

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE

Cinema 416/516



NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE

An Original Screenplay

by

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Final Draft
March 10, 1975

FADE IN:

Al. PINK... ON SCREEN we read:

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

1953.

1. BACKGROUND COMES INTO FOCUS

until we realize we are LOOKING now at a rubber ball (a Spalding). A hand tosses the ball up and down several times.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A small lower middle class apartment in Brooklyn. LARRY, twenty-two, intense, very nervous, is tossing the ball up and down, trying to make a decision. Finally, he tosses the ball into a suitcase on the bed. He crams a few more things into the suitcase and tries to close it. With great effort, he finally locks the suitcase. He puts on an overcoat, looks around the room to make sure he has missed nothing, then picks up another suitcase and exits the room carrying both suitcases.

2. KITCHEN

MOM and POP sit in the kitchen (They are about fifty years old). Pop is reading the Daily News. Mom is on the verge of hysteria. She is a dynamic woman. She is smoking Kools. Larry enters and sets the two suitcases down. Mom looks at the suitcases as if they are the work of the devil.

MOM

... Put a rope around the big suitcase.

LARRY

It's okay, Mom.

MOM

(to Pop)

Ben, get him a rope.

(sarcastically)

... It's okay. It'll break open in the middle of the street...

It's okay...

Pop has found a piece of heavy twine. He ties it around the suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Let me help you, Pop.

POP

(good at it)

I can do it.

MOM

Did you pack everything?

LARRY

Just about.

MOM

What did you leave?

LARRY

I left some books. I'll pick them up when I come back.

MOM

Oh?... You're coming back? I thought this was for good.

LARRY

I don't want to argue, Mom.

MOM

(to Pop)

Did you hear that, Ben? Mister Greenwich Village is going to do us the honor of coming back...

(to Larry)

When? When are you coming back?

Pop finishes tying the rope.

LARRY

Thanks, Pop... Well... I guess I'll be going...

(shakes hands with his father)

See you later, Pop.

POP

Okay, Larry. Good luck.

Larry goes over to his mother and kisses her on the cheek.

LARRY

So long, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry picks up both suitcases and goes to the front door, which is in the kitchen. He puts down the suitcases and opens the door. As he picks up the suitcases again, there is a shrill animal-like scream: Larry turns... Mom is wailing, sobbing... Larry is determined not to let this get him.

LARRY

Mom. You said you wouldn't do it...

She wails.

LARRY

What you are doing is called hysteria. You are trying to make me feel guilty about going.

Louder wail.

LARRY

Mom.
(he is quietly desperate)
I am going. I have to go. I have to live my own life. I'm twenty-two years old.

Mom begins to bang her head against the wall behind her... bang, bang, bang.

LARRY

... Mom. You are going to get a concussion.

Larry goes to his mother. He screams at her.

LARRY

Jesus Christ, STOP IT.

A VOICE is HEARD from the apartment upstairs.

VOICE

(shouting)

Shut up! Down there!

Mom is now breathing in short, staccato-like breaths. Maybe this is a heart attack?

LARRY

Nothing you do is going to stop me from going. You are not going to make me feel guilty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry picks up the suitcases and, without looking back, exits.

3. EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN - DAY

As Larry comes out of the building, carrying the two suitcases... cold, grey, day... Larry walks a few yards... then he stops and puts the suitcases down to rest...

A VOICE is HEARD from above... Larry looks up. A WOMAN of about fifty is leaning out the window, her arms resting on a large pillow. It is obvious that this is her permanent perch in life.

WOMAN

(calling)

Larry, Larry...

LARRY

(looks up)

Hi, Mrs. Tupperman.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

Where are you going with all that luggage?

LARRY

(calls)

Greenwich Village.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

You're moving?

LARRY

Yeah.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

What's in Greenwich Village?

LARRY

Fame and fortune... I'll see you around, Mrs. Tupperman.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

Be careful, Larry...

As Larry picks up the two suitcases, we... HEAR: MUSIC:
CHARLIE PARKER...

4. TITLES OVER...

(DAVE BRUBECK - "BLUE RONDO A LA TURK") under all of the following...

LARRY

walking... down his block... passes KIDS, shops...

5. SUBWAY ENTRANCE

Larry goes in.

6. SUBWAY STATION

TURNSTYLE TO PLATFORM

Larry pushing the bags under the turnstyle, and goes up the escalator and then waits outside for his train.

7. SUBWAY CAR

Larry sits, bags at his feet. Car is crowded with PEOPLE, none of whom pay any attention to Larry... Larry takes a black beret out of his coat pocket and puts it on.

LARRY'S POV

Subway ads and people.

8. EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

As Larry emerges up the steps of the Sheridan Square Station... passes the Village cigar store.

8A. STREET

Larry walks, stops in front of a red-brick building... Larry looks up at the building...

LARRY

(to the building)

Boy, am I guilty.

As Larry goes into the building... (MUSIC: PARKER ENDS)

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. LARRY'S APT. - NIGHT

Cold water flat, bathtub in kitchen. Only furniture is a second hand studio couch, a wooden kitchen chair,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

several crates of books, small old coffee table which houses a record player and several records. Larry and SARAH lie on the studio couch, under the covers. They have just made love. Sarah is a dark-haired, exotic looking beauty. She is twenty-two. She always affects a very "hip" attitude. She is very bright. (MUSIC: SOURCE: Billie Holliday singing "I Get Along Without You Very Well.")

SARAH

(smoking)

... Maybe I should get a diaphragm.

LARRY

That would be nice.

SARAH

For you.

LARRY

Maybe I should get a diaphragm.

SARAH

I wonder if my mother's fits me.

LARRY

Do you ever talk to your mother about things like that?

SARAH

No. She doesn't even know I know she has a diaphragm.

LARRY

How do you know?

SARAH

I looked in her drawer one night.

LARRY

(laughs, kisses her)

Do you love me?

SARAH

I told you, I might get a diaphragm.

LARRY

Where will you get it?

SARAH

I'll go to a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

What doctor?

SARAH

I'll find a doctor. It's easy.

LARRY

... Where will you keep it?

SARAH

In my drawer.

LARRY

Does your mother go through your stuff?

SARAH

I'll bury it in the back yard.

LARRY

You're funny. Why don't we do a comedy act together.

SARAH

We just did a comedy act together.

LARRY

(kissing her, tickling her)
Oh, I was just funny... I wasn't good?... I wasn't great?... Was I funny or was I great?...

SARAH

Stop it, Larry.

LARRY

Was I great?

SARAH

You were fine.

LARRY

I love that. 'You were fine.'
Right out of Hemingway. Larry Lapinsky, my dear, is not 'fine.'
Larry Lapinsky is an animal.
(he sits up and roars)
Larry Lapinsky is either a sexual brute or a tender poet. 'Fine' he is not.

SARAH

... You were fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The record stops. Larry gets up and puts on another side. Sarah is getting dressed now.

LARRY

Call your mother and tell her you're staying overnight with a girlfriend.

SARAH

I don't have a girl fiend.

LARRY

(getting dressed)

... What are we going to do?

SARAH

When? What do you mean?

LARRY

With our lives.

SARAH

I don't know about you, but I'm going to get a diaphragm.

LARRY

... I think about suicide once or twice a day.

SARAH

That's normal.

LARRY

I really do.

SARAH

So?

LARRY

Do you?

SARAH

(seriously)

Not lately.

LARRY

Why do I do it?

They are both dressed now. Larry turns the record player off.

SARAH

Suicide makes you feel talented.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH (CONT'D)
... Walk me to the subway.

LARRY
You want a beer?

SARAH
Home. It's late.

LARRY
One beer...

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIUS'S - NIGHT

As Larry and Sarah approach the door of the bar.

INT. JULIUS'S

Place is jammed. About a hundred MEN and WOMEN, mostly young, dressed, naturally, in the styles of 1952-3... A few grey flannel TOURISTS... CHARLIE PARKER record coming from the juke-box... Lots of passionate talk... Larry and Sarah make their way to the bar... Larry nods hello to a couple of PEOPLE...

LARRY
(to the BARTENDER)
Two beers.

Larry waves hello at a GUY wearing a Mexican sombrero... Guy waves back.

SARAH
Who's that?

LARRY
Nick Koster. He's a crazy guy. He saved up all his money to go to Mexico. He wanted to see the ruins, get into the primitive thing. So he quit his job and everything and took off for Mexico City on Monday.

SARAH
Yesterday Monday?

LARRY
Right. When he got off the plane he ate a taco, got a terrible case
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

of the shits and took the next plane back. He was in Mexico City for two and a half hours. He says it stinks.

SARAH

I wonder if they sell diaphragms in Mexico.

LARRY

They sell crosses in Mexico.

BARNEY, THE PAINTER pushes his way up to Larry. Barney always wears the same paint splattered work clothes and always carries the same canvas under his arm. He always look as if he just finished work on a canvas...

BARNEY

How's the actor?

LARRY

Hey, Barney. How are you?
Barney, this is Sarah.

BARNEY

Didn't I meet you at the New School?

SARAH

I don't think so.

BARNEY

Did you ever take a course in
Modern Art? With Ben Probst?

SARAH

No.

BARNEY

That's cool... Hey, do you know
anybody who needs an abortion?

SARAH

Not lately.

BARNEY

I know somebody who's dependable
and clean. You know, there are
a lot of butchers running around.

SARAH

I'll be sure to let you know when
I get knocked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY

Hey, no offense. I get a cut
if I steer business.

LARRY

See you, Barney.

BARNEY

Yeah, man.

(to Sarah)

You'd make a great model. Let
me know if you'd like to sit
for me.

Barney moves off.

LARRY

I'm surprised he didn't try to
sell you a watch.

SARAH

Can he paint?

LARRY

Who knows?... I want you to meet
Bernstein.

LARRY'S POV

BERNSTEIN, an elegant black man, sitting with a gorgeous
white BOY, waves at Larry.

LARRY AND SARAH

Moving thru the crowd, carrying their beers.

SARAH

Bernstein?

LARRY

His first name is Bernstein. His
full name is Bernstein Chandler.
His mother is a cleaning woman.
She worked thirty years for a
Jewish family named Bernstein and
named him after them... He's gay.

SARAH

It's no wonder, with that name.

As they arrive at Bernstein's table... Bernstein stands
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNSTEIN

Hi, Larry... You must be Sarah.

SARAH

How'd you know?

BERNSTEIN

I'm a friend of Connie's. My dear,
you're a ravishing Semitic beauty.

SARAH

So are you.

They all laugh.

BERNSTEIN

Oh... Larry, Sarah, this is Sven.
(indicates blonde beauty)
He's Norwegian. Doesn't understand
one word of English.

Sven grins.

BERNSTEIN

Isn't he beautiful? I met him
this morning on the subway. I think
I'm in love, but I don't know how
to tell him. Does anyone know how to
say "I love you" in Norwegian?

A very Bohemian looking "POET", a man of sixty or so,
wearing beret and scarf, carrying a portfolio of "poems",
leans in to the group.

POET

Would you like to buy a poem for
a loved one?

LARRY

I'm broke, Jake.

JAKE

Only a quarter.

Larry gives Jake a quarter. Jake takes a poem out of
the portfolio and reads it.

JAKE

"In the winter
I'm a Bhuddist.
In the summer
I'm a nudist."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake gives the poem to Larry who gives it to Sarah.

LARRY

Here you go, loved one.

CUT TO:

12. INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Larry and Sarah on the BMT to Flatbush, Brooklyn. Larry has his arm around Sarah, who is smoking in spite of the No Smoking signs... The only other passenger is an OLD LADY with several shopping bags. She is sound asleep.

LARRY

What do you want to be when you grow up?

SARAH

I forgot.

LARRY

I want to be a star.

SARAH

I want to go to Mexico.

LARRY

I never wanted to be a cop or a pilot or a fireman. For a brief period, there, I wanted to be a war hero... but I always wanted to be a star... I used to lay in the bathtub dreaming about me as Robin Hood or Louis Pasteur. I was very good as Louis Pasteur.

SARAH

I'm bored... There's nothing happening in New York.

LARRY

Are you depressed?

SARAH

(laughs)

I wish I was. No. I just feel weird. Like I'm waiting for something to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
Let's get married.

SARAH
Maybe I should go to an analyst.

LARRY
You're better off in Mexico.

SARAH
Maybe I should go to a Mexican analyst.

LARRY
(accent)
So tell me, my dear, what seems to be
the trouble?

SARAH
(half lies down, kidding)
I have these strange pre-menstrual
dizzy spells.

LARRY
Yes?

SARAH
I want to wear a padded bra, but
I'm ashamed.

LARRY
Yes?

SARAH
I want to be a Rheingold girl.

LARRY
(no accent)
You're a very sick girl...

Suddenly, the old lady who has been sleeping sits up and
shouts.

OLD LADY
What stop is this? What stop is
this? I missed my station.

LARRY
This is Court.

