

(L)

# **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**

Screenplay by Marc Lawrence

First Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY

It's a beautiful day on campus as the new semester is about to start. Parking lots are jammed with cars as returning students greet old friends, and freshmen try to look like they're not overwhelmed. Everywhere suitcases, trunks, stereos, guitars, etc. are being unloaded by students and parents. WE FOCUS on one car with a huge trunk tied to the roof, as it winds its way towards a parking lot adjoining a dorm.

After a moment, the car stops and ALAN CLARK gets out. He's seventeen, a freshman. He looks around with a mixture of awe and anticipation.

ALAN

Wow.

His mother gets out of the front seat. NANCY CLARK is an attractive, vivacious woman. She puts her arm around her son.

NANCY

Excited?

ALAN

Excited. Nervous. Scared.  
Other adjectives.

NANCY

I felt the same way when I was a  
freshman here, back in 1937.

Alan smiles at his mother.

NANCY

You see that tree over there, by  
the lake? That's where your  
father and I kissed for the first  
time. Our fourteenth date. He  
was so romantic back then.

The driver's seat opens and GEORGE CLARK gets out. He's an attractive, appealing man in his fifties; although, at the moment, he seems to be in some degree of pain.

GEORGE

Who's supposed to sit in these  
seats? An invertebrate? Not a  
person, I'll tell you that.

Nancy comes over to rub George's shoulders.

NANCY  
Dr. DePalma told you to get that  
special foam pad when you drive.

GEORGE  
I tried the foam pad. I kept  
sliding off the seat. I made one  
right turn and I was in somebody  
else's car.

Alan begins to untie the trunk from the top of the car.

GEORGE  
Alan, what are you doing? You  
can't do that alone.

George walks over to help.

NANCY  
-George, please. Dr. DePalma said  
you shouldn't be putting any  
strain on yourself.

George grabs part of the trunk.

GEORGE  
On three.

ALAN  
Dad, I really wish --

GEORGE  
Alan, contrary to whatever you  
think, I'm not totally decrepit  
yet. Two.

NANCY  
George, you only have yourself to  
blame --

GEORGE  
Three!

George and Alan lift the trunk. George freezes.

INT. CAMPUS INFIRMARY - DAY

Nancy and Alan wait in this small medical building.

ALAN  
I told him to let me do it.

NANCY  
You know your father. He doesn't  
want anybody to do anything for  
him. He thinks it means he's  
getting old.

ALAN  
Everybody gets old.

NANCY  
That's so easy to say when you're  
seventeen.

ALAN  
Hey, come on. This is probably  
going to be the best time of your  
life. You and Dad don't have to  
worry about Susan or Jenny coming  
in late, or me sneaking  
girlfriends into my room --

NANCY  
Excuse me?

ALAN  
I mean, theoretically. The point  
is, you've got a lot of free time  
now. You don't have to be a  
mother anymore. You can enjoy  
your golden years.

NANCY  
You're just trying to make it  
easier for me to leave you here,  
right?

ALAN  
Right.

Alan smiles at his mother. George walks out with an ice  
pack on his shoulder.

NANCY  
What did the doctor say?

GEORGE  
They don't have doctors at  
college infirmaries. They have  
nurses.

NANCY  
What did the nurse say?

GEORGE  
She said I should see a doctor.  
Then she took my temperature and  
gave me a warm ice pack.  
(to Alan)  
Don't get sick here.

Before Alan can deal with this, a young man named PAUL  
enters. Paul has dyed reddish hair.

PAUL  
All done. Your stuff's in.

ALAN  
Dad, this is Paul Strauss. He's  
my roommate.

NANCY  
Don't you love his hair, George?  
I wish I had the guts to do  
something like that.

GEORGE  
It's very nice. Are you a  
natural magenta?

ALAN  
Dad, Paul got some guys from the  
dorm to help with the trunk.

PAUL  
It was no problem, Mr. Clark. We  
were so stoned we could've  
brought your whole car into the  
room.

Paul laughs. Alan laughs. Nancy smiles. George forces a  
smile.

ALAN  
Listen, I was gonna go out --  
there's an ultimate frisbee  
thing.

GEORGE  
That sounds great. We could be  
up for some frisbee --

NANCY  
Honey? I think he means with  
Paul.

GEORGE  
Oh -- Of course. You guys go.  
I'm going to stay here and wait  
until they hire a doctor.

There's an awkward moment as no one -- George and Nancy in  
particular -- wants to say goodbye.

ALAN  
So, thanks for the ride. I'll  
talk to you guys tomorrow.

Nancy looks like she's about to cry. George looks worse.

GEORGE  
We're leaving for New York in the morning.

NANCY  
So call us tonight.

George hugs his son.

GEORGE  
(whispering into  
Alan's ear)  
Give your mother a big hug.  
She's very fragile today.

Alan goes to give Nancy a hug.

NANCY  
(whispering into  
Alan's ear)  
Make sure to call or your father  
will be up all night waiting by  
the phone.

Alan lets go of his mother. He looks at his parents for a minute.

ALAN  
Have a safe trip back.

Alan walks out with Paul, leaving Nancy and George very much alone. They look at each other in silence. To hide their tears, they both put on their sunglasses.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

George is driving, Nancy is sitting next to him.

GEORGE  
I was very proud of you in there.  
I thought you were going to lose  
it.

NANCY  
So did I. I guess I'm a lot  
stronger than I think.

GEORGE  
Well, look at it this way. Now  
we have time for ourselves. It's  
just us. Just you and me, alone  
in the house.

Nancy bursts out crying.

GEORGE

We can invite some people over if you want.

NANCY

I'm sorry, George. I just don't know what to do with myself now. Who am I, if I'm not Susan's or Jenny's or Alan's mother?

GEORGE

You're my wife.

Nancy begins sobbing harder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Honey, you should be excited. The promotion, moving to New York, we'll have more money --

NANCY

I don't understand why we have to move. We don't need more money, George. We're doing fine. We've been happy in Ohio all our lives. And I thought you hated New York.

GEORGE

That was in the seventies, when everybody hated it. Today, it's a whole different city.

NANCY

Well, I guess we could see Susan more --

GEORGE

You can. Count me out.

NANCY

George, for Heaven's sake, we'd be in the same city --

GEORGE

I don't want anything to do with her, Nancy. Nothing. I refuse to talk to her or see her.

NANCY

What happens if you bump into her on the street? You're going to ignore her?

GEORGE

No. I'm going to ask her for the hundred and thirty thousand dollars we put towards medical school before she dropped out, and then I'll ignore her.

NANCY

It's not her fault she didn't want to be a doctor. She just changed her mind. People do that.

GEORGE

Not six months before they graduate.

NANCY

What would've been the point if she didn't want to be a doctor? She wants to act.

GEORGE

Then let her pretend to be a doctor until she can pay me back. That way she can do both.

NANCY

George, not everyone knows what they want to do in life. You're lucky, you enjoy advertising --

GEORGE

It's not a question of enjoying advertising. When I was her age I wanted to be a painter, but we got married, you got pregnant, we had a family -- it's a question of responsibilities.

NANCY

There are two sides to every story.

GEORGE

So what are you saying? You don't want to go to New York unless we see Susan?

NANCY

No, George, I want to go wherever you go. If it's important to you, it's important to me. You're my life. I'm Mrs. George Clark --

Nancy starts crying again.

## INT. GEORGE AND NANCY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The Clarks are in the process of packing.

George takes out his suitcase and opens it on the bed. He carefully begins taking shirts out of drawers and meticulously folding them.

Nancy takes out her suitcase and opens it on the bed next to his. She then goes to her dresser, takes the top drawer and dumps the contents into her suitcase. She surveys this, removes a couple of items, then goes for the next drawer. George shakes his head and continues his precise and orderly process.

## INT. BEDROOM - A HALF HOUR LATER

One suitcase, neatly packed and zipped, stands at attention near the door. Next to it is a luggage riot -- Nancy's suitcase that we saw before, a grotesquely bulging Sportsac with something pink sticking out of it, and an overnight bag.

NANCY

I guess I'll just have to live  
dangerously and hope it's all  
there.

GEORGE

(putting his arm  
around Nancy)  
Speaking of living dangerously,  
maybe we could -- You know --

NANCY

George, are you coming on to me?

GEORGE

Well, let me put it this way.  
We're alone, we have the house to  
ourselves, and if we do it right  
now, I can still get eight hours  
sleep.

NANCY

That sounds very hot. Give me  
five minutes.

## INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM

George brushes his teeth.

## INT. NANCY'S BATHROOM

Nancy is flossing. Unfortunately, there's one piece of floss she can't get out of her mouth.

## INT. BEDROOM

George goes over to the bed to fluff up the pillows. He stops to look at a painting above the bed. WE SEE the signature: "George Clark."

## INT. NANCY'S BATHROOM

Nancy brushes her hair, the floss still hanging.

## INT. BEDROOM

George is adjusting the thermostat in the room. On the wall is a painting of Nancy, also with George's signature. George looks at the picture, then checks his watch.

## INT. NANCY'S BATHROOM

Nancy decides to give one more hard pull. She screams as the floss comes out. The force of the pull knocks her into the towel rack.

## INT. BEDROOM

Nancy finally enters. She gets into bed. George joins her.

GEORGE

What happened? I thought maybe you were going through menopause in there.

They kiss.

NANCY

Are you using a new mouthwash?

GEORGE

We ran out.

NANCY

What is this?

GEORGE

This is my own breath. You don't recognize it?

They kiss a little more. They try to get comfortable, re-adjusting positions, pulling covers from one person to the other, etc. Finally, the PHONE RINGS.

NANCY

We should get it. It's probably Alan.

GEORGE

That's okay. I was pretty much done with foreplay.

George picks up a phone on his side of the bed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hi, kiddo. What? You didn't!

(to Nancy)

He dyed his hair blue. He's away from home one day and he's using his head as an easel.

Nancy picks up the phone on her side of the bed.

NANCY

You turned blue? Oh, I've got to see it. That is so cool.

GEORGE

You realize if you and your roommate wash your hair together, you'll form purple.

NANCY

So tell me about your first day?

GEORGE

Do you think you're any smarter yet? From what you can tell, is it worth the tuition?

They both continue talking to Alan on their separate extensions, their amorous plans a thing to the past.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

George and Nancy run out of the Skycab, jogging with their luggage towards the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

George and Nancy check-in. A MALE AIRLINE REP assists them. He examines their tickets.

REP

You're checking all these?

NANCY  
I'd like to keep these two --

GEORGE  
Honey, let them check them --

NANCY  
But you've got your medicine in  
that little one --  
(to the rep)  
My husband has a back problem --

GEORGE  
Thank you, but we'll just check  
everything. It's only a two-hour  
flight, I'm not going to have a  
spasm in mid-air.

They check the bags.

REP  
Then you're all set. Gate 42, to  
your right.

INT. JET WALKWAY - DAY

George and Nancy walk down the ramp towards the plane.

GEORGE  
Are you excited?

NANCY  
I'm very excited, George.

GEORGE  
Because you don't sound excited.

NANCY  
Come closer to me. You'll hear  
it.

GEORGE  
Because I want you to be excited.  
I can't be excited unless you're  
excited, and I'm very excited.

NANCY  
If you're excited, I'm excited.

They hold hands.

GEORGE  
I'm very excited. I just hope  
the interview goes okay.

NANCY  
You said it's only a formality.

GEORGE  
 Absolutely. I'm a shoe-in... I  
 just hope it goes okay.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

WE SEE the jet take-off for New York.

INT. JET - DAY

George and Nancy are sitting next to each other. George is checking his watch.

GEORGE  
 (checking his  
 watch)  
 We took off twenty minutes late.

NANCY  
 It's okay, George. Twenty  
 minutes isn't going to hurt  
 anything.

GEORGE  
 You don't know. You haven't seen  
 the itinerary. I stayed up the  
 past three nights preparing it.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes over with food trays. She starts to put them down as George stops her.

GEORGE  
 Thank you, but we're not going to  
 be eating.

NANCY  
 George, I think we should have a  
 little something --

GEORGE  
 Honey, in two hours we're going  
 to be sitting down to dinner at  
 the famous Twenty-One Club. You  
 don't want to spoil that with a  
 moldy ham and cheese sandwich.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 Our sandwiches are not moldy,  
 Sir. We won an award for best in-  
 flight food.

NANCY  
 That's wonderful. We're enjoying  
 the flight very much.

GEORGE  
Except for taking off late.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Nuts for you.

GEORGE  
Excuse me?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(pointedly)  
Would you like more nuts?

GEORGE  
Oh. No, thank you.

The Flight Attendant moves off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I don't think that's what she was asking.

NANCY  
Let me see your itinerary,  
George.

George proudly takes out a piece of paper.

GEORGE  
Four-forty-five, land at Kennedy Airport. We get our luggage, grab a cab, and take the Van Wyck Expressway into the Long Island Expressway through the Midtown Tunnel. If you don't know the route, these cabbies take you into Manhattan via Quebec. Five o'clock, put American Express card in jacket pocket, tuck money into my sock, and put my wallet in my pants-front pocket for security reasons. At approximately five-thirty, we arrive at our hotel, the gorgeous and luxurious St. Regis.

NANCY  
Can we go in through the lobby or is there some special entrance that's safer?

GEORGE  
Just listen. Six o'clock, dinner at the Twenty-One Club. Followed by eight o'clock drinks at the Rainbow Room and a little late-night dancing.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
At ten o'clock back to the room  
for a night of the most fabulous  
love-making any out-of-town woman  
has ever experienced.

Nancy reaches up and re-directs the air flow towards George.

NANCY  
(playfully)  
Someone has to cool you off,  
Mister.

GEORGE  
Then asleep by ten-fifteen.

