

# ***GHOST WORLD***

*By*

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*Shooting Draft  
February 25, 2000*

*Green Revised: 4/3/00  
Yellow Revised: 3/31/00  
Pink Revised: 3/18/00  
Blue Revised: 3/7/00*

"GHOST WORLD"

1 - OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE - EVENING 1

We MOVE through the city in a series of brief shots that define and establish our setting, from commercial district to residential neighborhood. Eventually we find ourselves moving down a street of two-story apartment buildings. Many of the windows are lit from within by an EERIE BLUE LIGHT. As we track past at window-level we see:

1A A glum, sedated-looking COUPLE watching TV. An ignored TODDLER runs amok behind them as a cheery commercial plays... 1A

1B An empty room... 1B

1C A large, hirsute MAN, wearing only Lycra jogging shorts, watching the Home Shopping Network while eating mashed potatoes with his fingers... 1C

1D A dazed old woman staring out the window. 1D

2 The silhouette of a TEENAGE GIRL dancing by herself. 2

We enter her room and see the TV SCREEN. The source of the THEME MUSIC is A VIDEO of an insane East Indian production number from the 1960's. The room is cluttered with heaps of clothes, old records, odd knick-knacks. We see her silhouetted back as she dances along to the video while trying on a GRADUATION CAP AND GOWN.

3 -EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - AFTERNOON NEXT DAY. 3

A modern high school auditorium. Over the entrance a banner with a "Coca Cola" logo reads: "GRADUATION TODAY 2 PM."

4 -INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME DAY 4

A graduation ceremony is in progress. We DOLLY PAST the bland faces of teary-eyed graduates until we stop on ENID. At first, we only see the top of her mortarboard; as she lifts her head we see that she's trying desperately not to laugh. She makes eye-contact with REBECCA, another graduate, who is also trying to stifle her laughter. The SPEAKER is in an elaborate wheelchair with severe-looking traction devices.

SPEAKER

High school is like the training wheels for the bicycle of real life. It is a time for young people to explore different fields of interest and to hopefully grow from their experiences.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Enid stops and looks back at the school. She gives it THE FINGER. They sit on a see-saw, out of breath.

ENID  
God, what a bunch of retards...

REBECCA  
I thought Chipmunk-face was never going to shut up.

ENID  
I know, I liked her better when she was an alcoholic crack addict! She gets in one car wreck and all of a sudden she's Little Miss Perfect and everybody loves her.

REBECCA  
It's totally sickening.  
(she unrolls her DIPLOMA)  
Let's see if they gave me the right diploma...

Enid opens hers. Instead of a diploma, it's an OFFICIAL LOOKING DOCUMENT with a pink Post-It note on the front page.

ENID  
What? ...Oh suck my fucking dick!

REBECCA  
What?

ENID  
These assholes are saying that I have to go to Summer school and take some stupid art class!

REBECCA  
Why?

ENID  
Remember that stupid hippie art teacher who failed me sophomore year? I didn't think that just because you get an "F" that means you have to take the class over again.

REBECCA  
You loser.

The sign reads "Welcome Graduates".

7 CONTINUED:

MELORRA

I'm going to be in this actor's  
workshop, and I'm hoping to start going  
on auditions soon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENID

Just because.

REBECCA

We have other plans.

TODD

I guess I should have figured that you two would do something different.

ENID

What are you going to be when you grow up, Todd?

TODD

Well I'm going to major in Business Administration and, I think, minor in Communications.

ENID

See, that's exactly the kind of thing we're trying to avoid. (Pause)

Todd starts to talk again but Enid has noticed something off to the side.

TODD

So...I --

Enid grabs Rebecca and turns her away from Todd before he can finish his sentence.

ENID

Oh my god, look! Is Stacy Himmeler going out with Rod Harbaugh?

REBECCA

How perfect.

ENID

He better watch out or he'll get AIDS when he date-rapes her.

Todd, forgotten, walks away. The singer wails a sappy, maudlin ballad. Enid spots DENNIS, the class loser, wandering around by himself.

ENID (CONT'D)

God, just think, we'll never see Dennis again.

(CONTINUED)

ENID  
I know, it hasn't really hit me yet.

Enter JOHN ELLIS, an obnoxious young man with a perpetual smirk.

JOHN  
Well, if it isn't Enid and Rebecca, the little Jewish girl and her Aryan friend.

ENID  
You're late, asshole.

JOHN  
Fine, and how are you?

ENID  
Did you bring that tape?

He puts a videotape on the table, just out of reach.

JOHN  
You never paid me for that tape with the Indian dance routine.

ENID  
I did too!

JOHN  
Tsk! You Jews are so clever with money...

ENID  
Fuck you, you stupid redneck hick!

REBECCA  
Hey, look, the satanists are leaving!

ENID  
We should follow them!

As the SATANISTS walk outside, they open umbrellas, even though it's a bright, sunny day.

REBECCA  
Totally...oh my God, look!

The girls get up to follow them. Enid grabs the videotape.

ENID  
(to John)  
Thanks for the tape - I'll have to pay you later, I'm broke.

(CONTINUED)

10A CONTINUED:

Enid points at the mini-mall in front of them. A new restaurant - we see their banner: "GRAND OPENING. WOWSVILLE-THE AUTHENTIC 50'S DINER". \*

ENID (CONT'D)

"Authentic 50's diner"? Since when were there mini-malls in the 1950's?

REBECCA

God, it's so totally pathetic.

11 - INT. WOWSVILLE DINER - DAY . . .

11 \*

They're in a booth looking at menus. It's a less accurate version of "Johnny Rockets". A golden oldie from the 80's plays on the jukebox.

REBECCA

Who can forget this great hit from the 50's?

ENID

I feel as though I've stepped into a time warp!

The WAITER approaches. He has an ostentatious 70's-style perm.

REBECCA

Check out the awesome "fifties" hairdo on the waiter.

WAITER

Hi, my name is Allen, and I'll be your waiter this afternoon.

ENID

Hi, Al!

REBECCA

Can we call you "Weird Al"?

WAITER

Heh heh. Our specials today are pasta Vasilio, which is a pasta salad with a light basil vinaigrette--

ENID

That was a popular dish in the 50's, huh Weird Al?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

You can have that one.

ENID

Okay, well here's yours...

(reading)

"Who said all the most eligible bachelors are taken? Not this one! Stunning bod, very snugglelicious ocean sunset dreamer."

REBECCA

Gross.

Al returns with their food.

AL

Can I get you ladies anything else, or are you all set?

ENID

Later I might be interested in one of those far-out "mindbenders."

Al leaves. Enid goes back to the paper.

ENID (CONT'D)

Jesus! Listen to this one: "Do you remember me? Airport shuttle, June 7th. You: striking redhead with yellow dress, pearl necklace, brown shoes. I was the bookish fellow in the green cardigan who helped you find your contact lens. Am I crazy, or did we have a moment?"

REBECCA

God, that's so pathetic. I bet she didn't even notice him.

ENID

I know. And he's like psychotically obsessing over every little detail.

REBECCA

We should call him and pretend to be the redhead.

ENID

Oh, we totally have to.

Enid tears out the ad and puts it in her sketchbook.

CU of sketchbook.

\*

ENID

I dunno. John Ellis always puts on all this sick stuff that I have to fast-forward past to get to the good stuff - there's supposed to be a Don Knotts movie on here someplace.

Sound of FAST-FORWARDING. Rebecca glances up from the sketchbook.

REBECCA

Wait, what is that?

Enid stops fast-forwarding. We don't see the screen but we hear weird sounds like BOOTS WALKING THROUGH DEEP MUD.

ENID &amp; REBECCA

EEEEWWWW!

Enid lurches forward to avert her gaze. She clicks off the VCR, but leaves the TV on. She notices a PHOTO ALBUM on a bookshelf under the television.

ENID

Hey - why do you have this?

REBECCA

You lent it to me in like tenth grade.

ENID

I've been looking all over for this.

ANGLE ON ALBUM as she leafs through it. We see a picture of a FIVE-YEAR-OLD ENID with glasses.

ENID (CONT'D)

Look at how cute I am!

REBECCA

What a little hosebag.

ANGLE ON PHOTO of ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD ENID & REBECCA at a party.

ENID

Look, that's back when I hated you.

REBECCA

I remember every minute of that party.

ENID

(another page)

There's my dad with Joanie.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

ENID

I bet! Actually he reminds me of that one creep you went out with--you always go for guys with some lame, fake shtick.

REBECCA

What are you talking about--who?

ENID

That Larry guy--what look was he going for? A gay tennis player from the forties?

REBECCA

Fuck you!

Rebecca turns the page of Enid's sketchbook to the torn-out personal ad.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hey! We forgot to call the loser!

ENID

Which loser?

REBECCA

You know, the green cardigan guy.

ENID

Oh yeah.

Rebecca goes to the phone and offers the receiver.

REBECCA

You call.

