THE GOODBYE GIRL

by

Neil Simon

THIRD DRAFT

December, 1976
FADE IN:
EXT. - 60TH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE. N.W. CORNER - DAY 1 *

PAULA MCFADDEN, an attractive thirty-three year old, exits subway with her ten year old daughter, LUCY. *

TITLES

EXT. - BLOOMINGDALE'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 1A *

EXT. - ALEXANDER'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 2 *

Paula and Lucy cross the street from Bloomingdale's to ALEXANDER'S. PAN from street to sunglass display. *

TITLES

INT. - ALEXANDER'S (BEHIND SUNGLASS DISPLAY) - DAY 3 *

Paula checks price tags. *

TITLES

INT. - ALEXANDER'S - CHILDREN'S SHOE DEPT. - DAY 3A *

Lucy trying on merchandise. *

TITLES

INT./EXT. - ALEXANDER'S - 59TH STREET - NEAR LEXINGTON - DAY 4 *

Paula and Lucy, with packages. *

TITLES

EXT. NATIONAL SHOE STORE - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 4A *

INT. - HOWARD JOHNSON'S - LEXINGTON AVE. - DAY 5 *

Paula and Lucy are having a snack. We see Bloomingdale's and Alexander's across the street.
PAULA
This time next week, California!
(looks at Lucy)
You excited?

LUCY
Un huh.

PAULA
Me too... can't wait.

LUCY
Were you ever there?

PAULA (nods)
Once... for six weeks. Touring with some musical. Middle of December we went swimming.

LUCY
Which musical?

PAULA
What's the difference? I'm trying to tell you how beautiful it's going to be. We're going to look for a little house up in the hills. No smog... sunshine everyday...

TITLES

EXT. - LEXINGTON AVENUE - 60TH STREET - DAY

Paula and Lucy walk to bus stop.

LUCY
Near the movie studios?

PAULA
Yes. Your window will face Warner Brothers. You can watch them blow up the world from your bed, alright? ...Can you imagine having your own orange tree and lemons...?

LUCY
I think the musical was "Fiddler on the Roof"... I remember staying with Grandma. I was four and a half.

PAULA (annoyed)
You were never four and a half. You were born 26!
EXT. - 78th STREET - WEST SIDE - DAY

The neighborhood is pretty tacky. Mostly run down brownstone. Paula and Lucy walk down the block toward the entrance of their building.

LUCY
You think I'll be in the same grade?

PAULA
Sure. Everything's the same out there only it's three hours earlier. You'll graduate younger.

LUCY
A girl from California is in our class and she went to school with Helen Reddy's daughter.

PAULA
Well, what about you?... After this picture, they'll be saying, "There goes Tony DeForest's little girl"...

LUCY
Yeah, but he's not a star. He's just an actor.

PAULA
Stars have to be actors first.

LUCY
...and he's not really my father.

PAULA
You're such a stickler for details!

INT. - BUILDING - DAY

They are climbing the stairs. The building is pretty run down, graffiti on the walls... They live on the fourth floor.

LUCY
Can I show Tony all my things first?

PAULA
Later. You've got homework to do.
LUCY
We’re moving in four days. Do I have to do my homework?

PAULA
Suppose between now and Friday they teach brain surgery. I don’t want you to miss it.

LUCY
We had it last week in science.

PAULA
...Are you serious?

LUCY
Dumb! You know you’re dumb!

PAULA
Well, I thought maybe in frog dis-section. What do I know?

INT. - APARTMENT - DAY

It is a tiny, seedy apartment. A tiny vestibule leads into a living room-dining room. There is also a small kitchen and two small bedrooms. There are a lot of theatrical photos on the wall, most of them of a rather dark and attractive actor, Tony DeForrest. A few of the off-Broadway show posters are on the wall...

LUCY
Can I just show him my blue sweater?... And the new jeans?

PAULA
All right. But brush your hair and wash your face...

Lucy takes her things and starts for her room.

PAULA
... And no make-up!

Paula crosses through living room to bedroom door. It is closed. She opens it slowly and peeks in. We see the bed. It is mussed but empty. She enters the room.
INT. - BEDROOM - DAY

PAULA

Tony...?

(she puts down packages)

You in the bathroom?... Hey, we cleaned out Alexander's...

(she opens a package)

Bought everything on sale so you'd better like it 'cause we can't exchange it.

(takes out a man's sport shirt)

Bought you a present... Come on out and take a look... Tony?

(looks towards bathroom)

She crosses into bathroom.

INT. - BATHROOM

The bathroom is empty... She looks puzzled. She crosses back into:

INT. - LIVING ROOM

Her eyes go to the mantel. On the mantel are a number of photographs, mostly of a handsome thirty-five year old actor named Tony DeForrest. Besides some professional shots of Tony, there are snaps of him and Paula and him, Paula and Lucy... Wedged on the face of the TV dial is an envelope with "Paula" scribbled across the face. She crosses to TV and picks up the envelope, opens it and takes out a letter. She starts to read it.

LUCY'S BEDROOM

A very small room, decorated with photos of male movie stars and a few rock stars. Lucy is wearing a brand new blue sweater. She is about to put on her brand new jeans when suddenly she hears Paula scream from the living room. "Oh, God..." Lucy struggles to get into the jeans and rushes out of the room.
INT. - LIVING ROOM

Paula, letter in hand, crying...

LUCY
What happened?

PAULA
He's gone!... He left without us...
LUCY
For California?

PAULA
... For Italy...

LUCY
Huh?

Paula just sits there. The letter hanging limply in her hand. Lucy takes it from her...

LUCY
Can I read it?

Paula doesn't answer except to sob. Lucy begins to read letter aloud.

LUCY
... "Dear Paula... This isn't an easy letter to write..."
(to Paula)
It doesn't start off too good, does it?
(back to letter)
... "Where the hell do I begin? You know you and the kid mean a lot to me..."
(shrugs to herself)
The 'kid'?...
(back to letter)
"I turned down the job in L.A... It was just a lousy TV picture anyway... On Monday Stan Fields called. I got the Barto -- Barto --"

PAULA
Bartolucci!

LUCY
"Bartolucci picture..." Who's Bartolucci?

PAULA
An Italian director.

LUCY
What'd he direct?

PAULA
What do I know... What are you asking questions like that now for?
LUCY (shrugs; back to letter)
"It's six months shooting in Spain and Italy... It's a hell of a part, Paula, and I want it... I broke my ass --"

PAULA
Never mind. Give it to me.

LUCY
Ass! I heard the word. "I broke my ass for twelve years in this town and things are finally beginning to break for me... I told you when you first moved in here with me that it was never going to be permanent... Christ, I'm not even divorced from Patti yet...

(to Paula)
Who's Patti?

PAULA
I told you about her.

LUCY
No, you didn't.

PAULA
I thought you would be upset if you were living with a married man.

LUCY
I wasn't living with him. You were. I was in the next room.

PAULA
Well, they were practically divorced...

LUCY (back to letter)
... "I left early today because I didn't think a goodbye scene would do any of us any good..."

(to Paula)
This is one of the worst letters I ever read in my whole life.

PAULA (nods)
Isn't it terrible?

LUCY (back to letter)
... "I wish I had something to leave you and the kid..." He didn't leave us anything?
Paula shrugs 'No'.

LUCY (back to letter)
... "You know I've been in hock up to my ears... I had to sell my watch and my camera to pay off the loan sharks"...
(to Paula)
He owed money to sharks?

PAULA
I'll explain it some other time.

LUCY
"But I know you'll be alright... You can always go back to dancing"...

PAULA
Dancing!... I'm 33, I can hardly walk anymore.

LUCY
..."You deserve more than I can give you... I wish the both of us all the luck in the world... Love to the kid"...

PAULA
Don't read any more.

LUCY
It's just one more word.
(she reads)
... "Tony".

She puts the letter down. Paula puts her arm around her to comfort her.

LUCY (cont'd)
... Does this mean we're not going to California?
(Paula nods, sobs)
... That means I have to do my home-work, doesn't it?
(Paula nods... She rocks Lucy in her arms.)

INT. - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paula is sitting in the empty room staring at the ceiling. Lucy enters from her bedroom.
LUCY
I can't sleep either.

Paula opens her arms towards her and Lucy climbs into them... Paula sniffles.

LUCY
How about some popcorn?

Paula shakes her head "no".

LUCY
Brownies?... Bacon, lettuce, tomato on rye toast and chocolate milk?...

Paula laughs.

LUCY
That's funny?

PAULA
Me... I'm laughing at me... I'm so dumb, it's hysterical.

LUCY
Weird sense of humor.

She snuggles into Paula.

PAULA
You'd think I would have learned my lesson... Married an actor and he walks out on me... Lived with an actor and he flies out... Next time I talk to an actor, kick me in the... well, you know the word.

LUCY
Ass!... Why don't we go to California anyway? Maybe you can get into television... Everybody gets into television.

PAULA
We haven't got enough money to get through the Lincoln Tunnel.

LUCY
We can sell the furniture.

PAULA
It belongs to the owner of the building.
LUCY
We can sell it late at night.

PAULA
I think Tony's left his mark on you... Don't worry. I'll get a job. I can still dance... I just have to get back in shape... I can do it.

LUCY
I know.

PAULA
You're not worried, baby, are you?

LUCY (not convincing)
No.

PAULA
... Tell me.

LUCY
I just told you.

PAULA
I mean tell me what you're thinking about now.

LUCY
... I was wondering how you can owe money to sharks.

Paula turns away, not wanting to deal with this now.

EXT. - TWO STORY BUILDING - DAY

It is in the mid-forties. A building that houses rehearsal rooms, acting and dance classes. We HEAR a piano over.

INT. - DANCE CLASS - DAY

About TWENTY PEOPLE, male and female, are taking dance class. A FEMALE INSTRUCTOR counts off, walking among them. Most of them are in leotards and sweat suits. Some are professional dancers, some actors, others are housewives and businessmen. Paula, in black leotards, is somewhere in the back of the class, straining to keep up with the exercises. She moans and groans...
INSTRUCTOR

...Bend, bend, three, four, arch back, three, four... I see you, Paula.
...You can't hide from me... Touch toes, three, four... My God, what have you done to your body?

PAULA
It died. Have a little respect.

She falls back on the floor, exhausted.

DONNA
Paula?
(Paula turns)
Hi... Donna Douglas... I was the swing girl when you were in "Company".

PAULA
Oh, sure. Hi, Donna.
(mops brow)
Whew!

DONNA
Tough getting back into shape, isn't it?

PAULA
It's been two years. It's amazing how flabby you get when you're happy.

EXT. - 78th STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Paula is coming down the block carrying groceries. She walks with some degree of pain. She arrives at the steps of the brownstone and starts up... MRS. CROSBY, the 'manageress', a large, no-nonsense black woman, emerges from her apartment under the steps.

MRS. CROSBY
You leavin' tonight or in the morning?

PAULA (stops)
I'm sorry. What was that, Mrs. Crosby?

MRS. CROSBY
Just checkin' on what time you're vacatin'.

PAULA
Oh! We're not going to California. I forgot to tell you.
Well, I'm not the only one you forgot to tell... That apartment's been sublet.

What are you talking about? We're paid up through June. We've got three more months. You can't sublet that apartment.
MRS. CROSBY

I'm not... your man did, honey.

PAULA (shocked, comes down steps)

... He sublet our apartment??

MRS. CROSBY

He notified me last night. It was his name on the lease, so he can do what he wants... You just be sure you leave it the way you found it.

She starts back in.

PAULA (furious)

I'm not leaving it!!... I cleaned it and painted it and decorated it, it's mine! I don't care what he did, I'm not getting out, you understand!

MRS. CROSBY

That's none of my business, honey. You can take that up with the sublettee... I just don't want any trouble in my building.

She starts back into her apartment. Paula stands there, screaming.

PAULA

That bastard!... That no-good bastard!

MRS. CROSBY (nods in agreement)

Uh huh!

And she disappears behind her closed door.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We are on the window. It is raining heavily. LIGHTNING and THUNDER in the distance... Paula is angrily throwing out Tony DeForrest's photos.
She suddenly picks one picture up and hurls it against the wall, smashing it. As the door opens, Lucy enters carrying a tray with two glasses of milk and a dish of cookies. She looks at broken glass on floor.

LUCY

... And you're always telling me to clean up my room!

EXT. - WEST END AVENUE - NIGHT

The rain is pouring down. A cab pulls up and a young man, in his late twenties, gets out. He has a scrappy beard, scruffy hair and wears glasses. His name is ELLIOT GARFIELD. He carries an old suitcase, a duffel bag and a guitar case. He pays driver and runs into building.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two girls in bed, half finished with their snack.

LUCY

How'd you do in dance class?

PAULA

I got winded putting on my leotards.

Paula drinks...

PAULA (cont'd)

A girl there told me there's a musical auditioning tomorrow. I'll give it a try.

LUCY

Then you'd better watch your diet. I'll finish your cookies.
(she takes last two)

THE HALLWAY

Elliot comes up stairs, looks for apartment. His eyeglasses are soaking wet. He can barely see. He finds the apartment, takes out key from coat pocket and inserts it in lock. He turns it, opens door but it stops. It is bolted. He closes the door, then RINGS the doorbell.
INT. - BEDROOM

Paula sits up.

LUCY
Who's that?

PAULA
I don't know.

She turns light on. Looks at clock.

LUCY
Maybe it's Tony. Maybe he changed his mind and came back.

PAULA
You're so young.

The doorbell RINGS again. Paula gets up and puts on her robe.

PAULA
Stay here.

THE HALLWAY

Elliot is wiping his glasses with his handkerchief. He RINGS the bell again. We HEAR Paula from the other side of the door.

PAULA
Who is it?

ELLiot
Er... Elliot Garfield.

PAULA
Who?

ELLiot
Elliot Garfield... from Chicago... Is Tony in?

PAULA
There's no Tony here.

ELLiot
There isn't?... Tony DeForrest?

PAULA
There's no one by that name here.
ELLiot
Wait a second.

He takes out slip of paper, then checks it with door number.

ELLiot
3A, this is the right apartment. I was here once, about two years ago.

Paula
I don't care what apartment you've got, there's no Tony DeForrest here.

ELLiot
Could you open the door a second?

Paula
Not five after twelve, I can't.

ELLiot (annoyed)
Jesus... You got a latch? Keep it locked. I just want to talk to you.

The door opens but remains on the bolt. Paula peers out, looks him up and down.

Close ups

Paula
Make it fast. My husband is sleeping.

ELLiot
There's gotta be some mistake. I just sublet this apartment from this friend of mine. Tony DeForrest. He lives here.

Paula
That'll be news to my husband, Charlie.

ELLiot
Look, I got a receipt in my pocket for three months rent. I sent him a check... I was supposed to move in tomorrow but I came in early because I start work in the morning and I thought I could spend the night here... You look a little confused. Can I speak to your husband?
PAULA
He'll be at the 37th Precinct at
nine o'clock, in the morning.
Charlie D'Agostino. Homicide.
Goodnight.

She slams the door. He stands there dripping and
anguished. He doesn't know which way to turn, so
he turns forlornly toward the stairs.

INT. - BEDROOM

Paula comes back in, taking off her robe.

LUCY
Who was it?

PAULA
Never mind.

She gets into bed.

LUCY
It didn't sound like 'never mind' to
me.

PAULA
...Tony rented the apartment to some­
one... But I'm not giving it up...
It's ours. Go to sleep.

LUCY
He rented it?... You mean we have
to leave?

PAULA
Over my dead body.

LUCY
What if they force us?

PAULA
Let 'em try.
(turns her back to Lucy)
Go to sleep.

LUCY
He rented the apartment.
(she turns over, back to
Paula)
... What a shitheel!
INT. - BEDROOM

Paula and Lucy are nearly asleep. The phone RINGS. Paula looks at it... It RINGS again... She sits up and stares at it... It RINGS again.

LUCY
It's not for me. All my friends are sleeping.

It RINGS again. She picks it up.

PAULA
Hello?

EXT. - STREET PHONE BOOTH

Elliot on phone.

ELLIOIT
Hello?... Is Tony there, please?

