

SLUMS OF BEVERLY HILLS

by

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"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is
unhappy in its own way."

Leo Tolstoy

VISUAL PROLOGUE:

A1 INT. DEPT. STORE - ESCALATOR - NIGHT

A1*

Escalator stairs fill the frame. They move horizontally across the screen like a conveyer belt. OPENING CREDITS APPEAR. VIVIAN appears sideways moving across the screen. MURRAY same. Escalator stairs now re-oriented vertically move up and down the screen. VIVIAN reappears from the bottom of the frame and disappears out the top. MURRAY same.

SMASH TILT FROM CEILING:

1 INT. DEPT. STORE - LINGERIE SECTION - NIGHT

1

Bras and panties abound -

VIVIAN ALONSO ABRAMOWITZ (15) with big messy hair, stands in front of a mirror - her hands crossed high on her chest covering her breasts. She wears a big T-shirt. She is flanked by -

An aging, no-nonsense SALESLADY, eyeglasses low on her nose -

And MURRAY ABRAMOWITZ, (69) an old timer out of Damon Runyon.

SALESLADY

Bit of a tomboy - isn't she?

MURRAY

What d'you suggest? It's her first.

SALESLADY

Her first? She needs more than a training bra, I'll tell you that.

MURRAY

Happened over night. Stacked. Built just like her mother.

VIVIAN

(to herself)

Oh God:

SALESLADY

She wants with the underwire?

VIVIAN

(emphatically)

Just a normal one - that doesn't point.

Saleslady removes measuring tape that hangs around her neck.

SALESLADY

I'll need to measure her. We need to find out her cup size.

Vivian shoots a quick glance to her father.

MURRAY
I'll take a walk.

Murray exits.

SALESLADY
You'll have to lift up your arms.

Vivian reluctantly holds up her arms like she's under arrest.
Saleslady wraps measuring tape around Vivian's breasts -

SALESLADY
Thatta girl. Usually girls come in here
much younger for their first bra when
they're developed like you are.

VIVIAN
I've been hiding them.

SALESLADY
You can't go around hiding them forever.
Can't stop nature.

VIVIAN
My brother stares.

Saleslady rolls measuring tape into a ball.

SALESLADY
Is that your Grandfather?

VIVIAN
Father.

2 INT. DEPT. STORE - GROUP CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

2

Flashes of female body parts. Vivian - shy, nervous - watches
a DOZEN WOMEN pull clothes off and on.

The Saleslady hurries in with an arm full of bras -

SALESLADY
(loudly calling to Vivian)
Hmm. You might need a C!

VIVIAN
(horrified)
What - ?!

Suddenly - all activity stops. Everyone is staring at Vivian.

SALESLADY
A C-cup.

The Saleslady hooks the back of a bra -

SALESLADY

There you go. How does that feel?

Vivian stands uncomfortably in one of those over-wrought big bras: hooks, lace, adjustable straps - a real harness of a thing. She looks down at herself and pokes at the cups -

VIVIAN

It's pointy.

SALESLADY

No, dear. You gotta put yourself in it.

(she demonstrates)

Bend over. Lift your breast. Then drop it back into the cup.

Vivian - desperate for female guidance - obeys. She awkwardly hunches over and tries to adjust her breast in the cup.

VIVIAN

Like this - ?

SALESLADY

That's right. Now do the other one and stand up straight.

Vivian straightens herself up and turns her sight to the three-way mirror in front of her. Her reflection is multiplied a dozen times. Trapped in a big ugly bra in a house of mirrors.

Saleslady slips her hands underneath Vivian's bra straps and pulls them up and down - manually bouncing VIVIAN's boobs.

SALESLADY

Nice. Doesn't that feel secure? You're a perfect C.

VIVIAN

(distressed)

Look at me - I'm like - deformed.

SALESLADY

What're you talking? You're healthy. Some girls have one size and one another. They got to get 'em custom made. Specialty stores. That's expensive. You've been blessed. Breasts are wonderful. You'll see.

Saleslady marches away leaving Vivian alone with her multiplied "Maidenform" reflection.

AMBIANCE DROPS OUT. DREAMY DEPARTMENT STORE MUZAK AMPLIFIES.

Vivian steps up to the mirror as if to gain insight into her new self. HOLD ON VIVIAN'S mirrored reflection -

SOUND OF BREATH. PANTING. FLESH SLAPPING. GRUNTING.

CUT TO:

Bare feet running, slapping black asphalt.

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

3

A beautiful mess of a WOMAN (29) - an institutional bathrobe cinched tightly around her waist - runs down a road in her bare feet. She appears desperate, hunted.

THE NOT-TOO-FAR-OFF SOUND OF AN ENGINE speeding towards her. *

Suddenly - the WOMAN is drenched in the bright headlights of an oncoming car. She waves frantically. *

BEEEEPPPP. The car swerves and flies past her like a comet - leaving the Woman alone again in the dark. She continues to run.... BREATHLESS. PANTING. FEET SLAPPING. *

Two enormous headlights appear over the horizon - blasting the woman with back light. This time - *

It's a big rig. *

She turns to the truck and is practically blinded by the intense beams. Squinting into the light, she waves frantically. *

The big rig BLASTS ITS MEGA TRUCK HORN - WWHHAAA!! WWHHAAA! Its massive steel body ROARS, RATTLES, but doesn't slow down. *

In a sudden act of desperation - in a gesture resembling Clark Kent's irrepressible transformation into Superman -

The Woman puffs up her chest and rips open her robe - exposing her breasts to the headlights. Like a diva in a spotlight, she commands the stage -

The sixteen tires lock.

The truck comes to a SCREECHING halt. The Woman quickly ties up her robe.

DRIVER

Where're you going?

WOMAN

Beverly Hills.

DRIVER looks at her dirty hands and feet. He feels sorry for her.

DRIVER

Get in.

The Woman struggles into the truck. She SLAMS the door. The Truck ZOOMS down the road.

MURRAY (VO)

Get up. Wake up.

4 INT. BEVERLY CAPRI APTS. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

4*

Vivian springs up in her bed. The room is dark. Her father, Murray, sits on the side of her bed. He clicks on a lamp.

*

VIVIAN

(spooked)

Dad - !?

MURRAY

We're moving.

VIVIAN

Again - ? We just got here?

MURRAY

Pack your bag.

VIVIAN

(groggy)

What time is it?

MURRAY

C'mon. Your brothers are already up.

Vivian swings her legs over the side of her bed. Murray hands her a suitcase.

MURRAY

Put your stuff in this.

Vivian, wanders across the room rubbing her eyes -

MURRAY

C'mon. Move it.

Vivian collects knick knacks from her cluttered dresser.

MURRAY

Not that. Stuff you need. Important stuff. Get your clothes. We don't have all night.

VIVIAN
What's going on?

Murray is stripping the sheets from Vivian's warm bed -

MURRAY
I got us another place. We'll talk in the
car. C'mon - I don't want to spend
another night in this shit hole.

5 EXT. CAPRI APARTMENTS - CAR PORT - NIGHT FOR PRE-DAWN 5*

A typical low-rent, cheap looking Southern California
apartment building straining for luxury. The words, THE
BEVERLY CAPRI are printed in fancy cursive on the building's
stucco facade. A sad solitary palm tree shoots out of a tiny
patch of grass. *

A SEDAN is packed and parked in front. Murray slams the trunk
and gets into the car -

Vivian shuffles out dragging a suitcase and an orange bean
bag chair. She wears cutoffs, a halter top and striped,
athletic tube socks pulled deliberately up to her knees. It's
a look. After all, it's 1976.

Right behind Vivian we see - the LANDLADY running out -
frantically tying up her bathrobe.

LANDLADY
Hey! Héy!

MURRAY
(to Vivian)
Get in!

The passenger door swings open. Vivian throws her suitcase
into the car. She struggles with the bean bag chair -
desperately trying to press it into the backseat. It's not
fitting -

LANDLADY
(yelling to Murray)
I see what you're doing! Sneakin' out!

MURRAY
(to Vivian)
Will you forget the goddamn bean bag! And
get in!

Vivian, unhappily drops her bean bag chair and squeezes past
her brother, BEN (18) who rides shotgun. She slips into the
backseat next to her little brother, RICKEY (7) still wearing
his pajamas.

Ben pulls the passenger door shut behind her. SLAM!

BEN
Hit the locks Dad - !

Murray's finger flicks the button on a control panel and all the car locks sink down with a CLICK.

LANDLADY
Where the hell d'you think you're goin'?

MURRAY
(yelling to Landlady)
We're goin' on vacation -

Murray turns the ignition and presses the gas. VRRUMM. VRUMM!

LANDLADY
What about this month's rent?

MURRAY
Going to Disneyland! Gonna ride the Matterhorn. Wanna come?

The car peels out - leaving the landlady screaming in the exhaust and the orange bean bag sitting on the driveway.

6 INT. LTD FORD SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT FOR PRE-DAWN 6*

Vivian and Rickey sit up on their knees and watch the Landlady get smaller and smaller. Now a tiny manic figure, she kicks the bean bag chair in frustration.

RICKEY
(to Vivian)
Are we going to Disneyland?

VIVIAN
(flatly)
No.

EVERYONE laughs and applauds the getaway. Everyone except Vivian. She sits quietly and stares out the opera window thinking about her lost bean bag chair and her whole life. *

SNARE DRUM PULSES. MUSIC SWINGS FROM CAR RADIO. DISSOLVE TO: *

Vivian stares out the car window into the darkened sky. The nighttime turns into daytime and we watch palm trees reflected in the car window race over Vivian's sleepless, sunlit face. *

CUT TO: *

VIVIAN'S MOVING POV - SLOW-MOTION TRAVELING SHOTS OF PALM TREES UP AGAINST THE SKY - two endless rows of them moving *

horizonatally across the frame. They seem to be swaying to the rhythm of the big band. SLOWLY the COLOR DRAINS FROM THE PICTURE. NOW BLACK AND WHITE PALM TREES AGAINST A PALE, GREY SKY... LIKE A BLEAK "'Greetings From' Postcard," TITLE APPEARS OVER THE BLEACHED SKY framed by the moving palms.

CUT TO:

The LTD coasts effortlessly through -

7 EXT. RITZY RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 7

Enormous homes, great lawns like golf courses. Exotic landscaping. This is not only a rich neighborhood - this is Beverly Hills. There is something spooky about the slowed down perfection of it all.

8 INT. LTD FORD SEDAN - MOVING - DAY 8

Murray drives aimlessly, puffing on a Pall Mall. Smoggy Los Angeles sun glares through the windshield.

IN THE BACK SEAT -

Vivian's face is still pressed against the opera window. She seems hypnotized by the passing landscape and the motion of the car. More expensive homes drone by -

VIVIAN

I'm sick of moving. Why can't we ever stay put? It's not normal to move every three months.

Murray throws a weary glance to his daughter through the rear view mirror. Vivian isn't making this any easier for him.

BEN

It's normal in some cultures. Nomads. They move.

VIVIAN

That's stupid, Ben! We're not nomads. We're Americans -

RICKEY

(pulling money from his piggy bank)

I got seven dollars and thirty eight cents and I'm still not done counting -

VIVIAN

(pushing Rickey away)
Move over! Your breath stinks -

RICKEY
 (re-adjusting himself)
 Evil -

VIVIAN
 Where's our new apartment this time?

MURRAY
 We're stayin' in Beverly Hills. You'll get to go to Beverly High in the fall. It's just too early to show up that's all. We want to make a good impression. Show up at a leisurely hour. We don't want to look like we got kicked out of someplace else like bums.

VIVIAN
 (under her breath)
 We did get kicked out of someplace else like bums.

MURRAY
 What did you say?

VIVIAN
 Nothing.

MURRAY
 We didn't get kicked out like bums. We made a choice - we moved - like people. That place was a shithole at that rent. Highway robbery.

VIVIAN
 Fine.

Vivian turns her attention back to the passing ritzy residential landscape.

VIVIAN
 Look at that house there - the one with the columns. It's like Greek or something

BEN
 A lot of famous people live on this street. El Camino. Merv Griffin lives here.

VIVIAN
 He does not. Who says?

BEN
 A friend of mine from Beverly. Really rich kid. He told me.

VIVIAN

Why would Merv Griffin live here? It's not so great. He could live anywhere.

BEN

He likes it.

RICKEY

(chiming in)

Who's Merv Griffin?

Another gaudy mansion looms on the residential landscape.

BEN

(suddenly pointing out window)

Hey - look! See that?

VIVIAN

Yeah -

BEN

Lucille Ball lives there.

Rickey flings himself across his sister to catch a glimpse.

RICKEY

Where?! Where's Lucy?

VIVIAN

Rickey!

From the outside of the car - Vivian and Rickey's faces can be seen pressed and squinched in the oval opera window. They are rapt by the sights.

BEN

Over there. See. Behind those hedges. That's hers.

A decaying mansion drifts by - overgrown vines, gothic details - the kind of place Norma Desmond might have lived in.

RICKEY

Spooky. Why would Lucy live in chat?

BEN

She's supposed to be really old and mean now. Not like on the show. On Halloween, her butler stands in front of those gates and says to the little kids "Miss Ball is issuing no treats this year" - total asshole.

VIVIAN
 (short to Rickey)
 There. Look. You saw her house. What a
 thrill! Now get off. You're crushing me!

RICKEY
 You're mean - Dad!

MURRAY
 Rickey, would you get your shoes off the
 white upholstery. How many times do I
 have to tell you - ? it's a demo for
 Christ sake. I gotta sell this thing.

Rickey climbs off his sister.....

A soundless and familiar pall falls over the family as the
 car continues to coast through Beverly Hills. The
 Abramowitzes are on the skids again--forever circling the
 margins of affluence and staving off economic disaster.

Murray studies his kids through the rear view mirror. He
 tries to break the sad spell -

MURRAY
 Who's hungry - ?

RICKEY
 Me.

MURRAY
 What do you say we get some steak - ?
 we'll get some steak for breakfast.

VIVIAN
 Isn't it a little early for steak?

MURRAY
 It'll be fun. We'll eat. Get our
 strength up. Then we'll move into our new
 place. What d'you say?

RICKEY
 (clapping his hands)
 Yeah!

MURRAY
 Let's go to Sizzlers!

VRUUUMMMMMM. The car takes off.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SIZZLER'S RESTAURANT - DAY 9

The ABRAMOWITZES mid-meal. Vigorous family eating. Except for Vivian. She bites her nails and studies her father.

MURRAY

Who wants to try some of this?

RICKEY

Me!

Rickey reaches across the cluttered table, takes his father's fork and gnaws at the speared meat.

BEN

I need some more cole slaw -

MURRAY

Order it.

VIVIAN

What about all the stuff we left?

MURRAY

What stuff?

RICKEY

(piping in)

Viv's bean bag chair.

VIVIAN

In the apartment. Appliances. Towels. Things.

MURRAY

That was crap. We'll get new stuff. What are you bitin' your nails for?

BEN

(to Vivian)

Want your potato?

Vivian thrugs and continues to bite her nails. Ben reaches across the table, spears Vivian's potato and drops it on his plate.

MURRAY

(to Vivian)

You think someone is gonna marry you with hands like that?

Vivian stops biting her nails.

BEN

Who'd want to marry her?

VIVIAN

Shut up.

MURRAY

I'll pay you a dollar a nail if you stop.

A BLACK BUS BOY passes by the booth. Murray WHISTLES to catch his attention -

MURRAY

(calling to him)

Jackson!

All the kids duck down into the booth out of embarrassment -

VIVIAN

Oh my God!

The Bus Boy pretends not to hear Murray.

BEN

Dad!

MURRAY

You want cole slaw, right - ?

(calling again)

Jackson!

The BUS BOY rolls his eyes and slams the dirty dishes into the bus bucket with a CRASH. He disappears into the kitchen.

BACK AT THE BOOTH - The kids are mortified -

BEN

Dad, you can't say that.

MURRAY

What?

BEN

(whispering)

Jackson.

MURRAY

You want service? It's an expression for service.

BEN

You can't say it. It's racist.

MURRAY

What racist - ? I'm trying to get the man's attention -

BEN

People don't say that anymore. It's old-fashioned. It's not right.

MURRAY

Look - this is not a racial issue. I want a bun. You want some cole slaw. Call him what you want.

VIVIAN

(sinking deeper into booth)
It's embarrassing.

MURRAY

(to Vivian)
What's your problem?

VIVIAN

Nothing.

MURRAY

You don't like your steak?

There's one half-hearted bite nibbled off of Vivian's T-bone.

VIVIAN

I ate it.

MURRAY

That's a good piece of meat there.

BEN

(spearing Vivian's steak)
Don't force her Dad, I'll eat it.

MURRAY

(gesturing to Vivian)
What's that?

Vivian looks down at herself like maybe she spilled something on her shirt -

VIVIAN

What

MURRAY

What you're wearing?

VIVIAN

An outfit -

MURRAY

Without a bra?

VIVIAN
It's a halter.

MURRAY
(suddenly to Ben)
Put your sister's meat back.

VIVIAN
I don't want it.

BEN
It's good, Dad. She could lose the weight.

VIVIAN
Shut up.

BEN
It's true. It's the bod that counts. Not the face.

VIVIAN
What - ?

BEN
(with his mouth full)
Girls always think it's the face that matters - so wrong. Ask any guy - he'll tell you. If he tells you any different, he's lying to make himself look good - so he can get down your pants.

MURRAY
(a Jackie Gleason explosion)
Will you give your sister back her goddamn meat!

Murray violently stabs the steak and puts it back in front of Vivian.

MURRAY
(to Vivian)
You want all that stuff back there. Is that it? That's what you're so upset about? Toasters? Towels? Don't start bustin' my balls with that. Your mother was a ballbuster.