EXT. AN AERIAL VIEW OF MANHATTAN - DAY

This is a GLORIOUS PAN OF THE ISLAND, with skyscrapers  
gleaming in the afternoon sunlight.

INT. JET - DAY

George and Nancy are peering out the windows.

NANCY  
My God. It's so big. It seems  
almost too big for people.

GEORGE  
Not for you and me put together.

NANCY  
Where do you think Susan lives?

GEORGE  
It could be in anyone's  
apartment. I'm sure she's not  
paying her own rent.

The CAPTAIN breaks into their reverie.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, we just got  
word from Kennedy that we've run  
into some heavy air traffic, not  
too unusual at this hour.  
There's about fifteen aircraft  
ahead of us in a holding pattern,  
so if you'll bear with us, we'll  
circle over the New York area  
until we get the go-ahead. I  
would guess about twenty to  
thirty minutes. Thank you.

GEORGE  
Did you hear that?

NANCY  
I'm right here, honey.

GEORGE  
Twenty to thirty minutes on top  
of the twenty minutes we were  
already late? That's forty to  
fifty minutes.

NANCY  
There's nothing we can do,  
George. Stop looking at your  
watch. Try to relax. Your back  
will act up.

GEORGE  
I knew we should've left  
yesterday. Next time we go  
somewhere we're leaving the day  
before.

EXT. JET CIRCLING OVER LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

INT. JET - DAY

Nancy is reading the In-Flight Magazine.

GEORGE  
This is unbelievable. How can  
you sit there reading that?

NANCY  
I have to. You made me check all  
my magazines.

GEORGE  
It's almost thirty-five minutes  
now. Can you believe that?

NANCY  
(off the magazine)  
This article is called  
"Motherhood, Marriage, and the  
Myth of Femininity." Basically,  
its thesis is that within the  
institution of marriage,  
motherhood is a form of  
indentured servitude, because in  
over ninety per cent of  
marriages, even if the woman  
works, she still has primary  
responsibility for the children.  
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
It advocates the abolition of  
marriage.

GEORGE  
(rubbing his  
stomach)  
You can abolish whatever you  
want, we're still going to be  
sitting together until this thing  
lands.

NANCY  
Why don't you ask for some food,  
George? There's no telling how  
long we'll be up here.

GEORGE  
Alright, if you're hungry, I'll  
ask.

George gets up and walks over to the Flight Attendants.

GEORGE  
My wife is a little hungry. I  
was wondering if we could have a  
sandwich.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Oh, you mean the moldy  
sandwiches? They're all gone,  
sir.

GEORGE  
A piece of bread? A cracker?

The Flight Attendant hands George two breadsticks.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
That's the end of the food, sir.

GEORGE  
What about coffee?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
We're not allowed to have the  
burners on during landing.

GEORGE  
Yes, but we're not landing, we're  
circling.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
We're circling prior to landing.

GEORGE

Yes, but if we keep circling and circling, that's not circling, that's flying. Can't you make coffee during flying?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, I'm just following FAA regulations. We're not permitted to serve beverages during take-off or landing... Would you like a glass of water?

GEORGE

Isn't water a beverage?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, please take your breadsticks and sit down.

WE HEAR the sound of the plane's INTERCOM.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Captain Morgan again. Well, unfortunately, we've run into a little fog system not previously reported. Kennedy reports a ceiling under a hundred feet, far below normal for landing, so we'll have to sit it out and wait up here a bit longer.

GEORGE

Now we're going to sit. First we held, then we circled, now we sit. Next we crouch.

The Flight Attendant walks off. George returns to his seat. Someone passes him on the way to the lavatory. They try to squeeze by, crushing his breadsticks.

EXT. THE JET FLIES IN THE EARLY EVENING SKY

INT. JET - EVENING

George is so upset he can't un-clench his teeth. Nancy is still reading.

GEORGE

You know what time it is?

NANCY

Twenty to seven.

GEORGE

It's twenty to seven. The only way we can still make dinner is to parachute into the restaurant.

Disgusted, George gets up and heads over to the lavatory. It's occupied, so he waits. Finally, a woman emerges and George enters. As he does, a WARNING BELL GOES OFF.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Folks, please remain seated and keep your seat belts on. We may be running into a little turbulence here. Thanks.

INT. LAVATORY

George has his pants off as he's bounced around the lavatory from side to side, trying to steady himself. He grabs onto the baby-diapering table, which opens and slams him in the head. With great effort, George finally steadies himself, and tries to wash his hands, just as the plane hits an air pocket.

INT. JET - NIGHT

George walks back to his seat, his pants soaked. A few people stare at him.

GEORGE

Why don't they have seatbelts in the toilet? That's the one place they really need them.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Captain Morgan. You're not going to like this, but ground control sees no easing up in the weather conditions and it appears that Kennedy will be closed for the night.

A moan comes up in the cabin.

CAPTAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The same applies to Newark, LaGuardia, and Philadelphia. So it looks like we'll be landing in Boston.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, it must be my ears. Did he say --

NANCY

Boston, honey.  
                   (trying to be  
                   comforting)  
 I've never been to Boston either.  
 It's supposed to be very  
 historical.

INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The passengers from Flight 42 disembark and enter the terminal. George and Nancy emerge from the plane as a great look of horror comes over their faces.

From their POV, WE SEE the airport jammed with people clamoring for the attention of the airline's undermanned staff, people on phones, people on chairs -- it's pandemonium.

GEORGE

I have an eleven o'clock meeting tomorrow morning and I just landed at Ellis Island.

NANCY

I'm sure they'll understand if you're a little late, George.

GEORGE

I don't think so. You don't give a promotion to a man who can't get from Ohio to New York in a day.

NANCY

Is that really so important in advertising?

GEORGE

It's the principle, Nancy. Why are we talking about this now? We need a plan.

NANCY

Maybe there's another flight.

GEORGE

Honey, I'm trying to think... Here's our claim checks. You pick up the bags and I'll see if there's another flight.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

George is fighting his way through a THRONG OF PEOPLE at the airline's CHECK-IN DESK.

AIRLINE AGENT  
 ...Kennedy is closed for the  
 night. There are no flights into  
 New York.

MAN  
 When will they open again?

AGENT  
 Operations should resume early in  
 the morning, but there's no  
 guarantee. We'll be happy to put  
 you up in a nearby hotel and  
 provide transportation to the  
 airport --

GEORGE  
 (shouting over the  
 din)  
 What about trains?

AIRLINE AGENT  
 You'll have to check at the  
 Information Desk.

A hundred people run simultaneously for the Information  
 Desk, with George leading the pack.

INT. TERMINAL - EVENING

Nancy is waiting at the baggage terminal, holding her claim  
 checks. People are elbowing her out of the way, shoving her  
 aside. She's clearly not good at fighting for herself in  
 this kind of mob.

INT. TERMINAL - EVENING

George leads the pack up to the INFORMATION DESK, where a  
 beleaguered REPRESENTATIVE is answering questions.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 The buses are filled until three  
 in the morning... The last train  
 to New York from South Station is  
 in twenty minutes.

People start to clamor and run in every direction.

INT. TERMINAL - BAGGAGE CLAIM

George gets over to baggage claim, which is now virtually  
 empty. From his POV WE SEE Nancy sitting by the luggage  
 carousel -- without luggage.

GEORGE

There's a train in twenty minutes, gets us into New York -- where are the bags?

NANCY

They didn't come out.

GEORGE

What do you mean they didn't come out?

NANCY

I can't say it any simpler than that. They didn't come out.

GEORGE

Why would they not come out? We have twenty minutes to get a train.

NANCY

George, you have to calm down. I'm sure there's a simple explanation for this --

GEORGE

I can't calm down. I have to be in New York tomorrow for the most important meeting of my life!

NANCY

So what's the worst that could happen? You don't get the promotion? That's not the end of the world, right?

GEORGE

Nancy, I'm fifty-two years old. I don't have that many promotions left.

George leaps onto the still-moving carousel and looks up into the chute that leads to the baggage handling area. An occasional bag comes out that George has to step over.

NANCY

George, are you crazy? You'll get hurt!

GEORGE

(shouting up the chute)

Hello? This is George Clark from Flight 42. Are there any other bags back there? We're looking specifically for a brown suitcase and three Sportsacs.

NANCY  
And a pink nightcase.

GEORGE  
And a pink nightcase.

George continues looking up the chute as a bag flies down, catching him firmly in the stomach, knocking him flat onto the carousel.

NANCY  
George!

Nancy starts to drag George off the carousel.

GEORGE  
Never mind me. Keep looking for the luggage.

INT. LOST AND FOUND OFFICE - EVENING

George and Nancy stand there as MR. LOPEZ, a painfully slow-talking and implacable clerk examines their check stubs.

LOPEZ  
And you say you didn't see them come out?

GEORGE  
I wasn't there. My wife didn't see them come out.

LOPEZ  
Well, we can run a check on these, but it may take a little while to re-locate them. Where will you be staying in the Boston area?

GEORGE  
In the Boston area we'll be staying in New York. Is there any way you could speak a little faster?

LOPEZ  
As soon as we track down your luggage, we'll contact you and forward it. Where will you be staying?

GEORGE

We'll be staying at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City. And if my bags aren't there by eight o'clock tomorrow morning, I'm going to be on the phone with your supervisor, and he'll get an earful from me.

LOPEZ

My supervisor is a woman, Sir.

GEORGE

Well, I hope she spends a lot of time hanging around the docks, because what I've got to say won't be pretty.

They run out of the office.

EXT. TAXI STAND - NIGHT

George and Nancy rush out of the terminal and jump into a cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

George and Nancy collapse into the back seat.

GEORGE

South Station. We've got ten minutes to catch a train.

CABBIE

It's fifteen minutes to South Station.

GEORGE

There's an extra ten if you make it --

The cab screeches out, throwing George and Nancy against the backseat.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, honey. When I think of what I wanted this night to be like for you. A romantic candlelight dinner at Twenty-One. Lobster Thermidor, a light, but effervescent Chablis, Creme Brulee dessert.

NANCY

It's okay, George. We can eat in the room. The fun part is, we're together. Do you realize how long it's been since we've been away from home together?

GEORGE

You know, it's great the way you can be so upbeat at a time like this. I really admire that.

They kiss.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's that taste?

NANCY

What taste?

GEORGE

Did you have peanut butter?

NANCY

(guiltily)

What are you talking about?

GEORGE

Where did you get peanut butter?

NANCY

I didn't have peanut butter, George.

GEORGE

You don't usually taste like peanut butter.

NANCY

It's a new lipstick. Revlon Crunchy.

GEORGE

You had peanut butter!

NANCY

(breaking down)

I got it at a vending machine while I was waiting for the luggage. I only had seventy-five cents and the machine didn't make change and I ate them all! I'm sorry, George. This is a very rough time for me.

GEORGE

You ate them all?

NANCY

It doesn't mean I don't love you.

Nancy surreptitiously picks some peanut cracker out of her teeth.

EXT. SOUTH STATION - NIGHT

The cab screeches to a halt. George and Nancy get out. George hands a twenty over through the window.

GEORGE

(to the cabbie)

Give me five back.

CABBIE

You said an extra ten.

GEORGE

If you made it in ten minutes.  
It took nearly thirteen.

CABBIE

I'm keeping ten.

GEORGE

What did you just say? Did you  
hear this?

NANCY

He's keeping ten. George, we'll  
miss the train.

GEORGE

We probably already missed the  
train because he didn't make it  
in ten. I'm not tipping him for  
thirteen minutes.

The cab starts to move, forcing George to run alongside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're going to hear from me! I  
know your license plate number!

(to Nancy)

Can you remember 5054LXPR?

INT. SOUTH STREET STATION - NIGHT

George and Nancy run in. They look up at a giant  
computerized schedule board.

GEORGE

Did we miss it?

NANCY  
 (looking at the  
 board)  
 Was it the seven-ten train?

GEORGE  
 Yes.

NANCY  
 We missed it.

GEORGE  
 Oh, God!

George slumps down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 This isn't happening.

NANCY  
 "Honey, you're going to get the  
 job. They'll understand.  
 There's nothing you could have  
 done to prevent this.

GEORGE  
 I could've taken an earlier  
 flight. I could've left  
 yesterday.

NANCY  
 That's true... So, I guess I  
 have time to go to the Ladies  
 Room?

GEORGE  
 All the time in the world. Enjoy  
 yourself.

Nancy walks off towards the Ladies Room. George sits there,  
 forlorn. He heads over to a vending machine, puts some  
 change in, and pulls on the peanut-crackers knob. Nothing  
 happens. He pulls again. He begins pulling furiously on  
 the lever when he HEARS AN ANNOUNCEMENT OVER THE PA.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 The seven-ten to New York leaving  
 now out of Track Five.

George stops beating on the machine long enough to register  
 this.

INT. STATION

George is running through the station. He notices a WOMAN  
 sweeping the floor.

GEORGE

Can you tell me where the ladies room is?

WOMAN SWEEPER

You mean the men's room.

GEORGE

No, I don't want the men's room.  
I want the ladies room.

The Sweeper points across the hall. George runs to the Ladies Room. He knocks on the door, very excited.

GEORGE

(shouting)

Nancy! Nancy, we can still make the train! Nancy!...

There's no response. George rushes back over to the sweeper.

GEORGE

Miss, my wife is in there. Could you get her out? She just went in.

He takes her arm, pulling her to the ladies room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just get her quickly, please.  
It's a matter of life and death.

George practically pushes the Sweeper into the ladies room. He looks at his watch. Suddenly Nancy appears, coming from the opposite direction.

NANCY

Hi! Oh, here it is. I got lost.

She starts towards the Ladies Room.