OLD LADY
Oh... I'm Nostrand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I'm going to get the diaphragm tomorrow. Right after I look for a job.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A small one-family job. Sarah and Larry let themselves into a front porch. Very quietly.

14. INT. PORCH

SARAH

(whispers)

Good night.

Larry kisses her. They begin to neck. They sink to a bench. They kiss, touch, lie next to each other. Larry begins to feel her up. Sarah is very aroused.

SARAH

(whispers)

Put a rubber on.

Larry sits up. His heart is pounding. He looks in his wallet. He takes out money, cards, papers...

LARRY

(whispers)

I didn't bring anything.

SARAH

(laughs)

Schmuck.

LARRY

Ssshhhhhh.

SARAH

(whispers)

Schmuck.

LARRY

(whispers)

This proves I don't love you for just your body.

SARAH

(whispers)

I'll call you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

They kiss, long passionate, tender...They both begin to get wild again...Larry opens Sarah's blouse and begins to kiss her breasts...Sarah sits up and takes her blouse off.

LARRY

(whispers)

What if your father gets up?

SARAH

(whispers)

My father sleeps like a dead man
and my mother is probably watching
us right this second.

Larry looks around...Sarah takes her skirt off. She kisses Larry. He is wild, but nervous. They kiss... touch...They sink to the floor...

LARRY

(kissing wildly)

I'll pull out before I come, okay?

SARAH

I ovulated last week. It's safe.

LARRY

I love you, Sarah.

As they begin to make love on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

Later. Larry is walking down the deserted streets, talking to himself, to garbage cans, lampposts as he heads toward the subway entrance.

LARRY

' To be, or not to be: that is the
question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep-
No more- and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to!

(CONTINUED)

15A INT. STATION NIGHT

As Larry goes down the steps. He suddenly stops as he spots a billboard advertising Marlon Brando in "Streetcar". Larry talks to the billboard, doing an imitation of Marlon.

LARRY

'Stella...Stella...Where are you, Stella?...Blanche? What do you say, Blanche? Let me tell you about the Napoleonic Code, Blanche babe...'

He runs down the steps, out of view.

15B EXT. PLATFORM NIGHT

From up high, shooting down towards the outdoor platform. As Larry appears calling for "Blanche"... He sees an empty pint bottle on the platform. Larry picks it up and holds it as if it is an Oscar.

LARRY

...Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen of the Academy. This Oscar gives me great pleasure...But I don't think this award goes just to Larry Lapinsky...No, there are a lot of other people involved in this... I would like to thank, first of all, my director, Elia Kazan. Without Gadge, there would be no Larry Lapinsky. It was Gadge who discovered me in the Forty-Second Street Library... I would like to thank the author of the film, that great Jewish writer, Eugene O'Neill...

(looks at the bottle with great emotion)

Boy, this is really something...

(fakes crying)

But this evening would not be complete if I didn't thank the little woman who has stood behind me all these years...

(looks behind him)

As a matter of fact, she's right behind me now...Mom, say a few words...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

A COP appears on the platform. He sees Larry but doesn't see the Cop.

LARRY

(as Mom)

When my darling, adorable, loving son first told my husband and myself that he wanted to be an actor, I scoffed. Oh, boy did I scoff. But, tonight, I realize that I scoffed wrongly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

You don't scoff at an Academy Award winner. My son's performance as Sheriff Luke Marshall in 'Last Train to Budapest' will go down as one of the great performances in motion picture history... But, ladies and gentlemen of the Academy, tell me one thing, why does my son complain when I bring him a chicken to his Big-Deal Greenwich Village apartment?... Why? Why? Why?...

(quick Brando)

'I'll tell you why, Mom. Because the boy is an ingrate. He doesn't understand the Napoleonic Code...'

The Cop walks up to Larry.

COP

Hey, asshole. You're waking the neighborhood.

LARRY

(himself, embarrassed)

Sorry, officer.

COP

What are you, crazy?

LARRY

I was just doing some imitations.

COP

They stink.

LARRY

I know.

COP

Was that supposed to be Marlon Brando?

LARRY

Yeah.

COP

It sounded more like Edward G. Robinson.

LARRY

I know. But, my Edward G. Robinson sounds just like Marlon Brando.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

COP
(lights a cigarette)
Let me hear it.

LARRY
(does Robinson)
Yeah, yeah. Now listen, you guys...
Yeah...I'm Little Caesar...

COP
Are you in show business?

LARRY
I want to be an actor.

COP
Take my advice. Get into another
line.

LARRY
Good night, officer. Thank you
for your advice...

Larry waves goodnight. The cop walks away.

LARRY
(still holding the bottle)
...But most of all, I would like
to thank an unknown police officer
who was the first person to give me
encouragement...

Larry tosses the bottle into a garbage can.

DISSOLVE TO:

A16 EXT. BROADWAY AND 57TH STREET - DAY

Larry walking down the street. He stops in front of
a small luncheonette-type restaurant, looks at the
sign: "THE HEALTH BOWL". Larry checks the name on
a piece of paper in his hand and goes in.

16. INT. HEALTH BOWL - DAY

Long counter, only a few CUSTOMERS. This is one of the first health food restaurants in New York. Usual signs advertising vitamins, health, miracle creams, etc. Larry talks to the WOMAN behind the cash register.

LARRY

Excuse me. I'm here about the job.

WOMAN

Who sent you?

LARRY

(shows her the paper)

The Canal Street employment agency.

WOMAN

(calls to older man who
is behind counter)

Herb. The agency sent a boy.

HERB is about sixty. His perennial expression is one of ultimate doubt. He is thrusting a gigantic carrot into a juicer. He looks up at Larry. He bends his forefinger and beckons to Larry. Larry walks to the counter and stands opposite Herb.

HERB

You got experience?

LARRY

Yes sir, I was a waiter in the Catskills.

HERB

Did you ever work a counter?

LARRY

(lying)

Uh... Yeah. Yes, I did.

HERB

Where?

LARRY

My uncle had a place in Brooklyn.
I worked the counter.

HERB

Where in Brooklyn?

LARRY

Brownsville.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERB
Did you ever work a juicer?

LARRY
I don't think so. What's a juicer?

HERB
(indicates machine
he is working)
This is a juicer.

LARRY
... I never worked a juicer.
No sir.

HERB
Are you a college boy?

LARRY
I graduated.

HERB
Where?

LARRY
Brooklyn College.

HERB
What's a college graduate looking
for a job in a restaurant for?

LARRY
I need the money. Hey, mister,
look, if I'm not right, just tell
me.

HERB
I need a boy from eleven to three.
We're mostly a lunch trade.

LARRY
Eleven to three is fine with me.

A CUSTOMER enters. A man of about forty-five or fifty.
Very pale.

CUSTOMER
Good morning, Herb.

HERB
Good morning, Mister Elkins.
How do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELKINS

I had a bad night.

HERB

The head or the stomach?

ELKINS

(points to his gut)

In here. All night. Like a hammer.

Herb reaches across the counter and pulls down Mr. Elkins' eyelid, so that he can see the pupil. Obviously, this has happened before. Larry watches, covering his humour.

HERB

... You ate some crap yesterday, right or wrong?

ELKINS

Well...

HERB

Right or wrong, please.

ELKINS

I had a corned beef sandwich for lunch.

Herb starts to laugh as that is the biggest joke he has ever heard.

HERB

(to Larry)

You hear that? He ate a poison sandwich for lunch and he wonders why he is in pain.

(to Elkins)

I'll fix you a cabbage and carrot juice. That'll take care of today. But do me a favor, if you go back on poison tonight, don't come back. I'm not a magician.

Elkins nods submissively and takes a seat at the counter.

HERB

(to Larry)

Put on an apron and I'll show you how to work the juicer... What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
Larry.

HERB
First and last, please.

LARRY
Lapinsky. Larry Lapinsky.

HERB
You got the job, Larry Lapinsky,
but you never worked a counter in
Brooklyn. Right or wrong?

LARRY
(smiles)
Right.

HERB
(laughs)
College boys don't work counters...

As Larry crosses around to the other side of the
counter...

DISSOLVE TO:

17. INT. CLASSROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Larry and a fellow acting student named ELLEN are doing
a scene from Odets' "Golden Boy." It's a small stage.
About ten STUDENTS and the teacher, an intense looking
man named HERBERT, are watching the scene. (Larry's
work is good. This is a tricky scene to do; capturing
the reality and doing the scene so that it doesn't feel
old fashioned is the trick. But we should get some
feeling of nervousness on Larry's part at the beginning
of the scene which gradually goes away...) Larry plays
JOE, Ellen plays LORNA...

LORNA
Joe, I love you. We love each
other. Need each other.

JOE
Lorna, darling. I see what's happened.

LORNA
You wanted to conquer the world --

JOE
Yes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA

But it's not the kings and dictators
who do it -- it's that kid in the
park --

JOE

Yes, that boy who might have said,
'I have myself; I am what I want
to be.'

LORNA

And now, tonight, here, this minute
-- finding yourself again -- that's
what makes you a champ. Don't you
see that?

JOE

Yes, Lorna, yes.

LORNA

It isn't too late to tell the world
good evening again.

JOE

With what? These fists?

LORNA

Give up the fighting business.

JOE

Tonight.

LORNA

Yes, and go back to your music --

JOE

But my hands are ruined. I'll never
play again. What's left, Lorna?
Half, a man, nothing, useless...

LORNA

No, we're left. Two together.
We have each other. Somewhere there
must be happy boys and girls who can
teach us the way of life. We'll
find some city where poverty's no
shame -- where music is no crime.
Where there's no war in the streets
-- where a man is glad to be himself,
to live and make his woman herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

No more fighting, but where do we go?

LORNA

Tonight, Joe, we ride in your car.
We speed through the night, across
the park, over the Triboro Bridge --

JOE

Ride. That's it -- we ride -- clear
my head. We'll drive through the
night. When you mow down the night
with headlights, nobody gets you.
You're on top of the world then --
nobody laughs. That's it -- speed.
We're off the earth -- unconnected.
We don't have to think. That's
what speed's for, an easy way to
live. Lorna darling, we'll burn up
the night.

Larry and Ellen embrace... Then they break and slowly,
still full of the emotion of the scene, they turn to
the audience... There is APPLAUSE... particularly from
Herbert, the teacher.

HERBERT

(very intense)

Thank you, Ellen. Thank you, Larry.
Take a seat, please, and let's
discuss the scene...

Larry and Ellen sit on chairs on the stage...

ELLEN

(very emotional)

I wasn't involved for one second...

HERBERT

Ellen, since you've started the
discussion, keep going.

ELLEN

There's nothing to say. I was lousy.
It wasn't real for me. I was pushing...

LARRY

I don't think you were pushing.

HERBERT

If you don't mind, Larry, let Ellen
finish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

I'm finished.

(laughs; self-mockery)

I'm really finished.

HERBERT

That's silly.

ELLEN

(starts to cry)

... I was tense... nervous... I
don't know... Bad, bad...

HERBERT

What you're doing now is the feeling
you needed in the scene. All this
real emotion was just waiting to
come out.

ELLEN

(crying)

I'm always too late with my emotion.

HERBERT

Hold on to the place you're at now.
Remember it and use it in your next
rehearsal...

ELLEN

I'll try...

HERBERT

Larry?

LARRY

Well... I guess I was nervous... It
was tough getting involved... I was
aware of you... of the audience...

HERBERT

All the time?

LARRY

No... It started to go away when
the scene was almost over...

(fakes crying)

I was nervous... tense... Bad, bad,
bad...

ELLEN

That's not funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I'm sorry...

ELLEN

Everything's a joke to you.

LARRY

... Not everything...

HERBERT

You're still joking...

LARRY

What do you want me to say?

HERBERT

You said you weren't involved.
Why do you think you weren't
involved?

LARRY

... I guess because I'm hiding
something... Afraid of something
in the scene... So I joke it away...

HERBERT

You said that. I didn't.

LARRY

Am I right?

Suddenly, MARCO, an Italian looking fellow in the
audience shouts...

MARCO

You're full of crap, Larry.

HERBERT

Please, Marco...

LARRY

No, no... Let him finish...

HERBERT

I'm running this class...

LARRY

The man says I'm full of crap.
I'd like to know why...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCO

Even now, right this second, you're playing the intellectual game... Hey, can't you be real for one lousy goddamned second???

HERBERT

Quiet, Marco.

Marco shuts up.

LARRY

(agreeing)

I think I do tend to intellectualize too much.

HERBERT

But there was some beautiful work in the scene...

LARRY

I'm a beautiful intellectualizer... Sorry, I'm doing it again...

HERBERT

Odets is very tricky. He's writing in a manner that is very heightened, not quite real...

LARRY

It's a tough scene to believe.

HERBERT

But the actor has to believe. That's your task. If each moment is made real, the whole will be real.

LARRY

I know. But it's tough.

HERBERT

(smiles)

I agree. Lawrence Oliviers don't come along every week.

LARRY

I'd settle for Marlon Brando...

ELLEN

I'd settle for ZaZu Pitts...

As the class laughs...