VIVIAN
Who's talking about Mom - ?

MURRAY
What we got is fine. All a you - don't start acting ashamed or embarrassed. I'm stayin' in Beverly Hills so you go to the good schools. We got a good address. As

(MORE)

MURRAY (cont'd)

long as we keep it clean. We keep ourselves clean - nobody can say anything about it.

(dropping money on the table)

Let's get the hell outta here - lousy service. I'll meet you in the car -

BEN

(mouth stuffed)

I'm still eatin' Dad -

MURRAY

(to Vivian and Rickey)

Go wash up in the bathrooms. Get your toothbrushes out of the car. Look decent.

Murray throws Rickey the car keys. Rickey climbs out of the booth. Vivian follows - Murray hustles after her and grabs Vivian by the arm -

MURRAY

And you - go get your bag and put on your brassiere.

VIVIAN

You can't wear a bra with it, Dad. It doesn't work.

MURRAY

You're hangin' out of it.

VIVIAN

It's supposed to look like this. Everybody wears these. It's modern.

MURRAY

It's not right -

(pulling Vivian to the booth)

Ben - look at your sister -

VIVIAN

It's normal. It's summer.

MURRAY

(to Ben)

Is this right - ? Does this look whorey to you?

VIVIAN

(assuming Ben will understand)

It's a nice shirt. Kelly loaned it to me.

BEN

The problem is, Dad, that Viv is stacked.

VIVIAN
(betrayed by her brother)
I don't believe you.

BEN
She's already got cleavage, Dad.

VIVIAN
Shut up.

BEN
(wrongly persecuted)
What - ?

MURRAY
Get your bra outta the car.

Vivian rolls her eyes and surrenders.

VIVIAN
Fine. I'll do it. It's gonna look stupid.
She marches away and exits.

MURRAY
(to Ben)
Pay the bill - will ya? I gotta make a
phone call.

10 INT. SIZZLER'S LADIES ROOM - DAY

10

Like a contortionist, Vivian stands with her arms twisted behind her back struggling to hook her bra.

MURRAY (OS)
Long distance - Philadelphia -
I'd like to make a person to person call
to Mickey Abramowitz -

Following the sound of her father's voice, Vivian discovers a grate above the sink. She leans into it to eavesdrop. Murray's voice echoes through the duct and bounces off the tiled walls. *

MURRAY (OS CONT.)
- his brother, Murray. Hey, Mickey - it's
me. How you doing? How's Belle? Yeah -
look - I need to ask you something...

Vivian knows this routine. The familiar refrain of her father asking Uncle Mickey for money again.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SIZZLER'S AT PAYPHONE - DAY

11

Murray on the phone. MICKEY is heard over the receiver.

MURRAY

- You know, I wouldn't be askin' if I didn't need it. -

MICKEY (VO)

You need to stay away from the track -

MURRAY

It's not about the horses -

MICKEY (VO)

I'm you brother, remember? You got bad habits.

MURRAY

I got three kids livin' in one bedroom, that's what I got. Look, I'm in a slump right now. The place is a morgue. Nothin'.

A11 INT. SIZZLER'S LADIES ROOM - SAME

All

VIVIAN continues to listen. As if she has conjured up this desolate vision of her father... CAMERA MOVES ACROSS THE BATHROOM wall and arrives at...

*
*
*

B11 INT. CAR SHOWROOM OF CAR DEALERSHIP - A TYPICAL WORK DAY

B11

Murray leans against his metal desk with a cup of coffee. He looks across the showroom at SALESMEN, men in their fifties, playing cards, killing time.

MURRAY (VO)

They're playin' cards in the showroom not to go crazy. Cars used to sell themselves. Now nobody's buyin'.

JIM, a younger salesman, walks toward Murray whistling "Call to the Post." His heels click across the linoleum.

JIM

It's almost Post Time. Let's get outta here - nothin' going on today.

MURRAY

Yeah. Aw right.

Murray crushes his cigarette in an ashtray and picks up a "Racing Form" from his desk. The men walk across the showroom. Murray blows a kiss to the receptionist.

MURRAY
See ya tomorrow, Rose.

*
*

MICKEY (VO)
It's not a good time for me, Murray.

CUT TO:

*

C11 INT. SIZZLER'S PAYPHONE - PRESENT

C11*

MURRAY
What d'you mean? I thought you
gained the weight back -

MICKEY
- not the cancer - it's Rita.

MURRAY
She's still bad with the drugs?

MICKEY
She escaped from a de-tox out there.

MURRAY
Out here?

*

MICKEY
Just north of you. Pinewood. She wanted
to clean up in warm weather. California.
She's got your address - maybe she'll
look for you -

*

MURRAY
That's what I was calling about, see - we
got a new place -

MICKEY
Again - you moved - ?

MURRAY
We're stayin' in Beverly Hills. It's
just I'm a little short this month -

MICKEY
(grieving)
Murray, my daughter is killing herself.
I'd pay somebody if they knew what to do
with that girl -

Something clicks in Murray's head -

MURRAY
What's that you said, Mick - ?

MICKEY

I said, I'd pay if someone knew what to
do -

*
*
*

D11 LADIES ROOM DOOR SWINGS OPEN - VIVIAN EMERGES

D11*

in her bra/halter contraption. She marches over to the
payphone - holds out her arms to her father as if to say,
"see how stupid this looks."

*
*
*

VIVIAN

What do you think, Dad?

*
*

MURRAY

Get in the car.

*
*

Vivian rolls her eyes and exits. Murray returns to phone.

*

MURRAY

Sorry, Mick -

*
*

The call is interrupted - Murray's more pressing money
troubles at hand.

*

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please deposit one dollar and seventy-
five cents for your next three minutes or
your call will be disconnected....

MURRAY

(searching for change)

Shit - Mickey - Hold on a minute - Shit!

*
*

He's been disconnected. Murray stands listening to the DRONE
OF THE DIAL TONE. If we took an X-ray of his head right now,
we would see wheels spinning inside. Suddenly - he's got an
idea! Murray punches numbers into the phone -

Ben walks by the payphone. Murray grabs him by his shirt -

MURRAY

Gimme some change -

(into phone)

I'd like to report a missing person.

BEN

(digging in his pocket)

What's going on Dad?

MURRAY

(cupping the receiver)

Get in the car!

Ben hands over some loose change and exits. Slow ZOOM into
Murray's perspiring face. His face. His mouth. His eyes.

*
*

MURRAY
 (into the receiver)
 Female. Caucasian. Twenty Nine. Rita
 Abramowitz. A-B-R-A-M-O-W-I-T-Z. I'm her
 uncle.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 12

RATTLE. RATTLE. ROAR. ROAR. Tires devouring asphalt. The Big
 Rig barrels down the road heading south. A diesel force.

WIPE TO:

13 OMIT 13*

14 EXT. CASA BELLA APARTMENTS - DAY 14*

A TRUCK WIPES across the screen to reveal - a cheap, two-
 story job with open air hallways and numbers on the doors
 like a small motel. Letters spell out Casa Bella in
 pretentious cursive. The FORD SEDAN pulls up front. *

MURRAY

This is it. Just inside the city limits. *

A beat up, rusting CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE is parked out front. *

ELIOT ARONSON (20) a scruffy burn-out wearing a faded Charles
 Manson T-shirt - looks over the balcony and watches the
 ABRAMOWITZ family unload their stuff from the car. Vivian
 drags her suitcase towards the building. *

MURRAY

It's apartment five. Up the stairs.

Eliot watches Vivian shlep. He yells over the balcony. *

ELIOT

You movin' into five? *

Vivian looks up shading her eyes from the sun. *

VIVIAN

Yeah. *

ELIOT

It's up here. Near mine. Want some help? *

VIVIAN

No. *

A14 EXT. OPEN AIR HALLWAY

A14

Vivian lugs past numbered doors and finally arrives at Apt. Five. Suddenly, door number Four springs open behind her. Vivian swings around...

ELIOT

I'm in four. Your neighbor. The door's open. I was just in there. Checkin' it out.

*
*
*

Vivian eyes Eliot suspiciously and pushes open her door -

B14 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER

B14

Vivian enters her new home. The apartment is a dark dump.

15 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - BEDROOM - DAY

15

Vivian wrestles to open an accordion closet door that has fallen off its tracking. Then -

ELIOT (OS)

Decent closet space.

Startled, Vivian whips around to find Eliot in the middle of the room dragging on his cigarette.

VIVIAN

Jesus!

ELIOT

Kind a jumpy aren't you? Welcome to Casa Bella. Quite a dump, huh? Could use some paint. Mrs. Loeb is pretty cheap. Met her yet?

VIVIAN

No.

ELIOT

Landlady.

Eliot takes a good look at Vivian in her bra/halter contraption. Vivian feels his stare and crosses her arms over her chest.

ELIOT

That's a weird outfit you got on there. You know, you're not supposed to wear a bra with that.

VIVIAN

You're one to talk. Look what you're wearing.

ELIOT

This is a valuable shirt. A collectors' item. That your grandfather down there?

VIVIAN

My father.

ELIOT

Pretty nice car you got. Did ya see my wheels down there? Cadillac. Collectors' item. You go to Beverly?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

ELIOT

What year?

VIVIAN

I'll be a freshman in the fall.

ELIOT

Freshman, huh? I thought you were older than that. Big for your age. Beverly, Jeez, I went there, but then I left.

VIVIAN

You dropped outta high school?

ELIOT

It's an option. I wanted to join the work force.

VIVIAN

What do you do?

ELIOT

Sell pot.

VIVIAN

Oh.

ELIOT

To support my family. I don't smoke it. It's bad for business. I just sell it. You want to try my product? Tenant's discount?

VIVIAN

I'm not a pot head. My brother. He's the pothead.

Murray appears at the door with a box.

MURRAY
 (to Eliot)
 Who are you?

Eliot tries to behave like a gentleman, but he's not quite sure how.

ELIOT
 I'm Eliot Aronson, sir. I'm in Four. Your neighbor. I'm Jewish.

Eliot extends his hand for a handshake. Murray drops the box at Eliot's feet, turns around and exits.

16 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

16*

Ben carries a T.V. set. Murray marches in from the bedroom -

BEN
 (gesturing to the bedroom)
 Who's in there?

MURRAY
 Some freak. Sniffing around your sister.

RICKEY (OS)
 Eeeew!

Murray, Ben and Vivian rush to the kitchen door. Rickey stands staring into an open oven.

MURRAY
 What happened?

Rickey reaches into the oven and pulls out a small carcass. He holds it at arms length.

RICKEY
 Look. They left a chicken in the oven.

ELIOT (OS)
 That's not a chicken. That's Simon.

The whole family turns around to see - Eliot standing quietly behind them in the dinette area dragging on his cigarette.

ELIOT
 That's a cat. He belonged to the old tenants. They must've left him behind.

A long weird pause as the whole family stares at Eliot.

MURRAY
 Who the hell is that on your shirt?

ELIOT
Charles Manson, sir.

Murray stares blankly. Then snaps out of it.

MURRAY
(trying to take charge)
Okay. Your sister gets the bedroom.

BEN
(whining)
It's a one bedroom?

MURRAY
I don't want any shit from you.

BEN
Why does she get it - ? I'm the oldest.

MURRAY
She's the girl. A girl needs her privacy.
Put down the cat, Rickey.

Rickey in shock. Still holds the carcass and stares at it.

MURRAY
Put it down. Put Simon down.

A WOMAN (OS)
Eliot! Eliot! Honey! Where are you?

ELIOT
I better roll. Peace.

Eliot rushes out - leaving the Abramowitzes huddled together in a disappointed clump in their crappy new home.

CUT TO:

"Let's Make a Deal" on T.V. Carol Merrill lovingly gestures to a living room furniture set behind Door Number Three! THE AUDIENCE CHEERS.

17 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17*

The exhausted family sits around an open box of half-eaten pizza watching the show. Murray dozes in a chair.

RICKEY
Maybe we should live someplace else.
Outside of Beverly Hills. Someplace
cheaper.

VIVIAN
Like where?

RICKEY

I don't know. Like Torrance or something.

VIVIAN

I'm not living in Torrance.

BEN

What do you know about Torrance, Vivian?

VIVIAN

I don't know. It's stupid and depressing and poor.

BEN

We're poor.

VIVIAN

We're not regular poor. We've got money in our family. Right, Dad? Uncle Mickey's got money. We're just the poor side.

MURRAY

(semi-conscious)

Uncle Mickey's got nothing to do with it.

BEN

(to torture Vivian)

I think Rickey's got a good idea.

RICKEY

Maybe in Torrance we could afford other stuff like furniture.

MURRAY

(snapping awake)

Goddamn it! We're stayin' here for the school district. Furniture is temporary. Education is forever. Forget the furniture. Forget Torrance!

Murray exits the apartment and SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

18 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

18

Murray being lead by a COP down a drab hallway of detention cells - Men handcuffed to chairs line the walls - A tangle of police activity -

*

COP

We picked her up few hours ago running down Wilshire. She's a little shaken up. We found these on her.

*

COP hands Murray a pill bottle, swings open a heavy door and reveals - Rita curled up sucking Tab through a straw.

19 EXT. PIC-N-SAVE PARKING LOT - DAY

19*

MURRAY

Here, put these on.

Murray shoves a pile of cheap supermarket style clothes into the passenger seat window of the parked LTD. Rita grabs them from inside. Murray turns his back to the car and lights up a cigarette. Rita is visible dressing through the window.

MURRAY

You scared your father half to death - you know that don't you? He's worried sick and he's not a hundred percent to begin with.

Rita pops her head out of the window now wearing a T-shirt with the PIC-N-SAVE emblem emblazoned.

RITA

Look, it fits. Can I have a puff?

Murray holds the cigarette to Rita's lips, she takes a drag.

MURRAY

We're gonna have to call him.

RITA

Remember you used to sneak me puffs when Poppy wasn't looking? It was always us against him - two against one.

MURRAY

Yeah - well - we're still gonna have to make the call.

RITA

You know what he says about you, don't you? Poppy - he calls you a bum.

MURRAY

I've heard.

RITA

"My brother the bum. One thing my crazy daughter and brother have in common. No respect for money." We're the family fuck-ups!

MURRAY

What the hell kind of talk is that? No wonder your father got the cancer.

*

RITA

That's not my fault. I didn't cause him cancer.

MURRAY

Y'know, this routine of yours isn't so cute anymore.

RITA

What routine?

MURRAY

Running around hopped up on dope.

RITA

I'm not on dope.

MURRAY

Oh yeah? Well, what the hell are these supposed to be, Chicklets?

Murray holds up the pills the cop gave him at the precinct. Rita bursts into laughter.

MURRAY

(unnerved by her laughter)

You think it's so funny? You're scaring me. You're twenty-nine years old girl. It's not so cute anymore. Get dressed. I'm callin' your father.

Murray heads towards a phone booth. He's lost his nerve. His mercenary plan to use Rita as the family meal ticket seems too unwieldy. She's a loose canon.

RITA

(stepping out of the car)

Wait! Uncle Mur!

Murray keeps walking. Rita yells across the lot.

RITA

I'm not high! I'm bloated!

Murray stops in his tracks and turns around to see Rita half dressed and yelling across the parking lot.

RITA

They're not narcotics. They're Diuretics. They make you pee.

A FEW SHOPPERS stop to watch the spectacle. Murray lowers his head in embarrassment. He marches to the car to shush Rita.

MURRAY

Get in the car.

RITA

Why doesn't anyone ever believe me?
They're for bloat. That's all. To lose
weight. I thought you'd be on my side,
Uncle Mur. Not his. I can't go back home.

MURRAY

(light protesting)

Rita, your place is with your family.

RITA

You're family.

Rita is crying. Murray hands her some tissue.

MURRAY

Here. Blow your nose. You know I'd love
to have you. Christ knows Vivian could
use a woman around the house. But I got a
lot of mouths to feed as it is - business
is bad. The place is a morgue -

RITA

Well, maybe Poppy would - you know -

Murray knows where Rita is heading. But he pretends not to.

MURRAY

What? Oh, no. He can be a tight bastard
when he wants to, you know that.

There is a long pause. Murray wonders if Rita will come up
with a way to make Mickey cough up some dough.

RITA

(a glint in her eye)

What's he gonna say - No - To his own
daughter? It's cheaper than Pinewood.

Rita nails it. They look at each other. Murray cracks a
smile. Murray and Rita both get what they want.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

20*

RUMBLING AND THUMPING SOUND. Vivian jiggles on top of a
vibrating dryer. Eliot stands across from her. They smoke.

ELIOT

So where's your mom?

VIVIAN

She's back east. They're divorced.

ELIOT

Usually kids go with the mom after a divorce.

VIVIAN

So. Big deal.

ELIOT

It must be hard for a girl without a mom.

VIVIAN

What, do you work for welfare or something?

ELIOT

I was just asking.

VIVIAN

Are you staring at my breasts?

ELIOT

No.

VIVIAN

Well, look at them.

ELIOT

Okay.

VIVIAN

What do they make you think?

ELIOT

I don't know.

VIVIAN

Do you think they look deformed?

ELIOT

I think they're beautiful.

VIVIAN

Do you want to touch them?

ELIOT

Okay.

Vivian's arms disappear inside her sweater. She muscled around and magically manages to pull her bra out from her sleeve.

VIVIAN
(a little breathless)
Okay. Let's go.

Eliot, awestruck, unbuckles his belt as he approaches -

VIVIAN
What are you doing?

ELIOT
Taking off my pants.

VIVIAN
I'm not gonna do it in the laundry room.
I wasn't talking about that. Just
breasts. Second base. Not all the way.

