

# WINDOWS

"CORKY"

An Original Screenplay

by

Barry Siegel

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"CORKY"

FADE IN

MUSIC IN (dim): A Ragtime Waltz, in the far b.g.

EXT. A BRASS SIGN - NIGHT

1

Bolted to old marble:

EPHPHATEA CLUB

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the portals of an old and stately manse on Upper Fifth Avenue, across from Central Park.

A captivating Young Woman, dressed against winter, hauls open the door and smiles at the brace of cold air. As the door opens the Ragtime Waltz is heard fully. She turns and gives a carefree wave to those inside. As the door closes the music mutes again.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

2

She crosses the street to the park side, the downtown side. An older MAN (70 perhaps) stands in the street by the curb. CORKY has a smile for him; her good cheer is infectious...

CORKY

Share a cab?

MAN

(smiles back)

S-sure.

(steps further  
out into the  
street)

T-T-T-TAXI!!!

A cab pulls up; with genteel grace the Man opens the door for her, and with equal grace she enters. As the door slams and the cab moves:

MUSIC UP: THE MANHATTAN WALTZ (the Ragtime Waltz glimpsed above).

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

3-  
5

THE RIDE DOWNTOWN

MUSIC OVER...MANHATTAN WALTZ throughout.

2

ANIMATED CREDITS

6

Now, at 10th Street and Fifth, the cab stops and the Man gets out. He waves after the cab, then quickly hurries into a "quality" building.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH AVENUE

7

empty and cold. The cab pulls up at a bakery. Corky exits the cab. We see her smile and say a cheerful word to the driver. She shuts the door of the cab and the music fades. Now there is silence...except for a dim sound of steam radiators, rising somewhere far in the distance.

Corky goes up to the bakery door. A sign says "OPEN" but the door proves locked. She knocks. Alone inside, a Man turns and looks. He recognizes her, picks up a paper bag, and walks toward the door smiling and fishing for keys in his pocket. He unlocks the door. He smiles at Corky, shakes his finger at her. She smiles contritely. He gives her the bag, and Corky goes off. The Man watches her, then looks around cautiously and steps inside. After locking the door he turns the sign to read "CLOSED."

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

8

having turned onto a residential side street, walking home. The sound of the radiators intensifies. Sizzling, gasping, "respirating." Wind rips through the trees, dirt and newspapers swirl. But the only sound is from elsewhere. From the radiators.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

9

CAMERA FOLLOWS BEHIND her.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

10

pressed into the wind. CAMERA is WITH her now, in successively CLOSER PANS. She is responding to something unseen by us, and her pace is quickening. The only sound: RADIATORS COOKING.

Cont.

VOICE OVER CORKY

(-INTERIOR MONOLOGUE-)

Oh, shit.

(a beat)

I have company.

(a beat)

We're here in Greenwich Village folks, being followed down the street by Jack-the-Ripper. Tell us, Jack, you meet a lot of girls this way?

(deepens her voice)

'Well, Corky, in this business, it's a good idea to follow up every lead.' I see, Jack.

Now she falls silent, and hurries down the forbidding block even faster.

VOICE OVER CORKY

(-INTERIOR MONOLOGUE-)

Now we stay calm. No signs, no contact, above all, no fear.

Nothing. He gets nothing.

(moves on terrified)

Moving easy, no problems.

(several beats)

He knows I'm frightened! How do they always know??? How?

(a beat)

Just remember; he's testing now. So you're still in control. Gotta keep it cool for another block...I don't scare so easy, Jack, y'hear?

CUT TO:

DOWN ANGLE - A SIGN HANGING OUT FROM A BUILDING 11

blowing in the wind:

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED  
APARTMENTS  
TO LET

1 1 1/2 2 vacancy YES NO

Corky appears under the sign and hurries into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VESTIBULE 12

Sound pops on back to normal. The radiators are in the building hallway. And we hear too, that Corky is almost panting with fear. She fumbles, almost desperately, to insert her key into the vestibule (second) door. She turns behind her and:

CUT TO:

4

CORKY'S P.O.V.

13

The shadowy figure of a MAN presses by against the wind, uncaring.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

14

smiling, shaking her head, and starting up the stairs. After a beat, the CAMERA STARTS MOVING; UP AFTER her.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

15

at her door. She has two locks to open, the second, a police lock set in the center of the door. Unlocked, she swings the door in, and leans into the dark.

CORKY

Jennifer?

Behind her, part of a shadow moves. Comes the male figure, huge, sweeping her inside. There is no scream, only the sound of the door closing toward us under the weight of the police lock. It locks us out, and we confront the shabby door for a moment. Radiators sizzle in the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. CORKY'S APARTMENT

16

No one is there. CAMERA PANS DOWN in the semidark. Already he has her down, stretching her head back by the hair, her throat exposed to a knife. The only illumination comes from the streetlamp outside. His face is unseen.

MAN

Say ahhh, sweets...

Panting in panic, Corky says nothing. He pulls her hair, prompting:

MAN

Ahhhhhhh.

Corky tries, but only a gasp, a whisper of "ahh" comes out. But her mouth is open. The knife is placed on her tongue, as a doctor would do it, and pressed down firmly.

MAN

(prompting)

Ahhhh...

CORKY

(gagging, from the knife and from fear)

A-A-ahh-ahh.

MAN  
You move -- I cut.

Corky freezes as best she can. Holding the knife in place, her attacker fumbles awkwardly in his pocket. As he fumbles:

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - CORKY 17  
waiting, scared to death.

OUT 18

THE MAN'S HAND (OUT OF CORKY'S VIEW) 19

pulling a small tape recorder from his pocket. He sets it down and fumbles with the controls. The reels begin to turn.

MAN  
(taking it "from the top" and nervous now)  
Uh...say ah. Say ahhhh.

CORKY  
(panic renewed, gagging)  
Ahhhh. Ah. P-Please...

CUT TO:

THE TAPE RECORDER 20  
Cassette rolling...

MAN  
(voice over)  
You got underwear on, sweets?

No response from Corky.

CORKY  
(voice over)  
D-Don't h-h-hurt mm-me...

ANGLE ON THE MAN AND CORKY 21

As before, he straddles her, the knife in her mouth. The Man reaches out and rips her coat open. Buttons fly.

MAN  
Show it. C'mon! Lift the sweater.

CORKY  
I-I can't...

MAN

You crazy? Sure you can.  
Better do it, sweets...

Corky, breaking into tears, lifts her sweater over her bra.

MAN

Ahhh, pink...see-through...  
(takes the knife from  
her mouth, slips it under  
a bra-strap, and cuts it)  
That's one...  
(cuts the other)  
Two. We're clear. Pull it down,  
sweets...

Corky doesn't move.

MAN

HEY!

CORKY

(gasping it out)  
I-I c-can't.

Impatient, the Man pulls her bra down, freeing her breasts.  
Corky whimpers in terror.

MAN

Well, I can. There ya go.  
Pure tit.

Now he seems to be waiting, and waiting and growing more  
nervous. Until he grabs at his own crotch, exploring.

MAN

Shit!

Angrily he reaches over, and turns off the tape recorder.

MAN

(frustrated,  
embarrassed)  
I...uh...I always turn right on...  
y'know...but, uh...  
(a beat)  
The fuck you care, right? Anyway,  
so you don't get raped. Right?  
Happy?

CORKY

(still crying)  
Just g-go...

Cont.

MAN  
(with other intentions)  
Shut-up. You let me hear it sound like I'm balling you.

He reaches over and starts the tape, then gets on top of her and starts moaning. His imitation pleasure-grunts are ludicrous. But Corky's whimpering in fear is a real enough contrast.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TAPE REELS

22

The left reel runs out. The right spins. The scarred hand comes INTO THE FRAME and picks it up.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE MAN

23

standing over Corky, stuffing the recorder back into his pocket.

MAN  
(snorting, amused)  
We work good together. Maybe sometime I come back and we do it right...Don't worry! Don't worry! I'm leavin'...

And in a moment he's gone, closing the door behind him. Corky, in tears and trembling, raises herself to her feet. She fights for breath, and to regain herself. She puts her hands to her temples; at last she is becoming steady. Then she begins to weep anew. She stumbles toward the door, when it bursts open.

MAN  
(knife in hand menacingly)  
Changed my mind, sweets.

She is in total shock. He throws her down on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ALLEY

24

SOUND OVER: A hideous catfight: taunting shrieks, then: Battle! and a chase over garbage can tops: the racket ends.

Cont.

24 Cont.

The CAMERA DRIFTS UPWARD. A foghorn sounds in the distance. We have PANNED TO the top of the building. It is night in the alley below, but looking past the rooftop cornice we see the sky a deep electric blue. A shaft of orange sunlight slips over the cornice, and we hear the sound of a car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WESTSIDE WATERFRONT

25

A Woman in a track suit jogs along the piers, then pauses for breath and looks out at the Hudson, and jots something down on a pad.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - ANDREA

26

a woman of 35, disheveled, sweating after a run.

ANDREA

(-INTERIOR VOICE-)

The great Hudson River...laughing  
river. Laughing at me.  
On the other side waits my lover...  
laughing lover.  
Laughing at me.  
For I don't even know; is it he/is  
it she?  
a man or a woman,  
my laughing lover,  
waiting for me...

ANDREA looks up, and then, displeased with the poem she rips it from the pad, and throws it off the wharf. She slips the pad in her pocket, and begins to jog.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ANDREA

27

Jogging. CAMERA FOLLOWING WITH her, along the waterfront, and down Christopher Street, onto a residential block. We pace her, until she stops abruptly and looks:

CUT TO:

ANDREA'S P.O.V. - IN FRONT OF CORKY'S BUILDING

28

Two cars are pulled up, half on the sidewalk, half in the street. The first is a standard blue and white police cruiser. The second an "unmarked" car; drab beige.

Cont.

Andrea walks INTO HER OWN P.O.V., passes by the police cars, and enters Corky's building. In a window to the left of the door, an Old Woman cranes to look as Andrea hurries by.

OUT 29

CUT TO:

EXT. CORKY'S DOOR - ANGLE ON ANDREA 30

waiting outside Corky's door.

CORKY  
(behind the door)  
Who w-who-wis it...

ANDREA  
Corky? It's me...Andrea Glassen.  
I'm out running. I saw the cop  
cars...

The door opens, revealing Corky. Black eye, split lip, and most of all, a shattered expression; the world has ended.

SIMULTANEOUS .

ANDREA  
Oh, my God...

CORKY  
I-I've b-b-been ra-ra-ra...

Raped?

Corky nods, and then begins to weep. Andrea is overcome with sympathy. She doesn't know what to do first. She straightens out the collar on Corky's terry robe, she brushes the hair from her eyes, she guides her into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. CORKY'S APARTMENT - IN THE LIGHT OF DAY 31

A furnished "single" with kitchenette and sleep alcoves. Unimpressive basic furnishings are cloaked by a formidable decorating job. Plants, wall hangings, pillows strewn about, many books, colorful afghans, lithographs. All very harmonious.

We find four people inside. A uniformed Officer assists a Lab Man as he checks for fingerprints. But the bulk of our attention goes to a Plainclothes Detective who is lecturing to a prim Woman in a starched police uniform. He lectures in terse whispers, and he is clearly impatient.

The Policewoman looks up as she sees Andrea and Corky have returned. She smiles. No problems, as if she and the Detective were talking shop...but DETECTIVE LUFFRONO smiles

Cont.

not at all. He studies Corky and the newcomer grimly. And now, SERGEANT VIKI LAVACO, confident under her bleached blonde hair, steps forward, smiling:

LAVACO

(to Andrea)

Are you a friend of...Corky?

Andrea does not like this cop-person at all. In addition to a Brooklyn accent, there is a glaring class difference here. Sergeant Lavaco's face makeup tells the tale. She is 10 years behind the current chic "au naturel." Worst of all she is trying to "talk up" to the hipper level she perceives Corky and Andrea to be on.

CUT TO:

PICTURE

32

Detective Luffrono, stands apart from the women. Always the pro, he uses the moment to examine her books.

VOICE OVER

ANDREA

(voice over)

Well, uh, yes.

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.

33

The books and titles.

- STUTTERING, THE ENIGMA
- STAMMERING AND ITS CURE
- I WAS A STUTTERER
- STUTTERING: A MODERN SURVEY
- STUTTERING AMONG CERTAIN  
NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES
- BEHAVIORISM AND THE  
TREATMENT OF STUTTERING

And many others...

LAVACO

(simultaneous,  
voice over)

Good; then why don't we all sit  
down right here...

(several beats)

Corky, you know, sometimes things  
are easier when we're among friends.

Right, Andrea?

No response from Andrea.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY, ANDREA AND SERGEANT LAVACO

34

seated on the afghan-covered couch. Sergeant Lavaco looks incongruous framed against a Maxfield Parrish print.

Cont.

LAVACO  
 (beginning her  
 "rape-rap")  
 Corky...do you know what an 'M.O.'  
 is?

A beat. Corky listens politely.

LAVACO  
 Have you heard the term  
Modus Operandi?  
 (eager to make  
 her point)  
 'M.O.' stands for Modus Operandi...  
 It's the Latin name for criminal  
 habits...patterns...  
 (a beat; lets  
 it sink in)  
 One of Detective-Lieutenant Luffrono's  
 jobs is to determine the M.O. in  
 this case...my job, too...  
 (a beat)  
 And so we're very direct, even if  
 the questions are embarrassing.  
 We know how hard this is. But if  
 we get an M.O., we'll get the guy.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - DETECTIVE LUFFRONO

35

watching carefully, waiting to see if Corky will "respond"  
 to this approach...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

36

very nervous. Struggling to form her words, to begin speech.  
 Andrea wants to help...

ANDREA  
 Just give her a chance now...  
 Corky used to have difficulty.

CORKY  
 (explosive; cutting  
 Andrea off)  
 NO! I can s-s-speak f-for mmy-self!

Corky's INTERIOR thoughts are always unerringly fluent.  
 Inside, she is perfectly able to handle her feelings, and  
 express them. But outside...the stuttering wrecks her, and  
 robs from her the person she really is.

CORKY  
 (-INTERIOR-)  
 -C'mon! C'mon! You've gotta  
 speak up!-  
 She fffollowed me!

CORKY (Cont.)

(-INTERIOR-)

-Oh my God! Oh please!-

He forced his...

-Better-

W-W-way...

(the look on her  
face is agony)

-I've lost control! I've  
lost everything!-

W-way in. H-he was v-very...cruel.

And...and...he r-ra-ra-ra...

-R's...R's were bad.

Always. No 'R's.-

assaulted me. H-he hur-hur-hur-

-T! 'T' was bad!-

He...he...he...

-He RAPED ME! He HURT ME!

HURT ME!

H-he was v-very cruel...

(shuts her eyes)

-Noooooooo-

There is a pause, and then Lieutenant Luffrono, observing Sergeant Lavaco's "techniques" and their results, steps in for some plain talk. He'll straighten all this out. Andrea observes, with protective instincts...

LUFFRONO

(pro forma apology)

Excuse me, Viki.

He turns to Corky, who instinctively feels his honest concern. But she swallows. Doesn't he know how hard she's trying?

LUFFRONO

Now, Miss Hollander...granted that you're upset. But listen to me for a minute...We're at a real disadvantage here...

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-You're at a disadvantage!-

LUFFRONO

(checks his watch)

It's ten, twelve hours now. I can't go chasing this guy down the street.

ANDREA

She's trying...

LUFFRONO

(not breaking stride)

Now, my man...

LUFFRONO (Cont.)  
 (points across the room)  
 ...finds no prints to lift. You're  
 unable to give us a make on the guy,  
 or even describe what he did...

ANDREA  
 (ignored, peeved)  
 I said, Corky's trying.

LUFFRONO  
 (he's talking to Corky)  
 It's gonna be very hard to catch  
 this guy. I'm ready to try, okay?  
 But if you can't help me, how can I  
 help you? You understand?

ANDREA  
 You know, I'd like your name and number.

Luffrono thinks of himself as a "good cop." He's always upse  
 when someone sees him as the "enemy." He's also a "good guy,  
 a forties movie hero from before the days of hazy sexuality.  
 Now living in the seventies, he's a man without a country.  
 A good guy, and still they ask for his "name and number." In  
 a case like this, it's twice as bad...he'd like to help this  
 kid. So now they have to embarrass him and embarrass  
 themselves...

