

FINAL DRAFT

January 26, 1972

(Revised for legal
purposes, actual
locations)

SAVE THE TIGER

Original Story And Screenplay

by

Steve Shagan

"SAVE THE TIGER"

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - AERIAL SHOTS - EARLY A.M.

MAIN TITLES

A yellow cloud filters the sun's rays. The cloud is like a thick amber gauze, choking the city that lies below. On the track we HEAR "Mack The Knife" being sung in German -- slow, sad, bluesy.

- 2 EXT. DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION FREEWAY - AERIAL SHOTS -
DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION FREEWAY

jammed. No car sounds, only the SONG.

- 3 EXT. THE VALLEY - AERIAL SHOTS

The same membrane of yellow hangs over the tiers of homes, some clinging to mountains while others sprawl row upon row into infinity.

- 4 EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY, EASTBOUND - AERIAL SHOTS - VENTURA
FREEWAY

jammed. No car sounds, only the SONG.

- 5 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - AERIAL SHOTS

Same haze is present. CAMERA MOVES IN on the decaying sign: "HOLLYWOOD". A pack of wild dogs runs around the base of the sign.

- 6 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - AERIAL SHOTS

Less haze here as the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the various mansions and sedate streets.

- 7 EXT. TRUESDALE ESTATES OR BEL AIR - AERIAL SHOTS

The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on a house of Spanish architecture. Under the MUSIC at first faintly, but as the shot progresses, we clearly HEAR a male voice gasping in terror. The fear peculiar to a nightmare, when the lungs fight for power to evoke a scream.

DISSOLVE TO:

8

EXT. REAR STONER HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - GROUND LEVEL -
EARLY A.M.

CAMERA PANS and the LENS SOAKS IT UP SLOWLY -- the swimming pool -- its heated water creates a mist that hangs over the pool. A rubber swan, its neck bent out of shape bobs on the surface. A chair on white floats, its back broken, is nearby. A few lounges are at the poolside with towels drying out. Sunglasses and magazines. There are several copies of "Woman's Wear Daily" prominently strewn over one of the lounges. The SOUNDS of terror continue and are now pronounced.

TITLES ARE OUT

CAMERA MOVES IN toward a large curtained window facing the pool. As the MOANING grows it is now apparent they are emanating from behind those curtains. The SONG is up as well. As the CAMERA CLOSES on the curtained window the GASPS of terror peak but never quite make a scream. The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

9

INT. STONER BEDROOM

CAMERA is WIDE but sees nothing on the cut. We HEAR a final thrust of agonizing panting, they crest, then slow, becoming sporadic, then calming; changing in character to gulping for air. Then sighs and finally control. At that instant we HEAR a click which snaps off the song. We can now see a dim figure sitting up in bed. While we cannot discern his features, we can see HARRY STONER'S hand reaching for something on the wall behind the bed.

HARRY

Bueno? Bueno?

(pause)

Carmela? Si. Buenas Dias. Por favor cafe, si, gracias.

We cannot see her, but we hear Jan's voice. It is mushy, cloaked by sleep and bed covers.

JAN'S VOICE

Tell her to put some goddam cream in it.

HARRY

Bueno?... Carmela... mucho creama para la Senora, si. Gracias.

10

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry rises. He wears white pajamas. The top is spotted with perspiration.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

He goes to the nearby curtain pull and we HEAR the curtains being opened; the morning light floods into the large elegantly furnished bedroom. Jan's figure is covered. The blanket is pulled over her head. Harry turns from the window, looks at her form.

JAN'S VOICE

She never uses cream. She has a
block against cream.

Harry looks at the clock on the night table. It shows 7:15. He goes to the opposite wall, there is a television inset into the wall. He pushes the "on" button. Waits. A beat. Nothing happens.

11 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

His face is wan and wears the night's stubble and drops of sweat wrought by the nightmare. The set does not respond. CAMERA WIDENS and PANS him back to the night table. There is a wide remote console panel with numerous buttons. He pushes one, we HEAR the TV set snap on. He goes to the door leading into the bathroom.

12 INT. BATHROOM - MOVING SHOT

Harry switches on the light and goes to the sink. He stares at his reflection in the mirror, as if the face belongs to a stranger. He opens the tap and slaps some water on his face.

13 INT. BEDROOM - WIDE SHOT

We HEAR the ANNOUNCER's voice under the following. The figure in the bed stirs. JAN slowly emerges from under the blankets and sits up. The CAMERA MOVES IN on her. She is a very attractive woman in her late 30's. She stares ahead for a beat, then glances to her left. There are two suitcases full of clothes.

ANNOUNCER

... After ten years of combat, and more than 1000 holes from enemy fire, "Patches" is being retired. The ancient C 123 used for spraying chemical defoliants will leave Saigon and is destined for exhibition at the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. The plane's last pilot stated "We'll miss her, she was a tough old bird".

HOLD Jan and TV Announcer.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

... On the local scene, the Los Angeles County Air Pollution District reports heavy smog for the basin today with light eye irritation predicted. Carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxide will be .30 parts per million. The APCD cautions against strenuous activity for school children... Preliminary reports on last night's tragedy at Glendale Boulevard indicate a sixteen foot section of the main gas line had been damaged by the recent earth tremor. Eight bodies had been recovered as of 2:00 a.m. The structural weakening in the three foot wide pipe had evidently escaped detection.

His expression changes. A smile sweeps his face as he picks up a small can. Harry comes out of the bathroom and stares at the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

And now... let me show you something for man's best friend. Any dog will lick his chops for Grandy's Grenadine Beef; why it will make your dog sit up and --

HARRY

Shit.

He snaps the set off. He slowly walks back to the bed and climbs in.

CARMELA enters the bedroom. She is a Mexican woman in her middle years. Her brown face is etched like some ancient Aztec god. She carries a tray with two cups of coffee and the folded morning paper. She goes to Jan's side of the bed. Jan takes the cup, as Carmela says:

CARMELA

Buenas Dias, Senora.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

JAN

Buenas Dias, Carmela.

Carmela goes around to Harry's side. He takes the coffee and the paper.

CARMELA

Buenas Dias, Senor.

HARRY

Buenas Dias, Carmela.

They sip the coffee. Harry glancing at the front page; Jan watches Carmela go. She slides out like an Indian disappearing behind a rock, as if directed by John Ford.

16 TWO SHOT - NEW ANGLE

JAN
He was a louse. A real thoroughbred.

Harry nods, still looking at paper.

HARRY
When's the funeral?

JAN
Thursday.

HARRY
Sorry about the airport thing.

JAN
It's all right, Harry. Hard to believe Uncle Bernie's dead. God, what a bastard.

HARRY
(nods)
Screwed everybody. How long will you be away?

JAN
A week, ten days.

Harry flicks a button at the side of his bed, activating a tape machine o.s. We HEAR an old Benny Goodman tune, something like "Stompin' At The Savoy". A beat.

HARRY
(softly)
Christ...

17 TWO SHOT

JAN
You screamed in your sleep. That's the second time this week.

HARRY
(nods)
Same nightmare. I'm sitting in this tribal council in the jungle. And there's Billy Graham, wearing a \$400 tie. And he's showing us the road to God.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)
And I jump up and I yell something
... and I don't know what it is I
say... But he points at me and
screams "There's Cuban Pete, King
of the Rhumba Beat -- get him!"
Then all these naked tribesmen
start chasing me through the
jungle. Then I'm in this path,
and in front of me... this black
cobra, its head is fanned out...
it rises up about eight feet high,
weaving back and forth, measuring
me. And I can't move.

JAN
See Dr. Frankfurter.

HARRY
He'll tell me it's repressed sex.

JAN
Maybe it is.

HARRY
No. It's Willie.

JAN
Who?

HARRY
The guy that parks my car down-
town -- at the factory -- it's
Willie.

There's a pause. Harry listens to Benny Goodman.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE

After a pause:

HARRY
(indicating
newspaper)
Kamu died.

JAN
He died a long time ago.

HARRY
Not him, Kamu, the Whale. For
three years he's been swimming
against the current.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

JAN

What current?

HARRY

The current in the tank at Pacific World. The friction damaged his dorsal fin -- that beautiful animal, Jan -- dead. I took Audrey to see him once -- years ago.

JAN

Harry, you insulted Dr. Sorell last night.

HARRY

Insulted? What insult? He's drinking my booze and climbing all over my wife.

JAN

Insecurity. He's insecure.

HARRY

Insecurity?... For Christsake, he's got everything up front except trumpets.

JAN

He happens to be a fine doctor. Everyone's using him.

HARRY

You swung me over to him, Jan. But I still like Doc Fisher.

JAN

(smiling)

Fisher still uses leeches. He's an old man.

HARRY

Yeah, old and smart. He can diagnose hemorrhoids through a suit of armor.

19 NEW ANGLE - HOLDING HIM FROM JAN'S POV

Harry wearily swings his legs over the side of the bed. He removes his pajama top and stares down at the rug. We clearly see three jagged, vicious-looking scars; they are closely spaced near the top of his spinal column -- and bluish in color.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

JAN

Those scars are positively hideous.

HARRY

So's the pain -- the thousand year Reich... they still may make it.

JAN

Wouldn't hurt to have them checked again.

HARRY

(turns; indicates newspaper; brightens)

Saw an item in the sports section -- that 9-year-old -- Judy Miller -- they're gonna let her play ball with the boys -- her father had to go to court -- but they're gonna let her play.

He rises, goes to the console and shuts Goodman off. Turns to Jan and smiles.

HARRY

(continuing)

I think that's terrific. Kid's a good ballplayer, what's the difference if she's a girl -- I mean at that age who notices? Her father must be a hell of a guy -- took it all the way to court.

JAN

You used to love baseball... Why don't you go to a game once in a while?

He comes around to the front of the bed.

HARRY

They still play, but they don't play on dirt any more. They play on plastic. The ballplayers are antiseptic kids, they don't chew tobacco, they don't use spikes, and the pitchers don't wind up -- they used to wind up.

(CONTINUED)

JAN
Wind up?

HARRY
Yes, wind up. Remember Johnny
Vandermeer?

He proceeds to do a very professional full wind-up, double
pump, with a high kick and complete follow-through.

HARRY
(continuing)
That was pitching. What about
Hugh Casey. Lumbering out of the
bullpen -- in the clutch, the
pressure on -- his sinker would
fall off a cliff -- and if he ran
out of stuff, he'd throw his balls
up at the plate. Goddammit, they
were something!

JAN
Harry, Dr. Frankfurter. Hypnosis.
Hypnosis is the thing.

HARRY
Frankfurter didn't help me.
"Bring me dreams... Bring me
dreams."

JAN
They can tell a lot from dreams.

HARRY
Frankfurter said I murdered myself.

JAN
You're worried.

He turns to her.

HARRY
Cuban Pete never worries.

JAN
You're worried.

HARRY
I don't know why. It only costs
me \$200 a day to get out of bed.

JAN
Two hundred a day?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

That's what the accountant tells me. With everything -- three hundred a day. Taxes, insurance, the cars, the tree surgeon, the poolman, the gardener, Carmela, the house, the Swiss school, and downtown, that's something else. I've got to finance the new line. Money's tight, payroll to meet, textile mills to pay -- and we may be audited...

JAN

Audited for what?

HARRY

Last year. We did a little ballet with the books.

JAN

What does Phil say?

HARRY

He's worried.

20 NEW ANGLE

as Harry comes around to her side of the bed, sits down.

HARRY

When you get back, let's go to Zurich and see the kid.

JAN

She's better off in Switzerland. Europe is civilized. Things are too crazy in this country. A man came out of Marioni's restaurant, someone walked up and shot him to death. They didn't even know each other. That's only a few blocks away.

HARRY

Well, maybe we can get a brigade of Cambodians to patrol Beverly Hills. The Mexican maids can cook their rice.

JAN

She's better off in Switzerland --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

Jan rises, goes to the bathroom. CAMERA HOLDS on Harry. He gets up and goes to the open luggage, picks up a dress, fondles it, then lets it drop back into the suitcase.

21 NEW ANGLE

Harry looks toward the bathroom and raises his voice.

HARRY

I miss her. I miss the kid. I keep hearing that song from Barbar; the elephant's song -- crumda, crumda, ripalo...

22 REFLECTION SHOT - JAN

creaming her face.

JAN

(shouts)

Harry, they're... they're shooting horse in the toilets at the high school.

23 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

(shouts)

Cuban Pete's daughter doesn't shoot horse.

He starts for the bathroom.

24 INT. BATHROOM - NEW ANGLE

Harry comes into the bathroom, sits on the toilet seat watching Jan towelling off the white cream and beginning to apply a colorless oil.

HARRY

Every time one of us leaves, I wish we had made it.

She turns to him.

JAN

I'm not going to Mars.

He rises, goes to her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

HARRY

I know... but these hijackings and these monster jets. I don't know how they get up and down... the old propellers you could see them spinning. You knew why the goddamn things were in the air.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

JAN

Well, that's a happy thought. I really need that before a flight.

HARRY

I just wish we had made it last night.

JAN

You left me with the company. By the time I got to bed you were out cold.

HARRY

Still, we... we should have -- You could have woke me up, what would I have missed -- a nightmare --

25 TWO SHOT

They look at one another. There's love, or need, or whatever that thing is, but time has eroded the heart of it all.

JAN

Promise me you'll see Dr. Frankfurter --

She goes past him, but his voice stops her as she reaches the door.

HARRY

You taking the 7th?

JAN

I don't know. It's the one o'clock American.

HARRY

(not really hearing)

Jan, I should have been a ballplayer. With my arm, I could have made Brooklyn --

(a beat)

... At least Philadelphia.

She studies him for a beat, then walks out of the shot into the bedroom. CAMERA HOLDS on Harry. He goes to the medicine chest, takes out some shaving cream and starts to lather his face. He rubs slower and slower as the faint SOUNDS of a baseball crowd are up, and Red Barber describing some action at Ebbetts Field. CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT on his reflected image and with the tone of one calling up some ancient deity he whispers:

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

HARRY
(continuing)
First base... Dolph Camilli...
Dolph Camilli... Second base...
Second base... Pete Coscarot...
Sonofabitch...

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. STONER HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

There is an expensive car parked at the end of the driveway. A small car in front of it. Harry comes out of the door. He wears an expensive blue silk suit. He reaches the car. He opens the door. Gets in, guns the motor and drives off. CAMERA HOLDS on the driveway -- the door to the house in b.g. Suddenly opens -- Jan stands in the doorway -- looking for him -- a last goodbye but too late. She waits as if he'll be back. The CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on Jan.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 WIDE SHOT - HIGH ANGLE

as car moves out of driveway onto Sunset.

ANNOUNCER
In his appeal for donations the Mayor stated that animal care centers would be a vital contribution for furthering humane conditions for the stray animals roaming the city's streets --

A girl's voice interrupts:

GIRL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Yes, I definitely save some two to three dollars a week, buying at Ben's Supermarket...

28 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

He turns the dial. Another male voice says:

MALE VOICE (o.s.)
It's the meat with vitamins --
no heart-clogging fats...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Christ!

He switches stations. A somber voice says:

SECOND VOICE (o.s.)

Children learning American history
only a few feet from a mortuary...
strange? Perhaps. But Pleasant
Heaven believes in life as well
as death...

HARRY

Christ!...

29 HIGH ANGLE

The car is stopped at a light at Sunset and Arden. A small group of children carrying baseball gear, some in uniform, pass.