ELIOT
(buckling up his pants)
Sorry. Can I take off my shirt?

VIVIAN
Okay, take it off. But hurry.

Eliot removes his shirt. Vivian looks at his chest.

VIVIAN
You got hair.

ELIOT
I got body odor, too.

Eliot places himself between Vivian's legs. His hands slip inside her sweater. His eyes are closed in total devotion. Vivian watches his hands move around.

21 INT. LTD FORD SEDAN AT PIC-N-SAVE - DAY

21

The car sits in the mouth of the Pic-N-Save parking lot trying to merge into the street traffic. *

MURRAY
If this is gonna work, we gotta make a deal, you and me. Mickey isn't gonna support this whole thing unless we have a plan. Not just hanging around California to get a sun tan. We gotta find something you can do to further yourself. Some kind of schooling for your future. Something legit. Is there anything you want to do, you know, with your life? *

Rita looks blank.

MURRAY

A career? Anything. Off the top of your head. Can you do hair? Can you type?

Rita shakes her head no.

MURRAY

Typing is a great skill to have. Gets a girl through. Saves women's lives. C'mon. You gotta have an interest. Something.

RITA

I never really thought about it before.

Murray and Rita stare ahead thinking. Suddenly -

A bus stops in front of them with an enormous advertisement plastered on its side - A pink sign with a woman's huge smiling head in a white nurse's cap inquires -

*IMAGINE WORKING IN A DOCTOR'S WORLD. BE A NURSE'S AIDE.
BRYMAN'S SCHOOL of NURSING - CALL TODAY*

22 EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

22

MURRAY

She's given it a lot of thought, Mickey. She wants to be a nurse. She says it's something she's always dreamed of. It might be good for her, Mick. She could start fresh and I could keep an eye on her. But I can't do this all by myself, you got to kick in some money - on a monthly. I'll need some help. It's not gonna be cheap...

Rita listens - silently giggling into her hand like a teenage girl making a prank call. Murray hands Rita the phone. She joins him in the booth - uncomfortably close to Murray.

RITA

Hi Poppy -

CUT TO:

23 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

23*

RUMBLING and THUMPING of the dryer. Eliot's hands are still inside Vivian's sweater. Vivian looks panicked. This was supposed to be an experiment, but it feels really good. She is about to surrender to the pleasure, when suddenly....

*
*
*

The dryer stops. The RUMBLE stops. Dead quiet.

*

VIVIAN
Okay. Times up.

Eliot keeps feeling Vivian's body. Vivian tries to pull away.

VIVIAN
Watch it. You're gonna stretch
out my sweater.

ELIOT
Take it off.

VIVIAN
Forget it. It's not even mine.
It's Kelly's. Look what you did to it.
It's stretched all out of shape. She's
gonna kill me. Where's my bra?

Eliot holds up the bra. Vivian hops off the dryer. She is
shaken up. Little feelings for Eliot are starting to creep
in. Vivian tries to squelch them... *

Eliot stands behind Vivian and helps her hook her bra. *

ELIOT
Are you okay? *

VIVIAN
Don't tell anybody about this, okay? It's
just a building thing. I don't want it to
get around. *

24 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24*

Vivian enters the apartment. THE SHOWER is RUNNING.

VIVIAN
(calling)
Hello?....Ben?

No answer. She knocks on the bathroom door. The WATER STOPS.

VIVIAN
Ben? Hey, what're you doin' in there? *

Chokin your chub - *

Vivian pushes open the door as -

25 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - BATHROOM - NIGHT 25*

The frosted glass shower door rolls open revealing a naked,
dripping Rita. Mutually startled, Rita and Vivian Scream!

VIVIAN
Jesus!

RITA
Look at you.

VIVIAN
You scared me.

RITA
You're so grown up.

VIVIAN
I thought you were gonna be Ben.

RITA
It's me.

Rita flings open her arms, seemingly unconscious of her nudity. Vivian can't help but stare. She is fixed on Rita's breasts. How could anyone be this comfortable with their body?

VIVIAN
I'll go -

RITA
Why?

VIVIAN
- outside - so you can get dressed.

RITA
No, stay... Come over here and give me a big hug.

Vivian cautiously approaches Rita.

RITA
I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm family for god sakes. I want to look at you.

Rita smothers Vivian in a big naked, wet embrace. Suddenly, Rita grabs Vivian's face.

RITA
(on the verge of tears)
It's so good to see you. I haven't seen anything like you in a long time. You look great, Viv. You haven't said how I look.

VIVIAN
(her face squished in Rita's hands)
You look good.

RITA

Don't look at me. I'm tired Viv and I'm fat.

Vivian still staring at Rita's nakedness - sort of embarrassed and impressed at the same time -

VIVIAN

Want a towel?

Vivian hands one over.

RITA

(wrapping herself in towel)

Stuff you like a pig in rehab. I'm on a strict diet. Starting now. If you want to live in California, you got to get rid of all that East Coast fat. Right?

VIVIAN

You're moving?

RITA

Your father didn't tell you?

VIVIAN

What?

RITA

I'm staying. Here.

VIVIAN

With us? Permanent?

RITA

You don't want me?

VIVIAN

No. I mean, yes.

RITA

C'mere a sec.

VIVIAN

What?

RITA

Lemme see your face.

VIVIAN

What's wrong with it?

Rita squeezes some white cream from a tube. Holding Vivian's chin in her hand, she applies it to Vivian's upper lip.

VIVIAN
Ouch! It stings. What is it?

RITA
Hold still!

Rita covers Vivian's entire upper lip with the white cream

RITA
There. You got to leave it on like that
for ten minutes.

Vivian looks at herself in the mirror - fingering the cream

VIVIAN
What is it? It smells weird.

RITA
Don't touch. For your mustache.
Depilatory.

VIVIAN
I have a mustache - ?

RITA
Just a faint one. So do I. That'll get
rid of it. Jewish girl's secret weapon.

VIVIAN
It's a Jewish thing?

RITA
(lighting up a cig) *
Not only. A lot of beautiful brunettes
have 'em. Elizabeth Taylor has a
mustache. Valerie Bertinelli. Hey Viv? *

Here, Rita breaks into a fake "Language" - Gibberish - a
syllable-based formula like "Pig Latin." *

RITA
Cittagar. yittagou stittagill spittageak
oittigu. sittagcret littaganquittaguage. *

Subtitle: CAN YOU STILL SPEAK OUR SECRET LANGUAGE? *

VIVIAN
Gibberish - yeah. *

RITA
Tell me something.

VIVIAN
Like what? *

RITA

C'mon, I'm sure you've got something.

VIVIAN

Okay. Fine. Tittagoodittagay Ittagi
littaget itaga gittaauy gittao uttagup
mittagy shittagirt.

Subtitle: *TODAY, I LET A GUY GO UP MY SHIRT!*

Rita's jaw drops open. She shrieks with laughter.

Vivian smiles feeling strangely proud of herself. The women are giddy with their Giberish recall. They freely alternate between Gibberish and English. Itallics represents Gibberish.

RITA

Wittagow! Your boyfriend?

VIVIAN

No. Just a guy.

RITA

Oh. Well, whoever this "guy" is, he's pretty lucky.

VIVIAN

Why?

RITA

Vivian, look at you, if there is one thing your mother ever gave you, it's great tits.

Vivian pulls at her collar and looks down her shirt.

VIVIAN

Really? You think so?

RITA

So guess what? *Ittagim gittagoittaging
tittagoo nittagursittaging sittagchool.*

Rita suddenly sashays from the bathroom announcing...

Subtitle: *I'M GOING TO NURSING SCHOOL.*

OMIT

OMIT

Vivian, still with the depilatory smeared over her lip, chases after her.

VIVIAN
(floored)
You're gonna be a nurse - !?

26 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

26

RITA
You don't believe me?

VIVIAN
I do - it's just -

Rita, still in her tiny towel, is digging in her purse.

RITA
I'll be like a medical assistant. Pulses and temperatures, appointments. Stuff like that. I have the brochure. It's wild, this place. I - I put it in here so I wouldn't lose it. Shit. Don't you hate when that happens? I'm trying to get organized...

Rita - frustrated - dumps it all over the floor. She rifles through the pile of purse entrails. A little bottle of vodka rolls out. She holds it up -

RITA
Hey. Look. From the airplane. Let's celebrate. You and me. We'll make some cocktails.

VIVIAN
I can't - can you? I mean - I thought you're not supposed to anymore -

RITA
We can have a cocktail to celebrate. We're grown-ups.

VIVIAN
What's there to celebrate about?

RITA
My secret. Ittagime ittagin littagove.

Subtitle: *I'M IN LOVE.*

Suddenly - The front door swings open. It's Murray with groceries.

RITA
Uncle Murray!

Rita springs across the room, flings her arms open and hugs Murray. Vivian watches as Rita's towel almost falls off.

MURRAY
Hi kiddo. What do you think - Viv - ?

VIVIAN
How come nobody ever tells me anything?

MURRAY
What's that on your face?

VIVIAN
(suddenly embarrassed)
It's - ah

Rita intercepts, saving Vivian the explanation. She whispers into Murray's ear, plucks a grocery bag from his arms and heads into the adjoining kitchen -

MURRAY
See, Viv? I didn't even know you had a mustache. Already, the benefits of having another female around the house.

VIVIAN
Can I take it off now?

RITA
(to Viv)
Don't touch. Fittagive mittagore
mittiginittages

Subtitle: *FIVE MORE MINUTES.*

MURRAY
(unloading shopping bags)
Look at this corned beef? Ever see anything so beautiful in your whole life? To celebrate. Who wants a Dagwood?

RITA (OS)
I do.

27 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

27*

Rita mixes two glasses of Orange Juice with the vodka.

28 INT. CASA BELLA APTS - DINETTE AREA - NIGHT

28

VIVIAN
Where is she gonna stay?

MURRAY
(making sandwiches)
We're moving. (to Rita) You want mustard?

RITA (OS)
Yep.

VIVIAN
Again? We just got here.

MURRAY
Viv, the luxury building. Across the street. This is a shit hole. Just temporary. My brother is gonna help us out. *

Vivian looks out the window at the semi-modern building with the swirling letters: *THE CAMELOT OF BEVERLY HILLS*.

VIVIAN
Uncle Mickey is helping?

MURRAY
You're still gonna have to share a room.
You'll be like sisters.

The screen door swings open. Ben and Rickey each with a shopping bag stand breathless in the doorway. Vivian turns her head away from the window to the door.

BEN
Viv, what's that shit on your face?

VIVIAN
Shut up!

MURRAY
Ben, leave her alone. It's for her mustache.

VIVIAN
Dad!

BEN
Oh my god, my sister is a hermaphrodite.

VIVIAN
I am not!

RICKEY
What's a hermaphrodite?

MURRAY
Rickey! Go eat a sandwich!

VIVIAN
A lot of famous women use this stuff.
It's called....What's it called?

Rita emerges from the kitchen with the drinks in her hands. She holds two glasses up to the room and clinks them together like she's making a toast to herself. *

RITA
Depilatory!

Like a curtain on cue, Rita's towel falls to the floor. She's naked. Ben and Rickey are stunned. EVERYONE stares at Rita. *

Vivian overcome by everything - goes running with her hands over her face into the bathroom and slams the door. *

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CASA BELLA APTS - DAY

29*

Vivian marches briskly across the street carrying a big box. The family is moving again. Eliot is right behind her, hurrying to catch up. He, too, lugs a box.

ELIOT
Who's the lady? Is that your old man's girlfriend?

VIVIAN
My cousin.

ELIOT
She's a fox.

Vivian rolls her eyes and enters the building. Eliot follows.

30 INT. C MELOT APTS - LOBBY - DAY

30*

Pseudo-luxurious with gold veined mirror panels, a crushed velvet couch, and a potted plant.

VIVIAN
(impressed)
Check it out.

ELIOT
Nice foyer. You're movin' up, Abramowitz. *

Vivian punches the elevator button. Eliot stands right behind her and smells her hair. The doors open, MUZAK POURS OUT.

ELIOT

They got tunes in here and everything...

They enter. The doors close.

31 INT. CAMELOT APTS - ELEVATOR - DAY

31*

Eliot points up to a surveillance camera. B&W, WIDE HIGH-ANGLE, FROM THE VIDEO SURVEILLANCE CAMERA'S POV -

ELIOT

And check it out. Somebody's getting a free show.

VIVIAN

It's security -

Eliot sticks his huge face into the lens of the camera.

ELIOT

Well I call it an invasion of privacy!
Wake up! Fed! I'm talkin' to you, live
from Spahn Ranch!

Eliot jumps up and down pulling his t-shirt tight, trying to shove Charles Manson's face into the camera.

VIVIAN

Stop it. What're you doing?! I gotta live here.

ELIOT

Just tryin' to have some fun. So uptight.
Are you a virgin? Or something?

The elevator doors open. Vivian and Eliot exit.

32 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LONG HALLWAY - DAY

32*

Vivian marches ahead. Eliot hustles to keep up with her.

VIVIAN

I told you it was a building thing.
You're my neighbor, not my type.

ELIOT

So.

VIVIAN

You live across the street. We're gonna see each other everyday. You know how it gets after you do it.

ELIOT
How does it get?

VIVIAN
It gets weird.

ELIOT
So, you're not a virgin.

CUT TO:

A small hand lovingly strokes thick new carpet.

RICKEY (OS)
It's plush!

33 INT. CAMELOT APTS - NEW APARTMENT - DAY

33*

Rickey, splayed out on the floor rubs the wall to wall rust shag carpeting. Murray and Ben mill around the new spread. It's sunny and filled with bad hotel-like furniture.

Vivian enters with her box. Eliot right behind her.

RICKEY
Look Viv. Feel it.

VIVIAN
Wow. It's furnished!

BEN
(standing by dinnette set)
Check out the Formica.

ELIOT
Big step up from Casa Bella. *

VIVIAN
Where's Rita? *

MURRAY
She's downstairs at the pool. *

VIVIAN
There's a pool? *

Vivian looks out a window. From a high angle, Rita can be seen floating on a raft in the middle of a pool. *

RICKEY
Are we rich now? *

BEN
It's Uncle Mickey. *

RICKEY
 (rolling around like a happy
 dog)
 Uncle Mickey's a millionaire!

BEN
 He's well off, but he's not like Johnny
 Carson. Carson, he's a millionaire.

MURRAY
 What about your old man? Don't I get any
 credit around here?

VIVIAN
 It's a nice place, Dad.

RICKEY
 Finally, we're rich!
 (drunk with giddines)
 "Miss Ball is issuing no treats this
 Year!"

VIVIAN
 This makes us middle class. Right, Ben?
 Average. In the middle.

ELIOT
 I'd call it bourgeois.

BEN
 French. Excellent word, Aronson.

VIVIAN
 Is this it? Are we bourgeois now?

BEN
 Dad's white collar. A salesman. I think
 that makes us middle class sort of. Uncle
 Mickey owns his own business. He owns
 property. A house. We rent.

MURRAY
 What the hell d'you think your mother is
 livin' in? A teepee? That's my house
 she's got. I bought that when I had the
 business.

VIVIAN
 (sensing Murray's sensitivity)
 That's right. Dad had his own place.

MURRAY
 You're damn straight. I was a big shot.

Vivian knows Murray is about to launch into a story. And she
 knows it word for word like a song. She joins in on cue.

MURRAY AND VIVIAN
(in unison)

Did I ever tell you the time Charlie, the cook...

Murray is startled and amused by Vivian's re-call.

BEN

Yeah; Dad, I think you might have mentioned it once.

MURRAY

Okay wiseguys.

Vivian does an impeccable impersonation of her Dad's voice.

VIVIAN

"Christ that guy could cook a steak."

MURRAY

I'm talking about like thick. That's how we served it. Seasoned. Rare. And bloody.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP on a large side of raw red meat.

34 INT. MURRAY'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - DAY 34

CHARLIE, the head cook, a beefy guy with an angelic face uses a large cleaver and cuts off a thick piece of steak.

FLUMP SOUND AS THE CLEAVER HITS THE BUTCHER BLOCK

Charlie tosses a piece of steak on the hot grill. It SIZZLES.

*

35 INT. MURRAY'S RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT 35

Chairs are turned over on little cocktail tables. MURRAY ABRAMOWITZ as a younger man (40), the owner of the club, sits at the bar eating his steak dinner. A bottle of whiskey sits next to his plate. The kitchen doors swing open

*

Charlie lumbers out. He wears an open overcoat on top of his dirt, kitchen whites. He's got a sweaty upper lip.

MURRAY

Hey, Charlie. You're walkin' funny. You're limpin'. What happened?

CHARLIE

Tired Mur...Inventory night.

MURRAY

I want you to know this steak is terrific.

CHARLIE
(buttoning up his coat)
Yeah?

MURRAY
Sit down lemme buy you a drink.

CHARLIE
(lifting his coat collar)
Na. Thanks anyway. I'm beat.

MURRAY
You're sweatin' Charlie. What's a matter?

CHARLIE
(a little defensive)
Long night, Murray. In a hot kitchen.

Murray stabs another big bite of steak and pops it in his mouth.

MURRAY
Mmmm. It's magic what you can do to a
steak. C'mere. Have a drink with me.
What's one drink?

Murray slaps the bar stool next to him. Charlie reluctantly
sidles up to the stool.

CHARLIE
Just one Murray. My wife and kids...

MURRAY
Thatta boy.

Murray turns over two shot glasses, pours liquor and holds up
his glass to Charlie like he's going to make a toast.

MURRAY
How long have you been working for me,
Charlie?

CHARLIE
I'm tired Mur. I don't wanna get into all
this deep shit.

