

FINAL

THE GOODBYE GIRL

by

Neil Simon

IMPORTANT

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BURBANK, CALIF.
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THIRD DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. - 60TH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE. N.W. CORNER - DAY 1 *

PAULA MCFADDEN, an attractive thirty-three year old,
exits subway with her ten year old daughter, LUCY. *

TITLES

EXT. - BLOOMINGDALE'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 1A *

EXT. - ALEXANDER'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 2 *

Paula and Lucy cross the street from Bloomingdale's to
ALEXANDER'S. PAN from street to sunglass display.

TITLES

INT. - ALEXANDER'S (BEHIND SUNGLASS DISPLAY) - DAY 3 *

Paula checks price tags. *

TITLES

INT. - ALEXANDER'S - CHILDREN'S SHOE DEPT. - DAY 3A *

Lucy trying on merchandise. *

TITLES

INT./EXT. - ALEXANDER'S - 59TH STREET - NEAR LEXINGTON - DAY 4 *

Paula and Lucy, with packages. *

TITLES

EXT. NATIONAL SHOE STORE - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 4A *

INT. - HOWARD JOHNSON'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 5 *

Paula and Lucy are having a snack. We see Bloomingdale's and Alexander's across the street.

PAULA
This time next week, California!
(looks at Lucy)
You excited?

5
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY
Un huh.

PAULA
Me too...can't wait.

LUCY
Were you ever there?

PAULA (nods)
Once...for six weeks. Touring with
some musical. Middle of December
we went swimming.

LUCY
Which musical?

PAULA
What's the difference? I'm trying
to tell you how beautiful it's
going to be. We're going to look
for a little house up in the hills.
No smog...sunshine everyday...

TITLES

EXT. - LEXINGTON AVENUE - 60TH STREET - DAY

6 *

Paula and Lucy walk to bus stop.

LUCY
Near the movie studios?

PAULA
Yes. Your window will face Warner
Brothers. You can watch them blow
up the world from your bed, alright?
...Can you imagine having your own
orange tree and lemons...?

LUCY
I think the musical was "Fiddler on
the Roof"...I remember staying with
Grandma. I was four and a half.

PAULA (annoyed)
You were never four and a half.
You were born 26!

FINAL TITLES

EXT. - 78th STREET - WEST SIDE - DAY

7

The neighborhood is pretty tacky. Mostly run down brownstone. Paula and Lucy walk down the block toward the entrance of their building.

LUCY

You think I'll be in the same grade?

PAULA

Sure. Everything's the same out there only it's three hours earlier. You'll graduate younger.

LUCY

A girl from California is in our class and she went to school with Helen Reddy's daughter.

PAULA

Well, what about you?... After this picture, they'll be saying, "There goes Tony DeForrest's little girl"...

LUCY

Yeah, but he's not a star. He's just an actor.

PAULA

Stars have to be actors first.

LUCY

...and he's not really my father.

PAULA

You're such a stickler for details!

INT. - BUILDING - DAY

8

They are climbing the stairs. The building is pretty run down, graffiti on the walls... They live on the fourth floor.

LUCY

Can I show Tony all my things first?

PAULA

Later. You've got homework to do.

LUCY
We're moving in four days. Do I
have to do my homework?

PAULA
Suppose between now and Friday they
teach brain surgery. I don't want you
to miss it.

LUCY
We had it last week in science.

PAULA
...Are you serious?

LUCY
Dumb! You know you're dumb!

PAULA
Well, I thought maybe in frog dis-
section. What do I know?

INT. - APARTMENT - DAY

9

It is a tiny, seedy apartment. A tiny vestibule
leads into a living room-dining room. There is
also a small kitchen and two small bedrooms. There
are a lot of theatrical photos on the wall, most of
them of a rather dark and attractive actor, Tony
DeForrest. A few of the off-Broadway show posters
are on the wall...

LUCY
Can I just show him my blue
sweater?... And the new jeans?

PAULA
All right. But brush your hair and
wash your face...

Lucy takes her things and starts for her room.

PAULA
... And no make-up!

Paula crosses through living room to bedroom door.
It is closed. She opens it slowly and peeks in.
We see the bed. It is mussed but empty. She enters
the room.

INT. - BEDROOM - DAY

Tony...? PAULA

(she puts down packages)
You in the bathroom?... Hey, we
cleaned out Alexander's...
(she opens a package)
Bought everything on sale so you'd
better like it 'cause we can't
exchange it.

(takes out a man's
sport shirt)
Bought you a present... Come on
out and take a look... Tony?
(looks towards bathroom)

She crosses into bathroom.

INT. - BATHROOM

The bathroom is empty... She looks puzzled. She
crosses back into:

11

INT. - LIVING ROOM

Her eyes go to the mantel. On the mantel are a
number of photographs, mostly of a handsome thirty-
five year old actor named Tony DeForrest. Besides
some professional shots of Tony, there are snaps
of him and Paula and him, Paula and Lucy... Wedged
on the face of the TV dial is an envelope with
"Paula" scribbled across the face. She crosses to
TV and picks up the envelope, opens it and takes
out a letter. She starts to read it.

12

LUCY'S BEDROOM

A very small room, decorated with photos of male
movie stars and a few rock stars. Lucy is wearing
a brand new blue sweater. She is about to put on
her brand new jeans when suddenly she hears Paula
scream from the living room. "Oh, God..." Lucy
struggles to get into the jeans and rushes out of
the room.

13

INT. - LIVING ROOM

14

Paula, letter in hand, crying...

LUCY
What happened?

PAULA
He's gone!... He left without us...

LUCY
For California?

PAULA
... For Italy...

LUCY
Huh?

Paula just sits there. The letter hanging limply in her hand. Lucy takes it from her...

LUCY
Can I read it?

Paula doesn't answer except to sob. Lucy begins to read letter aloud.

LUCY
... "Dear Paula... This isn't
an easy letter to write..."
(to Paula)
It doesn't start off too good,
does it?
(back to letter)
... "Where the hell do I begin?
You know you and the kid mean a
lot to me..."
(shrugs to herself)
The 'kid'?...
(back to letter)
"I turned down the job in L.A...
It was just a lousy TV picture
anyway... On Monday Stan Fields
called. I got the Barto --
Barto -- "

PAULA
Bartolucci!

LUCY
"Bartolucci picture... " Who's
Bartolucci?

PAU:A
An Italian director.

LUCY
What'd he direct?

PAULA
What do I know?... What are you
asking questions like that now
for?

LUCY (shrugs; back to letter)
"It's six months shooting in Spain and Italy... It's a hell of a part, Paula, and I want it... I broke my ass -- "

PAULA
Never mind. Give it to me.

LUCY
Ass! I heard the word.. "I broke my ass for twelve years in this town and things are finally beginning to break for me... I told you when you first moved in here with me that it was never going to be permanent... Christ, I'm not even divorced from Patti yet..."
(to Paula)
Who's Patti?

PAULA
I told you about her.

LUCY
No, you didn't.

PAULA
I thought you would be upset if you were living with a married man.

LUCY
I wasn't living with him. You were. I was in the next room.

PAULA
Well, they were practically divorced...

LUCY (back to letter)
... "I left early today because I didn't think a goodbye scene would do any of us any good..."
(to Paula)
This is one of the worst letters I ever read in my whole life.

PAULA (nods)
Isn't it terrible?

LUCY (back to letter)
... "I wish I had something to leave you and the kid..." He didn't leave us anything?

Paula shrugs 'No'.

14
CONT'D
(4)

LUCY (back to
letter)
... "You know I've been in hock up
to my ears... I had to sell my watch
and my camera to pay off the loan
sharks"....
(to Paula)
He owed money to sharks?

PAULA
I'll explain it some other time.

LUCY
"But I know you'll be alright...
You can always go back to dancing"...

PAULA
Dancing!... I'm 33, I can hardly walk
anymore.

LUCY
... "You deserve more than I can
give you... I wish the both of us all
the luck in the world... Love to the
kid"...

PAULA
Don't read any more.

LUCY
It's just one more word.
(she reads)
... "Tony".

She puts the letter down. Paula puts her arm around
her to comfort her.

LUCY (cont'd)
... Does this mean we're not going to
California?
(Paula nods, sobs)
... That means I have to do my home-
work, doesn't it?
(Paula nods... She rocks Lucy
in her arms.)

INT. - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

15

Paula is sitting in the empty room staring at the
ceiling. Lucy enters from her bedroom.

LUCY

I can't sleep either.

Paula opens her arms towards her and Lucy climbs into them...Paula sniffles.

LUCY

How about some popcorn?

Paula shakes her head "no".

LUCY

Brownies?... Bacon, lettuce, tomato on rye toast and chocolate milk?...

Paula laughs.

LUCY

That's funny?

PAULA

Me... I'm laughing at me... I'm so dumb, it's hysterical.

LUCY

Weird sense of humor.

She snuggles into Paula.

PAULA

You'd think I would have learned my lesson... Married an actor and he walks out on me... Lived with an actor and he flies out... Next time I talk to an actor, kick me in the... well, you know the word.

LUCY

Ass!... Why don't we go to California anyway? Maybe you can get into television... Everybody gets into television.

PAULA

We haven't got enough money to get through the Lincoln Tunnel.

LUCY

We can sell the furniture.

PAULA

It belongs to the owner of the building.

LUCY
We can sell it late at night.

15
CONT'D
(3)

PAULA
I think Tony's left his mark on
you... Don't worry. I'll get a job.
I can still dance... I just have to
get back in shape... I can do it.

LUCY
I know.

PAULA
You're not worried, baby, are you?

LUCY (not convincing)
No.

PAULA
... Tell me.

LUCY
I just told you.

PAULA
I mean tell me what you're thinking
about now.

LUCY
... I was wondering how you can owe
money to sharks.

Paula turns away, not wanting to deal with this now.

EXT. - TWO STORY BUILDING - DAY

16

It is in the mid-forties. A building that houses
rehearsal rooms, acting and dance classes. We HEAR
a piano over.

INT. - DANCE CLASS - DAY

17

About TWENTY PEOPLE, male and female, are taking dance
class. A FEMALE INSTRUCTOR counts off, walking among
them. Most of them are in leotards and sweat suits.
Some are professional dancers, some actors, others are
housewives and businessmen, Paula, in black leotards,
is somewhere in the back of the class, straining to keep
up with the exercises. She moans and groans...

INSTRUCTOR

...Bend, bend, three, four, arch back,
three, four... I see you, Paula.
...You can't hide from me... Touch
toes, three, four... My God, what
have you done to your body?

17
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA

It died. Have a little respect.

She falls back on the floor, exhausted.

DONNA

Paula?

(Paula turns)

Hi... Donna Douglas... I was the swing
girl when you were in "Company".

PAULA

Oh, sure. Hi, Donna.
(mops brow)

Whew!

DONNA

Tough getting back into shape,
isn't it?

PAULA

It's been two years. It's amazing
how flabby you get when you're happy.

17A OUT *

EXT. - 78th STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

18

Paula is coming down the block carrying groceries.
She walks with some degree of pain. She arrives at
the steps of the brown stone and starts up... MRS.
CROSBY, the 'manageress', a large, no-nonsense black
woman, emerges from her apartment under the steps.

MRS. CROSBY

You leavin' tonight or in the morning?

PAULA (stops)

I'm sorry. What was that, Mrs. Crosby?

MRS. CROSBY

Just checkin' on what time you're
vacatin'.

PAULA

Oh! We're not going to California.
I forgot to tell you.

MRS. CROSBY

Well, I'm not the only one you
forgot to tell... That apartment's
been sublet.

18
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA

What are you talking about? We're
paid up through June. We've got
three more months. You can't sublet
that apartment.

MRS. CROSBY
I'm not...your man did, honey.

PAULA (shocked, comes
down steps)
... He sublet our apartment??

MRS. CROSBY
He notified me last night. It was
his name on the lease, so he can do
what he wants... You just be sure
you leave it the way you found it.

She starts back in.

PAULA (furious)
I'm not leaving it!!... I cleaned
it and painted it and decorated it,
it's mine! I don't care what he
did, I'm not getting out, you
understand!

MRS. CROSBY
That's none of my business, honey.
You can take that up with the sub-
lettee... I just don't want any
trouble in my building.

She starts back into her apartment. Paula stands
there, screaming.

PAULA
That bastard!... That no-good bastard!

MRS. CROSBY (nods in
agreement)
Uh huh!

And she disappears behind her closed door.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We are on the window. It is raining heavily.
LIGHTNING and THUNDER in the distance... Paula is
angrily throwing out Tony DeForrest's photos.

She suddenly picks one picture up and hurls it against the wall, smashing it. As the door opens. Lucy enters carrying a tray with two glasses of milk and a dish of cookies. She looks at broken glass on floor.

19
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY

... And you're always telling me to clean up my room!

EXT. - WEST END AVENUE - NIGHT

20

The rain is pouring down. A cab pulls up and a young man, in his late twenties, gets out. He has a scraggly beard, scruffy hair and wears glasses. His name is ELLIOT GARFIELD. He carries an old suitcase, a duffel bag and a guitar case. He pays driver and runs into building.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

The two girls in bed, half finished with their snack.

LUCY

How'd you do in dance class?

PAULA

I got winded putting on my leotards.

Paula drinks...

PAULA (cont'd)

A girl there told me there's a musical auditioning tomorrow. I'll give it a try.

LUCY

Then you'd better watch your diet.
I'll finish your cookies.
(she takes last two)

THE HALLWAY

22

Elliot comes up stairs, looks for apartment. His eyeglasses are soaking wet. He can barely see. He finds the apartment, takes out key from coat pocket and inserts it in lock. He turns it, opens door but it stops. It is bolted. He closes the door, then RINGS the doorbell.

INT. - BEDROOM

23

Paula sits up.

LUCY
Who's that?

PAULA
I don't know.

She turns light on. Looks at clock.

LUCY
Maybe it's Tony. Maybe he changed
his mind and came back.

PAULA
You're so young.

The doorbell RINGS again. Paula gets up and puts
on her robe.

PAULA
Stay here.

THE HALLWAY

24

Elliot is wiping his glasses with his handkerchief.
He RINGS the bell again. We HEAR Paula from the
other side of the door.

PAULA
Who is it?

ELLIOT
Er... Elliot Garfield.

PAULA
Who?

ELLIOT
Elliot Garfield...from Chicago...
Is Tony in?

PAULA
There's no Tony here.

ELLIOT
There isn't?... Tony DeForrest?

PAULA
There's no one by that name here.

ELLIOT

Wait a second.

He takes out slip of paper, then checks it with door number.

ELLIOT

3A, this is the right apartment. I was here once, about two years ago.

*

PAULA

I don't care what apartment you've got, there's no Tony DeForrest here.

ELLIOT

Could you open the door a second?

PAUL

Not five after twelve, I can't.

ELLIOT (annoyed)

Jesus... You got a latch? Keep it locked. I just want to talk to you.

The door opens but remains on the bolt. Paula peers out, looks him up and down.

CLOSE UPS

24A

PAULA

Make it fast. My husband is sleeping.

ELLIOT

There's gotta be some mistake. I just sublet this apartment from this friend of mine. Tony DeForrest. He lives here.

PAULA

That'll be news to my husband, Charlie.

ELLIOT

Look, I got a receipt in my pocket for three months rent. I sent him a check... I was supposed to move in tomorrow but I came in early because I start work in the morning and I thought I could spend the night here... You look a little confused. Can I speak to your husband?

PAULA
He'll be at the 37th Precinct at
nine o'clock, in the morning.
Charlie D'Agostino. Homicide.
Goodnight.

24A
CONT'D
(2)

She slams the door. He stands there dripping and
anguished. He doesn't know which way to turn, so
he turns forlornly toward the stairs.

INT. - BEDROOM

25

Paula comes back in, taking off her robe.

LUCY
Who was it?

PAULA
Never mind.

She gets into bed.

LUCY
It didn't sound like 'never mind' to
me.

PAULA
...Tony rented the apartment to some-
one... But I'm not giving it up...
It's ours. Go to sleep.

LUCY
He rented it?... You mean we have
to leave?

PAULA
Over my dead body.

LUCY
What if they force us?

PAULA
Let 'em try.
(turns her back to Lucy)
Go to sleep.

LUCY
He rented the apartment.
(she turns over, back to
Paula)
... What a shitheel!

26 OUT*

27

INT. - BEDROOM

Paula and Lucy are nearly asleep. The phone RINGS.
Paula looks at it... It RINGS again... She sits up
and stares at it... It RINGS again.

LUCY

It's not for me. All my friends
are sleeping.

It RINGS again. She picks it up.

PAULA

Hello?

28

EXT. - STREET PHONE BOOTH

Elliot on phone.

ELLIOT

Hello?... Is Tony there, please?

29

INT. - BEDROOM

PAULA

Who's calling?

30

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

ELLIOT

You know who's calling. I was
just up there. I recognize your
voice, Mrs. D'Agostino.

