

SWING SHIFT

An Original Screenplay

by

NANCY DOWD

"The first casualty when war comes is truth."

-Sen. Hiram Johnson, 1917

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
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FIRST DRAFT

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORP.
Jerry Bick
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90038

EXT. EIGHT UNIT COURT SANTA MONICA DAY 1941

An eight unit white stucco court in Santa Monica. The Balmy Palm, has no pretensions, little to redeem itself, a young crowd and a vacancy sign.

A radio in one of the units is blasting out the "Chatanooga Choo-Choo."

INT. WALSH APARTMENT

A hot do-nothing afternoon in late 1941.

JACK WALSH, sitting backwards on a straight back chair is reading the Santa Monica Evening Outlook - the Help Wanted Ads. He throws open the window and sticks his head out.

JACK
(shouting)
Turn it up or turn it off.

Sitting at a table doing her nails is his wife of seven years, KAY WALSH, - a pleasant beauty - small, blonde, buxom, a generous smile. The radio music swells up. Jack looks distinctly irritated; he might be revving up to punch somebody. As if on cue, Kay laughs and begins to dance the shimmy to the "Chatanooga Choo-Choo" - all by herself, to make her young husband happy. Soon Jack is laughing and smiling. Kay has her fingers outstretched to dry her nails as she dances.

EXT. BALMY PALM DAY

A stunning young woman, Rosie, in a splashy flowered backless dress, her long black hair piled on her head, her full mouth generously outlined with the reddest shade on the market, is hurrying out of the court as fast as her platform shoes will take her.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT

Jack is looking out the window as Rosie passes.

JACK
(stage whisper)
Right on time.

Kay is still dancing.

JACK
(pleased with himself)
That's a whore.

KAY
Oh, c'mon.

CONTINUED

JACK

Hey! Everyday, 5:30 out the door -
all gussied up - back real late with
the pimp looking worn out. Huh?

KAY

At least she's working.

JACK

If I ever catch you talking to her -

KAY

Chatanooga Choo Choo.

Kay is laughing and shimmying again. Jack's humor is set
aright.

INT. EGYPTIAN DANCE HALL OCEAN PARK

A cavernous dance hall in Ocean Park. ROSIE BURNS is tangoing
with a worn-out type in his 50's who is holding his suit
jacket in one hand.

The Egyptian is not busy. The taxi dancers almost outnumber
the customers.

Rosie is a terrific dancer; we can't say much for her partner.

PARTNER

(loudly)

I lost every penny of it in the
crash - every last lousy dime.
I'd be a millionaire today -

ROSIE

You gotta get another chit.

PARTNER

Couldn't you gimme a break?

BISCUITS TOOHEY, the proprietor of the Egyptian, is an extra-
ordinarily handsome manic Mick. He is the kind of man who is
so thoroughly demented by business and making money that he
doesn't even realize he's good looking.

BISCUITS

(to partner)

I'm the owner. Hi! How ya doin'.
Go get another chit.

The soi-disant ex-millionaire is not going to make any trouble
with Biscuits. The music starts up again. Biscuits takes Rosie
in his arms and they dance. Unlike his clientele, Biscuits is
a sensational dancer.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Will you give me a ride?

Biscuits is focusing on the deadbeat.

INT. BANDSTAND EGYPTIAN NIGHT

The crowd has dwindled down to a few couples. Most of the girls have gone home. Biscuits is checking out his receipts. Rosie and the piano player are having some fun. She steps to the microphone. Her voice is surprisingly warm and slow.

ROSIE

"I don't want to set the world on fire
I just want to start
A flame in your heart."

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT BALMY PALM 4AM

Rosie, accompanied by Biscuits, has returned home after work. Biscuits makes sure he's in the midst of a harangue as he crosses the threshold so that he has an excuse for coming in.

BISCUITS

I'm through. Free enterprise
is dog shit. I can't make any
money.

Rosie is tired; she falls asleep into the chair. She's heard all this before.

BISCUITS

(going on)

I work hard. I run that place like
a machine but it all just boiled down
to the fact that there is not enough
money around for me to have some.
You know what I mean?

--He looks at her - waiting for a consoling, rational response. Rosie is staring out the window. The sun has begun to edge its way over Santa Monica. It has suddenly occurred to Biscuits that he is asking for support from a person who will never have a dime, no matter how hard she tries.

BISCUITS

(covering)

Well, you work hard too, and
you don't make enough money.
Nobody makes enough money.
You know what I mean?

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Sure.

BISCUITS

Well, in that case, you should be angry too because it's hard on you.

ROSIE

(weary)

What am I suppose to do?

BISCUITS

You should quit this lousy job.

ROSIE

What am I going to use for money?

BISCUITS

I don't like to see you there.
It's a dump.

Biscuits is closing the blinds. The dawn coming over Los Angeles has begun to bother him.

BISCUITS

(trying to be very
positive and confident)

I'm going to sell the Egyptian.
It's a curse. And with what little
money I make we could open a
diner. Like the ones back home.
They don't have diners out here.
D'you ever think of that?

ROSIE

No.

BISCUITS

With a diner, there is no
entertainment, and entertain-
ment has always been my big
downfall because it's an in-
tangible. You can't put a
finger on it. With a diner, you
lead a nice quiet life and you
know what the customers want -
food. I'd be the cook and you'd
be the waitress. OK?

She is falling asleep in the chair.

BISCUITS

Everything is gonna be different -
starting tomorrow.

CONTINUED

He is shuffling around a little uneasy.

ROSIE

Biscuits, you can stay if
you want.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SANTA MONICA EVENING

The sun is sinking into the Pacific; a siren has begun to
wail in the distance.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Rosie and Biscuits are in bed. The siren has awakened him.
He pulls aside the curtain - dark. He looks at his watch.

BISCUITS

Oh Christ, we're late.

INT. BISCUIT'S CADILLAC NIGHT

Although heavy fog has enveloped Santa Monica, Biscuits
drives like the maniac he is. His Cadillac is previously
owned.

Rosie is trying to apply her make up as they drive along.

ROSIE

(hopeful)

You know, Biscuits, when we get
the diner we can work normal
hours. Nine to five.

BISCUITS

What diner? What time is it?

Now Rosie knows that he has been jiving her along. Biscuits
is oblivious. CRASH. Biscuits' Cadillac has been hit by
another car - a car with no lights. Rosie has been badly jolted
but Biscuits is too worried about the damage to his automobile
to see her. A siren has begun to wail.

EXT. ROAD NIGHT

A visibly shaken man emerges from his Ford-the front section
of his modest car is a mess.

BISCUITS

You slob. This is a Cadillac.

The man is trembling.

BISCUITS

What are ya, nuts? You're driving
around without your freakin' lights
on. Huh? Huh?

CONTINUED

DRIVER

Oh my God.

BISCUITS

You've hit a Cadillac!

DRIVER

The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor.
No lights. Black out.

INT. BISCUIT'S CADILLAC

Biscuits is driving - hunched over the wheel biting his lips. The car is limping along ridiculously on three tires. Nonetheless, Biscuits is still trying to drive fast. Rosie is terrified.

ROSIE

Where's Pearl Harbor?

BISCUITS

Florida. Resort town. I've
been there a bunch of times.

She looks out the window.

ROSIE

Hey, where are you going?

BISCUITS

To enlist.

The car pulls to a stop before a municipal building in Santa Monica and Biscuits gets out. Rosie's nerves are shot. She goes to call after Biscuits but he has already disappeared into the building. She turns on the radio and the news there is even more terrifying. She learns that Pearl Harbor is in Hawaii, that a sizable part of the American fleet has been destroyed and the Japanese Air Force is on its way to the mainland.

Biscuits is back in the car, slamming the door in disgust.

BISCUITS

There's a line.

Rosie is huddled on the floor of the car.

ROSIE

Pearl Harbor is in Hawaii, and
they're on their way here.

BISCUITS

(incongruously)
We're safe.

CONTINUED

INT. WALSH APARTMENT NIGHT

Jack Walsh and his buddy, SPIKE, are listening carefully to a distinctly patrician measured voice on the radio.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT (RADIO)

I have a boy at sea on a destroyer.
For all I know he may be on his way
to the Pacific. Two of my children
are in coast cities in the Pacific.
Many of you all over the crountry
have boys in the service who will
be called upon to go into action.
You have friends and families in what
has now become a danger zone.

ETHEL, Spike's wife, a little chubby, small features in a moon face, is elbowed down on the table doing her nails.

ETHEL

I'm gonna die with my nails perfect.

ELEANOR R. (RADIO)

You cannot escape anxiety. You
cannot escape the clutch of fear
at your heart and yet I hope that
the certainty of what we have to
meet will make you rise above those
fears.

At the window with tacks in her teeth, a hammer in one hand and a thick army blanket in the other, Kay is tottering in her high heels on a step ladder. She is resolutely tacking the blanket over the window.

JACK

Honey, that isn't gonna work.

KAY

I'm getting it tacked up real
tight up here, honey.

SPIKE

We're surrounded by 'em. They're
looking at us right now.

JACK

Honey, I'm telling ya the light's
gonna show through that thing.

SPIKE

(whispering)

I got my personal suspicions it
was Mexico attacked Pearl Harbor.

CONTINUED

KAY
They said this was how you was to
do it on the radio, hon.

JACK
I don't think it's gonna do a bit
of good, sweetheart. You may just
be wasting your time.

Kay smiles and goes on tacking.

KAY
You're probably right, honey, but
I'm just gonna give it a try.

Jack has heard footsteps outside the window. He pulls aside
the blanket Kay is tacking up. Rosie is returning home from
the court.

JACK
(snapping his fingers)
Clockwork.

ELEANOR R. (RADIO)
I feel as though I were standing upon
a rock and that rock is my faith in
my fellow citizens.

INT. DANCE HALL NIGHT

The girls in their funny dresses and the guys from the band
are lined up listening to Biscuits who is all self-important
and reading aloud from a pamphlet plainly titled "What to Do
in an Air Raid." Among the girls is LU-ANN, a sweet camelia,
who is resolutely concentrating on Biscuits' every word.

BISCUITS
"The safest place in an air raid
is at home." Well, we gotta ignore
that one because we have to work.
"In case of attack, lie down under
a good stout table."

ROSIE
I'm not lying down under any table
with any of the customers, Biscuits.

BISCUITS
"Stay away from windows."

ROSIE
The fastestest way to die - under
a stout table with a customer.

CONTINUED

BISCUITS
 (ignoring her)
 "If your building is hit, answer
 tapping from rescue crews."

INT. TRAIN STATION MAIN HALL LOS ANGELES DAY

JACK
 This is the best thing I've ever
 done in my entire life to date.

KAY
 I know.

There is a new snap in Jack's stride. He is in uniform. Kay is hurrying after him. She is nervous and out of breath trying to keep up with Jack. The train station is filled with soldiers. It is a crazy chaotic place and a loudspeaker is barking out barely intelligible orders. With a new reverence that has developed in America over the past weeks, people are making way for the young serviceman but keep bumping into Kay.

JACK
 It's giving my life meaning.

KAY
 I know. You really -

JACK
 I didn't have much purpose.

KAY
 Oh, honey, that's not true.
 You had a lotta purpose.

JACK
 I guess you're right.

INT. DEPARTURE PLATFORM TRAIN STATION

Jack is trying to meet the occasion by thinking of something heroic to say. All he can do is shake his head as Kay waits expectantly for the big speech.

Just behind them Lu-Ann (the young taxi dancer from the Egyptian) is sobbing in the arms of Jimmy, barely 18 and very green, a rube. Lu-Ann's wedding band is shiny new.

JIMMY
 Lu-Ann, will you wait for me and be
 true to me. I know we've only known
 one another a week but -

CONTINUED

LU-ANN
 (her soft voice
 quavering)
 Day in and day out. Nothing
 could stop my love.

Jimmy is all broken up. So are Kay and Jack who have been eavesdropping.

KAY
 They're just kids.

JACK
 So are we.

KAY
 Honey, we're not kids anymore.
 We have been married six -

JACK
 We're young, honey.

KAY
 Oh, I guess you're right.

Just over their shoulders, Lu-Ann is giving Jimmy the kiss of his short life. She is unabashedly rubbing her knee against his fly.

JACK
 I'm right, honey. I'm dead right.

KAY
 Oh, Jack. I don't know what I'm
 going to do without you.

JACK
 Me neither.

The all aboard signal is a loudspeaker barking at non-military personnel to leave the area.

INT. LOADING PLATFORM TRAIN STATION

An MP is holding back the crowd as the train pulls out. The civilians are waving madly at the departing soldiers including Jack and Jimmy who are leaning out the windows.

Lu-Ann is in a terrible state.

KAY
 (shrieking)
 Bye, honey.

The train gone, Kay turns around to find herself in a crowd of wives and children.

Dissolve to:

INT. ARMY BARRACKS

Pvt. LUCKY LOCKHART, 26 walks into the deserted barracks and slowly begins to take off his uniform.

EXT. BARRACKS ARMY POST

Lucky now in ill-fitting civvies and carrying a paper sack and a trumpet case is leaving the post on foot. He goes to salute the officer at the gate before he remembers that he no longer has to salute anyone.

EXT. HIGHWAY DAY

A convey of lorries carrying Japanese to interment is lumbering down Route 1. Lucky hits the highway and sticks his thumb into the traffic. A black sedan whizzes past him - only to stop a hundred yards up the road to pick up a hitch-hiking uniformed serviceman.

Lucky continues to walk toward the road sign that reads Los Angeles.

LUCKY

Fuck me.

INT. DANCE HALL NIGHT

The sluggish pre-war atmosphere is gone with the wind. The Egyptian is filled with soldiers. The joint is jumping - the hard edge of last nights, last stands, last chances. Biscuits looks prosperous and proprietary. Rosie, dancing with a young recruit, is singing along with the band. Lu-Ann is in the clutches of young, newly enlisted Tommy.

RECRUIT

(to Rosie)

You sing nice.

ROSIE

Thanks.

She has seen Biscuits watching her from a booth. She hands the recruit back his chit and hurries over to her boss sliding into the booth next to him.

ROSIE

Can I sing?

BISCUITS

I gotta get a trumpeter... (a beat)
You look nice.

CONTINUED

WOMAN

(reciting)

You will receive an allotment of \$50 a month as long as your husband is in uniform. \$22 of that sum is from your husband's pay. \$28 from the government. Do you work?

KAY

No, my husband would never -

WOMAN

He's not here.

KAY

Well, I guess you're right about that.

WOMAN

What did he do?

KAY

Well, he was lookin for work, but -

WOMAN

Can you get by on this money, Mrs. Walsh?

KAY

Oh sure, sure, sure.

WOMAN

Most say no.

KAY

Do they get more money if they say no?

WOMAN

No.

KAY

See.

INT. EGYPTIAN BALLROOM NIGHT

Crazy, jam-packed.

LU-ANN

Oh, Bert, it's finally happened to me. Mr. Right has come my way.

CONTINUED

BERT

You're my one desire.

Rosie looks stunned at the couple and strides over to Biscuits' booth.

ROSIE

Biscuits, Lu-Ann is mental.

BISCUITS

Hey, she's a nice kid.

ROSIE

She's gonna marry another one.

BISCUITS

Nah. She's just trying to show him a good time.

Lu-Ann has hurried over to the table.

LU-ANN

Biscuits, he ain't divorced yet.
Should I tell him "never you mind?"

BISCUITS

(panicked, trying to
get rid of her)
Yah, yah, yah.

For Rosie, the light has dawned.

ROSIE

I quit.

BISCUITS

(nervous, knowing he's
been caught)
You wanta sing?

ROSIE

You're very low.

BISCUITS

Sing "Blues in the Night."

ROSIE

You split the allotment checks with
her don't you? You could be put in
jail for this.

BISCUITS

You think like a cop.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

What's gonna happen when they all
come back home?

BISCUITS

(great passion)

Haven't you ever heard of living for
the moment? Why has everything with
you gotta be by the books? Here's a
young gal who fell for every one of
those guys!

ROSIE

How many?

BISCUITS

They're gonna die happy. She's
given each and every one of them
a bit of happiness because her
heart is big.

ROSIE

I'm finished with you, Biscuits.

Rosie is storming out of the ballroom.

EXT. EGYPTIAN BALLROOM

Rosie is heading for the bus stop. Biscuits has followed
her out of the hall. A bunch of soldiers are waiting at the
stop.

BISCUITS

Go ahead and quit. What have you
ever given anybody?

Seeing the potential customers at the stop, Biscuits diverts
himself from the insanity of passion to business.

BISCUITS

Hey fellas, go on inside. We'll show
you a helluva time.

Rosie is trying to get away from him. She slips behind a bunch
of shrubs on the corner to wait for the bus, but Biscuits is
dogging her tracks.

BISCUITS

A sweet kid like Lu-Ann gives her all
and you, Miss Snoot, you can't take it.
She leaves men with a memory. What do
you leave 'em with?

CONTINUED

ROSIE

You're a pimp.

BISCUITS

You decide who's right and who's wrong
and everybody's gotta live by it. You're
a phony. I've fallen for your act a
million times.

The soldiers at the bus stop are gawking at the demented couple.

SOLDIER

Let her have it, Jack.

Rosie's rage is barely contained.

ROSIE

A two bit dance hall owner. A
hustler. Selling it to rubes.

BISCUITS

(turning away)

You're the one who's chicken.

INT. BUS NIGHT

Rosie, shaking with anger and humiliation, gets on the soldier-packed bus. All the eighteen year old grunts who've just overheard the routine with Biscuits are loudly speculating and giggling. Rosie's elegant profile is quivering. She's trying not to cry.

INT. MOVIE THEATER AFTERNOON

The audience is almost all women and children. Kay is sitting alone, mesmerized by a newsreel of the Battle of the Coral Sea. Bombs, planes, battleships, wounded men, etc.

MARCH OF TIMES VOICE

The home front. Thousands upon thousands
of American women are learning the hard
facts of mobilization. Their husbands
are overseas and they are having to ask
themselves the painful question, "What
will I do now that he's gone?"

KAY

Well, I don't know.

MARCH OF TIMES VOICE

Life alone is not easy. The loneliness,
the worry, the not-knowing.

KAY

Flat-broke.

CONTINUED

Kay is so engrossed in the March of Times' rendition of her own plight that she has not noticed the young sailor who is sitting beside her. He is rehearsing the lead line he is about to throw her.

SAILOR
(mouthing words)
Are you alone? Are you all alone?

MARCH OF TIMES VOICE
Many women are moving back in with their mothers. Others fill the lonely hours doing volunteer work for worthy charities. Many are air raid wardens.