MURRAY
(a little hurt)
C'mon. It's a toast!

CHARLIE
Eight years. I've been working for you
for eight years.

MURRAY

Okay, then. To friendship!

Murray and Charlie hit shot glasses and knock back their drinks. Murray pours two more shots. Hands Charlie his glass.

MURRAY

C'mon. You gotta toast this time.

CHARLIE

(shaking his head, exhausted)

Mur...Too tired to be philosophical.

MURRAY

C'mon. Think of something.

The men hold their glasses up. Charlie stares up at the ceiling trying hard to think.

Murray picks up his fork from the bar, takes another quick bite of steak. And suddenly, like a tight spring that snaps -

Murray spears the fork into Charlie's thigh.

Murray and Charlie lock eyes. Charlie reacts shocked, but not a peep.

MURRAY

(sinister)

You're not screaming, Charlie.

Charlie's face is frozen with fear.

MURRAY

Doesn't that hurt? A fork is stickin' out of your thigh. You feel no pain?

CHARLIE

(pathetic)

Mur...

Charlie's lip is trembling like he's about to cry.

MURRAY

(nasty teasing)

Oh. Look. Little Charlie is bleeding. What have we got here?

There is a little red stain forming around the fork-- bleeding through the kitchen whites. Murray touches his finger to the blood stain and tastes it.

MURRAY

It's seasoned. Tastes like steak. Stand up, Charlie.

CHARLIE
(begging)
Murray, please.

MURRAY
Stand up! I'm tryin' to help you. I gotta
take a look at the wound.

Murray unbuckles Charlie's belt, unzips his fly and rips
Charlie's pants open down to his ankles.

Steaks are tied to Charlie's legs. Six of them. Three per
leg. Carefully secured to his thighs with butcher string.

MURRAY
Is this your inventory, you piece
of shit thief!

CHARLIE
It's been tight at home. Murray, my kids. *

Using a knife from the bar, Murray cuts the steaks from
Charlie's legs and stacks them on the bar. SLAP. SLAP.

MURRAY
Let your kids know that the food in their
stomachs is from my goddamn restaurant!
Let 'em know who their real father is. *

CUT TO:

36 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

36*

MURRAY
(still inside the story)
I'm their father! I'm their father.

There is a LONG HUSHED PAUSE as Vivian, Ben, Rickey and Eliot
stare at Murray. Eliot breaks the ice. He snaps open his
lighter and holds the flame in front of Murray's face.

ELIOT
That's quite a tale Mr. Abramowitz.

MURRAY
(coming out of a spell)
Huh?

ELIOT
Wanna light?

Murray looks lost as if he's just been transported from
another world. Vivian is unnerved by the intensity of
Murray's telling. She tries to bring him back.

VIVIAN
Your cigarette, Dad. In your hand.

Murray looks down and sees that he's holding an unlit Pall Mall.

MURRAY
Oh yeah.

Murray brings the cigarette to his mouth. Eliot lights it.

ELIOT
Quite a tale.

CUT TO:

Safeway supermarket sign illuminated against the sky.

37 EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - EVENING

37*

RATTLING across the asphalt - Vivian, Ben and Rickey push a shopping cart filled with groceries.

RICKEY
Why does Dad have to rip Charlie's pants off and make him walk home with his underwear showing?

VIVIAN
That's not the point of the story, idiot.

BEN
Sure it is, Vivian. It's "Schadenfreude"

VIVIAN
What?

BEN
"Schadenfreude," German. Excellent word. It means getting pleasure from other people's pain. Of course it takes a German to come up with a word like that.

VIVIAN
It's not about Dad being a Nazi.

RICKEY
What's a Nazi?

BEN
Okay genius, what is it about then?

Vivian intuitively understands that there is more to the story, but can't find the words to express it - especially under the scrutiny of Big Brother, Ben.

VIVIAN
 (sputtering)
 It's about...like when, you know...like

BEN
 Yeah, go on...

VIVIAN
 It's about...It's about...It's...

BEN
 (cruel mimicking)
 "It's about...It's about..." Good insight
 Dr. Freud.

VIVIAN
 Shut up.

RICKEY
 (yelling across the lot)
 Dad! Over here!

Rickey spots Murray standing mid lot next to the car. Rickey pushes the shopping cart fast and jumps on the back of it like a skateboard. Gloriously, he rides through the parking lot towards his Dad - the Safeway sign shining bright over his head like a beacon.

TV SOUND: APPLAUSE AND CANNED LAUGHTER

CUT TO:

38 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 38*

Murray, Ben and Rickey lounge in their graying jockey underwear watching Johnny Carson's monologue.

39 INT. CAMELOT APTS - VIVIAN & RITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 39*

Rita stands in her bra and underwear, unpacking a few things. Vivian in a modest nightie fondles Rita's plastic hospital ID bracelet. It reads: RITA ABRAMOWITZ--PINEWOOD DETOX CENTER.

VIVIAN
 Can I have it?

RITA
 Huh? Oh. What for?

VIVIAN
 Impress my friends.

RITA
 Sure.

Vivian watches Rita unpack. She's desperate to make contact.

VIVIAN
Do you like Carole King?

RITA
Yeah. She's okay.

VIVIAN
I have "Tapestry." The album.

Rita removes a big vibrator from her suitcase.

VIVIAN
What's that?

RITA
(deadpan)
My new boyfriend.

Vivian looks baffled.

RITA
A vibrator. You never seen one of these before?

VIVIAN
(pretending)
Oh yeah. Sure.

RITA
You can use it. What's mine is yours.

Rita twists the vibrator. Revving it up. It makes a WEIRD BUZZING SOUND and shakes in Rita's hand.

RITA
Batteries still work. Here.

Rita tosses it over the bed. Vivian catches the pulsating VIBRATOR. She holds it flapping in her hand like a fish.

VIVIAN
F'ww!

She tosses it back to Rita. Rita begins vamping with the vibrator encouraging Vivian to loosen up.

RITA
Play with it a little...

Rita tosses the vibrator back to Vivian.

Vivian tentatively begins to perform for Rita - dropping the vibrator low and swinging it between her legs. Rita cheers her on and switches on the clock radio to accompany Vivian's vamp. LOUD 1970's ROCK N' ROLL, BLARES.

Vivian dances lewdly to the MUSIC--swinging that vibrator between her legs. Thrusting to the hypnotic beat. Let's call it VIVIAN'S DILDO DANCE. The women are laughing like crazy.

Murray appears at the door in his underwear, speechless.

Rita, seeing Murray, shuts off the MUSIC. The only sound remaining, the DEAFENING BUZZ of the vibrator.

Vivian suddenly swings around and sees her father. She is mortified--caught, holding a big BUZZING VIBRATOR. She struggles to switch it off, but can't figure out how.

RITA

(to Vivian)

Turn it! Turn it! The head! Turn the head! The head.

Vivian fumbles nervously with the vibrator, finds the head and twists it. The VIBRATOR SHUTS OFF. The room falls silent. Except for the sound of Rita laughing herself silly.

MURRAY (VO)

Listen, just try to act normal. She's a lady.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE OF DORIS' CONDO - NIGHT

40

Murray marches with his family. Vivian, Ben and Rickey look overly groomed and packed into their dress clothes. Rita shuffles along in platforms shoes. EVERYTHING ECHOES.

MURRAY

Sold her a car. Got her a terrific price. She's dyin' to meet you guys.

RICKEY

Why does she want to meet us?

MURRAY

I got to have friends my own age, right? She's invited us over for dinner. She cooks terrific. Viv, Rita, is my tie straight? The hair okay?

VIVIAN

You look good, Dad.

MURRAY

Yeah? I'm set?

RITA

You're very handsome Uncle Mur.

*

MURRAY

Okay, everybody, now. Let's just try to act normal, like people.

CUT TO:

41 INT. DORIS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

41

The family is seated around the table eating. DORIS an over-sunned 60-year-old woman sits at the head of the table.

DORIS

(to Rita)

I hear you were vacationing up north. The Bay Area. I love it up there. Where did you stay?

RITA

Pinewood -

DORIS

I don't know that hotel.

RITA

It's not a hotel. It's a clinic - Ouch!

Rita has been kicked underneath the table by Vivian.

VIVIAN

More like a Spa. A weight loss clinic.

Ben starts laughing with his mouth full.

MURRAY

(to Ben)

Cover your mouth.

(to Doris)

It's new. A very exclusive place.

DORIS

Really? You're so thin. It's hard to believe you were ever -

VIVIAN

You should have seen her before.

Vivian fills her cheeks up with air trying to illustrate how fat Rita used to be.

Murray abruptly takes a hold of Doris' hands and kisses them. Doris' nails are so dramatically long, they curve under.

MURRAY

Look at how beautiful Doris keeps her nails, Viv.

DORIS
Oh, Murray.

BEN
(under his breath)
Like painted talons -

RICKEY
What're talons ? Ouch!

Ben has just kicked Rickey under the table.

VIVIAN
They're really nice.

DORIS
It's hard to do certain things. But I can
still smoke my cigarettes.

She pulls a long skinny cigarette from a dainty case. Murray
lights it.

MURRAY
Amazing what you can do to a chicken.
(to his kids)
Right?

Everyone mumbles "Yeah. Yumm. It was great."

Vivian shifts around on her seat. She looks down on her lap.
And feels the chair underneath her.

DORIS
You didn't spill on the seat cover did
you?

VIVIAN
(startled)
No. I was just admiring the fabric. I
can't find my napkin -

Vivian bends down under the table to pick up her napkin. She
tugs at Rita encouraging her to bend down with her.

DORIS
I did all the covers myself. Needlepoint.
I could teach you some stitches.

UNDER THE TABLE - VIVIAN & RITA WISPERING URGENT

VIVIAN
Didagoo yittagoo hittagav
tittagampittagons?

Subtitle: DO YOU HAVE TAMPONS?

RITA
Nittago. Ittagi diddagont nittageed
thettagem.

Subtitle: *NO. I DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE.*

VIVIAN
Whittagy?

Subtitle: *WHY?*

RITA
Ittagime prettagegnettagint.

Subtitle: *I'M PREGNANT.*

Vivian - shocked - bangs her head on the table on her way up.
All the glasses teeter - Vivian waves her napkin above her
head like a white flag as both she and Rita resurface -

VIVIAN
Oh, here it is.

RICKEY
Doris, are you good at vocabulary words?

DORIS
I think so, Rickey.

RICKEY
What's a hermaphrodite?

Doris chokes on her mouthful of smoke. Ben bursts into
laughter.

MURRAY
What the hell kind of question is that?

RICKEY
It's a word. Ben said it!

Doris is still coughing.

MURRAY
Ben, get Doris some water.

Ben delivers water to Doris. Doris gestures that she's okay.

DORIS
Just went down the wrong pipe is all. I'm
fine.

Vivian gets up from the table. There is a tiny red spot on
her seat. She carefully places her napkin over it.

VIVIAN
 (to the table)
 Excuse me.

She exits.

42 INT. DORIS' POWDER ROOM - NIGHT 42

Cute hand towels, doilies and guest soaps abound. Vivian searches all the cabinets. She's a little panicked.

VIVIAN
 (calling, politely)
 Doris...

*
 *
 *

43 INT. DORIS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT 43

Doris places a store-bought pie on the table.

DORIS
 Murray, why don't you go ahead and serve
 the pie.

Doris exits. Long pause at the table.

BEN
 Female problems.

Rickey giggles and sprays milk out of his mouth.

MURRAY
 Why don't you shut up and eat some pie.

44 INT. DORIS' POWDER ROOM - NIGHT 44

Doris, crouched on the floor, digs deep into a cabinet.
 Vivian sits on the closed lid of the toilet. *

DORIS
 You have to be prepared every month.

VIVIAN
 I thought it was over. The last day.

DORIS
 The last day is sometimes the heaviest.
 A ha! Here you go. I kept some around for
 this very occasion.

Doris pulls out a big old box of sanitary napkins. She blows some dust off the lid and hands it to Vivian. The box is from a different era. Vivian removes a pad and studies it.

DORIS
 (from inside cabinet)
 Bingo! And look what else I found!

Doris holds up something like an elastic garter.

VIVIAN
 What's that?

DORIS
 A menstrual belt.

VIVIAN
 For what?

DORIS
 To hold it on, dear. See these little
 hooks. There's a science to it.
 (handing Vivian the belt)
 You can take the box home with you.

Doris exits. Vivian looks devastated.

45 INT. DORIS' - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

Ben and Rickey watch "Let's Make a Deal" on TV. Rita sits
 with a cigarette in her mouth braiding Vivian's hair. *

46 INT. DORIS' ADJOINING DINING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Murray sits at the head of the table sipping coffee. He
 watches Doris as she leisurely clears the dinner dishes.

DORIS
 (purring)
 Mur....Stop. You're staring.

MURRAY
 A pretty lady like you should be used to
 it by now. It's been a long time since I
 even thought about a woman.

DORIS
 At ' age Murray, with two husbands dead
 and buried, I'm not looking for a lover.
 I'm looking for a companion.

Doris clears Vivian's place setting. She bends down to lift
 the napkin from Vivian's seat. *

MURRAY
 You mean you don't want sex anymore?

Suddenly....Like she's just seen a ghost...Doris drops a
 plate that CRASHES on to the table and SMASHES to bits.

DORIS
Ahhhhhhhhh!

MURRAY
(rushing to her side)
Doris, what?

Doris points to the red menstrual stain Vivian deposited on the seat cover...

DORIS
Blood. Blood on my needlepoint. My
needlepoint!

CUT TO:

47 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LOBBY - NIGHT

47*

The ABRAMOWITZES silently march across the lobby. Vivian carries the oversized box of sanitary napkins like an unwanted Door Prize. Everyone stares straight ahead.

*
*
*

BEN
(deadpan irony)
Quite a success.

Unable to control herself, Rita explodes into laughter, creating a chain reaction. The entire family is in hysterics. Even Murray can't control his chuckles. They exit. Laughter continues over the empty lobby.

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

48 INT. CAMELOT APTS - VIVIAN & RITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

48*

Rita with curlers in her hair sits cross legged on the bed in her bra and underwear surrounded by paperwork for Nursing School. She is spilling her guts. Vivian listens nervously.

RITA
We meet at Pinewood. Same group. Both
Geminis. Fucked up families. He likes
classical music. Long walks. Loves Ludes.
He Jewish. He's an actor. He's perfect.

VIVIAN
Is he famous?

RITA
Not yet.

Among her pile of papers, Rita fishes out a head shot and hands it to Vivian. Reading the name off the picture -

VIVIAN
Danny Roth.

RITA
(proud)
Yep.

VIVIAN
(turning it over to read)
"Man of LaMancha."

RITA
He did it as a one-man show. Ouch!
(pressing against her breasts)
Six weeks and they're already like solid.
Feel them. Soon I'll be nothing but
"Meals on Heels."

VIVIAN
Does he want to have a baby? *

RITA
I haven't told him yet. But, Vivian, I am
so ready to domesticate. *

VIVIAN
(holding up Danny's picture)
Well don't you think you should tell him
about it first. *

RITA
I'm gonna, as soon as I -
(seizing on a document)
Oh my God! Vivian! Look. My schedule.
(handing paper to Viv)
Read it!

VIVIAN
(reading from the paper)
"Day One. The Art of Urinalysis." So?

RITA
Keep going.

VIVIAN
(reading)
"All students are required to bring in a
urine sample to work with. We've provided
a specimen cup for your convenience." So?

RITA
Vivian. They'll see it.

VIVIAN
What?

RITA

The baby! It'll show up. Don't you know anything about reproduction?

VIVIAN

(hurt)

I know stuff.

RITA

Look, if your pregnant, they can see it, it shows up in your urine. Now how is that gonna look - knocked up - on my first day of school? It's not right -

VIVIAN

Rita, when are you gonna tell this guy about the baby?

RITA

Look, you and me, we gotta help each other, right? I need you to do this for me.

Rita pulls out a specimen cup and hands it to Vivian. Vivian is floored by the request.

RITA

Please. I love you Viv.

CUT TO TOTAL DARKNESS:

RICKEY (OS)

Ben?

A LIGHT SWITCHES ON:

49 INT. CAMELOT APTS - BEN & RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

49*

Two single beds. A night table in between. Rickey, sitting up in his bed, has just switched on a lamp.

BEN

(squinting)

Hey, I'm sleeping.

RICKEY

Do you like her?

BEN

Who? Rita?

RICKEY

No. Doris. I think she's weird.

BEN
She's not weird. She's just normal. Go to sleep.

RICKEY
She's so old. She smells old.

BEN
Dad's old.

RICKEY
No, he's not. Not like her.

BEN
Dad's a Senior Citizen.

RICKEY
(eyes welling up)
He is not!

BEN
He's 65 years old, Rickey. That's a Senior Citizen. A mathematical fact. Murray Samuel Abramowitz is in the autumn of his life. Now shut the light.

Possessed, Rickey springs out of bed, lands on his brother's chest and wraps his fingers around Ben's neck. Rickey sobs, snot running down his face.

RICKEY
(choking Ben)
Liar!!!! Take it back!

BEN
(straining to speak)
What?!

RICKEY
Senior citizen! Take it back!

BEN
Okay! I take it back.

RICKEY
(sobbing)
The whole thing, Ben! Say it!

BEN
Dad is not a Senior Citizen. Alright?

Rickey releases his strangle-hold and wipes the tears and snot off his face with his pajama sleeve.

BEN
Will you get off me now?

Rickey unstraddles his brother.

RICKEY
Ben.

BEN
What?

RICKEY
Can I sleep in your bed tonight?

BEN
Yeah. Okay. But no funny business.

Rickey slips under the covers next to his brother.