INT. - BEDROOM

PAULA
Who's calling?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

ELLIOIT
You know who's calling. I was just up there. I recognize your voice, Mrs. D'Agostino.
INT. - BEDROOM

PAULA

Mrs. who?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

ELLIOT

D'Agostino!... And how come your telephone answers to Tony DeForrest's number?... And how come the key he sent me Air Mail Special Delivery opens your door? Heh? Heh?... You want to answer those questions, Mrs. D'Agostino?

INT. - BEDROOM

PAULA

No. Why don't you answer them?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

ELLIOT

Alright, I will... The answer is something fishy's going on up there... I'm wet as a herring, Mrs. whatever your name is... I don't have a place to sleep tonight and I don't want to blow my last few bucks on a hotel. (looks at watch) Now according to my non-waterproof watch, it is at least twenty after twelve and technically that apartment belongs to me... Now do I come up there right now and discuss this amicably or do I storm the place in the morning.

INT. - BEDROOM

PAULA

I have a gun. I'll use it if I have to.

She slams down the phone.
LUCY
You have a gun?

PAULA
If you believed it, maybe he will.

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

Elliot is standing on the curb, in the rain, waving a dollar bill in his hand at passing cabs and cars.

ELLIOl (yelling)
Change!... Change of a dollar?...
(cars whiz by)
Pregnant wife in the lobby, I need change!

INT. - KITCHEN

Paula is at the refrigerator getting herself a glass of milk. Lucy appears at the doorway.

LUCY
...We're in trouble, right?

PAULA
We're not in trouble. We have our rights. Possession is nine tenths of the law.

LUCY
What's the other tenth?

PAULA
Shut up.

The phone RINGS. Paula looks at it. It RINGS again.

LUCY
...Is that the last tenth?

PAULA
Go back to bed. I'll handle this.

Lucy turns and goes. Paula picks up the phone.

PAULA
Hello?
ELLiot
I just called the 37th Precinct. There is no Charles D'Agostino in homicide!... Then I called Rita Scott an old actress friend of mine. Rita Scott was in "Merchant of Venice" in the park this year with the ever popular Tony DeForrest. Rita also told me all about this girl Tony's been living with for the last two years... A certain Paula McFadden, a former dancer, and her ten year old daughter, Lucy. Rita further told me that the apartment in question is leased in the name of Tony DeForrest. She knows this for a fact because Rita used to live with Tony, the smoothy, prior to Paula and Lucy... Now then can we continue this conversation in a drier room, Miss McFadden?

INT. - KITCHEN

PAULA
... You got problems, take it up with the Housing Authority.

She is about to hang up.

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

ELLiot
Don't hang up!... Please, don't hang up. I don't have any more change... I'm soaked to the bone, Miss McFadden, and I have a very low threshold for disease... I don't know what Tony told you but he's got my money, I have a lease and you've got the apartment. Now one of us got screwed... Let me re-phrase that... We have to talk this out... I'm in no condition, financial or healthwise, to look for a hotel in the pouring rain. If there is such a thing as the "78th Street Flu," I think I've got it.
INT. - KITCHEN

PAULA
Why don't you take a shot in a convenient place?

EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

ELLiot
Five minutes, that's all I ask
... Look, in about thirty seconds
we're gonna get cut off, Miss McFadden,
... My number is...

(hes looks)
-- 873-5261... It's a flooded booth
on Amsterdam... If you have any
compassion in your heart --

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Five cents for the next three min-
utes, please.

ELLiot
I'm trying to work it out, Operator
... any human compassion in your
heart, you'll call me back... The
number again is 873-5261... That's
873-52 --

(the phone clicks off)
Ah, shit -- 61!

CUT TO:

DOOR OF APARTMENT

Elliot rings the bell. He wipes his wet glasses.
The bolt unlatches and the door opens.

ELLiot
Thank you.

PAULA
Five minutes!
He stoops to pick up his bags.

    PAULA
    Leave your bags. This isn't a permanent conversation.

He nods and walks in.

INT. - APARTMENT

She closes the door. He wipes forehead, still rain-soaked, with his handkerchief.

    ELLIOT
    I'm dripping on your rug.

    PAULA
    It's been dripped on before.

She walks into the living room and takes a place near the false fireplace, one arm on the mantel. He follows her in, looks around.

    ELLIOT
    ... Look, I'm sorry about all this... I didn't know there was going to be any complications.

    PAULA
    Yeah, well, there's a lot of that going around lately.

    ELLIOT (nods again)
    Okay. I don't blame you for being hostile. I get the picture. Tony rents me the apartment, splits with the money and you and your daughter get dumped on. Right?

    PAULA
    That's your version. My version is that Tony and I amicably end our relationship, we agreed I would keep the apartment and you and your six hundred dollars got dumped on... Get the picture?

    ELLIOT (smiles, nods)
    Very good... very sharp... a sharp New York girl, right?
PAULA
No. A dull Cincinnati kid. But you get dumped on enough, you start to develop an edge.

ELLIOT
Okay, so what's the deal? I have a lease in my pocket. You gonna honor it or not?

PAULA
I got a daughter in my bed. That tops a lease in your pocket.

ELLIOT
Look, I don't want to get legal. Legal is on my side... I happen to have a lawyer acquaintance downtown. Now all I have to do is call this downtown lawyer acquaintance of mine --

PAULA
Oh, Jesus! An actor!

ELLIOT
What?

PAULA
Another goddamn actor! "I happen to have a lawyer acquaintance"... That's right out of "Streetcar Named Desire"... Stanley Kowalski in summer stock, right?

ELLIOT
Wrong! I played it in Chicago in the dead of winter... Three and a half months at the Drury Lane.

PAULA (nods)
Ask an actor a question, he gives you his credits.

ELLIOT
You want the reviews too?... "Elliot Garfield brings new dimensions to Kowalski that even Brando hadn't investigated"... Okay?

PAULA
Terrific. You write beautifully... Aren't you a little short to play Stanley?
ELLIOT
No one noticed. I stood on the poker table... What are you, a critic?

PAULA
No, no. I love actors. As long as they stay up on the stage where they belong. Put 'em down in real life and the whole world gets screwed up... Well, I've had enough. I'm not getting kicked out of the same lousy apartment twice. You want your money back, go to Naples. You want this apartment, buy me two tickets to California... I'll give you two minutes to think it over before I yell "Rape!"

ELLIOT (amazed)
Jesus! You are something! It's a wonder Tony didn't take a job in the Philippines.

PAULA
I hope you're thinking because I'm counting.

ELLIOT
Wait a minute! Wait a minute, will ya?... What if we made a deal?

PAULA
What kind of deal?

ELLIOT
I don't know. Let me think of one... I just got here... Could I have a cup of coffee?

PAULA
No.

ELLIOT
Don't be bashful. Just say what's on your mind... Alright, here's the situation...

PAULA
I know the situation.
ELLiot
Do you mind if I say it out loud...Because I don't believe it myself...here is the situation...you have no money but you have my apartment...I've got a job off-Broadway but no place to sleep...also, you've got a daughter to think of...

PAULA
I'm thinking of her right now...

ELLiot
Do me the courtesy of hearing me out. You're not the only one who can yell "Rape"...Alright...We're in a bind...The both of us...and I think the only practical solution is to share this apartment.

PAULA
I accept.

ELLiot
What?

PAULA
I accept. I may be stubborn but I'm not stupid.

ELLiot
You mean it?

PAULA
I have a daughter who goes to school and I have to start looking for a job. You have a key. I'd have to stand guard all day to keep you out...You win. Get your bags. You get the small bedroom.

He looks at her nonplussed as she heads for Lucy's bedroom. He starts out to the hall. He opens the door and

ELLiot
What the hell am I getting myself into?

SMALL BEDROOM
This is the one that Lucy usually occupies. Paula opens closet and starts to take Lucy's things out with some degree of belligerence.

LIVING ROOM
Elliot comes in with his bags and guitar case, looking around.
ELLIOT
Where are you?

INT. - BEDROOM
Elliot crosses and opens the door. But it's the wrong bedroom. The light is on. Lucy looks up from the bed at him.

ELLIOT
Oh. I'm sorry. I got the wrong room... I'm Elliot.

LUCY (somewhat bewildered)
Hello.

ELLIOT
You must be Lucy.

LUCY
That's right.

ELLIOT
I'm Elliot Garfield... I'm moving in the other room.

LUCY
Oh?...

ELLIOT
I'm a friend of Tony... Tony deForrest.

LUCY
That's nice.

ELLIOT
I'm an actor, too.

LUCY
Yeah?...

ELLIOT
Your mother knows.

LUCY
I see.

ELLIOT
So I guess I'll be seeing you around.
LUCY
I guess so.

ELLIO T
Well... goodnight... oh, gum.

He walks out of the room. We STAY on Lucy.

LUCY
Jesus!

THE OTHER BEDROOM
Paula has put most of Lucy's things on the bed.

ELLIO T
I just met Lucy.

PAULA
What did you tell her?

ELLIO T
That I'm moving in... She seemed to take it in stride.

PAULA
You grow up fast in this apartment... The john is in there. (she picks up clothes from the bed) I'll get the rest of her things out in the morning.

She starts out.

INT. - HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM

ELLIO T
Hey, listen, you think you can stop grinding your teeth for two minutes? The noise is driving me crazy.

PAULA
A drippy stranger from Chicago with a wet beard and dirty sneakers moves into my daughter's room and you expect smiles?

ELLIO T
Hey, you know, you're dynamite! I love listening to you talk. I hate living with you, but the conversation is first class.
The Goodbye Girl
Chgs. 12-15-76

PAULA
This is your room. I don't clean or make beds. You can use the bathroom or the kitchen when I'm not in it and wash it up when you're through. You pay for your own food, laundry, linens and phone calls. I'd appreciate some quiet between six and nine every night because that's when Lucy does her homework and I don't care what you drink or smoke as long as it's not grass in front of my ten year old daughter. Now do we have everything straight?

ELLIOT
No!

PAULA
No?

ELLIOT
I'm not crazy about the arrangements.

PAULA
You're not?

ELLIOT
Definitely not... I'm paying for the rent, I'll make the rules... I take showers every morning so don't have your little panties drying on the rods... I like to cook so I'll use the kitchen whenever I damn please... And I'm very careful about my condiments so keep your salt and pepper to yourself... I play the guitar in the middle of the night when I can't sleep and I meditate first thing in the morning, complete with chanting and burning incense, so if you gotta move around, let's have a little tiptoeing... Also I sleep in the nude... buffo... with the windows open, winter, summer, rain or snow. I also may have to go to the potty or to the fridge late at night and I don't feel like putting on jammies which I don't own in the first place... So unless you're looking for a quick thrill or your daughter advanced education, I'd keep my door closed... Those are my rules

(continued)
ELLIO (cont'd)

and regulations, how does that grab you?

PAULA
And if I say no?

ELLIO
I have this lawyer acquaintance...

PAULA
I accept.

ELLIO (nods)
We're movin' right along.

PAULA
I don't like it and I don't think I like you.

ELLIO
Because I'm an actor?

PAULA (nods)
Coupled with your personality.

ELLIO
It's probably why we were thrown together. One of God's little jests... Now if you'll move your shapely little fanny out of my room, I'll unpack and dry my beard.

She starts out, about to close door. He smiles.

ELLIO
Miss McFadden.
(as she stops)
You forgot to say goodnight.

PAULA
I was working on 'goodbye'!

She exits and closes door hard.

PAULA'S BEDROOM

Paula comes in, obviously upset, and dumps Lucy's things on a chair. Lucy watches her. Paula takes off her robe.
The Goodbye Girl
Chgs. 2-16-77
P.31

LUCY
How long is he gonna stay?

PAULA
As long as he lets us.

She gets into bed.

PAULA
Go to the bathroom!

LUCY
I don't have to go now.

PAULA
Then save it till the morning. It's not safe out there... Good night.

She turns her back to Lucy.

LUCY
No kiss?

PAULA (still angry)
I'm angry. I don't want to lose it... We're gonna need it.

INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

About three a.m... Suddenly we HEAR a guitar quietly plucking away at a melody.

PAULA'S VOICE
Cchhrrist!

LUCY
(moans)

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAULA
Listen to that. Did that guitar wake you?

LUCY
No. You did...

PAULA
I'm sorry.
LUCY
Is he gonna play that all night?

PAULA (getting out of bed)
Put the pillow over your ears.

She puts on robe.

LUCY
I'll smother.

PAULA
It's better than that guitar.

She storms out of the room.

INT. - ELLIOT'S ROOM

The room is dark, except for a small lamp. We are on the wall and see the silhouette of Elliot strumming his guitar on the wall... We HEAR Paula knock on the door angrily... He continues to play... The knocking gets louder. The strumming stops.

ELLiot
Who is it?

PAULA'S VOICE
Very funny. Can I come in?

ELLiot
The door's open.

PAULA'S VOICE
Are you decent?

ELLiot
I am decent.

We are on the door. It opens and Paula storms in.

PAULA
Do you realize it's three o'clock in the morning and my daughter has to get up at Jesus Christ, you're naked!

And she immediately turns her back. We go to Elliot, who is indeed naked, except that he has the guitar over the important parts of his body.
PAULA (continuing)  
I thought you said you were decent.

ELLIOT  
I am decent. I also happen to be naked.

PAULA  
I have a growing daughter inside who's not going to grow on two hours' sleep a night... Do you have to play that thing at this hour?

ELLIOT  
I told you. It helps me to fall asleep.

PAULA  
Have you ever tried pills?

ELLIOT  
I don't know how to play pills.

PAULA  
It's not hard. You pop them in your mouth and swallow.

ELLIOT  
I am a person of health. I do not put unnatural things in my body. Music is one of nature's sedatives. If you'll just listen to it instead of fighting it, we'll all be asleep in five minutes.

He starts to strum and hum softly.

ELLIOT (continuing)  
...If it really bothers you, take two sleeping pills and stick one in each ear... La da da dee da da dee dumm dum...

He continues to play. She storms out of room, slamming the door.

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM  
She comes in angrily, takes off her robe. We can still HEAR the guitar strumming softly.
PAULA

He won't stop... I have a lawyer
acquaintance too, I can get.

(she gets into bed)

Just take deep breaths and count to
a hundred... I'm sorry, baby... I'm
really sorry you got caught in the
middle of all this... Lucy?... Lucy?

But Lucy is fast asleep. Paula pulls the blanket
over her head, as the GUITAR continues to strum...

Then a few final, misstruck twangs -- and the guitar
STOPS. Paula stares over her blanket cover...

PAULA (continuing)

...Everybody but me!

EXT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAWN

Pigeons are in the foreground on the window ledge.
We are LOOKING THROUGH Paula's window at Paula and
Lucy in bed. We suddenly HEAR the low, deep, reson­
ant sound of Elliot chanting his mantra in the other
room... "Om Mommanomma... Om Mommanomma... Om Momma­
nomma... etc." Paula's eyes open... So do Lucy's...

Lucy turns and they face each other.

LUCY

What's that?

PAULA

It sounds like God!

(she looks at the clock)

... Five to six.

LUCY

Boy, does God get up early.

The CHANTING continues. Lucy sniffs.

LUCY (continuing)

... I smell strawberries burning.

PAULA (putting on
robe)

It's incense.
LUCY
What's incense?

PAULA (grits teeth)
It's what I'm feeling right now.

She crosses to door and opens it.

INT. - APARTMENT HALL - DAWN

We FOLLOW her down the hall to Elliot's bedroom. The CHANTING becomes louder. She looks in, he is not in his bedroom... She crosses into living room.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Elliot is in the middle of the room on the floor. A little vase with a rose and a burning stick of incense in front of him. He is wearing a sweat suit and a prayer shawl around his shoulders. He continues his mantra...

ELLiot
Om Moomnamma... Om Moomnamma...

PAULA
You know it's five minutes to six?
(as he chants on)
... In the morning.
(as he chants)
... Isn't there a church where you can do that?

He holds up his hand for her to be quiet, he is finishing. He does three more "Om Moomnammas", then one final long "Omm", bows his head to the floor, sits up and opens his eyes.

PAULA (continuing)
You finished? Is that the last chorus?

ELLiot
... I'm in a blissful state so don't bug me.

