

Memories of Me
~~GOODNIGHT MOON~~
"UNTITLED"

Screenplay by
Eric Roth and Billy Crystal

FINAL DRAFT
SEPTEMBER 9, 1987

"UNTITLED"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK - LATE NIGHT 1

We're LOOKING out over the night lights, the skyline of Manhattan, and we HEAR the SOUND of a quick jazz TRUMPET. As the TRUMPET PLAYS:

2 EXT. A MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT 2

The quiet entrance of a New York General Hospital. The hour of the night when even a hospital is still.

3 INT. THE MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT 3

An ORDERLY, finished mopping, puts his mop away in a closet. A NURSE sits alone at a monitoring station. Patients are asleep in dark rooms.

4 INT. THE HOSPITAL - A BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT 4

The trumpet's louder. A NURSE rushes along the basement corridor. She pushes open a door marked, "Morgue."

5 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATE NIGHT 5

The trumpet echoes. And we SEE our trumpet player, ABBIE POLIN, sitting on an autopsy table under an overhead light.

NURSE

They're bringing Mrs. Petrakis
into surgery, Dr. Polin.

He plays "Charge." Hopping off the table, he turns to the numbered vaults.

ABBIE

Thank you. Thank you very much.
You're a great crowd. By the
way, where were you from?

6 INT. THE MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT 6

An older woman, MRS. PETRAKIS, half-asleep on valium, wearing surgical gowns, laying on a hospital gurney, looks up, trusting.

MRS. PETRAKIS
Am I going to die doctor?

And we SEE Abbie, in surgical gowns, standing over her.

ABBIE
Die? Where did you get that
idea?

ORDERLIES take the gurney, pushing it along the corridor toward the operating room. Abbie, walking alongside the gurney, holding the Old Woman's hand, comforting her:

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Nobody's dying, Mrs. Petrakis.
This is the late show. I do my
best work. I'm going to clean
all the baklava out of your
arteries...

They push through the doors into the OPERATING ROOM.

7 INT. MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATE NIGHT 7

There's classical MUSIC PLAYING, lilting. A SURGICAL TEAM. The Old Woman's moved from the gurney to an operating table.

ABBIE
(helping, a smile)
If you're not comfortable, ring
the stewardess.

The Surgical Team readies. Abbie, getting surgical gloves on:

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(singing to patient)
"Love is a many splendored
thing... It's the April mist...
Anesthetic please, in the early
spring..."

The ANESTHETIST starts to administer the anesthesia.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Mrs. Petrakis, I want you to
click your heels three times, and
when you wake up, you'll be back
in your room in Kansas.

MRS. PETRAKIS
(her last words before
falling asleep, a thick
accent)
Kansas!????

8 INT. MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER 8

An OPERA'S PLAYING. Abbie expertly performs surgery on
the Old Woman's heart. Suddenly:

ABBIE
...She's hemorrhaging -- clamp!

A clamp's pressed into his hand.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
...Suture...

A Nurse hesitates.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Stop daydreaming... suture
goddamnit!

Suture's pressed into his hand. He bends, sewing, trying
to stop the bleeding.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
I can't stop the bleeding...
(frustrated)
I'm supposed to be good at this
-- My grandfather was a tailor.
More suture...
(working quickly)
-- Hold, damnit... hold...

NURSE
Suture's not holding --

ABBIE
I can see that! Clamp! More
suture...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(sewing)
Please take for Christsake...
Hold, you bastard... Watch her
vitals... More suture...

Struggling, he feverishly sews, trying to stop the bleeding. He slightly stiffens. He looks surprised. He's motionless, quiet.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
...I'm getting an irregular heart
rate here -- a fibrillation...

NURSE
(watching monitor)
Heart rate and rhythm are normal,
Doctor.

ABBIE
(as he works)
...Constriction in the chest
cavity... More suture, Nurse --
Breathing's labored...

NURSE
Respiration normal, Doctor.

ABBIE
(working)
God this hurts...

NURSE
(confused)
What hurts -- who...?

ABBIE
A burning sensation -- Clamp,
please... I've just about
stopped this bleeding...

A Nurse hands him a clamp. Abbie drops it.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Loss of feeling in the left arm.

NURSE
What?

ABBIE
Another clamp please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He grasps the clamp. He bends to administer it.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(exhaling)
Bleeding is controlled... Get Dr.
Warner to complete this
procedure...

NURSE
Why -- ?

ABBIE
Just get him...!

He straightens. He slightly stumbles.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
...Please forgive me...

NURSE
Dr. Polin?

ABBIE
I'm having a heart attack here...

He sits on the floor.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
...Bring a gurney... have them
get a bed ready for me in ICU.

A Nurse runs out of the operating room. The room's
chaotic.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(concerned for patient)
Don't fall apart, we're in the
middle of a procedure...
(still in control,
laying down on the
floor)
Prepare me an intravenous line.

A pillow is thrust under his head.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Watch her vitals -- she's lost
an awful lot of blood...
(a moan)
Oh, this hurts...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

He measures his own pulse.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Pulse 130 and irregular...

A Nurse kneels, struggling to insert an intravenous line into his arm. Abbie steadies her hand, helping her insert it in his vein.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
I'm going to need oxygen at six
liters... 60 cc's of adrenalin...

He's put on oxygen, his troubled breathing accentuated by the mask. He's given a shot of adrenalin. A gurney's wheeled in. Abbie's lifted onto the bed. People are running in different directions.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Would you all calm down. Be
professional.

As Abbie's quickly wheeled out of the operating room:

9 INT. MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT

9

A dark room. Abbie, breathing through an oxygen mask, is propped in bed, tubes in his arms, machines monitoring his heart. An attractive woman, in her thirties, still wearing her coat, sits in a chair by his bed. DR. LISA O'TOOLE. Sedated, Abbie's eyes are heavy. Fighting sleep, he tries to stay awake:

LISA
(softly)
Don't fight it, Abbie...

ABBIE
(a murmur)
I'm afraid to go to sleep.

LISA
(affectionately)
I'll get a hammer.

He stares at the room's door. The door's ajar, a sliver of light from the hallway. There are SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS in corridor.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

As Abbie drifts, his eyes weighted, losing the battle, falling asleep: there's a silhouette of a MAN in a doorway.

ABE (V.O.)
(impatient)
Why are you afraid to go to sleep?

10

INT. A CHILD'S ROOM - NIGHT

10

A memory. A baseball glove with a ball in the pocket held shut with rubber bands. A toy dump-truck. A ukulele missing a string. A child's finger painting. A carousel lamp on a nightstand. The Man's shadow crosses the lampshade. And Abbie, as a small boy, sits up in bed.

ABBIE
What if I don't ever wake up?

ABE (V.O.)
(lightly)
Then I have more for breakfast.

The Man's hands pull the blankets up around the boy.

ABBIE
Read to me daddy. The one about the tugboat.

ABE (V.O.)
I don't like that one. I'll read you "The Moon Book."

ABBIE
But I want --

ABE (V.O.)
Hey, when you can read, you can read the tugboat book. Right now, I'm the only one here who can read.

There's the SOUND of Abe settling into a chair.

ABE (V.O.) (Cont'd)
Goodnight moon. Goodnight chair.
Goodnight room. Goodnight wind.
Goodnight old lady whispering hush.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABE (Cont'd)
 Goodnight belly-buttons that go
 in and belly-buttons that go out.
 Goodnight to all the tushies in
 the world -- little skinny ones
 and big fat ones, like the
 waitress at the bowling alley.

ABBIE
 (giggling)
 That's not the way it goes --

Abe tosses the book aside.

ABE (V.O.)
 I can't read this.
 (secretively)
 Listen, you want to hear some
 good stuff -- something you can
 sink your teeth into...
 (a beat)
 "...I didn't go to the moon, I
 went much further -- for time is
 the longest distance between two
 places --" "The Glass Menagerie."

ABBIE
 (groaning)
 Oh, no, not again...

ABE (V.O.)
 "-- Not long after that I was
 fired for writing a poem on the
 lid of a shoe box. I left St.
 Louis..."

And as the Man's shadow moves across the wall's, acting
 out "The Glass Menagerie," Abbie, bored to death, falls
 asleep.

The sunlight's cold. Abbie, bundled in an overcoat, a
 soft travel bag on his lap, preoccupied, sits in a
 wheelchair under the portico of the hospital entrance,
 staring out at the street. And Lisa, speaking Spanish
 with a Puerto Rican WOMAN who is holding a small child
 that has braces on her legs, comes out the doors.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

...It's very important she doesn't miss her physical therapy sessions... es muy importante Senora Rodrigues. Ella necesita dos veces en una semana. Comprende?

The Woman nods. Lisa touches her cheek, comforting. Turning, she crosses to Abbie.

LISA (Cont'd)

...I signed you out -- How are you doing?

He's silent, motionless. She bends, touching him.

LISA (Cont'd)

(concerned)

Abbie?

He suddenly clasps the arm rests, pulling himself up on unsteady legs.

ABBIE

(saved)

I can hear! I can hear!

LISA

Very funny.

Getting up, he starts for the sidewalk.

LISA

Where you going?

ABBIE

It's five lousy blocks. I could use the exercise.

LISA

(pushing wheelchair)

Sit your little ass down. What you need to do, is start learning how to relax. You'll have plenty of time for walking.

ABBIE

(a shrug)

You're the doctor.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

He sits into the wheelchair. As she wheels him along the hospital walk to the sidewalk:

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(incredulous)
I can't believe that the one
person I started to dream about
is my father...

LISA
What's so strange about that?

He jumps back up.

ABBIE
Forget it. I can't do this. I'm
not going home in this chair.
What is this, "Sunrise at
Campobello?" I feel like a kid
in a shopping cart.

He takes her arm.

LISA
Abbie. Come on...

ABBIE
Help me out here. I'll lean on
you.

He leans on her and they walk off together.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
Okay, are you comfortable? I
know I am.

As we WATCH them go down the street:

12 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - AVENUE - DAY

12

They walk along a busy Avenue. After some moments:

ABBIE
I was not ready for this...

LISA
Who is?

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

ABBIE

I'm a heart surgeon for christ's sake, I should have seen it coming. Even the Indians told Custer, "Please don't come over here today, we're a little cranky."

LISA

Look, you had plenty of warning. You work like a maniac. You don't sleep. You've been so busy being "the doctor," the patient almost died. You were lucky it wasn't more serious this time.

ABBIE

(his smile)

Why can't you be straight with me?

She doesn't smile.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

And what are you so pissed off about?

LISA

(after a beat)

I don't want to lose you.

13

INT. ABBIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

13

A converted loft. Spacious, it's cold, functional. A Calder sculpture. Hardwood floors. Abbie, his coat still on, stands over a table going through a stack of mail. Lisa opens some blinds.

LISA

I can stay.

ABBIE

Don't be silly. You have patients to see. I'm okay, really.

LISA

You sure? It isn't a problem. I could make you some dinner -- salt free.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

ABBIE
 (definite)
 I'm fine, Lisa. I can take care
 of myself.

She looks at him.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
 Don't you think I'd say something
 if I didn't want to be alone?

LISA
 (after a beat)
 No. You know you.

She kisses him.

LISA (Cont'd)
 Call me.

He nods. She turns to leave. As she starts out the
 door:

ABBIE
 Maybe we could play scrabble.
 A short game. Just abbreviations.

She turns.

LISA
 (a smile)
 I love it when you beg.

As she tenderly pushes some hair off his forehead:

There's a LITTLE BOY, IN BLACK AND WHITE, running across
 a small front yard.

14

INT. ABBIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

14

It's dark. There's the unmistakable WHIRRING SOUND of
 a movie projector. Abbie, in a t-shirt and sweat pants,
 sitting on a couch in the dark, watches a home movie that
 flickers on a far wall. The images are askew, slopping
 over onto a lampshade, the corner of a table. We catch
 a glimpse of the little boy, in black and white, on a
 swing. There's a slight movement behind Abbie. He turns.
 Lisa, a blanket wrapped around her, has come out of an
 upstairs bedroom, standing on the stairs. Half-asleep,
 she sits on a step, hugging her knees.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Did you sleep at all?