30 INT. CAR - WIDE SHOT

Harry smiles as he sees the children pass. He then leans over, takes a tape cartridge, puts it into the player. We HEAR "Mack The Knife", blue, distant, almost an echo.

31 HARRY'S MOVING POV SHOT

as he passes the early morning hippies.

32 HIGH ANGLE

The car going east on Sunset. It slows for a light and stops.

33 SHOOTING FROM BEHIND HARRY TOWARD THE CORNER

A gorgeous young GIRL with long, pressed hair, tight jeans and a beautifully filled blouse. Exits the car in front of Harry. She then smiles at Harry and jerks her thumb in the air.

34 CLOSER SHOT - HARRY

He looks at the girl for a few seconds, then sounds the HORN.

35 HARRY'S POV

The girl runs towards his car. She opens the door and jumps in. As the light changes, the car starts moving.

36 TWO SHOT - INSIDE CAR

MYRA
Thanks a lot, mister.

HARRY
(nods)
Where're you going?

MYRA
Nowhere.

HARRY
What do you mean?

MYRA
I stay on the strip. I ride back
and forth.

HARRY
All day?

MYRA
All day.

HARRY
(shrugs)
Nothing wrong with that.

MYRA
Sometimes, I sell the Free Press.

HARRY
Hell of a paper.

MYRA
Yeah, and I rap with this guy.
He killed some people.

Harry looks at her.

MYRA
(continuing
rapidly)
I mean in the war.

HARRY
Well, as long as it was in the
war... I mean that's -- that's
okay --

MYRA
They wanted him to testify, but
he stood on his rights.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

HARRY
Nothing wrong with that.

MYRA
Must be something else.

HARRY
What?

MYRA
War.

There's a beat.

HARRY
How old are you?

MYRA
Twenty.

Harry nods. A beat.

HARRY
I'm turning off at McAndrews.

MYRA
It's okay -- wherever.

There's a pause.

MYRA
(continuing)
What's the music?

HARRY
German.

The girl shrugs.

MYRA
How old are you?

He hesitates for a second.

HARRY
Uh... thirty-three. Next week,
I'll be thirty-three.

She studies him.

MYRA
That's a groovy suit.
(pause)
You wanna ball me?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

He looks at her. She smiles and nods.

MYRA
(continuing)
Why not?

HARRY
It's sweet of you to offer, but
I don't have the time.

Myra shrugs.

37 LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE

as the car pulls over to the corner.

38 TWO SHOT - FROM BEHIND HARRY

as Myra gets out. She leans in through her side.

MYRA
Well, thanks. My name is Myra.
I'm here all the time.

HARRY
Good. Have a nice day.

MYRA
Nice day?

HARRY
I mean -- rapping with your
friends, and... you know --
have a nice day.

MYRA
Oh... okay.

HARRY
Okay.

She starts away.

39 HIGH ANGLE

as the car moves off into traffic and disappears. A siren
SOUNDS -- the CAMERA PANS UP to a billboard and SLOWLY ZOOMS
IN on two huge tongues licking bananas. The WAIL of the
siren continues.

40 EXTREME CLOSEUP - HARRY'S BACK

A set of female lips kissing the scars, one by one.

41 RAKING SHOT - SHOOTING UP AT HARRY

who lies face down on the bed, lower half of his body covered by a sheet. A pretty Nordic girl in her late twenties leans over him. She wears a silk peignoir. Her name is ULA. She raises up from Harry. He slowly turns over, stares up at the ceiling. The SOUND of the siren winds down and out.

42 TWO SHOT - FAVOR HARRY

HARRY

(softly)

Sonofabitch...

ULA

What is it?

HARRY

(reverie)

We left Naples in April of '45. They had a band, at the dock... they were playing "Begin The Beguine". We were on the ship -- what was left of us... basket cases, psychos, some of the 442nd -- Japanese troops, terrific little bastards. We were all standing at the rail... the ship was moving... lost 90% casualties ... North Africa, Hill 609... Sicily... Anzio... Nettuno... Casino. We were left. We survived. They were playing "Begin The Beguine" on a bright sunny day in Naples... A guy next to me started to cry... I put my arm around him. I said, "It's over, Sergeant -- the thing is over".

ULA

Do you want a drink?

HARRY

(softly)

Artie Shaw --

ULA

(touches him)

A drink -- some brandy?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

HARRY

No. No thanks. I better call Phil.

ULA

What time is the show?

HARRY

At three.

ULA

Well, it's early. We have time. We could try again.

HARRY

No... I have to get downtown...

He swings his feet over the bed, picks up the phone on the night table and dials.

43 CLOSE SHOT

as Harry stares ahead, holding the phone. He speaks slowly -- a liturgic quality:

HARRY

What moments divine, what rapture serene...

(into phone)

Harriet? Good morning. Put Mr. Green on, please.

There's a pause. Harry, looking straight ahead:

HARRY

(continuing; then,
into phone;
brightens)

Phil? Yeah -- yeah -- no, no. I'm in a garage. Car quit on me ... No, no -- they're on it. I'll be down in half an hour. Well, talk to him. I know. See you. Right, 'bye.

He hangs up. CAMERA HOLDS Ula in the b.g., as she moves close to him, putting her arms around his neck.

HARRY

(continuing)

Did you ever hear Artie Shaw's "Summit Ridge Drive"?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

ULA

No.

CAMERA starts to GO IN TIGHT on Harry as he says:

HARRY

The Gramercy Five. I caught them once, at the Blackstone in Chicago.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 MONTAGE

INTERCUT between LONG SHOTS of Harry's car moving through downtown Los Angeles and CLOSE SHOTS of Harry. Through this, on the TRACK, we HEAR "Mack The Knife."

45 NEW ANGLE

as the car pulls into a downtown parking lot. The German song CROSS-FADES with HARD ROCK.

46 MED. SHOT - THE PARKING LOT

Harry stops the car. Alongside is a small shack. As Harry gets out of the car a NEGRO PARKING ATTENDANT (WILLIE), carrying a transistor radio, walks up to Harry.

HARRY

Good morning, Willie.

WILLIE

(gets behind
the wheel)

When you goin' out?

HARRY

Hard to say --

WILLIE

(snaps)

Well, I wouldn't want make it hard on you -- I mean I can figure out where to put them -- then they come out at lunch why'd you bury my car, Willie? What's wrong, Willie? Told you I'd be right out -- No, don't make it hard -- sheet --

He guns the motor and SCREECHES off. Harry watches him go and shakes his head.

47 HIGH ANGLE

Harry walks out of the lot into the street, moves toward and into a nearby office building.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 OMITTED

49 WIDE ANGLE - INSIDE FACTORY

A large room with rows of benches, sewing machines, some iron racks on wheels with clothes hanging on them. The WOMEN who are doing the sewing are either Mexican or Negro. There are several models, in various stages of undress, who are getting in and out of clothes. There is a great deal of NOISE emanating from the machines. CAMERA MOVES WITH HARRY as he goes through the hubbub. A Mexican foreman, a man about fifty whose name is ALFONSO, approaches Harry. He speaks with a pronounced Mexican accent.

50 TWO SHOT

ALFONSO
Buenos dias, Senor Stoner.

HARRY
Speak English, Al.

ALFONSO
My name is not Al, it's Alfonso.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

HARRY
We have fifteen illegal wetbacks
working here -- have I ever said
a word?

ALFONSO
(smiles)
You're a real revolutionary,
Harry.

HARRY
How you doing?

ALFONSO
I'll have everything at the hotel
by one o'clock -- you worried
about me, Senor?

Harry pats his shoulder.

HARRY
No. I never worry about you, Al.

ALFONSO
Meyer and Rico Ostrovez.

HARRY
(sighs)
Que mas nuevo?

ALFONSO
(smiles)
Es un saco magnifico, Padron.

As Harry moves away from Alfonso, CAMERA GOES with him.
He pats one of the models, Rosanna; she smiles.

ROSANNA
Lovely line, Mr. Stoner.

HARRY
Let's hope it sells.

ROSANNA
(smiles)
It will. It will.

He goes through the rear door. As he opens it, shouting
VOICES hit him. The voices are in sharp contrast, one
being quite shrill, the other deep, musky, with a Russian
accent.

51 INT. PATTERN ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

In this room there is a large table with paper patterns, bits of fabric, some clothes scattered on the table, several packs of Camel cigarettes and littered ashtrays. On one side of the table is CARL MEYER -- in his late sixties, gray worn-out face, slightly bent-over frame. On the other side is a very dapper Mediterranean-looking man in his early thirties, RICO SANTORO.

MEYER

(shouting)

I wuz making patterns before you
sucked milk.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

RICO
(shrieking;
slightly
feminine)
I will not have my designs butchered
by a no-talent Cossack!

52 NEW ANGLE

as Harry steps between them.

HARRY
Okay! Okay -- enough!

Meyer turns to him and says:

MEYER
You're right -- it's enough -- I
I'm through! Harry, this time I'm
through. I can go across the
street, to Beckman. I don't need
this aggravation after fifty years
in the business from a fresh
pansy!

RICO
Goddam peasant! You can be
replaced by a laser beam!

He goes out. Harry turns back to Meyer, walks up to him and
says, quietly and slowly:

HARRY
Meyer -- why do you do this to me?

MEYER
To you? Who can do anything to
you? You're a playback -- you
tell everyone what they want to
hear.

53 TWO SHOT

HARRY
I can't have a philosophical
discussion. My balls are in the
wringer. Everything's riding on
this show. Futures are on the
line today!

MEYER
We have to talk.

(CONTINUED)

Harry puts his arm on Meyer's shoulder.

HARRY
(sighs)
We'll talk later --
(notices Meyer's
fingers)
Meyer, look at your fingers, they're
orange.

MEYER
So they're orange. Fifty years
I'm smoking -- and if I die you
know what'll happen? They'll bury
me. Because if they don't, I'll
stink.

Meyer picks up a pattern-cutting machine, looks at Harry.

MEYER
(continuing)
I want to talk to you.

HARRY
Fine. We'll talk. Later.

54 TRACKING SHOT - WITH HARRY

He enters the factory. The action is slightly more frenetic.
Rico hovers over several models in various stages of undress.
Harry walks up to him. CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT.

HARRY
You all right?

RICO
(turns from pin-
ning a model)
Super. It's that goddam Russian;
he's ruining my designs.

HARRY
There is no finer cutter in this
business. And you better take a
long look before it's gone.

RICO
What are you talking about?

HARRY
Craft. The kind that old man has.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

RICO

Well... you're going to have to make a choice, Harry. I can't be restricted.

HARRY

We have a contract.

RICO

You just try to get a design out of a contract.

HARRY

Don't get artsy-fartsy with me, Rico. I remember when your name was Sol; running packages and going to drawing school. Who paid for that school, Solly? Who took you by the hand across the country, eh, Solly? Had buyer friends of mine show you midis, minis, maxis, pantsuits, fabrics, jerseys, silks, cottons, wools. Don't con me, Solly. Half of your creations are copies, clever, but copies. Do you read me, Solly?

RICO

(subdued)

Harry... Can we at least talk?

HARRY

Later, Rico.

Harry leaves.

54A WIDE ANGLE - TENTH FLOOR LOBBY

It is a wide room with several couches, Danish chairs, a desk with a RECEPTIONIST, and a Call-Director type telephone switchboard next to her desk. On the wall facing the elevator is a sign: "CAPRI CASUALS". There is a double door that leads to the showroom. On the left are several office doors. To the right is a door with a sign over it marked: "FACTORY - EMPLOYEES ONLY". The elevator doors open and Harry comes out. He goes up to the Receptionist, a pretty girl in her twenties.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Mr. Stoner. My,
that's a beautiful suit.

HARRY

Italian silk. P'sante.

RECEPTIONIST

It's lovely. Mr. Green's been
asking for you.

HARRY

I'm on the way.

She smiles, picks up the phone as it RINGS. Harry
goes down corridor towards Phil's office

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. PHIL GREENE'S OFFICE

The only decoration on the wall is a picture of an old office building. No other decorations. PHIL is older than Harry, wears glasses, graying at the temples, smokes a cigar. He is on the phone.

PHIL

(after a pause)

Yes, Mr. Norris. I appreciate your problems -- I can't meet a 30-day note. We've been doing business with you for fifteen years. Maybe that's been a mistake. What do you want? You want to foreclose? Okay. I'll see you in court in five years... Yeah, we'll talk tomorrow.

56 NEW ANGLE

Harry comes in. Phil looks up.

PHIL

Good afternoon. Where the hell've you been?

HARRY

It was just a clogged plug.

PHIL

Thank God for that. At least you got your plug fixed.

HARRY

Never mind my plug. What happened at the bank?

PHIL

What do you think happened? No dice -- no dice. The best is a 50% discount on every dollar.

Harry sits down on a sofa.

HARRY

(sighs)

Not enough.

PHIL

Goddamn shame. We have a helluva line. Rico did a brilliant job.

(CONTINUED)

58 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
Are our premiums paid up?

PHIL
Of course they are...

Harry puts slip of paper on desk.

PHIL
(continuing)
What the hell is that?

HARRY
Charlie Robbins. Get him.

59 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

does not pick it up.

PHIL
(stunned; a beat;
then hushed)
Charlie Robbins...

60 TWO SHOT - FAVORING HARRY

He turns to Phil.

HARRY
What's the floater worth?

PHIL
Forget it, Harry. We'll ask the
unions, the mills to carry us.
After all these years, those
bastards owe us something.

HARRY
We tried that last year and the
word flashed that we were broke.
And they turned us down anyway.

PHIL
(shakes his head)
I won't get involved with Robbins.
I've been swimming in the toilet
sure, but there's a line, a line
I won't cross.

HARRY
(angry)
Goddamn it, Phil -- I asked you
a question. What's the floater
worth?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Forget the fucking floater.

Harry moves toward Phil.

HARRY

Listen, do I have to call Marvin?

PHIL

A hundred thousand.

HARRY

Enough to squeeze through.

PHIL

It's madness. We'll have to find another way.

HARRY

What way? If we were falling on our ass and making missiles Congress would send us a certified check. We're making dresses.

PHIL

That's bullshit. You can't rationalize a thing like this. I won't permit it, Harry.

HARRY

Robbins is the best. There'll never be any questions.

PHIL

Come on, wake up. There are always questions.

HARRY

Charlie is a pro. How do you think Beckman pulled out? You think his fire was spontaneous combustion?

PHIL

I don't give a good goddamn about Beckman.

HARRY

We got killed last year. We have a chance to pull out --

PHIL

Everybody got killed last year.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

We can't default, we'll be audited. You want Linda to visit you in Chino?

PHIL

Arson, Harry. Arson... that's a major felony. You're talking about twenty years. Locked up in a cage for twenty years.

HARRY

Fraud or arson, the accommodations are the same.

PHIL

(weakening; hesi-
tantly)

I won't do it. I'm not going to do it.

Harry comes around to the phone side of Phil's desk. Picks up the slip, sits down. Dials.

61 NEW ANGLE

Phil rises, goes to the window and looks out over the street. Harry sits down at Phil's desk, picks up the notebook, thumbs through the pages, then stops at a certain page. Phil turns to him.

HARRY

(angry)

Sonofabitch! You think I enjoy doing this? What are we going to do? We invented some new arithmetic last year.

PHIL

But we survived, kept our people working. Seventy-one women -- fourteen salesmen -- secretaries -- all making a living. So the government buys one tank less. Big deal.

HARRY

The government has a different word for survival... it's called "fraud". They want that extra tank.

