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Next Stop, Greenwich village

By Paul Mazursky

####[Woman Singing

In Foreign Language]

- Put a rope around the big suitcase.

- It's okay, Mom.

Ben, get a rope,

put it around the suitcase.

"It's okay, Mom."

[Chuckles]

It'll break open

in the middle of the street.

"It's okay, Mom."

You packed everything?

- Just about.

- What'd you leave?

I left some pictures and some books,

and I'll pick them up when I come back.

You're coming back?

I thought this was, uh, for good, huh?

I don't wanna argue, Mom.

Let me help you, Pop.

- Did you hear...

- I can do it. I can do it.

Do you hear?

Mr. Greenwich Village...

is gonna honor us

with his, uh, presence.

He... He's gonna come back.

[Chuckles]

When? When are you

gonna come back?

- When? When?

- I'm not arguing with you, Mom.

All right.

Okay.

[Sighs]

Don't argue.

[Sobbing]

- Thanks. I'm gonna be going now.

- Wait.

Thanks, Pop.

See you later.

- Good-bye.

- So long, Ma.

[Wails]

Mom, you said
you wouldn't do it.
- [Sobbing Continues]
- Mom, what you are doing is called hysteria.
You're trying to make me
feel guilty about going.
Mom, I am going.
I have to go.
I have to live my own life.
I am 22 years old!
- Mom, you're gonna give yourself a heart attack!
- [Pounding Table]
Jesus Christ,
will you stop it?
Nothing you do
is gonna stop me from going.
You are not going
to make me feel guilty!
[Muttering]
[Boy] Come on. Let's go. Come on.
Let's go. Come on. Let's go.
Come on.!
Give me the ball.!
- Larry! Larry!
- Hi, Mrs. Tupperman.
- Where are you going with all that luggage?
- Greenwich Village.
- You're moving?
- Yeah.
- What's in Greenwich Village?
- Fame and fortune.
I'll see you later,
Mrs. Tupperman.
Be careful, Larry.
[People Chattering]
I got it!
Come on!
- [Bell Ringing]
- [Man Shouting]
Kaiser rolls!
Kaiser rolls!
Oh, boy, am I guilty.
- Maybe I should get a diaphragm.
- That would be nice.

- For you.
- Maybe I should get a diaphragm.
I wonder if my mother's
fits me.
You've talked to your mother
about things like that?
No. She doesn't even know
I know she has a diaphragm.
- How do you know?
- I looked in her drawer one night.
- You love me?
- I told you I might get a diaphragm.
- Where will you get it?
- I'll go to a doctor.
- What doctor?
- I'll find a doctor. It's easy.
- Where will you keep it?
- In a drawer.
Doesn't your mother
go through your stuff?
I'll bury it in the backyard.
What is this?
You're a very funny lady.
We should do a comedy act together.
We just did
a comedy act together.
Oh. I was just funny, huh?
I wasn't good?
I wasn't great?
- Was I funny, or was I great?
- Stop it, Larry.
Was I funny,
or was I great?
You were fine.
I love that.
"You were fine."
Larry Lapinsky,
my dear, is not fine.
Larry Lapinsky
is King Kong.
- [Grunting]
- [Laughs]
Larry Lapinsky is either
a sexual brute or a tender poet.

Fine he is not.

You were fine.

Call your mother and tell her you're staying overnight with a girlfriend.

I don't have a girlfriend.

What are we gonna do?

- When? What do you mean?

- With our lives.

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm gonna get a diaphragm.

I think about suicide once or twice a day.

- That's normal.

- I really do.

- So.

- Do you?

- Not lately.

- Why do I do it?

Suicide makes you feel talented.

You feel like

a Dostoyevskian hero.

Did you hear the one about Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy?

[Russian Accent] Dostoyevsky meets Tolstoy in the streets of Moscow.

They both have to take a pee, so they take a pee right in the street.

So Dostoyevsky says to Tolstoy, "Why"...

"Why are you peeing on my pants leg?" I heard it.

- Come on, Larry. Get dressed.

- Do you want a beer?

- No, I gotta go home.

- Oh, come on. One beer.

[Russian Accent]

Come, Patruska, we shall dance.

We shall dance in the snow.

Mmm.

- [Growling]

- [Chuckles]

You're crazy.

No. Look, come on, Larry.

I gotta wash my hair, and I got

a lot of things to do. Come on.

A glass of beer
will do you good.

Would you please
put your pants on?

Hi. Buenas noches, seor. Seorita.

How are you? Good.

- Who is that?

- It's Nick Kessler.

He's a crazy guy. He saved up
all his money to go to Mexico.

Wanted to see the ruins.

You know, get into the primitive thing.

So he quit his job and everything, and
he took off for Mexico City on Monday.

- Two beers, Ray.

- Yesterday Monday?

Right. So he got off the plane,
and he ate a taco...

and he got a terrible case
of the shits...

so he took
the next plane back.

He spent two and a half hours
in Mexico.

He says it stinks.

I wonder if they
sell diaphragms in Mexico.

They sell crosses in Mexico.

- Hey-hey, Barney!

- How's the actor?

How you doing, Barney?

This is Sarah, my girlfriend.

- Didn't I meet you at the New School?

- I don't think so.

- Did you ever take a course
in modern art with Ben Probst?

- No.

- That's cool.

You know anybody needs an abortion?

- Not lately.

I know someone clean and dependable.

A lot of butchers running around.

I'll be sure to let you know

when I get knocked up.

Hey, no offense.

I just get a cut if I steer business.

- I'll see you later, Barney.

- Oh.

- Excuse me.

- You'd make a great model.

Let me know if you wanna
come sit for me.

You ever done any modeling?

My name's Barney.

- No.

- You remind me of a Rubens.

- Can he paint?

- I doubt it.

Oh, I want you
to meet Bernstein.

- Bernstein?

- Yeah, his first name is Bernstein.

His real name
is Bernstein Chandler.

His mother's a cleaning lady.

She worked 30 years
for a Jewish family named Bernstein.
She named him after them.

- Hi.

- Hello, Larry, darling.

- And you must be Sarah.

- How did you know?

My dear,

I am a friend of Connie's...

and you are
a ravishing Semitic beauty.

So are you, kiddo.

Larry, Sarah,

I'd like you to meet Sven.

- How do you do?

- [Foreign Language]

- I beg your pardon?

- [Laughs] He's Norwegian.

Doesn't speak
a word of English.

Isn't he beautiful?

I met him on the subway this morning,

and I think I'm in love...
but I don't know
how to tell him.
Does anyone know how
to say "I love you" in Norwegian?
Get a poem
for a loved one.

- They're only 25 cents.
- I'm broke, Jake.
- They're only 25 cents.
- All right. Wait a second.

"In the winter,
I'm a Buddhist.
In the summer, I'm a nudist."
They're only 25 cents.
Anybody else want one?

- Marvelous.
- Ah.
- Beautiful. Beautiful.
- Thank you.
- Thank you, Jake.
- Read it to your loved ones.
- Here you go, loved one.
- [Norwegian]

What do you wanna be
when you grow up?

- I forget.
 - I wanna be a star.
- I wanna go to Mexico.
I never wanted to be a cop
or a fireman or a pilot.
For a brief time there,
I wanted to be a war hero.
But I always wanted to be a star.
I used to lay in the bathtub
dreaming of me as...
Robin Hood or Louis Pasteur.

[Laughs]

I'm bored. There's nothing happening
in New York.

- What, are you depressed?
- Eh...

I wish I was.

Nah, l... I just feel weird.

Let's get married.
Maybe I should go to an analyst.
- You're better off in Mexico.
- Maybe I should go to a Mexican analyst.
[Spanish Accent] So tell me, my dear,
what seems to be the trouble?
I wanna be... Miss Subways.
[Larry]
You're a very sick girl.
Good night, Larry.
- One minute.
- What?
You're a mess.
[Chuckles]
[Laughs]
You know what?
Larry, come in.
Put a rubber on.
- I didn't bring anything.
- Schmuck!
- Shh!
- [Whispers] Schmuck!
This proves I don't love you
for just your body.
I'll call you tomorrow.
- What if your father wakes up?
- My father sleeps like a dead man.
My mother's probably
watching us right this second.
I'll pull out
before I come, okay?
I love you, Sarah.
To be or not to be...
that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler
in the mind...
to suffer the slings and arrows
of outrageous fortune...
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and by opposing, end them.
To die,
to sleep no more...
and by a sleep to say
we end the heartache...

and the thousand natural shocks
that flesh is heir to.
[Imitating Marlon Brando]
Hey, Blanche.
What are you doin',
Blanche, baby?
I wanna tell you about
the Napoleonic code, Blanche.
I hold in my hand
a copy of the Napoleonic code.
Understand me, Blanche?
You got some chewing gum
on your tit.
I thought it was diamonds.
I thought it was a diamond tiara.
I'll see you later, Blanche.
Stella. Where are you,
Stella, baby?
Stella!
Stella, baby, where are you?
Stella!
Stella!
Where are you, Ste...
Thank you very much,
ladies and gentlemen of the Academy.
This Oscar
gives me great pleasure.
But I don't think that this award
goes just to Larry Lapinsky.
No, no. There are a lot
of other people involved in this.
First of all, I would like to thank
my director, Elia Kazan.
It was... It was Gadg who first discovered
me in the 42nd Street library.
Without Gadg, there would be
no Larry Lapinsky.
I would also like to thank
the author of this film...
that great Jewish writer,
Eugene O'Neill.
Gene, thank you.
Boy... Boy,
this was really something.