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CAFE REGGIO DAY

As Sarah and Larry cross the street towards Connie's apartment.

LARRY

He was right in the middle of rehearsing this TV show when they told him he was fired. The bastards.

SARAH

Is he actually a communist?

LARRY

He's a very good actor, that's all I know.

SARAH

They're really afraid of McCarthy.

LARRY

I think McCarthy's a paranoid schizophrenic.

SARAH

That's why they're afraid of him.

19 EXT. CONNIE'S APT.

Across the street from the Reggio. SHOUTING IS HEARD ... Suddenly several PEOPLE rush upward from Connie's basement apartment. They are all laughing... they carry wine, food, etc....

LARRY

Hey Connie... What's happening?

CONNIE

(a chunky blond girl who is a cross between Milton Berle and T.S. Eliot)

Follow us, my dears. Anita Cunningham just phoned and said she's going to kill herself...

Larry and Sarah run down the steps with Connie,
Robert

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and Bernstein Chandler. Robert is handsome, intellectual, arrogant and a woman-killer. Bernstein is the black man we saw in the bar.

20. EXT. BUILDING

As the mad group emerges, running down the street. They talk as they run.

SARAH

When did she call?

CONNIE .

About half an hour ago.

SARAH

Why did you wait half an hour?

CONNIE

She commits suicide once a week.
But she usually calls back.

(laughing)

... She didn't call back.

BERNSTEIN

(running)

There are two possibilities. Either the lady's telephone is out of order or the lady is dead.

ROBERT

(trotting along)

Why are we running if she's already dead?

CONNIE

(running, out of breath)

I think I'm having a heart attack.

LARRY

Where does she live?

CORNER

As the five of them turn the corner.

CONNIE

(trotting)

McDougall.

ROBERT

(laughing)

I'm not going in if she used gas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNSTEIN

(trotting)

Speaking of gas, I think you left
the water boiling, Connie.

CONNIE

(stops; starts to run
the other way)

Oi, vay. I left my water boiling.

She turns and runs with them. They are all laughing
crazy now. Barney, the Painter walks by as they run.
He carries his painting.

BARNEY

What's happening?

CONNIE

Anita Cunningham is committing suicide.

Barney trots along with them.

BARNEY

Can I watch?

They turn another corner.

21. CORNER

As the six of them run into a building.

22. INT. STAIRWAY OF BUILDING

As the six of them rush up the stairs, screeching with
laughter... They go up one flight, then the second,
then the third flight... they are gasping...

BARNEY

What floor does she live on?

BERNSTEIN

Sixth.

BARNEY

The hell with it.

Barney stops as the others pass him, going up to the
fourth floor, then the fifth...

22A. SIXTH FLOOR

Now they are tip-toeing slowly up to the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The five of them put their ears against the door, trying to hear something... Nothing... Larry gets on his knees and tries to see through the keyhole, but he can't see anything... Finally, Connie knocks at the door. It is the most casual knock in the history of door knocking... There is no response...

CONNIE
(very sweetly)
Anita... Anita... It's Connie...

BERNSTEIN
(shouts)
Open up in the name of the law.

There is no response. Connie sniffs to smell if there is gas. Robert turns to Larry and Sarah.

ROBERT
I'm Robert Fullmer.

LARRY
(shaking hands)
Larry Lapinsky. This is Sarah Roth.

SARAH
Hi.

ROBERT
(to Larry)
Connie says you're an actor.

LARRY
Studying.

ROBERT
I'm writing a play. Let's have a chat.

LARRY
Great.

CONNIE
(bangs on the door)
... I think it's serious.

Robert turns the door knob and it opens.

23. INT. LIVING ROOM (ANITA CINCINNATHAM'S)

If the room is any indication of character, Anita C. is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in big trouble. This place is a mess. Books in cartons, dirty dishes, paper bags of garbage, about six cats prowling around, smell of cat piss in the air... but no sign of Anita... Kitchenette in the room, but stove is off...

ROBERT
... Pleasant, isn't it?

CONNIE
(shouts)
Anita, you crazy maniac, are you
alive or dead?

BERNSTEIN
(holds his pose)
Is this gas or cat piss?

They all stand around... there is a moment of silence... Then, a muffled, but distinct SOBBING is HEARD from the bathroom. Sob, sob, sob...

CONNIE
She's in the bathroom.

Connie goes to the bathroom door and tries to open it. But it is locked.

CONNIE
Open the door, Anita.

Sob, sob, sob...

BERNSTEIN
Anita, open the door.

Nothing. Robert steps to the door.

ROBERT
(calmly)
Anita, this is Robert. Open the
door or I'll drown your cats...

The sobbing ceases... The bathroom door opens... There is ANITA CUNNINGHAM. She is six feet tall, her face is wracked with tears, her clothes are dishevelled, her hair is a mess, she looks like an eagle... she holds her wrists up for all to see; there is blood on both wrists...

SARAH
(screams)
She cut her wrists...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all rush into the bathroom.

24. BATHROOM

Jammed now with Anita, Robert, Bernstein, Sarah, Connie and Larry. Connie has grabbed a towel, wet it in the sink and is wiping Anita's wrists.

LARRY

Should I call an ambulance?

Robert lights a cigarette, very calmly.

CONNIE

Wait, wait, wait...

SARAH

She'll bleed to death.

ROBERT

She has a lot of blood.

Anita, who has been catatonically quiet, begins to sob again...

BERNSTEIN

(holds up a double-
edged razor)

... Gillette.

ROBERT

That's the same blade she used last month.

CONNIE

I don't think it's very deep.

SARAH

I think we should get her to a doctor.

CONNIE

(to Anita)

Shame on you...

Robert takes one of Anita's wrists and examines it.

ROBERT

Superficial... Very superficial.

ANITA

... Don't want to live... don't want to live...

They exit the bathroom.

25. LIVING ROOM

Bernstein shoos two or three cats off a spot on a sofa and they sit Anita down...

ANITA

... don't want to live... don't want to live...

CONNIE

(at the stove)

Where's your coffee?

ANITA

... don't want to live... don't want to live...

CONNIE

Yes, my dear, but where's your coffee?

ANITA

... over the sink... don't want to live... don't want to live...

CUT TO:

26. INT. REGGIO - DAY - LATER

The same group is now seated around a table. Place is crowded, noisy as usual... Anita looks cleaner, has band-aids on both wrists. They are drinking coffee.

LARRY

If the Rosenbergs are executed, I think there'll be a lot of craziness in this country.

ROBERT

I doubt it.

LARRY

How can you say that?

ROBERT

Oh, there'll be outrage on the part of the liberals. There'll be some passionate demonstrations... Famous people will rant and rave. But nothing will happen.

LARRY

I don't say the government will be overthrown, but something will happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT
Two people will die. That's what
will happen.

SARAH
It's a terrible thing.

ROBERT
Terrible is a terribly banal word.

SARAH
(peevish)
What word would you use?

ROBERT
It's difficult to find a precise
word in the English language.

SARAH
I'm sure you can find one somewhere.

ROBERT
... I don't know if I can. Language
is tricky.

CONNIE
(to Robert)
... Do you remember if I left the
water boiling at my place?

BERNSTEIN
Would tragic be a better word?

ROBERT
I don't think you left the water
boiling.
(to Bernstein)
Tragic would not be a better word.
The Rosenbergs are pathetic
figures, but they are not tragic.

LARRY
What's happening to them is tragic.

ROBERT
But they are not tragic figures.

SARAH
I think you're full of shit.

ROBERT
That may well be, but neither tragic
or terrible is the right word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

Is full of shit the right word?

ROBERT

... In the eye of the beholder...

ANITA

You all think I'm crazy, don't you?

(no response)

You think I'm just trying to get attention, don't you?... You're wrong. I hate my life. Nothing feels good. I feel sad when I get up and I feel sad when I go to sleep. I really don't want to live. But I don't really want to die. I'm afraid of dying... I'm afraid of living and I'm afraid of dying...

(starts to cry
very quietly)

Men don't want me, not the men I want...

ROBERT

How do you expect to keep a man in that filthy apartment?

CONNIE

(to Robert)

Cease.

ANITA

... One of these days I'm really going to do it...

(she smiles)

But I won't call, I promise.

Connie puts her arm around Anita.

CONNIE

Come on, bocbala. Let's go to a movie.

BERNSTEIN

Excellent notion.

SARAH

(to Bernstein)

Those are beautiful rings you're wearing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNSTEIN

Thank you. They were given to me by my father, who is an African prince.

CONNIE

How does your father, the prince, get along with your mother, the cleaning woman?

BERNSTEIN

Royally.

They laugh. They get up and start to make their way out. As they walk they talk...

27. EXT. REGGIO

LARRY

I think 'Zapata' is playing at the Waverly.

ANITA

(wiping her tears away)

I saw it...

LARRY

Did you see 'Limelight'?

ANITA

Is that Charlie Chaplin?

LARRY

Yeah.

ANITA

I love Charlie Chaplin.

Larry walks like Charlie Chaplin, pretending he has a cane... They all begin to walk like Charlie Chaplin...

DISSOLVE TO:

28. INT. LARRY'S APT. - DAY

Larry is trying to quickly get the place into shape. He has done some painting since the last time we saw the place... He has put a few prints on the walls and is now in process of nailing a print by Breughel onto a wall. He stands on the kitchen chair. He is talking to himself (Perhaps he plays catch against the wall with the red ball).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

'You call this an apartment? I don't call this an apartment. An apartment has furniture. This is not furniture.'

... 'What do you mean, Mom? I've got a record player. I have a lovely kitchen chair and I have a fabulous print by Breughel.'

... 'That's not funny, my darling son. Not funny at all... Dave, go down and get some cream soda. I saw a store on the corner.'

... 'Mom, I don't need any cream soda. Stay where you are, Pop.'

'Well, I need some cream soda.'

Dave, did you hear me?'

... 'Mom, let Pop take a load off his feet. I'll get the soda.'

... 'Cream. Can you remember that?'

... 'Sure, Mom, Cream.'

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS. Larry goes to the door and opens it. There stand Mom and Pop, dressed up for this visit. Pop carries two large brown bags of groceries.

LARRY

Hi, Mom. Hi, Pop. Come on in...

MOM

(takes a look at the place)

... You call this an apartment? I don't call this an apartment. An apartment has furniture. This is not furniture.

LARRY

What do you mean, Mom?

They enter.

LARRY

... I've got a studio couch. Sorry. I've got a nice studio couch... I have a record player, I have a lovely kitchen chair...

MOM

Do you have a toilet? I'm dying...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Right this way.

MOM

And enough of your sarcasm and so-called humour.

Larry shows Mom the toilet which is off the hallway.

MOM

(as she goes into
the toilet)

It's like the North Pole in here.

She closes the door. Larry goes back to help Pop with the groceries.

POP

Does the ice-box work? I have some perishables.

LARRY

(as they unload
the groceries)

How do you like it, Pop?

POP

How much is the rent?

LARRY

Twenty-five a month.

POP

How's your job?

LARRY

It's okay.

POP

I think it would be smart if you got your teacher's license. It's good to have something to fall back on.

LARRY

I don't want to be a teacher.

POP

During the Depression I made thirteen dollars a week. When I was lucky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HEAR the toilet flush. Mom swoops into the room.

MOM

Do you have any cockroaches?

LARRY

Only when I turn on the lights in the middle of the night.

MOM

Mister Wise Guy. Let me put the stuff away. I got two ryes and a pumpernickle. Your toilet is broken.

LARRY

I can't eat three loaves of bread.

MOM

Put the cream cheese in the ice-box before it melts. Where's the lox? Where's the lox? That bastard didn't pack the lox.

LARRY

I put the lox away.

MOM

Why didn't you say so?

(still unpacking goods)

Here are some Brownies from Ratners, I got you some coleslaw, some pickles and here's some toothpaste and a chicken.

Larry is in shock.

LARRY

Mom.

MOM

... And here's some underwear you forgot.

LARRY

Maybe I can put some cream cheese on the underwear and eat it.

MOM

Not funny. Not at all funny. You left your underwear home, what should I do with it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(flash of anger)

I appreciate everything you've done, but you're stocking me with enough food for ten years.

MOM

Don't scream at me.

LARRY

(crazed)

Enough is enough...

(he's holding the chicken)

How the hell am I going to cook a chicken?

Mom reaches into the bottom of her oversized purse (which she always carries) and pulls out an aluminum pot.

MOM

You'll cook the chicken in a pot, that's how you'll cook the chicken.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. LARRY'S ROOM - LATER

Mom, Pop and Larry are listening to Jussi Bjoerling sing a tenor aria from "La Boheme." The record is on the record player. Bjoerling is, of course, magnificent.

MOM

(in tears)

Listen to that voice. Listen, Ben.

POP

(reading the "Daily News")

Wonderful.

MOM

Watch this note he hits now.

Bjoerling hits a high note.

MOM

I'm going to see him at the Met this year no matter what.

The record ends. Larry takes it off the record player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
He's really great.

