

JEANNIE: I thought they'd never leave . . .

FORST: Stewie Ray . . .

JEANNIE: You're a golf man, right, Richard?

FORST: Tennis.

JEANNIE: I never laughed so hard.

FORST: I was pretty good, wasn't I?

JEANNIE: My hero.

FORST: Hi Ho Silver.

JEANNIE: I get it, Dicky. You know, I really do like you.

FORST: Well, don't get serious.

JEANNIE: I'm not.

FORST: Well, don't.

JEANNIE: I wasn't.

FORST: Definition of "serious." Noun. Grave, or solemn of disposition.

JEANNIE: No, I wasn't getting serious. I'm your friend.

FORST: Well, you know how I feel about friendship?

JEANNIE: No. How do you feel?

FORST: I've got a definition of "friendship." Noun. One who's attached to another, because of their personal regard. Companion, or comrade. A chum and someone who doesn't get serious.

JEANNIE: Friends never get serious?

FORST: Never.

JEANNIE: Can a friend ask a question?

JEANNIE: Dickie!

FORST: White horse, hero . . . Get it?

JEANNIE: You son of a gun.

FORST: I didn't do badly, did I?

JEANNIE: Badly? You pulverized him. Smashed him to pieces, then killed him with kindness.

FORST (*laughs*): Actually, I cheated. I boxed at Harvard.

JEANNIE: Dickie!

FORST: I mean, Yale.

JEANNIE: You lie, you lie through your teeth.

FORST: Well, it was one of those Ivy League schools. It's been so long.

JEANNIE: You never went to college.

FORST: Cross my heart and hope to die.

JEANNIE: I admire a self-made man.

FORST: I owe it all to my father. He left me a bundle.

JEANNIE (*Laughing, she walks with him to the chairs in the middle of the room.*): I like you. I really do.

FORST: Don't get serious.

JEANNIE: I'm not.

FORST: Well, don't.

JEANNIE: I wasn't.

FORST: Definition of "serious." Noun: grave or solemn of disposition.

JEANNIE: I'm not serious. I'm your friend.

FORST: And you know how I feel about friendship.

FORST takes off around the room.

JEANNIE: No, how do you feel?

FORST: Definition of "friendship." (*Walking around couch.*) One attached to another by feeling of personal regard. Companion, comrade, chum. And a person who's never serious.

JEANNIE: Friends are never serious?

FORST: Never.

JEANNIE: Can friends ask a question?

FORST: No. And shut up. Do Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper . . .

JEANNIE: Oh, Dicky, I'm exhausted.

FORST: You can't be exhausted.

Peter Piper picked a pep of peckle
Peter Piper picked a peck of pepple

JEANNIE: Dicky, why did you want to see me?

FORST: I wanted to play with you.

JEANNIE: All right. Then what?

FORST: We'll play, have a few laughs, see what develops. I like you.

JEANNIE: You like me.

FORST: I like you.

JEANNIE: All right, you like me.

FORST: That's right, like you.

JEANNIE: Why, Dicky? What's the matter?

FORST: You think I'm one of those gross businessmen; you think I have a secretary pick up the phone and get me whatever I want? Jeannie, I buried eight relatives in the past six years—there's nobody left but me. I'm just a mild success in a dull profession and I want to start over again. And I've got a bad kidney.

They laugh, then tenderly kiss.

FORST: No! Shut up!

JEANNIE: We're just supposed to have good times?

FORST: Right!

JEANNIE: O.K. You come to see me, we're comrades, pals, chums. We giggle and gurgle and laugh all night. But I look into my friend's eyes, and I know he has something to tell me, something serious.

FORST: No!

JEANNIE: Don't you trust me?

FORST: Do "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

JEANNIE: I'm exhausted.

FORST: No, you're not. Please don't be exhausted. Peter Piper picked a peck of pipered peckers.

JEANNIE: Why did you want to see me?

FORST: I just want to play with you.

JEANNIE: Then what?

FORST: Play, laugh, enjoy what there is, that's all. I like you.

JEANNIE: You like me.

FORST: As long as I live I'll never understand why women have to test men.

JEANNIE: What's the matter, Dickie?

FORST: I left my wife.

JEANNIE: You left your wife.

FORST: You happy now, huh?

JEANNIE: No.

FORST: You feel bad?

JEANNIE: No.

FORST: Well, I feel bad. And don't kid yourself, you feel bad too. And that's what happens when we allow ourselves to be serious.

JEANNIE: I feel fine. Nothing's changed.

FORST: Yes, well, I know what I feel like. A middle-class American, a married man looking over his shoulder, trying to have a good time between looks. That's right! That's right! That's right!

JEANNIE: Why bother?

FORST: I made a momentous decision tonight. I left all my conformity at home!

JEANNIE: So?

FORST: So, I don't want to be serious. If I want to be an ass, let me be an ass!

JEANNIE: I'm not trying to tell you anything.

FORST: You think I'm a boy, huh? You think I never did a day's work? You think I'm one of those gross businessmen? You think I have a secretary pick up a phone and order anything I want? I buried eight members of my family in six years. There's nobody left but me. I'm a moderate success in a dull profession, and I wish I could start again. I have a bad kidney. (*Laughs.*)

JEANNIE: So?

FORST: What the hell do you want me to do? Be a leper before I can join the underprivileged?

JEANNIE: If you like lepers, be one.

FORST: Yeah, well, I'm not leaving.

JEANNIE: Who asked you?

FORST: Do you want me to stay?

JEANNIE: Stay.

FORST: I assume that what you're seeking from me is not security. I mean I assume that when two people meet and they obviously, I mean most obviously, see something in each other deeper than boy meets girl, or man meets girl, well then . . .

FORST moves over to JEANNIE and kisses her.

JEANNIE: How do you know I'm not diseased? Or how do you know the door won't open and a guy twice your size won't come in and beat the hell out of you and throw you out? What I mean is, how do you know I'm what you want, even for one night?

FORST: I've got a big imagination. My imagination tells me that yours is the most beautiful disease that was ever created. It is a disease that brings back youth, that takes away hurt, that fills us with belief. You see, in my imagination I like diseases. And if the guy walks in, breaks the door down and stomps on my feet, on my head, and takes a gun out and shoots me, I figure that ends my life in the most

JEANNIE: Oh! . . . Come on and take a bath.

FORST: I don't want a bath.

JEANNIE: No bath? No bath?

FORST: No bath. People drown in bathtubs.

(FORST watches as JEANNIE goes into the bathroom and closes the door. After a moment he goes up to it and knocks on it.)

FORST: No hard feelings?

JEANNIE: You're aces high with me, Charly. *(Sings.)* "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair . . ."

romantic way possible. Can you imagine, in this day and age, to die for something as wonderful as a woman?

JEANNIE: I'm not in any better condition than you . . . what's the attraction here?

FORST: You're the first woman I've met in years that I would like to be with . . . and that means to be a fool about. I'd like to be a fool about you, Jeannie.

JEANNIE: Well, don't make up your mind that quickly. Let me tell you a few things. To begin with, I'm not as good as your wife . . . I don't dabble at love, I make a living at it. I've done everything and all the things and there's nothing left for you to teach me. A girl like me can make a man like you very insecure. I mean, you get the picture, don't you?

They are silent for a time.

FORST: Well, now let's see . . . I had this scene with my wife, then called you and you told me to wait in a bar which I thought was pretty romantic since that's where Freddie and I picked you up . . . but you didn't show up, so Maury told me all about the baseball season coming up and why the New York Mets were going to stay in the cellar for at least three years, but then watch out brother . . .

JEANNIE: I like Maury.

FORST: My feet are cold. Don't ask me why they're cold, but they're cold.

JEANNIE: I'll get you a pair of slippers. *(She moves out of the kitchen.)* You'll want to take a bath.

FORST *(following her out)*: No bath.

JEANNIE: You're taking a bath.

FORST: I'm not taking a bath! *(He follows her down through the living room. She disappears through the doorway. He looks after her; she reappears.)*

JEANNIE: You don't want to take a bath?

FORST: No bath. People drown in bath tubs. They drown and they don't even have insurance policies. People drown and nobody cares.

JEANNIE moves into the bathroom and closes the door. FORST moves up to the door.

FORST: No hard feelings.

JEANNIE *(through door)*: You're aces in my book, Charlie.

JEANNIE comes out of the bathroom dressed in a nightgown and a robe and carrying some lotion and powder. She takes FORST's jacket off, pushes him down in a soft chair, removes his shoes, takes his socks off, and begins massaging his feet.

JEANNIE: You know, you're a very strange man . . .

