

"THE FLAMINGO KID."

SWEET GINGER BROWN

Original Screenplay by

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Rewrite by

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Director: Garry Marshall

Producer: Michael Phillips

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A1 EXT: SUPERMARKET - DAY

A1

CLOSE UP - TILT SHOT UP OF AN OVERHEAD ELEVATED TRAIN

for a few beats as WE HEAR the persistent CLACKETY-CLACK sound echoing through the neighborhood.

CLOSER SHOT - ON A DECK OF CARDS

Shuffling and reshuffling. He does it with a flair.

CLOSE UP - TIGHT ON JEFFREY, THE SHUFFLER

His lips and forehead furrowed in concentration. The flicker of a smile now. He motions to his opponent.

TWO SHOT - JEFFREY AND HIS WORTH OPPONENT ... A 2-YEAR OLD BOY, EDGAR

Boy leans toward Jeffrey and Jeff shuffles to make a breeze on the boy's face. Then, PULL BACK ...

WIDER - TO REVEAL GROUP

Jeffrey and little boy, the little boy's 14-year-old brother, MICKEY, and FRANK, another 17-year old friend who are playing stickball.

It's a hot 4th of July day in 1963. As Jeff continues to make a breeze on boy's face, WE:

CUT TO:

1 EXT: SUPERMARKET - DAY
WIDE SHOT

1

to include a supermarket in the background behind them, as a fifth boy, SHEL, 16, comes out of the market and crosses to them, carrying application papers. He hands them out.

SHEL

I got for all of us. Fill 'em out, they have to be in today.

JEFFREY

(refusing)

I'm not working at the supermarket this summer.

SHEL

You got better?

JEFFREY

(thinks)

Worse ... my dad's got something
lined up for me as an office boy
... a career job.

The guys all laugh at him mocking "a career." Frank eyes
a nubile TEENAGER, undulant hips and big breasts provo-
catively draped in a checker's apron, who is now outside
the store gathering up baskets. WE SEE a DOG lapping
water.

FRANK

Oo, I'd like to "line up her
career!"

SHEL

New checkout girl. Made All-
City for knockers.

MICKEY

They hired her to wet the lettuce.

Jeffrey smacks Mickey quickly, almost like what a father
(his father) might do but with affection.

JEFFREY

Not in front of your brother
... I'm missing some cards.

Jeffrey and Mickey search little brother.

FRANK

Well, I ain't got no career
office job. So I'm working
the supermarket.

SHEL

Me too. Besides, I want those
tits.

MICKEY

(smacks)

Not in front of my brother.

FRANK

(to Jeffrey)

A week's paycheck says I'm into
her drawers by August first.

1 CONTD

1

JEFFREY
(starts down the
street the other
way)

Didn't we make this bet last
summer. We chased Evelyn
Fogarty up and down the aisles
all July and August and what
happened?

Silence.

JEFFREY (contd)
She shacked up with the guy who
drove the rye bread truck!

Guys look sad.

JEFFREY (contd)
But this time you'll probably
nail her.

Guys smile and start to fill out work forms. Jeffrey
turns and starts to walk down the street the other way.
The guys fill out paper as another train goes by.

2 EXT: SUPERMARKET - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE

2

Now Jeffrey is standing with the Sabrett's MAN on the
corner. He sticks his handkerchief in the ice and wraps
it around his neck as a 1959 white Bonneville speeds up
to him ... The Sabrett's man does period Be-Bop singing
with Jeffrey.

At the wheel of the Bonneville is STEVE DAWKINS, 19,
blond, gentile and confident. Beside Steve is HAWK
GANZ, 18, Jewish, all sharp edges, with a frayed news-
paper rolled tightly in his hand. Despite the young
summer, the boys sport dark tans.

HAWK
(loudly, to Steve)
Didn't I tell you we'd either
find him dealing on the shoe-
shine stand or buying a frank?
I know the kid's life.

JEFFREY
(smiles)
What are you guys doing here?

HAWK

Slumming.

STEVE

We missed the old neighborhood.

HAWK

So we came back for the Fourth.
We like the flags ... the girls ...

JEFFREY

No one comes to Brooklyn to
celebrate the Fourth.

Hawk nudges Steve in the ribs.

HAWK

Jeffrey was always sharp.

STEVE

Come on, hop in for a spin.

Jeffrey doesn't move.

HAWK

(intimately)

So what have you got planned
for the Fourth of July, Jeffrey?
Jack off on the stoop?

JEFFREY

You got better, Hawk?

STEVE

A hot gin game going at The El
Flamingo Beach Club. We need
a third.

JEFFREY

Is that on Long Island? Out by
the cows?

STEVE

Yeah, the cows. The summer's
just begun and we're already
ahead a hundred dollars.

JEFFREY

So why you need me?

HAWK

(smiles)

You're our pal from the old
(MORE)

HAWK (contd)
neighborhood. Like old times.
We'll play. You can go swimming
and --

JEFFREY
No thanks.

Jeffrey moves away. They follow in the car.

STEVE
(honest)
Okay, we're losing. In the hole
a hundred.

Jeffrey stops. Car stops.

JEFFREY
You need me, Steve?

STEVE
Yeah.

JEFFREY
Hawk?

HAWK
(reluctant)
We need you, okay.

JEFFREY
More, Hawk.

HAWK
I always thought you were a great
card player. I just didn't like
you personally.

JEFFREY
(smiles)
Who are the players?

HAWK
Three schmucks. They've never
seen anybody with a card head
like you. It's a layup.

STEVE
We put up your stake. You keep
one third of all we win.

HAWK
You need the money, right?

2 CONTD

2

JEFFREY

Hey, you guys don't understand.
I'm doing fine. I'm thinking
of buying a set of wheels like
this.

HAWK

Whatever money you got on you
right now, I'll double.

JEFFREY

(a beat)

I'll get my bathing suit.

STREET BOYS gather around car.

CUT TO:

A3 INT: WILLIS' APARTMENT - JEFFREY'S BEDROOM - DAY A3

Jeffrey reaches into a bottom drawer, pulls out a faded green Ohrbach's bathing suit, snatches a towel, winds the bathing suit and the towel into a roll, secures it with a tarnished Army belt, picks up a book, jams it in back pocket.

3 INT: FOYER - DAY

3

Jeffrey hurries up the hallway, darts through living room where his sister, NIKKI (Jeffrey's sister, who's not beautiful, but has a nice bosom and is smart), is practicing her oboe. He moves quickly to the antique table where his mother's purse rests between photographs of grandparents: a bearded patriarch, a kindly grandmother with a lace dickie and a string of pearls, behind them a village in Eastern Europe, young men in tunics, arms twined around each other.

As Nikki stares at him and plays, he opens his mother's pocketbook, carefully removes the contents until he locates the change purse. He pulls out her only two bills, lays them on the bed. His problem is not how to take but which to take, the one-dollar bill or the five-dollar bill. As Jeffrey touches the five ...

4 INT: WILLIS' KITCHEN - DAY
CLOSE UP - A WOMAN'S MOUTH

4

WOMAN'S MOUTH

J-E-F-F-R-E-E-E-E ...

5 INT: WILLIS' FOYER - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE - JEFFREY

5

wide-eyed, but not panicked.

JEFFREY

What do you want, Maw, I'm going
to the beach.

The Bonneville HONKS insistently, Jeffrey reassembles
his mother's pocketbook. Jeffrey replaces the five,
takes the one. He smiles at Nikki and crosses into
Kitchen.

6 INT: WILLIS' KITCHEN - DAY

6

Jeffrey's mother, RUTH, is dissecting a spot on a pot,
her visage clouded by steam from the hot water. She
emerges periodically to squint at her New York Journal-
American, taped to the back of the sink. Ruth is in her
early forties, a benign face perched on a body still
resilient after years of fixing meals and raising
children.

Jeffrey angles past his mother to the refrigerator, grabs
an apple, starts out.

RUTH

What time will you be home?

JEFFREY

Dunno.

RUTH

Three o'clock, four o'clock, what?

JEFFREY

Later, maybe.

RUTH

What's the matter with you, it's
the Fourth of July. When your
father gets home, we're going
to Coney Island. I'm packing
the Igloo now. You'll light the
fireworks for your little cousin,
Sonia, like you always do.

The Bonneville horn HONKS again.

JEFFREY

Mom, I'm not going to Coney Island
today.

RUTH

(sharply)

What do you mean you're not going?

JEFFREY

I'm going with Steve and Hawk.

RUTH

Gamblers. What are they doing back here?

JEFFREY

They came to see me.

RUTH

Hawk once stole your bicycle.

JEFFREY

Mom. I was six years old.
Look, Steve and Hawk are my friends. They're taking me to Long Island. To their club. The El Flamingo.

RUTH

The El Flamingo. Where do you come off at the El Flamingo?

JEFFREY

They need me. 'Bye.

RUTH

Your father's not going to like this.

He kisses her on cheek and runs out.

RUTH (contd)

Nikki, will you light the Roman candles?

NIKKI (VO)

I hate little Sonia.

CUT TO:

EXT: WILLIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Jeffrey leaps into the Bonneville, Steve makes a sweeping U-turn.

TITLES BEGIN:

8 EXT/INT: STEVE'S CAR - BELT PARKWAY - BROOKLYN - DAY 8

BO DIDDLEY (VO)
 "BO DIDDLEY BUY A GIRL A DIAMOND
 RING, IF THAT DIAMOND RING DON'T
 SHINE, HE GONNA TAKE IT TO A
 PRIVATE EYE ... "

The Bonneville passing by Brooklyn streets (two streets, one under Roosevelt Avenue El and other a row of houses on Woodhaven). Then WE SEE the distant islands of blue Jamaica Bay sea wall. Jeffrey, now out in the open air, hums along with Bo Diddley: Steve concentrates on his driving, Hawk's nose is buried in the New York Post.

As Steve swings onto the bridge (Marine Park Bridge), the sun catches the Atlantic Ocean.

9 EXT: THE EL FLAMINGO BEACH CLUB - DAY
 JEFFREY'S POV

9 --

A beach club on oceanfront property. The facade painted aquamarine and flamingo, a huge "The El Flamingo" sign glistens in the archway.

10 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

10

A maze of expensive cars: Cadillacs, Lincolns, Corvettes and Thunderbirds; parking lot ATTENDANTS in club T-shirts in motion everywhere. As Steve maneuvers artfully through the jam, attendants recognize him and Hawk, waves hello. Steve guns past a silver-gray Ferrari parked at a rakish angle.

JEFFREY
 I thought Ferraris were only
 pictures in Road and Track.

HAWK
 They take the pictures here.

Steve pulls up in front of the club, the boys hop out, an attendant slipping Steve a parking check.

11 INT/EXT: EL FLAMINGO - DAY

11

Jeffrey stumbles after Steve and Hawk, out of a small carpeted lobby to a tiled Olympic swimming pool outside, rectangles of cabanas, the beach and the ocean beyond. Open-mouthed at the setting, Jeffrey now gradually becomes aware of the sea of humanity around him: Jewish, Irish, Italian, the tract house dwellers of the '40's

11 CONTD

11

have graduated to the parvenus of the '60's; from Baldwin and Bethpage, from Hempstead and Hewlett, from Valley Stream and New Hyde Park, they have come to take the sun. These people know how to have a good time.

THE IMPRESSIONS (VO)

"SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT: IT'S ALL RIGHT
SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT: IT'S ALL RIGHT
IT'S ALL RIGHT. HAVE A GOOD TIME
'CAUSE IT'S ALL RIGHT; NOW IT'S
ALL RIGHT ... "

Jeffrey sees:

-- COUPLES, greased like Channel swimmers

-- a nice looking FAMILY in front of a cabana furnished in Gazebo rattan; three generations nosh on huge salads, platters of smoked fish washed down with Hawaiian Punch

-- nubile YOUNG THINGS, baring as much as they can, lined up from here to there at an ice cream cart, walking away with hot fudge sundaes and triple peach cones dripping into their cleavage

-- a slick stereo set up on a quadrangle of chaises to form a dance floor, the PARTICIPANTS, all attractive middle-agers, led by a DANCE TEACHER, cha-cha-cha-ing muscularly to Esquivel music.

But overall, the accent is on youth, young, bursting flesh, bikinis fitting every bulge, and costume jewelry to highlight the rest. And weaving in and out like supernumeraries in a Catskill opera are the CABANA BOYS, bermuda shorts and white sneakers sparkling. Jeffrey's eyes dart around to the bias-cut bikinis, nothing eludes his gaze. He passes a row of SIX GIRLS from 18-25 lying on their stomachs with bra straps unhooked. Jeff then pauses to observe the dance group now doing the Bossa Nova.

JEFFREY

Hey, that's the Palanaras who used to live around the corner from me.

STEVE

Not so loud, they are now the Palmers.

HAWK

-- made a fortune in socks.

11 CONTD

11

Jeffrey turns back to row of girls for another look when two kids, MITCH and GREG (fourteen and ten) hide behind him.

MITCH

Do me a favor. Just stand still.

Jeff does. Mitch throws a small firecracker near the row of six girls. It goes BANG. All six sit up startled and then remember to cover themselves.

TITLES END.

12 EXT: EL FLAMINGO - STEVE'S CABANA - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE

12

Steve and Hawk lead Jeffrey into Steve's cabana, HOLD ON the brightly-colored doors, now Steve and Hawk emerge in sharp bathing suits and huaraches, followed by Jeffrey in black basketball sneakers, a faded green bathing suit, and green tank top.

HAWK

You look like a Boston Celtic.

Jeffrey starts to go home. They stop him.

HAWK (contd)

No no no, you look fine.

13 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB CABANAS - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE

13

as the boys hurry along the \$800-a-season cabanas, they see a man, on a plywood board on a small manual turntable. He is also surrounded by store bought reflectors that angle the sun at him. (NOTE: SEE MICHAEL PHILLIPS)

JEFFREY

Look at that.

HAWK

Spyros Sudakis, made big bucks from little olives. Now devotes his life to perfecting a suntan.

Jeffrey watches as MR. SUDAKIS rotates.

STEVE

He moves only in relationship to the sun.

13 CONTD

13

JEFFREY
(spooky)
Human sundial.

They hum the "Twilight Zone" theme.

14 EXT: EL FLAMINGO - BRODY CABANA - DAY

14

Steve and Hawk hustle through the rows of cabanas, Jeffrey following, they pass the swimming pool area, thick with bodies, the water empty but for an ancient Slavic lady, MRS. BAKALEINIKOFF, swimming laps in a turn-of-the-century bathing dress.

VOICE (OS)
STEEV-ENN!

Steven swivels, a body appears out of the shadows of an expensively furnished cabana; she is ripe, well-oiled, hundred-dollar dark glasses bridging the nose, her name JOYCE.

STEVE
Hi, babe.

JOYCE
Hi. How do you like my new dress ... you don't like it do ya?

Joyce reaches up for Steven, they kiss, their tongues disappearing into each other's mouths, their hands exploring each other's bodies. Hawk taps his foot, Jeffrey transfixed.

HAWK
We got a game to play, or we don't got a game to play?

STEVE
(separating)
You coming to watch us, Joyce?

JOYCE
After lunch.

STEVE
When's lunch?

JOYCE
Whenever Daddy takes a break.

14 CONTD

14

Steven's eyes follow Joyce's to the huge, white rectangle of sand surrounded by this cabana court. In the center, an 8x4x4 plywood table, at opposite sides of the table are THREE-MAN TEAMS playing gin rummy. It is a Big Game.

One player stands out from the nervous others, PHIL BRODY, in his mid-forties, calm, quiet, perfectly composed, his lighter centered symmetrically on his cigarettes, his iced coffee wrapped in a paper napkin. Even in the pulverizing sun, it feels as if a keylight is on Brody, illuminating his barbered silver-gray locks, the manicured fingernails. The crowd surrounding the players keep their eyes on Brody's chair.

STEVE

Looks like Phil's on another roll, I don't think you'll be eating lunch.

JOYCE

We'll eat without him.

15 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - BRODY CABANA - DAY

15

Another body appears on the boardwalk, walks into the Brodys' cabana. Her name is CARLA, she wears a serious, one-piece swimming suit, a T-shirt pulled over it, demurely printed letters spelling "TIJUANA." Carla carries two paper plates, salads covered with Saran-wrap. A freshness about Carla that distinguishes her from Joyce: they are as different as country from city, clean air from a sexy, but smoke-filled room.

STEVE

(eyeing the salads)
Feeding the rabbits again, Carla?

CARLA

The chef fixed special salads for me.

JOYCE

(to Steve, a wink)
She talks to the chef.

HAWK

So what's the story, Carla, you getting it on with the chef?

CARLA

You could use some greens yourself, Henry --

15 CONTD

15

HAWK

Hawk.

She winces at the name.

CARLA

You have a B-deficiency, Hawk.

HAWK

What's that?

CARLA

The line down your tongue. Out.

Hawk shoots out his tongue.

HAWK

Where?

CARLA

Right there.

Carla traces a fissure down Hawk's tongue.

