

(Name of Project)

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INT. DONNA'S HOME - NIGHT

DAVID is knocking on the door incessantly. It is the middle of the night. DONNA walks to the door and answers.

DONNA  
Who is it?!

DAVID  
It's David. Come on, Donna, open up...

DONNA  
David...

DAVID  
...They're driving me crazy, Donna. I need to talk to you.

DONNA  
Who?

DAVID  
Max and Loraine. Please can I come in? Please, please please...

DONNA  
David, it's midnight.

DAVID  
Yes, I know, but I gotta talk to you, because they're--

DONNA  
--No I can't.

DAVID  
--Driving me crazy!

DONNA  
Shhh!

She finally let's DAVID in.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
This had better be important.

DAVID  
Everything that I thought was going to happen is coming true, Donna.

DONNA  
Have we been drinking?

DAVID

Just a little cocktail, but not too much...It's always, David pick up my dry cleaning. David I need help with the groceries. David I can't drive, David take me somewhere on this bus. David, David, David, David, David. It's really beginning to affect my work, Donna. I feel like, David the Swedish opare boy. I bought my Mother a dog.

From the other room.

ROBERT

Donna, sweetheart?

DONNNA

Just a minute. (to David) David, I'm not alone.

David Gasps.

DONNA

Sit here and stay calm.

David starts to follow.

DONNNA

Stay...Stay.

ROBERT comes in. DONNA and ROBERT quietly speak on the other side of the room.

ROBERT

What's happening? I heard drumming?

DONNNA

An old friend is having a problem.

ROBERT

Now?

DONNNA

Yeah. His parents have been splitting up.

ROBERT

How old is he?

DONNNA

I'm just going to talk to him for a few minutes.

DAVID comes over to them both.

DAVID

You know, I really have to apologize about barging in like this. I'm sorry, but don't worry I won't be long.

DONNNA

He's drunk.

DAVID

I'm not. I've just had a couple of stouts and maybe one or two scothes...I KNOW YOU! WE MET! You're in psychology, you're name is Roland.

DONNNA

Robert!

DAVID

Robert! Robert, you're naked. I'm sorry, I came at a real bad time. You wanna know what she really likes?

DONNNA

Get...David, I am going to kill you.

DAVID

I'm talking with Robert?! (to ROBERT) She and I, we were like this in high school. All through high school. Some times like this...but, we went steady for a really long time. I like her. Gotta a lot of energy. You know that her middle name is Mildred?

DONNNA

OH, DAVID!

DAVID

Oh, she hates that...

DONNNA

David, I now have a weapon.-- (she holds a broom like a spear)

DAVID

--Donna Mildred Martin. Donna Mildred Martin.--

DONNNA

--I will not hesitate to use this on any part of your body.

DAVID

I'm talking to Robert about the impending nervous breakdown being caused by my parents.

DONNNA

David, do you remember my angry voice?

DAVID

(to Robert) I'm an only child.

DONNNA

This is my angry voice. Get out...Get out!

DAVID

--And the breakup, is breaking me up inside, I mean...

ROBERT has had enough. He moves to leave.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't get up. Don't get up. She'll put you back in the mood.

DONNA

Oh, David, that is not fair. It is not fair.

ROBERT

Donna, get a hold of yourself. Your friend obviously has a lot of unresolved conflict...

DONNA

Robert, please don't give me any of that psycho analytic bull shit. Please!

ROBERT

Bull shit? My life's endeavor's  
bull shit? I'm glad this came up.  
Maybe I should go home.

DONNA

No, no, no. Don't go, please. I'm  
sorry. Just give me a minute with  
him. Please?

DONNA ushers ROBERT to the other room.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Just a minute.

DONNA closes the door on ROBERT. DAVID notices a picture  
frame.

DAVID

I don't believe it. Oh, you still  
got it. Where are these kids. David  
S. Basner, the swim team, senior  
class treasurer. And Donna M M M M M  
Martin, drama club. Emily, Our  
Town. Maria, Westside Story in a  
bad wig.

DONNA

Yes, all these golden high school  
moments. They were fabulous. David,  
I would like to talk about tonight.  
Did you hear me screaming?

DAVID

I can't think of you being with  
another guy.

DONNA

You never asked. David, I'm sorry  
but we can't do this anymore.

DAVID

Oh, what, who else am I going to  
talk to. You're my pal.

DONNA

I don't want to be that. I want to  
move on. I want to have a real  
relationship.

DAVID

With Robert?

DONNA  
With Robert, or with someone else.

DAVID  
Did you change your hair?

DONNA  
No.

DAVID  
What. You've cut it, something's different.

DONNA  
No, nothing is different.

DAVID  
Is the bath robe new?

DONNA  
The bath robe is old. You've seen it plenty of times.

DAVID  
No, I haven't.

DONNA  
Yes, you wore it, David.

DAVID  
I wore the pink one.

DONNA  
This is pink...You looked great in it.

DAVID  
Let me try it on.

DONNA  
No.

DAVID  
Let me just see. I wanna see how it feels...

DONNA  
David, listen to me. I won't be your emotional pitstop, anymore.

DAVID  
Emotional pitstop anymore. You won't be that?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Emotional pitstop for me. That's beautiful. Did Robert tell you this. This kind of term, emotional pitstop? Like, check under the hood, you know, lift it up, examine my heart and my mental attitude and how I'm doing in the world and how secure I feel? And all that, it's lovely. That's psychology isn't it? Like, psycho analytical bull shit. I think, you termed and described it as. I'll remember that...Does Robert wear the robe?

DONNA

Go home, David.