LUFFRONO  
 (at a loss for a few  
 seconds, then:)  
 So you want my name and number.  
 My name and number.  
 (slaps at his vest pocket)  
 Sure. Sure. I'll give it.  
 (finds a wallet and brings  
 it out...pulls out a name  
 card and tosses it on the  
 table)  
 There...my name and number.

His wallet is open to his detective's shield.

LUFFRONO  
 This's my badge. Now you file a  
 complaint. But then, if you remember  
 something, some detail that might catch  
 this guy, call that number, and I'll  
 be there to listen.  
 (turns)  
 Rizzo, pack it up.

Corky looks concerned. She doesn't want him to go. But she's  
 afraid to utter that first syllable...afraid to stutter  
 again...She's poised to speak...

Luffrono waits for her to speak. One beat, two...three...  
 turns to Viki.

LUFFRONO  
 We better go now Viki...

Cont.

He leaves, and Viki pauses for a parting shot:

LAVACO

That's no ordinary cop. He's  
been decorated. Twice.

Unimpressed, Andrea squires her to the door, and closes  
after her.

CUT TO:

CORKY

37

behind the curtains of the sleep alcove, gets dressed.

ANDREA

(voice over)

What will you do now?

Corky continues dressing...now she pauses and studies h  
in the mirror.

ANDREA

(voice over)

Have you called the shrink?

Corky, silent.

ANDREA

(voice over)

Um...you can get him at home...

OUT 38

CUT TO:

ANDREA

39

on the couch.

CORKY

(voice over)

Andrea?

ANDREA

Yes?

CORKY

(voice over)

W-would you leave now...please.

ANDREA

(seems offended)

If you like...

CORKY

(voice over)

I h-have to w-work t-this out...

ANDREA

(rising)

Okay hun...we each have a cross...

(crosses to the door)

'Bye...

She checks the latch, and exits.

CUT TO:

15

ANGLE ON CORKY

40

dressed, steps out from behind the curtain.

CORKY

Jennifer! Jennifer you come out.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CORNER OF THE SOFA

41

A small orange Persian cat peeks around the corner.

JENNIFER

Meeoooooww...

CORKY

(voice over)

There's food in your dish...

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Jennifer moves quickly to her red bowl. She sniffs, but does not eat. Corky's hands come INTO THE FRAME and lift her up.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE SOFA

42

Corky sits down, cradling Jennifer tenderly.

CORKY

I'm stuttering again, Jenny.

(holds her up

and looks at her)

We'll beat it, right? You don't mind a little setback...Huh?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

43

dressed, leaving the house. She carefully double-locks the apartment, and sets off down the stairs.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

44

Up the stairs comes Andrea.

CORKY

A-Andrea!

ANDREA

Listen, honey, I've been thinking, and really, after what happened, you shouldn't be alone...

As they walk down the stairs it's a little awkward for Corky...

CORKY

Well I...I appreciate it...I  
r-really do...b-but please...I  
have to handle it m-myself...

ANDREA

Well sure you do, and I'm sure  
you will...

CORKY

I will.

ANDREA

I know! But that doesn't mean  
you have to do it alone!

Corky looks down and sighs. How can she explain...she must  
do it alone. Andrea paces along at her side...

ANDREA

Look, we just know each other  
a short time, but when you know  
me better, you'll see that I,  
well I, I could.

CORKY

(smiles at Andrea  
fumbling for words)  
Stuttering...

ANDREA

I could help!

CUT TO:

EXT. A CORNER OF SHERIDAN SQUARE

45

In the f.g. Corky buys a newspaper from a stand. The grizzled  
old Vendor (whom we have seen at dawn) tips his cap to her  
and she smiles at him. In the b.g. Andrea stands waiting.  
As Corky turns from the stand with her paper, her attitude  
seems determined. She steps out assertively to hail a cab.  
She gets one, and steps in...Andrea comes up to the window.

ANDREA

(motioning for Corky  
to grind down the  
window)  
I don't think you should go  
alone...!

Cont.

Corky grinds down the window, a trace of a smile on her lips. She nods in answer...she should go alone. Andrea leans into the window:

ANDREA

Well then...look, be smart; stay over tonight.

As Corky considers this, the light changes green. Horns instantly strike up a chorus of impatience. The driver shifts uncomfortably, and finally looks over his shoulder at Andrea, her head poked into the cab. Andrea ignores him, and the horns, with true New Yorkers' tunnel-vision.

ANDREA

(to Corky)

Remember, you don't have to settle. And you can't find a place in one day. And smarten up. This is New York.

The cab driver looks at her. It certainly is New York, with horns blaring, etc.

ANDREA

You can come any time, Corky... early, late...

DRIVER

(can't take it anymore, shifts into gear)

Awright lady! Om gonna tell 'em it was suicide!

He shifts into gear, and Andrea quickly pulls her head from the window. We watch the cab move away.

SOUND: Dishes clattering and crowd noise.

CLOSE P.O.V. SHOT

46

The classified section of the "New York Times." The paper has been folded in eighths (for reading in narrow spaces). We are looking at "Apartments for Rent." Ads are circled, starred, checked, and otherwise elaborately coded. ANGLE WIDENS. Corky sits at a luncheon counter, and the restaurant behind her is mobbed. People jam past her, jostling her and each other as they maneuver in heavy winter coats. But Corky is oblivious to it all. She sits there, staring into space, an island of depression. A LITTLE MAN comes up behind her.

MAN

Lady?

When Corky does not respond, he taps her twice aggressively.

MAN

Lady. I notice you're done eating.

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-Pardon me for being born-

She takes her check and slides from her stool. Instantly, the Little Man slips into her place.

A HORN blasts.

OUT 47

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY AND A CROWD

48

crossing the street as the light changes. Corky looks at her paper, and up at the street signs.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING MANAGEMENT OFFICE

49

chrome-chic, Madison Avenue, art-mart lithographs. Corky stands in front of a large desk. The building MANAGER sits in his swivel chair, reading her application, lording his power: At last he clears his throat, and pulls a lease in front of him. He expertly marks three X's on the rental contract.

MANAGER

If you'll sign at the x's...

He slides the lease at her and holds out the pen.

Corky does not take the pen.

CORKY

I...I'd like to r-read it f-first.

The Manager is holding the key to the apartment in his left hand, conspicuous, tantalizing. Now he begins to tap it impatiently on the desk. He lets out an enormous sigh of condescension.

Cont.

MANAGER

You know of course, there's no trouble renting these...and you realize how lucky you are to catch this...Ahh...or don't you agree?

Corky falls to heel, and signs at the X's. The Manager takes it and looks it over.

MANAGER

And now we'll need a check, ah?

CORKY

Oh! Oh I'm s-sorry...

She rummages in her purse for a checkbook. As she looks for it, takes it out and begins writing...

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-I'm not sorry. Why should I be sorry. Why do I say sorry when I'm not sorry...Shit!-

She has miswritten the check. She crumples it out of the book, and starts another:

MANAGER

("overseeing")

Penn-Scrieber, Inc., that's P-E double N, S...

CORKY

I know thank you...

The Manager now has the key in his hand, held aloft at eye level. Corky hands him the check and he scrutinizes it.

MANAGER

(prolonging the transaction)

I mentioned...no pets.

CORKY

I told you. I detest animals.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP - A HACK LICENSE

50

DRIVERS  
MUGSHOT  
HERE

JAMES R. KOWALOWITZ  
(a happy longhair)  
No. 3456342 NYPD

CORKY

(voice over)

Just keep the change, Jim.

JIM

(voice over)

You want help with that box?

CORKY

(voice over)

Ohhhh...thanks, Jim. I can handle it. G'night now.

SOUND OVER: Cab door shuts. Cab pulls away.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR OF CORKY'S NEW BUILDING

51

Corky, with some difficulty in "handling it," drags a cardboard box along the corridor floor...tugging with one hand. In her other hand she holds a white paper bag from a fast-food shop, and a set of jangling keys. Also "jangling" is the cardboard box, in which we hear cosmetic bottles, and a small aluminum saucepan rattling about. Standing vertically, taking up about a third of the box, is a carefully rolled and tied sleeping bag.

Back down the hall, behind Corky, the elevator doors open: a woman emerges with her two young children, GREG, 6, and LORRAINE, 4. The kids find Corky an odd sight, and would pause to gawk, but mother corrals them away, and into a distant apartment. In the f.g., Corky has reached her door.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR - 19 G

52

She slips her key in the lock and throws open 19 G. She kicks the box inside, then enters and closes the door. We confront the door for a beat.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE - INSIDE

53

MUSIC UP: Manhattan Waltz (very lush)

Corky rests, leaning against the door, breathing easy...the keys clutched to her. A soft orange light falls on her, and she stares into the room. For the first time she is at her ease. She closes her eyes and sighs. As she opens them:

CUT TO:

CORKY'S P.O.V.

Huge windows frame a spectacular cityscape, particularly spectacular at this hour. The setting sun is caught and reflected by overlapping spurs of buildings in a million windows, golden, dazzling, beautiful.

Corky STEPS INTO her P.O.V. and pirouettes. The room, freshly painted white, bare and full of echoes, is alive with setting sunlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. A NEIGHBOR'S DOOR

19 E

Corky's hand ENTERS THE FRAME and knocks.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR (FEMALE)

(o.s.; terse)  
Who is it.

CORKY

(friendly)  
Hi...it's your new neighbor;  
from 19 G...

A metallic rattling sound; the door being chained. And then, it is cracked open slightly. A Woman about sixty peers out through half glasses.

IDA

(unsympathetic)  
Yes?

CORKY

I was wondering...because my  
phone isn't in yet...

IDA

(ignoring and  
interrupting)  
Sam! A girl wants to use the  
telephone. She says she rented  
Evelyn's apartment.

IDA MARX retreats from the door, to be replaced by her pipe-smoking husband. He stares Corky up and down, and closes the door. We hear the chain being undone. The door is opened, and he nods for Corky to enter.

CORKY

Thanks an awful lot...

She enters.

Untalkative, SAM MARX nods across the room, toward the phone. He folds the paper he is holding and tucks it under his arm. Corky enters the room.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON IDA MARX

56

unhappy at the intrusion, steps back, to "let her husband handle this." But Ida seems ill at ease with Sam's decision to let Corky in, and she is uncomfortable. She looks at Sam, and then shadows Corky across the room, to observe as she makes her call. Sam joins her.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY - ON THE PHONE

57

She dials, and tries to put Ida at her ease.

CORKY

(sniffing,  
appreciating  
an aroma)

Ummmm...what is that smell?

IDA

The dishwasher...it bothers you?

CORKY

N-no...of course not...

Unnerved by Ida, Corky is glad as her call goes through.

VOICE

(filtered)

This is a recording. You have reached the executive offices of the Museum of Natural History. The offices are closed at the moment, but...

(a mechanical click)

Hello...

CORKY

Steven?

STEVEN

(voice over)

C-Corky!

(delightfully  
surprised)

I...I was...I was just...I was just working late.

STEVEN

(voice over;  
pathetic)

I have...I have no reason...n-no  
reason to go h-home anymore...

CORKY

Steven, I can't talk right now.  
Something came up, and I need  
your help...

STEVEN

(voice over;  
surprised)

R-really?

CORKY

(sighs with impatience)  
I have to move. Right away.  
Tomorrow morning.

STEVEN

(voice over)

W-hat about, about...w-what  
about work?

Ida and Sam Marx watch her, curious about the other half of  
the conversation.

CORKY

(tight, embarrassed  
before the Marxes)

Steven, I need your help.

STEVEN

(voice over)

I d-don't know...

CORKY

Steve, you could drive over,  
or send one of the guys in  
a staff car...

STEVEN

(voice over)

W-well...okay. I'll s-ss, I'll  
send someone.

CORKY

(relieved)

Great.

STEVEN

(voice over)

Okay. Wh-what, what time?

CORKY  
How's eight o'clock?

We have been watching Corky from SEVERAL ANGLES. In some of these we see Sam and Ida, watching her.

STEVEN  
(voice over)  
If, if I, if I can...

CORKY  
Thanks a million, Steven.  
Really.

STEVEN  
(voice over)  
Okay Corky.

He hangs up.

Corky sighs and hangs up.

Corky turns.

SAM  
You know, young lady, there is  
a pay phone in the lobby...

IDA  
Maybe you didn't know...

Suddenly Corky looks from one to the other, and her presence of mind vanishes.

CORKY  
I...  
(tongue seems  
to stick)  
Uh...I...I'm terribly ss-sorry...  
how...h-how s-ss-stupid of me.  
I did dint r-rr-ree-reee...  
know-aabout th-that...  
Th-thahank yyyyou...

She runs out.

Sam and Ida watch her go, and we hear the door close. Ida stares after her:

IDA  
Tch, tch, tch...she's ecliptic...

OUT 58

CUT TO:

INT. CORKY'S APARTMENT

She enters, pauses before the door. There is no MUSIC, no orange glow, no safety. It is night.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF HER PICTURE WINDOW

takes her sleeping bag from the carton and lays it out. She seats herself on it, cross-legged. She reaches for the white food bag. From it she removes: a "hot" container, a plastic condiment sleeve with plastic cutlery, napkin, etc. She begins to recite...

CORKY

(tearing open the  
condiment pack)

A selfish shelfish.

(pries open the  
"hot" container,  
steam rises;  
sniffs it)

Ahh...a selfish shelfish, two  
rubber baby buggy bumpers.

She takes a spoonful and blows to cool it.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - OUTSIDE LOOKING IN - NON-TELESCOPIC

We can see her, sitting back to us, and hear her "exercises." She rises as she speaks, takes her soup and walks to the window. She is looking right at us. We also hear the street noises from below. DIALOGUE IN FROM THE START OF THE DISSOLVE:

CORKY

...Six sheiks with the sixth  
sheik's sixth sheep sick,  
seven lemmings lapping lemon  
liniment.

(puts soup down  
on the ledge)

A selfish shellfish, two rubber  
baby buggy bumpers, three Swiss  
wristwatches, four thick thistle  
sticks, five buckets of blue  
bats' and black bugs' blood,  
six sheiks with the sixth sheik's  
sixth sheep sick, seven lemmings  
lapping lemon liniment, eight  
witches and which witch wished  
the wicked wish?...

She yawns deeply, and goes back to the exercise.

CORKY

A selfish shellfish, two rubber baby buggy bumpers...

(yawns again, and now turns and walks back into the apartment)

Three Swiss wristwatches, four thick...

(turns out the lights)

...thistle sticks.

With the lights out, we can see nothing from the outside but reflections of the buildings behind us...we hear her VOICE OVER:

CORKY

(voice over)

Five buckets of blue bats' and black bugs' blood, six sheiks...

Suddenly, where there was darkness, a white rectangle appears at an oblique angle to us. We hear water begin to run, and the sound of her washing as she continues:

CORKY

(voice over)

...with the sixth sheik's sixth sheep sick. Seven lemmings lapping lemon liniment, eight witches and which witch wished the wicked wish? Nine nattering nabobs of negativism...

Corky steps through the rectangle. She leaves the light on.

CUT TO:

BACK IN THE APARTMENT

62

Corky, silhouetted against the night cityscape, with the bathroom light providing a dim front light. She is a silhouette looking out at the city.

CORKY

A selfish shellfish, two rubber baby buggy bumpers, three Swiss wristwatches, four thick thistle sticks, five buckets of blue bats' and black bugs' blood, six sheiks with the sixth sheik's sixth sheep sick, seven lemmings lapping lemon liniment, eight witches and which witch wished

CORKY (Cont.)  
 the wicked wish, nine nattering  
 nabobs of negativism, ten  
 menagerie managers imagining  
 managing an imaginary menagerie.

Now Corky yawns in exhaustion and sinks to the floor, where  
 she crawls into her sleeping bag.

CORKY  
 A selfish...  
     (a yawn so great,  
     so satisfying,  
     that it possesses  
     her)  
 ...shellfish...

And she falls asleep...

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

SOUND OVER THE DISSOLVE:

MAN  
 Say ahhh, sweets...  
     (beat)  
Ahhhhhhh  
     (prompting)  
 Ahhhh...

CORKY  
     (gagging)  
 A-A-ahh-ahh.

MAN  
 You move -- I cut. Uh, say  
 ah. Say ahhh.