SAILOR
(out loud)
Is this seat taken?

Kay jumps. The sailor jumps. Kay sits petrified at the thought that she's met her first masher.

SAILOR
(stuttering)
Are you alone?

KAY
Fine thank you. (a beat)
I think I'll go get some raisins.

She is climbing out of the row as fast as her short legs will take her.

INT. MOVIE LOBBY

Kay is staring at the mirror trying to compose herself.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Kay is sitting in a row all by herself sobbing almost uncontrollably as Humphrey Bogart takes leave of Ingrid Bergman. The sailor who has tried to put the moves on her earlier is creeping into the row next to her.

SAILOR
(whispering)
Say, did you get your raisins?

EXT. STREET SUNSET

Kay is hurrying out of the theater, humming the "Marseillaise," her eyes still red from crying. Ethel Linderman, Kay's neighbor from the Balmy Palm and Spike's wife, is waving at her.

CONTINUED

ETHEL
 (seeing Kay's red eyes)
 What's wrong? Oh, honey, did Jack -
 Did he -

KAY
 Casablanca.

ETHEL
 You went to the picture all by
 yourself?

KAY
 It's cheaper in the afternoon.
 (getting a little teary)
 I got nobody to go with.

ETHEL
 I'd go with you but Spike'd be so
 deceived if I saw the picture before
 him because I'd tell him what happened

Ethel has picked up something on her radar. She interrupts
 herself to turn around. Kay turns around too. It's the
 sailor again.

KAY
 Oh no, he sat next to me in the
 theater.

Ethel gives Kay a suspicious look.

ETHEL
 You talked to him?

Because she's innocent, Kay looks guilty.

Across the street Rosie is entering the gaudy Dreamland dance
 hall.

INT. DREAMLAND DANCE HALL SANTA MONICA

FRANK RYAN is thirty. He does not believe in the perfecta-
 bility of human nature.

FRANK
 (snake eyes)
 We work six nights. Mondays off.
 Although I'm thinking now towards
 a seven day week, Huh?

Rosie is dressed up - trying to make an impression.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
I worked seven at the Egyptian.

FRANK
The Egyptian. Yah, I know Biscuits.
We been friends for years.

Rosie is not to cop to anything.

FRANK
(waiting)
He runs a good spot.

INT. FRANK RYAN'S OFFICE DREAMLAND NIGHT

Frank is on the phone.

FRANK
Biscuits, how are ya?

INT. EGYPTIAN DANCE HALL NIGHT

BISCUITS
I'm, uh, fine.

FRANK (V.O.)
I got Rosie Burns here. Good figure, long
black hair, no tits to speak of -

BISCUITS
(quickly)
Lovely girl.

FRANK (V.O.)
You remember her?

BISCUITS
Terrific kid.

FRANK (V.O.)
That good?

BISCUITS
Swell personality.

FRANK (V.O.)
Yah?

BISCUITS
A good dancer and all-round gal.

FRANK (V.O.)
I appreciate this, Biscuits.

CONTINUED

BISCUITS

That's why it's so tragic about
her foot. Don't stare at it, Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)

(whispering)

She's in the other room.

BISCUITS

Life throws some mean curves, Frank.
A beautiful gal like that saddled
with a tragedy. How's business?

INT. DREAMLAND NIGHT

FRANK

(making sure to stare
hard at Rosie's face)

Kid, I'm looking for Betty Grable. I
mean that kind of face. Blonde.

ROSIE

(walking out)

Tell Biscuits I said, "Hey,"

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Rosie walks into the pitch dark apartment and immediately
switches of the radio. She opens the refrigerator - empty.

GABRIEL HEATER (radio)

Ah, there's bad news tonight.

She changes the station and flops into a chair. She is so
tired and discouraged that she has not bothered to turn on
the light.

RADIO

"Dream when you're feeling blue."

ROSIE

(singing at the top of
her lungs)

Dream, that's the thing to do.

Her singing is interrupted by a loud knock on the wall.

SPIKE O.S.)

Shut up.

INT. KAY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Kay is in her kitchen scratching out a letter to her husband.
A woman confronting a paucity of expression and perhaps passion.

CONTINUED

KAY
 (humming along with
 the radio)
 "Things never are as bad as they seem
 So dream, dream, dream."

EXT. OCEAN PARK BLVD. DAY

JOHNNY BONNANO is riding in the sidecar of Lucky Lockhart's motorcycle. Johnny is slight. He has a big nose. His black hair is slicked back on the sides, one greasy curl hanging on his forehead. He is, in effect, a deliberate Frank Sinatra look-alike and he is reading the newspaper as they hum along Ocean Park Blvd.

JOHNNY
 (referring to the newspaper)
 Frankie is now "The Voice."
 Huh, Lucky? "The Voice."

LUCKY LOCKHART is tall and thin. He has lovely eyes, a funny grin, and a disposition equivocal enough to take him far. He is wearing a motorcycle jacket and shades. He does not appear to be the slightest bit interested in what Johnny is saying.

JOHNNY
 What is with this guy?

LUCKY
 What time is it? Are we gonna
 be late?

JOHNNY
 What is it he's got? I can't
 put a finger of it.

They pass a jeep filled with young soldiers who are ogling a bunch of girls at the corner who are in turn waving at them enthusiastically.

JOHNNY
 (troubled)
 It doesn't make any difference.
 no more about the individual guy, what's
 inside. It's just the striking
 uniform they go for - I got to insist
 they call me up right now. Huh, Lucky?

LUCKY
 Suit yourself.

JOHNNY
 Lets turn around, and go down there
 and sign up right now.

CONTINUED

LUCKY
I'm gonna pass, Johnny.

JOHNNY
(self-absorbed)
They'll never take me, I'm
too thin.

They have turned the corner nearing the huge MacBride Aircraft plant; Johnny's mouth drops open.

JOHNNY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Miles
of it.

LUCKY
(whistling)
That's what I like about the
South!

EXT. MACBRIDE AIRCRAFT COMPANY DAY

The sight that has shocked Lucky and Johnny is an incredible line - hundreds and hundreds of women - is stretching along Ocean Park Boulevard toward a tiny sign "Employment Office." - The women seeking work are all ages, sizes, shapes. They are white. Some are in skirts. Some are in trousers. Lots of crimped hair, platform shoes, padded shoulders, blood red lips. About 150 women from the head of the line is Kay Walsh. She is talking to a tall, rangy blonde, NORMA.

NORMA
I'm not in this for the money.
I'm doing my bit to smash Adolf.
(a beat) My fiance...Chuck...
is in Europe.

KAY
You seem a little old to have a
fiance. Why don't you marry him?

NORMA
That's a personal question.

KAY
Well, I guess you're right about
that. My husband would kill me if
he knew I were doing this.

Further down the line, about 300 women from the office Rosie Burns is talking to 3'8" LAVERNE, a midget.

LAVERNE
They got some pretty tight spaces
on those bombers.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Sure. Right. You'd probably
be real good at that.

LAVERNE

Oh, I could squeeze right into
those tight spaces. Big people
can't do those sort of -

ROSIE

(lowering her voice)

Do they ask for references?

LAVERNE

Are you kidding? They're taking
everybody.

Rosie is obviously relieved.

LAVERNE

I was a munchkin in "Wizard of Oz."
Best job I ever had.

ANNIE TIBBETS is 65.

ANNIE

Oh, I loved that picture.

The only black woman in the line is standing in front of
Rosie. She is GENEVIEVE, 18.

In front of Genevieve is JEANNIE, also 18 - pretty with long
red hair and bobby socks, leaning against the building, chew-
ing gum and scribbling a letter which she is reading aloud
to herself as she writes. Her wedding band is shining in
the afternoon sun.

JEANNIE

I...love...you...so...much...
and I...can't stand...it...no...
more...

ANNIE

(to LaVerne)

I hope I'm not too old.

LAVERNE

They're taking everybody.

CONTINUED

Lucky and Johnny are speeding past the line on Lucky's bike. Johnny is leaning out of the side car whistling at the cute girls.

INT. EMPLOYMENT MACBRIDE DAY

Jeannie is leaning up against the wall, still scribbling, waiting her turn.

JEANNIE

Without...your...fabulous...
physique...I'm...nothing...

It is Genevieve's turn to talk to the man at the assignment window.

BUREAUCRAT

(quickly)

As I recall we told you that you
gotta have your school.

JEANNIE

(continuing to herself)

Kill...a...Jap...for...me.

GENEVIEVE

(to bureaucrat)

I got my school.

She whips a diploma on the counter. The bureaucrat looks fit to kill, but he stamps her application.

TOBY, a 30 year old homosexual male, sleek and pretty, is standing next to Rosie.

TOBY

(whispering)

I was found physically unfit
to serve in the armed forces.

ROSIE

A, deaf ear?

TOBY

(michievously)

No.

LAVERNE

Don't worry. They're taking
everybody.

CONTINUED

TOBY

I applied at the phone company
but they wanted tits.

Rosie walks to the window.

BUREAUCRAT

55¢ an hour. Swing shift. Get
your tools. Next.

INT. MACBRIDE MEDICAL UNIT DAY

A harassed slightly embarrassed doctor and a squad of pathologically efficient nurses are conducting the examinations as Rosie and her group are lead into the unit.

A troop of bare-breasted women is emerging from the rest room each gingerly holding a piss - filled bottle. A desperately flatchested young woman is trying to cover her absence of poitrine and balance her urine sample at the same time.

ANNIE

(panicked)

Oh my God.

ROSIE

Just pretend you're someone else.

ANNIE

Who?

ROSIE

Anybody.

Genevieve, the only black in the room, looks terrified.

LAVERNE

Don't worry, honey. They're takin'
everybody.

In the background a 22 year old woman whose urine sample has just come back from the lab is discussing the results with the doctor.

WOMAN

Not me.

DOCTOR

Miss Raymond, I'm afraid it's true.

CONTINUED

WOMAN

Look, Doc, I never did anything.
We went to the movies in his car
and then--

INT. MACBRIDE LARGE WINDOWLESS ROOM

Rosie's group is getting the word from RUPERT GEORGE, the Safety Director for the swing shift, a pinched man in his early thirties who like all Puritans is really horny.

RUPERT

Six. No fraternizing with employees
of the opposite sex. Seven. No
female employees shall enter dark
unsupervised places alone.

Someone giggles. Rupert pretends to ignore the disturbance.

RUPERT

Eight. No form fitting or brightly
colored clothes. Nine. No open-
toed shoes. Ten. Hair must be
secured in a hair net.

VIOLET MULLIGAN is 18.

VIOLET

Do you care for kids?

RUPERT

No. Any other questions?

INT. BOMBER ASSEMBLY DAY

An amazing sight - the A-20 assembly building. Hundreds of attack planes in various states of assembly. Thousands of workers are crawling over the skeletons. The noise is deafening.

A woman in a short skirt and high heels and carrying a megaphone is escorting Rosie, Toby, Annie, LaVerne, Jeannie, Violet and Genevieve to their stations. As they pass by, every old timer (males from 25 to 60) gives them an appraising look and occasional whistle - mixture of amusement and hostility.

TOBY

I've died and gone to heaven.

Kay who has been a riveter for the past half hour has spotted Rosie a hundred feet away.

CONTINUED

KAY
 Hey! (to herself)
 I don't even know her name.

Rosie hasn't heard Kay over the noise.

INT. BOMBER ASSEMBLY DAY ROSIE'S SECTION

JOHNNY BONNANO
 (all smiles)
 This is a rivet gun we don't
 want ya to shoot anybody with it,
 do we Clarence?

Johnny is elbowing CLARENCE HOYT, 55, a long-timer MacBride employee who is shaking his head at the new recruits in sour disbelief.

Rosie can't believe Johnny's goofy pitch.

JOHNNY
 And this is not a thumbtack.
 This is a rivet. This is a
 itty bitty thing.

TOBY
 (straight-faced to
 Rosie)
 Whay does "itty bitty" mean?

JOHNNY
 To get serious for a moment,
 riveting is real suited to you
 gals because women do so well
 at repetitive tasks.

The horrible static of the huge PA system makes everybody jump. The newcomers are straining to hear the voice on the PA. The old-timers aren't paying any attention whatsoever. They're continuing to run their machines making the following, mercifully, only intermittently audible.

MACBRIDE (P.A.) (V.O.)
 Good afternoon, associates of the
 swing shift. This is Malcolm MacBride.
 From my battle stations to yours. I
 want to take this opportunity to wel-
 come my many new associates to the
 MacBride Aircraft Company. We are engaged
 in a great world struggle to maintain
 our American way of life as we now know it.

CONTINUED

MACBRIDE (CONTINUED)

And on the orders of President Roosevelt we began to hire with great pride I might add - WOMEN- the wives, the mothers and the girlfriends of those associates who are now waging the battle against Facism. Every woman we get in here is gonna free a man to fight. We're gonna have some problems, we all know that - but I'm confident we're going to work them out together. From my battle station to yours.

More horrible static as the PA shuts off. During the above, Rupert George, Safety Director for the swing shift, has been creeping through the plant, rolled up posters under one arm, a stop watch in hand. Checking out the poitrines of various female workers, he is choosing suitable sites (notably right near Violet's station) to tack up his posters. The posters emblazoned with the MacBride insignia, the screaming chicken hawk, depict with frightening realism a male worker losing his hands in a jump press because he has been distracted by a buxom, tight-sweatered riveter sashaying by his station.

INT. BOMBER ASSEMBLY DAY KAY'S SECTION

In her determination not to make a mistake, Kay has lost track of herself, and her extension drill has gone through the wing and has ripped the leadman's shirt (leadman written in big blue letters) off Lucky Lockhart's back. Lucky jumps and yells. WOOF SCHULTZ, an old timer, is practically pissing in his pants, he's so amused.

KAY

Oh my God, Oh what have I done?
Oh, I'm sorry.

Lucky has recovered enough to laugh along with Woof.

WOOF

She gotcha.

KAY

I'm so sorry. My mind wandered
off and I -

LUCKY

It's OK.

WOOF

Yah, it's Ladies' Day.

CONTINUED

KAY

I could have gone right through
your flesh.

LUCKY

(feeling his back)

No. You didn't.

WOOF

Bullseye!

LUCKY

Lay off, Woof. It's her first
day.

Kay is on the verge of tears. Lucky takes her arm and leads
her over to the orange crate to sit down.

LUCKY

I'm Lucky Lockhart. I'm your
leadman. Now you just take a
deep breath and you'll get
your confidence back. OK?

KAY

OK.

(deep breath)

Maybe I shoulda just stayed
home.

LUCKY

Oh balls - I mean.- uh -

KAY

That's OK. My husband used to
say that all the time. "Oh balls."

LUCKY

Is he dead?

KAY

I don't think so.

LUCKY

You okay now?

KAY

Yes. Thank you.

LUCKY

I'm gonna watch you for a little
while because when you get flustered,
you can hurt yourself. What's your name?

CONTINUED

KAY

Oh, forgive me. I'm Kay Walsh.

EXT. MACBRIDE RUNWAY 7 P.M.

The swing shift eats lunch. Rosie and friends are seated on the runway beneath a brilliant red evening sky.

The women are trying to ignore the ever-increasing whistles jeers, lascivious laughs from a group of men eating lunch fifty feet away. Johnny Bonnano is seated at the center; he comes over and sits down next to Rosie.

JOHNNY

Can I sit down?

ROSIE

You're here on a bet, aren't you?

Guilty all over, Johnny slinks back to the boys.

EXT. MACBRIDE 7 P.M. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RUNWAY

Kay, Norma, and BARBARA, a black-haired, black-eyed English woman, are staring at Lucky (their headman) who is sleeping his lunch away on the grass. Not far from him, a ferry pilot (pilots who delivered newly-completed planes inland) is getting ready for departure.

BARBARA

(staring at Lucky)

Well, he's good looking.

KAY

He's very nice.

NORMA

You have to watch out for that type. Now that the real men are gone, he probably figures he's going to get away with murder.

KAY

He must be pooped - sleeping his lunch away like that.

BARBARA

I'll bet he's got a rotting hangover.

NORMA

You have to ask yourself why he's not in the Army.

CONTINUED

KAY

He's probably got something deeply wrong with him.

BARBARA

Maybe he's a defeatist.

The ferry pilot removes her cap to reveal that she is a stunning young woman.

PILOT

(shouting)

Lucky!

Lucky wakes up. The women are watching the scene amazed.

LUCKY

Hey, Rita! How ya doin'?

PILOT

Never been better.

She gives him a sassy wink and climbs into her plane.

Her self-confidence and assertiveness make an impression on the women who are watching her.

KAY

Now that must be an exciting profession.

BARBARA

I've never been up in a plane.

NORMA

(critical)

She's probably a tough cookie.

EXT. MACBRIDE MIDNIGHT

Beneath a full moon, thousands of workers are streaming out of the factory. Chaos. On this first night, the new women appear to be a little lost. Several buses are lined up at the curb. The men of the swing shift are piling into cars - six or seven to a vehicle. Clown cars. Hundred of men are on bicycles. Kay is looking around trying to find Rosie.

At the other end of the sidewalk, Rosie, Toby and LaVerne are dodging the cars and bicycles. Rosie has spotted Kay. She looks the other way.

CONTINUED

TOBY
Owe her money?

ROSIE
It's my neighbor. She and her husband make cracks about me everytime I leave my place.

TOBY
You're like me.

ROSIE
No I'm not.

Johnny Bonnano pulls up beside them, driving a beat-up car filled to the rafters with the leering hard-nosed veterans of the swing shift.

JOHNNY
Hi, kids!

ROSIE
Some people just don't know when to quit.

Kay is still looking around, mumbling to herself in her funny way. Lucky Lockhart in a leather jacket is cruising his motorcycle and sidecar up next to Kay.

LUCKY
Hey!

KAY
Oh, hi there!

LUCKY
Where ya goin'?

KAY
Home.

LUCKY
You want a lift?

Norma is taking in this exchange with some suspicion. Kay has caught the look.

KAY
(excusing herself)
You sure get tired by the end of the day.
(to Norma)
Bye, Norma. See ya tomorrow.

CONTINUED

Kay gets into the sidecar and immediately hits her foot hard against something on the floor of the car.

LUCKY

My trumpet.

EXT. OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD MIDNIGHT

Lucky is speeding along beneath the moon. Kay's long blonde hair is flying straight out in the night.

KAY

(scared stiff)

Whee!

Lucky smiles at her.

LUCKY

(shouting over
the noise)

I bought it from a guy who went
into the Navy.