Harry picks up the phone -- checks the number -- starts to dial.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

PHIL

I know how to make clothes. Ladies wear; nothing remarkable, nothing profound, but not without value. So we cheat a little with the books -- We have your whores on retainers. Occasionally we use some damaged goods... but arson? Arson. Harry, I'm fifty-seven years old. What the hell is left? All I want to do is get out in a boat, smell the sea and on a very big day catch a fish. Is that too much to ask? Am I being unreasonable?

Phil watches him while he speaks.

HARRY

(on phone)

Hello...? Charlie?... Harry Stoner.

(pause)

Sorry to wake you. Good, thanks. Charlie, listen, I mentioned it to you last week. We have a plumbing problem in one of the factories... Yeah, goddamn water's all over the place -- needs fixing right away.

(pause)

No, that's too early. Can you make it 4:30?... Right... Thank you, Charlie...

He hangs up, looks at Phil.

HARRY

(continuing)

We meet him at the Mayan Theatre on Hill Street at 4:30, right side of the balcony. He gets a \$2,500 retainer, and 15% of the final settlement. Draw the cash, put it in an envelope with a key to the Long Beach factory.

Phil says nothing. Harry gets up, starts for the door. The SOUND of the intercom buzzer stops him.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Phil goes to his desk, presses the speaker button.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

(filtered)

Fred Mirrell is here.

HARRY

(into filter)

Tell Gloria to take him to my office.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

Gloria's out sick.

HARRY

Well, leave the switchboard and take him into my office.

63 OMITTED

64 TWO SHOT

Phil flicks off the button, turns to Harry.

PHIL

What's Freddie doing here? He knows the show is at three, at the hotel.

HARRY

He wants to get laid.

PHIL

Here?

HARRY

Yeah, on your desk.

PHIL

I wonder what would happen if once you asked that sonofabitch to buy the line on its merits.

HARRY

We would lose the account. Get Margo on the phone. We have the same suite at the Belgrave?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Yes. All under the same roof.
The show, the screwing...

HARRY

It's business, business.

PHIL

(not harsh, ques-
tioningly)

Business? Business for what?
To become a pimp? A thief? To
commit a major felony. For
what?

HARRY

So you can fish. Call Margo --
set it up for one-thirty.

65 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL
There is no answer.

66 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY
He leaves.

67 PHIL
CAMERA HOLDS on him. A beat, then goes behind his desk, stares at the phone and then picks it up as if it were a diamond-back.

68 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE

A short, stocky man in his late forties, FRED MIRRELL, stands in front of a poster. It is a picture of a girl in an old poster. On the other walls, pictures of ball players, race horses and a photo of a World World War II Sherman Tank.

The door opens and Harry enters, Mirrell looks toward Harry.

HARRY
Hello, Fred. How was the trip?

Fred walks up to Harry, extends his hand.

FRED
Too long. Good to see you.

They shake hands.

HARRY
Lost a little weight.

FRED
I haven't been feeling too well.
High cholesterol.

HARRY
A national disease. What brings you here? The show isn't till three o'clock.

Fred walks to a chair and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

FRED

I think I'd like a drink. Scotch
on the rocks.

Harry starts to walk toward the wet bar, begins mixing.

HARRY

We have a terrific line, Fred.

FRED

I'm here to buy. That's what
I'm here for.

Harry comes over with the drink.

HARRY

It's the best line we've ever
had. It's so good in fact, I
gave our designer a hell of a
bonus.

He gives the drink to him. Fred takes a sip.

FRED

Bitch of a ride. I took the
train.

HARRY

From Cleveland?

The phone at a nearby booth BUZZES.

HARRY

(continuing)

Excuse me.

He goes to the phone, picks it up. A beat.

HARRY

(continuing;
into phone)

Well, keep trying.

He hangs up, turns to Fred.

HARRY

(continuing)

Sorry.

He moves over, sits down in a chair near Fred.

69 TWO SHOT

FRED

I can't fly anymore. I need to unwind. You know what I mean, Harry -- I'm tense, that ride... the scenery. Ghetto's and deserts. And the food, Harry, that plastic food. Sitting in that goddamn compartment for 18 hours eating that plastic food. Christ, I'm really on edge.

HARRY

I'm nervous myself. I've got to write a lot of business today.

FRED

I'm sure the line is solid.

HARRY

Why don't you give me an open order. I'll fill it personally. You won't have to come to the show.

FRED

I don't know -- I can't think about business. I gotta relax.

(laughs nervously)

Harry... is that girl still around?

HARRY

What girl?

FRED

That... uh, Margo... you remember. From last year.

HARRY

(smiles)

Oh, Margo. Yeah, she's still at the old stand.

FRED

Hell, she was -- Christ, she was sensational. Come on Harry, get her on the phone.

HARRY

Margo? Today? With the buyers in town? Not a chance.

(CONTINUED)

5. 69 CONTINUED:

FRED

(sudden anger)

Don't give me that shit! We do
eighty thousand a year -- for the
last six years -- that's almost
half a million -- have I ever
asked for a Christmas card?

HARRY

Never -- you've always been
straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

FRED

(softer; leans
forward confid-
entially)

Harry, we go back a long time.
I can tell you -- I've been
dead from the waist down for
fifteen years. Thirty-six
hundred nights with a sick
woman. Don't misunderstand.
Edna's not a bitch -- it's just
-- well -- all those Goddamn
operations. The woman's all
scarred up. Harry, I need these
diversions -- after fifteen years.
(looks at his
watch)
It's only eleven thirty.

HARRY

I'll try -- but it's very rich,
very expensive -- Margo will have
to break some bookings. You're
talking about a lot of money Freddie.

FRED

(outraged)

You sonofabitch!... I'm throwing
my life on the table, and you're
talking about cost. You write
this off! The government pays
for the cooze!

Phil comes in. He smiles broadly.

PHIL

Hello, Fred.

FRED

(nods)

Good to see you, Phil.

Phil walks over to Harry.

PHIL

I need you for a minute. It's
that Chicago thing.

(to Fred)

Excuse us.

Fred nods, sips his drink. Phil and Harry walk up toward
the bar.

70 TWO SHOT

as Phil speaks in a hushed voice.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

PHIL
She won't come.

HARRY
Why not?

PHIL
You better talk to her.

Harry nods, turns to Fred.

HARRY
We have a small problem. Why
don't you and Phil wander
through the factory -- get a
preview of the line.

71 NEW ANGLE

as Fred rises.

HARRY
(smiles)
Give me a few minutes. I'll
pick you up in the factory.

Harry goes out. CAMERA HOLDS on Fred and Phil as they exit.

PHIL
How's Edna?

FRED
Good. Good -- She's out of the
hospital.

PHIL
Thank God. Glad to hear that.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 TIGHT SHOT - A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE DRESSED IN ST. LAURENT

Super chic, on the phone in a small living room. The city
in the distance. This is MARGO.

MARGO
Forget it, Harry. I'm sorry --
I'm booked.
(pause)
I understand all that. But it's
the last minute.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

MARGO (cont'd)
 You know all the buyers are in town. Who is it, anyway?
 (a beat)
 Oh, no. Not him. He'll want Dusty and me to do the act --
 (she takes her time with the rest)
 -- the olive oil, camphor ice, lollipops, vibrator, finger paints, whips -- the whole Goddamn magilla.

73 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - WIDE SHOT

Harry's on the phone. There are photos of baseball players, race horses and a large picture of a tank crew beside a World War II Sherman.

HARRY
 (on phone)
 You have the wrong guy -- that's Jackson, from Pittsburgh. Freddie's a straight-ahead guy.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE

Rico stands in the doorway with a model obviously wanting Harry's approval of the garment.

HARRY
 (on phone)
 Hold it a minute, Sweetheart.
 (cups phone;
 to Rico)
 Very nice -- terrific, Rico.

They exit.

HARRY
 (continuing;
 uncups phone;
 soft and persuasive)
 Believe me, you're confusing Fred with Jackson. Please, honey -- I need a favor. They're in the wringer, Margo.

75 MARGO

picks up a note pad and looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MARGO
(into phone)
Hold it. Let me look for a
minute, here.
(picks up a pad)
My eleven-thirty talks a lot,
but once I get him in action
... and the guy at twelve-
fifteen is an elderly man. Well,
if he's rested, if he's had some
sleep, I might be okay... Look,
I'll skip lunch -- I'll try to
make it at one-thirty. I'll
have to get hold of Dusty.

There's a pause. We STAY on Margo.

MARGO
(continuing)
I need Dusty because Fred wants
the act...
(a pause; rising
anger)
Believe me, Harry, I know my
customers. That guy reads
Maggie and Jiggs to the Marquis
de Sade. All right, one-thirty.
Where?

76 ON HARRY

HARRY
The Belgrave Suite 915. Thanks,
sweetheart --

He hangs up. Shakes his head. Starts for the door.

77 WIDE SHOT - FACTORY - PANNING WITH PHIL AND FREDDIE

as they move through the carnival of half-dressed models,
Alfonso loading racks, bolts of cloth being cut, and
Rico swishing from girl to girl. We can't hear what Phil
and Freddie are saying. As they near the main door, Harry
comes over to them.

78 CLOSE SHOT

HARRY
(smiling)
You're all set, Fred.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

He hands him a key, puts his arm on his shoulder, starts for the door.

HARRY

(continuing)

One thirty -- Suite 915 -- The Belgrave -- if there's any problem, we'll be downstairs in the bar --

FRED

(pockets the key)

I hope I'm not putting you boys on the spot --

They go through the door.

79 NEW ANGLE - RECEPTION AREA - HARRY, PHIL, FREDDIE moving towards the elevator.

PHIL

How could you be putting us on the spot?

HARRY

What spot? We're all friends.

Harry pushes the elevator button.

FRED

If there's one thing I hate to be, it's a pain in the ass -- Jesus, I know the pressure you guys are under -- I hate to be a pain in the ass.

Some Mexican sewing ladies come out. They speak Spanish as they wait for the elevator.

HARRY

Come on, Freddie -- enjoy yourself.

PHIL

You're only young once --

The elevator opens. The women go in. Freddie follows, turns.

FRED

(smiles)

Later, boys --

The doors close.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

PHIL

A top buyer, represents one of
the finest stores in the
country, and he's a pervert --

HARRY

That's Jackson in Pittsburgh --

80 A PANNING SHOT

They start back toward reception area.

HARRY

(smiles)

That Margo -- a real pro --

PHIL

Yes. We're rich with professionals
-- Margo and Charlie.

HARRY

That's not a bad parlay. Charlie
sets fires and Margo puts them
out. What's the difference?

PHIL

No difference.

81 NEW ANGLE

They reach the receptionists.

HARRY

(asks her)

Anything?

RECEPTIONIST

Your wife called -- she'll call
you tonight from New York. She
said to remind you to take your
Vitamin E.

Harry nods.

HARRY

Phone for a cab. We're going
to lunch -- then the hotel.

He turns to Phil.

PHIL

When's the funeral?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

HARRY
How about Chinatown for a change?

PHIL
I feel like pastrami.

HARRY
That stuff's murder. They have
to fly it in from New York. Come
on, we'll go to the Hong Kong.
We'll have that \$3 special.
Sweet and Sour Pork.

PHIL
I feel like pastrami.

HARRY
That delicatessen's a madhouse.
Please, Phil. Let's go to the
Hong Kong. We'll have a quiet
lunch. Okay?

PHIL
Okay. Chinatown.

86 WIDE SHOT

They start for the corner. Several Yellow cabs are parked.

87 NEW ANGLE

They reach the cab. Phil gets in first. Harry follows and
slams the door. And WAIL of an ambulance goes through --

88 INT. TAXI - WIDE SHOT

The CAB DRIVER looks and talks like George Tobias.

DRIVER
Where we going?

HARRY
Chinatown.

He throws the clock.

89 SERIES OF HIGH ANGLE SHOTS

Cab moving north on Broadway -- "MACK THEME" under traffic.

Rev. 2/9/72

90 INT. CAB

Phil sits to one side looking out his side of window. Harry notices the sullen attitude. Tries to reach him.

HARRY

Come on, Phil. We haven't done anything yet. They can't put you away for thinking about something. Not yet anyway.

(pause)

How's Linda? She get over that fishing phobia?

PHIL

No, but she enjoys the boat.

HARRY

Does she do any fishing?

PHIL

Not yet. I'm still the only fisherman in the family.

HARRY

I guess it must be pretty nice out there on a Sunday. Quiet.. Peaceful.

PHIL

Yeah. You ought to try it sometime, Harry. I bet you forgot what the ocean smells like. When I was a kid I hitched a ride on a trolley car to Coney Island. I saw the sea for the first time. My God, nothing could blot it out. Just blue and green.

91 NEW ANGLE - TAXI

entering Chinatown.

92 INT. TAXI - TWO SHOT

PHIL

Rico tells me you're going to use your Swedish cupcake in the show.

HARRY

Ula's Danish. Give the boys something to look at.

PHIL

She moves like a bear.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

HARRY
She'll be a switch from all those
skinny dykes.

PHIL
Dykes?

HARRY
Dykes. Half of those models are
in love with each other.

PHIL
The only dykes I know are in
Denmark.

HARRY
That's Holland. Christ, you must
of been a whiz in geography.

PHIL
(a beat)
When's the funeral?

HARRY
Tomorrow.

PHIL
When's Janet get back?

HARRY
A week or so. You know, it's
remarkable, when she goes away
I miss her.

PHIL
Even with the Great Dane?

HARRY
Use to be something. Now it's
just a place to kill an hour.

PHIL
When you know the history, the
sex goes --

HARRY
But twenty years without a
meaningful discussion -- and I
miss her -- I miss Janet.

The cab pulls to a stop in front of the restaurant.

93 NEW ANGLE - ACROSS STREET FROM RESTAURANT

They get out. Harry leans into left front window. The Driver looks at the meter; it reads: \$2.75. Harry hands him three singles.

HARRY

Keep it.

DRIVER

You're a very generous citizen.

HARRY

Take a good look -- we're a vanishing breed.

The Cabbie takes out an empty milk bottle. Phil watches.

DRIVER

See this, Mack? You know what it is? It's a portable bathroom. I can't take five minutes off for a piss. So don't make jokes with me, mister.

Harry starts to fish in his pockets, takes out a bill.

HARRY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. Here.

DRIVER

Stick it up your ass.

Cab pulls away. Harry looks after it, Phil comes up to him, shakes his head.

PHIL

It's just this goddamn pollution, Harry. It makes everybody crazy. My eyes are burning.

HARRY

There's one marvelous thing about L.A.

PHIL

What's that?

HARRY

It's not Buffalo.

PHIL

You sonofabitch. You know how many times I've fallen for that?

They start across the street.

94 OMITTED

95 EXT. STREET

CAMERA TRACKS with them crossing street to restaurant.

95A CLOSE SHOT

Lobster moving around glass cage -- MUZAK on the track --
PULL BACK and PAN to Harry and Phil finishing the last of
the meal.

PHIL

Did you see in the paper this
morning where we lost three
thousand helicopters -- you know
how much money that is? I heard
it on the radio this morning.

HARRY

(rising with
anger)

I don't want to hear that, Phil
-- drop it.

PHIL

What's the matter with you? I
just mean the waste -- the money.

HARRY

And the men.

PHIL

The men? What do you want me to
say?

HARRY

I just don't want to hear it.
Screw the helicopters.

PHIL

For God's sake, Harry, what are
you getting upset about? All I
meant was...

HARRY

You remember, Phil, last year, I
looked at those cotton mills in
Milan... then I went down to Rome.
Back to Anzio... there was a ridge
where sand piled up like a dune;
it ran two hundred feet -- in 1944
the sand was muddy with blood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95A CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)
Last year, last year, it was
covered with bikinis. Bikinis!
Cute little buckets sweating into
the same sand where the blood was.