PAULA
Is this gonna be the regular routine? Guitars at night and humming in the morning? I've been in musicals that didn't have this much music.
He carefully starts to fold up his prayer shawl.

ELLIOT (smiles)
This morning I start rehearsals for my first New York play. It's probably the most important day of my life. My entire career may depend on it. And am I nervous, Miss McFadden? No, I am not nervous. Because I have meditated. I am calm, I am relaxed. I am confident. You, on the other hand, did not meditate. Therefore you are a pain in the ass...

He heads into kitchen as she stands there glaring after him.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

He has his duffel bag on table and is taking out bottles and jars and putting them on the table. He gets a bowl from the cabinet as she walks in.

PAULA
... Today happens to be an important day for me, too, Mr. Garfield. I'm auditioning for a new musical this morning.

He pours contents of jars and bottles into the bowl. An ugly assortment.

PAULA (continuing)
I slept seventeen minutes last night, thanks to you, and with the bags I have under my eyes, unless this musical is about little old ladies, I don't have a chance in hell... Are you listening to me? What is that slop you're putting in my dishes?

ELLIOT
Wheat germ, soya, lecithin, natural honey, everything organic... My body is a temple and I am worshipping it. It's what gives me my vitality, energy and wonderful disposition... I happen to be sixty-three years old, Miss McFadden, and look at me... Can I fix you a bowl?
PAULA
This isn't going to work out, you know. I mean, I really don't know you well enough to truly dislike you, but you're just too weird to live with...

He is eating with a big spoon.

PAULA (continuing)
... Why don't you try to find yourself another place and I'll pay you back your six hundred dollars once I get a job.

ELLIOI
You're forgetting this is my apartment. You're living here on an Elliot Garfield grant... You really ought to try this. It has whole bran in it... My feeling is all your problems come from irregularity...

He smiles and takes another spoonful.

EXT. - STAGE DOOR - SHUBERT ALLEY - DAY

About TWO DOZEN DANCERS, male and female, are waiting in the alleyway to be called.

Paula and Donna are SEEN coming into the alley. A look of disappointment when they see the hordes in front of them.

PAULA
Oh, no.

DONNA
Jesus! Every kid in New York with ten toes is here.

PAULA
They're so young... Aren't they too young to work in the theater?

DONNA
Listen, we have something these kids can't buy. Experience!

PAULA
So how come I worked so much when I was a kid?

Donna looks at her with resignation.
INT. - THEATER - ON STAGE

THREE MALE DANCERS and THREE FEMALE DANCERS in jeans, leotards, etc., are being put through their paces by a CHOREOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANT. A PIANO PLAYS off to the side. The routine is rigorous and demanding. The dancers all seem to be in their early twenties, some even younger.

BACKSTAGE IN THE WINGS

Paula, now in her leotards, is warming up, doing some bends. So are a half dozen other kids. Donna, now in warm-up suit, comes up behind Paula and taps her on the shoulder.

DONNA
Paula?

PAULA (gasps)
What?
(turns, sees Donna, sighs)
Oh, God, you scared me. I thought it was my turn.

DONNA
How do you feel?

PAULA
So old. I saw one girl before who goes to Lucy's school.

The group on stage finishes.

ASSISTANT
...Robert DeLurie, Jamie Fletcher, Paul Kaiser, Cynthia Robbins, Donna Douglas and Paula McFadden, on stage, please.

DONNA
Think positive.

PAULA
Mention it to my legs.

They all walk on stage.

ASSISTANT
Two rows, please. Girls in the front.
They make two rows, girls in the front. In the second row of the theater sits the director-choreographer. His name is RONNIE.

RONNIE
Paula? Is that you, Paula?

PAULA (squints out front)
Yes?

RONNIE
Ronnie Burns.

PAULA
Oh. Hi, Ronnie.

RONNIE
I thought you gave all of this up.

PAULA
I did. I just picked the wrong one to give it up for.

RONNIE
You been keeping in shape?

PAULA
Oh, listen. Terrific.

RONNIE
You wanna show me?

PAULA
Not unless I can take a written test.

RONNIE
Okay, Eddie.

ASSISTANT
Just a few basic impossible steps, kids, so pay attention...

He shows them a short routine. And then leads them into it. They all seem to pick it up quickly including Paula. She just can't seem to keep up with the others. It goes more quickly and more vigorously. They finish. Paula is exhausted.

ASSISTANT (continuing)
One second, please.

He crosses down to stage apron. He consults with Ronnie, nods.
ASSISTANT (continuing; checks his board)

...Robert DeLurie and Cynthia Robbins, please wait. The rest of you, thank you for coming in.

RONNIE
A little rusty, Paula, but not bad.
My problem is, I need 'em very young.

PAULA
Young? Oh, okay... I'll work on it.

She gasps breathlessly and walks off.

INT. - OFF BROADWAY THEATER - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

It is a tiny, two hundred and fifty seat theater. Actually, it is the basement of a church.

On stage, a group of actors sit in a semi-circle facing a table behind which sits the director. They all have paper back copies of their scripts. "Richard III". The director, MARK BODINE, is in his mid-thirties, unkempt, thick glasses, very scholarly and genuinely obnoxious. If you were an actor, he is the last person you would want to work with. He knows it all. Elliot sits on the end, listening intently. We pick up the session mid-way.

MARK
...Now then, what about Richard?... The question is, and this may seem perfunctory, was Richard actually deformed? Historically, we know that he was born with a severe curvature of the spine, giving the impression that he was hunch backed. There was some paralysis of the left hand and right foot... Olivier chose right hand and left foot, God only knows why... and nerve damage to the right cheek and eyelids... I mean, the man was your basic gimp, let's face it. Which brings us, bless the wise and rich Mrs. Estelle Morganweiss, to this production. Is that how we want to play Richard?... If you do, this director would prefer to do a six week stint on the Sonny and Cher show... Richard the Third was a flaming homosexual... So was

(continued)
MARK (cont'd)
Shakespeare for that matter, but that angry crowd at the Globe theater were not going to put down two shillings to see a bunch of pansies jumping around the stage. No, kids, it was society that crippled Richard and not childbirth. I mean read your text. He sent those two cute young boys up to the tower and no one ever saw them again. We know why, don't we?...What I want to do is strip Richard bare--metaphorically. Let's get rid of the hump. Let's get rid of the twisted extremities and show him as he would be today...The Queen who wanted to be King!

The company all look at each other, mumbling. Elliot seems the most concerned. He raises his hand.

MARK (continuing)

Yes?

ELLiot

Question...Are you serious?

MARK

What's your objection, Elliot?

ELLiot

Well, number one, I have to play it. Number two, I like the hump and the club foot. And number three, I've been working on it for three months.

MARK

Ah! Well, I respect that...That's why we're here, to exchange ideas...Tell me, how do you see Richard? Mr. Macho, is that it?
ELLiot
I don't think he should be a middle
line backer for the Chicago Bears,
but let's not toss away one of his
prime motivations.

MARK
What's that?

ELLiot
He wants to hump Lady Anne.

MARK (smirks)
...I've heard that before!...I don't
want to press but let's just try it
my way...Why don't we read through
the first act?...Please!...Trust me.

ELLiot (sighs)
...How far off the diving board do
you want me to go?

MARK
Well, don't give me Bette Midler but
let's not be afraid to be bold.

ELLiot (nods)
Bold.

They open their books.

STAGE MANAGER
Act One, Scene One, Enter Richard,
Duke of Gloucester.

All eyes turn towards Elliot. He feels the pressure.
He tries to prepare, he coughs, he squirms, then he
plunges in...

ELLiot
 Now is----Now----Now is...Now is----
----Can we take a five minute break?

He throws his book up in the air and sinks in his seat.

INT. PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Paula and Lucy in pajamas. Paula is lying flat on
the floor. Lucy sits on Paula's ankles, eating an
apple and studying from a French book. Paula is
struggling with sitting up exercises.
She collapses on her back, winded.

PAULA (continuing)
That's all. I can't do anymore.

LUCY
Sixty. You said sixty.

PAULA (gasping)
The muscles are gone. I can't dance. It was a dumb idea. I'm gonna put you up for adoption...Get me a coke.

LUCY
Uh-uh. Fattening.

PAULA
Get me the coke, sweetheart. Mother doesn't want to beat the crap out of you.

FRONT DOOR

It opens. Elliot enters. A young, attractive girl behind him. We saw her at the first reading of the play. He smiles and curtsies.

ELLIOIT
Enter, sweet Anne.

The girl, RHONDA, enters, looks around.

RHONDA
You live alone?

ELLIOIT (closing door)
Yes. Fortunately the other people who live here also live alone...Let me have your coat.

He takes off her coat. Good figure.
INT. KITCHEN

She is in kitchen. She opens refrig and takes out two cokes. Elliot enters. Lucy turns and looks at him, then at the attractive girl behind him.

ELLiot
Hi, Lucy, this is Rhonda. Rhonda, Lucy. Lucy, Rhonda, Rhonda-Lucy!

He takes two apples from refrig.

LUCY
Hi.

RHONDA
Hello.

Elliot grabs two glasses.

ELLiot
Whatcha doin'?'

LUCY (still looking at Rhonda)
Sitting on my mother.

ELLiot
Sounds like fun... Try to keep it down. Rhonda and I will be working in my bedroom.

RHONDA (smiles)
Goodnight.

LUCY
Goodnight.

Elliot steers Rhonda into his bedroom and closes the door. Lucy stares after them.

LUCY (continuing)
...I'll bet!

INT. - BATHROOM

Paula is in the tub taking a bath. A towel wrapped around her head to protect her hair. The door opens and Lucy enters with the cokes.

PAULA
I'm in here. I heard voices. Was that him?
LUCY

Uh-huh. He took two apples.

She hands Paula a coke, then picks up her French book, and sits on the clothes hanger.

PAULA
Did you write it down?

LUCY
I didn't have a pencil.

PAULA
I told you, write everything down. If he takes a glass of water, write it down. This isn't a hotel.

LUCY
...Why don't you like him?

PAULA

LUCY
If he was a lawyer or a doctor instead of an actor would you like him?

PAULA
I wouldn't like him if I liked him... he grates on me...

LUCY
I think he's kinda cute... He reminds me of a dog that nobody wants...

PAULA
You are never to think he's cute... Never!... What'd he take two apples for?

LUCY (into her book)
One for him, one for her.

Paula turns her head.

PAULA
What her?

LUCY
He's got a girl in there.
PAULA (getting out of the tub)

In my house?... He's got a girl in the bedroom?... Why didn't you say something?

LUCY

I'm sorry. You want me to write girls down too?

Paula grabs her robe and storms out.

DOOR TO ELLIOT'S BEDROOM

Paula's fist bangs on the door. The door opens. Elliot stands there, coke in his hand. Behind him, sitting on his bed, is Rhonda.

ELLiot

You knocked?

PAULA

Can I speak to you in private?

ELLiot

Gee, it's a bad time. How about at breakfast?

PAULA

Is that a girl in there?

ELLiot (turns and looks back to Rhonda)

Jesus, I hope so.

PAULA (softly)

Not in my house. I won't put up with this sort of thing.

ELLiot

I don't understand. You have a girl in your room and I don't object. (he turns to Rhonda)

Rhonda, this is Miss McFadden. Mac lives just down the bedroom a piece... Miss McFadden, this is Rhonda Fontana, a gifted and rising young actress... Don't rise!

RHONDA (from the bed)

Hi.
Hello.

(to Elliot)

Can we talk? This is serious.

ELLiot

Sure. Rhonda, take a break.

Elliot nods, smiles at Rhonda, then steps out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

PAULA

Out!

ELLIOT

Out?

PAULA

Her -- out!!!... They have motels for that sort of activity... I have an impressionable ten-year-old daughter in there and this is not one of the impressions I want her picking up...

Now you get that rising young actress the hell out of there!

ELLiot

... Out of where? Out of my rented apartment that you're staying in out of the kindness of my heart? I will bring home anyone or anything I choose, including a one-eyed Episcopalian kangaroo, if that be my kinky inclination...

As to what's going on in there, we happen to be rehearsing Act One, Scene Four from Richard the Third... I have a cretin from Mars directing this play and I need all the extra work I can get... But however, if I choose to attempt to have carnal knowledge of that gorgeous bod, that will be my problem, her option and none of your beeswax!

(he starts back to door)

... And, just for the record, what was little Lucy's impression of what was going on in Momma's bedroom with Tony "love 'em and and leave 'em" DeForrest?... Turn out the lights, willya. We're running up a hell of a bill.

He turns and goes back into his room, closing door behind him. The tears start to come into Paula's eyes...
INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucy opens the bedroom door. Paula goes into the kitchen and purposefully clatters doors and dishes as she gets milk and cookies.

LUCY
You okay?

PAULA
I'm fine. Go to sleep.

LUCY
...Are you upset because they're messing around in there?

PAULA
They are not messing around... They're doing Act One, Scene Four from Richard The Third... Did it ever bother you about Tony and me?... I mean not being married and living together.

LUCY
No...

PAULA
I wanted to get married, you know. But he couldn't get a divorce.

LUCY
That's okay.

PAULA
I just wanted to know how you felt... (she pats Lucy)

Goodnight, angel.

LUCY
'Night.

And suddenly we HEAR the guitar playing in the next bedroom. Softly and romantically.
INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY

Paula is back at the grind trying desperately to get into shape. Donna Douglas is next to her. The instructor is merciless today both on the professionals and the amateurs. Finally, a break. They fall on backs, exhausted.

PAULA
Oh, please God, let me be hit by a rich man in a Rolls-Royce.

DONNA
I think I can swing it.

PAULA
Thank you.

DONNA
No, I'm serious.
(speaks softly)
I mean it's funny you should say that.

PAULA
What'd I say?

DONNA
There's an outside chance I can get us both a job at the Auto Show at the Coliseum. It's only two weeks work but the money's not bad.

PAULA
Any money's not bad. What do we have to do?

DONNA
Just look pretty, point to the cars and say they're terrific.

PAULA
I can do that. I can point and say "Terrific".

DONNA
This friend of mine will let me know this weekend. Just keep it quiet.
PAULA
What a nice person you are. You
didn't have to tell me.

DONNA
Well, I feel kinda related. I lived
with Bobby all last year.

PAULA
Who?

DONNA
Bobby Kulik. Your ex-husband.

PAULA
Oh! I'm sorry... The marriage
slipped my mind.

INT. OFF BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

A rehearsal of Richard The Third is in progress...
The actors are up on their feet, blocking. Rhonda,
as Lady Anne, is addressing two coffin bearers...

LADY ANNE
...If ever he have wife, let her be
made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young Lord and
thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your
holy load.
Taken from Paul's to be interred
there.
And still, as you are weary of the
weight, rest you, whiles I lament
King Henry's corse...

Elliot, as Richard, enters, without hump and deformity
...but he is as gay as a day in May.

ELLiot
Stay, you that bear the corse, and
set it down.

LADY ANNE
What black magician conjures up this
fiend to stop devoted charitable
deeds?
ELLIO
Villains, set down the corse; or by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

ELLIO
Unmannered dog! Stand thou, when I command. Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, or by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot... (without changing character, he says)
My careereth is over. I am making a horseth asseth of myselfeth.

LADY ANNE
Huh?

ELLIO (turns to director)
Mark, I beg you. If you want this kind of performance, let me play Lady Anne.

EXT. - WOOSTER STREET THEATRE - DAY
The director puts his arm around Elliot.

MARK
...You're unhappy, Elliot?

ELLIO
Unhappy? No, not unhappy. Freakin' petrified. The critics will crucify me and the Gay Liberation are gonna hang me from Shakespeare's statue by my genitalia...You gotta help me, Mark.

MARK (softly)
What do you want, Elliot?

ELLIO
I want my hump back. I want my club foot. I want a little paralysis in my right hand. It doesn't have to be a lot. Two stiff fingers...I need motivation.
MARK
I see... You want to play it safe. You want to give us your standard, conventional Richard. I can't argue with that, Elliot. They've been doing it that way for four hundred years.

ELLIOI'T
Listen, what do I know? I'm lucky I got the part. I'm from Chicago, we act differently out there... we try to do the plays as written. If that doesn't go down in New York, terrific. I respect you. You've done off-Broadway, I haven't. I'm not a quitter. I'll play Richard like Tatum O'Neal if you want... but don't let me look foolish out there.