ABBIE

No. It's hard for me to sleep when I'm not allowed to have an orgasm.

LISA

Hey, you wanted to walk the five blocks.

ABBIE

I didn't know I had a choice.

LISA

Why are you watching movies at this hour?

ABBIE

...I don't know... It's like Vince Lombardi said -- the best way to know your enemy is to study the films...

LISA

What do you mean?

ABBIE

Nothing.

LISA

(looks at Abbie quizzically, then is distracted to the wall)
Oh, was that you?

ABBIE

Used to be.

LISA

You were so cute -- What happened?

He shuts off the projector.

LISA (Cont'd)

What are you doing? Leave it on.

ABBIE

Sorry, no one can be seated after the first part of my life.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

Oh! I forgot this was on here.
Music night P.S. 47.

LISA

You look like a little Maitre d'.

ABBIE

He made me wear that. He wanted
me to be a bandleader when I grew
up. He said you get to wear a
tuxedo, a white carnation and
fuck Betty Grable.

LISA

(laughs)

He sounds like he was wonderful.
I wish I could have known him.

ABBIE

Yeah.

LISA

Why don't you ever play for me?
I'm getting jealous of the folks
at the morgue.

The camera bobbles as Abe stands from the audience, crossing into the aisle. He moves up the aisle toward the stage. Climbing onto the stage, he walks toward Abbie. The small boy stands center stage, rigid, concentrating. As Abe approaches him, Abbie looks up, seeing the camera. Mortified, he doesn't know where to hide. The camera turns to the audience. There's the sense something's being asked of them. And complying, many of them wave.

LISA (Cont'd)

Oh, my.

ABBIE

He was always sneaking up on me.
I spent a lot of time looking
over my shoulder.

LISA

You never talk about him. How
old were you when he died?

ABBIE

He's not dead.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
(startled)
He's alive?! Your father's
alive?

ABBIE
I haven't checked lately, but
yeah, he's alive. So what?

LISA
So what? You told me he was
dead.

ABBIE
Why would I do that?

LISA
Come on, Abbie -- whenever I
asked you about your father you'd
shrug... I always thought...

ABBIE
You take my shrugs too seriously...

LISA
Where is he? Where does he live?

ABBIE
In L.A.

LISA
What does he do?

ABBIE
He's an embarrassment.

LISA
Why is it so hard for you to talk
about him?

ABBIE
There's nothing to say.

LISA
Here we go again, the turtle's
back.

ABBIE
Some things are personal.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (6)

14

LISA

Personal? Perfect. For three years, I think your father is dead, and suddenly I find out he's not. That is personal. This scares me. Abbie... what else haven't you told me?

ABBIE

Look, Lisa, could we save this for a rainy day? I'm not myself here -- this little heart attack wasn't on my list of things to do.

LISA

Oh, the list! Can't forget the list. Where do I fit on the list, Abbie? You're always hiding from me. You're great in bed, but then you don't know how to hold my hand.

ABBIE

If I'm so difficult, why are you still here?

LISA

I'm thirty-four years old. It's cold out there. So, when you find a decent, intelligent, witty, straight turtle with great potential, not to mention a nice ass, you do everything you can to make it work. We could have a great time Abbie, why don't you join me.

ABBIE

I don't know what happens. I see you, I want to be closer. I feel, "Hey this life is great." Then all of a sudden I'm walking under water.

She tenderly holds his face.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

I feel like one of your patients.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (7)

14

LISA
I've got a twelve year old boy
in there, terminal. He tells me
everything, something new every day.

ABBIE
He's a kid, he's scared.

LISA
Want a mirror?

Abbie looks out at the early morning light of New York.

LISA (Cont'd)
(mock)
What did your father do? Did he
beat you?

ABBIE
With indifference... Did you ever
go to a father-son dinner with
your mother?

LISA
Then, why do you dream about him?

ABBIE
I don't know.

LISA
Maybe you love him.

He's quiet.

LISA (Cont'd)
You're a tough piece, you know.
I've got rounds. I'll check on
you later. Try to sleep.

She climbs upstairs to the bedroom. Abbie sits on the
couch. He turns on the projector. In watery color,
Abbie, about eleven, a Black Porter behind him, is
standing on the steps of a train, waving at the camera.
As the train moves off, and the tea kettle WHISTLES:

15

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

15

Abbie, carrying his suitcase, comes out of a terminal.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

Coming along the curb, he looks around, expecting somebody to meet him. Suddenly:

A MAN'S VOICE
Doctor! Doctor!

Abbie turns, looking over his shoulder. An OLD LINCOLN CONTINENTAL CONVERTIBLE, creeps along the curb behind him. And ABE POLIN, leans out of the car, a movie camera pressed to his eye.

ABE
Wave. Wave.

ABBIE
(waving)
What's the matter with you?

ABE
Walk toward me... Keep waving.

Abbie, conditioned, follows his instructions, walking toward him, waving. He reaches the car. Abe, lowers the camera, smiling.

ABBIE
(uneasy)
Hello, Pop.

ABE
Hi ya, kiddo.

A stocky, older man, his face is a continual study in weary bemusement.

ABBIE
Why didn't you come to the gate?
I looked all over for you.

ABE
I would have had to park, put the top up. You don't leave a car like this unattended.

Abbie gets in.

16

INT. ABE'S CAR - LAX - DAY

16

He notices Abe's wearing slippers, a raincoat buttoned to the neck.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

ABBIE

What do you have on here? You look like a flasher.

ABE

A few of us have to work for a living, and thanks to somebody's plane that didn't come in on time, I'm going to be late back for work and probably get fired and spend my most productive years waiting for unemployment checks.

ABBIE

(shaking his head in wonder)

Well, some things never change.

Abe stares at him.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

What are you staring at?

ABE

You look different. What did you do, get a haircut or something?

ABBIE

(smiling)

Yeah, about three years ago.

Abe bulls his way into traffic. As they drive off:

17

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

17

The Continental's stopped for a light. Abe, using the rear-view mirror, finishes wrapping a bandage around his head.

ABBIE

...I told you on the phone, I had some time off. I want to get some sun. Take a rest. Do I need a green card to visit you?

ABE

(studying himself in mirror)

You couldn't have come at a worse time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

ABE (Cont'd)
I'm busy as hell. Last week
would have been better.

ABBIE
Don't worry, I'm not going to
stay that long.

ABE
Is it something I said?

A limousine pulls up alongside. From under his seat,
Abe takes out a rubber car phone and mimes having an
animated conversation, complete with yuks, facial
expressions, gestures, etc. As Abbie stares at him:

18 INT. A TELEVISION STUDIO - A SOAP OPERA HOSPITAL SET - DAY 18

Abbie follows Abe across the floor of a busy set, a soap
opera's hospital ward.

ABE
In case anybody asks, I brought
my family doctor.

He makes his way to one of the hospital beds. There's a
card on the pillow: "RESERVED, ABE POLIN." A young,
SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, rushes over to Abe.

SECOND ASSISTANT
Where the hell have you been?
Lunch was an hour.

ABE
I overdid it at the salad bar.
I was afraid to drive.

The young Second gives him a contemptuous look and
hurries off.

ABE (Cont'd)
(a mutter)
Get a job...
(turning)
I'm working with amateurs.

He takes off his raincoat. He's wearing a hospital gown
under it. Taking off his slippers, he climbs into bed,
pulling the covers up around him. Abbie sits at the foot
of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

ABE (Cont'd)
Have you talked to your so-called
mother lately?

ABBIE
She came to visit a few weeks ago.
She moved to Vermont, you know.

SECOND ASSISTANT
(calling)
Extras, places, right away.

And EXTRAS, some of them wearing bandages, climb into
the beds around the ward. A pale, thin man, MORTY gets
into the bed next to Abe's.

MORTY
Abe, there's a rumor going around
they're letting some of us go
today. I need the work.

ABE
I warned you, don't play a coma.
It's deadly. Comas are the first
to go when there's a lay-off.

MORTY
What should I do?

ABE
Come out of your coma.
(a beat)
Doctor, is this bandage straight?

Abbie helps him adjust the bandage.

ABE (Cont'd)
(dawning on him)
Vermont?! At your so-called
mother's age she's supposed to
live in Florida. Who moves to
Vermont?

ABBIE
(a shrug)
She likes the cold.

ABE
She should, she invented it...
Raise the bed up a little.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

Abbie cranks up the bed.

T.V. monitor - Abe is watching himself as his bed is rising into position.

ABE (Cont'd)

(secretive)

Raise it a little higher... Whoa!
Not too high or I'll go out of
frame... Perfect -- your
so-called mother's crazy... She
was always crazy. That's why I
divorced her.

ABBIE

She divorced you, Pop.

ABE

(proving his point)

That's how crazy she is.

A FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

First team, please.

The ACTORS come onto the set.

ABE

Excuse me, Doctor, I've got work
to do...

Abbie looks at him, and troubled, turns to watch from
the sidelines.

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(moving along the ward)

Okay, background... remember,
you're sick. Very sick. Pick
a disease -- but a quiet one.

He stops at Morty's bed.

FIRST ASSISTANT (Cont'd)

We're going to need the bed
space. You don't come out of
your coma. You're done after
today.

MORTY

(desperate)

But I'm feeling much better.

(CONTINUED)

ABE
 (fully reclined,
 comfortable)
 Hey Abbie, how do I look?

ABBIE
 (with wonder)
 Don't you feel like a putz?

ABE
 A putz? Where else can you get
 paid for laying around all day?

FIRST ASSISTANT
 Very quiet. Put us on a bell.

A BUZZER sounds. And the litany, "We're on a bell..." (etc.).

A DIRECTOR
 ...and, action.

And a group of supposed interns, a doctor, and an
 immaculately tailored woman, come through the ward.

GLADYS
 I hope he doesn't recognize me.

THE DOCTOR
 How could you sleep with your own
 grandfather?

GLADYS
 I didn't know.

She stops at a bed near Abe's.

A man lies motionless with a vacuous stare. Gladys
 presses her cheek to his, weeping. Suddenly:

ABE
 Wait a minute Abbie! Since when
 do you like the sun? What are
 you really doing here?

THE DIRECTOR
 Cut! Who the hell is talking?

ABE
 It's me. I picked malaria. I
 was delirious.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (4)

18

As Abbie looks at his father, there's commotion on the set, and they try to get the scene back...

ABE (V.O.)

(singing)

"Now here's a funny story I hope you understand. Listen very closely if you possibly can. It's the story of two popcorn kernels in a red hot pan. One turned to the other and said, 'Hey man -- I'm too pooped to pop...'"

19

INT. THE "LAST CALL" BAR - NIGHT

19

A small Hollywood bar and grill. Movie posters, penciled caricatures, production stills, line the walls. It's crowded. A varied, gregarious group. Distinctive types with vaguely familiar faces. In a corner, people are sitting in a horseshoe around a piano bar listening to Abe play. Abbie sits just behind his father. Abe singing Cliffie Stone's "Too Pooped to Pop."

ABE

(singing)

"My momma and my poppa were a wonderful crop. You should have seen them blow up when they put them in the pot. I'm too pooped to pop, and I ain't lyin; I'm too pooped to pop, just layin' here fryin'. Don't like the bottom want to get up on top. But seems like I'm just too pooped to pop!"

Abe finishes with a flourish. The people at the piano bar applaud.

ABE (Cont'd)

(segueing)

The theme from "Ben Hur."

As he plays, a SALLOW MAN in a rumpled suit comes over.

SALLOW MAN

Abe, I met with that assistant director you sent me to...

(CONTINUED)

ABE

Yeah, how'd it go?

SALLOW MAN

Not good. I'm not good at meetings. How come people take an instant dislike to me?