INT. - BEDROOM

31

PAULA
Mrs. who?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

32

ELLIOT
D'Agostino!... And how come your
telephone answers to Tony DeForrest's
number?... And how come the key he
sent me Air Mail Special Delivery
opens your door? Heh? Heh?... You
want to answer those questions, Mrs.
D'Agostino?

INT. - BEDROOM

33

PAULA
No. Why don't you answer them?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

34

ELLIOT
Alright, I will... The answer is
something fishy's going on up
there... I'm wet as a herring, Mrs.
whatever your name is... I don't
have a place to sleep tonight and
I don't want to blow my last few
bucks on a hotel.
(looks at watch)
Now according to my non-waterproof
watch, it is at least twenty after
twelve and technically that apart-
ment belongs to me... Now do I come
up there right now and discuss
this amicably or do I storm the
place in the morning.

*
*

INT. - BEDROOM

35

PAULA
I have a gun. I'll use it If
I have to.

She slams down the phone.

LUCY
You have a gun?

35.
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA
If you believed it, maybe he will.

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

36

Elliot is standing on the curb, in the rain, waving a dollar bill in his hand at passing cabs and cars.

ELLIOT (yelling)
Change!... Change of a dollar?...
(cars whiz by)
Pregnant wife in the lobby, I need
change!

INT. - KITCHEN

37

Paula is at the refrigerator getting herself a glass of milk. Lucy appears at the doorway.

LUCY
...We're in trouble, right?

PAULA
We're not in trouble. We have our rights. Possession is nine tenths of the law.

LUCY
What's the other tenth?

PAULA
Shut up.

The phone RINGS. Paula looks at it. It RINGS again.

LUCY
...Is that the last tenth?

PAULA
Go back to bed. I'll handle this.

Lucy turns and goes. Paula picks up the phone.

PAULA
Hello?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

38

ELLIOT

I just called the 37th Precinct.
There is no Charles D'Agostino in
homicide!... Then I called Rita Scott
an old actress friend of mine. *
Rita Scott was in "Merchant of
Venice" in the park this year with the
ever popular Tony DeForrest. Rita
also told me all about this girl Tony's
been living with for the last two *
years... A certain Paula McFadden, a
former dancer, and her ten year old
daughter, Lucy. Rita further told
me that the apartment in question is
leased in the name of Tony DeForrest.
She knows this for a fact because Rita
used to live with Tony, the smoothy,
prior to Paula and Lucy... Now then
can we continue this conversation in
a drier room, Miss McFadden?

INT. - KITCHEN

39

PAULA

... You got problems, take it up with
the Housing Authority.

She is about to hang up.

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

40

ELLIOT

Don't hang up!... Please, don't
hang up. I don't have any more
change... I'm soaked to the bone,
Miss McFadden, and I have a very
low threshold for disease... I
don't know what Tony told you but
he's got my money, I have a lease
and you've got the apartment. Now
one of us got screwed... Let me
re-phrase that... We have to talk
this out... I'm in no condition,
financial or healthwise, to look
for a hotel in the pouring rain.
If there is such a thing as the "78th
Street Flu," I think I've got it.

INT. - KITCHEN

PAULA

Why don't you take a shot in a convenient place?

42

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

ELLIOT

Five minutes, that's all I ask
... Look, in about thirty seconds
we're gonna get cut off, Miss McFadden,
... My number is...
(he looks)
-- 873-5261... It's a flooded booth
on Amsterdam... If you have any
compassion in your heart --

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Five cents for the next three minutes, please.

ELLIOT

I'm trying to work it out, Operator
... any human compassion in your
heart, you'll call me back... The
number again is 873-5261... That's
873-52 --
(the phone clicks off)
Ah, shit -- 61!

CUT TO:

*

43

DOOR OF APARTMENT

Elliot rings the bell. He wipes his wet glasses.
The bolt unlatches and the door opens.

ELLIOT

Thank you.

PAULA

Five minutes!

He stoops to pick up his bags.

43
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA
Leave your bags. This isn't a
permanent conversation.

He nods and walks in.

INT. - APARTMENT

44

She closes the door. He wipes forehead, still rain-soaked, with his handkerchief.

ELLIOT
I'm dripping on your rug.

PAULA
It's been dripped on before.

She walks into the living room and takes a place near the false fireplace, one arm on the mantel. He follows her in, looks around.

ELLIOT
... Look, I'm sorry about all
this... I didn't know there was
going to be any complications.

PAULA
Yeah, well, there's a lot of that
going around lately.

ELLIOT (nods again)
Okay. I don't blame you for being
hostile. I get the picture. Tony
rents me the apartment, splits with
the money and you and your daughter
get dumped on. Right?

PAULA
That's your version. My version
is that Tony and I amicably end
our relationship, we agreed I
would keep the apartment and you
and your six hundred dollars got
dumped on... Get the picture?

ELLIOT (smiles, nods)
Very good... very sharp... a sharp
New York girl, right?

PAULA

No. A dull Cincinnati kid. But you get dumped on enough, you start to develop an edge.

ELLIOT

Okay, so what's the deal? I have a lease in my pocket. You gonna honor it or not?

PAULA

I got a daughter in my bed. That tops a lease in your pocket.

ELLIOT

Look, I don't want to get legal. Legal is on my side... I happen to have a lawyer acquaintance downtown. Now all I have to do is call this downtown lawyer acquaintance of mine --

PAULA

Oh, Jesus! An actor!

ELLIOT

What?

PAULA

Another goddamn actor! "I happen to have a lawyer acquaintance"... That's right out of "Streetcar Named Desire"... Stanley Kowalski in summer stock, right?

ELLIOT

Wrong! I played it in Chicago in the dead of winter... Three and a half months at the Drury Lane.

PAULA (nods)

Ask an actor a question, he gives you his credits.

ELLIOT

You want the reviews too?... "Elliot Garfield brings new dimensions to Kowalski that even Brando hadn't investigated"... Okay?

PAULA

Terrific. You write beautifully... Aren't you a little short to play Stanley?

ELLIOT

No one noticed. I stood on the poker table... What are you, a critic?

PAULA

No, no. I love actors. As long as they stay up on the stage where they belong. Put 'em down in real life and the whole world gets screwed up... Well, I've had enough. I'm not getting kicked out of the same lousy apartment twice. You want your money back, go to Naples. You want this apartment, buy me two tickets to California... I'll give you two minutes to think it over before I yell "Rape!"

ELLIOT (amazed)

Jesus! You are something! It's a wonder Tony didn't take a job in the Philippines.

PAULA

I hope you're thinking because I'm counting.

ELLIOT

Wait a minute! Wait a minute, willya?... What if we made a deal?

PAULA

What kind of deal?

ELLIOT

I don't know. Let me think of one... I just got here... Could I have a cup of coffee?

PAULA

No.

ELLIOT

Don't be bashful. Just say what's on your mind... Alright, here's the situation...

PAULA

I know the situation.

ELLIOT

Do you mind if I say it out loud...Because I don't believe it myself...here is the situation...you have no money but you have my apartment...I've got a job off-Broadway but no place to sleep...also, you've got a daughter to think of...

PAULA

I'm thinking of her right now...

ELLIOT

Do me the courtesy of hearing me out. You're not the only one who can yell "Rape"...Alright...We're in a bind...The both of us...and I think the only practical solution is to share this apartment.

PAULA

I accept.

ELLIOT

What?

PAULA

I accept. I may be stubborn but I'm not stupid.

ELLIOT

You mean it?

PAULA

I have a daughter who goes to school and I have to start looking for a job. You have a key. I'd have to stand guard all day to keep you out...You win. Get your bags. You get the small bedroom.

He looks at her nonplussed as she heads for Lucy's bedroom. He starts out to the hall. He opens the door and

ELLIOT

What the hell am I getting myself into?

SMALL BEDROOM

45

This is the one that Lucy usually occupies. Paula opens closet and starts to take Lucy's things out with some degree of belligerence.

LIVING ROOM

46

Elliot comes in with his bags and guitar case, looking around.

ELLIOT
Where are you?

46
CONT'D
(2)

*

INT. - BEDROOM

47

Elliot crosses and opens the door. But it's the wrong bedroom. The light is on. Lucy looks up from the bed at him.

ELLIOT
Oh. I'm sorry. I got the wrong room...I'm Elliot.

LUCY (somewhat bewildered)
Hello.

ELLIOT
You must be Lucy.

LUCY
That's right.

ELLIOT
I'm Elliot Garfield...I'm moving in the other room.

LUCY
Oh?...

ELLIOT
I'm a friend of Tony ...Tony deForrest.

*

LUCY
That's nice.

ELLIOT
I'm an actor, too.

LUCY
Yeah?...

ELLIOT
Your mother knows.

LUCY
I see.

ELLIOT
So I guess I'll be seeing you around.

LUCY
I guess so.

47
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT
Well...goodnight...oh, gum.

*

He walks out of the room. We STAY on Lucy.

LUCY
Jesus!

THE OTHER BEDROOM

48

Paula has put most of Lucy's things on the bed.

ELLIOT
I just met Lucy.

PAULA
What did you tell her?

ELLIOT
That I'm moving in... She seemed
to take it in stride.

PAULA
You grow up fast in this apartment
... The john is in there.
(she picks up clothes
from the bed)
I'll get the rest of her things out
in the morning.

She starts out.

INT. - HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM

48A

ELLIOT
Hey, listen, you think you can stop
grinding your teeth for two minutes?
The noise is driving me crazy.

PAULA
A drippy stranger from Chicago with a
wet beard and dirty sneakers moves
into my daughter's room and you
expect smiles?

*

ELLIOT
Hey, you know, you're dynamite! I
love listening to you talk. I hate
living with you, but the conversation
is first class.

PAULA

This is your room. I don't clean or make beds. You can use the bathroom or the kitchen when I'm not in it and wash it up when you're through. You pay for your own food, laundry, linens and phone calls. I'd appreciate some quiet between six and nine every night because that's when Lucy does her homework and I don't care what you drink or smoke as long as it's not grass in front of my ten year old daughter. Now do we have everything straight?

ELLIOT

No!

PAULA

No?

ELLIOT

I'm not crazy about the arrangements.

PAULA

You're not?

ELLIOT

Definitely not... I'm paying for the rent, I'll make the rules... I take showers every morning so don't have your little panties drying on the rods... I like to cook so I'll use the kitchen whenever I damn please... And I'm very careful about my condiments so keep your salt and pepper to yourself... I play the guitar in the middle of the night when I can't sleep and I meditate first thing in the morning, complete with chanting and burning incense, so if you gotta move around, let's have a little tiptoeing... Also I sleep in the nude...buffo...with the windows open, winter, summer, rain or snow. I also may have to go to the potty or to the fridge late at night and I don't feel like putting on jammies which I don't own in the first place... So unless you're looking for a quick thrill or your daughter advanced education, I'd keep my door closed... Those are my rules

(continued)

ELLIOT (cont'd)
and regulations, how does that
grab you?

48A
CONT'D
(3)

PAULA
And if I say no?

ELLIOT
I have this lawyer acquaintance...

PAULA
I accept.

ELLIOT (nods)
We're movin' right along.

PAULA
I don't like it and I don't think
I like you.

ELLIOT
Because I'm an actor?

PAULA (nods)
Coupled with your personality.

ELLIOT
It's probably why we were thrown
together. One of God's little
jests... Now if you'll move your
shapely little fanny out of my
room, I'll unpack and dry my beard.

She starts out, about to close door. He smiles.

ELLIOT
Miss McFadden.
(as she stops)
You forgot to say goodnight.

PAULA
I was working on 'goodbye'!

She exits and closes door hard.

PAULA'S BEDROOM

49

Paula comes in, obviously upset, and dumps Lucy's
things on a chair. Lucy watches her. Paula takes
off her robe.

LUCY
How long is he gonna stay?

49
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA
As long as he lets us.

She gets into bed.

PAULA
Go to the bathroom!

LUCY
I don't have to go now.

PAULA
Then save it till the morning. It's
not safe out there... Good night.

She turns her back to Lucy.

LUCY
No kiss?

PAULA (still angry)
I'm angry. I don't want to lose
it...We're gonna need it.

50 OUT

INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

About three a.m... Suddenly we HEAR a guitar quietly
plucking away at a melody.

PAULA'S VOICE
Cchhrrrist!

LUCY
(moans)

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAULA
Listen to that. Did that guitar wake you? *

LUCY
No. You did...

PAULA
I'm sorry.

LUCY
Is he gonna play that all night?

PAULA (getting out of
bed)
Put the pillow over your ears.

She puts on robe.

LUCY
I'll smother.

PAULA
It's better than that guitar.

She storms out of the room.

INT. - ELLIOT'S ROOM

52

The room is dark, except for a small lamp. We are on the wall and see the silhouette of Elliot strumming his guitar on the wall... We HEAR Paula knock on the door angrily... He continues to play ... The knocking gets louder. The strumming stops.

ELLIOT
Who is it?

PAULA'S VOICE
Very funny. Can I come in?

ELLIOT
The door's open.

PAULA'S VOICE
Are you decent?

ELLIOT
I am decent.

We are on the door. It opens and Paula storms in.

PAULA
Do you realize it's three o'clock in the morning and my daughter has to get up at Jesus Christ, you're naked!

And she immediately turns her back. We go to Elliot, who is indeed naked, except that he has the guitar over the important parts of his body.

PAULA (continuing)
I thought you said you were decent.

52
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT
I am decent. I also happen to be naked.

*

PAULA
I have a growing daughter inside
who's not going to grow on two
hours' sleep a night... Do you have
to play that thing at this hour?

ELLIOT
I told you. It helps me to fall
asleep.

PAULA
Have you ever tried pills?

ELLIOT
I don't know how to play pills.

PAULA
It's not hard. You pop them in
your mouth and swallow.

ELLIOT
I am a person of health. I do not
put unnatural things in my body.
Music is one of nature's sedatives.
If you'll just listen to it instead
of fighting it, we'll all be asleep
in five minutes.

He starts to strum and hum softly.

ELLIOT (continuing) .
...If it really bothers you, take
two sleeping pills and stick one in
each ear... La da da dee da da dee
dumm dum...

*

He continues to play. She storms out of room,
slamming the door.

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM

53

She comes in angrily, takes off her robe. We can
still HEAR the guitar strumming softly.

PAULA

He won't stop... I have a lawyer
acquaintance too, I can get.

(she gets into bed)

Just take deep breaths and count to
a hundred... I'm sorry, baby... I'm
really sorry you got caught in the
middle of all this... Lucy?... Lucy?

53

CONT'D *
(2)

But Lucy is fast asleep. Paula pulls the blanket
over her head, as the GUITAR continues to strum...
Then a few final, misstruck twangs -- and the guitar
STOPS. Paula stares over her blanket cover...

PAULA (continuing)

...Everybody but me!

54 OUT

EXT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAWN

55

Pigeons are in the foreground on the window ledge.
We are LOOKING THROUGH Paula's window at Paula and
Lucy in bed. We suddenly HEAR the low, deep, reson-
ant sound of Elliot chanting his mantra in the other
room... "Om Mommanomma... Om Mommanomma... Om Momma-
nomma... etc." Paula's eyes open... So do Lucy's...
Lucy turns and they face each other.

LUCY

What's that?

PAULA

It sounds like God!

(she looks at the clock)

... Five to six.

LUCY

Boy, does God get up early.

The CHANTING continues. Lucy sniffs.

LUCY (continuing)

... I smell strawberries burning.

PAULA (putting on

robe)

It's incense.

LUCY
What's incense?

55
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA (grits teeth)
It's what I'm feeling right now.

She crosses to door and opens it.

INT. - APARTMENT HALL - DAWN

56

We FOLLOW her down the hall to Elliot's bedroom. The CHANTING becomes louder. She looks in, he is not in his bedroom... She crosses into living room.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

57

Elliot is in the middle of the room on the floor. A little vase with a rose and a burning stick of incense in front of him. He is wearing a sweat suit and a prayer shawl around his shoulders. He continues his mantra...

ELLIOT
Om Mommanomma... Om Mommanomma...

PAULA
You know it's five minutes to six?
(as he chants on)
... In the morning.
(as he chants)
... Isn't there a church where you
can do that? *

He holds up his hand for her to be quiet, he is finishing. He does three more "Om Mommanommass", then one final long "Om", bows his head to the floor, sits up and opens his eyes.

PAULA (continuing)
You finished? Is that the last chorus?

ELLIOT
... I'm in a blissful state so don't
bug me.

PAULA
Is this gonna be the regular routine?
Guitars at night and humming in the
morning? I've been in musicals that
didn't have this much music.

He carefully starts to fold up his prayer shawl.

57
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (smiles)

This morning I start rehearsals for my first New York play. It's probably the most important day of my life. My entire career may depend on it. And am I nervous, Miss McFadden? No, I am not nervous. Because I have meditated. I am calm. I am relaxed. I am confident. You, on the other hand, did not meditate. Therefore you are a pain in the ass...