FORST: If you want me to leave, I'll leave.

JEANNIE: But not sensitive.

FORST: And another thing: You don't make me insecure—that's not one of my problems.

JEANNIE: Good. All righty. Now. Okay, give me a foot.

FORST: Those are new socks.

JEANNIE: Yeh? Good.

FORST: New socks make me insecure.

JEANNIE: Clothes make the man.

FORST: And what does that do?

JEANNIE: Make your feet smell good.

FORST: Oh, that's fine. Thank you.

JEANNIE: Then I'm going to dry them off; I'm going to powder them down, then I'm going to rub them till they're warm.

FORST sings "Dem Bones" and JEANNIE joins in.

FORST (stopping singing): I trust you.

JEANNIE: What?

FORST: I said I trust you.

JEANNIE: Good.

JEANNIE gets up and walks around FORST, then sits on his lap.

OS. JEANNIE sings "I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair." FORST listens, then moves into the bedroom. He examines the room, its mirrors, its personals . . . JEANNIE sings on. The door opens and FORST makes his way back down the hall, quickly. JEANNIE catches him coming out of the bedroom. She stands there as he crosses her. She is carrying a bath towel, powder, and other comfort-making equipment.

JEANNIE: You're a strange man, Dickie.

FORST: You want me to leave, I'll leave.

JEANNIE (setting down her paraphernalia): I'm not sensitive. (She takes off FORST's coat.)

FORST: Well, you don't make me insecure! That isn't one of my problems.

JEANNIE: Good. (She sits and arranges.) Give me your foot.

FORST (in the armchair): These are new socks.

JEANNIE: Good!

FORST: I'm insecure about new socks.

JEANNIE: Clothes make the man. (She perfumes his feet. FORST watches.)

FORST: What does that do?

JEANNIE: It makes your feet smell good.

FORST: Fine.

JEANNIE: Then I dry them off, powder them down. And rub till warm.

FORST (sings): Them bones them bones them dry bones, etc. . . .

JEANNIE: Them bones, them bones, etc. . . .

FORST: I trust you.

JEANNIE: Good. (She puts away her equipment.)

FORST: In fourteen years, I've never loved anyone but my wife.

JEANNIE: Good for you, Dickie.

FORST: I'm not sorry.

JEANNIE: Good.

FORST: But I hate my life.

JEANNIE: Relax.

FORST: It's meaningless.

JEANNIE: So's having a good time, right?

FORST: That's one way to look at it.

JEANNIE: You like tennis, right?

FORST: Yes, I like tennis.

JEANNIE: Well, what does it mean, really? But if you like it, then it's good, right?

FORST: I'm not talking about enjoying.

JEANNIE: What are you talking about then?

FORST: Waking up every morning. Eating breakfast. Driving a car. Going to work. I'm in insurance. So I write a policy and get a commission and I explain to my customer the importance of protecting one's family against sickness, fire, robbery and death.

JEANNIE: I think that's fine.

FORST: It isn't fine. Can you imagine a little boy being asked "What do you want to be when you grow up?" saying insurance?

JEANNIE *smiles*.

FORST: It's not only that. It's the phoniness, the hypocrisy . . .

JEANNIE *rises and rubs his head*.

JEANNIE: You're on a kick. Tomorrow you'll go to a party and forget your blues.

FORST: I've been to parties. I go to parties, two three times a week. I'm good at parties. Dress up and wash behind the ears.

JEANNIE: But no bath?

FORST: Never! You know what a cocktail party is? A piece of something to eat that tastes like a Martini. Eight martinis and there's no pain. "How do you do?" "How do you do?" "I like a friendly group, don't you, Mr. Forst?" "No. They talk on and on. "Trivia, Mr. Forst?" "Trivia." "I love trivia, don't you, Mr. Forst?" "Love it! "Why, are you frowning, Mr. Forst?" "I have something in my eye. An olive!

JEANNIE *rises and moves to chair. Begins rubbing FORST's hair*.

FORST: Hey Jeannie, you want to hear a secret? Jeannie, I don't give a damn about racial, religious, moral, economic or political problems. Eating meat disturbs me. Right? Can you imagine raising poor little chickens and steers and lambs to fill our tummies—now there's a problem, and nobody cares.

JEANNIE: Right.

FORST: Right?

JEANNIE: Right.

FORST: Huh, right. They take all the wool off the lamb, and then we eat it.

JEANNIE: But, Dicky . . .

FORST: What is all this holier than thou crap that they hand us? You know what I think? I think we were all created evil. Then some wise guy, some left-winger or a union organizer comes along and tells us that we were all created good, we were all created in His image. Right?

JEANNIE: Wrong.

JEANNIE gets up and then sits down on the couch immediately opposite. FORST follows her and sits down next to her.

JEANNIE: You're crazy, you know it?

FORST: "Did you see Dr. Kildare?" . . . "Perry Como was brilliant last night." . . . "I hear the rating is down on Perry Mason." . . . "Well, they switched the times." . . . "Oh, those stupid networks, why do they pit all the good shows against each other?"

JEANNIE: You don't like television?

FORST: Love it.

JEANNIE: Feel any warmer now?

FORST: Can you imagine me telling a friend of mine that somebody offered me a bath, rubbed my feet, put socks and slippers on me and listened to my aimless dialogue . . .

JEANNIE: Don't tell.

FORST: You want to hear a secret? I don't care about racial, religious, moral, economic or political problems.

JEANNIE: That makes two of us.

FORST: Eating meat disturbs me. Can you imagine raising poor little chickens and steers and little lambs to kill for our tummies? There's a problem . . . but who cares about it . . . right?

JEANNIE: Right.

FORST: Take all of the lamb's wool, then eat it.

JEANNIE: It's a lousy world.

FORST: Who are we kidding with all this holier-than-thou business? You know what I think? I think we were all created evil, and then some wise guy came along, probably a leftist or union leader or something, and started this whole idea about us being good, and being made in His image, right?

JEANNIE: Wrong.

FORST: I like you.

JEANNIE: I hate your guts.

FORST: I'm not going to leave no matter how honest you get.

They laugh, more comfortable together now.

JEANNIE: What do you want with me?

FORST: I don't know exactly . . . I enjoy your lack of pretense, and I think you are honest with me.

FORST: Okay, Jeannie, Jeannie come 'ere. Now I'm going to tell you something, and this is serious. You're such a lovely girl, Jeannie, but you talk too much.

JEANNIE: *I talk too much?*

FORST: Didn't anybody ever tell you that? You talk too much.

JEANNIE: *I?*

FORST rises from the couch, walks a few

JEANNIE: I'm not honest. I just haven't got anything to bluff with. I have no answers for myself, so why should I make up anything for you?

FORST: You think I'm an intellectual?

JEANNIE: I wouldn't know one from not one.

FORST: I read a book once . . . oh, when I was a kid . . . and this character, old man, was talking to a bright young man of the world. The old man was poor, the kid was on his way. The kid went all over the lot where the old man was working, telling the old man what a rotten state he was in, how poverty stinks, and how the old man was getting a rough deal . . . and the old man quietly replied, "I'm a gardener, I plant seeds, and I watch them grow, and they do. And as they grow, I grow, for they are my seeds. What is your seed, son?" I find that after all these years, I still can't answer that question.

JEANNIE: Who could? I mean, what kind of a stupid question is that to ask? Let him live in New York. Let him ask his question to the president of the Chamber of Commerce, or the bus driver, or the vice squad guys, they'll set him straight. What is my seed? I get up in the morning, I try to live the best I can. I work hard and try to pay my bills. We have problems in this town that aren't covered with seeds. I mean, say someone dies, just when you don't expect them to, or a friend calls you in the middle of the night and he's in trouble, or you run out of money at the first of the month, or you fall in love and he breaks your heart, or you get cancer, or you just don't have any guts . . . what has seeds got to do with it?

FORST: I think it has a lot to do . . .

JEANNIE: Oh, bull!

FORST: I think it means knowing what you really are, what you really want . . . I mean, a person has got to have some purpose. . . . What the hell are you getting intellectual about?

JEANNIE: Me?

FORST: That's the trouble with the world . . . Too many talkers.

JEANNIE: Why you?

FORST (*rises*): Turn off the lights.

(*FORST crosses to the kitchen. JEANNIE*

FACES—FINAL VERSION

steps away, turns, tells her to turn off the light, and then goes into the kitchen. JEANNIE rises, turns off the light and follows him into the kitchen.

FORST: I'm spending the night.

JEANNIE: You're a son of a bitch, you know that?

FORST: Why am I a son of a bitch?

JEANNIE: Because you get to me. And anybody that gets to me . . .