But, ladies and gentlemen
of the Academy...
I don't think that this evening
would be complete...
if I didn't thank the little lady
who has stood behind me all these years.

As a matter of fact,
she's standing behind me now.

Mom, say a few words.

[Feminine Voice]

When my darling...

When my darling, adorable, loving son
first told my husband and myself...

that he wanted to be
an actor, I scoffed.

Oh, boy, did I scoff.

But tonight, I realized
that I scoffed wrongly.

You don't scoff
at an Academy Award winner.

My son's performance
as Sheriff Luke Marshall...

in Last Train to Budapest
will go down...

as one of the great performances
in motion picture history.

But, ladies and gentlemen
of the Academy, tell me one thing.

Why does my son complain
when I bring him a chicken...

to his big-deal

Greenwich Village apartment?

Why? Why? Why?

I'll tell you why, Mom.

Because your boy's an ingrate.

He doesn't understand
the Napoleonic code.

Hey, you.

Yeah, you. Come here.

[Sighs]

- You're waking up the whole neighborhood.

- I'm sorry, Officer.

- Are you crazy?

- I was just doing some imitations.

- They stink.
- I know.
- What was that supposed to be over there? Marlon Brando?
- Yeah.
- It was.
- Well, it sounded like Edward G. Robinson.
I know. Well, my Marlon Brando sounds just like my Edward G. Robinson.
Well, let me hear Edward G. Robinson.
Yeah. Yeah.
All right, you guys.
I'm little Caesar, see?
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Are you in show business, kid?
- I wanna be an actor, yeah.
- Well, take my advice.
Get into another line.
Thank you, Officer, for your advice.
But most of all, I would like to thank an unknown police officer... who was the first person to give me encouragement.
Have a nice day.
I'll see you soon. Enjoy.
Excuse me.
I'm here about the job.
- Are you the boy from the agency?
- Yes. The Canal Street Employment Agency sent me.
Canal Street.
[Muttering]
Herb, the boy from the agency is here.
- You got experience?
- [Larry] Yes, sir.
- I worked as a waiter in the Catskills.
- Did you ever work a counter?
- Yes. Yes, I did.
- Where?
My uncle had a place in Brooklyn.
I worked the counter.

- Where in Brooklyn?
- Brownsville.
- Did you ever work a juicer?
- Uh, I don't know.
- What's a juicer?
- This is a juicer.
I never worked a juicer.
No, sir.
- Are you a college boy?
- Yeah. I graduated from Brooklyn College.
What's a college graduate
looking for a job in a restaurant for?
I need the money. Hey, mister,
look, if I'm not right, tell me.
I need a boy from 11:00 to 3:00.
We're mostly a lunch trade.

- **11:**

- Good morning, Herb.
Good morning, Mr. Elkins.
How do you feel?
- I had a bad night.
- The head or the stomach?
In here. All night,
like a hammer.
You ate some crap yesterday.
- Right or wrong?
- Well, uh...
Right or wrong, please!
I had a corned beef sandwich
for lunch.
You hear that?
He ate a poison sandwich for lunch...
and he wonders
if he's in pain!
[Sighs]
I'll fix you a cabbage
and a carrot juice.
That'll take care of today.
But do me a favor.
If you go on poison tonight,
don't come back.
I'm not a magician.
- Helen. Get me an apron.

- What?
Show him
how to work the juicer.
- What's your name?
- Larry.
- First and last, please.
- Lapinsky. Larry Lapinsky.
You got the job,
Larry Lapinsky.
But you never worked a counter
in Brooklyn. Right or wrong?
Right.
So what are
you standing around?
- Let's get to work.
- Okay.
- What's this?
- Spinach.
- And what's this?
- It's a carrot.
Good thinking. Now, make me
a carrot and spinach juice right away.
Watch the hand!
Accidents I need. Get in there. Here.
He was right in the middle of rehearsing
this TV show when they fired him.
- Bastards!
- Is he actually a Communist?
He's a very good actor.
That's all I know.
- They're really afraid of McCarthy.
- He's a paranoid schizophrenic.
- That's why they're afraid of him.
- Hey, Connie, what's happening?
Follow us, my dears.
Anita Cunningham just called.
Said she's gonna
kill herself.
- When did she call?
- About a half an hour ago.
Well, why did you
wait a half an hour?
She commits suicide once a week.
She usually calls back.

Heh-heh.

She didn't call back.

- Hey, what's up?

- Anita Cunningham is committing suicide.

Can I watch?

Listen, I'm not going in there if she used gas.

- Where does she live?

- Speaking of gas, Connie,

I think you left the water boiling.

Oh!

[Laughing]

You're crazy!

Anita, we're here!

I can smell

the cat piss already.

Anita, we're coming.

Hey, what floor

does she live on?

Fifth floor, darling.

[Scoffs]

To hell with it.

- ## [Singing, Indistinct]

- [Knocking]

- [Connie] Anita?

- [Bernstein] Anita.

- Anita, it's Connie.

- [Knocking Continues]

Anita, open up

in the name of the law.

Anita, it's Connie.

Open up.

- I'm Robert Fullmer.

- Anita!

- Larry Lapinsky. This is Sarah Ross.

- [Meowing]

- [Both] Hi.

- Anita, it's Connie. Open up.

- Connie says you're an actor.

- I'm studying.

- I'm writing a play. Let's have a chat.

- Anita.

- Great.

- Anita.

- Be my guest.

- I think it's serious.

Anita!

Anita!

Where are you?

Stop playing games, Anita.

- Anita, you crazy maniac, are you alive or dead?

- [Sniffing]

- Is this gas or cat piss?

- It's pleasant, isn't it?

- [Meowing]

- [Man] Anita.!

- Anita!

- Shh!

She's in the bathroom.

- [Bernstein] Anita!

- [Knocking]

Anita, open up.

It's Connie.

- Anita, open the door.

- Anita, this is Robert.

Open the door,

or I'll drown your cats.

I don't wanna live.

I don't wanna live.

I don't wanna live.

I don't wanna live.

I don't wanna live.

I don't want to live.

I don't wanna live.

I don't wanna live.

- Shall I call an ambulance?

- Wait, wait, wait. Get a towel.

- She'll bleed to death.

- She's got a lot of blood.

I don't think it's very deep.

Get a towel.

[Sarah] I think we should

get her to a doctor.

- Shame on you.

- [Crying]

- It's a Gillette.

- That's the same blade she used last month.

- It's superficial, very superficial.

- I don't wanna live.

- Don't wanna live. Don't wanna live.
- Do you have any iodine?
- I don't wanna live.
- Yes, my dear, but where is the iodine?
Over the sink. Don't wanna live.
Don't... [Crying Continues]
- I don't wanna live!
- Oh.
- I don't wanna live! I don't wanna live!
- It's all right. I know.
- I don't wanna live!
- Yeah.
- I don't wanna live.
- [Connie] Oh, yeah. Yes.
- I don't wanna live.
- It's gonna be okay.
I don't wanna live.
If the Rosenbergs are executed, I think
there'll be a lot of craziness in this year.
- I don't think so. I doubt it.
- How can you say that?
There'll be outrage
on the part of the liberals...
some passionate demonstrations,
famous people will rant and rave...
but nothing will happen.
I don't say that the government
will be overthrown.
- I just think something will happen.
- Two people have died.
- It's a terrible thing.
- Terrible?
Terr...
That's a terribly easy word.
Well, what word would you use?
I don't know.
I mean, it's difficult...
to find precise words
in the English language.
I'm sure you can
find one somewhere.
I don't know if I can.
The language is tricky.
- Do you remember if I left

the water boiling in my place?

- Would "tragic" be a better word?

I don't think you left the water boiling.

No, "tragic" would not be a better word.

The Rosenbergs

are pathetic figures.

- They're not tragic.

- But what's happening to them is tragic.

- But they're not tragic figures.

- I think you're full of shit.