He heads into kitchen as she stands there glaring after him.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

58

He has his duffel bag on table and is taking out bottles and jars and putting them on the table. He gets a bowl from the cabinet as she walks in.

PAULA

... Today happens to be an important day for me, too, Mr. Garfield. I'm auditioning for a new musical this morning.

He pours contents of jars and bottles into the bowl. An ugly assortment.

PAULA (continuing)

I slept seventeen minutes last night, thanks to you, and with the bags I have under my eyes, unless this musical is about little old ladies, I don't have a chance in hell... Are you listening to me? What is that slop you're putting in my dishes?

*

ELLIOT

Wheat germ, soya, lecithin, natural honey, everything organic... My body is a temple and I am worshipping it. It's what gives me my vitality, energy and wonderful disposition... I happen to be sixty-three years old, Miss McFadden, and look at me... Can I fix you a bowl?

PAULA

This isn't going to work out, you know. I mean, I really don't know you well enough to truly dislike you, but you're just too weird to live with...

58
CONT'D
(2)

He is eating with a big spoon.

PAULA (continuing)

... Why don't you try to find yourself another place and I'll pay you back your six hundred dollars once I get a job.

ELLIOT

You're forgetting this is my apartment. You're living here on an Elliot Garfield grant... You really ought to try this. It has whole bran in it... My feeling is all your problems come from irregularity...

He smiles and takes another spoonful.

EXT. - STAGE DOOR - SHUBERT ALLEY - DAY

59

About TWO DOZEN DANCERS, male and female, are waiting in the alleyway to be called.

Paula and Donna are SEEN coming into the alley. A look of disappointment when they see the hordes in front of them.

PAULA

Oh, no.

DONNA

Jesus! Every kid in New York with ten toes is here.

PAUL A

They're so young...Aren't they too young to work in the theater?

DONNA

Listen, we have something these kids can't buy. Experience!

PAULA

So how come I worked so much when I was a kid?

Donna looks at her with resignation.

INT. - THEATER - ON STAGE

60

THREE MALE DANCERS and THREE FEMALE DANCERS in jeans, leotards, etc., are being put through their paces by a CHOREOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANT. A PIANO PLAYS off to the side. The routine is rigorous and demanding. The dancers all seem to be in their early twenties, some even younger.

BACKSTAGE IN THE WINGS

61

Paula, now in her leotards, is warming up, doing some bends. So are a half dozen other kids. Donna, now in warm-up suit, comes up behind Paula and taps her on the shoulder.

DONNA

Paula?

PAULA (gasps)

What?

(turns, sees Donna, sighs)

Oh, God, you scared me. I thought it was my turn.

DONNA

How do you feel?

PAULA

So old. I saw one girl before who goes to Lucy's school.

The group on stage finishes.

ASSISTANT

...Robert DeLurie, Jamie Fletcher, Paul Kaiser, Cynthia Robbins, Donna Douglas and Paula McFadden, on stage, please.

DONNA

Think positive.

PAULA

Mention it to my legs.

They all walk on stage.

ASSISTANT

Two rows, please. Girls in the front.

They make two rows, girls in the front. In the second row of the theater sits the director-choreographer. His name is RONNIE.

61
CONT'D
(2)

RONNIE
Paula? Is that you, Paula?

PAULA (squints out front)
Yes?

RONNIE
Ronnie Burns.

PAULA
Oh. Hi, Ronnie.

RONNIE
I thought you gave all of this up.

PAULA
I did. I just picked the wrong one to give it up for.

RONNIE
You been keeping in shape?

PAULA
Oh, listen. Terrific.

RONNIE
You wanna show me?

PAULA
Not unless I can take a written test.

RONNIE
Okay, Eddie.

ASSISTANT
Just a few basic impossible steps, kids, so pay attention...

He shows them a short routine. And then leads them into it. They all seem to pick it up quickly including Paula. She just can't seem to keep up with the others. It goes more quickly and more vigorously. They finish. Paula is exhausted.

ASSISTANT (continuing)
One second, please.

He crosses down to stage apron. He consults with Ronnie, nods.

ASSISTANT (continuing;
checks his board)
...Robert DeLurie and Cynthia
Robbins, please wait. The rest of
you, thank you for coming in.

61
CONT'D
(3)

RONNIE
A little rusty, Paula, but not bad.
My problem is, I need 'em very young.

PAULA
Young? Oh, okay... I'll work on it.

She gasps breathlessly and walks off.

INT. - OFF BROADWAY THEATER - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

62

It is a tiny, two hundred and fifty seat theater.
Actually, it is the basement of a church.

On stage, a group of actors sit in a semi-circle
facing a table behind which sits the director.
They all have paper back copies of their scripts.
"Richard III". The director, MARK BODINE, is in
his mid-thirties, unkempt, thick glasses, very
scholarly and genuinely obnoxious. If you were an
actor, he is the last person you would want to work
with. He knows it all. Elliot sits on the end,
listening intently. We pick up the session mid-way.

MARK

...Now then, what about Richard?...
The question is, and this may seem
perfunctory, was Richard actually
deformed? Historically, we know
that he was born with a severe curv-
ature of the spine, giving the im-
pression that he was hunch backed.
There was some paralysis of the
left hand and right foot... Olivier
chose right hand and left foot, God
only knows why...and nerve damage
to the right cheek and eyelids...
I mean, the man was your basic gimp,
let's face it. Which brings us,
bless the wise and rich Mrs.
Estelle Morganweiss, to this pro-
duction. Is that how we want to
play Richard?... If you do, this
director would prefer to do a six
week stint on the Sonny and Cher
show... Richard the Third was a
flaming homosexual... So was

(continued)

MARK (cont'd)

Shakespeare for that matter, but that angry crowd at the Globe theater were not going to put down two shillings to see a bunch of pansies jumping around the stage. No, kids, it was society that crippled Richard and not childbirth. I mean read your text. He sent those two cute young boys up to the tower and no one ever saw them again. We know why, don't we?...What I want to do is strip Richard bare -- metaphorically. Let's get rid of the hump. Let's get rid of the twisted extremities and show him as he would be today...The Queen who wanted to be King!

62
CONT'D
(2)

The company all look at each other, mumbling. Elliot seems the most concerned. He raises his hand.

MARK (continuing)

Yes?

ELLIOT

Question...Are you serious?

MARK

What's your objection, Elliot?

ELLIOT

Well, number one, I have to play it. Number two, I like the hump and the club foot. And number three, I've been working on it for three months.

MARK

Ah! Well, I respect that...That's why we're here, to exchange ideas... Tell me, how do you see Richard? Mr. Macho, is that it?

ELLIOT

I don't think he should be a middle line backer for the Chicago Bears, but let's not toss away one of his prime motivations.

62
CONT'D
(3)

MARK

What's that?

ELLIOT

He wants to hump Lady Anne.

MARK (smirks)

...I've heard that before!...I don't want to press but let's just try it my way...Why don't we read through the first act?...Please!...Trust me.

ELLIOT (sighs)

...How far off the diving board do you want me to go?

MARK

Well, don't give me Bette Midler but let's not be afraid to be bold.

ELLIOT (nods)

Bold.

They open their books.

STAGE MANAGER

Act One, Scene One, Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

All eyes turn towards Elliot. He feels the pressure. He tries to prepare, he coughs, he squirms, then he plunges in...

ELLIOT

Now is-----Now-----Now is...Now is---
-----Can we take a five minute break?

He throws his book up in the air and sinks in his seat.

INT. PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

Paula and Lucy in pajamas. Paula is lying flat on the floor. Lucy sits on Paula's ankles, eating an apple and studying from a French book. Paula is struggling with sitting up exercises.

PAULA
...Thirty-seven...thirty-eight...
thirty-nine... Fo--Forty...

63
CONT'D
(2)

She collapses on her back, winded.

PAULA (continuing)
That's all. I can't do anymore.

LUCY
Sixty. You said sixty.

PAULA (gasping)
The muscles are gone. I can't dance.
It was a dumb idea. I'm gonna put
you up for adoption...Get me a coke.

LUCY
Uh-uh. Fattening.

PAULA
Get me the coke, sweetheart. Mother
doesn't want to beat the crap out of
you.

FRONT DOOR

64

It opens. Elliot enters. A young, attractive girl
behind him. We saw her at the first reading of the
play. He smiles and curtsies.

ELLIOT
Enter, sweet Anne.

The girl, RHONDA, enters, looks around.

RHONDA
You live alone?

ELLIOT (closing door)
Yes. Fortunately the other people
who live here also live alone...
Let me have your coat.

He takes off her coat. Good figure.

65 OUT

INT. KITCHEN

66

She is in kitchen. She opens refig and takes out two cokes. Elliot enters. Lucy turns and looks at him, then at the attractive girl behind him.

ELLIOT

Hi, Lucy, this is Rhonda. Rhonda,
Lucy. Lucy, Rhonda, Rhonda-Lucy!

He takes two apples from refig.

*

LUCY

Hi.

RHONDA

Hello.

Elliot grabs two glasses.

ELLIOT

Whatcha doin'?

LUCY (still looking

at Rhonda)

Sitting on my mother.

ELLIOT

Sounds like fun... Try to keep it
down. Rhonda and I will be working
in my bedroom.

RHONDA (smiles)

Goodnight.

LUCY

Goodnight.

Elliot steers Rhonda into his bedroom and closes the door. Lucy stares after them.

LUCY (continuing)

...I'll bet!

INT. - BATHROOM

67

Paula is in the tub taking a bath. A towel wrapped around her head to protect her hair. The door opens and Lucy enters with the cokes.

PAULA

I'm in here. I heard voices. Was that him?

*

LUCY

Uh-huh. He took two apples.

She hands Paula a coke, then picks up her French book, and sits on the clothes happer.

67

CONT'D *

(2)

PAULA

Did you write it down?

LUCY

I didn't have a pencil.

PAULA

I told you, write everything down.
If he takes a glass of water, write
it down. This isn't a hotel.

LUCY

...Why don't you like him?

PAULA

Who invited him? That's why I don't
like him.

LUCY

If he was a lawyer or a doctor in-
stead of an actor would you like him?

PAULA

I wouldn't like him if I liked him...
he grates on me...

*

LUCY

I think he's kinda cute... He reminds
me of a dog that nobody wants. .

PAULA

You are never to think he's cute...
Never!... What'd he take two apples
for?

*

LUCY (into her book)

One for him, one for her.

Paula turns her head.

PAULA

What her?

LUCY

He's got a girl in there.

PAULA (getting out of
the tub)
In my house?... He's got a girl
in the bedroom?? Why didn't you
say something?

67
CONT'D
(3)

LUCY
I'm sorry. You want me to write
girls down too?

Paula grabs her robe and storms out.

DOOR TO ELLIOT'S BEDROOM

68

Paula's fist bangs on the door. The door opens.
Elliot stands there, coke in his hand. Behind him,
sitting on his bed, is Rhonda.

ELLIOT
You knocked?

PAULA
Can I speak to you in private?

ELLIOT
Gee, it's a bad time. How about
at breakfast?

PAULA
Is that a girl in there?

ELLIOT (turns and looks
back to Rhonda)
Jesus, I hope so.

PAULA (softly)
Not in my house. I won't put
up with this sort of thing.

ELLIOT
I don't understand. You have a girl
in your room and I don't object.
(he turns to Rhonda)
Rhonda, this is Miss McFadden. Mac
lives just down the bedroom a piece...
Miss McFadden, this is Rhonda Fontana,
a gifted and rising young actress...
Don't rise!

RHONDA (from the bed)
Hi.

PAULA

Hello.

(to Elliot)

Can we talk? This is serious.

ELLIOT

Sure. Rhonda, take a break.

*

Elliot nods, smiles at Rhonda, then steps out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

PAULA

Out!

ELLIOT

Out?

PAULA

Her -- out!!!... They have motels for that sort of activity... I have an impressionable ten-year-old daughter in there and this is not one of the impressions I want her picking up... Now you get that rising young actress the hell out of there!

ELLIOT

... Out of where? Out of my rented apartment that you're staying in out of the kindness of my heart? I will bring home anyone or anything I choose, including a one-eyed Episcopalian kangaroo, if that be my kinky inclination... As to what's going on in there, we happen to be rehearsing Act One, Scene Four from Richard the Third... I have a cretin from Mars directing this play and I need all the extra work I can get... But however, if I choose to attempt to have carnal knowledge of that gorgeous bod, that will be my problem, her option and none of your beeswax!

(he starts back to door)

And, just for the record, what was little Lucy's impression of what was going on in Momma's bedroom with Tony "love 'em and leave 'em" DeForrest?... Turn out the lights, willya. We're running up a hell of a bill.

*

He turns and goes back into his room, closing door behind him. The tears start to come into Paula's eyes...

INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

69

Lucy opens the bedroom door. Paula goes into the kitchen and purposefully clatters doors and dishes as she gets milk and cookies. .

LUCY
You okay?

PAULA
I'm fine. Go to sleep.

LUCY
...Are you upset because they're
messing around in there?

PAULA
They are not messing around...
They're doing Act One, Scene Four
from Richard The Third...Did it
ever bother you about Tony and me?...
I mean not being married and living
together.

LUCY
No...

PAULA
I wanted to get married, you know.
But he couldn't get a divorce.

LUCY
That's okay.

PAULA
I just wanted to know how you felt...
(she pats Lucy)
Goodnight, angel.

LUCY
'Night.

And suddenly we HEAR the guitar playing in the next
bedroom. Softly and romantically.

LUCY (continuing)
Is that song from Richard the Third?

69
CONT'D
(2)

INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY

70

Paula is back at the grind trying desperately to get into shape. Donna Douglas is next to her. The instructor is merciless today both on the professionals and the amateurs. Finally, a break. They fall on backs, exhausted.

PAULA

Oh, please God, let me be hit by a rich man in a Rolls-Royce.

DONNA

I think I can swing it.

PAULA

Thank you.

DONNA

No, I'm serious.

(speaks softly)

I mean it's funny you should say that.

PAULA

What'd I say?

DONNA

There's an outside chance I can get us both a job at the Auto Show at the Coliseum. It's only two weeks work but the money's not bad.

PAULA

Any money's not bad. What do we have to do?

DONNA

Just look pretty, point to the cars and say they're terrific.

*

PAULA

I can do that. I can point and say, "Terrific".

*

DONNA

This friend of mine will let me know this weekend. Just keep it quiet.

*

PAULA
What a nice person you are. You
didn't have to tell me.

70
CONT'D *
(2)

DONNA
Well, I feel kinda related. I lived
with Bobby all last year.

PAULA
Who?

DONNA
Bobby Kulik. Your ex-husband.

PAULA
Oh! I'm sorry... The marriage
slipped my mind.

INT. OFF BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

71

A rehearsal of Richard The Third is in progress...
The actors are up on their feet, blocking. Rhonda,
as Lady Anne, is addressing two coffin bearers...

LADY ANNE
...If ever he have wife, let her be
made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young Lord and
thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your
holy load.
Taken from Paul's to be interred
there.
And still, as you are weary of the
weight, rest you, whiles I lament
King Henry's corse...

Elliot, as Richard, enters, without hump and deformity
...but he is as gay as a day in May.

ELLIOT
Stay, you that bear the corse, and
set it down.

LADY ANNE
What black magician conjures up this
fiend to stop devoted charitable
deeds?

ELLIOT
Villains, set down the corse; or by
Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of
him that disobeys.

71
CONT'D
(2)

FIRST GENTLEMAN
My Lord, stand back, and let the
coffin pass.

ELLIOT
Unmannered dog! Stand thou, when I
command. Advance thy halberd higher
than my breast, or by Saint Paul,
I'll strike thee to my foot...
(without changing
character, he says)
My careereth is over. I am making
a horseth asseth of myselfeth.

LADY ANNE
Huh?

ELLIOT (turns to director)
Mark, I beg you. If you want this
kind of performance, let me play
Lady Anne.

EXT. - WOOSTER STREET THEATRE - DAY

71A *

The director puts his arm around Elliot.

MARK
...You're unhappy, Elliot?

ELLIOT
Unhappy? No, not unhappy. Freakin'
petrified. The critics will crucify
me and the Gay Liberation are gonna
hang me from Shakespeare's statue by
my genitalia...You gotta help me, Mark.

MARK (softly)
What do you want, Elliot?

ELLIOT
I want my hump back. I want my club
foot. I want a little paralysis in
my right hand. It doesn't have to
be a lot. Two stiff fingers...I
need motivation.

MARK

I see...You want to play it safe.
You want to give us your standard,
conventional Richard. I can't argue
with that, Elliot. They've been
doing it that way for four hundred
years.

ELLIOT

Listen, what do I know? I'm lucky
I got the part. I'm from Chicago,
we act differently out there...we
try to do the plays as written. If
that doesn't go down in New York,
terrific. I respect you. You've
done off-Broadway, I haven't. I'm
not a quitter. I'll play Richard
like Tatum O'Neal if you want...but
don't let me look foolish out there.

