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# Isn't She Great

By Paul Rudnick

# I don't know where I'm going  
but I'm on my way  
# As I go through life  
# Somewhere in the world  
there's a place for me  
# Somewhere I will find me a new life  
# I don't know where I'm going  
# but that's still OK  
# My dream is out there  
# Never gonna stop  
till that dream is mine  
# Gonna see what life's  
all about then  
# Gotta get away to go in search  
for something that  
# makes all the good times  
# Let the good times come  
and turn my life around  
# I just gotta go and find a future  
# and leave the past behind me  
# Somewhere fame and fortune's  
waiting to be found  
# And I'm on my way-y-y  
# Yes, I'm on my way-y-y  
# Somewhere I will find me  
a new life-e-e  
# Somewhere in the world  
there's a place for me  
# Gotta get away to go in search  
for something  
# that makes all the good times  
# Let the good times come  
and turn my life around  
# I just gotta go and find the future  
# and leave the past behind me  
# Somewhere fame and fortune's  
waiting to be found  
# Oh, yeah  
# And I'm on my way-y-y #

**MAN:**

Susann the first time I saw her.  
'She was starring on Broadway.'

**BELL RINGS:**

Allo? No, madame eez not 'ere.  
Oh, wait. I 'ear her coming. Madame?

**GUN FIRES:**

**SHE SCREAMS:**

'OK, maybe not "starring".  
'Then came radio. Jungle Heat  
with Florence Maybelle.'  
Ellen I think we're really lost.  
The native guides, and  
Uboo, have disappeared.  
ELEPHANTS TRUMPE Hey? What?  
We're lost in the jungle.  
The heat is unbearable!  
'And acclaimed  
personal appearances.'  
We swirl, coat and snack.  
It's the Swiss sensation.  
Oh, shit!  
'She had it all.  
'She just needed one little thing  
to make it work.  
'One final touch.  
'The one thing every person needs  
to make life complete.'  
Miss Susann?  
'A press agent. Me.'  
Miss Susann?  
What?  
Irving Mansfield.  
And?  
We met through Maury Manning.  
That son of a bitch! That worm!  
We gotta talk.  
Really?  
About the divorce?  
Did you call a lawyer?  
It's not gonna happen. No can do.  
What do you mean, no can do?  
You promised! You swore!  
Look, I'm sorry, cookie.  
But, we're over. I got a show.

How can you do this to me? What did I do wrong? I laugh at everything you say. Oh, no, listen. Aw, hey, bright eyes, who's gonna stay my number one fan, though, huh?

**HE LAUGHS:**

Maury! Maury!

Maury.

Oh, Maury.

Well, I WAS his publicist.

Call the papers. Tell everybody.

He's a lowlife.

He left me for his wife.

We should talk.

Not here.

Someplace nice, someplace snazzy.

Don't be stupid.

I don't even know you.

My treat.

Let's go.

Wow, Lindy's. I'm really impressed.

Do you come here all the time?

Are you kidding? Only every day.

All the big stars eat here.

Look at them all.

Look at all the pictures. Jack Benny.

There's Henry Youngman. Milton Berle!

Berle's the best. He's the greatest.

When he puts on

a dress and a wig?

And the lipstick and the lashes.

I love it.

This bread's fabulous.

Don't fill up on it.

Save your appetite.

What about Burns and Allen?

Aren't they a scream?

Hysterical.

Irving, you're smart. You have taste.

Thank you.

So, Jackie, let's talk about you.

It's about time.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

I've gotta tell you, I've seen  
all your work. Really? Oh, sure.  
Death Takes A Powder.  
I was the whole plot.  
I was crazy about you  
on that radio thing.  
What a performance.  
When that gorilla attacked you.  
Yeah, I played both parts.  
That's versatility.  
I was so angry when you were killed  
by that tribe of cannibals.  
Wasn't it terrifying? They started  
at my ankles. Where have you been?  
What have you been up to?  
You first.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

I have a group of select clients,  
primarily blue chip performers.  
Do you know Perry Como?  
Only every song! Every album!  
I handle his brother...  
Oh. ..in-law, ex.  
A juggler. You know Danny Kaye?  
Danny Kaye?!  
Isn't he great? And you?  
Me? Uh-huh.  
Oh. Well, I'm...looking at several  
major offers in different areas,  
and, er, people have approached me.  
I'm in negotiations. You understand.  
Of course. You're in demand.  
I wouldn't wanna rush into anything.  
Savvy. Very wise.  
Except maybe this.  
Jackie? How deep is this?  
How long will it take?  
If I start choking and screaming,  
don't listen! Miss Susann!  
Just let me die! Just let me drown!  
Get out of there.  
You could catch something.

Germs, bacteria!  
Tell the papers it was an accident!  
Tell them I was about to make it big!  
Here's your headline,  
"A Star Sinks!"  
That's good.  
They won't print it!  
There won't be a picture! Even if  
I die! 'Cause I'm nothing! I'm nobody!  
That's not true. If you  
drown in the duck pond,  
you'd get a big picture.  
People would love it.  
I haven't worked for over a year!  
I haven't eaten in a week!  
I can't get an agent!  
I can't get an audition!  
Hang on! They won't even let me  
demonstrate margarine in a shop!  
They say I'm too intense!  
'Cause they're all morons.  
You're not! You're gorgeous!  
You're perfect for margarine.  
But I'm not blonde! I'm not some  
tiny little thing with blue eyes!  
I'm not what they want  
or what anybody wants!  
That's not true! My whole life has been  
the same story, over and over. I'm coming!

**SHE SOBS:**

Maury didn't want me.  
I want you!  
You do?  
You want me? When Maury dumped you,  
it tore me apart,  
but I was glad, secretly.  
That's why I left him. I quit!  
You quit over me?  
And because he fired me.  
But that was his reason.  
To me, it was all about you,  
completely, from top to bottom.  
Jackie, I want you.

Oh, Irving.  
As a woman...  
Oh, my God.  
..and a client.  
Irving, don't say that  
if you don't mean it.  
But, I do. I do with all my heart.  
I'll, I'll give you my card.  
Er, a dry one.  
All I want  
is just what everybody wants.  
One little thing.  
One tiny little dream.  
What's that?  
To be famous.  
World famous. To make some noise.  
To let everybody know I was here. To  
live forever. Is that so much to ask?  
Not at all. It's America.  
I'll help you.  
I guarantee. I swear it.  
I will use all my connections.  
I will beg,  
I will bribe, I will make calls.  
Calls?! When? Who to?  
Who do you know?  
The Tribune, Winchell, the Post.  
I can get you in tomorrow's papers.  
Jackie Susann has dinner at Lindy's.  
Thought the bread was boffo.  
You, you can do that?  
I want...  
I want to make you so famous.  
Oh!  
Irving.

**ANNOUNCER:**

'Here's your host, Brad Bradburn!'  
Thank you! Thank you!  
Welcome to the game Tri-State  
can't stop playing, What's My Job?  
Brought to you by Ever-grip.  
The denture adhesive  
that just won't let go.