MOM
Well, I guess we'd better be going.
Mom and Pop put their coats on.

MOM
We'll see you next Sunday.

LARRY
Okay. That'll probably be good.

MOM
What do you mean, probably?

LARRY
I can't predict the future. What if something comes up on Sunday?

MOM
... What time are you going to call?

LARRY
I don't know.

MOM
Call me tomorrow night.

LARRY
(deliberately)
That's what I just said. I'll call you tomorrow night.

POP
Let's go, Helen.

MOM
(to Pop)
Now I get it from both sides. Go where? Go back to the dungeon in Brooklyn? Where should I go?

LARRY
(shouts)
Jesus-Christ-all-mighty. Stop it!

MOM
Come, Ben. We're not wanted here.

They start down the steps. Larry watches them go.

30. HALLWAY

Larry, looking down at Mom and Pop... Larry is shaken from the whole number.

LARRY'S POV

Mom and Pop receding from view.

LARRY

Shrugs...

LARRY

(calls)

I'll call you tomorrow night.

There is a moment of silence... Then, ECHOING through the hallway comes a VOICE...

MOM (O.S.)

What time???

Larry shrugs, goes back into his apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

31. INT. HEALTH BOWL - DAY

Place is crowded. This is the lunch hour. Larry is working the juicer full speed, shoving carrots, apples, celery down the tube...

HERB

(shouts)

Larry. How are we doing on my carrot and celery?

LARRY

(surly)

It's working.

Sarah walks into the store. Larry is surprised to see her. She sits at the counter opposite where Larry works...

LARRY

Hi. I thought you were working.

SARAH

Lunch.

LARRY

Do you want to eat here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
I'm not hungry.

Larry picks up the juice he has finished and delivers it to the other end of the counter, to Herb.

HERB
Gimme a large celery, carrot and cucumber.

Larry nods, crosses back to Sarah.

LARRY
(working the juicer)
Are you okay?

SARAH
I don't think so.

Larry looks up.

LARRY
What's the matter?

SARAH
Take a break.

LARRY
I can't. What's the matter?

Sarah leans over and whispers into Larry's ear.

SARAH
I'm pregnant.

Larry is shocked, scared. He looks around to see if any of the CUSTOMERS have heard.

LARRY
Are you sure?

Sarah nods.

HERB
(shouts)
Larry, where's my carrot, celery and cucumber?

LARRY
(shoves a piece of celery into the machine)
Did you go to a doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah nods.

SARAH

I don't want to talk here.

Herb, impatient as ever, rushes over to Larry.

HERB

Where's my juice?

(sees Sarah looking
at Larry)

Who's this?

LARRY

This is Sarah. My girlfriend.

HERB

(picking up his juice)
...Beautiful skin.

LARRY

(exiting counter)
I'll be right back, Herb.

HERB

What is this? Where are you
going? This is my prime time!

LARRY

Five minutes, Herb.

Larry and Sarah exit shop. Herb is frantic.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. HEALTH BOWL DAY

As Larry and Sarah come out.

LARRY

...What are we going to do?

SARAH

I don't know about you, but I'm
going to get an abortion.

LARRY

I's dangerous, Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SARAH

How much money do you have?

LARRY

I won't let you go to one
of those butchers.

SARAH

I have about a hundred dollars.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LARRY

I've got five hundred. Money is no problem.

SARAH

That guy in the bar said he knew somebody.

LARRY

Barney? Forget it.

SARAH

(very tense)

Do you have a better idea?

LARRY

... We can get married.

SARAH

No.

LARRY

Why not?

SARAH

Larry. It's very sweet of you. It really is.

(she stops; kisses
him on the cheek)

I don't think we should get married. We both don't know what the hell we're doing...

LARRY

Oh, shit... This is bad timing.

SARAH

I should have gotten the diaphragm a year ago.

LARRY

I didn't know you a year ago.

SARAH

Don't be silly.

LARRY

I thought you weren't sleeping with what's his name.

SARAH

You know his name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(hostile)

Ed. The painter. The great abstract painter of the post-war generation who was twenty years older than your father.

SARAH

Screw you.

LARRY

I did. Look what happened.

SARAH

You're not the first man I slept with.

LARRY

You said you never made it with Ed.

SARAH

I lied.

LARRY

Why?

SARAH

It's what you wanted to hear.

LARRY

... Who else?

SARAH

What's the difference, goddamn it?

LARRY

We're talking about it, so I'd like to know.

SARAH

You have wonderful timing.

LARRY

You're the first woman I ever got pregnant.

SARAH

Not the last.

LARRY

That's up to you... I mean it. I'm willing to get married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SARAH

I want an abortion. I really do.

LARRY

Okay...

SARAH

(smiles)

... Why didn't you want to be a
doctor instead of an actor? You
could have operated yourself...

LARRY

(laughs)

I should have listened to my mother...

CUT TO:

33 INT. ACTING CLASS

THRU

39 Larry is seated next to Herbert, the teacher. We see
other students, including Marco. They are all watching a
scene. We hear the scene: It's the voices of Larry and
Ellen doing "Golden Boy".

STAGE AREA

Larry and Ellen

LARRY

My hands are ruined. I'll never
play again. What's left, Lorna?

LARRY

In audience, watching himself.

LARRY(V.O.)

Half a man, nothing, useless...

STAGE

Larry and Ellen

LORNA

No, we're left. Two together.
We have each other. Somewhere
there must be happy boys and
girls who can teach us...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

AUDIENCE

Mom, in her housecoat, is miraculously seated between Larry and Herbert. Larry, aghast sees her.

LARRY

Mom, what are you doing here? This is my class. You can't do this!

MOM

You think I'm just your standard Jewish mother, don't you? I'm just a funny lady who shrieks and shouts and wails.

Larry crawls under the seats.

CLOSEUP MOM

MOM

Am I not flesh? Am I not blood?
Am I not a human being who feels
like you or you or you, my son?

LARRY

Hiding under the seats.

SIDE ANGLE

Including the audience and the stage area. Mom is on stage now. Larry is cringing under a seat. Herbert and the class are leaning forward transfixed.

MOM

You think I took you to all those double features just because I wanted to get out of the house? No, my son... I love show business. Glamour, romance, the thrill of becoming a star... Not you. Me. Yes. I want to be a star.

LARRY

In his seat now, wide-eyed with disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MOM ON STAGE

MOM

Capitol S-Star. And why not?
I can sing...

She opens her mouth and out comes an aria from
Madame Butterfly... It is fantastic.

HERBERT

Rises.

HERBERT

Bravo, bravo... A golden voice!

MOM ON STAGE

Stepping through a stage flat, still wearing her
housecoat, but with a straw hat and cane.

MOM

... I can dance.

She does a George M. Cohan soft shoe... Brilliant.

MARCO

Rises.

MARCO

You're a great lady, Mom.

Larry yanks Marco down to his seat.

LARRY

She's my mother!

LARGE STEP LADDER

On stage. Shot from low angle. We see Pop, dressed
in paint-splattered overalls, but no shirt, a paint
brush in one hand and a can of paint in the other,
making his way down the ladder.

POP

I always wanted to be a star. Always.
I used to lay in the bathtub dreaming
about being...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LARRY

From high-angle shooting down to him, a piece of the step-ladder in the frame.

LARRY

Louis Pasteur.

POP ON LADDER

POP

No. Marlon Brando.

(does imitation of Brando)

Hey, Stella. You want to hear about the Napoleonic Code, huh, Stella Baby?

LARRY

Looking up, in awe, tears in his eyes.

LARRY

I never knew, Pop.

NEW ANGLE

Full shot shooting towards audience, stage in foreground. The ladder is gone, so is Pop. Audience is in shadows. Larry and Ellen are doing the scene again.

LARRY

But my hands are ruined. I'll never play again. What's left, Lorna? Half a man, nothing, useless...

ELLEN

No, we're left.

From out of the shadows, Mom leaps onto the stage area and pushes Ellen out of the way. Mom looks fantastic, dressed like Barbara Stanwyck, smoking a Kool.

MOM

No, we're left. Two together.

LARRY

Mom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MOM

Two together. We have each other.
Somewhere there must be happy boys
and girls who can teach us the way
of life.

LARRY

I love you, Lorna!

MOM

(takes him in her arms)
We'll find some city where poverty's
no shame--where music is no crime.

She kisses Larry full on the lips. He likes it.
Herbert rushes up to them, ecstatic. The class
rises and cheers.

HERBERT

Madame... You are a genius! You are
a star.

KITCHEN - BROOKLYN

Hands are holding the Daily News. The newspaper is
lowered revealing Pop.

POP

Okay, son. It's your turn. Show us
what you've got.

STAGE AREA

Larry stands there in a dramatic pool of light, fingers
on the bridge of his nose. He wears black leotards.

LARRY

"To be or not to be,
That is the question".

AUDIENCE

Herbert, Ellen, Marco and the other students throw pies.

LARRY

Hit by pies, in the face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

VOICES

(through preceding & following)

Go be an accountant...Be a lawyer...
Be a doctor...Squeeze carrot juice...
Get out of show business...Sell
insurance!...Pull teeth!...You are
not specific!...

AUDIENCE

Ellen, Robert, Bernstein, Connie and Anita throw pies.

LARRY

Hit by pies.

KITCHEN

Mom and Pop throw pies.

HEALTH FOOD STORE

Herb, his wife and Elkins throw pies.

EXT. LARRY'S BLDG - BROOKLYN

From low angle, shooting up, Mrs. Tupperman is seen
leaning out of her window throwing one last pie,
towards camera...

CUT TO:

40

INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN DAY

Wide... Larry is in the bathtub in the kitchen, taking
a bath...Slow push to Larry...He is daydreaming...
When we are close to him...

LARRY

(waking, despressed)

... an accountant...

DISSOLVE TO:

41

INT. CAFE REGGIO DAY

Larry and Sarah sipping espresso. Robert & Connie
come in and sit down with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LARRY
Thanks for coming.

ROBERT
I remember my first abortion.

CONNIE
(to Sarah)
What a drag...

SARAH
Yeah.

ROBERT
... I was seventeen. Somebody sent me
to a Haitian woman in Brooklyn Heights.
The first thing she asked for was to...
(does a Haitian dialect)
'see the money. When I sees the money,
I gives you the answer...' So I let her
see the money. Then, as casually as you
might ask the time of day, she told me
to wait outside. Fifteen minutes later
it was over...

LARRY
How was the girl?

ROBERT
In pain.

SARAH
What are you, some kind of masochist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

I just wanted you to know what you're not getting into. By the way, it's four hundred dollars.

LARRY

Do you want to see the money?

ROBERT

(laughs)

No.

LARRY

Is he a good doctor? I mean, you know, is he legitimate?

ROBERT

In the eyes of the law, he's totally illegitimate. In the eyes of those in need, he's a saint.

LARRY

What's his name?

ROBERT

... He's a she.

SARAH

A woman doctor?

ROBERT

She's good.

CONNIE

(to Robert)

Did you have an affair with her?

ROBERT

Yes, darling.

CONNIE

Did you get her pregnant? I mean, how apt, how perfect, if she gave herself an abortion.

ROBERT

(to Sarah and Larry)

We'd better go.

Sarah, Larry and Robert get up. Connie sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE
(to Sarah)
Let me know what happens.

SARAH
I'll call you.

LARRY
Bye, Connie.

ROBERT
(to Connie)
I didn't have an affair with her.

CONNIE
You disappoint me, boobala.

As Larry and Sarah start to exit, Anita Cunningham walks in, carrying one of her cats.

ANITA
What's happening?

SARAH
I'm shopping for an abortion.

ANITA
Lucky girl.

As they all exit...

CUT TO:

42. INT. WAITING ROOM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

RECEPTIONIST, quite pretty, sits behind desk. A couple of FEMALE PATIENTS sit waiting. Larry and Robert sit, too. Robert is eyeing the receptionist. She is obviously interested. Larry doesn't notice. He is worried, nervous.

LARRY
None of the guys in my neighborhood leave home unless they're drafted or get married. Now when I go back to the old neighborhood, the guys ask me questions about the Village as if I'm living in China.
(he notices Robert flirting)
When did you leave home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT
(for the benefit of
the pretty receptionist)
I left home after my first affair.

LARRY
How old were you?

ROBERT
Nine and a half.

The receptionist is not sure whether or not this is funny or true. Robert and Larry exchange looks, as if to say: "Let's play put-on"...

LARRY
Who did you have the affair with?

ROBERT
My sister. She was nineteen. A ravishing beauty. She looked like Gene Tierney.

LARRY
I love Gene Tierney. She looks like a Chinese empress.

ROBERT
You should have seen my sister.

LARRY
What happened to her?

ROBERT
She joined a Carmelite Order and became a nun.

The receptionist is really hooked now.

LARRY
She's a nun.

ROBERT
Was. Two years ago she left the nunnery.

Receptionist leans forward.

LARRY
Where is she today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

In Paris. She's a member of a
bizarre sado-masochistic sexual
order. Whips, chains, hot candles
... That sort of thing.