MARK

And you feel foolish?

ELLIOT

I feel like an asshole. I passed
'foolish' on Tuesday.

MARK

We have to trust each other, Elliot.

ELLIOT

I do.

MARK

I was never going to let you do it
like that.

ELLIOT

Thank God!

MARK

But you do see where I'm heading?

ELLIOT

I'm trying, Mark.

MARK

Richard was gay, there's no doubt
about that. But let's use that as
the subtext. We'll keep it but now
we can put back the hump and the
club foot.

ELLIOT

And the twisted fingers?

MARK
If you like them.

71A
CONT'D
(3)

ELLIOT
I love them. Crazy about 'em.

MARK
Then use them, baby...And then you'll
see what I'm after...Try it my way,
bubula, I'll never let you go wrong.

The director gives Elliot a reassuring hug.

INT. - OFF-BROADWAY THEATER

71B

MARK (continuing)
...Rhonda, take it from your last
line before Richard's entrance...

Rhonda goes back to her original mark.

LADY ANNE
...Rest you, whiles I lament King
Henry's corse...

Elliot re-enters as Richard, all hunched over, dragging his clubbed foot and his right hand hanging dead at his side...This, coupled with his gay manner, presents us a very weird Richard indeed.

ELLIOT
Stay, you that bear the corse, and
set it down...

Lady Anne stares at him in amazement and confusion.

A SUPERMARKET - DAY

72

Paula comes down the aisle pushing a partially filled basket. Coming down the same aisle on the opposite side is Elliot, also with a few items in his basket. They both stop side-by-side looking up at the shelves.

ELLIOT
Excuse me, but haven't we met in
our apartment?

PAULA
Please. I enjoy shopping. Don't
spoil this for me too.

ELLIOT
Relax...We don't have to fight till
we get home.
(he looks at his long list)
We need soap, darling.

*

PAULA
Not in my bathroom.

She puts other items in her basket.

ELLIOT
Look, this is silly. If you buy what you need and I buy what I need, we could blow a lot of bread buying the same things...including bread...Why don't we have one shopping list and then split up the bill?

PAULA (looks at him)
On what items?

ELLIOT
Food, kitchen and bathroom cleansers, everything except any male and feminine doo-dads. There, you go your way and I'll go mine. *

PAULA
And we split everything?

ELLIOT
Everything...I'll pay my full one third share.

PAULA
One third??!

ELLIOT
I'm not the one with a daughter.

PAULA
What's the matter? Didn't Lady Anne wash her hands the other night?

ELLIOT (smiles)
...Quick! Quick! I love a quick girl...Okay. Down the middle.

He starts to take items out of her basket and puts them in his.

EXT. - STREET - LIQUOR STORE - DAY

73

Paula and Elliot heading towards their house, each carrying a bundle of groceries. They pass a liquor store...

ELLIOT (points to liquor store)
Chianti! Can't have Spaghetti
Marinara without a little vino.

PAULA (continues walking)
You can on my budget.

73
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (stops her)
Please. I'll blow for the booze.
Short of stature but not tight of
pocket...I'll be right out.

She waits there as Elliot enters the store. She
looks at window display still carrying her grocery
bag and her shoulder strap purse.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

74 *

SALESMAN
Can I help you?

ELLIOT
A bottle of your finest cheap
Chianti, please.

Through the window we see a car stop in front of the
store and a man gets out, rushes over and grabs
Paula's shoulder bag...She struggles with him...
Elliot nor Salesman see any of this.

SALESMAN
I have a nice California Red for a
dollar eighty.

ELLIOT
Nothing from Kansas?

EXT. STORE - DAY

75 *

Elliot comes out, grocery bag in one hand, paper bag
of Chianti in the other.

ELLIOT (smiles)
Okay.

He looks at Paula. She is flat up against the
building, her grocery bag has fallen to the ground,
split open and spilled all over. She seems to be
in shock. She is trying to cry but no tears come
out. Mostly gasping for air.

ELLIOT
What is it? What's wrong?

PAULA
My bag! They took my bag!

75
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT
Who did?

PAULA (points to car)
In the car. There were two of them.

SHOT OF CAR
speeding down the block.

76

BACK TO SCENE

77

PAULA
One jumped out and grabbed my bag.
I had everything in it.

ELLIOT
Jesus!...Dirty bastards!

PAULA
Aren't you going to go after them?

ELLIOT
After a speeding car?

PAULA (furious)
Thanks! Thanks a lot!

She bends down and starts to pick up her spilled groceries.

ELLIOT
They could be armed! What do you want
me to do, fight it out with a can of
tomato paste?

She grabs can away from him.

PAULA (on hands and knees)
Leave me alone. Just leave me alone!

He looks at her angrily, mumbling under his breath.

EXT. - 78th STREET

77A

Ten minutes later...Paula is struggling with her
groceries, angrily and tearfully heading for their
house. Elliot is a step behind her.

ELLIOT
I still think you ought to go to the
police and report it...I could call
if you want.

PAULA
I wish you were that helpful while I
was being robbed.

ELLIOT
What do you want from me? I'm not a
German Shepherd!

She walks faster. He stares at her, fuming.
Suddenly a car goes by and she looks at it...

PAULA
Oh, my God! It's them! IT'S THEM!!

ELLIOT
Who?

PAULA
The one's who took my bag!
(She starts to run)
STOP THEM! Somebody stop them!

She takes off after the car, struggling to hold on to
her groceries. Elliot looks after her, incredulous.

ELLIOT
What is this, Police Woman??

He suddenly takes off after the car, which is heading
down the block. Elliot passes Paula, running at top
speed.

ELLIOT (to Paula)
Get out of my way!...I'm gonna get a
bullet right between my goddamn eyes!

A car on the corner is stopped at a red light, stopping
the progress of the thieves' car. Elliot is able to
catch up to them. Two men in the front seat, one in
the back. Elliot opens the door of the front seat.

ELLIOT
Alright, give it to me. Gimme her bag!
Come on, goddamnit, I'm not afraid of
you guys, get out of the car! Move!

Driver looks at Elliot, then at his friend. Amused.

DRIVER
Okay. We surrender.

2ND MAN
Piss off, piss head!

77A
CONT'D
(3)

DRIVER (to man in back)
Grab him, Cookie. Let's take him.

The man in the back starts to open his door. Elliot backs off.

ELLIOT
Alright, don't get excited. I was just asking. I was just asking!

The car drives off leaving Elliot standing alone in the street. A number of kids, who had been watching, look at Elliot with amusement.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
...Freaking humiliating!

Back to Paula. She is on the ground again, her bag having split open. She is picking up her articles once more.

PAULA (starting to cry)
I had all my money in there...Everything! My last dollar in the world.
...You and your goddamn Chianti...

ELLIOT
What's Chianti got to do with it!...
You could at least thank me for risking my life for you.

He gets down and starts to help her pick up things...

PAULA
Did you get my bag back? No! So why should I thank you? Why do I have such lousy luck every time an actor comes into my life...I hate all of you!...

He leans over to pick up a can she is reaching for. She pushes him away.

PAULA (cont'd)
Get away from me! Get away!

She grabs what she can in her arms and starts down the block. He starts after her.

ELLIOT
I really don't think they robbed her
because I'm an actor!

77A
CONT'D *
(4)

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

78

The three of them are seated around the table.
Lucy is eating her spaghetti voraciously. Elliot
is drinking his wine and Paula, deep in dejected
thought, sits back twirling a fork into her cold
uneaten food. Two candles burn on the table. Elliot
is talking animatedly to Lucy.

ELLIOT
...then after I got out of Northwestern,
I got my first summer job in Lake Michi-
gan. Ten plays in ten weeks. Worked
like a dog. I had hepatitis and the
mumps and never knew it. I thought I
was just getting yellow and fat.

LUCY
Which plays?

ELLIOT
Well, let's see...First play was
"Inherit The Wind"...I played the
reporter.

LUCY
Gene Kelly did it in the movie.

ELLIOT
Check!..Nice job but maybe didn't
dig as deep as I did, who knows?
Then I did "Cyrano"...

LUCY
Jose Ferrer...I saw it last week on
Channel Nine.

ELLIOT
I used half the nose and got twice
the laughs. It's style that counts,
not the make-up.

LUCY
Boy, you don't think much of yourself,
do you?

ELLIOT

Pound for pound, I got the biggest ego this side of St. Louis. In this business, you better believe in yourself...otherwise they'll chop you up and serve you for an onion dip... What else? I was a disc jockey for a year. No good. You gotta see my face to appreciate the work...Then I taught drama at Duluth Junior College for one semester.

LUCY

You taught drama? Far out!

ELLIOT

Very far out. Near Canada. I had twelve students and I flunked seven of them. I have very high standards... Needless to say, they canned me.

He has kept glancing at the silent Paula all during his conversation. He picks up the wine bottle and offers it to her.

ELLIOT (continuing; to

Paula)

A little more wine?

She just stares into her plate.

ELLIOT (continuing)

Nienti on the Chianti.

LUCY

Hey, that's good. You're terrific with words. You always pick the right ones.

ELLIOT

Words are the canvas of the actor. His lips are his brushes and his tongue, the colors of the spectrum. And when he speaks, he paints portraits...

LUCY

Classy!...You're very classy.

ELLIOT (to Paula)

The kid's got a good eye.

LUCY

Not like Tony...He wasn't a classy actor...He was just -- you know -- sexy.

ELLIOT

And you don't find me sexy?

LUCY (laughs)

Are you kidding?...

ELLIOT

What do you know? You're ten years old. In three years, I'll drive you out of your bird.

Paula throws down her napkin and gets up.

PAULA

Okay, it's after nine. Do your homework.

She picks up some dishes and heads for the sink.

LUCY

Five more minutes.

(to Elliot)

Talk more...We never have good talking like this at dinner.

ELLIOT

Then I did "Midsummer Night's Dream" on public television in Chicago...I did the part Mickey Rooney did in the movie.

(points to her)

LUCY

Puck!

ELLIOT

Right on!...Then I got a call from this lady producer in New York who saw it and asked me to come and do Richard the Third off Broadway...well, off-off-off-off!

LUCY

Are we invited to the opening?

ELLIOT

You really wanna come?...Both of you?... Tuesday night.

PAULA (at the sink)

Tuesday's a school night.

LUCY (to Paula)
We went to Tony's opening on a
school night.

PAULA
I said, "no".

LUCY
Ah, shit -- shoot! Sorry!

Paula glares at her.

LUCY (continuing; to
Elliot)
I think I'm in trouble. G'night.

She gets up, puts her dishes in the sink and heads for
her bedroom. There is a long silence in the kitchen.

PAULA
...Would you be interested in my
bedroom?

Elliot looks around.

ELLIOT
...Are you talking to me?

PAULA
You can have the big bedroom for an
extra fifty dollars a month. Payable
right now in cash. We'll move into
yours in the morning.

ELLIOT
You mean a rent increase for getting
what I should have gotten what I didn't
get in the first place? No, thank you.

PAULA
...Would you be interested in lending
me fifty dollars? I'll either pay
you seven and a half per cent interest
or do your laundry. Take your pick.

ELLIOT
They really cleaned you out, heh?

PAULA
Everyone from here to Italy.

ELLIOT (takes bills out of his pocket)
I have twenty-eight dollars and change...
I'll split it with you...And starting with opening night, I get two hundred and forty dollars a week...I'll make you an offer...I'll pay all the living expenses until you get yourself a job...and I'll do my own laundry...

PAULA (suspicious)
I see...And what do you get?

ELLIOT (looks at her)
...All you have to do is -- be nice to me!

PAULA
You go to hell!

Furiously, she throws down the scrubbing brush and storms out of the room into the:

INT. - LIVING ROOM

to get away from him. He follows her in.

ELLIOT
...Would you listen very, very carefully because this may be the last time I'm ever talking to you...Not everybody in this world is after your magnificent body, lady. In the first place, it ain't so magnificent. Fair, maybe, but it doesn't keep me up nights. I don't even find you that pretty. Maybe if you smiled once in a while, who knows? But I wouldn't want you to do anything against your religion... And you're not the only one in this city who got dumped on. I, myself, am a recent dumpee...I am a dedicated actor, dedicated to my art and my craft...I value what I do...And because of a mentally arthritic director, I am playing the second greatest English speaking role in history like a double order of fresh California fruit salad!... When I say be nice to me, I mean nice!

(continued)

ELLIOT (cont'd)

79
CONT'D
(2)

Decent! Fair!...I deserve it because
I am a nice, decent, fair person...
I do not want to jump on your bones...
I don't even want to see you when I
get up in the morning...But I'll
tell you what I do like about you...
Lucy!...Lucy is your best part...
Lucy is worth putting up with you
for...

(he slaps money down on
table)

There's fourteen dollars for the care
and feeding of that terrific child...
You get zippity doo dah...You need money
for yourself, borrow from Lucy...Okay?...
I am now going inside to meditate
away my hostility towards you. But
personally, I don't think it can be
done...

*

And he storms out, into his room, slamming door behind
him and leaving a very perplexed Paula.

EXT. - SCHOOL - DAY

80

A public school on the west side. Late afternoon.
Kids are coming out...Lucy emerges with books. A
cab pulls up in front of the school. Paula sticks
her head out. She seems to be in high spirits.

PAULA

Lucy!...Lucy!

Lucy turns and sees her. She excuses herself from
her friends and crosses to cab.

PAULA (continuing)

...Get in!

LUCY

What are you doing in a taxi?

PAULA

Will you get in?

She opens door and practically pulls Lucy in. Paula
is beaming. The cab idles.

PAULA (continuing)

...Name something you want!

LUCY

What?

PAULA

A dress. A coat. Earrings, bracelets, whatever. You name it.

LUCY

You mean I get one wish?

PAULA

And don't take all day. The cab driver's gonna get half your wish.

LUCY (thinks)

Uhh...uhh...The biggest chocolate dessert at Serendipity's.

PAULA

That's it?...You blew leather boots for that?

INT. - SERENDIPITY'S - DAY

81

The back room. Stain glass colored ceilings. In front of Lucy is a huge chocolate and whipped cream mountain. Paula has a small bottle of white wine in front of her.

LUCY (digs in)

So what kind of a show is it?...A musical?

PAULA

It's not a show show. It's an auto show...They show off their new cars. And I stand on this slow moving turntable with this cute little sports car...oh, and I get to wear this really all-American outfit, blue blazer, white skirt and a red blouse...

LUCY

What kind of car?

PAULA

A Subaru. It's a Japanese.

LUCY

So why do you dress All-American?

PAULA
Because I don't look good in all-
Japanese...Anyway, I stand there and
I say...where's that sheet?

81
CONT'D
(2)

She takes a sheet out of her pocketbook and reads...

PAULA (cont'd)
I say..."With the SEEC-T engine,
Subaru models recorded an improvement
of 19.5 per cent in economy over
their 1975 record."

LUCY (sarcastic)
Sounds like an exciting show.

PAULA
Four hundred dollars a week for two
weeks sounds plenty exciting...
Especially to the checkout girl at
Food Fair...

LUCY
...I don't feel too good.

PAULA
Really?...Maybe you shouldn't eat
any more.

LUCY
That's what I said after the first
one.

PAULA
I'm sorry. I just wanted to treat
you to something special. It's been
so long...

LUCY (holding stomach)
...I should have picked the boots.

INT. - BEDROOM DOOR OF ELLIOT'S ROOM - DAY

82

Paula's hand knocks on door. It opens. Elliot in
jeans and sweater, Richard III script in hand, look-
ing very disheveled and uptight. He snaps at Paula.

ELLIOT
What is it?

PAULA
Am I disturbing you?

ELLIOT

Yes.

Paula

I'm sorry.

ELLIOT

Then don't disturb me.

PAULA

You don't have to snap at me.

ELLIOT

That wasn't snapping. That was sarcasm. Snapping is "Bug off, I'm busy"...You see the difference?

PAULA

What's wrong?

ELLIOT

What's wrong, she asks?...You open tomorrow night in front of the New York critics wearing a chartreuse hump on your back. You play Richard with a twisted paralytic hand and pink polish on your nails....I'm busy trying to figure out how to save my goddamn career, that's what's wrong! ...What do you want?...Oh, I know. I dipped into your peanut butter. The alarm must have gone off....What do I owe you for one finger full of Skippy Chunky spread?

PAULA

I came to pay you back your fourteen dollars.

(she hands him bills)

I got a job...Also I want to know if you have some bicarbonate. Lucy is sick.

ELLIOT

What's wrong with her?

PAULA

She had two double chocolate sundaes for dinner. It was my fault, I ordered them.

ELLIOT (glares at her)
Incredible!...I don't know why they
don't sell insurance policies to kids.

82
CONT'D
(3)

He goes into room, gets his guitar and comes out,
passing Paula.

PAULA
Is that bicarbonate?

He storms past her and into Lucy's bedroom.