RICKEY
PEEuuuwww! It stinks under here!

BEN
I got gas. If you don't like it, leave.

RICKEY
(stoically)
I can handle it.

Ben turns off the lamp. Darkness.

MURRAY (OS)
Get up. Wake up!

CUT TO:

50 INT. CAMELOT APTS - VIVIAN & RITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50*

Vivian springs up in the dark room. She sees...

Murray sitting on the side of her bed with a suitcase.

VIVIAN
(pre-conscious, panic)
Dad! What time is it? Are we moving? I
gotta pack. We're moving.

Vivian flips down her bed clothes trying to wake herself up.

MURRAY
(whispering)
Shhh! We're not moving.

VIVIAN
We're not? Thank god. I'm exhausted.

Vivian climbs back under her sheets with a sigh of relief.

MURRAY

We don't have to move for a long time. We get to stay put as long as she's okay. You like it here, right?

VIVIAN

Right.

MURRAY

Nicest place we've been in?

VIVIAN

Right.

MURRAY

A place to be proud of. Not ashamed or embarrassed. We got the toasters and the towels. We got the furniture.

VIVIAN

What are you getting at Dad?

MURRAY

I promised Doris we could get away together just for a night. To make things up to her. She laughs at my jokes. You know how that makes a man feel at my age?

VIVIAN

You're not old.

MURRAY

(hitting his stomach)

I'm in the best shape of my life. Like a horse. Like a rock. Feel it.

VIVIAN

(mildly protesting)

Dad...

MURRAY

I'm serious C'mon. A real punch. Hit me.

Vivian reluctantly winds up and punches her father's stomach full force.

MURRAY

(laughing)

Thatta girl. See, what I tell ya? A hundred percent.

Murray stands up hovering over Vivian's bed.

MURRAY

(gesturing to Rita)

Keep an eye out on sleeping beauty over there, will ya? She's got her first day at school tomorrow. She's got the uniform. She's all set. Just make sure she gets there. And she gets back. Keep her out of trouble. Okay? You want an Eskimo kiss? You're not too old for that are you?

Vivian shakes her head no. Murray bends down. They rub noses. Murray crosses the room with his suitcase.

MURRAY

(pulling the door shut)

I left some food money on the table.

51 INT. CAMELOT APTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

51*

Like a weird sleepwalker, Vivian shuffles down the hall in her nightie holding the empty specimen cup.

52 INT. CAMELOT APTS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

52*

Vivian places a full specimen cup on the sink basin. She reaches for the toilet paper; the roll is empty. She opens a cabinet, digs around blindly and pulls out - RITA'S VIBRATOR. She reads the label.

VIVIAN

"Warning. This should not be used over swollen or inflamed tissue. If swelling occurs, consult a physician."

Vivian latches the bathroom door. She switches on the heater. It HUMS as the coil heats up red. She switches off the light.

Vivian lays her head down on the tiled floor and gently twists the head of the vibrator. IT BUZZES and SHAKES in her hand. She pushes the vibrator down towards her private parts. It disappears out of the bottom of the frame.

STAY ON VIVIAN'S FACE...her eyes are glued to the ceiling. Intense concentration as she tries to figure out the pleasure mechanics of the vibrator. It's not working. THE VIBRATOR DRONES ON. Suddenly -

Vivian's face changes. She's on to something. A feeling she's never had before. Her face tightens, her eyes squeeze shut. Her whole body stiff as a board. VIVIAN'S AMPLIFIED BREATH INTENSIFIES - A GASP. BUZZING. FAST BREATH. BUZZING. FASTER BREATH. Finally...

VIVIAN
(discreet ecstasy)
Ahhhhh!

The room spins around. THE VIBRATOR SHUTS OFF. Vivian's eyes peel open and stare up at the ceiling. Hold on Vivian.

Heavy 1970's BOY ROCK BLASTS. Imagine Zeppelin's "Black Dog."

MUSIC CONTINUES

53 INT. CAMELOT APTS - DINETTE AREA - MORNING

53*

Dad is gone. An envelope sits on the table with "Food Money" scrawled on the outside. Teenage anarchy is in the air.

Rickey and Ben sit at the table in their underwear. A box of Trix sits between them as they heap tablespoons of the dayglow cereal balls into their mouths. Surreal Saturday morning TV plays, "H.R. Puff'N Stuff."

54 INT. CAMELOT APTS - VIVIAN & RITA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

54

Rita lays her uniform out on the bed while holding a curling iron in her hair.

RITA
(yelling)
Viv!

55 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LAUNDRY ROOM NEAR GARAGE - MORNING

55

In the bowels of the building, MUSIC blasts from a crappy radio above a dryer. Here, in the privacy of the laundry room, Vivian rocks with a bravado that could match any teenage boy. Keeping time with the music, she dumps stuff from the dryer into a basket, kicks the dryer door shut with a BANG, and swings around to discover that she is not alone -

VIVIAN
(spooked)
Ahhhh.

The laundry basket drops to the floor.

MUSIC STOPS.

GIRL (OS)
I didn't mean to scare you.

VIVIAN
You didn't - it's just -

Loitering in the doorway is a sad looking girl with big bruises under her bloodshot eyes and a small bandage across her nose. RACHEL HOFFMAN (16), stands with her little sister, BROOKE (8).

RACHEL
My face looks kind of fucked up. I know.

VIVIAN
No. It's not that - I -

RACHEL
We live above you. Upstairs in the Penthouse. I'm Rachel Hoffman. This is my sister, Brooke.

VIVIAN
Hi.

BROOKE
Rach, she's staring.

VIVIAN
I'm sorry -

RACHEL
(deperate to explain herself)
It really was medical, you know. Deviated septum. Sometimes it got so bad, I couldn't even breathe. So while they were at it, they got rid of Daddy's bump.

Vivian trying to be genuinely polite and encouraging -

VIVIAN
It looks good.

RACHEL
You could get yours fixed. My doctor is the best in the business. Here -

Like a proselyte for cosmetic surgery, Rachel hands Vivian her doctor's business card. It's folded. On the outside it reads: *Beverly Hills Surgical Reconstruction Center.*

RACHEL
He's been on TV. He does everybody. They call him the Michelangelo of Beverly Hills. He did my mother.

Vivian unfolds the top of the card. On the inside it reads:

Rhinoplasty, Breast Augmentation and Reduction "Dr. Lawrence Grossman, Plastic Surgeon" Complimentary Consultation by appointment Only 213-274-LIFT.

VIVIAN
Your mom had her nose done, too?

RACHEL
 Yep. And her breasts.

VIVIAN
 Really? Silicone?

RACHEL
 Nope. Reduced. Mom said they gave her a lot of trouble. Back pain.

MRS. HOFFMAN (OS)
 Rach. Brooke. C'mon girls -

RACHEL
 (ignoring her mother)
 Plus she said big breasts were retardaire.

VIVIAN
 What?

RACHEL
 Retardaire. Passe. They made her look cheap.

MRS. HOFFMAN (OS)
 C'mon girls. I need some help with these.

Rachel and Brooke disappear into the garage. Vivian catches a faint glimpse of Mrs. Hoffman in the distance - a skinny, stylish Beverly Hills mom weighed down with shopping bags. Vivian, holds her laundry basket and stares longingly after the family of women as they click across the parking garage.

CUT TO:

56 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LIVING ROOM/DINETTE AREA - MORNING

56*

Rickey and Ben still eat cereal. KNOCK. KNOCK on the door.

BEN
 (lording over the household)
 Entre!

The door is pushed open. It's Eliot holding a briefcase.

ELIOT
 Vivian around?

BEN
 Hey, Aronson. Just the man I was lookin' for. C'mon in. Have a seat. Got any of that weed on you?

Eliot sits down and helps himself to a bowl of cereal.

ELIOT
Always got product.

BEN
How 'bout some samples.

ELIOT
Can't give it away, man. It's a business.

BEN
Hey, am I charging you for the Trix?

ELIOT
(with a mouthful of cereal)
I thought the Trix was an offering. No strings attached.

BEN
This is not about the Trix, Eliot. Trix are for Kids. It's the principle I'm talking about.

ELIOT
What principle?

BEN
You're a salesman. I'm a potential customer. I was just askin' for a sample of your merchandise. A toke. Nothing big. You turn it into a case.

ELIOT
Product 's product. It costs money.

Ben lifts up the envelope of cash from the table.

BEN
I got money, Eliot. That's not the point.

RICKEY
Hey! That's our food money!

BEN
Shut up and get my bong.

Rickey slavishly obeys and digs through a cabinet.

BEN
How much for a two-finger bag?

ELIOT
Twenty bucks.

Eliot SNAPS open his briefcase lined with baggies of pot.

BEN
 (counting the crisp bills)
 I'll let you have my sister if you give
 me a break.

VIVIAN (OS)
 Hey, you guys. What's going on?

Vivian still in her night shirt stands in the doorway with
 the laundry.

RICKEY
 (holding an enormous bong)
 Dad's gone. Ben's blowing our food money
 on dope!

VIVIAN
 Ben!

BEN
 Why don't you cover yourself up, you're
 making us all sick. We're eating here.

VIVIAN
 You can't do that.

Vivian grabs the envelope and counts the bills. Ben packs the
 bowl of his bong.

BEN
 Who made you the treasurer? I'm the
 eldest. Ignite me, Padre.

Ben hands Rickey a lighter. Rickey lights the bowl. Ben sucks
 making loud bubble sounds. Vivian is disgusted.

VIVIAN
 Eliot, unlike my brother here, I have
 some responsibilities to attend to. I got
 to get my cousin to Nursing school. Will
 you give us a lift?

ELIOT
 Sure. . support that. Nurses are cool.

BEN
 (with his lungs full)
 I have responsibilities too, Aronson. Got
 a big audition for the summer musical up
 at Beverly. Guys and Dolls. Your superb
 product is gonna help land me the part
 that I deserve. Sky Masterson.

ELIOT
 Brando played that in the movie.

RICKEY

Last summer was Godspell.

VIVIAN

That was stupid.

BEN

(exhaling smoke in her face)
What was so stupid about it, Vivian?

VIVIAN

It was a stupid hippie leotard show.

BEN

At least I'm trying to improve myself.
What about you?

VIVIAN

I'm improving.

BEN

Your tits maybe.

VIVIAN

Shut up.

RITA (OS)

(calling)

Vivian....

VIVIAN

(calling to Rita)

I'm coming! (to Ben) I don't go around
talking about your morning boners so
stop talking about my tits.

BEN

I'm proud of my manhood.

Vivian SLAMS the laundry basket down and exits.

CUT TO:

57 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LIVING ROOM/DINETTE AREA - DAY

57*

Ben, springs out from behind the curtains as if entering a Broadway stage. Stoned and still wearing only his jockey underwear, he belts out Sky Masterson's big number.

BEN

*Luck if you've ever been a lady to begin
with. Luck be a lady tonight....*

CUT TO:

58 INT. ELIOT'S CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

58

A CLASSIC 1970s TEEN ANTHEM SWELLS FROM THE CAR RADIO.

The urine sample sits on the dashboard as - Eliot, Vivian and Rita sit in the front seat. In her stiff, starched white cap Rita looks like a reluctant "Career Barbie." She gives directions from a small piece of paper. Yelling over the radio...

ELIOT

Now what?

RITA

Make a right. Not here. There.

ELIOT

Where?

RITA

There. After the driveway. Here. Turn right! Here!

Eliot makes a sharp turn, the urine goes sliding across the dashboard.

ELIOT

Vivian, will you hold on to that. It's a Cadillac, for chrissakes.

Vivian plucks the specimen cup from the dashboard -

VIVIAN

Well hurry up! We still gotta get her to school on time -

ELIOT

Gimme the paper.

Rita hands Eliot the directions.

ELIOT

We're close. I know this neighborhood. I do a lot of business up here

RITA

What do you do?

VIVIAN

He deals drugs.

ELIOT

Vivian, do you mind not going around misrepresenting me like that? Jesus. I don't want people to get the wrong idea like I'm some school yard pusher or something.

RITA

Oh, I don't mind. In fact, if you got anything for my nerves, you know just layin' around; Seconal, Demerol, Tuonal, Nembutal, Valium, Percoset, Quaaludes...

VIVIAN

Rita!

ELIOT

Not my merchandise. I deal exclusively in pot.

RITA

That shit makes me paranoid -

ELIOT

That's the street. Right down the hill -

RITA

Stop the car!

ELIOT

What?!

RITA

Stop!

Eliot brings the car to a sudden screeching halt. Long silence.

VIVIAN

Why did we stop?

RITA

I'm gonna walk. I want to surprise him.

VIVIAN

He doesn't know you're coming?

RITA

Not exactly. I told him I was gonna drop by some time, but I didn't say when. He's gonna freak when he sees me in this outfit.

VIVIAN

You're gonna tell him, right?

RITA

You can't just tell a guy you're pregnant.

VIVIAN

Why not?

ELIOT
You're pregnant - !!?

Eliot appears utterly stunned -

RITA
(referring to Eliot)
It doesn't work that way. Look at him.
They go into shock - men freeze up. You
gotta lay the groundwork, first. Break
down their natural resistance. Re-
establish the passion. That's what this
visit is all about.

VIVIAN
Well how long is it gonna take to do
that?

RITA
Not long -

Rita opens the door and steps onto the street.

VIVIAN
Cause we only got fifteen minutes -
twenty minutes max or you're not gonna
make it to school on time.

Rita is disappearing down the hill.

RITA
Don't worry Viv, I'm a grown-up. I got it
under control.

59 EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

59*

Some serious top-forty trash like Kansas's "DUST IN THE
WIND," PLAYS FROM THE CAR RADIO. Vivian sits stiffly next to
Eliot as he softly sings along. A burn-out's serenade.
Suddenly, Vivian CLICKS off the RADIO

ELIOT
Hey. That's a good song.

VIVIAN
How long has she been in there?

ELIOT
We got time. If she comes out in ten
minutes we'll still be able to make it.
Relax. Look around. Take in the sights.

VIVIAN
What sights? I only see bushes.

ELIOT

You know where we are, don't you?

VIVIAN

Yeah. Benedict Canyon waiting for my cousin.

ELIOT

Benedict Canyon Road. See that?

VIVIAN

What?

ELIOT

(pointing across Viv's face)
That - that house - over there.

VIVIAN

Yeah. So what?

ELIOT

Do you know what street that is?

VIVIAN

(getting irritated)
No.

ELIOT

Cielo Drive.

VIVIAN

Is this supposed to be interesting cause I'm under a lot of pressure right now?

ELIOT

(calmly)
Does "political piggy" ring a bell?

VIVIAN

What?

ELIOT

Cielo Drive? Abigail Folger - Coffee
Fortune Heiress? Sharon Tate - Valley of
the Dolls - Polanski?

*
*
*

VIVIAN

Eliot, you're bugging me.

ELIOT

That's the house right there. August 9th,
1969. They scaled the embankment. Cut the
phone wire. Hung 'em from the rafters.

VIVIAN
 (spooked and fascinated)
 Really? Right there? It looks like such a nice house.

ELIOT
 Open the glove compartment.

VIVIAN
 No. Let's get outta here! Let's pick her up!

Eliot leans across Vivian and pops the glove compartment. He digs through mangled road maps and pulls out a dog-eared paperback of Helter Skelter. He flips through the pages with adolescent fascination.

ELIOT
 This guy is gonna be up for fucking parole, man. Check it out. Seven counts of first degree murder, Spahn Ranch, Revelation 9.

VIVIAN
 C'mon. Stop. This is creepy. Let's go.

ELIOT
 (still inside book)
 The maid discovered the bodies.

VIVIAN
 I'm leaving. I'm getting Rita.

Vivian grabs the urine specimen and opens the car door.

ELIOT
 Wait...Come back...I'll drive you.

VIVIAN
 (yelling back to Eliot)
 We'll hitch.

ELIOT
 (calling after her)
 I just wanted to show you.

VIVIAN
 You're just trying to scare me so I throw myself into your perverted arms. You're sick. Charles Manson is sick.

Behind Vivian, Eliot, barely visible, stands at the top of the hill waving his paperback above his head like a crazed preacher.

ELIOT

This isn't sick Vivian! This is
History! Do you know what that means?
It's in the books! Printed. I didn't make
it up. This is our history, Vivian! Yours
and mine! So grow up!

Vulnerable in her skirt and teetering in Rita's borrowed
platform shoes, Vivian marches down the steep road holding
the specimen cup.

A car packed with BOYS whizzes towards Vivian. BOY PASSENGER
#1 sticks his head out the the car yelling -

BOY PASSENGER #1
Nice shelf, baby!

Vivian swings around and flips him the finger with such force
that she manages to spill the urine sample all over herself.

VIVIAN
Fuck you!

The CAR whizzes by, leaving a pee soaked Vivian in the dust.

VIVIAN
(wimpering to herself)
Rita....

60 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE PORCH / DOORWAY - DAY

60

Vivian RINGS THE DOORBELL. A DOG BARKS MADLY. THE SOUND OF
SOMEONE BOUNDING ACROSS A ROOM.

RITA (OS)
(shrieking)
Danny!

Rita enthusiastically swings open the door and discovers that
it's not Danny. But Vivian. Rita's demeanor sinks into a
disappointed slump. Her eyes fill up with tears. *

*

*

VIVIAN
Rita.

A big shirtless man shuffles to the door sporting a Greg
Allman - like mane of hair. He pokes his head out the door,
grunts and disappears back into the house. *

*

*

*

VIVIAN
What's going on?

RITA
He's not here.

VIVIAN
He's not?

RITA
That's Gregor. His roommate. Viv, you're
stepping on Danny. *

Vivian looks down to discover that one of Danny's loose
headshots is stuck to the bottom of her platform shoe.