ABE

Because it saves time. Look, don't worry. I'll call him.

SALLOW MAN

I appreciate that, Abe.

He moves off.

ABBIE

You're a pretty popular guy.

ABE

These are my people. Extras are the real Hollywood. You won't see our names in the credits. Not above or below the title. We like to think of ourselves as behind the title. You see that fat guy over there with the little head? The guy that looks like a bottle of cologne?

Abbie looks over at a FAT MAN with a small head.

ABE (Cont'd)

He's a legend. He invented the "Courtroom Wallah."

ABBIE

That famous, huh?

ABE

You know how in a courtroom scene when somebody finally confesses, there's this murmur that goes through the crowd... that's the "wallah." And that's Stan Kantor, the great man who invented it... Hey, Stan...

The Fat Man with the pinhead turns.

(CONTINUED)

ABE (Cont'd)
 (the prosecutor)
 "...and isn't it true you had
 sexual intercourse with Allison
 Whitley?"

STAN KANTOR
 (turning to people on
 either side of him,
 murmuring)
 Wallah, wallah, wallah, wallah...

ABE
 (abruptly)
 "They've got the Brody kid over
 in the jail."

A weathered-faced, angry looking MAN, turns.

ANGRY MAN
 Hang him! Let's hang him!

ABE
 We're like you. Specialists.

ABBIE
 What's your specialty, Abe?

ABE
 Me? I'm a face in the crowd.

He smiles. Abbie looks at his expressive face. After
 a moment:

ABE (Cont'd)
 So let's talk turkey. Why the
 hell are you here?

ABBIE
 I've been under a lot of pressure
 lately.

ABE
 You want my advice?

Abbie half nods.

ABE (Cont'd)
 Sleep on it.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

Thank you very much.

ABE

Have you been showering? Some of the best ideas come in the shower.

ABBIE

I knew I could come to you for advice.

ABE

Try this. Put on your socks. Take them off. Put them on. Einstein figured out the whole universe putting on his socks...

ABBIE

(stopping him)

Hey... I had a heart attack...

Seeing he's serious, Abe stops short.

ABE

Hold that thought.

Getting up, Abe crosses to the restrooms. Abbie watches him go. As he quietly looks at the people in the bar:

BARTENDER

(calling)

Dr. Polin. Telephone.

ABBIE

(startled)

For me?

BARTENDER

Right here.

Abbie shrugs, crossing to the bar to get the phone.

ABBIE

Hello? This is Dr. Polin.

ABE (V.O.)

Okay, when did this happen?

Abbie turns, and sees his father across the bar in a phone booth.

(CONTINUED)

ABBBIE
 (outraged)
 Jesus Christ!

ABE (V.O.)
 Listen, this is a toll call.
 Could you try to hit the
 highlights.

ABBBIE
 What the hell's the matter with
 you?

ABE (V.O.)
 I caught you at a bad time.
 Listen, when you calm down, if
 you want to talk, call me back.
 I'm at 555-4379. While you're
 thinking it over, I want you to
 know it's not my fault. Now,
 when the hell did this happen?

ABBBIE
 A month ago!

And Abbie hangs up. Abe yells, from across the bar.

ABE
 A month ago? You wait until now
 to tell me...? What am I a
 passing acquaintance?

As he comes through the bar for Abbie:

ABE (Cont'd)
 (loud)
 How am I supposed to feel?

ABBBIE
 This isn't about you! I came out
 here to --

And an extremely heavy woman, in a chiffon dress, trying
 to be graceful, comes between them. She has a gentle
 face that's always on the verge of tears. SHEILA.

SHEILA
 Abe, your call did it. I got the
 job! Two weeks guaranteed.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (5)

19

ABE
Isn't that good news. You hear
this good news Abbie?

SHEILA
I'm so nervous... I haven't
worked in six months...

She starts to cry.

ABE
Hey, what's this?

Tenderly wiping tears off her cheeks.

ABE (Cont'd)
Angels don't cry.

She hugs him. Then, turning, fluffing her chiffon,
trying to be graceful, she moves off.

ABE (Cont'd)
(false modesty)
She needed my help. I pulled
some strings.

Abbie grabs him.

ABBIE
I almost died.

And he walks out.

20 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

20

The Boulevard's wet. The Continental, its top up, is
parked in front of the Bar. Abbie stands in the street,
looking for a cab. Abe comes out of the Bar.

ABE
...You waltz out here without any
warning, you hit me with the news
you had a heart attack -- How did
you expect me to react?

Abbie shrugs.

ABBIE
(pacing)
How can a city this big have no
cabs -- ?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

He starts for the corner.

ABE
Where the hell are you going?
You just embarrassed me in front
of my friends.

ABBIE
I'm so sorry that my heart attack
embarrassed you.

He flags a taxi.

ABE
What the hell do you want from
me?

ABBIE
(getting in)
I'm at the Century Plaza Hotel.
You're better on the phone.

He shuts the door. The cab drives off. Abe's left on
the wet sidewalk. He looks down. He's standing on Guy
Madison's star.

ABE
(indignant)
Guy Madison? How'd you get a
star?

21

INT. THE CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - ABBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

21

Abbie is on the phone.

ABBIE
Hi, it's me. It's one o'clock
for you which makes it about 1958
here. Everything is going fine.
I feel good. My dad was really
happy to see me. We are actually
going to a baseball game tomorrow.
Can you believe that? Anyway,
your voice sounded really sexy on
the machine. This is your weary
traveler saying goodnight.

He slowly hangs up. He sits on the bed, immersed in
the quiet. There's a KNOCK on the door.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

ABBIE

Who is it?

A MAN'S VOICE

Room service.

ABBIE

(getting up)

I didn't order any room service.

He opens the door. And Abe's standing there.

ABE

Say you're in here schtupping
some girl and you have another
heart attack and she robs you and
leaves you laying there and you
can't reach the phone to call for
help --

ABBIE

What do you want, dad?

ABE

Will you stay with me, kiddo?

ABBIE

This trip wasn't such a good
idea. I'm going home tomorrow.

ABE

Going home? Look, we just got
off to a bad start.

ABBIE

We always get off to a bad start.
The middle's not so great, and
the ending needs a lot of work.

ABE

Do it for me, just tonight.

ABBIE

What for?

ABE

Because I'm your father and I'm
asking.

22 EXT. ABE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 22

An old weathered Spanish building with a red-tiled roof in Hollywood. Once a fashionable home, years ago it was broken up into apartments. A light burns in an upstairs window.

23 INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 23

Abbie, his suitcase in his hand, stands in a hallway looking at photographs that line the walls. Blown-up movie frames, they're all crowd shots. Red circles have been drawn around Abe's face, picking him out in a crowd, with a line to the word "Me." Abe, a Roman, in "Cleopatra." Abe, on a cross, in "The Robe." Abe, invading Normandy, in "The Longest Day." Film after film, up to the present, with Abe in costume.

ABBIE

Don't you ever feel like a putz in these costumes?

Abe comes to stand in the kitchen doorway.

ABE

Are you kidding? I've lived a thousand different lives, been places people only dream about.

ABBIE

(turning to open a window)

That's great. When was the last time you opened a window?

ABE

"Towering Inferno." Steve McQueen needed a little help.

Abbie starts to open another window. Abe stops him.

ABE (Cont'd)

Are you going to stay here with me?

Abbie nods.

ABE (Cont'd)

Then shut-up. Nobody tells Abe Polin how to live.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Abbie smiles, turning into the bedroom. There are two twin beds.

ABBIE
(stopping)
You moved the room around. Which
is my bed?

Abe comes into the room.

ABE
What's the difference? Take your
pick.

ABBIE
I don't want to sleep in your
bed.

ABE
A bed is a bed is a bed. Is a
bed.

Abe starts to undress.

ABE (Cont'd)
Don't watch me.

ABBIE
Don't watch what?

ABE
Me undress. I don't do nude
scenes...

Abbie turns his head. Abe moves into the shadows by a closet door, shyly undressing. Abbie notices a framed photograph on the dresser. A picture of Abbie as a small boy with Abe.

ABBIE
Where was this taken?

ABE
Originally, the picture was of
just you. I couldn't find
anything of us together, so I
taped me in.

And on closer inspection, Abe's been taped on.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE
 (a smile)
 You'd never know.

Abe throws his clothing on an overstuffed chair.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
 (seeing the chair)
 You still have that chair.

ABE
 It's the only thing I took with
 me when your mother and I got
 divorced. I left her everything
 else, including the rumors.

Buttoning his pajamas, he comes out of the shadows.

ABE (Cont'd)
 Look at this...

He motions to a permanent crease left by his ass indented
 in the chair.

ABE (Cont'd)
 When I die, kiddo, I want you to
 make a mold of that imprint, and
 put it in front of the Chinese
 Theater.

(a beat)
 Gable's feet. Monroe's hands --
 and Abe Polin's ass.

He turns into the bathroom. Brushing his teeth. Abbie,
 equally modest, undresses while he's out of the room.

ABE (Cont'd)
 I've got an early call tomorrow
 morning. You want to come to
 work with me?

ABBIE
 Wait a second! You said if I
 stayed with you, you'd take some
 time off.

ABE
 Did I say that? This is a very
 important job. This could be the
 one.

(CONTINUED)

Abbie's quiet, used to his excuses. He puts on some sweat pants he sleeps in. Shutting off the bathroom light, Abe comes back into the bedroom. He climbs into bed. Abbie gets in bed. They lay there, quiet. Lights are out. After some moments:

ABBIE

Aren't you tired of being an extra? Didn't you want to act?

ABE

(stung)

I am an actor! I could have had a hundred speaking parts. I don't know how many times a director's told me, "Go ahead, read for a part."

ABBIE

Why haven't you?

ABE

I'm not going to take just anything. There's an art to being incidental. I've been in bed everyday for two months on that soap opera. You know how good I am? People all over the country send me get well cards. I'm the King of the Extras. Any schmuck can get a speaking part.

Abbie stares at him. Abe avoids his look, turning over.

ABE (Cont'd)

Goodnight, kiddo.

ABBIE

Goodnight.

The room's dark, still. After some moments, Abbie gets up. He turns on the bathroom light. He shuts the door so that just a thin crack of light remains. He gets back in bed.

ABE

Scared the hell out of you, huh?

ABBIE

I thought I was immortal.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (4)

23

ABE

Don't we all.

It's quiet again.

ABE (Cont'd)

It's like it used to be. Just the two of us, talking about our problems.

ABBIE

We never talked about anything.

ABE

Hey, why bring up problems?

Abbie laughs. Then, it's quiet again. After some time Abe starts to toss and turn, trying to get comfortable. He suddenly gets up.

ABBIE

What's wrong?

ABE

Get out of my bed!

24

EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

24

In the distance, Abe, a solitary figure, carrying a briefcase, wearing a fedora, a raincoat over a suit, moves through an early morning fog crossing the empty lot. He comes along a street to a soundstage. The huge doors are shut. Opening his briefcase he takes out a portable metal stool. Pulling apart its tripod legs, he sits in front of the massive stage doors. Taking a thermos out of his briefcase he pours a cup of coffee. And he quietly waits. There's footsteps.

A midget, HORACE BOSCO, comes along the street. He exchanges a perfunctory "good morning" nod with Abe. Taking a portable stool out of a sports bag, he sits beside Abe. Opening a thermos he drinks some coffee. They wait in silence. TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN, carrying large bags, come along the street. They nod "good morning's" to Abe and Horace. Taking portable stools out of their bags, sharing a thermos of coffee, they sit in line beside the two men. A ROTUND MAN, catching his breath, comes along the street. He takes a stool out of an overnight bag. Seating himself in line, his rear-end veritably dripping over the edge of his chair, he quietly eats a danish and sips at some coffee. There's footsteps.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

A YOUNG MAN with too much make-up, followed closely by a TALL WOMAN with a perennial smile, come along the street. They set up their portable stools. The Tall Woman with the smile, starts knitting. The Young Man looks at himself in a hand mirror. There's silence.