STEVE

How about my tongue? Have I
got a B-deficiency?

Steve flashes his now.

JOYCE

Put that thing back in your mouth.

CARLA

I'm afraid so, Steve. You need
fruits and green vegetables.
All this pastrami is going to
put you in your grave.

(turns to Jeffrey)

What about yours?

Jeffrey swallows anxiously.

CARLA (contd)

(smiling)

Come on, now, open up.

Jeffrey's tongue emerges, Carla examines it, her head
practically in Jeffrey's mouth.

CARLA (contd)

Who's been feeding you?

15 CONTD

15

Jeffrey, all flushed with the proximity of Carla, doesn't answer.

HAWK

His mother.

CARLA

Well, she's doing a first-rate job.

HAWK

His mother also dresses him, right, Jeffie-baby?

Nervous smiles, Carla still has her finger on Jeffrey's tongue.

CARLA

Nice and pink along the edges.
You're in excellent health --
uh --

(groping)

... is it "Jeffie"?

She lets go of his tongue.

A 40-year-old body appears now from the cabana, wet from the shower with her hair done up in a towel. She wears a bikini which doesn't look bad. This is MRS. BRODY.

JEFFREY

(weakly)

Jeff-freee.

CARLA

Hello, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Hello.

STEVE

(stepping in,
introducing)

Jeffrey, this is Carla Sampson.

JOYCE

My cousin from California.

STEVE

And this is my girl, Joyce.
I told her about you.

JOYCE
(carefully)
Hi.

MRS. BRODY
All these people!

STEVE
And Joyce's mother, Mrs. Brody.

JEFFREY
Hello, how ya doin', Mrs. Brody ...

Jeffrey smiles nervously at Joyce, as Mrs. Brody peels back the Saran wrap from one of Carla's plates.

MRS. BRODY
(interrupting)
I can't eat this, Carla.
(to waitress)
Girl. Girl. Today, please.

WAITRESS comes over.

MRS. BRODY (contd)
Throw this away and bring me
a hamburger patty, fresh cottage
cheese, a scoop of sherbet, and
iced tea in a wine glass. You're
not writing it down?

WAITRESS
I'll remember, Mrs. Brody.

MRS. BRODY
You didn't yesterday.

She turns to Jeffrey.

MRS. BRODY (contd)
Who are you, Jeffrey?

JOYCE
He plays cards, he's not a member.

Mrs. Brody smiles politely.

MRS. BRODY
I see.

A BURST OF NOISE from the rectangle below, Mrs. Brody
turns to look.

15 CONTD

15

MRS. BRODY (contd)

Your father won another big hand,
Honey.

HAWK

How can you tell, Mrs. Brody?

MRS. BRODY

He's breathing on his glasses.

Brody's aviator shades are deep in his mouth. Now he removes them, dries them on the spotless handkerchief tied to the belt of his bathing trunks.

16 OMIT

16

17 EXT: LARGE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

17

Supervising the premises from two platforms are TURK, and his twin brother, DIRK, both 6'4" and their T-shirts spell "Life Guard." Draped around Turk, a nymphet, DEBBIE, combs his hair. MANDY and TRACY rub oil on Dirk.

Steve and Hawk pass by, Jeffrey bringing up the rear, shoelaces untied, shoulders growing pink, but his head still swivelling in every direction. VARIOUS POV SHOTS SHOW us Jeff's looking at girls.

TURK

(to Hawk)

Who's he?

HAWK

Jeffrey ... from the old neighborhood.

STEVE

Great card sense. Jeffrey, Turk
and Dirk.

Turk nods, smiles. Dirk waves.

TURK

Perfect for Alfred's group.

Turk directs them toward a secluded corner of the pool, a hidden cabana. WE SEE them enter a cabana.

18 INT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - DAY

18

The Little Gin Game, a table set up in a corner of the cabana. The mood as intense as that of the High Stakes

players, but none of these participants are over nineteen. The money, instead of running into thousands, is dollars; but every bit as precious.

TEAM A: ALFRED SCHULTZ, a square head on a square body with wire-rimmed spectacles

LEWIS MADRONE, an Italian choir boy, given to crossing himself before he deals

DANNY WALSH, a clean cut prude

TEAM B: JEFFREY, STEVE and HAWK.

ALFRED

(to Jeffrey)

Twenty points gin, knock ten or under, ten bonus underknock. Agreed?

JEFFREY

Sure.

ALFRED

He looks like the green hornet.

JEFFREY

I'm leaving.

HAWK

No no, you look fine.

(to Alfred)

Shut up, Alfred. We got a game or we got a game?

Alfred checks with Lewis and Danny, they nod uncertainly.

ALFRED

All right. Play.

Alfred cuts the cards, Jeffrey deals.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB DECK - LATER - DAY

19

Mr. Sudakis, reclining on his platter, his body still glistening with sun and oil, but the shadow lengthening.

20 INT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - LATER - DAY

20

Game goes on. Jeffrey deals very slickly.

A21 EXT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - THE LITTLE GAME - LATER A21
- DAY

Jeffrey wanders out for air. He glances over to the large pool. A body arcs off the diving board, a splash of water, arms stroke powerfully, hands appear on the edge pulling up -- Carla. She shakes out her hair; a vision, sparkling, transcendent, her eyes catching the sunlight. She waves to Jeffrey.

HAWK (VO)

Let's go, Jeffrey. New deal.

B21 INT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - DAY B21

Jeffrey poised at the table, reaches straight for the stack, takes a card, fits it into his hand.

ALFRED

I'm waiting, hornet.

JEFFREY

Gin.

Jeffrey displays his cards. Steve tots up the damage. Their score pad is black in the "WE" column.

HAWK

Schneiderville.

STEVE

A holocaust.

HAWK

We got four thousand one hundred seventy-five points at a penny a point plus 62 boxes at a nickel a box on a Schneider ... let me add them up ...

JEFFREY

(quick)

Eighty nine dollars, seventy cents or \$29.90 a man.

ALFRED

(to Jeffrey)

What's your name again?

JEFFREY

Jeffrey. Jeffrey Willis.

They re-deal cards. Jeff beams, looks around. He's having a ball.

C21 EXT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - DAY

C21

Steve, Hawk and Jeffrey come out.

HAWK

We'll make sure they'll pay
up today.

STEVE

Way to go, Jeffrey. Now go
have fun at the club until
we're ready to blow this place.

Jeffrey looks around.

D21 EXT: POOLSIDE - DAY

D21

Jeffrey plying his plate with great food at the buffet
table. Some pretty PEOPLE around him smiling.

E21 EXT: BEACH - DAY

E21

Jeffrey playing volleyball. He lands on top of a GIRL
sunbathing.

JEFFREY

Excuse me.

GIRL SUNBATHER

Am I pregnant?

F21 EXT: BEACH - DAY

F21

Jeffrey sets up a chair and sunbathes. He's happy as
a clam. A LITTLE BOY with toy truck smiles at him.

21 EXT: SMALL POOL AREA - LATER AFTERNOON - DAY

21

Less crowded. PEOPLE coming out of their cabanas and
leaving. Jeffrey has just come out of the pool and he
is happily chatting with some GIRLS. He had a good
day of cards. He looks off and sees Mitch and Greg,
the two kids. Lying on one chaise chair is MRS. UNGER,
a lovely woman in her thirties. She's lying face down
with her bra strap untied. Jeffrey smiles. A fire-
cracker goes off. Mrs. Unger jumps up. However, she
covers herself first. She's been there before.
Jeffrey's disappointed. Hawk comes over to poolside,
dressed to go home. He gives Jeffrey some money.

HAWK

Here's your share, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Thanks, Hawk.

21 CONTD

21

HAWK

We're cutting out. Steve and
I are going to Turk's party.
Joyce fixed me up with a hotsy.

JEFFREY

Fer cousin, Carla?

HAWK

She's a dog. Let's go.

JEFFREY

(not happy,
looks around)
It's time to leave? I kind of
wanted to hang out.

HAWK

Sorry. We'll drop you at the
bus stop. Steve locked up his
place. Your clothes are in the
Brody cabana. Meet you outside.

Hawk goes off. Jeffrey goes to change clothes.

22 INT: BRODY CABANA - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

22

Jeffrey opens the door to the dressing room, his under-
wear and chino pants tied with the Army belt, rest on
a bench.

Jeffrey sits down to change, glances around.

23 JEFFREY'S POV

23

Bottles and tubes, tanning lotions and skin creams,
boxes of Sun-Bloc and NoseKote stacked drugstore-style,
a gold razor, Givenchy after-shave, satin bathing trunks
and silk tropical shirts, snapshots of Brodys in lucite
frames: Phil, Mrs. Brody, Steve and Joyce in backyard;
Phil flashing his killer-smile at The Big Game; Phil
standing in front of a sign, "BRODY MOTORS," his hands
on the fenders of a Gull Wing and a Corvette, in the
drivers' seats, Mrs. Brody and Joyce.

Jeffrey removes his trunks, reaches for his underpants,
the cabana door opens, Carla enters.

CARLA

Oh, excuse me, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey, bare from the waist down, freezes.

23 CONTD

23

CARLA (contd)

(gently)

I need my beach bag.

She reaches past Jeffrey, retrieves it.

CARLA (contd)

You coming back tomorrow?

JEFFREY

I hope so.

CARLA

I hope so, too. Maybe we could have lunch or something. You like snow peas?

JEFFREY

Yeah.

CARLA

I get beautiful ones from a Chinese man in Malvern.

Jeffrey smiles weakly.

JEFFREY

Sure ... Snow peas. What are snow peas?

CARLA

Little green things ... So maybe I'll see you.

She goes, Jeffrey collapses on the dressing room bench.

24 EXT: EL FLAMINGO PARKING LOT - SUNSET - DAY

24

Gridlock. HORNS BLARING, MOTORS REVVING, panicked VALETS running every which way as MEMBERS arrive and MEMBERS depart. Presiding over the mess, Parking Lot Chief, FREDDY.

FREDDY

Move that Caddy, Donny!

DONNY, a wispy kid, throws up his hands near a Caddy.

DONNY

She's stalled!

Jeffrey appears now in street clothes, joins Steve and Hawk.

STEVE

We'll be another minute, Jeffrey,
our car's still buried in the
handball courts.

MUSIC blares out now from the July 4th dance inside the
club.

TRINI LOPEZ-TYPE (VO)

"IF I HAD A HAMMER
I'D HAMMER IN THE MORNING
I'D HAMMER IN THE EVENING ... "

Cocktail dresses and bright-Tartan dinner jackets swarm
at the entrance.

Jeffrey looks longingly at the fancy evening clothes,
now at Steve and Hawk, all spruced up, a tinge of pink
flattering their tans, their hair slicked. Turk's Ford
comes up. TWO NYMPHETS and he converge on car. Dirk
and his GIRL pile in another car.

An awkward pause amidst the HONKING chaos.

JEFFREY

Well, if you guys ever need a
third ... I'd love to play gin
again ...

FREDDY

(to Jeff)

Hey, you got a car?

JEFFREY

No ... but I've been thinking
of getting one. Maybe a Chevy.

FREDDY

Get out of the way.

Donny, who has managed to get the old Caddy started,
jerks up to the entrance, the car shudders, stalls out.
Mrs. Bakaleinikoff rushes to her car, her arms waving.
Cars are HONKING, parking tickets waving. WE NOTICE
that one parking boy is a black kid named FORTUNE. He
sprints over, yanks up the Caddy hood; steam gushes out.

Fortune ducks under the hood, shakes his head with
frustration. Jeffrey leans in beside him. Freddy gives
Donny a ticket and sends him for another car.

JEFFREY

It's the water hose --

FORTUNE

What water hose?

JEFFREY

Gimme a second ...

He removes his Army belt from his beach roll, wraps it around the hose, rigs a knot, the radiator sputters, coughs, stops steaming. Now Jeffrey jumps into the driver's seat, starts the Caddy, it HUMS. The tiny Mrs. Bakaleinikoff reaches up and kisses Jeffrey on the lips. Freddy comes over to watch this.

She climbs in, drives away. Impatient Club Members, who have been watching, APPLAUD. Fortune smiles and goes off to another car. Donny comes up to Freddy.

DONNY

Freddy,

(sotto)

that Corvette you sent me to go get, it's got two brake pedals on the floor.

FREDDY

(echoing, to
Steve and Hawk)

"Two brake pedals on the floor ..."

JEFFREY

I'll get it.

Freddy's eyes meet Jeffrey's.

FREDDY

You driven a parking lot?

STEVE

(stepping in,
to Freddy)

Try Lundy's Restaurant in
Sheepshead Bay?

FREDDY

Can you handle a stick?

HAWK

At Lundy's they called him the
double-clutch kid!

FREDDY

(to Jeffrey, pointing)

Go get it ...

Jeffrey runs for Mr. Callahan's Corvette. He backs the car out, swings around a row of parked vehicles, brings the Corvette to a stop inches from MR. CALLAHAN's feet.

CALLAHAN

(to Freddy)

That's what I call service.

Callahan climbs in, drives away.

FREDDY

(to Jeffrey)

Small point, don't trust your mirrors. Never back up without looking over your shoulder ...

JEFFREY

Sorry.

FREDDY

How come you're not working Lundy's this summer?

JEFFREY

I never worked Lundy's.

Steve and Hawk throw up their hands.

JEFFREY (contd)

(earnestly)

But I go there once a year for a shore dinner with my family. Usually Labor Day.

FREDDY

I don't wanna hear your life. You want this job?

JEFFREY

Now? This summer?

FREDDY

(sarcastic)

No Xmas time. Of course this summer. You want it?

JEFFREY

(thinks a beat)

Yeah.

24 CONTD

24

FREDDY

You got it, you'll work the
West Section. Go.

Jeffrey snatches the ticket out of Freddy's hand, checks the location number, races across the lot to the handball courts, leaps over the Bonneville door, whizzes back with the car, drops it at Steve's feet. Hawk, Steve get in. Joyce appears with a DATE for Hawk. Not too hot, and gets in ... Jeffrey watches, then goes to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT: MARINE PARKWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

25

A 50's Ford, a wreck, tools to a stop on the highway, Jeffrey jumps out. It's midnight.

FREDDY

The number 6 bus stops there.
I'll see you. Eight AM in
the morning.

JEFFREY

You bet, boss.

Freddy makes a U, disappears back on the Long Island side, leaving Jeffrey alone on the bus stop bench except for a BUM, wearing a toupee. He takes in the view: moonlight catching the water on Reynolds Channel; now a MUFFLED EXPLOSION in the distance, fireworks shoot in the sky over Rockaway; starbursts, parachute canopies, Roman candles. The night ignited, the ocean and sand and beach clubs lit up like Moorish palaces. He takes out a pocketbook, From Here To Eternity. And then, darkness.

26 INT: WILLIS' KITCHEN - BROOKLYN - DAY

26

A fearsome RACKET. As Tex and Jinx interview a grumpy Bert Lahr on the radio, there comes a POUNDING from under the sink.

RUTH

J-E-F-F-R-E-E! BR-E-A-K-FAAST!

BAM-BAM again from under the sink.

27 INT: WILLIS' LIVING ROOM/PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

27

Jeffrey scurries into living room where Nikki is practicing her oboe. He replaces Ruth's one-dollar

27 CONTD

27

bill in her pocketbook. He starts to exit, stops, reaches again into his pocket, finds a few more bills and puts them in purse.

28 INT: WILLIS' KITCHEN - DAY

28

Ruth is directing her conversation to the drain in the sink.

RUTH

Your brother, Jack, called.

The voice of ARTHUR WILLIS, Jeffrey's father, responds.

ARTHUR (OC)

You told me.

RUTH -

So?

ARTHUR (OC)

So I called him back.

RUTH

What'd he say?

ARTHUR (OC)

He needs money.

RUTH

What'd I tell you?

BAM-BAM. Jeffrey appears in chinos and tanktop and white sneakers.

Nikki stops playing long enough to yell.

NIKKI (OC)

Dad, Jeffrey took your sneakers.

RUTH

(doesn't hear)

Good, dear.

BAM-BAM.

ARTHUR (OC)

Jeffrey, you there?

JEFFREY

Right here, Dad.

ARTHUR (OC)

Look in my box, get out the Allenhead.

JEFFREY

The number four or the number two?

ARTHUR (OC)

Whatever fits this P-Trap.

Jeffrey digs into Arthur's box, disappears under the sink with his father.

RUTH

So what are you going to do?

ARTHUR (OC)

Lend Jack some money and help him find a job.

RUTH

Arthur!

ARTHUR (OC)

He's my brother, Ruth. Jack is my brother.

Arthur and Jeffrey emerge now, Arthur is a short man, salt-of-the-earth, his hair graying, his face weathered, a blue-collar dignity. He opens the sink tap, the water runs freely.

ARTHUR (contd)

She's okay.

Arthur grins, washes his hands, holds the tap for Jeffrey to wash his. Nikki wanders in.

ARTHUR (contd)

I'm starved.