Thanks, Tammy. Let's meet our panel.  
First, we have everybody's favourite City  
University civics whiz Professor Brainiac.

**APPLAUSE:**

Beside him is the lovely star of  
It Came From Beneath the World,  
Miss Bambi Madison!

**SHE SCREAMS:**

Hi, everybody!  
Finally, welcome noted Broadway  
actress, radio and show biz personality,  
Miss Jacqueline Susan!

**APPLAUSE:**

It's Suse-ann.  
Suzanne Susann, yes. Now,  
let's bring out our first guest.  
Enter and sign in, please.  
All right, Leslie, why don't you  
take a seat over here?  
Panel, the clock is ticking.  
Audience?

**ALL:**

What's my job?  
Professor?  
Do you provide a valuable service?  
Yes, I do.  
Bambi?  
I'm appearing in It Came From  
Beneath the World, where I play  
a beautiful archaeologist.  
Are you a beautiful archaeologist?  
No.  
Suzanne?  
In your job, do you wear a uniform?  
Yes, I do.  
Good question.  
In It Came From Beneath the World, so do I!  
Are you an actress? No. BUZZER SOUNDS  
She's not an actress!  
Are you?



Excuse me?  
Isn't she great?  
Do you work for the government? No.

**BUZZER SOUNDS:**

In my next movie, Creature From  
Beyond, I play a beautiful teacher.  
What do you teach?  
Students.  
Are you a teacher? No.

**BUZZER SOUNDS:**

Are you a brunette?  
You know, I'm a big movie star,  
and I've never even heard of you.  
Have you ever heard of her?  
Time's running out. Do you do  
repair work? No. BUZZER SOUNDS  
Are you an astronaut? No.  
Are you an idiot? Brad!  
Whoa! Time's up. I'm sorry. Leslie.  
I'm an optometrist.  
Oh, ho, me too.  
I always look on the bright side.  
How could you find the bright side?  
And now a word from Ever-grip.  
The denture adhesive that won't let go.  
Congratulations, Leslie.  
You go home with 25!  
I hope you enjoyed playing  
What's My Job!  
They canned me?  
How could they can me  
after only one show?  
They didn't can you. They requested you  
not to come back, ever. They loved you.  
If they loved me, why can't I  
come back? They loved you too much.  
You're too special.  
Should I be less special? Oh, God!  
What do they want? They want you.  
They just don't know it yet.  
When will they know? When are they  
gonna get with it? I'm almost 30.

Right(!)  
Fuck you! But you look great.  
Like a teenager.  
A sophisticated teenager.  
Oh, but Irving, I got fired. Again.  
And now I'm going home  
to my studio apartment,  
to brown walls and a Murphy bed.  
So, leave. Don't go in there.  
Where should I go?  
To my place.  
No. To our place.  
Wait.  
Cashmere and wool, 60/40, imported.  
What are you doing?  
I don't believe this.  
Marry me.  
Oh!  
Marriage?  
Oh, Irving,  
that's a...that's a big decision.  
The biggest. The clincher.  
Well, before I...  
Before I say yes, before I sign on,  
there's somebody I want to talk to.  
Who?  
See, I don't trust psychiatrists.  
They nap. I had this great psychic.  
She did my chart. She got deported.  
Now how come  
she didn't see that coming? Right.  
So now whenever I need to talk  
I come here.  
To him.  
Him?  
Him, him.  
Oh, Him. Right. Gotcha.  
Go ahead, say something.  
How are ya?  
Kudos on the weather,  
the whole week, gorgeous.  
It's me, Jackie. Did you see  
What's My Job this morning?  
Was that the best you could do?

OK, I'm sorry. I know.  
People are starving and dying.  
You have other things on your mind.  
But, listen!  
This man, this person, this...  
this publicist wants to marry me.  
Irv Mansfield.  
He's a good man. He's a kind man.  
Very well dressed.  
In fact, I don't, I don't even know  
if I'm worthy of such a man.  
Oh, Jackie.  
Sit tight. What?  
Could I?  
Be my guest.  
This...this angel,  
this Jackie,  
this stunning,  
multi-gifted woman.  
You do wonderful work.  
Some people don't understand her.  
They don't get it. But they will.  
I'll make them.  
I'll force them because...  
I love her so much.  
And I think I can get her  
a TV commercial.  
God wants to know what kind of  
a TV commercial. Network, national.  
God says yes!  
Isn't she great?  
'Then came the happiest day  
of my life.  
'We rushed down to City Hall,  
and I kept my word.'  
This way, boys!  
Oh! Hello, boys!  
'We had full press coverage.  
All seven dailies.'  
Back, please. Do your stuff, honey.  
And I got her that commercial.  
Why, hello. I'm Jacqueline Susann, and  
when I'm not appearing on stage or screen,  
you'll find me right here surrounded

by everything I love best,  
home, family and Schiffli embroidery.  
Look at Josephine. Oh, my God!  
She looks fabulous.  
A star is born.  
For special occasions.  
And everyday...  
Ohhh! Choreography!  
..with Schiffli.

**DOG BARKS:**

**BOTH:**

Honey, bravo! You were incredible.  
You made me wanna sew.

**TV:**

of nuclear war are only 30%.'  
Irving, we have to talk.  
And now you're in every home in  
America, like Corn Flakes! Like beer!  
And it's just the beginning.  
Settle down.  
What? I got something to tell ya.  
Big news.  
Bigger than Schiffli?  
The biggest.  
Ready?  
Ready.  
Everybody! Your attention, please.  
A major headline, a breaking story.  
Miss Jacqueline Susann, star of stage,  
screen, and Schiffli embroidery,  
has something to tell you.  
An exclusive.  
Well,  
in just about seven months,  
Irving and I are having...  
a blessed event.  
A brand-new, human life!  
More me!  
Oh, ho! Thanks!  
'And then, our precious son  
was born.

'He was special...but different.  
'We did the best we could.  
But, finally,  
'we had to make  
a terrible decision.'  
You'll find that it's a fine institution.  
The child will receive excellent care.  
Guy. His name is Guy. He has a name.  
Guy. Yes.  
We specialise in long-term care  
for the retarded. He's not retarded!  
That's not the right word.  
That's not Guy.  
No, of course not.  
As I was going to say,  
Pembroke also specialises  
in cases of severe autism.  
Now this is  
the only practical solution.  
And we could come up there  
to see him, whenever we want?  
Absolutely. Every week.  
I'm sorry.

**DOORBELL RINGS:**

**DOG BARKS:**

All right, what's going on?  
Why hasn't she returned my calls?  
Flo, I'm sorry.  
It's been months. Where is she?  
She's not ready.  
She's not ready?  
She's not ready for compassion?  
For sensitivity?  
She's not ready for the best  
friend she's ever had? Soon.  
Now.  
I am making a personal appearance.  
Flo, don't!  
Jacqueline.  
Go away.  
Get out. It's me. It's Florence  
Maybelle. It's Flo. I recognise you.