KAY

(shouting)

My husband's in the Navy too.

EXT. THE BALMY PALM NIGHT

Lucky pulls the bike up in front of the court.

KAY

Say. Here I am. Well, thank
you.

LUCKY

I'll see you tomorrow.

KAY

Bright and early. Oh, well,
three o'clock. It's all turned
around, don't you think?

She goes to shake his hand. Her wrist has swollen to the size of an elephant's paw. Kay stares at her arm with horror and hides her hand behind her back.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT BALMY PALM NIGHT

Lucky is holding Kay's wrist under the cold water tap.

LUCKY

It happens to everybody the first
day.

CONTINUED

KAY

Oh, you're probably right.

The water is streaming into the basin.

KAY

(shaking her head)

If only my husband could see me now.
It's funny the way things turn out,
don't you think?

There is a strange pause.

KAY

(feeling the gap)

That's a funny name, Lucky. How'd
you get that name?

LUCKY

It's kinda dirty. I can't tell you.

KAY

(quickly)

How am I ever gonna write my husband
with that wrist all swelled up that
way?

LUCKY

In an hour it'll be normal.

He makes toward the door.

LUCLY

You just stick with it, Kay.

KAY

I will.

He closes the door and is gone.

KAY

(alone)

Oh my.

add ←
EXT. OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD MIDNIGHT

Rosie is walking home alone when Biscuits' dented Cadillac speeds by. A vastly buxom blonde is snuggling next to him in the front seat. Seeing Rosie, Biscuits hangs a grotesque u-turn running up on a lawn, and nearly broadsiding a palm tree. He leaves the car running and chases after Rosie.

BISCUITS

(all drama and concern)

Has it come to this?

CONTINUED

ROSIE
Beat it, creep.

BISCUITS
(shocked)
Walking the streets!

ROSIE
Beat it.

BISCUITS
(stage whisper)
Only the perverts are out at this
time of night.

ROSIE
Get lost!

BISCUITS
I'd take you off the sidewalks.

ROSIE
Beat it or I'll call the cops.

BISCUITS
You can't even accept the milk of
human kindness.

ROSIE
Get back in the car with the bimbo,
Biscuits. That's about your speed.

BISCUITS
(with all the downtown
sarcasm he can muster)
She ain't walkin'.

INT. CAFE NIGHT

Lucky and his two buddies from the swing shift, DEACON and MOON, are playing pool in a corner of the bar which is jam-packed with war workers straight from the swing shift.

LUCKY
(sinking one)
Your ass is on my cue, sucker.

MOON
Not for long, boy.

LUCKY
I'm gonna win.

CONTINUED

Sitting at the bar is CHOW GILHOOLEY, 46, reed-thin and drug-shakey - an impossibly ugly man. Lucky discreetly lays some money on the bar for another drink for Chow.

CHOW
You chasing the blues?

With Chow, Lucky switches to jive.

LUCKY
I'm chasing the coal black
hand of death.

Chow laughs.

LUCKY
From my throat.

CHOW
(amazed)
That's right. That's right.

LUCKY
I'm worried.

CHOW
Nope. Nope.

LUCKY
Time is flying and look at
me. I can't get a gig. I'm a
mechanic.

CHOW
For your kind, time is an illusion.
Time is just a backbeat.

Lucky stares at Chow, so cool he's drunk.

LUCKY
I'm a mechanic, Chow, and that's
no lie.

The bar's piano player has begun to pack up for the night. Lucky, Deacon and Moon abandon the pool table to take his place. Lucky is into Bix Beiderbecke phase. He's terrific.

Lucky gestures to Chow to sit in. Chow plays guitar in the elegant, lonely style of Django Reinhardt. Lucky's admiration for his smiling, tortured friend is unmistakable.

EXT. BALMY PALM MORNING

Kay, in a gingham robe, carrying a plate, is hurrying across the court. Birds are tweeting. A smogless California morning. She knocks on the door of Rosie's apartment.

CONTINUED

EXT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT DAY

Rosie answers the door, wearing a kimono embroidered in parrots and tigers.

KAY

Hi.

Rosie doesn't look pleased to see her.

KAY

We're co-workers.

Rosie looks a little doubtful.

KAY

At MacBride. Isn't that a coincidence? I saw you yesterday and I shouted "Hi" but you didn't hear me. I brought some coffee cake I made. Not much sugar in it, but -

Rosie has not cracked a smile.

ROSIE

Look, sister, for the past year I've walked out of this place every afternoon to make a buck and every lousy afternoon you and your old man have made cracks about me. What do you think I am - deaf, dumb and blind?

KAY

Oh, Jack's just a big kid. Besides, he's gone.

ROSIE

(stunned)

Did he die?

KAY

No, he's in the Navy.

(all in one breath)

I've always thought you were so glamorous and when I saw you there yesterday I says to myself, "look at that glamorous girl - just pitching in." You're so pretty.

ROSIE

I think I'm crumbling.

KAY

Oh don't you believe it. "You're so stunning."

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Not in comparison to really
glamorous people - like movie
stars and cafe society.

Kay draws a total blank.

ROSIE

If I stayed in that factory long
enough, I could turn out to be
a nothing. I was really thinking
about that yesterday.

KAY

I've always said to myself, "that
anything can happen."

Rosie has begun to like Kay.

ROSIE

I'd probably feel a whole lot better
if I went out and did some shopping.

EXT. STREET SANTA MONICA DAY

A huge crowd is gathered in front of Henshey's department
store to watch an outdoor blood drive. People are giving
blood in public (behind white-sheeted cubicles) as the Mills
Brothers conduct a live broadcast hyping the event, proving
that bloodletting can be a million laughs. Rosie and Kay in
their bandanas and coveralls and tool kits are watching the
proceedings

KAY

(to Rosie)

I never get downtown.

INT. HENSHEY'S SANTA MONICA

KAY

(tentatively)

A toaster.

SALESGIRL

We don't got em.

ROSIE

When you gonna get em?

SALESGIRL

Could be months. Could be
years. They're not making em
no more.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
(to Kay)
Get an iron.

SALESGIRL
We're out.

ROSIE
What have you got?

SALESGIRL
(lost in space)
Not much. Not much.

Kay's eyes have rested on a little record player.

ROSIE
Get that. You need music.

KAY
Oh no, Jack would kill me.

ROSIE
It's your money.
(to salesgirl)
How much for the Vicrola?

INT. RECORD STORE DAY

Johnny Bonnano and Lucky Lockhart are standing at the counter before a pretty salesgirl picking out records. Johnny, the Frank Sinatra look-alike, is staring ruefully at the pictures of "the Voice" which line the walls of the shop.

SALESGIRL
(to Lucky)
Where'd ya been?

LUCKY
We've been working six days a week now.

SALESGIRL
(studying him)
Yeah?

LUCKY
Yeah.

SALESGIRL
That busy?

LUCKY
Pretty busy.

CONTINUED

JOHNNY
(self-important, trying
to push himself)
This war won't wait for nobody.

SALESGIRL
(not impressed)
Booth number three.

As Johnny and Lucky take the booth to try their record, Rosie is dragging Kay into the store. Nobody sees anybody else.

INT. RECORD BOOTH

JOHNNY
(referring to salesgirl)
You took her out?

LUCKY
Yeah.

JOHNNY
What are you crazy? She's pretty.

LUCKY
She's a little hard.

JOHNNY
Yeah? So what?

INT. RECORD STORE

ROSIE
You gotta get more than one.

KAY
Oh, I couldn't.

ROSIE
It's your money. Buy two.
you'll feel alot better.

INT. RECORD LISTENING BOOTH

Johnny has spied Rosie and Kay from the glass window in the booth- Johnny is forever horny.

JOHNNY
(seeing Rosie
blithering)
Oh, Jesus there she is. She's in
my section. I'm in love. She's
cold but I love her. The minute
she gets injured I'm gonna rush
her to the infirmary and ask her
out. Isn't she something?

CONTINUED

Lucky isn't paying any attention to Johnny. He's listening to the record.

JOHNNY

(crazed)

She looks great in slacks. Maybe she's an actress or something. Jesus, if I get drafted before I get a chance to get to her, I'm gonna kill myself.

EXT. HENSHEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE DAY

ROSIE

Damn, we're gonna be late.

KAY

Do they get mad at you if you're late?

Rosie doesn't answer stupid questions.

EXT. BOULEVARD DAY

Carloads full of war workers are racing down the boulevard. Rosie sticks her thumb out to hitchhike.

KAY

Oh, Rosie, you can't -

ROSIE

It's patriotic.

A car full of men has sped by Rosie- jeering and hooting. "Where ya goin'?" "Shake a leg, sister." etc.

ROSIE

What a bunch of jerks.

KAY

Maybe if we just walk a little faster -

Rosie persists, walking backwards down the boulevard, her thumb in the breeze.

An old black-dented sedan screeches to a halt beside Rosie. LaVerne is at the wheel. In the backseat are Violet, Jeannie, Annie and several new faces (all women).

LAVERNE

Hop in.

Rosie and Kay pile into the car with the others.

CONTINUED

13
The big black car

was driving slowly through the
streets of New York City. It was
a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

It was a big, black, four-door sedan.

661

A light car, a small car, was driving slowly through the
streets of New York City. It was a small, light-colored car.

It was a small, light-colored car.

It was a small, light-colored car.

It was a small, light-colored car.

It was a small, light-colored car.

It was a small, light-colored car.

Continued

WOOF

(an outburst)

I'm Woof Schultz and I worked here fifteen years and this is my space and no fly-by-night freak woman like yourself is gonna take it away from me. Go home where you belong, girly.

Rosie is stunned speechless by the old man's viciousness. For a moment, none of the women in LaVerne's car makes a move. Suddenly, Kay sticks her head out of the window.

KAY

(screaming)

Hey, fathead, you've got a lot of Moxie talking to my friend that way.

No one has ever talked back to Woof before. He gives Kay a look that could kill and takes off. Rosie is staring at Kay in disbelief.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY ROSIE'S SECTION DAY

Johnny Bonnano is holding the bets. The men from his section are standing around keeping an eye on the door.

Rosie and Violet have entered the section.

JOHNNY

(to his buddies)

Baby blue.

Violet takes off her jacket. She is wearing a baby blue sweater over her ample bust.

JOHNNY

(collecting bets)

Baby blue. I win!

ROSIE

(loud)

This guy is rat poison.

INT. MACBRIDE A-20 ASSEMBLY KAY'S SECTION DAY

LUCKY

Well, you didn't quit.

KAY

(nervous)

Oh, no. We have to win the war, don't we?

LUCKY

You're gonna buck for Woof today.

CONTINUED

Kay looks devastated.

LUCKY

You got nothing to be afraid of,
Kay.

KAY

(total non sequitur)

Thank You.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY DAY 69

A nervous man in his early thirties, FRENCH DEMILLE, is standing at the microphone speaking to the assembled swing shifters.

FRENCH

Anyways, Mr. MacBride asked me to make life more fun for us all cuz we're working so hard. He thinks we should get to know one another and all and -

A sound of boos from the men.

FRENCH

I knew some of you were gonna resent this, but I'm making plans to have the stars come down, we're gonna have bowling, bingo, boxing at lunch. And we've got a special swing shift dance scheduled for next Saturday.

Poor French is being booed down by the male die-hards.

FRENCH

(wiping his brow)

I'm gonna put a suggestion box out by the time clock.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY ROSIE'S SECTION DAY 68

LaVerne is small enough to rivet in the empennage.

LAVERNE

(singing to herself)

"We're off to see the wizard."

Rosie and Jeannie are partners for the day, Rosie bucking, Jeannie is riveting.

CONTINUED

JEANNIE

(screaming over the din)

So he goes, "You wanta get married?"
and I goes, "We've only known one another
four days." and he goes, "War is war." and
I goes, "You're right." And he goes,
"I'm Jewish." and I goes, "Oh no, my Dad's
gonna kill me." And he goes, "Don't worry
about it." Just like that.

ROSIE

Hit it.

Jeannie fires the rivet gun.

JEANNIE

So I goes home and my father goes,
"No kike is gonna -"

ROSIE

Hit it!

Jeannie fires the rivet gun.

JEANNIE

And I goes, "Dad, you stink." Just
like that.

ROSIE

Hit it.

JEANNIE

So he throws me out. And I calls
Al and he takes me over to his Mom's
in Glendale and she throws me out.
And so Al goes, "I give up." and we
gets married and he ships out the
next day.

ROSIE

Hit it.

JEANNIE

We couldn't even "do it" you know
because we couldn't find a hotel.
We're driving all around and I goes,
"Why don't we do it - you know -
in the car?" and he goes, "That
wouldn't be right." Just like that.
Are you married?

ROSIE

No.

CONTINUED

JEANNIE ^{typo?}
Are you writing to something?

ROSIE
No.

JEANNIE
How come?

TOBY
(vamping)
Because she's a mystery woman with
a frozen heart.

JEANNIE
(concerned)
Yeah?

Rosie gives Toby her finest poison stare.

ROSIE
(disgusted)
Hit it!

JOHNNY BONNANO
Any of you gals who has to go to
the you - know goes now.

TOBY
The moment of truth.

Rosie, LaVerne, Annie, Violet and Jeannie troop off to the rest
room - a good 100 yards from their station. The sign on the
door says "Men" and a Marine carrying a rifle is standing at
the door. Before the women go in, the Marine checks out the
men's room.

MARINE
All clear! Go on in.

Kay is marching past the ladies' room.

KAY
Hi, Rosie!

INT. TOOL CRIB MACBRIDE DAY

KAY
Two left-handed wrenches, please.

CRIBMAN
(shouting to assistant)
Hey Lou, we's got another patsy.
(to Kay)
Whooz sent youse?

CONTINUED

KAY

What?

CRIBMAN

Whooz sent youse?

KAY

Woof Schultz.

CRIBMAN

Hey Lou, Woof sent her.

(to Kay)

You tell him to stop wasting my
time cuz we's trying to win a war
and I don't have time for no more
des jokes. Youse is the fifteenth
broad to come down here asking for
a joke tool.

KAY

I didn't -

CRIBMAN

Youse gotta be more smart, girly.
Everytime one of des guys even
talks to youse, youse gotta ask
youseself, "Is dis a joke?"

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY DAY

Kay is sort of creeping back to her station, shaking her head.
Woof and the boys are waiting for her - giggling.

WOOF

Are they out of 'em honey?

Kay picks up the bucking board and gets ready to work.

KAY

(a deep breath)

You sent me for a joke tool.

WOOF

(mock serious)

No. One for the right hand. One
for the left -

Lucky flashes his lazy, charming smile at Kay.

LUCKY

(right in front of Woof)

He's a nothing guy, a punk. Don't
let him get to you.

CONTINUED

EXT. MACBRIDE MIDNIGHT

Kay catches up with Rosie as they emerge from the plant.

KAY

Rosie!

Lucky pulls up beside them on his bike. Johnny Bonnano is in the sidecar. Having seen Johnny, Rosie has quickly escaped into the crowd. Lucky, removing his goggles and helmet to talk to Kay, has not seen her and because of the goggles and helmet, Rosie has not gotten a good look at Lucky.

LUCKY

Wanta ride, Kay?

KAY

Well, you're filled up though, aren't you?

LUCKY

No. Get out, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Hey, Lucky -

KAY

I'm gonna walk home with Rosie.

She turns to point to the evidence, but Rosie is nowhere to be found.

Lucky is gesturing to Johnny to get out of the sidecar. Kay takes his place.

Johnny is looking vainly for Rosie, who, a half block away, laughing, has stepped quickly onto the running board of LaVerne's sedan.

ROSIE

Open up, LaVerne.

INT. LAVERNE'S SEDAN NIGHT

The passengers: Violet, Jeannie, Annie and Toby. The radio is announcing the the U.S. has won the battle of Midway.

VIOLET

Hold up!

They are passing a movie theater: "In the Navy" starring Abbott and Costello. Violet ducks into the theater and is out in a second holding a very sleepy four year old girl by the arm. Violet picks her up and carries her into the car. Rosie is watching her carefully

CONTINUED

LaVerne pulls back into traffic.

VIOLET
(explaining)

I got nobody to take care of her.

The little girl has fallen asleep on her lap.

ROSIE
Where's your husband?

VIOLET
I never had a proper one.

ANNIE
Me neither.

LAVERNE
I did but I let him go. He was
my one big chance, but I let him
slip through my fingers. I think
God gives you only one chance in
life.

ANNIE
You're so right. I had my big
chance when I was nineteen, but I
was too young to know it.

TOBY
I wanna hear about Rosie's big
chance.

ROSIE
You'll shrivel waiting.

Toby laughs. Rosie whistles for LaVerne to pull up. Rosie
gets down and vanishes into the night. LaVerne pulls away
still driving way to the left of the center line.

EXT. BALMY PALM NIGHT

Kay is trying to get out of the side car gracefully. It is
pitch dark.

KAY
(total non sequitur)
The days are getting shorter.

LUCKY
What does that mean?

KAY
Oh, I don't know.

CONTINUED

LUCKY
What'dya say it for?

KAY
Take up time.

LUCKY
Do you mind my giving you rides home?

KAY
Oh no, It's fun.

LUCKY
You seem sort of uncomfortable.

KAY
I'm just naturally nervous. My mother was too.

LUCKY
(eagerly)
You wanta come hear me play?

KAY
Oh, no thank you. I've got a million things to do.

LUCKY
I'm not bad, ya know.

KAY
Oh, I've gotta write Jack and -

LUCKY
(pawing the ground,
a little wounded)
I'll see ya.

KAY
Night.

EXT. BALMY PALM NIGHT

Kay checks her mailbox. Nothing.

She walks over to Rosie's door, knocks, no answer.

INT. CAPE OCEAN PARK BLVD. NIGHT ONE A.M.

The pianist is playing his closing number and the patrons of the bar are singing along.

PIANIST
"There'll be blue birds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow just you wait and see."

CONTINUED

Lucky, his trumpet case under his arm, has spotted a beautiful girl sitting alone at the bar. He wastes no time taking the empty seat next to her.

LUCKY
You like that song?

ROSIE
Yah.

LUCKY
I think it's corny.

Lucky is watching her carefully.

ROSIE
It's a free country.

LUCKY
So, uh, you a riveter or a
ship builder or a policeman,
mayor of Los Angeles, who are
you?

ROSIE
Actually, I'm 4-F.

LUCKY
(smiling)
Yeah? Well, I've got an open mind.
I'll dance with you anyway.

Rosie and Lucky are dancing - the only couple on the dime-sized dance floor.