Arthur and Jeffrey sit down with Nikki, the table groaning even on this weekday morning, fresh orange juice, rolls, sweet butter, preserves. Ruth carries her frying pan from plate-to-plate, serves eggs to each member of the family. Now she takes her place, their heads bow.

ARTHUR

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, for these Thy gifts which we are about to receive through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

JEFFREY, NIKKI, RUTH

Amen.

Arthur reaches for a roll, bites half of it away, the poppy seeds crackle in his mouth like an electric storm.

RUTH

So where were you till two o'clock in the morning?

JEFFREY

The beach.

RUTH

Beaches are open at two o'clock in the morning?

JEFFREY

The El Flamingo had a dance ...

ARTHUR

El Flamingo.

RUTH

It's a fancy beach club. A lot of our old neighbors belong.

ARTHUR

Well, I like dancing. I was a good dancer, right, Ruthie?

JEFFREY

I got a job.

ARTHUR

Dancing?

JEFFREY

No, at the club. I park cars.

A long silence. Ruth and Nikki check nervously with Arthur.

ARTHUR

You're working with Mr. Henderson at his engineering office.

JEFFREY

I don't think so.

ARTHUR

I asked a favor of Mr. Henderson

(MORE)

ARTHUR (contd)
to do this. An office boy is
a good job. The ground floor
to an engineer.

JEFFREY
It's summer. I don't want to
be in an office.

ARTHUR
But Mr. Henderson will give you
a recommendation for college.
All your teachers have said,
with your gifts for numbers
you could be an engineer.

JEFFREY
This job pays better than the
office boy.

ARTHUR
How much they pay?

JEFFREY
Wages?

ARTHUR
Is there anything else?

JEFFREY
Tips.

ARTHUR
Tips, I don't believe in.

JEFFREY
I like parking cars.

RUTH
Maybe you should have a word
with his boss, Arthur. Take a
swing out to Rockaway after work.

JEFFREY
No, no, please, no swing outs ...
(desperate)
I'll be bringing home money every
week. See?

Jeffrey pulls out a roll of one-dollar bills.

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28

JEFFREY (contd)
 Forty dollars -- and that's
 just for one night. Those
 engineering guys just put me
 on because you fixed their
 toilet. They don't need me.

Arthur and Ruth stop eating, stare at Jeffrey's cash.

Arthur instinctively reaches for another roll, tears a
 bite off; he seems puzzled. Ruth returns to the stove,
 sweeps some bread through French toast batter, she is
 also confused. Nikki goes into living room and plays
 oboe. The meal continues, strained.

CUT TO:

29 EXT: BEACH CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY
 CLOSE UP - SNEAKERS

29

Jeffrey, with a white shoe powder bag, meticulously
 working his father's tennis shoes.

30 EXT: EL FLAMINGO BEACH CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

30

A lull in the morning's activity. Fortune has rigged
 a makeshift basketball court, a backboard tied to a
 cyclone fence. Fortune's right arm is in a sling, he
 dribbles and shoots lefty. Jeffrey wanders over.

JEFFREY
 What happened to your arm,
 Fortune?

FORTUNE
 Not a thing. Just developing
 my left for college ball.

Now Fortune slips his right arm out of the sling.

FORTUNE (contd)
 If my right hand is free, it
 goes straight for the ball.

With his right, Fortune knocks the ball out of his left.

FORTUNE (contd)
 (slapping the right)
 Cut that out, man.

Jeffrey laughs, Fortune puts his right arm back in the

30 CONTD

30

sling, glances up as the silver-gray Ferrari sweeps by, angling dangerously across the lot as if it owned it.

JEFFREY

Who's that?

FORTUNE

King of the Club, man, Mr. Phil Brody. Super card-player. Gin-Rummy. Empties these turkeys' pockets every summer. Laid ten on me last night.

(snaps his fingers)

Which reminds me ... deposit time.

Fortune reaches into his pocket, pulls out a ten-dollar bill, now undoes his shorts, places the ten into a bulging money-belt strapped around his waist.

JEFFREY

Don't you like banks?

FORTUNE

Inconvenient hours.

(Jeffrey laughs)

If I have a good summer, this parking lot's going to pay my room and board at college ...

Fortune laughs, twirls his basketball on his finger, dribbles spectacularly around Jeffrey.

FORTUNE (contd)

And this basketball will take care of the tuition.

JEFFREY

Where?

FORTUNE

Notre Dame.

Fortune strips the sling from his arm.

FORTUNE (contd)

Fortune Smith ...

(crosses himself)

of the fighting Irish.

He cackles, throws up a beautiful fadeaway jumper, now takes off across the lot to intercept the cars once more

30 CONTD

30

streaming in. WE SEE for a moment that Fortune's way of getting tips is to be the same as the customer. He shouts at CUSTOMERS.

FORTUNE (contd)

Kalimera, Mr. Sudakis.
Good morning, Gutentag.
Bongiorno, Mrs. Minetta ...
How you doing, Chief?
Good Yontif.

31 EXT: THE BIG GIN GAME - DAY

31

Steve and Hawk watching, Jeffrey craning to see behind them.

TEAM A: MARIO MINETTA, a Neapolitan, constantly shifts his seat

COL. CAL EASTLAND -- the owner of the club.
A pleasant, honest, retired Air Force Colonel who is a pipe smoker

ALBIE YOUNG, younger than the others, a stockbroker on the rise, proud to be included in The Big Game

TEAM B: JERRY BERLIN, an accountant, methodical, unimaginative, dangerously dogged

CHARLIE COOPER, compulsive cougher, an agonizer, who is always taking pills

and PHIL BRODY. Phil smokes Tiparillo cigars.

The air is dense around the players, a CABANA BOY, older than the others and set off by his white slacks, and a Mets cap, hustles around the table, emptying ashtrays, fixing drinks, cutting open fresh decks of cards; checking for the flicker of an eye demanding a match, or the wave of a hand signalling the removal of a plate of crusts from a corned beef sandwich.

JEFFREY

Who's that?

STEVE

Paul Hirsch, number one Cabana Boy.

HAWK

Takes a cut of the kitty.

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31

STEVE

Five bills weekly.

HAWK

Earns it, perpetual motion.

Paul is on the move: ice, ashtrays, matches, sandwiches, fresh cards.

Jeffrey's attention turns now to Phil Brody. The moment his opponent discards, Brody either picks the card up or snatches one from the stack. Brody's movements fluid, assured.

Brody's crowning gesture: he holds his cards in an upside down fan.

JEFFREY

Who's Mr. Brody playing?

STEVE

Colonel Eastland, he owns the club.
Phil's got him sweating again.

JEFFREY

And the fat guy?

A hulk of a MAN stands behind Eastland, together they turn the noonday sun to darkness. The man breathes heavily, occasionally towels off the flood of sweat that rolls down his forehead.

STEVE

Big Sid, the number one watcher.
That's all he does, watches these
guys play gin.

The boys home in on Brody as he prepares for the kill.

BRODY

Today, Cal. Throw a card today.

Col. Eastland's eyes quiver ambivalently. He fingers a card, throws it -- the Queen of Diamonds. Brody stares at the card. He turns ever so slightly towards the figures crowding in on him, over his left shoulder he spots Jeffrey; their eyes lock. Brody makes a tiny gesture of removal with his hand, "Give me air," Jeffrey falls over backwards in his rush to comply. Carla and Mrs. Brody arrive.

31 CONTD

31

MRS. BRODY

(to Phil)

Honey, after this hand ...

Brody snatches his wife's wrist with controlled anger.

BRODY

I've told you, never disturb
me when I'm playing cards.

Never.

Paul arrives, Brody releases his wife, she backs away rubbing her wrist. Jeffrey is unaware of the incident. Carla, however, has seen this.

Now Brody turns his attention back to the Queen, the hint of a smile flickers across his face. Brody picks up the Queen and flips his upside down fan.

BRODY

Sweet ... Ginger ... Brown.

Charlie Cooper bursts into a fit of coughing, Paul, the Cabana Boy, leaps into a frenzy of activity, fresh decks, a light for Col. Eastland's well-chewed pipe, an iced coffee for Phil Brody. Brody removes a tightly-folded ten-dollar bill which rests on a stack of other tightly-folded ten-dollar bills, hands one to Paul. Hawk turns to Jeffrey.

HAWK

The king.

32 EXT: PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY

32

Jeffrey jogs down a row of cars, looks around to see if anybody is watching, ducks into a car.

33 INT: FLEETWOOD - DAY

33

Jeffrey removes a deck of cards from his pocket and deals out two gin rummy hands -- one to an imaginary opponent, one to himself. Jeffrey arranges his hand quickly. He closes it up, then re-opens the hand -- upside down. Almost perfect. Almost, except for one card which dangles, then falls onto the car seat. Jeffrey angrily collects the cards, shuffles and deals again. He picks up his hand, arranges the cards, closes the hand, fans it open upside down. It works, he beams. He "mouths" Sweet Ginger Brown.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT: BEACH CLUB - ANOTHER DAY

34

Jeffrey, walking across pool, past Hawk after his lunch. He starts to pitch the remains of his malted into a trash can. A BIKINI wanders by with her PARENTS. She smiles at Jeffrey, turns around, makes a U-turn, smiles at him again, he smiles back, offers her the remains of his malted. She accepts, her parents are waving for her, quickly the Bikini sneaks down her trunks a half-inch, reveals seven numbers written on her butt in ink.

Carla appears, the girl's parents yelling for her now, the girl hurriedly rolls up her bikini bottom, hands Jeffrey back his malted, disappears.

CARLA

Want a pencil?

Carla removes one dangling around her neck.

CARLA (contd)

I was writing postcards.

Jeffrey doesn't know which way to turn.

CARLA (contd)

I believe it was ... 555-4667.

She writes the number on the malted container, hands it back to Jeffrey.

Now Carla cheerfully wanders back to the pool, Jeffrey watches as she removes her beach jacket, underneath is a stunning UCLA tank suit. She dives in, strokes up alongside Mrs. Bakaleinikoff, together they do laps.

35- OMIT
38

35-
38

39 INT: JEFFREY'S BEDROOM - DAY

39

Jeffrey parades in front of his mirror, admiring himself in a pair of continental pants. Nikki enters the room, she wears a Columbia University sweatshirt.

NIKKI

They're too tight.

JEFFREY

They fit perfectly.

NIKKI

Jeffrey! They are horrible.

JEFFREY

You want me to wear those baggy jobs like your Columbia boy-friends?

NIKKI

You should be lucky enough to get into Columbia.

JEFFREY

That's all I ever hear -- You should be lucky enough to get into Columbia.

NIKKI

You've filled out your application?

JEFFREY

I've been busy.

NIKKI

Jeffrey, I'm not beautiful, so it behooves me to be smart. You, however, are cute.

JEFFREY

(smiles)

Yeah? You never said that before.

NIKKI

But not cute enough to blow college. Send in the application.

JEFFREY

Come on, I'm having my best summer.

NIKKI

You'll end up like Uncle Jack.

JEFFREY

Uncle Jack's not all bad.

NIKKI

Not all bad as long as Dad's around to bail him out. What if you grow up like him? Guess who's going to have to bail you out? Me!

A yell from downstairs.

RUTH (OC)

J-E-F-F-E-R-E-E! NIK-KEE!
B-R-E-A-K-F-A-A-ST!

40 OMIT

40

CUT TO:

41 EXT: SUPERMARKET - DAY

41

Jeffrey waiting for the bus near the supermarket. A WHOOP, the nubile Checker appears seated in a shopping cart, Mickey and Frank each with a hand on it, they roll her down the pavement to Shel, he catches her, she jumps out. Mickey, Frank and Shel, in their aprons, throw up their hands. Jeffrey smiles at them. They smile back. The bus goes by.

CUT TO:

42 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - DAY 42

WE SEE a SEXY JUNIOR MEMBER hopping out of an Eldorado convertible. Jeffrey, contentedly, watches her, she moves towards the beach club entrance.

CARLA (OS)

Did you call 555-4667?

Jeffrey swivels, Carla is behind him, just climbing out of Joyce's car. Joyce has angled off towards the club entrance.

JEFFREY

Who?

CARLA

The Cute Behind who finished up your malt for you.

Jeffrey smiles sheepishly.

JEFFREY

No, I didn't call her. But I'd like to call you sometime.

CARLA

Okay. I'll write my number on my butt.

JEFFREY

Is that what everybody does?

CARLA

Kidding. I'm staying with Joyce.

Jeffrey smiles. Phil Brody's Ferrari whizzing past. The dust funnels into Jeffrey's face, by the time he

42 CONTD

42

clears his eyes, Carla is gone, all he can see is Phil Brody getting out of his car, attendants jockeying to hold his door, cadge his tip.

43 INT: LITTLE GIN GAME - DAY

43

Jeffrey, Steve and Hawk playing against Alfred, Lewis, and Danny, Joyce stands beside Steve, massaging his neck. Carla stands watching. Jeffrey, his hand in an upside down fan, draws a card. Alfred leans forward to pick it up, but before he can, Jeffrey turns it over, making the card unplayable. Now Jeffrey smiles.

JEFFREY

Gin.

Alfred throws down his cards in disgust.

ALFRED

Aren't you supposed to be back there parking cars?

CUT TO:

44 EXT: A CABANA ROW - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

44

WE SEE CLOSE UPS of Jeffrey and Fortune's faces, then waves and rocks below. PULL BACK and REVEAL that they're standing at far cabana overlooking the ocean. Behind them are Turk and Dirk, Alfred and a few other lifeguards and parking lot TYPES who look mean.

ALFRED

So, as new staff this summer, you have to go through formal initiation. You jump off this cabana railing and catch a wave. If you miss the wave, splatt, into the sand. Ready?

FORTUNE

That's barbaric.

TURK

I like a good splatt.

DIRK

You always did.

Jeff and Fortune look down.

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44

FORTUNE

(trying to weasel out
of this authoritatively)
Hey, look, you guys, this has
really been a gas chatting with
you like this, but we gotta get
to work. Come on, Jeffrey ...

They start past the others, but walk smack-dab into Turk
and Dirk's chests. They turn the boys around like little
tops.

TURK/DIRK

Get going.

They go back over to the edge and look down.

JEFFREY

Did you see The Defiant Ones?

FORTUNE

No --

(looks to Turk and Dirk)

-- do we have time?

As Turk pushes them. They land in water ... their heads
pop up.

FORTUNE

Piece o' cake.

JEFFREY

You okay?

FORTUNE

Sure ... Which way to the ambulance.

As they go off together now laughing. Fals.

CUT TO:

45 EXT: BRODY CABANA - DAY

45

Mrs. Brody is sunning herself on the chaise. Carla and
Jeffrey and Steve and Joyce arrive back from the Little
Gin Game. Walking ahead of them, Hawk and Turk ad lib
racetrack talk about Hanover horses and move on.

MRS. BRODY

There you are, Steven, I've been
looking for you. The cook is
making Beef Wellington tomorrow
night, you'll come for dinner?

45 CONTD

45

Steve wipes the sweat off his brow, the sun baking through ninety-degree heat.

STEVE

With pleasure, Mrs. Brody.

JOYCE

(squeezing Steve)

I'll supply the after-dinner entertainment.

Her tongue disappears down Steve's mouth as Jeffrey stands there.

JEFFREY

Well, I'll go back to work.

CARLA

Could you get off work tomorrow night, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Tomorrow night? Gee, I don't know --

STEVE

Monday night's slow, Jeff.

CARLA

I'd like to invite you to our house for dinner.

JEFFREY

You would?

MRS. BRODY

You would?

JEFFREY

Dinner at the Brody house.

(drawing himself up)

Carla, that would be an honor.

STEVE

(oblivious)

Hey, that's great, a double date ...

MRS. BRODY

Dinner is at eight.

Jeffrey nods ingratiatingly to Mrs. Brody.

45 CONTD

45

JEFFREY

Gotta go.

He hurries away up the boardwalk.

JOYCE

You invited him to dinner?

CARLA

You don't mind, Aunt Helen, do you?

MRS. BRODY

Isn't that the boy from the parking lot?

CARLA

That's right, Jeffrey's a friend of mine.

JOYCE

From the parking lot.

CARLA

Do you mind?

MRS. BRODY

Not at all.

Mrs. Brody's eyes stay on Jeffrey until he disappears. Now she lowers her goggles, turns back toward the sun.

MRS. BRODY (contd)

Carla, your parents are returning from Europe when ... ?

CUT TO:

46 EXT: BRODY HOUSE - LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND - NIGHT 46

A mansion glowing in the night. Five exotic cars decorate the semi-circular driveway, behind the cars, a huge lawn broken by a pathway leading to the front door; the pathway lit by electric versions of antique gas lamps. At the head of the path, a statue of a plantation boy. He, too, holds a lantern.

Jeffrey and Steve park, climb out, pass a tropical fish pool, now pause at the head of the long pathway which leads up to the house. Jeffrey peers up at the white porticoes shimmering in the distance.

JEFFREY

It's further from here to the house, than from here to Brooklyn.

(suddenly)

I wonder if he's going to be there?