PHIL
Battlefields have a way of turning
into resorts.

HARRY
(cuts in)
Wait a minute. Hold it.

He listens intently to the Muzak. We HEAR an old Benny
Goodman sextet tune, "Air Mail Special".

HARRY
(continuing)
"Air Mail Special" -- that's
Charlie Christian on guitar, with
Benny Goodman.

PHIL
Harry.

HARRY
Jesus, how I wanted to play with
Goodman.
(smiles)
One summer, I was just a kid, we
were playing in some divey hotel
up in the mountains -- we had a
vocalist. Everyone in the band
was making it with her, except
me. I had a crush on her. She
could sing "These Foolish Things"
and put you right in Paris.
Before a number she'd lean over
-- a blonde girl, eyes, perfume,
the whole whiff of her was out
of the Lion House -- she'd whisper
to me, "Light on the brushes --
light on the brushes, kid". We'd
throw our dreams around. How she
was going to sing with Dorsey and
how I was going to play drums
with Goodman.

PHIL
(smiles)
Talk about dreams. I was going
to join the Lincoln Brigade... I
was going to defend Madrid... Save
the world. I never got out of
New York.

There's a beat.

96 NEW ANGLE

Phil pushes the plate away. The WAITER comes in.

WAITER

More tea?

HARRY

No. Just a check please.

The Waiter nods and goes off.

PHIL

The difference is when we were kids, all the choices were simple. Life was simple. Everything added up.

HARRY

Not any more. This kid I picked up today -- she goes back and forth on the Strip. Wanted to ball me. No words. A kid no older than my daughter.

PHIL

What the hell is going on out there? Rats are crawling around babies. They're taking pictures of Mars, and we're talking to Charlie Robbins on a balcony.

DISSOLVE TO:

97 OMITTED

98 EXTREME CLOSEUP - OLIVE OIL BOTTLE

being placed on a window sill. A small hand-operated vibrator and a stick of camphor ice comes down INTO FRAME.

99 INT. BEDROOM - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

Freddie reclines on the bed. Margo -- having placed the above items on the window sill -- proceeds to pull the drapes, darkening the room. She then goes to DUSTY, a stunning black girl, and slowly starts to undress her.

100 CLOSE SHOT - FREDDIE'S FACE

as he watches.

101 TWO SHOT - MARGO AND DUSTY

Dusty's dress is off. She is in a red bra and red panties. Margo then slips off her dress; she, too, is in bra and panties. She then picks up the camphor ice stick and vibrator. Dusty picks up the olive oil and a tray of finger paints. They turn to Fred.

102 TIGHT TWO SHOT - THE GIRLS' EYES

103 TIGHT SHOT - FRED

watching.

104 MOVING SHOT - FACING DUSTY AND MARGO

as they advance slowly, almost ominously toward Fred. The CAMERA lets Margo come into a FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Taxi pulls up. Harry and Phil get out. WAIL of police siren as they start towards the entrance.

106 FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP - HUMPHREY BOGART (OBSCURE FILM)

HOLD a beat, then PULL BACK, revealing the interior of the Belgrave Bar.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

A dark room. Piped-in MUZAK. Booths and a long bar, well populated: buyers -- male and female -- models. The SOUNDS of life.

A television set over the bar plays the old movie. Harry and Phil enter from the lobby. As they make their way through the crowd Harry acknowledges various buyers.

CAMERA PANS Harry and Phil to the end of the bar, near the TV set. The BARTENDER comes up to them. As CAMERA starts to MOVE IN to a TIGHT TWO SHOT, the Man moves off with the order. There is a bowl of peanuts on the table. They each pick up a handful. Harry looks up at the TV screen.

PHIL

We should check the mezzanine.

HARRY

Rico's handling the show. It's his moment of glory. Leave him alone.

PHIL

You've got to solve this thing between Rico and Meyer.

Harry doesn't reply. He watches the television set.

PHIL

(continuing)

I wonder how Eddie's doing?

HARRY

Eddie doesn't have to do anything. It's Margo who's working.

PHIL

Yes. Margo the machine -- the working man's friend.

There is a beat. Harry looks at the TV, in a reverie.

HARRY

You remember "Casablanca"? This scene... Rick's Club -- Dooley Wilson's playing that song... Everything's been building to this moment. There's a close shot of Bergman. You can almost smell her perfume... she says, "Hello, Rick."... Bogey keeps smoking. Bergman says, "You remember Paris, Rick?"

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY (cont'd)

Now he takes the cigarette out of his mouth -- never looks at her... he says, "Yeah, I remember Paris... you wore blue and the Germans wore grey." Who wrote those things? Where did they go?

WIDEN to include Phil and the Bartender, who sets down two Scotches.

PHIL

John Garfield... in "Four Daughters", had a speech about being mediocre -- not good... not bad... not handsome... not homely -- mediocre, just mediocre. They had reality -- you felt something.

(a pause; he sips
some Scotch)

And all the great Indian pictures.

HARRY

(sudden; explosive)

Ernie Koy! Goddamnit, Indian
Ernie Koy!

107 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

looks around, embarrassed at Harry's exclamation.

108 TWO SHOT

Harry grabs Phil's sleeve.

HARRY

Center Field! The '39 Dodgers -- Indian Ernie. I almost have it fleshed out... Camilli, first base... Pete Coscarot, second... Durocher at short... Lavagetto, third... Babe Phelps catching... Medwick or Moore in left -- right field... right field...

VOICE (o.s.)

(shouts)

Phone for Mr. Stoner... phone call for Harry Stoner!

109 NEW ANGLE

A PAGE comes INTO FRAME.

HARRY
(turns)
Here. Over here.

PAGE
You Mr. Stoner?

HARRY
Yes.

The Page goes to nearby booth, takes a phone on a long extension cord, brings it to Harry, places it on the bar.

HARRY
(continuing; to Page)
Thanks.

The Page lingers alongside Harry. Harry searches for some change, but has none. Exasperated, he gives the boy a dollar. Then picks up phone. CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT on Harry's face as he listens for a beat. He rubs his hand over his eyes.

HARRY
(continuing; ice cold)
Get dressed. Don't call anyone.
I'll be right up.

110 TIGHT TWO SHOT - FAVORING HARRY

PHIL
What is it?

HARRY
Freddie's dead.

Harry throws a bill on the table, rises. They leave quickly. CAMERA HOLDS on the bill.

111 TIGHT SHOT - MARGO

Her face is beaded with sweat. Her hands are stained with paint. She's in bra and panties straddling Freddie's chest, trying to force some whiskey into Freddie's mouth. He appears to be comatose. The whiskey runs down his chin. His face is smeared with paint colors.

112 WIDE SHOT

Dusty, now dressed, stares at Margo and Freddie. The enigmatic smile.

113 CLOSE SHOT - MARGO

The sweat runs down her face; she wipes it away. She puts the glass down and starts mouth to mouth resuscitation, slowly, methodically pumping her breath. There's a long beat. Suddenly a loud GROAN emits from Fred.

114 CLOSEUP - MARGO

She pulls her mouth away from his.

MARGO
He's alive! The sonofabitch is
alive!

115 CLOSE SHOT - DUSTY

She smiles.

116 MARGO

She smashes the heel of her hand into Fred's chest and starts to massage the area over his heart.

117 WIDE SHOT

She stops the massage and starts the mouth to mouth. She then raises off him, stands looking down at Fred, who groans. She is sweating and panting.

MARGO
Jesus Christ Almighty... he's
alive.
(to Dusty)
Get some blankets.

Dusty goes to a closet as the door BUZZER sounds. CAMERA PANS Margo into outer room. She goes to the door and opens it. Harry and Phil move rapidly past her.

MARGO
(continuing)
He's alive!

HARRY
Alive?

MARGO
He's making sounds.

CAMERA PANS them toward the bedroom.

118 WIDE SHOT - IN BEDROOM

Dusty leans over Fred, covering him with additional blankets. Harry goes to the bed, sits on the edge, starts to rub Fred's wrists. Phil watches, stands near Margo who takes a perfume atomizer from her tote bag and begins to spray herself, as she watches Harry and Fred. She then takes out a brush and begins brushing her soft dark hair. We can see the composure coming back.

119 CLOSE TWO SHOT - HARRY AND FRED

HARRY

Fred? Fred? Can you hear me?
Come on, Freddie, come on -- this
is Harry -- Harry Stoner!

FRED

(gasping)
Pain... too much... pain.

HARRY

(turns to Phil)
Call Johnny at the desk, ask for
the house doc... tell him a buyer
-- friend of mine -- collapsed,
and get an ambulance.

120 NEW ANGLE

Phil goes to outer room. Harry walks up to the girls.
Margo has slipped her dress on. Dusty is zipping it up.

MARGO

He kept pleading with us to
prolong it. He wanted... He
wanted more --

She continues patting the cologne on her cheeks.

HARRY

After all these years -- you know
the limits. You know when to stop.

MARGO

He's suicidal -- how the hell
could I know? It happened fast.
(snaps fingers)
Like that. Fast.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Okay. Out. The doctor's on the way.

Margo and Dusty start out. Margo stops, turns.

MARGO

I'm sorry.

HARRY

Okay. Let's go. Out.

121 WIDE ANGLE

The girls leave. Harry looks at Fred who murmurs unintelligibly. Harry goes to the window, pulls the drapes apart. The light bounces harshly into the bedroom. Harry looks down at the street. Phil comes up alongside.

PHIL

Ambulance and doctor on the way.

HARRY

(nods)

A man risks his life for a tumble with a couple of hookers -- we should have gotten the order up front.

PHIL

The order?! Thank God he's alive... We're responsible here; we set this thing up.

HARRY

If we didn't; someone else would have.

PHIL

(angry)

But someone else didn't, we did! We're to blame here -- the man may die!

HARRY

Then he'll die. He won't be horny any more.

PHIL

You're talking about a man, Harry. A man with a family.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

HARRY

He's not a man. He's a casualty.

Phil watches Harry intently. Harry turns, looks at Fred. There is a beat.

HARRY

(continuing -
checks his watch)

Stay with him. Tell the doctor
to give him the best, send us
the bill. I'll be at the show.

Harry goes out. Phil, alone, looks at Fred, then notices the vibrator on the windowsill. He picks it up, studies it for a beat, then flicks it on. The CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT from the vibrator then SLOWLY BACK UP to Phil's face.

122 CRANE SHOT

A powerful beam of light flares into the LENS. A hub-bub of SOUND. The CAMERA PULLS UP and BACK and we see a large ballroom. An elevated runway runs down the middle between rows of chairs. The room is well-populated with smartly dressed men and women. There are waiters moving around, a trio of MUSICIANS is off to the left on a platform. The main beam of light forms a circle on the curtains from behind which the models will come out. The other lights dim up and down as the buyers go to their seats.

122A CAMERA PANS the buyers and picks up the following vignettes.

Vignette #1

A handsome girl talking to a man. Both are sipping drinks.

GIRL

... Rome in January?

MAN

On the fifteenth.

GIRL

Maybe we'll see the city this
time.

MAN

(smiles)

Why?

122A CONTINUED:

Vignette #2

A gray-haired man, smoking a cigar, talking to another man.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Hope they have some good numbers.
Business is really in the crapper.

SECOND MAN

You have the only store in Fort
Worth -- how can you be hurting?

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

We can't sell a bedsheet to a
streetwalker.

Vignette #3

A young man, bearded, talking to another man who is
obviously gay.

BEARDED MAN

And he has this chauffeur who
scores for him -- the best...

GAY MAN

The best?

BEARDED MAN

(nods)
Acapulco gold -- besides which,
the goddam chauffeur knows his
place.

GAY MAN

God. That's terrific.

Vignette #4

Older lady, smartly dressed, talking to a man.

LADY

We had all the Parisian midis
copied down last season and
nothing happened...

MAN

They still like the mini.

LADY

Anything to show some ass.

223 WIDE ANGLE - BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW

A wide backstage area. Racks of clothing line the sides of the room. Models are seated at portable dressing tables. Alfonso, and an ASSISTANT rummage through the numbered clothing on the racks. Near the curtain, a tall, handsome woman, JACKIE, is studying a script. Rico leaves a model and comes up to Jackie.

RICO
(hysterical)
Jackie! Where the hell is he?

JACKIE
I haven't seen him.

RICO
Then go without the introduction
-- they're being seated. We're
late now! We're running late!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

JACKIE

(nods)

Tell the musicians we're ready.

Rico moves off. Jackie comes downstage to the split in the curtains. She takes one quick glance at the first page in the script, then takes a big breath and lets it out. We HEAR the trio start "The Isle Of Capri".

124 NEW ANGLE

Harry walks up to Jackie. She throws him a smile of relief.

JACKIE

Your timing is exquisite. We were just going on.

HARRY

Sorry.

He suddenly winces with pain -- stretching his shoulders back -- it is obviously from the fragments.

JACKIE

You all right, Mr. Stoner?

HARRY

(nods)

Yes. I'm okay.

From the ballroom there's a CRESCENDO, followed by a DRUM ROLL.

125 WIDE ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM BACK OF BALLROOM TO STAGE

Jackie steps out from between the curtains into the center of light. The other source lighting is down. She carries a hand mike.

JACKIE

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Los Angeles, and welcome to our exclusive fall showing... but before we begin, I should like to present the president of Capri Casuals... Mr. Harry Stoner.

There is a burst of APPLAUSE. The trio plays a few bars' REPRISE of "Isle Of Capri".

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

Harry steps out from the split in the curtain, as Jackie hands him the mike, and goes back behind the curtain. Harry is in the hot circle of light as the CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a CLOSEUP.

HARRY

I want to thank you for being present today. While I don't know all of you personally... our field men do, of course, and --

He pauses.

126 HARRY'S POV - A SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE

In SUBLIMINAL STYLE it appears that one horribly wounded SOLDIER is seated amongst the buyers.

127 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

(shakes it off)

And through our field salesmen our business ties extend back with some of you for fifteen years. There are... there are... faces are missing but the spirit of the bags, black bags...

128 HARRY'S POV - ANOTHER SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE

The SHOT IS HELD SLIGHTLY LONGER. We see FIVE SOLDIERS amongst the buyers. They stare out of dead eyes at Harry.

129 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

(trying to hang on)

... I sincerely hope you enjoy what we are about to present this afternoon... Your individual field men will remain with you after the show, to handle your orders, delivery questions, prices, and trajectory... they didn't... didn't...

130 HARRY'S POV - LARGER SECTION OF AUDIENCE

We see TEN SOLDIERS, amongst the buyers: wounded, shell-shocked. The dead are white-faced, all stare blankly at Harry. This SHOT PLAYS a few seconds longer.

131 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

I am quite proud of Capri Casuals
... I realize... I realize there
are more critical... in the world
today... the 88's... the men...
they didn't burn all the books...
they saved some -- trajectory...

132 HARRY'S POV - WIDER SECTION OF AUDIENCE

TWENTY SOLDIERS amongst the buyers. The same expression, if Harry can read anything at all in those dead eyes; it is accusatory, is this what you survived for? The SHOT PLAYS even a little longer.

133 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

People. Panzers. Panzers loving
wars... wars that have no songs...
People. People have to...

134 HARRY'S POV

The audience is now evenly divided between SOLDIERS and buyers.

135 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

The name "Capri" has great
significance to me... I was
recuperating there --
(gasps for breath)
Roman columns -- quiet -- with
the men... they... they were
there... you see... brave men,
they stuck together -- the men
-- you see...