GEORGE

(stopping her)

Never mind. We can still make the train.

The ladies room door opens and the Sweeper pulls out a reluctant older woman.

WOMAN

Let go! Let go of me I said!

SWEEPER

She didn't want to come out.

GEORGE  
 (to the woman)  
 I beg your pardon.  
 (to Sweeper)  
 Take her back in.

George takes Nancy's hand as they run for the train.

# INT. TRAIN PLATFORM

A train stands at the platform, steam coming from the track.  
 George and Nancy run down the ramp.

GEORGE  
 (yelling)  
 Hold it! Hold the train!

ANGLE ON George and Nancy running down the platform. They  
 jump onto the train.

# INT. TRAIN

George and Nancy stand in the little boarding area,  
 breathless.

NANCY  
 Well, we made it, George. We  
 made it. On a full bladder, I  
 made it.

GEORGE  
 You were great, honey. You did  
 it. I forgive you the peanut  
 butter.

NANCY  
 Let's just hope we can get a  
 seat. I'm exhausted.

They push open the door to the interior of the train. A  
 look of surprise comes across their faces.

From George and Nancy's POV WE SEE the interior of the  
 train. It's completely empty except for a CLEANING WOMAN.

GEORGE  
 Is this the seven-ten to New  
 York?

CLEANING WOMAN  
 No.  
 (motions out the  
 window)  
 That is.

George and Nancy look out the window to see another train pulling out of the station.

EXT. BOSTON AVIS

A 1996 Taurus pulls out into the street.

INT. CAR

George is driving. Nancy is holding a map.

GEORGE

So we stay straight on this?

NANCY

That's what it says.

GEORGE

For how long?

NANCY

About one-hundred fifty miles.

There's a silence in the car. Nancy tries to tune in the radio, but there's nothing coming in that sounds interesting. After a minute she shuts it off.

NANCY

Well, I guess we'll just have to talk for three hours.

There's nothing but silence for a moment.

GEORGE

I'm going to be asleep on my feet for that meeting tomorrow.

NANCY

You know, horses sleep on their feet...

There's more silence between them.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Where's your phone? I want to call Alan.

GEORGE

Let's not waste the battery.

NANCY

I'm not not wasting it. I'm calling Alan.

GEORGE

I know, but the phone is for emergencies.

NANCY

You mean the only time I can call someone is for a fire or a robbery? My only friends will be at 911.

GEORGE

These calls are expensive. You know how much a call to Ohio costs at prime calling time? And I thought we were supposed to be talking.

NANCY

You're right. Let's talk. What do you want to talk about?

There's another silence.

NANCY

George, do you ever think we're in a rut?

GEORGE

No. Why, do you?

NANCY

No... Do you?

GEORGE

Not really. Do you?

NANCY

Well, it's just that it's been so long since we've had any time alone together. You with work, me with the kids. Sometimes it's like we're strangers.

GEORGE

Exactly. That's why this move is so perfect. Maybe we need a change.

NANCY

But you hate change.

GEORGE

Well, now I'm changing.

Nancy looks at George and smiles. He smiles back.

GEORGE  
(handing over the  
phone)  
Why don't you give Alan a call?  
Find out what color his hair is  
tonight.

NANCY  
Okay. If you want.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Taurus passes a sign reading "Entering New York City."

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy is reading the map as they drive.

GEORGE  
It forks up ahead. Which way do  
I go?

NANCY  
(reading the map)  
Do you see a sign that says Bronx  
Pelham Parkway?

GEORGE  
Yes.

NANCY  
Good.

George turns the wheel, making a clear right onto Pelham  
Parkway.

NANCY  
(still reading the  
map)  
Go past that.

GEORGE  
What do you mean go past it?

NANCY  
Right after that should be the  
Henry Hudson Parkway, and that  
takes us right into Manhattan.

GEORGE  
I already took the first right.

NANCY  
I didn't tell you to turn.

GEORGE

You implied it.

NANCY

I implied nothing. If I meant for you to turn, I would've said turn. I wouldn't imply a turn. I don't even know how to imply a turn.

GEORGE

Where are we going?

NANCY

I don't know. It's a cheap map. The next thing I can make out is Philadelphia.

EXT. DARK BRONX STREET - NIGHT

The Taurus gets off the highway on this dark, forbidding street. A MOTORCYCLE GANG ROARS PAST ominously.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George and Nancy look around, not feeling very comfortable.

NANCY

George, you just went through a red light.

GEORGE

I know. I'm trying to attract the police.

They drive on for a minute as they suddenly hit a huge bump in the road. They both scream.

NANCY

Oh my God! It's like driving on the lunar surface.

GEORGE

(through clenched teeth)

My back.

NANCY

You should have brought the pad.

George moans.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, George. If it's that bad, you better let me drive.

George pulls the car over.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

George slowly gets out of the car. Nancy runs around to help him over to the passenger side.

NANCY

It's because you're so tense.  
You've got to find a way to  
release your tension.

GEORGE

Unfortunately, I don't know how  
much tension I'm going to release  
in this neighborhood.

George gets in as Nancy runs around to the other side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy meticulously checks all the mirrors. She adjusts her seat belt, then checks the mirrors again.

GEORGE

Miss, I've got three other road  
tests to grade today.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

As Nancy readies herself for the drive, the MOTORCYCLE GANG PULLS UP IN BACK OF THE CAR. They park in a perfect line-up, turn off their engines, and head towards a bar directly opposite them.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy is adjusting her seat.

GEORGE

Now, please pull out and show me  
a three-point-turn.

NANCY

Oh, ha ha, George. The fact of  
the matter is, I have never had  
a single moving violation.

Nancy checks behind her, checks in front, then starts the car. She puts it in reverse.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nancy backs up slowly into the first bike, which causes all the rest to topple. The GANG STOPS IN THEIR TRACKS, as they watch their precious bikes slowly collapse upon each other, like a row of dominoes. For a moment the gang is too stunned to react.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy is looking out the rear-view mirror.

NANCY  
Did I hit something?

George turns around. From his POV WE SEE THE GANG RUNNING TOWARDS THE CAR.

George's eyes open wide in terror.

GEORGE  
Go! Go! Go!

Nancy steps hard on the gas as the gang members fling themselves on the car. They begin pounding the car, kicking it with their boots. Nancy screams as she continues driving.

NANCY  
George! What do I do?

GEORGE  
Keep driving!

A bottle bounces off the windshield.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - AVIS GARAGE - NIGHT

The Taurus pulls in. It's dented, battered, smashed, and generally reduced to a shambles. As Nancy slows to a stop, a headlight falls off.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT

George and Nancy walk through the crowded city streets. George is clutching a receipt from Avis.

GEORGE  
Can you believe this? Fourteen  
hundred dollars in damages.

NANCY  
Maybe once you get the promotion,  
Dun and Bradley will pick up the  
costs.

GEORGE  
You think I'd actually tell them  
this story before I retired?

NANCY  
Well, there's nothing we can do  
about it now. I just want to get  
to the hotel... Where is the  
hotel, George?

George looks up at the street signs.

GEORGE  
Let's see, this is Madison and  
54th.

NANCY  
And where was the Avis place?

GEORGE  
Madison and 52nd.

NANCY  
And where's the St. Regis?

GEORGE  
Fifth and 55th.

NANCY  
So, doesn't that mean we're  
walking in the wrong direction?

GEORGE  
Stop looking up at the street  
signs, Nancy. People will know  
we're from out-of-town. That's  
how you get in trouble.

NANCY  
Don't get mad at me. I'm sorry  
about the money but it's not my  
fault we had to fly into Boston  
and rent a car.

GEORGE  
Of course not. That's the  
airline's fault... It's your  
fault we got off at the wrong  
exit.

NANCY  
George, you know I'm not a good  
map-reader. I offered to drive.

GEORGE  
I let you drive. Two minutes  
later we were in "Rebel without  
a Cause."

NANCY

Listen, George, I didn't even want to come here. I came for you. Because it was important to you. I'm always there to support you, and the least you could do is show a little gratitude in return!

GEORGE

Thank you for everything.

NANCY

You're welcome.

Nancy stops the first person she sees, a man with a baseball cap.

NANCY

Excuse me, which way is Fifth Avenue?

GEORGE

(clearly annoyed)

That's okay, I know which way --

The man walks off.

GEORGE

You can't just start talking to strangers.

NANCY

Why not? That's how I met you. You have to have some faith in people, George.

Another MAN comes up, well-dressed, in a business suit.

BUSINESSMAN

Folks, if you need any help, I'm heading over to Fifth myself.

NANCY

Oh, thank you. You can't imagine what we've been through tonight.

GEORGE

We know where Fifth is --

BUSINESSMAN

Oh, fine, then.

George takes Nancy and heads off. The Businessman watches them go.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

I don't mean to intrude, but  
unless they moved it, Fifth is  
the other way.

NANCY

Thank you. As long as you're  
going in that direction.

They all start walking together, George somewhat  
reluctantly.

BUSINESSMAN

It's confusing over here on the  
East Side.

NANCY

Especially to us. We're from out-  
of-town. Twin Oaks, Ohio.

GEORGE

But I've been here before.

BUSINESSMAN

Well, then I'm especially happy  
I stopped to help you. I hate  
the reputation New Yorkers get  
for being nasty. After all, most  
of us were from somewhere else  
originally. It's a city of  
immigrants.

NANCY

That's true.

They turn a corner onto a much darker, deserted street.

BUSINESSMAN

Stop right here.

NANCY

Is this Fifth?

George and Nancy look up as the man backs them into a dark  
corner.

BUSINESSMAN

Up against the wall and don't  
make a sound.

NANCY

Oh my God, we're being held up.  
It's a hold-up, we're being held  
up.

BUSINESSMAN

Shut up!

NANCY

Don't shoot! My husband has a  
bad back! I'm a mother! Oh,  
God, my children! George, give  
him your wallet.

George takes out his wallet and hands it to the mugger.

GEORGE

There. That's everything.

NANCY

What about the money in your  
sock?

George gives Nancy a look and reluctantly hands over the  
money from his sock. Then Nancy takes out her wallet.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Here's my wallet. Where's our  
phone? George, give him the  
phone.

GEORGE

Why? Maybe he doesn't want it.

NANCY

Give it to him!

BUSINESSMAN

Come on, come on!

Nancy grabs the phone and hands it over.

NANCY

The pin numbers are 63 and 69.  
It's our children's birth years.  
The ones we're talking to,  
anyway.

BUSINESSMAN

Now start walking down the block  
slowly and don't turn around.

George and Nancy walk down the block as the mugger runs off  
in the other direction.

NANCY

Oh my God. Oh my God, George.

Nancy collapses onto George.

GEORGE

It's okay. Don't worry. He's  
gone. He's not coming back. We  
have nothing left to give him.

NANCY

Your credit card. At least I forgot to give him your credit card. I'm sorry about this, George. I was so scared --

GEORGE

Don't be sorry. As long as you're okay, that's the important thing.

NANCY

George, I think I'm going to throw up. I'm going to throw up right here on the street.

GEORGE

That's okay. Then you'll look like a real New Yorker.

George puts his arm around Nancy as he leads her down the street.

EXT. ST. REGIS - NIGHT

The hotel is lit-up in all its luxurious splendor, marred only by some scaffolding surrounding a portion of the structure, as George and Nancy approach.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

George and Nancy stagger into the hotel. They're slightly giddy from the combination of being in the lap of luxury, and having survived their misfortunes.

GEORGE

It's okay. We're here. We made it.

NANCY

We're safe! We're alive, and there're people to show us to our rooms and bring us food and protect us from muggers.

(looking around)

Oh, George, look at this place. It's gorgeous.

GEORGE

And this is just the lobby. Wait until you see the rooms. Just as beautiful, but with towels and bathrobes.

They walk up to the front desk, where MR. MERSAULT, the hyper-efficient manager of the hotel, is calmly berating one of the female desk clerks. When Mersault speaks, it's in some indeterminate language that's difficult to understand, even if you're from his country, wherever that is.

MERSAULT

Don't argue with me, Michelle.  
You only have two things to do in  
life. Listen to me, and die.  
Which would you prefer to do  
first?

Mersault quickly looks up and notices the Clarks.

MERSAULT (CONT'D)

Good evening. Welcome to the St.  
Regis. May I help you?

GEORGE

\*We have a reservation. Clark.

Mersault looks through the computer.

MERSAULT

Ah, yes. Here we are. Mr. and  
Mrs. Clark. I'm Mr. Mersault,  
manager of the hotel, and if  
there's anything I can do to make  
your stay more pleasant, don't  
hesitate to let me know.

GEORGE

Right now that would be room  
service. We haven't eaten since  
this morning.

NANCY

We are completely famished.

MERSAULT

I'll have a complimentary basket  
of fruit and cheese sent to your  
room, along with a fine merlot.

GEORGE

Isn't that wonderful?

MERSAULT

If I can just take an imprint of  
your credit card, I'll have you  
up in your room in a minute.

George takes out his American Express card and hands it  
over.

GEORGE

I can't even begin to tell you  
what we've been through. First  
our flight was re-routed --

NANCY

-- then we wound up landing in  
Boston, as soon as we got here we  
were mugged --

MERSAULT

How horrendous! And the crime  
rate is down over twelve percent.

(to the Clerk,  
condescendingly)

Try this button. The one that  
says "Enter."

(to George)

Oh, there was a message for you  
as well.

Mersault hands an envelope over to George, who opens it.

GEORGE

(reading)

"We have located your luggage...  
We will deliver to the St. Regis  
Hotel late this evening. We  
apologize for any inconvenience."

NANCY

Oh, thank God, they're not lost.

GEORGE

You see? Everything's starting  
to work out now.