INT. - BEDROOM - DAY/DUSK

83

Lucy is all bunched up in a fetal position and not
very comfortable. She is moaning. Elliot comes in
and sits on the bed next to her. Paula follows him
in.

ELLIOT
...How's it feel, Lucy?

LUCY
Did you see the "Exorcist"?

ELLIOT
Yes.

LUCY
Well, you'd better get out of the
room.

ELLIOT
...Just relax...
(he tries to straighten
her out)
Come on...On your back...

She is shivering and stiff.

ELLIOT (continuing)
Don't you trust me?

LUCY
I trusted my mother today and look
how I feel.

Elliot glares at Paula, then back to attending Lucy.

ELLIOT
That's it...Flat on your back...
(as she does)
Deep breaths now...Slow, deep
breaths...
(to Paula)
Come here.

Paula crosses to bed. He motions for her to sit on other side of bed. She does.

83
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (continuing)
Watch this!

With the flat palm of his hand, he makes gentle, soothing circles on Lucy's stomach.

ELLIOT (continuing)
You think you can do that?

PAULA
I might be able to manage it.
She makes the gentle circles on Lucy's stomach.

ELLIOT (picks up his
guitar)
Don't stop...Eyes closed, Lucy...
deep breaths...

He leans back on the bed and begins to softly play his guitar...Paula, still rubbing, watches skeptically. Lucy moans softly. He keeps playing and we see Lucy starting to relax...Her hands unclench...

ELLIOT (continuing)
How's it feeling?

LUCY
A little better.

ELLIOT
Isn't this more soothing than some medicine?

LUCY
And it tastes better too...
(her eyes begin to nod)
...How's the play going?

ELLIOT
Please! One sick person at a time.

LUCY (getting drowsy)
Sure wish we could go to the
opening...

Elliot looks at Paula.

LUCY (continuing)
...Mom?...I mean you still owe me
one wish...Today was the pits.

PAULA
Sure...anything you say.

LUCY
Terrific...
(she is just about out)
Now you have to get me a dress..
(and she falls asleep)

Paula makes a few more gentle circles, then stops
rubbing. Lucy is sleeping peacefully. Elliot
continues to strum on the guitar.

PAULA (whispers)
Thank you...

Elliot doesn't look up at her. He continues play-
ing. She turns her head away. The CAMERA MOVES
IN on her only.

PAULA
I'm sorry about yesterday. That
was very generous of you...I'm not
used to the kindness of strangers...
I know, don't say it. 'Blanche
DuBois' in "Streetcar"...Sometimes
I feel just like her...Every time
you start to trust a man, they take
you away at the end of the movie.
Anyway, I'm sorry for -- well, I'm
just sorry...If you're listening,
that's my attempt to be nice, decent
and fair...How'm I doing?

The guitar stops. She turns and looks at him. He
is fast asleep. She crosses around to the other
side of the bed.

PAULA (continuing)
Mr. Garfield?...Mr. Garfield?
(she shakes him)
Wake up...You can't sleep with my
daughter.

But his body slides down and his head falls on the
pillow, right next to Lucy...They are sleeping peac-
fully side by side. Paula looks at them.

PAULA (continuing)
...Everybody but me!

83
CONT'D
(4)

84 OUT

85

INT. - OFF BROADWAY THEATRE

Most of the audience have taken their seats. Lucy, in a new dress, and Paula, are seated. Lucy is thumbing through their programs. The house lights dim.

LUCY
I hope this is going to be funny,
Is it a comedy?

PAULA
It's Shakespeare.

LUCY
...Boooor-ing!

The house lights are out and a spot hits center stage. We discover Elliot as Richard. All twisted and humped... and in a gaudy chartreuse costume. He limps his way around the stage, managing to look very campy as he does. A "Come hither" grin crosses his face. He looks around the house and then begins in a most minty fashion...

ELLIOT
..."Now is the winter of our
discontent
Made glorious summer by this
sun of York
And all the clouds that lour'd
upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean
buried.

Lucy's mouth drops open and Paula lowers her eyes.

In the first few rows, a few CRITICS are taking notes on a pad. Some of them look at each other. There is unusual RUSTLING among the people in the audience.

85
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (Cont'd)

Now are our brows bound with
victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for
monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to
merry meetings
Our dreadful marches to delightful
measures.

LUCY (whispers)

He sounds like that guy in the
beauty parlor.

PAULA

At least!

DISSOLVE TO:

(THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCES WILL BE A MONTAGE.)

ACT III, SCENE V

85A

Enter Lovell and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.
Richard, in an even more bizarre costume.

ELLIOT

Be patient, they are friends,
Ratcliff and Lovell.

LOVELL

Here is the head of that ignoble
traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

ELLIOT

So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep
I took him for the plainest harmless
creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian,
(etc....)

THE MAN AND WOMAN

86

next to Lucy get up, trying to get past the out-
stretched feet of Lucy.

MAN
Excuse me, please.

86
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY (startled)
Is it over?

MAN
It is for me.

They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT IV, SCENE IV

86A

DUCHESS
If so, then be not tongue-tied,
go with me
And in the breath of bitter winds
let's smother
My damned son that thy two sweet
sons smothered.
The trumpet sounds' be copious in
exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his train, marching, with
DRUMS and TRUMPETS.

CUT TO:

LUCY

86B

who is struggling to keep her eyes open. Neither
the drums nor trumpets seem to jar her. Paula has
a dazed look on her face when Elliot enters as Richard.

ELLIOT
....Who intercepts me in my
expedition?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT V, SCENE V

86C

on the field of battle...Corpses are strewn on the
stage. Soldiers are battling.

CATESBY
The King enacts more wonders than
a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.

86C
CONT'D
(2)

ABOUT A THIRD OF THE AUDIENCE

86D

has left. Paula looks at her watch.

PAULA
I hope you did your homework.

LUCY
I can't even remember.

BACK TO THE PLAY:

CATESBY (Cont'd)
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the
day is lost.

Enter King Richard, his uniform in rags. But very
pretty rags.

ELLIOT
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for
a horse!

CUT TO:

A MAN,
possibly a CRITIC, in the audience.

86E

CRITIC (to COMPANION)
That's what I'd give for a taxi.

DISSOLVE TO:

ON STAGE,

87

the cast has taken its final bows. Elliot is the
last to bow. The APPLAUSE is cursory. Paula ap-
plauds politely, Lucy vigorously. They get up with
the rest of the audience.

The Goodbye Girl
Chgs. 12-15-76

P.71C

LUCY
Weird city.

87
CONT'D
(1)

PAULA
Shh. Someone'll hear you.

LUCY
Someone already said it... Can we
go backstage and say "Hello"?

PAULA
I have a feeling he'd rather be
alone.

87
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY
He'll know we thought it was lousy
if we don't go back.

PAULA
Alright, but try to be tactful.

LUCY
What's tactful?

PAULA
Lie!

BACKSTAGE

88

If you can call it that. Actually it is just some
cubicles with sheets dividing the dressing rooms.
Actors and visitors milling about not knowing quite
how to react. Mark Bodine is going through the
crowd bubbling with enthusiasm. He stops at a
MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

WOMAN (unenthusiastically)
Wonderful job, Mark.

MARK (big smile)
Did you really love it? I mean
really, really love it?

WOMAN
It was...very interesting.

MARK
Oh, God!
(shouts out)
She loved it, everybody. My mother
loved it.

He kisses her then moves through the crowd. He
passes Paula and Lucy. He grabs Paula and kisses
her.

MARK
Thank you...We're all very excited.

He rubs Lucy's head and moves through the crowd.
Lucy looks at him as though he were very weird.
Paula takes her hand and they cross to a sheet that
has "Elliot Garfield" pinned on it. Since she can't
knock, Paula calls out.

PAULA

Hello?

(no answer)

Mr. Garfield?...It's Lucy and me.

They wait a moment, then the sheet pulls back. Elliot, half his costume and make-up off, stares out at them. There are tears in his eyes but he is fighting them back. He looks very defeated.

PAULA

We er...we just wanted to come back to tell you how much we enjoyed it.

He tries to smile and nod back, but remains speechless. If he talked, he would cry.

LUCY

I had the best time.

(he nods)

At first I thought it would be boring. But then it picked up near the end.

PAULA

Okay, Lucy.

(to Elliot)

We won't keep you. We just wanted to thank you for the tickets and a lovely evening.

LUCY

People were talking about you on the way out. They wanted to remember your name so they'll never forget it.

PAULA

Come on, Lucy...Goodnight.

She pulls Lucy away. He nods at them, still not able to speak. He closes the sheet behind him. They start to walk away.

LUCY

It's not Elliot's fault. It's just a lousy play.

INT. PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

89

Paula and Lucy are fast asleep. The clock on the

table says a quarter to three. We suddenly HEAR a CRASH of glass from inside. Paula sits up like a bolt. Lucy stirs and looks up.

89
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY
What was that?

PAULA
I don't know.

We HEAR another CRASH. This time it sounded like furniture being knocked over. Paula gets out of bed, quickly putting on her robe. She races to the door and out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

90

The room is dark. The lights suddenly go on. We see Paula at the switch.

CUT TO:

THE FLOOR

91

Elliot is sprawled over a turned-over chair. A vase is broken. Elliot is quite cheerful. That's because Elliot is quite drunk.

ELLIOT
Thou has brokenst thy vase...Thou owes thee twelve ninety-five plus taxeth.

PAULA
Are you all right?

ELLIOT
Not according to the Times...Have you read the Times?

PAULA
You want some coffee?

He takes the Times out of his pocket.

ELLIOT
The Times said "Elliot Garfield researched Richard the Third and discovered he was England's first badly dressed interior decorator"...

This sends him into gales of laughter.

91
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (continuing)
Oh, Jesus...That's tasty writing.

Paula turns the chair upright and begins to pick up the pieces of the broken vase. Elliot reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a can of beer. He opens it and it spritzes over the room.

ELLIOT (continuing)
Sorry.
(he drinks)

PAULA
I never pay attention to critics.

ELLIOT
Good...Then you go on tomorrow night.

This gives him the giggles too.

ELLIOT (continuing)
The Naily Dews -- the Daily News said and I quote, "It never occurred to us that William Shakespeare wrote 'The Wizard of Oz'. However, Elliot Garfield made a splendid 'Wicked Witch of the North'"...Tacky. That's a tacky review. If you're gonna kill me, do it with panache...

He gets up and falls over another chair.

PAULA
I'm sorry.

ELLIOT
Oh, what the hell...It was just a silly little New York debut... Ames, Iowa is where it really counts...If you don't make it in Ames, Iowa, you have career trouble.

He heads for his bedroom. She stands there looking after him. He comes back out.

ELLIOT (continuing)
...Channel Five was honest. Direct and honest...They said "Richard the Third stunk!...and Elliot Garfield was the stinkee!"

He goes back into his room. We HEAR a THUD and a GROAN. Paula rushes into his room.

91
CONT'D
(3)

ELLIOT'S BEDROOM

92

Elliot is sprawled out on the floor.

ELLIOT
...Am I in bed?...If I'm in bed, I'm
not very comfortable.

Paula helps Elliot to his feet.

PAULA
I thought you didn't put unhealthy
things into your body.

ELLIOT
I didn't. I put it into Richard's.
I'm trying to kill the son of a bitch.

She helps him to sit on the bed.

PAULA
Please! Please go to sleep, this
furniture isn't mine.

ELLIOT
Do you think I'm discouraged? De-
feated? Do you think I'm gonna get
upset at fourteen unimportant negative
reviews...You bet your ass I am, baby.
Woops. Sorry. This apartment is
PG, I keep forgetting.

He gets up and trips against the wall. Paula starts
to pick up the breakable items in an effort to protect
them. He starts out the door.

*

PAULA
You were wonderful tonight, really.

INT. LIVING ROOM

93

ELLIOT (heading for the
living room)
What do you mean I was wonderful?
I was an Elizabethan fruit fly!...

(continued)

ELLIOT (cont'd)
The Betty Boop of Stratford-on-Avon!...
I was putrid!...Capital P, capital U,
capital trid PUTRID!...Well, wasn't
I? Heh? Heh?

PAULA
It was an interesting interpretation.

ELLIOT
It was BULLSHIT!... You didn't see
their faces when I walked out on
stage...Two hundred and ten people
all given a shot of novocaine...I
want the truth...
(He picks up a vase and
holds it over his head)
Tell me the truth or I'll smash this
priceless nine dollar vase to pieces.
WAS I PUTRID OR NOT??? SAY IT!!

PAULA (terrified)
YES! Yes, you were putrid

ELLIOT (hurt)
...Well, you don't have to be that
blunt about it.

PAULA
I'm sorry. Put it down, please...

He lowers the vase and she takes it away from him.

ELLIOT
I mean, I thought I had a good moment
here and there...Walking on and walk-
ing off...In between was ka-ka!

He falls onto sofa.

PAULA
You sure I can't get you anything?
Some of your health foods or some-
thing?

ELLIOT
Don't walk out on me. Once a night
is enough.

PAULA
I'm here. I'm listening.

ELLIOT

I really can play that part, you know. I can play the hump off that guy...I was better on the bus coming from Chicago than I was on that stage tonight....

(legitimately)

...."Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our
house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried..."
Et cetera et cetera et cetera....

PAULA

That is good....It's wonderful, honestly.

ELLIOT

Thank you...You're really not such a bad person, you know...But that putrid remark really hurt...Really got to me, you know.

PAULA

I know. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me... Goodnight...

She turns off the light. He is almost asleep.

ELLIOT

Don't tell Lucy what it said in the Times.

PAULA

I won't.

ELLIOT

Or the News.

PAULA

No.

ELLIOT

Or Channel Two, Four, Five, Seven, Nine and Eleven.

PAULA

I won't...

ELLIOT

Thank you...No autographs, please.

She looks at him with some degree of affection, then turns. He is asleep on the sofa.

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

94

Paula comes back into the room and takes off her robe and gets into bed...And suddenly she bursts into tears, into the pillow. Lucy turns and looks at her.

LUCY
What's wrong?

PAULA
Nothing.

LUCY
...So why are you crying?

PAULA
I didn't cry today. Do you mind?

LUCY (shrugs)
No.

She turns back over on her side.

PAULA
...I didn't think he was that bad!

INT. - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

95

Paula is braiding Lucy's hair while Lucy is eating cereal and reading the New York Times theatrical section.

LUCY
..."one must always respect brave and courageous attempts to explore Shakespeare through new and daring concepts, and even, if you will, irreverence" -- What's irreverence?

PAULA
You'll find out.

LUCY (continues reading)
..."But Elliot Garfield and Mark Bodine's 'Richard the Third' gives us less than a summer stock 'Charley's Aunt' without the good-natured and inoffensive humor"...
(puts down paper)
Does that mean he didn't like it?

We HEAR Elliot O.S.

95
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT (O.S.)
The man has two months to live,
he's a cynic.

CUT TO:

ELLIOT

96

in the doorway. He has on the clothes he wore
last night. He looks disheveled and hung over.

ELLIOT
Which one of you scotch-taped my
tongue to the roof of my mouth?

PAULA
You want some coffee?

ELLIOT
Not unless you have some bicarbonate.

Paula smiles at him. She gets the coffee. He sits
and buries his head in his hands.

LUCY (cheerfully)
Congratulations.

ELLIOT (looks at her)
For what?

LUCY (shrugs)
...I didn't know what else to say.

He looks at the Times and pulls it away from her.
To Paula:

ELLIOT
Why do you let your child read
pornography?

The phone RINGS.

LUCY (to Elliot)
You want some puffed rice or
Chocosnaps?

ELLIOT
Starve a cold, feed a failure,
heh?

He musses Lucy's hair. Paula has answered the phone.

96
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA (into phone)
Hello?... Who?... Yes, just a minute, please.
(to Elliot)
For you.

ELLIOT
...I got the cover of Newsweek?

She holds out the phone. He takes a spoonful of Lucy's cereal, then crosses to phone with his mouth full. Paula goes back to braiding Lucy's hair.

ELLIOT (continuing;
into phone)
...Yeah?... Hello, Harve... Yeah...
Yeah, I read 'em... Mm-hmm... Mm-hmm
...Yeah, I understand...Good...Good...
Okay.
(he hangs up,
returns to table)
There you go. The minute you think
your world's collapsing, something
wonderful happens.

LUCY
What?

ELLIOT
They closed the show. I don't have
to do it anymore... The American
theatre is saved.

PAULA
I'm sorry.

ELLIOT
Listen, everything works out. Now
I'm free to take that other job.

LUCY
What other job?

ELLIOT (opens to want ad
section of Times)
I'm looking! I'm looking!

PAULA
Lucy, we're late. Go get your
sweater.

Lucy crosses to her bedroom door.

LUCY

Listen, did you know that Spencer Tracy got terrible reviews the first time he was ever on Broadway?

ELLIOT

No, he didn't.

LUCY

Oh...I thought he did.