136 HARRY'S POV

The entire audience is now comprised totally of dead, wounded, shell-shocked SOLDIERS. All staring at Harry. A pronounced MURMUR begins on the track.

137 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

It was... a paradise -- a paradise.
So you see the name Capri...

138 POV SHOT - AUDIENCE

They are all civilians, all buyers, murmuring, buzzing, perplexed.

139 NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARD STAGE FROM REAR

Jackie comes out onto the stage carrying a handmike. The MURMURING is down.

JACKIE

(speaks rapidly)

What Mr. Stoner means, is Capri was not an accident -- but rather an inspiration. Now, how about a round of applause for Mr. Stoner...

140 WIDE ANGLE

As the polite APPLAUSE starts, Harry slowly moves away, down the steps and toward the rear of the room. The spotlight holds on Jackie as she announces the first number.

141 NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM REAR OF ROOM

Harry, in f.g., picks up a drink from the banquet table, lights a cigarette. There's a smatter of APPLAUSE as the numbers come on stage in b.g., then go off. The trio plays various Parisian and Italian TUNES under JACKIE'S VOICE, describing the numbers. Harry looks toward the stage as Phil comes up to him. Harry's arm jumps reflexively as Phil touches him.

142 TWO SHOT

The light on Harry and Phil is reflected from the main thrust of spots and keys that play the runway.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

PHIL
Harry, what's wrong?! What the
hell is wrong?!

Harry sips the drink, does not look at Phil. He watches
the runway action.

PHIL
(continuing;
clutches his arm)
That war was thirty years ago.

HARRY
(fast)
For Christsake, I know that --
I know that.

CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT on Harry. He sighs, swallows, gulps
some air. Drinks again, trying to come down. There's a
beat.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE - HOLDING THEM WITH RUNWAY ACTION IN B.G.

HARRY
How's Freddie?

PHIL
A coronary occlusion.

HARRY
How bad?

PHIL
He's in intensive care. The
doctor says he has a chance.

HARRY
Cedars. He's got the best.
A Dr. Kellin. Specialist.

HARRY
(nods)
Freddie'll make it. He's tough --
very tough.

144 WIDE ANGLE - THE STAGE

A girl comes out in an "at home" dress.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

JACKIE
(microphone in
hand)

A Parisian inspiration combining
the classic beauty of Chanel and
the practicality and comfort of
double knit. For 29.95.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN as the girl does her turns and goes
off to a smattering of APPLAUSE. Ula then comes out as the
trio PLAYS something Parisian. She wears a printed dress.

JACKIE
(continuing)
A lovely Pucci copy in washable
Banlon for \$36... as Roman as the
Trevi fountain --

As Ula does her thing, we hear:

PHIL'S VOICE (o.s.)
She moves like a bear.

HARRY'S VOICE (o.s.)
What's the difference, they're
just shills. Pretty shills on a
runway.

145 ANGLE - RUNWAY

Ula goes off. APPLAUSE. Rosanna comes out. Italian MUSIC.
She wears a slack outfit.

JACKIE
A real Capri Casual -- perfectly
tailored classic... and perennial.

Rosanna makes her moves. APPLAUSE. As another girl comes
out -- a soft-looking blonde, they exchange a wink.

146 WIDE ANGLE - FAVOR PHIL AND HARRY

A PAGE enters and moves toward them.

PAGE
Harry Stoner?

HARRY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

PAGE

There's a lady in the bar would
like to see you.

HARRY

The lady got a name?

PAGE

No, sir.

Harry shrugs at Phil, moves off with the Page. CAMERA
PANS to the stage and HOLDS on the fashion activity.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. BELGRAVE HOTEL BAR - WIDE ANGLE - REFLECTION SHOT IN
MIRROR BEHIND THE BAR

Margo is seated on a stool at the bar. She looks like a
society lady toying with her afternoon Scotch Mist. As
Harry moves INTO FRAME, CAMERA PANS off the mirror and
into a TIGHT TWO SHOT.

HARRY

(to Margo)

And down by the shore, an
orchestra's playing...

MARGO

I sent Dusty to cover my
appointments. I wanted to tell
you. I'm sorry. It shouldn't
have happened.

HARRY

Everybody misses.

MARGO

Not professionals.

HARRY

Professionals, too. Quarterbacks
get knocked down, nurses get
knocked up. Everybody misses.

MARGO

I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY

It must have scared hell out of
you. Besides, you did me a favor.
Look, let me buy you a dinner
some night.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

MARGO

(smiles)

A dinner? What are we going to
talk about?

HARRY

Business. Let's talk about
business.

MARGO

Yours or mine?

HARRY

We're all selling the same thing.

MARGO

What's that?

HARRY

Imagination.

MARGO

(nods)

That's what they buy... trick or
treat -- It's always Halloween,
isn't it?

HARRY

Every day.

MARGO

(softer than we've
ever seen her)

Harry, I just wanted you to know.
I'm sorry.

HARRY

I have to get back in there.
Some night, let's have dinner.

MARGO

Sure. Some night we'll have
dinner.

148 NEW ANGLE

Harry leaves. CAMERA HOLDS on Margo. The BARTENDER is in
front of her. She picks up a pack of cigarettes, carefully
examines the messages on the pack, finally extracts a
cigarette and lights it.

DISSOLVE TO:

149 CLOSE REFLECTION SHOT

The model, ROSALEE, fixing eyeliner at mirrored table.
She sees a man (SID FIVUSH) go by -- Jackie's VOICE and
MUSIC is under. Girls are entering and coming off runway.

150 NEW ANGLE

Rosalee turns toward Sid.

ROSALEE

Hello, Sid.

He waves a cigar at her. Keeps walking and notices Phil
who speaks to Rico. They are watching the show through
the alcove. Rico spots Sid and moves off quickly.

SID

Hell of a line, Phil.

PHIL

(chews nervously
on a dead cigar)

How are you, Sid?

SID

I'm good... like always.
(indicates Rico)
That kid... your designer.
What's his name? Solly...
Solly Harris?

PHIL

He calls himself Rico now.

SID

People do something good, all
of a sudden they're foreigners
with fancy names, right?

(pause)

Terrific line... I was watching;
those garments, they'll walk out
of the stores. Congratulations.

PHIL

Thanks.

SID

(a beat)

Phil -- you got the gelt?

PHIL

Some.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

SID
Big line -- you'll get big orders
-- you'll need big money.

PHIL
I suppose we will.

SID
Suppose?
(smiles)
This ain't exactly a Bar Mitzvah
you're financing.

151 NEW ANGLE

Harry walks INTO SHOT.

HARRY
How they hanging, Sidney?

SID
They're hanging good, Harry --
like always.

HARRY
What're you boys selling money
for these days?

SID
You got to ask me what our terms
are? Twelve per cent on the
unpaid balance. First of the
month -- then it graduates...

HARRY
It levels off at two hundred
per cent, if I remember.

SID
Another accountant. What the
hell -- ninety-eight per cent
of life is money.

PHIL
Okay -- I'll bite. What are
the other two?

SID
(smiles)
Penicillin. People get hurt
sometimes.

HARRY
We'll let you know, Sidney.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

SID
(selling)
Listen, you guys are in the middle,
you make the whole thing run, but
the banks ain't gonna give you
shit. They don't grease you. They
don't know you're alive. But we'll
throw dice with you guys.

HARRY
(looks at watch
quickly - to Phil)
We got to go see a movie, come
on, Phil.

SID
Movie? They ain't made a good
movie in thirty years. Well,
what do you say, fellas?

HARRY
We'll be in touch, okay? Come
on, Phil.

SID
(to Phil)
Hey, what's that rope you're
smoking.

(takes a cigar
out)
You'll kill yourself smoking
that shit. Here. Havana.
Enjoy. I'm a cigar smoker...
what have I got to do with
Castro? He don't owe me no
money. Well, I'm gonna get
some more caviar. What the
hell. Price is right. Hey,
nice suit, Harry.

HARRY
Thanks, see ya, Sidney.

SID
(touches Harry's
jacket)
Handmade. Pisante. Four
hundred -- maybe five. Very
nice, Harry.

Phil and Harry start away.

HARRY
Come on, Phil.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2)

PHIL

Hell of a time to leave.

HARRY

The salesmen are here. Rico's here flying around. And we can't get on the runway. Come on.

They turn and start out.

151A NEW ANGLE - TRACKING SHOT

Phil and Harry moving through the marble hall.

PHIL

It's a good sign. If the mob sent Sid, the word's out... we have a hot line.

HARRY

They have money for us, but the banks don't.

PHIL

Every good banker leaves room for the mob.

HARRY

Can you imagine living with their hooks into you?

PHIL

No worse than arson.

HARRY

It's worse. Remember what happened to Georgie Kramer. A four hundred pound Turk walked into his office and hung him out a window -- fourteen stories up, by his ankles. His face turned the color of his white on white shirt, and he hasn't changed since.

They reach the street door and go OUT OF FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

152
THRU OMITTED
154

154 CONTINUED:

- A) WIDE SHOTS - OFFICE BUILDINGS. Secretaries pouring out.
- B) MOVEMENT IN THE STREETS. Blacks, browns, whites -- waiting for lights, waiting for busses.
- C) HIGH ANGLES - PARKING LOTS. Cars moving ant-like, as if from anthills.
- D) QUICK CUTS - SUBTERRANEAN PARKING LOTS. Motors turning over, exhaust pipes spewing out smoke.
- E) FREEWAYS. Jammed. Swelling into endless lines.
- F) CLOSEUPS - STOP LIGHTS. Changing from green to amber to red.

155 LONG LENS - PHIL AND HARRY

crossing the street toward the "Azteca" theatre. Phil is daubing at his eyes with a handkerchief.

PHIL

What I'd give to see those yellow patches again.

HARRY

Yellow patches?

PHIL

The horse manure. It was beautiful. Pure horseshit. You remember the smell?

HARRY

Yes, I remember. It was beautiful.

156 EXT. THEATRE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Harry and Phil approach the box office. Phil goes past box office into lobby -- looking at the 3-sheets.

157 CLOSER ANGLE - HARRY AND CASHIER

She is a tough-looking woman in her middle yesterdays.

HARRY

Two, please.

WOMAN

Ten dollars.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

HARRY

What?

WOMAN

(bored)

Ten dollars.

HARRY

You're kidding!

WOMAN

Five bucks a head. You want a
pair or not?

HARRY

(reaching in
pocket)

What are you giving away?

WOMAN

The name of our attraction is
"Denmark Speaks." Been here 16
weeks. It's got that famous
smorgasbord scene. You can have a
private booth for seven-fifty.

Harry shoves a ten dollar bill across.

HARRY

Private booth?

WOMAN

We get all kinds.

HARRY

You qualify for Medicare?

The Woman takes the bill, presses a button. Two tickets
spurt out. She slides them to Harry.

HARRY

(continuing;
taking tickets)

Thanks, sweetheart.

158 NEW ANGLE - LOBBY

Harry comes up to Phil who is absorbed in a poster.

PHIL

This is really raw.

HARRY

Should be. Five bucks a throw.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS them to TICKET-TAKER. They present stubs, go to a door leading to interior of the theatre.

159 INT. THEATRE - HIGH ANGLE

Harry and Phil stand for a moment getting used to the dark. The MOANING from the screen is the only sound.

PHIL
I can't see a thing.

HARRY
Hold my hand.

They start to move down the aisle. They go about half way, Harry stops, scans the audience.

160 HARRY'S PANNING POV SHOT - AUDIENCE

The figures slowly become discernible, the people are widely scattered. They are whites, blacks, Orientals, teenagers, winos, an occasional female. A few business types. The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on a distinguished grey-haired man -- CHARLIE ROBBINS. He removes his steel-rimmed glasses, wipes them, replaces them, glances at his watch, shakes his head.

161 WIDE ANGLE - INCLUDING ROBBINS, HARRY AND PHIL

HARRY
(whispers)
I see him.

PHIL
I don't see anything.

HARRY
Just hold my hand.

162 ANGLE FROM BEHIND AND ABOVE ROBBINS

as Phil and Harry move into his aisle. Phil passes him sitting to his left. Harry takes the aisle seat. Robbins does not acknowledge their presence. He looks straight ahead at screen. There is a beat as the three men watch the Danes do their thing.

163 THREE SHOT - NEW ANGLE

Faces of the men illuminated in the flickering light emanating from the screen. TRACK moans along.

CHARLIE
(to Harry)
Nice suit.

HARRY
Thanks.

CHARLIE
Silk?

HARRY
Silk.

CHARLIE
Hong Kong?

HARRY
Rome,

CHARLIE
Nice.

There's a beat. Phil slips an envelope out of his pocket, places it on Charlie's lap. Charlie, never taking his eyes from the screen, slips the envelope into his suit pocket.

PHIL
The key. The down payment and
the address.

CHARLIE
(nods)
Don't look at me. Watch the
screen. When is it vacant?

PHIL
After six.

CHARLIE
What else is there?

HARRY
Shirt factory on the first floor.
We're on the second. That's it.

CHARLIE
Watch the screen, Harry.

HARRY
We're not passing state secrets,
Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

You don't pump gasoline with a
cigarette in your mouth. I want to
retire without any assistance from
the state. Just watch the screen.

(beat)

How old is the building?

PHIL

Thirty, maybe forty.

CHARLIE

I'll check it tonight. Meet me here
tomorrow, two o'clock.

HARRY

Play it safe, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You want to forget it -- say so.

PHIL

We don't want anyone hurt.

CHARLIE

Please, don't confuse morality with
technology. You're not talking to
some pyromaniac. I've set fifteen
major industrial fires across the
country in the last three years.
I've had two firemen overcome by
smoke. They both recovered and
received citations. If they'd
install those new G 15 masks smoke
would no longer be a problem. They
have them in France, you know. This
is a science, fellas, an exact
science. The making of the fire is
a moral decision, I can't help you
there.

HARRY

It's in your hands, pal.

CHARLIE

(nods, rises)

Enjoy the picture. Two o'clock here
tomorrow. Nice suit, Harry.

Charlie starts out. Phil and Harry watch him go. A beat.

HARRY

Let's go.

PHIL

Wait a minute. They've been in
the same position for fifteen
minutes and the guy still hasn't
popped.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY
(nods)
That's why he's a star --

164 WIDE SHOT

As they rise and start up the aisle, Phil keeps looking back at the screen.

165 MOVING SHOT - UP THE AISLE

PHIL
(shaking his head)
"Denmark Speaks". They've come
a long way from wooden shoes.

HARRY
That's Holland. Wooden shoes
are Holland.

They go OUT OF FRAME. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on the screen:
something blurry making orgiastic SOUNDS.

166 EXT. THEATRE - WIDE ANGLE - TRAFFIC THINNING - DAY

CAMERA MOVES IN on Phil and Harry as they stand in front of
the marquee.

HARRY
You have to respect Charlie. All
business.

PHIL
Yeah. Backbone of the country.

HARRY
It's a way out, Phil.

PHIL
(a beat)
Let's get a cab. I want to get
with Meyer, set the production.

HARRY
Go ahead. I'll meet you. I'm
going to walk. I want to stop
at Swissair -- maybe when June
gets back we'll go to Zurich --
see the kid --

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Well, I can drop you there.

HARRY

No. I feel like walking. I want to walk.

(a beat)

Christ, that's it! Walker -- Dixie Walker. Right field.

167 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

looks at Harry.

168 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY

It might've been Jimmy Ripple.
But I know Walker played...