As the Extras wait, sitting on their stools beneath the stage doors:

25 EXT. A HIGH SCHOOL - RUNNING TRACK - EARLY MORNING

25

The running track's empty except for a solitary jogger. And, wearing a hooded parka, in sweats, walking around the track, his breath showing in the morning air, comes Abbie. As he walks around the track, at a constrained pace, the jogger runs toward him. And we SEE it's an OLD WOMAN, in her seventies. As she runs by Abbie, she nods to him, and runs off. He watches her go. Barely able to restrain himself, he keeps methodically walking.

He's gone for some distance, when he hears the Old Woman's footsteps running up behind him. As she runs by him, she smiles. He gives her a thinly veiled contemptuous smile as she runs off. He watches her go into the distance. He starts to lengthen his stride. He mutters an invective, and throwing caution to the wind, he starts to jog, running after the Old Woman. Hearing him coming, she looks back, gives him a haughty smile, and picking up the pace, sprints away from him.

Abbie's forced to slow, until he stops. Walking, trying to catch his breath, he feels his heartbeat. The Old Woman jogs by him, waving. He gives her a look. Stopping, he sits on the cement strip that circles the track. As Abbie sits in the early morning, acutely aware of his mortality:

26 EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO - SOUNDSTAGE - MORNING

26

Extras crowd the street outside the soundstage. A YOUNG MAN holding a clipboard, talks loudly to them.

YOUNG MAN

...People -- we thought this was going to be a cattle call... but there's been some changes, so we can't use all of you. Count out twenty and the rest of you can go home.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

There's some groans. The Young Man turns to Abe.

YOUNG MAN

Go ahead.

ABE

Go ahead, what?

YOUNG MAN

Start counting.

ABE

(a look)

I don't count.

YOUNG MAN

You want to work?

ABE

I'm an actor, I don't count.

HORACE BOSCO

(nasty, mimicking him)

"He's an actor."

YOUNG MAN

Start counting, or get lost.

Abe stares at him, silent. Then:

ABE

(quietly)

One.

Taking his stool, he turns to the door. WORKERS slowly open the huge doors. As the counting continues:

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

...Don't sit on any of the actor's chairs -- keep off the set until you're needed... and if you have to make any phone calls use the pay phone outside... Do NOT use the phone on the set, it is strictly for the actors.

As Abe, carrying his briefcase, dwarfed by the mouth of the soundstage, crosses inside:

27

INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - DAY

27

And the doorbell RINGS. Abbie comes out of the shower. He is wet, and wearing a towel around him. The bell RINGS again. He hurries to the door.

ABBIE

Coming.

And he opens the door. A YOUNG MAN dressed as Jolson, complete with black face, and white lips, hands Abbie a rose. He starts tape recorder and begins to sing and tap dance to the MUSIC, "MAMMY."

DANCER

(singing)

"Abbie... Abbie... I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles. Dr. Abbie..."

ABBIE

(interrupting)

You don't have to go on. Thank you. It was very nice.

DANCER

Sir, are you in show business?

ABBIE

No.

DANCER

Too bad, here's a picture anyway. You never know.

The Dancer hands Abbie an 8X10 glossy. Still holding the rose, Abbie begins to close the door.

ABBIE

Who sent you?

DANCER

"You ain't seen nothing yet!
Direct from New York, Dr. Lisa
O'Toole!"

The Dancer applauds Lisa and exits. Lisa appears grinning in the doorway.

LISA

I was in the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

Holy shit!

LISA

"You're so romantic," she said, as he lifted her into his arms and carried her off to his bed.

ABBIE

Did I say holy shit?

LISA

Are you giving me clues or something?

ABBIE

What the hell are you doing here?

LISA

I was sitting at home, listening to my messages on the machine and here comes your lonely voice, telling me everything was fine, that you and your dad went to a baseball game: Schmuck, there's no baseball in November.

ABBIE

You're unbelievable.

LISA

How about asking me in, this is a three-thousand mile house call... You don't seem happy to see me.

ABBIE

You kidding? I am... I'm surprised to see you.

He lightly kisses her.

LISA

Could you be a little less emotional when you kiss me?

ABBIE

I'm soaking wet.

LISA

I rearrange my schedule, take my vacation, fly all night...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

LISA (Cont'd)
Don't make me feel bad that I
read between the lines.

They look at each other.

LISA (Cont'd)
So how is it going?

ABBIE
It started out perfectly. I was
nervous but in control, then
somewhere between baggage claim
and the curb, it got all screwed
up. I'm in trouble here Lisa.

LISA
That's the most honest thing
you've said to me.

ABBIE
Let me finish showering. Make
yourself at home.

He hands her the rose and turns into the bathroom. We
HEAR the SOUND of the SHOWER running. Lisa is left
standing with the rose she gave him.

28 INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

28

As Abbie and Lisa come into the stage:

A MAN'S VOICE
(thick New York accent)
...Ray, I'm not a piece of meat.

A MAN'S on the phone. His wardrobe's an enormous onion
head balanced on a root.

ONION HEAD
-- It's a good part. That's
bullshit. It's not a step
backwards. I won't do anything
for the bread. It's a...
(grabbing balls)
...feature, isn't it?
(seeing Assistant
Director)
I got to go -- I'm not supposed
to use this phone. It's for the
actors.

(CONTINUED)

Hanging up, holding his head, he runs off. Abbie and Lisa exchange looks, turning through the stage. Workmen prepare a set, a long plateau -- unearthly, with a backdrop dominated by a huge red sun. People in various fruit and vegetable costumes are around the stage. Two watermelons play checkers. An asparagus spear does a crossword puzzle. Two avocados and a pear sit in a semi-circle, knitting. A banana practices his golf swing.

LISA

Before I meet him, let me get this straight... He's either an actor or he isn't.

ABBIE

Exactly.

He stops a broccoli tree.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

Excuse me Mr. Broccoli... I'm looking for Abe Polin.

BROCCOLI TREE

I'll bet he's still in wardrobe -- right around the corner.

They turn past some dressing rooms to a wardrobe trailer. Extras, in shellfish costumes, crabs and giant shrimps, mingle outside the trailer, talking. The door swings open, and a familiar figure, in a full lobster suit, comes outside.

ABBIE

Abe?

ABE

(whispering)

Keep an eye out for people wearing bibs...

ABBIE

(after a beat)

Dad, this is a very good friend of mine. Doctor Lisa O'Toole.

LISA

Hello.

(looking at Abbie)

...I've heard so much about you.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

ABE

(looking her over)

Hello, Doctor. I'm glad you're here. Maybe you could tell me what's wrong with my hand. It's been like this for a month --

He offers a claw. Lisa smiles, shaking his claw.

LISA

I think your hand looks great. I'd just get some melted butter.

ABE

Ooh... we got a winner here. Take anything off the top shelf honey.

ABBIE

Don't you feel like a putz?

ABE

A putz? How many times have you been a lobster?

Turning, Abe puts his arm around Lisa, as they move through the stage.

ABE (Cont'd)

...You live in Hollywood, Doctor?

LISA

New York.

ABE

That's where I'm from, frozen fresh.

ABBIE

We're on staff together. Lisa's one of the best pediatrician's in New York.

ABE

Nice credit.

(under his breath)

You bored with me already, you have to fly in visitors?

(to Lisa)

Are you a religious girl?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

LISA

Why do you say that?

ABE

Because your skin is so white.
You must spend most of your time
in church.

ABBIE

She's in a hospital all day.

ABE

(to Lisa)

What hospital is that?

LISA

St. Johns.

ABE

See what I mean.

Abe sits at a makeup table, staring into the mirror.

ABE (Cont'd)

Makeup!

A MAN'S VOICE

Shut up!

An older man, with a perennially hoarse voice, carrying
a makeup kit, comes around the back of the table. TANGO.

ABE

Tango. You remember my son,
Abbie -- and this is one of only
three lady doctors in the world
-- Christian O'Hara.

ABBIE

Lisa O'Toole.

Tango nods at them. He opens his makeup kit and begins
applying red makeup.

ABE

Tango, make it special. It isn't
everyday my boy sees me crawl.

TANGO

Abe, I'll make you look like you
just came out of the water.

(CONTINUED)

Abbie and Lisa watch him work.

ABE

Who does her skin remind you of?

TANGO

Grace Kelly. Skin like a baby's bottom.

ABE

I worked with her in "To Catch a Thief." Remember the ballroom scene? I danced right by her.

LISA

Grace Kelly was my favorite.

ABE

Abbie, rub my shell here.

Abbie rubs his neck.

LISA

I have an autographed picture of her. I used to send to all the studios for pictures. My mother and I have a killer collection.

SECOND ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Background, right away!

ABE

(getting up)

Thanks, Tango. If anyone calls, I'll be in Maine for the summer.

(walking off with Lisa)

I got a feeling about this...

This could be --

(with his claw)

May I have the envelope please...

Lisa laughs.

LISA

Who else have you worked with?

ABE

All of them. Brando in "Street Car." Doris Day in "Pillow Talk." I had a lot of fun on that...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABE (Cont'd)
Stand right here, you will be
able to see everything. Anyone
bothers you... you're with me.

Abbie comes next to her.

LISA
He's very charming, Abbie.

ABBIE
Isn't he?

The lights come on, on the set. The Second Assistant
positions the Extras around the unearthly terrain.

SECOND ASSISTANT
...Okay -- fruits and vegetables
stay together -- You fish, you
can spread out... but remember,
this is your first time on land.
You're panicked -- you can think
of only one thing -- You want
revenge!

FIRST ASSISTANT
First team coming in...

A bell RINGS. A SOUND MAN shouts "speed." Camera slate
runs in and out.

THE DIRECTOR
Action!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Vegetables -- Go!

The vegetables head across the terrain.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (Cont'd)
Fruit!

The fruits join the vegetables.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (Cont'd)
...Keep up the energy -- beat,
beat, beat -- Fish!

The shellfish come onto the terrain.

(CONTINUED)

THE DIRECTOR
...Carol and Tommy...

The Actors come over a rise in the landscape. As the mutant hoards scramble up the rise, setting upon them: Abe, wanders seemingly lost. He stops, standing against the red sun motionless.

THE DIRECTOR (Cont'd)
What's wrong with that lobster?!

Abe slightly turns, confused.

THE DIRECTOR (Cont'd)
Cut -- !

Abe stands framed against the huge red sun.

ABE
(quietly)
"...I didn't go to the moon, I went much further -- for time is the longest distance between two places -- "

THE DIRECTOR
Jed, what's going on?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
He must be drunk.

THE DIRECTOR
Get him off the set!

An Assistant Director starts across the unearthly terrain for Abe. Abbie, climbing over cables, makes his way onto the set.

ABE
" -- Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoe box. I left St. Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for the last time --"

Abbie runs to his father.

ABBIE
Abe?

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (7)

28

ABE

"...I reach for a cigarette,
I cross the street -- I buy a
drink, I speak to the nearest
stranger -- Blow out your
candles, Laura -- and so good-bye..."

Abbie holds him. He helps Abe sit on the distant planet,
his back against the red sun. Abbie unzips the lobster
suit, loosening it.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Somebody find the nurse.

ABBIE

(quiet)

I'm a doctor. Give him a minute.

A VOICE

Save the lights.

The lights go off. The few small work-lights left on
dot the alien terrain. Lisa comes over, concerned.

ABE

Beautiful speech, isn't it?

Abbie checks his vital signs, eyes, etc.

ABBIE

Do you think you can stand up?

Abe nods, slowly standing. Abbie takes his arm. As
they move across the dimly lighted set, past the Crew
and the Extras, through the stage to the wardrobe
trailer:

ABE

I haven't done that speech for
thirty years.