I heard about Guy.  
What did you hear? Guy's fine.  
He's recuperating outta town.  
He has asthma. Jackie?  
I've got the papers.  
Variety. Backstage.  
Who cares?  
Jackie!  
Flo, can I get you something?  
Coffee? Gin?  
Later. Listen to me, both of you.  
I, too, have a child.  
A child I never see.  
Why not?  
I don't want to. Oh, sweetheart,  
you can't spend the rest of  
your life in bed. Why not?  
What should I get up for, except  
my son? But you see Guy once a week.  
You've gotta think  
about your career.  
Career. What career? It'll  
never happen for me.  
Sweetheart, things are gonna turn  
around any day now, any second.  
It's just the business peaks  
and valleys.  
A year ago, Sinatra was garbage, over.  
Today, he's Vegas. He's headlining.  
It can happen to you. Talent isn't  
everything. When's it gonna happen?  
When's the world gonna open its arms  
and say "Jackie Susann, we love ya"?  
Jackie, I love you.  
And I love you.  
I know, and I appreciate it. I do.  
But you're just two people.  
That's just a start.  
I need more. I do.  
I need...mass love.  
Mass love?  
# Mass love  
# Mass love... #  
Oh, hi.

Afternoon, Mr Mansfield.  
Oh, afternoon, Danny.  
Come on, come on, Josie.  
Eat a little something. For me.  
Keep up your strength.  
No. Not till I'm famous.  
I'm going on a hunger strike, like  
whatshisname? Gandhi. He got famous!  
And thin. HE PANTS A book!  
Huh? A book!  
Oh, come on, Irving.  
Reading never solved anything.  
She's not gonna read a book.  
What are you talking about?  
You're gonna write one.  
Ah, Irving, stop. You're crazy.  
A book. I can't write a book.  
You can. You can do anything.  
You wrote a play.  
It was a bomb.  
You wrote articles  
about Josephine.  
People loved them. They went wild.  
She's a dog!  
You write beautiful  
letters to Guy.  
They read them to him like that one  
where you described your mink coat.  
I was inspired.  
Writers get famous, world famous.  
They get legendary.  
You know, he's got a point there.  
You think about Hemingway and, er,  
Dickens, and... I'm sure there are others.  
But, Flo, a book, a whole book.  
What the hell am I gonna write about?  
Mmm! I got it. What?  
You write about me.  
No, you write about  
this beautiful actress  
and all the handsome young  
men who desire her.  
Science fiction?  
Ooh.

Do you remember the movie  
I Remember Mama? Irene Dunne.  
Right. She played a Swedish woman who  
had a daughter who wanted to be a writer.  
Can you believe she got a nomination  
for that? It was a slow year. Flo!  
The little girl was in the kitchen  
with her wonderful, Swedish mother.  
And the mother said,  
"Write about what you know."  
So she wrote about her Swedish  
mother. It was a blockbuster.  
But I don't have  
a wonderful Swedish mother!  
And all I know about  
is show business.  
All I know about are people  
fucking their way into movies,  
popping pills and winding  
up in the gutter.  
All I know about are ageing stars,  
hopeful whores and cheap studs.  
All I know about are tits, ass,  
and the truth.  
And nobody writes books about that.  
Why not?  
Jackie?  
Yeah?  
You wouldn't use real names,  
would you?  
"He held her gently  
and stroked her hair."  
"Oh, Lyon, it happened."  
"I was beginning to worry about  
myself. Not at all."  
"It's very rare for a girl  
to actually feel anything,  
or reach a climax,  
in the beginning."

**JOSIE BARKS:**

"She stroked the beaver coat  
one night with Robbie.  
"That's what a great body was for,



to get things you wanted.

"She wondered what it would be like,  
really to care,

"to love someone like Lyon Burke.

"Then she opened the bottle of pills.

"She took two of them.

"One worked, but two..."

Sally, she's taking to this writing  
thing like a duck to water.

She calls me her literary advisor,  
her muse. Irving! I don't know.

Yeah?

Can I write about having orgasms?

Yes.

You've never heard such typing.

She's a regular Shakespeare.

Irving?

Yes?

What about orgasms

in swimming pools? Even better.

Did you hear? Even Shakespeare did  
not think of that, on his best day.

"The soft numbness began to slither  
through her body..." KNOCK ON DOOR

Sweetheart. Chapter twelve,  
Jennifer's wedding night.

She's marrying Tony Polar,  
the handsome nightclub singer.

He wants her to perform an  
unspeakable sexual act? I'm lost.

Up the butt!

Ah. Gotcha.

"An angry concrete animal  
caught unawares in a hot spell.

"September had been a good month.

October brought Lyon Burke.

"He crawled on his knees after her.

She backed away again.

" 'Tony, all of this is not yours.'

" 'It's mine.' He came after her.

She eluded him again.

"She stroked her thighs, her  
fingers touching between her legs.

" 'That's mine, too,'

she said softly.

" 'Who are you protecting?

A whore who contaminated my pool?

" 'You mean nothing to him.

He likes boys for his diversion.

" 'I can't believe it, every time

I touch them, I can't believe it.'

"His mouth, it was greedy.

She held his head gently.

" 'I never want to move,'

he mumbled." The end.

**SHE SIGHS:**

And so,

is it good? Is it great?

It's gotta be great. Is it

the greatest thing you've ever read?

Honey, it's incredible.

It's like...

..Madame Bovary.

Name a real book!

It's like Gone With The Wind.

Like the movie? You mean, it's like

a book that could win an Oscar?

Only filthier!

Irving!

Oh!

**DOG BARKS:**

Mr Hunter says to tell

you that your manuscript

is not what we're

looking for right now.

What?! So, sweetheart, tell me,

what are they looking for?

Quality.

Mm-hmm.

Please understand,

this isn't any fun for me.

But the fact is, there really isn't a place

for this sort of thing here at Putnam.

Why not? I want a reason.

We publish primarily classic

literary fiction

in the tradition of William  
Faulkner and Herman Melville.  
They're dead! They've stopped.  
You've gotta be kidding.  
This is a gold mine.  
There might be some interest  
at another house. Like which one?  
Yours. You fucking little  
snot-nosed Ivy-League putz!  
You're talking to a lady.  
Oh!  
Sweetheart, are you all right?  
I'm f-f-fine. I'm just upset.

**TV:**

James Brown on this show.  
'So, let's have a fine welcome  
to a very fine talent.' APPLAUSE

**MUSIC PLAYS:**

**TV:**

Irving. Irving. Come in.  
You gotta see this guy.  
# He ain't too hip  
# About that new breed babe  
# He ain't no drag  
# Papa's got a brand new bag. #  
This guy's great!  
# Wow! I feel good!  
# I knew that I would now  
# I feel good... #  
Irving!  
# So good!  
# So good! I got you!  
# When I hold you in my arms... #  
This guy's gonna go far.  
I'm telling you.  
# When I hold you in my arms  
# My love can't do me no harm... #  
I need to talk to you.  
Ah!  
Is it that guy from Viking? The shithead  
with the tweed vest and the bad teeth?