ENID

Why do I always have to do it?

REBECCA

You're better at it.

ENID

(as she dials)

I remember when I first started reading these I thought DWF stood for "dwarf!"

REBECCA

(ear up to phone)

What does it stand for?

(CONTINUED)

ENID

Well hello there, young employee of the Sidewinder.

JOSH

Look, I already told you I'm not going to give you a ride.

ENID

What can you tell me, young man, about the various flavors of "frozen yogurt"?

JOSH

Look, I'll be done in a minute. Just wait outside.

ENID

I'm afraid I don't understand. I simply wish to know--

BOSS

JOSH! WHAT YOU DOING!?

JOSH

(SIGHS) The flavors we're featuring this week, in addition to old favorites chocolate and vanilla, are Six-Gun Strawberry, Wild Cherry Round-up, and Ten Gallon Tangerine.

ENID

I don't believe I care for any of those.

Rebecca giggles. A customer, DOUG, enters: a lowly specimen with bad hair-cut, mustache, and jail-house tattoos, wearing filthy designer jeans and no shirt.

DOUG

Hey, Josh...I need two packs of smokes. I'm on a double shift tonight...fuckin' sixteen hours, man.

Doug brings a 40-ouncer to the counter. Josh has two packs of Newports waiting for him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hey, and gimme six of these beef jerkys too - I'm hungry enough to chew the crotch out of a rag doll!

Doug pays.

18 -- EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

18

Josh is driving, chauffeur-like, with the two girls relaxing in the back seat.

JOSH

Why do you even need a ride? You could walk there in two minutes.

ENID

It's just an excuse for us to spend time with you.

Enid and Rebecca giggle.

REBECCA

So Josh, if this guy freaks out, will you protect us?

JOSH

He has every reason to freak out--this is a totally fucked-up thing to do to somebody!

ENID

God, I think Josh is too mature for us.

REBECCA

I know, look at the way he drives...he's like an old man.

ENID

Yeah, Josh, c'mon...MOVE IT!

\*

18A -EXT. GAFFEY STREET - DAY

18A

\*

Their car accelerates.

\*

19 - INT. WOVSVILLE DINER - 12:35 PM.

19

\*

The three of them are seated at a corner booth. A song from any decade other than the 50's PLAYS on the jukebox. A BUSINESSMAN enters.

REBECCA

Look, maybe that's him!

ENID

It's still twenty-five minutes early.

JOSH

Aren't there a million places like this?

(CONTINUED)

JOSH  
So, where's "Weird Al"?

ENID  
SHH! He's back there. I can see his hair bobbing up and down.

REBECCA  
I want to "make love" to him.

ENID  
I'm going to tell him you said that.

WEIRD AL approaches with menus.

AL  
So nice to see you again, ladies.

ENID  
Hey, Weird Al, there's something my friend wants to tell you--

REBECCA  
SHUT UP!

ENID  
She says she wants to MMPH!

Rebecca puts her hand over Enid's mouth.

19A CUT TO: A PUSH SWEEPER, SWEEPING THE CARPET.

19A \*

19B ANGLE ON: OLD WOMAN slowly sweeping.

19B \*

WE FOLLOW HER BACK TO: ENID, REBECCA & JOSH. THEY'RE NOW EATING: TEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED, IT'S 12:45.

ENID  
So Josh... Becky and I are trying to figure out what makes you tick. Tell us about your political beliefs.

REBECCA laughs.

JOSH  
Yeah, right.

ENID  
No, I'm serious. Give us your whole basic philosophy in a nutshell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH  
(bursting her bubble)  
It's a vanilla milkshake.

19D -fifteen more minutes have passed - it's 1:10 PM. Seymour 19D  
looks around, still hopeful. His date is now TEN MINUTES  
LATE.

REBECCA  
What's he doing now?

ENID  
He's still just sitting there. God, this  
is totally unbearable!

JOSH  
I agree.

REBECCA  
I wish I could see him.

ENID  
Go ahead and look, but don't make it too  
obvious...

Rebecca turns around and pretends to look past Seymour.

19E -It's now 1:30 PM. His date is 30 MINUTES LATE. Seymour gets 19E  
up and walks sadly towards the cashier (Weird Al).

REBECCA  
Do you think he knows?

ENID  
I dunno...

They watch him leave. Enid goes up to pay the bill while Josh  
and Rebecca go outside.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Hey Weird Al, did that guy say anything  
to you before he left?

AL  
Not a thing.

Enid goes back to the table to leave a tip, two dollars. Al  
passes behind her.

AL (CONT'D)  
(cheerfully professional  
despite her abuse)  
Thank you and come again.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

God, he lives right in our neighborhood!

Seymour gets out and disappears up the steps of his building. \*

ENID

He doesn't even look that bummed out,  
really.

REBECCA

I know...wouldn't you be totally pissed  
off?

ENID

This kind of thing must happen to him  
all the time. \*

22 - INT. EXPERIMENTAL FILM - DAY

22

FULL SCREEN: grainy B&W video footage. The CAMERA travels up a shadowy flight of stairs. We hear FOOTSTEPS, a rhythmic POUNDING, and a deranged CHILDREN'S CHOIR ("LALALALALALA").

WOMAN'S VOICE

(Cheap echo effect)

Returning to the house of my  
Fatherfatherfatherfather...

The CAMERA reaches the top of the stairs, we see a door that slowly CREAKS open. We move into the room beyond, it's decorated with stuff from the 50's and a giant crucifix. We HEAR a televangelist's sermon. We MOVE CLOSE on a little girl's doll. Very slowly a MAN'S HAND reaches for the doll and drags it into the shadows. The hand throws the now-mutilated doll into a toilet; water and blood swirl around. We see grainy footage (shot off of TV) of Christians angrily picketing an abortion clinic. CREDITS come up: THE END. A FILM BY ROBERTA ALLSWORTH.

23 - INT. ART CLASS - DAY

23

The lights go on, the VIDEO ends and the monitor is shut off. There are about a dozen students, mostly pimply 14-year-old boys, a few 14-ish girls, and Enid, dressed in schoolgirl outfit. The teacher, ROBERTA ALLSWORTH, addresses the class.

ROBERTA

That piece is entitled "Mirror/Father  
/Mirror."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

ENID

This is girl mail.

She grabs the mail out of SLOT NUMBER TWO.

ENID (CONT'D)

This is all computer catalogues and stuff...

Rebecca is looking at the mail from SLOT NUMBER THREE.

REBECCA

The W.C. Fields Fan Club Newsletter...

(she flips through the mail)

Oh my God, The National Psoriasis Foundation!

ENID

Bingo!

She shoves back the contents of slot number two and grabs the mail from Rebecca. We hear MALE VOICES around the corner.

REBECCA

Wait! Do you hear that?

Enid jams the mail back in the slot in a panic.

ENID

Shit!

They slowly walk around the bushes toward the voices.

\*

26 - INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S GARAGE SALE - DAY

26

\*

They see the GARAGE SALE, in progress. They've all spotted each other.

\*

\*

REBECCA

What should we do? What if he recognizes us?

\*

\*

\*

ENID

Come on, it's too late now...

\*

\*

\*

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Ew, it's like some gross rat...

JOE

(hardly looking up from TV)  
It's a mongoose.

REBECCA

Mm...

ENID

A what?

JOE

A mongoose... they eat snakes...you  
never heard of a mongoose? That's a  
classic piece of vintage taxidermy .  
Nobody alive today knows how to do work  
like that.

ENID

(looking underneath it)  
How much is this?

JOE

Umm...That's not officially for sale...I  
might have to hang onto that for the  
time being.

\*  
\*  
\*

Joe shuts off the TV. He turns to the girls, not wanting to  
lose the rapport he's established with two potential  
customers.

JOE (CONT'D)

So, are you looking for anything in  
particular? There's a lot of other stuff  
in storage...

He picks up a plastic Casio-type guitar/keyboard (a child's  
toy) and starts noodling pre-programmed rock licks.

JOE (CONT'D)

Perhaps the "Jam-in-ator" appeals to  
you. Absolutely no practice necessary.  
You shread like a giant. Just press a  
button.

\*  
\*

ENID

That's okay...

She notices several modern jazz LPs on Joe's table.

(CONTINUED)

SEYMOUR

Well there's a few choice LPs in here that re-issue some really great old blues stuff.

Rebecca tugs on Enid's sleeve. Enid gets free and continues looking through the records. She stops on one with an especially wacky cover.

ENID

Is this one any good?

SEYMOUR

Nah, it's not so great. Here's the one I'd recommend.

He pulls out a bland-looking record: "COLLECTOR'S ITEMS, VOLUME THREE." Rebecca shifts impatiently behind her.

SEYMOUR(CONT'D)

This track alone by Memphis Minnie is worth about \$500 if you have the original 78. She was one of the greatest guitar players that ever lived, and a great singer and songwriter as well. I know the guy who owns the original and lent it for use on this reissue.