29

INT. WARDROBE TRAILER - DAY

29

Racks of clothing cramp the empty trailer. Abe, quietly
takes off his costume. Abbie and Lisa watch him.

ABE

...I lost my geography. For a
second I was somewhere else.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Has this happened before, Abe?

ABE

No. Once in a while I say the
Gettysburg Address, but it's just
to stay in shape.

ABBIE

No sudden dizziness? Blackouts?

ABE

Nothing. You're the doctor.
What happened here, kiddo?

ABBIE

(a shrug)

Your pulse rate's normal. There
isn't any evidence of a fever.
Coordination seems okay.

LISA

My guess would be it was nerves,
and the lights.

ABBIE

(nods)

It must have been hot as hell
under that costume. Have you had
anything to eat or drink today?

ABE

No, just some coffee and my usual
taco.

ABBIE

You're not taking care of yourself.

ABE

Look who's talking. Mr. Chestpains.

LISA

When's the last time you had a
physical, Abe?

ABE

When I needed it.

He starts to step out of the costume.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

ABE (Cont'd)
Would you two excuse me?

They both start to exit. Abe stops Abbie at the door.

ABE (Cont'd)
For a second there -- I'm a good actor.

ABBIE
I saw.

As Abbie leaves, the Onion Head sticks his head in.

ONION HEAD
(thick New York accent)
Hey Abe. What the hell happened?

ABE
(whispering)
I faked it. You do something crazy, it gets in the movie.

ONION HEAD
You're one sick puppy.

30

EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - IN FRONT OF THE BLUE SKY - DAY

30

Abe, Abbie and Lisa are sitting on a wall in front of the blue sky eating lunch.

ABE
Do you know they parted the Red Sea right here?

LISA
Really?

ABE
Yeah. Cecil B. DeMille, "The Ten Commandments." I was a goat herder. I almost didn't make it through.

Lisa laughs.

LISA
That's fascinating.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

Yeah.

ABE

Ooh. Biff is a moody man...
What do you see in him, Christian?
What does he have that I don't
have? Only a little younger.

LISA

Let's start with more hair.

ABE

When he was about eleven, I took
him with me to a steambath called
Sugarman's. He wouldn't go in
naked. He was afraid somebody
was going to look, see he didn't
have any hair there, if you know
what I mean.

ABBIE

I was afraid they were going to
laugh. Is that such a big deal?

LISA

(trying to change the
subject)

Are you working tomorrow, Abe?

ABE

I told him, "You think they've
never seen a little boy before?"
I explained to him, everybody has
to grow up. The body has
changes. It's normal. So I --

ABBIE

I took off my clothes, grabbed
his hand and went inside. And
he shouted, "Nobody better laugh
because my son doesn't have any
hair on his balls."

Lisa, in spite of herself, laughs.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

You find that funny? Then you're
going to love this one... I'd come
out here to spend some time with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

ABBIE (Cont'd)

He was always busy working. As soon as he'd get bored with me, he'd send me back to my mom. He would put me on a train, give the porter twelve dollars, and tell him to make sure I didn't get off before New York.

It's quiet. Lisa gets off the wall. Abbie looks at Lisa.

LISA

Excuse me, boys. I didn't come here to referee a cockfight. Why don't you guys continue to be lovely to each other? I'll just explore.

She starts to walk away. Abbie follows her.

ABBIE

Where you going?

LISA

It's not important where I'm going. Where are you going?

ABBIE

I'm going with you.

LISA

I think that's the wrong direction.

ABBIE

What are you talking about?

LISA

Look at you. Now I know why you got sick. Nobody talks. You're both turtles. I see him. And I see you. And I see our future going out the window.

ABBIE

What are you saying?

LISA

I don't know what I'm saying.

She walks off.

31

EXT. CHINESE THEATER -- FORECOURT -- NIGHT

31

The Continental, its lights on, is at the curb, idling. Abe walks around the darkened forecourt. Abbie hangs up a pay phone.

ABBIE

(upset)

She's still not in her hotel room.

ABE

Stop worrying. She probably went to a movie... It's your own fault.

(a beat)

You love her?

ABBIE

I guess so.

ABE

What do you mean, you guess so? This is not a multiple choice question.

ABBIE

Why don't you do what you do best -- stay the hell out of my life?

ABE

We're getting so personal. Maybe I better find a phone --

And closing his eyes, from memory, he plays hopscotch on the stars' hand and footprints.

ABE (Cont'd)

Garfield, Robinson, Jolson, Muni.

He stops, opening his eyes.

ABE (Cont'd)

Hold on! They moved Paul Muni.

ABBIE

Who gives a shit -- Let's go...

ABE

Wait a minute, goddamnit --!

He moves around the forecourt, agitated.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

ABBIE
(impatient)
You started wrong! You used to
start at Gable.

ABE
I never started at Gable!

ABBIE
(loud)
Why won't you ever listen to me?
You always started at Gable!

ABE
You don't know what you're
talking about --!

And Abbie suddenly grabs him, pulling him over to a
cement square.

ABBIE
You started right here!

And Abbie takes his arm, hopscotching:

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(shouting off)
GableCooperLombardBrice, Muni...!
Muni!

And they realize they have their arms around each other.
They awkwardly separate. Quiet, they look at each other.
And suddenly, there's the horrific SOUND of squealing
BRAKES. And two cars, on the Boulevard, slam head-on.
A HORN BLARES, stuck. A MAN'S sprawled half out of a car,
badly bleeding. Abbie, instinctive, runs into the street.

ABE
(yelling)
What are you doing? You're not
supposed to run.

32

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

32

Abbie makes his way through the wreckage, bending over the
bloody Man, searching for a pulse. He starts loosening
his tie while Abe is trying to do crowd control as a crowd
starts to gather.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

ABBIE

(as he works over the
victim)

My name is Doctor Polin. I'm
from New York. Ever been there?
You've been hurt but you're going
to be fine. You're going to feel
a little tightening. I'm using
your tie -- very good taste, I
might add -- for a tourniquet.

The crowd gets larger. The POLICE show up and one makes
his way through the crowd to Abbie.

POLICEMAN

(to Abbie)

Are you a doctor?

ABE

(to Policeman)

No, he's an electrician. He's
just good with his hands.

Abe comes to stand over Abbie.

ABE (Cont'd)

How are you doing?

ABBIE

(looking at Abe)

You're standing in my light.
Would you get out of the way?!

Abe backs up. A Paramedic AMBULANCE SCREAMS up.
PARAMEDICS, running out, taking over. Abbie, covered
with blood, straightens. He stands in the street. He
instinctively turns, looking for Abe. And he sees his
father, among the crowd, for what he always was, just a
face in the crowd.

33

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - A SHORT TIME LATER

33

Abe follows Abbie across the street to the car. As they
look at each other, getting in:

34

INT. ABE'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

34

Abe is driving. The RADIO'S PLAYING some blue jazz.
It's quiet. After some moments:

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

ABE
You're unbelievable.

ABBIE
What?

Abbie, proud of himself, smiles. It's short-lived.

ABE
What if that man died? If that
man died, you'd be responsible.
You could get sued.

ABBIE
(nods, quietly)
That says it all.

ABE
What's that?

ABBIE
What did you ever take
responsibility for?

ABE
Excuse me. Did you have a roof
over your head? Did you have
clothes? Who do you think put
you through medical school?

ABBIE
Uncle Dave.

ABE
Well, he could afford it. What
the hell do you want from me?

ABBIE
How about love?

Abe suddenly slams on the brakes, pulls over, and gets
out of the car.

35

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

35

ABE
If you love somebody you see them
a little more often than once
every five years.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

Abbie gets out of the car.

ABBIE

Well, what would I know about love? Everything I learned, I learned from you. I was sitting and waiting for you to say something nice. I thought you might have felt good seeing what I just did. Instead you talk to me about being sued. What's the matter? It kills you if you're not the center of everything? You're a failure. You're a failure as a husband. You're a failure as a father. And you're a fraud. You're not an actor.

ABE

Have I ever laid a hand on you?

ABBIE

I wish you had.

ABE

(putting up his fists)
It's never too late. Let's go.
Right now.

ABBIE

I've dreamed about hitting you.
So hard. So many times.

ABE

Take your best shot.

ABBIE

(puts fists up, then
lowering them)
Look at us. We're just pathetic.

And he walks away.

ABE

(yelling after him)
Just because you're a good doctor
doesn't mean you know everything.
I am an actor. I'm not a fraud.

Abbie crosses the street. As Abe stands alone:

36 INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM

36

The door opens. Lisa sees the blood on Abbie's clothes. He enters and doesn't say a word. He is purposeful. His gait is that of a caged tiger.

LISA
What happened? All I said was
"talk to him."

He kisses her gently. He begins to remove his shirt.

LISA (Cont'd)
Abbie?

ABBIE
(whispering)
Don't talk.

And, as they begin to make love we:

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. LISA'S HOTEL BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

37

Abbie and Lisa are in bed. Abbie is lying there streaked with the early morning sun as it pours through the venetian blinds. Lisa stirs, comes to him.

LISA
Can we talk now?
(a beat)
How are you doing?

ABBIE
I feel grown up. I feel
incredibly great in your arms.
I feel sad. And there's nothing
more I can do. Let's go home.

LISA
Do you want a second opinion?

38 EXT. THE POOL DECK OUTSIDE ABE'S APARTMENT - SAME MORNING

38

Abe is in the drained pool, sitting on a lounge chair in the deep end reading the trades and having a cup of coffee. He is in the same clothes as the night before. Abbie, carrying his suitcase, walks over and stands above his father.

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

I've been looking for you. What are you doing in there?

ABE

I like to watch the sun rise from here. I tell you, God does nice lighting. Come on in. It's a little cold, but you get used to it after a while.

ABBIE

I've already packed my stuff. Our plane is at ten.

ABE

Nice time to fly. Where's the other doctor?

ABBIE

Lisa's waiting in a cab.

ABE

At least I got a chance to see your haircut. Say goodbye to Christian. Tell her to think about changing her name.

Abe gets out of his chair and reaches up to shake Abbie's hand.

ABBIE

You have my phone number, don't you?

ABE

Yeah, I think so. Don't work so hard.

ABBIE

So long Abe.

Abbie stands there, not leaving.

ABE

Let me at least drive you.

Abbie has no response.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

ABE (Cont'd)
(looking up from pool)
Please. I'm your father and I'm
asking.

ABBIE
Okay. You can drive us to the
curb. But you don't come to the
gate.

ABE
Deal.

39 INT. ABE'S CONTINENTAL - A LITTLE LATER IN THE MORNING

39

The top is down. Lisa is in the passenger seat and
Abbie is in the back.

ABBIE
I'm hungry. Let's have breakfast.

Lisa turns around to look at Abbie, and he gives her an
open smile.

ABE
You have a plane to catch.

ABBIE
Don't worry. We'll make it.

ABE
Okay. It's your plane, but my
call. Boy, I'd love a taco.

LISA
How could you eat a taco this
early in the morning?

ABE
They remind me of "The Alamo."
I worked twenty-eight days on it.
The real Alamo only lasted thirteen.

LISA
I'm game.

ABBIE
Where we gonna get these tacos?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ABE
Mexico.

ABBIE
Mexico?

40 EXT. MEXICAN STREET - DAY

40

Mexican MUSIC fills the air. Rows of stands with velvet paintings, paper flowers, pinatas, wood carvings, big salad utensils, etc. As we PULL OUT, we SEE downtown Los Angeles, and realize they are on Olvera Street. Abe, Abbie and Lisa have their faces in a cut-out of two Mexican hombres and a senorita. Abe has a fake moustache and Abbie a beard. They are posing for a PHOTOGRAPHER:

ABBIE
I feel like a putz. Don't you
feel like a putz?

ABE
(to photographer)
Excuse me, Ansel Adams, could you
hurry this up? The kid is getting
cranky.

ABBIE
Cranky? I thought we were going
to Mexico.