169 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

His face full of apprehension for Harry. He starts off.

DISSOLVE TO:

170 HIGH ANGLE

Harry goes to the corner, waits for the light. A bus goes by belching smoke. The sad German vocalist on the TRACK sings "Mack the Knife." Harry goes out of view --

DISSOLVE TO:

171 CLOSE SHOT - FACE OF BENGAL TIGER

As CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see Tiger posters prominently displayed on a store-front window with other ecology displays at the edges. A middle-aged man exits the store with an armload of pamphlets. As CAMERA PANS him to street, he bumps into Harry.

TIGER MAN

Take a pamphlet, mister.

He thrusts the pamphlet at Harry who accepts it.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

TIGER MAN

Only 556 left. We need your help.
Gotta save the tiger.

171A ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry looks at the man. They exchange looks for a beat.
The man hurries off. Harry glances at the pamphlet, then
slowly folds it. Puts it in his pocket.

171B ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry looks at the store-front then walks up towards the
corner and moves into the busy afternoon crowds.

DISSOLVE TO:

172 OMITTED

173
and OMITTED
174

175 TWO SHOT - CAPRI CASUALS - LARGE CUTTING ROOM - LATE IN THE DAY

All the employees are gone except for MARIA and Meyer. She's leaving as Phil enters. Meyer has a glass of hot tea in a dish, with several sugar cubes on the plate. As Phil looks through a stack of orders in front of him, Meyer dips the sugar cube into the tea and sucks the cube.

MARIA
Goodnight, Carl.

MEYER
Goodnight Maria.

MARIA
How was the show, Mr. Greene?

PHIL
Just fine, thanks.

MARIA
Goodnight.

PHIL
Goodnight.

MEYER
(looking at
the orders)
Looks good.

PHIL
All we need is money.

MEYER
(sucking tea)
You'll discount the orders.
You'll have the money.

PHIL
Not enough.

MEYER
Where's Harry?

PHIL
On the way.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

MEYER
I want to talk to him.

PHIL
This is not the time, Meyer.

MEYER
Blind I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Years ago in New York; he was happy. There was a salesman. Harry could sell smoke signals to the phone company. He carried us all on his back. My God, the crap we made in those days... those blouses...

MEYER

I remember. We used to buy hot goods. Stolen cloth. No roll of goods was ever the same.

PHIL

Still he sold those blouses. Those goddam blouses.

(shakes his head
at memory; rises)

I'll leave these with you. Lay out a schedule. The heavy numbers first.

176 NEW ANGLE

Meyer watches Phil as he reaches the door. Phil turns.

PHIL

Everything passes -- Let it go with Harry.

MEYER

I have to talk to him.

PHIL

(sighs)

Goodnight --

CAMERA PANS Phil out of showroom to his office. He opens the door.

177 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - NEW ANGLE

He goes behind desk, picks up the phone. Dials. The windows behind him reflect the growing darkness as the day begins to die. He listens on the phone a beat, then slams it down.

PHIL

(to himself)

Busy. Busy. What the hell do they talk about?

He takes off his glasses, rubs his hands over his eyes, leans back and replaces his glasses.

178 NEW ANGLE

The door opens, Harry comes in. Phil looks up at him.

PHIL
(continuing)
How's Dixie Walker?

HARRY
He beat the Cardinals with a two-out single in the ninth.

PHIL
Thirty years ago.
(rises)
I'm going home. You want to have dinner with us?

HARRY
No thanks.

Harry goes through Phil's office into his office. A beat, and hear o.s.:

HARRY (o.s.)
Hey, Phil, lend me one of your shirts, will you?

Phil looks at him as he comes back in.

PHIL
Help yourself.

Harry goes towards Phil's cupboard. Pulls out a shirt. Starts to take his off.

HARRY
The salesman happy?

Through the following, Harry washes under his arms and changes shirts.

PHIL
The usual. Can we deliver?
Meyer is going over the orders.

HARRY
What did we write?

PHIL
Close to three. They ate it up.

Phil goes to the window, looks out over the darkened streets.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

HARRY

(crosses to Phil's
chair and sits)

With the discount and the bank and
the fire -- we'll just squeeze
through.

There is a beat. Phil does not reply.

HARRY

(continuing)

Swissair has a flight to Zurich;
stops in New York, but...

PHIL

(cuts in)

That's a good idea. See your
daughter before we go to jail.

HARRY

You want to fish; and we have to
get up every day.

The shirt is on.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (2)

PHIL

(turns)

But not to the same overhead.

HARRY

The way I live has nothing to do
with the business.

PHIL

Just takes a little pressure off
when your nut isn't sky high.

HARRY

Well, it's my nut. My pressure.

PHIL

Except when it spills off -- like
this afternoon at the show.

(a beat)

It's a criminal act, Harry.

HARRY

What criminal act? To keep people
working? You said that yourself
this morning. Is it a crime to hang
on to fifteen years of hard work?
What's the big dream we had? To
make a payroll instead of paycheck?
Is that a big piece of the pie?
Everyone in the whole goddamn country
dances around the law!

(rises)

What the hell is a crime. You tell
me!

PHIL

(calmly)

So the end justifies the means.

HARRY

(softer)

That's what's on the scoreboard.
That's the way they play the game.

PHIL

Who's "they?" We're "they" and
there are rules.

HARRY

Wrong. Used to be -- no more.
There's no room out there for losers!
You and me out on the street -- we're
obsolete. Where the hell do we go?
You want logic, Phil? There's no
ministry of logic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY (cont'd)

(softer, selling)

They used to respect performance. Fifteen years we've met our obligations -- same mills, same unions, same bank -- but all they respect -- is the bottom line on the passbook. Then a machine gives you a bum credit rating.

(pause)

History doesn't count any more! This is our place, Phil. We don't have to go down on our knees to anyone.

PHIL

(slow, studied)

Harry... every time people like ourselves get into this kind of thing it takes it all down. That's what's ripping the country up.

HARRY

Don't sell me America. I used to look at that flag and get goose bumps. When I was a kid alone in my room listening to the radio and they'd play the anthem -- and I stood up -- alone in my room -- at attention. And today they're making jock straps out of the flag. And maybe that's healthy -- maybe that's terrific. I don't know -- but today there are no more rules, only referees --

PHIL

For people like us, there are always rules.

179 HARRY

moves close to Phil.

HARRY

(soft)

Phil, I swear to God, if anything goes wrong, I'll get you off the hook.

180 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

His face turns red, his voice chokes.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

PHIL

Harry -- don't ever say that to me again -- don't insult me. We've been together too long. If there's a hook we'll be on it together.

181 ANGLE WIDENS

There is a beat. Phil starts for the door.

PHIL

Meyer wants to see you. Good night, Harry.

Phil goes out. Harry watches the closed door, then goes back behind the desk. He sits down, swivels around, looks out of the dark window for a moment, gets up -- goes to bottle of scotch and a glass -- goes back to desk -- pours a shot, tosses it down -- then picks up the phone and dials "0."

182 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY

(on phone)

Yes. I want New York City Information. Plaza Hotel.

A pause as he swivels, looks out darkening windows again.

HARRY

Thank you...no, charge it here...
MA 4-1654.

(a beat)

M-A... M-A. Main... alright, operator. I'll give you numbers. 6-2-4-1-6-5-4. Yes, I want to speak to Mrs. Jan Stoner, probably checked in an hour ago -- yes...

A pause as he loosens his tie, opens his shirt at the neck.

HARRY

Hello? Hi, babe... how was the plane ride?

183 CLOSE SHOT - JAN

dressed, ready to go. On phone.

JAN

I don't know. I took some pills, slept through it - I was going to call you.

184 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
I might be stuck here. I thought
I'd get to you...

185 INT. JAN'S HOTEL ROOM - WIDER SHOT - NIGHT

We see her on the phone.

JAN
How did the show go?
(a pause)
That's marvelous.
(a pause)
You sound tired. Go home. Carmela
has something prepared.

186 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
How would you like to ball me?
Right now, Jan. Right now. Old
veterans like us can do it with
words --
(a pause)
Yes, I'm fine. What are you doing
tonight?

187 CLOSE SHOT - JAN

JAN
I'm going to dinner.
(pause)
With some friends.
(pause)
A French restaurant.
(pause)
I don't know the name. On the
East Side. What's the difference?
There are a lot of French restaurants
in New York. Harry, are you all right?

188 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

rubs his hand across his face. Pours some more scotch.
Drinks.

HARRY
Jan, remember that time in France
-- that room in St. Tropez -- My
God, we made love like a couple of
kids.

(MORE)

188 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)

Up, down, sideways -- every way...
It was beautiful... and that wine,
it was so dry it just exploded in
your mouth... and Christ were we
stoned. Remember, Jan, we fell on
that Louis the 14th or 15th and
laughed like a couple of kids.
And that torch singer's voice coming
through the shutters -- what was
her name?

189 SHOT - JAN

JAN

Francoise Hardy --

190 SHOT - HARRY

HARRY

Yes, yes, that's right -- Francoise
Hardy... My God, that was a sweet
time...

91 CLOSE SHOT - JAN

JAN

That was six years ago, Harry.

(beat)

For God's sake, get out of that
goddamn office. Go home. Carmela
has something prepared. I'll call
you tomorrow. Bye, Harry.

192 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY

(sadly; slowly)

Bye, Jan.

(hangs up)

193 WIDE ANGLE

Harry rises slowly, goes to the window, looks out over the
dark streets. Then moves to the door and goes out. CAMERA
HOLDS on the empty office for a beat.

194 WIDE SHOT - HARRY

entering factory. The racks of clothes line one side of the long room. The windows show the black of night. A light above the sewing tables provides the harsh illumination.

195 CLOSE SHOT - MEYER

is sucking his tea, writing numbers on paper patterns. Matching paper patterns to fabric. Meyer looks up as he hears Harry approaching.

196 NEW ANGLE - LOOSE TWO SHOT

MEYER

Hello, Boss.

HARRY

Don't call me Boss.

MEYER

But you are. You built the business.
You got the accounts. You made it
work.

HARRY

Don't call me Boss.

Harry indicates patterns.

HARRY

How's it look?

MEYER

You'll need money.

HARRY

We'll get money.

MEYER

I don't want to talk about the
line.

HARRY

(sighs)

I need Rico. I need you. What
do you want me to say? What do
you want, Meyer?

MEYER

(sucks sugar)

I'm old. I can't be in a playpen
with fairies. Even talented fairies.
You can't give me dignity -- I
understand. A cutter you can always
get. A designer is something else.
Tell me what to do.

HARRY

You have a job here till you die.

MEYER

You need Rico. Tell me to get out.

HARRY

I don't want you out.

MEYER

What do you want?

Harry goes to the darkened window, looks out over the street.

MEYER'S VOICE

Come on, tell me -- nobody's
listening. I'm an old stone --
tell me what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

Harry turns to Meyer.

HARRY

Another season.

MEYER

That's all? Another season!? Just survival? No dreams -- no hope?

HARRY

Ask the little old lady in Vegas with the Dixie cup full of nickels -- she's got hope. She's looking for the three cherries.

MEYER

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you.

HARRY

Sorry for me? You been running all your life -- from pogroms -- from Nazis. Bent over a machine. What the hell have you got?

MEYER

I have my craft. My work. And a woman. Old. But still lovely. I like to look at her. To talk to her. It's sweet. And it's every day.

HARRY

What happens when that's over?

There's a beat.

MEYER

I suppose, whoever is left will remember.

HARRY

Well, that's... that's good.

MEYER

Yes, it's good. Now get out of here. Let me work. I'll deal with the fairy. We spoke. Go to your mansion -- go to your Mexican cook. Go. Go speak Spanish to your Mexican cook.

HARRY

Listen, Meyer, for Christ's sake!

MEYER

Go home, Harry.

197 WIDE SHOT

Harry watches the old man for a beat, then turns and leaves. The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN to Meyer as he picks up cutter, presses the start button. CAMERA IS VERY TIGHT on the blade as it expertly cuts along the pencilled lines of the patterns.

198 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry is on the phone. A drink nearby -- he sips as he talks --

HARRY

Yes, I know. I was present when Mr. Mirrell was stricken...

(pause)

Yes, but I'm trying to determine...

There is a pause. Harry's face gets progressively angry.

HARRY

Doctor, I understand English... I even understand Spanish but not Latin --

(a pause)

Yes, the life signs are strong... what I'm asking is when will he be out of danger?

Pause. Harry cups the speaker, says to himself:

HARRY

Fucking doctors!...

(uncups speaker)

Yes, okay, that's an answer. He has everything?

(nods)

No, we did not. Yes, my partner Mr. Greene notified her. As far as I know she's next of kin.

(pause)

Thank you. Yes, I'll check in twenty-four hours. Bye.

He hangs up. The CAMERA PANS with Harry as he crosses to the photo of the young man alongside the World War II Sherman tank. He looks at it for a beat, then goes out.

199 EXT. PARKING LOT - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

Harry walks into frame. He enters the small parking lot. Willie is gone. Only two cars remain.

200 TRACKING SHOT - WITH HARRY

as he approaches the car. He notices something at the front fender.

201 CLOSER SHOT - NEW ANGLE

Harry walks to the fender. There is a pronounced, highly visible dent.

HARRY
(shakes his head)

Prick.

202 WIDE ANGLE

Harry gets into the car. Guns the motor. The car glides out of the parking lot. CAMERA PANS with the car as it enters traffic. On the TRACK: the German vocalist cries for Kurt Weill's Berlin as the car moves west onto the freeway.

203 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - HIGH ANGLE

The car moves slowly with early night traffic.

204 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

as he stops for a light. He leans over, opens the glove compartment. He takes out small vial of after shave cologne, pushes the button at top of vial and sprays the liquid around his face. The SOUND of horns blowing behind him. He ignores them, pats his face, rubbing the cologne in. Takes his time; puts the vial back into the glove compartment.

205 INT. CAR - ANGLE FROM BEHIND HARRY

as it starts rolling, we see he has just made the light. The other traffic is stuck with a long red --

206 HIGH ANGLE

The car approaching La Cienega.

207 HARRY'S POV

CAMERA PANNING the night action: hippies, tourists, police lights, kids selling underground papers, the pulse of life

208 NEW ANGLE - BEHIND HARRY INSIDE CAR

HOLDING Harry in f.g. Approaching "Cyrano's" in b.g. We see Myra thumbing.

209 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

He recognizes her.

210 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA

She sees him.

211 HIGH ANGLE

The car pulls up to the curb, door opens. Myra gets in.
Door closes.

212 INT. CAR - TWO SHOT

MYRA

You put in a long day, mister.

HARRY

Every day.

MYRA

Where you going?

HARRY

Nowhere.

MYRA

Really?

HARRY

Really.

MYRA

Listen, I'm going to the beach --
you want to take me?

HARRY

Sure.

(picks up car
phone)

This is mobile station RX 13111
calling 275-4699... right...

213 INTERCUT CLOSE SHOT - MYRA

watching him.

214 BACK TO HARRY

HARRY

(on phone)

Bueno? Carmela?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)
Si, mira no esperar para mi...
no necessitar -- si... exactamente
... bueno... adios.

He hangs up.

MYRA
That knocks me out.

HARRY
What?

MYRA
The car phone. It's kinky.

215 LONG SHOT - LINCOLN MOVING PAST DOHENY

holding west on Sunset into Beverly Hills. As it moves:

MYRA (o.s.)
Was that your house?

HARRY (o.s.)
Yes.

MYRA (o.s.)
Your wife Spanish?