ENID

Wow!

Rebecca snorts at Enid's over-exuberance. Enid kicks her.

ENID (CONT'D)

How much is it?

SEYMOUR

A dollar seventy-five.

ENID

Okay.

She pays him.

SEYMOUR

If you don't like it bring it back for a refund. We're here every Saturday.

He puts the record into a bag.

ENID

I'm sure it's fine.

27 CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Not really...

ENID

Forget it, I can't explain it...

Awkward silence. Melorra enters.

MELORRA

Oh my god, what are you guys doing here?

ENID

What are you doing here, Melorra?

MELORRA

My acting workshop is across the street from here. I'm just on my break.

ENID

Well, we won't keep you.

MELORRA

I love this place...it's so - you know, "funky."

Enid and Rebecca look at each other.

MELORRA (CONT'D)

What are you guys up to?

REBECCA

We're looking for an apartment.

MELORRA

God how cool. Where are you moving?

ENID

We're not sure yet, that's why we're looking.

REBECCA

Somewhere downtown.

MELORRA

God that's so exciting!  
(looks at clock)

Oops, I should go. Bye you guys! Call me.

Melorra leaves quickly.

REBECCA

"Funky"?

(CONTINUED)

DAD

Not if I don't find that goddamn spatula.

Dad leaves. Enid messes up her hair in different ways while singing along to the tape and looking at herself in the mirror. Rebecca opens the door and stands in the doorway.

REBECCA

(disdainful)

When did you do that?

Enid turns around, startled, but instantly regains her composure.

ENID

What? - - How long have you been standing there?

30 - EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/NEAR ACME SHOES - DAY

30 \*

REBECCA

Did you have to buy new hair dye or did you still have some left over from eighth grade?

ENID

Fuck you, bitch!

They walk past a sad-looking ACME SHOES AND REPAIR STORE, in a distinctive old building, that looks as if it's been there forever. They stop and peer through the window.

ENID (CONT'D)

We still have to go in there sometime.

REBECCA

It's always closed...

ENID

I bet they have tons of incredible shoes hidden in the back.

They continue walking.

ENID (CONT'D)

Hey look, it's the pants.

We see a pair of discarded jeans on the sidewalk.

REBECCA

Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

31 - EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY.

31

Enid & Rebecca are on the outside porch/walkway on the second floor of Josh's building. Enid POUNDS on his pasteboard door; the windows RATTLE with each hollow THUD.

ENID

JOSH!

REBECCA

JOSH!

ENID & REBECCA

JOSH!

ENID

He's probably in there jerking off.

REBECCA

I'll bet he never jerks off...

ENID

Yeah, he's beyond human stuff like that.

REBECCA

Should we leave a note?

Enid finds a piece of paper - the back of a pizza flyer.

ENID

Do you have a pen?

She writes, while Rebecca looks over her shoulder. "Dear Josh. We came by to fuck you but you didn't answer the door. Therefore you are gay. Signed, Tiffany and Amber."

REBECCA

You're not really going to leave that are you?

Enid pushes the note over his doorknob.

32 - EXT. ENTERING ZINE--O-PHOBIA BOOKSTORE - DAY.

32

REBECCA

Why are we going here? I hate this place.

ENID

It'll only take a second.

33 CONTINUED:

JOHN ELLIS

Yeah yeah yeah. Do you have my money?

She wads up a twenty-dollar bill and throws it at him.

JOHN ELLIS (CONT'D)

Oh, how "punk."

ENID

That tape sucked, by the way!

JOHN ELLIS

I'm so sorry if you were offended!

He heads toward the back room with the empty box.

ENID

Go die, asshole!

JOHN ELLIS

Get a job!

He exits. Rebecca walks over to Enid.

REBECCA

What was that all about?

ENID

It's not like I'm some modern Punk dick-head...It's obviously supposed to be a 1977 Punk look, but I guess Johnny Fuckface is too stupid to get it!

REBECCA

I didn't get it either.

ENID

Everybody's too stupid!

34 - INT. ENID'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - EVENING

34

Enid dejectedly enters and heads straight for the bathroom. She rummages through a cabinet until she finds the right box (black hair dye). She wets her hair, then goes into the bedroom and mechanically turns on her boom box. The punk rock song we heard earlier plays. She yanks out the tape and flings it away. She skims through her records and CDs, dismissing them all. She notices Seymour's bag in the corner. She takes out the record and puts it on. The first tune is an upbeat instrumental number. She returns to the bathroom. Several minutes pass. TRACK TWO begins on the LP. She (and we) slowly begin to take notice. It's a strange, haunting old BLUES RECORD. We see that the tune has struck a nerve.

JOE  
 (not looking up)  
 You still interested in that?

ENID  
 I thought it wasn't for sale.

JOE  
 I'm thinkin' maybe I could let it go...

ENID  
 It's kind of falling apart.

Seymour returns with the 78, holding it like a precious object.

SEYMOUR  
 Here it is. It's only about V minus and  
 has an incipient lam crack, but plays  
 decent as I recall.

Seymour passes the 78 to Enid who follows suit and holds it carefully by the edges.

ENID  
 Wow...

Enid pretends to drop the record.

ENID (CONT'D)  
 Oops! I dropped it!

SEYMOUR  
 NO!!!

ENID  
 Hey, I was only kidding!

She hands the record back to Seymour, who's shaken and embarrassed.

ENID (CONT'D)  
 Jesus, Seymour...are you all right?

37 - INT. ART CLASS - DAY

37

Starts with a PAN ACROSS a wall of unimpressive high school art: dumb drawings of fighting Chuck Norris-types, traced centerfolds, highly sexualized horses, etc. And, on a table, a wire sculpture made from two coathangers.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

I merely want to help each of you find the best way to look within yourselves -- the best key to your particular lock. Last week I asked you to try and create a piece of artwork that responds to something that you have strong feelings about.

Enid enters late and puts her sketchbook on the table.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

And it looks like we have some really interesting work up here...

Roberta peruses some of the art, then points to a very violent drawing.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

What can you tell us about your piece...uh(struggles to read signature)...Phillip?

PHILLIP

(very stupid and nervous)  
Uh...it's uh...it's about The Mutilator...

ROBERTA

My goodness!

PHILLIP

It's this really great video game about a guy who kills people with a big hammer...

ROBERTA

(trying to make a joke)  
I thought maybe this was supposed to be your father.

No response from Phillip. Roberta picks up Enid's sketchbook and leafs through it.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

And what can you tell us about this...(searches for name).

\*

ENID

Enid. It's sort of like a diary I guess..

\*

We see several sketches, including the drawing of the SATANISTS. Roberta shows a few pages to the class.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1 \*

Let me look that up on the computer for you, sir! (fiddles with computer) Yes, here it is - 9 1/2 WEEKS with Mickey Rourke. It's in our "Erotic Dramas" section.

CUSTOMER

No, not "9 1/2", 8 1/2, the Fellini film.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1 \*

I'll check that for you sir. How do you spell the actor's name - F-I-L-E-E-P-E-E...?

WE SEE Enid & Rebecca, dressed up in sexy outfits.

REBECCA

How about this one?

ENID

Hey, you have to see my new good-luck charm.

She pulls out a small porcelain figure of a MAN FLUSHING HIMSELF DOWN A TOILET with the words "Goodbye Cruel World" on the base.

REBECCA

Ew...when did you get that?

ENID

This morning at Seymour's garage sale.

REBECCA

God, aren't you tired of Seymour yet?

Rebecca picks up another tape.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

How about this?

ENID

Forget it. I'm sure it sucks. All these movies suck.

An obnoxious SIX-YEAR-OLD tries to get his PARENTS to add another tape to their already tall stack. He stares at the video monitor.

Another MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE reshelves videos near them. \*

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

WRR-ONG! A digital transfer adequately mastered will sound identical to the original. Do you have a decent equalizer?

STEVEN

I have a Klipsch 2B3.

JEROME

Obviously the problem! You expect a ten-band equalizer to impart state-of-the-art sound? Dream a little dream! etc...

Enid & Rebecca are sitting nearby.

REBECCA

I totally, totally hate you.

ENID

Aw c'mon, this is a fun party.

ANGLE ON: Joe stands talking to GERROLD, an obnoxious, pushy, fast-talking guy who keeps eyeing Rebecca. He shovels food into his mouth as he speaks.

GERROLD

So what's the story with the two cheerleaders over here?

JOE

They're Seymour's.

GERROLD

Seymour? You gotta be kidding me!

JOE

Don't worry about it. He's not gettin' any and neither are you.

GERROLD

(poking Joe in the chest)

Let me tell ya somethin', Joe... Listen to me, Joe..you can't hit a home run without swinging the bat!

JOE

Right.

Gerrold walks over to where Rebecca is sitting. He sits on the arm of sofa next to her.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA  
(staring straight ahead)  
Yes.