Like that proves he can read.  
No, no. It wasn't about the book.  
It was... Well...  
Is it about Guy? Oh, my God.  
What's wrong?  
No, he's fine. Tops.  
Is it the doctor? My doctor?  
About the tests?  
What...? What'd he say?  
Baby, do you remember Greta Garbo  
in Camilie? Yeah.  
She was so beautiful, even with all  
the coughing. What are you on about?  
Or Bette Davis in Dark Victory?  
It was one of your favourites.  
Irving, what did the doctor say?  
Do the warm-up.  
Sit, sweetheart.  
Sit for mommy!  
You've got a lady waiting. She's got  
something to say, a bone to pick.  
Come on.  
I give you Miss Jacqueline Susann.  
Fuck you!  
Jackie! Don't interrupt me.  
All I ever wanted was to be somebody.  
And I was on my way.  
Vaudeville, Schiffli, radio.  
Then I have a baby, a gorgeous baby  
who screams every time I touch him.  
But that's OK. He's my baby.  
I love him.  
I want to make him proud, proud of  
his famous mother. So I write a book.  
A wonderful book. A fabulous book,  
a bestseller, which nobody fucking wants!  
But I'm working on it. I'm out there.  
I'm gonna show 'em all.  
And then, whoops, ding-dong.  
"Who's there? Why, it's cancer."  
I get fucking goddamn breast cancer!  
Excuse us, we're in a meeting.  
Sorry.  
Were you bored?

Were you having a bad day? Did you just say, "Hey, Jackie Susann, "simply hasn't had enough shit lately?" I have to agree. You owe me! Big time! So, cut the crap! No more bullshit. Here's the deal, I keep going. But you start helping! I can't do everything myself! Come on! Get on the phone! Now! Make...me...famous! Morning, Stacey. Hi. Morning. What do you got for me, anything? Oh, just these here. No, no, and no. Morning. Hey, Lou. Hey, kids. Where's the fire? Ha. I love saying that. Henry, I forbid you to acquire this book. This is trash. This is... illiterate garbage. Don't be so prissy. It's unreadable! Valley of the Dolls sounds like a children's book. No, no, no. Henry, dolls are pills. Uppers, downers. A very cool children's book. It's salacious perverted soft-core porn. Can we put that on the cover? I think it's exciting, and not just 'cause it upsets Michael, although that's a very good sign. Excuse me? Henry, I am telling you, this book is on to something. Something something totally new.

I dig new.  
The author can't write! That's new.  
That's fresh. Nobody's done that.  
That's appalling.  
Debbie, can you defend this sewage  
as literature? Of course not.  
But I couldn't put it down.  
The woman who wrote this knows  
what she's talking about.  
It was like...overhearing  
a conversation in the ladies' room.  
It's like gossip, chocolate  
covered cherries, it's...it's sexy.  
It's bad for you but  
you can't stop.  
It's chocolate covered crap!  
I can come back.  
Oh, wait! Mrs Ramirez. Darling.  
Would you read a book about  
the disgusting, desperate lives  
of drug-addicted  
sex crazed movie stars?  
Henry, she's the cleaning lady.  
She knows trash.  
You mean, that thing on your desk,  
the Valley of the Pigs?  
Dolls.  
I read it last night  
while I was vacuuming. Those women,  
in that book, they are animals!  
All they do is jump after men  
and take those drugs  
and go straight to hell!  
If they were my daughters, I would  
kill them myself, with my bare hands.  
Thank you. So, you hated it.  
It is the finest book  
I have ever read.  
I'm buying it.  
Jackie, wait. I've got big news!  
For Christ's sake.  
She's going to surgery. One minute.  
I got something important to say.  
Save it, till I'm out of here.

Till I'm wearing something decent.  
I'll get one of those bathing suits.  
They have a bikini. You should see  
me in a bikini. You'd lose control.  
Honey, you've gotta listen to me.  
We're in. They bit. Who bit what?  
Henry Marcus. The book.  
Oh, God, Irving, stop joking.  
They've got an editor.  
They want you to meet with him.  
Hold it. An editor?  
As soon as you're feeling better.  
Did you tell them?  
I told them we'd be out of  
the country for awhile. I told them  
you look great in a bikini.  
Oh.  
You did?  
Jackie, they said yes.  
Someone said yes.  
Susann?  
9A.  
Thank you.

**JOSIE BARKS:**

Who the hell's that?  
Irving, get the door.  
Coming!  
Yes? I'm Michael Hastings,  
the editor from Henry Marcus.  
I've an appointment with Jackie.  
Mike!  
Jackie, it's Mike! Come on in.  
Take a load off.  
Well, welcome to the family!  
I was ordering breakfast. What can  
I get you? Breakfast? It's 11am.  
Early riser? I'm supposed to  
get editing this manuscript.  
Oh, like a rooster. Nature boy.  
I'm back. Yeah.  
We'll need another breakfast  
platter, celery tonic, some lox.  
Oh, you need lox. Protein. LOX?!

**JOSIE BARKS:**

That's Josie. Josie, be nice. She'll help us with the editing. She's a smart dog. What the hell's wrong with you? It's dawn, for crying out loud. Miss Susann. I'm Michael Hastings, your editor. We have a lot of work to do. I have a great many comprehensive notes. "Notes"? What do you mean, "notes"? For changes, for your book. Changes? Like spelling?

**IRVING LAUGHS:**

Your manuscript at present is nigh onto incoherent. And that's bad? Yes.

**IRVING LAUGHS:**

Well, Mr Picky. Buster, you just hold on. Where's she going? Isn't she great? She's so excited. DOORBELL RINGS She's never been edited before. Flo, you're back. They fired me. They fired you? From goddamn Ozzie and Harriet. Who are you? FBI? Flo, Michael. Michael, Flo. Flo?! Jackie! So, you wanted changes? How's this for editing? They fired me. They fired ya? From Ozzie and Harriet. America's favourite wholesome TV family. They're cocksuckers. All of 'em.

**MICHAEL GASPS:**

Ozzie? Shh.



This outfit's wrong. Too subtle.

Hi.

I was playing

Harriet's beloved Aunt Hilda.

A sweet simple midwestern farm  
woman come to visit. Mr Mansfield?

Can you break a twenty? Huh?

Nah.

God, I would have been marvellous.

I entered and said, "Harriet, darling,  
I'm here. I have brought farm fresh eggs."

**DOORBELL RINGS:**

I'll get it.

Hey, Irv.

Sheila!

What did you want today? French manicure?

What about the toes? What about the toes?

Tell her to start with Josie.

Josie, come on, manicure!

They want it a different way.

I have no ego, you know.

Let's take a look at you.

We have to begin.

She's very high strung.

We have to begin.