That may well be, but "tragic"

and "terrible" are still the wrong words.

- Is "full of shit" the right word?

- [Chuckling]

That's more like what I

was looking for, yeah.

- Brava.

- [Laughing]

You all think I'm crazy,

don't you?

You think I'm just trying

to get attention, don't you?

You're wrong.

I hate my life.

Nothing feels good.

I feel sad when I

get up in the morning.

I feel sad when I go to sleep.

I really don't wanna live.

And I really don't wanna die.

I'm afraid of dying.

Afraid of living,

afraid of dying.

Men don't want me.

Not the men I want.

How do you expect to keep a man

in that filthy apartment?

- Cease.

- You cease.

One of these days,

I'm really gonna do it.

I won't call.

I promise.

- Hey, bubelah, come on. Let's go to a movie.

- Mmm!

Excellent notion.

- Those are beautiful rings you're wearing.

- Thank you, my dear.

They were given to me by my father,
who's an African prince.

Tell me. How does your father,
who is an African prince...

get along with your mother,
who is a cleaning woman?

- Royally, my dear.

- I think Zapata is playing at the Waverly.

- I saw it.

- I think it's a terribly easy film.

I think it's
terribly Jewish.

- I think you're all full of shit.

- Did you see Limelight?

- Is that Charlie Chaplin?

- Yeah.

I love Charlie Chaplin.

I think I left
my water boiling.

[Imitating Mother]

You call this an apartment? [Laughs]

I don't call this
an apartment.

An apartment has furniture.

This is not furniture.

[Normal Voice]

Mom. What do you mean, Mom?

I've got a record player.

I've got a lovely sling chair.

I have a fabulous print
by Breughel.

[Imitating Mother]

That is not funny, my darling son.

Not funny at all.

Ben, go down and get some cream soda.

I saw a place
on the corner.

[Normal Voice]

Mom, I don't need any cream soda.

Pop, you stay

right where you are.

Well, I need
some cream soda!

- Ben, you hear me?

- Mom!

Look, let Pop take a load
off his feet, huh?

I'll get the soda.

[Sighing]

Cream. Can you
remember that?

Sure, Mom. Cream.

[Knocking]

[Knocking Continues]

Hi, Mom. Hi, Pop.

Come on in.

[Laughs, Sighs]

Eh... Eh...

You call this an apartment?

I don't call this an apartment.

An apartment's got shelving
and curtains, uh, furniture.

- This is not furniture.

- What do you mean, Mom?

I've got a record player.

I have a lovely sling chair.

I have a fabulous print
by Breughel.

You got a toilet?

I'm dying.

- Right this way.

- Enough with the humor
and the so-called sarcasm.

Ooh, it's like
the North Pole in here.

Does the icebox work?

I've got some perishables.

Of course it works.

How do you like
the paint job, Pop?

Not bad for an actor.

That could use enamel.

- How much is the rent?

- Twenty-five a month.

- How's the job?

- It's okay.

I think it would be smart if
you got your teacher's license.

It's good to have something
to fall back on.

I don't wanna
be a teacher.

During the Depression,
I made 13 dollars a week when I was lucky.

Have you got any cockroaches?

Only when I turn the lights on
in the middle of the night.

Oh, Mr. Wise Guy.

Let me get rid
of this stuff here.

[Muttering]

You know, I got you a challah
and a rye bread and a pumpernickel.

- Your toilet's broken.

- I can't eat three loaves of bread.

Uh, here. Put the cream cheese
away before it melts.

Where's the lox?

Where's the lox?

That bastard!

He forgot to give us the lox!

- I put the lox away.

- So why couldn't you just tell me?

I got you brownies...

from Ratner's.

You love brownies.

You love...

And I got some tooth powder.

- And, oh, a chicken!

- Mom!

And here's some underwear
that you forgot.

Great. Maybe I can put the cream cheese
on the underwear and eat it.

- That's not funny. You left
your dirty underwear at home!

- Mom...

I appreciate everything

you're doing for me...
but you're stocking me with
enough food for 10 years!
- Don't scream at me!
- How the hell am I gonna cook a chicken?
You cook a chicken in a pot!
That's how you cook a chicken!
####[Man Singing
In Foreign Language]
Ben, listen.
Listen to that voice.
- Listen!
- Wonderful.
Now watch.
Watch when he hits this high note.
- Now. Now.
- ## [High Note]
####[High Note Continues]
####[High Note Ends,
Singing Continues]
I don't care what happens.
Next year I'm going to the Met,
and I'm gonna see him.
He's really great.
Well, I guess...
[Chuckles]
It's time to go, huh?
Uh, listen, next week I'll bring you
a couple curtains, huh?
- We'll see ya.
- Okay.
- I'll probably be here.
- What do you mean, probably?
I can't predict the future.
What if something comes up next Sunday?
What could come up?
- Listen, what time you gonna call me?
- I don't know.
- You'll call me tomorrow night?
- That's what I said.
- I'll call you tomorrow night.
- Let's go, Faye.
Now I get it
from both sides.

Go? Where should I go?
Back to my dungeon in Brooklyn.
For Christ's sake,
will you stop it!
Let's get out of here.
We're not wanted.
We're not wanted here!
Let's go! You were right!
You said on the subway,
we should never come here!
- I didn't say we shouldn't come here.
- Well, somebody said it.!
I'll call you tomorrow.
- What time?

- 4:

Oh.
Somewhere there must be
happy boys and girls...
who can... who can teach us
the way to live.
Somewhere there must be
a city where...
where poverty is no crime,
where music's no shame...
where there's no war
in the streets...
where a man is glad
to be himself...
to live and make
his woman herself.
Give up fighting?
But where do we go?
Tonight, Joe,
we ride in your car...
we speed
through the night...
across the park,
over the Triborough Bridge.
Right. That's it.
We ride.
Clear my head.
We drive through the night.
When you mow down the night

with your headlights, nobody gets you.
You're on top of the world then.
Nobody laughs.
That's it. Speed.
We're off the Earth.
Unconnected.
That's what speed's for.
You don't have to think.
It's an easy way to live.
Lorna, darling...
we'll burn up the night.
Lights, please.
I wasn't involved
for one second.
Well, since you started,
go ahead.
- There's nothing else to say.
- [Laughs]
I was lousy.
It just wasn't real for me.
I was pushing.
- No, I don't think you were pushing.
- Larry, let her finish.
I'm finished.
I'm really finished.
Aw, that's silly.
I was so tense.
I was so nervous. Um...
I just... It was bad.
It was bad.
Now, see, it's beginning
to happen for you a little bit now.
You know why?
Because you feel you were bad.
You feel you failed,
and you punished yourself.
You poked your thumbnail. You poked
your fingers into the palm of your hand.
Have to do specific things.
Some very good things happened
because you touched him.
You tried to do concrete things
to him with your hands.
Then I would be appalled.

I would say, "She put
her hands in her pockets." Kills you.
I just felt the dialogue
was so, you know, stilted...
- that to do that was to make it even more stilted.
- Darlin'...
No, no, no. No. No. When you do things,
then the dialogue recedes...
into its proper place,
and you won't even hear that it's stilted.
It isn't stilted.
It's very beautiful.
- Can I say one thing?
- Yeah.
Well, I don't understand
how you can do the scene...
if, um, you don't understand
the situation.
No, no, no. See, you don't...
You don't work that way.
You don't... number one...
understand and take in...
the whole emotional thing that you think
the scene should have and then do it.
Don't make deals like,
"I will only attack this scene...
if I understand the full
emotional basis of it."
No. It won't work, because
you're making deals with yourself.
You see, you're giving yourself
impossible goals.
Do the small real things.
Concrete, specific.
Hands, fingers. Hurt yourself
with your own fingernail.
Bleed for your art a little.
Wouldn't hurt.
You know?
Okay, Lar?
Well, I was nervous.
It's, uh...
It was tough to get involved.
I was aware of you,

of the audience.

- Whole time?

- No, no.

It went away, uh,

when the scene was almost over.

- Yeah?

- I was tense, nervous, bad, bad, bad, bad, bad.

- That's not funny.

- I'm sorry.

- Is everything a joke to you?

- Not everything.

- See, you're joking right now, right?

- What do you want me to say?

Joking is what's doing you in.

Joking is

the American actor's disease.

It's the American

person's disease.

Because what you're doing is, you're keeping
reality out so that it won't touch you.

The worst kind of joking

you can do is to keep life out.

Commenting,

editorializing, joking.

Terrible. Don't do it.

It's fatal.

I don't know.

I guess I'm... hiding from something.

I'm afraid of something

in the scene, so I joke it away.

- You're full of crap, Larry!

- Marco, please.

- No, no. Let him talk.

- I'm running this class, right?

I know, but the man says

I'm full of crap. I'd like to know why.