CORKY  
     (gagging)  
 Ahhhh. Ah. P-please...

EXT. THE HARBOR - DAWN

63

The Staten Island Ferry, lights aglow, plows through the bay.  
 We HEAR rewinding, clicks, then:

SOUND OVER (THE TAPE)  
 Uh...say ah. Say ahhh.  
     (beat)  
 Ahhh. Ah. P-please. You got  
 underwear on? Huh sweets?  
 D-don't hurt mmeme...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FERRY - DOCKING

64

The ferry booms into the guide-pilings.

SOUND OVER (THE TAPE)

Show it. C'mon! Lift the  
sweater, sweets...I-I can't...  
You crazy? Sure you...

CUT TO:

INT. FERRY

65

Lower level, low ceilings, dingy, the bowels of the ferry.  
Everyone is up on deck for the docking. Two figures are  
alone in b.g.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - THE MINI RECORDER

66

rolling:

SOUND OVER (THE TAPE)

...can. Better do it.

We hear Corky weeping as she does it. A gloved hand (wool)  
comes INTO the FRAME, and clicks the tape off. Another  
glove (leather) comes IN from the opposite side, holding an  
envelope. Wool pokes a finger in the envelope. We see  
a sheaf of bills, edge on. Wool takes the envelope off left.  
Leather takes the recorder off right.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S BLOCK (DOWNTOWN...THE VILLAGE) -  
MORNING

66-A

In front of her building. An unmarked police car is parked,  
half on the curb, half off. A few people, leaving for work,  
hurry by.

CUT TO:

BUILDING INTERIOR - THE STAIRCASE

66-B

Luffrono makes his way up the stairs, and goes to Corky's  
door. He knocks. Waits. Knocks again. Checks his watch  
when he gets no response.

LUFFRONO

(knocks)

Miss Hollander? Are you there?

It's Bob Luffrono, from the  
52nd precinct.

(knocks)

Miss Hollander?

He sees there is not going to be a response. He fishes out his wallet and takes a name card from it. He takes out his ballpoint pen and clicks it. It doesn't "stick." It takes a few more clicks...it works, and as he writes he hears; behind the door: "MEEEEEOOOOWWWWWW..."

CUT TO:

THE CARD

66-C

CALL ME, OKAY?

CUT TO:

LUFFRONO

66-D

sticks the card into the door crack, right next to the keyhole. Puts his pen away. Then he knocks once more. No response. He leaves.

CLOSEUP - A FLASHING RED LIGHT - EARLY MORNING 67

enclosed in a glass and wire cage, mounted on a pipe. WIDEN SHOT. The light is mounted on the end of an awning. PAN INTO street, a cab responds to the light by cutting sharply into the curb. We see Corky enter a cab.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE HACK LICENSE

68

The licensee has N.Y.C. etched in his face and beard stubble.

DRIVER  
MUGSHOT  
HERE

BENJAMIN A. STONE  
NO. 987654 NYPD

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

69

She looks terrible. We hear it in her downcast tone also.

CORKY

Ben, would you take me to  
279 West 11th Street?

BEN

(knows how to  
handle every kind)  
Ben would take you anywhere,  
honey...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CAB

headed downtown.

BEN

(Jewish accent)

So you seen my name. See the last name? Stone? That's not my name. My real name's Stoneawonachelli. I had it shortened from the Eye-talian. You believe that?

(half a beat)

I'm kiddin'. I had it shortened from Jewish. Stonawonawitz. You believe that? Never believe me. Nobody believes me.

CORKY

Why not?

BEN

Why...? Why...? Why...?  
Because I'm a liar! Which one of us isn't.

He shakes his head in discouragement.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAB

Downtown.

CORKY

I used to go to a psychiatrist, Ben. I had a speech problem.

BEN

And he didn't help you, right? Or he did. Wrong?

CORKY

Yeah. The funny thing is that the only ones I could talk to, without a problem, were cabdrivers and my cat.

BEN

I see that. Sure. 279 you said?

The cab pulls up, and Corky starts to emerge.

CORKY

Say Ben, what does the 'A' stand for?

BEN

The 'A' stands for 'abbreviation.'  
That's a Hebrew word. You believe  
that?

CORKY

(laughing)

I believe. 'Bye, Ben.

OUT 72

CUT TO:

VESTIBULE OF CORKY'S BUILDING

72-A

ANGLE TOWARD the street as she enters, starts up the stairs.  
She climbs slowly, with some trepidation. She reaches the  
door and sees Luffrono's card. She takes it out and hears  
Jenny crying behind the door. For the first time she hurries  
to get inside. She shuts the door, scoops up Jenny, and  
cradles her. She looks around her...remembering...and then  
glances at the card in her hand...her phone starts ringing  
...and she moves to answer it.

STEVEN

(voice over)

C-Corky?

CORKY

Steven?

STEVEN

(voice over)

C-Corky, yyyou, yyou better c-  
you better come to work.

CORKY

What?

STEVEN

(voice over)

I...I have a...a staff to  
think about.

CORKY

My God. No one's coming, right?

STEVEN

(voice over)

I...I just can't ...can't go  
sending people all over...

CORKY

It's my fault. Good-bye, Steven.

STEVEN

(voice over)

D-don't b-be angry.

CORKY

Jesus...

She hangs up.

She leans back, continuing to look around the apartment, to feel the memories of her rape. We hear a Meow, and Corky bends down to pick up Jennifer. She cradles her, and walks around the room, remembering.

Corky clutches Jennifer tighter. She is in the same position she was in (relative to the door) when the rapist returned. She looks at the door, frightened. Just then, someone knocks very loudly; Jennifer screams and fights free. Corky is momentarily stunned; she walks gingerly forward.

CORKY

(tentative)

Who is it...

ANDREA

(behind the door)

Corky? It's me, Andrea...

Corky opens the door. It is a replay of the previous day. The door is opened. Andrea has on her sweat suit.

ANDREA

Are you all right?

Corky nods and motions for her to come in.

OUT 73-  
76

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A CAN OF CAT FOOD

77

being opened and dumped in Jennifer's red bowl. It is mashed down carefully with a fork. But no Jenny.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A CARDBOARD BOX

78

on the floor. We hear a meow, and Jennifer comes prancing out.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON OTHER CARTONS

being assembled by Corky and Andrea.

ANDREA

Your ex-husband sounds...  
(laughs)  
...like a real schmuck.

CORKY

(smiling)  
True...

She holds a corner together and Andrea tapes it.

CORKY

It seems I don't choose men  
very well.

Andrea pays close attention.

ANDREA

No, huh...?

CORKY

Well, I haven't had many  
winners...

ANDREA

What does the shrink say about  
it?

CORKY

Marin? He says, 'hmmmm, what do  
you think?' What do you think  
of him?

ANDREA

Marin?  
(shrugs)  
I kinda like him. I dunno.  
You?

CORKY

Well, no I don't like him. I've  
never been comfortable, I...I  
don't know. Anyway, doesn't  
matter. From here on, my money  
goes for rent.

ANDREA

You need money? I can loan you...

CORKY

(laughs, incredulous)  
Thanks...no...

INT. APARTMENT - ANGLE ON CORKY'S DOOR

We hear knocking.

CORKY  
(voice over)  
Who is it?

More knocking. Corky comes INTO FRAME, leans close:

CORKY  
Who is it?

VOICE  
Gas.

Corky looks back into the room, at Andrea o.s., then releases the steel pole of the police lock, and chains the door.

CORKY  
Gas?

VOICE  
Lady it's my first day. They told me, say gas.

CORKY  
(opening the chained door)  
Look I'm moving, so...

VOICE  
Hi sweets.

A hand thrusts in -- Corky instinctively falls back -- the hand clasps her by the bodice, and she leans back with all her strength, resisting being pulled closer.

CORKY  
(the material ripping)  
IT'S HIM!! IT'S HIM!!

The RAPIST is forcing the door while trying to pull her closer, but before the words are even out of her mouth Andrea flies INTO the SCENE and crashes against the door powerfully. She looks even more frightened than Corky.

RAPIST  
(arm crunching)  
YAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Corky is free. Andrea is wild-eyed. She releases the door for a fraction of a second, slamming against it again just in time to catch the Rapist's retreating fingers.

Cont.

RAPIST  
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

He pulls free, and we hear his rapid steps down the stairs.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

81

Andrea hugging her, comforting her. Corky sobs.

ANDREA  
(still wild-eyed)  
I'm here. I'm here.

Corky trembles in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

PICTURE

SOUND OVER 82

Corky walks down a corridor in a police station. It is barren of decor, but full of busy NYPD traffic...a grim uncaring background to her tense condition. She is confused, looking for numbers on door, responding to the remembered soundover (at right), receiving some puzzled looks from secretaries and patrolmen: but nobody offers help. They're too busy, besides, it's clear she needs more help than "directions." No one has time.

Corky comes to a room, and stares at the number, hesitating, half unwilling to go in, half waiting for the remembered SOUND OVER to end.

ANDREA  
Corky, wait for the police.

CORKY  
I c-can't sstay here. N-not another se-second...

SOUND: Door opens, closes. Door opens and closes again. Now we hear two pairs of footsteps on the stairs, one follows the other.

ANDREA  
Corky wait!

Now SOUNDS of the street: Cars, horns, etc.

ANDREA  
CORKY you left the door open!  
(yelling after)  
Should I stay here?!  
(beat, louder:)  
I'LL PACK...

CUT TO:

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM

small, unattractive. She sits in silence with Lieutenant Luffrono and Sergeant Viki Lavaco, who sits with legs crossed, pencil poised over a stenographer's pad. They all sit in a rather stifling silence. At last, Viki looks back and forth between Corky and Luffrono, and a slight smile crosses her lips.

LAVACO

(self-satisfied,  
assured)

Bob. You know, well, I think perhaps things might go smoother if you...left the room.

Corky looks up at her. Lavaco looks back and forth between the two of them.

LUFFRONO

(as casual as he  
can make it)

Jesus, Viki...I thought maybe you could leave Miss Hollander with me for a little while.

(looks at Corky)

Would you want that?

Corky nods yes.

Sergeant Lavaco is at a loss as she closes her pad, rises, and leaves awkwardly. She leaves the door open as she leaves.

Luffrono rises and shuts the door. He returns, and pivots his chair so he is seated cowboy style, his arms resting across the back. He waits for Corky to speak. At last:

CORKY

Do yyou n-need t-to know e-everything?

Luffrono looks down and nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON THE CONFERENCE TABLE

now littered with a half dozen balled up tissues. We ADJUST ANGLE to REVEAL Corky, runny but somewhat relieved. She is almost ready to start laughing at her agony. Her last tissue is in tatters. Luffrono hands her his handkerchief.

CORKY

(stuffed, nasal)

Tanku.

(takes it and blows)

Well! At least I stopped stuttering.

Luffrono doesn't know what to say. He stares at her, studies her. It makes her nervous.

CORKY

(looking down)

Do you think you'll get him?

Knowing the chances are slim, but wanting terribly much to offer Corky some comfort after what he put her through:

LUFFRONO

I'll really try. You have my word.

They both know that this was a statement for "form's sake," made to answer a question posed for "form's sake." It's embarrassing; this "posturing" is not a part of police business...then what is it? They stare at each other for a long and awkward moment...at last Corky looks down at her lap.

LUFFRONO

(wants to give more)

Look, how about if I drive you home?

CORKY

It's not necessary.

CUT TO:

INT. LUFFRONO'S OFFICE

85

He sees Corky to the door, and she leaves. Sergeant Lavaco has been firing away at an electric typewriter. As Corky goes, she slows her pace by half:

LAVACO

Can you p-p-picture her as a w-witness?

LUFFRONO

That's your idea of a joke?

Lavaco stops typing competely.

LUFFRONO

Christ.

OUT 86

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

87

getting out of a cab at her building. The ride seems to have put her in a better mood. She calls to the driver:

CORKY

Thanks, Tony...

She walks into the vestibule.

DOORMAN  
How's the eye.

CORKY  
Oh. The eye. Much better.

DOORMAN  
We put your stuff upstairs.

CORKY  
My stuff?

DOORMAN  
A girl...a girl...  
(shrugs)  
...on a motorcycle...with a  
wagon-like. Made two trips.

CORKY  
You're kidding...

DOORMAN  
Hey...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

88

In her apartment, Corky looks at six cardboard boxes set in the middle of the room. A pile of clothing, neatly tied at the top of the hangers, is draped over the boxes. Leaning against the boxes is a long gold florist's box. Corky undoes it. Roses. Look at that! she thinks warmly. She looks around for something to put them in. She gets an idea, and a determined look. She has a chance to confront Ida again.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

89

at the Marx door. Much more aggressive now, she rings the bell AND knocks:

IDA  
(o.s.)  
Coming! Coming!

CORKY  
Mrs. Marx? It's Corky Hollander.  
Remember? Your new neighbor.

IDA  
(behind the door)  
You need the phone again?

CORKY  
No. I have the one in the lobby.

The door is opened; Corky smiles and hefts the roses up for her viewing. Ida Marx looks at her like she's nuts.

Cont.

IDA  
You brought me flowers?

CORKY  
(baffled)  
Why no I was wondering if you  
have something I could put them  
in.

Ida studies the flowers, and the situation.

IDA  
I'll give you a milk container.  
(a beat)  
Quart or half gallon?  
(looking at the  
flowers)  
Half gallon.  
(leaves, and in a  
minute returns with  
an empty milk container)  
Here.

Corky takes it.

IDA  
Wait.  
(reaches into her  
apron pocket and  
brings out a scissors)  
Use it to cut off the top of  
the container. And the bottom  
of the roses. And put aspirin  
in the water. Here's aspirin..

She hands her the scissors and the aspirin.  
turning and looking annoyed, behind the door

IDA  
Sam! What? Why are you poking  
me!?  
(to Corky)  
Wait one second.

She closes the door. In a few moments it is  
She holds out a beautiful vase.

IDA  
Here. I thought maybe you'd  
want this. Go! Go preserve  
the flowers...

CORKY  
(delighted)  
Why thank you, Mrs. Marx...  
Mr. Marx!

IDA  
Go, go...

FADE IN

ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM IN THE PARK

91

out towards CENTRAL PARK WEST and 81st Street. Several yellow buses, filled with schoolchildren roll past us on the transverse road. Other buses are seen pulling into the driveway of the MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, which looms enormous in the b.g.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE STATUE OF TEDDY ROOSEVELT

92

The museum frontispiece. TR, Roughrider, sits with chest inflated (rather pompous), atop his roughhorse. Flanking him, are a freed Negro slave, and a noble American Indian. They are afoot.

CORKY

(voice over)

Black man walks. Red man walks. White man rides.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO SHOW Corky making her way up the stairs.

CORKY

(voice over)

White girl walks...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

93

hurrying through galleries of fossils. She passes quickly by the skeleton of some six-foot-high reptile; then on through the huge gallery until we realize she is passing a giant skeleton. The Brontosaurus, whose knee is taller than Corky. As we TRUCK ALONG, we run the length of the Brontosaurus. Corky fixes her hair, and pulls her sweater down smooth. Meanwhile the giant neck of the Brontosaurus drops more and more INTO the FRAME, until we see the head. CAMERA HALTS.

CORKY

(moving briskly o.s.)

(-INTERIOR-)

-Hello, Brontosaurus-

We are FRAMED on the head of the Brontosaurus, now looking after Corky:

CORKY'S BRONTOSAURUS IMITATION.

(a deep "monster voice")

Hello Corky! Welcome back!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY - ON A STAIRCASE

94

She hurries down, smiling, exuberant. She jumps the last two steps, lands lightly, and performs a dancer's high kick. It looks like she's going for the "extra point."

FADE IN SOUND: Crowd noise.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A CROWD OF FIFTH GRADERS

95

Girls relatively orderly, boys relatively anarchic. And all relaxed on this day of their "field trip."

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

96

looking them over.

CORKY

Okay, boys and girls! Quiet down!

She puts her fingers in her mouth and gives an enormous shrill whistle. Suddenly there is dead silence, and Corky smiles in satisfaction as all eyes turn on her.

CORKY

Hi there! My name is Corky, and I'm going to give your teachers a rest from you today.

They giggle approval.

CORKY

In a minute we'll be heading upstairs. But first, and everyone answer me, are you glad to be here?