She crosses into bedroom.

ELLIOT (to Paula)

You realize, of course, your daughter has a crush on me.

PAULA

I've noticed.

ELLIOT

How do you feel about that, Mom?

PAULA

Not to take away from your personal charm, she had one on Tony too.

ELLIOT

They're fickle at ten.

PAULA

And at six...She also had a big thing for her father.

Lucy comes out of the bedroom, putting on her sweater.

PAULA (to Lucy)

Wait for me downstairs.

LUCY

Why?

PAULA

Because I'm the mother, that's why.

Lucy shrugs and leaves. Paula turns to Elliot.

PAULA

...What are your plans?

ELLIOT

You mean my immediate plans?...Well, I thought after breakfast, I might try an aborted suicide attempt and then think about Welfare.

PAULA
In other words, you're not going
back to Chicago.

96
CONT'D
(4)

ELLIOT
Chicago? No. Siberia, possibly.

PAULA
I mean, your room is paid for, it
belongs to you.

ELLIOT
Thank you... If I decide to leave,
I'll give you an address and you
can ship it to me.

PAULA
If you stay, I could use someone to
help me out with Lucy...I start work
today and I won't be able to get
back to make her dinner... What I'm
saying is...

ELLIOT
I accept.

PAULA (quickly)
Good. She has dinner at six. There
are pork chops in the freezer.
Have a nice day.

She exits quickly. He looks after her and smiles.

ELLIOT
Cute!...Definitely cute.

EXT. - 77TH STREET & BROADWAY - BUS STOP - DAY

97 *

Lucy and Paula walking...Lucy holds type-
written sheets in her hand. Paula has her
hands over her eyes as she is trying to memorize
her speech. Lucy is correcting her. But Lucy
never consults the pages. She has it memorized.

PAULA
...The SEEC-T is a lean burn ap-
proach to engine combustion that
allows the engine to use less gas
and more air in the combustion mix-
ture. A special intake...er, a
special intake -- wait, don't tell
me...

LUCY

Valve.

PAULA

I said don't tell me... valve introduces extra air into the cylinders. The effect is to package unburned -- unburned -- don't tell me -- unburned -- tell me.

LUCY

Exhaust pollutants.

PAULA

Damn! You need a five year course in an Oriental garage to know this.

*

97A

BUS STOP - DAY

They are queued up behind three other people.

LUCY

I was noticing you and Elliot look very good together.

PAULA

WHAT??

The others in line turn around.

PAULA (Cont'd)

When? When did we look good together?

LUCY

All the time. Whenever you're together.

PAULA

We are never together. And I'm a good inch and a quarter taller than he is.

LUCY

I never noticed it. Maybe because I'm small and always looking up.

INT. - BUS - 70TH STREET & BROADWAY

97B *

PAULA (eyes closed)
..."gives good performance plus
better mileage". I must be at least
two years older than he is.

LUCY
Men prefer women of experience. I
read it in Cosmopolitan.

PAULA
...Lucy, how would you like it if
I took you and Seymour Stroock to a
movie and dinner on Saturday night?

LUCY
Seymour Stroock? I hate Seymour
Stroock! Don't do that!

PAULA (smiles triumphantly)
Then lay off me and Elliot. Here's
your stop. Get out of my life.

The bus stops.

LUCY (gets up)
I'm getting to the truth, right?
The Shadow Knows!

She gets off.

PAULA (shouts)
I HATE YOU!...I REALLY REALLY HATE
YOU!
(people look at her.
she looks back at them)
Well, I do.

The bus pulls away. She closes her eyes, trying
to memorize...

PAULA
..."with less emission than a standard
engine and without any additional --
without any additional" -- Oh, Jesus,
she took my papers with her!

She looks out the window as we SEE Lucy on her way
to school.

97B
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. - COLISEUM - DAY

98

Large crowds are going in and out of the Coliseum...
At a hot dog stand, near the entrance, Donna and
Paula are busy munching a hot dog and coke. Donna is
dressed in an all-green outfit, Paula in her blue
blazer, white skirt and red blouse...

DONNA

How are you doing?

PAULA (nods)

Not bad...Considering I don't know
what the hell I'm talking about.

DONNA

Listen, there's two cute Ferrari
salesmen who'd like to buy us some
fettucine when we're through. You
available?

PAULA

Oh, thanks, Donna. Maybe some other
night.

DONNA

We only have eight more nights left.
It's not as though you had something
better waiting at home, right?

PAULA

No, no...Maybe tomorrow, okay?...
It's show-time...

She walks off leaving a puzzled Donna.

99 OMITTED

100 OMITTED

99

100

101

INT. - COLISEUM - AUTO SHOW

The show is in progress...Throngs of people are
moving about, going from exhibit to exhibit...Various
models are shown demonstrating the virtues of their
respective cars... at the Subaru Exhibit, a

turntable, with car and Paula, slowly rotates...
Paula has a hand-held mike and is describing the
joys of the Subaru to the small assemblage in front
of her...

PAULA

...The Subaru engine gets 39 miles
per gallon in highway driving and
29 in the city, an extraordinary
performance...The SEEC-T is a lean
burn approach to engine combustion
that allows the engine to use less
gas and more air in the combustion
mixture. A special intake valve
introduces extra air into the
cylinders...

In the crowd we suddenly SEE Lucy and Elliot squeezing
through...

PAULA (cont'd)

...The design eliminates the need
for power and fuel-robbing --

Paula spots them. Lucy waves her hand to Paula.
Paula looks surprised and suddenly shaken.

101
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA (cont'd)
-- er, eliminates the need for power
and fuel-robbing -- fuel-robbing --

Elliot winks at her, which is completely unnerving.

PAULA (cont'd)
-- things!... The Subaru gives good
performance plus better mileage with
less emission than a -- a standard
engine and er -- without --

Elliot turns to Lucy.

ELLIOT
She's up.

Elliot smiles at Paula.

PAULA (tries to take
eyes off Elliot)
-- without any knocks -- or noises --
or that terrible banging sound...
which, as you know, can be terribly
banging.
(she is improvising)
As you can see...the Subaru has two
solid metal doors...one on each side...
of the Subaru...for easy getting in
and getting out...of the Subaru.

LUCY
She's making it all up.

PAULA (valiantly)
...The tires are very -- attractive,
and are optional...

ELLIOT
Optional tires?

PAULA
The seats...front and rear...are
made of...of er...rich beautiful
material often found in better cars
...and can be cleaned easily -- if
you make them dirty.

CUT TO TWO JAPANESE SUBARU SALESMEN talking to a
CUSTOMER. When they hear Paula's gibberish, they
turn around to watch in amazement.

PAULA

...The front windows are clearly visible and designed for maximum -- visibility...whether looking to the right or left -- or straight ahead...

ELLIOT (to Lucy)

...I'm beginning to think my Richard wasn't so bad.

PAULA (sweating, but still smiling)

...Likewise the rear window is also designed for easy visibility -- for looking out the back.

JAPANESE SALESMAN (to other)

Oi ding mushow ganza moo wush! ("What the hell is she saying?")

The other Salesman nods in agreement.

PAULA

...The steering wheel is the most modern steering device devised... for easy and safe steering, and the brakes are -- highly brakable...for quick all-weather stopping... The Subaru is a truly remarkable economy car...and Consumers Guide calls the Subaru -- a truly remarkable economy car...Thank you very much.

She takes off the mike and quickly gets off the turntable. The angry Japanese Salesmen cross to her and berate her as she tries to apologize... She finally bows to them and then crosses over to Lucy and Elliot, very upset.

PAULA (very angry)

Thanks a lot!... I would have gotten fired but they didn't know the English word for it... What are you doing here?

ELLIOT

You came to see me act, can't I see you?...Very nice...One constructive comment?...Study! Learn your lines... Then maybe next year you'll be ready for bigger parts...like trucks! Maybe tanks...

PAULA (to Lucy)

Did you have dinner yet?

No. LUCY

No?? PAULA
(to Elliot)
It's after seven. What am I paying
you for?

ELLIOT
Paying me?...One petrified pork
chop and a stalk of aging brown
celery does not constitute a pay-
roll...I came to leave Lucy with you.
I'm working tonight.

LUCY
He got a job.

ELLIOT
Didn't I just say that?

PAULA
Acting?

ELLIOT
I didn't say that...It's in the en-
tertainment field, that's as much
as I can tell you...I'll be home
about two, don't wait up...You look
terrific. I never knew you had a
figure.

He walks away.

PAULA
He wears me out!... That man wears
me out.

Elliot stops at the booth where the two Japanese
Salesmen are talking. He points back to Paula.

ELLIOT
...That girl impressed me very much
with your car. I'm in the taxi busi-
ness, I'm in the market for an en-
tire new fleet next year. If you
think you can handle it, I'll be
back the end of the week... You
oughta hang on to that girl.

He walks away. The Salesmen beam happily, then smile
and nod to Paula...

A STRIPPER ON STAGE - INT. CLUB

102

A very "sleazy" skin club in the Village...On stage, a BLACK GIRL and a WHITE GIRL, practically nude, are doing a very erotic number together.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

103

Elliot is standing in front of the club in an old over-large uniform. He is the doorman. Two YOUNG MEN, mid-twenties come up to him.

1ST MAN

Hey, what kinda show they got in there?

ELLIOT

Dirty! Very dirty! Filthy show!
Next one starts in ten minutes.

2ND MAN

Like what do they do?

ELLIOT

They won't let me see it. It's
too dirty for the help.

(he opens the door)

You interested?

Suddenly, a heavy red-headed WOMAN in a man's suit comes out. She is the manager. She beckons to Elliot.

MANAGER (snaps fingers

at him)

Come on! Inside, quick!

ELLIOT

What's wrong?

MANAGER

We got a drunk on stage.

A look of terror crosses Elliot's face as he follows the manager in.

INT. CLUB

104

On the smoke-filled stage, we see two smallish waiters trying to restrain a huge DRUNK, twice their size,

(continued)

from trying to get at the two semi-nude girls huddled in fear against the curtain. The drunk punches one of the waiters, who goes sprawling across the stage and off of it. The customers, not known for their class, applaud in approval. 104
CONT'D
(2)

MANAGER (to Elliot)
Get that creep out of here.

ELLIOT
ME??...I'm the doorman!...When
he comes out, I'll open the door.

MANAGER
You want to get paid or not?

ELLIOT
All right, all right!

He starts for the stage just as the powerful drunk sends the other waiter sprawling off the stage with another punch...Elliot steps up on the stage....

ELLIOT (cautiously,
to drunk)
Okay, take it easy...Easy, pal...
I'm your friend...Your buddy, okay?
Why don't you sit down so we can go
on with the show?

DRUNK
I just want a kiss. One little
kiss, that's all.

ELLIOT
I hardly know you. I don't kiss
on first dates.

The audience laughs, applauds...Elliot acknowledges them.

ELLIOT (continuing)
Thank you, thank you...
(to drunk)
They like us.

DRUNK (weaves for Elliot)
Come here, you little twerp.
I'll bust your stupid face in.

ELLIOT (backs away,
circles)
No, no. They don't want to see that.
(to audience)
You don't want to see a little twerp
get punched out, do you folks?

Audience applauds and whistles.

104
CONT'D
(3)

ELLIOT (continuing)

Tough audience!

(to drunk)

Listen, pal...Can I talk to you a minute?...Can we reason this out? Can we?....What's your name?

DRUNK

Earl.

ELLIOT

Earl what?

DRUNK

Earl this!!

And he hauls off and socks Elliot clear off the stage... Elliot falls in a heap against the Manager's feet... He rubs his jaw...The entire audience is up on their feet applauding and whistling. Elliot manages a painful smile.

ELLIOT

My first standing ovation!

INT. PAULA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

105

Paula is creaming her face. Lucy is lying in the bathtub in her pajamas, eating a banana.

LUCY

You know what Cynthia Fein said?

PAULA

Who's Cynthia Fein?

LUCY

The girl in my class with the braces and the big chest... Elliot picked me up at school today and Cynthia Fein said he's got charisma....I looked it up and he does.

PAULA

All right, cut it out.

LUCY

Cut what out?

PAULA

Stop trying to make something between us.

LUCY
Me?...Cynthia Fein said---

PAULA
Cynthia Fein my behind!...Stop
pushing me.

LUCY
Who's pushing?

PAULA
You are...Your fingerprints are all
over my back....He's okay, all right?
...Once in awhile he even acts like
a regular human being...But stop push-
ing me because that man is not my type.

She storms out of the bathroom. Lucy mumbles some-
thing under her breath. Paula comes back in.

PAULA
I heard that....What did you say?

LUCY
If you heard it, why are you asking?

PAULA
What did you say?

LUCY
I said your type never hangs around
long enough to stay your type.

Paula looks at her, brought up short.

PAULA
...That was a rotten thing to say.

LUCY
I know. I just felt like saying it.

PAULA
Jesus!...Sometimes I can get so god-
damn furious with you.

Paula turns on the faucet in the tub and EXITS.

LUCY (jumps up, wet)
HEY!!!...What a stinky thing to do!

THE KITCHEN

Paula walks in. She still has her white cream on her face. She goes to cupboard and gets a box of crackers when she notices refrigerator door open.

PAULA (angrily)
Dammit! She leaves the refrigerator open! I'm gonna drown that kid...Lucy!!!

She slams the door shut and starts back to her room when she notices the door to Elliot's room is ajar. His light is on and we can see his legs stretched out on the bed. She peers in.

PAULA (continuing)
Mr. Garfield? Is that you?....

She looks into his room. He is lying flat on the bed holding a piece of meat to his eye.

PAULA (continuing)
I didn't hear you come in...What happened to your eye?

ELLIOT
I used it to stop a fist from going through my head.

PAULA
What kind of meat do you have on there?

ELLIOT
Veal parmigiana...It was either that or potato salad...I'm out of work again.

He takes off meat revealing a very raw eye.

PAULA
Let me put some ice on that.

She crosses out and into the kitchen. He follows her and stands in door of kitchen. She opens refrig and takes out icetray. She takes out some ice and puts it in a dish towel.

ELLIOT
You don't have to worry anymore. I've decided to let you stay as long as you want...It's my only hope for survival.

PAULA
Listen, something'll turn up.

ELLIOT
You think so?

PAULA
Lucy and Cynthia Fein think
you have charisma.

ELLIOT
And what do you think I've got?
(she looks at him, hands
him the towel and the ice)
I mean, do I chariz you at all?

PAULA
Put this on your eye.

ELLIOT
I'm not talking about my talent.
Talent-wise I'm very secure. It's
appeal-wise I'm a little shakey...
The truth, I can take it. Am I
as adorable as I think I am?

PAULA (looks at him
and laughs)
You are outrageous!... I can't
keep up with your energy level...
They must pick you up on C.B.
radios in Alaska...

She takes a step to the side and he blocks the way.
She looks at him.

ELLIOT
...You get the feeling something's
starting between us?

PAULA
I graduated from high school sixteen
years ago and that was the last time
I heard that line...Out of my way,
please, I have to sell my little
Japanese cars in the morning.

ELLIOT
Is that why you have the Kabuki
makeup on?

She feels her face and suddenly realizes she hasn't
taken off her white skin conditioner.

PAULA
Oh, God!...And you let me stand there.

She rushes to the sink, turns on the faucet and washes her face, scrubbing off the make-up. She only gets half off.

106
CONT'D
(3)

PAULA (cont'd)

Towel!... Can I have a paper towel, please?

She reaches out with her eyes closed... He moves in and kisses her on the lips... She is surprised, but does not fight it. In fact, she joins in... Then she backs away, taking a deep breath.

PAULA

Don't you ever do that again!

ELLIOT

Your lips may say 'no no' but there's 'yes yes' in your eyes.

PAULA

Don't get cute with me!

ELLIOT

You know your goddamn nose drives me crazy.

PAULA

What's wrong with my nose?

ELLIOT

It's pug! Pug! It shoots straight down then turns pug at the last minute.

(he kisses her neck)

PAULA

Don't.....

ELLIOT

I think we got ourselves a hot infatuation here.

PAULA

I have no time for romance. I have a daughter I'm trying to save from getting rickets.

ELLIOT (kisses her wet cheek)

I went bananas the first time I saw you through the crack in the door. I said. "That's the best half a face I ever laid eyes on"...

PAULA

Please don't make me laugh. I'm not
on your side.

ELLIOT (always moving closer)

I can smell your hair when you walk
by my door. I could be sleeping, my
nostrils wake me up and say, "Who dat
comin' down de street?"

PAULA

You're embarrassing me. I'm 33, I'm
not supposed to get embarrassed any-
more.

ELLIOT

If you were a Broadway musical, they'd
come out humming your face.
(he kisses her again)

PAULA

No... Please... Don't do that... Don't
make me feel happy... I hate that god-
damn "it's wonderful to be alive" feel-
ing... Don't come into my life, I
just got through putting up all the
fences.