Even now, right this second,

you're playing the intellectual game.

Can't you be real

for one lousy goddamn second?

Marco, shut up.

I guess I do tend to

intellectualize too much.

Aha! That's it.

Now, look, everybody.
Embroider this on doilies,
write it down in gold...
that this is the most important thing
you have been through in this class yet.
It may be very important
for the rest of your life.
If you find out this one thing, you do
not use your brain to keep the stuff out.
You use your brain
to take it in.
But it's, uh...
It's a tough scene to believe.
Of course it's tough. Any scene is tough
to believe. That's why we're here, right?
Odets is to...
Any playwright is tough.
Odets particularly.
He's writing real...
about real situations...
but he's writing poetically.
He's heightened the thing.
So it sounds artificial to your own ear.
But, you see,
it wouldn't if you were in it.
It's only your objective ear that should
not be operating while you're acting...
that makes it sound that way.
When you're in it, those words will be the
most natural things in the world to you.
The point is,
everything is tough...
simply because not everybody
is Marlon Brando every week, you know?
- I would settle for Laurence Olivier.
- Yeah.
I'd settle
for Zasu Pitts.
[Herbert] Larry, how we doing
on my carrot and celery?
- Working.
- Hi, kiddo.
Hi, buddy.
How are you?

- I thought you were working.

- Lunch.

- You wanna eat here?

- I'm not hungry.

Give me a large celery,
carrot and cucumber.

Right.

- How are you? You okay?

- I don't think so.

- Why? What's the matter?

- Look, Larry, take a break.

- I can't. What's the matter?

- I'm pregnant.

- Where's my celery, carrot and cucumber?

- Are you sure?

Larry, where's my carrot,
celery and cucumber?

It's working!

Did you see a doctor?

Look, I don't wanna talk here.

Um...

- Where's my juice?

- It's...

- Who's this?

- This is Sarah, my girlfriend.

- Beautiful skin.

- I'll be right back, Herb.

- Where you goin'?

- Five minutes, Herb.

What do you mean, five minutes?

This is the lunch hour!

My prime time!

What are you doing to me?

- What are we gonna do?

- I don't know about you,
but I'm gonna get an abortion.

- It's too dangerous, Sarah.

- How much money you have?

I don't want you to go
to some butcher.

- I have about 100 dollars.

- Money is not the problem.

That man in the bar
said he knew somebody.

- Who, Barney? Forget it.
- Would you have a better idea?
Yes. We can get married.
- No.
- Why not?
Larry,
it's very sweet of you.
I mean, it really is, but...
I don't think we should get married.
I mean, we both don't know what
the hell we're doing anymore.
Oh, shit,
this is bad timing!
I should've gotten
the diaphragm a year ago.
- I didn't know you a year ago.
- Don't be silly.
I thought you weren't sleeping
with what's-his-name.
- You know his name.
- Ed, the painter.
The big, abstract Expressionist
from the postwar generation...
who was 20 years older
than your father.
- Screw you!
- I did. Look what happened.
You're not the first man
I ever slept with.
- You said you weren't sleeping with Ed.
- I lied.
- Why?
- Because it's what you wanted to hear!
- Who else?
- What's the difference?
We are talking about it,
and I would like to know.
You have wonderful timing.
You're the first woman
I ever got pregnant.
- Not the last.
- That's up to you.
I mean it.
Sarah, I'm willing to get married.

I want an abortion.

I really do, Larry.

I want an abortion.

I really do, Larry.

Okay.

Why didn't you wanna be

a doctor instead of an actor?

- You could've done the operation yourself.

- Sorry.

Yeah. I should've

listened to my mother.

I'll have to see you later.

Good-bye, cookie.

- Thanks for coming.

- "Can I see another's grief...

and not seek for kind relief?"

- [Connie] What a drag.

- Would you like anything?

- No, not for me, thanks.

- I would like a cappuccino...

- and some cookies.

- All right.

I remember

my first abortion.

I was 17.

Somebody sent me to a Haitian woman

in Brooklyn... Brooklyn Heights.

The first thing she asked me for

was to see "de" money.

[Haitian Accent] "When I see de money,

I give you de answer."

So, I let her see the money.

Then, as casually as you might ask the
time of day, she told me to wait outside.

- Fifteen minutes later, it was over.

- How was the girl?

- In pain.

- What are you, some kind of sadist?

I just want you to know what

you're not getting yourself into.

By the way, it's 400 dollars.

- [Haitian Accent] You want to see the money?

- No.

Is he a good doctor?

I mean, is he legitimate?

- He's a she.

- A woman doctor?

She's good.

- Did you have an affair with her?

- Of course.

Did you get her pregnant?

I mean, how apt, how perfect,
if she gave herself an abortion.

We'd better go.

- Let me know what happens.

- Yeah.

- I'll call you.

- Bye-bye, Connie.

[Foreign Accent]

I did not have an affair with her.

- You disappoint me, bubelah.

- [Door Opens]

- What's happening?

- I'm shopping for an abortion.

- [Meowing]

- Lucky girl.

[Meowing Continues]

Look what I found.

What are you

gonna call this one?

- Freud. Maybe it'll help.

- [Purring]

[Clicking Tongue]

I left home

after my first affair.

How old were you?

Nine and a half.

- Who did you have the affair with?

- My sister.

She was 19.

Ravishing beauty.

- She looked like Gene Tierney.

- Oh, I love Gene Tierney.

She looks like, uh,

a Chinese empress.

- You should have seen my sister.

- What happened to her?

She joined a Carmelite order,

became a nun.

- She's a nun.

- She was.

Two years ago,
she left the nunnery.

- Where is she now?

- She's in Paris.

She's a member of a bizarre
sodomasochistic, uh, sexual order.

Whips, chains, hot candles,
that sort of thing.

[Larry]

Mmm, sounds like a fun person.

[Door Closes]

Hello. I'm Mrs. Stanton.

Oh, Mrs. Stanton,

if you'll have a seat...

the doctor will be with you
in about 15 minutes.

Thank you very much.

- Who do you read?

- I don't know.

Mostly plays.

Shaw, Shakespeare,

O'Neill, Tolstoy, Faulkner...

- Read Joyce?

- Yeah.

- Eliot? Pound?

- No, haven't read Pound.

You should.

What do you think

of Dylan Thomas?

- He's a great outfielder.

- [Sighs]

He's a brilliant poet.

I've heard him read.

Read the poets.

It'll help you as an actor.

How'd you get to be so smart?

I left home when I was 15.

The rest is genetic.

Were you bar mitzvahed?

You're really funny.

[Speaking Foreign Language]

- It's amazing.
- [Door Opens]
- Thank you.
- Good-bye.
- How are you?
- Fine.
- Thank you, Marsha.
- Call me, Robert.
I will. Bye.
- Who's next?
- Mrs. Stanton.
- Mrs. Stanton. How are you?
- Okay, thanks.
- What happened?
- She gave me a shot to make me bleed.
If I bleed, she can do the abortion
in the hospital.
I have to do push-ups,
sit-ups, jumping, anything.
Then if I start bleeding, we call the
hospital, and we pretend we're married.
Gee, I don't think I can
pretend to be your husband.
Better learn
how to act, kiddo.
- Hi. How is she?
- Oh, she's fine.
- Thank you, Miss Sweezen.
- You're welcome, Doctor.
I'd like to thank you
for what you did.
Well, I'd love to deliver a baby
for you and Sarah someday.
Well, maybe we'll be calling you.
Can I see her?
Yeah. She's still groggy,
but you can go in.
- Okay, thanks.
- Uh, give my regards to Robert.
- I will. Bye.
- Thanks.
- Hiya, cookie.
- Hi.
- So, how was it?

- The operation was a success.
- What time is it?

- **It's about 4:**

[Sighs]

I've gotta call my mother.

I just called Connie.

She knows what to do.

Mommy? Hi.

No, I'm at Connie's place.

No, I'm eating
dinner here.

I know. I should've called you.

I'm sorry.

Listen, I'm gonna

spend the night here, okay?

She has a... a sleep-away bed.

Yeah.

No, just the two of us.

No men.

Mother, I'm gonna spend the night

at my friend Connie's.

What is the big deal?

Look, I'll come home
right after work tomorrow.

Fine.

Say good-bye to Daddy for me,
will you?

Bye.

[Kisses]

Are you sure

Connie knows what to do?

She knows what to do.

So, how are you, kid?

Strange. Grown up.

Old.

Oh, it's the anesthesia.

Hey, Blanche, baby, I finally
got you into the sack, huh, Blanche?

Excuse me, Mr. Lapinsky. I really think you
ought to let your wife get a little rest now.

I'll see you in the morning.

Bye, Larry.

