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INT. RIGGAN'S DRESSING ROOM - THEATER - CONTINUOUS

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...his dressing room. He goes into the bathroom and quickly washes his face.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

What the hell was going on up there?

We pan over to see his ex-wife Sylvia (43), standing in one corner, staring at Riggan. She is elegant and simply beautiful.

RIGGAN

I didn't know you were here tonight.

SYLVIA

That guy's an asshole, huh?

Riggan dries his hands with a towel and comes out of the bathroom.

RIGGAN

What are you doing here?

SYLVIA

Sam and I are going to grab a bite after she's finished with--

RIGGAN

No, I mean *here*. Now.

SYLVIA

Well. I know how much this means to you, so--

RIGGAN

I appreciate that.

A beat.

SYLVIA

So, how's it going?

RIGGAN

The play?

SYLVIA

No, you and Sam.

RIGGAN

It's good. (A beat.) It's the same.

SYLVIA

Do you talk to her?

(CONTINUED)

RIGGAN

We talk. We-- I don't know, it's been crazy around here.

SYLVIA

You understand where her head is at right now.

RIGGAN

Of course.

SYLVIA

She's trying to stay away from everything and everyone that got her into rehab in the first place, but...

RIGGAN

...I know, Sylvia...

SYLVIA

...But that's all she had. So she's--

RIGGAN

I really do get it.

SYLVIA

I know you're caught up in all this stuff, but--

RIGGAN

Stuff...

SYLVIA

You know what I mean.

(Beat.)

Riggan... You don't have to be a great father right now, you just have to *be* one.

RIGGAN

Yeah.

Suddenly, Laura opens the door and sticks her head in.

LAURA

(Noticing Sylvia.)

Oh, sorry.

She closes the door. Awkward silence.

SYLVIA

So how is *that* going? Is she and Sam--?

RIGGAN

I don't wanna talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

He goes to a small fridge, takes out a beer and closes it.

SYLVIA
You're drinking?

RIGGAN
I'm having a beer.

SYLVIA
Okay...

He sits and sips in silence for a moment. Then he begins to take out the wig.

RIGGAN
So, what's going on with you?

SYLVIA
Me? Nothing. Everything's the same I guess.
I'm going back to teaching.

RIGGAN
I'm thinking about refinancing the Malibu house.

SYLVIA
Wh-- I'm sorry?

RIGGAN
I'm thinking about--

SYLVIA
No, I heard you. I just need a second to--
(A beat.) That's gonna be Sam's house. Why
would you-- (A beat.) What? For this play?

RIGGAN
(Honest and vulnerable.)
I need the money.

SYLVIA
Do you have any idea how crazy that sounds?

RIGGAN
What do you want me to say? My health
lasted longer than the money... Go figure
that out.

Riggan seems pensive and lost.

SYLVIA
Riggan...
(Beat.)
What's going on?... Look at me.

(CONTINUED)

Riggan gently looks up to Sylvia.

RIGGAN

I have a chance to do something right. And I have to take it. I have to.

SYLVIA

It's funny. I was sitting here waiting for you, and all of a sudden I couldn't remember why we broke up.

Silence. Then, as if he hasn't heard what she said.

RIGGAN

The last time I flew here from LA, George Clooney was sitting two seats in front of me. With those cuff links, and that... *chin*. We ended up flying through this really bad storm. The plane started to rattle and shake, and everyone on board was crying... and *praying*. And I just sat there-- Sat there thinking that when Sam opened that paper it was going to be Clooney's face on the front page. Not mine. (A beat.) Did you know that Farrah Fawcett died on the same day as Michael Jackson?

She smiles sadly. She kisses him on the head and goes to the door.

RIGGAN (CONT'D)

Why did we break up?

SYLVIA

(Looks him in the eye.)
You threw a kitchen knife at me...

Riggan is smacked by that memory. His eyes on the floor.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

...and one hour later you were telling me how much you loved me.
(Beat.)

Just because I didn't like that ridiculous comedy you did with Goldie Hawn didn't mean I did not love you. But that's what you always do. You confuse love with admiration.

She smiles sadly. He looks at her. As Sylvia opens the door, she turns back to Riggan...

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

It's your house, so do what you want with it. Just make sure you're there for our daughter.

RIGGAN

I will.

SYLVIA

You're not Farrah Fawcett, Riggan.

She exits. Painful silence... until...

BIRDMAN (V.O.)

We should have done that reality show they offered us. "The Thomsons." That would've been good. Crazy, druggy, wise ass daughter. Milfy wife with the perky tits. People would have watched that.

RIGGAN

(To the poster.)

Shut up.

Riggan stands up and grabs his jacket. He opens the door and goes out to...

15 INT. HALLWAY - THEATER - CONTINUOUS

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...the hallway.

BIRDMAN (V.O.)

Where are we goin'?

RIGGAN

(Almost whispering.)

Leave me alone.

Riggan walks between crew members. Annie interrupts him.

ANNIE

The sun bed is here.

RIGGAN

What does that mean?

ANNIE

It means there's a sun bed *out there* being delivered to *in here*.

RIGGAN

Who ordered a sun bed?

(CONTINUED)