FORST: You kill me. Let's have some music.

JEANNIE goes back into the living room and puts a record on. As the soft romantic music begins, FORST comes out of the kitchen, turns off the remaining lights in the living room and stands there watching JEANNIE as she slowly dances toward him. He reaches out, takes hold of her and together they begin dancing in the darkness.

FACES—ORIGINAL VERSION

follows FORST into kitchen, turning off the lights as she goes.)

JEANNIE: I don't get you at all.

FORST: I'm going to spend the night.

JEANNIE: You already did . . . it's half past two.

FORST: I would like to stay with you.

JEANNIE: Good.

FORST: What shall we drink to?

JEANNIE: To friendship.

FORST: No.

JEANNIE: No?

FORST: Down with friendship. To going to bed with someone who wants you. To making love to someone who wants you. Can we have a little music?

JEANNIE (*moving in the living room*): What would you like to hear?

FORST: You're the leader. (*Music starts.*) Your choice of music is primitive, I see.

JEANNIE: If you don't like it, I can turn on something else.

FORST: No, this is fine.

JEANNIE turns it off, places another record on the machine.

FORST: You preferred the other, didn't you?

JEANNIE: I'll take you anyway I can get you.

FORST: You can get me . . . that much I know.

JEANNIE: I'm here. (*They dance.*) I'm here. Talk to me close, will you, ol' pal?

FORST: I don't dance well.

JEANNIE: Who does?

They break. She leads him by the hand into the bedroom.

ED. NOTE: The following scene (pp. 276-292) appears on pp. 175-211 in the original version.

A change of beat effects transition to another scene. A discotheque where hundreds of people are jammed together, occupying every foot of space. We see MARIA and three girl friends being shown to a table by a maitre d'. With visible amazement, they look around taking in every nuance of this unfamiliar scene, staring at the small group wildly playing, the go-go girls dancing in a glass cage above the crowd, the people dancing frenziedly. A young blond boy of 25 dances his way to their table and suddenly reaches out for MARIA, trying to get her to dance with him. Her refusal only makes him more insistent, but still MARIA won't dance, so her less attractive girl friend FLORENCE rises to take advantage of the situation. The camera focuses on the young boy (CHET) and

Interior JEANNIE's bedroom. Night. JEANNIE goes into the bathroom, leaving FORST standing in the middle of the room. During scene they undress and get into bed.

JEANNIE (outside): How long have you been married?

FORST: Fourteen years.

JEANNIE: Is that good?

FORST: I don't know what that means, exactly.

JEANNIE: It means does your wife satisfy you and do you satisfy her?

FORST: It's complicated . . . our sexual marriage was not good.

JEANNIE: But the rest of it was?

FORST: Not all of it . . . some of it was good.

JEANNIE: But not your intimate relations?

FORST: No.

JEANNIE: Do you know why?

FORST: Yes.

Interior JEANNIE's bedroom. Morning. FORST in bed. Clutching at pillows, realizing finally that he is here at JEANNIE's and it is morning. Bacon frying in a pan. Juice, toast, jelly, milk, a creamer and a pot of coffee on a tray. FORST sits up in bed.

FORST: Jeannie!

Bathtub spout pouring out water. A bath rug put down and clean towels. A toothbrush and paste put out for FORST. FORST lies back down, rubs his temples.

JEANNIE (VO): It is exactly 8:00 a.m. How's by you, Charlie?

Insert of clock, reads 8:00 a.m. Insert pack of cigarettes. JEANNIE's hand picks one out, places the pack back down, and takes matches.

JEANNIE: You're a night person, that I can tell. When were you born?

the woman (FLORENCE) as they join the rest of the dancers on the floor.

Cut to the hallway of the Forst home as MARIA comes in the back door. Turning the lights on, she runs toward the front door. She takes her coat off, opens the door to admit her three girl friends and CHET who is holding a bottle of wine and some records. They all go into the living room where CHET finds the hi-fi. He puts a record on. As the music begins, he starts to dance: alone at first, he is soon joined by FLORENCE. They carry on until MARIA abruptly turns the record player off and insists that everyone sit down. When CHET objects, she abruptly slaps him. In embarrassed silence, they all sit down around the cocktail table.

CHET: Hey! It's a nice place you've got here.

MARIA: Thank you—it's twenty-seven years old.

CHET: Twenty-seven years?

FLORENCE: Aw, c'mon, Chetty, let's do some more twisting and turning.

BILLY MAE: Florence, the party's over!

FLORENCE: Oh no, the party's just beginning. Right, Chetty?

CHET: Er, yes, right.

FLORENCE: Because I'm mixing the drinkies. Ladies declare!

BILLY MAE: Gin and tonic.

LOUISE: Scotch and soda.

FLORENCE: Four glasses coming up.

CHET: Look, I got these records, now . . . Can we have some music, please? Can we have some music or something or are we just going to sit here like . . .

MARIA: Where are you from, Chet?

CHET: Detroit.

MARIA: And do you like Los Angeles?

CHET: Do you?

CU of FORST eyeing JEANNIE.

FORST: Chicago.

CU of perfume atomizer. JEANNIE picks it up and sprays.

JEANNIE: When, not where?

CU of FORST.

FORST: December, I'm Saggitarius.

JEANNIE: Perfect. The bacon's burning.

Cut to burning bacon. JEANNIE's footsteps over.

JEANNIE (VO): And your bath is ready. Tell me you don't want it now, and I'll divorce you.

FORST in bed. Zoom in on him.

FORST: Bath—smath. I take a bath for no man. Dirty I stand, dirty I'll fall.

JEANNIE (VO): What? I didn't hear you.

FORST: Shut up, I said . . . thank you.

FORST rises and moves into bathroom. He is nude, but we only see him from the back. Interior kitchen. Two eggs breaking into the pan.

JEANNIE (VO): Hurry up.

Profile of FORST's face and bare shoulder as he slides into the tub.

FORST: Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh . . . Nice.

Angle on cup of hot coffee being carried into bathroom.

JEANNIE: 'Cause when I'm drunk I'm happy as can be . . .

The coffee is placed near the side of the tub. We see FORST with shampoo all over his hair. Soap in his eyes. A towel is handed to him.

JEANNIE (VO): You're funny.

FORST: It smarts.

JEANNIE (VO): Your coffee is on the side of the tub. Don't knock it over and hurry up.

MARIA: Well, I like the climate.

CHET: I do too.

BILLY MAE: Well, wasn't that some place tonight, huh? And those dances? The Watusi, and the Frug and the Dog and the Jerk. . . .

CHET: Did you really like it?

BILLY MAE: All those young boys? Of course I liked it. Of course I liked it.

LOUISE (to CHET): I did notice that you handled yourself very well at the a-go-go.

CHET: Oh well, thank you.

LOUISE: You're definitely an individual type. I mean, you don't seem to succumb to the atmosphere.

BILLY MAE: Who was the little blonde girl with the big blue eyes and the big bazzooms? And did you notice that one in the black tights with the boots?

LOUISE: You have to have the figure for those tights.

BILLY MAE (defensively): Well, I have never had any complaints, Louise.

LOUISE: Billy Mae, I didn't say anything like that.

CHET: Come on now, you guys, you got nothing to worry about, really, believe me, none of you. Believe me, will ya? You people are too much, man.

BILLY MAE: Well, out of that whole room full of pretty young chicks, what made you come over to our table?

CHET: Oh, Billy Mae. You know why? Because there was something wrong there. You guys all sitting there like a bunch of . . . well, like you were going to break into tears any minute. Now, if I see someone trying to join in and not knowing how, and if I myself know how—and I always make a point to know how with anybody—then I say: Go on over, man, kinda like Jesus said. You know, Jesus said, Love is God, God is love, love is dead . . . And I practice, you know, Love Thy Neighbor, man.

BILLY MAE: Was he the one who said that?

LOUISE (impatiently, enthralled by CHET): Billy Mae, what difference does it make who said it?

CHET: What difference does it make who said it? It could have been, him, it could've been God, it could've been Buddha,

FORST dunks his head under the water. A record spins, and the needle hits the groove. We see JEANNIE rushing to the kitchen. A frying pan with two eggs is flipped into the plate. The music comes over.

FORST emerges from the bathtub. Like some strange sea monster. He takes a large turkish towel, and begins drying as he looks into the mirror.

JEANNIE (VO): Don't shave now—I think someone's coming with goodies.

FORST: I'm wet.

The camera swings over to JEANNIE. She stands there with the tray of breakfast, admiring FORST.

JEANNIE: You have a beautiful body.

CU of FORST.