GERROLD  
Whoa, that was cold! Hey, you're okay,  
you're pretty sharp. So uh...hey, you're  
wearing a green dress- whadda you Irish?  
I bet you're Irish. What's your name?

REBECCA  
Melorra...

GERROLD  
Melorra, listen to me - let me tell you  
something Melorra... you seem like an  
interesting chick - what are you doing  
hanging out with these losers here?  
Whaddya say you and me take off and hit  
some nightspots etc. etc.

ENID  
I'll be right back, I'm gonna go get a  
beer.

REBECCA  
(to ENID)  
Wait...

Enid goes over to the beer keg. Nearby Seymour stands talking  
to PAUL - a humorless, middle-aged guy in a suit and tie  
who's contemptuously examining one of Seymour's 78s.

SEYMOUR  
....but it plays like new. There's no  
groove wear.

PAUL  
Oh please... It has an enlarged center  
hole and a hair crack.

Enid approaches them.

SEYMOUR  
But the crack is so tight it's  
completely inaudible.

PAUL  
A tight hair crack is just that - a  
crack. I don't collect cracked records.

SEYMOUR

Please ...go ahead and kill me! This stuff doesn't make you happy, believe me.

ENID

Oh, come on! What are you talking about?

SEYMOUR

You think it's healthy to obsessively collect things? You can't connect with other people so you fill your life with stuff... I'm just like all the rest of these pathetic collector losers.

Enid writes her name in the dust. \*

ENID \*

No you're not! You're a cool guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR

Yeah right... If I'm so cool, why haven't I had a girlfriend in four years? I can't even remember the last time a girl talked to me.

ENID

I'm talking to you...I'll bet there are tons of women who would go out with you in a minute!

SEYMOUR

Oh, right...

ENID

No really... I guarantee I could get you a date in like two seconds...

SEYMOUR

Good luck...

ENID

I'm totally serious!

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well...

ENID

I mean it -- You leave everything to me -  
-I'm going to be your own personal  
dating service!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

ENID  
Every guy has a type!

SEYMOUR  
(he doesn't really mean this)  
...I mean as long as she's not a  
complete imbecile and she's even  
remotely attractive...

They walk by "the pants."

ENID  
Hey look, there's Norman!

He's sitting as before at the defunct bus stop.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Hi Norman.

Norman nods politely. Seymour looks quizzically at Enid.

42 - EXT. CITY STREET/ NEAR SIDEWINDER - DAY

42

They're in another part of town near THE SIDEWINDER.

ENID  
We need to narrow this down somehow...  
We need to find a place where you can  
meet women who share your interests.

SEYMOUR  
Maybe I don't want to meet someone who  
shares my interests. I hate my  
interests! Where can I go to meet the  
exact opposite of myself?

ENID  
Yeah yeah yeah...Just tell me your five  
main interests, in order of importance.

SEYMOUR(SIGHS)  
Well, let's see...I guess I'd have to  
put Traditional Jazz, Blues, and Ragtime  
music at the top of the list, then  
probably...

ENID  
Let's just say "music" - that way you  
only use up one...  
(spots The Sidewinder)  
Wait, we have to go in here for a  
second...

ENID  
 (interrupts suddenly)  
 Oh my god! We have to go in here!

They are in front of STAN'S, a porno shop.

SEYMOUR  
 Yeah, sure...very funny....

ENID  
 Please, Seymour...Becky and I have been  
 dying to go in here but we can't get any  
 boys to take us...Please?

SEYMOUR  
 I - I'd really rather not...

ENID  
 We'll just go in for one minute -- it'll  
 be a riot!

SEYMOUR  
 I don't think so...

ENID  
 PLEASE? We have to!

SEYMOUR  
 I really don't think it's a good idea.

ENID  
 Fine, I'll go by myself then...

45 - INT. ANTHONY'S II - DAY

45 \*

Enid & Seymour enter. There are a half dozen MEN browsing  
 through the videos and magazines.

ENID  
 (whispering)  
 Wow! Look at all these creeps!

SEYMOUR  
 Shh!

ENID  
 OH MY GOD!

Enid runs over and grabs a BLOW-UP SEX DOLL. Everyone in the  
 store looks at them. Seymour blushes and sweats.

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER

Why don't you come back in two weeks -  
we'll be having our annual Back-to-  
School sale.

46 - INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

46

Rebecca is at the counter serving a long line of YUPPIES. We can see a sign next to the counter that reads: "Answer today's trivia question and get a free small coffee".

YUPPIE #1

I'd like a medium latte for here.

REBECCA

Can I get you a biscotti to go with that?

YUPPIE #1

NO! Just the latte.

Enid is next wearing a RUBBER BONDAGE MASK with devil horns.

ENID(V.O.)

Give me all your money, bitch!

REBECCA

Where did you get that?

ENID

You won't believe it! Guess!

REBECCA

Where?

ENID

Anthony's II!

REBECCA

No way...when?

ENID

Just now...I went with Seymour.

REBECCA

You cunt!

FELDMAN is in line behind Enid. He's a poodle-haired, fedora-wearing eccentric in a motorized wheelchair-golfcart contraption.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

He's a total asshole... He doesn't even need that wheelchair, he's just totally lazy!

ENID

That rules!

REBECCA

No, it doesn't. You'll see...you get totally sick of all the creeps and losers and weirdos.

ENID

But those are our people...

REBECCA

Yeah, well...(pause). So when are you going to get your job?

ENID

I'm working on it...I've got a few leads...it's just that right now I have all these projects that take up all my time.

REBECCA

Like what?

ENID

Nothing. Don't worry...I promise I'll get a job next week.

REBECCA

(pause) God, I can't believe you went to Anthony's without me.

47 - INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - DAY

47

Enid and her dad are eating breakfast. A 13" TV sits on the kitchen counter behind them.

TV COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

(sincere)

Hope comes in all forms. To the endangered white stork searching for wetlands it comes in the form of a sanctuary provided by people who care. Do people care? Chevron does. That's why at Chevron we're just as concerned...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

ENID  
YES.

DAD  
Maxine.

ENID  
Not the Maxine?

DAD  
Yup.

ENID  
God, how horrifying.

48 - INT. COLLEGE COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

48

Enid and Rebecca sit in a semi-crowded college hang-out.

REBECCA  
...you don't have to make a million dollars -- just get any stupid job so we can at least start looking for an apartment.

ENID  
(thoughtful pause) I wonder if I hang around with you because you're like my surrogate mother figure or something. Like I have this subconscious biological need to be nagged and bitched at constantly.

REBECCA  
You hang out with me because nobody else can stand to be around you.

ENID  
Or maybe...did you ever think that deep down we really might be lesbos? Maybe that's why we spend so much time together.

REBECCA  
You're gross. (pause) See that guy?

ENID  
Which one?

REBECCA  
He gives me a total boner!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA  
You're just jealous.

ENID  
Yeah, right...Believe me, at this point  
I'm over the fact that every single guy  
likes you better than me!

REBECCA  
Face it, you hate every single boy on  
the face of the earth!

ENID  
That's not true, I just hate all these  
obnoxious, extroverted, pseudo-bohemian  
losers! (sad pause) Sometimes I think I  
act so weird because I'm crazy from  
sexual frustration.

REBECCA  
Haven't you heard about the miracle of  
masturbation?

ENID  
(sighs)...maybe we should be lesbos...

REBECCA  
Get away from me!

49 - INT. ENID'S FANTASY - EVENING

49

Starts on full moon in night sky, framed right --

DISSOLVE TO:

49A ... a dark moonlit room. Enid lies on her stomach in bed. 49A  
We MOVE IN CLOSER to her head as though entering her  
thoughts, which slowly fade in: WE MOVE TOWARD a vertical  
sliver of light--a cracked-open bathroom door.

49B WE MOVE into the bathroom and see Enid taking a shower. Josh49B  
enters, dressed in a black suit, holding a large bouquet of  
flowers. CUT. We start again, exactly as before, only without  
the flowers. He starts to take off his clothes. CUT. He  
enters again and gets right in the shower, fully clothed.  
They begin to kiss. After a passionate moment, the door  
opens. Rebecca stands there, stunned.

CUT BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

I guess I see the teacup as a symbol for womanhood, because of tea parties in the olden days, but instead of tea I was trying to kind of confront people with this...like...

ROBERTA

This shocking image of repressed femininity!

MARGARET

Right, exactly!

ROBERTA

I think it's really a wonderful piece, Margaret!

Enid gives Margaret another dirty look.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

This illustrates perfectly what I was saying about not being afraid to use controversial imagery, class...

51 - EXT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - DUSK

51

Seymour drives. Enid plays with the radio stopping on an obnoxious AM Disc Jockey.

DISC JOCKEY

KFTO comin' atchya on this beautiful evening.

SEYMOUR

God, that asshole's voice is so hateful! No wonder I never listen to the radio!