ABE
Use your imagination, Mr. Fun
Police. This is Mexico -- only
better. You save the three-hour
drive, and you can drink the water.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Okay. You're on vacation. You're
having a good time. Everybody's
happy.

LISA
Come on, guys, smile.

As the Photographer plays with the focus:

ABE
(whispering as they pose
with frozen smiles)
Listen, kiddo, I'm sorry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

ABE (Cont'd)

I don't want us to be like that.

ABBIE

Me either.

ABE

Nothing is worth getting that upset about. Except this girl I saw in a magazine, whose nipples were as big as the dials on my t.v. set.

Split second and they both laugh. As Lisa smiles:

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold it.

CLICK. They come out from behind the backdrop.

Photographer comes over with pictures:

ABE

How did I look?

PHOTOGRAPHER

You know how you looked. It wasn't so long ago.

ABE

Wait a minute. You said ten dollars for a color picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Black is a color. White is a color.

ABE

Right. Green is a color. Five is a number.

He hands him a five dollar bill.

ABE (Cont'd)

...And adios is goodbye.

Abe quickly turns, walking through the stalls. Abbie and Lisa move to catch up with him.

ABE (Cont'd)

I want a taco! It's fiesta time!

41 INT. OLVERA STREET BAR - LATER

41

There are some locals, predominantly Chicanos. A MARIACHI BAND plays, fighting to be heard above the din. Abe, dances his own particular variation of a tango with Lisa across a dance floor. The Band finishes the number with a flourish. The crowd responds with a whoop. Abe and Lisa make their way to join Abbie at a table. The table's littered with shot glasses. They're all well on their way to being blissfully drunk.

LISA

You're a wonderful dancer, Abe.

ABE

I would be better if you'd let me lead once in a while.

They laugh.

LISA

Come on and dance, Abbie.

ABBIE

No way, it's too much fun.

LISA

It's good cardiovascular.

Lisa laughs, kissing him.

ABE

See, don't you feel like you're in Mexico? The real Mexico was built by four carpenters and an art director. Any minute somebody's going to yell "cut" and send everybody home.

WAITER is walking by.

ABE (Cont'd)

Oh nurse, another round for my men.

(a beat)

You know what? I haven't done the hora since "Goodbye Columbus."

ABBIE

(looking around)
These people don't look to me like the hora type --

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

ABE
You kidding, they'll love it.

LISA
A hora? That's a dance, right?

ABE
It's more than a dance, it's
tradition. It's Jewish for group
sex.

He spins on his chair, yelling up at the bullfighter-
attired and sombrero-clad Mariachi Band:

ABE (Cont'd)
Hey! Hava Nagila!

BANDLEADER
Gracias.
(yells to crowd)
Have a tequila!

He motions to Abe as if drinks are on the house. The
crowd cheers.

ABE
No! No! Hava Nagila.

BANDLEADER
Muchas Gracias.
(yelling)
Mas tequila!

The crowd goes wild.

ABE
The putz doesn't understand me.

Standing, Abe pushes his way to the bandstand, getting up
on the stage. Abbie and Lisa laughing with embarrassment:

ABE (Cont'd)
(to Bandleader,
enunciating)
What's your name?

BANDLEADER
Jose.

ABE
I'm Irving Thalberg.

(CONTINUED)

BANDLEADER

Irving?

ABE

It's an ancient name that means
man who collects rent. Now
listen to me.

(enunciating)

Ha-va-na-gi-la.

BANDLEADER

Ha-va te-qu --

Abe tries to sing the notes, but is tapped on the back.
He turns. It's Abbie:

ABBIE

(to Bandleader)

May I borrow your trumpet?

Bandleader gives Abbie the trumpet. After wiping the
mouthpiece on his sleeve, Abbie plays a quick jazz riff
to warm up. Abe is astounded. Abbie looks at Lisa who
smiles and her eyes glisten in the candlelight.

ABBIE

This is dedicated to Lisa O'Toole
and the folks back at the morgue.

Abbie plays the first few notes of "Hava Nagila." The
Bandleader repeats them on his trumpet. Abbie plays some
more. The Bandleader repeats them. Abbie plays more.
The Bandleader follows. They trade notes back and forth,
going faster and faster like dueling "Hava Nagilas."

One by one, the Musicians catch on, jumping in, until
they're all playing full out Mariachi style, trumpets
blaring, guitars strumming, a Cinco De Mayo version of
"Hava Nagila."

ABE

Have you been practicing?

Abe, grabbing Abbie's hand, dances the hora off the stage.
They dance around Lisa. Laughing, she joins them. The
three of them dancing in a small circle. As they circle
Abe pulls a couple into their dance, the circle widening.
Then, he pulls in tables full of people. Pulling more
and more people into the dance, until everybody in the
bar is doing a wild hora in a huge circle around the room.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

Abbie, with a shout of "Ho roo a chaim" shows them when to rush the middle. They all do.

Abbie and Abe grab Lisa, sit her in a chair and lift her up over their heads.

ABE

You made me so proud. I'm so glad I lived to see your Bar Mitzvah.

ABBIE

(laughing)
Me, too. Is she too heavy for you, Pop?
(pause)
Pop?

ABE

You looked so handsome in your suit. You can give me the checks later.

ABBIE

What? What checks? What are you talking about?

ABE

What? Why are you staring at me? Please, let's let her down.

Abe breaks the circle, leading everybody in the serpentine through the bar, out the door and into the street.

42 EXT. STREET NEAR ABE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Abe, Abbie and Lisa are dancing their way towards Abe's house.

ABE

It was a night of nights.

LISA

(dancing and singing)
"Hava Nagila..."

Abe stops them at a street lamp. He wraps himself around it and strikes a pose.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

Who am I?

LISA

Gene Kelly. "An American in Paris."

(a beat; then in
imitation)

"I wish I wasn't in this chair,
Jane." "But you are, Blanche, you
are."

ABE

Bette Davis -- "Whatever Happened
to Baby Jane?"

LISA

Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.
I played both parts.

ABBIE

Ooh, she's scuffing the ball,
Dad, she's scuffing the ball.
How about this one? "You want
me to hold the chicken?"

LISA

Oh, come on, what is that? A
foreign film?

ABBIE

No. Listen again. "You want me
to hold the chicken?"

(a beat)

This is so easy: The waitress
in "Five Easy Pieces."

ABE (V.O.)

"I didn't go to the moon. I went
much further."

Abbie and Lisa turn to look at him. Abe has lit a
cigarette and is posed under the lamppost.

ABE (Cont'd)

"For time is the longest... um...
uh" Shit! I'm blank. Where the
hell am I? I don't know where
I am.

He rubs the back of his neck. Then he panics.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

ABE (Cont'd)
What's happening?

Abbie moves to him.

ABBIE
It's just me, Dad.

ABE
I'm lost, kiddo.

Abbie takes him by the arm and as they walk up the street, Abbie continues the speech.

ABBIE
"...the longest distance between two places. I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger."

ABE
"I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold."

ABBIE
Good, Dad. That's really good.

Abbie and Abe look at each other. There is a new awareness in them. After a beat, they embrace.

43 INT. U.C.L.A. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

43

Abbie, in a doctor's smock, carrying a clipboard, leads Abe down a long corridor.

ABE
...I hate hospitals -- How can you stand it? You could catch something.

ABBIE
When's the last time you had a physical?

ABE
"The Long Gray Line." Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara. I was a West Point cadet going through a physical.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

ABE (Cont'd)

The extra playing the doctor took it too seriously. I looked to the left to cough and he hit me in the nuts. I couldn't walk for a week.

Abbie opens an Examination Room door.

ABBIE

The hospital is doing me a favor. I don't have that much time. Just come in here.

Abe follows him into the Examination Room.

44

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

44

ABBIE

Put this on.

He hands Abe a paper dressing gown.

Sitting on a stool, he takes out a pen, writing:

ABBIE

Name? I know your name. Date of birth?

ABE

Before your time.

ABBIE

Date of birth, December --

ABE

March 14, 1923.

ABBIE

March?! I thought it was in December.

ABE

So, I lied. I like a lot of gifts for Christmas.

ABBIE

(after a beat)
Have you had -- ?

(CONTINUED)

ABE

No! I never had anything... I didn't even have my own room until I got divorced.

He does a small pirouette in the paper gown.

ABE (Cont'd)

How do I look? -- And try to imagine it with the jewelry.

ABBIE

Get on the scale.

Abe tiptoes onto the scale.

ABE

Why are these always so cold?

Abbie adjusts the height bar.

ABBIE

(smiling)

Five seven.

ABE

(a smile)

I'm shrinking. By the time I die you can make a cheap funeral. Go out and buy me a shoe box.

Abbie turns to hand him a sample jar.

ABBIE

Go fill this.

ABE

With what?

ABBIE

Just fill it.

Abe gives him a look, then turns into a bathroom, closing the door. After some moments:

We HEAR Abe's VOICE. He is grunting and groaning as if in some pain.

ABBIE

Are you okay, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

ABE (V.O.)

Yeah, I can't get the lid off the
goddamn bottle. I'm kidding.
I can't perform here. I've got
stage fright.

ABBIE

(smiling)

Run the water.

There's the SOUND of running WATER.

ABE (V.O.)

Ta-DA!

45 INT. U.C.L.A. MEDICAL CENTER - CAT SCAN ROOM - LATER

45

A confined antiseptic room. Abe is on his back looking
very drowsy. A TECHNICIAN is closing him in the
futuristic-looking Cat Scan machine. Abbie follows the
Technician into a control room. Video monitors show Abe.

ABBIE

Don't move, Pop.

ABE

It's hard for me to do stills.
I'm a motion picture actor.

ABBIE

Try to relax, Pop.

ABE

(singing)

"Embrace me, my sweet embraceable
you..." My mother used to sing
that song. You never met your
grandmother, did you, Abbie? The
most miserable human being that
ever lived. But a great laugh.
I can still hear it.

He starts to drift off.

ABE (Cont'd)

(on monitors; drifting)

She would have liked you...

46

INT. U.C.L.A. MEDICAL CENTER - CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

46

Abe's sitting on a bench, alone, in an empty hallway. A door opens. Some doctors come out of the room. They cross by Abe, turning a corner. The hall's empty. Another door opens. And Abbie comes out of a room at the far end of the corridor.

ABE

You done?

ABBIE

Pop -- Go home.

ABE

You touch this, you touch that
-- You see parts of me that
I've never seen -- And all you
can say is "go home."

ABBIE

(smiling)

Go home. I'll stay and check on
your tests. They're rushing them
through.

ABE

What's the rush? Rush makes me
nervous.

Abe takes up his coat. Turning, he moves along the hallway.

ABE (Cont'd)

(slowing)

Do me a favor. When you come
home, bring me a sandwich -- an
Eddie Cantor. You hear me?

ABBIE

I heard you. An Eddie Cantor.

ABE

(calling)

Thank you.

And Abe's gone, the doors quietly closing behind him.

47

INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

47

Abe, sitting at an old upright piano, is playing Cliffie Stone.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

"I'm too pooped to pop. I ain't lyin'. Too pooped to pop, just layin here fryin'. Salt and butter's ready, and the fire's hot. But seems like I'm just too pooped to pop!"

And the door opens. Abbie, carrying a take-out bag, his windbreaker damp from the night air, comes inside.

ABBIE

Hi, Pop. How ya feeling?

Taking off his jacket.

ABE

My ass looks like a miniature golf course. Otherwise, I'm okay. You doctors play rough...

ABBIE

(looking)

Where's Lisa?

ABE

She's at the hotel. She said to call her.

Abbie nods, crossing by him into the kitchen.

ABE (Cont'd)

(following him)

Did you get what I asked for?

Abe sits at the kitchen table. Abbie opens the paper bag, taking out sandwiches, drinks.

ABBIE

Yeah.

He sits across from his father.

ABE

(a beat)

Eddie Cantor.

ABBIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (2)

47

ABE

I wanted an Eddie Cantor. This is a Georgie Jessel.

ABBIE

What's the difference?

ABE

An Eddie Cantor has everything. It's a meal in itself. This Jessel, just look at it... it's pathetic. An Ethiopian wouldn't eat it.

ABBIE

I made a mistake. Just eat it.

ABE

Okay, I'll eat it. I'll eat it.

Abbie slightly smiles. The smile fades. Abe quietly takes a sip of the soda.

ABBIE

Pop, you know the headaches you get, the speeches you suddenly remember... the...

ABE

Abbie, I failed the test, right?

ABBIE

You have a blister on a blood vessel in your brain. It's like what happens to an inner tube when it starts to burst...

ABE

Why don't I feel anything? Why am I the last to know?

ABBIE

It's called an aneurysm.

ABE

Oh, good word for scrabble. Probably a double letter in there. So, what do we do for this?

Abe is not understanding.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

47

ABBIE

Pop, you're dying. It's in a part of your brain called the Circle of Willis, where we can't approach it.

(helpless)

Pop, I can't do anything...

ABE

Two sailors are talking. One says "I'm worried." "What's the matter?" "I've got a date tonight. I'm not sure if she's got VD or TB." So the other one says, "If she coughs, fuck her."

It's quiet. Abe takes another bite of his sandwich. He silently stands, turning out of the kitchen, into the front room. He sits on a couch. After some moments:

ABE (Cont'd)

How long?

ABBIE

I don't know.

ABE

Come on. A day? A week? A month?

ABBIE

There's no way to know. It's a time bomb.

ABE

What's going to happen?

ABBIE

The headaches will continue... Some things will go on... like what happened with the movie... How did you say it? You'll lose your geography.

ABE

You'll help me -- I mean, help me so I don't get lost?

ABBIE

Of course, I'll help you.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

47

ABE

You know, I've never had my name in Variety before. Probably page nine, a little box: "Abraham Polin, 65, movie extra, nineteenth man to yell 'I'm Spartacus.'" Oh boy, what a day! Listen, I'm gonna hit the sack. See you tomorrow, right?

ABBIE

Why do you say it like that?

ABE

Because you won't say how long.
(beat)
If this is it, I'll stay up.
Maybe there's a good movie on t.v.

ABBIE

I feel so helpless.

Abe comes to him and embraces him.

ABE

Don't worry kiddo. It's not your fault. These things happen with fathers.

Abe goes to the doorway, stops, and in the dimly lit room, turns.

ABE (Cont'd)

You know what? I'm mad...

ABBIE

I know, Pop.

ABE

I really wanted an Eddie Cantor.

Abbie crosses to embrace him. They hold each other quietly in the darkened room.

48 EXT. MONDRIAN HOTEL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

48

Abbie and Lisa are sitting on a deck that overlooks the lights of Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

ABBIE

I should have been a dermatologist.

LISA

Come on, you'd be a lousy one.
There are three hundred skin
diseases and they use two creams.
Where's the challenge?

ABBIE

What really pisses me off is you
never know where he's going to
get you. He had to have known.
He could have avoided this.

LISA

You know it couldn't have been
avoided.

ABBIE

I come out here to get my house
in order so I could sleep at
night and now this.

LISA

Wait a minute. This isn't about
you. He's not doing this to you.
Abbie, we're all bruised fruit.

ABBIE

You know what's really going on?
I don't want to be the man's
father.

LISA

Don't. Be his son.

49

INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

49

The front door opens. Abbie and Lisa, carrying some
take-out containers, come inside.

ABBIE

We got some breakfast here, Pop.

It's quiet. He turns into the bedroom.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

Pop? Room service.

(CONTINUED)

The bedroom's empty. He comes back into the front room.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
He must have gone for a walk --
Let's set the table...

He turns into the kitchen. He suddenly stops. The faucet's running. A chair is tipped almost over. The receiver of the phone dangles from a table off the hook, "If you want to make a call, hang up..." And Abe, in his pajamas, is sprawled on the kitchen floor, eyes open, motionless.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(kneeling)
Dad?!

As he reaches to check his father's pulse:

ABE
(blinking)
You see what acting is.

ABBIE
What's the matter with you?!

ABE
(standing)
...The hardest thing to do is die
real. You try to lay there with
your eyes open and don't blink...
it's murder.

He sits on a chair, half-slouched, eyes open, bouncing.

ABE
Who am I?

ABBIE
What are you doing?

ABE
(continues to bounce)
Big hint -- Ratso Rizzo.

LISA
(laughing)
Dustin Hoffman at the end of
"Midnight Cowboy."

(CONTINUED)

ABBIE

Breakfast is getting cold --

ABE

(standing for Lisa)

...You see what I did here,
Christian?

(setting scene)

The man is all alone.

He backs into the front room.

ABE (Cont'd)

He knows he's dying. He doesn't
know when it's going to come so
he decides to have some coffee
and read the trades.

Moving through front room.

ABE (Cont'd)

Suddenly!

(stopping short)

Big pain. He hits the wall.

He hits a wall.

ABE (Cont'd)

(stopping to note)

As you notice, the picture here
is slightly askew where the man
hit the wall...

(struggling to keep
standing)

He needs some help -- he has to
locate his son who is off God knows
where schtupping a Catholic girl.

He stumbles into the kitchen.

ABE (Cont'd)

He reaches for the phone.
Another pain! He can't hold the
phone. As you can see, the phone
is off the hook...

(quickly turning)

The man's in trouble. Big
trouble. He tries to keep his
feet. He grabs for a chair. The
chair starts to fall --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

ABE (Cont'd)

The chair, you can see, is almost
falling over... Oh, I'm dying --
death, death, death -- fighting to
live, knocking over pots and pans...

(stopping)

See the pots and pans --

(moving slowly,
reaching)

The man can't quite turn off the
water. He slumps on the floor...

(slumping)

And shudders, expiring... Not
quite...

(up on an arm)

Death rattle. Done for.

His arm gives way and he sprawls on the floor, motionless.
Lisa applauds.

ABE (Cont'd)

(gets up)

Okay, I'm on a roll here. Abbie,
get out your list.

ABBIE

What list?

ABE

Of things we never did together.
Let's go Christian, grab a pen.
Let's start checking them off.

50 EXT. MALIBU CANYON - MORNING

50

The Continental, its top down, sweeps through the winding
canyon. Lisa's riding up front with Abe, Abbie's in the
back.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. MALIBU CANYON PARK - "U CATCH 'EM TROUT FARM" - DAY

51

A small pond overstocked with fish, just waiting to be
caught. Abe, Abbie and Lisa have their poles in the
water, as do a handful of "fishermen," mostly fathers
and their small children. Everyone is catching fish,
but Abbie.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

LISA
(whooping)
I got another one!

ABE
(pulling one in)
Boy, oh boy. It's a feeding
frenzy. I've seen this kind of
thing before.
(throwing his pole in)
Come and get it, boys.

Abe hums the "Jaws" theme.

ABBIE
I can't believe this... I haven't
gotten one yet.

ABE
It's all in the wrist.

LISA
(whooping)
I got another one!

ABBIE
Would you stop whooping! This
isn't even real fishing.

ABE
Of course this is fishing. This
is a pole. This is a fish. It
costs a little more, but you stay
dry, and you don't have to wait.

LISA
I can't remember the last time
I went fishing.

ABE
(to Lisa)
The last time I went fishing was
in, "The Old Man and the Sea."
Spencer Tracy. I was on the dock
when he came in without the big
one. I was the one who laughed...

ABBIE
Would you please be quiet?
You're scaring the fish.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

ABE
Come on Abbie, concentrate.

They wait. And wait. Abbie, frustrated, tugs on the line. He mutters a curse. As they wait:

ABE (Cont'd)
(secretly, to Lisa)
I didn't put any bait on it.

Abe and Lisa laugh.

52 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - PONY RIDES

52

As Lisa takes home movies with Abe's camera, Abbie and Abe are riding two small ponies around the ring, passing the small children whose horses are walking slowly.

53 INT. PLANETARIUM

53

Abe, Abbie and Lisa sitting in their seats, staring at the ceiling, seemingly surrounded by the stars:

ABE
See that big star?

ABBIE
Yeah.

ABE
I just bought a condo there.

Abbie smiles and looks at Abe's slightly shaking hand. He tentatively reaches out and holds it.

54 EXT. RUNNING TRACK - LATE AFTERNOON

54

Abbie and Lisa are walking, holding hands.

LISA
I've got to go back to the hospital, Abbie.

ABBIE
I know.

While they are talking, the Old Woman we saw in the previous track scene comes on to the track and jogs past them.

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

ABBIE
 (to Lisa)
 Don't move. I'll be right back.
 I've got to do this.

Abbie takes off after the Old Woman, jogging at first slowly and then slowly getting faster.

LISA
 (yelling)
 Abbie!

Hearing him coming, the Old Woman, looking back, starts to run faster. Abbie hesitates, then, picking up his pace, he runs after her. He comes abreast of her on the turn. They hit the straight. And, they sprint for the finish. There's the FAINT ECHO of "Chariots of Fire," as Abbie races her to the finish line. With a lunge at an imaginary tape, he nips her at the wire. He jogs out, stopping, catching his breath. And as the Old Woman moves past him, Abbie raises his arms in triumph. He jogs slowly towards Lisa who comes forward to meet him.

ABBIE
 I love you, Christian.

LISA
 I love you, Jewish.

55

EXT. ABE'S STREET - DAY

55

A taxi idles in the street. Lisa stands at the cab's door. Abbie and Abe, in the street.

ABE
 Did you pack the trout?

She laughs. After a moment she hugs him:

LISA
 Pop, I'll miss you.

ABE
 (a smile)
 I'll miss me...

She smiles, starting into the cab. Abbie kisses her goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ABE (Cont'd)
Oh doctor...

He gives her an envelope. She opens it revealing an 8X10 glossy of Abe.

LISA
(noticing)
You didn't sign it.

ABE
Extras don't give autographs.
The face is what's important.

She looks at him, embraces him, and trying not to cry, gets into the taxi. As the cab pulls off:

ABE (Cont'd)
Nice exit.

Abbie nods. As they stand in the street, watching the taxi go:

ABBIE
You know what you need?

ABE
A sequel.

ABBIE
A speaking part.

56 INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - DAY

56

Abbie, surrounded by various trade papers, casting newsletters, is at the kitchen table reading a Variety.

ABE (V.O.)
You sure you don't want this?
I only wore it once.

Abe's in a crowded hall closet, putting old clothing into a carton. He holds up a Thirties double-breasted, wide pin-striped Frank Nitti suit.

ABBIE
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

ABE

Packing. If you recall I'm going on a long trip. You can't have enough to wear.

ABBIE

Very funny.

ABE

I'm sending this stuff over to the Motion Picture Home. They could use it. It's tough to stay warm when you're retired. Find anything?

ABBIE

Not yet.

He studies another trade paper. Abe bends to rummage through the closet.

ABBIE (Cont'd)

(after a moment)

Here's something, Pop.

(reading)

"...crusty older man to play priest who, with his pet chimpanzee, fights crime in suburban Detroit. Jenny Lind Productions."

ABE

Forget it. That's T.V. A movie actor should never look smaller than life. Keep reading.

Abbie looks through another Variety. After a moment:

ABBIE

Do you know a guy named Phil Hammond?

ABE

Sure, he was the world's worst extra! He always looked wrong. One time we're doing a cowboy movie... There's fifty, sixty of us, and the director stopped in the middle of the shot and points at Hammond and says, "You, take off your hat."

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (2)

56

And Abe, wearing a cowboy hat, comes into the kitchen.

ABE (Cont'd)

So, what's he up to now, this "Mr. Genius," who dares to be second?

ABBIE

He's casting a film -- it says they need active men. Why don't you give him a call?

ABE

(looking at Variety)

It says agent submissions only. I don't have an agent.