ELLIOT

Can't I even see you to your door?
It's a rough neighborhood.

PAULA

Elliot----

ELLIOT

Yes, call me Elliot. I've already
bitten your neck.

PAULA

Elliot... I'm praying... I pray to God
this is all gone in the morning.

ELLIOT

The hell you do!... I'll meet you in
the kitchen tomorrow night.. Don't
dress!

She breaks away and runs into her bedroom, closing
the door.

EXT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

107

The lights on the marquee turn off. Paula emerges from a side door...Donna suddenly comes running out after her.

DONNA

Paula!...Paula!

(Paula stops. Donna comes
up to her)

Where you running?

PAULA

I want to see Lucy before she goes
to bed.

DONNA

I have a message for you...The
Maserati people are throwing a small
party upstairs at 21...This guy Giorgio,
the one who smells better than us -- he
specifically asked for you..."Da girl
wiz de laughing teeth"...

PAULA

I can't. I have to get home.

DONNA

I don't understand. He's gorgeous.
He told me to tell you he was.

PAULA

Gee, if it was any other time.
(and she is gone)

DONNA (to herself)

What's a better time than when
you're still alive?

And she runs off.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

108

Paula comes bounding up the last few steps, breathless...
She runs to the door, then stops. Quickly takes out a
small hairbrush and quickly brushes her hair...Then
takes out key and opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT

109

Paula rushes into the apartment...Hanging from the
ceiling right in the entranceway is a note, hung from
a string. She reads it. It says: "See note pinned
on sleeping child".

INT. BEDROOM

Paula opens the door and walks in. Lucy is asleep in the bed. There is a note pinned on her nightgown. Paula unpins it and reads it.

INSERT - NOTE

"This is Sleeping Child...Kiss her
goodnight and come up to roof for
private party...Dress Formal".

She smiles, leans over and kisses Lucy.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The roof door opens and Paula walks out, cautiously. It is extremely dark...She looks around.

PAULA

Elliot?...Elliot, are you here? ...
Say something, I don't like this.

Suddenly we hear SOFT MUSIC playing...A match is struck and a candle is lit...She crosses to it...A wooden box has been set upright, with two of her kitchen chairs on either side. There are two glasses on the box and a bottle of domestic champagne...From behind her, we hear a voice, Bogart-like:

VOICE

I said it was formal, kid!

She turns around and right behind her is Elliot in a 1930's tuxedo. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

ELLIOT

This party has to be over by 9 a.m.
otherwise it's another five bucks
for the suit.

He takes her in his arms, twirls her and dances with her.

ELLIOT

Don't panic! Even Ginger was nervous
the first time she danced with me..

He starts to hum "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" in her ear.
Tears come to her eyes.

ELLIOT

What are you crying about?

PAULA (shrugs)
Kill me, I'm a sucker for romance.

111
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT
Elliot Garfield is a many faceted
individual.

He spins her around, then dances close...into her ear.

ELLIOT
I got a job...A real job...A real
acting job.

PAULA (excited)
You did?...Where?

ELLIOT
"The Inventory". An improvisational
group on Charles Street...They saw
Richard the Third and said if I
could do that, I could do anything.

We hear THUNDER and see lightning in the distance.

PAULA
Oh, no. Don't let it rain.

ELLIOT
Don't worry about it. The suit is
too big for me anyway...I auditioned
for them this afternoon. Improvis-
ation, you understand...With this
girl, Linda. Very talented girl.

PAULA
Is she pretty?

ELLIOT
No, no. Ugly. Very unpugged nose...
I did Abraham Lincoln. Mary Todd is
out of town and General Grant takes
me to a cat house in Virginia. I'm
trying to be very dignified, you know.
"Now, now, young lady, don't pull the
beard. I'm the President"...

Paula suddenly throws her arms around him and gives him
a long, hard kiss...

Another clap of THUNDER and it suddenly begins to
pour on them...

PAULA
Don't stop. I never danced in the
rain.

ELLIOT
The hell with the dancing, my
pizza's getting drenched.

111
CONT'D
(3)

INT. STEPS LEADING OUT TO ROOF

112

They have moved inside out of the rain. The door is
ajar and we can see the rain on the roof...The candle
has been reset on the stairs and lit...They are drinking
their champagne and eating their pizza.

ELLIOT
...You get the feeling we're eating
wet tennis shoes?
(They eat)
...so what happened when you found
out about this other girl and Tony?

PAULA
Bobby. Tony comes after Bobby.
(shrugs)
Well, it happens all the time on the
road. He's gone six months with a
play and he gets lonely. The only
time you have a good marriage is when
your husband is in a flop. He's broke
but he's home.

ELLIOT
Where'd you meet Tony?

PAULA
...I'm ashamed to tell you.

ELLIOT
Why?

PAULA
I saw him in "Iceman Cometh" at
Circle-in-the Square. He wasn't
very good but he was gorgeous.
Couldn't take my eyes off him. Don't
laugh -- I waited till he came out of
the stage door and introduced myself...
Like a regular groupie. A week later I
moved in with him. I used to do things
like that.

ELLIOT
Why?

PAULA

When you dance in the chorus of a musical, the boys usually have higher voices than the girls. Ten years of that and you get very hung up on macho men...Thank God I've gotten through that period.

112
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT

I'll let that remark pass.

They look at each other.

PAULA

...Are we going to sleep with each other tonight?

ELLIOT

Of all the 'right up front' girls I ever met, you're right up front. ...How do you feel about it?

PAULA

Nervous!...A pushover, but nervous.

They look at each other and suddenly start to giggle like a couple of kids.

113 OUT

INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - DAWN

114

The door of Elliot's room opens...Paula comes out wearing her robe. She closes his door quietly, then tiptoes down the hall to her room.

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM

115

Lucy is asleep. Light is just filtering into the room. The door slowly opens and Paula enters. She tiptoes across the room, and tries to get into the bed noiselessly...But Lucy stirs and turns.

LUCY

Where were you?

PAULA
I couldn't sleep so I went inside
to read.

115
CONT'D
(2)

LUCY
What did you read?

PAULA
"The Life of Lincoln"...What's the
difference?...Go back to sleep.

They both turn over, lying back to back...A few
seconds pass and then --

LUCY
...When do I move back to my old
room?

Paula turns her head slightly and looks over her
shoulder at Lucy.

THE KITCHEN - DAY

116

Early the next morning...Lucy is unenthusiastically
eating her breakfast...Paula is cooking bacon...She
glances over at Lucy apprehensively. She puts the
bacon in a dish then sits down next to Lucy and eats...
or rather picks at it. There is an air of tension
this morning. Elliot appears in the doorway. He is
bright and chipper.

ELLIOT
Good morning, everybody!...Please,
no applause.
(he sits and starts to
nibble on some bacon)
And what's new this morning?

He suddenly realizes no one is talking to him. He
looks at Paula who tries to get the signal across to
him that Lucy is upset.

ELLIOT
There is nothing new this morning...
Okay...
(he bites into his bacon)
They say this kid Lindbergh is gonna
try to fly the Atlantic.
(no response...to Lucy)
James Stewart's gonna try it in the
movie.
(no response)

PAULA
She didn't sleep too well last night.

LUCY
I guess no one did...
(she gets up)
See you tonight.
(picks up her books)

And she is gone. The door closes behind her. Elliot looks at Paula.

ELLIOT
We've been found out, have we? Funny,
I thought the kid was rooting for us.

PAULA
Don't call her 'kid'. She doesn't
like to be called 'kid'.

ELLIOT
Ohh?...Sorry...In Chicago it's an
expression of endearment...like
"Hya, kid",..."How's it goin', kid?..."
(more seriously)
What's wrong, kid?

PAULA
Nothing.

ELLIOT
Glad to hear it...Any buttered toast?

PAULA
She's scared, that's all.

ELLIOT
Lucy?

PAULA
She's afraid what happened before is
going to happen again.

ELLIOT
What are you two, partners? I thought
it was just you and me last night.

PAULA
What happens to my life affects hers...
and I'm scared too...Listen, would you
be terribly hurt if we just forgot all
about last night?

ELLIOT
It's too late. I've already made
the entry in my diary...

She goes to sink and starts to wash the dishes...

PAULA
Look at me. I'm standing here with
sweaty palms and I have my hands in
cold water...I don't know what you're
thinking this morning, what's on your
mind. Instead of asking me so many
goddamn questions you can at least
say to me, "Last night was wonderful".

ELLIOT
Last night was wonderful.

PAULA
Instead of worrying about your lousy
breakfast and your buttered toast,
you can look at me and say, "I'm
crazy about you".

ELLIOT
I'm crazy about you.

PAULA
Oh, it's easy enough to say after
I've told you to say it...Why couldn't
you touch me? Hold my hand, stroke
my hair, let me know that there was
some really nice feeling that existed
between the two of us?

He starts to get up towards her, she backs away.

PAULA
Forget it. It's too late. Not if I
have to think of everything for you.
...Oh, my God, I must be crazy. Crazy!!
I keep doing the same damn thing to my-
self over and over again. When am I
ever going to learn?...Listen, I'm
really not up to falling in love again.
It's too much work. I think we would
all be a lot better off if you packed
your things up and left...Nothing
personal.

He stares at her for along time.

ELLIOT
...NOW I know why they all left!!!
(he gets up)
Crackers! Animal crackers, lady!...

(continued)

ELLIOT (cont'd)

You have a severe case of emotional
re-tar-dation!...

(he starts for his door)

I am not leaving, I am escaping!...
If any mail comes for 'me, keep it!
I'm not giving you any forwarding
addresses!

He goes into his room, slams the door hard behind him.
Paula starts to cry...The door opens a moment later
and Elliot stands there holding his empty suitcase
in his hand.

ELLIOT

...BUT -- in passing, I would just
like to say last night was ter-rif-fic!
...The Super Bowl of Romance!...I give
it a fat nine on a scale of ten. You
get one off for burping your wine, but
all in all, a very respectable score.

PAULA (furious)

Don't you get glib about last night.
It was important to me.

ELLIOT

Could you lower your neurosis a minute,
please, I'm not finished. ...Don't
ever tell me when to get affectionate.
I touch when I want to touch. I
fondle when I want to fondle. I was
planning to touch you all during my
eggs and fondle you right through my
coffee...However, there is no touch-
ing during my toast. Toast I have
alone...You want to know what your
problem is? You love to love some-
body but the minute they take the
initiative like I did last night, it
scares the pants off you -- nothing
off-color intended. You didn't wait
outside any stage door for me! I
approached first. I touched first...
And you can't handle that, can you?

PAULA

That is laughable. And silly.
You're a silly man. You're the
silliest man I ever met.

.. And still

ELLIOT

You know I'm right. And you know yourself too well to ignore what I'm saying. You know what we got here? "Taming of the Shrew" is what we got here...Despite the fact, Kate, that you are a large pain in the arse, last night was the best thing that ever happened to me, girl-wise, and if you weren't behaving like such a horse's rectum this morning, we could have been touching and fondling right up till five o'clock when I have to go to rehearsal...Personally, Madam, I think you blew it.

And he goes back into his room...Paula stands there a moment...She thinks a moment...Then crosses to his door. She opens it. We can't see much into the room...She looks at the unseen Elliot.

PAULA

...Don't put the suitcase on the bed!

She walks into the room, closing the door behind her.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

117

The school is getting out. Lucy comes out with a girl friend, Cynthia Fein. They start to walk down the block...An open hansom cab and horse trot slowly alongside. Elliot leans out of the cab, a girl driver is up front.

ELLIOT (English)

Lady Anne? The Black Prince is dead.
England is yours!

(she looks at him queerly.

He drops his British accent)

Don't you want England? Spain
maybe? Spain I can get you cheap.

LUCY

What are you doing in that thing?

ELLIOT

Get in quick, the horse has a
meter on him.

LUCY

Where to?

ELLIOT
We are going home...To Tara!
(hums the theme from "Gone
With the Wind")
...Will you get in.

Lucy gets in. The other girl watches. She smiles
at him. He smiles back at her.

ELLIOT (to Girl)
Cynthia Fein, right?
(she nods and giggles)
Listen, I think you have charisma too.

CYNTHIA (to Lucy)
Did you tell him? I never said that.
(the cab pulls away)
Wait'll I get you, Lucy.

They drive off down the block.

117A *

EXT. - PLATFORM TO TRAM - DAY

We see the steps leading up to the tram that goes to
Roosevelt Island. Lucy and Elliot climbing steps.

LUCY
Why'd we get out of the carriage?

ELLIOT
Because the man wouldn't take
Confederate money.

118

INT. - FUNICULAR

It is riding aloft. Lucy and Elliot looking out.

ELLIOT
You wanna go to my opening tonight?...
I owe you a good time after the last
one.

LUCY (looking out)
I have homework.

ELLIOT
What are you sore about? Me and
your Mom?

118
CONT'D
(1)

LUCY
It's none of my business.

ELLIOT
Well, since you and I will be
exchanging rooms tonight, I think
it is...Only I'm a little old
fashioned. I want your approval.

LUCY
Me?...I'm only ten years old.
I'm not allowed to vote yet.

ELLIOT
I like your style, kid, I really do...
Sorry. I hear you don't like being
called 'kid'.

LUCY (shrugs)
I'm a kid, it fits.

ELLIOT
...Do you like me?

LUCY
You're wasting a lot of money, I'm
not enjoying this ride.

ELLIOT
Answer my question. Do you like me?

LUCY
Ask Cynthia Fein, she's crazy about
you.

ELLIOT
I'm going to keep asking till I get
an answer. Do you-like-me?

LUCY
Can I get out of this thing, I'm
getting nauseous.

ELLIOT
Answer me, goddammit! Yes or No!
It makes no difference to me either
way because I'm moving in with your
old lady anyway but I want to hear
it first from your own lips. Yes
or No!

LUCY (tears coming to
her eyes)
No!...Yes.

ELLIOT
Was that yes?

LUCY
Yes.

ELLIOT
A lot?

LUCY (crying)
Yes!

ELLIOT
A really really REALLY LOT???

118
CONT'D
(3)

LUCY
YES! YES! ALRIGHT?

ELLIOT
Well, as much as you like me, it's
not one one-thousandth as much as
I'm nuts about you...Swear to God,
Luce.
(tears streaming down her
face)
And I don't care if you cry your head
off, I'm gonna tell it to you...I am
certifiably nuts about you and your
ditsy Mommy, now blow that into your
handkerchief.

LUCY
I don't have a handkerchief.

ELLIOT
Then cry on the people!

INT. COLISEUM LOBBY - DAY

119 =

Paula and Donna coming down escalator.

DONNA
...Moving in with you? You mean the
two of you together?

PAULA (looks around
embarrassed)
A little louder, Donna, they didn't
hear it in the street.

DONNA
Oh, God.

PAULA
Please! Don't say, "Oh, God".
Because I've been saying it all day.
I'm shakey enough, be encouraging.
I'll pay you for it.

DONNA
When are you gonna learn?

PAULA

I've learned. I went to school
twice and flunked. But he's different.
This is a good man, Donna.
He's sweet and he's gentle and he's
funny and he's loving.

119
CONT'D
(2)

DONNA

And he's an actor.

PAULA

Only by trade. By birth he's a person.

120 OUT

INT. THEATER

121

It is a tiny theater. On stage, a sketch has just
finished. Blackout. Applause...The lights come
back on...Elliot and a girl, Linda, are putting down
stools. They sit.

ELLIOT

Can we have the house lights up,
please?

House lights go up. We see the audience. Lucy is
sitting down front.

ELLIOT

...Okay, now it's your turn. A
little improvisation from the audi-
ence...How many authors have we got
out there tonight, heh? ...Give us
the situation and the characters,
Linda and I will do the rest...Alright,
who's got a situation?...Come on...I
see a hand.

GIRL (with raised hand)

A boy calling a girl for a date.

ELLIOT

A boy calling a girl for a date...
the situation is a boy calling a girl
for a date...Who's the boy?

MAN (calls out)

Albert Einstein!

ELLIOT
Albert Einstein is the boy...and
the girl --

121
CONT'D
(1)

GIRL (calls out)
Gertrude Stein.

Audience laughs and APPLAUDS.

ELLIOT
It's possible. Their mothers could
have arranged it...Okay, Albert
Einstein calling Gertrude Stein for
a date...

He confers briefly with Linda. She nods. He sits
up and dials phone in pantomime. House lights dim.

ELLIOT (dials,
German accent)
Fife... seven... nein... tzvei...
fuften tzvantek... square root of
three... und six to the eighth
power of a parallelogram...
(he waits)
Ring, ring, ring... und final ring.

LINDA (picks up phone)
Hello is hello is hello?

ELLIOT
Hello?...Miss Shtein?

LINDA (tongue in
mouth, barely audible)
Yes. This is Miss Stein. Who is
calling is calling is calling?

ELLIOT
Vots dat? Could you shpeak up, pleez?

LINDA
I'm sorry. I was eating my brownie.