FORST: So I've been told.

Angle of JEANNIE entering bedroom, placing tray in the middle of the bed.

JEANNIE: Come and get it! Clang! Clang! Clang!

She breaks into laughter.

FORST comes in with one towel draped around his shoulders, another around his waist.

FORST: I've been seduced.

CU of JEANNIE.

CU of FORST.

JEANNIE: And is it a good feeling?

FORST: I'm not tired, if that's what you mean.

JEANNIE: Eat your eggs.

FORST: Eat your eggs. What does that mean?

JEANNIE: It means they're hot, and they're going to get cold.
(She rises.)

FORST: Where are you going?

JEANNIE: Mother's got little duties.

it could have been Spoodah, it could've been your Daddy, it could have been your Mama. It could've been your Ahab, it could have been your Uhuh. What difference, man? Hey, listen, man, it's a very good way to express yourself.

BILLY MAE: What do you mean?

CHET: What?

BILLY MAE: I said, what do you mean?

CHET: I said, like, take a guy my age. Now I've got to have some kind of a release. Now do you want to—Well, I can't very well hold up a bank for kicks. That's against the law, right?

LOUISE: Right.

FLORENCE: Right, Chetty.

CHET: Everybody agrees with me. So right, what do you do?

LOUISE: You dance.

CHET: You dance. You have a few belts and go up to some chick's pad, then make it, baby.

LOUISE: Make it?

CHET: Just make it, baby. You out and out lay down and . . . (He claps his hand.) Or you can sit around and have a drag and think about what's wrong and all, you know.

LOUISE: Oh, I know what you mean.

CHET: I think you do.

BILLY MAE: Sure she does.

CHET: Sure she does.

BILLY MAE: Well, Louise, Maria, Florence, this is it: the new generation, the one our husbands are frightened to death of.

CHET: That's funny. Funny as hell.

LOUISE: Billy Mae, how did you happen to get on the subject of our husbands again?

BILLY MAE: Because they're scared. They're scared men. (CHET looks up, bored.) Well, they are. They're scared of you, they are scared of youth. They are . . .

CHET: Really?

BILLY MAE: Yes. They are scared of your youth and your spirit and your vim. They think that they are the kings of the earth and they do not want you to take their place, see?

FORST: No.

JEANNIE: Listen to the nice music.

She disappears into the living room. FORST turns and looks at the silver tray and the eggs suspiciously. Insert eggs. CU of FORST.

FORST: You're a lousy cook.

Angle of JEANNIE carrying silver tray into living room.

JEANNIE: Oh, thank you. I love to cook.

JEANNIE sets the tray down. Insert coffee table. Cigarettes and beer cans being placed on tray.

JEANNIE: My momma always told me, you want to eat, cook. You don't cook, you'll be skinny, and skinny people are not like fat people. Fat people are jolly, right?

FORST: Wrong. Skinny people are happy. They're not fat.

Angle of JEANNIE carrying tray full of garbage.

JEANNIE: Fine. I'll diet.

Angle on FORST.

FORST: You're not fat. You're voluptuous. Did you hear me?

JEANNIE: What?

Angle on dirty glasses being washed . . . and up to JEANNIE.

JEANNIE: I didn't hear you. I hate dishes. Scrub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub . . .

JEANNIE washing dishes. Soap and water. CU of JEANNIE. Dish towel. Glasses all clean (hold).

Bedroom: FORST putting on his pants. He looks up.

FORST: There's nothing worse than going to bed except getting up in the morning.

JEANNIE sits down on the bed. She looks over at the breakfast tray, which is untouched.

CHET: Well I really don't want it!

BILLY MAE crosses to the far wall, her feelings hurt. FLORENCE jumps up and rushes to CHET, who also rises from his chair. FLORENCE throws her arms around him and asks him to dance.

FLORENCE: Oh, Chetty, you're a goddamn good-looking boy for only twenty-three. Let's dance some more.

CHET (*singing while he dances with FLORENCE*):

Florence from Torrance
She's got the insurance
Florence from Torrance
The men all want Florence
The hippest chick that I ever did see
Until I met a girl named Billy Mae

CHET turns his attention from FLORENCE to BILLY MAE and uses his charm to rid her of her embarrassment.

CHET:

Come on Billy Mae, I want it your way.
Come on Billy Mae, make it any day.
Come on Billy Mae, I want to do the thing.
Do the little hail, babe,
Turn me on like hell, babe.
Come on Billy Mae.

Come on, you will see everything for
you and me
We will do all the things
That we did before, my dear.

CHET turns away from BILLY MAE to dance again with FLORENCE.

CHET:

Florence from Torrance
The hot-headed Florence
Just what they can't see
The girl named Florence

Is groovy, you see
But all they want to do
Is spend her money.
Cause she's got the insurance
The girl from Torrance, Florence

JEANNIE: There's a negative attitude.

FORST: No, it isn't. It just means I hate to get up in the morning.

JEANNIE: Stop apologizing. I love you.

FORST: Don't be so big-hearted.

JEANNIE: What an answer!

FORST: You make lousy eggs.

JEANNIE: I do?

FORST: How can anyone make lousy eggs?

JEANNIE: In my whole life no one ever told me I make lousy eggs.

FORST: You never met anyone that was honest then.

JEANNIE: Oh, yeah?

FORST putting on shirt.

JEANNIE: What do you want? A cigarette?

FORST: I quit. They're habit-forming. Maybe I can avoid getting a heart attack. Maybe I won't get lung cancer. Maybe I won't cough my guts out. I quit because I'm a strong, outstanding citizen.

JEANNIE: I don't smoke either, I never smoked. Don't I get any credit?

FORST: No. You don't miss that marvelous dirty smoke pouring down those nervous lungs.

JEANNIE: Okay. Okay. I smoke anyway. I was lying.

FORST: I knew it.

JEANNIE: The hell you did. I'm a secret smoker.

FORST: I know all your secrets.

JEANNIE: Not all, Mr. Forst, not all. I steal from supermarkets and I don't like dogs.

FORST: What do you mean, you steal? You don't like dogs?

JEANNIE: I hate them, puppies even.

FORST: How could you hate a little dog?

JEANNIE: I do. See, you're not so smart. Did I shock my little puppy?

And all her allowance,
Florence from Torrance . . ."

CHET leaves FLORENCE and goes to
LOUISE, trying to entice her to dance
with him.

LOUISE: No.

CHET: Come on.

LOUISE: No.

CHET: Come on, it's easy.

LOUISE: No.

CHET: Right shoe, right shoe. Come on, baby. Come on.

CHET (*singing to LOUISE*):

Put on the red meat, baby.
I want the red meat, baby.
I like the rare meat, baby
Don't want no seasoning, baby
No 'taters or no onions,
All I want to do is tongue ya.

That's it. Where are you . . . come here.

LOUISE: No.

CHET: Right here, baby, it's easy.

I need the red meat, baby.
That grooves me like the white meat, baby.
Put it in the oven, warm it big and round
Put it in the oven, eat it off the ground.
Come and do the slip and slide,
I ain't had no goodies since your Granny
died,
Put on the red meat, baby,
Don't want no 'taters or onions,
I just wann' tongue ya.
Come on and put on the red meat baby.

MARIA rises, walks out and CHET stops
and watches her.

LOUISE: I like the red meat baby . . .

CHET (*quietly looking after MARIA*): I think we're making
fools of ourselves.

LOUISE (*startled*): What?

CHET: Yeh.

LOUISE: I'm making a fool of myself?

JEANNIE pulls FORST's shirt apart,
breaking the buttons. She kisses him on
the chest, blowing air on him and mak-
ing a vulgar sound.

FORST: You're a jerk.

JEANNIE: Then don't say you know all my secrets.

FORST looks at his torn shirt.

FORST: To my longest day, I'll never understand women.
They're stupid . . . honest to God, you're stupid.

JEANNIE: Yeah, well, you can't do Peter Piper picked a peck
of pickled peppers. All you do is go piper, picker, picked a
pepper.

FORST: Isn't that a wonderful thing to know.

JEANNIE: I think so. It's one of the most important things I
know. Everytime I say it, I have fun with it.

FORST: Isn't that super?

JEANNIE: You don't like it?

FORST: You don't make any sense.

JEANNIE: Peter Piper picked a pickle peppers, I dream of Jean-
nie . . . dancing and having fun . . . does it come back to
you?

FORST: You're a child. I'm a businessman, Jeannie . . . gray
and too old for games. I'm not a child.

JEANNIE: And you have a tin ear, you can't even carry a tune
. . . But last night you sang, and danced, and let it all go,
and we had a good time, didn't we? You liked making love
to me, didn't you?