EVERYONE

YEEEEAAHHHH!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BRONTOSAURUS ROOM - LATER

97

The children are dispersed into groups, examining various fossils and displays. Corky responds to the questions of a small group. But one boy is having trouble speaking.

BILLY

Mmmmm-mm...

Cont.

JANET (A CLASSMATE)

What Billy wants to know is...

CORKY

Does Bill stutter?

JANET

Well, sometimes...

CORKY

Billy?

He looks up at her, agonized.

JANET

He's really very smart.

CORKY

I bet he is. What's the question, Billy?

Billy stares at her, wanting to ask, but...

CORKY

I'd like to know, because, you know sometimes other people don't get it right. So if you can help me, I can help...

A Woman has come up to the group.

WOMAN

Corky, telephone call.

CORKY

(angry)

...Can't you take a message, Millie!?

WOMAN

It's an emergency!

CORKY

(it registers)

Emergency...?

This is big news to the kids, and they all watch.

CORKY

Okay boys and girls. Stay in this room or the next, but wait for me before going on further.

(looks down at

Billy and smiles)

We have a date when I come back, okay?

Billy stares at her, anxious.

Corky turns and hurries off.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

98

moving urgently; fast walk breaking into trot, until she comes to Millie's desk. MILLIE hands her a phone, pushes a button and nods.

CORKY

Hello? This line's dead.

MILLIE

(frantic, presses another button)

Oh God. Try this.

CORKY

Nothing.

Millie pushes two other buttons. Corky gets more and more angry.

MILLIE

I...I just don't know...

Corky walks away, anxious to get back to her kids.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

99

returning to the Fossil room. At the door she meets two teachers Corky was going to "give a rest to." They are escorting Billy from the room. Billy holds a handkerchief over his mouth.

TEACHER

He got...overexcited.

Billy pukes into the handkerchief.

TEACHER

Oh, Jesus!

They lead him out. Corky stares at them, very moved, unhappy...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

ANGLE ON CORKY

100

stands at a door in The Village, knocking. Behind her Andrea pulls up on her motortricycle, waving and shouting. She parks, and hops off.

ANDREA

Hi! Been here long?!

CORKY

No. Just got here.

Andrea comes up to her and tries to kiss her. Corky duck it.

CORKY

Listen...that was terrific of you to haul all that stuff... mygod! It felt like I had a guardian angel or something!

ANDREA

(pleased, opens the door for her)

C'mon in...

CUT TO:

EXTREMELY HIGH P.O.V. SHOT

101

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON the rich decor of Andrea's house. A fire burns in a fireplace...

ANDREA

You hardly touched your drink.

CORKY

I'm not much of a drinker... Maybe another time, I have to...

ANDREA

(hurt)

Okay...

CORKY

I really should take Jenny and... where is she?

ANDREA

Hiding somewhere I bet...

She looks around.

Corky, however, knows where to look. She looks for a hi point.

CORKY

Jenny!

Now she looks right up TOWARD the CAMERA.

CORKY

There she is!

Andrea looks, and gets up. She walks toward us, and extends her hands to us.

CUT TO:

NORMAL (EYE-LEVEL) VIEW

102

Jenny is on top of a rich Chiffonier. From down in the room, we see Andrea reaching up and trying to grab Jenny. Jenny screams and lashes out. Andrea yanks back her hand.

ANDREA

Damn bitch!

There is blood, and Andrea sucks at it.

Now Corky reaches up, and soothes Jenny.

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-She's scared to death!-  
The house is new to her...isn't that it, Jenny? You didn't mean to hurt Andrea, did you. C'mon now.

(has her now and  
checks her over  
with concern)

Andrea? Would you open the  
cat box?

Andrea holds open the door of the cat carrier, and Corky hustles Jenny in. Andrea shuts and locks it with a vengeance.

CORKY

I'm sorry about the scratch.

ANDREA

Forget it. How're you getting  
uptown?

CORKY

Cab.

ANDREA

Noooo! I'll take you. I insist.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE

102-A

Corky, who is particular about how she travels in Manhattan, stands to one side and considers her first motortricycle ride. She touches her guest helmet, which is a little wobbly, and watches Andrea jam down the start pedal with her foot, putting her whole weight into it. A couple of jumps and it coughs and then roars to life. Andrea smiles and looks up at Corky. Jenny unseen, begins whining.

ANDREA

Okay!

Corky's reticence, and then her resolve to do it, amuses and charms Andrea. Corky mounts behind her, and they're off...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS/THE RIDE UPTOWN

102-B

Jenny whining, softly, loudly, throughout..

ANDREA

You okay? Here's a turn!  
Hold ooon!

They lean into the turn.

ANDREA

Way-to-go, right?

A truck, in the next lane, drifts so close it almost brushes them...

ANDREA

Asshole!

She hits her horn repeatedly.

They continue on. Jenny still whines.

CORKY

Aren't you cold?

ANDREA

You get used to it!

OUT 103-  
104

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TRIKE, UPTOWN NOW

105

waiting at a red light.

ANDREA  
 Sol Y'realize, you did  
 everything you said? Got  
 an apartment, stopped stuttering...

CORKY  
 I'll quit Marin...

ANDREA  
 Quit Marin...you handled it all.

CORKY  
 Because I had to.

ANDREA  
 I...I just, y'know, wanted to  
 help. But you did it, and that's  
 the important...

CORKY  
 You did help!  
 (pauses)  
 W-w-w-with that...guy. With  
 the moving...And Jenny!

CUT TO:

JENNY

105-A

All four legs spread, wide-eyed behind the screen of her  
 cat box, trying to recover from the ride.

CUT TO:

THE CURBSIDE IN FRONT OF THE EPHPHATHA CLUB

105-B

Corky holds the cat carrier, and stands near Andrea, who  
 sits on the sputtering trike.

ANDREA  
 (looking up at the  
 curb)  
 Howda you say that?

CORKY  
 (smiles, always glad  
 to play out this  
 question)  
You say it...

ANDREA  
 (tries, struggles)  
 EF, EFFF-ATHE-THAA club.

Cont.

CORKY

Right!

Andrea looks bewildered.

CORKY

It's a stutterers' club. You  
can't say it and not stutter.

As always, explainer and explainee are pleased.

ANDREA

What do you do there?

CORKY

We talk, we play ball...they  
have a great football team.  
It's a club.

ANDREA

Can you take me in?

CORKY

Sorry, you're not w-w-w-one  
of us.

They both laugh. Andrea revs the engine.

ANDREA

If any time you need help Corky,  
you call me up...

She waves as she heads out into traffic...

CUT TO:

INT. EPHPHATHA CLUB

106

Corky walks up to a Receptionist's desk, manned by a pimply-faced Girl.

RECEPTIONIST

H-h-hi Corky.

Corky parks Jenny behind the Receptionist's desk. Corky walks into the club.

INT. A CLUB ROOM

107

Fireplace, and old-world atmosphere...She sees her friend  
from SCENE 1 sitting and reading a paper. They wave to each  
other. Some conversation is heard.

Cont.

VOICE

The United N-Nations? You  
think they c-care about us?!

ANSWER

J-j-just a suggestion.

ANGLE ON CORKY

108

in a new outfit, walking down a corridor. She carries a white football. She has on a white sweat jacket over red leotards, and her hair tied in a ponytail with a white scarf. She looks great. She passes by some open rooms...one of which has a poster of Porky Pig taped to the door. From inside:

VOICE

B-but why do you get upset.  
W-why?

ANSWER

B-because I think they're gonna  
laugh...at mmmme.

VOICE

Does anyone know w-why he really  
loses control? Tom?

ANSWER

Wa-wa-wa-wa...

Corky passes on, until she comes to a door. She opens it. There is a shriek of victory.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S P.O.V. - TWO JOCKS ON A 4-WALL HANDBALL COURT 109

muscular and dripping sweat, rest and lean against each other as a black paddle ball bounces to a stop behind them. Wooden paddles dangle from their hands.

JOCK #1 (BILL)

I b-b-beat you baby...

(looks up)

W-well! C-Cawky Hollanda! Ha  
ya d-win C-Cawky?!

CORKY

Bill Rosen! Fine, and you?  
Terry, good to see ya...

Cont.

JOCK #1  
 (trying to see behind  
 her back)  
 Whacha g-got dere, Cawk?

CORKY  
 (raises her  
 eyebrows)  
 Hmmm?

JOCK #1  
 Dere, dere, b-behind ya back  
 dere.

She tries to turn, but the other JOCK reaches behind her and takes the football. He holds it up.

JOCK #2  
 A f-f-football!

They laugh at her.

JOCK #1  
 Goin' out fa th-t-team, huh?

JOCK #2  
 N-no charity for g-girls,  
 y'know...

CORKY  
 (standing firm)  
 Gimme the ball. I wanna practice.

JOCK #1  
 (taking the ball  
 himself)  
 T-temper, temper! You're gonna  
 get to p-play C-Corky, when we  
 p-play the Lighthouse for  
 The Blind.

Corky snatches the ball away from him, and they both crack up. CAMERA FOLLOWS WITH them TO the door as they go. We begin to hear the sounds of a football rocketing against the walls of the court.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS

110

LONG SHOTS and CLOSE, MULTIPLE DISSOLVES, as Corky practices kicking the football. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!...the ball recoils off the end of her arcing kick. And she seems to get better, kicking higher...the noise louder.

ANGLE ON CORKY

111

arms on hips, panting, dripping sweat. She forces air out and sucks it in, waiting for the strength for a second round. At last she's ready, and walks to the ball and picks it up; she holds it out, ready to drop kick again.

VOICE

(o.s.; echoed by  
the room)

Hello C-c-corky...

Corky HEARS, but she does not turn. She tosses the ball out and kicks it powerfully. Now she turns and looks up behind her:

CUT TO:

A SMALL GALLERY

112

at the top rear of the court. Steven stares nervously down on Corky.

STEVEN

They t-told me you would be-be  
here.

CORKY

(getting the ball)  
And here I am!

STEVEN

Are you glad I came up to see  
you?

CORKY

(miffed; communication  
is zero; trying just  
points it out)  
Would you expect me to say 'no?'

STEVEN

W-well, m-maybe, if you're seeing  
someone else...

CORKY

Don't. Please don't.

STEVEN

Is, is it, is it someone I know?

CORKY

Steven-for-the-last-time; we didn't  
break up because there was anyone.

Cont.

CORKY (Cont.)

(no; she's through  
with that subject)

What is it you want, anyway? Pity?  
Contempt? I can't give you any of  
those, Steve, remember?

STEVEN

All I w-want is a k-kind w-word  
fffrom mmy wwww-w-wife!

Corky is breathing deeply through her nose, her jaw clenched.  
She fights for control.

CORKY

Steven! I-am-not-your-wife-anymore!

STEVEN

N-no Corky...not until, until the,  
the divorce is final! And it  
d-doesn't m-matter wwhhooo you're  
s-s-s-SCREWING!

In the close confines of the court, the word "screwing"  
resounds loudly.

CUT TO:

CORKY

113

About to burst into tears, she turns to face into the court,  
away from Steven, and holds it in. It's a losing battle...  
she tosses the football out, and, as she bursts into tears,  
kicks it powerfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

A PHOTO OF FREUD

114

framed, smiling shyly.

VOICE OVER

(icy-warmth of a  
devout Freudian)

Corky, last time you were  
expressing a certain hostility  
toward therapy, hmmm?

CAMERA PANS OFF the photo of Freud, OVER an office done in  
abstract expressionist paintings (Motherwell, Pollack) and  
pre-Colombian sculpture.

CORKY

(voice over)

I know you think it's some kind  
of transference stage I'm going  
through.

Cont.

CAMERA HAS PANNED ONTO A CLOSEUP of a man with a deeply-lined face. It could be "character," or it could be frightening. He looks AT the CAMERA noncommittally for a moment. We don't know it but he is savoring a deep drag from a cigarette. He exhales explosively, like a dragon, nose and mouth.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

115

CORKY

(determined)

But you're wrong.

MARIN

Go on...

CORKY

Dr. Marin...I'm not really sure,  
and I've never been sure, if  
psychotherapy has helped.

MARIN

(nodding)

Go on...

CORKY

(swallowing;  
nervous)

Well, I'm saying, I don't think  
I'll continue with therapy.

MARIN

I see.

CORKY

Is that all you say after a  
year and a half?

MARIN

What do you imagine I might say?

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)  
(frustrated)

-Christ!-

Well...you might say...this is  
what we've accomplished, Corky...

(gestures,  
indicating a  
sequence)

A, b, c, d...

They stare at each other for a few beats.

MARIN

I have no objection to such  
a summary.

Cont.

MARIN (Cont.)

(a beat, then  
the clinical  
icy-warm voice)

As we know, in the form of  
therapy we're using, the Doctor  
listens for the most part.

(beat)

What do you think we've accomplished?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MARIN

116

CORKY

(o.s.)

Nothing.

Marin looks quite nervous and uncomfortable.

CORKY

My stuttering was improving before  
I came to you. And I burned to  
get it that way, and to make it  
better.

MARIN

But then, it has gotten better.

CORKY

(assumes the credit  
is hers)

I know. And what about men?  
Where am I? Worse than before.  
Just answer, please, is it that  
I stutter, men laugh, I stutter  
more, they laugh harder, and if  
that's it, a vicious cycle, why  
did it start?

MARIN

What do you think?

CORKY

You don't know, do you?

MARIN

Go on...

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-Oh, brother! I want my  
money back!-

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON MARIN

117

as in the OPENING SHOT, exhaling like a dragon.

Cont.

MARIN  
We still have oh, almost fifteen  
minutes left. How would you like  
to use them?

CUT TO:  
118

ANGLE ON CORKY  
suddenly brightening.

CORKY  
Use them? I'll tell you how.  
To get out of here!

CUT TO:  
119

ANGLE ON MARIN  
quite grim-faced.

CUT TO:  
120

INT. THE WAITING ROOM  
Corky comes out of Marin's office, all smiles.

CORKY  
Andrea!

ANDREA  
I had my time changed.  
(checks her watch)  
Aren't you out early?

CORKY  
Early? God no!

She smiles.

CUT TO:  
121

EXT. MARIN'S ENTRANCE ON PARK AVENUE  
Corky emerges smiling and pulling on gloves. She puts on a  
PAIR OF SUNGLASSES. It is brisk and beautiful; she inhales  
deeply, all things are new again. She smiles and raises her  
arm for a cab. A herd of cabs is passing by; one pulls up  
instantly, and Corky hops in.

CUT TO:  
122

CLOSEUP - A HACK LICENSE  
The Mugshot shows the Driver to be a dark-haired weirdo  
with an asymmetrical face.

DRIVER  
MUGSHOT  
HERE

LAWRENCE V. OBECNY  
No. 5698765342 N.Y.P.D.

CORKY  
(o.s.)  
Great day, isn't it Larry?

Cont.

LARRY  
(all business, turns  
her off)  
I don't think so. Where to?  
Hostile cabdrivers ruin her act, ruin New York.

CORKY  
(still reaching out)  
Museum of Natural History.  
Eightieth Street entrance, okay  
Larry?

LARRY grunts his assent.

CUT TO:

MARIN'S OFFICE

123

Marin waits to begin until Andrea seats herself and lights  
her cigarette. She smiles at him.

MARIN  
Well, Andrea, you seem in good  
spirits!

ANDREA  
(smiling, happy)  
I just enjoy coming here...

MARIN  
So you've said.

ANDREA  
But there's something else.

MARIN  
What is it?

ANDREA  
I think I'm in love.

MARIN  
Well, I'd like to hear about it...

ANDREA  
No, it's...too early. It just  
started...

MARIN  
(catering)  
Well, when you're ready then...

ANDREA  
I have a poem. Would you like  
to hear it?

MARIN  
By all means...

Andrea stares into space, reaching "for the muse," as if  
she is about to mouth a prayer.

ANDREA  
It was winter when our love began,  
And it was a fire made to keep away  
the cold,

Cont.

ANDREA (Cont.)  
To light the winter's night  
And my heart with gold.  
(beat)  
Oh burn, my winter fire,  
My precious midnight sun...  
And now I want to have something  
that says how we won't be burned,  
just warmed, but I still have to  
work that in right...

CUT TO:

CORKY AND OBECNY IN THE CAB

123-A

Corky is still wanting to communicate with this Driver:

CORKY  
But Larry, it could be a nice  
day, maybe not so nice for you...