LUCKY
You're great looking.

ROSIE
Yeah?

LUCKY
You're a good dancer.

ROSIE
I used to dance for a living.

LUCKY
What do you do now?

ROSIE
I'm a singer.

LUCKY
I play the trumpet.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Where?

LUCKY

Here. I get what I can. You know.

ROSIE

(lying)

I'm sort of between jobs. I been breaking in some new material.

Rosie has forgotten she is wearing coveralls, a snood, an identification badge, that her hands are swollen and grimy. Lucky knows what she is and he knows she's lying.

LUCKY

(playing it straight)

Breaking in new material can be rough.

Rosie buries her head into Lucky's shoulder. She has spied LuAnn with a new mark over by the bar and she doesn't want Lu-Ann to see her.

LUCKY

(mistaking her intention)

Swell.

ROSIE

(explaining)

There's someone here I don't want to see.

LUCKY

Whatever.

ROSIE

An Allotment Annie.

LUCKY

Where? Where?

ROSIE

Whadya mean tootsie?

LUCKY

What's it to you what she does?

ROSIE

It's against the law.

LUCKY

Big deal.

Lucky doesn't like uptight, unyielding women. Rosie stares at him, perturbed.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

The law's a garbage can.

ROSIE

Well, that's not how I see things.

LUCKY

I s'pose you always do right. You always tell the whole truth?

ROSIE

Yes.

LUCKY

You're one hundred per cent baloney, sister. One hundred per cent.

Rosie is heading for the door.

LUCKY

(baiting her)

Hey, sugar, before you leave point the Annie out to me, will ya? She's probably got something to her.

ROSIE

Get lost lip.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT 2 A.M.

With life all turned around, Kay is cleaning the kitchen in the middle of the night. A letter to Jack is lying unfinished on the table. Kay is talking to herself as she mops the floor.

KAY

Dear Honey Bunch. You'll never guess what I've been doing. I got a job in the national interest so we can save some money for a place of - (abeat) Dear Honey Bunch. How are you? I'm fine.

EXT. BALMY PALM NIGHT

Rosie is walking through the court alone - looking pissed off and depressed.

INT. WALSH LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Relieved at hearing Rosie, Kay throws up the window, shrieking after her.

KAY

Rosie, where ya been?

CONTINUED

INT. WALSH KITCHEN NIGHT

Kay and Rosie are drinking coffee at Kay's kitchen table.
Rosie still has a slight buzz on.

ROSIE
I just met this awful creep.
Christ, I'm so sick and tired
of men.

Kay is so lonely and so anxious for Rosie's friendship that
she'll go along with anything.

KAY
Me too. (a beat) I'd be
scared stiff to go to a bar
alone.

ROSIE
You can spend your money the
way you want. This guy was
nothing. A nothing.

KAY
What'd he look like?

ROSIE
I can't stand it anymore.
I'm fed up to here.

KAY
You're right. You want some
cake?

ROSIE
No, thank you. They're stupid.
They're like animals. They have
only one thing on their minds.

KAY
I know. You want an orange?

ROSIE
No thank you. You know someday
I'd like to fall in love with
someone really worthwhile but
I've never met anyone decent enough.
I've never met a man I could have
any respect for whatsoever. You
know what I mean?

KAY
Yes.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Respect is what's important. The other stuff fades away, but respect is respect.

KAY

That's true.

ROSIE

Respect never dies.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT MIDNIGHT (THREE WEEKS LATER)

Kay takes a record from the little collection she has begun to amass. The radio is on. Kay is wearing a housecoat. Her hair is in pin curls.

GABRIEL HEATTER

(on radio)

Ah, there's bad news tonight.

Kay stops dead in the living room. Clutching the record to her breast, she steps to an imaginary microphone.

KAY

(serious)

Thank you ladies and gentlemen and assembled guests. This is such a great honor. I only wish that my husband Jack had lived so that he that he could accept this Congressional Medal of Honor himself.

Kay lifts an imaginary veil from her sorrowing face and accepts the imaginary honor.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT ONE A.M.

Kay in a sort of young matron's dress, is standing in Rosie's living room, looking uneasy and anxious. Rosie is lounged across a chair in one of her awful kimonos reading Confidential, listening to Walter Winchell.

KAY

You're not going?

ROSIE

No.

KAY'

I just got a letter from my husband.

ROSIE

What took him so long?

CONTINUED

KAY
It's thrilling.

ROSIE
Is he telling the truth?

KAY
Oh yes. It's awful.

ROSIE
I've never gotten a good letter from a man in my life. I mean you think they're smart or something and then the letter turns out to be a rag. Lousy sentences. Corny. You know. I used to write songs so I know something about it.

KAY
This is the first letter I ever got from Jack. We got married real young and he never went anywhere sp-

ROSIE
(gesturing to the Confidential)
Listen to this. In Florida, you know, this woman, you know, her husband goes in the service and she meets this guy and he offers to help her move her furniture to her Mom's because her husband was away and she didn't want to get stuck for the rent. Anyway, she notices that this guy has real expensive clothes and a diamond ring. He turns out to be a spy and they send her to jail too for collaboration. Cuz what had happened was she had gone to the show with him on three separate occasions and what they figured was - he was slipping the messages to her in the picture house.

Rosie is waiting for a reaction.

KAY
(confused)
What messages?

ROSIE
The spy messages. It's a big scandal.

CONTINUED

KAY
(whistling and
shaking her head)
Boy oh boy. (abeat) You're not
going?

ROSIE
No.

KAY
Don't you get tired of staying
home by yourself?

ROSIE
You know why they are having this
thing. Because they want the guys
to like us so that they'll produce
more and there'll be less absenteeism.

KAY
I just thought it would do me some
good to get out. Change of scenery.

ROSIE
Well, then go. (a beat) Who you
goin' with?

KAY
By myself.

ROSIE
That's tacky. You're gonna look
like a complete wash-out if you go
by yourself.

KAY
Yeah?

ROSIE
Sure. You gotta go with a fella.

KAY
Oh, I'm a married lady.

ROSIE
Then what are you goin' for?

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM

Rosie is dressed to kill. She looks over Kay critically and
scoops out a handful of necklaces from a huge glob of costume
jewelry.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
Here. Put these on. You look
a little tired.

There is a loud knock at the front door.

EXT. BALMY PALM ONE A.M.

STAGGER, in a proto-zoot suit, is holding the door of his dented Packard.

ROSIE
You get in back with him and I'll
get in front with him.

INT. STAGGER'S PACKARD

Kay obeys. In the back seat is 28 year-old goon, MIKE.

MIKE
Hi, kid.

KAY
Hi.

Stagger is at the wheel.

ROSIE
Hey, Stagger.

She plants a heavily lip-sticked kiss on his scarred cheek.

INT. STAGGER'S PACKARD PIER

Stagger has pulled up near the P.O.P.

Rosie, pleased, turns around to Kay.

ROSIE
Sit close to him. She's gotta
play her best card, right, Stagger?

STAGGER
That's always right, kid.

MIKE
You said it.

Rosie is staring at the huge LaMonica dance hall - in total darkness because of the brown out.

.. CONTINUED

ROSIE
(180 degree shift)
I knew it was gonna be a wash-out.
Nobody's gonna show up.

Stagger beeps the horn at a group of pedestrians who have crossed his path.

ROSIE
Nobody smiles. We're the quality.

One of the pedestrians, a slim girl in a delicate dress, turns around and flashes Stagger a big grin. It's Toby.

ROSIE
Oh no.

TOBY
Hi, hi.

ROSIE
Get in.

Toby plies into the car.

ROSIE
You're playing with fire, Toby.
There's some mean, vicious
characters in that bunch.

Toby is totally unconcerned.

Stagger is overtaking another group of pedestrians on their way to the LaMonica Ballroom. Rosie is leaning dramatically on Stagger's shoulder - her Veronica Lake hairdo cutting her unsmiling face in half. The pedestrians on the pier are taking notice of the big car and its unusual passengers.

ROSIE
(Pleased with the effect)
See, Kay?

KAY
Yeah!

Kay is desperately trying to look at ease with the scene.

TOBY
I think Rosie is very up on all this.

CONTINUED

INT. LAMONICA BALLROOM 2AM

As Stagger opens the door, Rosie catches a glimpse of the jam-packed ballroom. Hundreds and hundreds of swing shifters are dancing to the strains of an imitation Glenn Miller band - Pennsylvania 6-5000. All the windows are covered with blackout curtains and Fourth of July decorations.

ROSIE

Okay!

Rosie is orchestrating the group's entrance. She has noticed that Kay is dropping back a little.

ROSIE

(to Kay)

You gotta pretend you're number one.

KAY

Yes.

Rosie has Stagger's arm. Mike has a gorilla lock on Kay, who is dying.

MIKE

You wanta hit the floor, kid.

KAY

(embarrassed, to Mike)

The only dance I know is the shimmy.

MIKE

(impressed)

Terrif.

KAY

(encouraged)

I taught myself how to do it cuz of my husband.

MIKE

(concerned)

Where is he now?

Kay is staring around the room trying to find someone. Stagger and Rosie are sensational dancers - cheek to cheek with a difference. Everyone in the place is staring at them except Biscuits who, at the other end of the dance hall, is having a tete-a-tete with French DeMille

.. CONTINUED

BISCUITS

I'm supplying the punch at cost,
right? Now if you spike it and
the cops show, I don't know nothing
cuz I got my commercial reputation at
stake here. You gotta take the rap.

FRENCH

Spike it. Spike it.

BISCUITS

(seeing Rosie,
grabbing his heart)
Oh my God.

FRENCH

(confused)
Nobody'll know, Mr. Toohey.
That I guarantee.

BISCUITS

(stricken, out of breath)
You know the way life takes hair
pin turns, huh, do ya? You're
burying the past and then wham-o.
What's your name, guy?

FRENCH

I just want everybody to get smashed.

Moonlight Serenade.

Lucky has spotted Toby right away - looking cheerful and ready in his dress - all alone over by the punch. He takes Toby's arm and they step onto the dance floor. Toby is laughing and yakking it up - keeping a polite arm's distance from Lucky. Lucky, in his motorcycle jacket and shades, projects the sort of casual fearlessness that keeps people at bay and his own limits untested. He can get away with whatever. No one's going to cross him dancing with Toby. And, there is no malice in the dance hall this evening. The sexual fears and animosities of the week-day, newly-integrated swing shift have dissipated.

Kay's eyes are darting around the crowded dance floor. She has spotted Lucky dancing with Toby.

Woof Schultz, hair slicked down, wearing a battered suit and tie, is gracefully spinning his wife around the room.

French DeMille has grabbed the microphone.

FRENCH

From the Upholstery Section,
you all know 'em, Jimmy Jeff Harper,
Duprey Cantrell and Lester Barnett -
let's give a real swing shift welcome
for our own Lubbock Cowboys!

A huge cheer goes up for the trip - three underweight, buck-toothed refugees from the dust bowl. Rebel yells, yoo-hahs. Most of the swing shift are displaced Texans, and the cowboys play the kind of music they feel comfortable with - themes of jealousy, hard times, Jesus, unrequited love, homesickness and murder:

COWBOYS

(singing)

"I'll just pretend that I'm happy
And smile through my tears, dear, at
you Cuz another has taken my cabin
And left me so lonely and blue."

All the city veneer is of the crowd now, and as the Cowboys pick and twang, the industrial vanguard turns into a bunch of thigh-slapping Okies.

DUPREY

Now we're gonna sing you a tune
about the killing of that little
ole Texas gal that took place down
here at the park. They found her
body all chopped up and left for dead.

Rosie, high on punch and feeling good for the first time in months, has been struck by a fit of the giggles.

ROSIE

(to Stagger)

They chop her up and left her for
dead.

LUCKY

(tapping Rosie
on the shoulder)

You got that new material together
yet?

Recognizing Lucky, Rosie knows she's been caught in a lie.

ROSIE

(pointing to Stagger)

This is Stagger Black.

LUCKY

Swell. Who are you?

ROSIE

Some dame you met in a bar.

LUCKY

What section are you in?..

CONTINUED

ROSIE
A-20 Assembly.

LUCKY
Give me your name and I'll have
you transferred to my station.

ROSIE
I couldn't stand the happiness.

LUCKY
(snapping his fingers)
The tough stuff is the baloney.
That's it.

Rosie is looking around the hall - trying to avoid Lucky's gaze. Instead, she makes direct eye contact with Biscuits who is heading her way. Rosie ducks away but Biscuits isn't about to be put off.

BISCUITS
(as he passes Lucky and Stagger)
Hey, fellas. Biscuits Toohey.
Owner of the hall. Enjoy yourselves.

EXT. PIER OUTSIDE DANCE HALL NIGHT

ROSIE
What are you doing here?

BISCUITS
I own this place.

ROSIE
Pimping must be paying.

BISCUITS
So you work in a dump factory -
with all these deadbeats.
(he makes an extravagant
gesture toward the Pacific Ocean)
This crowd washed up on the shore.

ROSIE
Just don't make trouble, Biscuits.
I work with these people.

Biscuits is offering his beat "who me" imitation.

BISCUITS
There've been studies done - you
know.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Spare me.

BISCUITS

Yeah, studies. (a beat) Studies show that dames working in dump factories turn queer. (a beat) Like in England.

ROSIE

Will you please leave me alone.

BISCUITS

It's to be expected. England's full of them right now. They've got a real problem on their hands in England. Terrible situation.

ROSIE

If I'd known you owned this place, I wouldn't have come.

BISCUITS

That's life, huh? That's what fate does. Just when you least expect it. The same ole same ole.

ROSIE

(calm)

Biscuits, between you and me it's never gonna be the same ole same ole. (a beat) We're just a bad memory.

It takes Biscuits a second to recover.

BISCUITS

Just go inside and enjoy yourself. I won't bother you no more.

INT. DANCE HALL

Rosie steps back into the dance hall - a little shaky after the encounter with Biscuits. Lucky is at the microphone. Deacon, Moon and Chow are warming up. Johnny Bonnano, a nervous wreck, looking more pathologically like Frank Sinatra every minute, is smoking frantically by the side of the stage.

LUCKY

(grinning)

Good evening, Associates. From my battle station to yours.

CONTINUED

He gets a big laugh from the audience.

LUCKY

First, Wop Johnny's gonna sing and then we're gonna play something I wrote. It's called "All You Tootsies." I'm premiering it here tonight and it's dedicated to all you sweethearts on the swing shift. You gals are the swellest bunch of tootsies I've ever seen. You give a guy a lift, and what's more, I love working with you and these guys who make fun of you and make you go for joke tools and the like, etcetera, etcetera - forget 'em. What are they to you?

ALL THE WOMEN

Nothing.

LUCKY

(laughing)

Yeah. You don't need these guys. You're doing a bang up job. And a special dedication to the gals in my section - Norma, Barbara, and Kay. Kay's married to a serviceman. She's terrific. Norma's got a fiance - Chuck from Pasadena - He's got some dough or something. And Barbara's from England - which makes her different. You tootsies are making this job bearable, very bearable, and I'm grateful to you.

Nice warm applause. Lucky picks up his trumpet. He has, of course, with his little speech ingratiated the who squad. He's got almost everyone in his pocket.

ROSIE

(a little drunk,
to Stagger)

Everybody's got an angle.

Now all the transplanted New Yorkers, Chicagoans, Detroiters, etc., have taken the floor to dance to Lucky's music. Jitter-bugging, wild steps, outlandish performances.

LaVerne is all gaddled up in a child's party dress whose neckline she has scooped out. She is jumping around the floor with a male midget.

..

CONTINUED

LAVERNE
(screaming at Rosie)
My ex!

ROSIE
He's short.

Annie is dancing with Clarence, the old guy from her section. Jeannie, the eternal war bride, is clutching at a tall farm boy.

JEANNIE
Then I gets the next letter on
June the twenty-two of this month.
"Dear Jeannie, How are you my love
charm?" Just like that. "I am fine.
This ship is so big you wouldn't even
believe it."

Kay is watching Lucky from the sidelines. His slow self-assurance, his good looks and his grace are not lost on her.

EXT. PIER NIGHT

Lucky is leaning against the railing, smoking, looking down at the ocean. Inside the imitation Glenn Miller Band is grinding out "Moonlight Serenade" again. Kay has spotted Lucky from inside. (In the background, a couple of boot Marines, dead drunk, are examining their brand new tattos.)

KAY
(to Lucky)
Hi.

LUCKY
Hey.

KAY
You were terrific.

LUCKY
Yeah?

KAY
I don't know a thing about music,
but boy!

LUCKY
That's what I am. I'm really a
musician. Having this job is
killing me.

KAY
(a deep breath)
Is it because you're a queer
that you're not in the army?

Lucky is astounded by the question. There is a ridiculous silence. (Further down the pier, one of the Marines is trying to catch Kay's eye.)

MARINE

Hey, honey, get your self
a soldier.

LUCKY

I'm not a queer. I was just
dancing with that guy because
he's gotten all dressed up and
he needed a dance. Nobody else
would do it.

KAY

That's true.

LUCKY

Do I look like a queer?

KAY

No, you don't.

LUCKY

I've had a couple of queer things
happen to me, but I'm not a queer.
(a beat) I'm worse than a queer.
(a beat) To answer your question.

KAY

(quickly)

I've been having a swell time tonight.
I haven't been out in months.

LUCKY

I asked you out the other night but
you wouldn't come.

Kay looks intensely uncomfortable.

LUCKY

Don't worry about it. I understand.
Although my personal feeling on the
subject is you can do anything you
want.

He tosses his cigarette into the ocean and picks up his trumpet case.

LUCKY

I'll see you Monday.

CONTINUED

She watches him amble through the dance hall - saying goodbye to his buddies as he goes.

EXT. DANCE HALL

Kay is hurrying along the Pier. She has caught a glimpse of Lucky standing at the street end of the Pier - beneath a huge billboard depicting three lady riveters looking euphoric; the caption - "Free a Man to Fight." The Marine, who had been on the Pier is hassling Lucky. The Marine takes a punch at Lucky and the fight is on. Kay is taken by the quick viciousness with which Lucky fights - the hatred so quickly tapped. He makes short work of the Marine.

Kay has caught up with Lucky. They are walking along the Pier. Lucky is winded and stewing - cursing under his breath.

Kay turns around and shrieks after the Marine who is puking into the ocean.

KAY
(screaming)
He's awaiting induction!

LUCKY
The hell I am.

Lucky kicks the stand out from under his bike.

LUCKY
(a deep breath)
You want a ride home?