FORST: Yes.

JEANNIE: Then good. That's good, isn't it? And you enjoy my
company too, you son of a gun.

FORST: I enjoy your company.

JEANNIE: I saved you from the wind, and the cold and your
own loneliness, didn't I?

FORST looks at JEANNIE.

JEANNIE: You were a basket case last night, weren't you? I
saved you from the olives, and the martinis, and the bad old
TV, didn't I?

CHET: Well, we are, yeh.

LOUISE (*indignantly*): Who are you to criticize me?

CHET: I'm not criticizing, I was just saying . . .

LOUISE (*angrily*): Well, you don't have to tell me I'm making a fool of myself. Look, I know how to dance *my way*. I don't need you to tell me about it. I come from a musical background. I take care of a family of five. I have a college degree, and I don't need you to tell me I'm making a fool of myself.

CHET: Will you . . .

LOUISE: Don't touch me!

LOUISE *slaps* CHET, *exits from the room*. BILLY MAE *quickly follows* LOUISE *out*.

FLORENCE (*as CHET starts to follow LOUISE*): Chetty, you criticize her, you can criticize me; at my age I'm willing to learn. Please.

CHET: Okay, can we cool it, just for a moment?

CHET *follows* LOUISE *out of the living room to try and talk to her, leaving* FLORENCE *singing to herself*.

FLORENCE (*to herself*):

Hot-headed Florence
She's from Torrance
With the insurance for Chetty-boy.

Hot-headed Florence,
She's from Torrance
With all the insurance.
Hot-headed Florence,
Dum, dum, da, diddy.

MARIA *reenters the living room with an ice bucket*.

Oh, Maria, you can't see Maria
Oh, you can't talk to Maria,
Oh

LOUISE *enters the living room briskly, gets her coat, exits from the house*.

FLORENCE: Louise, Louise, Louise, don't pee in the trees . . .

The three women kneel on the couch,

FORST: Yes, you did.

JEANNIE: I poured perfume on your feet and rubbed them with talc and sang to you all night, didn't I?

FORST: Yes.

JEANNIE: And you told me you trusted me, didn't you?

FORST: Yes.

JEANNIE: You thought Peter Piper was important last night, didn't you?

FORST: Yes, I did.

JEANNIE: Good. See, I'm always right. And I listened to your demented dialogue, didn't I?

FORST: Yes, you did.

JEANNIE: And I thought you were crazy, didn't I?

FORST: Yes, you did.

JEANNIE: But I made love to you, and held you in my arms, didn't I?

FORST: Yes, you did.

JEANNIE: If they found you on the street last night, they would have committed you, right?

FORST: I suppose so.

JEANNIE: You son of a gun. Why do you hate me now?

FORST: Do me a favor? Don't be silly anymore. Be yourself.

JEANNIE: I am myself. Who would I be?

FORST: I'm serious.

JEANNIE: Definition of "serious" . . . Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah . . .

FORST and JEANNIE *look at each other for a moment, then he pulls her down to his chest. JEANNIE stays a moment. Finally she rises and moves for the tray*.

JEANNIE: Let me get this garbage.

She lifts the tray and moves inside with it.

Interior living room.

looking out through the large living room window, watching LOUISE get into her car. She backs up and drives off. BILLY MAE rises and begins looking for her pocketbook, first on the piano, then in the hallway and back into the living room, where she finds it. She is speaking as she looks.

BILLY MAE: Well, I think I maintained my dignity throughout the entire evening. I mean, hell, it isn't as if we did anything wrong, I mean, all anybody has to do is just to look at the four of us, I mean, to know that there was nothing wrong. And if old Malcolm is going to get upset over a silly thing like that, then where are we? But you know Louise, she is going to go home and talk about how vulgar it was and how terrible we all behaved, and how she went home the moment it all began. But I don't care if she does, I'm just going to tell her she's full of it. But I don't think she will, do you? I mean, not that I give a damn, anyway. You know, this is going to put her back on the couch for another twenty-five years. And I'll tell you something else funny, honey; I love Malcolm. I am in love with my husband. Ain't that a kick in the head?

BILLY MAE exits from the house, with MARIA seeing her to the door. MARIA then reenters the living room and sits down with FLORENCE.

FLORENCE: I think he's nice, don't you? You know my Louis, so short, with his awful glasses. He can't carry a tune, much less dance. What's the matter? Are you tired? Oh, come on, don't be tired, the evening's young, you know. You know, these dances, these wild, crazy dances, I think they've succeeded where science failed. I can go to a beauty parlor and sit there for hours, having my hair done and my nails polished, but I don't feel any younger. I might look it. But these dances, these wild, crazy dances, they do something to me inside. Well, to hell with Louie because, do you know, one of these days I'm going to croak and I'm going to flop down on the ground, and some God-damn preacher's going to preach a God-damn sermon over my God-damn body. (CHET reenters living room.) Oh, Chetty, Chetty, Chetty. Oh, Chetty. Let's put on another record and dance some more, shall we?

He starts to hum a Strauss waltz. Dancing, they lose their balance and

JEANNIE carries tray . . .

JEANNIE: I dream of Jeannie with the light brown eyes . . .

Interior kitchen.

JEANNIE cleans off tray, dumps eggs into wax paper and throws it into the garbage, still singing "I dream of Jeannie . . ." Big tears roll down her eyes as she does this, yet she doesn't stop.

FORST (*calling from outside*): Hey, Jeannie . . . Jeannie . . . listen to this . . .

JEANNIE moves to the sink and blows her nose. FORST enters.

FORST: Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers . . . if Peter Piper, etc.

fall to the floor. CHET helps FLORENCE up as MARIA watches.

FLORENCE: Oh Chetty, I'm so exhausted. I'm falling over. Oh honey. You know, I just love to dance, don't you?

CHET: I love ya, Flo, I just love ya.

FLORENCE: Oh, you know, I could just dance all night with you. Oh. You know it?

CHET dances FLORENCE off into the alcove.

CHET: I just knew you could.

FLORENCE: Oh, it's so wonderful.

CHET: Now what?

FLORENCE: Chetty . . . would you kiss me? (*He kisses her, a serious kiss.*) Chetty, will you drive me home?

CHET: Sure. Sure, I'll drive you home.

CHET goes back into living room. FLORENCE follows.

FLORENCE: Chetty, Chetty, you said you'd drive me home.

CHET: I will, I will.

FLORENCE: Maria, he is driving me home.

MARIA: Florence, you haven't got a car.

FLORENCE: Let me have your car.

MARIA: I will drive you home.

FLORENCE: I will return it tomorrow.

MARIA: All right, let me get the keys.

CHET: I'll drive.

CHET exits from the house. FLORENCE picks up her fur and runs after him. MARIA closes the door behind them, then walks throughout the empty house, checking all the door locks. As she returns to the living room the lights go out. It's CHET. He grabs her—she breaks away, running upstairs, followed by CHET, to her bedroom. He catches her. They kiss. He carries her to the bed.

Interior Forst house. Bathroom. Day. A picture of a nude. MARIA's hand covering the body . . . Her face limp, as she drags on her cigarette. Overhead shot of MARIA. The cigarette drops to the floor. Panning close at MARIA's dress. The camera tilts down and pans on the print robe. Panning shot through window of trees, matching the print of her robe. CU shot of chair. MARIA smacks into it, holds on. CU of silver ashtray, MARIA's hand smacks it and slides. CU on MARIA's hand hitting dressing table, silver ashtray seen. MARIA's hand on leg of dressing table. Hand grasps leg. CU of MARIA's feet sliding toward camera. CU of MARIA's face, eyes closed. She appears lifeless. Angle on MARIA on bathroom floor. Zoom back as door is closed. Under-shot of CHET at door. He tries it.

CHET: Maria? Maria? Are you in there?

MARIA (*not meaning it*): No, no. No, no no no no.

CHET: Yes, yes, yes, yes.

MARIA (*giving in*): Let me change.

MARIA *goes to the bathroom to change.*

CHET (*singing*):

If I find my love
Will I be a louse?
Who cares?
Man, I'm gonna do it anyway,
Just the way I got to do it today.
Turn around and we'll all play.

Pull down the spread, pull down the covers,
Gonna get in and have anothers.
Nuthers little bed and gonna have fun,
Undress baby and we'll be one.
Take down your pants, take down your drawers,
Going to show your Daddy
What his balls are for.

MARIA *joins CHET at the bed wearing a robe.*

CHET: Come on, honey, take off my socks . . . (*He kisses her.*)

MARIA: It's the lights. I don't like lights.