MARK
And you feel foolish?

ELLIOI'T
I feel like an asshole. I passed 'foolish' on Tuesday.

MARK
We have to trust each other, Elliot.

ELLIOI'T
I do.

MARK
I was never going to let you do it like that.

ELLIOI'T
Thank God!

MARK
But you do see where I'm heading?

ELLIOI'T
I'm trying, Mark.

MARK
Richard was gay, there's no doubt about that. But let's use that as the subtext. We'll keep it but now we can put back the hump and the club foot.

ELLIOI'T
And the twisted fingers?
MARK
If you like them.

ELLIOT
I love them. Crazy about 'em.

MARK
Then use them, baby... And then you'll see what I'm after... Try it my way, bubula, I'll never let you go wrong.

The director gives Elliot a reassuring hug.

INT. - OFF-BROADWAY THEATER

MARK (continuing)
...Rhonda, take it from your last line before Richard's entrance...

Rhonda goes back to her original mark.

LADY ANNE
...Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse...

Elliot re-enters as Richard, all hunched over, dragging his clubbed foot and his right hand hanging dead at his side... This, coupled with his gay manner, presents us a very weird Richard indeed.

ELLIOT
Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down...

Lady Anne stares at him in amazement and confusion.

A SUPERMARKET - DAY

Paula comes down the aisle pushing a partially filled basket. Coming down the same aisle on the opposite side is Elliot, also with a few items in his basket. They both stop side-by-side looking up at the shelves.

ELLIOT
Excuse me, but haven't we met in our apartment?

PAULA
Please. I enjoy shopping. Don't spoil this for me too.

ELLIOT
Relax... We don't have to fight till we get home. (he looks at his long list) We need soap, darling.
PAULA

Not in my bathroom.

She puts other items in her basket.

ELLiot

Look, this is silly. If you buy what you need and I buy what I need, we could blow a lot of bread buying the same things... including bread... Why don't we have one shopping list and then split up the bill?

PAULA (looks at him)

On what items?

ELLiot

Food, kitchen and bathroom cleansers, everything except any male and feminine doo-dads. There, you go your way and I'll go mine.

PAULA

And we split everything?

ELLiot

Everything... I'll pay my full one third share.

PAULA

One third?!

ELLiot

I'm not the one with a daughter.

PAULA

What's the matter? Didn't Lady Anne wash her hands the other night?

ELLiot (smiles)

... Quick! Quick! I love a quick girl... Okay. Down the middle.

He starts to take items out of her basket and puts them in his.

EXT. - STREET - LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Paula and Elliot heading towards their house, each carrying a bundle of groceries. They pass a liquor store...

ELLiot (points to liquor store)

Chianti! Can't have Spaghetti Marinara without a little vino.
PAULA (continues walking)
You can on my budget.

ELLiot (stops her)
Please. I'll blow for the booze.
Short of stature but not tight of pocket... I'll be right out.

She waits there as Elliot enters the store. She looks at window display still carrying her grocery bag and her shoulder strap purse.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

SALES MAN
Can I help you?

ELLiot
A bottle of your finest cheap Chianti, please.

Through the window we see a car stop in front of the store and a man gets out, rushes over and grabs Paula's shoulder bag... She struggles with him... Elliot nor Salesman see any of this.

SALES MAN
I have a nice California Red for a dollar eighty.

ELLiot
Nothing from Kansas?

EXT. STORE - DAY

Elliot comes out, grocery bag in one hand, paper bag of Chianti in the other.

ELLiot (smiles)
Okay.

He looks at Paula. She is flat up against the building, her grocery bag has fallen to the ground, split open and spilled all over. She seems to be in shock. She is trying to cry but no tears come out. Mostly gasping for air.

ELLiot
What is it? What's wrong?
PAULA
My bag! They took my bag!

ELLIOI
Who did?

PAULA (points to car)
In the car. There were two of them.

SHOT OF CAR
speeding down the block.

BACK TO SCENE

PAULA
One jumped out and grabbed my bag.
I had everything in it.

ELLIOI
Jesus!...Dirty bastards!

PAULA
Aren't you going to go after them?

ELLIOI
After a speeding car?

PAULA (furious)
Thanks! Thanks a lot!

She bends down and starts to pick up her spilled groceries.

ELLIOI
They could be armed! What do you want me to do, fight it out with a can of tomato paste?

She grabs can away from him.

PAULA (on hands and knees)
Leave me alone. Just leave me alone!

He looks at her angrily, mumbling under his breath.

EXT. - 78th STREET

Ten minutes later...Paula is struggling with her groceries, angrily and tearfully heading for their house. Elliot is a step behind her.
ELLiot
I still think you ought to go to the police and report it...I could call if you want.

PAULA
I wish you were that helpful while I was being robbed.

ELLiot
What do you want from me? I'm not a German Shepherd!

She walks faster. He stares at her, fuming. Suddenly a car goes by and she looks at it...

PAULA
Oh, my God! It's them! IT'S THEM!!

Who?

PAULA
The one's who took my bag! (She starts to run) STOP THEM! Somebody stop them!

She takes off after the car, struggling to hold on to her groceries. Elliot looks after her, incredulous.

ELLiot
What is this, Police Woman??

He suddenly takes off after the car, which is heading down the block. Elliot passes Paula, running at top speed.

ELLiot (to Paula)
Get out of my way!...I'm gonna get a bullet right between my goddamn eyes!

A car on the corner is stopfed at a red light, stopping the progress of the thieves' car. Elliot is able to catch up to them. Two men in the front seat, one in the back. Elliot opens the door of the front seat.

ELLiot
Alright, give it to me. Gimme her bag! Come on, goddamnit, I'm not afraid of you guys, get out of the car! Move!

Driver looks at Elliot, then at his friend. Amused.

DRIVER
Okay. We surrender.
2ND MAN
Piss off, piss head!

DRIVER (to man in back)
Grab him, Cookie. Let's take him.

The man in the back starts to open his door. Elliot backs off.

ELLIO'T
Alright, don't get excited. I was just asking. I was just asking!

The car drives off leaving Elliot standing alone in the street. A number of kids, who had been watching, look at Elliot with amusement.

ELLIO'T (cont'd)
...Freaking humiliating!

Back to Paula. She is on the ground again, her bag having split open. She is picking up her articles once more.

PAULA (starting to cry)
I had all my money in there...Everything! My last dollar in the world. ...You and your goddamn Chianti...

ELLIO'T
What's Chianti got to do with it!...You could at least thank me for risking my life for you.

He gets down and starts to help her pick up things...

PAULA
Did you get my bag back? No! So why should I thank you? Why do I have such lousy luck every time an actor comes into my life...I hate all of you!...

He leans over to pick up a can she is reaching for. She pushes him away.

PAULA (cont'd)
Get away from me! Get away!

She grabs what she can in her arms and starts down the block. He starts after her.
ELLiot
I really don't think they robbed her
because I'm an actor!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The three of them are seated around the table.
Lucy is eating her spaghetti voraciously. Elliot
is drinking his wine and Paula, deep in dejected
thought, sits back twirling a fork into her cold
uneaten food. Two candles burn on the table. Elliot
is talking animatedly to Lucy.

ELLiot
...then after I got out of Northwestern,
I got my first summer job in Lake Michi­
gan. Ten plays in ten weeks. Worked
like a dog. I had hepatitis and the
mumps and never knew it. I thought I
was just getting yellow and fat.

LUCY
Which plays?

ELLiot
Well, let's see...First play was
"Inherit The Wind"...I played the
reporter.

LUCY
Gene Kelly did it in the movie.

ELLiot
Check!...Nice job but maybe didn't
dig as deep as I did, who knows?
Then I did "Cyrano"...

LUCY
Jose Ferrer...I saw it last week on
Channel Nine.

ELLiot
I used half the nose and got twice
the laughs. It's style that counts,
not the make-up.

LUCY
Boy, you don't think much of yourself,
do you?
ELLIO'T
Pound for pound, I got the biggest ego this side of St. Louis. In this business, you better believe in yourself...otherwise they'll chop you up and serve you for an onion dip...
What else? I was a disc jockey for a year. No good. You gotta see my face to appreciate the work...Then I taught drama at Duluth Junior College for one semester.

LUCY
You taught drama? Far out!

ELLIO'T
Very far out. Near Canada. I had twelve students and I flunked seven of them. I have very high standards...
Needless to say, they canned me.

He has kept glancing at the silent Paula all during his conversation. He picks up the wine bottle and offers it to her.

ELLIO'T (continuing; to Paula)
A little more wine?

She just stares into her plate.

ELLIO'T (continuing)
Niente on the Chianti.

LUCY
Hey, that's good. You're terrific with words. You always pick the right ones.

ELLIO'T
Words are the canvas of the actor. His lips are his brushes and his tongue, the colors of the spectrum. And when he speaks, he paints portraits...

LUCY
Classy!...You're very classy.

ELLIO'T (to Paula)
The kid's got a good eye.
LUCY
Not like Tony...He wasn't a classy actor...He was just -- you know -- sexy.

ELLIOIT
And you don't find me sexy?

LUCY (laughs)
Are you kidding...

ELLIOIT
What do you know? You're ten years old. In three years, I'll drive you out of your bird.

Paula throws down her napkin and gets up.

PAULA
Okay, it's after nine. Do your homework.

She picks up some dishes and heads for the sink.

LUCY
Five more minutes.
(to Elliot)
Talk more...We never have good talking like this at dinner.

ELLIOIT
Then I did "Midsummer Night's Dream" on public television in Chicago...I did the part Mickey Rooney did in the movie.
(points to her)

LUCY
Puck!

ELLIOIT
Right on!...Then I got a call from this lady producer in New York who saw it and asked me to come and do Richard the Third off Broadway...well, off-off-off-off!

LUCY
Are we invited to the opening?

ELLIOIT
You really wanna come?...Both of you?... Tuesday night.

PAULA (at the sink)
Tuesday's a school night.
LUCY (to Paula)
We went to Tony's opening on a school night.

PAULA
I said, "no".

LUCY
Ah, shit -- shoot! Sorry!
Paula glares at her.

LUCY (continuing; to Elliot)
I think I'm in trouble. G'night.

She gets up, puts her dishes in the sink and heads for her bedroom. There is a long silence in the kitchen.

PAULA
...Would you be interested in my bedroom?

Elliot looks around.

ELLiot
...Are you talking to me?

PAULA
You can have the big bedroom for an extra fifty dollars a month. Payable right now in cash. We'll move into yours in the morning.

ELLiot
You mean a rent increase for getting what I should have gotten what I didn't get in the first place? No, thank you.

PAULA
...Would you be interested in lending me fifty dollars? I'll either pay you seven and a half per cent interest or do your laundry. Take your pick.

ELLiot
They really cleaned you out, heh?

PAULA
Everyone from here to Italy.
ELLiot (takes bills out of his pocket)

I have twenty-eight dollars and change...
I'll split it with you... And starting
with opening night, I get two hundred
and forty dollars a week... I'll make
you an offer... I'll pay all the living
expenses until you get yourself a job... and I'll do my own laundry...

PAULA (suspicious)

I see... And what do you get?

ELLiOT (looks at her)

... All you have to do is -- be nice
to me!

PAULA

You go to hell!

Furiously, she throws down the scrubbing brush and
storms out of the room into the:

INT. - LIVING ROOM
to get away from him. He follows her in.

ELLiOT

... Would you listen very, very care­fully because this may be the last time
I'm ever talking to you... Not every­body in this world is after your
magnificent body, lady. In the first
place, it ain't so magnificent. Fair,
maybe, but it doesn't keep me up nights.
I don't even find you that pretty.
Maybe if you smiled once in a while,
who knows? But I wouldn't want you
to do anything against your religion...
And you're not the only one in this
city who got dumped on. I, myself,
am a recent dumpee... I am a dedicated
actor, dedicated to my art and my
craft... I value what I do... And because
of a mentally arthritic director, I am
playing the second greatest English
speaking role in history like a double
order of fresh California fruit salad!... When I say be nice to me, I mean nice!

(continued)
ELLIO T (cont'd)
Decent! Fair!... I deserve it because
I am a nice, decent, fair person...
I do not want to jump on your bones...
I don't even want to see you when I
get up in the morning... But I'll
tell you what I do like about you...
Lucy!... Lucy is your best part...
Lucy is worth putting up with you
for...

(he slaps money down on
table)
There's fourteen dollars for the care
and feeding of that terrific child...
You get zippity doo dah... You need money
for yourself, borrow from Lucy... Okay?...
I am now going inside to meditate
away my hostility towards you. But
personally, I don't think it can be
done...

And he storms out, into his room, slamming door behind
him and leaving a very perplexed Paula.

EXT. - SCHOOL - DAY

A public school on the west side. Late afternoon.
Kids are coming out... Lucy emerges with books. A
cab pulls up in front of the school. Paula sticks
her head out. She seems to be in high spirits.

PAULA
Lucy!... Lucy!

Lucy turns and sees her. She excuses herself from
her friends and crosses to cab.

PAULA (continuing)
... Get in!

LUCY
What are you doing in a taxi?

PAULA
Will you get in?

She opens door and practically pulls Lucy in. Paula
is beaming. The cab idles.

PAULA (continuing)
... Name something you want!
What?

LUCY

PAULA

LUCY
You mean I get one wish?

PAULA
And don't take all day. The cab driver's gonna get half your wish.

LUCY (thinks)
Uhh...uhh...The biggest chocolate dessert at Serendipity's.

PAULA
That's it?...You blew leather boots for that?

INT. - SERENDIPITY'S - DAY

The back room. Stain glass colored ceilings. In front of Lucy is a huge chocolate and whipped cream mountain. Paula has a small bottle of white wine in front of her.

LUCY (digs in)
So what kind of a show is it?...A musical?

PAULA
It's not a show show. It's an auto show...They show off their new cars. And I stand on this slow moving turntable with this cute little sports car...oh, and I get to wear this really all-American outfit, blue blazer, white skirt and a red blouse...

LUCY
What kind of car?

PAULA
A Subaru. It's a Japanese.

LUCY
So why do you dress All-American?
PAULA
Because I don't look good in all-Japanese... Anyway, I stand there and
I say... where's that sheet?

She takes a sheet out of her pocketbook and reads...

PAULA (cont'd)
I say... "With the SEE-T engine,
Subaru models recorded an improvement
of 19.5 per cent in economy over
their 1975 record."

LUCY (sarcastic)
Sounds like an exciting show.

PAULA
Four hundred dollars a week for two
weeks sounds plenty exciting...
Especially to the checkout girl at
Food Fair...

LUCY
... I don't feel too good.

PAULA
Really?... Maybe you shouldn't eat
any more.

LUCY
That's what I said after the first
one.

PAULA
I'm sorry. I just wanted to treat
you to something special. It's been
so long...

LUCY (holding stomach)
... I should have picked the boots.

INT. - BEDROOM DOOR OF ELLIOT'S ROOM - DAY

Paula's hand knocks on door. It opens. Elliot in
jeans and sweater, Richard III script in hand, look-
ing very disheveled and uptight. He snaps at Paula.

ELLIO T
What is it?

PAULA
Am I disturbing you?
ELLIO T
Yes.

Paula
I'm sorry.

ELLIO T
Then don't disturb me.

PAULA
You don't have to snap at me.

ELLIO T
That wasn't snapping. That was sarcasm. Snapping is "Bug off, I'm busy"...You see the difference?

PAULA
What's wrong?

ELLIO T
What's wrong, she asks?...You open tomorrow night in front of the New York critics wearing a chartreuse hump on your back. You play Richard with a twisted paralytic hand and pink polish on your nails...I'm busy trying to figure out how to save my goddamn career, that's what's wrong!...What do you want?...Oh, I know. I dipped into your peanut butter. The alarm must have gone off...What do I owe you for one finger full of Skippy Chunky spread?

PAULA
I came to pay you back your fourteen dollars.

(she hands him bills)
I got a job...Also I want to know if you have some bicarbonate. Lucy is sick.

ELLIO T
What's wrong with her?