INT. WALSH APARTMENT 4AM

After the dance. Lucky and Kay are sitting on the couch. He is still freaked out from the fight - distracted, guilty, a little ashamed that Kay's seen him loose it, and all the while wanting to go back and kill that Marine. Kay is her usual nervous, shaky self.

KAY
Well.
(There is nothing more to add.)

LUCKY
You live here long?

KAY
Four years in November.

LUCKY
Where ya from?

CONTINUED

KAY

We're originally from Waterloo, Iowa.
(a beat) By "we", I mean me and
Jack. My husband.

LUCKY

That's what I thought. (a beat)
You happily married?

KAY

Oh yes. I think you could say we
were childhood sweethearts because
we started going together in High
School. Actually, Jack had quit
but I was a junior and -

LUCKY

(interrupting)
This your first job?

KAY

You bet. Jack would never have let
me work.

A loud roll of thunder shakes the house.

LUCKY

How come you talk about him all
the time? You never talk about
yourself.

KAY

Oh there's not much to say.

More thunder.

LUCKY

That's not true. You're very warm
and nice. You're pretty. There's a
lot to you. You don't have to be
beholding to anyone anymore. You've
got your own job. Your own dough.
You got no reason to be nervous any-
more. You know what I mean?

A lamp on the table is swaying like crazy. The house itself
is rocking with the thunder.

KAY

(more nervous than ever)
Maybe it's gonna rain.

CONTINUED

Another burst of thunder. Suddenly, the lamp explodes. Lucky hits the floor, pulling Kay with him.

LUCKY
Somebody's shooting at us.

The "thunder" is rolling in wierd rhythms now.

KAY
(standing)
I'm sure it's my husband. I'm
going to give myself up.

Lucky pulls her down.

LUCKY
The Japs are attacking Los Angeles.

Lucky crawls into the kitchen and extinguishes the light. He also douses another small lamp in the living room. Lucky and Kay are huddled on the floor in total darkness.

The ack-ack guns are blasting at full strength now. The sound of a plane diving close. Kay is shaking. Lucky puts his arms around her.

LUCKY
(laughing a little)
We're in deep waters, kid.

He takes a hit off the moonshine.

LUCKY
If I'd stayed in I mighta lived.

Kay reaches up and brushes his hair away from his face.

KAY
I don't want to die without love.

LUCKY
Oh Christ, me neither.

Kneeling next to Kay, Lucky kisses her full on the mouth. Kay is unbuttoning the front of her dress.

INT. LAMONICA BALLROOM

The swing shifters are huddled in couples in the darkness. The Pier is shaking - the ack-ack guns going berserk. There's some heavy necking in the corners. Bottles are being passed.

CONTINUED

LAVERNE

When the Titanic went down, the
orchestra played all the way down.

Annie and her new found friend, Clarence, are sitting together.

ANNIE

I remember that.

Biscuits is sitting alone, smoking a big fat cigar.

BISCUITS

That was in the movies. They didn't
play nothing in real life. They
were too busy pushing little kids out
of the boats trying to get in. I
know musicians.

The sound of a plane dipping near the ballroom. Biscuits
flares his cigarette lighter - waving it in front of his
face. He is looking for Rosie. Someone yells, "Put that
out."

BISCUITS

(serious)

I dropped my St. Christopher medal
and I was looking for it.

Across the room he can hear Rosie snickering and he is re-
lieved.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT BALMY PALM MORNING

Lucky and Kay are lying in bed. Just outside the window,
Spike Linderman, is giving an interview to a reporter.

EXT. BALMY PALM MORNING

With Spike is MR. BOROWSKY, 65, the neighborhood air warden,
in his bathrobe and helmet.

SPIKE

(to reporter)

So the guns start up - ack-ack-ack-
ack-

REPORTER

Then what?

An Evening Outlook photographer is taking Spike's picture as he
points dramatically to a dent in the fender of his battered
automobile.

CONTINUED

SPIKE

Then I swears I sees this fella
running through the court, carrying
a brief case.

REPORTER

How did you know he was a Jap?

Spike stops to think.

MR. BOROWSKY -

You can tell 'em - small, yellow -

SPIKE

For sure.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT

Kay is overhearing what is going on. She throws the covers
over Lucky, gets out of bed and puts on her robe.

KAY

(whispering to Lucky)
Don't move.

KAY

(out the window to Spike)
Is the city still standing?

SPIKE (O.S.)

(grave)
Whole areas are gone.

KAY

Didn't you almost die of fright?

SPIKE (O.S.)

There was a Jap spy lurking right
here.

KAY

Don't, Spike, I'll swoon.

SPIKE (O.S.)

(proud)
They got my car.

KAY

I'll be out as soon as I get decent.

Kay ducks into the bedroom, pulling the blind. Kay turns
on the radio to cover Lucky's laugh.

CONTINUED

KAY
(whispering to Lucky)
Honey, they can get you for this,
you know.

Now Rosie's voice has been added to those outside the window.

ROSIE (O.S.)
Is that really a bullet hole?

EXT. BALMY PALM MORNING

SPIKE
That's a bullet hole?

ROSIE
Looks more like a dent.

Kay has emerged from her apartment in her robe.

KAY
Oh, that's a bullet hole all right.

MR. BOROWSKY
You bet.

ROSIE
Looks like a dent.

SPIKE
(to reporter)
When's this gonna hit the stands?

REPORTER
(to Rosie)
Did you see the spy?

ROSIE
I wasn't in.

REPORTER
(to Rosie)
What do you do?

SPIKE
(sarcastic)
Ha!

ROSIE
I'm a riveter.

REPORTER
(laughing)
Yeah?

CONTINUED

In the background, Kay's radio is giving a report of the bombing of Los Angeles - confused, contradictory, slightly comic. Ten people died - of heart attacks and automobile accidents. Slowly, it is coming out that the enemy plane may have been "one of our own" but the newscaster is not letting that fact diminish his hysteria any.

INT. KAY'S BEDROOM

Kay reenters her bedroom to find Lucky with the sheets over his head. The radio is announcing that a Los Angeles housewife, mistaking her Chinese houseboy for a Japanese spy, smashed a bottle of club soda over his head, killing him. The conversation in the court outside is growing louder.

ROSIE (O.S.)

That's just a dent.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Hey, sister, whadd'ya know?

ROSIE (O.S.)

I've seen bullet holes before.
What are you trying to get insurance
or something?

SPIKE (O.S.)

You got some nerve.

LUCKY

(whispering from under
the sheets)

Kay, still a nervous wreck, bends down next to him.

LUCKY

My ancestors were German.

He pulls her down into bed.

ROSIE (O.S.)

That's not even a hole, let alone
a bullet hole.

LUCKY

(to Kay)

Your neighbors are crackpots.

Lucky and Kay are lying in bed nude as the bedroom door opens.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
(opening the door)
Kay, did you get a load of that
punk, Spike - Oh God!

Shocked at the evidence, Rosie quickly closes the door and disappears, but not before everybody recognizes everybody else.

KAY
(to Lucky)
She's okay. She's my neighbor.

LUCKY
She's your neighbor? That's
something

Kay is nervously putting her robe on again and is out the door a second time.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT

Kay is sort of fidgeting, waiting for Rosie to say something.

ROSIE^{get}
Well, how'd he ^Ayou to do that?

KAY
It was my idea.

ROSIE
You could get in big trouble, you
know. You're married to a member
of the armed forces.

KAY
(pooh-poohing)
Nobody'll know.

Kay stare at her, hurt and confused.

ROSIE
(confused herself)
See, if they find out at the plant,
they'll fire you. Didn't you see
that poster with the masher spy
and the gal on her day off. They're
at the beach and he's getting her
to tell him her secrets.

KAY
I don't have any secrets.

Rosie looks sceptical.

CONTINUED

KAY
You won't tell anybody, will ya?

ROSIE
It's none of my business.

As if to prove her point (all Rosie's gestures of friendship have a defensive - hostile edge to them anyway), Rosie goes back to her ever-present movie mag.

ROSIE
(reading)
"An open letter to Clark. 'Dear Clark: In the movies you have represented a man that every woman - at least practically every American woman - could love as a son, as a brother - or as a man. Now that you're in Uncle Sam's Army, you are Everyman, every American man, who is the center of Everywoman's thoughts, prayers and hopes.'"

Kay can't focus on Clark's problems right now.

KAY
(scared)
Will you come with us?

ROSIE
What?

KAY
(nervous)
He likes to eat out. (a beat)
I'm beside myself.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Rosie and Kay are rendezvousing with Lucky, down the street, out of sight of the Balmy Palm.

KAY
Honey, this is Rosie.

LUCKY
Hi, I'm Honey.

INT. SORRENTO GRILL

The musicians from the swing shift, Lucky's crowd, hang out at the Sorrento Grill - reading the paper, listening to the radio, playing cards, sighting good figures on the adjoining beach.

CONTINUED

Chow, the guitar player from Lucky's group, is the cook at the Grill.

Lucky enters the Sorrento with the two women. They take a table. Johnny Bonnano, Moon Murray and Deacon White, sitting at the counter, are following the threesome's every move. Kay is hiding behind a menu.

Chow walks over to the table to take their order.

CHOW
(amused)
Morning.

LUCKY
(to Rosie)
What do you want, honey?

ROSIE
(pissed)
Cup of coffee.

LUCKY
(to Rosie)
What's your friend gonna have?

ROSIE
(nudging Kay)
What are you gonna have?

KAY
(from behind the menu)
Scrambled eggs, toast with jelly,
orange juice and coffee.

LUCKY
Same for me.

At the counter Johnny is whispering to Deacon.

JOHNNY
He took the one I wanted. The
beautiful icicle. He made it with
her. They're having breakfast.

Lucky is acting cool, sprawling out in the booth in his t-shirt, his tattoos showing.

LUCKY
(to the boys)
Hi guys! You got the sports page,
Johnny?
(to Rosie)
You want the business section,
Sweetheart? Catch up on what's
new in aviation?

CONTINUED

EXT. MACBRIDE

The payday exit scene at Macbride is even more frantic than the regular one.

Genevieve quietly takes leave of her co-workers to walk off by herself. Her disappearance is always expected and always disturbing but the cars are honking and everybody else is going somewhere.

Rosie and Kay are walking home. Kay is looking nervously around trying to find Lucky. He's nowhere in sight. Rosie knows what Kay is feeling.

ROSIE
(consoling)
It's typical, you know.

EXT. BALCONY BOARDWALK APARTMENT 2 A.M.

Chow is picking a tune on the guitar. Lucky is staring out at the ocean, smoking a joint, sipping a beer.

CHOW
You play one.

LUCKY
(getting up)
I gotta meet a guy.

CHOW
(smiling)
Pretty late.

LUCKY
(explaining)
Night owl.
(He knows Chow is hip to him.)
I'm cool.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT 2 A.M.

After work. Kay is nervous, preoccupied.

ROSIE
The minute I laid eyes on him yesterday,
I says to myself, "He doesn't care
about anything on purpose." I've
met a million of 'em like that.

Kay looks miserable, as she compulsively cleans her immaculate apartment.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

The biggest lesson life has to teach is "you can't depend on anybody except yourself."

KAY

You're right.

ROSIE

Anybody else is going to disappoint you.

KAY

That's true.

ROSIE

What do you need anybody else for? You have a job and you have - (she stops to think of what else Kay has).

The window at the back of the bedroom is suddenly thrown open. Rosie screams. Lucky is having a fair degree of difficulty getting his lanky frame through the window.

LUCKY

Goddamit.

KAY

(relieved, trying to seem nonchalant)

Hi, honey.

The window has closed on Lucky's knee.

LUCKY

Jesus Christ.

Rosie is shocked. Lucky could care less. He is presently hauling through the window some personal effects - a change of t-shirt, a shaving kit, his toolbox, his trumpet and several bottles of beer.

Rosie gets up to leave. Kay is taking Lucky's shaving kit into the bathroom.

KAY (O.S.)

(total non-sequitur)

Friends are the best part of work.

INT. WALSH BEDROOM 2 P.M. ONE YEAR LATER

The calender over the bed depicts a bulldog dressed as a Marine drill instructor. The year is 1943. Lucky and Kay are lying in bed. He's watching her sleep.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

Sweetheart, we've won the war.

Kay wakes up with a start - panicked. Lucky is laughing at her.

INT. WALSH BEDROOM

Lucky turns on the hot water full blast to get the water heater going. One wall of the bathroom is now covered with Lucky's striking cheesecake collection.

INT. WALSH KITCHEN

Lucky, stark naked, is making coffee. From the kitchen window he can see straight into Rosie's apartment. She is eating breakfast alone. She looks up to see Lucky staring at her - his eyes crossed making a stupid face.

Rosie goes back to her paper. A few seconds later she glances back toward the window - only Lucky's feet are showing. He is standing on his hands laughing to himself, wiggling his toes at Rosie.

Rosie closes the curtains.

LUCKY ↓

(calling at her)

All your stinkin principles!

EXT. BALMY PALM DAY

Kay in her work clothes is making a great fuss of leaving her apartment. Rosie, on cue, hearing Kay, exits her apartment.

KAY

(loud voice)

What's the latest from Europe?

Rosie and Kay are in the midst of what has, over the year, become their morning ritual - detracting attention from Lucky who is presently climbing out the rear window of Kay's apartment.

They have the routine down to perfection.

EXT. STREET

Rosie, Lucky and Kay are walking to work. As Ethel Linderman yoo-hoos from a passing bus, Rosie snuggles up to Lucky. She is the beard for Lucky and Kay.

KAY

(singing)

"You made me love you
I didn't want to do it
I didn't want to - "

CONTINUED

LUCKY

You got a great front porch on you, Kay, but you got the worst voice I have ever heard.

ROSIE

That's not nice.

LUCKY

No, it's not nice. It's the truth.

KAY

His sense of humor is a little different.

ROSIE

(serious, explaining)

Kay, he was making fun of you because you have big boobies and a lousy voice.

KAY

Oh, it's not serious.

LUCKY

(mocking Rosie)

Right. See, it's true but it's not serious. That's the point right there.

The worst looking, pimpest, scrawniest soldier in the U.S. Army is walking toward them. He is so awesomely repulsive that Rosie and Kay take a deep breath.

LUCKY

(when the soldier is out of earshot)

Thank you, baby Jesus.

(to Rosie and Kay)

We're gonna win the war.

That guy's going to scare the Japs to death.

Kay cracks up. She is a more light-hearted, less frantic person than she was a year ago. Rosie has become only more intense.

ROSIE

That's not nice. He can't help it if he's ugly.

LUCKY

He could kill himself.

KAY

(cracking herself up)

He could go and hide.

CONTINUED

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY

In one year the atmosphere of the A-20 Assembly has totally changed. All the old hostility is gone. Men and women are having lunch together, chatting, laughing - in general paying no attention to Rupert's poster (all over the walls) warning of the serious, sometimes international consequences of any sexual encounter on the job. LaVerne and Woof are taking bets on the action at Hollywood Park.

On the raised platform next to the boxing ring, Dorothy Lamour, wearing a sarong and lots of lipstick and accompanied by two generals dripping with stars and stripes is pitching war bonds to thousands of ogling male swing shifters.

LAMOUR

Despite what you may have read
in the papers, the boys appreciate
what a terrific job you're doing
back here. I think you're adorable.

LAVERNE

(to Rosie)

She's shorter than I thought.

ROSIE

They day they get Clark out here
is the day I buy a bond.

Out of the corner of her eye she has noticed that Lucky, wearing Everlast trunks and boxing gloves, is sneaking into the bomb shelter.

INT. BOMB SHELTER

Lucky and Kay are lying in each others arms in the cavernous bomb shelter. Lucky's candor when he is alone with Kay is surprising. The flippancy and the cool are gone. He seems a much more vulnerable, needy man.

LUCKY

We were so in love that we'd be
walking to school and I'd look at
her and she'd look at me and we
just couldn't help ourselves.
You know what I mean?

KAY

Oh sure.

LUCKY

I was so berserk from love that
I thought I was gonna kill myself.

CONTINUED

KAY
I know what you mean.

LUCKY
Yeah but the strange thing is that
I wouldn't know her now if I met
her on the street.

Kay is a little taken aback by this revelation.

KAY
And you really loved her?

The door to the bomb shelter opens. Rupert, the notorious safety director of the Swing Shift, is standing in the entrance.

RUPERT
Lockhart, you get back to your
station. Mrs. Walsh, you go
home.

In the background, out in the assembly, the General is giving his pitch.

GENERAL
Miss Lamour is going to give
one smooch to the winner of
the drawing. But you have to
have bought a bond to be eligible,
fellas.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY

Rosie is staring at Kay and Lucky emerging like defeated soldiers from the bomb shelter. Rupert is beside himself with joy - padlocking the shelter. Lucky's murderous temper suddenly flares - he's on Rupert like a flash and since he's wearing boxing gloves, he's knocking the shit out of the safety director of the swing shift. Everyone in the assembly is hip to what's happened. Kay looks like a dictionary definition of guilt. Woof, Moon and Deacon are trying to pull Lucky off Rupert.

On the stage, Dorothy Lamour has interrupted her pitch to stare at the fight.

LAMOUR
(to her press agent)
God, what a body!

KAY
(to Rosie)
Rupert fired me.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Kay, you've ruined your life for
that crackpot.

Kay flings herself on top of Lucky - trying to pull him off
Rupert.

LaVerne is watching the scene horrified.

NORMA

(to Rosie, disgusted)
You never know the half of people's
lives.

BARBARA

I can't look.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Rosie is walking down one aisle of the theater, Violet another,
peering in every row.

ROSIE

(whispering)
Cassie, Cassie.

On the screen is the weekly newsreel fashion show - a path-
ologically squeaky-voiced narrator saying absurd things about
silly clothes, demented looking manequins.

The theater is filled with children.

VIOLET

Cassie!

Children sleeping, children crying, children laughing, children
throwing things, children totally ignoring the newsreel.
Mothers fresh from the swing shift are looking for their off-
spring. Rosie has spotted Cassie.

ROSIE

Cassie!

CASSIE

Where's my mommy?

ROSIE

She's over there. C'mon
we're late.

CASSIE

Where's your husband?

ROSIE

I don't have one.

CONTINUED

CASSIE

Why not?

ROSIE

I don't know.

INT. UNION HALL

Johnny Bonnano, president of the machinists' local, is holding forth. Kay, a nervous wreck, is sitting down front. Lucky is pacing on of the aisles.