STEVE

Hey, don't worry, Phil's a real down-to-earth guy.

They start up the path, Jeffrey checks out a Gull Wing Mercedes and a white Corvette as he passes. Steve rings the doorbell, Jeffrey smooths the points on his shirt collar. A maid in green bombazine and white apron and cap answers; her name is LIZZIE.

LIZZIE

Stevie, baby, where you been?

STEVE

Hi, Lizzie. This is my friend, Jeffrey Willis.

Steve waves to Lizzie, walks on by into the house.

LIZZIE

Hello, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Hello, Ma'am.

LIZZIE

Honey, what are you sweating so about?

Jeffrey wipes his neck with his sleeve, smiles back weakly.

JEFFREY

I don't know ... I'm not sweating.

LIZZIE

(interrupts)

Come on in, baby, don't just stand there like mosquito-bait.

He steps inside.

Lizzie leads Jeffrey across a travertine floor, past key-lit pre-Columbian statues, to a pair of open

47 CONTD

47

oak-paneled doors with steps leading down into a knotty-pine den. Jeffrey glances nervously over his shoulder at the sound of the CLICKING of his heels.

Lizzie peels off now as Steve leads the way down into the den, Jeffrey a respectful step-and-a-half behind him. Phil Brody is reclining on a couch, his dark tan perfect against a white Filipino shirt, white slacks, white Espadrilles. Brody raises a hand to Steve as he enters, at the same time keeps an eye on a 36-inch color television, the sound off.

BRODY

Hello, kid.

STEVE

Hi, Mr. Brody --

BRODY

Cut the crap. Phil.

STEVE

I mean, Phil. Uh ... Phil ...
uh, this is my friend, Jeffrey
Willis.

BRODY

Hello, Jeffrey. You're Carla's
friend, too, right?

JEFFREY

Yes, sir.

BRODY

Take a seat, pal.

Steve and Jeffrey sit down obediently. Jeffrey's eyes follow Brody's back to the television.

JEFFREY

Color!

Brody switches channels now with a rudimentary remote control, the stations CLICKING loudly from one to another.

BRODY

This is new, you don't have
to budge from your seat ...
Movie ...

WE SEE action scene from Duel in the Sun.

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BRODY (contd)
(Brody CLICKS to
Lucky Strike commercial)
Commercial ... You can also turn
down the sound.
(he does and commercial
plays silently)
Fix you guys something to drink?
A beer, something cold?

Steve checks with Jeffrey, Jeffrey shrugs nervously.

STEVE
Beer sounds good.

BRODY
Two Heineken coming up.

Brody crosses to a barrel underneath the bar.

JEFFREY
(wryly)
I'm sorry, but I forgot my I.D.

STEVE
Jeffrey, it doesn't --

BRODY
(chuckling)
Jeffrey was just making a joke,
Steve. What's the matter, you
lost your sense of humor?
(to Jeffrey, winks)
Cute. I like that.

Jeffrey watches wide-eyed as Brody draws two beers.
He hands them to Steve and Jeffrey, sits down again.
Brody is scrutinizing Jeffrey now.

BRODY (contd)
Haven't I seen you somewhere
before?

JEFFREY
I work at The El Flamingo, Mr.
Brody. I'm an Attendant in
the parking lot.

BRODY
Oh yeah, I remember now.
(smiles)
But I saw you around The Game,
too, right?

47 CONTD

47

JEFFREY

Yes, sir.

BRODY

You like cards?

JEFFREY

I love cards. The only thing
that gives me more pleasure
than playing is watching you,
Mr. Brody. You are an artist.

Brody chuckles.

BRODY

You won't get any gratuities
here, kid ...

Jeffrey blushes, but Brody keeps his eyes on him.
He likes Jeffrey. Steve lights a cigarette.

BRODY (contd)

Do you mind? The Mrs. ...
It gives her a terrible head-
ache ...

Steve puts out the cigarette.

STEVE

Where's Joyce?

BRODY

Still arranging herself ...
Run upstairs, Stevie, will you,
tell the girls I'm getting
hungry --

STEVE

Sure thing. Phil.

Steve goes, Brody leans back on the couch.

BRODY

Did you happen to catch the game
Sunday?

JEFFREY

Fabulous! When you held the
club queen and ran Mr. Young
to a draw ... the best. You
must be psychic, Mr. Brody.

47 CONTD

47

BRODY

At my age, you call it instinct.

Brody CLICKS the TV set off now. He hands a deck of cards to Jeffrey. Jeffrey starts to shuffle.

BRODY (contd)

You watch often?

JEFFREY

Yeah. Every chance I get.

Brody examines Jeffrey now from a couple of angles.

BRODY

That's nice. You like what you see?

Jeffrey shuffles as they talk. Finally Jeffrey does an upside down fan. As he watches, Brody smiles.

BRODY (contd)

Shuffling is good for the hands.
Do you juggle at all?

JEFFREY

You making fun of me, Mr. Brody?

BRODY

No no no.

DISSOLVE TO:

A48 INT: BRODY DEN - LATER

A48

Brody and Jeffrey in animated conversation dealing cards back and forth. WE LOOK at them from Carla's POV a beat, then she speaks.

CARLA

Dinner's ready.

CUT TO:

48 INT: BRODY HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Brody and Jeffrey appear, Brody's arm around Jeffrey.

BRODY

Need to use the facilities?

JEFFREY

Pardon me?

48 CONTD

48

BRODY

The toilet.

Jeffrey nods eagerly, Brody points the way, Jeffrey disappears into a bathroom as Carla and Joyce join Brody. He throws an arm around Joyce, the other rests snugly on Carla's hip. Bathroom is on first floor.

BRODY (contd)

Did I ever tell you, Carla,
you got Brody legs?

CARLA

Last night, Uncle Phil.

BRODY

Well, I'm telling you again.
And I'm telling you also I
like that young Jeffrey in
there, he's a charmer. Nice
sense of humor ... Joyce, you
ought to lighten up that Steve
of yours. Too earnest ... I
don't like earnestness.

Joyce motions to him to be quiet. Steve is right there.
They enter the dining room.

49 INT: BRODY BATHROOM - NIGHT

49

Jeffrey just used the sink and now mops it dry. Then he is carefully trying to refold a guest towel. Just as he gets it perfect, he notices a spot in the sink, taps it dry with the towel, refolds the towel, but now there is a damp wrinkle in it.

MRS. BRODY (OC)

You coming, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Be right there, Ma'am.

Jeffrey tries to refold the towel again, finally he just stuffs it into the rack, all wrinkled and bunched, showing dirty fingermarks. But he closes the bathroom door carefully.

50 INT: BRODY DINING ROOM - NIGHT
CLOSE UP - DINNER PLATE

50

A huge serving of Beef Wellington. Jeffrey sweating into it, mopping his brow with a huge, linen napkin.

50 CONTD

50

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jeffrey and Steve on one side of the table, Carla and Joyce on the other, at the head Phil Brody, opposite him, his wife.

MRS. BRODY
(to Jeffrey)
Aspic?

Jeffrey looks ambivalently at the shimmering red mound.

JOYCE
I don't think Jeffrey knows
what aspic is, Mother.

BRODY
So don't take it, Jeffrey.
I hate it.

MRS. BRODY
Lizzie worked all day on this
dish, Phil. I read it to her
from The New York Times.

Brody glances at the aspic again.

BRODY
Still scares the hell out of you.
(laughs)
Right, Jeff?

Jeffrey chuckles anxiously. The meal continues in silence. Brody watches pleasurably as Jeffrey ties gallantly into the Beef Wellington.

BRODY (contd)
You know something, Jeffrey?
It's bad for our image to have
parking lot attendants in the
house ...

CARLA
Uncle Phil!

MRS. BRODY
It's only this once.

BRODY
No, no.
(to Jeffrey)
Would "cabana boy" sound better
to you?

JEFFREY

Cabana boy?!

BRODY

You'd like that?

JEFFREY

Why, Mr. Brody, I'd give my
right arm --

BRODY

Say no more. You know Colonel
Eastland?

JEFFREY

He owns the El Flamingo.

BRODY

I'll give him a little call
after dinner.

(carefully)

He's into me plenty.

JOYCE

Daddy's a part owner of the club.

BRODY

(smiles)

And this summer I plan to win
the rest.

Steve squeezes Jeffrey under the table, Carla gives him
a tiny "thumbs up." Jeffrey is beside himself with
excitement as Joyce and Mrs. Brody pick at their aspic.

DISSOLVE TO:

A51 INT: BRODY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A51

Mr. Brody offers Jeffrey a Tiparillo as the others
have animated conversations.

51 EXT: BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Steve and Joyce locked into each other in the Bonneville
in Brody driveway. Bobbing bodies and bare shoulders.
GROANS of ecstasy, and work. PAN OVER to the fish pool,
Jeffrey and Carla peering interestedly at the inhabitants,
Japanese tropicals glittering in the aquamarine light.

JEFFREY

Those are the biggest goldfish
I've ever seen.

51 CONTD

51

CARLA

I thought they were goldfish, too, but they're not. They're Koi, K-O-I, Japanese carp. Uncle Phil bought them last week for \$700 apiece.

GROANS and MOANS from Steve and Joyce.

CARLA (contd)

It's a male and female. I've been watching them, the male's always trying to make love to her -- he swims across the pool at terrific speed, she'll dodge him, sometimes he hits the wall. The males have been known to fly right out of the pool. You've got to be careful, I guess, they could die in the grass.

From the Bonneville, a dramatic MOAN of decompression.

JEFFREY

(smiles)

These guys really go all out for their girls.

CARLA

You could say that, Jeffrey.

Silence now from the car, Jeffrey and Carla watching the pool to keep from looking at each other. Suddenly one of the Koi shoots across the pool. Jeffrey smiles with childlike pleasure.

He looks up to find Carla watching him.

Jeffrey starts to kiss her.

JEFFREY

Seven hundred dollars apiece.

She shrugs and looks away. He takes her and gently kisses her. Joyce, still locked with Steve, is peering over Steve's shoulder at Jeffrey and Carla.

52 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB NEAR BRODY CABANA - DAY

52

Jeffrey walks slowly down the aisle attentive to Colonel Eastland. A short red-haired boy with freckles walks with them. This is GEORGE, another Cabana Boy. He looks dull.

COL. EASTLAND

... George here will tell you the secret of the job is speed and personality. In the morning you sponge mop all the cabanas. At night you and George take turns checking out the equipment closet. Now if you're smart, Jeffrey, you'll do a little extra dusting -- especially on the week-ends. That's the kind of action that gets you tips. Don't let this job fool you, it's not as easy as it looks. Smile and run, that's the key.

JEFFREY

I understand, Sir.

Colonel Eastland exits. George stares into space. Jeffrey moves quickly to the equipment closet, fills a pail with water, fixes up a sponge mop.

A53 EXT: BEACH CLUB - BRODY CABANA - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE

A53

Jeffrey, with a bucket of water and a moist mop, walks by Brody cabana. He hears:

JOYCE (OC)

Jeffrey. Come in here a minute.

Jeffrey walks into Brody cabana and closes door.

53 INT: BRODY CABANA - DAY

53

Jeffrey doesn't see Joyce at first.

JOYCE (contd)

Just a sec, Jeffrey. I'm not decent.

Jeffrey looks through a trellis and sees her stepping out of her bathing suit.

JOYCE (contd)

Now come in. Congratulations, Jeffrey, on becoming a Cabana Boy.

Jeffrey is silent, but sees she's now in a towel.

JOYCE (contd)

I need a little help with my back.
Are you as good with suntan lotion
as you are at cards?

He walks into the room and she hands him the suntan lotion, turns her back to him, reaches over her shoulder, indicates a spot. She lets the top of the towel drop and leans forward.

JOYCE (contd)

Start here.

Jeffrey swallows. Now he pours some lotion into the cup of his hand, starts to rub, Joyce moans slightly.

JOYCE (contd)

You have beautiful hands. I see
now why Carla likes you so much.
Everybody likes you, Jeffrey, my
father, Steve, everybody. Do
you like me, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Yeah, you're okay ... You're cute.

Now he begins to rub vigorously, Joyce shifts uncomfortably.

JEFFREY (contd)

ALL DONE!

Jeffrey grabs his mop.

JOYCE

Jeff, you've been so nice to
me, I'd like to do something
wonderful for you.

JEFFREY

(tries to leave)
Forget it.

JOYCE

(holds him)
Have you ever had a Coney Island
cooler?

JEFFREY

(wary)
I'm not thirsty.

53 CONTD

53

JOYCE

A Coney Island cooler is not a drink.

JEFFREY

What is it?

Joyce smiles, then puts an ice cube seductively in her mouth. She starts down OUT OF FRAME.

JEFFREY (contd)

Where you going?

(beat)

Oh.

Jeffrey rips open the door. Joyce stares at Jeffrey, the sunlight from the open door hitting her full front, her body all oiled and glistening.

JEFFREY (contd)

I'm sorry, Joyce, I've got to change my water.

He picks up his pail, slams the door closed.

A54 EXT: BRODY CABANA - DAY

A54

Jeff staggers out and sighs with relief.

CUT TO:

54 EXT/INT: BEACH CLUB CABANA - DAY
MONTAGE - JEFFREY AT WORK, JEFFREY AT PLAY

54

MUSIC:

THE IMPRESSIONS (VO)

"SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S ALL RIGHT
SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S ALL
RIGHT ... "

-- Jeffrey furiously dusting cabana's exterior just in time for the arrival of a MOTHER and TWO CHILDREN. He ruffles the little boy's head, lifts up the girl, sets them happily on the bench together. The Mother reaches in her pocketbook ... OS the kids eat ice cream and get it on Jeffrey.

55 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - BRODY CABANA - DAY

55

Joyce has the latest camera, a "Polaroid." She takes shots of her Mom and Dad and Steve. Phil motions nearby Cabana Boy, Jeffrey, over. Jeff and Phil Brody take a picture together.

56 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - NEAR THE POOL - DAY 56

Jeffrey setting up chaises in the "free area." A SMOOTH GUY and his GIRLFRIEND appear for the weekend. Jeffrey moves the chaises close together, fluffs up the upholstery, the Girl flutters her eyelids pleasantly, the Guy reaches into a pocket of his bathing trunks, extracts a bill.

57 INT: BRODY DINING ROOM - NIGHT 57

Jeffrey and Carla, Steve and Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Brody are dressed to go out. Jeffrey is admiring Mr. Brody's shirt and cuff links. Mrs. Brody takes his shirt off and gives it to a startled Jeffrey, he tries it on -- a perfect fit. Carla gulps down a whole glass of water.

58 EXT: BEACH CLUB - TENNIS COURTS - DAY 58

Carla is trying to teach Jeffrey how to play tennis. He keeps hitting the ball too hard, over the fence. They get excited.

59 EXT: TENNIS SHED - DAY 59

They walk to shed.

60 INT: TENNIS SHED - DAY 60

Jeff and Carla make love.

MUSIC: THE IMPRESSIONS (VO)
"IT'S ALL RIGHT
HAVE A GOOD TIME
'CAUSE IT'S ALL RIGHT; NOW IT'S
ALL RIGHT ... "

61 EXT: "BRODY MOTORS" - FIVE TOWN, LONG ISLAND - DAY 61

A huge sign over an imposing lot, spiffy SALESMEN prowling outside and inside, among the Ferraris and Lamborghinis.

62 INT: BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY 62

Leather couches, photos of Phil Brody in racing gear, Brody on the phone, Jeffrey staring at a portrait of a silver-haired man on the wall.

A SECRETARY, in too short a skirt and too tight a sweater, waters the flowers.

62 CONTD

62

BRODY

(on phone)

... so forget the black, give me the navy. I'll tell her it's black, she'll never know the difference.

(pause)

Tomorrow, Jim.

He hangs up, moves out from behind his desk.

JEFFREY

(looking at the pictures)

Is that your father, Mr. Brody?

BRODY

Father-in-law. Nice guy, but not much of a head for business. He started this thing, never realized he was sitting on a gold mine. I built it into three car dealerships. And I may open a fourth in San Francisco.

They start out of the office, Brody stops at the Secretary's desk, signs a letter with one hand, with the other he runs his hand over her shoulder. He whispers in her ear, she smiles. Jeffrey doesn't see this.

63 INT: BRODY SHOWROOM - DAY

63

Brody showing Jeffrey around, his arm around Jeffrey. A SALESMAN smiles ingratiatingly as Jeffrey admires a dazzling Lotus.

BRODY

... 180 miles an hour, you leave everybody in your dust. Hi, Ron. Ron, over there, started with me, he was 21 years of age. Now he's got a big house in Manhasset, with a swimming pool ... it's never too soon to get a leg up on life. Come on, I'm bored, let's go for a spin.

JEFFREY

Is it okay?

63 COMED

63

BRODY

I'm the boss.

CUT TO:

64 EXT/INT: PARKWAY - FERRARI - DAY

64

Jeffrey driving Brody's Ferrari, Brody in the seat beside him.

JEFFREY

It's so smooth, feels like we're only doing 40.