- ####[Jazz]

- [People Chattering]

Hello, bubelah.

How are you?

I'm getting married!

Goodness gracious.

Heavens to Betsy.

He's fantastic.

He's tall, blond.

Not an intellectual,
not a poet, not a painter.

- A Communist?

- He's a sailor.

- Are you kidding?

- No.

He's in the merchant marines.

He had to go to sea
for a month.

That's why he's not here tonight.

Marseilles and back.

- He makes a lot of money.

- When did you meet him?

Last Thursday. We spent a week
in bed. Last night he proposed.

[Sighs]

His name is...

Timmy.

I love him madly.

Oh! Anita's marrying
a sailor.

I sold a poem
to The Swanee Review.

- Oh.

- Tell me about your sailor.

Robert, he is wonderful.

He's not an intellectual.

He's not a poet. He's not a painter.

He is wonderful.

This is it.

Oh! It's going to be so...
wonderful.

[Laughs]

- Hi.

- Hello.

Hi. My name's Marsha.

- Oh, the famous Dr. Marsha.

- That's right.

- Well, hello, hello.

- [Laughing]

Are you, uh,
enjoying yourself?

- Yes?

- Yeah, lovely.

- Been to a rent party before?

- Never.

If my daddy could see me now,
he'd have convulsions. [Chuckles]

Where I come from, black men
are considered dangerous.

We were taught that they
were after our bodies.

You know what I used to do?

When I saw a black man, I just looked
the other way. I was terrified.

[Laughs] Then I moved to the Village,
and I'll tell you something.

My daddy was right.

Black men are dangerous.

They do want your body.

I love black men.

Love 'em!

Am I boring you,
sugar?

I think I'm in love.

- Seriously?

- Outrageously.

I met him in a bar
this morning.

He's an incredible
creature...

tall, blond... sort of a butch
Marlene Dietrich.

[Laughs]

Bernstein's in love.

- Oh.

- I met a most wonderful man this morning.

- Oh, that was fast.

- My dear, if it isn't fast...

- it isn't love.

- Well, is he here?
No. He's a sailor.
Had to go to Marseilles
for a month.
- Oh, hi.
- Hi.
- Bye-bye.
- How you doing?
- When are we going to rehearse our scene again?
- I'm sorry.
- I want to get back to it,
but things have been crazy.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah, just broke.
- Well, you should go to Fox.
They're looking for juvenile
delinquent types for a film.
I'm in the theater,
darling.
You can do good work
in films.
Look at Brando.
Look at Spencer Tracy.
- Let's play subway.
- There's too many people.
- It's a subway, isn't it?
- Just grab hangers. Fabulous.
Let's get
this train moving.
Let's go.
All aboard!
[Whistles]
- What stop is this?
- Nostrand.
Next stop,
Greenwich Village.
- [Blowing]
- [Crowd Cheering]
Lot of queers there.
[Woman]
Takes one to know one.
All right,
ladies and gentlemen.
Don't panic.

Please don't panic.
I have an announcement.
I have an announcement.
This train is stalled.
- [Groans, Boos]
- We're stuck.
We're stuck. We'll have to wait
until they get us back on the rail.
But don't panic.
Don't panic.
Don't panic!
Don't panic!
Oh, my God!
We're stuck in Greenwich Village!
[In Falsetto]
Oh, this always happens to me here.
Oh, my God.
I'm late for work.
Hi. Hi.
I'm Pablo Picasso.
Oh, hello, Pablo.
I love your work.
Calm down, calm down.
Ladies and gentlemen, calm down.
- Shh!
- [Chattering Stops]
[Together]
Shh!
All right.
[Irish Accent]
All right, ladies and gentlemen.
I think we're gonna be
in this subway a long, long time.
- No!
- I want you to try to conserve your energy.
I want you to try to save
this precious air.
- Let's play the truth game.
- What's the truth game?
- Whoever gets pointed at has to tell the truth.
- Right!
- You're it.
- I'm it? [Stammering]
I see before me

a man who, uh...
uh, he's been painting
the same canvas...
for the last
three and a half years.
- [Laughter]
- I see a man...
uh, he seduces young virgins
from Sarah Lawrence...
[Laughter, Hooting]
By pretending he's an artiste...
when, in reality,
he's a tap dancer.
[Laughter]
- [Laughing]
- Fuck you, Charlie.
[Hoots, Laughter]
I love black men,
and that's the God's truth!
[Hoots, Laughter]
Would you like to know
what I see?
Only if it's the truth.
I see the most gigantic ego
in the history of mankind.
- [Man] Marvelous.
- I see a man who thinks...
that everything in skirts
is in love with him.
- Well, this is true.
- [Laughter]
I see charm, guile...
poetry... and pain.
- Gee, I don't see any of that.
- [Laughter]
- Well, what do you see?
- I see...
[British Accent]
A wasteland of brainy, brainless...
brimming brothels of bright,
brilliant brimstones...
brandying brandy
in a broken brouhaha...
[Yiddish Accent]

Of gefilte fish.

[Laughter]

I see the most beautiful girl
in the whole wide world.

- Oh!

- [Grunting]

Oh, I would like to put
peanut butter on her frail body...
and eat it all up,
and then...

I would like to have her caress me
and love me and caress me some more.

Mmm!

Larry!

We were in the neighborhood.

Hi, Mom. Hi, Pop.

- Is this a party?

- No, dear, this is a subway.

- What?

- We... We were playing a game.

- Maybe we better come another time.

- Nonsense, Dad.

Come on,
join the happy throng.

Dollar a head.

I pay, they pay.

Come on, Mom.

Let's dance.

Come on. Yes.

[Humming]

- Who are you?

- I'm Bernstein.

- You're Jewish?

- No, darling, I'm gay.

- ####[Swing]

- [Laughter]

I don't care how you feel.

You're a great dancer.

You're not bad
yourself, Mom.

Whoo!

[Laughing]

Come on, everybody.

[Faye]

I love it.! I love it.!

Mom, what are you doing here?

This is my class. You can't do this.

You think I'm your
standard Jewish mother.

I'm a funny lady who just shouts
and shrieks and wails.

- ####[Violin]

- Am I not flesh?

Am I not blood?

Am I not a human being...
with feelings...
feelings like you...
and you and you...
my son.

You think I took you to all those double
features so I could get out of the house.

No, no. I want to be
in show business too.

Why not?

I can sing.

####[Singing In Italian]

####[Continues]

[Continues]

- [Clapping]

- [Man] Bravo.!

- A golden voice! Bravo, bravo, bravo!

- [Audience Cheers]

Bravo.!

I can dance.

Da-da, da-da, da, da

####[Band Playing Swing]

[Audience Clapping,
Cheering]

[Faye]

I love it.!

We used to go out
dancing for fun.
Speakeasies.
Get ourselves
nice and drunk.
And we'd do the Charleston.
In your whole life, you never once
did the Charleston.

- I was two left feet.
- Why don't you leave all that?
- I'll clean it up in the morning.
- We never played games.

Subway? Never heard
of such a thing.

Everybody's playing subway.

Ike and Mamie play it in the White House.

- I liked Truman.
- Oh, my feet are killing me.
- Ben, make me a nice hot cup of coffee, huh?
- I'll make it.

No, no.

[Chuckles]

You I want to talk to.

You sit down.

Sit down.

- One second.
- At least you're a Jewish girl.

Mrs. Lapinsky, Larry and I
are not getting married.

No? So then,
what are you doing?

We're not doing
anything.

You know something?

Do you think that I was born yesterday?

Faye.

None of our business, Faye.

Mmm. It bothers you,
I ask you a couple questions, huh?

Not really.

I'm glad we finally met.

Oh.

[Laughs]

If it was up to my son, we'd never meet.

He's ashamed of me.

No, he's not.

He's afraid of you.

- Miss, don't be such a wise guy.
- [Larry] Here you are.
- Want something, Pop?
- Yeah, I want to go home.
- I have to get up early.

- I just got my coffee. You want to go home?

Well, I understand you
and this pretty young lady...

- Her name's Sarah, Mom.

- Yeah.

Sarah. Uh, you're not
getting married, huh?

Where'd you read that?

Walter Winchell?

Oh, another wise guy.

- Am I wrong, or am I right?

- You're right.

Sarah is just
my girlfriend.

All right then, so when are you
gonna get married, huh?

You don't necessarily get married
to your girlfriends these days.

Oh, so who do you marry,
your boyfriends?

- I told you, Greenwich Village is peculiar.

- [Laughs]

I see where you get your
sense of humor from.

- I got married, I was 18 years old.

- Nineteen.

[Sighs]

I, uh...

I never knew another man.

Well...

But in those days,
you dated...

then you got engaged
and you got married.

There was no hanky-panky
in between.

- Maybe there should have been.