LARRY

She sounds like a fun person.

The receptionist knows she's been had, gives Robert a
dirty, but still flirtatious look.

ROBERT

(changes tone)

Who do you read?

LARRY

Mostly plays... O'Neill, Shaw,
Shakespeare... Faulkner, Tolstoy...
The usual.

ROBERT

Have you read Joyce? Eliot? Pound?

LARRY

I haven't read Pound.

ROBERT

You should. What do you think of
Dylan Thomas?

LARRY

He's a great outfielder... I think
he's a great poet. I've heard him
read.

ROBERT

Read the poets. It'll help you as
an actor.

LARRY

How did you get so smart?

ROBERT

I left home when I was fifteen.
The rest is genetic.

LARRY

... Were you bar-mitzfad?

ROBERT

(smiles)

You're very funny. Yes, I was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Amazing.

The door to the doctor's office opens. Sarah and the DOCTOR come out. The doctor is a woman of about thirty-five. When she sees Robert she smiles at him. Larry gets up, goes to Sarah.

LARRY

How are you?

SARAH

Fine.

ROBERT

(to doctor)

Thank you, Marsha.

DOCTOR (MARSHA)

Call me, Robert.

ROBERT

I will. Bye.

The doctor motions for a patient to come in... Larry, Sarah and Robert leave. Robert winks at the receptionist just before he exits. She smiles.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. DOCTOR'S BUILDING - EAST FIFTIES - DAY

Larry, Sarah, Robert walking.

LARRY

What happened?

SARAH

She gave me a shot to make me bleed. If I bleed, she can do the abortion in a hospital. I have to do push-ups, sit-ups, jumping... anything. Then if I start bleeding, we call the hospital, and we pretend we're married.

LARRY

Jesus, I don't know if I can pretend to be your husband.

SARAH

You better learn how to act.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sarah suddenly begins to jump up and down...Larry and Robert join Sarah...Now they are all three jumping up and down, hopping down the street...PEOPLE laugh at them.

WOMAN

What's going on?

LARRY

(jumping up and down)

We're jumping for joy...

As they jump away from us, hopping down the street...

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. HOSPITAL

LATE DAY

Larry is in a phone booth, just finishing up a call. He hangs up. He is quite concerned about something. He crosses over to the hospital reception area and talks to the receptionist.

LARRY

Anything on Mrs. Lapinsky yet?

WOMAN

Yes. You can go up now.

LARRY

Is she okay?

WOMAN

She's out of the recovery room.

Larry turns and rushes down the long corridor.

45 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (ANOTHER FLOOR)

Larry walks down the corridor. The doctor is standing outside a room talking to a NURSE.

LARRY

(to Doctor-Marsha)

How is she?

DOCTOR(MARSHA)

(for the benefit
of the nurse)

She's fine. But we had to lose
the baby. I m sorry.

REV. 5/20/75 57.
CONTINUED

LARRY

But my wife is okay?

The nurse leaves, giving Larry a sympathetic look.

DOCTOR

Yes.

LARRY

Thanks for what you did.

DOCTOR

I don't believe women should have children they don't want. But I'd love to deliver a baby for you and Sarah some day.

LARRY

Well; maybe we'll be calling you.
Can I see her?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOCTOR
She's still groggy. But you can
go in.

LARRY
Bye.

DOCTOR
Give my regards to Robert.

LARRY
I will.

Larry goes into the room.

46. INT. ROOM

Sarah is groggy from the anesthesia. Larry is frightened for a moment, looking at her paleness. He kisses her forehead. He gets a chair and sits down next to her.

SARAH
Hi... Was it okay?

LARRY
The operation was a success.

SARAH
... What time is it?

LARRY
About eight-thirty.

SARAH
Day or night?

LARRY
Night.

SARAH
Oh, my God. I've got to call my
mother.

LARRY
I called Connie. She knows what
to do.

Sarah leans over to a phone on the bedtable. She dials a number.

SARAH
(into phone)
Hi, Mother... No, I'm at Connie's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH (CONT'D)

place... No, I'm having dinner here
... I'm sorry, I should've called
you... Listen, I'm going to spend
the night here... She has a studio
couch... Yes... No, just the two of
us. No men... Mother, I am spending
the night with my friend Connie.
What's the big deal?... Tell Dad
the truth... Fine...

(kisses into phone)

See you tomorrow, Mother.

(she hangs up)

Are you sure Connie knows what to do?

LARRY

She knows what to do... How are you,
kid?

SARAH

Strange. Grown up. Old...

LARRY

It's the anesthesia.

She suddenly starts to cry. Larry lies down in the bed
next to Sarah and embraces her. He feels like crying
too, but doesn't.

LARRY

(Brando)

Well, Stella baby, I finally got
you into the sack... Yeah, baby, now
you're going to find out what the
Napoleonic Code is all about, baby...

The nurse we saw in the corridor earlier steps into the
room. Larry and Sarah don't see her. She is astounded
by what she sees.

NURSE

Excuse me.

Larry sits up like a shot.

NURSE

I think you'd better let your wife
get some rest, Mister Lapinsky.

LARRY

(to Sarah)

I'll see you in the morning..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
(wipes her eyes)
I really want to go to Mexico...

DISSOLVE TO:

47. LARRY AND SARAH DANCING A SLOW FOX TROT

(MUSIC: EDITH PIAF: "L'AVIE, L'AMOUR")... AS CAMERA
PULLS BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL:

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Room is packed with PEOPLE... Connie, Robert, Bernstein and at least fifty other people, mostly Larry's age, but including a few older MEN and WOMEN. Beer and pretzels on a table. Others dance, but mostly there is talk... There is not much room to move around in... A sign on the wall, hand printed reads: "RENT PARTY:
ADMISSION \$3.00". We SEE someone enter and deposit three dollars in a cigar box on the table containing the beer and pretzels. The someone is Anita Cunningham.

CONNIE
Hi, Boobala. How are you?

ANITA
(very manic)
I'm getting married.

CONNIE
Goodness gracious. Heavens to Betsy.

ANITA
He's fantastic. Tall, blonde, not
an intellectual, not a poet, not a
painter.

CONNIE
A communist?

ANITA
He's a sailor.

CONNIE
Are you kidding?

ANITA
No. He's in the Merchant Marines.
That's why he's not here tonight.
He had to go to sea for a month.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA (CONT'D)
Marseilles and back. He makes a lot
of money.

CONNIE
When did you meet him?

ANITA
Last Thursday. We spent a week in
bed and he proposed last night.
His name is Erik and I love him
madly.

Robert joins them.

CONNIE
Anita is marrying a sailor.

ROBERT
(to Connie)
I sold a poem to the Sewanee Review.
(takes Anita in his
arms and starts to
dance with her)
Tell me about your sailor.

CUT TO:

Larry is listening to a SOUTHERN GIRL, who is very drunk.

SOUTHERN GIRL
(heavy accent)
If my daddy could see me now,
he'd have convulsions. Where ah
come from, black men are considered
dangerous...

(drinks)
We were taught that they were after
our bodies. You know what I used
to do? When ah saw a black man, I'd
look the other way. Ah was terrified
... Am I boring you, sugar?

LARRY
No, you're getting me horny.

SOUTHERN GIRL
Are you gay, sugar?

LARRY
No. I'm Jewish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUTHERN GIRL

... Then I moved to the Village.
And I'll tell you something. My
daddy was right. Black men are
dangerous. They do want your body.
I love black men. Love 'em. Ah
think Greenwich Village is the most
wonderful place in the whole wide
world.

LARRY

I've never slept with a black woman.

SOUTHERN GIRL

(laughs)

Ah wouldn't know about that, sugar...

Bernstein is dancing with Sarah.

BERNSTEIN

I think I'm in love.

SARAH

Seriously?

BERNSTEIN

Outrageously. I met him in a gay
bar this morning. An incredible
creature. Tall, blond... sort of
a butch Marlene Dietrich.

Larry joins them. They continue to dance.

SARAH

(to Larry)

Bernstein is in love.

BERNSTEIN

I met a wonderful man this morning.

LARRY

That was fast.

BERNSTEIN

My dear, if it doesn't happen right
away, it isn't love.

LARRY

Is he here?

BERNSTEIN

No. He's a sailor. He had to go
to Marseilles today for a month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ellen, the girl from Larry's acting class, taps Larry on the shoulder.

ELLEN

When are we going to work on our scene again?

Bernstein and Sarah dance away.

LARRY

Hi, Ellen. Hey, I'm really sorry. I want to get back to it, but things have been crazy.

ELLEN

Are you okay?

LARRY

Just broke.

ELLEN

You ought to go up to Fox. They're looking for juvenile delinquent types for a movie.

LARRY

I'm in the theatre, darling.

ELLEN

You can do good work in films. Look at Brando. Look at Spencer Tracy.

Barney, the painter, suddenly shouts.

BARNEY

Let's play subway!

A GIRL

There's too many people.

BARNEY

It's a subway, isn't it?

LARRY

All aboard... Let's go folks. Let's get this train moving.

There is a wild commotion in the jammed room. People are trying to get into a straight line, as if they are standing in a subway car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Change the music. We need some subway music...

Someone puts another RECORD on... (CHARLIE PARKER)... There is a lot of AD LIB craziness as people assume subway poses. They stand holding imaginary subway straps... others sit on the studio couch as if it is a subway seat...

SARAH

(mock, to a guy)

Get your hands off me.

BERNSTEIN

I just love subway music.

SARAH

What stop is this?

CONNIE

Nostrand.

LARRY

Next stop, Greenwich Village!

The mob shouts... "Let me off"... "Greenwich Village. I hear there are a lot of queers there." "I'm late for work"... "I thought this was De Kalb"...

LARRY

Ladies and gentlemen, don't panic. Please... Don't panic. I have an announcement. This train is stalled. We're stuck. We'll have to wait till they get us back on the rail.

ANITA

Oh, my God. We're stuck in Greenwich Village.

BERNSTEIN

This happens to me all the time.

BARNEY

(to Bernstein)

Hi. My name is Pablo Picasso.

BERNSTEIN

(kisses him on the lips)

I love your work, Pablo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Please. Calm down... Ssssshhhhhhh.

CROWD

Sssssssssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

LARRY

(Irish accent,

Barry Fitzgerald)

Folks, we may have to be here in
this subway for a long time.
Let's conserve our energy. Let's
not waste precious air.

ROBERT

Let's play the truth game.

BARNEY

What's the truth game?

ROBERT

... Whoever I point at, tells the
truth.

BARNEY

(points at Robert)

You're it.

ROBERT

(to Barney)

I see before me a man who has been
painting the same canvas for three
and a half years. I see a man who
seduces young virgins from Sarah
Lawrence by pretending he's an artist
when in reality he's a shoemaker.

BARNEY

Fuck you, Charlie.

SOUTHERN GIRL

(leaps up, very drunk)

Ah love black men and that's God's
truth.

She falls right back down.

CONNIE

(to Robert)

Shall I tell you what I see?

ROBERT

Only if it's the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

I see the most gigantic ego in the history of mankind.

BERNSTEIN

Fabulous.

CONNIE

I see a man who thinks that everything in skirts is in love with him.

Obviously, this is for real. Larry and Sarah look at Connie and Robert.

ROBERT

That's true.

CONNIE

I see charm, guile, poetry and pain.

LARRY

(looks around)

Gee, I don't see any of that.

ROBERT

What do you see?

LARRY

... I see a wasteland of brainy, brainless, brimming, brothels of bright, brilliant brimstones brandying brandy in a broken brouhaha of gefilte fish.

Big laugh from the crowd... Larry goes to Sarah and begins to caress her.

LARRY

(as Peter Lorre)

I see de most wonderful girl in de whole wide world who I would like to put peanut butter on her frail body and eat it all up... and den I would like to have her caress me and love me and caress me and den love me some more...

47A. The door opens. There stand Mom and Pop. They can't believe their eyes. The crowd is hushed. Larry turns pale...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

We were in the neighborhood.

LARRY

Hi, Mom. Hi, Pop.

MOM

What's going on? A party?

ROBERT

No, dear. This is a subway.

MOM

What?

LARRY

We're playing a game...

POP

Maybe we'd better come another time.

BERNSTEIN

Nonsense. Join the happy throng.

BARNEY

Three bucks a head. I paid, they pay...

The place breaks up in laughter... Larry is dazed... Mom and Pop make their way into the room... Connie is on the floor laughing... So is Robert... Sarah watches Larry... Larry sees her... Shrugs, as if to say, "Can you believe this?"...

Bernstein swoops over to Mom and takes her in his arms.

BERNSTEIN

Come on, Mom. Let's dance.

MOM

(shocked, but laughing)
Who are you?

BERNSTEIN

I'm Bernstein.

MOM

(as they dance and
she's good at it)
You're Jewish?????

BERNSTEIN

No, darling. I'm gay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilarious laughter... But Mom loves it. She and Bernstein are really into the dancing... Larry is dying...