MERSAULT

This is strange... Mr. Clark, I'm  
sorry, but we're having a bit of  
a problem with your American  
Express card.

GEORGE

What kind of problem?

MERSAULT

They won't pay. Apparently your  
card is in arrears.

GEORGE

That's impossible. I pay every  
month. In full.

MERSAULT  
 (picking up a  
 phone)  
 Perhaps if you speak to them, we  
 can work the situation out.

GEORGE  
 Fine. I'll call them. And I'll  
 give them a little piece of my  
 mind while I'm at it. I don't  
 need this kind of aggravation  
 now.

Mersault hands George the phone.

GEORGE  
 (dialing)  
 I've been a member since 1971.  
 I've never had a problem.  
 (to Nancy)  
 Have I ever had a problem with  
 American Express?

NANCY  
 I don't know who you've had  
 problems with, George.

GEORGE  
 (into phone)  
 Hello, yes, my name is George  
 Clark, and I'm at the St. Regis  
 Hotel in Manhattan, and  
 apparently there's some problem  
 with my card -- it's #3778-496-  
 9907, expiration 1/98... Yes,  
 I'll hold.  
 (to Mersault)  
 This will be cleared up in a  
 second. I've never been late on  
 a payment. My wife can back me  
 up on that.

NANCY  
 That's why I married him.

GEORGE  
 (into phone)  
 What? I never purchased a  
 television at Uncle Stereo in  
 Manhattan. A sofa from ABC  
 Carpet... Seven hundred dollars  
 at Bed, Bath and Beyond... It's  
 on the third card? What third  
 card?

Nancy starts to edge away during this conversation.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Susan Clark has a card on my account? And she's how much overdue? Yes, she is my daughter, biologically speaking, but we have no interaction whatsoever. No, I realize that doesn't help you, but it makes me feel better to say it... Yes, I understand. Thank you.

George hangs up. Nancy looks horrified.

NANCY

She doesn't have any money since she dropped out.

GEORGE

Neither do we.

NANCY

She's working as a waitress and going to auditions, she's been trying to pay us back a little at a time -- she sent roses for our anniversary.

GEORGE

How did she pay for them?

NANCY

On the card.

MERSAULT

Mr. Clark --

GEORGE

(to Mersault)

There has to be some way to work this out. I only carry American Express --

MERSAULT

I'm sorry, Sir. But if the credit card company won't honor the charges, we can't let you stay here.

GEORGE

So you're throwing us out? I've never been thrown out of anywhere in my life.

MERSAULT

Here at the St. Regis we strive to be unique.

NANCY

Can we get our wine and cheese  
basket to go?

MERSAULT

Sadly, no.

George grabs a pad and a pen off the desk.

GEORGE

Alright, Mr. Mersault. I think  
you should know that I was in  
contact with the New York  
Visitor's Bureau in preparation  
for this trip, and they are going  
to be informed that you and your  
hotel threw two guests out into  
the street.

MERSAULT

It's M-e-r-s-A-U-L-T.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

George and Nancy walk out of the hotel.

GEORGE

I can tell you this. Mr. M-e-r-  
s-A-U-L-T won't be managing a  
hotel for very long.

As they cross the street, Nancy steps down. WE HEAR A  
CRUNCH. She stumbles. A CAB HAS TO STOP SHORT to keep from  
hitting her. George grabs her out of harm's way.

GEORGE

Are you okay?

NANCY

Oh my God!  
(looking down)  
It's broken!

GEORGE

Can you bend it?

NANCY

Who can bend a heel?

GEORGE

A heel? I thought you broke your  
leg.

NANCY

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

GEORGE  
I'm not disappointed. I'm hungry  
and frustrated and poor --

NANCY  
Then I'd like to make a  
suggestion. Let's call Susan.

GEORGE  
Do you think there's any chance  
in the world I'd even consider  
talking to her after what  
happened tonight?

NANCY  
I insisted on giving her the  
card, George.

Nancy hobbles onto the sidewalk. George follows her.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I call her all the time, because  
I'm still her mother and she's my  
daughter, and I have the capacity  
to forgive, George.

GEORGE  
You call her all the time?  
Behind my back? You've been  
lying to me?

NANCY  
Not telling you everything I do  
is not lying, George.

GEORGE  
Well, I appreciate the semantic  
distinction, but I don't know how  
I can ever trust you anymore. I  
thought no matter what else  
happened, we'd always be honest  
with each other. I think after  
all these years of marriage, I  
deserve the truth.

NANCY  
You can't handle the truth,  
George.

GEORGE  
I can handle the truth. I can't  
handle being mugged twice in one  
night. Once by a mugger, and  
once by our daughter. It's not  
like we've got money growing on  
trees --

NANCY

George, is this Twenty-One?

As George turns, WE SEE that they are in fact standing in front of Twenty-One.

EXT. TWENTY-ONE CLUB - NIGHT

George and Nancy walk down a few steps towards the restaurant and look at a couple seated near the window, enjoying a sumptuous meal. They stare ravenously in the window at the food.

NANCY

What do you think? Filet of sole?

GEORGE

Could be sole.

NANCY

It's a bit flaky for sole. Maybe it's trout.

GEORGE

(urging the diners  
on)

That's it. There you go. Put a little lemon caper sauce on that.

NANCY

Is that a Chateaubriand? Look how tender it is. Oh, George... hold me.

WE SEE A COUPLE trying to enjoy their dinner while being observed by George and Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Let's go in.

GEORGE

How? We've got no money. We've got no credit cards.

NANCY

I've got money. I always keep a little stashed away.

GEORGE

Where? No, don't tell me.

## INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Looking every bit the proper middle-aged couple, George and Nancy are escorted to their table by a HOSTESS. Nancy is trying to camouflage her hobbling.

HOSTESS  
(handing them  
menus)

Your waiter will be with you in  
just a moment.

They open their menus.

GEORGE  
You sure you have enough to pay  
for this?

NANCY  
Don't worry about it, George.

GEORGE  
Why have I never heard about this  
mysterious money? What other  
secrets have you been keeping  
from me?

NANCY  
That's it. Oh, and the affair.

GEORGE  
Well, as long as you've got it,  
let's spend it.  
(looks at his menu)  
Look at these prices. The  
lobster costs almost as much as  
the damage to the rental car.  
Oh, Nancy, roast duck with a  
cranberry glaze. This is going  
to make it all worth it.

A busboy comes over with a basket of bread and some water.  
He puts it down on the table. He's followed by a WAITER.

WAITER  
Good evening. Can I get you  
beverage from the bar?

GEORGE  
What kind of beer --

NANCY  
Water will be fine.

WAITER  
Okay, water, that's easy. Do you  
know what you'd like for dinner?

GEORGE  
Does the Chicken Milanese come --

NANCY  
(interrupting him)  
We need a few more minutes.

The waiter moves off. Nancy looks around and starts emptying the rolls from the basket into her pockets.

GEORGE  
What are you -- oh my God.

NANCY  
I'm doing it for you, George.  
You have to keep your strength up  
for the interview.

George begins taking the rolls and putting them back.

GEORGE  
We could get arrested.

NANCY  
No one's going to arrest us.  
Unless they see what we're doing.  
Just keep calm, George.

Nancy wraps the butter in a napkin.

GEORGE  
We don't need butter! I thought  
we were trying to cut down on  
fat.

NANCY  
Okay, let's go.

GEORGE  
If I knew you were going to do  
this, I would've made a  
reservation at a place with a  
salad bar.

Nancy gets up. George follows her. They walk past the Hostess.

NANCY  
You know what? We're very late  
for a show. I'm sorry.  
Everything was wonderful.

HOSTESS  
Oh, I'm sorry. I hope you can  
come back.

NANCY  
Oh, we will.

As they start to head out of the restaurant, Nancy hobbles a bit. The Hostess goes to steady her, as does George. The rolls begin falling to the floor. The Hostess looks at them. Other diners look at them.

GEORGE  
(to the Hostess)  
We're from Ohio, and we promised  
to bring something back for the  
kids.

George bends down to help pick up the rolls and freezes in place as his back goes out. George screams. Nancy and the Hostess turn to stare at him.

GEORGE  
What a fabulous floor. Is this  
travertine?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nancy helps George out of the restaurant. He's hunched over.

GEORGE  
This is bad, Nancy. I'm going to  
a meeting with the most hip,  
trendy, age-conscious executives  
in the world, and I can't walk by  
myself.

NANCY  
You need your medicine.

GEORGE  
My medicine is in my luggage,  
probably getting ready to circle  
over New York for a few hours  
before landing in Boston.

NANCY  
We have to get you to a doctor.

GEORGE  
Or a modern dance company. We  
can't afford a doctor.

NANCY  
Then we'll go to a hospital.  
They have to take us. Susan said  
the one she worked in had a good  
staff... What was the name of it?

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

This is a scene from Hell. There are women with crying children, drunks, people lying on gurneys, gunshot victims. As George and Nancy enter, George is still hunched over. A DRUGGED-OUT GUY in the room notices George.

DRUGGED GUY  
(friendly)

Hey.

He slaps George hard on the back. George screams.

DRUGGED GUY  
Sorry. You're not him.

Nancy tries to guide George through the maze of people. An INTERN rushes by with an empty gurney, slamming it into George.

INTERN  
Excuse me, coming through...

George falls backwards in time to get hit with an empty wheelchair being pushed by ANOTHER INTERN. George screams. Nancy grabs him.

GEORGE  
Do they treat emergencies here or  
just create them?

Nancy is now really looking out for George. She won't let anyone near him, but that doesn't stop TWO BOYS throwing a baseball from hitting George in the back.

GEORGE  
(almost crying)  
Ouch.

As an angry mother disciplines her baseball-throwing sons, George and Nancy make their way toward a NURSE sitting behind a desk.

NURSE  
Welcome to Roosevelt Hospital.

NANCY  
Thank you. We're from out of  
town and we were mugged --

NURSE  
Really? That's surprising.  
Crime is down almost twenty  
percent.

NANCY

The airline lost all our luggage  
and my husband's back medications  
were in there --

NURSE

Do you have insurance?

NANCY

We do.

NURSE

Can I see your card?

GEORGE

The mugger has it.

NURSE

Oh, boy. Well, then you're gonna  
have to take a seat. A doctor  
will see you as soon as possible.

GEORGE

Do you have any idea when that  
will be?

She just shakes her head no. George and Nancy cautiously  
hobble over to the waiting area. They find two chairs next  
to a grubby, dirty MAN with a bloodied T-shirt wrapped  
around his face.

GEORGE

This is ridiculous. You'd have  
to get shot to get any attention  
here.

The Man sitting next to George is extremely quiet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

How long have you been waiting?

The Man doesn't respond. He merely slumps over onto George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Sir. I have a bad  
back.

George tries to gently nudge the man away, but the guy falls  
right back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sir --

George repeats the action, and gets the same result.

NANCY  
 (staring at the  
 man)  
 George, I don't think he can hear  
 you.

GEORGE  
 He's deaf?...

NANCY  
 Well, no. I don't think so. I  
 think he's dead.

George looks at the man. He shifts slightly forward so the  
 man falls face onto George's lap. Nancy screams as she  
 jumps up.

NANCY  
 Oh, my God.  
 (to the nurse)  
 Excuse me. Does anyone know what  
 he had?

She begins frantically brushing herself off. Meanwhile,  
 George can't get up. He tries, but the man's T-shirt has  
 gotten caught on his belt and keeps dragging him back down.

NANCY  
 (to a passing  
 doctor)  
 Can someone examine him to see if  
 he was contagious?

A few INTERNS come over to disengage George and take away  
 the body.

INTERN  
 I think he was stabbed.

NANCY  
 (meaning it)  
 Oh, what a relief.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

George and Nancy walk out of the hospital. George is  
 clutching a small envelope with medicine as they stand in  
 the Emergency entrance driveway.

NANCY  
 Take your pills, George.

George opens the packet and starts to empty two of the pills  
 into his mouth. Suddenly the LOUD SHRIEK OF AN AMBULANCE  
 pierces the air, followed by the blast of a horn. George,  
 startled by the sound, immediately begins choking.

NANCY

George? George, are you okay?

He shakes his head no. Nancy begins pounding him on the back, causing the rest of his pills to go flying onto the street. George bends over as Nancy continues pounding. The AMBULANCE DRIVER shrieks at them.

EMS DRIVER

Lady, I got somebody in cardiac arrest here!

NANCY

Oh my God. George, move over.  
Someone's having a heart attack.

Nancy drags George out of the way as he chokes. When the ambulance passes, George finally spits out the pill.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Are you alright? Can you breathe?

GEORGE

(sputtering for  
breath)

Pills... pills...

They turn around to see that the ambulance has crushed all the pills into a fine dust.

NANCY

What about the ones you spit out?

They turn back to see several pigeons fighting over the two pills.

NANCY (CONT'D)

All right. Enough is enough.  
Can we please call Susan? She  
could at least give us a place to  
stay.

GEORGE

She already has. It's called  
bankruptcy court.

NANCY

Let's not exaggerate. We may not  
be rich, but we're not exactly in  
the poorhouse.

GEORGE

How do you know? Have you looked  
at our bills recently?

NANCY

No, not recently.

GEORGE

Of course not. You have no idea what's going on, do you?

NANCY

Tell me what's going on, George. Because you have been a different person these past few months. You're short with me, you're tense --

GEORGE

You live in a fantasy world, Nancy. We have mortgage payments. We have car payments. We have two kids in college. And the other one has our credit card. We've got medical bills --

NANCY

But with this new promotion --

GEORGE

It's not a promotion.

There's a moment of silence. Nancy doesn't quite understand.

NANCY

It's not a promotion? What does that mean? George?

George sits down on the steps of a building.