ENID

(shutting it off)  
Relax, Seymour, relax...

SEYMOUR

That thing is just so shrill and piercing and loud - it's like someone jabbing me in the face! (imitating insincere DJ voice) KFTO comin' atchya on this beautiful evening...

She changes the subject and holds up a 78 record.

ENID

So, why did you bring this along?

(CONTINUED)

Seymour waits at a stop sign for two OBLIVIOUS OVERWEIGHT WOMEN, each with TODDLERS and baby carriages, to cross..

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

What are we, in slow motion here?! What are ya, hypnotized? Have some more kids, why don't you?...For Christ's sake, would you move!?

ENID

Jesus, Seymour.

52 - EXT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT

52

A marquee reads, "TONITE: BLUESHAMMER also FRED CHATMAN"

53 -INT. BLUES CLUB -NIGHT

53

FRED CHATMAN, age 82, plays an acoustic blues number. He's good, but he's being politely ignored for the most part by the TWENTY--SOMETHING PATRONS. Most of them are more interested in a baseball game showing on a big-screen TV.

SEYMOUR

I can't believe these people! They could at least turn off their stupid sports game until he's done playing!

FRED finishes to POLITE APPLAUSE. An M.C.takes the mic.

M.C.

Let's hear it for Fred Chatman(a little MORE APPLAUSE) Hey don't go away because we've got Blueshammer coming up in just a minute!

A CUTE GIRL, mid-20's, stands near their table sipping her drink. Enid nods in her direction for Seymour's benefit as if to say, "check it out."

(CONTINUED)

She sees herself in a mirror behind the bar and takes off her hat reconfiguring her hair. She reaches into her purse and puts on a bulkier pair of glasses. This is interrupted by BLUESHAMMER taking the stage. Young, white, cocky, pretty-boys. \*

LANCE (LEAD SINGER)

All right people! Are you ready to  
BOOGIE? Cuz we gwine play you some  
authentic, way-down-in-the-delta blues  
to rock your world! One, Two, Three...

A din of loud noise. CUTE GIRL immediately leaps to her feet, boogeying to the music. Several horny ALPHA MALES press in on Seymour(who's still sitting), spilling his drink as they vie to dance with her. Seymour extricates himself from the table and walks toward the bar where Enid sits.

SEYMOUR

What did you tell that girl?

ENID

I told her you were a big record  
executive and you were thinking of  
signing that band to your label.

SEYMOUR

Jesus...

54 - INT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - NIGHT

54

SEYMOUR

Now I remember why I haven't gone  
anywhere in months. I'm not even in the  
same universe as those creatures back  
there. I might as well be from another  
planet.

ENID

We just need to figure out a place where  
you can meet somebody who isn't a total  
idiot, that's all.

SEYMOUR

Look, I really appreciate your help,  
Enid, but let's face it, this is  
hopeless.

ENID

It's not hopeless...

(CONTINUED)

ENID

(picks up an antique knick-  
knack)

Wow, this is so cool...

SEYMOUR

If you don't mind my asking -- why do  
you care so much if I get a date or not?

ENID

I dunno...because I can't stand the idea  
of a world where a guy like you can't  
get a date...

Enid finds a PAINTING leaning in a pile of stuff against the  
wall in the corner. It's an old-fashioned cartoony stereotype  
of a black man's head, with big lips and a huge toothy smile.

ENID (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Seymour?! What is this?

SEYMOUR

What?...Oh that...I borrowed that from  
work about fifteen years ago...I guess  
it's mine now.

ENID

What, are you a klansman or something?

SEYMOUR

Yeah, right, I'm a klansman - thanks a  
lot! ...Do you know the Cook's Chicken  
franchise?

ENID

(quoting TV commercial in deep  
voice)

"Four-piece Cook's special deep-fried  
with side n' slaw -- it's OUT-RAY-  
GEOUS"!

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well "Cook's" is just a made-up  
name. When they originally opened back  
in 1922 they were named "the Coon  
Chicken Inn" -- that's an early painting  
of their first logo.

He takes out a scrapbook.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

I'm obsessed with all this stuff - this  
lost culture of the 20th century.

(CONTINUED)

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

\*

ENID

Jesus, I'd go nuts if I had to work in  
an office all day.

\*

\*

SEYMOUR

Hey, I get good benefits, a good early  
retirement plan, nobody ever bothers  
me...

\*

\*

ENID

Yeah, but still...

SEYMOUR

I make enough money to eat and buy old  
records...what more do I want?

\*

Enid puts down the scrapbook, stares at the painting.

ENID

So, I don't really get it -- are you  
saying that things were better back then  
(points at painting) even though there  
was stuff like this?

SEYMOUR

No, in a lot of ways things are better  
now...I dunno...it's complicated.  
Everybody still hates each other, but  
they know how to hide it better, or  
something...

ENID

(suddenly)

Hey, can I borrow this?

SEYMOUR

What? Why?

ENID

I promise I'll take good care of it.

SEYMOUR

I dunno...they're very sensitive at work  
about all this stuff. Maybe it would be  
better if you --

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTA

And how do you think this addresses the subject of racism?

ENID

It's complicated...I guess I'm trying to show how racism used to be more out in the open and now it's hidden, or something...

ROBERTA

And how does an image like this help us to see that?

ENID

I'm not sure...I mean...(thinks) I guess because when we see something like this it seems really shocking and we have to figure out why it's so shocking?

A long pause as Roberta and the class stare at the painting.

ROBERTA

I don't really know what to say, Enid...(another over-long pause)...It's a remarkable achievement.

58 - INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - EVENING

58

Enid is lying on her back with her head on Rebecca's stomach. Both stare blankly at the ceiling.

REBECCA

Are you kidding? It's a dream job! I can't believe you got a job like that without even trying... God, I wish that was my job...

ENID

(trying to generate some enthusiasm)  
Yeah, maybe it'll be okay. At least I'll get to see every movie for free, I guess...I had to lie and tell them I already graduated...

REBECCA

When are you finally going to get your diploma?

ENID

I dunno, but next week is my last class...

(CONTINUED)

LOSER stares blankly, hesitates, then goes into theater.

MANAGER

(pulling her aside)

What are you doing? You don't ever criticize the feature!

ENID

Why? What difference does it make? You already got his money...

MANAGER

Look, that's the policy...if you want to make up your own rules you can open your own theater...

ENID

But I was only trying to be friendly...

MANAGER

Look, we don't pay you to be a movie critic --just do your job.

ENID

Okay, okay...I won't say a word...

59A ANOTHER ANGLE - an hour has gone by.

59A

CUSTOMER

Medium popcorn.

ENID

That's three dollars.

CUSTOMER

Let me have plenty of butter on that.

ENID

Ewww! ... (making a face)  
Here you go -- smothered in delicious yellow chemical sludge!

MANAGER

(pulling her aside)

What the hell is wrong with you?!

ENID

What? I'm just kidding around with the customers... It's my shtick!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

This is it? I can't believe you're selling some of this stuff.

ENID

Fuck it. Everything must go!

REBECCA

Oh my god, I remember this hat...this was during your little old lady phase...

A trendy young HIPSTER happens along and looks through the clothes, then to the table where he picks up a ridiculous-looking stuffed animal.

HIPSTER

How much is this?

ENID

That's not for sale.

HIPSTER

(noticing price tag)  
Wait, it says five dollars....

ENID

Oh, that's a mistake -- I decided not to sell it...

The HIPSTER looks around a little more and then leaves.

REBECCA

What was that all about? I thought everything must go!

ENID

Oh yeah right, like I'm gonna let some asshole with a goatee own Goofy Gus.

A couple is browsing. The GIRL, a severely skinny, CLUB-HOPPER TYPE in platform shoes looks at the clothes; the BOY, a long-haired SKATEBOARDER, goes through her records. \*

GIRL

How much is this dress?

REBECCA

Oh my god, you're selling that?

ENID

(long pause) That's five hundred dollars.

(CONTINUED)

62 - EXT. ENID'S GARAGE SALE -DAY

62

Twenty minutes later. Most of the stuff is gone. Enid packs up one last box to carry inside.

REBECCA

Do you want to do something tonight?

ENID

I can't, it's Seymour's birthday...  
(suddenly) Shit! What time is it? I have to go to the store! I was going to make him a cake...

REBECCA

(miffed) (sighs)  
Well, are we still going shopping tomorrow?

ENID

Yeah, I guess...call me...

She heads toward the stairs with the box. Rebecca watches her go.

REBECCA

Since when can you make a cake?

63 - INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - EVENING

63

Enid presents Seymour with a HOSTESS CUPCAKE with a single lit candle in the center. The lights are off.

ENID

You can open your eyes now.

SEYMOUR

Oh...uh, thanks a lot Enid...I really appreciate it...

ENID

No, Doofus...blow it out!

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

SEYMOUR

I'm starting to think that even if I did get a girlfriend it really wouldn't change anything.