Ozzie, he's staring at me.

He said, "Could you be  
a little more wholesome?

"You're a simple farm woman,  
bringing fresh eggs."

I said, "What do you want me to do?

Lay them?! SHE LAUGHS

So, do I look like an author?

Miss Susann, it really doesn't  
matter what you wear.

See, he's editing me.

This is unacceptable. I know. Hang  
in there. Lox is on the way. Lox?!

And then, these two adorable  
teenagers come in.

David and Ricky.

Their little crew cuts  
and their dungarees.

David wanted me.  
I could tell. Ooh!  
He was huge!  
What?!  
Match me? DOORBELL RINGS  
Coming. Oh, boy.  
Irv, breakfast time!  
Claude, how are ya?  
You got cold cuts, bagels, coffee,  
lox, celery tonic and bran muffins.  
You gotta have bran. Cleans you out.  
And then Ozzie, he comes back in  
and suddenly they're all lined up, all  
staring at me, the entire Nelson family,  
in their cardigans, and their Rosie  
cheeks and gleaming white teeth.  
And I just gazed at them.  
And I said,  
"I am your wholesome Aunt Hilda and  
I have brought farm fresh eggs.  
"Heil Hitler!"  
They fired you?  
Mmm. Well?  
Better?  
Wow.  
Bestselling?  
Ah, that's the one. That's the one.  
Mr Mansfield?  
We have a deadline.  
We need to work in an  
atmosphere of absolute quiet.  
I couldn't agree more.  
And I know just the spot.  
If I could walk that way, I wouldn't  
need the talcum powder. Herbie!  
You got hungry? Yeah.  
Lover boy! Sweetheart.  
Who's this?  
My editor. I take him everywhere.  
Two adults. And one gentile.

**ALL LAUGH:**

Jackie!  
Irving, you son of a gun!

Jackie! Sylvia!  
You look gorgeous! You're different!  
Hey, vice squad!  
Great sports jacket.  
It's a Fabiani, hand stitched,  
hand rolled, virgin alpaca.  
And it's gonna stay that way.  
I'm starving! I could eat a horse.  
You probably will.  
So, what specials?  
It's all special, sweetheart.  
Thank you.  
Miss Susann, Mr Mansfield.  
Jackie. And Irving.  
This is not exactly the kind of  
working atmosphere I had in mind.  
Look at him. Look at you.  
What? Just tell me. What do you  
call that thing you're wearing?  
It's a navy blue suit.  
It's from Brooks Brothers.  
Brooks Brothers.  
It's an American classic.  
It's a shroud. I can't look.  
It's hurting my creative juices.  
I'm having a blockage.  
Irving, quick. Give him your jacket.  
What?  
What?! People are staring.  
They're saying, "What are Irving  
and Jackie doing with this stiff."  
They think it's a tax audit.  
Give him your jacket.  
Jackie.  
Please!  
I'm absolutely not going to wear  
Irving's jacket.  
Thank God!  
Now I can breathe again. I'm open.  
Darling, if you're happy, I'm happy.  
Brisket for the beautiful lady.  
Veal for the gent.  
Thanks, Max.  
And one American cheese sandwich.

Thank you. Do you have  
any mayonnaise? Mayonnaise?  
Hellman's.  
Ah, ah, ah, ah!  
Don't get anything on it.  
No gestures.  
Cheese sandwich. Where were  
you raised? In a fucking igloo?  
Miss Susann, Mr Mansfield?  
It's Jackie. And Irving.  
Your manuscript requires  
an overwhelming amount of work.  
I agree. Like worldwide advertising.  
We've got lots of ideas, a campaign.  
The dust jacket's  
gonna be my picture.  
I can do this look. Or this.  
How about this?  
Do the other one.  
That's my girl.  
What about the first printing?  
I say one million, easy.  
I love radio. But TV,  
that's where they'll eat me up.  
We want all the morning shows  
and Carson. How about a limo?  
We could use our own car.  
Do you pay for gas, tolls? HE GASPS  
Excuse me! Pardon me!  
You're a first-time novelist!  
With a book which remains  
virtually unreadable!  
I have been assigned to edit  
this miasma!  
When I arrive I'm treated to a  
variety night circus with a dog act,  
and then this  
delicatessen smooze fest!  
If this book is to be published  
at all, we need a place to work.  
Am I understood?  
"Miasma"?  
Florida?  
This is some schlep.

Where are you taking us, Iowa?

It's Connecticut.

Connecticut?

This is Connecticut?

Nice, if you're a cow.

So, who lives here?

Thomas Jefferson?

My family. They got slaves?

**BOTH LAUGH:**

Ooh, who's that?

That is my mother.

She gave birth?

Mother.

Hello, dear.

Thank you so much for

letting us use the house.

I promise you, you won't even

know we're here. Of course.

Mother, this is Irving Mansfield.

Some spread. You did good.

Do you rent?

And this is Jacqueline Susann.

Pleased to meet you. Hello.

What's your name, darling?

My given name is Alicia Carlisle

Pewter. But everyone calls me Lissy.

No, come on.

Come on, really.

Really.

And this is our guest room.

I do hope you'll be comfortable.

Oh, it's, it's nice.

It's very...clean.

I love the proportions, the light.

You could do a lot with this room.

We have.

Josie.

Good luck. Keep it dirty.

Bye, sweetheart. Pee for mommy.

Jackie!

I was talking to Irving.

It's a joke.

Of course. Well. All right.

Finally, we can begin our task.

Let's get going.

Let's start

with the first paragraph.

First paragraph?

Second sentence.

This phrase, "New York was steaming,  
an angry, concrete animal."

Don't you love that?

No, it doesn't make any sense.

What is an angry concrete animal?

New York.

New York's a city.

Not in the summer.

I remember when I first came to town,

I was just a kid, but oh, my God,

it hit me the noise, buildings, the  
crowds. I'll set the scene for ya.

There's a garbage strike. So,

it stinks. There's a subway strike.

You can't get to work. Construction

everywhere. Jackhammers... Brrrrr!

Chippendale! ..are driving people  
to the brink of madness.

It's so hot, the sidewalks are  
buckling, rising up like Godzilla.

So the town's sweaty  
and ferocious.

It's like "Watch out! Let me through!

Out of my way, you moron!

"Move it! Out of my way, I'm an  
angry, concrete animal!" Get it?

But it's an absurd phrase.

It's poetry.

It's terrible writing.

That's what poetry is.

Jackie. Next.

All right, this section,  
where Neely O'Hara's a big star.

She comes home to find her

husband... Ted Casablanca. Yeah.

And he's in her Beverly Hills pool,  
with another younger starlet.

In her pool that she paid for.

Yeah.

Ted says he had to look elsewhere  
for sex 'cause Neely's always so tired.  
Because she's working on a picture!  
So she's always doped up.

That's real life.

Here's my problem.

She says, "You're nuts.

I catch you red-handed  
and you stand there with your  
dingle blowing in the breeze  
with a naked broad  
and you sermonise with me."