HARRY (o.s.)
The maid.

MYRA (o.s.)
You must be rich -- I mean a lot
of bread...

HARRY (o.s.)
We're all right. So-so...

MYRA (o.s.)
How come you speak Spanish?

216 INT. CAR - TWO SHOT

HARRY
My father had a store in a Puerto
Rican neighborhood -- I was a kid.
I worked there after school.

MYRA
What kind of store?

HARRY
A pharmacy.

MYRA
You mean a drugstore?

HARRY
Yes.

MYRA
Did you turn on?

HARRY
No. We didn't know about uppers
and downers. In those days you
got an enema. Milk of magnesia --

MYRA
(laughs)
Milk of magnesia -- say, you know
a guy picked me up and he had a
pornee tape playing.

HARRY
Porny?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

MYRA

Yes. A whole orgy on tape. He plays it while he drives.

HARRY

Maybe he's on to something --

217 EXT. CAR - LONG SHOT - MOVING ALONG PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY
- NIGHT

MYRA (o.s.)

My mother's dead.

HARRY (o.s.)

Sorry.

MYRA (o.s.)

Drunk driver on the Hollywood Freeway -- killed her -- head-on --
(a beat)

My father got some money -- I mean from the accident --

HARRY (o.s.)

(a beat)

Do you see your father?

MYRA (o.s.)

Once in a while. He sells Wonder bread. He has a route in the Valley. Hey, do you mind if I change that music?

218 INT. CAR - TWO SHOT

HARRY

Change it.

Myra gets some soft rock.

MYRA

Why do you listen to that?

HARRY

It's right out of the Berlin Zoo --

There is a pause.

MYRA

I hate zoos. Those animals -- they look so sad. I saw a program on TV about how the big cats, the lions and tigers always return to a place of remembered beauty. That's how they catch them -- goddamn pigs --

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

HARRY

(a beat)

Tell me, if you could have anything
you wanted -- anything in the world
-- what would you want?

MYRA

To ball Mick Jagger.

HARRY

Nothing wrong with that.

MYRA

You know his music?

HARRY

They all sound the same to me.
You ever hear of Louis Armstrong?

MYRA

I saw him once. On the Ed Sullivan
Show. He made faces and sang Dolly...

HARRY

Well, I wonder if Mick Jagger could
whistle, just whistle, Armstrong's
intro to "West End Blues".

MYRA

I don't know "West End Blues".

HARRY

You should -- you should hear it.

MYRA

I have some great grass.

HARRY

Why did you want to ball me?

MYRA

You smelled nice -- you looked nice.
I was a little stoned... It just
popped out.

(pause)

I'm really 21.

(a beat)

You dig grass?

HARRY

Haven't had any in years. We
called it "gage".

MYRA

Gage?

HARRY

A long time ago. I played drums
-- musicians have their own thing
-- they called it gage.

219 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA

She pushes a button on door panel, window slides down. The night air grabs her long yellow hair and orchestrates it. The ROCK is UP. She whispers to herself:

MYRA

Gage...

She looks intently at Harry. The SOUND of the music CROSS FADES with the SOUND of breakers crashing against the beach.

220 EXT. BEACH HOUSE, VERANDAH - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

A spill of light from the bedroom throws some illumination onto verandah. Harry, in shorts; Myra wears his shirt. They are laughing, smoking joints, looking out to sea. Some ROCK spills out, coming from inside.

MYRA

(giggling)

This is laughing grass -- that's why you're giggling.

HARRY

(laughing;

shakes his head)

No... no... not the grass... the sea. My partner wants to smell the sea... fish... clams... the sea.

(inhales)

Phil the fisherman... the Coney Island trolley hopper...

(laughs)

His eyes burn... His factories burn -- and the Lincoln Brigade went up in smoke --

MYRA

It's cold.

221 TWO SHOT

She puts her arm around his waist. They start to go inside.

222 NEW ANGLE FROM INSIDE BEDROOM - THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see them coming in. The SOUND of waves is slightly down, the rock slightly up. There is a large bed, book-cases, nautical pieces on the walls. Tigerskin rug complete with open jaws. CAMERA PANS them into the bedroom. There is a soft glow of night lights. They stagger slightly. Myra pulls Harry down onto the bed.

They lie side by side, sucking on the joints. On the track: SOFT ROCK and the crashing of WAVES. As they inhale their faces glow in the darkened room. Myra leans over, puts the joint in a cigarette tray near her side of the bed. She then turns back to Harry.

MYRA

Turn over.

223 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY
smiling to himself -- far away.

HARRY

What?

MYRA'S VOICE

Turn over.

224 NEW ANGLE
Harry rolls over, face down.

225 RAKING SHOT - WIDE ANGLE - SHOOTING UP AT HARRY'S FACE
He still smokes the grass. Myra hovering over and behind him. She starts to trace her fingers across his shoulders. The CAMERA MOVES IN PAST Harry to a TIGHT SHOT of her face. The expression turns serious. She's touching his back.

226 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM BEHIND MYRA
Her fingers move over the three scars on Harry's back.

227 RAKING SHOT - HARRY IN F.G., MYRA IN B.G.

HARRY

Got them in Italy.

MYRA

In a fight?

HARRY

In a war.

MYRA

In Italy?

HARRY

In Italy.

MYRA

We never fought a war with Italy.

HARRY

Yes... we did.

He smiles.

228 TWO SHOT - NEW ANGLE
He turns over, looks at her.

MYRA

You're older than 33.

HARRY

Got another joint?

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

She leans over to night table, lights a joint, inhales deeply. Passes it to Harry. He inhales, coughs, laughs.

MYRA

Tell me.

HARRY

Tell you what?

MYRA

How old are you?

HARRY

Twenty-five hundred. I helped Moses part the Red Sea.

(laughs)

And there... there was Kamu, Kamu -- swimming against the tide.

MYRA

(smiles)

Hey -- you're tripping.

HARRY

We're looking across the Jordan, me, Moses and Albert Speer, and Moses says, "Tell me, Al, did you know?" And Speer starts to scream...

(German accent)

"I neffer asked Himmler! I neffer asked Keitel! I neffer asked Goebbels! The Death Camps were not within the perimeter of my activities!

MYRA

You're freaking out --

HARRY

(fast; excited)

Listen, listen -- we're in First Class on the "Enola Gay." Me and Ray and Ruby and Sirhan and Tippet and Jack and Bobby and King and Medgar and Malcolm -- and the stewardess is Marilyn. She's smiling at everybody and then the captain's voice crackles on the speaker -- and it's Eichmann with a Southern accent. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I want to point out that high rise on the port side. That's the new Mai Lai Hotel, forty stories, three olympic swimming pools, six massage parlors and an eighteen hole golf course."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)

Then Ruby screams, "What about the ditch, you schmuck!" And Marilyn gives Ruby a great big kiss...

MYRA

Hey, come down --

HARRY

I am. I am.

(sucks smoke)

I have the tablets, kid, I'm coming down the mountain with the Eleventh Commandment.

MYRA

(inhales)

What does it say?

HARRY

It says "No Parking This Side Of The Street".

MYRA

(whispers)

Come on. Let's make it again.

HARRY

(sucks smoke,
hands it to her)

No... no... look... look... let's play a game.

MYRA

Game?

Harry sits up.

HARRY

A game. Now, the game is... name famous people... that's it. Name famous people. You start.

MYRA

Just anyone?

HARRY

Anyone famous.

MYRA

Dead people, too?

HARRY

Why not? Nothing wrong with dead people.

MYRA

The Beatles.

HARRY

Mo Purtill.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (3)

MYRA

Mo Purtill?

HARRY

He played drums for Glenn Miller.

MYRA

Glenn Miller?

She hands him a new joint.

HARRY

(smokes)

Look -- I'll name one, then you
go. I won't know yours -- you
won't know mine -- what's the
difference? Let's play.

FAST INTERCUTS throughout this sequence.

MYRA

Okay -- we'll play -- the Rolling
Stones.

HARRY

Henry Wallace.

MYRA

Strawberry Statement.

HARRY

(laughs)

Herman Goering.

MYRA

Goering? Was he a singer?

Harry hands her a roach. He laughs.

HARRY

Yeah. A soprano. Come on, kid
-- play!

MYRA

Steppinwolf.

HARRY

Fred Allen.

She passes him roach.

MYRA

Joe Cocker.

HARRY

(inhaling)

Cookie Lavagetto.

MYRA

Bob Dylan.

HARRY

F.D.R.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (4)

MYRA

Mary Hopkin.

HARRY

(laughs, inhales)

Jimmy Durante.

He passes the grass to her, starts to laugh, becoming progressively out of control.

MYRA

(laughs)

Jimmy Durante?

HARRY

Yeah -- Durante. The old Schnoz.
Come on, play.

MYRA

(smiles)

Blood, Sweat and Tears.

HARRY

Fiorello La Guardia.

MYRA

(laughing)

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

HARRY

Abe Reles.

MYRA

Doors.

HARRY

Lucky Luciano.

They pass the roach. He's hysterical with every word.

MYRA

Grassroots.

HARRY

Jack Teagarden.

MYRA

Jefferson Starship.

229 WIDE SHOT

Harry, laughing uncontrollably, falls off the bed onto the tiger rug. She's on the bed watching him.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

Marcel Cerdan. HARRY

Moody Blues. MYRA

Gabriel Heatter. HARRY

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

MYRA
Grateful Dead.

HARRY
Pierre...
(laughs)
... Pierre Laval.

MYRA
New Rider of the Purple Sage --

HARRY
Carl Hubbell.

Myra's taking more time -- beginning to falter.

MYRA
Eric Burden and War.

HARRY
Joe Stalin.

MYRA
Jimi Hendrix.

He inhales last of grass, continues laughing.

HARRY
Helen O'Connell.

MYRA
Janis Joplin.

HARRY
Beau Jack.

MYRA
Jim Morrison.

HARRY
Major Bowes.

MYRA
Duane Hollman.

HARRY
Eddie Arcaro.

230 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA
thinking. Can't come up with name.

231 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY
laughing, but a tinge of desperation.

HARRY
Come on! Come on! Names! Names!
Come on, kid! Play the game!

232 TWO SHOT

MYRA
(smiles)
Che Guevara.

HARRY
Good! Good! Ava Gardner --

233 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA
stopped.

HARRY (o.s.)
Come on!

MYRA
The Hollies.

234 TWO SHOT - FAVORING HARRY

HARRY
Martin Bormann.

MYRA
Dustin Hoffman.

HARRY
Bob Feller.

MYRA
Nixon.

HARRY
Jimmy Lunceford.

MYRA
Agnew.

HARRY
Rogers and Hart.

She beats her fists on the bed.

MYRA
Oh, shit! Shit! What's his name?
That Frenchman with the funny nose?
Oh, damnit! Uh...
(excited)
Belmondo!

HARRY
Good! Terrific! Laurel and
Hardy.

235 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA
stuck -- she watches him.

236 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY
looking, almost pleading for a name.

237 TWO SHOT

MYRA
I'm stuck -- I can't think.

HARRY
Stuck?
(laughs)
How can you be stuck? Stuck?
Stuck -- let me help you --

After each name he gets progressively out of control.
CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT on him, INTERCUTS her reactions.

HARRY
Joe Louis! Orson Welles, John
Garfield, Joseph Goebbels, Churchill,
Gabby Hartnett, Tony Zale, Willie
Pep, Ted Atkinson, Whirlaway, Mungo,
Daffy Dean, Ace Parker, Tuffy Leemans,
Mel Hein, Red Ruffing, Whitlow Wyatt,
Mark Clarke, Jean Gabin, J. Carroll
Nash, Franco, Pittsburgh Phil,
Luke Hamlin, Chamberlain, Bunny
Berrigan -- Gene Krupa -- Akim
Tamiroff --
(stumbling, slowing,
desperately bangs
hand on the ground)
Christ... Christ... !

238 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA
getting frightened.

239 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
Goddamnit! Uh... uh... Popeye!
Lulu! Daddy Warbucks! The Phantom!
Uh... uh... W.C. Fields... Duke
Ellington... Uh... Jesus... Jesus...
(pause, then)
Joe Penner! Joe Penner!
(softly)
Wanna buy a duck? Wanna buy a duck?

240 CLOSE SHOT - MYRA

MYRA
Hey -- you okay? You want something?

241 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
(quietly)
Yes... I want something.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)

I want to see Freddie Fitzsimons
 throw a knuckle-ball! I want to
 see Ray Robinson throw a left hook!
 I want to see Stymie closing in the
 stretch! I want to see the hookers
 on the Via Roma! I want to see a
 mortar fall on an 88! I want to see
 DiMaggio swing at a high outside
 fast ball! I want... I want to see
 Lena Horne at the Cotton Club! I
 want to hear Billie Holliday sing
 "Fine and Mellow!" I want the girl
 in a Cole Porter song. I want to
 walk in the kind of rain that never
 washes the perfume away. I want to
 be in love with something! An ideal!
 A dog! A cat! A song! A somebody
 -- an anybody! Anything...

He stretches out on the tiger skin. She moves off bed, lies
 down alongside of him. There's a long beat. Harry is
 quiet. She whispers to him.

MYRA

You're on a real bumner -- you all
 right?

HARRY

(calm)

I'm all right. Sure, I'm all right.

MYRA

You like me?

HARRY

I don't know. I don't know, kid.

His eyes FILL THE SCREEN.

DISSOLVE TO:

242 WIDE SHOT - FROM VERANDAH - LATE MORNING - DAY

Harry comes out of the room onto the wooden deck. He looks
 at the wide flat beach; the morning sun backlights the sea.
 It is calm. The beach is deserted, only the seagulls break-
 fasting and sand crabs. From HARRY'S POV as the CAMERA
 SWEEPS from the low hills down toward the surf we hear the
 low rumble of ARTILLERY, then the whine of PLANES, then the
 stutter of SMALL ARMS. It grows, and we HEAR Harry's voice
 through a speaker. It sounds younger and frantic. The
 CAMERA SLOWLY SWINGS AROUND onto Harry.

(CONTINUED)

242

CONTINUED:

HARRY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Beach red! ... Beach red! Point blank
 artillery! They're running Goliaths,
 naval fire negative! They're dropping
 butterflies! Heinkels dropping
 butterflies! Where's the air?
 Mosquitos! Panels out! Goddamnit,
 we need air! Baker and Charlie
 company into mines -- gelatine mines!
 They're going up like matchsticks.
 -- No chance! No chance! Beach red!

The ANGLE WIDENS. He closes his eyes, the SOUNDS of battle
 FADE. Only the CRIES of the gulls. He turns away from the
 beach and goes back inside.

243

INT. BEDROOM - WIDE ANGLE

Myra moves on the tiger skin. Harry looks down at her, then
 goes to night table, picks up his tie, pushes it into his
 suit pocket. He comes back toward Myra. Her face is caught
 in a beam of sunlight, she stirs. She blinks, her eyes open
 fully. She sees Harry. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES HOLDING them
 both.

MYRA

Hey! Where are you going?

HARRY

Work.

He fishes in his pocket, takes out a twenty.

HARRY

(continuing)

I want you to have this...

MYRA

(shakes her head)

What we did has nothing to do with
 bread.

HARRY

I'd like you to buy something for
 yourself.

MYRA

Please don't leave that thing here.

HARRY

(picks up bill)

Okay. Well, take care of yourself.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

He turns toward the door.

Hey!

MYRA

Harry turns back.

What's your name?

MYRA

My name?

HARRY

She nods.

Cuban Pete.