ENID

I know. It's not like it makes all your problems go away.

SEYMOUR

Then again, that's easy for me to say, since I'll never even get a date. I'm sure you have hundreds of guys who are interested in you.

ENID

Actually, I've got a total crush on this one guy right now, but it's a really fucked-up situation...

SEYMOUR

Oh yeah?

ENID

Oh wait, you met him...remember that guy Josh? I'm like practically obsessed with him, but I can't do anything about it because Becky would freak out.

SEYMOUR

Why?

ENID

Never mind, it's way too complicated (pause)... Did you have problems like this when you were my age - where you're totally confused all the time?

SEYMOUR

I won't even dignify that with a response.

He gets up and looks through his shelves for a record.

ENID

(looking at his records)  
I wonder if you really like all these old records or if you only like the fact that nobody else likes them?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (4)

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

A long time ago...she called before once...it's just somebody trying to humiliate me.

ENID

Seymour! I promise you that wasn't a joke -- you have to call her back!

SEYMOUR

How can you be so sure?

ENID

Well, uh...I'm an expert about stuff like this -- she was totally for real!

64 - ENID'S APARTMENT - ABOUT 10PM.

64

Enid enters - a light is on in the kitchen.

DAD(O.S.)

Pumpkin? Could you come in here for a minute?

She walks slowly to the kitchen - a suspenseful moment. She sees, first, her Dad (wearing an apron) and then, a hauntingly familiar MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

DAD (CONT'D)

Pumpkin, do you remember Maxine?

MAXINE

Hi, Enid.

ENID

Hi.

(to Dad)

Look, I'm kind of tired - I think I'll go to bed.

DAD

I made spaghetti. Do you want some?

ENID

I-I really have to get up early for class tomorrow.

MAXINE

It's really quite something to see you all grown up like this, Enid.

(No response from Enid)

I'd love to hear about what you're doing. I can't help but feel that I had some small part in how you turned out...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTA

Well, I know this is really short notice, but I got a call from a very close friend at the Academy of Art & Design and she tells me that I'm allowed to place one student from your graduating class in a one-year scholarship program... ..and, well, I hope you don't mind, Enid, but I took the liberty of submitting your name.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She gives her a booklet and an application form.

ENID

hmm.

\*

ROBERTA

As far as I know it includes housing and meals and everything...it's really quite an offer...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ENID

...wow...

\*  
\*

ROBERTA

(pause)...so what do you think?

\*  
\*

ENID

I dunno...Would I have to take classes and stuff?

\*  
\*  
\*

ROBERTA

Well, yes...

\*

ENID

I...

ROBERTA

Let me know as soon as you can, Enid. This could be a great thing for you.

\*  
\*

66 - INT. INDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY

66

Enid & Rebecca are in a Crate & Barrel-type store looking at housewares.

ENID

I think one of us should fuck Josh...

REBECCA

Go ahead...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I thought we decided that Josh was way too cool to be interested in sex, and that he's the only decent person left in the world and we would never want to bring him down to our level and all that...

ENID

Yeah, but maybe one of us should at least try...

REBECCA

No matter what happened it would be a big disaster... Let's just try and keep everything the way it is.

Rebecca spots some particularly fetching dishware.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Look, we have to get these...

ENID

I can't afford stuff like this right now.

REBECCA

I'm sick of waiting - we need to start getting stuff if we're ever going to move.

(pause, sees towels)

Aren't these the greatest towels?

ENID

Why do you care about this kind of stuff?

REBECCA

Don't you want nice stuff?

ENID

I can't imagine spending money on towels.

REBECCA

You don't have to. I'll pay for all the stuff right now and you can pay me back when you finally get a job.

ENID

You're insane.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Was it Bosnia? I forget...(pause). It's so sad, the tragedy of an entire country eloquently captured in the face of one little boy. (Pause)

A Soul/Funk song starts up on the radio that catches her attention. She goes over and turns it up.

DANA (CONT'D)

Oh, I just love this song! Isn't it great? Doesn't it make you want to dance? C'mon!

SEYMOUR

Uh, well, that's okay - I don't dance, heh, heh...

DANA

Don't be silly, anyone can dance. Here, just follow me...watch my feet.

SEYMOUR

No, really I --

She drags him around. He's still holding his ice cream.

DANA

C'mon Seymour, it's all in your mind. Just loosen up and feel the music! Here, put down your bowl of ice cream.

She takes his ice cream and puts it on a table.

SEYMOUR

(checking his watch)

Hey, it's nearly nine already - we're gonna have to leave now if we're going to make that movie.

DANA

Oh, all right... Party-pooper! Just let me put a few things away.

She shuts off the stereo as he sits and eats his ice cream.

DANA (CONT'D)

I'm so excited to see this film - Dustoffvarnya is such a brilliant director! Did you see his last film, The Flower That Drank The Moon? It was simply glorious!

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up. Enid is stunned...Now what? She calls Rebecca.

70 - INT. OOMIE'S LIVING ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

70

Rebecca is sitting on the couch in her pajamas when the phone RINGS. She picks it up.

REBECCA

Hello?

ENID

Do you still want to do something tonight?

REBECCA

What happened to Seymour?

ENID

(still shocked by this)  
I can't believe it - he actually scored!

REBECCA

How repulsive!

ENID

So should I come over?

REBECCA

Actually, I'm just about to go out with some friends...

ENID

What are you talking about? Who?

REBECCA

Just some people from work...

ENID

I don't believe you.

REBECCA

Yeah well, you said you were busy...look, I'd better get going...  
I'll call you tomorrow.

Rebecca hangs up. Clearly, she's not going anywhere.

71 - EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

71

Enid stands outside Josh's door. A tentative pause; then she knocks. Josh opens the door, stunned. Enid is wearing an uncharacteristically "sexy" outfit.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Nothing.

ENID

Then why do you hate me so much?

JOSH

When did I say I hated you?

ENID

You've never once said anything  
even remotely nice to me.

JOSH

You make me nervous! I always feel like  
you're going out of your way to make me  
feel uncomfortable so you can laugh at  
me!

ENID

That's just the way I am!

JOSH

Yeah, well--

ENID

It's just my stupid way of getting  
attention! God, I practically love you,  
Josh!

Stunned pause, then she bravely leans forward and kisses him.  
He kisses back but she is clearly the aggressor...they get  
more and more into it.

ENID (CONT'D)

Do you have any protection?

73 - INT. JOSH'S APT. - 1 AM.

73

Later, post-coital on the now unfolded futon...Enid lies on  
her back, Josh is face-down on top of her with his head to  
the side. Enid has a blank, disillusioned stare.

JOSH

(now he's romantic and sappy)  
You must have known all along how I --  
you know-- how I felt about you -- it  
must be totally obvious...God... I  
always used to dream about this...

\*

(CONTINUED)

75 --INT. REBECCA'S ROOM -DAY

75

Rebecca is dressed in her best apartment-hunting outfit. She sits on her bed, dialing the phone with the FREE WEEKLY open on her lap. She circles something with her pen while the phone rings.

REBECCA  
Goddammit, bitch -- where are you?

76 --INT. ENID'S BEDROOM -DAY

76

Enid lies perfectly still on her bed, staring at the ceiling while the phone rings.

76A - EXT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME

76A

Establish the reaturant.

77 - INT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME

77

Seymour sits alone eating lunch. We see Enid approach stealthily from behind.

ENID  
Boo!

SEYMOUR  
(very startled)  
YAAA!

She sits across from him.

ENID  
Where have you been? I've been looking  
all over for you. . . I've been  
wandering the streets day and night  
trying to find you. . .

SEYMOUR  
Really?

ENID  
No, actually Joe told me you were here.  
. .so how come you never call me  
anymore?

(CONTINUED)

ENID

I dunno . . . okay, I guess . . . (a  
pause). I fucked that gay Josh finally  
. . .

SEYMOUR

. . . so . . . is he your boyfriend now?

ENID

Maybe . . . I dunno . . . He wants to  
be, of course. I'm weighing several  
offers at the present time . . .

Suddenly, Dana enters.

DANA

Seymour? . . . uh . . . hello . . . I  
guess I'm a little early . . .

SEYMOUR

Dana! Hi! (Pause as the gears whirl)  
Uh, Dana . . . this is Enid . .

DANA

Hello . . .

ENID

It's great to finally meet you!

Dana sits next to Seymour, facing Enid.

DANA

(looking back and forth between  
Enid and Seymour)  
How do you two know each other?

ENID

I'm surprised he hasn't mentioned me --  
we're old friends.

DANA

Really?

ENID

Yes, we're very close . . . In fact, I  
was standing right next to Seymour the  
first time you called. If not for me,  
he would have never called you back!

DANA

Is that right?

Seymour begins to stammer some kind of response.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTA  
I will do no such thing.

DIRECTOR  
Then you leave me no other choice  
than to remove it myself!

She marches towards it. Roberta runs after her.