LARRY  
There's no respect for anyone, sweets.  
Least of all the cabdrivers.

Corky looks carefully at his hack mugshot, then cranes to  
get a look at his profile.

CORKY  
I...I do respect cabdrivers.

LARRY  
Maybe you do, maybe you don't...  
3.55, sweets.

Larry raises his hand to throw the flag. His two middle  
fingers are bandaged...and a black and blue line runs across  
all four fingers. Corky begins to tremble -- especially her  
hands. She's just caught the rapist. Larry waits  
impatiently for the cash. In the back Corky fights for self-  
control.

CORKY  
L-listen Llarry...I forgot.  
D-d-drive to that ph-phone  
booth over ththere.

LARRY  
(o.s.)  
It's another fare.

CORKY  
I don't m-mind.

LARRY  
(o.s.)  
You de boss.

OUT 124-  
126

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LARRY

127

He shakes his head in frustration, drops the flag again and drives the cab half a block to a phone booth.

ANGLE ON CORKY

128

emerging from the cab, and hurrying into the phone booth.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH

129

crowded. She fumbles in her purse for a dime, then rummages frantically until she finds a business card, finally dialing.

CORKY

Viki? Corky Hollander.

Detective Luffrono.

(response)

It is an emergency!

A long, nervous pause:

OUT 130-  
131

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

131-A

Featuring: Corky in the booth, mostly responding, nodding, saying a few words. Larry Obecny in the cab, waiting, restless, lights a cigarette. He smokes, and shoots occasional looks at Corky. At last she hangs up...and stands quietly for a moment...then she emerges from the booth and goes to the cab. She enters, and the cab pulls out into traffic.

INT. CAB

132

driving downtown. It's starting to snow. Larry puts on the wipers:

CORKY

It's it's rreally coming down,  
Larry.

LARRY

Why you keep callin' me Larry,  
huh? Larry Larry Larry Larry.  
Why's that?

CORKY

I'm sssorry...

Cont.

LARRY  
Lawrence is my name! Larry  
is bullshit!

CORKY  
Sorry, Lawrence.

LARRY  
I bet...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VILLAGE

133

residential; the cab drives around a corner going slower now.

OUT 134-  
135

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE STATION HOUSE

136

LARRY  
(voice over)  
Hey you live right near a  
police station. Must feel  
pretty safe, huh? This it  
sweets?

CORKY  
(voice over)  
Th-this is it.

Viki and Luffrono, arm in arm, approach the cab.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAB

137

Corky slaps a bill in the tray. She opens the door; Viki, waiting right outside with Luffrono, helps her open the door, yanks her out, and slams the door shut as she hustles Corky away. Instantly Luffrono draws his .38 and points it at Larry's head. All the men in the street draw .38s and take the same posture, the official FBI semi-crouch/brace for firing. In fact, with the snow falling, all in the identical pose, they look like some new breed of Penguin as they all waddle in closer to the cab.

LUFFRONO  
(shouting through  
the glass)  
Hands on your head! FREEZE.

Larry raises his hands.

LARRY  
What the fuck is this!?  
WhadIdo? WhadIdo?

Luffrono opens the door slowly and two of the men step forward and haul Larry out.

They really manhandle him; he slips and slides in the mushy street, as they throw him against the car. He never stops yelling.

LARRY  
Hey, what the hell is going on!  
What is this? Hey, take it  
easy!

They force him down face to the snow on the car, but his feet slip in the slush and he falls to the ground. Instantly Luffrono jumps on him, wrenches his hands behind his back and cuffs them.

LUFFRONO  
Get him on his feet!

They haul him up. One of the MEN steps forward with his Miranda card, and begins to read:

MAN  
'You are under arrest.  
You have...'

LUFFRONO  
Read him his rights inside...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON A HACK LICENSE

138

A young American Indian, urbanized.

DRIVER  
MUGSHOT  
HERE

JOHN LITTLEJOHN

NO. 458763 N.Y.P.D.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY AND LUFFRONO

139

in the backseat. Corky seems uncomfortable, Luffrono "high."

LUFFRONO  
That was...the best.  
You're the best.

Corky is silent, unresponsive.

LUFFRONO

And listen, you don't worry  
about a thing. Testifying,  
or anything.

She looks at him: why should she worry?

LUFFRONO

I mean...I can get you off...

He sees something is wrong.

CORKY

(looking away,  
out the window,  
in a quiet monotone)

I won't stutter...

Luffrono watches her with concern and waits to hear some elaboration...but there is none...she is lost in her thoughts, gazing out the window...the cab pulls to a stop at Corky's building. Corky goes for her purse:

LUFFRONO

(into his vest  
pocket)

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

She opens the door.

LUFFRONO

I'll walk you up.

He knows it won't happen.

CORKY

(de-cabbing)

It's not necessary.  
(to the Driver)

'Bye John...

LUFFRONO

I'll call you.

Luffrono never asks out a "client." Somehow, he has to break this rule now:

LUFFRONO

("reaching")

We'll get together...okay?

Corky turns, looks at him oddly...

CORKY  
 (trying to  
 understand what  
 she's responding to)  
 Uhh...w-well, w-we have to...  
 don't we?  
 (beat)  
 Did you mmmean...ssocially?

Luffrono feels stupid at having "pushed." He wishes he could take it back...

LUFFRONO  
 (realizes it was  
 a stupid time to  
 ask)  
 Uhhhm...

CORKY  
 (sees his  
 distress)  
 Mmaybe you could come  
 fffor dinner sssometime...

Luffrono knows that Corky has, in the midst of all her problems, "rescued" him from being a "dolt."

LUFFRONO  
 (absolute sincerity)  
 I'd like that. I'd like that  
 very much.

OUT 140-  
143

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

143-A

down on her hands and knees, frantically working a footpump with her hands. Nearby, a folded plastic packet begins to rise.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

143-B

positioning an inflated couch and chair, with afghans thrown over them. She steps back and regards them judgementally. Her attention snaps to the right, to the kitchen. She runs.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON LUFFRONO

143-C

Carrying a bottle of wine in a paper bag, entering a dingy basement, lined with khaki-colored lockers. It is deserted. He looks around; in the b.g. we hear a mop being slopped, and a Man talking to himself in a whisper. Luffrono is careful not to make a noise, and he moves closer.

VOICE OVER  
(whispered, an  
ancient conversation)  
'Bout it? s'right! 'bout it I  
says. Oh yeah? You fuck with  
Pearl you find out...You fulla  
shit I sez it to ya face...

Mumble, mumble.

CUT..TO:

P.O.V. SHOT - THE BACK OF THE LOCKER ROOM 143-D

A middle-aged Black Man, but old before his time, swabs the floor in the f.g. Behind him, quietly, in a lighter area, Luffrono steps forward.

JANITOR  
I hate to hurt you boy...but  
if'n ah have to, I'll killya.  
(mumble, mumble)  
at's right! It's what you is.  
A boy! 'bout it? Oh yeah?  
You fuck with Pearl...

He catches a glimpse of Luffrono and immediately shuts up, pretending to be hard at work.

LUFFRONO  
Mo...Howareya?

MO nods his head quickly; he's so-so? But he says nothing. He works but he doesn't understand why Luffrono stands there.

LUFFRONO  
We don't see each other too much.  
(shrugs)  
They put me in plainclothes, Mo.  
(smiles)  
It's good, y'know?

Mo stops and leans on his mop. He smiles also, and nods. He's glad for Luffrono.

LUFFRONO  
I...ah, come down to ask you  
somethin'...

Mo grips the handle of his mop nervously.

LUFFRONO  
It's about, a...stuttering.

Mo drops his mop in the pail and wrings it out.

MO  
'B-b-b-b'bout it?

Cont.

LUFFRONO

(thinks a second)

Y'see...now you stutter. But when  
I came in, I heard you...no stutter.  
How come?

Mo shakes his head "no."

MO

W-w-why?

LUFFRONO

I have a date with this girl, Mo,  
this terrific girl. I'm gonna see  
her tonight. An' she stutters...

MO

S-so t-trif-ffic b-bout her?

LUFFRONO

Oh, everything, Mo, everything.  
Lissen, what can I say to her...  
is there some way to act...ummm...  
what should I do...to put her at  
her ease...

Mo turns and goes back to mopping, looking grim.

MO

(bitter)

Ain't n-no wway.

LUFFRONO

Sure there is...

MO

F-forget her...

Luffrono doesn't like this at all; he stiffens and cools, and  
in a moment, prepares to leave.

LUFFRONO

(checking his watch)

I gotta be there seven...take care,  
Mo...

He starts to leave.

MO

W-wait. I t-tell yyou wwwhat to  
s-say.

Luffrono turns to listen.

MO

Y-you know w-when yyou tighten up  
onna ssstraps on tthe g-guy in the  
l-l-l-ectric ch-chair...W-what yyou  
s-say t-to him t-ta make him f-f-feel  
better...y-you sssay that.

Luffrono stares at him and quickly leaves.

OUT

144

ANGLE ON CORKY

144-A

Corky turns off the burner of an overboiling pot. All four burners are working...a big meal on tap. The DOORBZZZER sounds...Corky starts for it, remembers her apron, takes it off, touches her hair, then hurries off.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

145

standing by the door. BUZZER again. She waits a beat, then opens it. There stands Luffrono, with first-date awkwardness. Ill at ease, he holds out the bottle. Ill at ease, she takes it right from the bag. It slides out, leaving him holding the bag.

CORKY

(too stiff)

Why thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

DINNER

146

Luffrono opens the wine in a pregnant silence. He fumbles, finally gets it, and pops the cork. He offers some to Corky: she refuses. He takes some himself, and drinks a good shot. Somehow he's going to have to get through tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORKY'S COLLECTION OF BOOKS

147

CAMERA PANS the dozens of books on stuttering...

CORKY

(voice over)

And in Exodus, Moses, who was a stutterer, complains to God: 'O Lord, I am not eloquent, and neither have I been before, or since you spake to me, but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.'

Corky rambles. Luffrono listens politely but he is a bit bewildered. Corky is using all her book knowledge to avoid confronting the social situation: the man at her table.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON THE DINNER TABLE

148

Corky continues, uncomfortable but afraid to stop. Luffrono picks at his dinner, looks unhappy, and sips his wine.

Luffrono shifts uncomfortably as she rolls off the quotes. He toys with his wine glass.

CORKY

(knowing something  
is "not kosher")

But the most famous stutterer of  
them all, and the best loved, was  
Demosthenes. Demosthenes overcame  
his problem and made a success of  
himself.

Luffrono finds it easier to listen here, because  
this story, and seems to relax a bit.

CORKY

He became a great orator, known far  
and wide for his eloquence. He did  
it by doing tedious exercises.  
They're not supposed to work. But  
look at Demosthenes...he stuck to  
them, and...

She realizes she has monopolized the conversation  
to a halt.

LUFFRONO

Y'know...about testifying and, uh,  
stuttering...

CORKY

(too fast)

It's okay, it...

LUFFRONO

(raising his hand  
like a traffic cop)

Wait, please. A defense attorney  
will tear up any witness when he  
asks questions about sex. Why  
testify when we can get by with  
a written statement?

CORKY

(not really "hearing"  
him, following her own  
train of thought:)

Silly I know...but did it ever occur  
to you I might be able to speak  
well on the witness stand...

LUFFRONO

(waves his hand in  
front of her face, to  
"bring her back")

Hey, I'm not saying...

CORKY

(perfectly ready to  
work herself into tears)

Did it ever occur to you that I might  
have...

(touches her heart)

...a deep need to do that...that I  
have...

Luffrono raps the table three times. Corky looks up at him  
what's this?

LUFFRONO

Now; would you give me the names of  
the people you slept with this week,  
last week, and for the last five years.

CORKY

(beat: wide-eyed)  
(-INTERIOR-)  
-one of us is crazy...-

LUFFRONO

(aside)  
Your honor, would you instruct the  
witness to answer.

Corky looks down and thinks about this.

CORKY

Oh, that's what it's like...

LUFFRONO

Like that...but worse. Much worse.

CORKY

Oh.

LUFFRONO

So it's got nothing to do with  
stuttering.

Corky bows her head and nods.

LUFFRONO

I don't wanna see you wounded up there.  
(beat)  
Hey, look at me...

Corky shakes her head "no."

LUFFRONO

Why not?

CORKY

...embarrassed.

LUFFRONO

(smiles)  
How about catching that movie?

Corky looks up at him...and nods, an embarrassed smile  
face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

BLACK

149

We hear the jiggling of keys. At last, the sound of keys being inserted in a lock, and a door latch opening: a rectangle of light appears in the center of the SCREEN. Corky and Luffrono, FRAMED IN her doorway, viewed from inside the dark apartment. An awkward first-date good night.

MUSIC UP: MANHATTAN WALTZ, crystal, delicate.

CORKY

I had a really good time, Bob.

LUFFRONO

Good...good.

What now? He moves closer. She puts her hands on his chest. She can stop him if she wants.

He leans forward for a gentle kiss...her hands move outward toward his shoulders, but the time limit on first kisses is up. Neither wanting to; they break, and stare at each other.

LUFFRONO

G'night. I'll call ya...

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-Will you?-

Call me, okay?

LUFFRONO

Are you crazy? Of course I'll call!

This seems to upset Corky.

CORKY

P-please...you better go.

Luffrono is unhappy, but he nods and starts off. Corky hurries into the apartment and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JENNY

150

up on the table, licking the dessert dish at Luffrono's place. Corky comes INTO FRAME and sits down at the table. She is now facing Jenny in the same manner she faced Luffrono during their uptight dinner.

Still tearful, speaking to an "imaginary" Luffrono, played by Jenny:

CORKY

Bob, I...I have to try to be fair  
to both of us...and I just hope  
what I say will...that you'll...

(a beat, as she  
gains resolve:)

Bob, I can't go to bed with you.

JENNY

Nayowrrr...

She rises, rather dramatically, and walks o.s. Jenny looks  
up watching her go: Corky walks toward the inflated sofa.

CORKY

If we did, I wouldn't know if it  
was because I'm frightened and  
lonely, or if I cared for you,  
and so you see, Bob, I wouldn't  
expect you to have to deal with  
that problem, I mean of course,  
assuming that I were someone  
you might care for deeply...  
which I have no right to assume...

(seated on the  
inflated sofa,  
looks away; beat)

I...I'm making a fool of myself,  
aren't I...

SUDDENLY SHE FALLS SILENT...her own arms reach up to her  
shoulders, and she waits breathlessly for "Bob" to speak.  
Actually she is formulating the words he will speak. She  
delivers them deadpan, but tenderly:

CORKY

Oh Corky...I would wait, baby,  
one year or a hundred...until  
the time was right...until the  
time was ours...

Beat. She is moved deeply, beyond her own pretense.

CORKY

Oh Bob...

She weeps, and we DOLLY BACK: she lies curled up, cradled in  
her own arms, dreaming they are his...

OUT 151-  
153

FADE OUT  
MUSIC AND PICTURE

## ANGLE ON STEVEN

wandering in the cafeteria of the museum.

STEVEN

M-may I join yyyou?

CORKY

(not pleased)

Steven, I'm meeting a friend.

STEVEN

(self-denigrating)

And...yyou'll be ashamed of  
m-m-m-me...

She looks away, annoyed and impatient.

CORKY

Christ! Stop 'papa-papapa'...  
You know it's not that bad...

STEVEN

I'm sorry.

CORKY

Stop being so sorry. Start  
doing something for yourself!  
Get yourself a girl, stand up  
to --

STEVEN

(sad)

C-corky, have you found sssomeone  
new...

CORKY

Steven, if you were an idiot,  
I could understand...

(sees her date)

Andrea! Hi!

Corky rises, and Steven follows courteously.

CORKY

Andrea, this is my ex-husband,  
Steven. Steven, Andrea Glassen.

STEVEN

I...w-was j-just trying to g-get  
hher back...

He smiles feebly.

ANDREA

(ignoring him)

I haven't been here since I was  
a little girl!

STEVEN  
W-what exhibit do yyyou like  
best?

ANDREA  
Dunno. Corky, what are you  
having?

STEVEN  
The p-p-pie looked pretty good...

ANDREA  
Stevie, that's wonderful...why  
don't you get us some?