PAULA
She had two double chocolate sundaes for dinner. It was my fault, I ordered them.
ELLIOIT (glares at her)
Incredible!...I don't know why they don't sell insurance policies to kids.

He goes into room, gets his guitar and comes out, passing Paula.

PAULA
Is that bicarbonate?

He storms past her and into Lucy's bedroom.

INT. - BEDROOM - DAY/DUSK

Lucy is all bunched up in a fetal position and not very comfortable. She is moaning. Elliot comes in and sits on the bed next to her. Paula follows him in.

ELLIOIT
...How's it feel, Lucy?

LUCY
Did you see the "Exorcist"?

ELLIOIT
Yes.

LUCY
Well, you'd better get out of the room.

ELLIOIT
...Just relax...
    (he tries to straighten her out)
    Come on...On your back...

She is shivering and stiff.

ELLIOIT (continuing)
Don't you trust me?

LUCY
I trusted my mother today and look how I feel.

Elliot glares at Paula, then back to attending Lucy.

ELLIOIT
That's it...Flat on your back...
    (as she does)
Deep breaths now...Slow, deep breaths...
    (to Paula)
    Come here.
Paula crosses to bed. He motions for her to sit on other side of bed. She does.

    ELLIOT (continuing)
    Watch this!

With the flat palm of his hand, he makes gentle, soothing circles on Lucy's stomach.

    ELLIOT (continuing)
    You think you can do that?

    PAULA
    I might be able to manage it.

She makes the gentle circles on Lucy's stomach.

    ELLIOT (picks up his guitar)
    Don't stop... Eyes closed, Lucy... deep breaths...

He leans back on the bed and begins to softly play his guitar... Paula, still rubbing, watches skeptically. Lucy moans softly. He keeps playing and we see Lucy starting to relax... Her hands unclench...

    ELLIOT (continuing)
    How's it feeling?

    LUCY
    A little better.

    ELLIOT
    Isn't this more soothing than some medicine?

    LUCY
    And it tastes better too... (her eyes begin to nod) ... How's the play going?

    ELLIOT
    Please! One sick person at a time.

    LUCY (getting drowsy)
    Sure wish we could go to the opening...

Elliot looks at Paula.
LUCY (continuing)
...Mom?...I mean you still owe me one wish...Today was the pits.

PAULA
Sure...anything you say.

LUCY
Terrific...
(she is just about out)
Now you have to get me a dress...
(and she falls asleep)

Paula makes a few more gentle circles, then stops rubbing. Lucy is sleeping peacefully. Elliot continues to strum on the guitar.

PAULA (whispers)
Thank you...

Elliot doesn't look up at her. He continues playing. She turns her head away. The CAMERA MOVES IN on her only.

PAULA
I'm sorry about yesterday. That was very generous of you... I'm not used to the kindness of strangers... I know, don't say it. 'Blanche DuBois' in "Streetcar"... Sometimes I feel just like her... Every time you start to trust a man, they take you away at the end of the movie. Anyway, I'm sorry for -- well, I'm just sorry... If you're listening, that's my attempt to be nice, decent and fair... How'm I doing?

The guitar stops. She turns and looks at him. He is fast asleep. She crosses around to the other side of the bed.

PAULA (continuing)
Mr. Garfield?...Mr. Garfield?
(she shakes him)
Wake up...You can't sleep with my daughter.

But his body slides down and his head falls on the pillow, right next to Lucy... They are sleeping peacefully side by side. Paula looks at them.
INT. - OFF BROADWAY THEATRE

Most of the audience have taken their seats. Lucy, in a new dress, and Paula, are seated. Lucy is thumbing through their programs. The house lights dim.

LUCY
I hope this is going to be funny,
Is it a comedy?

PAULA
It's Shakespeare.

LUCY
...Boooor-ing!

The house lights are out and a spot hits center stage. We discover Elliot as Richard. All twisted and humped... and in a gaudy chartreuse costume. He limps his way around the stage, managing to look very campy as he does. A "Come hither" grin crosses his face. He looks around the house and then begins in a most minty fashion...

ELLIOt
..."Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this
sun of York
And all the clouds that lour'd
upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean
buried.

Lucy's mouth drops open and Paula lowers her eyes.
In the first few rows, a few CRITICS are taking notes on a pad. Some of them look at each other. There is unusual RUSTLING among the people in the audience.

ELLIOIT (Cont'd)
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

LUCY (whispers)
He sounds like that guy in the beauty parlor.

PAULA
At least!

DISSOLVE TO:

(THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCES WILL BE A MONTAGE.)

ACT III, SCENE V

Enter Lovell and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head. Richard, in an even more bizarre costume.

ELLIOIT
Be patient, they are friends,
Ratcliff and Lovell.

LOVELL
Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings,

ELLIOIT
So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian,
(etc....)

THE MAN AND WOMAN

next to Lucy get up, trying to get past the outstretched feet of Lucy.
They exit.

MAN
Excuse me, please.

LUCY (startled)
Is it over?

MAN
It is for me.

They exit.

ACT IV, SCENE IV

DUCKESS
If so, then be not tongue-tied,
go with me
And in the breath of bitter winds
let's smother
My damned son that thy two sweet
sons smothered.
The trumpet sounds' be copious in
exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his train, marching, with
DRUMS and TRUMPETS.

CUT TO:

LUCY
who is struggling to keep her eyes open. Neither
the drums nor trumpets seem to jar her. Paula has
a dazed look on her face when Elliot enters as Richard.

ELLIOT
...Who intercepts me in my
expedition?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT V, SCENE V

on the field of battle...Corpses are strewn on the
stage. Soldiers are battling.
CATESBY
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.

ABOUT A THIRD OF THE AUDIENCE has left. Paula looks at her watch.

PAULA
I hope you did your homework.

LUCY
I can't even remember.

BACK TO THE PLAY:

CATESBY (Cont'd)
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Enter King Richard, his uniform in rags. But very pretty rags.

ELLIOT
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

CUT TO:

A MAN,
possibly a CRITIC, in the audience.

CRITIC (to COMPANION)
That's what I'd give for a taxi.

DISSOLVE TO:

ON STAGE,
the cast has taken its final bows. Elliot is the last to bow. The APPLAUSE is cursory. Paula applauds politely, Lucy vigorously. They get up with the rest of the audience.
LUCY
Weird city.

PAULA
Shh. Someone'll hear you.

LUCY
Someone already said it... Can we go backstage and say "Hello"?
PAULA
I have a feeling he'd rather be alone.

LUCY
He'll know we thought it was lousy if we don't go back.

PAULA
Alright, but try to be tactful.

LUCY
What's tactful?

PAULA
Lie!

BACKSTAGE
If you can call it that. Actually it is just some cubicles with sheets dividing the dressing rooms. Actors and visitors milling about not knowing quite how to react. Mark Bodine is going through the crowd bubbling with enthusiasm. He stops at a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

WOMAN (unenthusiastically)
Wonderful job, Mark.

MARK (big smile)
Did you really love it? I mean really, really love it?

WOMAN
It was...very interesting.

MARK
Oh, God!
(shouts out)
She loved it, everybody. My mother loved it.

He kisses her then moves through the crowd. He passes Paula and Lucy. He grabs Paula and kisses her.

MARK
Thank you...We're all very excited.

He rubs Lucy's head and moves through the crowd. Lucy looks at him as though he were very weird. Paula takes her hand and they cross to a sheet that has "Elliot Garfield" pinned on it. Since she can't knock, Paula calls out.
PAULA
Hello? (no answer)
Mr. Garfield?...It's Lucy and me.

They wait a moment, then the sheet pulls back. Elliot, half his costume and make-up off, stares out at them. There are tears in his eyes but he is fighting them back. He looks very defeated.

PAULA
We er...we just wanted to come back
to tell you how much we enjoyed it.

He tries to smile and nod back, but remains speechless. If he talked, he would cry.

LUCY
I had the best time.
(he nods)
At first I thought it would be boring. But then it picked up near the end.

PAULA
Okay, Lucy.
(to Elliot)
We won't keep you. We just wanted to thank you for the tickets and a lovely evening.

LUCY
People were talking about you on the way out. They wanted to remember your name so they'll never forget it.

PAULA
Come on, Lucy...Goodnight.

She pulls Lucy away. He nods at them, still not able to speak. He closes the sheet behind him. They start to walk away.

LUCY
It's not Elliot's fault. It's just a lousy play.

INT. PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Paula and Lucy are fast asleep. The clock on the
table says a quarter to three. We suddenly HEAR a CRASH of glass from inside. Paula sits up like a bolt. Lucy stirs and looks up.

    LUCY
    What was that?

    PAULA
    I don't know.

We HEAR another CRASH. This time it sounded like furniture being knocked over. Paula gets out of bed, quickly putting on her robe. She races to the door and out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The room is dark. The lights suddenly go on. We see Paula at the switch.

CUT TO:

THE FLOOR

Elliot is sprawled over a turned-over chair. A vase is broken. Elliot is quite cheerful. That's because Elliot is quite drunk.

    ELLIOT
    Thou hast broken thy vase...Thou owes thee twelve ninety-five plus taxeth.

    PAULA
    Are you all right?

    ELLIOT
    Not according to the Times...Have you read the Times?

    PAULA
    You want some coffee?

He takes the Times out of his pocket.

    ELLIOT
    The Times said "Elliot Garfield researched Richard the Third and discovered he was England's first badly dressed interior decorator"...
This sends him into gales of laughter.

**ELLIOT (continuing)**

Oh, Jesus... That's **tasty** writing.

Paula turns the chair upright and begins to pick up the pieces of the broken vase. Elliot reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a can of beer. He opens it and it spritzes over the room.

**ELLIOT (continuing)**

Sorry.

(he drinks)

**PAULA**

I never pay attention to critics.

**ELLIOT**

Good... Then you go on tomorrow night.

This gives him the giggles too.

**ELLIOT (continuing)**

The Naily Dews -- the Daily News said and I quote, "It never occurred to us that William Shakespeare wrote 'The Wizard of Oz'. However, Elliot Garfield made a splendid 'Wicked Witch of the North'"... Tacky. That's a tacky review. If you're gonna kill me, do it with panache...

He gets up and falls over another chair.

**PAULA**

I'm sorry.

**ELLIOT**

Oh, what the hell... It was just a silly little New York debut... Ames, Iowa is where it really counts... If you don't make it in Ames, Iowa, you have career trouble.

He heads for his bedroom. She stands there looking after him. He comes back out.

**ELLIOT (continuing)**

... Channel Five was honest. Direct and honest... They said 'Richard the Third stunk'... and Elliot Garfield was the stinkee'"
He goes back into his room. We HEAR a THUD and a GROAN. Paula rushes into his room.

ELLiot's bedroom

Elliot is sprawled out on the floor.

ELLiot

...Am I in bed?...If I'm in bed, I'm not very comfortable.

Paula helps Elliot to his feet.

PAULA

I thought you didn't put unhealthy things into your body.

ELLiot

I didn't. I put it into Richard's. I'm trying to kill the son of a bitch.

She helps him to sit on the bed.

PAULA

Please! Please go to sleep, this furniture isn't mine.

ELLiot

Do you think I'm discouraged? Defeated? Do you think I'm gonna get upset at fourteen unimportant negative reviews...You bet your ass I am, baby. Woops. Sorry. This apartment is PG, I keep forgetting.

He gets up and trips against the wall. Paula starts to pick up the breakable items in an effort to protect them. He starts out the door.

PAULA

You were wonderful tonight, really.

INT. LIVING ROOM

ELLiot (heading for the living room)

What do you mean I was wonderful? I was an Elizabethan fruit fly!...
ELLiot (cont'd)
The Betty Boop of Stratford-on-Avon!... Capital P, capital U, capital trid PUTRID!... Well, wasn't I? Heh? Heh?

PAULA
It was an interesting interpretation.

ELLiot
It was BULLSHIT!... You didn't see their faces when I walked out on stage... Two hundred and ten people all given a shot of novocaine... I want the truth...
(He picks up a vase and holds it over his head)
Tell me the truth or I'll smash this priceless nine dollar vase to pieces.
WAS I PUTRID OR NOT??? SAY IT!!

PAULA (terrified)
YES! Yes, you were putrid

ELLiot (hurt)
... Well, you don't have to be that blunt about it.

PAULA
I'm sorry. Put it down, please...

He lowers the vase and she takes it away from him.

ELLiot
I mean, I thought I had a good moment here and there... Walking on and walking off... In between was ka-ka!

He falls onto sofa.

PAULA
You sure I can't get you anything?
Some of your health foods or something?

ELLiot
Don't walk out on me. Once a night is enough.

PAULA
I'm here. I'm listening.
ELLiot
I really can play that part, you know. I can play the hump off that guy...I was better on the bus coming from Chicago than I was on that stage tonight....
(legitimately)
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried..."
Et cetera et cetera et cetera....

PAULa
That is good....It's wonderful, honestly.

ELLiot
Thank you...You're really not such a bad person, you know...But that putrid remark really hurt...Really got to me, you know.

PAULa
I know. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me... Goodnight...

She turns off the light. He is almost asleep.

ELLiot
Don't tell Lucy what it said in the Times.

PAULa
I won't.

ELLiot
Or the News.

PAULa
No.

ELLiot
Or Channel Two, Four, Five, Seven, Nine and Eleven.

PAULa
I won't...

ELLiot
Thank you...No autographs, please.

She looks at him with some degree of affection, then turns. He is asleep on the sofa.
INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paula comes back into the room and takes off her robe and gets into bed. And suddenly she bursts into tears, into the pillow. Lucy turns and looks at her.

LUCY
What's wrong?

PAULA
Nothing.

LUCY
...So why are you crying?

PAULA
I didn't cry today. Do you mind?

LUCY (shrugs)
No.

She turns back over on her side.

PAULA
...I didn't think he was that bad!

INT. - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Paula is braiding Lucy's hair while Lucy is eating cereal and reading the New York Times theatrical section.

LUCY
..."one must always respect brave and courageous attempts to explore Shakespeare through new and daring concepts, and even, if you will, irreverence" -- What's irreverence?

PAULA
You'll find out.

LUCY (continues reading)
..."But Elliot Garfield and Mark Bodine's 'Richard the Third' gives us less than a summer stock 'Charley's Aunt' without the good-natured and inoffensive humor"...

(puts down paper)
Does that mean he didn't like it?
We HEAR Elliot O.S.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
The man has two months to live, he's a cynic.

CUT TO:

ELLIO T

in the doorway. He has on the clothes he wore last night. He looks disheveled and hung over.

ELLIOT
Which one of you scotch-taped my tongue to the roof of my mouth?

PAULA
You want some coffee?

ELLIOT
Not unless you have some bicarbonate.

Paula smiles at him. She gets the coffee. He sits and buries his head in his hands.

LUCY (cheerfully)
Congratulations.

ELLIO T (looks at her)
For what?

LUCY (shrugs)
...I didn't know what else to say.

He looks at the Times and pulls it away from her.
To Paula:

ELLIO T
Why do you let your child read pornography?

The phone RINGS.

LUCY (to Elliot)
You want some puffed rice or Chocosnaps?

ELLIO T
Starve a cold, feed a failure, heh?
He musses Lucy's hair. Paula has answered the phone.

PAULA (into phone)
Hello?... Who?... Yes, just a minute, please.
(to Elliot)
For you.

ELLIO'T
...I got the cover of Newsweek?

She holds out the phone. He takes a spoonful of Lucy's cereal, then crosses to phone with his mouth full. Paula goes back to braiding Lucy's hair.

ELLIO'T (continuing; into phone)
...Yeah?... Hello, Harve... Yeah...
Yeah, I read 'em... Mm-hmm... Mm-hmm
...Yeah, I understand... Good... Good...
Okay.
(he hangs up, returns to table)
There you go. The minute you think your world's collapsing, something wonderful happens.

LUCY
What?

ELLIO'T
They closed the show. I don't have to do it anymore... The American theatre is saved.

PAULA
I'm sorry.

ELLIO'T
Listen, everything works out. Now I'm free to take that other job.

LUCY
What other job?

ELLIO'T (opens to want ad section of Times)
I'm looking! I'm looking!

PAULA
Lucy, we're late. Go get your sweater.