- Hey, Sarah.

Oh, no.

Maybe she's right.

Who knows?

But what I do know is, nowadays
they date, they never get engaged...
they never get married,

and there's lots of hanky-panky, right?

[Laughs]

So you two, you two...

- are, uh, you know, you...

- Hanky-panky?

Mom, Sarah and I

are just good friends.

You know, I'm not as old-fashioned
as you think I am, son.

And what's the difference if I know
the truth? You think I'm a monster.

- It's none of your business.

- He's right.

You can't stop, can you?

I'm a grown man.

I'm not a little boy anymore.

I have an apartment.

I have a career.

I have a life.

Some career.

Four years you went to college.

You squeeze carrot juice
in a nut house.

- I am an actor!

- Don't yell at me.

Faye, it's time to go.

Look, miss, if you're sleeping
with my son, it's your own business.

But if you're all so damn modern about it,
why shouldn't I know about it?

What's the difference?

- We've had sex.

- Thanks.

You had sex?

They had sex.

I wanna...

I gotta go home.

- I wanna go home!

- Mrs. Lapinsky, I was only kidding.

- I didn't mean it.

- Mom. Stop it, Mom.

- Calm down.

- [Indistinct] I wanna go home!

[All Talking]

- Relax.
- Leave me alone. Leave me alone.
- I was only kidding.
- She's a nice Jewish girl. She was lying.
- Hey, Mom, she was kidding.
- [Whimpering]
I swear,
I was joking.
- [Whimpering]
- She was only kidding, Mom.
- Kidding?
- I was only kidding.
You were just kidding?
I swear
I was joking.
We've never
slept together.
Uh, all right.
Uh...
Come on, Ben.
Let's go.
L-l-It's very nice
to meet you, miss.
You're...
You're a beautiful girl.
- Uh, call.
- Mrs. Lapinsky, it was nice meeting you too.
Uh, you know, you should
have seen him in college.
His acting.
He's a genius.
Uh...
His Hamlet, it was like
you saw a work of art.
I'm 10 years away
from a good Hamlet.
- Ben, tell her. Tell her.
- He was really... good.
Larry's very talented.
Uh, we could walk you
to the subway.
- We're...
- I'm gonna help clean up.
Good night, Mom.

You'll call me tomorrow?

4:

I'll call you tomorrow.

4:

All right.

Good night.

Good night, Pop.

[Sighs]

Oh, my God.

Great God in heaven,

help me!

Help a poor Jewish boy.

Help my twisted brain.

[Groans]

She is unbelievable.

What did I tell you?

But she's smart.

And she's kind of interesting.

There's something strange
about her.

She invented
the Oedipus complex.

But I like her.

She's kind of like
a Jewish gypsy.

The crazy thing is...
while it's happening,
I see the humor of it.

No matter how insane
it gets...

there's still a funny side.

You know what I mean?

I'm tired.

- Larry.

- What's the matter?

I expect her to walk in
any minute.

No hanky-panky?

No, I can't have sex
till Monday.

You have cats' eyes.

I also have elephant ears.

I really want to go
to Mexico.

I don't know who's crazier,
you or my mother.

It's just postabortion blues.

Is it going to be soon
at all?

- What is your name?

- Clyde Baxter.

Just have a seat.

It won't be long.

- Did you look at the list? Am I on the list?

- Yeah. It's right here.

- I am?

- Just have a seat.

- Yeah, you said that an hour ago.

- We're running a little late.

Would it help
if you had this?

Thank you.

Just have a seat.

Just have a seat.

All right.

Uh, Kenny Shackle.

I believe I was
before that man.

Was I not?

Was I before him
or not?

L... I don't have to
do this, you know.

- You may not.

- [People Laughing]

Boy, she's really something.

Yes, she is something.

I didn't study
for six years...

to be treated
like an animal.

You studied six years
in New York?

Yes, in New York.

I studied with everybody... Sandy,
with Stella. I'm with Lee now.

- I don't...
- You're with Lee?
At the Actors Studio,
yeah.
Oh, yeah.
I'm studying
with Herbert now.
Herbert?
I took a class with him.
I paid \$40 for a month
and the man talked for two hours.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
Yeah, he talks a lot.
I like him though.
- Yeah?
- I was...
I was thinking of auditioning
for the Studio one of these days.
Strasberg is a genius.
He'll kill you. He'll nail you
if your work isn't specific.
Have you seen Brando work?
He's working
on Hamlet right now.
- But he hasn't shown it.
- He's a great actor.
- My name is Clyde Baxter.
- Larry Lapinsky.
- You gonna keep your name?
- Sure. Why not? Is it too Jewish?
No, it's just
a difficult name.
What about
Edward G. Robinson?
Morris Carnovsky?
Cary Grant?
My real name
is Charlie Belitnikoff.
Who's gonna
remember that?
Larry Lapinsky.
[Clattering]
- Good luck.

- See you later, Charlie.
- Clyde. My name is Clyde.
- Clyde. Sorry. Clyde.
Good luck.
I believe I was before him,
was I not?
[Indistinct]
- Just have a seat.
- Thank you.
They're not gonna go
before me, are they?
- Your name?
- My name? My name is Clyde Baxter.
Just have a seat, please.
[Man]
Come on in.
- Hi, kid. I'm Sid Weinberg.
- Larry Lapinsky.
Sit down, sit down.
[Chuckling]
That's Wally Berry.
A little
before your time.
How old are you?
- I'm about 19.
- You're about 24, 5.
- I'm 22.
- I like your face for this picture.
You look
like a tough kid.
Stand up, stand up.
Yeah. Yeah, hair, nose.
Yeah, yeah.
Yeah, you got a real street look.
- Where you from?
- Brooklyn.
- Brownsville.
- Murder Incorporated, huh?
It was a tough neighborhood.
I'm living in the Village now.
- You're not a faigelah, are you?
- No, but I'm Jewish.
[Laughs]
Comedian, huh?

I like that.
Now, look, kid.
What's your name again?
Lapinsky. Larry Lapinsky,
but I'd be willing...
to change it to Frank Reilley,
if that would help.
Save the jokes
for the screen test.
I want you to test for me
in a studio here in New York.
If you get it, you're gonna
have to fly out to the Coast.
- Are you available?
- Are you kidding?
No. Now,
don't count on anything.
There are about 100 guys
up for this thing.
How does your mother
feel about your acting career?
- Do you know my mother?
- No, but I remember mine.
When I started out...
this was in the old days...
vaudeville,
Keith-Albee circuit...
Well, kid, when my mother
found out I wanted to be a tap dancer...
she punched me in the chops
with her purse.
- You were a tap dancer?
- ## [Scatting]
[Laughs]
- So I became a furniture salesman instead.
- [Laughs]
Come on, kid.
- What was your name again?
- Lapinsky. Larry Lapinsky.
Good. Tell the girl
to send another actor in.
- Okay. Thanks a lot, Mr. Weinberg.
- You'll be hearing from us.
[Scatting]

- Hey, what's happening?
- Another suicide by Anita Cunningham.
Next time. I'm delivering
a lecture tonight.
[Scatting]
[Horn Honking]
[Chattering]
Hello, Anita.
Anita, where are you?
I don't smell any gas.
Whoo!
I smell cat piss.
Where are you?
Anita?
Timmy. Timmy, bubelah,
talk to me. Where is she?
This is your Aunt Connie.
Where is Anita?
Tell me. Just tell me,
where is Anita?
Speak to me, bubelah.
Speak to me.
- Where is she?
- [Chattering, Laughing]
- Timmy, talk to me.
- She's dead.
What?
She's dead.
Don't. Don't go in there.
It's very bloody.
What are you
talking about?
She cut her throat.
Larry, call the police.
It's my fault.
- Are you sure?
- I'm sure.
It's my fault.
It's my fault.
[Larry] Connect me with the police.
This is an emergency.
Yes, I'd like
to report a suicide.
You know where I first met her?

She was married
to a poet named Millstein.
He was a house painter,
so I hired him to paint my living room.
I didn't know Anita.

[Laughing]

I didn't know Millstein.
So he comes over
and I tell him...
to paint the living room
off-white.

You know how tall
Anita is?

Millstein was
a head taller.

- He was like an eagle.

- They're coming.

Yeah. So, he started
painting the room...
and, uh, I went
into the bathroom to read.

About an hour later
I come back to see...
maybe he wants coffee,
something.

I walk out, I see the room doesn't
look as if it's been painted at all.
And I see that he is
dipping his brush into thin air...
right next
to the can of paint.

He is painting the wall
with make-believe paint.

So I... I, uh... I called his house
and Anita answered.

And she came over
and she took him home.

And that, my dears,
is how I met Anita Cunningham.