VIVIAN
(peeling photo from shoe)
I'm sorry.

RITA
You wanna see his room?

VIVIAN
No. Rita, we gotta go. We're late.

RITA
Vivian, you're all wet. You stink.

VIVIAN
I had an accident.

Vivian holds up the empty specimen cup.

ELIOT
Hey.

Vivian and Rita turn around to see a contrite Eliot walking
the path with a crumpled shirt in his hand.

ELIOT
I brought you a fresh T-Shirt from my
trunk. *

61 EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

61*

Vivian now wears a shirt identical to Eliot's. Vivian and
Eliot are dragging a reluctant Rita toward the car. Kind of a
comic vision. Charles Manson T-shirts like bookends on either
side of a hysterical Rita.

RITA
I got to talk to him to lay the
groundwork. I got to - you know -

VIVIAN
- re-establish the passion - I know. We
can do it after. We're late.

RITA
I got to see him. I'm gonna have a baby,
Viv. A baby.

Climbing into the CADILLAC.

VIVIAN
(to Eliot)
I'm only getting back into your car
'cause Rita. Otherwise I'd hitch back....

The car takes off down the road -

62 EXT. BRYMAN'S NURSING SCHOOL - DAY

62

Rita stands on the sidewalk in front of an ugly concrete bunker of a building. She looks like a kid on her first day of school. WOMEN in WHITE NURSING UNIFORMS bustle behind her.

Eliot's CADILLAC idles. Vivian hands Rita her coffee and a fresh pack of cigarettes through the window.

VIVIAN
Here's your coffee. Cigarettes. And
here's this. Okay?

Vivian hands Rita the now full specimen cup.

RITA
Thanks for the refill, Viv. How do I
look?

VIVIAN
You look good. You look professional.
Doesn't she, Eliot?

ELIOT
Looks like you're ready to save some
lives.

VIVIAN
Okay. Lemme see your schedule.

Rita hands Vivian a folded up piece of paper. Vivian reads: *

VIVIAN
Art of Urinalysis. First there's a
Mandatory Educational Film. A Discussion
will follow. Then Lunch. Then an
Orientation Seminar that goes 'til 6:45.
That's it.

ELIOT
Easy first day -

VIVIAN
Okay. We'll pick you up right there. On
that corner. See the pay phone? There.
Seven o' clock. Sharp. Right after the
seminar.

RITA
Then we'll try Danny's house again,
right?

VIVIAN
Right.

Rita looks forlorn and lost under the hot blazing sun with a coffee cup in one hand and a specimen cup in the other.

VIVIAN
You better go in now.

Rita walks into the courtyard disappearing among the DOZENS OF OTHER WOMEN IN WHITE UNIFORMS

CUT TO:

63 INT. BRYMAN'S NURSING SCHOOL - DAY

63

Academy leader countdown - worble sound from the cheesy soundtrack of a MEDICAL FILM - the title of the film appears on the screen - CLEAN CATCH.

CUT TO:

64 INT. ELIOT'S CADILLAC - PARKING LOT - DAY

64

Vivian sits behind the wheel eating french fries. Eliot gives her a driving lesson. Vivian is impatient with his pedantic pace.

VIVIAN
The long skinny one is the gas. The left one is the brake.

ELIOT
Right.

VIVIAN
Okay, gimme the keys.

ELIOT
My car is not just a play thing, Vivian.

*

VIVIAN
I know. It's a collector's item.

ELIOT
Not only that - if abused, a car can also be a dangerous piece of machinery.

*

VIVIAN
Alright.

ELIOT
(pulling out keys)
Now, when I say so, put the key in the
ignition, but not 'til I say so. Okay? *

VIVIAN
Okay. Gimme them.

ELIOT
(smitten)
That shirt looks great on you.

VIVIAN
Eliot!

Eliot hands Vivian the keys.

ELIOT
Okay. Put the key in the ignition.
Good. Now, when I say so, delicately
place your foot on the gas, but not 'til
I say so. Okay? *

VIVIAN
Okay.

Vivian pushes the gas pedal to the floor.

CUT TO:

High-Angle: The car jolts forward, zips across the lot and
exits the frame. It reappears coming from the opposite
direction. The car cuts through the frame always at right
angles... From this extreme view, Vivian's driving lesson
resembles a giant Etch-a-Sketch. LAUGHTER from the car.

ELIOT
Oh shit! Stop the car! Stop the car!

65 INT. ELIOT'S CADILLAC - PARKING LOT - DAY

65

Vivian slams on the brake. The car comes to a jolting halt.

VIVIAN
What?

ELIOT
The cops.

Eliot quickly bends down, pulls his briefcase out from under
his seat. Vivian twists her head around and sees a COP CAR
loitering at the mouth of the parking lot.

VIVIAN

So?

Eliot snaps open the briefcase and frantically pulls out the baggies of pot.

ELIOT

Stick these in your panties.

VIVIAN

What?

ELIOT

Stick the pot in your panties. Now!

He flips up Vivian's skirt.

VIVIAN

Get off!

ELIOT

I'm not kidding. A cop is coming.
They can't search a girl. Do it.

Eliot shoves a half dozen bags of pot into Vivian's panties.
Vivian is strangely turned on by this.

VIVIAN

Kiss me.

ELIOT

What?

VIVIAN

Kiss me. Do it. Not romantic. Practical.
A show for the cops.

Vivian grabs Eliot by his T-shirt and pulls his lips to hers.
They kiss. Vivian suddenly realizes she has real feelings for
Eliot. The kiss is beautiful. The cop car cruises by.

66 EXT. BRYMAN'S NURSING SCHOOL - PAYPHONE - LATE AFTERNOON

66*

RITA

(into receiver)

Gregor, it's me. Rita. Danny's friend. I
was just there this morning. The nurse.
Right. Is he back yet? Look, I'm gonna
give you a number. It's important. Write
it down. Well, get off the couch, Gregor,
and look for a pen. As soon as he comes
in, he has to call me.

Rita leans in close to the public phone and scrapes off some
gummy dirt with her fingernail trying to read the number.

RITA

It's 627-0689. You got it? Okay. I'm gonna wait here 'til he calls -

Rita hangs up and stays inside the phone booth, waiting.

67 INT. ELIOT'S CADILLAC - PARKING LOT - DUSK

67*

The kissing has progressed. Vivian and Eliot are now curled up in the backseat making out. Eliot is trying to wrestle his pants off. Vivian wears only her bra and panties.

MAN IN CROWD (VO)

Is she okay? Did somebody call somebody?

68 EXT. BRYMAN'S NURSING SCHOOL - PAYPHONE - EVENING

68

It's really starting to get dark now. Street lights are on.

SOUND OF A RINGING PHONE

Arrive at Rita, who still stands by the now illuminated payphone, chain smoking.

In the b.g. - A SMALL CROWD stands around a woman's body lying on the sidewalk. The concerned people chatter amongst themselves. "What happened?" "She was standing. Next thing I know, she's on the ground."

Rita grabs the phone.

RITA

Hello. You got the wrong number.

Rita hangs up. Again, the phone rings.

RITA

Hello. This is a payphone. Wrong number.

Rita hangs up. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Rita, startled, swings around to discover a desperate MAN FROM THE CROWD knocking on the phonebooth.

MAN IN CROWD

Hey, you. Lady. Nurse.

RITA

Huh? Me?

MAN IN CROWD

Could you give us a hand. This girl just collapsed. She might be ODing.

RING. RING. RING. Rita grabs the phone, turning her back to the MAN, she speaks loudly into the receiver.

RITA

Hello? Danny! Oh God. Come get me. I need
to see you. We need to talk.

MAN continues to BANG on phonebooth.

MAN IN CROWD

Lady!

Rita tries to ignore the MAN. She puts her finger to her ear to block out his insistent BANGING. BANGING THROUGHOUT -

RITA

(into receiver)

I can't do this over the phone. I need to see you.

MAN IN CROWD

Nurse!

The MAN's BANGING is becoming unbearable.

RITA

(to Danny)

Re-establish the passion, first. No, I'm not high. Hold on a sec. *

Rita pushes open the accordion door of the phone booth. She's hysterical. She snaps at the MAN. *

RITA

Sir! I'm not medical yet! I'm - It's my my first day. I'm not a nurse. I can't. I'm not. I'm nothing. I'm - I'm pregnant! *

Rita SLAMS the phonebooth door shut and returns to the phone. *

RITA

(into receiver)

Hi. Sorry. Honey? Danny? Hello? *

Rita's eyes well up. Danny has hung up on her. She drops the receiver, folds herself up on the floor and cries.

69 INT. ELIOT'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

69

Eliot and Vivian's naked bodies are braided together in the back seat. Vivian suddenly springs up. Eliot springs up next to her. *

VIVIAN

Oh god! Eliot! *

ELIOT

(excited)

Did you come? *

VIVIAN

We gotta go!

ELIOT

Why?

Vivian points to the clock on the dashboard. It's 7:15.

VIVIAN

We're late. Get dressed! Where's my bra?

Vivian still half naked shimmies over to the front seat collecting clothes along the way.

Eliot looks down at himself and examines the upholstery -

ELIOT

Do you still have your period?

VIVIAN

No. It's over. I would have warned you. C'mon.

ELIOT

It's blood.

VIVIAN

Hurry Eliot!

ELIOT

(suddenly panicked)

Oh Jesus, Vivian. What just happened here?

VIVIAN

Nothing! Will you please get dressed?

Eliot shimmies butt naked over the front seat.

ELIOT

Are you telling me I popped your cherry?

Vivian averts her eyes.

VIVIAN

I didn't say that.

Eliot begins to twist around in agony.

ELIOT

Oh God! Help me. You're an untouched maiden!

VIVIAN

Will you stop being so dramatic. I've been touched. You're sitting on my bra. I've been practicing.

ELIOT
 (pulling bra out from under
 him)
 With who?

VIVIAN
 A vibrator. Let's go!

Vivian tosses Eliot his T-Shirt.

ELIOT
 What?! That doesn't count! You're nuts!
 You can't just spring this on a guy.

VIVIAN
 I didn't want to make a big deal about
 it. All right!

ELIOT
 Christ, Vivian. Your first fucking time
 with a...human...person! That puts a lot
 of pressure on a man. You ever think
 about that? You ever think about me?

VIVIAN
 No. Your fly is unzipped.

ELIOT
 Terrific.

VIVIAN
 I just wanted to do it with a guy. To get
 it over with. No ceremony. Can we go now?

Eliot zips up his pants, gets behind the wheel and turns the
 ignition.

ELIOT
 This is illegal, Vivian. You know what
 that makes me? A criminal! On two counts.
 Devirginizing a minor!

The CADILLAC peels out - VRUMMMM!

THE HIGH PITCHED SOUND OF SQUEAKING BRAKES.

70 EXT. BRYMAN'S NURSING SCHOOL - NIGHT

70

The CADILLAC skids to a halt in front of the darkened
 building. Vivian springs into the middle of the empty
 concrete courtyard yelling -

VIVIAN
 Riiitttaaaaa!

71 EXT. CAMELOT APTS - NIGHT 71*

The CADILLAC skids to a halt in front. Vivian and Eliot still in their matching Manson T-Shirts dash into the building.

72 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LOBBY - NIGHT 72*

VIVIAN
(punching the elevator button)
C'mon.

73 INT. CAMELOT APTS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 73*

Vivian and Eliot bound up the stairs -

74 INT. CAMELOT APTS - OUTSIDE ABRAMOWITZES' APT. - NIGHT 74*

Vivian and Eliot breathlessly race down the hall toward the apartment. Meanwhile, a few feet away - the elevator sounds: DING. DING. DING. The doors slide open -

Murray and Doris step out into the hallway carrying overnight bags. Vivian and Eliot turn a blind corner at full speed and run into them.

VIVIAN
Dad!

MURRAY
What's your hurry, kiddo? Gimme a hug.
How is everything?

Vivian suddenly parched by anxiety -

VIVIAN
Good - What are you doing here?

Murray is heading towards the apartment door.

MURRAY
I live here, remember?
(slapping Eliot on the back)
How you doing, F'iot? Good to see ya.

Eliot, taken aback by Murray's sudden civility -

ELIOT
Hey, Mr. Abramowitz.

MURRAY
Why don't you help Mrs. Himmelman with her bag?

VIVIAN
Dad -

Eliot takes Doris' suitcase.

DORIS
Thank you, Eliot.

VIVIAN
I thought you weren't coming back till
tomorrow -

Murray arriving at the door. Taking out his keys-

MURRAY
Raining in Palm Springs. Just our luck.
First rain they've had in two years.
Y'believe it?

VIVIAN
Yes.

Murray turns the lock and opens the door. It's pitch dark
inside. The conversation continues over the darkness -

MURRAY
How's Rita doin'-? How'd she make out on
her first day of school?

VIVIAN
Good -

Murray switches on a light. Doris gasps. Murray, Vivian,
Eliot and Doris stand frozen in their tracks...

VIVIAN
Bad... Oh, shit.

75 INT. CAMELOT APTS - NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

*
75*

Rita lies face-down and dead still on the sofa in a bra and
panties. Her lifeless arm dangles over the side of the couch.

DORIS
What's wrong with her, Murray?

MURRAY
Shut the door.

ELIOT
Looks drug related.

DORIS
(panicked)
Murray -

MURRAY
Doris! Shut the God damn door!

Doris obeys the command and shuts the apartment door - From inside the apartment, A THUMPING SOUND. It's Rickey bounding down the hall. He pitches himself into his father's arms.

RICKEY

Dad! She won't wake up.

MURRAY

Where's Ben?

RICKEY

Guys and Dolls. I came home and found her like this.

MURRAY

Get in your room. It's gonna be all right. Rita?

Murray tentatively approaches Rita.

RICKEY

Is she dead?

MURRAY

She's breathing. Goddamn it! I can tell from here. Honey?

DORIS

We gotta get some help.

MURRAY

Doris, will you let me handle it. She needs some coffee.

RICKEY

It's a coma!

MURRAY

(to Rickey)
Get in your room.

RICKEY

Why do I have to go?

Murray, now at Rita's side, brushes the hair from her face.

MURRAY

Rita? Honey?

VIVIAN

Dad, she's sick or something -

MURRAY

You were supposed to be keeping an eye on her. Instead you're out with this creep.

ELIOT
Mr. Abramowitz -

MURRAY
Don't use my family's name.

VIVIAN
I went to pick her up. She wasn't there -

Suddenly - Murray does a quick doubletake as if he has just noticed Vivian and Eliot's matching Manson shirts.

MURRAY
What the hell have you got on?

VIVIAN
What? Oh. I spilled something. *

MURRAY
Take it off. I don't want to see you wearing that crap. *

Vivian rebelliously rips off her shirt turns it inside out and pulls it back on hiding the Manson Image.

VIVIAN
Fine! There

MURRAY
You screwed the whole thing up. Think I pay Beverly Hills rents so you can run around with hoodlums - ?

DORIS
Mur, this isn't the time. The girl is lying there -

MURRAY
I can see the girl, Doris. Will somebody please make themselves useful and put on a pot of coffee?

ELIOT
I'm all over it Mr. A.

Eliot rushes off to the kitchen.

VIVIAN
Let's call a doctor, Dad.

MURRAY
(to Vivian)
You want to stay here? You want Uncle Mickey to cut us off? We got to keep it to ourselves.

RICKEY

I'm scared!

MURRAY

She'll be fine in the morning. Let's just get her on her feet. Rita, c'mon, honey, let's go. Vivian, gimme a hand.

Murray and Vivian stand on either end of the couch. Vivian grabs a hold of Rita's ankles; Murray grips her wrists. SOUND OF ELIOT CLAMMERING AROUND THE KITCHEN.

DORIS

Careful, Murray -

MURRAY

(to Vivian)

You got her - ? One, two, three - up.

Murray and Vivian lift -

MURRAY

Let's get her to bed.

Murray begins shuffling backwards towards the direction of the bedroom - Vivian stays put.

MURRAY

(to Vivian)

C'mon move.

VIVIAN

We need a professional, Dad!

MURRAY

Don't make a Federal case outta everything, will ya?

Eliot pops his head out from the kitchen

ELIOT

Excuse me, where do you guys keep your coffee?

MURRAY

(tight lipped to Eliot)

Cabinet above the oven.

DORIS

I think she's right, Mur.

MURRAY

Doris, will you stay out of this? We can take care of it. It's a family matter. It's nobody's business. Let's go.

Murray pulls at Rita, but Vivian doesn't budge. There is something morbidly hilarious about the sight of Vivian and Murray bickering while Rita's limp body is suspended between them like a hammock. *

VIVIAN

(a little hysterical)

What if she needs to have her stomach pumped, Dad? What if she like chokes on her own vomit in the middle of the night and I wake up next to a corpse?

RICKEY

Eeewww!

MURRAY

What if you keep your voice down so you don't wake up the whole goddamn building.

Suddenly - A RUMBLE LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE. The chandelier jiggles.

ELIOT

(holding can of coffee)

What's that?

VIVIAN

A tremor.

RICKEY

It's the big one! Duck and cover!

In perfect earthquake drill form, Rickey hurls himself under a table knocking himself into Eliot who spills the coffee grounds all over the carpet.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the door. *

DORIS

There's somebody out -

MURRAY

(whisper)

Shhhh! Nobody move.

Insistent - KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. *

Murray stands absolutely motionless hoping whoever it is will go away. KNOCKING STOPS. FOOTSTEPS CLOMP AND SHUFFLE. A LONG SILENCE. Murray lets out a sigh of relief

MURRAY

Okay. Coast is clear - Let's go -

75A INT. CAMELOT APTS - NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

75A*

The SOUND of the door RIPPING off its hinges and CRASHING to the floor. Doris screams. WALKIE TALKIES CRACKLE.