Lucy crosses to her bedroom door.
LUCY
Listen, did you know that Spencer Tracy got terrible reviews the first time he was ever on Broadway?

ELLIOl
No, he didn't.

LUCY
Oh... I thought he did.

She crosses into bedroom.

ELLIOl (to Paula)
You realize, of course, your daughter has a crush on me.

PAULA
I've noticed.

ELLIOl
How do you feel about that, Mom?

PAULA
Not to take away from your personal charm, she had one on Tony too.

ELLIOl
They're fickle at ten.

PAULA
And at six... She also had a big thing for her father.

Lucy comes out of the bedroom, putting on her sweater.

PAULA (to Lucy)
Wait for me downstairs.

LUCY
Why?

PAULA
Because I'm the mother, that's why.

Lucy shrugs and leaves. Paula turns to Elliot.

PAULA
... What are your plans?

ELLIOl
You mean my immediate plans?... Well, I thought after breakfast, I might try an aborted suicide attempt and then think about Welfare.
PAULA
In other words, you're not going back to Chicago.

ELLIOIT
Chicago? No. Siberia, possibly.

PAULA
I mean, your room is paid for, it belongs to you.

ELLIOIT
Thank you... If I decide to leave, I'll give you an address and you can ship it to me.

PAULA
If you stay, I could use someone to help me cut with Lucy... I start work today and I won't be able to get back to make her dinner... What I'm saying is...

ELLIOIT
I accept.

PAULA (quickly)
Good. She has dinner at six. There are pork chops in the freezer. Have a nice day.

She exits quickly. He looks after her and smiles.

ELLIOIT
Cute!... Definitely cute.

EXT. - 77TH STREET & BROADWAY - BUS STOP - DAY

Lucy and Paula walking... Lucy holds type-written sheets in her hand. Paula has her hands over her eyes as she is trying to memorize her speech. Lucy is correcting her. But Lucy never consults the pages. She has it memorized.

PAULA
...The SEEC-T is a lean burn approach to engine combustion that allows the engine to use less gas and more air in the combustion mixture. A special intake... er, a special intake -- wait, don't tell me...
LUCY
Valve.

PAULA
I said don't tell me... valve introduces extra air into the cylinders. The effect is to package unburned -- unburned -- don't tell me -- unburned -- tell me.

LUCY
Exhaust pollutants.

PAULA
Damn! You need a five year course in an Oriental garage to know this.

BUS STOP - DAY
They are queued up behind three other people.

LUCY
I was noticing you and Elliot look very good together.

PAULA
WHAT??

The others in line turn around.

PAULA (Cont'd)
When? When did we look good together?

LUCY
All the time. Whenever you're together.

PAULA
We are never together. And I'm a good inch and a quarter taller than he is.

LUCY
I never noticed it. Maybe because I'm small and always looking up.
INT. - BUS - 70TH STREET & BROADWAY

PAULA (eyes closed)
..."gives good performance plus better mileage". I must be at least two years older than he is.

LUCY
Men prefer women of experience. I read it in Cosmopolitan.

PAULA
...Lucy, how would you like it if I took you and Seymour Stroock to a movie and dinner on Saturday night?

LUCY
Seymour Stroock? I hate Seymour Stroock! Don't do that!

PAULA (smiles triumphantly)
Then lay off me and Elliot. Here's your stop. Get out of my life.

The bus stops.

LUCY (gets up)
I'm getting to the truth, right? The Shadow Knows!

She gets off.

PAULA (shouts)
I HATE YOU!...I REALLY REALLY HATE YOU!

(people look at her. she looks back at them)
Well, I do.

The bus pulls away. She closes her eyes, trying to memorize...

PAULA
..."with less emission than a standard engine and without any additional -- without any additional" -- Oh, Jesus, she took my papers with her!
She looks out the window as we SEE Lucy on her way to school.

EXT. - COLISEUM - DAY

Large crowds are going in and out of the Coliseum...
At a hot dog stand, near the entrance, Donna and Paula are busy munching a hot dog and coke. Donna is dressed in an all-green outfit, Paula in her blue blazer, white skirt and red blouse...

DONNA
How are you doing?

PAULA (nods)
Not bad...Considering I don't know what the hell I'm talking about.

DONNA
Listen, there's two cute Ferrari salesmen who'd like to buy us some fettuccine when we're through. You available?

PAULA
Oh, thanks, Donna. Maybe some other night.

DONNA
We only have eight more nights left. It's not as though you had something better waiting at home, right?

PAULA
No, no...Maybe tomorrow, okay?... It's show-time...

She walks off leaving a puzzled Donna.

INT. - COLISEUM - AUTO SHOW

The show is in progress...Throng of people are moving about, going from exhibit to exhibit...Various models are shown demonstrating the virtues of their respective cars... at the Subaru Exhibit, a
The Goodbye Girl
Chgs.  1-11-77

turntable, with car and Paula, slowly rotates... Paula has a hand-held mike and is describing the joys of the Subaru to the small assemblage in front of her...

PAULA

...The Subaru engine gets 39 miles per gallon in highway driving and 29 in the city, an extraordinary performance...The SEEC-T is a lean burn approach to engine combustion that allows the engine to use less gas and more air in the combustion mixture. A special intake valve introduces extra air into the cylinders...

In the crowd we suddenly SEE Lucy and Elliot squeezing through...

PAULA (cont'd)

...The design eliminates the need for power and fuel-robbing --
Paula spots them. Lucy waves her hand to Paula. Paula looks surprised and suddenly shaken.

PAULA (cont'd)
-- er, eliminates the need for power and fuel-robbing -- fuel-robbing --

Elliot winks at her, which is completely unnerving.

PAULA (cont'd)
-- things!... The Subaru gives good performance plus better mileage with less emission than a -- a standard engine and er -- without --

Elliot turns to Lucy.

ELLIOT
She's up.

Elliot smiles at Paula.

PAULA (tries to take eyes off Elliot)
-- without any knocks -- or noises -- or that terrible banging sound... which, as you know, can be terribly banging.
   (she is improvising)
As you can see...the Subaru has two solid metal doors...one on each side... of the Subaru...for easy getting in and getting out...of the Subaru.

LUCY
She's making it all up.

PAULA (valiantly)
...The tires are very -- attractive, and are optional...

ELLIOT
Optional tires?

PAULA
The seats...front and rear...are made of...of er...rich beautiful material often found in better cars ...and can be cleaned easily -- if you make them dirty.

CUT TO TWO JAPANESE SUBARU SALESMEN talking to a CUSTOMER. When they hear Paula's gibberish, they turn around to watch in amazement.
PAULA
...The front windows are clearly visible and designed for maximum -- visibility...whether looking to the right or left -- or straight ahead...

ELLiot (to Lucy)
...I'm beginning to think my Richard wasn't so bad.

PAULA (sweating, but still smiling)
...Likewise the rear window is also designed for easy visibility -- for looking out the back.

JAPANESE SALESMAN (to other)
Oi ding mushow ganza moo wush! ("What the hell is she saying?")
The other Salesman nods in agreement.

PAULA
...The steering wheel is the most modern steering device devised... for easy and safe steering, and the brakes are -- highly brakeable... for quick all-weather stopping... The Subaru is a truly remarkable economy car... and Consumers Guide calls the Subaru -- a truly remarkable economy car... Thank you very much.

She takes off the mike and quickly gets off the turntable. The angry Japanese Salesmen cross to her and berate her as she tries to apologize... She finally bows to them and then crosses over to Lucy and Elliot, very upset.

PAULA (very angry)
Thanks a lot!... I would have gotten fired but they didn't know the English word for it... What are you doing here?

ELLiot
You came to see me act, can't I see you?... Very nice... One constructive comment?... Study! Learn your lines... Then maybe next year you'll be ready for bigger parts... like trucks! Maybe tanks...

PAULA (to Lucy)
Did you have dinner yet?
LUCY
No.

PAULA
No??
(to Elliot)
It's after seven. What am I paying you for?

ELLiot
Paying me?...One petrified pork chop and a stalk of aging brown celery does not constitute a payroll...I came to leave Lucy with you. I'm working tonight.

LUCY
He got a job.

ELLiot
Didn't I just say that?

PAULA
Acting?

ELLiot
I didn't say that...It's in the entertainment field, that's as much as I can tell you...I'll be home about two, don't wait up...You look terrific. I never knew you had a figure.

He walks away.

PAULA
He wears me out!... That man wears me out.

Elliot stops at the booth where the two Japanese Salesmen are talking. He points back to Paula.

ELLiot
...That girl impressed me very much with your car. I'm in the taxi business, I'm in the market for an entire new fleet next year. If you think you can handle it, I'll be back the end of the week... You oughta hang on to that girl.

He walks away. The Salesmen beam happily, then smile and nod to Paula...
A STRIPPER ON STAGE - INT. CLUB

A very "sleazy" skin club in the Village... On stage, a BLACK GIRL and a WHITE GIRL, practically nude, are doing a very erotic number together.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Elliot is standing in front of the club in an old over-large uniform. He is the doorman. Two YOUNG MEN, mid-twenties come up to him.

1ST MAN
Hey, what kinda show they got in there?

ELLIO
Dirty! Very dirty! Filthy show! Next one starts in ten minutes.

2ND MAN
Like what do they do?

ELLIO
They won't let me see it. It's too dirty for the help.

(he opens the door)
You interested?

Suddenly, a heavy red-headed WOMAN in a man's suit comes out. She is the manager. She beckons to Elliot.

MANAGER (snaps fingers at him)
Come on! Inside, quick!

ELLIO
What's wrong?

MANAGER
We got a drunk on stage.

A look of terror crosses Elliot's face as he follows the manager in.

INT. CLUB

On the smoke-filled stage, we see two smallish waiters trying to restrain a huge DRUNK, twice their size.

(continued)
from trying to get at the two semi-nude girls huddled in fear against the curtain. The drunk punches one of the waiters, who goes sprawling across the stage and off of it. The customers, not known for their class, applaud in approval.

MANAGER (to Elliot)
Get that creep out of here.

ELLiot
ME??...I'm the doorman...When he comes out, I'll open the door.

MANAGER
You want to get paid or not?

ELLiot
All right, all right!

He starts for the stage just as the powerful drunk sends the other waiter sprawling off the stage with another punch...Elliot steps up on the stage....

ELLiot (cautiously, to drunk)
Okay, take it easy...Easy, pal...I'm your friend...Your buddy, okay? Why don't you sit down so we can go on with the show?

DRUNK
I just want a kiss. One little kiss; that's all.

ELLiot
I hardly know you. I don't kiss on first dates.

The audience laughs, applauds...Elliot acknowledges them.

ELLiot (continuing)
Thank you, thank you...
(to drunk)
They like us.

DRUNK (weaves for Elliot)
Come here, you little twerp.
I'll bust your stupid face in.

ELLiot (backs away, circles)
No, no. They don't want to see that.
(to audience)
You don't want to see a little twerp get punched out, do you folks?
Audience applauds and whistles.

ELLIOT (continuing)
Tough audience!
(to drunk)
Listen, pal...Can I talk to you a minute?...Can we reason this out?
Can we?...What's your name?

DRUNK
Earl.

ELLIOT
Earl what?

DRUNK
Earl this!!

And he hauls off and socks Elliot clear off the stage...
Elliot falls in a heap against the Manager's feet...
He rubs his jaw...The entire audience is up on their feet applauding and whistling. Elliot manages a pain-
ful smile.

ELLIOT
My first standing ovation!

INT. PAULA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paula is creaming her face. Lucy is lying in the
bathtub in her pajamas, eating a banana.

LUCY
You know what Cynthia Fein said?

PAULA
Who's Cynthia Fein?

LUCY
The girl in my class with the braces
and the big chest... Elliot picked
me up at school today and Cynthia Fein
said he's got charisma....I looked it
up and he does.

PAULA
All right, cut it out.

LUCY
Cut what out?

PAULA
Stop trying to make something between us.
LUCY
Me?...Cynthia Fein said---

PAULA
Cynthia Fein my behind!...Stop pushing me.

LUCY
Who's pushing?

PAULA
You are...Your fingerprints are all over my back...He's okay, all right? ...Once in awhile he even acts like a regular human being...But stop pushing me because that man is not my type.

She storms out of the bathroom. Lucy mumbles something under her breath. Paula comes back in.

PAULA
I heard that...What did you say?

LUCY
If you heard it, why are you asking?

PAULA
What did you say?

LUCY
I said your type never hangs around long enough to stay your type.

Paula looks at her, brought up short.

PAULA
...That was a rotten thing to say.

LUCY
I know. I just felt like saying it.

PAULA
Jesus!...Sometimes I can get so god-damn furious with you.

Paula turns on the faucet in the tub and EXITS.

LUCY (jumps up, wet)
HEY!!!...What a stinky thing to do!
Paula walks in. She still has her white cream on her face. She goes to cupboard and gets a box of crackers when she notices refrigerator door open.

PAULA (angrily)

Dammit! She leaves the refrigerator open! I'm gonna drown that kid...Lucy!!!

She slams the door shut and starts back to her room when she notices the door to Elliot's room is ajar. His light is on and we can see his legs stretched out on the bed. She peers in.

PAULA (continuing)

Mr. Garfield? Is that you?....

She looks into his room. He is lying flat on the bed holding a piece of meat to his eye.

PAULA (continuing)

I didn't hear you come in...What happened to your eye?

ELLIO'T

I used it to stop a fist from going through my head.

PAULA

What kind of meat do you have on there?

ELLIO'T

Veal parmigiana...It was either that or potato salad...I'm out of work again.

He takes off meat revealing a very raw eye.

PAULA

Let me put some ice on that.

She crosses out and into the kitchen. He follows her and stands in door of kitchen. She opens refrig and takes out icetray. She takes out some ice and puts it in a dish towel.

ELLIO'T

You don't have to worry anymore. I've decided to let you stay as long as you want...It's my only hope for survival.
PAULA
Listen, something'll turn up.

ELLiot
You think so?

PAULA
Lucy and Cynthia Fain think you have charisma.

ELLiot
And what do you think I've got?
(she looks at him, hands him the towel and the ice)
I mean, do I chariz you at all?

PAULA
Put this on your eye.

ELLiot
I'm not talking about my talent.
Talent-wise I'm very secure. It's appeal-wise I'm a little shakey...
The truth, I can take it. Am I as adorable as I think I am?

PAULA (looks at him and laughs)
You are outrageous!... I can't keep up with your energy level...
They must pick you up on C.B. radios in Alaska...

She takes a step to the side and he blocks the way.
She looks at him.

ELLiot
...You get the feeling something's starting between us?

PAULA
I graduated from high school sixteen years ago and that was the last time I heard that line... Out of my way, please, I have to sell my little Japanese cars in the morning.

ELLiot
Is that why you have the Kabuki makeup on?

She feels her face and suddenly realizes she hasn't taken off her white skin conditioner.

PAULA
Oh, God!... And you let me stand there.
She rushes to the sink, turns on the faucet and washes her face, scrubbing off the make-up. She only gets half off.

PAULA (cont'd)
Towel!... Can I have a paper towel, please?

She reaches out with her eyes closed... He moves in and kisses her on the lips... She is surprised, but does not fight it. In fact, she joins in... Then she backs away, taking a deep breath.

PAULA
Don't you ever do that again!

ELLIO T
Your lips may say 'no no' but there's 'yes yes' in your eyes.

PAULA
Don't get cute with me!

ELLIO T
You know your goddamn nose drives me crazy.

PAULA
What's wrong with my nose?

ELLIO T
It's pug! Pug! It shoots straight down then turns pug at the last minute.

(he kisses her neck)

PAULA
Don't........

ELLIO T
I think we got ourselves a hot infatuation here.

PAULA
I have no time for romance. I have a daughter I'm trying to save from getting rickets.

ELLIO T (kisses her wet cheek)
I went bananas the first time I saw you through the crack in the door. I said, "That's the best half a face I ever laid eyes on"...
PAULA
Please don't make me laugh. I'm not on your side.

ELLIO (always moving closer)
I can smell your hair when you walk by my door. I could be sleeping, my nostrils wake me up and say, "who dat comin' down de street?"