HARRY

Well, have a nice day, Cuban Pete.

MYRA

I'll do my best.

HARRY

He starts for the door.

Hey!

(smiles)
MYRA

Harry turns.

Have a nice day.

MYRA

Harry looks at her; nods imperceptibly, turns and leaves. CAMERA HOLDS on Myra. She turns over and wraps her arms around the tiger's head, like a child holding a teddy bear.

244 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - HIGH ANGLE - MORNING

Harry comes out of the house. He gets into the car. The SOUND of the motor starting and the car slowly moves out onto the Coast Highway. HOLD as we hear the radio ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
... the noted Soviet poet has been
re-committed to a mental institution
in Leningrad...

245 LONG SHOT - CAR PROCEEDING ALONG HIGHWAY

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
Moderate to heavy smog is expected
in the Los Angeles Basin. The alert
continues, children are advised
against strenuous activity.

The Announcer is abruptly cut by HARD ROCK MUSIC. The SHOT
HOLDS as the car grows small.

DISSOLVE TO:

246 INT. DR. SORREL'S OFFICE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

An oak-paneled, sumptuous-looking, book-lined office. DR.
SORREL is in his late thirties. He is modishly dressed,
long hair and handsome. He sits behind his desk. Harry in
a deep leather chair in front of him. Sorrel is on the
phone.

SORREL
(into phone)
Tell him to take the pills. Yes.
He'll have sporadic pain for several
weeks. It's perfectly normal... yes,
the pills. Sweetheart, believe me
he'll be on the golf course in a week
... just tell him to take the pills
and keep punching... right. Best to
Janie. Bye, sweetheart.

(hangs up; looks
at Harry)
People are watching too much
television... that Doctor Welby,
every time someone farts they expect
you to jump on a motorcycle.

(smiles)
Well, Harry. A little off-campus
activity? A little of the old in
and out --

HARRY
It wasn't planned. It just happened.

SORREL
When were you exposed?

HARRY
Exposed?

SORREL
(shakes his head)
When did you screw her? How long
ago?

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

HARRY

I guess -- about eight hours ago --

Sorrel nods, presses a button on an intercom box.

SORREL

(into speaker)

Marion, will you prepare -- wait a minute.

(he looks at Harry)

You ever have a negative reaction to penicillin?

Harry shakes his head 'no.'

SORREL

(into phone)

All right, Marion, I want one million units "G" type penicillin.

(lets button off, rises)

We'll fix you up. Follow me, Harry.
(exit)

They go out into corridor, in the b.g. we see patients in white togas moving between examining rooms.

HARRY

I'm probably over-reacting. I heard something on the radio.

They enter examining room.

SORREL

(washes his hands)

I enjoyed dinner the other evening. Jan is a lovely lady. That wine... that wine she served, a Pouilly '66. It was a '66, wasn't it? Hard to find a woman like that -- a woman who knows vintage years.

HARRY

Yes. Yes... Jan knows her wines.

Harry goes to the window. A beat.

247 NEW ANGLE

The door opens. A Varga girl comes in. A girl out of a centerfold. She carries a stainless steel medical-type tray containing a small jar of creamy fluid, capped hypodermic needle, alcohol and tufts of cotton. She sets it down on Sorrel's desk.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

SORREL

Thank you, Marion.

Both Sorrel and Harry watch as her picturesque machine revolves out of the room. Sorrel gets up, turns to Harry.

SORREL

(picks up hypodermic)

Lovely girl. She wanted to be an actress, but gave it up.

HARRY

Guess she was a lousy lay.

Sorrel gives Harry a look and starts around the desk.

SORREL

(measuring fluid)

Over here, Harry, and drop your pants. This stuff will stop a Marseilles hooker.

He pulls a medical light over and snaps it on, looks at Harry, but Harry does not move.

SORREL

Come on. I don't mean to rush, you saw the lobby, they're stacked up today.

HARRY

I don't want the shot. I changed my mind. I don't want it.

SORREL

Harry, if you're concerned about the records, I'll show it as a Vitamin B-1 shot. I mean on the bill.

HARRY

No. Jan's away for a while, and the girl was probably okay. Besides, if I didn't get it in Naples, I'll never get it.

SORREL

I made time for you, Harry.

(quick pause)

Look, we're dealing with an epidemic. As a matter of fact, this is V.D. awareness month. I strongly urge you to take the shot.

(a beat)

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

I saw soldiers. Yesterday I saw them...

SORREL

(smiles)

They have a parade downtown?

Sorrel's question and attitude negates answering. A keeper goes off on the doctor's belt.

SORREL

Dammit.

(goes to wall phone)

Yes.

(listens)

I'll take it in my office.

He leaves. Harry stands alone in the examining room. Lost. He lights a cigar then starts out. CAMERA PANS him through hallway back to Sorrel's office. Sorrel is seated on phone.

SORREL

(agitated)

Well, listen Martin, you've seen the pictures. I've seen them. But you're the radiologist.

(smiles into phone)

I simply am not in any position to render an opinion. Yes, yes, by all means. Another set of pictures won't hurt. Yes. Bye, Martin.

He hangs up, but before he can speak:

HARRY

(quickly, with agitation)

Jerry -- I'm flailing, I'm -- going on nerve --

Sorrel looks up quickly but his voice is still unbreathed.

SORREL

When did you have your last checkup?

HARRY

Doctor Miller took some x-rays of my back -- last year.

SORREL

Why your back?

HARRY

Shell fragments.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: (3)

SORREL

Tell me, uh... how long have you had these... uh... shell fragments.

HARRY

A long time. The neuro-surgeon decided to leave them alone.

SORREL

But you haven't had a thorough physical in years? I mean gland, the prostate, urine, the pump -- the old nerve ends.

HARRY

Yes, that's right.

Sorrel flips through the pages of his appointment book.

SORREL

How's next Tuesday -- 10 a.m. We'll do the whole number.

HARRY

Fine, that's fine... You know Naples -- Naples was the clap center of the E.T.O. I made it once with a Chinese girl. No one could figure that one -- what a Chinese hooker was doing in Naples in 1945 -- Christ, I made it with everything -- and never caught a cold.

SORREL

Tell me, what's E.T.O.?

HARRY

European Theatre of Operations.

Sorrel nods, opens the door.

SORREL

European Theatre of Operations. Nice sound. E.T.O. Nice sound -- good looking suit, Harry -- Mohair? Is that back? Terrific. Can't keep up with you guys -- well, next Tuesday --

Harry leaves. Sorrel watches him go, shakes his head. He closes the door.

248 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Play the traffic -- the smog -- the decay for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PICKS UP Harry and Phil as they turn corner, nearing the movie theatre.

PHIL
My eyes are burning.

HARRY
Carry drops.

PHIL
Harry -- I can't go through with this.

HARRY
We haven't burned anything yet.

PHIL
We can work something out.

HARRY
What?

PHIL
I don't know -- maybe the mob.
Maybe Johnny.

HARRY
You can't get in bed with them.
You're late on a payment and they'll go right for your balls.

PHIL
Mine, they can have.

As they approach the theatre, Phil goes into lobby -- Harry goes up to Cashier -- she recognizes him.

HARRY
(very straight)
Couldn't help myself -- had to come back -- It's that smorgasbord scene.

CASHIER
Want a booth?

HARRY
No -- I'll rough it again.

He slides two fives across window -- she punches two tickets.

249 INT. THEATRE - WIDE SHOT - FAVOR CHARLIE ROBBINS

He stares ahead at screen -- CAMERA PANS to include Phil and Harry coming down the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

They move slowly, eyes getting used to the dark. Harry spots Charlie -- they move into his aisle, same seating arrangement as the previous day. For a beat, they remain silent -- the flashing images bounce off Phil and Charlie's glasses.

CHARLIE

You're late.

Charlie slips his hand in his pocket, removes same envelope Phil gave him.

CHARLIE

Here.

PHIL

(incredulously)

It's your retainer.

CHARLIE

Never take something for nothing.

HARRY

What's wrong?

CHARLIE

Don't look at me. Watch the screen. You're in violation of every fire ordinance in the book -- faulty sprinklers... no access to fire escapes ... extinguishers dried up -- my God -- I've never seen the equal to it.

HARRY

Come on, Charlie -- where the hell does that leave us?

Charlie removes glasses, starts to wipe them. There is silence as the SOUNDS of "Denmark Speaks" are heard clearly, prominently.

CHARLIE

(replaces glasses)

With all those violations, the insurance would never pay off. I'll give you a list of regulations to conform with. Fix everything up -- then I'll burn it.

HARRY

How long will that take?

CHARLIE

Watch the screen, Harry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Six months minimum. You can't light
up new equipment. They bear the
date of installation.

PHIL
(with some relief)
Well, that's that.

There's a long beat. The naked bodies dance off Phil and
Charlie's glasses.

CHARLIE
Not necessarily, I could start the
fire down below, in the shirt factory.

PHIL
Shirt factory?

CHARLIE
Why not? I can get in there without
any trouble. The access door has
practically fallen off. I'll funnel
the fire up the back end of your
place. Should work out fine.

HARRY
But we still have the same problem
with the insurance.

CHARLIE
No. With the source of the fire down
below they'll pay off. You may get
a reprimand but they'll have to pay
off.

PHIL
And the shirt man... I mean, he has
nothing to say about it, right?

CHARLIE
(to Phil)
Don't worry about the shirt man.
He'll do fine. Probably be a blessing.

HARRY
The guy's still making white shirts,
Phil.

CHARLIE
Actually, I'll do a force-funnel
job. The shirt man will sustain
very little damage, but the fire
will really flash in your place.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I read you.

HARRY

Sunday Phil goes fishing. Burn it
Sunday, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Mail the retainer and key to me.
Same suit, Harry?

HARRY

Yes. Same suit.

CHARLIE

Nice.

He walks off. Harry watches him go; then puts a dime in machine. The coke gushes into cup. Harry picks it up. Sips twice. Makes a face. Then throws it away. He starts off.

252 EXT. STREET - WIDE SHOT

The same storefront of the previous day. We see the tiger heads but the man is gone. The store is closed. Harry walks alongside up to the window. He notices a "For Rent" sign along with the "Save the Tiger" stickers.

253 EFFECT SHOT

As Harry moves closer to the window we see his face reflected bouncing off the tiger's image. CAMERA GOES IN TIGHT on the tiger's eyes.

254 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY - THROUGH THE CAR'S WINDSHIELD

His hands choke the wheel. Beads of sweat stain his face. He stares straight ahead, reflections bounce off the windshield -- lights, buildings, the sky. Images flatten and squeeze whizzing by. The SOUNDS of traffic, but the CAMERA never leaves Harry. We hear the following SOUNDS slice through the traffic as they bend through Harry's consciousness. They come fast.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED: (3)

He takes off his glasses, wipes them.

CHARLIE
This is a breeze. Hell, should be
over in three -- four minutes.

PHIL
When would you do this?

CHARLIE
That's up to you.
(rises)
I'll be in the lobby.

Charlie goes up the exit aisle. CAMERA GOES IN on Phil and
Harry, holding Charlie's empty seat between them.

HARRY
Let's go.

PHIL
I'm staying. Go ahead; browse with
Charlie.

HARRY
Come on, Phil...

PHIL
No. I've never seen one of these.
I want to see it.
(cold sarcasm)
It's fascinating. The things people
will do for a krona -- for a buck --
it's really something.

250 NEW ANGLE

Harry rises, gives Phil a last look. Phil looks at the
screen. Harry starts up the exit aisle. CAMERA GOES IN
TIGHT on Phil. We see the images reflected in his glasses.
The TRACK is up.

251 EXT. LOBBY - UPPER BALCONY

Charlie stands at coke machine. Harry comes out. Then he
sees Charlie and walks up to him. Out of the corner of his
mouth he says:

HARRY
Anything happens and you never met
Phil. You never heard of him --
understood?

(CONTINUED)

ONLY 55¢ LEFT... NICE SUIT, HARRY
 ... 33 JUST POPPED OUT... YOU USED
 TO LOVE BASEBALL... THAT WAS SIX
 YEARS AGO... 15 MAJOR FIRES... THREE
 THOUSAND HELICOPTERS... DRENCHED WITH
 IDEALS... THEY'RE SHOOTING HORSE...
 BEACH RED... NO CHANCE... KILLED ON
 THE HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY... I HATE ZOOS
 ... TRICK OR TREAT... THE THING IS
 OVER, SERGEANT... GOD IS A FOUR HORSE
 WIN PARLAY... E.T.O. HARRY?... IT'S
 ALL HALLOWEEN... THERE ARE RULES...
 FIRST BASE DOLPH CAMILLI... THE SEA
 ... THE SEA HARRY... DEAD FROM THE
 WAIST DOWN... THAT WAR WAS THIRTY
 YEARS AGO... DENMARK SPEAKS... NICE
 SUIT, HARRY...

CAMERA TILTS. Harry's image bounces, we HEAR the brakes and crunch of car bouncing off a curb -- then the frame is quiet, composed. Harry slides out of the car. The door slams. There is a beat.

255 WIDE ANGLE

Through the open window of the driver's side, we see Harry walking towards a small park.

DISSOLVE TO:

256 EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - LATE IN THE DAY - WIDE SHOT

Perhaps in MacArthur Park. A group of children playing. The pitcher throws the ball. The batter swings, bounces the ball midway across the third base foul line. It bounces along. Harry picks it up.

257 CLOSE SHOT - THE BALL

as Harry's fingers grip its red stitches. The pressure on his fingers increases, whitening his knuckles. He turns the ball slightly. It says: "BIG LEAGUE". A beat. We hear the SOUNDS of Ebbetts Field and Red Barber faintly at first.

258 WIDE SHOT

as the pitcher and the players look at Harry, who still stares down at the ball, fascinated. The SOUNDS grow louder.

PITCHER

(shouts)

Hey, mister -- throw the ball.

Harry looks at the boy for a beat. He then starts to wind up, like Johnny Vandemeer. He double pumps, kicks high, and sails the ball way over the pitcher's head.

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

PITCHER

Why'd you do that?!

HARRY

(yells)

Because... because you should see
it once, sonny.

He then starts to slowly walk onto the field, heading toward second base. The Ebbetts Field SOUNDS are strong. The children watch Harry and stare at him as he reaches second base. He stands on the bag, kicks it, reaches down and picks up a handful of dirt, then lets it sift out. He straightens up, looking around, then back to the pitcher.

PITCHER

(shouts)

You can't play with us, mister!

The SOUNDS of Ebbetts Field diminish. There's a long beat as Harry looks around at the children playing the infield. His eyes come to rest on the child nearest him, the second baseman. The boy's face radiates the last innocence, the ultimate hope. The boy speaks softly.

SECOND BASEMAN

We have our rules.

Harry nods imperceptibly, then turns and starts to the center-field gates. The children watch him. On the TRACK: "Mack the Knife". Blue, distant.

259 MED. SHOT - HARRY

He stops and turns... the CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY IN FILLING THE SCREEN with his face. He stares at the children with profound longing. His eyes holding the children as if he will never again see this time -- this fleeting moment when one is very young, very free and all the dreams are attainable. The FRAME FREEZES.

260 ANGLE FROM HELICOPTER

Harry and the children below are a FROZEN TABLEAU. As the angle gets HIGHER and HIGHER they grow smaller and we see more of the city. The song is prominent -- the yellow layer is apparent. The TITLES START UP, fuzzy as they come through the smog, then clear as they reach the blue.

The CREDITS END. The screen goes slowly BLACK in synch with the last notes of the song.

FADE OUT.

THE END