ABBIE

Everything in here says agent submissions only. How do you get an agent?

ABE

You have to have a part.

ABBIE

Then how do you get a part?

ABE

You have to have an agent -- and don't ask me the next question because I never understood it and it's forty years later and I still don't.

Abbie gets up, looking out the window.

ABBIE

(after a moment)

Who's a big agent?

ABE

Buddy Haverman at Creative Artists. The Biggest. He's so powerful he once told Sinatra, "Please, hold it down, I'm eating."

Suddenly turning, taking the Variety from Abe, Abbie crosses to the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

ABE (Cont'd)
What are you doing?

Abbie picks up the phone, looks at Abe and as he smiles:

57 INT. PHIL HAMMOND PRODUCTIONS - STUDIO OFFICE - DAY

57

Abbie and Abe enter and stop at a reception desk in an outer office.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you...?

ABBIE
Les Shacktor, Mr. Haverman's assistant, Creative Artists. You have an appointment for Mr. Polin.

RECEPTIONIST
(checking list)
Oh, yes, Mr. Polin.

She hands each of them a script.

RECEPTIONIST (Cont'd)
Pages 81A, 81B... the part of Jason.

ABE
(looking)
Boy, nice typing.

RECEPTIONIST
Please have a seat.

They walk toward the seating area.

ABE
Maybe this isn't the right time. I haven't been out in the sun much...
(a beat)
Tell her I have a headache...

ABBIE
You'll do great, Pop. What's the worst thing that can happen?

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

ABE

I'll be discovered.

They reach the seating area and sit in the hallway. The hallway is filled with young, blond, leading man types, who all look like Don Johnson.

A SECRETARY

Chad --

And four of the young hopefuls start to stand at the same time.

SECRETARY (Cont'd)

Chad Stevens.

One of them follows her into the office. Abbie looks at Abe as he is about to leave.

ABBIE

I'll call you from the car.

They laugh and Abbie's gone. Abe sits quietly, waiting. After some moments:

ABE

(to any of them)

Hey... That surf was sure rough today, wasn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

58

INT. M.G.M. - PRODUCTION OFFICES - EVENING

58

Abe, his portfolio across his lap, sits alone in the now empty hallway.

SECRETARY

She'll be right off the phone.

Abe nods.

SECRETARY (Cont'd)

I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

ABE

No problem. I'm not pressured for time. My next appointment is in six months.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

The Woman returns to putting her desk in order. An intercom BUZZES.

SECRETARY
(on phone)

Yes...

She hangs up.

SECRETARY (Cont'd)
Ms. Davis can see you now.

ABE
Thank you.

Straightening his jacket, hitching up his pants, Abe crosses into the office.

59

INT. DOROTHY DAVIS' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

59

Abe quietly comes inside. A thin woman, in her early sixties, is behind a large desk, bent over, writing.
DOROTHY DAVIS.

DOROTHY
(without looking up)
Sit down. I'll be right with you.

Abe sits stiffly on a couch, his portfolio across his lap.

DOROTHY (Cont'd)
(looking up, surprised)
Mr. Polin?

ABE
You look surprised. I've always looked like this.

DOROTHY
I'm sorry, I expected someone younger -- a little different... I hope I didn't embarrass you.

ABE
If you think my face is embarrassing, you should see my body.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

DOROTHY

(a smile)

You look very familiar, Abe.
Have we worked together before?

ABE

(nods)

We're in the same business.

DOROTHY

Tell me about yourself.

ABE

Well, Dorothy, I'm twenty-two --
I just came out from New York and
I'm still adjusting to
California.

Dorothy laughs.

DOROTHY

(laughing)

Now tell me about you.

ABE

I'm thirty-five -- I've done some
summer stock...

DOROTHY

Abe.

ABE

(smiling)

I'm sixty-five years old and
making a complete ass of myself.
Look, Dorothy, I shouldn't be
here...

(standing)

I better go --

DOROTHY

No, please Abe, don't leave. I'm
glad you came in. It's
refreshing to see an older
leading man type with a sense of
humor about himself.

ABE

Did I mention I was dying?

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

(laughing)

He's dying -- You're charming,
Abe.

(studying him)

I can't get over how familiar you
look... What movies have I seen
you in, Abe?

ABE

So many, I can't even remember
their names.

DOROTHY

Try.

ABE

Miss Davis, let's just say, I
harvested the Grapes of Wrath,
I lost the Best Years of Our
Lives, and I Inherited the Wind.

DOROTHY

Come on, Abe.

ABE

Look, I'm an actor. If you want
somebody cheering, I'll cheer.
If you want somebody laughing,
I'll be hysterical. If you want
somebody crying, I'll weep. I
can be anybody you want me to be.

DOROTHY

There is a part in this picture
you could be right for...

She crosses to sit on the couch. Taking up the phone:

DOROTHY (Cont'd)

Harriet, that's all for today.
You can go home.

She hangs up. She looks at Abe. She smiles. He smiles.

It's crowded with a group of Abe's friends whom we've
seen before. Abbie sits at a table, nursing a drink,
waiting. There's the SOUND of the PIANO. And:

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

ABE (V.O.)

"Now here's the funny story I hope you'll understand..."

Abe's across the room at the piano. Getting up, Abbie crosses to sit at the piano bench with him.

ABE (Cont'd)

"Listen very closely if you possibly can..."

ABBIE

What happened?

The other Extras gather around.

ABE

"It's the story of two popcorn kernels in a red hot pan..."

ABBIE

For christsake, what happened?

ABE

I charmed the pants off of her...
"One turned to the other and said, Hey Man..."

ABBIE

And?

ABE

"I'm too pooped to pop, and I ain't lyin'..."

ABBIE

Dad?!

ABE

Ten lines of dialogue. "Too pooped to pop, just layin' here fryin'..." Double scale. "Salt and butter's ready and the fire's hot." I start tomorrow, six o'clock call. "Seems like I'm just too pooped to pop!"

They all cheer.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED: (2)

60

ABBIE
(embracing him)
You did it!

MIDGET
Who'd he have to fuck?

ABE
(to crowd)
I'd like to make a toast.
(toasting)
To my son. Not only is he a
great doctor and a wonderful
agent, he's also paying for this
party.

MIDGET
I wish I knew who he fucked.

They all congratulate Abe.

61

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER - FORECOURT - LATE NIGHT

61

It's dark. The marquee's lights off:

ABBIE (V.O.)
Ssssssh.

ABE (V.O.)
(a whisper)
Did you put enough?

ABBIE (V.O.)
(whispering)
I put enough! Just come on!

And we SEE Abbie, kneeling in the dark forecourt, a
bucket of cement beside him, troweling a fresh patch of
cement.

ABBIE (Cont'd)
(whispers)
Would you hurry up, it's drying!

ABE (V.O.)
(a whisper)
Somebody's coming!

A PASSERBY strolls past the theater.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ABBIE
 (after a beat)
 All clear.

And suddenly, Abe, naked from the waist down, streaks out of the shadows. He sits in the wet cement, putting his mark.

ABE
 Get the towel ready. If this stuff hardens, I'm in big trouble.
 (a beat, standing)
 The towel!

Abbie hands him a towel. Throwing the towel around his waist, Abe dashes into the shadows.

ABBIE
 (standing)
 Hurry up, Pop.

Abe, his pants on, runs back to Abbie.

ABE
 Gable's feet. Monroe's hands -- and Abe Polin's ass.

ABBIE
 Let's go.

ABE
 I forgot to sign it.

He kneels. As he writes alongside the drying imprint of his ass:

"BEST WISHES, ABE POLIN."

62 INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

62

Abe is in bed and Abbie is in a chair next to him.

ABE
 I can't sleep.

ABBIE
 Why, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

ABE

There are some things you should know about me in case we get separated in a crowd.

ABBIE

Maybe you shouldn't tell me.

ABE

Best friends don't have secrets, fathers and sons do -- so right now don't be a son, be a friend.

ABBIE

Okay, "Abe," go ahead.

ABE

I cheated on my written driver's test, I never return library books, and I didn't vote for John Kennedy like I told you.

(a beat)

I'm not your real father. Errol Flynn is.

Abbie laughs. Abe turns out the bedstand lamp.

ABBIE

(after a moment)

I was a virgin until I was twenty-two.

ABE

What the hell were you doing?

ABBIE

Studying, working.

(a beat)

I once forged your name on a report card in grammar school. I had failed gym.

ABE

I know. The principal called to tell me I had incredibly immature handwriting.

ABBIE

(smiling)

You knew? Why didn't you say something?

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (2)

62

ABE

You weren't my best friend then.

ABBIE

(a moment)

I used to steal your condoms and make water balloons out of them.

ABE

That's probably why you didn't get laid until you were twenty-two.

It's quiet.

ABE (Cont'd)

So tell me -- Why did you come here?

ABBIE

I was lying in the hospital thinking I didn't want to die without knowing how we really felt. I hated you for so long. I couldn't understand how you could choose a dream over me. And now, here I am -- I come out to see you and it's just like it used to be, you're putting me on the train again.

And he starts to quietly cry.

ABE

(softly)

Kiddo. This time you can get off anywhere you want. If I were you, I'd get off in New York, marry that Christian doctor, have a baby, and name it after someone who has recently died.

And it's still. The room dark.

ABE (Cont'd)

...I feel like my father, after his funeral. He knew nobody came.

ABBIE

What are you talking about? I'll be there.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

ABE

You have to be there. You go
anywhere there's food.

(a beat)

It's my friends, the people I've
worked with. Not even extras go
to an extra's funeral.

ABBIE

You're not an extra, Pop, you're
my father.

Abe reaches, touching his hands.

ABE

Goodnight. See you in the
movies.

He turns over. It's quiet again. A moment, and Abbie
gets up, crossing to turn the bathroom light.

ABE (Cont'd)

It's okay. You can leave it off.

As Abbie shuts off the light:

63 INT. ABE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

63

Daylight touches the hallway that's lined with Abe's
pictures. The bedroom door's shut. Abbie, in his
t-shirt and sweat pants, stands in the kitchen,
looking out the window. A moment, and he turns,
taking up the phone and dialing. The picture of Abe
taped to Abbie is on the table.

ABBIE

(after a beat)

I'm sorry. Mr. Polin won't be
at work today.

As Abbie hangs up, sitting at the kitchen table.

64 EXT. A CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

64

A solitary limousine, following a hearse, turns a corner.
They park at the curb by a freshly dug hillside grave
site. Abbie gets out of the limousine. As he starts
toward the grave site:

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

Another limousine turns the corner. Then another. And another. And sedans and coupes and vans and compacts and economies and trucks. People, getting out of their cars... Extras, straight from work, many of them in costumes. Gangsters and cowboys and soldiers and workers and knights and African natives and senators and spacemen and captains and kings. They form a huge crowd around the grave. As Abbie, with Tango, and Abe's friends, bear the coffin through the crowd:

DISSOLVE TO:

65

EXT. THE CEMETERY - DUSK

65

Abbie sits alone by the grave. It's still. After some moments:

ABBIE

...Goodnight room. Goodnight
chair. Goodnight brush. Goodnight
old lady whispering hush.
Goodnight rich people and broke
people. Goodnight little people.
Goodnight stars. Goodnight air.
Goodnight to noises everywhere --
Goodnight, moon...

Standing, Abbie walks down the hillside. Lisa is waiting for him. He walks to her holds her hand and they disappear into early evening.

66

EXT. ABE'S GRAVE - DAY

66

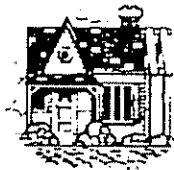
The Marker.

"ABE POLIN
1923-1988
NOW I FEEL LIKE A PUTZ"

A moment, and a photograph fills the screen. The black and white Polaroid picture of Abe, Abbie and Lisa, their faces in the cut-out from "Mexico." Abe's face has been circled in ink with a line to the word, "Me."

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS ROLLTHE END



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