PAULA
You're embarrassing me. I'm 33, I'm not supposed to get embarrassed anymore.

ELLIO
If you were a Broadway musical, they'd come out humming your face.
(he kisses her again)

PAULA
No... Please... Don't do that... Don't make me feel happy... I hate that goddamn "it's wonderful to be alive" feeling... Don't come into my life, I just got through putting up all the fences.

ELLIO
Can't I even see you to your door? It's a rough neighborhood.

PAULA
Elliot----

ELLIO
Yes, call me Elliot. I've already bitten your neck.

PAULA
Elliot... I'm praying... I pray to God this is all gone in the morning.

ELLIO
The hell you do!... I'll meet you in the kitchen tomorrow night. Don't dress!

She breaks away and runs into her bedroom, closing the door.
EXT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

The lights on the marquee turn off. Paula emerges from a side door...Donna suddenly comes running out after her.

DONNA
Paula!...Paula!
(Paula stops. Donna comes up to her)
Where you running?

PAULA
I want to see Lucy before she goes to bed.

DONNA
I have a message for you...The Maserati people are throwing a small party upstairs at 21...This guy Giorgio, the one who smells better than us -- he specifically asked for you..."Da girl wiz de laughing teeth"...

PAULA
I can't. I have to get home.

DONNA
I don't understand. He's gorgeous. He told me to tell you he was.

PAULA
Gee, if it was any other time.
(and she is gone)

DONNA (to herself)
What's a better time than when you're still alive?

And she runs off.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Paula comes bounding up the last few steps, breathless...She runs to the door, then stops. Quickly takes out a small hairbrush and quickly brushes her hair...Then takes out key and opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT

Paula rushes into the apartment...Hanging from the ceiling right in the entranceway is a note, hung from a string. She reads it. It says: "See note pinned on sleeping child".
INT. BEDROOM
Paula opens the door and walks in. Lucy is asleep in the bed. There is a note pinned on her nightgown. Paula unpins it and reads it.

INSERT - NOTE

"This is Sleeping Child...Kiss her goodnight and come up to roof for private party...Dress Formal".

She smiles, leans over and kisses Lucy.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT
The roof door opens and Paula walks out, cautiously. It is extremely dark...She looks around.

PAULA
Elliot?...Elliot, are you here? ... Say something, I don't like this.

Suddenly we hear SOFT MUSIC playing...A match is struck and a candle is lit...She crosses to it...A wooden box has been set upright, with two of her kitchen chairs on either side. There are two glasses on the box and a bottle of domestic champagne...From behind her, we hear a voice, Bogart-like:

VOICE
I said it was formal, kid!

She turns around and right behind her is Elliot in a 1930's tuxedo. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

ELLiot
This party has to be over by 9 a.m. otherwise it's another five bucks for the suit.

He takes her in his arms, twirls her and dances with her.

ELLiot
Don't panic! Even Ginger was nervous the first time she danced with me.

He starts to hum "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" in her ear. Tears come to her eyes.

ELLiot
What are you crying about?
PAULA (shrugs)  
Kill me, I'm a sucker for romance.

ELLIOl

Elliot Garfield is a many faceted individual.

He spins her around, then dances close... into her ear.

ELLIOl

I got a job... A real job... A real acting job.

PAULA (excited)

You did?... Where?

ELLIOl

"The Inventory". An improvisational group on Charles Street... They saw Richard the Third and said if I could do that, I could do anything.

We hear THUNDER and see lightning in the distance.

PAULA

Oh, no. Don't let it rain.

ELLIOl

Don't worry about it. The suit is too big for me anyway... I auditioned for them this afternoon. Improvisation, you understand... With this girl, Linda. Very talented girl.

PAULA

Is she pretty?

ELLIOl

No, no. Ugly. Very unpugged nose... I did Abraham Lincoln. Mary Todd is out of town and General Grant takes me to a cat house in Virginia. I'm trying to be very dignified, you know. "Now, now, young lady, don't pull the beard. I'm the President"...

Paula suddenly throws her arms around him and gives him a long, hard kiss...

Another clap of THUNDER and it suddenly begins to pour on them...

PAULA

Don't stop. I never danced in the rain.
ELLIOT
The hell with the dancing, my
pizza's getting drenched.

INT. STEPS LEADING OUT TO ROOF
They have moved inside out of the rain. The door is
ajar and we can see the rain on the roof...The candle
has been reset on the stairs and lit...They are drinking
their champagne and eating their pizza.

ELLIOT
...You get the feeling we're eating
wet tennis shoes?
(They eat)
...so what happened when you found
out about this other girl and Tony?

PAULA
Bobby. Tony comes after Bobby.
(shrugs)
Well, it happens all the time on the
road. He's gone six months with a
play and he gets lonely. The only
time you have a good marriage is when
your husband is in a flop. He's broke
but he's home.

ELLIOT
Where'd you meet Tony?

PAULA
...I'm ashamed to tell you.

ELLIOT
Why?

PAULA
I saw him in "Iceman Cometh" at
Circle-in-the-Square. He wasn't
very good but he was gorgeous.
Couldn't take my eyes off him. Don't
laugh -- I waited till he came out of
the stage door and introduced myself...
Like a regular groupie. A week later I
moved in with him. I used to do things
like that.

ELLIOT
Why?
PAULA
When you dance in the chorus of a musical, the boys usually have higher voices than the girls. Ten years of that and you get very hung up on macho men... Thank God I've gotten through that period.

ELLiot
I'll let that remark pass.

They look at each other.

PAULA
...Are we going to sleep with each other tonight?

ELLiot
Of all the 'right up front' girls I ever met, you're right up front. ...How do you feel about it?

PAULA
Nervous!... A pushover, but nervous.

They look at each other and suddenly start to giggle like a couple of kids.

INT. - BEDROOM HALLWAY - DAWN

The door of Elliot's room opens... Paula comes out wearing her robe. She closes his door quietly, then tiptoes down the hall to her room.

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM

Lucy is asleep. Light is just filtering into the room. The door slowly opens and Paula enters. She tiptoes across the room, and tries to get into the bed noiselessly... But Lucy stirs and turns.

LUCY
Where were you?
PAULA
I couldn't sleep so I went inside to read.

LUCY
What did you read?

PAULA
"The Life of Lincoln"...What's the difference?...Go back to sleep.

They both turn over, lying back to back...A few seconds pass and then --

LUCY
...When do I move back to my old room?

Paula turns her head slightly and looks over her shoulder at Lucy.

THE KITCHEN - DAY

Early the next morning...Lucy is unenthusiastically eating her breakfast...Paula is cooking bacon...She glances over at Lucy apprehensively. She puts the bacon in a dish then sits down next to Lucy and eats...or rather picks at it. There is an air of tension this morning. Elliot appears in the doorway. He is bright and chipper.

ELLiot
Good morning, everybody!...Please, no applause.

(he sits and starts to nibble on some bacon)
And what's new this morning?

He suddenly realizes no one is talking to him. He looks at Paula who tries to get the signal across to him that Lucy is upset.

ELLiot
There is nothing new this morning...
Okay...

(he bites into his bacon)
They say this kid Lindbergh is gonna try to fly the Atlantic.

(no response...to Lucy)
James Stewart's gonna try it in the movie.

(no response)
PAULA
She didn't sleep too well last night.

LUCY
I guess no one did...
  (she gets up)
See you tonight.
  (picks up her books)

And she is gone. The door closes behind her. Elliot looks at Paula.

ELLiot
We've been found out, have we? Funny, I thought the kid was rooting for us.

PAULA
Don't call her 'kid'. She doesn't like to be called 'kid'.

ELLiot
Ohh?...Sorry...In Chicago it's an expression of endearment...like "Hyaa, kid"..."How's it goin', kid"...
  (more seriously)
What's wrong, kid?

PAULA
Nothing.

ELLiot
Glad to hear it...Any buttered toast?

PAULA
She's scared, that's all.

ELLiot
Lucy?

PAULA
She's afraid what happened before is going to happen again.

ELLiot
What are you two, partners? I thought it was just you and me last night.

PAULA
What happens to my life affects hers...and I'm scared too...Listen, would you be terribly hurt if we just forgot all about last night?
ELLIOIT
It's too late. I've already made the entry in my diary...

She goes to sink and starts to wash the dishes...

PAULA
Look at me. I'm standing here with sweaty palms and I have my hands in cold water...I don't know what you're thinking this morning, what's on your mind. Instead of asking me so many goddamn questions you can at least say to me, "Last night was wonderful".

ELLIOIT
Last night was wonderful.

PAULA
Instead of worrying about your lousy breakfast and your buttered toast, you can look at me and say, "I'm crazy about you".

ELLIOIT
I'm crazy about you.

PAULA
Oh, it's easy enough to say after I've told you to say it...Why couldn't you touch me? Hold my hand, stroke my hair, let me know that there was some really nice feeling that existed between the two of us?

He starts to get up towards her, she backs away.

PAULA
Forget it. It's too late. Not if I have to think of everything for you. Oh, my God, I must be crazy. Crazy!! I keep doing the same damn thing to myself over and over again. When am I ever going to learn?...Listen, I'm really not up to falling in love again. It's too much work. I think we would all be a lot better off if you packed your things up and left...Nothing personal.

He stares at her for along time.

ELLIOIT
...NOW I know why they all left!!!

(he gets up)

Crackers! Animal crackers, lady!...

(continued)
ELLIO1 (cont'd)
You have a severe case of emotional re-tar-dation!...
(he starts for his door)
I am not leaving, I am escaping!...
If any mail comes for me, keep it!
I'm not giving you any forwarding addresses!

He goes into his room, slams the door hard behind him. Paula starts to cry. The door opens a moment later and Elliot stands there holding his empty suitcase in his hand.

ELLIO1
...BUT -- in passing, I would just like to say last night was ter-rif-fic! ...The Super Bowl of Romance!... I give it a fat nine on a scale of ten. You get one off for burping your wine, but all in all, a very respectable score.

PAULA (furious)
Don't you get glib about last night. It was important to me.

ELLIO1
Could you lower your neurosis a minute, please, I'm not finished. ...Don't ever tell me when to get affectionate. I touch when I want to touch. I fondle when I want to fondle. I was planning to touch you all during my eggs and fondle you right through my coffee. However, there is no touching during my toast. Toast I have alone. You want to know what your problem is? You love to love somebody but the minute they take the initiative like I did last night, it scares the pants off you -- nothing off-color intended. You didn't wait outside any stage door for me! I approached first. I touched first... And you can't handle that, can you?

PAULA
That is laughable. And silly. You're a silly man. You're the silliest man I ever met.
ELLiot
You know I’m right. And you know, yourself too well to ignore what I’m saying. You know what we got here? "Taming of the Shrew" is what we got here... Despite the fact, Kate, that you are a large pain in the arse, last night was the best thing that ever happened to me, girl-wise, and if you weren’t behaving like such a horse’s rectum this morning, we could have been touching and fondling right up till five o’clock when I have to go to rehearsal... Personally, Madam, I think you blew it.

And he goes back into his room... Paula stands there a moment... She thinks a moment... Then crosses to his door. She opens it. We can’t see much into the room... She looks at the unseen Elliot.

PAULA
... Don’t put the suitcase on the bed!

She walks into the room, closing the door behind her.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The school is getting out. Lucy comes out with a girl friend, Cynthia Fein. They start to walk down the block... An open hansom cab and horse trot slowly alongside. Elliot leans out of the cab, a girl driver is up front.

ELLiot (English)
Lady Anne? The Black Prince is dead. England is yours!

(she looks at him queerly.
He drops his British accent)
Don’t you want England? Spain maybe? Spain I can get you cheap.

LUCY
What are you doing in that thing?

ELLiot
Get in quick, the horse has a meter on him.

LUCY
Where to?
ELLIOI
We are going home...To Tara!
(hums the theme from "Gone
With the Wind")
...Will you get in.

Lucy gets in. The other girl watches. She smiles
at him. He smiles back at her.

ELLIOI (to Girl)
Cynthia Fein, right?
(she nods and giggles)
Listen, I think you have charisma too.

CYNTHIA (to Lucy)
Did you tell him? I never said that.
(che cab pulls away)
Wait'll I get you, Lucy.

They drive off down the block.

EXT. - PLATFORM TO TRAM - DAY

We see the steps leading up to the tram that goes to
Roosevelt Island. Lucy and Elliot climbing steps.

LUCY
Why'd we get out of the carriage?

ELLIOI
Because the man wouldn't take
Confederate money.

INT. - FUNICULAR

It is riding aloft. Lucy and Elliot looking out.

ELLIOI
You wanna go to my opening tonight?...
I owe you a good time after the last
one.

LUCY (looking out)
I have homework.
ELLIGOT
What are you sore about? Me and your Mom?

LUCY
It's none of my business.

ELLIGOT
Well, since you and I will be exchanging rooms tonight, I think it is...Only I'm a little old fashioned. I want your approval.

LUCY
Me?...I'm only ten years old. I'm not allowed to vote yet.
ELLIO'T
I like your style, kid, I really do...
Sorry. I hear you don't like being called 'kid'.

LUCY (shrugs)
I'm a kid, it fits.

ELLIO'T
...Do you like me?

LUCY
You're wasting a lot of money, I'm not enjoying this ride.

ELLIO'T
Answer my question. Do you like me?

LUCY
Ask Cynthia Fein, she's crazy about you.

ELLIO'T
I'm going to keep asking till I get an answer. Do you like me?

LUCY
Can I get out of this thing, I'm getting nauseous.

ELLIO'T
Answer me, goddammit! Yes or No! It makes no difference to me either way because I'm moving in with your old lady anyway but I want to hear it first from your own lips. Yes or No!

LUCY (tears coming to her eyes)
No!...Yes.

ELLIO'T
Was that yes?

Yes.

PELLIO'T
A lot?

Yes!

LUCY (crying)
ELLiot
A really really REALLY LOT???

LUCY
YES! YES! ALRIGHT?

ELLiot
Well, as much as you like me, it's not one one-thousandth as much as I'm nuts about you. Swear to God, Luce.

(tears streaming down her face)
And I don't care if you cry your head off, I'm gonna tell it to you... I am certifiably nuts about you and your ditsy Mommy, now blow that into your handkerchief.

LUCY
I don't have a handkerchief.

ELLiot
Then cry on the people!

INT. COLISEUM LOBBY - DAY
Paula and Donna coming down escalator.

DONNA
... Moving in with you? You mean the two of you together?

PAULA (looks around embarrassed)
A little louder, Donna, they didn't hear it in the street.

DONNA
Oh, God.

PAULA
Please! Don't say, "Oh, God". Because I've been saying it all day. I'm shakey enough, be encouraging. I'll pay you for it.

DONNA
When are you gonna learn?
PAULA
I've learned. I went to school twice and flunked. But he's different. This is a good man, Donna. He's sweet and he's gentle and he's funny and he's loving.

DONNA
And he's an actor.

PAULA
Only by trade. By birth he's a person.

INT. THEATER

It is a tiny theater. On stage, a sketch has just finished. Blackout. Applause...The lights come back on...Elliot and a girl, Linda, are putting down stools. They sit.

ELLiot
Can we have the house lights up, please?

House lights go up. We see the audience. Lucy is sitting down front.

ELLiot
...Okay, now it's your turn. A little improvisation from the audience...How many authors have we got out there tonight, heh? ...Give us the situation and the characters, Linda and I will do the rest...Alright, who's got a situation?...Come on...I see a hand.

GIRL (with raised hand)
A boy calling a girl for a date.

ELLiot
A boy calling a girl for a date...the situation is a boy calling a girl for a date...Who's the boy?

MAN (calls out)
Albert Einstein!
ELLIOT
Albert Einstein is the boy...and the girl --

GIRL (calls out)
Gertrude Stein.

Audience laughs and APPLAUDS.

ELLIOT
It's possible. Their mothers could have arranged it...Okay, Albert Einstein calling Gertrude Stein for a date...

He confers briefly with Linda. She nods. He sits up and dials phone in pantomime. House lights dim.

ELLIOT (dials, German accent)
Fife... seven... nein... tzvei... fuften tzvantek... square root of three... und six to the eighth power of a parallelogram...
(he waits)
Ring, ring, ring... und final ring.