Isn't that great?

Can you picture it? It's so coarse!

"Dingle blowing in the breeze"?

Neely's an ex-chorus girl.

That's how she talks.

But...dingle?

Yeah.

Dingle, dingle, dingle.

Stop that. Dingle.

Haven't you got one?

No, I don't have a dingle.

What do they call it around here,  
a butter churn?

Next.

Let's discuss Jennifer.

She's 17. She's blonde.

She's stunning. You love her?

It's all about the tits. Yes.

After boarding school she runs off  
with Maria the Spanish heiress.

Right, the dyke. Ooh, radishes?

And they do nothing but have  
wild lesbian sex. They're young.

You can't say that.

Why not? Mimsy.

Mimsy? Is that a code?

Jackie, this is my grandmother,  
Mimsy. And my Great Aunt Abigail.

Are you the author?

Yes, hello.

We're in the middle of editing.

One sec. Let me ask you something.  
When you were in high school, did some of  
the girls get crushes on the other girls?  
Let me see. At Miss Porter's?  
Of course they didn't!  
You can't put it in a book.  
I remember, Emily Winthrop.  
Oh, yes.  
Oh, Emily Winthrop.  
She was a year behind me.  
She was lovely.  
Tall, high breasted,  
what a collar bone.  
And you liked her.  
Mmm, very much.  
You can tell me everything.  
Oh, no! We're gonna be late!  
Bye, kids. And what do we tell  
Mom and Dad we want for Christmas?

**ALL:**

Valley of the Dolls.  
It's better than milk.  
I don't understand. Yes.  
Tony Polar. Tony Po...  
Ton... Adele!  
Adele!  
Thank you.  
So, Tony Polar is  
a rich successful singer.  
But you say he has a dark secret.  
The darkest.  
He had scarlet fever as a  
baby and ever since then  
he's had the mental abilities  
of a 7 year old. Mm-hm.  
And no-one notices?  
That's right.  
Are you saying that, if a man  
is sexy and good in bed,  
no woman is going to  
care that he's an idiot?  
I certainly wouldn't.  
Absolutely not.



Grow up.

Michael?

Father?

I've just finished this manuscript.

This immoral, brazen journey into the  
unspeakable hell of modern show business.

And?

I am Lyon Burke.

Baby!

**KNOCK ON DOOR:**

Jackie? Irving has the car...

Oh!

What are you doing?

Getting the luggage.

Irving's got the car out front.

Irving can get the luggage.

All those pills, Jackie.

I mean, they...

They're for Irving. He has a vitamin  
deficiency, he needs niacin and B12.

They weren't vitamins.

Oh, for Christ's sake!

Do I go through your room and ask  
you a lot of stupid questions?

Who the hell do you  
think you are?

Jackie, I didn't know you were sick.

I'm not sick.

I'm not sick!

Sick people are losers.

Sick people get nothing!

Do you think that anybody's gonna buy a  
sexy book written by someone with cancer?

That's not the point. That's  
the only point. Are you my friend?

Your friend?

You're a tight ass, and you're a  
smart cookie, but are you my friend?

I've never met anyone like you.

That's not an answer!

Let me explain to you.

Friends help each other.

And, friends don't tell. Get it?

OK.

Is there a secret handshake?

**SHE LAUGHS:**

Mikey, you made a joke.

I did?

Yeah.

Well, it wasn't a great joke,  
but, but it's a start.

You are my friend.

You are my friend.

**CAR HORN HONKS:**

**JOSIE BARKS:**

We're coming! We're having sex!

Good. Take your time.

Jackie...

I'm trusting you with my life here.

I know.

Thank you.

You look great.

Doesn't he look great?

Oh, he looks wonderful.

So handsome like a Greek god.

And, guess what? Your mom's book,  
it's gonna be a sensation.

I'm gonna make you so proud.

He seemed better.

Did he seem better to you?

Yes. He looks good.

They take good care of him.

Mmm. I should hope so.

Irving, you can't put a price  
on this. You're right.

He deserves the best.

That's why this book  
has got to be gigantic.

'Valley of the Dolls came  
rolling off the presses,  
and Jackie took the  
country by storm.

'She invented a whole new way  
of selling books.' Hello, boys!

**WOLF WHISTLES:**

I'm Jackie Susann.  
I wrote a book. Valley of the Dolls.  
Right now, you guys are loading  
that book onto those great big trucks.  
I just want you to  
know, I'm grateful.  
We've got hot coffee.  
And doughnuts. And tea.  
So if, when you deliver these,  
you say something to everyone  
about this lovely lady,  
we'd appreciate it.  
'Cause my book is about the sexiest  
biggest hung guys in the universe.  
Who?  
Teamsters.  
Yeah!  
No matter where she was,  
she never stopped selling.  
Thar she blows.  
Yikes.  
Are you ready?  
No, hold on a second. Read this.  
Thank you. In the cafeteria.

**BOTH LAUGH:**

# I'm driving and I'm dreaming  
# And I'm on my way  
# As I go through life... #  
'We didn't know much about  
books, but we knew show biz.  
If you want a hit the road.  
And do your homework.'  
Stroudsburg. Go.  
Gladrey's Book Nook, Harry and Irma.  
When's Irma's birthday?  
Today.  
You're cooking, baby.  
What else?  
# My dream is out there  
# Never gonna stop  
till that dream is mine... #

Mr Gladrey? Yes?  
I'm Irv Mansfield. Who?  
And there's someone very new  
and exciting I'd like you to meet.  
Get ready for lightning.  
Get ready for love.  
Get ready for Miss Jacqueline Susann!  
Harry! How are ya?  
Do I...? Do I know you?  
You do now. I've written a book  
you'll love. Valley of the Dolls.  
When I decided to publish, the first  
thing I told my publisher... Henry Marcus.  
..was Gladrey's Book Nook,  
Stroudsburg, PA.  
Harry, who are these people?  
Irma!  
Darling, you look great.  
How do you know my name?  
Everybody knows Irma Gladrey.

**ALL:**

# Happy birthday to you  
# Happy birthday to you... #  
Good morning.  
Have you got Jackie Susann?  
Who?  
Well, you do now.  
Lester! Baby!  
That's Lester.  
Dick! Sweetheart!  
# Somewhere in the world  
there's a place for me  
# Somewhere I will find me  
a new life... #  
Sisters!  
God love you.  
If you love the Old Testament,  
you'll love Valley of the Dolls.  
# And I'm on my way... #  
Henry?  
They're in Montana. So?  
There are no book stores in Montana.  
It's not a book any more.

It's a bestseller.  
Today was pure sunshine in Boise.  
What will tomorrow bring?  
Let's ask our celebrity weathergirl,  
novelist Jacqueline Susann.  
Well, Earl, bad news.  
It looks like rain, from the border  
right on down to Sun Valley...  
of the Dolls.  
First,  
we begin by whisking our eggs.  
Next, we grease our skillet.  
Jackie, which do you prefer,  
margarine or vegetable oil?  
I don't know. I order out.  
You order out breakfast?  
You bet.  
Any woman who cooks is a fool.  
Don't cook.  
Read.  
'She was on her way, to the biggest  
of the big. To Johnny.'