BRODY

Class. All I have to do is sell a couple of these a month, and it covers the whole nut.

JEFFREY

Covers everything?

BRODY

Easily. I watch a lot of guys knock their brains out. Take my brother, Pat. He was Law Review at Michigan. If he's lucky, he does twenty grand a year. That's my bar bill at the club.

JEFFREY

Twenty thousand dollars a year in liquor? You don't drink like that. You have a Jack Daniels with no twist about five o'clock every day.

Brody laughs.

BRODY

Very observant. I was joking, kid. The point is that the salesmen of the world make the money. Life's short. You gotta get in there and live. I'm telling you this because I've been watching you.

JEFFREY

You have?

64 CONTD

64

BRODY

And you know what I've seen so far spells?

Jeffrey shakes his head.

BRODY (contd)

Salesman.

Jeffrey smiles proudly.

BRODY (contd)

You're personable, sharp, the type I want working for me.

JEFFREY

You're joking again.

BRODY

No, I don't joke about a person's future.

Jeffrey beams.

BRODY (contd)

Go ahead, son, let it out.

Jeffrey does. Ferrari screams PAST THE CAMERA.

CUT TO:

A65 INT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - STEAM ROOM - DAY

A65

Jeffrey and Brody emerging from the vapors, they are wrapped in white sheets. Brody's looks tailor-made, Jeffrey's like Don Knotts impersonating Ghandi.

65 INT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

65

The men's room sanctuary: a PAIR of SWEDISH MASSEURS wait by their tables. Brody motions Jeffrey to one, hops on the other. Jeffrey's eyes dart about the room.

JEFFREY

(anxious)

Employees are not supposed to be in here.

BRODY

(to Jeffrey's Masseur)

Take it easy on him, Axel, it's his first time.

65 CONTD

65

The Masseurs begin the rub.

BRODY (contd)

... You know I've been watching your gin game, Jeffrey. A little seasoning ... a little poise ... you could step up there with the regulars.

JEFFREY

Nice of you to say, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

Truth. Maybe one day you and me will sit on the same side of the table.

JEFFREY

Never, Mr. Brody. The guys you play against are too good.

BRODY

Think they're too good. That's the secret. My uncle, he managed a championship fighter for years. You know how he kept him champ?

JEFFREY

No, sir.

BRODY

He found "opponents" for his fighter. "Opponents" are guys who think they're just like these marks at the club. God put certain people on the earth to give you money. Your obligation in life is to go out there and take it. Right, Axel?

The Masseur leans into a shoulder and nods.

BRODY (contd)

I know more about you than you realize, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey, nervous, turns towards Brody.

BRODY (contd)

I pride myself on being a keen observer of human nature. I see a boy, probably raised by
(MORE)

BRODY (contd)
a good, solid family in Brooklyn.
It is Brooklyn, isn't it?

JEFFREY
Yes, sir.

BRODY
A hard-working father, just like
mine. I loved my father, he
sold notions in the garment
district. Do you know what
notions are?

JEFFREY
No, sir.

BRODY
Zippers, ribbons, snaps for
seams, you sell a lot of a
thousand, you might clear five
dollars. To save carfare in
the slack season, he'd walk
from the Bronx all the way to
38th Street, then all the way
home. Ten miles.

Brody turns over on his stomach, Axel digs in.

BRODY (contd)
You got a father like that?

JEFFREY
Very hard-working. My father's
a wonderful man.

BRODY
Mine was, too. But I couldn't
stand it, the gruelling, the
routine. He got discouraged
once, you know what he said to
me?

JEFFREY
No, sir.

BRODY
"Phil, how many pounds of potatoes
will I eat before I die?"

Silence, just the rubbing of hands over muscles.

65 CONTD

65

BRODY (contd)

I don't want to see that happen to you, Jeffrey. Make sure you come and see me as soon as you're ready.

Jeffrey looks at Brody.

CUT TO:

66 INT: WILLIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

66

It's after supper. Ruth is doing dishes. Nikki practices oboe. Jeffrey enters, white tank top and white slacks accentuating his tan, his hair bleached from the sun; an impersonation of Phil Brody, but he can't bring it off, there are wrinkles in his trousers, a smudge of dirt on his shirt, sneakers running down at the heels. He kisses Mom hello. Arthur is in the living room making an olden ship model.

ARTHUR

Hello, stranger.

JEFFREY

How you doing? Any dinner left?

Ruth anxiously fixes him a plate. Nikki nervously watches her father whose eyes are on Jeffrey.

ARTHUR

(cautiously)

To what do we owe the pleasure?

JEFFREY

They closed the club early tonight. The rain killed us.

RUTH

Want gravy on your rice, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Just a little. Fat Cabana Boys get skinny tips.

Ruth hands Jeffrey his plate. Jeffrey mumbles his grace, then starts to eat.

JEFFREY (contd)

Mom, how come you never make aspic?

They all look at Jeffrey, then each other.

ARTHUR

(suddenly)

Go ahead, Nikki, give it to him now.

66 CONTD

66

Nikki stops playing, walks in and hands Jeffrey an envelope.

NIKKI

I was at Columbia today, filling out my fall courses ... so I picked up an application for you.

JEFFREY

Application for what?

NIKKI

Early decision. You said you were too busy to pick it up.

JEFFREY

Thanks, Nikki, but I may not need college.

ARTHUR

You may not need college. What may you need?

JEFFREY

The best training for life is life. I'm thinking about going into sales.

Arthur puts down the plate he's drying.

ARTHUR

(to Ruth)

The cabana boy's going into sales.

JEFFREY

Money's the name of the game and if you can make it easy, make it easy. I know this guy, sells only two sports cars a month, it covers his whole nut.

RUTH

(gently)

You don't really want to sell cars, Jeffrey, do you? You want to go to college, right?

JEFFREY

College is over-rated, Mom. I know this guy made Law Review at
(MORE)

JEFFREY (contd)

Michigan University. If he's lucky, he does 20 grand a year. Now take this car salesman I know, his bar bill at the club alone comes to that.

ARTHUR

What does this car salesman drink?

Jeffrey laughs.

JEFFREY

(making light of it)

Dad, you understand what I'm saying.

ARTHUR

No, I don't. Who is this person?

JEFFREY

Phil Brody, The King.

ARTHUR

Now he knows Kings!

(to Ruth)

What the hell is he talking about.

(to Nikki)

Will you stop playing while I'm talking. This house is a circus.

Nikki stops.

JEFFREY

(explains)

Phil Brody, owns Brody Motors in Rockaway -- probably the top mover of performance cars the whole East Coast. Phil says what he's seen of me spells ... Salesman.

ARTHUR

What I see of you, spells crap.

JEFFREY

Why do you always put me down?

ARTHUR

(yells)

You're a kid, you got gook on your shirt, and you have no training ... you're too young to spell anything.

RUTH

Arthur, please -- Nikki, play, so the neighbors don't hear.

Nikki plays.

ARTHUR

I may be just a plumber, Jeffrey, but I'm a good plumber. I give a dollar's work for a dollar's pay. I put in a sleeve, I cut a joint, it stays. But still I have dreams and my dream is that one day you'll be an educated man -- worse comes to worse, even an educated plumber, which would make you a better plumber than me. Your friend, Mr. Brody, has some funny ideas, and I'm not going to have them around my house. This is my house! I'm King here.

Jeffrey jumps up from the table, Nikki runs in, snatches the college envelope back.

NIKKI

Never mind the application, Jeffrey, there's plenty of time. You can make regular admission --

JEFFREY

Wrong! There's going to be no admission, because I'm not going to college. I'm going to be a salesman.

ARTHUR

Sit down, Jeffrey!

RUTH

Arthur, don't yell!

But Jeffrey is at the door now, his eyes drilling Arthur's.

66 CONTD

66

JEFFREY

I'm tired of hearing what I'm
supposed to do and what I'm
supposed to be. Life is short.
Let me live. Leave me alone!

A terrible silence.

ARTHUR

You be free for your sister's
birthday. August twenty-eighth.
I like the family assembled on
birthdays.

Jeffrey doesn't answer. Another grim silence. Now
Jeffrey walks out, slamming door. Arthur sits down.

DISSOLVE TO:

A67 INT: JEFFREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A67

On his dresser is his photo with Brody. Hands pick up
photo. WE SEE his father. Arthur is looking at the
photo. Arthur puts photo back on dresser. He looks
down at Jeffrey in bed, asleep.

B67 EXT/INT: A CABANA - DAY
MONTAGE

B67

Jeffrey is dusting out cabanas, setting up chaises and
greeting his arriving MEMBERS.

C67 EXT: BEACH CLUB - DAY

C67

Carla is helping Harry, the dance instructor with a class
of young and old PEOPLE.

D67 INT: LITTLE GAME CABANA - DAY

D67

Jeffrey and Steve playing Alfred and Lewis in gin.
Hawk and Danny Walsh are also there. Joyce and Carla
looking on. Jeffrey throws down his gin cards contempt-
uously, Steve throws up his hands exultantly, Alfred
buries his head in his hands. Carla strolls away toward
door. Hawk adds up the score, Jeffrey glances at Carla
as she smiles and runs out.

67 EXT: BRODY CABANA - DAY

67

Jeffrey comes out of cabana and brings Mrs. Brody a
drink.

JEFFREY

Straight vodka in a wine glass!
Anything else I can get you,
Mrs. Brody?

MRS. BRODY

A gun.

JEFFREY

(uncomfortable)

Excuse me, ma'am?

MRS. BRODY

You heard me. I'm bored,
Jeffrey. I'm not having a
nice summer.

JEFFREY

Could I help?

MRS. BRODY

Take me to Paris, London, Rome
... I used to model in those
little towns.

JEFFREY

You could go there again.

MRS. BRODY

I don't like to go alone. You
see, some of us like to be a
big fish. It's hard to be a
big fish in the big ponds of
the Riviera. There are many
Ferraris there. At the El
Flamingo, there is only one.
A big fish in a little pond; a
very little pond, but he doesn't
care as long as he's a big fish.

JEFFREY

We're not talking about your
Japanese fish, are we?

MRS. BRODY

No.

Silence as she takes a swig.

JEFFREY

Well, I'll check the snack bar
for a gun, but you may have to
settle for yogurt.

67 CONTD

67

67

MRS. BRODY
That's my life, being amused
by a Cabana Boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

A68 EXT: EL FLAMINGO CLUB - POOL AREA - DAY

A68

A typical summer day. Turk and Dirk are teaching a group of GIRLS and BOYS mouth to mouth resuscitation. It's fun.

68 EXT: BEACH CLUB - DAY

68

Jeffrey is putting away chaises, cadging tips from his members as they exit. Mrs. Unger, the fire-cracker lady, is sipping a drink and watching Jeffrey bend.

MRS. UNGER
You have a nice behind, Jeffrey
... all the Cabana Boys seem to
have the same size behind.

Jeffrey walks near her to put down his mats by the supply locker.

MRS. UNGER (contd)
Can I put your tip in your pocket?

JEFFREY
Sure.

She takes bill and reaches towards his back pocket but instead sticks her hand down the back of his shorts.

JEFFREY (contd)
(no reaction)
You missed my pocket again, Mrs.
Unger.

She giggles. As they stand there leaning against equipment closet, Jeffrey's mother, Ruth, walks up.

RUTH
Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
Yeah, Mom, I'll be right with
-- Mom?

He looks at her in terror.

CUT TO:

69 EXT: BEACH CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

69

The busiest time of day, arriving members. departing members, Carla, Steve and Joyce waiting for the Bonneville. Planted in the No Parking zone in front of the club is the Willis' ancient De Soto, rust and peeled paint, steam escaping the radiator.

Arthur waits with one hand on the car's fender, a knight with his steed, Ruth and Nikki peer anxiously out rolled-down windows as the valets bring out the last of the cars.

RUTH

He said he'd be right out. I saw a lot of people from the old neighborhood. None of them saw me.

Jeffrey appears, Steve and Carla stand nearby.

JEFFREY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I forgot it was August twenty-eighth.

He notices Nikki for the first time.

JEFFREY (contd)

Happy Birthday, Nikki.

ARTHUR

Jeffrey, we're going to Guisseppi's for pasta.

JEFFREY

I'm sorry, I can't go. I'm working.

ARTHUR

I asked you to make arrangements.

Jeffrey is silent.

NIKKI

(gently)

... Come on, Dad, let's go -- Jeffrey's busy. He'll come next year --

ARTHUR

Where's your supervisor, Jeffrey? I'd like a word with him. I'll explain the situation.

JEFFREY

I've got my cabana to do, Dad, I've got my chaises to put up and -- and --

ARTHUR
What? I can't hear you.

JEFFREY
I'm going out with my friends.
We already made plans.

ARTHUR
Where? What plans?

JEFFREY
We're going to the track.

ARTHUR
Horses! Horses are now important.

BRODY (OC)
What's wrong with horses?

Brody strolls out of the entrance in tennis clothes,
and carrying a tennis racquet. He leans in the car and
extends a tanned hand.

BRODY (contd)
Phil Brody, Mr. Willis. Mrs.
Willis? You've got a good kid
here. Great boy.

ARTHUR
He won't come to his sister's
birthday and I'm gonna --

BRODY
(interrupting; to
Nikki)
Happy Birthday, young lady.
(to Arthur)
He's young. At his age his
friends are important. He --
(to Jeffrey)
Your father's first name?

JEFFREY
(forgets)
Uh ... Arthur.

BRODY
Arthur -- a boy grows up only
once ... Let me give you a piece
of advice. Jeffrey works hard.
Tonight he wants to go to the
track with his friends. What
(MORE)

BRODY (contd)
have you got to offer?
Guisseppe's? Gimme a break!
Let him go. You have to let
him go sometime.

ARTHUR
Stop!

BRODY
Excuse me?

ARTHUR
What are you telling me about
my son? How can you tell me
about my son, this is my son,
not yours. And I want my son
at his sister's birthday.

Freddy rolls up with Brody's Ferrari; Ruth and Nikki's
eyes pop.

BRODY
(casually)
Arthur, what's your trade?
You work with your hands ... ?

ARTHUR
I'm a plumber.

BRODY
Artie, let me put it to you
this way. Even for a plumber
it's not too late to learn.

Brody slaps Jeffrey on the back as if to say "I've fixed it
for you." He bids everyone goodbye and climbs into his
car. He guns into high and disappears, a silver bullet
dislodging a cloud of gravel.

Carla and Steve and Joyce, who have been observing,
approach.

CARLA
(pleasantly)
Is this your family, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY
Yes.

Father looks at her.

69 CONTD

69

JEFFREY (contd)

This is Carla Sampson, a friend
of mine.

CARLA

Happy Birthday, Nikki.

Nikki smiles weakly.

ARTHUR

You know my daughter?

CARLA

No, but I couldn't help over-
hearing. I was wondering if
you'd like to have dinner with
us at the club.

JEFFREY

No, no ...

CARLA

I know the chef. I'll bet he
can whip up a birthday cake.
It wouldn't be --

ARTHUR

(interrupts)

That's very nice of you, Miss.
But we have plans. Are you
coming, Jeffrey?

Arthur climbs into car.

Down at Fortune's basketball court, the lights switch
on. Fortune and Hawk waving to Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

No.

RUTH

Maybe we should eat here.

NIKKI

(mumbles)

Strangers keep wishing me Happy
Birthday.

ARTHUR

We're going to have pasta at
Guisseppe's.

69 CONTD

69

The old De Soto winds up, catches, HUMS. Arthur drives away, Ruth wagging goodbye to Jeffrey, Nikki turning around to peer out the back window at Carla and Steve, and the other nattily dressed Members who are still watching, and have witnessed their scene. Carla looks at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

That's my family.

CARLA

I thought they were very nice.

CUT TO:

70 EXT: EL FLAMINGO - PARKING LOT/FORTUNE'S BASKET- 70
BALL COURT - NIGHT

Four jury-rigged lamps light the court, the waiting Fortune shooting foul shots, Jeffrey feeding the ball to him, Hawk restless in a beach chair, three six-packs in a beach bag beside him, his nose buried in the Racing Form. A portable radio plays, Lindsay Nelson announcing the Mets game. Jeffrey's drinking beer. Nobody else is in sight. There are no cars in sight. Also CRICKET NOISES.

FORTUNE

But why'd Carla get mad?

JEFFREY

She said I was rude to my family.

LINDSAY NELSON (VO)

... A runner on first, one out,
Ed Kranepool coming to bat ...

HAWK

Come on, Kranepool, base hit.

JEFFREY

... Feels like a double play to
me.

Hawk glances up from his Racing Form.

HAWK

Will you shut up, I got a bet
on this.

FORTUNE

My spot.

JEFFREY
(to Fortune)
You'll blow it.

Fortune misses shot.

HAWK
You let Jeffrey psyche you out.
Where's Steve, for Christ's
sake, if he doesn't hurry up,
we're going to get shut out.
I wanna get to the track.

JEFFREY
He's coming, he's coming ...

LINDSAY NELSON (VO)
... The three-two pitch to
Kranepool ...