GEORGE

My firm is letting me go.

NANCY

Sellinsky Advertising? After twenty-three years?

GEORGE

They've been letting all the older guys go. After they're done with these layoffs, the average age in the firm will be eleven. Apparently, if you're over forty, you're not "cutting edge" anymore.

NANCY

That's ridiculous. You were never cutting edge.

Nancy sits down next to George.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know what I mean. Your stuff was always timeless. It transcended trends. That Pepto-Bismal ad where the food was dressed like Mexican revolutionaries -- that was brilliantly clever. Indigestion combined with a comment on immigration.

GEORGE

Well, you helped me come up with that. You were the best copywriter I ever worked with...

Nancy hits him, hard.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...and yet so strangely unsupportive.

NANCY

When were you going to tell me about this, George?

GEORGE

I just didn't want to worry you... I was embarrassed. I was ashamed.

NANCY

The only thing you should be ashamed of is not telling me. If we can't be honest with each other, what kind of marriage do we have?

GEORGE

I guess the kind where I don't tell you I was fired and you don't tell me our daughter is embezzling from us.

NANCY

George, two people who fell in love in college, worked together for years, and went to Little League games and doctors and graduations with three children are supposed to be able to trust each other.

GEORGE

You're right. From now on, let's make a promise. No more secrets. We're a team. What happens to you happens to me. For better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health. You agree?

NANCY

I do.

GEORGE

I do too. None of which helps with the fact that we're hungry and we have nowhere to sleep, but it's still very romantic --

NANCY

Wait a minute. George! Wait a minute! I just thought of something. You know what's in my luggage? Remember the last trip we took with the kids? To Colonial Williamsburg? Remember what we got?

GEORGE

A butter churn?

NANCY

Traveller's Checks, George. We didn't use them all, and they're still in my bag -- you know the way I pack.

GEORGE

Traveller's Checks?

NANCY

Traveller's Checks! We have money, George. We're going to get you to that interview tomorrow, and you are going to get that job, Mr. Clark!

They hug each other. George screams.

GEORGE

My back, my back, my back.

NANCY

Sorry.

GEORGE

It's okay. It doesn't mean I don't love you.

They start towards the hotel, George holding his back and Nancy hobbling.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

George and Nancy enter. At the desk, Mr. Mersault stands guard.

MERSAULT

Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Clark -- the sequel. Welcome back to the St. Regis.

GEORGE

Did our luggage get here yet?

MERSAULT

I'm afraid not. I'll be glad to let you know when it arrives. Where should I contact you?

GEORGE

Very funny.

MERSAULT

If there's somewhere --

Suddenly something else attracts Mr. Mersault's attention.

MERSAULT

Howard, may I see you, please?

HOWARD, a bellboy, slinks over.

MERSAULT (CONT'D)

How many times have I told you not to do this?

Mersault makes a face.

MERSAULT (CONT'D)

That is an unpleasant gesture, and I despise it. I've also told you not to hum while you're working --

Mersault notices a very well-dressed older couple walk over to the desk. The very large woman is wearing a huge fur coat and matching shoes. He runs to greet them.

MERSAULT

Mr. and Mrs. Wellstone! So nice to have you back! How was Monaco? We have Suite 1207 ready as usual. Oh, Mrs. Wellstone, I love those shoes. Exquisite! Is that real leopard?

While Mersault is engaged with the other couple, Nancy takes George's hand and leads him across the lobby, towards the bar.

NANCY  
George, come on...

GEORGE  
Where are we going? Nancy --

NANCY  
Shhh.

GEORGE  
Shhh?

INT. KING COLE BAR - NIGHT

The elegant bar is filled mostly with men in business suits. Nancy and George enter.

NANCY  
George, look.

From their POV WE SEE peanuts, pretzels, chips and orange wedges on the bar.

NANCY  
Oh, God. If I had the strength  
my mouth would water.

GEORGE  
I don't want to get you too  
excited, but I think they have  
trail mix.

NANCY  
(almost swooning)  
I'm going to the bathroom. Make  
me a buffet.

Nancy heads across the room. As she goes, she has to make her way through a knot of well-dressed young men. A very suave, young guy named GREG gives her a long look. Nancy looks away quickly.

GREG  
(to one of the  
other guys)  
You see her walk in here with  
anybody?

MAN #1  
Nope.

Greg moves off to the bar. He sits down next to George, who's gorging himself on peanuts and orange slices. Greg takes the last empty seat.

GREG  
 (to the bartender)  
 Heineken and a Chardonnay,  
 please.  
 (to George)  
 I want to ask you a favor. If I  
 buy you a drink, would you mind  
 moving to a table? I'm meeting  
 someone here. Actually, I'm  
 trying to meet someone.

GEORGE  
 Could you pass the cherries?

Greg slides them over.

GREG  
 She's in the ladies room right  
 now -- and she is a fox. Blonde,  
 incredible body -- a few years  
 older than me --

At this, George looks up.

GEORGE  
 Oh, really? How much older?

GREG (CONT'D)  
 It doesn't matter.  
 (leaning in,  
 confidentially)  
 Older women are so much more in  
 touch with their sensuality. But  
 then I don't have to tell you  
 about older people.

GEORGE  
 (his mouth full)  
 I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.  
 I was too distracted by my adult  
 diapers bunching up.

GREG  
 Here she comes.

They look to see Nancy heading towards them as she hobbles awkwardly on her heel-less shoe.

GREG (CONT'D)  
 Look at her move.

Nancy arrives at the bar, and sits down between Greg and George.

NANCY  
(to George)  
What a gorgeous bathroom. I  
could live in there.

GREG  
Well, it's a beautiful hotel.

Nancy turns. Greg hands her the chardonnay.

GREG  
I hope you don't mind. I took  
the liberty.

George starts to object, but what he's saying is inaudible  
and incoherent because of the food in his mouth.

GREG (CONT'D)  
I'm Greg. I'm here from L.A.  
I'm an Agent.

NANCY  
Have you met George --

GREG  
Clooney? Good guy. Good guy.  
What do you do?

NANCY  
I'm a housewife.

GREG  
You're married? I'm sorry. I  
would never have -- happily  
married?

GEORGE  
Listen, I --

Nancy cuts George off.

NANCY  
(seductively)  
Why don't we go sit down at a  
table? It's too noisy up here.

George begins to protest, as Nancy kicks him.

GREG  
Sure. Sure. Let's sit.

They walk over to a table, Greg carrying his beer and  
Nancy's chardonnay. Nancy throws a look back to George,  
giving him a stern "Don't screw this up by coming over here"  
look. She and Greg sit.

NANCY

I come here every Wednesday night. My husband works late on Wednesdays. I think he's having an affair.

GREG

Does that bother you?

NANCY

Please. I wish he stayed out more often.

Grabbing a bowl of trail mix, George heads over to the table next to Nancy and Greg's and sits down. He tries to listen as they lean away from him.

GREG

Listen -- I don't want to seem like one of those successful guys who blows in from the coast for a few meetings and a good time, but if you want to get together at any point over the next couple of days, I'd love to see you. Because --

NANCY

Give me the key to your room.

GREG

My key?

NANCY

Please. Let's not play games. We both know what we're talking about.

George's eyes pop out of his head. He can't take it anymore.

GEORGE

Buddy, I hate to spoil your party, but --

NANCY

I'm talking to this gentleman here. Stop harassing me or I'll call the manager.

George backs off and sits back down at his table.

NANCY

(leaning in towards  
Greg)

Every night he's here. Always trying to chat me up. It's pathetic.

GREG  
 Ridiculous. A guy that age  
 trying to pick up someone like  
 you.

NANCY  
 (putting her hand  
 on Greg's)  
 So, Greg, is what I think's going  
 to happen going to happen?  
 Because if it is, you are about  
 to have the wildest night of your  
 life.

George starts to get up again, but Nancy backs her chair  
 directly into his groin. George, in silent pain, sits back  
 down.

GREG  
 Listen, I've got to run to a show  
 to see some actress, but I'll be  
 back around ten, ten-thirty --

NANCY  
 I'll wait in your room.

GREG  
 Really? I don't know.

NANCY  
 Well, that's too bad, Greg.

Nancy gets up. She seductively bends toward him, over the  
 table.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 You have no idea what you're  
 missing.

Greg pulls out his card key.

GREG  
 It's room 1402. I'll be back by  
 ten-thirty. What's your name?

NANCY  
 Mrs. Clark.

GREG  
 Oh, man, that's sexy. Just like  
 "The Graduate."

Greg heads out of the bar. Nancy looks at George.

GEORGE  
 What the hell was that? What are  
 we going to do with the key to  
 his room?

INT. HALLWAY - ST. REGIS HOTEL

George and Nancy walk along the hall, looking for Room 1402.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's a glorious room, beautifully appointed, with a gorgeous city view. Nancy is on the phone, ordering from Room Service.

NANCY

That's right, the two lobsters, the salads and hot fudge on both sundaes. And throw in a couple of steaks. Do the potatoes come with sour cream?

WE SEE George staring at Nancy, as if he's just discovered her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

On the side? Perfect. And if you could deliver everything as quickly as possible, we'd appreciate it a lot. Thank you.

Nancy hangs up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

George, this is going to be the greatest meal of all time. I'll probably put on about forty pounds, but you only live once, right? Hey, do you think it was a mistake that we both got the same soup?

GEORGE

You know, you were something in that bar tonight.

NANCY

Thanks. Because, if we got different soups we could share.

GEORGE

It was weird. You were like some cheap tawdry sex machine, looking for a night of pure animalistic hedonistic passion. I liked it.

NANCY

(laughing it off)

Oh, it was nothing... They'll bring bread with the meal, won't they? Or should I call?

GEORGE

What did you mean by the wildest  
night of your life?

NANCY

Oh, who knows? George, all I was  
thinking about was getting a  
meal. It was just an act.

(in her sultry  
voice)

Come here, Big Boy.

Nancy shows a little leg and exposes some cleavage.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I've got a little present for  
you.

George lunges at Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(surprised)

George! I don't want to miss the  
food.

They begin kissing wildly. They start ripping off each  
other's clothes. They fall on the floor.

GEORGE

Oh!

NANCY

What? Is it your back? You  
should have your pad.

GEORGE

Forget my pad! It was a good oh.  
An oh for pleasure.

NANCY

It's been so long since I heard  
a pleasurable oh from you.

George and Nancy continue to go at it. Suddenly, there's a  
CLICK AT THE DOOR as someone inserts a card key. George and  
Nancy freeze as they hear the door slam up against the  
chain.

GREG (O.C.)

Mrs. Clark?

NANCY

(sotto)

Oh my God.

Nancy rolls off George. She immediately starts  
straightening herself up.

NANCY  
(calling out)  
One second!  
(to George)  
Get under the bed!

GEORGE  
I will not.

NANCY  
George, we broke into his room!

GREG (O.C.)  
Mrs. Clark? I decided to skip  
the show.

GEORGE  
What if he tries to...

NANCY  
I'll handle it. Go!

George climbs under the bed as Nancy goes to the door. She takes the chain off. Greg enters.

GREG  
I was wondering whether you'd  
still be here.

NANCY  
Why wouldn't I be?

GREG  
I don't know. Some women might  
be intimidated by this scenario.

NANCY  
Not me. I find this scenario to  
be incredibly dangerous, in an  
erotic sense.

GREG  
I love the way you put words  
together.

NANCY  
I've always been good with my  
mouth.

ANGLE ON George under the bed. He starts to climb out to protest.

ANGLE ON Nancy noticing this as she sits down on the bed and kicks her shoes off, throwing them underneath.

ANGLE ON the shoes hitting George.

ANGLE ON Greg as he sits down next to her on the bed.

GREG  
You know what I'd like to do,  
Mrs. Clark?

NANCY  
I have no idea.

GREG  
I'd like to kiss you.

Greg starts to lean towards Nancy.

NANCY  
Greg, do you have protection?

GREG  
Absolutely. I wouldn't even  
think of not having those...  
them... it...

NANCY  
Can I see them?

Greg stands up and gets a box from his drawer. He hands  
them to Nancy.

NANCY  
Oh, well, these aren't ribbed,  
are they?

GREG  
Is that a problem?

NANCY  
Greg, there's a drugstore across  
the street. I'd like it if you'd  
get a box of ribbed, lubricated  
mentholated. I promise you it'll  
be worth the trip.

There's a big thump from under the bed. Nancy bounces up.

GREG  
What was that?

ANGLE UNDER the bed. George's eyes open wide as he sees the  
biggest waterbug in the history of the world coming at him.  
He tries to back up but there's no room.

The bed continues to shake as Nancy lays back seductively.

NANCY  
We're wasting time, Greg.

Greg looks at her, back at the shaking bed, then heads out.  
The door closes behind him.

NANCY  
George, what are you doing?

GEORGE  
I'm down here with the cast of a  
Japanese horror film.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

As Greg walks down the hall, he passes a ROOM SERVICE WAITER wheeling a huge cart. They nod to each other. Greg presses the button on the elevator as he looks back to see the waiter stop in front of his door.

GREG  
(to the waiter)  
Excuse me... who's that for?

WAITER  
Mr. Allred.

The elevator comes.

GREG  
I'm Mr. Allred.

The elevator goes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

George and Nancy quickly get all their clothes back on, ready to make a break for it. They pull open the door and --

From their POV we see the Room Service Waiter standing there with Greg.

GREG  
Did you order all this?  
(off George)  
Who's he?

NANCY  
(very friendly)  
This is my husband George.

GREG  
Your husband?!

WAITER  
Where should I set the tray?

GEORGE  
That's right! And I should punch  
you in the mouth for trying to  
pick up my wife. She's twice  
your age.

NANCY  
(punching George)  
Excuse me?