EMS GUY #1
Clear the way. Paramedics.

THREE EMS GUYS burst into the apartment galloping across the downed door. They push Doris aside and head straight at Murray and Vivian.

EMS GUY #2
(pointing to Rita)
There's the girl.

Murray and Vivian scared of the oncoming stampede of medics leap out of the way tossing Rita's body back on to the couch

The EMS GUYS surround the couch and start pulling out equipment. A lamp CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

MURRAY
Who the hell called these guys?

Rickey, still under the table, sheepishly raises his hand -

RICKEY
I did.

EMS GUY #1 tries to revive Rita. He props a pillow behind Rita's neck, her head now dramatically cocked back. He pulls open RITA's mouth. He shoves his fingers down her throat.

EMS GUY #1
It's clear.

RING, RING, RING! It's the phone.

MURRAY
I'll get it.

Murray scrambles across the room looking for the phone. It's hidden somewhere under the mess of the apartment. RING.RING.RING.

EMS GUY #1 slaps Rita's face. Her head is loose on her neck. He pulls at her eyelids and slaps her some more. Rita comes to...

RITA
(groggy)
Hey. What's the idea?

EMS GUY #1
What's your name?

Rita doesn't respond. Her eyes roll back into her head.

EMS GUY #2
She's slipping...

MURRAY
(searching for the phone)
Her name is Rita Abramowitz. She's my
niece.

EMS GUY #1
Sir, we're talking to the lady. Checking
for brain damage.

Murray spots Doris collecting her things.

MURRAY
Doris -

DORIS
I'm too old for this, Murray.

MURRAY
What're you talkin'? We're not old. I'm
in the best shape of my life.

RING, RING, RING! Murray, still looking for the phone, backs
up and practically trips over Eliot who is on all fours
sweeping the coffee grounds back into the can with his hands.

MURRAY
Will you get the hell out of my way.
Can't you see we're having a family
crisis?

ELIOT
I'm just trying to help.

RING. RING. RING!

EMS GUY #1
Is somebody gonna get that?

MURRAY
(frantic rummaging)
Where the hell is it?
(to Doris)
Gimme, one minute, baby.
(to the room)
Will somebody help me find the goddamn
phone?

VIVIAN
 (digging through the mess)
 I'm looking, Dad!

BACK AT THE COUCH EMS GUY #1 is pinching RITA's cheeks. Her eyes flutter open.

RITA
 Ouch. Stop it. Get off my face.

EMS GUY #1
 Who's the President?

RITA
 (licking her dry lips)
 What?

EMS GUY #1
 The President? Of the United States?

Rita closes her eyes, slipping into unconsciousness.

EMS GUY #1
 C'mon - Rita - talk to me -

EMS GUY #1 slaps RITA's face. Her eyes pop open.

RITA
 Gerald Ford. Fuck off!

RING. RING. Vivian lifts up a cushion and finds the phone.

VIVIAN
 (announcing to the room)
 I found it!

Murray stops rummaging and looks up at Vivian. Vivian plucks the receiver from it's cradle.

VIVIAN
 (into phone)
 Hello.

Vivian's face goes white. She looks up at her father.

VIVIAN
 (loudly into the phone)
 Hi Uncle Mickey!

Suddenly - Murray races across the room and dives at the phone like a baseball player catching a line drive. He lands at Vivian's feet panting.

MURRAY
 I got it!

She hands her father the phone.

ELIOT

How do you take your coffee, Mr. A?

MURRAY

(covering phone, to Vivian)

Keep him the hell away from me.

(into the receiver)

Hello? Hey, Mickey. Just got in. from
dinner. Must of missed you. How's Belle?

Vivian loiters around the phone biting her nails and listening to the conversation. Doris gravitates toward Murray. She gestures for his attention and points to Rita.

DORIS

Murray...Tell him.

Murray holds his finger over his mouth to shush Doris up.

MURRAY

(into phone)

Ah ha. Yeah. She's doin' terrific. You
should see her,

Doris, disappointed, shakes her head.

MURRAY

(to Mickey)

...she's got the whole little outfit and
everything. Today was her first day.

The SOUND of GAGGING and COUGHING.

RICKEY

(to Cop #1)

You better get a bucket.

COP #1

What?

RICKEY

A bucket. She looks like she's about to
launch it.

ANGLE - RITA ON COUCH

Vomit explodes from her mouth onto the floor. All eyes are on Rita. She looks up to the entire room.

RITA

It must've been something I ate.

WALKIE TALKIES CRACKLE. TWO COPS enter the apartment. COP #2 peels off and starts searching the the apartment for drugs.

MURRAY

(into phone)

TV's on. Marcus Welby, M.D. Terrific program. You get it out there? Lemme lower it a sec.

(covering the receiver)

Rickey, go get some paper towels -

RICKEY

Why do I have to clean up the vomit?

MURRAY

(back into phone)

Hey, Mick. Yeah? What, you got business out here? When were you thinking? Tomorrow?

Vivian, Doris and even Rita, collectively GASP!

Cop #1 appears at Murray's side with a clipboard. He hands Murray a pen.

COP #1

Sign here.

MURRAY

(into phone while scribbling)

I mean it's great, that's all. Sure, we can be there. Are you kiddin'? She's dyin' to see you. We all are.

DORIS

(gesturing to her bags)

Eliot. Help me with this?

Eliot lifts up Doris suitcase.

MURRAY

(covering the receiver)

Doris, what're ya -

DORIS

I've already done this, Murray. I had my daughters. I can't go through it all again.

MURRAY

(to Doris)

Just wait. I got my brother. He's flyin' in in the morning.

(back into receiver)

Yeah, Mick. Gimme the details.

(to Vivian) Pen. (into phone) What's the flight number? I can hold. Go ahead.

(scribbling on a pad, no ink)

Vivian!

Murray tosses the pen. And snaps his fingers demanding a pen that works. Vivian appears with a mug of pens and hands her father another one. Murray tests it on the pad. It, too is out of ink. He tosses it.

MURRAY
Jesus Christ.

Murray grabs the mug pulling out pen after pen that doesn't work.

MURRAY
(into phone)
Did you find it? Ah ha.
(covering the phone, to Viv)
The cop's got a pen.
(into phone)
Yeah, Mickey...

Murray holds up a finger to an impatient Doris who now stands by the propped up door pulling on her jacket. Eliot stands by her side holding her suitcase like a bellhop.

MURRAY
(grabs the cop's pen from Viv,
he scribbles)
Yep. I got it. We'll meet you out at the
airport. Right.

DORIS
(pushing aside unhinged door)
C'mon Eliot.

MURRAY
(covering phone, pleading)
Doris -

DORIS
A sixty-five-year-old man taking money
from his big brother. *

Doris exits with Eliot in tow. Vivian precariously props the unhinged door back up against the threshold.

MURRAY
(back into phone) I know a terrific
breakfast place over there. Delicious
omlettes. Right by the airport...

Suddenly-

The unhinged door falls to the ground with a FLUMP! Murray, Vivian, Rita, Rickey, the EMS team and the Cops look up in unison....

On the other side of the door stands, Ben Abramowitz.

As if he's making a Second Act Entrance onto the set of a Noel Coward play, Ben sashays across the downed door sporting a bottle of cheap champagne.

BEN

I got the part! Sky Masterson is mine!

The entire room is speechless. A lifeless Murray stands frozen with the phone dangling from his limp hand. The faint SOUND OF MICKEY'S VOICE IS COMING FROM THE RECEIVER -

MICKEY (VO)

Murray... Murray... are you there.

as the Abramowitz family looking collectively dazed silently survey the wreckage of their fancy new apartment.

HARD CUT TO:

76 INT. CAMELOT APTS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABRAMOWITZ'S - NIGHT

76*

The last of the EMS team file out. Murray leans against the wall, head hung low, hands deep inside his pockets. Mrs. Stein, the landlady, stands in her bathrobe speaking to Murray in low, serious tones.

MRS. STEIN

Mr. Abramowitz. We can't have this kind of thing here. This is a respectable building.

Murray is nodding his head up and down in agreement. He doesn't have any fight left. He looks up to discover that Mrs. Stein has already walked away. She's halfway down the hall.

77 INT. CAMELOT APTS - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

77*

Murray, utterly dejected, sits slumped on the side of his bed. His face has aged considerably over the course of the evening.

From outside in the hall, Rita, sticks her head through the opening of the door. She's raw and wet from a shower and wrapped in a terrycloth robe. She looks in on Murray who doesn't notice her. She TAPS LIGHTY.

MURRAY

(without looking up)

She left me.

RITA

Doris doesn't understand people like us,
Uncle Murray -

Murray looks up and stares at Rita -

MURRAY

You can't keep doin' this to yourself -

RITA

I know. I'm sorry

MURRAY

You know, Mickey is coming to town tomorrow and we had a deal, you and me. We can't let him see us like this. He'll disown the both of us -

78 INT. CAMELOT APTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 78*

Camera pans over the ransacked living room and arrives at...

79 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 79

Vivian in her nightie stands in the refrigerator light guzzling milk from the carton. Milk dribbles down the sides of her mouth as she looks out over the debris.

80 INT. CAMELOT APTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT 80*

Vivian's bare feet tip-toeing down the hall back to her bedroom. She crunches through the wreckage. She hears a muffled conversation from her father's room.

MURRAY (OS)

This is just a slump. Some bad luck. We don't need much. What do we need? We got each other.

Vivian presses her face through the small opening of the door. She has a milk mustache. She sees -

81 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - VIVIAN'S POV - NIGHT 81

Murray sitting on the side of the bed. Rita, now folded up on the carpet below.

MURRAY

We got tne roof. And me. I'm like a horse. The doctor says I'm one hundred percent. Best shape of my life. Nothing wrong with a bone in my body. Feel my stomach. Go on.

Rita smiles wearily and pokes at her Uncle's stomach.

MURRAY

Punch it. Hard. C'mon.

Rita giggles and throws a lame punch into Murray's stomach.

MURRAY

See - ? I'm in shape. Solid. Doris, she she wants me to live with her. She wants a companion. She wants me to send the kids back and my balls with them. You know how that makes a man feel? But having them here, see - ? It keeps me young. Keeps me going. Legit. Otherwise, what am I? I got nothing left. I'm just an old man....

*
*
*
*

Murray chokes up trying to hold back his tears. Rita's attention is locked on him. Deep sympathy.

RITA

You're not old, Uncle Mur -

Murray is deep inside his own grief. Talking almost to himself -

MURRAY

If I knew I was good anymore... at my age... You know... as a man. If I only knew I was any good to a woman. If I only knew.

Rita crying slightly in sympathy - takes Murray's hand to console him. She brings it to her mouth, kisses it and holds it to her chest..

RITA

It's okay. Uncle Murray. I know. It's okay.

VIVIAN'S FACE is SMOOSHED IN THE DOORWAY. Her eyes are fixed on her father and Rita. FROM VIVIAN'S POV:

Rita squeezes her eyes shut. Murray squeezes his eyes shut. And - drunk with grief - Murray and Rita momentarily lose touch with their better judgment - Murray's hand gravitates downward and disappears into the top of Rita's robe, stopping at a breast.

Murray's face is twisted up in shame and ecstasy.

MURRAY

Oh -

Murray's hand lingers on Rita's breast. No one breathes.

Then - Murray removes his hand from Rita's robe and covers his face in shame -

MURRAY
I'm sorry -

RITA
(softly)
It's okay.

MURRAY
I'm sorry.

RITA
It's okay. You didn't mean it. It's just
a breast. It's okay. You love me Uncle
Murray, don't you? You love me, right?

MOVE IN ON VIVIAN's face. The effects of what she sees and
hears take hold of her features. Her eyes water and widen,
her breath is shallow. HER HEART THUDS. Unable to watch for
another second, VIVIAN SLAMS the door shut with a WHACK!

MATCH CUT:

Vivian stands breathless and totally perspired in front of a
door that she has just SLAMMED SHUT.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
Are you alright?

Vivian unable to speak shakes her head no.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
(gently)
What seems to be the problem?

VIVIAN
Breasts!

MAN'S VOICE
Excuse me -

VIVIAN
You do do breasts, right? It says so on
the card.

Vivian holds up the business card that Rachel gave her.

MAN'S VOICE
Yes, we do breast surgery.

PAN ACROSS THE ROOM TO REVEAL:

82 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Grossman sits behind his desk. It seems he has
encountered this before. Unhappy girls who think that they
can change their life by changing their body.

82*

*
*
*

DR. GROSSMAN
What seems to be the problem with yours? *

VIVIAN
I....don'tlike....them. *

INTERCOM BUZZES.

INTERCOM
Dr. Grossman. A girl ran past reception -
said it was an emergency -

DR. GROSSMAN
(pushing intercom switch)
It's okay. She's in here. We're just
talking. Everything is fine.

Vivian is holding back her tears, barely able to speak.

VIVIAN
I'm sorry. It's just... *

Her chest is starting to heave in and out.

DR. GROSSMAN
It's okay... *

VIVIAN
I...don't...want...them... *

DR. GROSSMAN
Tell me your name... *

VIVIAN
Vivian Alonso Abramowitz. I want a breast
reduction! *

DR. GROSSMAN
(compassionate)
You must understand that we need parental
consent even for the consultation - *

VIVIAN
(manic, desperate, lies)
My dad - he's away on business. He's very
successful. My mom brought me, she
couldn't find a parking space. She's
waiting out front in the Cadillac - see! *

Vivian rushes to the window, snaps open the venetian blinds
revealing the Cadillac parked out front. Like an expectant
father, Eliot paces on the sidewalk smoking. *

VIVIAN
That's my brother. *

Venetian blinds drop shut with a SMACK. *

CUT TO:

83 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

83

From behind, we see Vivian's naked back. She sits on an examination table. A blue hospital Jonny is draped around her hips. Dr. Grossman is standing before her. Pretty female Nurse Coutrell stands in the B.G. *

DR. GROSSMAN

Vivian, this is Nurse Coutrell. She'll be here for the consultation. *

NURSE COUTRELL

Hi Vivian. *

VIVIAN

Hi. Does it hurt? Will there be scars? *

DR. GROSSMAN

We call it an anchor scar. See...

The Doctor brings a marker up to Vivian's chest and begins to draw on her body. *

DR. GROSSMAN

The incision is camouflaged by the areola. The nipple. Here. Then we move vertically from the nipple to the fold. And then horizontally under the breast. See, the shape? It's like an anchor. *

Dr. Grossman hands Vivian a mirror.

INTERCOM

Dr. Grossman, the hospital on line four.

DR. GROSSMAN

Excuse me for a minute.

Dr G ossman exits.

NURSE COUTRELL

I think the doctor's done. You can put your clothes back on now. *

Nurse Coutrell exits. *

Alone in the examination room, Vivian lifts the mirror up to her chest and holds it there. Reflected in the mirror is Vivian's ink-lined breast - mapped, sectioned, ready to be cut. Vivian looks stunned. SOUND OF BREATH. PANTING. FLESH SLAPPING. *

84 INT./ EXT. SURGICAL RECONSTRUCTION CENTER - DAY 84*

Bare feet running, slapping lobby floor, slapping sidewalk. *

Vivian, tear-streaked and still wearing the hospital Jonny, bursts through the double doors into the bright glaring daylight. She clutches her clothes to her chest. Eliot rushes to her side. *

ELIOT

What happened? Are you okay? *

Like a mute street urchin, Vivian silently hustles towards the parked car. Eliot hustles after her. *

ELIOT

Vivian. Look, If it's about last night in the car. I'm sorry I spazzed on you - *

VIVIAN

(unable to speak, she barks) *

It's...a..lie! *

ELIOT

No. It's the truth. I swear. I know you're probably going through a lot of weird hormonal shit right now, becoming a woman and all. *

VIVIAN

- that girl in my building - *

ELIOT

What? *

VIVIAN

Rachel. The nose job. Her mother's breasts... They're not really gone. They're still there. Hiding. I mean, someday, somewhere, someone is gonna have to deal with those breasts.... *

ELIOT

Vivian - *

The SONIC ROAR OF A JET ENGINE CONSUMES THE ATMOSPHERE - Vivian and Eliot look up, shielding their eyes from the sun. *

VIVIAN

What? *

ELIOT

(barely audible) *

I think I love you. *

They see an airplane cutting across the sky. *

VIVIAN
Uncle Mickey, shit! Take me home. *

The AIRPLANE NOISE is MIXED with the SOUNDS OF RESTAURANT CLATTER.

85 OMIT 85*

86 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - WINDOW BOOTH - DAY 86

Through a window, airplanes can be SEEN and HEARD taking off. *
Pull back reveals - *

A table SHAKING from the sonic vibrations. Water glasses *
JITTER and CLINK. Silverware RATTLES. *

Mickey, Belle, Rickey, Ben, Murray are packed into the booth *
looking over their menus. Vivian sits on the end next to *
Mickey. Rest of the seating is random. Rita is absent. *

Vivian sits with her arms crossed over her chest. The
AIRPORT'S SONIC SOUNDS COULD BE EMANATING from her angry
heart as she glares at her father.

BELLE (OS)
(to Vivian)
I can't get over it. You have really
filled out. Last time we saw you, you
were a little thing. Now you're a grown
woman, isn't she Mickey?

MICKEY
Where's the service around here?

MURRAY
Everyone is growin'. Ben's starting up at
college next year.

BELLE
That's nice for you, Ben.

BEN
Yeah. I'm going into business. Like you,
Uncle Mickey.

MICKEY
Where's the girl? I need a cup of coffee.