JOHNNY

I gotta say it. I don't think we got a legitimate grievance here. Kay is in the union and we're gonna support our membership but if we go out on a limb for a married woman with a husband in the service who's been fired because she's been getting some on the side, we're gonna come off looking like a bunch of gigolos ourselves.

LUCKY

You're full of shit.

JOHNNY

Everyday in the paper you read articles about the no-good, lazy workers, don't you?

KAY

I wasn't bothering anyone.

LUCKY

(to Johnny)

I'm gonna take care of you outside.

Rosie and Violet, carrying Cassie, have taken seats at the back of the hall.

CLARENCE

It's a shame but the rules are the rules.

KAY

I wasn't slowing down the line.

JOHNNY

Guys are gonna come back from the war and they're gonna say, "Hey, I was losing a leg while you and my wife were going at it."

CONTINUED

WOOF

We have to draw the line somewhere.

LUCKY

I'm gonna draw it across your fat ass.

JOHNNY

Brute force never got anybody anywhere.

LUCKY

You support this grievance or I'll beat your brains out.

JOHNNY

Well, I can't -

Rosie is on her feet.

ROSIE

How many people in this room have made out in the bomb shelter?

Kay and Lucky are the only people to stand.

ROSIE

My station is right near that shelter and I've seen a lot of traffic going in and out of there so I know who's a hypocrite.

Violet stands up as does LaVerne, Genevieve, Annie, until gradually almost all the women are standing.

ROSIE

They weren't in there alone.

Deacon gets to his feet. Soon everyone in the room is standing except Rosie.

EXT. UNION HALL PARKING LOT

Lucky is standing with his arm around Kay - grinning. He's right at home with defiance. Kay and Lucky are still getting some funny looks from their co-workers.

Lucky takes, his buddy, Deacon aside.

LUCKY

C'mon you saw her. She didn't stand up. She's not getting any. She must be wishing she wasn't alone. Strike while the iron is hot.

CONTINUED

DEACON

Oh, I -I -

LUCKY

C'mon, Rosie, we're gonna celebrate.

ROSIE

I'm going home.

LUCKY

Hey, there's nothing at home.
Remember? Nothing.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Rosie, Deacon, Lucky and Kay look conspicuously out of place in the night club devoted to the newly-rich class which the war has created - aviation industry executives and military brass on expense accounts.

Kay is giving Rosie the ridiculous high sign women use when they want a girlfriend to accompany them to the ladies room.

KAY

(getting up)

'Scuse us.

WAITER

(to Lucky)

There's a minimum.

INT. LADIES' ROOM

KAY

Well, I guess it's all out in the open now, isn't it?

ROSIE

Yes.

KAY

(uneasy)

It'll probably make the whole thing easier to live with.

ROSIE

(not meaning)

It probably will.

KAY

You know, not having to hide anything at the plant. ..

CONTINUED

ROSIE
You'll probably feel alot better.

KAY
I'll still have to hide at home.

ROSIE
Yes.

KAY
I think it's probably better to
come clean with things. It makes
it alot easier to face yourself,
don't you think?

She looks over at Rosie who is transforming her vulnerable
rather touching face into its hard, made-up mask.

KAY
Thank you for standing up for me.
You were wonderful.

ROSIE
He'll probably propose and every-
thing will be alright.

KAY
(nervous)
Oh, I don't know. I don't know.
I think we have to live for today.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

DEACON
Where you from?

ROSIE
Chicago, Illinois.

DEACON
I'm from Brownsville, Texas.

DEACON
You ever been to Texas?

ROSIE
No.

LUCKY
You like it here, Kay?

CONTINUED

KAY
It's swell.

LUCKY
We whipped 'em tonight, honey.

KAY
(trying to be light-hearted)
Oh, I know.

LUCKY
We're gonna do just as we please.

DEACON
Texas is friendly.

ROSIE
I probably wouldn't like it.

Deacon is so desperate to make conversation with Rosie that he settles for racism.

DEACON
Do they let niggers in here?

ROSIE
They let you in.

KAY
(quickly)
Dance with me, Deacon.

As Deacon and Kay hit the dance floor, Lucky keys into Rosie.

LUCKY
Who the hell do you think you are?

ROSIE
He was coming on to me.

LUCKY
(scanning)
The hairdo. The make-up. The legs.
What do you expect?

ROSIE
I haven't done one thing to lead
him on.

LUCKY
Just by the virtue of what you look
like every pair of pants in the world
is eating his heart out over you,
sweetheart.

CONTINUED

ROSIE

I don't have to stand for it.

LUCKY

Oh that's rich. You love every minute of it. If guys didn't come on to you, you'd kill yourself. I've had it with you cuz finally what is it? What about you is worth all this frigging misery? I'll be goddamned if I know. Cuz it's cold. And you know-what's worse - it's dull.

He is expecting a quick retort but Rosie looks away. Lucky is trying to see her expression.

LUCKY

(by way of an apology)

Oh, for Chrissakes, we're supposed to be having a good time.

EXT. BUS STOP

While the other patrons of the night club are piling into big cars, Rosie, Deacon, Lucky and Kay are waiting at the bus stop. A young sailor is passed out dead drunk on the sidewalk. Rosie seems deflated, hurt. Kay is trying to make conversation with Deacon. Lucky is giving periodic glances at Rosie.

BISCUITS

Hey, I'm Biscuits Toohey. You played my hall. The LaMonica. 'Bout a year ago. Remember?

DEACON

(pleased at the attention)

Hey, Biscuits. How yew?

Rosie is looking away. Lucky is hip to what's happening.

BISCUITS

Lemme give you a lift.

Sitting next to Biscuits is an unbelievable woman, about 22, cantilevered tits, blonde hair, lots of makeup, dress uniform (a Bimbo WAC).

There is considerable confusion as to the seating arrangement as the four war workers get into Biscuits' Cadillac.

INT. BISCUITS' CADILLAC

Speeding along Ocean Park Boulevard like a maniac.

CONTINUED

BISCUITS
This is Sergeant Schiller.

Lucky salutes.

SCHILLER
You can call me Betty.

BISCUITS
(fishing)
Where can I drop you folks?
Separately or together?

LUCKY
We get a choice?

BISCUITS
'Scuze me just a second.

He pulls the car over to the side of the road nearly broadsiding a Jeep full of military. Biscuits jumps out of his car and removes the rubber mats from the back seat of the car.

BISCUITS
(on his best behavior)
For the rubber drive.

Biscuits is dragging the mats to a rubber donation center, smiling back at everyone in the car.

LUCKY
I'd like to give a little rubber
to the drive myself.

KAY
Shh.

SCHILLER
I think it's very brave of you
fellas to stay home and do the
unsung work.

For an uncomfortable second, no one picks up on the remark.

KAY
(to Schiller)
It must be exciting to be in the
service.

Lucky begins to whisper earnestly to Rosie when Biscuits is out of earshot; he is feeling guilty about his tirade earlier in the evening.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

(to Rosie)

The guy is crazy about you. He's making a fool of himself. Trying to make amends. Give him a tumble. What are you gonna lose - except your misery?

ROSIE

He's not what I want.

LUCKY

What do you want?

ROSIE

True love.

LUCKY

You can't have true love.

ROSIE

Why not? You have it.

LUCKY

(surprised)

That's different.

Kay, overhearing the remark, turns around and gives him a funny look.

Biscuits has returned to the car - looking self-satisfied.

BISCUITS

You can't deny it - when you do something for somebody else you feel terrific. I guess that's what patriotism -

LUCKY

(interrupting)

You can just let me out on the corner here, Cookie, I mean Biscuits. See you gals tomorrow at the defense plant. Nice meeting you, Colonel. Deacon, you better get out too cuz you're washed up for this evening.

He is out the door.

CONTINUED

EXT. BALMY PALM

The scene is like an elaborate cuckoo clock. Biscuits and Schiller are pulling away from the curb. Rosie and Kay are entering the court. At the back of Kay's apartment, Lucky is climbing into the bedroom window. At the front door Kay is pulling a letter from her mailbox. She stuffs it into her purse unopened. Rosie is heading into her apartment alone.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT

LUCKY

She's making herself miserable.
I've never seen anything like it
in my whole life.

(he looks up to see that

Kay is crying)

Now you are letting everything get
to you, Kay. Why would you give
a damn?

KAY

I shouldn't.

LUCKY

That's right.

(he is drawing the blinds)

We're all on edge. We need a
change of scenery.

EXT. BALMY PALM MORNING

Kay, Lucky and Rosie are loading suitcases and picnic baskets into a very beat up old sedan as Spike pedals up on his bicycle.

SPIKE

Goin' on a joyride?

ROSIE

Got anymore bullet holes in
your car?

KAY

(conciliatory)

Lucky and Rosie were nice enough
to invite me to go along with them
to the beach. Get me out of the
house.

SPIKE

(to Lucky)

You usin' Black Market gas?

CONTINUED

ROSIE

That's what you use when you go
on a joyride.

KAY

It's our day off. One a week.

SPIKE

(examining the tires)

These retreads?

Lucky and Rosie are about to explode.

KAY

(cheery)

Let's go you two.

Kay has bundled herself into the back seat with the picnic basket. Rosie and Lucky are in the front seat, snuggling up to one another.

INT. LUCKY'S BORROWED SEDAN

Lucky pulls away from the curb. Spike, the eternal busybody, is watching them drive off.

LUCKY

There's always some jackass
who wants everybody to be as
miserable as he is.

Lucky turns the car onto the Pacific Coast Highway heading south. Once they're out of sight of the Balmy Palm, Rosie climbs over the backseat, switching places with Kay.

Lucky turns on the radio.- Dick Haymes doing "It Can't Be Wrong." He glances at Rosie in the rear view mirror. She is smiling, singing along with the radio. The quality of her voice surprises him. The fact that she's in a good mood and that it's a beautiful morning and they're got a borrowed car has Lucky sailing. He hates problems.

LUCKY

We're gonna have a ball.

He pulls over to the side of the road to pick up a sailor who is hitchhiking. Another young serviceman emerges from the bushes and piles into the car with his buddy.

INT. CAR DAY

KAY

My husband's in the Navy. I
haven't seen him in eighteen
months.

CONTINUED

She realizes she has her arm around Lucky and that one of the sailors is giving her a funny look. She begins to edge away from Lucky.

LUCKY
(to sailor)
Where ya goin"?

SAILOR #1
Tijuana.

SAILOR #2
(mumbling, Southern accent,
lost in space)
Twenty-four hours.

SAILOR #1
You ever been there?

KAY
Oh no.

LUCKY
(smiling)
I have.

SAILOR #2
Twenty-four hours!

ROSIE
I hear it's filthy.

SAILOR #1
I'm from Detroit.

ROSIE
You won't notice.

LUCKY
(to sailors)
We're on our way to San Diego.

SAILOR #2
You and the two gals?

LUCKY
(straight)
Oh yeah.

SAILOR #2
Whew!

Kay sticks her head out the window, screaming.

KAY
Jeannie!

CONTINUED

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY DAY

Jeannie, the classic war bride, is standing by the side of the road, hitchhiking. When Lucky stops the car to pick her up, she motions her companion, BETTY, 18, a cute, gum-chewing bobby soxer into the car with her. There are seven people in Lucky's car. (Most of the other vehicles they pass on the highway are also jammed to the rafters with passengers; the highway is lined with hitchhikers.)

INT. LUCKY'S CAR

Jeannie is in the front seat with Lucky and Kay. Betty, Rosie and the two sailors are in the back. Jeannie is staring at Lucky.

BETTY

And if you don't get out of
there before the crane swings
though, they're gonna be pick-
ing you up with a dustpan.
(she giggles at the thought)

The sailor from Detroit is staring at Betty totally dumbstruck.

ROSIE

(to Kay)
She works at Cal Ship.

BETTY

I got three production medals.

ROSIE

How much you makin' an hour?

BETTY

More than anybody in this car.

SAILOR #2

That's not very feminine, you
know.

LUCKY

Give her a break. She's making
it possible for you to become a
hero. (a beat) Where you going,
kid?

BETTY

The DANCE!

LUCKY

What dance?

CONTINUED

BETTY
San Diego. USO.

LUCKY
You follow the boys, Betty?

BETTY
Right now in port I know four
guys from my high school class,
three friends of my brothers,
guy who lived down my street,
friend of my cousin, guy I been
writing to -

Sailor #2 is staring at her, disturbed and confused.

JEANNIE
- (suddenly to Kay)
You've got guts.

KAY
What?

JEANNIE
I was thinking to myself the
other night. "Kay has guts."
I couldn't do it.

LUCKY
Sure ya could.

JEANNIE
Not me. I'd be dead.

Kay is red with embarrassment.

BETTY
What's she doin'?

JEANNIE
Well, her husband is in the
service and the cute guy who's
driving, he's her boyfriend.
I wrote Al a letter about it.
(a beat) God!

Jeannie has taken from her purse a pile of letters tied with
a ribbon. Rosie shudders.

JEANNIE
My honey's in port.

Lucky is whistling along with the radio.

CONTINUED

INT. CAR EVENING

The shock of the Mexican border towns. Wartime Tijuana is a Faustian nightmare - American soldiers, Mexican whores, Mexican hustlers - a tangible level of desperation and craziness. Everyone in the car except Lucky is awestruck.

One of the sailors hands Lucky a small piece of paper.

LUCKY
(reading)
The Blue Fox. Oh boy!

SAILOR
A good spot?

LUCKY
Just what you are looking for.

EXT. THE BLUE FOX TIJUANA

A dumpy little store front club on a miserable little street.

LUCKY
This is it.

SAILOR #2-
Twenty-four hours!

SAILOR #1
Thanks alot.

LUCKY
Don't take no wooden nickels.

KAY
I wanta see it.

LUCKY
No you don't Kay.

ROSIE
I wouldn't go in.

KAY
I'm not afraid.

JEANNIE
What goes on in there?

ROSIE
I can just imagine.

LUCKY
Nothing that'll kill ya.

CONTINUED

INT. BLUE FOX

The Blue Fox is a room about 40' X 80' with a small stage at one end. It is jam-packed with young American sailors, screaming drunk, stoned. The big shore leave. Sailor #2 has joined the crowd.

SAILOR #2
(shouting)
Twenty-four hours!

A donkey is standing ominously at one end of the stage. The show is about to begin. A Mexican dancer, about 17, is coercing a young sailor out of the audience onto the stage.

Lucky and the girls are standing at the back of the hall. Jeannie screams and rushes to the front of the room.

JEANNIE
Honey! Honey!

She throws herself into her young husband's arms. The Mexican dancer is pissed off. She's got to recruit another rube.

EXT. TIJUANA STREET NIGHT

Lucky, Rosie, and Kay are making a fast exit from the Blue Fox.

KAY
(dumbstruck)
I just can't believe they do that.
How does it fit?

ROSIE
(shuddering)
I don't even want to think about it.

Suddenly expansive, Lucky throws an arm around each woman's shoulder. They are walking through Tijuana.

INT. CAFE TIJUANA

Lucky is in a sombrero is playing trumpet with the Mexican band. An american sailor has commandeered the piano. The result is a crazy jazz-Mex combination that has everybody, Mexican and American, cracking up. The atmosphere in the cafe is really nice.

Rosie and Kay are at the bar laughing at Lucky. Suddenly, Rosie steps up to the microphone and begins to sing.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
(singing,
pleased with herself)
You'll never know just how much -

The crowd is singing along, really into it.

LUCKY
(calling out to her
in amazement)
Go get em, kid. This means alot
to me.

ROSIE
(singing)
You'll never know just how much
I really care.

LUCKY
(to piano player)
You like her? Isn't she great?

PIANO PLAYER
Swell.

LUCKY
She's available.

EXT. THE CORONADO HOTEL SAN DIEGO NIGHT

All three of them are in the front seat of Lucky's car
approaching the Coronado Hotel.

LUCKY
This vacation was the best idea
I've had in years.

Kay is staring apprehensively at the rather grand exterior
of the hotel.

LUCKY
Don't worry, Kay, we got money.
That's all it takes.

ROSIE
(lighthearted)
Money talks.

LUCKY
That's right.

KAY
I always forget that.

CONTINUED

INT. CORONADO DESK NIGHT

Checking in. The who's on first routine is starting again.

KAY
(whispering)
I'll sign with Rosie.

LUCKY
We're out of town. We can be together.

ROSIE
(to clerk)
We want one room with a big bed for
my sister and me and a separate room
for my boyfriend here...

INT. CORONADO BALLROOM

They have a little table by the dance floor. The place is packed. The band is playing "As Time Goes By" and everybody is trying to have one last good one. Lucky is one of the few young men not in uniform.

KAY
This is the nicest place I've
ever been.

LUCKY
(to Kay)
When the war's over, we're gonna
go away every weekend.

The war's end is a topic Kay cannot deal with.

KAY
(hopefully)
It'll probably be ages before
the war's over. Don't you think?

They get up to dance. Rosie is left sitting alone but nature abhors a vacuum. A devastating handsome young lieutenant has approached her table.

O'CONNOR
My name's Danny O'Connor. You're
gorgeous.

Rosie is staring at him. He is so good looking, his charm is so easy, he's an officer in the great world struggle against Fascism, he's probably never done time, and he's so overtly attracted to her that as a woman whose been alone for too long she should be able to talk to him but she can't say a word. All her dance skills are gone and there's nothing in her heart left to replace them.

CONTINUED

O'CONNOR
 (smiling at her)
 Never seen a sailor before?

Lucky has spied the two of them from the dance floor.

LUCKY
 (enthusiastic, to Kay)
 Christ, she's met somebody. Just
 hope she's nice to the poor bastard.
 Smile at the guy, Kay, give him
 courage.

Lucky and Kay are smiling at the lieutenant - giving him
 little waves.

LUCKY
 That guy is perfect. Not a flaw.

KAY
 He's probably a hero.

LUCKY
 He's probably a faggot is what
 he is but he looks great.

Over at the table:

LIEUTENANT
 (to Rosie)
 I'd like to buy you a drink.
 I'd like to dance with you.
 I'd like to impress you with
 my war stories. And on from there.

Staring at Rosie from the other end of the ballroom in a lowly
 seaman's uniform - no stripes, no medals, no nothing - his
 hair military short, white-walled, is Biscuits, all alone.
 He is about to walk toward her but Lucky has caught up with him.

LUCKY
 You don't want to do that,
 Crackers.

BISCUITS
 Biscuits.

LUCKY
 That too. Give her a break.
 She's been carrying the sour
 torch for you for two years.
 No nothing. And I seen her
 day after day. Look at that
 guy. He's sensational. He's
 an officer. He looks like money.
 You don't want to screw things
 for her, do you?