GEORGE  
(to Greg)  
What's your problem? Do you have  
a mother fixation?

NANCY  
George!

WAITER  
Is this for three? Because I  
only have settings for two.

GREG  
(to the Waiter)  
I'm not paying for this!

WAITER  
I'll have to call the Manager.

Nancy slams the door shut. We HEAR SHOUTING from the other  
side.

NANCY  
(putting her shoes  
on)  
We've got to get out of here.

GEORGE  
Can't we just explain that you  
seduced a guest to get his key so  
that we could order a free meal  
and have sex in his suite?

NANCY  
George, they could throw us in  
jail for this. I don't think  
you'll get the promotion if  
you're on parole.

GEORGE  
I'm sure they're not going to  
throw us in jail.

WE HEAR A COMMOTION outside the door.

GREG (O.C.)  
Get hotel security! Call the  
cops!

INT. ST. REGIS HALLWAY - NIGHT

TWO BEEFY HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS walk up to the door. Greg  
is still pounding away.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(to Greg)

Would you step back, please.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Open up. Hotel Security.

There's no response. Security Guard #1 takes out a Master key, slides it into the lock, and tries to push the door open. The chain is on. Frustrated, he nods to the other security guard, who nods back. They rush the door. It doesn't give the first time. The second time, it finally goes. They rush into the room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Security Guards, and Greg enter. From their POV WE SEE the room in pristine condition, totally empty.

The Security Guards look back to Greg like he's crazy.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NIGHT

George and Nancy are on the ledge.

NANCY

George, I'm scared.

GEORGE

It's okay. I'm here. Don't worry.

George grabs the scaffolding. He stands on a wooden platform.

GEORGE

This is pretty solid. Give me your hand.

The platform gives way as George disappears out of sight. Nancy screams, closes her eyes, then looks down to see George a few feet below her in a crumpled heap.

NANCY

George, are you alive?

GEORGE

Unfortunately.

Nancy begins to climb down the scaffolding, carefully lowering herself to George's level. From above, they see the Security Guards stick their heads out the window, searching for them. George and Nancy lean back into the shadows of the scaffolding.

NANCY  
(whispering)  
George, look.

From their POV WE SEE a partially opened window to a guest room.

GEORGE  
I don't think we can reach that.

NANCY  
You haven't seen me in my step  
aerobics class. I'm really  
flexible.

Nancy leans out from the scaffolding and grabs a hold of the window ledge. She starts to force the window open. It budes a little bit. But then she loses her grip and begins to fall. George grabs Nancy as her dress rips. Now she's stretched between the scaffolding and the ledge. George holds on to her.

GEORGE  
I've got you! I've got you!

Nancy is still trying the window.

NANCY  
I think I can -- oh my God.

From George and Nancy's POV WE SEE Mr. Mersault, in a guest's room, in a mink coat, and leopard shoes. He sashays around the room, striking poses, and SINGING "Some People."

MERSAULT  
"Some people get a thrill..."

NANCY  
I have that skirt.

GEORGE  
He doesn't have a great voice,  
but he does a lot with it.

NANCY  
I recognize that coat. And those  
shoes -- it was that couple from  
Monaco --

Suddenly Mersault stops. We HEAR A BEEPER RINGING. He picks it up, checks the number, takes the phone and dials.

MERSAULT  
Mersault... Room 1402? The  
Clarks? I see. I'll be right  
up.

Mersault peels off his "costume", quickly fixes himself in the mirror, and runs out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Nancy opens the window as she and George climb in. Nancy looks at the clothes in the closet and the suitcase on the floor, noticing a name on it.

NANCY  
Poor Mrs. Wellstone.

GEORGE  
Actually, he looked better in it  
than she did.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NIGHT

George and Nancy run out of the hotel. There's a CLAP OF THUNDER, followed by the beginning of a monsoon.

NANCY  
Oh, perfect.

Nancy tries to hail a cab.

GEORGE  
What are you doing? We don't  
have money for a cab.

Nancy reveals a ten dollar bill in her hand.

NANCY  
I took it from the Wellstone's  
room. They must have left it for  
Housekeeping.

GEORGE  
Who are you?

NANCY  
I don't know. It's like that  
scene from "Thelma and Louise"  
where she realizes she's cut out  
for a life of crime. Of course,  
she wasn't Treasurer of her PTA.

Now they both try to hail a cab. Of course, at night in the middle of a thunderstorm, it's not easy. Finally Nancy spots something.

NANCY  
Someone's getting out there!

They look across the street to see a cab parked in front of a drug store. A MAN gets out and slams the door.

GEORGE  
Run, Nancy, run! Before he puts  
his light on!

George takes Nancy's hand as they charge across the street, dodging in and out of traffic as horns honk and blare. Finally, they get to the other side of the street, open the door, and jump in the cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

George and Nancy slump into the seat, completely soaked.

GEORGE  
Oh, thank God.

NANCY  
Are we lucky we found you!

GEORGE  
(to the driver)  
The nearest police station,  
please.  
(to Nancy)  
I think we should report the  
mugging. Maybe they'll let us  
sleep in the precinct house.  
Assuming they don't arrest us for  
breaking and entering --

CABBIE  
(turning toward  
Nancy and George)  
Get out!

GEORGE  
Excuse me?

CABBIE  
Get out of the cab now!

Nancy starts to open the door. George stops her.

GEORGE  
Hold on. We're not getting out.

NANCY  
George, he wants us to get out.

GEORGE  
Listen, I know the rules. He has  
to take us -- look, it says so  
right here.

George points to a yellow sign affixed to the window that separates the front and back seats and declares passenger's rights.

GEORGE

He has to take us anywhere in the five boroughs we want to go. And we also have the right to an incense-free ride.

CABBIE

I'm telling you one last time -- get out!

GEORGE

We may just be some insignificant out-of-towners from Ohio, but that doesn't mean we don't know our rights.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF AN ALARM go off.

NANCY

What's that?

Suddenly the front door of the cab opens. The same MAN who got out of the cab originally jumps back in.

MAN

Go! Go! Go!

The CAB SCREECHES AWAY. George and Nancy are thrown against the back seat.

GEORGE

My back --

The Man turns around to see George and Nancy.

MAN

What the hell is this?

CABBIE

They wouldn't get out!

MAN

Are you crazy? They're witnesses!

NANCY

You know what? We changed our mind. We will get out after all. The next corner is fine.

MAN

Shut up!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

WE SEE THE TAXI SPEEDING uptown. They make a quick left turn as they head towards Central Park.

INT. TAXI - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

George and Nancy are huddled together in the back seat.

GEORGE  
If you let us off at the next  
corner, my wife and I give you  
our oath not to bear witness.  
Nancy, tell them we won't bear  
witness.

NANCY  
Oh, no. We won't bear witness.  
We never have. We wouldn't even  
know how --

MAN  
Shut up!

CABBIE  
What do we do with them?

MAN  
No choice.

The Man turns towards the back seat with his gun.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

GEORGE AND NANCY FLY OUT OF THE CAR as the taxi pulls  
quickly away into the night. They both roll for a few feet.  
It's silent and totally deserted, deep in the middle of the  
park.

NANCY  
Is this Central Park?

GEORGE  
(as it starts to  
rain even harder)  
At 450 acres, the largest  
recreational area in any American  
city. Designed by Frederic Law  
Olmstead, the renowned 19th  
Century architect.

NANCY  
Don't people get killed here at  
night?

GEORGE  
Honey, don't worry. Look around.  
There's no one else crazy enough  
to be here.

NANCY  
George --

GEORGE

We'll just get another cab.  
Where's your ten dollars?

NANCY

(looking around)

I must have dropped it in the cab  
when we leapt out.

GEORGE

Perfect. A man kidnaps us and we  
tip him.

NANCY

Well, don't say it like it's my  
fault. After all, I was the one  
who stole it in the first place.

GEORGE

Did I say it was your fault?

NANCY

I know you, George. You're  
thinking it's my fault. So let's  
get it out in the open. Yes, I  
implied the wrong turn on the  
highway. Yes, I started up a  
conversation with the man who  
mugged us. Yes, I picked the cab  
we got in. Is there anything  
else?

GEORGE

No. Except for the credit card  
fiasco. But that's okay --  
there's a lot to remember.

NANCY

I'll say. Remember who didn't  
tell me they were fired?  
Remember who insisted we check  
the bags? Remember who didn't  
want to stay in Boston for the  
night?

GEORGE

All those were me?

NANCY

That's it for me, George. I've  
had enough. I'm going to Susan's  
apartment.

GEORGE

Oh, no. Are we on that again?

NANCY

Well, excuse me, but I'd rather be sleeping in a dry, beautifully furnished apartment with my own flesh and blood, than standing in the rain in the middle of Central Park.

GEORGE

She's the one who stopped talking to me, you know.

NANCY

She had to. It was doctor's orders.

There's a BEAT as George takes this in.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

NANCY

Her psychiatrist recommended that she stop speaking to you for a cooling-off period.

GEORGE

Well, that's terrific advice. Did I pay for it?

NANCY

No, you didn't. She paid for it. I told you, she's been waitressing while she's in this play --

GEORGE

(genuinely hurt)

So even if I went to see her, she wouldn't see me?

NANCY

I don't know. You're both so stubborn. But you could at least try.

George refuses to budge.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You won't even try, George? Is this so much to ask for? Wouldn't I do anything for you?

GEORGE

Nancy, I'm not trying to stop you. You want to see her, go.

NANCY

Fine. I'm going.

Nancy starts to walk off.

GEORGE

But I don't think walking  
barefoot is such a good idea.

NANCY

Well, George, thank you very much  
for your concern, but --

Nancy stops.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Ouch.

George rushes over. He bends down and looks at her foot.

GEORGE

Look at this. It's the earphone  
part of somebody's Walkman.

NANCY

Is it bleeding?

GEORGE

Just a little.

NANCY

But it's bleeding? Now I'll get  
an infection. The streets in  
this city are disgusting. You  
can get an infection with your  
shoes on. It's like walking  
through a petri dish.

GEORGE

You won't get an infection.

NANCY

How do you know?

GEORGE

Because I'm going to carry you.

George swoops her up in his arms and starts to carry her.

NANCY

George, what are you doing? This  
is no time for chivalry. Not  
with your back.

GEORGE

I'm not going to let my bleeding wife walk through Central Park in the middle of the night.

NANCY

George, that's sweet, but please, put me down. You haven't eaten in eighteen hours.

GEORGE

Neither have you. You're not heavy...

George struggles with Nancy, stumbling through the rain toward some safe haven.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER

George is buckling under the strain of carrying Nancy. He stumbles and falls, barely managing to hold on.

NANCY

George, we'll never make it. You're going to wind up in a wheelchair. Let's just sleep here.

GEORGE

In the park? At night? In the rain?

Nancy hobbles over to a tree.

NANCY

It's drier under the tree. And it's only a few hours till morning.

George follows her.

GEORGE

With our luck, we'll probably be attacked by squirrels in the middle of the night.

They both lay there, totally exhausted. After a moment:

NANCY

You know what's funny, George? When we were kids, we probably would've thought this was an adventure. Remember that time we drove all night through Yellowstone?

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

And the car broke down and we were surrounded by bears? We laughed about that, right?

GEORGE

You thought I was laughing? That was hyperventilating mixed with praying.

NANCY

It was laughing.

GEORGE

Maybe some laughing. I mean, it's hard not to laugh when a bear is sitting on the roof of your car and it's a vinyl top.

They both start laughing for a minute.

NANCY

So what happened to us?

GEORGE

Nothing happened to us. We got older, that's all. We each had a million things going on. You know, I hate that.. this notion that everything was perfect when we were young.

NANCY

I never said it was perfect, George. I don't want to be young again. I really don't. But I want us to be close like we were then.

GEORGE

We're close. We're sleeping under a tree together.

NANCY

Why won't you talk about it? This is our life, George. Are you happy with it? Are you happy with me? Do you ever think about other women?

GEORGE

No! You know that since the day I met you I lost all interest in women... Why? Do you think about other men?

NANCY

Not really.

There's a long pause.

GEORGE  
Not really?

NANCY  
Sometimes if we've had a really  
big fight I think about Harrison  
Ford.

GEORGE  
Really? You too?

NANCY  
George, you're the only man I've  
ever loved. So, if we're so  
happy with each other, why does  
it still feel like something is  
missing in our relationship?

They both ponder this for a moment.

GEORGE  
Honey, I'm sorry, but I don't  
have the strength right now to re-  
evaluate our relationship. If  
we're still alive in the morning,  
we can start. Okay?

NANCY  
Well, okay...

GEORGE  
Goodnight, Nancy.

NANCY  
Goodnight, George.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER

It's pitch black. Suddenly a pair of boots appears. There are legs in the boots, and as WE PAN UP WE SEE a figure dressed in a black cape. Nancy turns over as she senses something. Her eyes widen in horror as she looks up at the figure. The Figure slowly bends towards George and Nancy.

NANCY  
Oh my God.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

It's about six-thirty A.M. A group of joggers pass by. As they clear, WE SEE GEORGE AND NANCY SLOWLY WAKING. As George tries to get up, he winces in pain.

GEORGE  
 (trying to lift  
 himself off the  
 ground)  
 Ohhh! My neck! Oh, my neck!  
 Nancy, I can't move my neck.

NANCY  
 You're lucky. A nest fell on me  
 in the middle of the night.

GEORGE  
 (trying to move his  
 neck)  
 I'll have to make sure everyone  
 at the interview is on my  
 right...

NANCY  
 What's that smell? There's a  
 distinct smell.

George sniffs himself.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Not you. I know how you smell.  
 This is different. Oh my God.  
 George.

GEORGE  
 What is it?... Oh my God.