He goes o.s.

CORKY  
He's really a brilliant man...

ANDREA  
You think you'll get back with  
him?

Corky shakes her head no.

ANDREA  
How come you invited him?

CORKY  
I didn't.

ANDREA  
Oh Christ, then why don't we get  
out of here!

CORKY  
(sympathy for Steven)  
Why don't we stay...  
(suddenly remembers  
something)  
OH! I just remembered...I have  
to tell Millie something. I'll  
be back in a minute. Two minutes.

She rises and hurries off.

Steven returns to the table, carrying three plates.  
Andrea offers no help as he awkwardly shifts them o  
table.

STEVEN  
W-w-where's Corky?

ANDREA  
She'll be back...

STEVEN  
 (seating himself)  
 She, she always leaves me...

Steven carefully places his napkin on his lap, Andrea, who  
 wiping her mouth with hers, crumples it and tosses it on  
 table. She avoids meeting Steven's eyes.

STEVEN  
 I guess the, the course, the  
 c-course of t-true love never  
 runs straight.

ANDREA  
 No, huh?

She picks up her fork and starts.

STEVEN  
 Sh-shouldn't we w-wait, wait for  
 Corky?

Andrea takes the first mouthful, and replaces her fork on  
 table.

ANDREA  
 Okay...

STEVEN  
 In, in true love, you-you-you-  
 have to t-take your t-time. I  
 c-can't go up to Corky and sssay,  
 'I love you, p-please love me  
 back.'

ANDREA  
 How do you know?

STEVEN  
 I, I tried it.

ANDREA  
 What happened?

STEVEN  
 She, she left me...

OUT 15  
 17

DISSOLVE TO

POP ON

INT. MARIN'S OFFICE

173

ANDREA

Well, I can't just say... 'I'm  
in love, love me back!' She's  
got to be courted! Carefully,  
gently courted...

MARIN

I see. Andrea, it's very important  
that you make a clear distinction  
between what should happen, and  
what truly is happening. Now...is  
there a love here as you describe?  
Or is this a love you desire...  
but...hmm?

ANDREA

It's got to be...  
(reflects, then,  
angry)  
Why do you say it isn't!?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY AND LUFFRONO

174

getting bundled up in a restaurant. A MAITRE D' comes over.

MAITRE D'

We hope you enjoyed your meal...

LUFFRONO

Very much. Very much. Good night...

He and Corky turn and go out the door smiling.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - DUSK

175

They stroll along leisurely, comfortable together. It begins  
to snow.

LUFFRONO

It was all right...but that's the  
last turtle soup I ever eat.  
'You'll like it,' she says.

Corky smiles.

LUFFRONO

Let's get a cab.

CORKY

(negative)  
It's so beautiful out. And I don't  
take cabs anyway. Anymore.

CORKY (Cont.)

(beat)  
Wanna walk through the park?

LUFFRONO  
Central Park at night?

CORKY  
You 'pack a rod' don't you?

LUFFRONO  
Yeah, well, it's not a machine  
gun.

They continue walking, happy, high spirits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PARK - IN THE SNOW

176

The park is a fairyland. They are up at the Castle, looking out at the puffs of light that peek out from the pathways below them; isolated from the world. They look out over the park. Nearby, a park lamp illuminates snow falling at the Castle.

CORKY  
Do you know why this scene is  
so beautiful?

LUFFRONO  
Yup.

CORKY  
(fairly rapturous)  
It's because the snow lands  
everywhere. It doesn't matter  
what anyone says, what anyone  
needs...

LUFFRONO  
Well maybe.

CORKY  
Why do you say it's beautiful?

LUFFRONO  
Because you're here.

They are leaning against the rock wall that surrounds the Castle plateau...looking out: Corky gulps and won't look at him.

CORKY  
(-INTERIOR-meek)  
-Not the snow?-  
Cut it out!

She scoops up some snow, tosses it at him and runs away.  
They chase through the snow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBBY OF CORKY'S BUILDING

177

They hurry to enter, to escape the cold. They are frozen.  
The Doorman is like a savior as he admits them. They hurry  
across the lobby.

CUT TO:

AT THE ELEVATOR

178

LUFFRONO

(clapping his hands)

Coffee!

The elevator arrives, and they enter:

The doors close, and they are alone. Corky is nervous...she  
swallows. What happens now? They stare straight ahead, and  
ride up in silence. Luffrono shifts uncomfortably. Corky  
moves not a fraction of an inch. Then at the 18th floor,  
elevator door opens. They both look up:

VOICE

(o.s.; from outside  
the elevator)

Down?

CORKY AND LUFFRONO

(together)

Up.

The doors close, and we continue up. More silence until:

CORKY

(end-of-the-evening  
tone)

Well, th-thanks very much for  
dinner.

LUFFRONO

(looks at his watch;  
a beat)

It's early.

She swallows and nods. It's going to be harder than she  
thought. The doors open. Luffrono lets her go out first,  
and to his surprise she turns: he finds himself stopped in  
the elevator doorway.

CORKY

(serious)

Bob I...

Cont.

The doors release, and begin to close: Luffrono lifts a forearm and blocks it...it opens again. He waits patiently, for an explanation...for something.

CORKY

I...I have to try to be fair...  
to both of us.

The doors close. He blocks them and they spring open.

LUFFRONO

Fair...

CORKY

Yes, because...

LUFFRONO

Okay, then will you...

He takes her by the shoulders and positions her against the left door, and himself against the right.

LUFFRONO

Fair's fair...

Now the doors release again, and they both get bumped from behind. The door hits Luffrono on the upper back and shoulders, and it makes contact with Corky at her behind. Thus, there is an interesting reciprocating motion, above and below the waist respectively, as each is bumped from behind...

CORKY

(serious)  
What I mean by...  
(is bumped from  
behind)  
-- oop! -- fair is...

VOICE

(o.s., coming from  
the elevator shaft,  
from the floor below)  
Hey...what about being fair to me!

They look at each other in surprise, and step aside. The doors close, the elevator leaves, and Corky sighs.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE PARSON TABLE

179

with two cups of coffee waiting. Luffrono sits, and Corky enters with the bottle of brandy. She pours some in hers, and some in his. Corky warms her hands on the cup.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY AND LUFFRONO

180

seated not on the inflated sofa, but leaning against it, seated on the rug. He is holding out his coffee cup and she pours straight brandy into it. They both still seem cold.

LUFFRONO

Fortify me for this...now...gimme it again.

CORKY

One selfish shellfish.

One selfish shellfish, two rubber baby buggy bumpers.  
(they both laugh)

One selfish shellfish, two rubber baby buggy bumpers, three Swiss wristwatches.

LUFFRONO

One selfish shellfish.  
See that?

(taps his temple proudly)

One smelfish shelfish, two rubber bubba bubba's. Go on, go on.

One smelfish shelfish, two rubber baby buggy bumpers...ha? ha? a steel trap...And three Swiss wristwatches...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON LUFFRONO

181

looking amazed, not quite getting:

CORKY

(pours him another drink)

Yup, and...eight witches and which witch wished the wicked wish, nine nattering nabobs of negativism, ten imaginary menagerie managers imagining managing an imaginary menagerie.

Right!

(laughing)

Right.

I would be very interested to see that.

LUFFRONO

Boo blugs brud...?

Well now...

(takes a huge drink)

You think I'm a little drunk, right?

And you think that stuff about my detective's memory is a lotta bull, right?

And so now would you like me to recite all that back to you?

(stares at her, amused for several beats, then:)

One selfish shellfish.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

absolutely astonished, as Luffrono comes into the stretch.

LUFFRONO

Five buckets of blue bats' and  
black bugs' blood. Six sheiks  
with the sixth sheik's sixth  
sheik sick, seven lemmings lapping  
lemon liniment, eight witches and  
which witch wished the wicked wish.  
Nine nattering nabobs of negativism.  
Ten imaginary...uhhhh...ten imaginary  
menagerie managers imagining  
managing an imaginary menagerie.

CORKY

That was great! Ohhhh...you must've  
heard it before...

LUFFRONO

Me? Nono. It's just that I had  
this girl friend, and we found out  
her name is the king of tongue-  
twisters. So I practiced...

CORKY

(defiant)

What was her name?

LUFFRONO

Peggy Babcock.

CORKY

So?

LUFFRONO

G-head. Three times fast.  
Peggy Babcock.

CORKY

(shrugging; this is  
nothing)

Peggy Babcock-Peppy Bac...

(gets ready for  
a second try)

Peggy Babcock-Pebby Bapt...

Again she tries. "Peggy Babcock" is, in fact, the ultimate  
tongue-twister.

CORKY

I can't! My God! You'll make  
me a blitering idiot!

They both laugh.

CORKY

(calm now)

Can you do it?

Luffrono shakes his head no.

CORKY

What ever happened to  
Peggy Babcock?

LUFFRONO  
Peg? It didn't work out, I guess.  
With this comment, things turn a bit more serious...

CORKY  
It never does. Work out I mean...  
(-INTERIOR-)  
-...does it?-

LUFFRONO  
I dunno...sometimes...

CORKY  
(-INTERIOR-)  
-When?-

LUFFRONO  
...You know when? I'll tell you,  
since I happen to know.

Several beats; she waits, eager to hear...he studies her, and now he speaks with softer conviction:

LUFFRONO  
When you can wait...

Corky swallows.

LUFFRONO  
...and you don't feel like  
hurrying...

She scarcely breathes.

LUFFRONO  
...because you know...you missed  
the one time, and the one person  
...you don't wanna miss...

From deep within Corky, the tears pool up...and she reaches out her hand to gently stroke the side of his face...and he waits, exactly as he said...she moves her lips to his, and kisses him.

It's not a long kiss, and she lowers her head to his shoulder and begins to sob.

LUFFRONO  
(holding her)  
Hey...don't...

CORKY  
(liquid, hiding  
in his shoulder)  
No, no, I won't...

But she continues crying anyway; two beats, and a new mood hits her.

CORKY  
I don't wanna be fair!  
(raises her head  
and looks at him)  
I want you to stay tonight, but  
not make love.

Cont.

Luffrono half-laughs, and shakes his head. Thinks. Comes up with the same laugh.

CORKY

(wishing she weren't  
the object of his  
laughter)

What...?

LUFFRONO

Uh, y'know...

(same laugh)

Jesus. I could almost do it.

Corky's sure he'll stay.

LUFFRONO

Better not.

Corky's animation vanishes. She looks down...she doesn't want him to leave.

LUFFRONO

(watching her silent  
hurt; winks at her)

I should go.

He rises, and she follows him to the hall closet. Everything is wrong. She takes out his coat, not wanting to, and gives it to him, not wanting to...

Corky leans against the wall and watches as he slips on the coat. She's very unhappy, unable to measure the extent of this rejection. Luffrono opens the door. They look at each other and kiss. Not a word is said as Luffrono turns and leaves. Corky closes the door behind him, and leans back against it, looking downcast and defeated.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

182-A

leaning against the door.

CORKY

(soft but intense)

Shit.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LUFFRONO

183

looking pretty unhappy himself, walking down the corridor. He looks up at the ceiling:

LUFFRONO

Ya watching Ma?

He reaches the elevator and pushes the call button. In a moment the elevator arrives and the doors slide open.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

184

still leaning against the door. The more she thinks, the worse she feels. And then: a KNOCKING at the door. She quickly wipes the tears from her eyes, turns and opens the door. Coat unbuttoned, Luffrono stands waiting.

CORKY

You'll stay?

LUFFRONO

I just wonder if you can handle it?

CORKY

(pointing to herself,  
incredulous)

ME! I would think SO...!!!

Corky's phone starts ringing. She starts back into the apartment to get it.

CORKY

(to Luffrono)

C'm in, c'm in...

Luffrono enters, as Corky gets to the phone and lifts it.

CUT TO:

TELESCOPIC P.O.V. - THE VOYEUR

185

Corky on the phone, as Luffrono comes up near her.

CORKY

(filtered, over  
the telephone)

Hello?...who is it...?

When there is no response, Corky puts her hand over the receiver and speaks to Luffrono...we hear it, muffled.

CORKY

(filtered, muffled)

I keep getting these calls...no  
one answers...

Luffrono takes the receiver, and listens. Nothing, then:

VOICE OVER

(upset, trembling)

Stay away from her...stay away...

For a moment he is baffled, then he glances out the window, then he stares hard, out in our general direction.

OUT

186

POP ON

CLOSEUP - MARIN'S OFFICE

187

MARIN

You see, Andrea, when you come here drunk, or very hung over... it doesn't help your treatment at all. We have to regard alcohol as a drug...and since you're not presently getting the kind of therapy that makes use of drugs, why, using them serves no purpose. Hm?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ANDREA

188

half-drunk...half-hung over, hair messed up, looking awful. She stares at Marin like the world has ended.

ANDREA

I've thought of an ending for my poem. My last line is, 'And it was winter too, cold and bitter and cruel, when our love ended. And...

(a tear comes to her eye)

...the fire we shared went out, unwanted, unneeded, untended.'

It went out for her, I really mean. It's still burning here:

(points to heart)

She...she left me...She needed me.

MARIN

And you felt good...safe with her. You have lost your safe fantasy...and we might ask, Andrea, if this has something to do with your whole desire for other women.

ANDREA

(grabbing stomach)

I'm nauseous...

She begins to cry.

ANGLE ON CORKY

189

She walks down the corridor. She starts as Ida's door opens, sighs in relief.

IDA

(through the chained door)

Corky wait. Be careful.

Cont.

Corky waits, frightened. Ida closes the door, unchains it, and opens it. Corky waits eagerly to find out why she should "be careful."

IDA

We think we heard someone  
snooping around your apartment.

(beat)

Sam went to lock.

Corky: chooses to be skeptical of all this.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

190

walking toward her apartment, determined, keys out:

Behind her Ida emerges from her door. She smokes a cigarette voraciously, and carries an umbrella like a "club."

IDA

Corky! Wait! I'll go with you.

The visage of Ida with the umbrella puts a damper on Corky's courage. Together they move along slowly, creeping up on her door like a Nancy Drew mystery.

IDA

When I went to check, Sam was  
gone. So it turns out someone  
saw him going down the stairs...  
so where was he going? An old  
man nineteen floors...

Meanwhile, behind them, Greg and Lorraine appear...to look at this "television" sight. They approach Corky and Ida.

IDA

...without telling me.

She sees the kids, talks to them like they were small animals.

IDA

Scat! Get out of here!

Greg and Lorraine run off.

Corky puts her key in the door and unlocks it. Before she opens it, she turns and takes the umbrella from Ida.

IDA

Crazy, hah?

CUT TO:

LUFFRONO

190-A

at his desk in the station house. He is trying to clear his desk, and looks distracted by something, uncomfortable... The phone rings and he picks it up.

LUFFRONO

Luffrono.

CORKY

(voice over)

Bob it's...

LUFFRONO

I was just thinking about you...dj'aget those drapes up?

CORKY

(voice over)

No, not...Bob, I have this neighbor, a friend ...Ida Marx...her husband didn't come home...

IDA

(b.g., voice over)

I wouldn't call the police so fast. Tell him it's not unusual.

LUFFRONO

Well, uh...how long has he be gone?

CORKY

'bout...two hours.

IDA

Two hours and twenty-five minutes...

LUFFRONO

Um, where did he go?

CORKY

Well...Sam and Ida live right next door, and they thought...they thought they heard noises in my apartment it was prob'bly Jenny...and Sam went to look...

LUFFRONO

(concerned)

And?

CORKY

He didn't come back.

IDA

He goes to Philadelphia.

LUFFRONO

Where are you now?

CORKY

In my apartment

LUFFRONO

Is everything in it's place?

CORKY  
Yeah...well...I can't find  
Jenny...

LUFFRONO  
(this evokes some  
thought, but answers:)  
She probably slipped out...

CORKY  
That cat...

LUFFRONO  
So, ah...look...stay where you  
are, and I'll be over soon as  
I can. Okay?

OUT 191

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MARX APARTMENT

192

Corky studies Ida as she pours a drink. A fresh cigarette is in Ida's hand. The cigarette trembles, the bottle clatters against the glass. She sucks at the cigarette for relief and pretends nonchalance.

CORKY  
Where would Sam go?