Jeffrey holds the ball now, Fortune stares at the radio,
Hawk lowers his Racing Form.

LINDSAY NELSON (VO contd)
... Kranepool swings, a ground
ball to Wills at short, flips
to second for one, over to
first ... double play.

Silence. Jeffrey beams. Now Fortune spins the ball on
his finger.

FORTUNE
(laughs)
Jeffrey, you psyched out
Kranepool, too. This man
called it. Amazing!

HAWK
I'll show you amazing if Steve
doesn't get his ass here quick.
Tonight's the night for Freedom
Call. I tell you he's a lock,
a mortal lock.

JEFFREY
Let's see who else is running.

A ROAR of the Bonneville, Steve skids to a stop beside
the court.

70 CONTD

70

STEVE
 (racing call)
 Da-da-da-duh-da-duh, da-da-da
 -- duh-duh-duh-duh! Let's go.

Everybody runs for the car, Fortune stuffs the six-packs into the beach bag.

JEFFREY
 I got the horse. Arvo Hanover.

HAWK
 What do you know about horses?

JEFFREY
 Don't mess with me tonight.

STEVE
 Post time is in one half hour.

FORTUNE
 (to Steve)
 Half hour! Move over, let a
 man at the wheel!

Steve slides over, Fortune jumps in, steps on the gas, the Bonneville careens across the parking lot, beer cans rip open in the back.

A71 INT: YONKERS RACEWAY - NIGHT

A71

WE SEE a LONG SHOT of a big CROWD, then, the boys charging through the turnstiles, Hawk quickly checks an odds board.

HAWK
 Freedom Call's 9 to 5, the
 favorite. They made him the
 fucking chalk! How do you
 like my luck?!

JEFFREY
 (sings)
 Arvo Hanover to do it tonight.

71 INT: YONKERS RACEWAY - BETTING WINDOWS - NIGHT

71

The usual jungle, HORSEPLAYERS crowding the windows, a litter of tickets at their feet, impatient Bettors screaming at those ahead of them in line. The boys, with Steve clutching the beach bag of beer, head towards the windows, Fortune angles off in another direction.

71 CONTD

71

STEVE

Hey, where you going?

FORTUNE

If I don't pee, I'm going to
wet my pants.

STEVE

Okay, meet us here.

FORTUNE

Jeffrey, you still on Arvo
Hanover?

JEFFREY

My main Hanover.

HAWK

(mocking)

My main Freedom Call.

They see Turk and Dirk.

TURK

Who are you betting?

FORTUNE

Hawk's betting Freedom Call.
Jeff's on Arvo Hanover.

TURK

(to Fortune)

Who you with?

FORTUNE

Standing before you is a man
who is hot. Sizzling.
(points to Jeffrey)

DIRK

Really? Convince me.

FORTUNE

In basketball, which as you
know is a metaphor for life,
when you got momentum, you
got it all.

JEFFREY

Mo -- mentum --

HAWK

How do you know he's still hot?

71 CONTD

71

JEFFREY

I'm on fire.

FORTUNE

Head or tail.

He flips.

JEFFREY

Heads.

The coin falls on the floor and five or six guys from the betting line jump on it. One guy gets it and they get back in line.

FORTUNE

(to guy)

Was it heads?

The guy nods.

FORTUNE (contd)

(to others)

Enough said. Feed the hot hand.

Fortune moves away.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

The Marshal calls the pacers,
two minutes to post time ...

A72 INT: YONKERS RACEWAY - MEN'S ROOM STALL - NIGHT A72

Fortune, in a toilet stall, carefully unbuckles his money belt, dips into each pocket in the belt, removes the contents, collects a huge pile of bills in his hand. He folds the wad, crams it into his pants pocket.

72 INT: YONKERS RACEWAY - THE TEN-DOLLAR WINDOW - NIGHT 72

Steve, Turk, and Dirk each hand their money to Jeffrey who gets to the head of the line and goes to the window now.

JEFFREY

Arvo Hanover, my good man!

The TICKET MAN does not respond.

HAWK

(next in line)

Just say the number, Mister
Expert.

72 CONTD

72

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)
... the field is in the hands
of the starter.

DIRK
Come on, man, people are waiting.

JEFFREY
Alright, alright ... the 8 horse
ten times.

Hawk suddenly throws his money on the counter with
Jeffrey's.

HAWK
Make it the 8 horse thirteen
times.

The boys stare at him, as the pari-mutuel machine expels
the tickets.

HAWK
(shrugs)
I like the price.

The ticket man closes the window as the closed-out bettors
walk off now grumbling at Jeffrey.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)
(as Jeffry picks
up the tickets)
They're off!!! ...

Fortune appears.

FORTUNE
Let's go, guys. Move it on.

The boys head out to the track.

NOTE: STEADICAM TRACKS guys to track.

73 EXT: TRACK - NIGHT

73

Fortune fans a bunch of tickets. Hawk's eyes pop.

HAWK
Fifty-dollar win?

FORTUNE
All ten of 'em, baby.

JEFFREY

Five bills on a horse, Fortune?
You must be crazy.

Fortune grabs Jeffrey by the shirt, his excitement now
on a frightening edge of intensity.

FORTUNE

8 to 1, Jeffrey, do you know
what that means? Four thousand
dollars. I tell you, man, I'm
going to Notre Dame in style!

(then sotto)

It's the only way. I'm falling
a little short on my room and
board fund.

JEFFREY

(a little worried)
Oh shit ...

The boys arrive at the rail. Fortune pushes to the rail
alongside three Massapequa guys. Their names are TED,
PETE, and BOCKO, and they are members of Pinky's Pet Shop
softball team.

FORTUNE

Here we go, Arvo. Carve 'em
up! Go, Hanover!

TED

(to friend)

Arvo Hanover? Huh! I bet on
that horse once.

(looks over at

Fortune)

Now I just give my money to the
NAACP.

PETE

Betty Byrd, do your stuff!

HAWK

Aw, what the heck ...

(then)

Come on, Arco Hanover!

Jeffrey and Hawk shake hands -- Jeffrey's a little
tipsy.

TED

Hey, get your big nose outta
here, you're hoggin' my oxygen.

Jeffrey pushes in between Ted and Hawk.

JEFFREY

(to Fred)

You got anything to say to my friend, you say it to me first.

TED

Yeah, who are you?

JEFFREY

His bodyguard.

TED

And who is he?

JEFFREY

Annette Funicello.

TED

(looks past him
to Jeffrey)

Well, the years haven't been too kind, have they?

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

... And that's Betty Byrd in the middle of the track with Sunflasher along the rail going for the lead ... Freedom Call third ... Arvo Hanover is fourth.

STEVE

Fourth!

FORTUNE

Fourth!

BOCKO

Attaway, Betty Byrd! Wire-to-wire!

HAWK

(frozen)

Jeffrey, Arvo Hanover's boxed on the rail.

PETE

(laughing)

On the rail, in a box! Bye-bye.

Ted, Pete and Bocko HOWL.

HAWK

Hey, buddy, my pal's got 500
bet on that horse.

PETE

To live.

BOCKO

(looks at Fortune)

Five hundred, what'd he do, rob
a watermelon patch?

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Betty Byrd stretches out to
a length and a half now, Freedom
Call second, Nelson Rye moving
up on the far outside, third.
Sunflasher fourth, Arvo Hanover,
fifth.

TED

All the way, Betty, baby, all
the way!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

It's Sunflasher on the far out-
side getting the lead ...

PETE

Sunflasher! What'd I tell you
guys? All the way, Sunflasher!

FORTUNE

What happened to Arvo Hanover?

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

It's Nelson Rye now coming with
a rush, taking over the lead ...

JEFFREY

He's out there someplace. Yo,
Arvo!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

At the eighth pole, Nelson Rye
with Freedom Call on the outside,
Arvo Hanover in third, moving up
to challenge ...

FORTUNE

Here she comes! Feelin' groovy.

BEDLAM, the horses pounding down the stretch.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

They're one hundred yards from home. Arvo Hanover taking the lead, Freedom Call second, Nelson Rye third --

FORTUNE

(in Fred's face)

Eat 'em up, Arvo!

HAWK/STEVE

Go, Arvo!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

Arvo Hanover and Freedom Call ...
Freedom Call and Arvo Hanover ...

Suddenly Arvo Hanover's head jerks up now and she breaks into an awkward gallop.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO contd)

Arvo Hanover breaks stride ...

HAWK

Shit ...

JEFFREY

What happened? She's going backwards.

STEVE

She broke her pacer's stride, so she has to go to the rear of the pack.

HAWK

Mister Expert.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

It's Freedom Call at the wire!
Freedom Call is the winner!

The ROAR of the crowd drowns out the Announcer. The boys turn to each other. A terrible silence. Fortune slinks away. Jeffrey goes to him but doesn't know what to say. Jeffrey has suddenly sobered up.

HAWK

(to Jeffrey)

I told you, Freedom fucking Call!

73

CUT TO:

73

PETE

(to Hawk)

Did you bet him, Eaglebeak?

HAWK

No ...

FRED

So what d'you know?

HAWK

More than you, Betty Turd.

FRED

"Betty Turd"? Did you say
 "Betty Turd"? You jinxed him.
 He jinxed my horse!

He starts after Hawk -- but Pete stops him as a SECURITY
 GUARD comes by.

PETE

We'll take care of this later.

Ted nods.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (VO)

... The result of the fourth
 race is official. Your two-
 dollar double, ladies and gentle-
 men, pays ninety-six dollars
 and twenty cents.

CUT TO:

74

INT: ADVENTURER'S INN - NIGHT

74

This is a hot dog junk food place near the raceway.
 Steve's car, with him driving, has already pulled into
 spot. The boys are getting out and head into
 restaurant. As they do, a car (or small truck) behind
 them pulls in with Ted's friends. Only now they've
 added three more softball BUDDIES, making six Pinky's
 at Shop guys. Ted carries baseball bat.

CUT TO:

75

INT: ADVENTURER'S INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

75

A perky TEEN-AGE TYPE HOSTESS stands with the menus as
 Jeff, Hawk, Steve and Fortune enter, feeling blue
 after race. Hawk is still bugging Jeff.

75 CONTD

75

HAWK

You pick horses like you pick
your nose.

HOSTESS

Welcome to Adventurer's Inn.
How many please?

HAWK

We need the men's room.

Hawk and Jeff go to restroom. They go by her as she
points. Steve and Fortune go to tables. A beat and six
toughs enter. Ted and Bocko head for the restroom while
other four watch Steve and Fortune.

CUT TO:

76 INT: ADVENTURER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

76

Jeffrey is at urinals which are packed with OTHER MEN.
Hawk is washing his hands. Through bathroom door come
two toughs, Ted and Bocko. Ted now reveals the softball
bat.

TED

Hey, we finally found super-
nose at his home -- the toilet.

BOCKO

Now let's talk about Betty-
Turds.

Hawk goes to go by.

HAWK

Sorry, I have to go, I have
human beings waiting for me.

FRED

(holds up bat)

Say hello to Mister Bat.

Both guys grab Hawk and start to push him around.
Jeffrey is still at urinal and not finished. A
NERVOUS MAN is at the urinal.

JEFFREY

Hang on, Hawk.

Hawk pulls away from guys and knocks Bocko into men at
urinals. Like dominoes, men at urinal are knocked over,

76 CONTD

76

HOWLING in distress. Jeffrey among them. Slowly Turk comes out of the stalls. Ted grabs Hawk.

TURK

Jeffrey, will you please get my little brother.

Jeffrey and Hawk run out.

CUT TO:

77 INT: ADVENTURER'S INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

77

Jeffrey and Hawk come roaring out of men's room. They see three tough guys hassling Fortune and Steve at the table. Dirk is nowhere to be seen. They run over to help Fortune.

JEFFREY

Hey, lay off.

Pete pushes Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (contd)

All right, you wanna play?
(to Steve)
Where's Dirk?

STEVE

On the phone.

Another tough now starts throwing sugar packets and sauerkraut at Jeffrey. He punches him. Guy goes over table. Shoving, pushing and swinging ensues.

HOSTESS

Stop. There's no fighting permitted. Didn't you read the sign?

78 INT: ADVENTURER'S INN - RESTROOM DOOR - NIGHT

78

Turk comes out with Ted and Bocko under each arm. He stops at phone where WE SEE Dirk.

DIRK

I was telling Mom we'd be home late.

TURK

Hang up.

78 CONTD

78

DIRK

Bye, Mom, we have to go fight.

Turk takes Ted and Bocko and shoves them into a booth. Unfortunately, TWO MEN are eating and food flies. Turk and Dirk move in on other fight where Jeffrey is.

JEFFREY

(to Fortune)

You ever notice when you punch a person, it hurts your hand?

FORTUNE

Not really. I've been pushing and kicking myself.

JEFFREY

Good idea.

Turk and Dirk start to mop up the place with the toughs.

79 INT: ADVENTURER'S INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT
ANGLE - HOSTESS ON TELEPHONE

79

HOSTESS

Police.

A tough lands at her feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

A80 EXT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A80

Arthur Willis noses his De Soto into a space between two Cadillacs.

80 INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

80

Arthur enters and walks to the main desk. There is general police HUBBUB. He's told to go to a door marked: LT. LOUIS FRANKLIN, CHIEF JUVENILE DIVISION.

81 INT: LT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

81

LT. FRANKLIN, a harassed sort with a kind smile, sits in shirtsleeves behind his desk. Facing him are Hawk's father, MR. GANZ, a saturnine man with an aquiline nose; Steve's father, MR. DAWKINS, athletic; MR. CARASSO, Turk and Dirk's father, a very small man. Arthur Willis enters.

81 CONTD

81

MR. DAWKINS

Arthur. Long time, no see.
Steve's dad, remember?

Arthur smiles politely.

MR. DAWKINS (contd)

Arthur, this is Irv Carasso,
used to live in Bensonhurst.
You know Ganz, Henry's dad.

Carasso nods, Mr. Ganz waves.

LT. FRANKLIN

Mr. Willis, I'm Lieutenant
Franklin. Please sit down.

Arthur sits.

LT. FRANKLIN (contd)

I tried to reach Mrs. Smith
at Deepdale Hospital, I under-
stand she works nights as an
orderly. Has no transportation.

ARTHUR

Who's Smith?

GANZ

Colored kid.

MR. DAWKINS

We don't know Mrs. Smith. But
I hear her son started the fight.

LT. FRANKLIN

(to Arthur)

To bring you up-to-date, Mr.
Willis, what we have here is
disorderly conduct.

MR. DAWKINS

They're first offenders, Lieutenant --

LT. FRANKLIN

You gonna talk or am I gonna talk?

Silence now. Lt. Franklin glances from father to father.

LT. FRANKLIN (contd)

The restaurant decided not to
press charges as long as the kids
pay the damages and are released

(MORE)

81 CONTD

81

LT. FRANKLIN (contd)
in custody of their fathers.
You each owe fifty bucks. The
softball team paid their share.
Okay?

GANZ
Fine with us. But quite a bit
of damage, don't you think?

LT. FRANKLIN
They spilled a lot of sauer-
kraut, how the hell do I know?
Now get out. I got murderers
to deal with.

ARTHUR
(to Lt. Franklin)
You mean you're going to keep
one and let the rest go?

LT. FRANKLIN
We can't find his mother.

82 INT: JUVENILE TANK - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

82

Under Lt. Franklin's watchful eye, Jeffrey, Steve, Hawk
and Turk and Dirk file out of their cell, black eyes,
lacerations, a sling, Jeffrey with a huge lump on his
forehead, a cut across the bridge of his nose. Turk and
Dirk look untouched.

HAWK
(to Mr. Ganz)
Dad --

MR. GANZ
(whispers)
You actually hit somebody. I'm
so proud.

MR. DAWKINS
(to Steve)
It's all fixed, you have no
record.

Steve smiles weakly, the GUARD waits for Fortune to step
out.

LT. FRANKLIN
Not him, he's spending the night
with us.

82 CONTD

82

Jeffrey freezes. The other boys stop, too.

STEVE

What for?

MR. DAWKINS

It's not our business.

HAWK

But we can't leave Fortune here, Dad.

MR. GANZ

Henry, we're getting out of here.

He yanks Hawk away; the other boys, except for Jeffrey, reluctantly follow their fathers. Fortune waves to them.

FORTUNE

Say hello to Arvo Hanover!

Arthur, with Jeffrey, watches Fortune being returned to the cell.

ARTHUR

Go ahead, Jeffrey. Get in the car. I want to have a word with the Lieutenant. We'll try and call this boy's mother again.

CUT TO:

83 EXT: POLICE STATION - NIGHT

83

Jeffrey sits on the hood of his father's car, waiting. Arthur walks over to him.

ARTHUR

So ...

Silence.

ARTHUR (contd)

So, now I'm a chauffeur. I drive to the jail, pick you up, and then drive you home? Good-bye, The End.

(angrily)

That's not The End. In Brooklyn, you go to school. In Long Island, you go to jail. From now on, you stay in Brooklyn.