CONTINUED

BISCUITS

I just want to make her happy.

LUCKY

That's normal there, Biscuits.
We all want happy women.

BISCUITS

I'm shipping out tomorrow. I
may never see her again.

LUCKY

Look, she's talking to that guy.
Her lips are moving. They're
getting up to dance. She's feel-
ing hopeful about life. Her
heart's beating. Now if you go
over there and talk to her, it's
all in the crapper. You gotta
know when to quit, fella. You
got a ten count and that's that.

BISCUITS

I just want to say goodbye.

LUCKY

Send her a letter. Letters make
'em crazy. You should see 'em at
the plant reading thier little letters;
rips your guts out.

Meanwhile, back on the dance floor, O'Connor isn't giving up.

O'CONNOR

You're gorgeous.

ROSIE

That's neither here nor there.

O'CONNOR

I think you make your face what
it is.

ROSIE

I know lots of ugly people who
are very nice.

O'CONNOR

Do you? That's swell.
Let's get down to essentials.
Where's your husband?

ROSIE

I'm not married.

CONTINUED

(Biscuits is slinking out of the ballroom; Lucky has gotten to him.)

O'CONNOR

This is my lucky day. Who are you?
What do you do?

ROSIE

I'm a riveter at MacBride in Santa
Monica.

He is staring at the beautiful face, the lovely figure, the
great legs.

O'CONNOR

Jesus.

ROSIE

(uncomfortable)
Where are you from?

O'CONNOR

Boston.

ROSIE

What do you do?

O'CONNOR

I was in law school when I
got called up.

ROSIE

You're going to be a lawyer?

O'CONNOR

That's usually what happens to you
when you go to law school. (a beat)
Isn't it unusual for someone with
your looks to be a riveter?

ROSIE

There are thousands and thousands -

O'CONNOR

That's good but I'm talking to you.

ROSIE

Does your family live in Boston?

O'CONNOR

Yup. My father's a lawyer and
(he winks)

CONTINUED

O'CONNOR cont.

if I live, I'm gonna go back to
Boston and inherit all his money.
(a beat) The Navy's not half bad.
I've been having a hell of a time.
I've met people I would never have
met in a million years.

ROSIE

Like me?

O'CONNOR

(not put off)

You bet. You bet.

O'Connor has all the ease and charm of second generation money.
He doesn't have a worry in the world and he despises people
who do.

Kay and Lucky are standing in the corner of the ballroom -
watching Rosie and the lieutenant.

LUCKY

The best idea I ever had was
putting this vacation together.
I mean, look at them. They're
made for one another. Like
the people in the newspapers.

Lucky is waving to Rosie as she and the lieutenant dance past
them on the crowded dance floor.

LIEUTENANT

(laughing, to Rosie)

Search your past. Are you sure you
don't have a husband?

ROSIE

Why is that important?

LIEUTENANT

There are only two things that are
important right now - one, being pretty
and two, being available and you know it.
After that we're all home free - for as
long as the war lasts. What's your room
number?

Lucky is watching Rosie walk away from the lieutenant.

LUCKY

(to Kay)

Oh no. Oh Jesus.

CONTINUED

He is running after Rosie who is hurrying to the elevator.

INT. ROSIE'S HOTEL ROOM

Rosie is lying on the bed, her face turned away from Lucky.

LUCKY

You said something you regretted didn't you? You hurt his feelings and now you're lying here wishing you could take it all back. Well, I'm telling you you can go down there right now and you can say, "I don't know what came over me." Make some kind of gesture. Keep it vague. He'll love it. OK?

No answer.

LUCKY

I know you think I'm nuts, but I'm telling you, Rosie, you gotta let your hair down. Get rid of all this misery. It's not too late. Look at Kay. She's living. There was nothing wrong with that guy. Good looking. Good build. Has all his hair.

ROSIE

We have nothing in common.

LUCKY

Oh no no no. You're good looking. He's good looking.

ROSIE

He's rich. He goes to college. His family's rich.

LUCKY

All the better.

ROSIE

I'm a riveter.

LUCKY

Look, there's a war on and you're both Americans.

She has begun to cry. Lucky sits down on the bed next to her. He is genuinely dismayed at the sight of her tears.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

Did he say something rotten to you?
I'll knock his teeth in. Did he call
you a name? Forget him. He's a faggot.
Whad' he say?

Rosie is starting to speak but she can't. She's choking on her own sobs.

LUCKY

(helpless)

What?

He puts his arm around her shoulder trying to console her.

LUCKY

Take a deep breath and tell me.

ROSIE

I want you too.

He can't believe it. He sits there in shock for a second and then he puts his arms around her.

LUCKY

Well, there's nothing wrong
with that. Everything's gonna
be OK.

The window beyond the bed where Rosie and Lucky are making love is open to the summer night. On the street below, Biscuits is hauling his duffle bag toward the bus stop.

EXT. SANTA MONICA EVENING

The old borrowed car pulls up into Los Angeles. Everybody looks chipper. Lucky is wearing a sombrero. Kay is getting ready to change places with Rosie. On the corner, an agitated papergirl is shouting the latest.

PAPERGIRL

Allies take Normandy beaches!

Lucky reaches out the window for a paper - handing the kid a nickel.

The sun is setting. Lucky studies the headline for a second, pleased. It is D-Day.

EXT. THE BALMY PALM

Lucky drops Rosie and Kay off and spins the car around.

CONTINUED

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT

From her darkened apartment, filled now with purchases from good wages (more chintz, more records, a few more appliances), Rosie is watching Lucky, still wearing the sombrero, sneak into Kay's apartment.

The radio is finished with the heady news of D-Day.

RADIO

No one to talk to
All by myself
No one to walk with
I'm happy on the self.
Ain't misbehavin
Savin my love dear for you.

ROSIE

Oh Jesus!

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY LATE 1944

On the stage beneath a huge banner proclaiming a stupendous production total, Rosie backed by Kay, Annie, Norma, Barbara, Jeannie, Toby (in a heavy Andrews Sisters' imitation) is singing THE BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY OF COMPANY B as LaVerne in a sequinned bathing suit and holding a lighted torch in her teeth roller skates around them.

Off to one side, Lucky in his Everlast trunks is being helped on with his boxing gloves by Johnny Bonnano. He has caught Rosie staring at him, and he turns away.

LUCKY

(to Johnny)

This isn't a war. It's a talent show.

As the women complete their number, Eleanor Roosevelt emerges from the pack of medal laden generals to say a word to the singers.

ELEANOR

Thank you so much. You must have gone to alot of trouble. I know how hard you've been working.
(to Rosie)
You have a very nice voice. After the war, you must think of turning professional.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
(without malice)
It's too late for me. I'm
loosing my looks. A gal's
gotta make it young.

Mrs. Roosevelt is taken aback by the young woman's candor,
the limits to her expectations.

ROSIE
(explaining)
I'm just going to keep working
after the war. It's good money.
(a beat) I think your husband
is swell.

ELEANOR
Thank you.

Lucky is stepping into the ring.

ELEANOR
(whispering to Rosie)
Why do they have boxing?

Rosie's breath has been taken away by the sight of Lucky
jumping around in the ring. She can't answer the President's
wife.

From the corner of her eye, Mrs. Roosevelt has spied the next
form of entertainment on the bill - eight male swing shifters
in drag as buxom riveters. She winces - involuntarily.

EXT. OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD MIDNIGHT

Rosie and Kay are walking home - swinging their tool boxes
and lunch pails. Kay has spied a long line in front of
Von's - an open air market.

KAY
Oh my God, a line!

She is running across the street, dodging traffic to get herself
a place in the line.

KAY
(shouting back to Rosie)
C'mon, Rosie, it's a line!

Rosie is slowly crossing the street to join Kay.

The woman ahead of Kay in the line is a dumpy housewife
in her forties.

CONTINUED

KAY
What's it for?

WOMAN
Coffee. What are you, some one of these gals who works in the plants?

KAY
(proud)
Yes, I am. I'm a riveter.

ROSIE
(to Kay)
You don't drink coffee.

WOMAN
(incredulous, to Kay)
You're a riveter?

KAY
(to Rosie)
I'm gonna get some just in case.
(to woman)
Yes, I've been there two years and I've never missed a day. I've loved every minute of it. You get out of the house everyday and you can talk and you make good money.

The woman is impressed. Kay is encouraged.

KAY
(continuing)
You get to think of yourself as an entirely new person and you're doing something important for your country.

Rosie can't get over Kay's pitch. In this moment she is perceiving to what extent Kay has changed, how unafraid she's become.

ROSIE
I'll see you tomorrow.

KAY
I'll give you half of mine.

She goes back to recruiting the woman. Rosie is walking home.

CONTINUED

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Rosie detours on her way home to stop at an apartment building - cheap war construction at its very worst.

INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT NIGHT

A one room apartment. Violet's daughter Cassie is sleeping on a mattress on the floor. Violet is trying to straighten up, but she's dog tired after work. Food is boiling over on the hot plate.

Toby, Violet's roommate, is asleep on the couch.

Someone is giving a party next door. The noise wakes Cassie who begins to cry. It's all frantic but Violet's used to chaos. Rosie tries to pitch in by doing the dishes. She wants to talk to somebody.

ROSIE

Do you think you're different from before?

VIOLET

Stop that, Cassie. Stop it.

ROSIE

Do you think you're different because of working at the plant?

VIOLET

Oh, not so much. Having her though, I got different quick.

ROSIE

You did?

VIOLET

(laughing)

Night and day. You can't fool around one minute when you have one. You're not a kid anymore. (a beat) Wait'll you have one.

Rosie looks at her quickly - amazed that anyone would think of her having children.

ROSIE

Violet, do you think you'll ever fall in love and get married?

VIOLET

Who'd marry me?

CONTINUED

TOBY
(waking up)
I would, Violet.

ROSIE
Don't you know any fellas?

Cassie is crying again.

VIOLET
Shh, Cassie. We're gonna get
kicked out again.

Rosie's heart, tired and worn, is breaking tonight.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET ONE AM

Rosie is hurrying home from Violet's. The balmy June night means little to her. She feels totally alone in a world where things are not meant to get much better. The paper girl at the corner of her street would have you believe that life is on the upstroke.

PAPERGIRL
Allies Liberate Paris.

Rosie doesn't buy a paper.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT ONE AM

The Balmy Palm is in total darkness. Rosie flops down in an armchair. Someone is standing on the doorstep - a shadow in the open air.

LUCKY
(whispering)
Hi.

He kicks the door shut behind him.

LUCKY
(embracing Rosie)
How ya been?

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Rosie and Lucky are making love.

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM DAWN

Rosie and Lucky are lying in bed. On the upper part of his right arm is the standard prison tattoo - handsome, crude, brutal.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

I like you alot better these days,
Rosie. Cuz that first time I met
you I thought to myself, for two
bits I could get that in a movie
and for a lot less trouble. You
know what I mean?

The hard edge of honesty takes her breath away.

ROSIE

Beats me.

LUCKY

Nothing beats you.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

LUCLY

I've been thinking all this
over, don't you think I haven't.

ROSIE

All what over?

LUCKY

You, me, Kay. At first, I thought
"don't rock the boat." Then I don't
know, I remembered this book I read
once, about these three people and
they made a go of it. It was rough
at first but it worked out fine.
You know what I'm talking about?
There's a French name for it.

Rosie is biting her lip; for all she knows, he's talking about
sodomy.

LUCKY

(quickly, embarassed)

There's nothing wrong with us, you
know. Lets face it, I'm Kay's
second man. She's got a husband. And
this way things are balanced. People
are people. You know what I mean?

ROSIE

Yes.

In actuality, he is digging himself in deeper and deeper.

LUCKY

You and I have seen one another
every day for a couple of years
so it's no wonder that now we're
seeing more of one another, don't
you think?

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Yes.

Bad leads to worse.

LUCKY

It's very simple. There's nothing complicated about any of this. I think it's natural, don't you? Nobody should be jealous. That's backward. Kay and I are going to San Fransico and her husband is gonna be jealous as hell.

ROSIE

You are?

LUCKY

Yeah. As soon as the shooting match is over. You ever been there?

ROSIE

No.

LUCKY

From what I hear, the music is better and there aren't as many idiots.

He thinks he's home free. He's says what's on his mind. Lucky pulls back the black-out blind. Dawn is creeping up over Santa Monica - Lucky's signal that it's time to haul himself out of bed, pull on his clothes.

LUCKY

(singing in falsetto)
Milkman keep those bottles quiet.
Been working on the swing shift all night. Turning out my quota all right.

He turns to Rosie.

LUCKY

You go back to sleep, tootsie.
I'll see ya later.

EXT. BALMY PALM DAWN

Lucky is walking quickly through the court. Kay pulls back the curtain and catches a glimpse of Lucky leaving Rosie's place. He gives her a wave and keeps on walking.

INT. MACBRIDE A-20 ASSEMBLY DAY

Jeannie is being visited at her station by a nervous young sergeant with a grave look and a broken arm. He takes her aside, and Jeannie immediately becomes hysterical. She is

sobbing uncontrollably in his arms. Every one of the women in the section knows exactly what has happened; Jeannie's husband has been dinged.

Kay, on the verge of tears all morning, takes the opportunity to crack up herself. Rosie, still in the dark, goes up to Kay to console her but Kay pushes her away.

KAY

Get away from me, you bitch.

Rosie is getting the picture. Rupert the notorious safety director of the swing shift is slinking up to Rosie to find out what gives.

RUPERT

(whispering, looking
at Kay)

Does she have her -

ROSIE

Oh get out of here.

Lucky, watching the whole scene fall apart, is becoming furious with Kay.

KAY

(losing it entirely)
He was mine.

LUCKY

(shouting at Kay)
No, I wasn't.

ROSIE

(horrified)
It was my fault. I started it.

KAY

(shouting back at Lucky)
Yes, you were.

LUCKY

Like hell.

ROSIE

It was my fault. I made him do it.

KAY

So did I!

Big Norma, the aristocrat of the Swing Shift, is watching the goings on, disgusted.

CONTINUED

NORMA
 (to LaVerne)
 You never know the half of their
 lives, do you?

MACBRIDE (V.O.) (P.A.)
 Good evening Associates of the swing shift.
 Today United States' forces advanced victor-
 ously -

EXT. V.A. CEMETERY DAY

Jeannie's husband is being laid to rest and all Jeannie's buddies from the swing shift are present. Lucky (pisses off), Rosie, (guilty and distraught) and Kay (grieving) are standing at a conspicuous distance from one another.

The young sergeant with the broken arm who brought Jeannie the bad news at the plant is removing the flag from the coffin as Al's remains are lowered into the ground. The horror of war has been brought home amidst all the jingoism, high-stepping and lofty purpose.

Lucky is trying to catch Kay's eye.

LUCKY
 Hey Kay! Here today and gone
 tomorrow. Get it?

Kay won't look at him. LaVerne, who has always thought Lucky was a riot, is trying to keep from giggling at this highly inappropriate moment.

EXT. STREET DAY

The mourners are waiting for the bus at the stop near the cemetery.

Jeannie, in terrible shape, is trying to regain control. The sergeant comes over to the bus stop and sheepishly sits down beside her.

SERGEANT
 (to Jeannie)
 I'll take you home, Mrs. Berman.
 I've got a car.

INT. BUS

Rosie sits down next to Kay in the bus taking them all from the cemetery to the factory.

Lucky is in the back of the bus, his arms folded against his chest, staring at the two of them.

CONTINUED

ROSIE
I'm really sorry. I didn't
mean it.

KAY
What do you mean you're sorry?

ROSIE
I didn't know what I was doing.
I couldn't help myself.

KAY
Get away from me. I don't want
to talk to you ever again. My
husband was right. You're a whore.
You even look like a whore. I was
just trying to be nice to you be-
cause I felt sorry for you because
you're such a whore.

ROSIE
I was lonely and I thought that
was the way to be happy so I -

LUCKY
(calling out to Kay
from the back of the bus)
You can't take it with you, Kay.

KAY
You're a whore.

ROSIE
No I'm not.

KAY
Maybe you don't know it, but
you are.

The bus is slowing down. Hundreds of women bicycling to work
have created a mini-traffic jam.

ROSIE
(calmly, to Kay)
You're a whore.

Kay full of self-righteousness, is astounded that anyone who
had so grievously wronged her would dare to insult her.

ROSIE
You're as much as a whore as
I am and you know it.

CONTINUED

On the street, the women churning their bicycles uphill are beginning to split apart.

KAY

Nothing you can say to me can
take away from the fact that
you're a dirty whore.

Rosie is staring out the window. Outside, a bicyclist in her forties is making a slow figure eight directly in the path of the bus. The women on the sidewalk are laughing at her daring.

WOMAN ON SIDEWALK

(to bicyclist)

Shirley! Shirley!

SHIRLEY

(laughing)

Uh, OK!

ROSIE

(to Kay)

I'm not even sorry. I don't care
what happens to you or him. I don't
care what happens to me either.

(a beat) There's nothing wrong with
me.

INT. KAY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Kay is sitting in bed alone. She has been crying. There is a bottle of booze by the night stand. Kay is trying to write a letter but she is much too freaked out and miserable to get anything accomplished.

The bedroom window is thrown open. Lucky is climbing into Kay's bedroom.

LUCKY

Hi. What's up? It's me.

He has obviously come to apologize.

KAY

(reading aloud as she writes)

"I can't wait for you to come home."
(a beat) "Honey."

LUCKY

(pacing around)

How ya been?

CONTINUED

KAY

"I'm so lonely without you.
All I ever think about is you."
(a beat) "Jack, honey."

LUCKY

(looking over her shoulder)
Who you writing to?

KAY

Get out of here.

LUCKY

Well, I know you can't be writing to
your old man because not a word of
that crap is true. You were having
the time of your life and you know it.

Kay jumps out of bed and runs into the bathroom; she is ripping
Lucky's cheesecake collection from the wall.

KAY

And take this dirty stuff out of
my sight.

LUCKY

You're just lying to yourself.

But Kay has run into the kitchen; in one of the cupboards is
a set of drinking glasses with nude women emblazoned on them.

KAY

And take these filthy things too.

She is looking around frantically trying to find some other
items to shove at him. Lucky is following her around the room.

LUCKY

It happens everyday you know.
Everybody in this frigging world
wants everybody else. You're with
somebody and you've never given em
a thought before and wham, you know
you're gonna die if you can't have
em. Like you and me. Like me and
Rosie.

Kay won't look at him. He decides to go for broke.