IDA  
(long suffering)  
Sam goes...he goes...  
(lost in nervousness)  
Once, just like this --  
(a flip of her  
hand)  
-- he went to Philadelphia.  
His brother's in Philly. He  
was gone...thir-teen days  
that time...so what's two  
hours and twenty minutes...

CORKY  
A lot, from the way your hand  
is shaking.

IDA  
S'nothing, darling...go see  
if the water's boiling, all right?

Reluctantly -- Corky heads for the kitchen.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

193

in the kitchen, ready to dip a tea bag into a pot. There is a tremendous crash from the living room. Corky drops everything, runs:

CUT TO:

CORKY'S P.O.V.

194

Ida, on the floor.

OUT 195-  
196

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON SIREN

197

a WHIRLING red light. An ambulance, as it maneuvers through a traffic jam. Trying to get down Fifth Avenue at rush hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

198

kneeling by Ida Marx, who is conscious.

IDA

(weak, smiling)

Sam's gonna kill me for getting sick. Who could stand him but me? Break the news to him gently, you hear...

(looks at Corky)

Well I ain't dyin'! I didn't mean I was dyin'!

(lies back)

Have him call me at the hospital, okay?

Corky nods.

IDA

You're a dear...

CORKY

Don't talk anymore Ida...  
okay?

CUT TO:

MARK APARTMENT - TELESCOPIC P.O.V. - VOYEUR

199

THE TELE P.O.V. SLICES LEFT, and we are already on Corky's place as she enters. She sits down, drained. She sees her box of curtains, waiting to be hung. She takes a chair and sets it near the window, starts pulling drapes from the box...

OUT 200

FADE IN

INT. MARIN'S OFFICE - ANGLE FAVORING ANDREA

201

MARIN

(apprehensive)

Perhaps it is not your girl friend...

ANDREA

My EX-girl friend...

MARIN

...that you are angry with.  
And I don't think you're really  
angry with me, either.

Andrea glares at him.

MARIN

(declaritive now)

You're angry with yourself. And  
this anger is so great it is  
inexpressible. But you can  
express it...

(beat)

...in a hospital.

ANDREA

(deeply upset)

No...I can't. I won't.

MARIN

(seems to be  
following a purpose  
and a plan)

While most patients eventually  
come to terms with therapy,  
you've actually enjoyed it a  
great deal, haven't you...hmm?

No response from Andrea.

MARIN

It's part of a pattern we've  
seen, hm? Another way of having  
the feeling you are in control...  
in this case, by fooling your  
doctor...

ANDREA

Fooling...?

MARIN

In the same way you fool the rest  
of the world, hm? But more  
important than that...the way  
you fool yourself. What way am  
I talking about, Andrea? Hmm?

ANDREA

(swallowing)

I...I don't know...

MARIN

I think it would be advantageous at this point, Andrea, for you to think this out in a safe environment ...in a hospital atmosphere. I've made preparations for admitting you to Mt. Sinai tomorrow evening. I'll go with you, and we can have a short session after you're settled.

Andrea looks at him grimly.

ANDREA

(growing frantic)

You...but...Did you ever think...  
you could be wrong?

MARIN

About what am I wrong?

ANDREA

About me.

MARIN

What about you?

(long pause as  
he waits for an  
answer)

What about you, Andrea?

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON ANDREA

202

dressed in her sweatsuit, walking down the esplanade at the 79th Marina, looking out at the morning mists. She carries a tape recorder and sets it on the railing. She turns it on...

RECORDER

(playing the tape  
of Corky's rape)

Andrea makes it louder. After a moment, she is unsatisfied and makes it louder. And a third time she boosts the volume again.

OUT 203-  
225

DISSOLVE TO:

AT THE MUSEUM DOOR

225-A

A guard unlocks it.

GUARD

Good night Corky.

Cont.

CORKY

'Night John...

She exits.

She walks out to Central Park West, where there are cabs lined up.

CABBIE

Taxi?

CORKY

(friendly smile)

No thanks...

She hurries to the corner, where she just manages to board a packed bus. The doors close and the bus lumbers off.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

226

as she gets off the bus, and walks up her block. She is greeted by the sight of several police cars, and an ambulance van, with their lights rotating. She reaches the door. The doorman doesn't see her: he stands turned towards the lobby, watching something. Corky opens the door herself and enters.

OUT227-  
228

CUT TO:

THE LOBBY "RECEPTION AREA"

228-A

Couches and chairs face each other around a central area. Seated on the couches are Greg and Lorraine. They are being questioned by plainclothes detectives. Their MOTHER hovers close by, and a half-dozen uniformed patrolmen stand around. Corky walks up to the group and listens.

The Mother leans towards her son, trying to slap him repeatedly.

MOTHER

Secret! I'll give you a secret!  
I'll give you a secret...!!!

Greg is rescued by a detective, who staves her off with his forearm, and pushes her away.

DETECTIVE

Mrs. Weingast, please...

He addresses the kids.

DETECTIVE

Okay...you went into the room,  
the basement room where they  
store the refrigerators...

Their Mother shields her eyes and looks away, showing her embarrassment for all to note.

DETECTIVE  
...then you opened one of the  
refrigerators...and what did  
you see?

GREG  
(terrified of  
his Mother)  
Mr. Marx was inside.

LORRAINE  
(matter-of-fact)  
He was naked...

The Mother, defending her daughter, slaps repeatedly at her son.

MOTHER  
She's hysterical! She's hysterical!

OUT 229-  
230

CUT TO:

THE BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM

230-A

Dozens of refrigerators line the walls. One is open. A fingerprint team and a photographic team are finishing up. Luffrono is there, checking things over.

LUFFRONO  
(to a younger  
detective)  
I want you to check each  
refrigerator...

DETECTIVE  
You think there are more?!

LUFFRONO  
Just check.

DETECTIVE  
What am I looking for?

LUFFRONO  
(walking away)  
An orange cat.

CUT TO:

LUFFRONO

230-B

at the basement elevator door. He waits, along with two white-garbed attendants and the stretcher-gurney that bears

Cont.

the shrouded body of Sam Marx. They wheel the body into the elevator and Luffrono gets in. They ride up in silence. Luffrono is dead tired. The door opens at the lobby. Luffrono gets out, and sees Corky turn: eagerly she starts for him...and then she sees the body wheeled out after him. She stops, and watches in a state of shock. He comes up to her and they stare at each other. She hugs him tightly, her cheek to his chest, and he holds her protectively.

LUFFRONO

(solemn)

Corky...Ida found out, and...

Corky, standing up straight, looks into his eyes.

CORKY

You told Ida?

LUFFRONO

(nods across the lobby, grim)

The manager over there...he called.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V. - THE MANAGER

230-C

walking about aimlessly...one direction, another, half circles, trying to cling to his officiousness. His mind is blown, not likely to "return" for many weeks.

LUFFRONO

(voice over)

...right away. When I got through she was with her doctors.

CORKY

I've gotta call the hospital.

She starts for the elevator.

LUFFRONO

(final instructions)

Corky! I've got a lot of work to do. I'll call you wherever I am. Lock the door, stay home, and don't let anyone in. Seriously, okay?

She nods and hurries for the elevator door, which is closing. She blocks it with her arm and gets in. Luffrono turns and quickly moves across the lobby to the two detectives who are questioning the children. They know instantly he means business...and follow him away from Greg and Lorraine.

LUFFRONO  
I want names on everyone on the upper west side who bought a telescope in the last twelve months. Expensive ones first, then cheaper, then binoculars. Hit the big stores first. I want this tonight.

The detectives look at each other in disbelief.

DETECTIVE  
(bewildered)  
Luffrono...those stores'll be closed soon...

LUFFRONO  
(dog tired,  
dead pan)  
Ed, you forget how to lean on people? Lean. Get going.

They look at him for a beat more, then turn and hurry away. Luffrono checks his watch, and also leaves.

OUT 231

CUT TO:

AN ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING

231-A

onto a small corridor, with a single apartment on the floor. The only apartment. Dr. Marin steps out, walks up to the door and knocks. No response. He knocks again.

MARIN  
Andrea? It's Dr. Marin.

ANDREA  
(o.s., inside,  
passionate)  
Go away. Leave me alone.

MARIN  
That would be the worst-possible-thing, Andrea.

ANDREA  
Just go away. Please.

MARIN  
Let's talk about it, okay?

There is a long pause. The door opens, and we see Marin enter. The door is closed behind him.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

231-B

on the phone, waiting.

VOICE OVER

(telephone)

Miss Hollander?

CORKY

Yes?

VOICE OVER

She's with her doctors now...

(beat)

One moment please.

Corky is clicked onto "hold," where she stays for a few moments.

VOICE OVER

May I help you?

CORKY

(impatient)

I'm trying to find out about  
Ida Marx.

VOICE OVER

Yes I'm trying to find...please  
hold.

Corky holds. At last:

VOICE OVER

Miss Hollander?

CORKY

Yes?

VOICE OVER

Mrs. Marx was just taken to  
emergency surgery...

CUT TO:

TELESCOPIC P.O.V. - THE VOYEUR

232

Corky slowly hangs up the phone, and sits there thinking for a while. Then she pushes her hair back and rises, and walks into the kitchen area. She fills a teapot with water and puts it on the stove. Then she moves to the fridge and opens it. She searches for something to eat, and not finding anything opens the freezer. We see her mouth open in a scream...which we can't hear:

CUT TO:

CORKY'S CLOSE P.O.V. SHOT

233

AT THE CUT WE HEAR THE SCREAM, FULL VOLUME. Corky's P.O.V. looking into the freezer. Jennifer lies on her side, her

233 Cont.

mouth open and teeth barred in a frozen snarl. Her claws are extended from her paws, which face each other as if she were about to clap. She begins to slide toward us...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

234

Corky at the fridge. Jennifer slides from the overpacked freezer with a grating sound. She hits the floor with the sound of a frozen five-pound cut of beef.

CUT TO:

VERY LOW P.O.V. SHOT

235

floor level, as Jennifer slides across the kitchen floor right up to the CAMERA. On her side again, paws positioned as if she were pinning a mouse between them. Corky's screaming has never stopped. We see her legs as she backs away.

CUT TO:

AT A SWITCHBOARD

235-A

A uniformed COP munches on a roast beef sandwich. A light flashes on his board and a buzz sounds. He answers:

COP

Fifty-third Precinct.

CORKY

(telephone  
voice over)Lieut-tt-t-tenant Luffrono,  
please.

COP

Luffrono's not here. C'n I take  
a message?

CORKY

W-where is he?

The COP checks a clipboard with the duty roster.

COP

(saying all that  
can be said)

On duty...is there a message?

CORKY

Hhave him c-call mme b-b-back  
as ssoon as pp-p-possible.  
P-p-please.

COP

Sure thing. HEY! HEY WAIT!  
What's your name! Leave  
your name!OUT

236

CUT TO:

## LUFFRONO AND ANOTHER DETECTIVE

236-A

in an unmarked car. Luffrono lifts the mike.

LUFFRONO  
Eight-two-nine. Luffrono.  
Iris, patch me into the Bell  
system. 889-7198.

A SERIES OF CLICKS and bleeps as it's done. The call goes through...the rhythmic tones of a busy signal come over the car radio.

LUFFRONO  
Thanks Iris, I'll try again  
in a minute.

He hangs up the mike.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

237

on the phone.

CORKY  
(relieved)  
Th-Thank God I reached you.

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
What's the problem, hon?

CORKY  
Y-you d-don't know...I-I-I  
couldn't r-reach anybody...

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
They gave you my new number?

CORKY  
Yeah. Andrea...I I c-can't  
b-be alone. I'm...

ANDREA  
(voice over,  
salacious)  
You sound...very upset...are  
you?

CORKY  
Could I c-come over?

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
Now, you settle down...my door  
is open, always...

CORKY  
(relief)  
Thank you...

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
Come on over, we'll talk. I'm  
up near you, got a pencil?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE TABLE BY CORKY 238

She moves a telephone file in front of her, pops it open.

CORKY  
(voice over)  
Shoot.

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
I'm at 389 West 72nd Street,  
Penthouse.

We see the pad: Corky writes, under the existing Andrea listing: Uptown (new) 389 W 72 Pent.

ANDREA  
Got that?

CORKY  
Yea...I'll l-leave nnow...okay?

ANDREA  
Good. 'Bye...

Andrea hangs up and Corky searches for a piece of paper to transfer her address to. She opens a drawer and finds none. Desperate to get out, she pulls the entire "G" page from the index, and hurries off. She grabs her coat, and hurries out. We STAY ON the apartment after she is gone. Moments pass, and her phone starts ringing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HER BUILDING 238-A

As Corky hurries out, some people are de-cabbing. The DRIVER looks at her.

DRIVER  
Taxi Miss?

It stops Corky in her tracks. She thinks about it briefly, and nods yes. She gets in.

THE CAB drives off. Up the one way street comes the unmarked Car with Luffrono...he's let out in front of the building, and waves good-bye to the driver...he enters the building.

INT. CORKYS' APARTMENT

238-B

A dog-tired Luffrono enters, and notices her closet door half-open.

LUFFRONO

Corky! Corky?!

He listens: there's not a sound in the apartment.

He looks around; the half-hung drapes stand as Corky left them. The phone index is popped open. He moves toward the kitchen area. He sees her copper kettle blasting steam from it's spout. The refrigerator is propped open by the lowered freezer compartment door. Then he looks down and sees Jenny. He moves to her, crouches down and touches her body. She has melted into a small puddle, but is still frozen.

LUFFRONO

(softly)

Cheezus...

He crouches for a moment more, then rises and hurries o.s.

CUT TO:

LUFFRONO

238-C

hurrying across the lobby to the doorman..

LUFFRONO

Did Corky Hollander go out?

DOORMAN

(nodding slowly)

Yes...yes...she did...that was... just before you arrived...she took a cab...

LUFFRONO

What kind?

DOORMAN

(continues nodding)

That was...a yellow cab...or, a checker cab...yellow. It was yellow.

LUFFRONO

Know where she went?

DOORMAN  
(shakes head)  
No, no, I wouldn't know that...

LUFFRONO  
Thanks.

CUT TO:

THE PHONE INDEX IN HER APARTMENT 238-D

Open to "H" listings. Luffrono seats himself next to it and goes over the names. He picks up the phone and starts to dial the first number.

OUT 239-  
245

CUT TO:

THE ELEVATOR ON ANDREA'S PENTHOUSE FLOOR 245-A

The doors open. Corky gets out and looks around...moves to the only door there is. It is open slightly, but she KNOCKS anyway...inside we can hear a shower running.

CORKY  
(sticking head  
inside)  
Andrea?

ANDREA  
(o.s.)  
Corky? Make yourself at  
home! I'll be out in a minute!

Corky walks into the apartment, which is mostly barren. There is a huge skylight facing south, with a much more spectacular view than her own. A bathroom door on the north wall is half-opened, and steam rises out into the huge loft room.

Unbuttoning her coat, Corky seems a little more relaxed, feels a little more safe...she calls out:

CORKY  
You hardly have anything here!  
It's like my place!

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
Wha?!

Cont.

CORKY  
I said you hardly have anything  
here.

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
Well, you're here anyway!

CORKY  
You have any food?

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
I can't hear. Be right out.

Corky wanders over to the refrigerator. She looks on top.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S P.O.V. - A TOUCH-TONE TELEPHONE 246

the kind with a jack attached. It has a long, long cord, carefully and tightly wound in dozens of loops around the phone. It has been placed at the rear of the fridge.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY 247

In front of the fridge. Calling:

CORKY  
I should have brought some  
food over.

THE SHOWER STOPS. QUIET.

ANDREA  
(voice over)  
What was that hun?

Corky can't decide if it's right to ask for food, or to open someone's icebox.

CORKY  
Never mind!

OUT 248

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CORKY

248-A

decides to look inside. She opens the fridge...and snoops over...condiments, wine...nothing substantial. She closes the door and walks out into the room, removing her coat. She heads for the skylight, pausing before a twin-doored closet. She opens the left door and hangs her coat on a cast iron hook, then closes it up. She turns away toward the skylight, as the right door swings open partway.

CUT TO:

CORKY

248-B

coming up to a telescope angled down into the city. She peers into it with her left eye, which feels uncomfortable, and shifts to her right.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S TELESCOPIC P.O.V.

248-C

Her apartment. Her man on her phone.

CUT TO:

CORKY

248-D

pulling away from the scope.