MOM

Listen, I don't care what you are. You're some dancer, Mister Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

You ain't bad yourself, Mom...

DISSOLVE TO:

48. INT. LARRY'S APT. - NIGHT

An hour later. Mom and Sarah are cleaning up the debris ... Mom is sweeping, Sarah is dumping empty beer bottles into a cardboard carton. Pop and Larry are sitting.

POP

We used to go out dancing for fun. Speakeasies. We'd get ourselves nice and drunk and do the Charleston.

MOM

(sweeping)

You never did the Charleston once in your life.

POP

I was two left feet.

LARRY

Why don't you leave that stuff? I'll clean up in the morning.

POP

But we never played games. Subway. I never heard of such a thing.

LARRY

Everybody's playing subway. I read in the Times that Ike and Mamie play it in the White House.

POP

I liked Truman.

MOM

(finishes, sits)

My feet are killing me... Ben, make me a nice cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
I'll make it.

MOM
I'd like to talk with you.

LARRY
I'll make it.

Larry goes into the kitchen.

MOM
(to Sarah)
... Well, at least you're Jewish.

SARAH
Mrs. Lapinsky, Larry and I are not
getting married.

MOM
Then what are you doing?

SARAH
We're not doing anything.

MOM
Do you think I was born yesterday?

POP
Helen, it's none of our business.

MOM
(to Sarah)
Does it bother you if I ask questions?

SARAH
Not really. I'm glad we finally met.

MOM
If it was up to my son, we'd never
meet. He's ashamed of us.

SARAH
No, he's not... He's afraid of you.

MOM
Don't be a wise guy, miss.

Larry enters with the coffee. He is tense.

LARRY
Here. You want something, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POP

I want to go home. I have to get up early.

MOM

I just got my coffee and he wants to go home...

(to Larry)

I understand you and this young lady...

LARRY

Her name is Sarah...

MOM

... are not getting married.

LARRY

Where did you read that, Walter Winchell?

MOM

Mister Wise Guy... Am I right or wrong?

LARRY

You're right, Mom. Sarah is just my girl friend.

MOM

So when are you getting married?

LARRY

You don't necessarily get married to girl friends these days.

MOM

Then who do you marry, boy friends?
(to Pop)

I told you Greenwich Village was strange.

SARAH

(laughs, to Larry)

I see where you get your sense of humor from.

MOM

I was eighteen when we got married...

POP

Eighteen and a half...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

I never knew another man. In our day, you dated, you got engaged and you got married. And there was no hanky-panky in between.

SARAH

Maybe there should have been.

LARRY

Hey, Sarah...

MOM

Maybe she's right. Who knows?... All I know is that today they date, they don't get engaged, they never get married and there's a lot of hanky-panky in between.

Sarah laughs. Larry tries to...

MOM

Tell me. Are you two... you know?...

SARAH

Hanky-panky?

MOM

Yes.

Sarah looks at Larry to see if she should tell the truth.

LARRY

Mom, Sarah and I are just good friends.

MOM

Listen, I'm not as old-fashioned as you think I am. All I want to know is the truth. I'm not a monster.

LARRY

It's none of your business.

POP

He's right.

LARRY

(angry)

You can't stop, can you? I'm a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)
grown man. I'm not a little boy
anymore. I have an apartment. I
have a career. I have a life.

MOM
Some career. He squeezes carrot
juice in a nut house.

LARRY
I'm an actor.

MOM
Don't shout at me.

POP
It's time to go, Helen.

MOM
(to Sarah, very
reasonable)
It's your business if you're
sleeping with my son. But if
you're all so modern I don't
see what difference it makes if
I know.

SARAH
(very simply)
We've had sex.

Mom starts to cry... deep sobs like when Larry left
home...

LARRY
(to Sarah)
Thanks.
(to Mom)
Stop it, Mom.

MOM
Oh... Oh... Oh...

Pop smiles at Sarah, then at Larry as if to say "You're
a lucky man"... Mom is hysterical by now...

SARAH
(not so sure she's
done the right thing)
... Mrs. Lapinsky. I was only
kidding... I mean it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POP

She was only kidding, Helen.

LARRY

She was only kidding, Mom.

MOM

(stops crying)

You mean it?... You were only kidding?

SARAH

I swear. I was joking. We've never slept together.

MOM

(blows her nose)

Come, Ben, it's time to go.

(she gets up,

collecting her stuff)

It was nice meeting you, miss.

SARAH

It was nice meeting you.

MOM

(refers to Larry)

You should have seen him act in college. He's a genius. His Hamlet was a work of art.

LARRY

I'm ten years away from a good Hamlet.

MOM

Tell her, Ben.

POP

He was really good.

SARAH

Larry is very talented.

MOM

(at the door now)

Call us.

Larry nods.

MOM

(to Sarah)

Are you coming, darling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I'm going to say good night to
Larry first.

LARRY

Good night, Mom.

MOM

... When will you call?

LARRY

Tomorrow night.

Mom and Pop leave. Larry drops to the studio couch as
if he has been shot.

LARRY

(crazed)

Oh, my God... Great God in Heaven...
Help me... Help a poor Jewish boy...
Help my twisted brain... Oh God...

SARAH

I've seen Silver Cords, but you're
into solid Gold. She's unbelievable.

LARRY

What did I tell you?

SARAH

But she's smart and kind of interesting.
There's something strange about her.

LARRY

She invented the Oedipus complex.

SARAH

But you let her.

LARRY

What can I do?

Sarah sits on the couch.

SARAH

Stand up to it. She'll kill you
with love.

LARRY

What's crazy about it is that while
it's happening I see the humor of it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

No matter how insane it gets, there's still the funny side. You know what I mean?

SARAH

I'm tired.

Larry takes Sarah in his arms and they kiss. But Sarah breaks the kiss.

LARRY

What's the matter?

SARAH

I expect her to walk in any minute.

LARRY

(kisses her again)

No hanky-panky?

SARAH

I can't have sex till Monday.

LARRY

(puts the light out)

Let's just lie here.

They lie there in the semi-darkness, the only light coming from the kitchenette.

VERY CLOSE - LARRY AND SARAH

LARRY

... You have cat's eyes.

SARAH

I also have elephant ears.

Sarah just stares.

LARRY

What's the matter?

SARAH

... I'd tell you if I knew.

LARRY

Do you want to break up? Do you want to see other men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
I want to go to Mexico.

LARRY
I don't know who's crazier, you or
my mother.

SARAH
It's just post-abortion blues...

LARRY
(improvises in song)
"I got those post-abortion blues,
baby... I got those post-abortion
blues, baby..."

SARAH
(sings too)
"And when I say I got those post-
abortion blues, baby..."

LARRY AND SARAH
(singing)
"I don't mean maybeeeeeee..."

DISSOLVE TO:

49. INT. WAITING ROOM - 20TH CENTURY FOX OFFICES (N.Y.) -
DAY

About fifteen young ACTORS, including Larry, smoking,
waiting... The Actors are doing various things in
preparation for the interview. Some are combing their
hair into exaggerated duck-tails, others are walking
around in what they hope is the walk of a juvenile
delinquent... CAMERA PANS BY half a dozen of these
Actors, ENDING on LARRY... He is not doing what the
others are...

LARRY
(to Actor standing
next to him)
I think we're the only ones here
not playing games.

ACTOR
I'm an actor. If I get the screen
test, I'll get into the part.

LARRY
I agree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACTOR

I'm in the Actors Studio.

LARRY

I'm going to audition one of these days.

ACTOR

Strasberg is a genius. But he's a dictator.

LARRY

Have you seen Brando do any scenes?

ACTOR

He's working on Hamlet. But he hasn't shown it yet.

LARRY

He's a great actor.

ACTOR

My name is Clyde Baxter.

LARRY

Larry Lapinsky.

ACTOR

Are you going to keep your name?

LARRY

Why? Is it too Jewish?

ACTOR

No. It's just a difficult name.

LARRY

What about Edward G. Robinson?
Morris Carnovsky? Cary Grant?

ACTOR

(laughs)

My real name is Charlie Belitnikoff.
Who the hell can remember that?

SECRETARY

(calls)

Larry Lapinsky.

ACTOR

Good luck.

50. INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

as Larry enters. A large office with many photos of the MGM roster of stars of the forties and fifties decorating the walls. The CASTING DIRECTOR is a smallish man of fifty. He's energetic and likeable.

SID

Hi, kid. I'm Sid Weinberg.

LARRY

Larry Lapinsky.

SID

Sit down, kid.

Larry sits.

SID

How old are you?

LARRY

(nervous)

Uh... I'm about nineteen.

SID

(laughs)

You're about twenty-four or five.

LARRY

I'm twenty-two.

SID

I like your face for this picture. You look like a tough kid.

(walks around Larry)

Stand up... Yeah... You got a real street look. Where are you from?

LARRY

Brooklyn. Brownsville.

SID

Murder Incorporated, eh?

LARRY

It was a tough neighborhood. I'm living in the Village now.

SID

You're not a fageleh, are you?

LARRY

No. But I'm Jewish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SID

A comedian, eh? Good. I like that... Listen, kid... what's your name again?

LARRY

Lapinsky. Larry Lapinsky. But I would be willing to change it to Frank Reilly, if that would help.

SID

Save the jokes for the screen test. I want you to test for me in a studio.

Larry is very excited and tense.

SID

You'll have to fly out to the coast if you get it. Are you available?

LARRY

Are you kidding?...

SID

(ushering Larry
to the door)

But don't count on anything. There are a hundred guys up for this thing...

(suddenly)

How does your mother feel about your acting career?

LARRY

(surprised)

You know my mother?

SID

No. But I remember mine. When I started out, this was in the old days, Vaudeville. The Keith-Albee circuit... Well, kid, when my mother found out I wanted to be a tap dancer, she punched me in the chops with her purse.

LARRY

You were a tap dancer?

Sid suddenly breaks out in a tap dance... He does a few

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

old, familiar steps and he is very light on his feet indeed. He stops. Larry claps.

SID

... So I became a furniture salesman instead. ... See you, kid...

CUT TO:

51. EXT. CONNIE'S BLDG. (VILLAGE - LATE DAY

as Connie, Larry, Sarah, Robert and Bernstein burst out of the building, delirious with laughter. They trot down the street, doing the conga...

BERNSTEIN

(begins to do the conga)

Ba da da da bam... ba da da da bam...

SARAH

(puts her arms around
Bernstein's waist)

Ba da da da bam...

They all begin to do the conga, holding each other's waists...

CONNIE

Ba da da da, Oi...

LARRY

(congaing)

Anita, nita, nita...

BERNSTEIN

Cunning, Cunning, Cunning... Ham...

52. STREET CORNER

As they turn the corner, congaing wildly... Barney is strolling, lugging his canvas.

BARNEY

What gives?

LARRY

Another suicide by Anita Cunningham.

BARNEY

Next time, man. I got a lecture tonight. But give her my love.

53. INT. STAIRWAY - ANITA'S BLDG.

As the wild group rushes up to the stairs... Still doing the conga... improvising sounds, birdcalls, hoots as they go...

DOORWAY

Robert is there first. He pounds on the door.

ROBERT
I don't smell any gas.

BERNSTEIN
Yeah, but I smell cat piss.

ROBERT
(shouting)
We're coming in, Anita.

He opens the door and they go in... Congaing...

54. INT. ANITA'S APT.

Messy as usual... cats prowling around... no sign of Anita... Robert goes into the bathroom... The others are about to follow him in, but he comes out almost immediately. He shuts the door quickly. He is ash-white.

ROBERT
She's dead.

CONNIE
What are you talking about?

ROBERT
She's dead... She cut her throat.
Larry, call the police.

Bernstein starts to go into the bathroom, but Robert stops him.

ROBERT
Don't go in. It's very bloody.

BERNSTEIN
(screams)
It's my fault. It's my fault.

Larry is on the phone now, calling the police.

CONNIE
(very shaky, to Robert)
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ROBERT

I'm sure.

BERNSTEIN

(screeching, flipping)

Oh, God forgive me...Forgive me...

Sarah holds Bernstein.

LARRY

(hangs up)

They're coming.

Connie starts to clean up the room... She is obviously in shock.

BERNSTEIN

I think I'm going out of my mind.

CONNIE

(picking things up)

Do you know where I first met her?
She was married to a poet named
Millstein. He was a house painter.
I hired him to paint my living room.
I didn't know Anita. I didn't know
Millstein. So he came over and I
told him to paint the room off-
white...

BERNSTEIN

I really am...

CONNIE

You know how big Anita is...Millstein
was a head taller. He looked like an
eagle. So, anyway, he started to paint
the room. I went into the bathroom to
read. About an hour later, I go back
in to see if he wants some coffee. I
see that the room doesn't look as if
he's painted any of it...Then I saw
that he was dipping his brush into
thin air, right past the can of paint.
He was painting the wall with make-
believe paint. So I called his home

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CONNIE(CONT'D)

and Anita answered and she came over
and she took him home and that, my
dears, is how I met Anita Cunningham.