LUCKY

Like me and Jeannie. Like me and
Violet.

CONTINUED

KAY

I'm through with you. I was just using you anyway. You're just a gigolo. And you know what else, you're a lousy musician. You have to play for nothing. Even when Glenn Miller was starting out, he didn't have to play for nothing.

Lucky is a little taken aback.

LUCKY

(falling for it)

Well, that's because all that music is crap. There's more than money, you know, Kay.

KAY

Sure - When you're broke.

LUCKY

That's just for the crap artists. The good stuff takes time.

KAY

You've got failure written all over you. You're just a nothing.

LUCKY

(beaten)

I don't know. I think you're gonna be surprised, Kay. I don't know whether I'll ever be famous or not but I'll be living by my music very soon...

She's blown it. She had not expected him to be hurt. She had thought he would fight back or be his usual, nonchalant supercilious self. In his despair, she has seen the truth of her accusations, and the essential illusion of their romance - Lucky as her care-free liberator - is gone.

KAY

You're not a failure. I didn't mean that. I meant something different.

LUCKY

(encouraged)

We'll go away as soon as the war's over Kay. We'll have a ball. I think part of the problem now is that we have to go to work everyday. Our nerves are on edge. We're getting restless.

KAY
I know. I know.

LUCKY
(eager)
The minute the war's over and you settle up your side of things - we're outta here. We're up in San Francisco. We'll have some dough put aside. We won't have to say yes to anybody. We can stay with some buddies of mine until we get everything figured out. We'll be set. The music's much better up there and there aren't nearly as many nitwits.

KAY
We'll be set!

LUCKY
(his old self)
You bet.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY DAY AUGUST 1945

All the swing shifters are crowded around an assembled A-20. A banner hanging over the plane proclaims it number 14,000 produced. The plane is covered with autographs from stem to stern (the autographs of the MacBride workers) and a professional photographer is taking the triumphant group picture.

Everyone is grinning, laughing. Lucky has his arm around Kay who has just signed her name next to his on the A-20.

Jeannie flashing a brand new engagement ring at the cameras. LaVerne is looking chummy with one of the blind men from the handicapped squad who is waving his white cane at the camera. Johnny Bonnanno is flexing a miserable bicep. Deacon is beaming. Annie and Clarence are holding hands. Toby is making a lascivious gesture toward Rupert, the notorious safety director of the swing shift.

LAVERNE
(to Rosie)
This guy's from LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cheese!

5,000 voices chorus "cheese."

The crackle of Mr. MacBride's PA system. Everyone is groaning.

MACBRIDE (PA)
Associates, we share a great moment in history. The war is over.

There are a few seconds of complete silence and then, an explosion of cheering.

The photographer is snapping away.

Lucky kisses Kay just as Woof Shultz grabs her and dances away with her. Tears are streaming down Kay's cheeks. Lucky turns around to find himself standing next to Rosie. He kisses her, holding her very close.

LUCKY
(to Rosie)
It's all over.

ROSIE
(beginning to cry)
Yeah.

An enormous celebration has begun.

Kay and Rosie embrace.

KAY
There's no more war.

MACBRIDE (PA system)
Associates! Thank you for a job well done.

No one is paying any attention to him.

LAVERNE
(a little thoughtful in the
midst of the hilarity)
It's curtains for us.

ROSIE
We got seniority, LaVerne.

EXT. UNION HALL NIGHT

A parade of World War I vets is going by the machinists union hall. Rosie, Toby, Kay, Annie, Geneveive and LaVerne are waving little American flags. The streets are packed with people. The lights which have been dimmed for years are burning.

INT. UNION HALL NIGHT

ROSIE
Most of us have three and a half years.

JOHNNY
The vets outrank you.

CONTINUED

VIOLET
(exasperated)
We know that.

ROSIE
Nobody's saying any different.

JOHNNY
(not impressed)
As I see it -

LUCKY
After they rehire the vets, they
gotta take the women first.

JOHNNY
They are always seen as temporary
help.

EXT. BALMY PALM NIGHT

Lucky, Rosie and Kay are walking up to the apartment building.

LUCKY
Don't worry about it. The union'll
stick up for you.

The lights are burning in Kay's apartment.

ROSIE
Oh God, Kay, look.

Kay's first instinct is to run away.

KAY
Oh, well -

LUCKY
You want me to go with you?

KAY
No.

ROSIE
They bring their guns home
with them.

KAY
I'll see you'll tomorrow.

INT. WALSH APARTMENT NIGHT

Jack Walsh, tanned, thin, muscular, three years older and
several of his army buddies all in uniform, duffle bags

CONTINUED

thrown around the room, are sitting around drinking. Spike Linderman is there as well. The minute Kay opens the door everybody gets a little uncomfortable - the army buddies because they're witnessing a reunion scene, Jack because he's repressed, Kay because she's guilty, Spike because he's suspicious.

Kay races across the room and throws her arms around Jack.

JACK
Jesus, honey, where'd you get those trousers?

KAY
(shaking)
It's sort of a surprise -

JACK
You look swell.
(he glances around the room)
Honey, get Lenny a beer, will ya?

INT. WALSH KITCHEN NIGHT

JACK (O.S.)
Honey, we got a lot of living to do.
i
Kay is getting a beer from the refrigerator. She is as nervous as she was before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

KAY
Oh, I know.
(louder)
I know, honey.

Kay looks out the kitchen window to see Rosie waving a supportive wave from the window of her now very separate apartment. Kay smiles, shrugs helplessly and waves back.

INT. A-20 ASSEMBLY MORNING

As the women file to their section, Lucky is handing out pink termination slips.

LAVERNE
(snapping her fingers)
Just like that.

VIOLET
Last hired, first fired.

LUCKY
(to Rosie)
Where's Kay?

CONTINUED

Rosie is staring miserably at her termination notice.

ROSIE

She's not coming in today.

EXT. MACBRIDE PAY WINDOWS NIGHT

All the swing shifters (the women, old people, the handicapped, the blacks, and Chicanos) who have been terminated are collecting their last pay checks. The PA system begins to crackle for one last message.

MACBRIDE (PA)

Associates, you can now pick up the threads of your real lives, knowing that we have done our part to bring peace to a strife-torn world.

No one is listening to him. People are saying goodbyes, signing autograph books- like the last day of high school.

LAVERNE

It's curtains for us.

ROSIE

We can reapply in two weeks after they reconvert.

Kay, in dress and heels, is rushing toward the women.

KAY

Hey, everybody.

ROSIE

Hey!

(concerned)

You alright?

Jack is standing on the corner smoking a cigarette, pacing around waiting for Kay.

KAY

I just came to get my check.

ROSIE

They've canned us all.

KAY

I had to quit.

CONTINUED

She glances nervously around. Lucky is nowhere to be found.

KAY

(suddenly)

That's my husband over there.
He's back.

INT. BAR SANTA MONICA AFTERNOON

A bar packed with recently discharged servicemen.

ROSIE

I sing too.

OWNER

All I need is a pair of
legs to push the drinks.

ROSIE

I can do that.

OWNER

Leave me your name. I'll
think it over.

Lucky is sitting at the bar smiling at Rosie in the mirror.
She walks over to talk to him.

LUCKY

Long time no see. I came
over to your place but
you weren't in. (a beat)
I knocked on the front
door too.

ROSIE

(a little
nervous)

I've been looking for a job.

LUCKY

MacBride won't take you back?

ROSIE

They're not taking any of the
women back. All of a sudden
it's not women's work. I
dunno I-

LUCKY

Christ almighty, what a
bunch of jackasses we were,
going along with all that
crap

CONTINUED

ROSIE

I know.

LUCKY

Why didn't you run for Miss Victory? You'd have won.

ROSIE

Why didn't you run for Miss Victory? You had the nicest body three to eleven.

LUCKY

We could have run together. Miss Victory and Misfit.

ROSIE

We could have been on one of Rupert's posters.

LUCKY

You bet your sweet ass.

ROSIE

We'd have been discovered.

LUCKY

They'd have put us in a movie. "Just a couple of kids."
(a beat)

(he looks a little sheepish)
Actually, I've been discovered. I got a part in a movie.

ROSIE

No kidding.

LUCKY

(laughing at himself)
I play a GI.

ROSIE

You finally get to wear a uniform.

LUCKY

Yeah, and I get killed in the end too.

ROSIE

Swell.

CONTINUED

LUCKY

(mock serious)

It's all baloney. (a beat)
Does everything seem suddenly
dull? Do you miss the sense of
doing something important? Is
the meaning gone from your life?
Are you lost and alone- an Amer-
ican without a war?

ROSIE

You say all this stuff that no
one else would say. That way
you never have to tell the
truth.

LUCKY

(evasive,
smiling)

You should see me in uniform.

ROSIE

(getting up)

Well, I've got to find a job to
fill the lonely hours.

She kisses Lucky on the cheek and starts for the door.

ROSIE

See ya around.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET

Rosie exits the bar, walking through downtown Santa Monica.
In the window of Henshey's department store, she sees a
familiar figure, fixing the train on a mannequin's tacky
bridal gown.

NORMA

(screaming from
behind the window)

I'm working in bridal, Rosie.

ROSIE

(catching her
breath)

Swell.

NORMA

It's very chic.
(she mispronounces
the word)

ROSIE

You making good money?

CONTINUED

NORMA

Well, I think that's personal.

Rosie knows the money's bad.

NORMA

What about you?

ROSIE

I'm looking.

A parade, yet another one, of veterans is coming round the corner. Parades are now so commonplace that Rosie doesn't even look up.

ROSIE

(screaming at Norma)

What about Chuck?

NORMA

(giggling)

I made him up.

ROSIE

You did?

NORMA

Well, everybody else had a boyfriend so-

BISCUITS

Rosie.

Rosie turns around to find Biscuits. He has broken ranks from the parade. He is tan, thin, much more subdued than in the old days. There's a bucket full of decorations on his blue uniform.

ROSIE

(stunned)

Hi.

BISCUITS

How are you?

ROSIE

Fine. How are you?

BISCUITS

Fine.

He kisses her on the cheek.

ROSIE

You're thinner.

CONTINUED

BISCUITS

Lousy food. (a beat) You still working at the factory there?

ROSIE

They fired us but we are going to be rehired in a few weeks.

BISCUITS

Yeah?

ROSIE

Yeah. Maybe.
(pointing to
the decorations)
You a hero or something?

BISCUITS

You stick your head up, you're a hero. (a beat) Can I take you to dinner or something?

ROSIE

(quickly)
No, no, that's OK.

BISCUITS

Please.

INT. BISCUITS CADILLAC

Rosie and Biscuits are in his car He isn't driving like a maniac.

BISCUITS

(embrassed)
Still runs. The best car made.

He looks over at her.

BISCUITS

Your hair is different.

ROSIE

Red.

BISCUITS

Yeah. Looks nice.

CONTINUED

INT. BISCUITS CADILLAC

They are parked on the hill overlooking the huge San Pedro Harbor--filled with battleships, aircraft carriers, etc.

BISCUITS

I'm selling the ballroom.

ROSIE

You are?

BISCUITS

I'm getting out of entertainment all together. Too chancy. You're always at the whim of the public.

(he gestures toward the harbor filled with material)
What's that out there, huh?

Rosie doesn't like puzzles.

ROSIE

(irritated)

Ships and planes.

BISCUITS

Junk. Scrap. Left-overs.

Rosie is staring out the window.

BISCUITS

Millions of dollars of junk just waiting for the guy with the brain who's gonna cart it off and resell it.

He is pointing to himself. Rosie doesn't look very interested in his scheme.

BISCUITS

(recouping)

I really missed you. I thought about you all the time.

ROSIE

I spent three years making junk?

BISCUITS

Did you meet somebody?

CONTINUED

ROSIE

Yes, but it all went up in smoke.

BISCUITS

D'you see through him or something?

ROSIE

Not really

BISCUITS

D'he give you the air?

ROSIE

Sort of.

BISCUITS

Yeah, well he's gotta be stupid.
No, I didn't mean that. No, I'm
sorry. I'm sorry, Rosie.

He looks miserable- bitterly disappointed in himself.

ROSIE

Biscuits, I should be getting
back. Its been nice being with
you but I gotta look for a job.

Biscuits leans his head on the steering wheel in total despair.

BISCUITS

I even practiced.

INT. SANTA MONICA COURTHOUSE DAY

A mass wedding in the victory marriage boom. A judge with circles under his eyes is marrying five young couples at once, including Jeannie and the sergeant who brought her the news of Al's demise. All the grooms are still in uniform. The brides are eager and hopeful. Rosie, all dressed up, a hat perched on her forehead, is Jeannie's witness.

Biscuits in civvies is standing nearby staring at Rosie.
As Jeannie says "I do," tears fill his eyes.

INT. SEDAN DAY

Jack is driving over the hill into the still rural San Fernando Valley. Kay is in the suicide seat, holding some phonograph records in her lap.

JACK

What'd you bring those things for.

KAY

Oh, give us something to listen to.

CONTINUED

JACK
They're just a waste of money.
You can listen to the radio.

KAY
Well, if you've got a Victrola,
you get to pick your own.

Jack looks out of sorts.

KAY (quickly)
You'll like Jeannie, honey.

INT. RANCH HOUSE SANFERNANDO VALLEY DAY
Jeannie's wedding reception is in her tiny, new, cheaply,
hastily constructed San Fernando Valley one story house.
The guests are Jeannie's swing shift buddies and their
escorts and Bob the sergeant's service buddies. Jeannie,
still in her wedding dress, is beside herself with domestic
bliss.

Rosie and Biscuits are holding hands.

ROSIE
(to LaVerne)
LaVerne, I'd like you to meet
Biscuits Toohey.

INT. JEANNIE'S KITCHEN

Jeannie
(proud)
All-electric

LAVERNE
Oh boy!

ANNIE
This is swell, honey.

JEANNIE
(pointing to an
appliance)
A dryer!

ROSIE
A what?

JEANNIE
A dryer. An all-electric
clothes dryer.

CONTINUED

LAVERNE

Swell!

JEANNIE

It burned a shirt the other day.

LAVERNE

Well, it looks like I'm going
back to the roller derby.

Rosie steals a look behind Toby's dark glasses- a nasty shiner.

TOBY

(whispering)

The Marines.

ANNIE

All of a sudden I'm too old
to do heavy work. I did it
for three years but now I'm
too old.

VIOLET

I'm gonna pack up and go
back home.

NORMA

It's more dignified to do
women's work.

ROSIE

Telling lies to some gal to make
her buy a fancy dress she's gonna
wear once in her life, you know, when
she could be using the money to
make a down payment on a car-
I mean what's that all about?

Jeannie chewing gum behind her bridal veil is nodding her head
in agreement.

JEANNIE

You got a point there.

INT. JEANNIE'S LIVING ROOM

BISCUITS

(to Jeannie's Husband)

You must be doing well.

BOB

GI loan, (a beat) and Jeannie's savings.
Bank owns the whole thing, really.

CONTINUED

BISCUITS

I wish you both all the luck
in the world.

JEANNIE

(chewing gum)

Thanks.

(to LaVerne)

It's a ranch house. They're building
a whole bunch of em.

(proud)

All alike.

LAVERNE

Terrif.

BISCUITS

(to Jeannie)

You make up for all that lost time.

Jeannie looks pregnant.

JEANNIE

We're probably going to have kids
right away.

ROSIE

(to Biscuits)

What lost time?

BISCUITS

The war.

Over in one corner, a group of guests are looking question-
ably at a bowl of something or other.

JEANNIE

It's called "a dip."

LAVERNE

Yeah?

JEANNIE

Stick the potato chips in it.

BISCUITS

We're not kids anymore. None
of us. It's time we started to
do things.

LAVERNE

Remember that first day when we
were standing in the line.

CONTINUED

TOBY

Whee!

KAY

I remember how scared I was.

TOBY

I was thrilled.

ROSIE

I thought they were going to take one look at me and tell me to go home.

KAY

I thought they were gonna laugh at me.

ROSIE

They did laugh at us.

The men seem a little uncomfortable with this line of conversation.

JACK

Where were you, Bob?

LAVERNE

(giggling)

Remember the air raid shelter?

BOB

France, Germany, little bit of England. Where were you?

JACK

The south Pacific.

BISCUITS

I knew I'd seen you somewhere before.

Jack is laughing. He's found a buddy and gradually, the women are deferring to this awesome talk of war.

BOB

I hear Italy's the worst, but I don't know. I tell ya- I never seen nothing like Germany.

He shakes his head. Jeannie begins to edge toward him.

CONTINUED

JEANNIE

Honey, that's all over now.

The front door opens. Lucky enters wearing a motorcycle jacket and shades. He has grown a mustache.

LUCKY

The gang's all here.

Laverne begins to giggle nervously. Rosie catches her breath at the sight of his outrageous outfit. Kay is genuinely panicked.

LUCKY

(profering a
present)

You look terrific, Jeannie.

JACK

(to Bob)

What unit were you in?

The talk of war resumes again. Lucky and the women have nothing to add. Kay gets up to put a record on the phonograph.

Lucky casually ambles over to where Kay is standing.

LUCKY

(whispering)

Listen Kay-

KAY

You had any luck with your music?

LUCKY

Kay, you're killing yourself doing this. C'mon beat your rap.

Kay glances nervously over her shoulder.

LUCKY

(gesturing around
the room)

You don't need this kind of crap anymore. We can get out of here.

Jack has approached them.

KAY

Oh, honey, I'd like you to meet Lucky Lockhart.

CONTINUED

JACK
 (holding out
 his hand)
 Jack Walsh. Where were you,
 Lucky?

LUCKY
 I saw limited action.

KAY
 Honey, Lucky was my lead
 man at MacBride.

JACK
 You know I can never picture
 Kay working.

LUCKY
 (mumbling)
 Well, you got a real problem
 there then.

KAY
 (to Lucky)
 We're moving to Michigan.
 Jack's got a job that's
 eighty per cent sure.

JACK
 About ninety per cent, sweetheart.

Lucky is staring at Kay. She has put a record on the Victrola.

BISCUITS
 (toasting)
 Here's to Jeannie and Bob and no
 more war.

JACK
 (to Kay)
 C'mon, honey.

As Bing Crosby croons I'll Be Seeing You (the lament for an era of failed romances), one by one all the couples in the room begin to dance cheek to cheek on Jeannie's wall to wall carpet. Rosie glances at Lucky over Biscuit's shoulder. Leaning against the wall over by the record player, he winks at her and goes back to staring at Kay.

BISCUITS
 (whispering to Rosie)
 In four years it will be 1950.

END