CHET *slowly pulls the sheet up and covers both their heads.*

Cut to JEANNIE and RICHARD FORST at the Rapp house. JEANNIE, carrying a breakfast tray, opens the door to the bathroom where FORST is, covered only by a towel around his hips.

JEANNIE: You know you have a beautiful body?

FORST (*following JEANNIE into the bedroom*): I have been told that, yes. I have been seduced.

JEANNIE: Is it a nice feeling?

FORST: I am not tired, if that's what you mean.

JEANNIE: Eat your eggs.

FORST: What does that mean?

JEANNIE: It means that your eggs are hot and they're gonna get cold. (*JEANNIE goes to the living room to clean up.*)

He moves to wardrobe closet. Moves back to door. Moves out of master bedroom suite, through upstairs hall, to second bedroom, through second bedroom to poolroom, from poolroom to sunroom, back through poolroom, second bedroom, hall, stairs and down them into breakfast room-dining room, breakfast room, kitchen, downstairs hall, washroom, shop, tiny hall of shop, back through shop, hallway to living room, to foyer, and hall and finally races upstairs, through to bathroom door. He tries to break open bathroom door, pounding at it, shoving it, screaming at it—finally, he moves through the master bedroom, crossing bed to window, pushing bed table out of way, he opens it and climbs onto the roof.

Forst house. Day. Rooftop.

CHET *races across the roof to the bathroom window; he jumps, hangs on the ledge, and climbs in.*

FORST: You're a lousy cook.

JEANNIE: Thank you, I love to cook. My mama always told me, "If you wanna eat, cook, otherwise you'll be skinny and skinny people are not like fat people. Fat people are jolly." Right?

FORST: Wrong. Skinny people are happy because they're not fat.

JEANNIE: Okay, I'll diet.

FORST: You're not fat.

JEANNIE: What?

FORST: You're voluptuous.

JEANNIE (*goes to the kitchen to wash dishes*): What? I can't hear you, Dicky. Oh, dishes! (*She turns off the water for the dishes and goes back to the bedroom.*) Well, that's a negative attitude.

FORST: What? Putting on my pants.

JEANNIE: Yeah.

FORST: Well, I just hate getting out of bed, that's all.

JEANNIE: Stop apologizing, I love ya.

FORST: Don't be so big-hearted.

JEANNIE: What an answer!

FORST: Well, you make lousy eggs.

JEANNIE: I do?

FORST: Yes, and I don't know how anyone could make lousy eggs.

JEANNIE: Look, in my whole life nobody ever told me I make lousy eggs.

FORST: But nobody was ever honest with you.

JEANNIE: Oh, yeah?

FORST: Yeah.

JEANNIE: What do you want, cigarettes?

FORST: Oh no, I quit.

JEANNIE: I don't smoke either, I never did. (*Pause.*) Well, don't I get any credit for that?

FORST: No.

Interior Forst house. Day. Bathroom. CHET breaks through the open window. A bottle of pills topples over. The sink is running, a trickle of water. The camera pans over and zooms to the window as CHET smashes through, knocking down personals from the dressing table as he does. He moves to MARIA and begins giving her artificial respiration. Back and forth.

JEANNIE: Did you know I steal in supermarkets? And I don't like dogs.

FORST: You don't like dogs?

JEANNIE: Hate them. Puppies, even.

FORST: What do you mean, you steal?

JEANNIE *pulls* FORST *down onto the bed.*

JEANNIE: Oh, you . . .

FORST: You jerk.

JEANNIE: Just don't ever say you know all Jeannie Rapp's secrets.

FORST: You're wearing false eyelashes.

JEANNIE: So?

FORST: You're stupid. So help me God, you're stupid.

JEANNIE: *I'm* stupid? You can't even say a decent "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." All you do is say, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled poopers."

FORST: Oh, that doesn't make any sense.

JEANNIE: "I dream of Jeannie," "Peter Piper," laughing, dancing, having a good time, does it begin to come back to you?

FORST: Oh, you're such a child.

JEANNIE: I am not a child. You . . . you're a lousy dancer, you ought to take lessons.

FORST: Well, I took dances.

JEANNIE: You know, you've got a tin ear, too, you can't even carry a tune. But last night you danced and you sang; you just let it all go, and didn't we have a good time? You liked making love to me, didn't you?

FORST: Yes, I did.

JEANNIE: So, you see, there, that's good, isn't it? And you enjoyed my company, too, didn't you?

FORST: I enjoyed your company.

JEANNIE: And you said that you trusted me, didn't you?

FORST: Yes, I did.

JEANNIE: And you thought Peter Piper was pretty important last night, didn't you? Didn't ya?

FORST: Yes, I did.

Angle over CHET's shoulder, angle CU on MARIA, angle medium over CHET's arms. CU angle on MARIA, CHET begins giving mouth to mouth resuscitation. Back and forth. Another angle as he rises, looks up, sees the pills on the floor.

Insert pill bottle. CHET rises and exits room.

JEANNIE: You see, I'm always right. I listened to your demented dialogue, too, didn't I?

FORST: Yes, you did.

JEANNIE: And I thought you were crazy, didn't I? I made love to you and held you in my arms all night. And if you'd been out in the street last night, they'd have had you committed, wouldn't they? Right?

FORST: I suppose so.

JEANNIE: You son of a gun! How come you hate me now?

FORST (*seriously*): Jeannie, do me a favor, don't be silly any more, just be yourself.

JEANNIE: But I am myself. Who else would I be?

FORST: I'm serious.

JEANNIE: Definition of serious: Blah, blah, blah, blah. I've got to get this garbage out of here.

JEANNIE picks up the tray and goes to the kitchen where she scrapes the plates and sings "Jeannie with the light brown hair." FORST is now in the living room fixing his tie.

FORST: Jeannie, Jeannie.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now, if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter picked?

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter picked?

Hah.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now, if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter picked?

Peter Piper picked a peck . . .

JEANNIE joins FORST and they dissolve into laughter.

Cut to Forst house. MARIA is lying inert on bathroom floor—CHET runs to bedroom phone.

Interior bedroom. Day. CHET moves quickly to the telephone and dials. He is out of breath; finally, the operator answers.

CHET: Operator, I want the Emergency Rescue Squad. My number? My number is . . .

CHET *pauses, then reconsiders and hangs up phone. Next he runs back to MARIA, lifts her into the bathtub and runs the shower water over her. Again reconsidering, he turns it off and runs downstairs, gets a cup and a jar of instant coffee from the kitchen and runs back up to the bathroom. He makes a cup of coffee with tap water, climbs into the bathtub. Tries to get MARIA to drink it. After getting her to swallow a few sips, he pulls her to her feet and walks her around, then takes her into the other bathroom and makes her throw up. Afterwards, he carries her into the bedroom.*

CHET: Come on now, drink this, damn it. Let's drink this. Please walk, walk. Walk, Maria, walk, please. Walk. C'mon. C'mon now, don't go back out. No. You've got to stay awake. Please. I don't want you to die. Please, you've got to stay awake. (Slap.) You've got to stay awake. (Slap). You've got to stay awake. (Slap.)

MARIA (groggily): Don't!

CHET: Hey, come on, come on now, Goddamn it, come on. Now come on, you can cry. I don't wanna hit you, but don't go to sleep on me. Come on now, cry. That's it, that's life, honey. Tears, tears of happiness, but just do it. Come on now, you silly nut. Do you want some coffee? Can I trust you? Huh? Huh? Ah, you little sneaky, you! I'm gonna get you some coffee and you little son of a gun.

CHET *exits from bedroom for coffee, returning quickly.*

CHET: I want the Rescue Squad. . . . My number is . . . ?

CHET *bends to look at his number, but decides he had better try to revive MARIA again. Back he races to the bathroom.*

Interior bathroom. Day. CHET enters. We see him move past the mirror and reach for MARIA. He turns on shower and carries her into it. The water smacks at her face and he squeezes her around the chest trying to get some air into the lungs.

CHET *gets out of the shower, after he lets her sink on the tub floor. He darts to the hot water in the sink . . . turns it on and moves out, camera moves with him as he ploughs down the stairs.*

Angle from breakfast room, zoom back to wide angle as he hurries down the stairs and into the kitchen, moving away from us to the cabinets, where he finds a cup and a jar of instant coffee. He turns and races back upstairs.

Angle picking up CHET moving upstairs and panning him over to bathroom . . . wide angle. CHET moves to the sink . . .

Insert cup and coffee.