ROBERTA  
I think we should give the artist a  
chance to talk to the parents about her  
intentions with this piece...We should  
be promoting discussion as a solution,  
not censorship.

Roberta sees Margaret and grabs her.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
Margaret, have you seen Enid?

Margaret shrugs "no." ROBERTA looks through the crowd. A  
college-age news-hack-type with a FREE WEEKLY T-SHIRT snaps a  
photo of the DIRECTOR removing Enid's painting.

81 EXT. SEYMOUR'S APT. BLDG. - EVENING

81

Enid, dressed as though for a glamorous date, stands  
knocking on Seymour's door.

SEYMOUR  
Oh...uh, hi...What's up?

82 - INT. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

82

Enid worms her way past his unwelcoming stance. Seymour is  
wearing designer stone-washed denim jeans that look  
ridiculous on him. Joe can be seen in the kitchen.

ENID  
I'm going to this stupid art show and I  
want you to be my date...There's  
something I have to show you...

\*  
\*  
\*

SEYMOUR  
I...I don't know. I don't really think I  
should...

ENID  
Of course you should. C'mon, I'm  
already a million hours late.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

ENID

(pause) Well forget the art show...let's do something else.

SEYMOUR

I...I wish I could, Enid, but I really can't right now...I-it's just that I--

ENID

Well when can we do something?

SEYMOUR

It's just that, well, you know, Dana just got out of a really bad relationship and I don't want to give her the wrong idea...you know...

JOE

(walking by with his sandwich)  
Don't mind me, I'll just be in my room.

ENID

Where did you get those pants?

SEYMOUR

Oh, uh...they were a present from Dana.

ENID

And you like them?

SEYMOUR

Well, you know...what do I know about clothes... I've never been the most fashionable guy -- it's nice to have someone do all the work for me...

ENID

(pause) So that's it? You don't ever want to see me again?

SEYMOUR

No, of course I do...It's just that right now I need to --

ENID

What's her problem anyway? Did she actually tell you you couldn't see me?

SEYMOUR

No, no...not exactly...she just doesn't understand how I would know somebody like you...

(CONTINUED)

ENID

Well forget the art show - let's do something else then.

SEYMOUR

I...I wish I could, Enid. It's just that, well, Dana... she doesn't really understand our friendship... She just got out of a really bad relationship, and since things are going well with us I don't want to give her the wrong idea...you know.

\*  
\*

JOE

(walking by with his sandwich)  
Don't mind me, I'll just be in my room.

ENID

Where did you get those pants?

SEYMOUR

Oh, uh...they were a present from Dana.

ENID

And you like them?

SEYMOUR

Well, you know...what do I know about clothes... I've never been the most fashionable guy -- it's nice to have someone do all the work for me...

ENID

(pause) So that's it? You don't ever want to see me again?

SEYMOUR

No, of course I do...It's just that right now I need to --

ENID

What's her problem anyway? Did she actually tell you you couldn't see me?

SEYMOUR

No, no...not exactly...she just doesn't understand how I would know somebody like you...

ENID

What does she mean by that - "somebody like me"?

(CONTINUED)

84 - EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

84

Enid & Rebecca walk down the street. Both wear landlord-friendly J. Crew outfits.

ENID

Where are we? This is a weird neighborhood...

REBECCA

It's a totally normal, average neighborhood!

ENID

I just mean it's weird to me...I've never been anywhere near here in my life

REBECCA

Josh says this is a really good neighborhood...

ENID

What? When did you see Josh?!

REBECCA

He came into work.

ENID

Why? What did he say?

REBECCA

Nothing.

ENID

When was this?

REBECCA

I don't know! God, don't act so jealous -- I only talked to him for two minutes.

They walk along in conspicuous silence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Twenty-seven fifty-three...do you see it? (looks around) That must be it...

ENID

(without enthusiasm)  
Great...

REBECCA

What?! It looks totally normal...what's wrong with it?

(CONTINUED)

ENID  
 (her back to him, doesn't move)  
 Nothing.

Dad sits next to her on the bed and puts his hand on her shoulder.

DAD  
 If there's something wrong I wish you'd  
 tell me about it...

Enid pulls away from him and sits up on the opposite side of the bed, facing away from him

ENID  
 It's nothing -- it's just some hormonal  
 thing...don't worry about it...

DAD  
 I've got some important news to tell  
 you, but it can wait till later if  
 you're not feeling...

ENID  
 What?

DAD  
 (speaking slowly and  
 methodically)  
 Well...as you know, Maxine and I have  
 been seeing a lot of each other, and we  
 decided it might be a good idea for all  
 of us if she came back here to live at  
 the end of the Summer, just so we can  
 all get to know each other and to make  
 sure this is what we want.

Enid maintains a poker face for several long seconds before she bursts into tears, utterly defeated.

86 - INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY.

86

Enid, determined, walks down the empty halls. She goes into a room marked "Art Class".

86A -INT. ART CLASS - CONTINUOUS

86A

Roberta is in there with a bearded EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE.  
 They're covering a STUDENT in plaster.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED: (2)

ROBERTA

I'm sorry, Enid - you have to be an official high school graduate before I can nominate you. I had to give it to someone else...But I'm sure next year I can --

The PLASTER-COVERED STUDENT makes an uncomfortable moaning noise.

EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE

(flustered, to Roberta)

Hey, can you help me out over here?

87 - EXT. QUALITY CAFE - EVENING(SAME DAY) 87

Enid walks the streets - it's dark out now. She goes by the Cafe - it's CLOSED FOR REMODELING.

88 - EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/ BUS STOP - LATER 88

She continues walking until she's across the street from Norman's bus stop. She sees him there, as always. Suddenly, a BUS, well-lit from the inside and completely empty, pulls up to the stop and Norman gets on.

89 - INT. SEYMOUR'S LIVNG ROOM - NIGHT (ABOUT 11PM.) 89

A knock on the door - Seymour shuffles out in T-shirt, pants, and goofy slippers. He looks through the peephole and sees Enid. He opens the door.

SEYMOUR

What are you doing here?

ENID

I had to see you.

SEYMOUR

What's up?

ENID

Can you at least let me in?

SEYMOUR

Uh...sure...come in.

ENID

(crying)

Look, I just need somebody to be nice to me for five minutes and then I'll leave you alone.

(CONTINUED)

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

She said it didn't go with her stuff, so she gave it to me...she thought it fit in better with my "old time thingamajigs."

ENID

Jesus, how can you stand her?

Seymour takes another slug off the bottle.

SEYMOUR

God, she's going to kill me...this bottle is half-empty!

ENID

That's great! "Half-empty" - that's what I like about you, Seymour, you're a natural pessimist!

SEYMOUR

If you expect the worst, you're never disappointed.

ENID

What are you talking about? You're disappointed every minute of your life.

SEYMOUR

I'm just being realistic.

ENID

At least you're not like every other stupid guy in the world - all they care about are guitars and sports...they're all such fags!

SEYMOUR

I hate sports.

ENID

How come in all that time I was trying to get you a date, you never asked me out?

SEYMOUR

You're a beautiful young girl...I can't imagine you would ever have had any interest in me, except as an amusingly cranky eccentric curiosity.

ENID

Yeah, but still...it's kind of insulting for a girl to be ignored like that.

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED:

SEYMOUR

I guess I probably used to when I was your age.

ENID

It would have to be some totally average day when nobody was expecting it, and I'd just disappear and they'd never see me again.

SEYMOUR

Sounds like a healthy way to deal with your problems.

ENID

You know what we should do? Let's go get in your car right now and just take off! We could just drive away and find some new place and start a whole new life...fuck everybody!

SEYMOUR

I don't think I'm in any condition to drive.

ENID

I'll drive, then -- we'll go out in a blaze of glory!

SEYMOUR

So where would we go?

ENID

Who cares? Let's just go...what's stopping us?

SEYMOUR

I dunno, I...

ENID

I'm serious! I'm just so sick of everybody! Why can't I just do whatever I want?

SEYMOUR

What do you want?

ENID

What do you want?

SEYMOUR

I-I -I ....

(CONTINUED)

ENID

Shhh....I really need to get some sleep.

Enid turns her back to him. We see from REVERSE ANGLE that she's only pretending to be asleep. She looks troubled, as though she's just made a big mistake. Seymour puts his arm around her. It's the only time we've seen him look relaxed and happy.

SEYMOUR

Good night...

He kisses her arm and goes to sleep.

91 - INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 91

Seymour wakes up. Enid is gone.

92 - INT. DANA'S OFFICE - EXPANSION REALTY - DAY 92 \*

Dana is on the phone. A lantern-jawed male COLLEAGUE listens in, his head pressed up against hers.

DANA

(into phone)

It's a thirty-year fixed at five-and-a-half...

Seymour nervously enters her "workspace". Dana is pleasantly surprised - she stops her conversation.