LARRY

It's trite. But I think she did it
on purpose so we'd finally believe her.

ROBERT

That's trite.

LARRY

Fuck you.

ROBERT

Grow up.

LARRY

That's trite.

SARAH

(screams)

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

We HEAR the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Larry, Sarah, Connie, Robert and Bernstein walk away
from Anita's plot. They are accompanied by a clergyman.
The grave-diggers stand in the background, waiting to
go to work. As the group gets closer we see a hearse
and another car. The clergyman says goodbye to the
group and drives away, following the hearse.

SARAH

...What are we going to do about
her cats?

BERNSTEIN

I'll take the cats.

SARAH

All of them?

BERNSTEIN

Yes, darling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT
I'm sorry about yesterday.

LARRY
Me too.

BERNSTEIN
(very sad)
I hate the smell of cat-piss.

They walk away...

DISSOLVE TO:

56. CLOSEUP - SID WEINBERG (THE CASTING DIRECTOR)

SID
How old are you, Larry?

CLOSEUP - LARRY

He looks like a juvenile delinquent, wears a club jacket, hair combed in a greasy pompadour.

LARRY
(using tough accent,
combing his pompadour)
I'm sixteen years old, man.
Sixteen going on twenty-three.

FULL SHOT

We SEE now that Sid is standing behind a movie camera. Larry is seated on a stool in front of the camera. We are in a sound stage in the Bronx. The usual grips and camera PEOPLE are working, watching. This is a "test."

SID
Where are you from, Larry?

LARRY
Brownsville. Murder, Incorporated territory.

SID
Larry, have you any film experience?

LARRY
Yeah, I made two pictures last year.
One like this...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)
(he smiles as if
someone is taking
a snapshot of him)
... And one like that...

He turns profile, indicating a second "picture."

SID
You're a funny guy, eh?

LARRY
(smiles, but still
the tough kid)
I never did any movies, but I've
been in a lot of plays both on and
off Broadway. And I'm in the Actors
Studio. You know, with Marlon Brando.

SID
(he believes Larry)
Is that so?

LARRY
Yeah, man. The Studio is the greatest.

SID
What have you done on Broadway?

LARRY
(lying)
I was in 'Mister Roberts.' I was
in it for three months.

SID
What did you play?

LARRY
I played a sailor. Like one of the
kids. You know, a tough kid sailor.

SID
Larry, would you slowly turn your
head so we can see you full face
and both profiles?

LARRY
With pleasure, man.

Larry slowly turns his head from left profile to full
face to right profile. He really looks tough as he
stares right into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SID

You've got ten seconds left on your test, Larry Lapinsky. Anything more you want to say?

LARRY

Yeah, I'd like to say that not only do I think I can do a great job in this movie, but I am also starving and can really use the work.

SID

Cut.

(laughs)

Very funny, Mr. Lapinsky.

LARRY

(as himself)

I think I was very nervous.

SID

You were very good.

(to an assistant)

Set up for the next test.

(to Larry)

Good luck, Larry. We'll let you know in a couple of weeks, as soon as they see the film out on the coast.

LARRY

So long...

57. Larry makes his way out of the sound stage, passing ten or twelve other actors. They are almost all wearing their normal clothes. One of them is CLYDE BAXTER (CHARLIE BELITNIKOFF).

CLYDE

That was smart of you, wearing the jacket and all.

LARRY

Hey, how are you? Thanks, thanks.

CLYDE

You were funny.

LARRY

Yeah, but was I good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

But you shouldn't have lied about
being in the Studio.

LARRY

(as the tough kid)

Hey, man, I really need the job.

(as Larry)

Good luck, Charlie.

CLYDE

(smiles, relaxes)

The name is Clyde. Clyde Baxter...

CUT TO:

58. EXT. CONNIE'S STREET - DAY

Larry is walking down the block, wearing his long coat
and his beret. He goes into Connie's building.

59. INT. CONNIE'S PLACE - DAY

One large room, jammed with books, magazines, old
furniture, a huge brass bed, a tiny kitchenette. The
place is messy, but not dirty.

LARRY

... Where is he?

CONNIE

(pats the bed)

Under the covers.

Only then do we realize that a human figure is under
the covers of the bed.

LARRY

(talking to the form)

Bernstein... Bernstein, I am talking
to you.

Silence.

CONNIE

He won't speak.

LARRY

(taps the form)

I have to go to work, Bernstein.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

He had a fight with the sailor.
So he came over last night and
we cried... Then he got into bed,
pulled the covers over his head
and that's been it...

Connie suddenly pounds on the form of Bernstein.

CONNIE

Stop already, you meshigina.

Larry kneels down next to Bernstein's head.

LARRY

Bernstein, if you don't respond
in some way in the next few seconds,
I'm going to call the police and
they will take you to a hospital.
You got that?

Silence. No movement.

LARRY

I know you're scared. But so are
we. I'm going to count to ten...
Then I call the cops... One, two,
three, four, five, six, seven...

There is a KNOCK at the door.

CONNIE

Come in.

LARRY

Eight, nine...

Robert and Sarah enter. She's carrying a bag of cookies.
Larry sees them, goes right on with his counting...

LARRY

Nine and a half... Ten. Okay,
Bernstein, I'm calling the cops.

ROBERT

Let me talk to him.

LARRY

(to Sarah)

Hi.

SARAH

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses Larry on the cheek.

SARAH

I met Robert on the way here, so
we went shopping.

Robert is now next to the bed. He yanks the covers
away from Bernstein. Suddenly, Bernstein sits bolt
upright. We SEE him for a flash. He is really scared.
He pulls the covers back over his head.

BERNSTEIN

(from under the covers)
Please. Please. I don't want
anyone to look at me. Just for
now, baby. I'll be fine. Just
for now.

CONNIE

All right, darling. No one will
look at you. But can you tell
us why not?

BERNSTEIN

Because I don't want to look at
anyone.

LARRY

Is there anything we can do for you?

Bernstein shakes his head "no" from under the covers.

SARAH

I'm going to make breakfast.

CONNIE

(to Bernstein)
Do you want anything to eat?

"No" from under the covers.

CONNIE

Do you want anything to drink?

"No"...

LARRY

Do you want a bedpan?

Silence. No movement. Then the form begins to giggle
... More and more... till we HEAR actual giggling from
Bernstein.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Bedpan always makes them laugh.

Now Connie is laughing, too...

LARRY

You know why bedpan makes them laugh? Because bodily functions are funny. Number one is funny. Number two is hilarious. Belching is quite funny. Farting is hysterically funny.

Robert is laughing now. So is Sarah. Bernstein is twisting and turning under the covers, laughing madly, hysterically.

LARRY

... And various combinations are even funnier. A belch and a number one is a big laugh no matter how you cut it. Cut it. Cutting them is funny. That's a funny phrase. 'I cut one.' Can you imagine if the King of England turned to the House of Lords and said, 'Gentlemen, I just cut one'? That is a scream. Dump is a funny word. Screw is not funny. Sex is serious. Sex is the most serious thing in the world. It's more serious than death. A guy who can't get it up is in worse trouble than a guy who died. You know why? Because the guy who died doesn't know he died. But seriously, folks, the funniest thing of all is ... THIS.

Larry yanks the covers away from Bernstein. They are all laughing. But there is something scary about Bernstein. Connie puts her arms around him, holding him... The laughter subsides.

BERNSTEIN

My real name is Floyd Lewis. I was born in Macon, Georgia. My mother died when I was three years old. I don't know who my father is. My life is a fiction. All made up, my dears. No cleaning woman, no family named Bernstein.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)

All fiction. Only the gay is real.
My trade is real. My tricks are
real. I have slept with many men.
I have slept with several women.
I have been brutalized physically
and mentally. I really am out of
my mind. I just want to stay under
the covers. Please. Let me stay
under the covers.

Bernstein goes back under the covers.

DISSOLVE TO:

60. INT. CAFE REGGIO - LATE DAY

Robert, Connie, Sarah and Larry at a table drinking
coffee. The place is crowded. (It's later that same
day.) (Rain would be nice....)

ROBERT

This town is hot and shitty and
damp and grimy. I'm going to
Mexico City next week. Does anyone
want to go with me?

LARRY

Are you serious?

ROBERT

I'm buying my ticket tomorrow.

CONNIE

Why?

ROBERT

Why not?

LARRY

I'm waiting on that screen test
I took.

SARAH

I'd like to go.

LARRY

We can't, Sarah.

SARAH

Is there any rule against having
fun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(pissed)

We don't have the money. Remember?
We spent our money on an abortion.

ROBERT

I'll loan you the money.

CONNIE

Did you come into an inheritance?

ROBERT

No. I just know some wealthy
women who have a thing for poets.

CONNIE

Oi... I wouldn't mind going somewhere.

ROBERT

Then let's all go.

CONNIE

What about Bernstein?

ROBERT

We'll wrap him up and take him
with us.

LARRY

(to Sarah)

I can't go.

SARAH

Yes, you can.

LARRY

Hey, Sarah. I just told you I
can't go.

SARAH

Well, I can.

LARRY

What does that mean?

SARAH

It means I can go. It means I'm
not a prisoner.

LARRY

You think you're my prisoner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Sometimes.

LARRY

Then go fuck yourself and go to Tibet. I don't care what you do.

CONNIE

(to Larry)

When will you know about that screen test?

LARRY

I don't know.

SARAH

You have to know soon. In about a week or two.

ROBERT

Why don't you wait till you find out and join us?

LARRY

What if I get the part?

SARAH

Then I'll come back.

Larry gets up.

LARRY

(to Sarah)

I'd like to talk to you.

SARAH

Sure.

Sarah gets up.

LARRY

(to Connie and Robert)

See you later.

SARAH

Bye.

They leave.

CONNIE

I want another beer and a pack of cigarettes. No, make that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE (CONT'D)
two beers and two packs of
cigarettes.

ROBERT
They'll be okay.

CONNIE
I don't know.

ROBERT
Worry about yourself once in a
while.

CONNIE
I worry about myself all the time.

ROBERT
Tell me about it.

CONNIE
There's nothing to tell.

ROBERT
(laughs)
You're the funniest girl I've ever
known..

CONNIE
It's so nice to be called a girl.

ROBERT
Would you like to come over to my
place and make love for an hour
or two?

CONNIE
I don't know if I can walk up seven
flights.

ROBERT
It's easy on the way down.

Connie gets up; so does Robert.

CONNIE
Let's go, boobala. Before you change
your mind.

As they start to exit...

CUT TO:

61. EXT. LARRY'S STREET - VILLAGE - LATE DAY

(Rain?) Larry and Sarah walking at a brisk pace. He is manic, angry, flippy. She is petulant... They just walk for a while, all the emotions showing on their faces... Then:

LARRY

I don't want you to go to Mexico without me.

SARAH

Tough.

LARRY

(grabs her by the wrist, hard)

I'm warning you, Sarah.

She yanks her wrist away from him and turns to walk in the opposite direction. He begins to chase after her.

LARRY

I want to talk to you.

SARAH

No.

LARRY

(jumps in front of her)

Please.

SARAH

No. You hurt my wrist.

LARRY

(chasing her)

I'm sorry.

He takes her by the arm, gently.

LARRY

Please. Let's talk.

SARAH

Nobody owns me. Nobody.

They're walking the original direction now, towards Larry's apartment.

LARRY

Something is crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Yeah.

LARRY

I feel like an old married man who's having the kind of trouble they only have in the movies. Do you have any gum? My mouth tastes rotten.

She stops, looks in her purse, hands him a piece of gum. He breaks it in half, gives her half. They both chew and start to walk again. Slower now. They walk perhaps ten or twenty yards, then Larry puts his arms around Sarah and kisses her. He puts his tongue in her mouth. His eyes are closed. Hers are open. He finally opens his eyes, still kissing her, sees that her eyes are open and breaks the kiss. Some kids playing on the street are watching it all.

KID

Hey, man, does she put out?

LARRY

No, I'm afraid not, son.

Suddenly Larry makes a sharp lunge towards the kids, scaring them away... He goes back to Sarah.

LARRY

Let's make love.

Sarah shrugs.

CUT TO:

62. INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY

Rain. Sarah sits on the bed, lights a cigarette. (A RECORD is on... Billie Holliday. "I Get Along Without You Very Well") He starts to undress. Sarah puts down her cigarette and starts to undress. Larry gets down to his undershorts. She is in her bra and panties.

Larry motions for her to stand up so he can pull the covers back on the bed. She does so. They are both very tense and aware that something strange is going on. So are we aware of this... Larry gets under the covers. Sarah takes another drag of the cigarette, then puts it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Do you have your diaphragm?

Sarah nods.

LARRY

Put it on.

SARAH

(very sad)

I'm wearing it.

Larry looks at her, comprehending the whole thing in a moment.

LARRY

Robert?

Sarah nods.

LARRY

That's what I thought.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

LARRY

You bitch. You fucking bitch.

(he punches her on
the arm, hard)

You bastard. You bitch.

He hits her again. She doesn't try to get away from him.