Angle on MARIA and CHET as he gets into tub with her. Tight two shot: MARIA and CHET. CHET lifts her head and forces coffee down it . . . he then rises, pulling MARIA up. Back to wide angle, MARIA and CHET . . . as he drags her out of the tub and carries her along, trying to make her walk, into the upstairs hallway.

MARIA (*shivering*): I'm cold.

Another angle, HH following CHET and MARIA struggling along . . . CHET forcing MARIA's movement. Through the second bedroom . . . and into the second upstairs bathroom. Tighter angle on MARIA and CHET. CHET bends MARIA into the unseen toilet and tries to make her vomit. After two vain attempts, he finally succeeds. He picks her up . . . Back to wide angle from hallway of CHET carrying MARIA out.

Another angle picking CHET and MARIA up as they come into bedroom. Another angle as CHET dumps MARIA onto the bed. Another angle as they look at each other. CU MARIA, her eyes closing again . . . CU CHET; he is on her in a flash . . . He tries to awaken her gently at first, then firmer and finally he lifts her into his arms and slaps her solidly until she struggles away . . . He opens her eyes, then lifts her to him. He talks to her. Then goes for coffee, and finds pills, comes back, goes again.

Interior bathroom. We pick CHET up coming in, filling cup with hot water . . . he shows his relief, then changes into the clown again as he goes back into the bedroom.

Interior bedroom. Day. Angle on MARIA. She is trying to rise.

Another angle . . . CHET goes to MARIA and they finally sit at desk, where CHET forces more coffee down her.

Another angle as MARIA rises and falls back into CHET's arms. He takes her to the couch and sits her down. CU MARIA. She shivers.

MARIA: I'm cold.

FACES—FINAL VERSION

CHET sits her on the couch and wraps her in a blanket. He lights a cigarette for her, then sits down next to her.

FACES—ORIGINAL VERSION

Another angle. Long shot across the bed, as CHET moves to pull a big blanket off. He wraps it around her, and moves back. Closer angle on CHET. He looks at her, long and hard. Very concerned for both of them.

CHET: Do you feel well enough for a cigarette?

CU of MARIA. She nods. Angle on CHET. He moves back and gets the cigarettes from the dresser, comes over to her, and forces her to take a drag. He rises and gets a blanket. He sits on the couch wrapped in it.

MARIA and CHET on couch. CHET grabs blankets and covers both. They sit there dragging on their cigarettes.

MARIA: You know what I started out doing this morning . . . I had a bridge party planned, fourteen women . . . and you know something, I hate bridge. Chet, I thank you, you're a very nice boy, you saved my life. I hope you don't think I'm too much of a fool. That's something I've worried about . . . What did you think of me?

CHET laughs.

MARIA: Well, I was!

CHET: I don't think you're a fool.

MARIA: Don't worry, I won't be too honest quickly again . . . I know me.

CHET: Will you do me a favor and don't talk about honesty and ethics and values, and things because, I tell you the truth, like, man, nobody has them.

MARIA: You have.

CHET: I have ethics and values and honesty?

MARIA: You could have left last night.

CHET: I get up in the morning conning. And I go to sleep conning. I haven't had an honest moment since . . . I don't know . . . Hey, you know . . . I could go into a . . .

MARIA: I get up in the morning conning. Don't fix breakfast for my husband, 'cause I don't want to get up, don't want to sit across the table from him.

CHET: I like you. I caused you a lot of pain and a lot of grief, and I almost killed you. And I prayed, man, I prayed to God. I said: "God, please, dear God, don't let anything happen to her because I love her so much and I'll do anything you say, God." And, man, I don't even believe in him, you know? But, I mean, it doesn't matter. We protect ourselves, so when we talk ethics and values and honesty, and I'm a nice guy and you're a nice guy and this and that, you know, it just doesn't matter. Nobody cares. Nobody has the time to be vulnerable to each other, so we just move on. You know, right away our armor comes out like a shield and goes around us and we act like mechanical men. And I called you a mechanical woman, eh? I've got news, I'm so mechanical, honey, it's absolutely ludicrous how mechanical a person can be. (CHET makes mechanical motions.) I am the sexiest guy in the world. I have blond hair. I can get all the women I want. You're waking up, aren't you?

CHET: Now, let's not get into truth games. One thing, it's a bore and it leads nowhere. 'Cause like the man says, you wake up the next day and it's all forgotten. Man, the first shot that comes along, the first pop that comes along, the first laugh that comes along, or the first stranger that comes along and gives you a pat on the back, you, we all take that armor and put it right around us, we change like mechanical men . . . I call you mechanical woman . . . Honey, I'm so mechanical . . . it's absolutely ludicrous how mechanical a person can be. Grind, grind, sputter . . . I am the sexiest boy in the world . . . I have blond hair, I can get any woman I want, hmm, I can make them kill themselves over me. Man, I'm going to go outside, and I don't want to hurt you . . . I like you, I've caused you a lot of grief and pain, I almost killed you. I pray to God, I said, God, ha ha . . . God, please don't let anything happen to her . . . Don't let anything happen to this woman because I love you so much I'll do anything you say, and I don't even believe in God, man . . . So, but the armor just goes right on . . . it just goes on all of us . . . So when you talk values, ethics saved your life, man it's all in the swing, it's all in the pattern . . . we do it to save ourselves . . . Man, all I could think of, man I'd like to be a half an hour away from here and never been here.

MARIA: I'm sorry.

CHET: What are you sorry about? You didn't do anything. You thought it was all going to be beautiful and sweet and that's your hang-up.

MARIA: I don't think that. I really didn't think that.

CHET: Well, you thought it was going to be wild and sexual, and still sweet. (He laughs. MARIA reacts.) To satisfy you I'd have to be nine-foot-three. (He laughs.) Have a white horse (laugh), wear a black suit (laugh), wear black boots, man . . . 'cause some cats just swing that way. What's the point of getting into it?

MARIA: I do thank you . . .

CHET: Honey, I thank you that you're alive, you know.

MARIA: I'd like you . . . I'd like you to know that I respect you, Chet.

CHET: Don't be nice to me. I won't know how to behave. Some people just live on conflict . . . that's me. If I don't have a lot of noise . . . I'd want to hide.

MARIA: Uh huh.

CHET: You silly little pudding.

MARIA (*smiling weakly*): Yes, I am a silly little pudding.

CHET: You know, anybody that would pop a lot of sleeping pills, anybody that would ugh their guts out in front of company, anybody that would let a guy slap her and not be mad at him . . .

MARIA: You're supposed to be saving my life.

CHET: . . . and hasn't got much to say.

MARIA: I've got lots to say, you want to try me?

CHET: No, I hate you. I really hate you.

MARIA: I don't want any conflict.

CHET: I know, but I want your house, you know. (*He laughs.*)
I want it as a pad. No, I don't mean that. Anyway, life is dull.

MARIA: It was till last evening.

CHET: Ah ha, ha, oh, don't start, because it was possibly the worst evening I ever spent. I was so uncool I don't believe myself. I'm going to go home and have a talk with myself . . . which I very rarely do because I'm not in the house ever. How do you feel?

MARIA: Like I'm in a vacuum.

CHET (*sighing*): You want to be honest? I don't care. (*He laughs.*) Hey, that feels pretty good. (*He laughs again.*)

MARIA: Well, if you want to know, I was going to ask you to leave and then I couldn't find the reason why . . . but I would like you to leave.

CHET: I never had a better time in my life. (*He laughs.*)

MARIA: I don't want you to leave now . . . that's what's so ridiculous . . .

CHET: You're waking up, aren't you?

MARIA: Uh, huh.

CHET: You silly little puddin'.

MARIA: I am a silly little pudding.

CHET: My God, we're all lost sheep.

MARIA: Baaaa . . .

CHET: Baaaa? Now, I'll tell you the truth. When I came over here I thought it was going to be an orgy or something and I was a little confused . . . and then you crunched me (*laugh*) . . . I thought (*laugh*) . . . well, that ends that. (*He laughs.*) Anyway, it was terrible . . . and you're a terrible person. I know that now. Anybody that'd take all those sleeping pills . . . Anybody that'd puke their guts out in front of company (*laugh*) . . . Any woman that would let a man slap her, and not be mad at him (*laugh*), hasn't got much to say . . . I hate you . . . I really hate you. You scared the wits out of me, and I hate you. So what do we do now? Remind me never to ask you another question. If I were to wait for you to answer (*laughing*) . . . if I were

to wait for the answer to that question . . . woooooo . . . tick, tick, tick, tock . . . You know, they'll reach the moon before you answer me. What do we do now, fathead?

MARIA: It's up to you.