BELLE
(to Mickey)
You shouldn't, you know. The acid.

MICKEY

I'm allowed one cup. Let me have my one cup.

BELLE

It's your life.

MICKEY

What's takin' Rita?

MURRAY

It's a surprise, Mick. Vivian, go see what's taking her.

Like a toy soldier, Vivian springs up, clicks her heels together and salutes her father.

VIVIAN

(theatrical sarcasm)

Yes, Sir!

Camera follows Vivian as she marches towards the bathroom. Murray's dialogue trails off.

MURRAY (OS)

She's putting on her nurse's uniform. She wants you to see her in it. She's doing good. How was the flight?

87 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - LADIES ROOM - DAY

87

Vivian slams through the swinging door with attitude -

VIVIAN

It's showtime!

Rita wearing only a bra and pantyhose, stands hunched over a sink rubbing at a stain on her nurse's uniform.

RITA

Oh, Viv. Poppy in a good mood? You gotta help me. I'm freakin'. I don't know if I can pull this off.

VIVIAN

(cold)

You'll do fine.

RITA

(sympathy seeking)

I got morning sickness, Viv. I threw up all over myself -

Rita punches the handblower on the wall - THE NOISE FILLS THE ROOM - she holds her uniform under the nozzle to dry.

VIVIAN

Yeah, well, I nearly threw up on myself
last night when I saw you with my father. *

HANDBLOWER CYCLE ENDS - Room falls silent.

RITA

What?

VIVIAN

Nothing. Let's go. Everybody is waiting
for your grand entrance.

RITA

Vivian - what're you talking about?

Vivian glances over at the toilet stalls and spots a pair
woman's feet under a door. She punches the handblower - to
drown out the bickering.

VIVIAN

(pointing to occupied stall)
There's someone in here. I don't want to
talk about it.

RITA

I don't care about that.

VIVIAN

I do. I'd prefer to keep the family
skeletons private.

RITA

C'mere.

VIVIAN

No. Let's go.

RITA

Zip me - please.

Vivian walks behind Rita and zips up her uniform,
intentionally pinching Rita in the process -

RITA

Ouch! That hurt.

VIVIAN

(heading toward door)
Let's go -

RITA

Wait.

Vivian stops dead in her tracks.

VIVIAN
What do you want from me.

Rita, stunned by Vivian's hostility, resorts to Gibberish.

RITA
(on the verge of tears)
Ittagime nittagott gittagoittaging
tittagill wittagee tittagalk.

SUBTITLE: *I'M NOT GOING TILL WE TALK.*

The rest of the scene alternates between Gibberish and English. Italics represent Gibberish. Subtitles appear.

VIVIAN
Why is it my job to talk. I saw you last night.

RITA
You slammed the door.

VIVIAN
Yep.

RITA
I hoped it was the wind.

VIVIAN
(her chest beginning to heave)
Yeah, *The Santa Ana's kicked in real hard last night.* You're sick.

RITA
Don't. We need each other.

VIVIAN
I don't need you. I don't need your stupid shoes. Or your clothes. I don't need anything from you or anybody.

Vivian starts ripping off Rita's borrowed clothes. She kicks off her platforms and unsnaps her borrowed skirt. Rita approaches.

VIVIAN
Don't come near me. You're sick. The whole family is sick. I hate us...We're freaks.

RITA
We're not freaks.

VIVIAN
We're not?

RITA
No.

VIVIAN
Well, What then?

RITA
It's just...

VIVIAN
(desperate for an explanation)
What?

RITA
Sometimes...

VIVIAN
Sometimes what Rita?

RITA
Sometimes a person gets so hungry, they do something they might not be so proud of. Okay? I said it.

Vivian starts to break down. Rita approaches compassionate...

VIVIAN
(sobbing confession)
I went to the surgeon. To change me. *

RITA
Change what?

VIVIAN
My tits.

Vivian lift up her shirt to show Rita the drawing on her breast. Rita grabs Vivian by the shoulders.

RITA
(intense concern)
Who did that? *

VIVIAN
Michelangelo.

Rita, suspicious of Vivian's present grasp on reality, pretends she understands. Like a good compassionate nurse, she gently encourages Vivian to continue her story.

VIVIAN
I didn't want them. Then I looked in the mirror - at my breast and thought, that's my mother there. *

RITA

You saw your mom in your breast?

Vivian bobs her head "yes" and points to the bridge of her nose..

VIVIAN

And, right here in my nose, that's dad.

RITA

You have your father's nose. It's cute.

Rita feeling utterly responsible for Vivian's suffering begins to weep. She embraces her. Vivian melts into the hug. It's the closest thing she's had to a mother in years. She rests her head on Rita's chest and lets Rita stroke her hair.

RITA

Viv, I'm sorry you had to see that last night. I love you. Do you still love me?

VIVIAN

(gently pulling herself away)
Yeah.... but get off. You're crushing me.
C'mon. We gotta go.

Vivian straightens herself up. Wipes the tears and snot from her face and adjusts Rita's crooked hat. In English now.

RITA

Do I look okay?

VIVIAN

You got toilet paper stuck on the bottom of your shoe.

Vivian and Rita can't help but chuckle at this. Weepy giggles.

88 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

88

BELLE

AHHH. Mickey, honey, look.

Murray and Mickey twist their heads around.

MURRAY

Hey. Here she comes.

Rita walks slowly up the aisle in her uniform with Vivian close by her side. Something ceremonial about it.

MICKEY
Look at that. My little girl.

RITA
Hi, Dad.

MICKEY
We're so proud of you, honey.

Vivian and Rita sit at the table. Rita lights up a cigarette.

BELLE
Still with the cigarettes?

RITA
They're lights.

BELLE
And a nurse.

RITA
Not a nurse, Ma. A nurse's aide.

BELLE
Either way, in all that white you shouldn't be with the cigarettes. You're supposed to be promoting health.

MICKEY
Belle.

BELLE
What? It's true, Mick.

MICKEY
You're too hard on her, already.

BELLE
You spoil her, Mickey. It's not right. We got cancer in the family.

MICKEY
(to Rita)
What are you learning at Brymans?

RITA
Dad, it's only been one day.

MURRAY
She's doing good, Mick.

MICKEY
For all that money I pay them, she should be an MD by now. What did they teach you over there on your first day?

RITA
We did urine.

MICKEY
Piss? All day? That's it?

Rita looks a little desperate. Vivian silently gestures to Rita trying to save her. She points to her wrist.

RITA
(confused)
And wrists?

MICKEY
What?

WAITRESS arrives.

WAITRESS
Who wants coffee?

MURRAY
Just pour, will ya. We're dyin' here.

MICKEY
You're learnin' about wrists?

Vivian shakes her head no to Rita and mouths the word, "Pulse" and again points to her wrist.

RITA
(getting Vivian's cue)
We're doing....pulses. You know, how to take someone's pulse.

BELLE
That's great, honey.

MURRAY
Isn't that something, Mick?

MICKEY
(to Rita)
Take my pulse.

RITA
What?!

MICKEY
Take my pulse. I want to see what my little girl is learning.

Rita looks slightly panicked. Vivian comes to the rescue....

VIVIAN

She doesn't have a watch. She needs a watch to do it.

Mickey slips off his watch and hands it to Rita.

MICKEY

Here, use mine.

RITA

(protesting)

Dad!

BEN

(admiring the watch)

Cartier. Excellent time piece, Uncle Mickey.

MICKEY

Take my pulse. C'mon, it'll be fun.

Rita, utterly baffled, takes hold of her father's wrist.

RITA

Okay. You ready?

MICKEY

Ready? Shouldn't I be pulsing automatically?

Rita slaps her father's wrist.

MICKEY

What the hell're you doin'?

RITA

I'm looking, Dad.

MICKEY

(making a joke)

If you have to look that hard, I guess I'm not doin' too good. Hey, is there a doctor in the house? We gotta dead man in the booth!

Vivian bursts into a fit of forced laughter. She's slapping her knee. Slapping the table top.

VIVIAN

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Dead man in a booth! Ha!
Ha! Ha! That's a good one. You're a riot!
Uncle Mickey. Ha! Ha!

She starts a fake COUGHING fit.

BELLE
 (to Vivian)
 Honey, are you okay?

Vivian is HACKING violently, like she's coughing to death.

BELLE
 She needs some water. Get her some water.

MURRAY
 (yelling to the waitress)
 Can we get some water here? Can't you see
 the kid is choking?

Waitress rushes up to the table and pours a glass of water.

Vivian clutches the water and guzzles for her life. She peeks
 over the rim of her glass to make sure her performance was a
 success.

WAITRESS
 Can I take your order?

COFFEE SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

The table is full of dirty dishes.

MICKEY
 How's the new apartment working out?

MURRAY
 It's beautiful. You gotta come up and see
 it.

Waitress arrives at the table and is clearing off dishes.

BEN
 It's really nice, Uncle Mickey. We love
 it.

MICKEY
 (to the waitress)
 Can we get the check?

BELLE
 (holds up a glass to waitress)
 I'd like a little more water if you don't
 mind. It was very salty.

The waitress, annoyed, disappears.

MURRAY
 (whispering to Mickey)
 You didn't forget the monthly did you?

MICKEY

(full voice)

I already sent you for this month.
What're you, blowing my money at the
track?

MURRAY

(again discrete whisper)

Mickey, that money you sent was for last
month. Tomorrow's the first already.

MICKEY

How many times do I have to tell you,
Murray? You got to learn to budget.
You're a sixty-five-year-old man. Map it
out so you don't run out at the end every
month. *

EVERYONE watches the tension mounting at the table.

Vivian's eyes dart back and forth, watching this conversation
like a hawk.

MURRAY

We need it. That's all. It's been tight.

The Waitress arrives and drops the check. Murray picks the
check up from the table.

WAITRESS

I'm going off my shift. So if you don't
mind...

MURRAY

I'll take care of it.

Murray reaches into his pocket for his money.

MICKEY

I got it, Murray.

Mickey reaches into his pocket for money.

MURRAY

It's okay. My treat.

MICKEY

(impatient)

Gimme the check.

MURRAY

I got it covered.

MICKEY

What're you doing?

Waitress rolls her eyes and walks away from the table.

MURRAY
I'm payin' for breakfast.

MICKEY
You acting the big shot?

MURRAY
Will you let me pay the check? Just gimme that? In front of my kids.

MICKEY
You haven't paid for anything in your goddamn life.

BELLE
Mickey. Will you stop? Let him.

MICKEY
Belle. It's the principle here.

Vivian's hair is raised.

MICKEY
If he pays the check, it's still me. Let's not play games here. If you pay or I pay, I'm still payin', right? I've been payin' for you for fifty years, Murray.

MURRAY
(pleading softly)
Not in front of the kids, Mick.

MICKEY
You think they're mental midgets? You're not foolin' anybody. Ask your daughter over here, who the hell pays the bills? Who bought the clothes on her back? The shoes on her feet?

Vivian chews her lip. She's can't stand this argument. In a grand gesture, Belle unsnaps her purse.

BELLE
I'll pay the check, alright? Where's the girl?

MICKEY
Put your money away, Belle. He needs to hear this. Who's keeping your kids in Beverly Hills? Who? You? These kids aren't stupid, Murray. They know -

Murray, is visibly humiliated. He crumples up at the table.

MURRAY
(barely audible, pleading)
Mickey, please.

Vivian's hand nervously fumbles with the fork at her place setting...Her lip trembles for her Dad.

THE RESTAURANT AMBIANCE INTENSIFIES. CLATTER. CLATTER.

MICKEY
The money in your pocket is from my goddamn bank account. Let's put our cards on the table. Let 'em know who their real father is. I'm their father. I been supporting your fuckin' family their whole life. What're you doin' for 'em?

Vivian, possessed, picks up the fork from the table....

Holds it high above her head - And suddenly like a tight spring that snaps -

Vivian plunges her arm down and spears the fork into Mickey's thigh with a KAMIKAZE CRY.

VIVIAN
AHHHHHHHHH!

SILENCE AT THE TABLE....

Mickey's face in shock. Vivian's face in shock. The entire table in shock. Not a plate moves. Not a customer. Long pause. Finally, like a well timed bomb - Rita pipes up.

RITA
Poppy...I'm pregnant.

Suddenly...The CONSUMING SOUND OF JET ENGINES and WIND

89 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

89

Like a Presidential family after a tragedy, Mickey limps toward a waiting runway vehicle - a napkin wrapped around his thigh Belle hustles Rita along with them. In the distance,

Murray runs after Mickey.

MURRAY
(drowned out yelling)
Miiiiicckkkeeeyy! Miiiiicckk!

And close behind him, Vivian runs after her father. A PROPELLER ROARS.

VIVIAN
 (breathlessly yelling)
 Dad! Let them go! Let them go!

Mickey, Belle and Rita step up on a RUNWAY VEHICLE CART and are driven toward a plane in the distance

Murray, unable to keep up his pace, stumbles to a stop, folds over, and rests his hands on his knees like a washed up athlete. Vivian catches up to Murray. Both breathless.

MURRAY
 (breaking down)
 I don't have anything, don't ya see? I got nothin' left.

RICKEY
 (running towards them)
 Dad!

Vivian speaks softly as if she has just figured something out for the first time -

VIVIAN
 (choked up)
 You got us, Dad.

Ben and Rickey race up. And Rickey hurls himself into his father's arms and hugs him with all his heart.

The ABRAMOWITZES, a motley huddle of a family, stand together on the tarmac and watch Mickey, Doris and Rita climb a set of stairs attached to the plane.

ENGINES ROAR

Rita's hat catches a gust of wind and blows off her head flying across the asphalt like tumbleweed. Vivian catches it and looks up to discover Rita lingering at the top of the stairs waving goodbye. And finally, joining her parents, Rita disappears into the plane.

90 EXT. CAMELOT APTS - DAY

Vivian marches from the building, carrying a big box toward the waiting LTD. Eliot is right behind her with a box. The family is moving again.

ELIOT
 So it's over between us, is that it?

VIVIAN
 I told you. It was a building thing.

ELIOT

Oh, great, so you were just using me for my car and so you could lose your virginity. Is that it?

Vivian stops in her tracks.

VIVIAN

I liked you, okay? I liked you. I just can't get attached.....

ELIOT

Why not?

VIVIAN

(struggling not to cry)
I can't...My family...We're nomads...

Murray exits the building with a box. Ben and Rickey can be seen behind him lugging the TV set.

VIVIAN

You better get out of here.

Eliot seeing Murray, drops the box and crosses the street. He loiters there, hands shoved deep in his pockets, sadly watching Vivian and her family pack up the car.

The Abramowitzes pile into the car.

MURRAY

Everybody in?

The car doors SLAM shut. The LTD takes off down the street.

91 EXT. RITZY RESIDENTIAL LANDSCAPE - DAY 91

Fancy homes float by.....

92 INT. LTD FORD SEDAN - MOVING - DAY 92

The family has reclaimed their regular places. Everything is exactly as it was in the opening car scene, EXCEPT...

Ben isn't rattling off stories about the fancy homes that float by. Rickey isn't straining to catch a glimpse of an exotic celebrity mansion. Murray makes no promises of better apartment buildings or fancy steak dinners....

Dead silence on: Vivian's face as she surveys the people around her. We feel her uneasiness as she takes psychic inventory of her enervated family.

A tacky mansion looms on the horizon. Vivian tries to break the sad spell.

VIVIAN

Hey. Doesn't Eva Gabor live around here?

No one responds.....

VIVIAN

Ben, doesn't she?

BEN

I don't know, Viv.

VIVIAN

I thought someone told me that. Hey. That's it. Rickey, look. That's Eva Gabor's house.

RICKEY

(unenthused)

Who?

VIVIAN

Eva Gabor. From "Green Acres."

Suddenly, Rickey flings himself across Vivian to see.

RICKEY

Where? Where's Eva Gabor?

VIVIAN

That one, see it. With the marble portico. That's hers.

BEN

(unable to resist piping in)
She's supposed to have some weird thing for poodles. She like breeds them or something. Like a poodle farm in her backyard.

RICKEY

Weird.

VIVIAN

Hey, Dad? What do you say we get some steak? We'll get some steak for lunch.

MURRAY

I'm not in the mood. Not today.

BEN

I could eat. I need to beef up for my role. I got the part, Dad. Sky Masterson is mine.

Vivian leans forward, poking her head into the front seat.

VIVIAN

Brando played him in the movie, right?

MURRAY

Guys and Dolls? Oh, yeah that was a terrific picture. Sinatra was in that. Nathan Detroit.

VIVIAN

C'mon. It'll be fun. We'll eat steak. Get our strength up. Then we'll look for a new place. What d'you say, Dad?

Murray flashes a glance to Vivian through the rear view mirror. She tries to stoke Murray's spirit...

VIVIAN

We'll get 'em how you used to serve 'em. This thick. Seasoned. Rare. And Bloody.

Murray cracks the vaguest of smiles....

MURRAY

Alright... Who's hungry?

RICKEY

I am!

MURRAY

Okay, let's go to Sizzlers!

RICKEY

Yeah!

Rickey bursts into applause. Murray pushes the gas. VRUMMMM. BLUESY ORGAN SWELLS signaling that ol' blue eyes is back! Vivian relieved, leans back in her seat. She looks up to heaven through the rear view window. She sees.....

93 EXT. LTD FORD SEDAN - DAY

93

PALM TREES UP AGAINST THE SKY. AN ENDLESS ROAD... THEY SWAY TO THE RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC... The LTD shoots down the road as SINATRA GROWLS HIS WAY THROUGH his soul classic for the highball generation" -- as "paean to perseverance" -- "THAT'S LIFE."

THE END