LARRY

You couldn't stay away from him.

SARAH

I love him.

LARRY

You're full of shit.

(hits her hard)

You love yourself.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

LARRY

How did it happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
What's the difference?

LARRY
(puts his arms
around her throat)
How the fuck did it happen?
Tell me how it happened or I'll
choke you to death.

He takes his hands away from her throat. He's hurt her.
She is coughing. Larry runs into the kitchen and gets
a glass of water. He hands it to her. Sarah drinks
the water.

LARRY
I won't hurt you anymore.

SARAH
I don't know why I did it. I
didn't plan it, but I didn't stop
it. I went to see Robert last
night and we talked and then we
made love. I don't know anything
else.

LARRY
Why did you come up here and take
your clothes off?

SARAH
I don't know.

She lights another cigarette and lies down. He lies
down next to her...

LARRY
Did I hurt you?

SARAH
Yeah.

LARRY
... If I go to Mexico with you,
is it over with Robert?

SARAH
No.

He takes her cigarette out of her hand and stubs it
out in the ashtray. He kisses her on the neck, the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cheek, the forehead... She puts her arms around him... They hold each other... They are both crying now... almost groaning... holding each other very tightly... It's not at all sexual... it's just over...

LARRY

I love you.

SARAH

I know.

LARRY

I'll always love you.

SARAH

No, you won't.

LARRY

Always.

SARAH

You're the funniest boy I've ever met.

LARRY

I know.

They hold each other... quietly... we can HEAR their breathing... Then: a sharp, solid POUNDING on the door to the apartment.

MOM (O.S.)

Larry, Larry, are you home, darling?

Larry, in his underwear, almost diabolically crazed, goes down the corridor of his apartment to the front door and opens it. There are Mom and Pop framed in the doorway, Pop carrying a new lamp they got for Larry...

MOM

We were in the neighborhood, so we thought we'd just...

LARRY

(super-pleased to see them, leads them into the apartment)

Hi, Mom... Hi, Pop... Gee, folks, it's great to see you... You know Sarah, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

By now they are in the apartment, where Mom sees the half-naked Sarah lying in bed. Pop blushes and grins. Mom almost faints.

LARRY

We were just having sex.

MOM

Oh... Oh... Oh...

POP

Helen, I think we ought to go home.

LARRY

What are you talking about?
Let's have a cup of coffee and
two dozen pastries.

Sarah is getting dressed now, rapidly...

MOM

You've got to marry her. Do you
hear me?

LARRY

My mother says we have to get
married, Sarah.

MOM

She's probably completely pregnant
by now. You'll have a fast ceremony.
I don't know her parents. How could
I? Nobody introduced me. But I'm
sure her father can afford a decent
wedding.

LARRY

What do you say, Sarah?

MOM

(tosses Larry his pants)
Put your clothes on.

POP

Let's go, Helen.

MOM

(to Pop)

What's wrong with you? Can't you
see what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POP

(truly angry)

It's none of our business, damn it.
He's a grown man.

Sarah is dressed now. She picks up her purse.

SARAH

Goodbye, Larry.

Larry knows this is a real good-bye. The absurdity of the moment is also clear to him.

LARRY

So long, Sarah.

Sarah leaves. Silence, except for the scratching phonograph record. Mom knows something weird is going on, but she doesn't know what. She sits down, suddenly weary, on a kitchen chair.

MOM

It's crazy in here.

Larry goes to the record player and takes the record off. Mom suddenly dips into her purse and takes out a small 78 rpm record.

MOM

I almost forgot. I bought you a new Jussi Bjoerling. It's from Puccini's Turandot... Ben, play the record...

(to Larry)

What's going on? What's the matter? Maybe she's not pregnant...

(by now the record is on: we HEAR Bjoerling)

Listen to that voice... Listen to that man sing... Larry, what's the matter?

Larry just stands there, smiling like a crazy man.

MOM

Ben, tell him to talk to us?
What's going on around here?...

DISSOLVE TO:

63. INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TIGHT on Larry. He is crazed with anger... Violent, trying to control himself from hitting Robert...
(CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY DURING SCENE)

LARRY

You're a shit, Robert. You bastard. You rotten, slimy bastard. I ought to kick the shit out of you. You fucking bastard... Don't give me that arrogant fucking smile or I'll punch your fucking face in... You couldn't stay away from her, could you? Just tell me one thing. Who made the first move. Who? Did you give her all your shit about reading the poets? You miserable son-of-a-bitch. I ought to kick you in the balls.

BY NOW CAMERA IS ALL THE WAY BACK... We see that Larry is talking to an imaginary Robert. He is alone in the room.

CUT TO:

64. INT. JULIUS'S BAR - NIGHT

Larry, carrying a beer, making his way to the rear of the place, passing through the CROWD. He is very tense. He spots Robert who is seated at a table. Robert, as usual, is composed. (MUSIC: Billie Holiday singing "You've Changed") Larry stands in front of Robert.

ROBERT

Are you going to hit me?

LARRY

I don't know yet.

ROBERT

The funny thing about me is I've never been hit by a man.

LARRY

Do you love Sarah?

ROBERT

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Was she good?

ROBERT

I like you, Larry.

LARRY

(sits)

Was she good?

ROBERT

First times are usually rotten.

LARRY

I may hit you.

ROBERT

I like Sarah. I don't love her.

LARRY

Have you ever been in love?

ROBERT

(truth)

I don't think so.

LARRY

(finishes his beer)

I believe you.

ROBERT

You know, I did run away from home when I was fifteen. I knew I wanted to be a writer. I knew I wanted to sleep with a lot of women. Unfortunately, people get hurt.

LARRY

I'll tell you something, Robert. Underneath the pose, there's more pose...

(gets up)

Adios.

Larry leaves. Robert finishes his beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. INT. CONNIE'S PLACE - DAY

Connie is packing things into a suitcase which is on her bed. She sees Larry coming down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Connie's right across from the Cafe Reggio and we can see the cafe from her window.) Connie lets Larry in. They hug each other. (Some music coming from her radio... Maybe the news.)

LARRY

When are you leaving?

CONNIE

Manana. Oi vay, I have a heavy heart.

LARRY

How's Bernstein?

CONNIE

He's coming. We're going to meet them in Mexico City.

LARRY

You can say their names.

CONNIE

Oooh. I love you.

LARRY

I hope they get married and have twin poets.

CONNIE

A little angry fits you nicely. You want some coffee?

LARRY

The only thing I don't understand is why you're going.

CONNIE

I want to see the ruins.

They laugh.

LARRY

You're going to sit by and wait till he drops her.

CONNIE

You can say their names...

(she kisses him)

Don't be mad with your Aunt Connie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Come on. I'll buy you a cappucino.

Connie gets her purse and turns off the radio.

LARRY

Is Bernstein okay?

As they close the door and start up the steps... (We see them through the window... We HEAR Connie...)

CONNIE

He says he's going to find some beautiful young Mexican trade and live happily ever after.

As they cross the street and go into the Cafe Reggio...

DISSOLVE TO:

66. INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY

Larry is cutting carrots, apples, etc. Herb is reading the paper. Herb's wife is at the register. The place is not crowded yet, maybe two or three customers.

HERB

That was a terrible thing with the Rosenbergs. I'm not a politician, but they didn't have to burn them in the electric chair.

LARRY

I went to the demonstration in Union Square.

HERB

A waste of time. Demonstrations! If Eisenhower wouldn't stop it, what good was demonstrations.

LARRY

Truman could have stopped it first.

HERB

They're all politicians. It's a waste of time.

Mister Elkins comes into the store.

HERB

Good morning, Mister Elkins. How are you today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELKINS

My head feels good and my stomach
feels good, too, Herb.

HERB

Wonderful.

ELKINS

But I didn't sleep ten minutes
last night.

The phone rings. HERB'S WIFE answers it.

HERB

Larry. Make Mister Elkins a nice
cabbage and broccoli juice while
I prepare him a cup of Rose Hips
tea...

HERB'S WIFE

Larry. There's a telephone call
for you.

LARRY

(surprised)

Who is it?

HERB

What is this with calls at work?

Larry hurries down the entire counter and goes around
it to the cash register. While Larry is talking, Herb
is babbling:

HERB

(to nobody and everybody)

What is this, a telephone service?
I'm trying to run a business and
they get telephone calls here.

Larry picks up the phone.

LARRY

Hello?... Yes, this is Larry
Lapinsky... Oh, hi, Mr. Weinberg...

(Larry is excited)

Yeah... yeah... right... okay...
okay... Thank you very much...

Larry hangs up. He takes his apron off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERB

What is this?

LARRY

(super pretend calm)

Oh, nothing much, Herb. I got another job.

HERB

Where? What? At a delicatessen?

LARRY

No, Herb. In a movie. In a feature film. I got an acting job. I leave for the coast this Friday.

HERB

Coast? Coast? What coast?

LARRY

Hollywood. Los Angeles, California.

HERB

You're not pulling my leg?

LARRY

(laughs, crazy
with joy now)

No, Herb. I got an acting job in a movie.

Herb is happy, excited.

HERB

Oh, my God. That's terrific.
That's fabulous.

(to the people at
the counter)

Did you hear that? My Larry got a job in a movie.

ELKINS

What about my cabbage and broccoli juice?

LARRY

You got it. One cabbage and broccoli juice coming up.

As Larry starts to cut the cabbage for the juice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERB

Look at that, will you? I got a Hollywood star making juice for me. Did I tell you this kid was something?

LARRY

We're running low on cabbage, Herb...

HERB

I want an autographed eight-by-ten glossy as soon as you get one. You hear, Larry? I'll put it on the wall right over the juicer... right next to Perry Como...

DISSOLVE TO:

67. INT. LARRY'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Larry, Mom and Pop. At the table, they've just finished eating.

LARRY

Well, I guess I'll be going.

MOM

What's your hurry?

LARRY

I have to pack and everything.

MOM

Be careful on that plane.

LARRY

It's first class.

POP

How many engines does it have?

LARRY

Two, I think.

POP

Good. Two is safe.

MOM

How do you know?

POP

I read it at the candy store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

... What happened between you
and the girl?

LARRY

Her name is Sarah.

MOM

So what happened?

LARRY

She ran off with a friend of mine.

MOM

Did they teach you to lie in
Greenwich Village?

LARRY

You're a funny lady, Mom.

MOM

My life has not been very funny.

LARRY

(gets up)

I'm going. So long, Pop.

He kisses his father on the cheek.

POP

Good luck, son.

He kisses Mom, but she won't let go.

LARRY

Please Mom, no crying.

MOM

Promise you won't get a big head.
Promise you'll remember where you
came from.

LARRY

I promise, Mom.

MOM

Remember how your grandmother got
out of Poland? She had to sneak
across the border in a wagon covered
with potatoes. The guards poked
bayonets into the sacks... That's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM (CONT'D)

where you come from... I almost forgot... Here.

(she hands him

a brown bag)

Some strudel for the plane.

LARRY

What am I going to do with strudel on an airplane?

MOM

You'll eat it, that's what you'll do with it.

POP

I told you he'd get angry.

LARRY

I'm not angry. I'm crazy, but I'm not angry... So long...

MOM

Larry, sweetheart?

LARRY

(at the door)

Yeah, Mom?

MOM

If you actually see Clark Gable, tell him your mother loves him and has seen him in every film he has ever done.

LARRY

(smiles)

I'll tell him, Mom.

MOM

And write.

LARRY

I will, Mom.

MOM

Promise you'll write every day.

LARRY

I promise, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

And call once in a while. That's why we put in a phone in the first place.

LARRY

I'll write every day and I'll call every other day. How's that?

MOM

(tears of joy)

And be a good actor...

Larry leaves, touched in spite of himself.

CUT TO:

68. EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Larry comes out. He walks a few steps... Then the VOICE of the Woman (Mrs. Tupperman) is HEARD. She is, as usual, perched in her window, looking down on the world.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

(calling)

Larry, Larry...

LARRY

(looks up)

Hi, Mrs. Tupperman.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

I was sorry to hear about you and that girlfriend of yours.

LARRY

(not really shocked)

So was I.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

So how is Greenwich Village treating you?

LARRY

Didn't you hear? I'm going to Hollywood. I'm going to act in a movie.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

Hollywood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LARRY

Yeah...So long, Mrs. Tupperman.

MRS. TUPPERMAN

Be careful, Larry.

Larry waves goodbye...walks down the street. Some KIDS are playing punchball in the street with a red Spaulding ball. Larry sees the ball bouncing towards him.

KID

Hey mister. Get the ball.

69 Larry picks the ball up, hefts it and then tosses it back to the kid... We are shooting towards the block now, Larry walking to us... As he gets close to the corner, Larry stops and takes one last look back...Then he walks out of the frame. We hold on the block as the kids continue their punchball game, the old ladies sun themselves on kitchen chairs plopped in front of their stoops, the ices man sells ice... And then the Street Musician who has been working up the block approaches and fiddles a tune for his customers.

FADE OUT:

THE END