George and Nancy are staring at a bright orange sign posted  
 on a tree that reads: "WARNING - RAT POISON. DON'T EVEN  
 THINK ABOUT ENTERING. NO WALKING, PLAYING, PICNICKING.  
 HARMFUL IF SWALLOWED."

George and Nancy stare for a minute. They jump up.

GEORGE  
 Alright, let's not panic. Let's  
 think clearly.

Nancy starts removing her clothes.

GEORGE  
 What are you doing? We're in a  
 public place.

NANCY  
 I have very sensitive skin. I  
 can't even wear wool, so I'm sure  
 I'd have a problem with rat  
 poison.

George starts to scratch.

## EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

George and Nancy run through the park, scratching and tearing off bits of clothes, Nancy hobbling, George holding his back. They finally arrive at the duck pond and start to wade in. There's an elderly couple throwing Cracker Jacks to the ducks, who quack and scream furiously at George and Nancy.

GEORGE

This is the worst moment of my life.

NANCY

We shouldn't be doing this. The ducks might eat the poison, George.

GEORGE

That'd be too bad, because I'm considering eating the ducks.

Nancy tries to catch some of the Cracker Jacks. She's competing with the ducks.

GEORGE

Nancy, don't do that. It's humiliating.

(to the couple)

Folks, my wife and I haven't eaten in a day. I was wondering --

A piece flies right at George. He grabs it and chews.

NANCY

You see? It's not bad if you catch it on the fly.

As George goes to grab another piece, he notices something and stops. He holds his wrist up. There's something missing.

GEORGE

Nancy, where's my watch?

NANCY

Don't get excited.

GEORGE

I'm not excited. Where's my watch?

NANCY

I had no choice. In the middle of the night, a man came over to us --

GEORGE

What man?

NANCY

He didn't introduce himself. He was just an ordinary man in storm-trooper boots and a black cape --

GEORGE

Why didn't you wake me up?

NANCY

Because you needed your sleep and I know how excited you get and I didn't want you to get knifed by a man in a black cape. He just took the watch and ran. It happened so quickly.

GEORGE

Did you actually see the knife?

NANCY

A man doesn't stand over you at four o'clock in the morning in a cape if he doesn't have a knife, does he?

GEORGE

I don't know. It never came up before.

NANCY

I don't want to discuss it anymore. I think I did the right thing. It was a cheap watch.

GEORGE

But it was a watch! It had an alarm which I set for precisely six-thirty. For all I know I already missed the meeting.

NANCY

You didn't miss the meeting. Look where the sun is in the sky.

GEORGE

(looking up)

Oh, of course. It's seven-fourteen. Thank you, Galileo.

NANCY

It's still early. If we can get to a phone, Alan could wire us the money. Or maybe we could get to the Visitor's Bureau --

Nancy notices that George is no longer paying attention.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
George? George, are you  
listening to me?

GEORGE  
I think I just broke a tooth on  
the Cracker Jacks. I must have  
bitten the prize.

NANCY  
Let me see.

GEORGE  
I can feel it. It's the front  
tooth. There goes my smile.  
That's the last straw. It's  
over.

NANCY  
Let me look, maybe it's not  
broken.

GEORGE  
I can feel with my tongue, it's  
broken.

NANCY  
Can I just look? Maybe you're  
wrong.

Nancy looks at George's mouth.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
No, you're right.

GEORGE  
Well, that's it. Even if I  
somehow got a new suit and a  
shave and got to the office by  
eleven, they're not going to give  
the job to me like this. I can  
just see it now. Ladies and  
Gentlemen, our new Creative  
Director, Alfred E. Neuman.  
This is -- did you hear that?

NANCY  
I didn't hear anything.

GEORGE  
A whistling sound. I'm making a  
whistling sound through my broken  
tooth. The only job I could get  
right now is with the New York  
Rangers.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SHEEP'S MEADOW - MORNING

George and Nancy are crossing the Meadow, a sorry sight. Both of them are wet, George is unshaven, missing part of a tooth, Nancy is hobbling along in her torn dress.

GEORGE

It must be seven-thirty. There's no chance I'll make it.

NANCY

There's still time, George. Don't give up.

GEORGE

I'm not giving up, I'm just saying I'll never make it. Giving up is when you can still make it but you give up.

George and Nancy notice a playground filled with children. Most of them are accompanied by nannies, and they're spreading out food and drinks for the kids.

GEORGE

Boy, that looks delicious. Do you think they'd give us some?

NANCY

Would you let someone who looked like us anywhere near your child?

They walk on for a minute, then Nancy stops.

NANCY

George, listen.

GEORGE

I don't hear anything.

NANCY

There it is again.

They both stop and listen. We HEAR THE SOUND OF SOMEONE CRYING.

NANCY

Someone's crying.

GEORGE

It's none of our business.

NANCY

Maybe someone's in trouble.

GEORGE

Maybe it's the man with the black cape, he doesn't like my watch.

NANCY  
(pointing)  
George, look!

ANGLE ON a bench hidden from view by a tree. Sitting on the bench is a small BOY, about six, crying.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, look, George. Maybe he's lost.

Nancy starts for the bench.

GEORGE  
Honey, we don't have time for this.

Nancy sits down next to him.

NANCY  
What's wrong? Where's your Mommy and Daddy? Where do you live?

Through his tears, the little boy mutters a few words in French.

NANCY  
Oh, George, he doesn't even speak English.

GEORGE  
He'll just have to wait until some French-speaking people come along.

NANCY  
We can't just leave him here. We can't become like everybody else in this city. Cold, heartless, uncaring.

GEORGE  
Nancy, we can't even feed ourselves. Look in a mirror, for God's sakes. He's better off without us. This is no time to become a foster parent --

NANCY  
That is not what I'm doing.

GEORGE

Honey, don't you see? This is what you're really scared of. You're starting a whole new chapter of your life, you're a little insecure, so you're clinging to the thing you do best -- mothering.

NANCY

Is that all you think I can do, George? Be a mother?

GEORGE

No, of course not.

NANCY

Because I can do other things. I was nominated for a Clio award, if you remember correctly. But I chose to be a full-time mother because I thought it was the most fulfilling thing I could do.

GEORGE

And you did a fantastic job. You raised three great kids -- well, two. We don't need to adopt another one now.

NANCY

I'm not leaving him. Maybe you're right, George. Maybe I was put on this earth just to be a mother. Maybe my maternal instinct is so strong I have to seek out helpless children, like Mother Teresa or Mia Farrow. But I'm not moving.

GEORGE

Alright, alright, you win. That's it. I can't argue about it anymore.

George comes over and sits next to Nancy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

See if he's got any money.

NANCY

What?

GEORGE

Maybe he's got some money in his pocket. Then we could call the Visitor's Bureau and they could send someone to help us.

NANCY

You want me to go through his pockets looking for money? A poor little French boy?

GEORGE

If he wants us to help him, he's got to help us. Quid pro quo. Alright, I'll do it.

NANCY

Suppose someone sees you?

GEORGE

We'll just explain that he's lost and we're helping him but we have no money -- I see what you mean. I'll do it in the bushes.

George extends his hand to the child.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Je m'appelle George, and I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to look for some money... francs... argent...

George guides the boy behind a large bush. They're both out of sight. Nancy sits there alone for a moment, clearly feeling uncomfortable. After a moment, a young MOTHER with a baby stroller sits down next to Nancy.

NANCY

Morning.

MOTHER

Morning.

The Mother takes a crying baby out of the stroller.

NANCY

Oh, what a beautiful baby.

MOTHER

Thanks. I feel so horrible for her. She's colicky.

NANCY

Are you breastfeeding? Because if you are, you have to be very careful about your diet. If you eat raw vegetables, for instance, that can be very rough on her little digestive system. And I'd try cutting out dairy products.

MOTHER

Thanks. I will. That's very helpful.

Suddenly, the young Mother notices something in the woods.

MOTHER

What is that?

From her POV, WE SEE George and the little French boy. George has his hands in the crying boy's pockets.

GEORGE

Don't worry. I'm your friend. Ami... Just let me look in your pockets so I can get enough money to make a telephone call... I'm not going to hurt you. I'm just --

ON NANCY and the young Mother:

NANCY

That? Oh, that looks like a French father and son.

MOTHER

(suspiciously)

In the bushes?

The young Mother pulls her baby close to her.

MOTHER

(rising, looking around for help)

Police! Help! Police!

NANCY

No, don't do that. You'll upset your child.

The mother's cries have clearly alerted others.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hey! What are you doing with that little boy? Carla, that man is doing something to Robert!

CARLA (O.C.)  
 (screaming)  
 Robert! Mon Dieu!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
 Take your hands off him!

Nancy's face registers horror.

GEORGE (O.C.)  
 This is not what it looks like.  
 I'm from Ohio with three children --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
 (screaming)  
 Police! Police! Pervert!

CARLA (O.C.)  
 Robert! Somebody call 911!

George comes charging out of the bushes and grabs Nancy's hands.

GEORGE  
 Run, Nancy!

NANCY  
 But George --

GEORGE  
 Just run!

George and Nancy start across the Sheep's Meadow, pursued by a horde of MOTHERS and NANNIES. Suddenly a MOUNTED PATROLMAN comes flying out of the bushes, chasing after them. The WAIL OF SIRENS is heard as a squad car blocks the exit from the Meadow. George and Nancy are surrounded.

INT. JAIL CELL

George is thrown into a holding cell. A cop locks the door. Everyone in the cell looks at George.

GEORGE  
 (calling the cop)  
 This is a mistake! Call Dun and  
 Bradley Advertising! They'll  
 tell you the truth. I have an  
 interview in two hours. I'm not  
 a criminal! I'm not a  
 degenerate! I don't deserve to  
 be locked up with...

George looks around. The other PRISONERS stare at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
...without proper medical care.  
I have a severe back problem.

PRISONER #1  
We'll straighten that out for  
you.

The prisoners all start to laugh. George holds onto the bars.

INT. POLICE STATION

Nancy is waiting on a huge line. There are seven or eight people in front of her for each of the four phones. Nancy glances up at the station clock.

INT. JAIL-CELL

George sits in a corner of the cell, by himself, trying to stay inconspicuous. He picks up a newspaper, takes out a pen, and starts drawing absentmindedly. A face begins to take shape on the paper as George works expertly. One of the prisoners drifts over.

PRISONER #2  
That's Joe Romano.

GEORGE  
Excuse me?

PRISONER #1  
How do you know Joey? That  
bastard owes me fifty bucks.

GEORGE  
I don't really know him well. He  
mugged me last night.

PRISONER #1  
Yeah, that's Joey alright.

GEORGE  
You mean he mugs a lot of people?

PRISONER #1  
No, I mean that's a really good  
likeness.

A few of the other prisoners wander over to see.

## INT. POLICE STATION

Nancy is still waiting. The line for the phones hasn't diminished at all. She checks the clock again, then heads across the hall, down a corridor and over to the DESK SERGEANT.

NANCY

Excuse me? Sir?

SERGEANT

Lady, I'm busy. Not now.

NANCY

I'm sorry, but I have a little problem. I really need to get to a phone -- my husband has a job interview in two hours and I'm trying to arrange his bail--

SERGEANT

(not looking up)

Phones are down the hall.

NANCY

Yes, I know, but that could take an hour and I don't have that kind of time, so if you could just let me use your phone, I'll make all the calls collect of course --

SERGEANT

Lady, give me a break, okay?

NANCY (CONT'D)

Give you a break?

The Sergeant doesn't respond.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Give you a break?

He still doesn't look up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(slamming the desk)

Hey!

Now he looks up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something. In the past twenty-four hours, I have been re-routed, attacked by a motorcycle gang, mugged, evicted, kidnapped, forced out on a ledge, leaned on by a dead guy, rained on, smothered in rat poison and chased by nannies. I've stolen money and I've stolen rolls! I haven't eaten or slept or brushed my teeth or used deodorant since Tuesday! I just found out my husband has no job and my daughter is spending us into the poorhouse. I'm angry, I'm tired, I'm hungry, I'm running with the wolves, and right now I'm one crazy bitch from Ohio so how about YOU GIVE ME A BREAK?

By this time the entire station is standing and watching. The Sergeant hands her the phone.

SERGEANT

You have to dial nine to get out.

INT. JAIL CELL

George has attracted quite a crowd by now, as prisoners are requesting caricatures of themselves.

PRISONER #2

(looking at his  
likeness)

Fantastic! This is going up on my mantle.

A few of the prisoners laugh. George joins in with them. Someone slaps him on the back good-naturedly, and George winces in pain.

PRISONER #1

Typical artist. Sensitive.

GEORGE

I've got a bad back.

PRISONER #3

I've got an Advil.

He takes out some pills. George looks at them.

GEORGE

They don't say Advil.

PRISONER #3  
 George, what can you be thinking?  
 You mean you buy the name brand?  
 Three times as much money for the  
 same pill.

All the Prisoners laugh.

GEORGE  
 I guess Advil can't hurt.

The Prisoner hands it over and George swallows.

GEORGE  
 I don't care what anybody else  
 thinks -- in my book, you guys  
 are not scum!

INT. POLICE STATION

Nancy is on the phone. She hangs up in frustration. The  
 Sergeant watches her.

SERGEANT  
 Nobody home?

NANCY  
 Neither of my daughters are home  
 and my son's not answering. I  
 could call my parents but they  
 never liked George anyway --

Nancy notices a Cop escorting a Hooker wearing a fur coat.  
 She thinks for a moment, looks up at the clock anxiously.

From her POV WE SEE it's almost ten.

Nancy has an idea, picks up the phone and begins dialing.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Mersault is yelling at Howard again.