CORKY

(simply)

I gotta go.

She turns, heading toward the closet. A few steps, and she stops in her tracks.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S P.O.V.

248-E

There, on the matching hook on the right door is the counterweight that caused it to open: Dr. Marin, cleverly mounted on the hook via his necktie loop.

CUT TO:

CORKY

249

Horror. Disbelief. She must bite her hand to stifle a scream. Very very carefully she shuts the closet door and starts to move for the exit. Suddenly she freezes.

OUT 250-  
254

CUT TO:

ANDREA

in a bathrobe, outside the bathroom. She has cut her hair, HACKED it off short...a vision from another world (which is where she is).

ANDREA

Where are you going?

OUT 255-  
257

CUT TO:

CORKYS' APARTMENT

257-A

Luffrono still on the phone.

LUFFRONO

(end of a  
conversation)

...Thank you...

He hangs up, looks down at the index.

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V. - THE INDEX

257-B

EXTREME CLOSEUP. The last name on the page:

STEVE HOLLANDER  
1039 Lexington Ave.  
743-5397

SOUND OVER: Luffrono dials.

CUT TO:

LUFFRONO

258

Listening to it ringing. It's answered.

STEVE

Hello...

LUFFRONO

(playing it for  
"official business")

This is Detective-Lieutenant Luffrono  
of the 53rd precinct...

STEVEN

(responds obediently  
to authority)

What what what can I do for  
you, Lieutenant.

LUFFRONO

We're trying to contact  
Corky Hollander...she's not  
home and we thought you might  
know where.

STEVEN

She's she's sseeing someone,  
you know. I, I don't know  
who but she's with, with him  
I bet...

LUFFRONO

(sighs...a wasted  
call)

Thank you Steven.

Luffrono hangs up, and looks at the index. He glances up at  
the window...at the city. He goes back to the phone, dials.  
It's answered...we hear SOUND OVER horns sounding and engines  
revving in b.g.

ANSWERING VOICE

Yellow Cab.

LUFFRONO

Elio? That you?

ELIO

(o.s.)

That's me. That you Lieutenant?

LUFFRONO

This's important Elio.

ELIO

Gimme.

LUFFRONO

Got a pencil?

ELIO

I am a pencil.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - CORKY

259

seated on a pillow. High-strung, adrenalin alert.

ANDREA

(voice over)

You said we were going to talk.

Cont.

CORKY  
(thinks about  
everything before  
she speaks)  
I...h-have to go now...

ANDREA  
After we make love. Why not?  
You make it with that cop.

CORKY  
(feels repugnance  
but fights it)  
Andrea, it's...not the same...

ANDREA  
Yes it is. Should I show you  
again.

CORKY  
No.

ANDREA  
(pleased)  
You were shocked...

CORKY  
(beat)  
No.

ANDREA  
(singsong)  
You're ly-ing...

CORKY  
(beat; matter of  
fact)  
I always knew you were a man.

ANDREA  
That's a lie! How could you?!

CORKY  
I just sensed it...

ANDREA  
(getting furious)  
I-don't-believe-you.

CORKY  
(-INTERIOR-)  
-Say something!-  
But not at first. Because...  
-Why, why?-  
It's very unusual...isn't it?

ANDREA  
 (that maniacal look  
 in her eyes)  
 Does it...turn you off?

CORKY  
 N-no...no...

ANDREA  
 Then what?

(REPARTE: no more pauses for Corky)

ANDREA

BULLSHIT. Don't,  
 You think I'm a  
 joke!  
 (flexes her fingers)

(fights tears)  
 Whyyy...

(furious at Corky's  
 delay in answering)  
 I'll...I'll kill you for  
 lying!

CORKY  
 (takes a deep  
 breath)  
 I th-think it's v-ver-nice...

ANDREA!

(-INTERIOR-)  
 -Oh, God! Say something!  
 Say you love her!-  
 I love you.

I do.  
 (-INTERIOR-)  
 -Why? Why love her?!-

What difference does a person's  
 sex make? You love them for  
 who they are.

This statement: an epiphany to Andrea. It sinks deep, and  
 the whole mood changes...they relax.

ANDREA  
 (tears coming)  
 That's...very well put...

CORKY  
 (taking the  
 advantage)  
 Well thank you. That's a...  
 compliment, coming from a poet  
 ...tess.

A shy smile comes over Andrea. Corky puts one on and they sit  
 smiling at each other.

OUT 260-  
 261

LUFFRONO

261-A

In front of Corky's picture window...he ponders the cityscape ...his glance shifting to each building that has a sight line into Corky's apartment. Thousands of windows confront him. He turns back into the apartment and seats himself near the telephone...he looks over the H's once again. He clicks the index closed, and gazes out the window again.

CUT TO:

ANDREA AND CORKY

262-  
263

Andrea sits with a marbelized composition notebook on her lap. Corky, cautious, but feeling she might have passed "the crisis," listens to Andrea reading. Corky watches for any nuance that might cue her further in her treatment of Andrea.

ANDREA

And they nailed her to a cross of  
actuality,  
Because she preached to them a different  
sexuality.

She looks up for approval.

CORKY

Very nice.

ANDREA

You didn't like it. I can tell.

CORKY

(cautious)

Well...I just...I do like the  
ones about me better...

ANDREA

Well Jesus, you have to be  
more critical than that!

CORKY

I told you...those other two  
the one before this one, and  
that other one...Andrea...  
they were brilliant. Really.

ANDREA

Really...?

CORKY

Really...why are you so modest?

Cont.

ANDREA

I...I...I doubt myself too much...  
I worry...what others will think...  
(chokes up)  
...it's...so, so hard...

She begins to cry.

CORKY

Don't cry...

ANDREA

(weeping  
unconsolably)  
Oh! Oh! Everything is  
horrible! Things are going  
terrible with Dr. Marin. He  
wants...you know what he wants?  
To commit me!

CORKY

(gulps)  
Don't...don't let him, Andrea...

ANDREA

No no I won't.

They sit in silence for a few seconds. Andrea, out of  
modesty, does not know what to say. She begins doodling  
on a corner of her notebook.

ANDREA

Do you think you could ever  
love me...  
(swallows nervously)  
...'completely?'

Corky doesn't know what direction they just turned in.

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)  
-please God...-  
(holds her  
forehead)

Do you have any aspirin? I  
have this...

ANDREA

(knows Corky's  
stalling)  
Can't you even answer?

Cont.

CORKY  
("losing it")  
I'm so tired...

ANDREA  
(insistant, growing  
hostile)  
Answer me.  
(touches her breast)  
If I stopped the hormones?

CORKY  
(knows she must  
respond)  
Only...if you wanted children.

Andrea bites her nail and thinks about this.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT - MANHATTAN CITYSCAPE

263-A

DISSOLVE TO:

LUFFRONO

263-B

looking out the window, at cityscape just beginning to be tinged with blue. There are only a few lights on...a ghost town mood. We REFRAME to REVEAL another DETECTIVE, who stands a few feet back from the window. His hand is outstretched, as if in "benediction", and he shifts it back and forth over the cityscape, trying different sight lines in response to a third detective's voice:

3RD DETECTIVE  
(o.s.)  
435 72nd Street...

2ND DETECTIVE  
(moves his arm to  
the west)  
No.

3RD DETECTIVE  
(o.s.)  
621 81st.

2ND DETECTIVE  
No.

3RD DETECTIVE  
110 75th.

2ND DETECTIVE  
Maybe.

LUFFRONO

Walks away from the window.  
We follow him into the room.  
He's exhausted, and a thousand hunches, none of which he can focus into anything, surge through his mind. He sits down next to the Detective who's reading addresses from a long list of telescope purchasers. Luffrono's hand rests near the closed phone index. He stares into space and listens to the litany of addresses...the 3rd Detective checks off names. Luffrono's gaze falls on the phone index:

THE DETECTIVES

- 340 74th.
- Yeah. That's one.
- 612 63rd.
- I think...yeah. That's good...
- 2130 Columbus.
- 2130...no, absolutely no.

OUT 264-  
265

CUT TO:

VERY CLOSE P.O.V. SHOT

266

the closed phone index, set to "G". His hand comes INTO the FRAME and he presses the release bar. It opens...to "H". Luffrono closes it. Pops it open again. Again, "H". Closes again. Shifts the pointer to "H". Opens it again...to "H". Now, quickly, closes it and moves it to "F"...and "F" comes up. Back to "G"... "H" comes up. He pulls down the preceding card... "F". "G" is gone. The phone rings.

LUFFRONO

Luffrono here.

3RD DETECTIVE

- 1121 Amsterdam

ELIO

(voice over)

S'Elio. Lieutenant I got three pick-ups at y'building...awright, the first...y'ready? Okay? Okay the first is to 900 Park.

2ND DETECTIVE

- No view.

3RD DETECTIVE

248 73rd.

2ND DETECTIVE

No good.

Luffrono scribbles down: 900 Park.

LUFFRONO

Yeah?

(Luffrono starts to write it out. He stops... just said in the room)

ELIO

(phone sound over)

Next, 389 West 72nd Street... Got that?

DETECTIVES

- 389 72nd.
- Good.
- 200 74th.

LUFFRONO (Cont.)

ELIO (Cont.)

2ND DETECTIVE

What's the name?I got no names here  
Lieutenant...

- which one?

The last one!

I got the address,  
right?

- 200?

No no! Three...  
389.What's goin' on?  
Lieutenant?(he looks)  
Glassen. Andrea  
Glassen.

Luffrono drops the phone.

LUFFRONO

Cmon. C'MON!!!

The phone receiver lies near the index (set at "G"). We hear the sound of them hurrying to get coats and leaving the apartment.

ELIO

(phone sound over)

What's goin' on? What's  
happening Lieutenant?

We PAN OFF the phone and TOWARD the window and cityscape.

CORKY

(voice over)

It's almost light...

ANDREA

(voice over; kind,  
empathetic)We spent the night together,  
didn't we...OUT 267-  
275

CUT TO:

CORKY

276

peering out the huge window. She feigns calmness, but is very very nervous.

CORKY

I can see the joggers coming  
out...

Cont.

ANDREA

(o.s.)  
 And...I didn't harm you...in  
 any way. Oh Corky! If only...  
 if we could hang around each  
 other...I...I might stand a  
 chance.

(beat...thinks)  
 Hey, would you like to go  
 jogging?

Corky looks down at the street. She closes her eyes, as  
 in prayer:

CORKY

(starting to form  
 a "w"...is  
 terrified she will  
 blow this chance)  
 W-well...I don't know...

ANDREA

(beat, thinks...)  
 Don't run away from me, okay?  
 I can't lose you. I can't...

Corky nods, and puts her hand on Andrea's...Andrea sighs...

ANDREA

Then I...I guess we'll go...

Corky is afraid to breathe. Andrea turns and walks into the  
 room. She starts for the door. Corky tries to follow  
 "casually", but Andrea keeps pausing...ruminating...uncertain.  
 They progress in this way to the door...with Corky certain  
 that at every step she's "losing" Andrea. Andrea reaches for  
 the chain lock:

ANDREA

(anxiety building,  
 she toys with the  
 chain, finally  
 unlatching it. As  
 she undoes the first  
 lock she chews at  
 her lip...desperate.)  
 Y'know. Y'know I'm thinking.  
 I might not want to change.

CORKY

W-well...if you really d-don't  
 it would be okay...

Andrea seems to buy this for the moment. She nods, and undoes  
 the bottom lock, and cracks open the door. And then: she  
 opens it no further:

ANDREA

Why are you stuttering all  
of a sudden?

CORKY

C-cold.

Again Andrea accepts it and she opens the door halfway. She stops again...trembling, about to blow:

ANDREA

It's a LIIIE!!!

(slams the door  
powerfully)

No one wants ME! You lied!  
I'll kill you...

CORKY

N-n-n-

She tries to speak up. She cannot. She backs off...Andrea advances. Suddenly with all her might she pushes Andrea aside and tries to get through the door. Andrea comes back, and Corky knows she'll never get through that door...she backs away into the room. Andrea stalks her...lunges, and Corky spins away and makes for the kitchen area. She reaches for a carving knife that lies on a cutting block. Andrea is there instantly, and takes the knife from Corky. She moves on Corky with taunting pokes of the knife...and Corky backs off until she is backed up, trapped, against the skylight... with the dawn cityscape behind her.

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-Speak to her...say something...  
say you love her-

Corky opens her mouth, and now we see the full blown agony of a stutterer; not more than single tortured sound can emerge. The tongue seems glued to the roof of the mouth, the lips frozen on a single effort, the strain in every facial muscle.

CORKY

AHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhh...ahahahah...  
ahhh...

Andrea's viciousness blossoms with this development. She thrusts forward with the knife, taunting. Her eyes gleam.

ANDREA

I disgust you don't I? Tell  
me...tell me...

Cont.

CORKY

(-INTERIOR-)

-Speak out! She's gonna kill  
you!-

NNNNNNNNNN-N-N-N-N...

And now, the thrill inspires Andrea, she pants and smiles and  
begins: A recital of the tape:

ANDREA

(doing both parts)

Say ahhh...Ahhhhhh AHHHHHHH.

A-a-ahh-ahh.

You move -- I cut. Uh...say

ah. Say Ahh.

Ahhh. Ah.

You yell...the knife goes  
down your throat. Understand?

I wanna hear. Yeah. I understand.

Y-yes. P-please.

CORKY

(tears, hysteria)

P-P-P-P...

ANDREA

What you got on? Top and bottom?

WHAT?

B-bb-bra a-and pppanties...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THEIR FEET AND ANDREA

277

now a hysterical monkey, shifts back and forth like a  
basketball guard.

ANDREA

(o.s)

Show it. Lift the sweater.

C'MON.

CAMERA MOVES UP from Andrea's feet. We CONTINUE MOVING UP to  
Andrea's face. She is about to go over the edge utterly.

ANDREA

(her own character  
now, serious; sticks  
at Corky with the  
knife)

MOVE. DO IT. MOVE.

Corky moves to grasp the bottom of her sweatshirt.

CUT TO:



EXT. ANDREA'S BUILDING

282-B

The two Detectives drag Andrea from the building. They pause, and one of them looks up the block. He puts his fingers in his mouth and whistles.

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V. - CORKY AND LUFFRONO

282-C

walking away from us up the block, Luffrono's coat draped around Corky. Luffrono looks back.

LUFFRONO

Ga'head! We'll get a cab!

He turns and walks off with Corky, who is limping.

DISSOLVE TO:

A PATHWAY IN CENTRAL PARK

282-D

Corky and Luffrono walk along, Corky limps along, trance-like, not responding to Luffrono.

LUFFRONO

Look at me...it's all over.

She refuses to.

LUFFRONO

Give yourself a break...all right? I'll worry for a while, huh? Let's get to a doctor...at least a place you can warm up...

No response from Corky.

OUT 283-  
285

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALONG CENTRAL PARK EAST (FIFTH AVENUE)

286

walking downtown. Still Corky isolates herself from him. Head down, she limps along in silence.

LUFFRONO

Let's get a cab.

She shakes her head no...her first response to him.

LUFFRONO

Hey.

He grabs her and turns her toward him. She looks down and away.

LUFFRONO

Now listen to me, all right? I know, I really do. It's time to be with me...You're gonna have to talk someday...so start with me...

She turns and starts to walk away.

Cont.

LUFFRONO

Opp!  
(pulls her back)  
Now what I want you to do is  
call a cab.

(walks her to the  
curb)

G'head...taxi!

She gives him a skeptical angry look, then turns.

LUFFRONO

Nono...taxi! C'mon...taxi!

CORKY

(very softly to  
prove to him)

Taxi...

He points to the street.

CORKY

Taxi.

It was a little louder. She looks at him. He nods at the  
street.

CORKY

Taxi!

She begins to cry.

LUFFRONO

That's my girl...

CORKY

TAXI!

LUFFRONO

(bellowing)

TAXI!

CORKY

(trying to match him)

TAXI!

Now they both sprout smiles. And shout and hug each other.

MUSIC UP: MANHATTAN WALTZ, full orchestration.

CORKY AND LUFFRONO

TAXI! TAXI! TAXI! TAXI!

T-A-X-I!!! Taaaaaaxi!

Hugging and shouting to each other and New York. Until they  
are jumping up and down, shouting.

FADE OUT

THE END