DANA (CONT'D)

(covering receiver)

Seymour! Hello! What are you doing here?

SEYMOUR

Oh -- please - don't let me interrupt - finish your phone call.

DANA

We're almost done.

(she continues into phone)

Hi. Yeah...no, it's excluded. They've already paid the earnest money... well, let them bring it up if they notice it at the final walk-through. Right, great, sounds good!

She hangs up and high-fives her colleague. They bear-hug.

COLLEAGUE

Great job! I'm proud of ya!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANA

You disgusting pig! You're just an  
overgrown baby who can't deal with a  
woman your own age. You pathetic  
weakling! You make me sick!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

93 - INT. ENID'S ROOM - THE SAME DAY

93

Enid is now utterly defeated. The phone rings. She lets the  
machine pick it up. Maxine enters.

MAXINE

May I ask what you're doing?

ENID

Shhh!

MAXINE

I want to know what you think you're  
doing, staying out all night and  
worrying your father to death!

ENID

Oh yeah, like he even noticed.

MAXINE

Listen, young lady...I know you don't  
like me -- I don't really care whether  
you do or not--but I will not allow you  
to treat your father the way you do.

We hear Seymour on the machine in the background...

SEYMOUR(V.O.)

...I really want to talk to you. I've  
been thinking about what you said about  
moving in here...

ENID

I can treat him any way I want to - I'm  
an adult! Leave me alone!

Maxine leaves. Seymour finishes his message. Enid picks up  
the phone and dials.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Hello?

ENID

I need to talk to you.

DAD

Yeah, I heard about that.

ENID

I was in a horrible mood - tell her not to worry, I'll be completely out of her life in a few days.

DAD

She understands what you're going through and she really wants to help you. She says that job at Computer Station is still available if you want it.

ENID

I-I'm not sure...yeah, maybe.

DAD

Actually, I was just checking to see if you were here - your friend Seymour is on his way up.

ENID

What do you mean "on his way up"!?

DAD

I just buzzed him in.

Just then, three sharp KNOCKS on the front door.

ENID

What's wrong with you?! Tell him I'm not here!

DAD

But I can't --

ENID

JUST DO IT!

Dad goes to answer the door. Enid hides in her room.

DAD (V.O.)

I'm not sure when she'll be back...

Enid looks out the window and sees

95A Seymour walking away.

95A

95B She has a terribly sad look on her face.

95B

96 CONTINUED:

96

Joe leaves. Seymour is left listening to the record.

97 - INT. COOK'S CHICKEN HEADQUARTERS.- DAY.

97

Seymour is at work, walking down a carpeted hallway with many doors on both sides. A door opens and a Tony Robbins-ish, 35-year-old MANAGEMENT EXECUTIVE sticks his head out.

EXECUTIVE

Seymour! Just the man I want to see.  
Step in here for a minute.

Seymour enters.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

He plunks down the current issue of THE FREE WEEKLY - it's, open to a 1/2 page article on page 8 with the headline "Oh Brother!" and a photo of THE PAINTING being removed.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about this,  
Seymour?

98 - INT. - ENID &amp; REBECCA'S NEW APT.

98

Enid is wearing a bright orange "Computer Station" T-shirt and a yellow vest with a "trainee" tag. She's looking around at her new home: a hopelessly drab, characterless apartment.

REBECCA

So, whaddya think?

ENID

It's fine.

REBECCA

So where's all your stuff?

Enid points to a small box with sketchbook, etc.

ENID

There.

REBECCA

That's all you're bringing?

ENID

I'm gonna finish packing tonight...I'll bring it over tomorrow sometime.

(CONTINUED)

SEYMOUR

No...they said she was here...

REBECCA

What the fuck is she doing?! She was supposed to be here three hours ago!

SEYMOUR

Uh, do you mind if I wait? I really need to talk to her.

REBECCA

(allows him to step inside but leaves the door open)

Are you sure she wasn't there? Maybe she was just hiding from you.

SEYMOUR

Why would she be hiding from me?

REBECCA

I don't know...where is she, then?

SEYMOUR

Maybe she's with Josh?

REBECCA

Josh!? Why would she be with Josh?

SEYMOUR

I don't know.

REBECCA

Why? What did she tell you?

SEYMOUR

She just mentioned him a few times and said that they had been dating - I thought maybe she was...

REBECCA

What? Is she having some secret affair with Josh?

SEYMOUR

I have no idea - I just want to...

REBECCA

Why wouldn't she tell me? There's no way! She could never keep that to herself...you're crazy.

101 - EXT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON 101

Seymour's car screeches into the parking lot. He bursts into the store, ready for once in his life to make a scene.

102 - INT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON 102

Josh is behind the counter cleaning the Slurpee machine, with his back to the entrance, as Seymour storms in. Doug is over by the magazine rack reading a dirt bike magazine.

SEYMOUR

I hope you had a good laugh at my expense.

Josh turns around - what's going on? He recognizes Seymour.

JOSH

Huh...oh...hi...uh...

SEYMOUR

You want to see something funny? I'll show you something funny!

As he says this he flips over a SMALL DISPLAY RACK of potato chips. Then he tries to flip over a BIG DISPLAY CASE in front of the counter but is unable to budge it - he keeps trying and gets more and more frustrated.

JOSH

HEY!

Josh runs from behind the counter to stop him before he creates a huge mess. He tries to grab Seymour and they get into a ridiculous frantic scuffle. Seymour starts yelling. Suddenly Doug appears and gets Seymour in a choke hold with his nunchucks. Doug ad-libs cop-style jargon. Josh is freaked out. Seymour realizes what a fool he is and starts to cry. The Boss comes out of the back room...

BOSS

Josh! What going on here?!

103 - INT. ENID & REBECCA'S APARTMENT - AROUND MIDNIGHT 103

The apartment is dark - lit only by a harsh, annoying streetlight. Rebecca sits on the couch in sweat clothes, exasperated. She goes to look out the window. Cars with loud radios can be heard driving by. She goes to the phone - she checks it and hangs up. Pause. She picks it up again - one last try. She dials the number and waits. We hear the BEEP of the answering machine. Rebecca hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST

(as she opens the door)

Don't thank me. You're doing all the work.

A pause. They stand facing each other.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Seymour?

SEYMOUR

Yes?

THERAPIST

Do you have a check for me?

Seymour takes a filled-out check from his shirt pocket. In the waiting room, we see SEYMOUR'S MOTHER.

MOTHER

Seymour? Are you done? Did you have a chance to think about what you might want for dinner while you were in there?

SEYMOUR

We can talk about it in the car, Ma...

As they leave Seymour looks back and smiles weakly at the doctor.

The Cafe has been FULLY REMODELED and now resembles Wovsville more than the old Quality Cafe. There are no neighborhood "characters" anymore, only well-heeled twenty-somethings. We see that Rebecca is now a waitress here. She tears off a check and places it in front of a super-muscular, polo-shirted EUROPEAN HIPSTER, who is too busy tapping away at his POWERBOOK to notice. She walks toward the end of the counter to total up her receipts. She looks up and sees Enid, wearing tasteful 1930's-style clothes, sitting across from her.

ENID

Hi.

REBECCA

Oh, hi...I almost didn't recognize you -- I think I need to get glasses; you're all blurry!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to Josh)

Did you remember to pay the phone bill?

JOSH

Yeah.

REBECCA

(to Enid)

Call me sometime.

ENID

Definitely. We still have to go to that shoe store sometime.

Rebecca & Josh leave. Enid is totally alone in the now-alien world of the Quality Cafe. A momentary pause as she calmly stares into her orange juice. We see a small, round TRAVEL BAG at her feet.

107 - EXT. CITY STREETS/ ACME SHOES. - EVENING

107

\*

We see Enid walking down the familiar streets of her world. It's early evening, quiet except for distant street noises. She walks toward the old ACME SHOES AND REPAIR STORE. It looks the same, miraculously preserved, until she stands right in front of it. She looks through the partially papered-over window and sees WORKMEN inside installing new fixtures: a modern counter and several small tables, all made from a FAMILIAR GREEN PLASTIC. A sign in the window reads: "Coming Soon: Another COFFEE EXPERIENCE."

\*

108 EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

108

She continues walking as the sun has set and there is a calm stillness to the city. She turns a corner and is startled by her reflection in a large window made of one-way glass. She stops and looks at herself. Everything about her looks perfect for once; no need to change a thing. She moves closer to the glass and, shading her eyes, tries to look inside. She continues walking. Darkness is just setting in and she has the street all to herself.

109 - EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA / BUS STOP - NIGHT

109

We see Enid at NORMAN'S BUS STOP, sitting on the bench. She looks at the apartment building across the street. A woman who has just arrived home from work turns on the TV, bathing her living room with that EERIE BLUE LIGHT. The same thing happens in another window down the street...then another... Enid looks down the street. In the distance A BUS rounds the corner and heads toward her.

(CONTINUED)