[Man] All right, put us on a bell,
please, and let's have quiet.

- [Bell Rings]

- Let's have real quiet this time.

- [Man #1] Okay, Arthur?

- [Man #2] Yeah, looks good.
Give him another on the nose.
He's too shiny.
[Weinberg]
Let's go, let's go.
[Man #2] Come on, let's have
some quiet here. Come on.
- You ready?
- Anytime, sir.
- All right, roll sound.
- Speed.
Sticks.
Screen test number seven, Larry Lapinsky.
Take one, sound one.
How old are you, Larry?
I'm 16 years old, man...
16 going on 23.
- Where you from, Larry?
- Brownsville... Murder Incorporated territory.
Larry, have you
any film experience?
Yeah. I made
two pictures last year...
one like this,
and one like this.
You're a funny guy,
eh?
I never made any movies,
but I been in a lot of plays...
both on and off Broadway...
and I'm in the Studio... the Actors Studio
with Marlon Brando.
- That so?
- Yeah, man.
Studio's the greatest.
What have you done
on Broadway?
I was in Mister Roberts.
I was in it for three months.
- What'd you play?
- Played a sailor.
You know, like one of the kids.
Like a tough kid sailor.
Larry, would you

slowly turn your head...
so we can see you full face
and both profiles.
With pleasure, man.
[Man] Sid, can I see
the right profile again?
[Sid] Oh, yeah. Would you give us
the right profile again?
Yeah. Front, Larry.
I have 10 seconds left
on your test, Larry Lapinsky.
Anything more
you want to say?
Yeah, sure.
Not only do I think
I could do a great job in this picture...
but I am also starving
and I could really use the work.
[Laughing]
Cut.
You're very funny.
- I think I was really nervous.
- No, no, no, you were very good.
Set up for the next test,
will you, Paul?
You'll hear from us
in a couple of weeks...
as soon as they see the film
on the Coast.
Thanks a lot,
Mr. Weinberg.
Paul, I said I wanted it quiet.
It was awfully noisy in that last take.
That was very, very noisy.
It's continuing.
It doesn't stop
and it's getting boring.
Lou, I don't want
to pick you out...
- but you're making noise
off-camera with the slate.
- Okay.
If you want to chalk it,
chalk it when the thing is over.

- It's really boring.
- You holler for lunch...
Hey, don't you tell me
who I holler for.
- I'll take care of the slate.
- Please, please.
- Wait a minute, now.
- [All Talking]
[Indistinct Chatter]
That was very smart,
wearing the jacket.
- Hey, how you doing? Thanks.
- You were funny.
- Yeah, but was I any good?
- You shouldn't have lied about being in the Studio.
Hey, man, I really
need the job, huh?
- I don't think that's very funny.
- I didn't mean...
- I'm sorry, Charlie.
- Clyde. My name is Clyde Baxter.
Clyde.
I'm sorry, Clyde.
Good luck.
Will you shut that door,
please, kid?
I mean, I hope he gets the job.
I hope everybody gets the job.
[Paul] Could you please be a little quiet there?
We're trying to make a shot now.
On the...
Yeah, we're being quiet.
It's not "we. "
It's you, sir.
You are making noise,
and you're not being quiet.
I don't like being singled out,
if that's what you're trying to do.
Who do you want me
to single out?
- Is this a quiz?
- What is your name, please?
- My name is Baxter.
- And are you here to audition for the part?

Yes, I am here
to audition for the part.
- I think you've failed your a-a-audition.
- I failed my a-a-a...
Get off the set.
Beat it. Out.
Yeah, fine.
It's fine with me.
- Shut the door on your way out.
- Yeah, fine.
All right, Sid,
you ready?
- [Weinberg] Okay.
- [Paul] Action.
[Man's Voice]
Screen test, Larry Lapinsky.
Take one, sound one.
- [Slate Claps]
- [Man #2] Action.!
We ride. Clear my head.
We drive through the night.
When you mow down the night
with your headlights, nobody gets you.
You're on top of the world then.
Nobody laughs.
That's it. Speed.
We're off the Earth. Unconnected.
Nothing. Useless.
No, we have each other,
two together...
No! We have each other,
two together.
- Mom.
- We have each other.
Somewhere there are happy
boys and girls...
- who'll teach us their way of life.
- I love you, Lorna.
Oh, Joe, we'll find a city
where poverty is no shame...
and music is no crime.
[Man]
Cut.! Cut.!!
Print that.!!

Fantastic.!

[Man's Voice]

Screen test, Larry Lapinsky.

- Take two, sound two.

- [Slate Claps]

To be or not to be...

that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler

in the mind...

to suffer

the slings and arrows...

- Be a doctor!

- Of outrageous fortune...

- You schmuck face!

- And by opposing, end them.

Larry Lapinsky, you stink.

To sleep...

[Gasps]

[Sighs]

Come in.

[Door Opens, Closes]

[Larry]

Hi.

- Good morning.

- Where is he?

- Under the covers.

- Bernstein.

He won't speak.

He had a fight

with the sailor...

so he came over last night,

we cried...

then he got into bed,

pulled the covers over his head...

and basta,

that's been it.

Bernstein.

Bernstein,

I am talking to you.

Oh, stop already,

you meshuggener.

Bernstein Chandler.

Come on, Bernstein. If you

don't respond in a couple of seconds...

I'm going to have to phone the police,
and they will take you to the hospital.

Are you receiving me?

Come on.

I know you're scared, but so are we.

All right, I'm gonna

count to 10...

and then...

I'm gonna phone the police.

One, two, three...

four, five...

six, seven...

eight, nine...

nine and a half, 10.

I am now going

to phone the cops.

- Hi.

- Excuse me.

Please! I don't want anyone

to look at me.

All right, baby,

nobody's gonna look at you...

but can you tell me, please,

why not?

Because I don't want

to look at anyone.

Well, is there something

we can do for you?

I'm gonna make a cup of coffee.

Anyone want some?

Would you like

a cup of coffee?

Would you like

something to eat?

Would you like a bedpan?

Oh!

"Bedpan" always

gets a laugh.

You know why "bedpan"

always gets a laugh?

Because bodily functions

are funny.

Number one is funny.

Number two is very funny.

Belching is quite funny.
[Belches]
Farting is
hysterically funny.
[Blowing Raspberries]
And various combinations
are even funnier.
A belch and a number two is hysterically
funny no matter how you cut it.
"Cut it."
"Cutting them" is funny.
- It's a funny phrase..."I cut one. '"
- [Both Laughing]
Can you imagine the king of England
turning to the House of Lords and saying...
[With English Accent] "Gentlemen,
I just cut one." [Blows Raspberries]
"Dump" is a funny word.
"Screw" is not funny.
- Sex is serious.
- Very serious.
Sex is the most serious thing
in the whole world.
A guy who can't get it up is in worse
trouble than a guy who died.
You know why? Because a guy
who died doesn't know he died.
But seriously, folks...
The funniest thing of all is this.
My real name is Floyd Lewis.
I was born in Macon, Georgia.
My mother died when I was
three years old.
I don't know
who my father is.
My life is a fiiction...
all made up, my dears.
No cleaning woman.
No family named Bernstein.
All fiction.
Only the "gay" is real.
My trade is real.
My tricks are real.
I've been brutalized

physically and mentally.

I really am out of my mind.

So, please, let me stay
under the covers.

I just want to stay
under the covers.

[Robert]

This town is hot...

and shitty

and sweaty and grimy.

I'm going to Mexico City
next week.

- Are you serious?

- I'm buying my ticket tomorrow.

- Why?

- Why not?

Well, I can't go.

I'm waiting on that screen test.

I'd like to go.

We can't.

Is there any rule

against having fun?

- We can't afford it. We spent all our money on...

- I'll lend you the money.

What, did you just
come into an inheritance?

No. I just know some...

wealthy ladies who have
a thing for poets.

I wouldn't mind
going somewhere.

- Then let's all go.

- Well, what about Bernstein?

We'll wrap him up,
take him with us.

- [Larry] I can't go.

- Yes, you can.

Hey, Sarah, I just
told you I can't go.

Well, I can.

What does that mean?

It means I can go.

It means I'm not a prisoner.

- [Larry] Do you think you're my prisoner?

- Sometimes.

Then go fuck yourself and go to Tibet.

I don't care what you do.

When do you find out
about that screen test?

- I don't know.

- You have to know soon. In about a week or two.

Why don't you wait
until you find out and then join us?

And what if

I get the part?

Then I'll come back.

I'd like to talk to you.

Sure.

- I got it.

- I'll see you later.

- Bye-bye.

- Bye.

[Door Closes]

I would like another cup of coffee
and another pack of cigarettes.

No, make that a pot of coffee
and a carton of cigarettes.

- They'll be okay.