LINDA (picks up phone)
Hello is hello is hello?

ELLIOT
Hello?...Miss Shtein?

LINDA (tongue in mouth, barely audible)
Yes. This is Miss Stein. Who is calling is calling is calling?

ELLIOT
Vots dat? Could you shpeak up, pleez?

LINDA
I'm sorry. I was eating my brownie.

ELLIOT
A brownie? How do you get a camera in your mouth?
LINDA
I'm sorry, but I'm very busy living my autobiography. Who is this?

ELLIO
This is Albert Einstein. Relatively long distance from Princeton.

LINDA
Oh, Princeton... How are things over there?

ELLIO
We beat Dartmouth today, twenty one to seven pi square.
LINDA
Isn't that nice?... One moment, please... Pablo, will you please stop crying. I'm sick of your blue period... Hello? Yes, I'm sorry. You were saying --

ELLIO T
You sound busy. I'm not disturbing you, am I?

LINDA
No, no. Not at all. I was just taking a bath -- Alice, stop splashing, I'm on the phone -- Go on, Albert.

ELLIO T
Well, you don't remember me, but we were eight point three seven years old, I sat next to you in math --

LINDA
Math?

ELLIO T
I think it's short for mathematics. I'm not sure... Anyway, I sat next to you... I had straight black hair, plastered down with vasoline -- and you said, "Vash it, for crise sakes, vash it!"...

LINDA
One moment, Albert. Ernest Hemingway just walked in... What are you looking for, Ernie?... A bottle of Scotch and a rifle?... It's right over there. Across the river and into the trees... I'm sorry. You were saying, Albert -- ?

ELLIO T
Well, I vashed my hair and I grew up... And I'm doing very well, thank you... I von three Nobel prizes und I'm making sixty-five dollars a month teaching school...

LINDA
Oh, Jesus!
ELLIO T
Iss somesing wrong?

LINDA
Scotty Fitzgerald just threw up on Zelda...Pablo's cleaning it up with a brush...Oh, Pablo. It's a masterpiece. I'll buy it...Go on, Alsy!

ELLIO T
Alsy?...Vell, I was thinking about you yesterday...I was out on der lake, nuclear fishing...Und I said to myself, "Albert, you are not getting any younger. Time is passing." Und den I actually saw time passing.

LINDA
What did it look like?

ELLIO T
It looked exactly the same as when time is coming at you. Only now you see it from the back, passing. I drew a diagram of it. I'll send it to you. You can frame it...Und I decided to call you up und ask you if you'd like to go to the Physicists' Ball...It's a dance for physicists...They're gonna have Robert Oppenheimer und his band...Good food, hydrogen and tonics, you'll love it.

LINDA
When is it?

ELLIO T
Saturday night...From ten o'clock to infinity!

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paula and Elliot in bed. He is staring up at the ceiling. She is cuddled up in his arms...A quiet scene.

PAULA
...You know what I would like more than anything in the whole world? My very own living room set...The women libbers will kill me, but God, how I love being a housewife.
...What a nice feeling to hear real applause... I took the entire audience's names and addresses, we'll have them over to dinner one night.

PAULA
And we definitely have to repaint this bedroom, okay?

ELLIO T
What?

PAULA
I'm redecorating. What color do you want the bedroom?

ELLIO T (looks up)
Jewish!

MONTAGE:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture is covered with canvas. A single house PAINTER is doing the walls. Half the wall is done. Paula looks at it, shakes her head, "NO," runs inside and comes out with a shirt on a hanger, showing him the color she wants.

INT. - STAIRCASE

Two unhappy MOVING MEN are trying to negotiate the stairs with a brand new, heavy sofa.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paula, on a ladder, is putting up curtains on the left side of the window. On the right side, Lucy is sitting on Elliot's shoulders and trying to hammer a hook into the wall.

CLOSEUP OF PHOTO IN "HOUSE AND GARDENS" MAGAZINE

It is a picture of a room where Paula apparently got many of her decorating ideas. The CAMERA GOES UP ABOVE the photo and we SEE the room itself. It
Paula, with the magazine in her hand, surveys her work. Elliot comes over to her, zipping up his jacket.

**PAULA**

Something's wrong. Something didn't come out right. What's wrong with it, Elliot?

**ELLiot**

Well, for one thing, it's not on Park Avenue.

He puts his arms around her waist and tries to kiss her neck but she's more interested in the room.

**PAULA**

I really could use an arm chair over there. How many more weeks do you have to play before I can have an arm chair?

**ELLiot**

If you'll take one without arms, about a year.

(he kisses her)

Momma Bear has done the cave real nice.

(he starts away)

**PAULA**

Where are you going?

**ELLiot**

I've got to plow the north forty.

**PAULA**

What north forty?

**ELLiot**

Jeez! Put an apron on the girl and she loses her sharpness... I've got a matinee. It's Sunday.

**PAULA (disappointed)**

Oh! Korvettes is open. I thought you'd help me pick out some lamps.

**ELLiot**

Take Lucy.
LUCY (calls out from the bedroom)
Lucy has homework.

Elliot shrugs and starts for the door. Paula runs after him.

PAULA
Hey!
   (he stops. She puts her arms around him)
I'm crazy about you.

ELLiot
And I'm fond of you. I think you have some very nice qualities.
   (he opens the door)
By the way, leave Tuesday morning open.

PAULA
What are we doing Tuesday morning?

ELLiot
How do blood tests strike you?

He goes and closes the door, leaving a very stunned Paula standing in the room.

BACKSTAGE - THEATER - DAY

The show is just over. The seven or eight members of the cast are heading for their cubicles. Elliot is talking to Linda.

ELLiot (excited)
Four stars! That was a definite four-star show. That's one I'd like to bottle.

LINDA
I just want to go home and sleep till Wednesday.

Elliot enters his tiny little cubicle. It has no door. Just a little curtain that you pull to the side. He pulls his closed and starts to undress. He yells out to the rest of the company overhead.
ELLiot (yelling)
Deputy? There's no air in here.
Give the actors some AIR. We're human beings, not cattle. Let's hear it for the actors!

The other actors give Elliot a rousing CHEER. He is undressed by now and just has a towel draped around his middle.

A VOICE is HEARD from behind the curtain.

VOICE
Hello? Is anyone in that thing?

ELLiot
Who's that?

VOICE
I would knock but I don't know how to knock on a curtain.

ELLiot
Who is that?

He pulls back the curtain. A very impressive man and a ravishing young WOMAN stand there. The man is OLIVER FREY.

FREY
Hello. Oliver Frey.

ELLiot (dumbfounded)
Who?

FREY
Oliver Frey...Is that all right?

ELLiot
Oliver Frey, the director?

FREY
I believe so.

ELLiot (beaming)
No kidding?...Jesus, it's nice to meet you...Oliver Frey, whaddya know.

They shake hands, crowded in the tiny cubicle.

GIRL (foreign accent)
Pleased to meet you.
FREY
This is Gretchen. It's not possible
to pronounce her last name.

ELLiot
It's okay. How do you do.
(he extends his hand
and drops his towel)
Woops! Sorry about that.
(as he grabs it back)

GRETCHEN
Don't worry. I wasn't bored.

FREY
We thought you were wonderful.

ELLiot
Really? Is that what you thought?

FREY
I have very little reason to lie.

ELLiot
Well, it's a good group. They're
all terrific kids.

FREY
I loved them all... You're very
talented, you know.

ELLiot (embarrassed)
Oh?...Okay...Thanks.

FREY
Well, we don't want to keep you. I
just had one question I wanted to
ask. Would you be interested in a
movie?

ELLiot
You mean making one?

FREY
Well, we could go to one but I think
working is much more fun.

ELLiot
With you? Yeah. I'm interested.

FREY
I am too.
ELLiot

Certainly, I'm interested... You kidding? Sure.

**Frey**

It's not the world's largest part but I think you'll have fun. If I said you leave tonight, would that be rushing you?

**Elliot**

Tonight?

**Frey**

Why don’t we leave all that to the business people. Is there someone I can contact? An agent? A mother?

**Elliot**

Er, Toby Richards. 601 Madison.

**Frey**

A wonderful woman. I know her well.

**Elliot**

I never did a movie, you know. I just want you to know that.

**Frey**

Honesty is my favorite virtue. You'll be replacing an actor I didn't like... You were really wonderful. I look forward to it... And so, I suppose, goodbye.

**Elliot**

Er, right. Yeah, Goodbye. (he shakes his hand. To Gretchen) Nice meeting you. Sorry I exposed myself.

**Frey**

I suppose you want your door closed.

Frey pulls the curtain on his way out... Elliot sits in his chair, stunned. He looks at himself in the mirror.

**Elliot**

... That was Oliver Frey... You're going to be in his movie.
And suddenly, the HEADS of everyone in the cast APPEAR OVERHEAD on each side of his cubicle.

ALL
Terrific. Congratulations. Take me with you.

EXT. - 78TH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Paula, excited and happy, comes down the street carrying two large lamps, fairly bursting out of their wrapping. She gets to her house and starts up the stairs. Lucy is sitting on the top stair, looking quite glum.

PAULA
What are you doing out here?...You didn't lock yourself out again, did you?

Lucy looks at her. She is angry and hurt.

PAULA (Cont'd)
Lucy, what is it?

LUCY
At least we didn't get a letter this time.

A look of panic crosses over Paula's face. She rushes past Lucy into the building.

INT. - STAIRCASE

Paula rushes up the stairs, panic-stricken. She is barely able to manage the two lamps in her arms.

INT. - BEDROOM

Elliot has his duffel bag and suitcase on the bed. He is almost all packed. He looks up at her.

PAULA
Sending that stuff out to the laundry?...I hope.
ELLIO: I got a picture.

PAULA: What?

ELLIO: I got a picture, Paula...I got a movie. Her body leans against the archway, everything draining away from her inside.

PAULA: ...Ohhhh, shit!

ELLIO: What are you talking about?...It's a terrific picture. Oliver Frey is directing...I have to be in Seattle on location tomorrow morning. (no response)

Seattle, Washington.

PAULA: I know where it is...Far away.

ELLIO: Who cares? I'm not walking...They left a first class ticket at the airport...It's a four week job at two thousand a week...I mean, it's freakin' Oliver Frey!...Christ, I forgot to ask what the part was.

PAULA: That's wonderful.

ELLIO (throwing more things in bag) I'm not making any comparisons, but whoever heard of Al Pacino before "The Godfather"?

PAULA: I couldn't be happier for you.
ELLIO!
Jesus, I am so scared... Spend twenty years building up my ego and when I really need it, it locks itself in the john.

PAULA
It'll come back to you... Trust me.

ELLIO!
What's wrong? It's four weeks work. Four lousy weeks, that's a week less than five.

PAULA
I know.

ELLIO!
No, you don't know... You think you're getting dumped on again, don't you?

PAULA
You tell me you'll be back, why shouldn't I believe you?

ELLIO!
Because if I were you, I wouldn't believe an actor who was packing either.

PAULA (crosses to bed)
Need any help?
(She looks at open, empty drawers)
No, I see you took everything.

ELLIO!
They said it's freezing up there, to take all my warm clothing.
(he sees the tears welling up in her eyes)
Paula, you know I would take you if I could... But it's way up in the mountains, very rough country... They have wolves up there... Not in the picture, real hungy wolves.

PAULA
I always got along fine with wolves.

ELLIO!
I thought you would be excited. Jumping up and down... I mean, it's what I've worked for my whole life... Isn't that what a mature relationship is all about? You root for me and I root for you?
PAULA

...It's my third time as a cheer leader.

ELLIOI (controlling himself)
Okay...Okay, I get the point...Forget it. I'm not going. It's not worth it. Not if I have to put you through four weeks of hell wondering whether I'm coming back or not...If I got this picture, I can get another one...I'm not going, okay?

PAULA

Okay.

ELLIOI
The hell I'm not. That's crazy! Why should I do a dumb stupid thing because you don't trust me? I'm going. You're just gonna have to trust me...Are you gonna trust me, Paula?

PAULA

I'll plan my days around it.

ELLIOI (furious)
Dammit!!...Dammit-to-hell!!...I hate those two guys who walked out of here. I'm the only one who's coming back and I'm getting all the blame.

PAULA

No...You go, Elliot...I want you to go...If you come back, fine. I'll be right here putting up my wallpaper. And if not, that's okay too...I'll miss you but I'll survive, Elliot, because I've grown up these last two months. Look at me. I'm all grown up. It was better than spending a summer at camp. I have never felt better or stronger in my life. Somebody is actually walking out that door and I'm not crumbling into a million pieces...Oh, Jesus, it feels good...Goodbye, Elliot. Make a nice movie...Have a wonderful career and if you're ever up for an Academy Award, I swear to God I'll keep my fingers crossed for you.
ELLIO]
What is there about you that makes a man with a one forty seven I.Q. feel like a dribbling idiot.

PAULA
Whatever it is, I thank God for it.

There is a bolt of lightning, and a crack of THUNDER outside.

PAULA
...You're welcome, God.

It starts to rain. Elliot closes his bags and starts out.

ELLIO]
Interesting lesson I've just learned. Falling in love and becoming successful may very well be the worst thing that can happen to a man.

He starts out. As he hits the archway, we hear another clap of THUNDER. He stops.

ELLIO]
If my plane crashes in that storm, I'm coming back to haunt you...I'll be dragging chains all over this goddamn apartment until you're ninety.

(he turns, Lucy is there)
So long, kid! See you, kid!
(he and he is gone)

INT. - PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear THUNDER outside...RAIN POUNDING against the windows. Paula, in her robe, is sitting and stirring a cup of tea rather aimlessly. Lucy appears.

LUCY
I can't sleep.

PAULA (glumly)
Give it five minutes. You just got in bed.

LUCY
I can predict the future.

PAULA
Yeah?...How about predicting mine.

The phone RINGS.
LUCY
I predict a phone ringing in your life.

Paula lets it RING again, then picks it up.

PAULA
Hello?

THE PHONE BOOTH ON THE CORNER - NIGHT

It is the same one Elliot originally called from. He is very wet. A cab is waiting on the curb.

ELLiot
Get dressed.

PAULA
What?

(THE PHONE SEQUENCES SHOULD BE INTERCUT AS DESIRED)

ELLiot
Get dressed, you're coming with me.

PAULA
Where are you?

ELLiot
On the corner, in my old leaky phone booth...The plane has engine trouble. We're delayed two hours. I cashed in first class for two economy's.

PAULA
What about Lucy?

LUCY
Don't worry about Lucy.

ELLiot
Call Donna...She can stay with her till we get back...Come on, the cab is ticking away your new bedroom set.

PAULA
I thought you said I couldn't come with you.
ELLiot
I'll tell them you're my analyst.
Actors are known to be very high
strung.

Paula
And you really want me to come?

Elliot
Jesus God, you sure love a love scene,
don't you? Yes. YES! I want you
to come!

Paula (teary)
...Then it's okay. I don't have
to...Just as long as you asked.

Elliot
Paula, don't play games with me. My
socks are under water.

Paula
You'll have enough to do there with­
out worrying about me...Besides, I
have work to do...I'm gonna spend
all your money on our apartment...
But I'm nuts for you.

Elliot
Jesus, I hope I'm calling the right
number...Paula, do me a favor.

Paula
Anything, my angel.

Elliot
Will you have my guitar re-strung.
I haven't been sleeping too good
lately...Call you tomorrow.

He hangs up and then rushes through the rain into
the cab.

The Kitchen/Bedroom
She hands up the phone and rushes to the bedroom
searching for the guitar. She finds it.

Lucy
He left his guitar...He is coming
back.
PAULA (very cocky as she runs to the window)
I never doubted it for a minute.

EXT. - BEDROOM WINDOW
Paula, with the rain beating against her face, waves the guitar out the window.

EXT. - STREET
The cab is pulling away. Elliot rolls down the window and waves back.

EXT. - WINDOW
Paula waving guitar.

PAULA (calling out)
I have it! I have it, sweetheart. 
...Have a safe trip. I love you.

EXT. - STREET
Elliot waving her back.

ELLIOIT (screaming)
Never mind that...You're rusting my guitar!

The cab speeds off into the night, the rain beating down on Elliot.