

## AFTER HOURS

PAUL:  
Do you have a telephone?

GAIL:  
Yeah.

PAUL:  
I'm sorry. I just...You wouldn't believe what I've been through tonight.  
You wouldn't believe it.

GAIL:  
I'm an ice-cream vendor. Mister Softee.

PAUL:  
What? You misunderstood. I didn't ask what you did for a living.  
I said, "You wouldn't believe what I've been through tonight. "

GAIL:  
It's not boring. I have my own Mister Softee truck. It's not boring.  
Also, you need a Class Four New York State chauffeur's license.  
Guess who has one? Got it on my own.

PAUL:  
Manhattan, please. Could I have the number of Peter Patzak That's P-A-T-Z-A-K.

GAIL:  
Need a pencil?

PAUL:  
No... On Mulberry Street. Thank you.

GAIL:  
5, 8, 1, 9...6...2.

PAUL:  
That was funny. Patzak, please. P-A-T-Z-A-K on Mulberry Street in Manhattan.  
Thank you.

GAIL:  
- 5, 8, 6, 2...

PAUL:  
Don't.

GAIL:  
9, 3, 8, 0.

PAUL:  
Now I have forgotten the number. What is wrong with you? Are you all right?  
I have had a terrible, terrible night. Do you understand?

GAIL:  
I'm just trying to entertain you.

PAUL:  
I don't want any entertainment! And I'm sorry I did that.

GAIL:  
I'm under... Oh, God.

PAUL:  
I'm unable to get home tonight. I can't get home, and I'm trying desperately...  
to find a place where I can stay tonight. All I want to do sleep. I could stay in a  
place on Spring Street, but I don't want to.

GAIL:  
- Why not?

PAUL:  
Why not what?

GAIL:  
Why aren't you there? Go.

PAUL:  
Because the bartender who lives there, his girlfriend killed herself tonight, and I  
think it's because of me.

GAIL:  
That's out, then.

PAUL:  
That's right, that's out. That is not a possibility. So if you just let me make this  
phone call... you'd be doing me such a favor, you really would.

GAIL:  
That can wait. I hurt your arm, and now I want to dress your arm, please.

PAUL:  
All right.

GAIL:  
How'd that get there?

PAUL:  
What? I was dipping papier-mâché earlier.

GAIL:  
What is this? "A man was torn limb from limb... by an irate mob last night... in the fashionable SoHo area of Manhattan... police are having difficulty identifying the man because no form of ID... was found on his shredded clothing. "

PAUL:  
Shredded?

GAIL:  
"His entire face was pummeled completely beyond recognition... "

PAUL:  
Forget that. I can't handle things like that right now.

GAIL:  
What does a guy have to do to get his face pummeled?

PAUL:  
Why does it hurt so much?

GAIL:  
Because it's infected.

PAUL:  
Stop touching it!

GAIL:  
I want to get it off...

PAUL:  
Stop touching it!

GAIL:  
Let me get it off!!

PAUL:  
No!

GAIL:

I know. I'll burn it off.

PAUL:

No.

GAIL:

I just need matches. I'll go ask a neighbor.

PAUL:

No, lady!

GAIL:

My name is Gail!

PAUL:

No matches. That's enough now.

GAIL:

Where are you going?

PAUL:

I'm going home. I'm walking home now.

GAIL:

How far is home?

PAUL:

East 91st Street.

GAIL:

East 91st? Are you kidding? Listen, I like you. I don't know why. Why don't I give you a ride in my Mister Softee truck? How does that sound?

PAUL:

Where's the truck?

GAIL:

Right around the corner... come on.