83 CONTD

83

JEFFREY

These are my friends. I want
to be with my friends.

ARTHUR

Some friends. God protect you
from friends like that.

After a moment:

JEFFREY

Did you get Fortune's mother?

ARTHUR

(a beat)

Yes. Get in.

Arthur gets into car. Jeffrey follows.

84 INT: CAR (NOT MOVING) - NIGHT

84

ARTHUR

You couldn't come to your
sister's birthday. You had
to go with bums and gamblers.

JEFFREY

They're good people.

ARTHUR

Yeah? What have you learned
from your fancy Long Island
friends?

JEFFREY

My Long Island friends know
how to have a good time. And
if you didn't stuff every penny
under your pillow, that's where
we'd be.

Arthur starts the car.

JEFFREY (contd)

But no, we have to live in
Brooklyn.

WHAP! A back-handed smack, Jeffrey's head bounces off
the window. A terrible silence now. Jeffrey bites his
lip. Arthur grips the wheel, his hands turn white as
he backs out to go home.

85 EXT: ROAD - NIGHT

85

Arthur drives home in silence. Jeffrey sits in front seat as far away from his father as he can. It's a long ride.

86 INT: WILLIS' HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

86

Arthur comes in first. Then Jeffrey.

ARTHUR

Jeffrey, I'm sorry I hit --

JEFFREY

It's all right, Dad. I'm okay.

As Arthur moves towards him, Jeffrey puts his hands out tentatively, holding his father off.

After a moment, Arthur nods with understanding. -- Jeffrey -- goes to his room. Arthur stands a beat, then follows.

87 INT: JEFFREY'S ROOM

87

Jeffrey bustles around. Arthur comes in but doesn't look at Jeffrey.

ARTHUR

You going back there tomorrow?

JEFFREY

Yes.

ARTHUR

With the fast car salesman.

Jeffrey doesn't answer.

ARTHUR (contd)

There's something you should know about your father, Jeffrey
... fast things frighten him ...
(carefully)

Your Uncle Jack is always going fast ... taking shortcuts ... and it always hurts him.

JEFFREY

Shortcuts sometimes work and I'm not afraid of fast either. I'm good at it.

ARTHUR

(sighs)

You're almost a man -- but I'm still your father. I can give advice. There are two important things in living. Finding out what you do well and finding out what makes you happy. If God is smiling on you ... they are both the same thing. It's the same advice my father gave me. You can take it or leave it.

JEFFREY

(neutral)

I'll remember that, Dad.

ARTHUR

(turns)

What are you packing?

JEFFREY

I'm moving out.

ARTHUR

What?

JEFFREY

You don't like my friends, you don't like what I'm going to be, you don't like how I dress, what I think ... it's best I go for a while.

Arthur reacts.

ARTHUR

Where? What will you do?

JEFFREY

Mr. Brody offered me a job. He said come to him when I'm ready. I'm not going back to finish high school.

CUT TO:

WE SEE the front of Alfred's cabana. It's raining. Nobody is in sight.

89 INT: LITTLE GIN GAME CABANA - MORNING

89

Jeffrey sleeps, uncomfortable on card table. Rain beats on window.

90 EXT: PARKING LOT - MORNING

90

Fortune and Jeff sit in valet shelter and watch the rain.

FORTUNE

So you slept here?

Jeffrey nods.

FORTUNE (contd)

Might as well stayed asleep.
No money today. You think
it'll rain the whole last
week?

JEFFREY

(shrugs, then)

Where were you this morning,
you usually open up?

FORTUNE

My other job. My mother got
me put on nights in the hospital
laundry. With two gigs, I might
get even.

JEFFREY

Two jobs? When will you sleep?

FORTUNE

I'm young and I'm pretty. Who
needs sleep? Besides, I have
to pay your dad back, fifty.

JEFFREY

For what?

FORTUNE

He paid my damages.

JEFFREY

Oh God ...

FORTUNE

C'mon, Jeffrey, spare me the
guilt. It's me, not you that
fucked up. I Bet, I got buzzed,
I blew it.

90 CONTD

90

JEFFREY

But I gave you Arvo Hanover.
I sucked you in being a big
shot.

Fortune's lips are inches from Jeffrey's nose.

FORTUNE

You thought you were hot. Hey,
you're my buddy -- you've given
me friendship. And I'm going to
Notre Dame some way.

JEFFREY

Yeah, I have to get my life
organized, too.

CUT TO:

91 EXT: CLUB SNACK BAR - UNDER AWNING - DAY

91

Harry is giving a dance class. There are some attractive
WOMEN in the class plus a couple of Turk's GIRLFRIENDS.
The surprise dancer is Phil Brody himself. Jeffrey comes
over to him. Harry babbles instructions during it all.

JEFFREY

(trying to get
Phil's attention)
Mr. Brody ... Mr. Brody ...
Mr. Brody.

BRODY

(keeps dancing)
Hi, Jeffrey. I never realized
how many pretty women take
these classes.

JEFFREY

I wanted to talk to you.

BRODY

Talk.

JEFFREY

It's about my life.

Phil Brody stops dancing momentarily.

BRODY

Go ahead, I'm listening.

91 CONTD

91

Brody watches a girl's butt.

JEFFREY

Well, I'm ready. I wanted to tell you I'm ready.

BRODY

Good ... Good. For what?

JEFFREY

To be a car salesman.

BRODY

A salesman! Look who's starting at the top. I like cocky but I like it mostly in me.

JEFFREY

I'm not cocky, it's ... you said I spell salesman.

BRODY

Excuse me.

He dances a turn with a pretty GIRL, caressing her as he does.

JEFFREY

Mr. Brody, I left home. I have to make some plans. I'm ready.

BRODY

(stops)

You left home? Where will you stay, pray tell me?

JEFFREY

I teach Alfred how to play gin and he lets me sleep in his cabana.

BRODY

(sighs)

Oh good.

(then)

Well, deciding on a career is a big step. You're ready, but my business may not be ready.

JEFFREY

I don't have to start right away. Maybe next week ... two weeks.

91 CONTD

91

BRODY

Thank you for your consideration.
Listen, kid, everything doesn't
revolve around your being ready.
I have to check things and see
if there's an office boy position
... You don't become a salesman so
quickly. There's a lot to it.

JEFFREY

How many years? I'll do anything
you say.

BRODY

I don't ... Jeffrey, I'm not
responsible for your life. You
have to take care of yourself.
You know, college may not be a
bad idea for you.

Harry ends dance class.

HARRY

That's it, kids, see you at the
Labor Day dance.

Group starts to split up. Brody grabs one cute GIRL's
arm.

BRODY

Call me. I'll see if there's
anything.

JEFFREY

When should I call?

BRODY

Next month sometime.
(to girl)
You said I could buy you an ice
cream.

Brody heads off with young girl. Jeffrey stares. A
FATHER-TYPE MAN comes up to Jeff.

FATHER-TYPE MAN

(to Jeff)

Somebody threw up in the bath-
room. Can you clean it up,
kid?

CUT TO:

92 EXT: BEACH - DAY

92

Carla is exercising on the beach underneath and near the pilings. She does a handstand as Jeffrey runs up.
WE SEE:

JEFFREY

I gotta talk to you. Now.

She flops over.

JEFFREY (contd)

You're going home. My whole world's falling apart and you're going back to California.

CARLA

I have to. My parents came back from Europe early. I'm sorry I'll miss the Labor Day dance.

JEFFREY

To hell with the dance. I'm worried about what's going to happen between you and me.

CARLA

I like you. I'll write you. We'll stay in touch.

JEFFREY

I don't want to be in touch. I want to touch you. Do you have to go tomorrow?

CARLA

(nods)

I have to register for school. It's my career, my future.

JEFFREY

I don't wanna hear about careers and futures. That's what got me all messed up. Everything's wrong.

CARLA

I know, but you'll find a way to work it out.

JEFFREY

But I want to work it out with you. I mean, I guess I took our relationship a lot more serious than you did, Carla. I didn't think you'd leave. I really didn't.

CARLA

What do you want me to do? Move into Alfred's cabana with you and raise children?

JEFFREY

(laughs)

I'm crazy. I guess I just don't want to face that it's over. It doesn't make sense.

CARLA

There is a logic to it. We're young, we have school, we have plans, we live far away. Things are just not convenient right now. That's the logical way to look at it. That's the way I look at it.

JEFFREY

Thank you, Doctor Spock.

CARLA

That doesn't mean I didn't spend the whole day crying.

JEFFREY

Why?

CARLA

Because I'm going away from you.

He takes her hand.

JEFFREY

You always smell so good, Carla. So clean and so nice.

(he kisses her nose)

You can't lose me this easy. You know I'll find you.

CARLA

Promise?

He nods. He takes her hand.

Jeffrey and Carla in moonlight, make love softly and gently. They are in harmony.

94 EXT: CABANA - NIGHT

94

Carla leans on railing looking at ocean. Jeffrey comes out.

JEFFREY

What are you looking at?

CARLA

Do you see that ship out there, Jeffrey? I've sat here nights and watched that ship go back and forth, back and forth. What's wrong with it?

Jeffrey looks out, studies the distant sight for a long time. He smiles.

JEFFREY

It's not the same ship you've seen. They're different ships, doing the same thing. Boxing the compass.

CARLA

"Boxing the compass"?

JEFFREY

See those two big lights out there?

Carla nods.

JEFFREY (contd)

Ambrose Light over there, that's New Jersey. The other one, the brighter one, that's Scotland Light, that's New York. Oceangoing ships sail back and forth to line up their compass with those lights -- then when everything's all set, off they go.

CARLA

Where?

JEFFREY

Europe, Africa, who knows? The world.

CARLA

How do you know all that, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

My father told me. He's a nautical buff. Never went anyplace, just dreams. One other thing. Those are ships who've been laid up in drydock. Now that they're all fixed up, the last thing they do is box the compass. You can only do that on the open sea.

The distant ship heads out into the night! Carla and Jeffrey watch it disappear.

CARLA

See what I mean, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

No ...

CARLA

You'll find a way.

He takes her hand. They hold on to each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 **EXT: THE CLUB - EARLY MORNING**

95

WE ARE IN the main gin game area. WE SEE the main gin game Cabana Boy in the red jacket setting up for Labor Day. WE MOVE IN CLOSER AND SEE it is Jeffrey. He is conscientiously laying out cards and drinks and setting the tables. It is quiet except for the waves lapping and one or two Cabana Boys in the background setting up. As Jeffrey somberly works, we hear a voice say, "Good morning." Jeffrey turns and sees his sister, Nikki

JEFFREY

What are you doing here?

NIKKI

Mom sent some underwear and socks. Figured you'd be running out by now.

JEFFREY

Oh, thanks. Everybody okay at home?

NIKKI

Uh-huh. You?

JEFFREY

Great. I'm working the big card game today. I can't believe it.

NIKKI

You're gambling?

JEFFREY

No. Paul Hirsch, the guy who usually does this had to report to school early for football practice. So the Colonel asked me to be the Cabana Boy servicing the game.

NIKKI

It's a good job.

JEFFREY

Labor Day's the biggest game of the summer. I could make over a hundred dollars in tips. Big money is bet in this game.

NIKKI

I miss you.

JEFFREY

(he looks at her)

Yeah.

(then)

So what's new?

NIKKI

I burned your room down.

JEFFREY

(smiles)

What?

NIKKI

Thought you forgot how to smile. We're going to Lundy's for our usual Labor Day dinner, and ...

Interrupted by George coming over.

GEORGE

Here's your ice buckets all set.

95 CONTD

95

JEFFREY

Thanks, George.

George exits.

NIKKI

You're busy. See you, okay?

JEFFREY

Yeah. Thanks, Nikki.

96 ANOTHER ANGLE - A WAVE

96

rolling in. We HEAR SOUNDS of Labor Day crowd at the club.

97 WIDE ANGLE - FROM A HELICOPTER

97

WE SEE the Labor Day crowd at the club.

98 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BIG GIN GAME

98

Regulars are there ready for the game of the summer. Colonel Eastland wears his Air Force uniform for the occasion.

99 ANGLE - POOL AREA

99

Turk and Dirk with shirts off are doing muscle poses as a bevy of beauties look on. Also there are Hawk, Steve and Joyce. The smooth guy is eyeing Joyce. She smiles.

HAWK

The boys always put on a show at the end of the summer. Muscle Mardi-Gras.

A DAPPER LOOKING MAN comes by and stops.

DAPPER MAN

You think that's good. Watch this!

He stretches his muscles, puts his hands on his hip and touches his two elbows together. He smiles and walks away.

HAWK

What the hell was that?

CUT TO:

100 ANGLE - JEFFREY

100

He's standing off to side talking to George and reading notes.

JEFFREY

You sure these are all the notes Paul left?

GEORGE

It's all there.

JEFFREY

(reads)

"As long as you keep the ice glasses filled, they'll leave you alone. Most important, don't you get involved in the fucking card game. Pretend it doesn't exist."

GEORGE

You'll be great.

JEFFREY

Better than great. I'm gonna show Mr. Brody he needs me. He'll beg me to work for him.

He straightens a stack of clean plates.

101 EXT: THE GIN GAME - DAY

101

Brody puts his cards face down on the table.

BRODY

(to Minetta)

Keep an eye on these, Mario, I gotta take a leak.

Brody walks away, now quickens his step. Mario studies his hand as Charlie Cooper plays against the Colonel. Charlie takes a gulp of his cough medicine, picks a card from the pack, fits it into his hand.

CHARLIE

That's gin, Colonel.

COL EASTLAND

Terrific, Phil's luck is starting to rub off even on goddamn you.

Mario taps his fingers impatiently, annoyed at the delay caused by Brody's absence. Jeffrey appears now, carrying

101 CONTD

101

a telephone, he plugs the instrument into the jack on the boardwalk.

JEFFREY

A call for you, Mr. Minetta.

MARIO

Who is it?

JEFFREY

He wouldn't leave his name.

Mario picks up the phone.

MARIO

Hello?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OS)

Mario?

MARIO

Who's this?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OS)

Sweet Ginger Brown.

It takes a moment for the Voice to register on Mario. When it does, Mario reaches out, turns over Brody's cards ... gin. Now Mario turns over the whole table. Jeffrey reacts with a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT: THE GIN GAME - AFTERNOON

102

The sun hitting down, all the players sweating except Brody who plays now against his favorite opponent, Colonel Eastland. Big Sid, positioned behind Colonel Eastland like an umpire behind a catcher, wheezes away in the heat.

BRODY

Jeffrey, sweetheart, I'm starving.

(to the others)

You guys want anything?

Their heads in their cards, they all mumble "no's."

BRODY (contd)

(to Jeffrey)

Lean pastrami rye, double iced coffee, light but not too light, skip the sugar this time, Jeffrey, I don't take it.

102 CONTD

102

MARIO

(to Jeffrey)

Changed my mind. Gimme a dark,
no half-and-half, just a touch
of milk.

A torrent of orders now; BLT's, beers, bacon crisp, not too
crisp, chopped liver with onion, no onion, orders from
everybody except Cooper, who is caught in a spasm of
coughing. The other players wait for him to subside;
he doesn't.

BRODY

Seven hacks and two throat-clears.
He wants a pitcher of water.

Cooper coughs on the cards now, Berlin throws his hands
in the air, Jeffrey snatches up the deck, replaces it
with a fresh one.

103 EXT: THE BIG GAME - AFTERNOON

103

Jeffrey appearing with food, sets it down carefully at
the end of the table. As he looks up, he notices Big Sid
panting like a racehorse. Now Big Sid runs his right
hand across his forehead, then down his chest. Finally,
he crosses his chest in the opposite direction.

QUICK CUTS - BIG SID AND BRODY

Brody acknowledging a third base coach-like signal from
Big Sid, then another, criss-crosses of the chest in
rhythm with Colonel Eastland's selection of cards:
a pattern emerges.

CLOSE UP - JEFFREY

swallowing. Wipes the sweat from his forehead, blinks
at the sun, swallows again. He scrutinizes Brody, then
Big Sid, sees how the pattern is cleverly camouflaged
by Big Sid's heavy perspiration and deep breaths.

Jeffrey trembles. The sides in this gin game are clear:
The Colonel vs Brody and Big Sid.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON BRODY AND BIG SID

Brody is poised to throw a five of hearts, Big Sid wipes
an imaginary speck from his eyelid, Brody discards the
nine of clubs, instead.

103 CONTD

103

MOVE IN ON Jeffrey. He hears a finger SNAP.

JERRY BERLIN

Water!

Jeffrey doesn't move. He's just staring at Sid.

JERRY BERLIN (contd)

You hear me? Water!

JEFFREY'S POV - BIG SID

Big Sid battling the heat now, heaving with long, deep, table-rattling gasps. His eyes close, he takes a step back, Big Sid keels over, crashing down on the Colonel, knocking him out of his chair. As he falls into the sand, Big Sid pitches over on to him, three-hundred and twenty-five pounds crunch down.

Colonel Eastland SCREAMS.

COL. EASTLAND

My arm, oh God, my arm!