ELLIOT
A brownie? How do you get a camera in
your mouth?

LINDA

I'm sorry, but I'm very busy living
my autobiography. Who is this?

121
CONT'D
(2)

ELLIOT

This is Albert Einstein. Relatively
long distance from Princeton.

LINDA

Oh, Princeton...How are things over
there?

ELLIOT

We beat Dartmouth today, twenty one
to seven pi square.

LINDA

Isn't that nice?... One moment,
please... Pablo, will you please
stop crying. I'm sick of your blue
period... Hello? Yes, I'm sorry.
You were saying --

ELLIOT

You sound busy. I'm not disturbing
you, am I?

LINDA

No, no. Not at all. I was just
taking a bath -- Alice, stop
splashing, I'm on the phone --
Go on, Albert.

ELLIOT

Vell, you don't remember me, but
ven ve were eight point three
seven years old, I sat next to you
in math --

LINDA

Math?

ELLIOT

I think it's short for mathematics.
I'm not sure... Anvay, I sat next
to you... I had straight black
hair, plastered down vith vasoline
-- und you said, "Vash it, for
crise sakes, vash it!"...

LINDA

One moment, Albert. Ernest
Hemingway just walked in... What
are you looking for, Ernie?...
A bottle of Scotch and a rifle?
... It's right over there. Across
the river and into the trees...
I'm sorry. You were saying,
Albert -- ?

ELLIOT

Vell, I vashed my hair und I grew
up... Und I'm doing very vell,
thank you... I von three Nobel
prizes und I'm making sixty-five
dollars a month teaching school...

LINDA

Oh, Jesus!

ELLIOT
Iss somesing wrong?

121
CONT'D
(4)

LINDA
Scotty Fitzgerald just threw up on
Zelda...Pablo's cleaning it up with
a brush...Oh, Pablo. It's a master-
piece. I'll buy it...Go on, Alsy!

ELLIOT
Alsy?....Vell, I vas thinking about
you yesterday...I was out on der
lake, nuclear fishing...Und I said
to myself, "Albert, you are not get-
ting any younger. Time is passing."
Und den I actually saw time passing.

LINDA
What did it look like?

ELLIOT
It looked exactly the same as when
time iss coming at you. Only now
you see it from the back, passing.
I drew a diagram of it. I'll send
it to you. You can frame it...Und I
decided to call you up und ask you
if you'd like to go to the Physicists'
Ball...It's a dance for physicists...
They're gonna have Robert Oppenheimer
und his band...Good food, hydrogen
and tonics, you'll love it.

LINDA
When is it?

ELLIOT
Saturday night...From ten o'clock
to infinity!

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

122

Paula and Elliot in bed. He is staring up at the
ceiling. She is cuddled up in his arms...A quiet
scene.

PAULA
...You know what I would like more
than anything in the whole world?
My very own living room set... The
women libbers will kill me, but God,
how I love being a housewife.

ELLIOT (in his own reverie)
...What a nice feeling to hear real
applause... I took the entire audi-
ence's names and addresses, we'll
have them over to dinner one night.

122
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA
And we definitely have to repaint
this bedroom, okay?

ELLIOT
What?

PAULA
I'm redecorating. What color do you
want the bedroom?

ELLIOT (looks up)
Jewish!

MONTAGE:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

123

The furniture is covered with canvas. A single
house PAINTER is doing the walls. Half the wall is
done. Paula looks at it, shakes her head, "NO,"
runs inside and comes out with a shirt on a hanger,
showing him the color she wants.

INT. - STAIRCASE

123A

Two unhappy MOVING MEN are trying to negotiate the
stairs with a brand new, heavy sofa.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

123B

Paula, on a ladder, is putting up curtains on the
left side of the window. On the right side, Lucy
is sitting on Elliot's shoulders and trying to ham-
mer a hook into the wall.

CLOSEUP OF PHOTO IN "HOUSE AND GARDENS" MAGAZINE

123C

It is a picture of a room where Paula apparently
got many of her decorating ideas. The CAMERA GOES
UP ABOVE the photo and we SEE the room itself. It

has been redone and finished. It can't compare with the photo in the magazine, but for the money they had to spend, it is quite nice.

123C
CONT'D
(2)

Paula, with the magazine in her hand, surveys her work. Elliot comes over to her, zipping up his jacket.

PAULA

Something's wrong. Something didn't come out right. What's wrong with it, Elliot?

ELLIOT

Well, for one thing, it's not on Park Avenue.

He puts his arms around her waist and tries to kiss her neck but she's more interested in the room.

PAULA

I really could use an arm chair over there. How many more weeks do you have to play before I can have an arm chair?

ELLIOT

If you'll take one without arms, about a year.

(he kisses her)

Momma Bear has done the cave real nice.

(he starts away)

PAULA

Where are you going?

ELLIOT

I've got to plow the north forty.

PAULA

What north forty?

ELLIOT

Jeez! Put an apron on the girl and she loses her sharpness....I've got a matinee. It's Sunday.

PAULA (disappointed)

Oh! Korvettes is open. I thought you'd help me pick out some lamps.

ELLIOT

Take Lucy.

LUCY (calls out from
the bedroom)
Lucy has homework.

123C
CONT'g
(3)

Elliot shrugs and starts for the door. Paula runs
after him.

PAULA

Hey!
(he stops. She puts
her arms around him)
I'm crazy about you.

ELLIOT

And I'm fond of you. I think you
have some very nice qualities.
(he opens the door)
By the way, leave Tuesday morning
open.

PAULA

What are we doing Tuesday morning?

ELLIOT

How do blood tests strike you?

He goes and closes the door, leaving a very stunned
Paula standing in the room.

124 OUT

BACKSTAGE - THEATER - DAY

125

The show is just over. The seven or eight members
of the cast are heading for their cubicles. Elliot
is talking to Linda.

ELLIOT (excited)

Four stars! That was a definite
four-star show. That's one I'd like
to bottle.

LINDA

I just want to go home and sleep
till Wednesday.

Elliot enters his tiny little cubicle. It has no
door. Just a little curtain that you pull to the
side. He pulls his closed and starts to undress.
He yells out to the rest of the company overhead.

ELLIOT (yelling)
Deputy? There's no air in here.
Give the actors some AIR. We're
human beings, not cattle. Let's
hear it for the actors!

125
CONT'D
(2)

The other actors give Elliot a rousing CHEER. He
is undressed by now and just has a towel draped
around his middle.

A VOICE is HEARD from behind the curtain.

VOICE
Hello? Is anyone in that thing?

ELLIOT
Who's that?

VOICE
I would knock but I don't know how
to knock on a curtain.

ELLIOT
Who is that?

He pulls back the curtain. A very impressive man
and a ravishing young WOMAN stand there. The man
is OLIVER FREY.

FREY
Hello. Oliver Frey.

ELLIOT (dumbfounded)
Who?

FREY
Oliver Frey...Is that all right?

ELLIOT
Oliver Frey, the director?

FREY
I believe so.

ELLIOT (beaming)
No kidding?...Jesus, it's nice to
meet you...Oliver Frey, whaddya know.

They shake hands, crowded in the tiny cubicle.

GIRL (foreign accent)
Pleased to meet you.

FREY
This is Gretchen. It's not possible
to pronounce her last name.

125
CONT'D
(3)

ELLIOT
It's okay. How do you do.
(he extends his hand
and drops his towel)
Woops! Sorry about that.
(as he grabs it back)

GRETCHEN
Don't worry. I wasn't bored.

FREY
We thought you were wonderful.

ELLIOT
Really? Is that what you thought?

FREY
I have very little reason to lie.

ELLIOT
Well, it's a good group. They're
all terrific kids.

FREY
I loved them all... You're very
talented, you know.

ELLIOT (embarrassed)
Oh?....Okay...Thanks.

FREY
Well, we don't want to keep you. I
just had one question I wanted to
ask. Would you be interested in a
movie?

ELLIOT
You mean making one?

FREY
Well, we could go to one but I think
working is much more fun.

ELLIOT
With you? Yeah. I'm interested.

FREY
I am too.

ELLIOT
Certainly, I'm interested...You
kidding? Sure.

125
CONT'D
(4)

FREY
It's not the world's largest part
but I think you'll have fun. If I
said you leave tonight, would that
be rushing you?

ELLIOT
Tonight?

FREY
Why don't we leave all that to the
business people. Is there someone I
can contact? An agent? A mother?

ELLIOT
Er, Toby Richards. 601 Madison.

FREY
A wonderful woman. I know her well.

ELLIOT
I never did a movie, you know. I
just want you to know that.

FREY
Honesty is my favorite virtue. You'll
be replacing an actor I didn't like...
You were really wonderful. I look
forward to it...And so, I suppose,
goodbye.

ELLIOT
Er, right. Yeah, Goodbye.
(he shakes his
hand. To Gretchen)
Nice meeting you. Sorry I exposed
myself.

FREY
I suppose you want your door closed.

Frey pulls the curtain on his way out... Elliot
sits in his chair, stunned. He looks at himself in
the mirror.

ELLIOT
.....That was Oliver Frey...You're
going to be in his movie.

And suddenly, the HEADS of everyone in the cast
APPEAR OVERHEAD on each side of his cubicle.

125
CONT'D
(5).

ALL
Terrific. Congratulations. Take
me with you.

126-127 OUT

EXT. - 78TH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

128

Paula, excited and happy, comes down the street
carrying two large lamps, fairly bursting out of
their wrapping. She gets to her house and starts
up the stairs. Lucy is sitting on the top stair,
looking quite glum.

PAULA
What are you doing out here?...You
didn't lock yourself out again,
did you?

Lucy looks at her. She is angry and hurt.

PAULA (Cont'd)
Lucy, what is it?

LUCY
At least we didn't get a letter
this time.

A look of panic crosses over Paula's face. She
rushes past Lucy into the building.

INT. - STAIRCASE

128A

Paula rushes up the stairs, panic-stricken. She is
barely able to manage the two lamps in her arms.

INT. - BEDROOM

129

Elliot has his duffel bag and suitcase on the bed.
He is almost all packed. He looks up at her.

PAULA
Sending that stuff out to the laundry?
...I hope.

ELLIOT
I got a picture.

PAULA
What?

ELLIOT
I got a picture, Paula....I got a movie.
Her body leans against the archway, everything drain-
ing away from her inside.

PAULA
...Ohhhh, shit!

ELLIOT
What are you talking about?...It's
a terrific picture. Oliver Frey is
directing...I have to be in Seattle
on location tomorrow morning.
(no response)
Seattle, Washington.

PAULA
I know where it is...Far away.

ELLIOT
Who cares? I'm not walking...They
left a first class ticket at the air-
port...It's a four week job at two
thousand a week...I mean, it's
freakin' Oliver Frey!...Christ, I
forgot to ask what the part was.

PAULA
That's wonderful.

ELLIOT (throwing more
things in bag)
I'm not making any comparisons, but
whoever heard of Al Pacino before
"The Godfather"?

PAULA
I couldn't be happier for you.

ELLIOT

Jesus, I am so scared...Spend twenty years building up my ego and when I really need it, it locks itself in the john.

PAULA

It'll come back to you...Trust me.

ELLIOT

What's wrong? It's four weeks work. Four lousy weeks, that's a week less than five.

PAULA

I know.

ELLIOT

No, you don't know...You think you're getting dumped on again, don't you?

PAULA

You tell me you'll be back, why shouldn't I believe you?

ELLIOT

Because if I were you, I wouldn't believe an actor who was packing either.

PAULA(crosses to bed)

Need any help?

(She looks at open, empty drawers)

No, I see you took everything.

ELLIOT

They said it's freezing up there, to take all my warm clothing.

(he sees the tears welling up in her eyes)

Paula, you know I would take you if I could...But it's way up in the mountains, very rough country...They have wolves up there...Not in the picture, real hungry wolves.

PAULA

I always got along fine with wolves.

ELLIOT

I thought you would be excited. Jumping up and down...I mean, it's what I've worked for my whole life...Isn't that what a mature relationship is all about? You root for me and I root for you?

PAULA

...It's my third time as a cheer leader.

ELLIOT (controlling himself)
Okay...Okay, I get the point...Forget it. I'm not going. It's not worth it. Not if I have to put you through four weeks of hell wondering whether I'm coming back or not...If I got this picture, I can get another one...I'm not going, okay?

PAULA

Okay.

ELLIOT

The hell I'm not. That's crazy! Why should I do a dumb stupid thing because you don't trust me? I'm going. You're just gonna have to trust me...Are you gonna trust me, Paula?

PAULA

I'll plan my days around it.

ELLIOT (furious)

Dammit!!...Dammit-to-hell!!...I hate those two guys who walked out of here. I'm the only one who's coming back and I'm getting all the blame.

PAULA

No...You go, Elliot...I want you to go...If you come back, fine. I'll be right here putting up my wallpaper. And if not, that's okay too...I'll miss you but I'll survive, Elliot, because I've grown up these last two months. Look at me. I'm all grown up. It was better than spending a summer at camp. I have never felt better or stronger in my life. Somebody is actually walking out that door and I'm not crumbling into a million pieces... Oh, Jesus, it feels good...Goodbye, Elliot. Make a nice movie...Have a wonderful career and if you're ever up for an Academy Award, I swear to God I'll keep my fingers crossed for you.

ELLIOT

What is there about you that makes
a man with a one forty seven I.Q.
feel like a dribbling idiot.

129

CONT'D
(4)

PAULA

Whatever it is, I thank God for it.

There is a bolt of lightning, and a crack of THUNDER
outside.

PAULA

...You're welcome, God.

It starts to rain. Elliot closes his bags and starts out.

ELLIOT

Interesting lesson I've just learned.
Falling in love and becoming success-
ful may very well be the worst thing
that can happen to a man.

He starts out. As he hits the archway, we hear
another clap of THUNDER. He stops.

ELLIOT

If my plane crashes in that storm,
I'm coming back to haunt you...I'll
be dragging chains all over this goddamn
apartment until you're ninety.
(he turns, Lucy is there)
So long, kid! See you, kid!
(and he is gone)

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

130 *

We hear THUNDER outside...RAIN POUNDING against the windows.
Paula, in her robe, is sitting and stirring a cup of
tea rather aimlessly. Lucy appears.

LUCY

I can't sleep.

PAULA (glumly)

Give it five minutes. You just got in bed.

LUCY

I can predict the future.

PAULA

Yeah?...How about predicting mine.

The phone RINGS.

LUCY
I predict a phone ringing in your
life.

130
CONT'D
(2)

Paula lets it RING again, then picks it up.

PAULA
Hello?

THE PHONE BOOTH ON THE CORNER - NIGHT

131

It is the same one Elliot originally called from.
He is very wet. A cab is waiting on the curb.

ELLIOT
Get dressed.

PAULA
What?

(THE PHONE SEQUENCES SHOULD BE INTERCUT AS DESIRED)

ELLIOT
Get dressed, you're coming with me.

PAULA
Where are you?

ELLIOT
On the corner, in my old leaky phone
booth...The plane has engine trouble.
We're delayed two hours. I cashed
in first class for two economy's.

PAULA
What about Lucy?

LUCY
Don't worry about Lucy.

ELLIOT
Call Donna...She can stay with
her till we get back...Come on,
the cab is ticking away your new
bedroom set.

PAULA
I thought you said I couldn't come
with you.

ELLIOT
I'll tell them you're my analyst.
Actors are known to be very high
strung.

131
CONT'D
(2)

PAULA
And you really want me to come?

ELLIOT
Jesus God, you sure love a love scene,
don't you? Yes. YES! I want you
to come!

PAULA (teary)
...Then it's okay. I don't have
to...Just as long as you asked.

ELLIOT
Paula, don't play games with me. My
socks are under water.

PAULA
You'll have enough to do there with-
out worrying about me...Besides, I
have work to do...I'm gonna spend
all your money on our apartment...
But I'm nuts for you.

ELLIOT
Jesus, I hope I'm calling the right
number...Paula, do me a favor.

PAULA
Anything, my angel.

ELLIOT
Will you have my guitar re-strung.
I haven't been sleeping too good
lately...Call you tomorrow.

He hangs up and then rushes through the rain into
the cab.

THE KITCHEN/BEDROOM

132 *

She hands up the phone and rushes to the bedroom
searching for the guitar. She finds it.

LUCY
He left his guitar...He is coming
back.

PAULA (very
cocky as she runs to
the window)
I never doubted it for a minute.

132
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. - BEDROOM WINDOW

132A

Paula, with the rain beating against her face, waves
the guitar out the window.

EXT. - STREET

133

The cab is pulling away. Elliot rolls down the
window and waves back.

EXT. - WINDOW

134

Paula waving guitar.

PAULA (calling out)
I have it! I have it, sweetheart.
...Have a safe trip. I love you.

EXT. - STREET

135

Elliot waving her back.

ELLIOT (screaming)
Never mind that...You're rusting
my guitar!

The cab speeds off into the night, the rain beating down
on Elliot.

* * * * *