MERSAULT  
 I'm sorry, Howard. Which part of  
 "You're fired" don't you  
 understand? When I say --

A CLERK comes over to Mersault.

CLERK  
 There's a call for you, Sir.

MERSAULT  
Excuse me, Howard. I'll continue  
firing you in a moment.  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS  
Nancy is on the phone.

NANCY  
Mr. Mersault, hi, it's Nancy  
Clark. Yes, the same one you  
threw out of the hotel last  
night. How are you? That's  
right, the same one who broke  
into Mr. Allred's room... Guess  
where I'm calling from? No, not  
the Ramada. Jail. I need bail  
money. I was wondering whether  
you'd consider lending it to me?

INT. ST. REGIS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

MERSAULT  
And, just for the sake of  
amusement, why on earth would I  
do that?

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS  
Nancy is still on the phone.

NANCY  
(singing)  
"Some people can get a thrill..."

INT. ST. REGIS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS  
Mersault holds the phone, finally at a loss for words.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Nancy, George and Mersault walk out. There's a car waiting  
for them.

MERSAULT  
Here's our ride. Or given the  
chilling circumstances, should I  
say getaway car?

NANCY

George, you've still got forty-five minutes, the luggage is at the hotel --

Nancy turns around to see that George is doing a little dance.

NANCY (CONT'D)

George? What are you doing?

GEORGE

I don't know exactly. I suddenly feel very... frisky.

NANCY

Well, let's go. Come on.

George gets into the car. Before Nancy can enter, he bounces right out.

NANCY (CONT'D)

George?

GEORGE

I can't sit back there. It's too cramped. I need room to stretch out. Is there a playground nearby?

MERSAULT

The hotel has a fully equipped health club, of course.

NANCY

George, your eyes look funny! Did you drink or eat anything in jail?

GEORGE

Nothing. All I did was take an Advil. Although it didn't say Advil... Oh my God. Nancy!

NANCY

It'll be okay, George.

Nancy goes to hug George, but this isn't easy, as he keeps bouncing up and down. She bounces with him.

NANCY

Just get in the car, honey.

GEORGE

I'd really prefer to run alongside.

NANCY

Get in.

(to Mersault)

Help me! And stop looking at my blouse.

MERSAULT

Oh, dear.

Mersault and Nancy push George into the car.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - MORNING

The limo pulls up. A Doorman opens the door and George charges into the lobby like he's been shot out of a cannon. Nancy charges after him.

INT. ELEVATOR

Nancy is there with a few other guests, heading up to her room.

INT. STAIRWELL

George is running up the fourteen flights.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

George runs into the room. Nancy follows, out of breath, trying to keep up.

NANCY

Go shower! I'll get out your portfolio and your clothes!

GEORGE

Okay! Thank you!

George goes to kiss Nancy. His feet are still moving as he puts his hand on her breast.

NANCY

Not now, George!

GEORGE

Sorry.

NANCY

It's okay. It doesn't mean I don't love you.

## INT. BATHROOM

George in the shower, frantically shampooing his hair while washing his body.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Nancy is laying out George's clothes.

## INT. BATHROOM

George is shaving while brushing his teeth.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Nancy takes out George's leather bound portfolio. Then she grabs his shoes and tries to use the automatic shoe buffer, which whips the shoe out of her hand across the room. George comes out of the bathroom in a towel.

NANCY

Underwear first.

Nancy hands George his underwear. He tries to get into it, but he can't keep his legs steady. Nancy tries to put his shirt on at the same time. George begins hopping around the room, as Nancy follows him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's do one thing at a time.

GEORGE

I'm telling you right now,  
underwear is too ambitious.  
Let's go right for the pants.

Nancy grabs the pants. She supports George as he tries to get his legs in. They go hopping around the room together, knocking lamps off dressers, banging into the walls.

GEORGE

I've got it. I've got it.

George keeps missing the pants leg.

NANCY

You're getting there. You've  
almost got one leg in.

GEORGE

I've never been more proud.

They finally hit the floor with a crash.

NANCY

George, I've got to be honest with you. I don't think you can go to the interview like this. What if they ask for a urine sample?

GEORGE

Nancy, we've come this far. I can do it.

NANCY

No one's going to hire a fifty-two year old man who can't keep his feet still.

GEORGE

I'll be okay. Really.

George gets up, naked from the waist down. He grabs his tie and begins frantically tying it. Nancy watches for a minute and then gets up.

NANCY

George, I'll take the portfolio.

GEORGE

Why? I'm fine!

George has gotten both of his legs into one pant leg. He falls over again.

NANCY

George, we're a team, remember? I know you'd do the same for me if I was on uppers.

George has landed on the shoe buffer, which is now buffing his face.

GEORGE

If you just give me a minute, I'll be totally fine.

NANCY

It's okay, George. I can do it. Just remember this the next time I ask you for a favor.

INT. DUN AND BRADLEY ADVERTISING - MORNING

Nancy is dressed in her best, carrying George's portfolio. She glances up at the clock, which reads 10:59. A RECEPTIONIST greets her.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

NANCY

Good morning. I'm Nancy Clark.  
My husband George had an  
appointment, but at the last  
minute he came down with the flu,  
so I'd like to drop his portfolio  
off.

RECEPTIONIST

Why don't you have a seat? I'll  
let Mr. Brooks know you're here.

Nancy smiles and sits down. She looks a little tense, so  
she takes a deep breath and exhales. The Receptionist walks  
back over to Nancy.

RECEPTIONIST

Will you follow me, Mrs. Clark?

Nancy gets up. She walks into the conference room. HOLD ON  
on a clock as it turns to eleven a.m.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

There's a pot of hot water on a tray, along with bags of  
Chamomille Tea. George is sipping slowly, returning to  
normal. He puts the tea down, goes to get dressed. As he  
reaches into his suitcase for a shirt, he notices something  
in one of Nancy's open suitcases. It's a picture of the  
whole Clark family, from earlier days.

From George's POV we move across the frame -- Alan, the  
youngest child, then Nancy holding Jenny, their middle girl,  
and George with a nine-year-old girl on his shoulders. This  
is Susan. George examines the picture closely.

EXT. EAST FOURTH STREET - AFTERNOON

George walks up the steps to a dilapidated brownstone. He  
looks at the buzzer and the names listed, finding  
Clark/Guerrero.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Guerrero? Who's Guerrero? Is  
she living with some guy...  
Okay, wait a minute. You came  
here to apologize. Or did you  
come here to make her apologize?  
You came for Nancy. You came to  
talk. Not to yourself, though.  
Ring the buzzer.

He buzzes. After a moment, we hear a woman's voice. It's  
garbled.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hello?

GEORGE

Susan? Is that you?

There's a BEAT of silence.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

(suspiciously)

Who is this?

GEORGE

George Clark. Susan's father.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Susan's not here. She's at work.

GEORGE

Are you Guerrero?

The Woman's voice does have a slight accent.

GUERRERO (O.C.)

That's right. What do you want?

GEORGE

Can you tell me where Susan works?

GUERRERO (O.C.)

How do I know you're really her father?

GEORGE

How? Because I know things about her that no one else knows, that's how.

GUERRERO (O.C.)

Such as?

GEORGE

Well, I know how much your TV cost, for one thing... I know she got a 1420 on her SAT's... I know when she was a little girl, she used to love when I sang "Tutti Frutti" to her. The Little Richard version, not Pat Boone... Could you just tell me where I can find her?

GUERRERO (O.C.)

If I do, what are you going to say to her?

GEORGE

With all due respect, why would  
I tell you? Are you a therapist?  
Is it Dr. Guerrero?

GUERRERO (O.C.)

Because if you don't say the  
right thing, she might slam a  
door in your face. I know her  
pretty well.

GEORGE

(to himself)

I don't believe this.

(into intercom)

Well, I'd tell her that I'm sorry  
this got so out of hand. I'd  
tell her how proud I am of her.  
Because it took a lot of courage  
to leave medical school knowing  
how I felt, and if she could do  
that, I think she's got the  
courage to do whatever she wants.  
I'd tell her I haven't had a  
really good argument about movies  
or politics or art since we  
stopped talking. And I'd tell  
her how much I miss her. That's  
what I'd tell her.

There's no response.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What do you think? Hello?  
Guerrero? Is my hour up?

The door to the building opens. Standing there is a PRETTY  
WOMAN in her twenties.

SUSAN

(with a slight  
Spanish accent)

Guerrero's not home... Hi, Dad.

GEORGE

Well, I guess you are a good  
actress. What did you make me go  
through that for?

SUSAN

Because I wasn't sure I was up to  
dealing with you.

GEORGE

What changed your mind?

SUSAN

Mostly I couldn't stand to see you make a fool of yourself for much longer. I have to live here, you know.

GEORGE

(looking around)

Well, the neighborhood must be agreeing with you, because you look terrific.

SUSAN

I feel pretty good. I'm waitressing, I'm in this play -- I'm doing what I want to do.

GEORGE

Well, that's the important thing... Susan, the truth is, I wasn't just upset because you quit school. I think I was actually a little jealous.

SUSAN

Jealous? Of what?

GEORGE

The whole thing. The life you're leading. Doing what you want to do. Even if it is in spite of me.

SUSAN

Did you ever stop to think that I'm doing it because of you?

George looks at Susan, surprised.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Remember when you used to go in the backyard and paint? Jenny and Alan would be playing kickball, but I'd sit there, totally transfixed, seeing the look on your face, how intense and caught up and happy you were.

GEORGE

Except when a kickball would knock the easel over.

SUSAN

Even then! You made me grow up wanting to feel that passionate about something in my life. And unfortunately, it wasn't medicine. I'm just sorry it took 130,000 dollars to find that out.

GEORGE

Well, these things happen.

SUSAN

You were my hero, Dad... You're the reason I'm doing what I'm doing.

George's eyes start to well up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh, no. I expect this from Mom...

GEORGE

I'm really sorry, Susan.

SUSAN

Dad, it's not too late. You could still do what you want to do. You're not that ancient.

GEORGE

Please. Stop trying to make up with me.

SUSAN

I'd like to see that look on your face again.

They smile at each other for a minute.

SUSAN

You want to come upstairs? See how you furnished the apartment?

GEORGE

I'd love to.

They head upstairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So, is this Guerrero a guy?

SUSAN

Dad, don't start.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - AFTERNOON

A cab pulls up. George jumps out, looking happy and excited.

INT. ST. REGIS LOBBY - AFTERNOON

George runs in and spots Mersault. He grabs him affectionately.

GEORGE

Thanks for everything. We're really enjoying our stay. I'll see that you get a pair of my wife's shoes.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

George rushes back into the room.

GEORGE

Nancy? Nancy, where are you?

NANCY (O.C.)

In here!

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

George walks into the bathroom. Nancy is soaking in the tub.

NANCY

What happened to you?

GEORGE

You're never going to believe it. I went to see Susan.

NANCY

You're kidding? Really, George? That's fantastic.

GEORGE

It was amazing. We had a great talk, we're going to see her play tonight -- and while I was downtown, I realized what was missing in our marriage. It's not you, it's not us -- it's me! I'm not happy with myself, so I make you miserable.

NANCY

You never make me miserable, George. Only yourself.

GEORGE

That's because I want to paint, Nancy. I want to express myself! I want to paint expressions! I don't want to do advertising anymore! I want out! I'm not taking their lousy job!

NANCY

Oh, George, I'm really happy for you.

GEORGE

I am, too. I feel free, and unburdened. Even if they begged me to take the job, I wouldn't.

NANCY

That's wonderful, George.  
Because I don't think they're going to beg.

GEORGE

...Oh. They didn't like my work?

NANCY

No, they liked it. They just wanted to go in a slightly different direction.

GEORGE

Sure. You mean younger?

NANCY

Maybe by a few years. George, they offered me the job.

GEORGE

Excuse me?

NANCY

I went to drop the portfolio off, and they invited me in, so we started looking through it, and there was some material you and I had worked on together, and I started talking about that, and they asked me my opinions on some campaigns they were working on, and George, the juices just started flowing.

George stands in complete and total silence.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And I realized how much I miss working. Not that I regret a second of raising the kids, but now I have the chance to go back without feeling guilty. And you can paint, George. We still have so much life ahead of us -- you were right when you said now was our time. Let's really live it... George, are you okay? If you don't want me to do this --

GEORGE

Are you kidding? Now you can support me in the style to which I've become accustomed. And just think -- they can put you on the Geritol account, the Depends account --

Nancy throws a towel at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I think it's great. It's about time somebody else realized how talented you are.

NANCY

Thank you, George. The only thing is, we'd have to live in New York.

GEORGE

You'd be willing to do that? The city did everything but turn us into a pillar of salt.

NANCY

I know, but I've never felt more alive. I think I could grow to love this place. It nearly killed us, but we survived. And we spent more time together than we have in the past ten years. It's like we met each other again.

GEORGE

Gee, I don't know. Can you make this big a change in your life so close to senility?

Nancy laughs. She starts to get out of the tub.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No! Don't get out! I'm coming  
in!

George starts to climb into the tub with her.

NANCY

(laughing)

You're crazy! What are you  
doing? George!

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - EVENING

Back in Susan's neighborhood, WE SEE a crowd entering a small theatre. Most of the them are young, East Village types -- nose rings, leather jackets, colored hair, transexuals, everyone dressed in black -- but in the midst of it all, George and Nancy arrive at the theatre, arm in arm, dressed as if they were going to a Broadway show. They pass a small display of the cast pictures, including a black and white glossy of Susan. They look at it admiringly for a moment, turn to each other, and as they kiss, we:

PULL BACK TO SEE the city in all its splendor, lights gleaming, couples walking, teenagers roller-blading, men playing chess, street musicians playing "Some People", AS WE:

FADE OUT.