Albie Young and Mario Minetta leap to his aid.

COL. EASTLAND

Get him off me! For God's sake!

They try to roll Big Sid off Colonel Eastland, but it is hopeless. Big Sid, an immovable mound, panting, blanched, his sweat frozen.

BRODY

(calmly, to Jeffrey)

Get Dr. Gold.

Jeffrey salutes reflexively, leaps up on to the walk, sprints towards the pool.

104 EXT: POOL AREA - DAY

104

As he comes around the corner, he collides with George carrying two beach chairs. Smack! Jeffrey and George go down in a rip of canvas and splinter of wood. Jeffrey grabs his kneecap, George his elbow, they lay there, a near double-knockout. Now Jeffrey struggles to his knees, hops, jumps, breaks into an off-footed run.

105 EXT: LIFEGUARD PLATFORM - THE PATIO POOL -
AFTERNOON

105

Turk is perched under his umbrella on the lifeguard stand, with Debbie, Mandy and Tracy.

JEFFREY

Dr. Gold! Where's Dr. Gold?!

Turk points down to the pool.

TURK

He's doing laps underwater.
What's wrong?

Jeffrey jumps into the pool, SCREAMS at the shadows in the water.

JEFFREY

HELP! DR. GOLD! HELP!

Mrs. Bakalainikoff, grasping the emergency, swims past Jeffrey, catches up with the churning doctor. Together, they subdue him.

106 EXT: THE BIG GAME - LATE AFTERNOON

106

A dripping Jeffrey and Dr. Gold hurry through the tense crowd. Big Sid has been rolled off Colonel Eastland who lies on his side, protecting a misshapen shoulder; onlookers press in, women lean over the bodies, the sand a battlefield.

Lifeguard Dirk is taking Big Sid's pulse.

DR. GOLD

What do you think, Dirk?

DIRK

Heat stroke. George is calling an ambulance. Take a look at the Colonel's shoulder ...

Dr. Gold touches Colonel Eastland's shoulder, he YOWLS with pain.

ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD

Mario Minetta and Albie Young are huddled in whispered conversation.

MARIO

What are we going to do, Albie?
We're down nineteen hundred apiece.

ALBIE

Teams are three-against-three,
Mario.

MARIO

Albie, when will we get our money
back?

ALBIE

(grim)

Next summer.

Brody nudges in between Mario and Albie now, drapes an
arm around each of their shoulders.

Jeffrey, toweling himself off now with his Patio T-shirt,
observes the encounter.

BRODY

Tough way to end it, fellas.

Albie removes Brody's arm.

ALBIE

The summer's not over yet, Phil.

Brody squints at the orange sun.

BRODY

(smiles)

Getting there, though.

Phil, Mario and Albie peer over the crowd at Dr. Gold
administering to Colonel Eastland.

BRODY (contd)

(shrugs)

Hey, you want to know the truth?
Alex was off his game today.
You guys were lucky, you're going
to cut your losses.

MARIO

Fuck you, Phil.

BRODY

Bottom line, Mario, come up with
a third or I'm heading home. Hey,
I just put in a 3500 dollar air
conditioning system. I'd like to
try it out. You guys are welcome,
you paid for it.

106 CONTD

106

Brody notices Jeffrey watching them, he gives Jeffrey a wink. Jeffrey stares. An ambulance SIREN sounds.

JEFFREY

I'll be the third.

Brody's head swivels.

BRODY

What?

JEFFREY

I'll play.

BRODY

You got sunstroke too?

Mario winces, Albie scratches his head. - Silence, a flicker of a smile crosses Brody's face.

ALBIE

The kid's good, I've seen him play.

BRODY

Why should I play you?

MARIO

You're not afraid of him, are you?

BRODY

(looks, then)

Why not. A nice baptism into the game.

MARIO

Let's go to work, kid.

BRODY

(convincing himself)

Might be fun. It'll pass the time. Huh, Jeffrey.

Brody smiles. Jeffrey does not. Brody stops smiling.

107 EXT: THE COURT CABANA RECTANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

107

Jeffrey, wearing Albie Young's robe, is squared off against Brody, Mario vs. Cooper, Albie vs. Jerry. George, the Cabana Boy, scurries around the table,

107 CONTD

107

emptying ashtrays, refilling Jerry's glass with ice water. Before Mario and Charlie can resume their game, Charlie coughs on the cards, George shakes his hand in, faultlessly replaces the deck with a fresh one.

108 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BIG GAME

108

As Jeffrey deals, he glances at the scorepad kept by Albie Young: the "WE" column white, the "THEY" black with figures. Steve and Hawk line up behind Jeff for support. Jeff draws his first card, looks up, sees Joyce has moved away from Steve, taken a position behind her father.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE - JEFFREY AND BRODY

109

Jeffrey playing cautiously, Brody observing him. The ranks behind Jeffrey are filling now, Turk has appeared with Dirk, Debbie, Mandy and Tracy. Alfred Schultz, Jeffrey's old opponent, wanders in and falls into place behind Jeffrey's chair.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE - JEFFREY AND BRODY

110

The discard pile growing, Brody tapping his fingers impatiently as Jeffrey holds a card.

BRODY

(cocky)

Today, Jeffrey Sweetheart, throw a card today. Relax, kid, you're not playing with your own money.

Jeffrey throws the card, Brody snatches it, fits it into his hand casually, lays down his hand.

BRODY (contd)

See, that wasn't so hard. Knock for seven.

Jeffrey hesitates.

BRODY (contd)

Lay 'em down, son. Read 'em and weep.

Jeffrey puts his cards down.

BRODY (contd)

Waiting for the old King, huh?

110 CONTD

110

Brody points to the top of the pile, the card he knocked with is a King. Jeffrey shuffles his hand around, changes threes-of-a-kind into melds, produces a new set of odd cards.

JEFFREY

My Queen on your Jack, my Jack
on your ten, my four on your fours,
leaves me with six.

Brody grunts.

ALBIE

The kid under knocked. Way to
go, Jeffer.

JEFFREY

That gives me one ... plus the
fifteen point penalty.

(he hands Brody the
cards)

Your deal, sir. I believe you
play loser deals.

Albie Young proudly enters Jeffrey's figures in their white "WE" column, Brody is staring at the deck of cards in front of him; finally he picks it up, shuffles icily. He doesn't like this process. Only losers deal.

111 EXT: THE BIG GAME - TWILIGHT

111

The sun is gone now. There are several lamps gathered to light up the game. The evening breeze is ruffling Brody's silver locks. Mrs. Brody places a cashmere shawl over his shoulders. As George sets down a huge plate of pasta beside Brody, Joyce sprinkles parmesan over it. Brody takes a forkful, chews it ruminatively, Jeffrey watches him.

BRODY

Want some?

JEFFREY

No thanks, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

Phil, Jeffrey. Phil.

Jeffrey reaches for a card, fits it into his hand, discards the extra.

JEFFREY

Gin ... Phil.

Brody grimaces, Albie Young can hardly contain himself, Berlin now reaches for the whole pitcher of ice water, drains it right into his mouth from the spout. Albie scribbles figures to the scorecard, the "WE" column is getting black.

More onlookers come now, some in evening clothes, Mrs. Bakaleinikoff and Harry, the dance teacher, Dr. Gold, etc.

Brody's lips part slightly, his teeth COME INTO FOCUS, he breaks into his wide killer smile.

BRODY

(to Jeffrey)

It's a long way from here to
the parking lot, son.

JEFFREY

Not as far as it is to Big Sid.

Brody reacts.

112 EXT: THE COURT CABANA RECTANGLE - NIGHT

112

Fortune rigs a floodlight at one corner of the game, laying extensions are Freddy and George. The lights FLARE ON, the place jammed now with tuxedos and evening gowns, parking valets and Cabana Boys, kitchen help and maintenance men.

In the BG the orchestra plays "Puff, The Magic Dragon," the banquet room's crystal ball catching the moonlight through the great bay windows.

ALBIE

Last set coming up. We win
this, we're even.

Charlie Cooper erupts into a spasm of coughing, Jerry Berlin is chewing on ice cubes now. Brody taps his fingers calmly.

ALBIE (contd)

(to Brody)

What do you say we double the
stakes, Phil? And double
again for a schneider.

112 CONTD

112

Now the Club Employees and certain Members, all the people Phil Brody has intimidated over the years, chime in: "Come on, Phil" -- "You chicken, Phil?" -- Let's see what you're made of, Phil."

Brody glances up at his wife; she has changed into an evening gown, a milk stole draped over it.

MRS. BRODY

It's cha-cha time, honey.

Brody looks over at Jeffrey, Jeffrey waits. Suddenly Brody pitches the remains of his pasta into the sand, George (the Cabana Boy) scurries to pick them up.

BRODY

(slowly, to Jeffrey)

It'll be a pleasure. Double the
stakes and double again for a
shut out.

A BUZZ from the crowd. Charlie Cooper and Jerry Berlin lean over to Brody in heated disagreement, but he will have none of it.

113 MONTAGE

113

ON THE BIG GAME - NIGHT

Jeffrey playing like a man possessed, FLICK, FLICK, go the cards, Brody trying to change his rhythm, but Jeffrey relentless.

JEFFREY

Gin.

Brody pitches his cards down contemptuously, meanwhile Albie Young elbows a gin card into his hand.

ALBIE

Gin.

Now Charlie Cooper discards a card, Mario snatches it up.

MARIO

Gin.

A ROAR from the crowd.

ALBIE

(to Jeffrey)

Yes, this is catching.

113 CONTD

113

Gin after gin, Albie's pencil flying over the score-pad, Jerry Berlin has a bottle of scotch beside him now, pouring himself three fingers as Charlie Cooper gargles mouthwash, spits it out into the night.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BIG GAME - LATER

114

The Banquet Room background music frenetic now, more onlookers, LOCAL COPS, even MUSICIANS, their saxophone lariats hanging from their necks.

Charlie and Jerry get up, push away from their tables.

MARIO

We're done, Jeffrey.

ALBIE

It's up to you now.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE - JEFFREY AND BRODY

115

Brody is trying a broken rhythm now, he picks up quickly, then discards slowly, then reverses the procedure. Jeffrey, unsettled by the tactic, wipes the perspiration collecting in the night air; his hands tremble.

BRODY

Don't get your hopes up, kid.
No one has ever blanked me.

Jeffrey fingers a card, Brody points to his hand.

BRODY (contd)

Put it right there, sonny boy.
That's gin rummy.

Jeffrey throws the card. Brody starts to reach for it, then changes his mind, reaches for the deck, changes his mind again.

Brody looks up at Jeffrey, then past him, as if trying to conjure up Big Sid. Jeffrey catches it.

JEFFREY

Big Sid's not here, Phil, it's
just you and me.

Brody closes and opens his cards in the upside-down fan, closes and opens them again. Now casually, he flips a card. Jeffrey glances at it, reaches for it, fits it into his hand.

JEFFREY (contd)

Sweet ... Ginger ... Brown.

The crowd ERUPTS. Brody starts to get up from the table. As he does, he forces the table against Jeffrey's chest, then harder. Jeffrey is gasping with the pressure against his lungs. But now he finds some hidden reservoir of strength and pushes back. The table pokes Brody now, he is pinned against his chair. Jeffrey releases Brody. Brody's chair tips. Jeffrey walks over to Albie Young. Albie's pencil can't add up the figures fast enough. Mario reaches over Jeffrey and strangles him in a loving bear hug.

MARIO

Albie's adding up the points.

JEFFREY

It'll be about five hundred a man.

ANGLE ON BRODY

as he gets up and walks over to Charlie Cooper and Jerry Berlin. They take out their wallets and checkbooks.

ANGLE BACK ON JEFFREY

He's talking to Albie and Mario who seem quiet. Albie hands Jeffrey an envelope.

ALBIE

Well, here's your share, Jeffrey.
You can keep the robe.

Jeffrey starts to walk off to change clothes and Brody stops him. In BG, Albie and Mario are talking to Charlie and Jerry.

BRODY

Listen, kid, you did very nicely.
I like your style. I want you
to start at my car place Monday.
Then maybe I move you out to my
new place in Newport, California
and you can be right near your
friend, Carla, with the great
legs.

JEFFREY

I told them, Phil.

115 CONTD

115

BRODY

What?

JEFFREY

I already told them about you
and Big Sid.

Albie, Charlie and others head for Brody.

JEFFREY (contd)

(to Brody)

I don't know how you'll make it
up to them ... But even for a
fancy car dealer it's not too
late to learn.

Jeffrey stalks up towards the club. SCREAMS of outrage at Brody echo behind them from Albie and Mario. Charlie and Jerry now try to disappear. "We didn't know! For God's sake, we didn't know!" The crowd, looping around all of them, moves in dangerously on Brody. Charlie starts pushing Brody. Jeffrey's talking to Hawk and Steve. They congratulate him.

Somebody pulls a plug, the lights CLICK OFF, the violent BABBLE is swallowed up by the roar of the ocean.

116 INT: THE PATIO BALLROOM - NIGHT

116

The band plays..

MUSIC: THE IMPRESSIONS (VO)

"SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT
IT'S ALL RIGHT
IT'S ALL RIGHT
HAVE A GOOD TIME ... "

Jeffrey wanders in a daze across the dance floor, still dressed in Albie Young's terrycloth jacket. He passes Joyce Brody, locked in a soul kiss with the Smooth Guy from his cabana row.

117 EXT: THE PATIO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

117

Jeffrey stumbles outside, glances across at the dim lights on Fortune's basketball court.

A flock of Teenagers in pursuit of Jeffrey now ... excited whispers, adoring looks, Mandy and Tracy, Turk's nymphets, hurry to his side.

117 CONTD

117

MANDY

Where you going, Jeffrey?

TRACY

You want company, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

No, thanks. Maybe some other time.

He ignores them, quickens his step as he heads for Fortune's court.

118 EXT: FORTUNE'S BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

118

Steve, Hawk and Fortune waiting self-consciously for Jeffrey; they have placed a battered beach chair out front. After settling Jeffrey into it, Fortune sprints across the lot, jumps into Steve's Bonneville, weaves it brilliantly through the maze of cars, skids to a stop in front of Jeffrey's chair. Fortune jumps out, holds the door open with a flourish, Steve and Hawk APPLAUD. Mandy and Tracy now buddy up with Steve and Hawk.

Jeffrey climbs in behind the wheel, Fortune closes the door, steps away. Jeffrey leans out the window.

JEFFREY

Thanks for lending me your car, Steve.

STEVE

Mandy's gonna drive me away to forget Joyce.

HAWK

I'm still better at horses but you're the main card head.

Jeffrey smiles, then looks at Fortune.

JEFFREY

You forgot something, didn't you?

FORTUNE

Pardon me, man?

JEFFREY

Your tip.

118 CONTD

118

FORTUNE

Hey, c'mon, Jeffrey. What is
this shit?

Jeffrey grabs his hand, slaps the envelopes into it,
ZOOMS away, a cloud of dust as the De Soto careens on to
Beech Street.

The air eases out of the boys now, they relax. Fortune
slumps into the beach chair, opens the envelopes filled
with money. Leaps out of his chair.

CUT TO:

119 INT: LUNDY'S RESTAURANT - SHEEPSHEAD BAY -
BROOKLYN - 9:00 PM

119

The place is crowded. At a table in the corner sits
Arthur, Ruth and Nikki. The family is having dinner.
Suddenly Jeffrey appears in the doorway. Arthur sees
him. Ruth and Nikki almost jump happily out of their
seats. Arthur gives an imperious SNAP of his fingers,
attracting the WAITER's attention.

ARTHUR

Another place setting. My son
is here.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON THE TABLE

Jeffrey is seated at the table with his family. He's
next to his father. The waiter sets a large lobster
down in front of him. Jeffrey looks at lobster and
sighs. Finally he puts his fork into it. He takes a
bite, then another, now suddenly ravenous, he ties into
the lobster. The family watches him with great pleasure.
He smiles back at the family. Arthur leans over and
puts his arm around his son and hugs him. Jeffrey keeps
eating but accepts the hug. A waiter comes over to check
on things.

JEFFREY

I've been thinking about apply-
ing for college in California.

RUTH

So far away?

ARTHUR

Ruth, he's not afraid. Let him
adventure out.

JEFFREY

I like UCLA. I hear it's nice.
Good for engineering.

ARTHUR

Is it, Nikki?

NIKKI

(with wisdom)

The pretty girl at the club's
from California. It's good for
engineering.

Jeffrey bites lobster -- butter running down his face,
a claw sticking out of his mouth, nods joyously.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

. Whatever.

(then)

That lobster had your name on
it, son. Swam right up the
Narrows, past Ambrose Light,
past Scotland Light, wasn't
happy 'til he landed in your
mouth!

Jeffrey blinks and looks out the window into the night.

120 JEFFREY'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW - NIGHT

120

Ambrose Light and Scotland Light in the distance:
a ship, boxing its compass, plies between them. Now
it turns, and heads proudly out to sea.

GO OUT ON Jeffrey's eyes following the ship ...

THE END