**ANNOUNCER:**

Jacqueline Susann.  
Doesn't she look great?  
What's your name again, Ken?  
Jim. Jim Morrison.  
Oh, a pleasure. Irving Mansfield.  
Everyone's saying my book's dirty.  
But I wonder,  
have they ever watched soap operas?  
Have they ever seen  
what housewives watch all day long?

**LAUGHTER:**

When you're washing  
floors everyday,  
you need a little something  
in your life to keep going.  
IRVING LAUGHS Isn't she great?  
Yeah, she's happening.  
'Jackie was getting big, really big.  
You could tell by her enemies.'

My guest is the flamboyant and often controversial author, Truman Capote, whose latest book, In Cold Blood, has created an international sensation. Good to see you again.

Thank you.

It's always a pleasure to be here.

Honey! Hurry up!

You're gonna miss it.

'How do you feel about the competition?

What about bestseller lists?

How about Jackie Susann?

'Jackie Susann, please.'

That's not writing, that's typing.

How can he say that?

She's a virtual illiterate. Nasty.

Have you ever seen her in those sleazy gowns with all that hair?

She looks like a truck driver in drag.

'But no-one could stop her.

We were number one.

'I really wanna surprise her at the party, something big time.'

Don't worry. We'll find something.

It's here.

What do you think she'd like?

**SHE GASPS:**

Flo? What is it, a valve?

Oh, my God. Pearls.

Black and white pearls.

Pearls for Jackie?

Irving, if a man bought me those pearls,

not only would I have sex with him, I would enjoy it.

The pearls, aren't they superb?

A bit expensive.

Come on. Buy them. It's her money.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

I don't know. Maybe a brooch.

My treat.

Yeah.

Hey, can't we help you?

I'm fine. I'll be right there.

What an evening.

The Waldorf Astoria,

the grand ballroom, for a book.

The guest list is unbelievable.

Everyone said yes.

Where is she? Everyone's waiting.

Jacqueline.

**ALL GASP:**

Jackie! That dress,

that outfit!

Is it too much? Is it over the top?

Not one little bit.

You don't think it's too vulgar,

too trashy?

Too, er, Jackie Susann?

It's absolutely perfect.

Then maybe I should change.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

Everything's set.

Triple checked, all systems...go.

Wow. You look so famous.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

Come on. Jesus Christ, you have to  
get dressed. I am dressed!

She looks fabulous.

But, that frock, it's so shy,  
so reclusive. It needs something...

Let me think.

Jackie, something "Valley".

I don't know.

Maybe... Oh, yes.

This.

Oh, my God! Is it real?

I must be making you a fortune!

For the woman, who as of Sunday,

remains the number one

bestselling author in America.

**ALL:**

Thank you, Henry. Thank you. Irving,  
look at this! Can you believe it?  
You deserve it, every stone, every  
carat. We'll have it appraised.  
So tell me, did Hemingway ever get  
one of these? He'd be alive today.

**LAUGHTER:**

Come on, pussy cats, we have to go.  
What a night this is gonna be.  
It's gonna be a blast.  
Where is the elevator?

**APPLAUSE:**

Thank you, thank you.  
I'm Henry Marcus. No, that's not it.  
I'm Jackie Susann's publisher.

**LAUGHTER:**

A few months ago, Jackie was  
a young girl with a dream.  
Now from what I read, she's an even  
younger girl with a bestseller. No!  
Make that the bestseller,  
because as of this week, Valley of  
the Dolls has racked on the list  
for 28 weeks, making it,  
that's right,  
the bestselling novel of all time.

**APPLAUSE:**

So, up yours, Tolstoy. Ha!  
I say that with all sincerity. But,  
hey, please help me welcome  
a great writer, a record breaker,  
and one very happening chick.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I give you the champ,  
Miss Jacqueline Susann!

**APPLAUSE:**

Thank you. Thank you.



Thank you. Thank you, all.  
This is the most exciting night of  
my life. This room, all of you.  
This is what I have waited for  
my whole life.  
And I just have to tell anybody out there  
who feels like they're nobody, listen.  
If they tell you you have no talent,  
that it's never gonna happen for you,  
that you're some loud,  
crude, pushy little nothing  
in a tight dress and  
too much make-up,  
tell them, "Hey! Just look  
at Jacqueline Susann!"

**LAUGHTER:**

Whoo! Number one!  
Where's Irving?  
I don't know. I haven't seen him.  
We have a special surprise  
for a real numero uno.  
We have a pair of numero unos  
to serenade you.  
Jackie, may I present Steve Lawrence  
and Edye Gorme!  
# You're walking along the street  
Can you believe this?  
# You're at a party  
Thank you.  
# Or else you're alone and then  
you suddenly dig  
# You're looking in someone's eyes  
# You suddenly realise  
# That this could be the start of  
something big  
# You're lunching at 21  
# And watching your diet, girl  
# Declining a Charlotte russe  
# Accepting a fig  
# Fig, fig  
# When out of a clear blue sky

**ALL:**

# And this could be the start of  
something big  
# There's no controlling...  
Have you ever seen anything  
like this in your life?  
I'm the luckiest  
girl in the world!  
# But when a lover...  
Oh!  
# ..Without a second look

**ALL:**

come up, counting your money, girl  
# Or else in a dim cafe  
# You're ordering wine, wine, wine  
# And suddenly there she is  
# You wanna be where she is  
# This must be  
the start of something  
# This could be  
the heart of something  
# This could be  
the start of something big! #  
I'm sorry, I just don't understand.  
What's to understand?  
I was busy, checking on things.  
You abandoned me.  
You were surrounded. There was  
an army, your army, with cameras.  
But I needed you.  
You did?  
Yeah.  
Why?  
Why?! Why?! For a million reasons.  
To keep me company. To hold my hand.  
To love me.  
Just to be there.  
Stop.  
Just stop. Why? Stop what?  
Baby, it's done.  
What do you mean "done"?  
You're famous.  
You're international,  
like an airport.

But, what does that have to do  
with your just running off like that?  
What's going on with you?  
Nothing. I'm fine. I need a paper.  
But it's 5am! Where are you going?  
I'm not tired.  
I don't know what's gotten into him.  
Ever since the Waldorf a month ago.  
He wants to be a producer again. He's got  
all these projects, musicals, TV specials.  
All of a sudden, he's never home.  
I'm not implying anything  
nor would I ever imply anything.  
However, did it ever occur to you  
that he just might be, you know?  
He is a man, after all.  
What? Say it.  
You think...? You think  
he's handling someone else?  
I made him give up personal clients.  
Yeah, I got a lot of things on the  
boil, a game show, a variety hour.  
I'm thinking of putting together  
some kind of rock thing,  
like a book that...whatshername?  
Janis Joplin, Ken Morrison.  
We really hit it off.  
The Who, The What. Maybe some pretty  
girls. Topo Gigio, mix it up.  
Your old man's back on track.  
Hi, sweetheart.  
Come on, Mommy's gonna call Daddy.

**JOSIE BARKS:**

Yeah, hello? Can I have  
Mr Irving Mansfield's room, please.  
He checked out?  
When?  
'Yesterday.  
'May I help you with anything else?'  
No. No, thanks.  
Josie, don't pull!  
Hey, watch out, lady!  
What the hell are you doing here?

It's a public park.  
Just a second, that's my tree.  
Please, leave me alone.  
I thought you were in LA?  
I came back on the redeye.  
I thought you were my husband.  
You don't need a husband.  
You're right. I know I am.  
I don't need a husband.  
Anybody can have a husband.  
I'm Jackie Susann. That's right.  
And I'm Irving Mansfield.  
I've got my own life.  
I've got my own schedule.  
And I'm booked.  
Well, good for you.  
Yeah! Good for me!  
So, you're quitting on me?  
That's right. I'm off the payroll.  
Well, it's about time.  
I don't need a  
publicist any more.  
I get all the press I want.  
They're coming to me now.  
Well, I'm glad to hear it. All I  
need now is just someone who knows.  
Knows what?

**SHE SIGHS:**

Someone who knows everything  
I never ever wanna talk about.  
Someone who knows what I look like  
without this get-up.  
Someone who knows that  
Guy doesn't have asthma.  
I won't tell.  
Irving, don't make me beg.  
I need you. You know why?  
'Cause from the very beginning  
you thought I WAS famous.  
Stop.  
Irving,  
we're making a shit load of money.  
There's new deals coming in everyday.

So, I'm asking you, Irving,  
will you...?

**SHE CRIES:**

Will you be my agent?  
Don't. Don't tease me.  
I'm not. I mean it, every word.  
I want you to make my deals.  
Even movies?  
With my attorney?  
I don't know. It's so sudden, and...  
Make your deals? It's such  
a commitment. But you're ready.  
I can feel it. Oh, Irving, come on.  
We can be even bigger.  
Yes.  
Yes?  
Yes.  
And I get 15%?  
10. 12.  
Point five.  
I'm in.  
Wait.  
All right. We're almost even.  
Just one more thing, one more item,  
and I'll tear up our bill.  
Ten more years.  
That's all I'm asking.  
Just ten.  
With an option.  
'She got her ten years.  
She had a great agent.  
'There were movies and premieres.'

**ANNOUNCER:**

and Irving Mansfield!'  
You should know, honey.  
You just came out of the nut house.  
It was not a nut house!  
'Look, they drummed you  
right out of Hollywood.'  
I hate this movie.  
They've ruined it!  
It's gonna make a fortune.

You think so?  
At least I never married one!  
You take that back, you old...  
Get your hands off me!  
'We hit the road again,  
but this time, we did it right.  
'No more road maps for us.  
'But Jackie never forgot who'd been  
there for her at the beginning.  
'Though she definitely enjoyed  
meeting interesting new playmates,  
'like Onassis, and  
that other Jackie.  
'Those were great days.  
She'd never been happier.  
'No matter how famous she became,  
she never got too ritzy for fans.'  
You know, if I sign this,  
you can't return it.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

Irving, I'm glad you made me do this.  
Well, it's another smash, baby.  
You're packing 'em in,  
and in this weather.  
Isn't it great?  
Yeah.  
You wanna drive over and say hello?  
Oh, no.  
I don't look so hot.  
This is enough.  
You look swell in that T-shirt.  
Doesn't he look swell?  
Guy, I have to tell you, your father thinks  
everybody looks swell in that T- shirt.  
You must have grown five inches  
in a week. You're like an oak tree.  
OK, let's show Mommy.  
Show Mommy what?  
Jackie, watch this. Way to go.

**HE LAUGHS:**

Huh? Isn't that great?  
I tried it a few weeks ago.

He didn't forget.

Oh.

Honey, are you OK? Should we sit?

Oh, no, I just need a sec. I'm fine.

**SHE SIGHS:**

Look at him.

Like a movie star.

Aw, he's a heartbreaker.

Yeah.

Please. Please, be careful.

She's a celebrity. Mind the bumps.

They're waiting at the hospital.

We got the big suite, the one  
where Liz Taylor had pneumonia.

Irving?

Lie back. Rest.

I can't believe this.

I'm astounded

that you of all people would  
not tell me that she was here.

I'm sorry.

How could you?

You know how she is about the  
cancer. She thinks it'd hurt sales.

She doesn't want anyone to feel  
sorry for her. I never would!

She is so brave.

She's so utterly strong.

I know. She's the best.

I would play her.

Flo, don't go in there.

She's resting.

Jacqueline?

What are you doing here?

Well, now, this is a fine thing.

I mean, I wanna know what's wrong.

Now, what is it? Huh?

Here I am, probably your  
best friend in the entire world,  
and nobody tells me what's going on.

So, er, what's going on?

Is it, erm,

a face-lift?

Yeah.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

Well,

I guess it's time.

Oh.

Look who's here.

Jackie.

Excuse me, this is a private room.

Oh, we're not really here.

We thought you were Liz Taylor.

We knew we weren't supposed to come.

But this is business. Business?

It's about the new book. We got this from your publisher in England.

We can only publish this work if you remove the profanity. Stop.

Specifically the word fuck. Stop.

We hope this will not be a problem.

Please advise.

What do you want us to do?

Send 'em a telegram.

Dear England, fuck you.

Love,

Jackie Susann.

Stop.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

'She made the front-page,  
'all three dailies and every  
network.

'She would have been thrilled.

'I had lost my best friend.

'But I knew she had gotten  
what she wanted, what she needed.

'She'd made it all the way  
to number one.

'In Jackie's books, when people get  
to be stars, they take Seconal,  
'Nembutal, they fall for the wrong people  
and then kill themselves in their cabanas.

'Being famous, it's a bum rap.

'But, you know what?

'Jackie was a star.



And she loved every minute.  
'She never got the breaks,  
so she made her own.  
'You gotta love that.  
'But you know how  
I like to remember her?  
'On that beautiful day  
in the Mediterranean.  
'On that boat, with Onassis,  
'knowing she'd made it at last.  
'At the top of the world,  
'at the top of her game.'  
I think I married the wrong Jackie.

**SHE LAUGHS:**

'Wasn't she great?'  
# I looked at you  
# Looking at me  
# There we were  
# And it just happened  
# You were the one  
# And you  
# Were sent to  
# Open my heart  
# And to find  
# The love that's there  
# And just for you  
# For always  
# All of my hopes  
# All of my dreams  
# Everyone  
# We'll share forever  
# You were my love  
# And you were  
# Sent to  
# Open my heart  
# And to find  
# I live for you-u-u. #