- I don't know.

Worry about yourself

once in a while.

- I worry about myself all the time.

- Yeah?

Tell me about it.

There's nothing to tell.

You are the funniest girl

I ever met.

So nice being
called a girl.

Would you like to come back
to my place and...

- make love for an hour or two?

- [Chuckles]

I don't think I can
walk up seven flights.

It's easy
on the way down.

All right, let's go, bubelah,

before you change your mind.

I don't want you

going to Mexico without me.

Tough.

I'm warning you, Sarah.

- I want to talk to you.

- No.

- Please.

- No.

- You hurt my arm.

- I'm sorry.

Nobody owns me.

Nobody!

Do you have any gum?

My mouth tastes rotten.

Here.

Let's make love.

Okay.

Do you have your diaphragm?

Mm-hmm.

Put it on.

I'm wearing it.

Robert?

Mm-hmm.

I thought so.

- I'm sorry.

- You fuckin' bitch.

- You bitch! You bastard! You bitch!

- [Cries Out]

- You couldn't stay away from him, could you?

- [Whimpers]

Huh?

[Sobbing]

I love him.

You're full of shit.

You love yourself.

I'm sorry.

- How did it happen?

- What is the difference?

How the fuck did it happen?

Will you tell me how it happened?

Will you tell me?

[Sobbing]

[Sobbing, Coughing]

- [Sighs]

- I won't hurt you anymore.

L...

I don't know

why I did it.

I didn't plan it.

I, uh, went to Robert's...

and we talked...

and then we made love.

I don't know anything else.

Why did you come up here?

L... I don't know.

If I go to Mexico with you,

is it over with Robert?

No.

- I love you, Sarah.

- I know.

I'll always love you.

No, you won't.

Always.

- [Door Opens]

- [Faye] Larry?

Larry, darling, you home?

We were...

We were in the neighborhood,

so we thought that we... [Stammering]

- Oh, my God.

- Faye, I think we ought to go home.

[Stammering]

Look, you're gonna

marry her.

You hear me?

You're gonna marry her.

We'll have

a fast ceremony.

Honey, I don't know

your mother and father.

How could we?

Nobody introduced us.

But I'm sure your father

has got enough money...

- for some kind of a decent wedding.

- Faye.

[Stammering]

- Faye, let's go, huh?
- Put your pants on!
- Can we go now, Faye?
- What are you talking about?

Don't you see what's
going on around here?
It's none
of our business, damn it!
He's a grown man!

- Good-bye, Larry.
- What do you mean?

So long, Sarah.

What do you mean?

[Door Closes]

What's the matter?

What's happening here?

It's crazy that...

Larry, tell me.

[Stammering]

Baby, what's the matter?

You know, I got...

I almost forgot.

L-l...

I bought you the new
Jussi Bjrling record.

It's an aria
from Verdi's Tosca.

Ben, play the record
for him.

Oh. Oh, you should
hear him sing.

That man has a voice.

It's music.

[Humming]

I don't think
that's Tosca.

What-What's going on?

Tell me, honey. What?

What...

Ben.

Make him...

Make him talk to me.

[Stammering]

I don't understand

such kind of people.

I don't under...

Greenwich Village.

Greenwich Village!

[People Chattering]

- You gonna hit me?

- I don't know.

That's a funny thing about me...

I've never been hit by a man.

- Do you love Sarah?

- No.

- Was she good?

- What do you want?

- I like you, Larry.

- Come on! Was she good?

- First times are usually rotten.

- I may hit you.

I like Sarah.

I don't love her.

Have you ever been

in love?

- I don't think so.

- I believe you.

I did run away from home...

when I was 15.

I knew I wanted

to be a writer.

I knew.

I also knew I wanted to sleep
with a lot of different women.

What can I tell you?

People get hurt.

I'll tell you something,

Robert.

Underneath that pose

is just more pose.

Adios.

[Thunder Rolling]

- When are you leaving?

- Maana.

[Sighs]

Oy vey. I have a heavy heart.

How's Bernstein?

He's coming.

We'll meet them in Mexico City.

- You can say their names.

- Oh, I love you.

I hope they get married
and have twin poets.

A little angry
fits you nicely.

Coffee?

What I don't understand
is why you're going.

I want to see the ruins.
You're gonna sit around
and wait until he dumps her.

You can say their names.

I love you. I do.

Really love you.

Come on.

I'll buy you a cappuccino.

Is Bernstein really okay?

He says he's gonna find
some beautiful Mexican trade...

and live happily ever after.

That was a terrible thing
with the Rosenbergs.

I'm not a politician, but they didn't
have to burn them in the electric chair.

I went to the demonstration
in Union Square.

A waste of time,
demonstrations.

If Eisenhower wouldn't stop it,
what good is demonstrations?

Truman could have stopped it.

They're all politicians!

It's a waste of time.

- Morning.

- Good morning, Mr. Elkins.

- How do you feel today?

- My head feels good.

- My stomach feels good too.

- Wonderful.

But I didn't sleep

10 minutes last night.

- Now the tongue, please.

- [Phone Ringing]

Larry, make Mr. Elkins
a cabbage and broccoli juice...
while I prepare a cup
of rose hips tea.

Who? Larry Lapinsky?

- What is this with the calls at work?

- Some man wants to talk to you.

- Hello?

- What is this, a telephone service?

- Hi, Mr. Weinberg.

- I'm trying to run a business,
and they get telephone calls.

- Yeah? All right.

- That's gratitude for you.

- Thank you. [Whoops]

- Bring the boy in...

- What is this?

- Nothing, Herb. I just got another job.

- At a delicatessen?

- No. In a movie.

In a feature film.

I got an acting job.

I'm going to leave
for the Coast on Friday.

Coast? Coast?

What coast?

- Hollywood. Los Angeles, California.

- Wonderful!

- You're not pulling my leg?

- No, Herb.

I got an acting job
in a movie!

Oh, my God.

That's terrific! That's fabulous!

- Helen, did you hear that?

- I know. Congratulations.

My Larry got a job
in the movies.

What about my cabbage
and broccoli juice?

You got it. One cabbage
and broccoli juice comin' right up.

How do you like that? I got

a Hollywood star making juice for me.
Did I tell you
this kid had something?
Herb, we're running short
on cabbage here.
I want an autographed
eight-by-ten glossy...
as soon as you get one,
you hear, Larry?
- Okay.
- I'll put it right on the wall over the juicer.
That was good.
That was good, Mom.
Well, I better be going.
Where you going?
You just got here.
I gotta pack
and everything.
Be careful
on the airplane.
- It's first class.
- How many engines does it have?
- Four, I think.
- Four?
Four is safe.
Four is safe.
- How do you know four is safe?
- I read it at the candy store.
Larry, what happened
with you and that girl?
- Her name is Sarah.
- Sarah. What happened?
She ran off with a friend of mine
to Mexico.
They teach you to lie like that
in Greenwich Village?
You're a funny lady, Mom.
My life
has not been very funny.
- I'm going.
- Wait! You...
- So long, Pop.
- Good-bye, son.
Mom, please, no crying.

Promise me you won't
get a big head.
And promise me you'll always remember
where you come from.

- I promise, Mom.

- Remember your grandmother...

how she got out of Poland.

She had to sneak across the border
in a wagon covered with potatoes.

And the guards, they stuck
bayonets into the sacks.

That's where you came from.

Oh, I almost forgot.

[Laughs]

Uh...

Apple strudel for the plane.

What am I gonna do with
apple strudel on a plane?

You'll eat it.

That's what you'll do with it.

- I told you he'd get angry.

- I'm not angry.

I'm crazy, but I'm not angry.

So long.

- Sweetheart, Larry?

- Yeah, Mom?

Listen, if you ever
actually meet Clark Gable...
tell him that your mother
loved him all of her life...
and she saw every picture
he ever did.

I'll tell him, Mom.

- Oh, Larry? Write.

- I will.

[Stammering] Would you promise
you'll write every day?

- I promise, Mom.

- And you'll call once in a while?

That's why

we put a phone in.

I'll write every day,

and I'll call every other day.

How's that?

Larry?

Be a good actor.

- #####[Folk Violin Playing]

- Come on. Let's go. Come on. Let's go.

Come on. Let's go.

Come on.!

Give me the ball.!

Larry? Larry.!

- Hi, Mrs. Tupperman.

- I was sorry to hear about you...

and that girlfriend

of yours.

Yeah. So was I.

So, how is Greenwich Village

treating you?

Didn't you hear?

I'm going to Hollywood.

- I'm gonna act in a movie.

- Hollywood?

So long, Mrs. Tupperman.

Be careful, Larry.

- #####[Violin Continues]

- [Children Chattering]

#####[Continues]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[Horn Honks]

[Continues]