CHET: Well, if you think that I'm going to indulge myself in a sexual experience with a half-dead woman, you're out of your mind.

MARIA: Well, what would you like to do? Take off all your clothes and jump into bed? Sing dirty love songs? Give me another chance, or what?

CHET: You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to call your family doctor.

MARIA: That's not necessary.

CHET: That's not necessary. That's not necessary.

MARIA: I'm perfectly all right . . . perfectly all right.

CHET: Look, kid, I think I'm going to go. You okay?

MARIA: Just like that? Poof?

CHET: Just like that.

MARIA: I was almost going to say . . .

CHET: You were almost going to say, I never want to see you again.

MARIA: No.

CHET: Unless you . . .

MARIA: No, I was almost going to say . . . you got ashes on the rug.

CHET: Oh . . . ashes! You changed my mind about matrimony.

MARIA: I said I was almost going to say . . .

CHET: You were almost going to say . . . Oh, here, let me please . . . let me pick up the ashes.

MARIA gets up as CHET does.

MARIA: No . . . don't!

CHET: Let me pick them off the floor and put them over here . . .

MARIA tries to reason with him. They kiss just as FORST's car comes into the driveway.

Cut to FORST entering the house, mumbling and singing "Oh Lord I'm ready."

FORST: Yes, I know . . . yes, I know.

Oh Lord, I'm ready, I'll be ready
When the great day comes,
O glory hallelujah,
Ready, oh Lord, I'm ready,
I'll be ready when the great . . .

Camera follows FORST running up stairs, arriving just in time to see CHET exit across the roof, jump to the ground, run down a hill and away. FORST stands still, staring, then turns to MARIA.

DICK: I thought you just had problems. That's wonderful, that's something new, a noble adulteress. I think you ought to be rewarded. I'll write a new policy, you commit adultery, the adulterer gets killed . . . the beneficiary who was the adulteress gets paid off. Right?

MARIA: Dicky, I don't care.

FORST goes slowly down the stairs and into the kitchen. MARIA, following, stops at the top of the stairs.

FORST gets out of his car and dances crazily, gracefully, disgracefully, toward the front door, singing, muttering . . . entering his home.

Interior Forst house. Day. FORST moves into living room.

FORST (loudly, defiantly): Yes, I know . . . Yes, I know . . .
(*He sees the wine, the glasses, the ice tray . . .*)

Interior hallway. FORST races crazily up it. Stairs . . . shooting down . . . FORST comes charging up.

FORST: Maria! Maria!

FORST moves into the bedroom, disappearing. Angle on MARIA. Camera zooms in to her. She stands there, boldly, in her torn, wet, thin robe. FORST's angry face as he swings to the open window. We see his back outlined against the day.

Angle of CHET, long lens running across the driveway, and down through the brush of the driveway. Angle on FORST's back at the window. He turns as our camera finds his face . . . he is outlined against the harsh sunlight. MARIA, her torn dress, her wet hair, her eyes stained with fallen mascara . . .

MARIA: I'm not sorry, Richard . . . I'm not sorry . . .

FORST moves strongly into the bathroom . . . angle on wet floor, towel, sleeping pills, coffee . . . camera zooms to the pills . . .

MARIA: I went all the way . . . got drunk, twisted, watusied, made a fool of myself, made love to a boy.

Angle low of stairs as FORST moves down into the kitchen. He walks into it . . . slows down as he sees the debris from CHET's search for coffee.

FORST: Rejected for the thousandth time in fourteen years. All I have to do is find that ten-year-old rapist and kill him, and you get paid off. You don't need me, you don't need any man. I'll write the policy. (*Seeing open cabinets in the kitchen.*) What the hell were you doing, chasing each other all over the house? You couldn't get laid in bed, so you came down to the kitchen? Then you go up and take a shower and wash off the kitchen? You get laid once everything's solved. Get all the soldiers in Viet Nam laid and the whole Middle East problem is solved. You want violence? You want me to be violent? You want me to slap you across the face every time you open your mouth?

FORST *runs up the stairs to MARIA.*
MARIA *slaps him twice.*

MARIA: I hate my life. I just don't love you.

MARIA (*VO*): I took pills . . . vomited, was thrown into a shower, slapped, and . . .

FORST: Did you have a good time?

MARIA: Yes.

FORST: How did you get so wet? Are you proud of yourself?

MARIA: I'm not ashamed of it. You're making it ugly and it's not.

FORST: A naked guy running out the back window, that's beautiful. Dress torn, mascara running . . . looking like a drowned rat. You must have been in ecstasy.

MARIA: I'm not going to be petty about it.

FORST (*moving into the bathroom*): I didn't know you were so noble. I thought you just had problems. That's a new one—the noble adulteress. I think I'll write that into an insurance policy . . . commit adultery . . . you get killed . . . and the beneficiary of the adultery gets paid off. (*He leaves the bathroom.*)

MARIA (*standing there*): I don't care.

FORST (*moving down the stairs*): You rejected me for the thousandth time in fourteen years and you still don't care. That's wonderful. All I have to do is find the boy fourteen-year-old rapist . . . (*FORST moves into the kitchen.*) What did you do, chase each other all over the place? You couldn't make love in a bed? You had to come in the kitchen? You took a shower to wash off the kitchen . . . You get laid once and everything is solved. Get all the soldiers laid in Viet Nam and everything is solved.

MARIA: You got laid.

FORST (*rushes upstairs and throws Maria against wall*): You want a violent man, you want me to be violent? You want me to slap your face every time you open your mouth? That's what women appreciate today . . . not tenderness, not love, not concern, not consideration. If you're tender, you're not a man today . . . I'm tender and you hate me!

MARIA: I don't hate you . . . I don't feel anything for you. I wish with all my heart not to hurt you but I don't love you. That's the truth. I have no feeling for you.

FORST: Why don't you love me?

FORST turns and slowly goes down the stairs, walks to the back door then turns into the kitchen. He picks up a pack of cigarettes, goes back to the stairs and sits on the bottom step. MARIA comes halfway down and also sits.

MARIA: Throw me a cigarette, please. A light. (FORST throws cigarettes and lighter up to MARIA.)

FORST: My lighter, please. (MARIA throws lighter back. Both cough.)

MARIA: Those pills, they tie up your lungs. Ouch!

FORST goes upstairs and returns without his jacket. He sits back down. Wordlessly, MARIA stands, goes up the stairs, then comes back with a new bathrobe on. Her path is blocked by FORST's leg upraised against the wall across the stairs.

MARIA: Excuse me.

FORST drops his leg and MARIA continues down and on into the kitchen. FORST stands, goes up the stairs, picking up the cigarettes on his way, leaving only the empty stairway on camera. This view is held while the music fades up and the superimposed credits come on.

MARIA: You haven't any courage. You leave me empty . . . You don't care about me. You care that I be no trouble, don't you? That I don't rock the boat, that I listen to your problems. That I give you what you need in bed, that I fix your dinner and keep your house. I'm sterile, Dick. I want to change. I'm not going to waste my life living dishonestly . . . I hate my life . . . with you . . . You don't make me feel like a woman. I get up everyday with the feeling that I want to die . . . and that I shouldn't because I owe it to you and our friends to be more sensible than that. It might embarrass you . . . I might make a mistake. You're a terrible lover . . . the world is always watching you. I loved that boy . . . he wanted me. He didn't care if I made a fool of myself. He wanted me . . . He wasn't worried if I rejected him. He knew I was what he wanted. He tore my clothes off, slapped at me . . . threw me down, used me, but he wanted me. You wouldn't understand that . . . would you?

FORST walks into the kitchen and gets cigarettes and sits on the bottom of the stairs. MARIA, sitting at the top of the stairs, asks for a cigarette. FORST throws the pack to her and then the lighter. MARIA throws them back. They both sit there smoking. FORST gets up and goes upstairs and comes back to the stairs. MARIA gets up and goes into the kitchen.

END

FACES:

THE MAKING OF A FILM

In 1965, *Faces* existed only as an idea in the mind of a director. In the years that followed, it evolved into a stage play, then a monumental film treatment 215 pages long, and finally, into a breakthrough American film.

From inception to completion, the making of *Faces* is described in detail by writer-director John Cassavetes and his director of photography Al Ruban: how locations were selected, the type of film and lighting used in each sequence, the money problems, the sound problems, and the grueling months of editing and re-editing that took place behind the closed doors of the cutting room.

Especially illuminating to every student of film is the parallel-page comparison of the original treatment with the final script as taken directly from the soundtrack. What the gap between idea and execution represents nothing short of the creative process itself—the molding of a sprawling idea into a tight-knit work of art.

WITH 16 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS