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# Two for the Seesaw

By Isobel Lennart

(melancholy trumpet solo)  
(flamenco guitar,  
bongo drums, laughter)  
(hum of conversation)  
- Hey! Jerry Ryan, glad you could make it.  
- Good to see you, Oscar.  
Of all the people  
I never expected to hear from!  
After a month, I got a sudden urge  
to see a familiar face.  
- I see you're still painting.  
- I'm painting, all right.  
Jerry, think what could've happened  
to my talent if I'd stayed in Nebraska!  
New York saved my life.  
I paint with my guts now!  
- I got a whole new...  
- (woman) Oscar!  
Kindly look at the spaghetti,  
it's gonna stick!  
Who cares! Come here.  
Sophie, meet Jerry Ryan,  
from back home.  
An artist for ya - "Who cares?"!  
Pleased to meet you, Jerry.  
Influence him to look at the spaghetti.  
- Sure. Oscar, I'll be fine.  
- I'll be right back.  
Fix yourself a drink. Mingle a little.  
Is the purpose of art to communicate?  
Yes or no?  
Pardon me. I beg your pardon.  
The way you ask is typical of  
your attitude. Dogmatic. Conformist.  
...making compromises.  
You saw my improvisation.  
Was the motivation absolutely clear?  
Well, truthfully, I did feel  
a certain dichotomy.  
Your motivation  
and the motivation of the...  
(general chatter)

**( song:**

(woman) Think you're Rockefeller,  
you eat out all the time?  
A nice little icebox'll save you a fortune.  
I'm trying to do you a favour. Why so  
suspicious? With five bucks I'll get rich!  
I'll be five bucks less rich, won't I?  
What's a cottage cheese salad?  
At least a buck, right?  
Buy a carton, twenty cents,  
put it in the icebox and you're in business.  
Change your mind,  
gimme a ring, I'm in the book.  
Gittel Mosca. M-O-S-C-A, Mosca!  
You got a light?  
Don the hat, nobody'll know  
you're at the wrong party!  
Hecky, I've a story saved up for you.  
Punchline even.  
(Gittel laughs)  
You dirty...  
(phone rings)  
Yeah, hello?  
Hell!  
Uh!  
You slob. Slob. Slob.  
(phone)  
- Yeah, hello?  
- Miss Gittel Mosca?  
- It's me, who's this?  
- Jerry Ryan. We met at Oscar's party.  
- Yeah?  
- I lit your cigarette?  
You thought I was at the wrong party.  
The one with the hat, didn't say anything.  
- You must know some talkative hats!  
- Huh?  
About that icebox you were trying to sell.  
Can I stop by and look at it?  
Oh, I gave it away to some jerk  
Sophie sent over.  
I just let him have it.  
Why didn't you ask yesterday?  
It was too big a move.  
Today I decided to change, join the living.

About ten minutes ago.

- Thought I'd start by dropping in on you.

- I haven't got it.

All the same, I thought I'd drop in and...

(sighs) Yeah, well, thanks anyway.

Hell.

(phone)

Just a minute, I'm boiling over!

Milk all over the lousy stove!

Yeah, hello? Hello?

Hey, anybody on this line?

- No.

- Huh?

Hey!

- Hello?

- Sophie, is Oscar there?

Yeah.

That hat-type friend of his,

what's his number?

You got ants in your pants?

Drag your mind up outta your girdle,

see if Oscar's written it down.

Didn't realise you were so delicate.

Wait a minute.

Gittel, it's Circle 5-9970.

You got that?

- 9-9-7-0, yeah.

- Don't be an ingrate, give a thank you.

Very funny, I'll give you a commission.

(phone)

- Yes?

- I've been thinking about that icebox.

I could take you

and you could offer him a buck.

He might let it go.

He got it for nothing.

- Hey, you still with me?

- I don't know yet.

- How'd you get my number?

- Sophie. Oscar had it.

- The icebox, what do you think?

- I don't think you're calling about that.

- Huh?

- You've nothing better to do.

I've eleven different things  
I could be doing!  
Different isn't better.  
Why aren't you doing them?  
How'd I get in the wrong?  
Did you call about the icebox or not?  
- Not.  
- Well, I can't follow this. You called.  
I called because I was going  
out of my head in solitary.  
I called to make contact with someone  
of the weaker sex, who's weaker.  
OK, here I am. Contact.  
I called to ask you to dinner tonight.  
And a show, if you like.  
- Well, why didn't ya?  
- I was afraid you'd say yes or no.  
- I would have said "Sure!"  
- Right away we have problems.  
- What show? Where to eat?  
- Wait! Now I'm not so sure.  
I don't know if I want to get involved.  
You sound complicated.  
- Oh.  
- I'm the girl, right? And you're the man.  
Make up your mind, ask me,  
and I'll make up mine.  
- Been trying for a month.  
- To ask me to dinner?  
No, to get unstuck  
from a piece of flypaper.  
After you've broken your leg in five places  
you hesitate to make that first step.  
Reason I hung up on you was because  
I didn't want to say, "Please, help me".  
Look, I've a date with some kids.  
It'll keep me busy till maybe 6.30pm.  
Meet where we're gonna eat, say 6.45pm?  
- Say, 6.45pm.  
- You like to eat Chinese?  
- Yeah.  
- There's a place, The Peacock,  
on 4th Street, near Sheridan Square.  
It's in the book. Cantonese.

- Is it OK enough to?
- Is what OK enough to?
- Your leg?
- It may have affected my head!

But I'll meet you, The Peacock,  
Cantonese, 6.45pm, OK?

OK.

- I'm late.
- Yeah, I know.
- Next time I'll make sarcastic remarks.
- We're on next time already!

Kinda fast, so we can make a show.

- Yes, ma'am.
- Plain rice. You like fried?
- No.
- Plain rice and tea. Two.
- Yes, ma'am.
- I'd like coffee now.

Yes, sir.

So... you're an out-of-town type, huh?

- Nebraska.
- Nebraska?
- Is that in California?
- No, that's Nevada you're thinking about
- that's in California.
- What have you been doing in New York?

Mostly walking, by day and by night.

- Monotonous but healthy.
- When do you sleep?

No time. Who were the kids  
that kept you busy till 6.30?

Huh? Oh, a dance group.

They thought maybe

I'd have an idea for costumes.

- Did you?
- Sure, success, I got the job.

I loaned the choreographer 75 cents  
but I'll make a few bucks  
on the costumes.

- It's your livelihood?
- A little of this and that.

The rest, unemployment insurance.

So, what do you do?

What did you do in Nebraska?

- I was an attorney.
- Oh.
- You gonna practice law here?
- I've no plans yet, been too busy walking.
- Everything fine?
- Thank you.

Try one, it's from heaven.

No! Dip in the bug juice.

Gittel? Sounds exotic.

- What is it? Italian? Eskimo?
- Jewish!
- Mosca?
- That's exotic.

My stage name.

My real one's too long. Moskowitz.

- You act?
- Dance.
- Given it up?
- Given it up? It's what I am!

God, I studied with Jos for years.

- Jos who?
- You kidding? Lemien. The best!
- It's important to you?
- If not, I wasted a lot of 7.50s a week!

So...

What's it like in Nebraska?

I've never been out of New York.

From the Bronx to Manhattan to Brooklyn,  
this is your life, Gittel Mosca.

I was going to Florida once,

I had the money even. Miami.

I got married,

he went to Florida, I got divorced...

- You too?
- You married?

My wife's divorcing me back in Omaha.

- A lantsman.
- Huh?

A buddy from the same country.

How long did yours last?

- Twelve years.
- Big deal.
- She get a yen for another guy?
- No, a yen to see the end of me.

Look, do you really want to see a show?

I'm not sure. It bother you talking about marriage and divorce?

Oh, no.

I was thinking about something else.

How to decide whether

we really want to see a show?

- Cross-examine us, you're the lawyer.

- Please, this is more exotic.

Watch, you have to be a bat

to find your way around.

Some of my best friends are bats.

I'm not entirely stable myself.

- (crash)

- So why didn't you listen?

It'd make no difference.

Over 60% of accidents occur in the home.

Not including ruptured marriages.

Be safe, be homeless.

Getting run over in the street's better.

Coke, beer or seltzer?

- You?

- Warm milk.

Warm milk? I may be too old for you.

I'll have a sophisticated Coke.

It's got caffeine,

I'll give you a beer, it's more relaxing.

Don't be a nurse. Sorry. I spent twelve years being treated like a patient.

I was worried about, coddled, humoured.

- Your wife?

- A great little caretaker called Tess.

I've been cared for till I'm in shreds.

- Coke. Leave the chips to fall.

- OK. You don't sleep so you won't sleep.

Make it a beer.

Let's start all over, Jerry. Coke or beer?

Warm milk. If I'm relaxing,

there's no point in being casual about it.

- What bed you got, you don't sleep?

- A cot from the Salvation Army for \$8.

No wonder. Feel that.

Go on, take a feel.



You know what I paid  
for the mattress? 59 bucks.  
I'd never be without a good bed.  
You're in it a third of your life.  
- You must lead a very straight-laced life.  
- OK. Half.  
You get a good bed,  
you'll stop walking so much.  
Until I stop walking, I can't afford  
to make my bedbugs comfortable.  
- Vicious circle.  
- Bedbugs?!  
Among other things, yeah.  
Lawyer or no lawyer,  
you're not working, Jerry?  
Getting unstuck from a piece  
of flypaper can be very hard work.  
No, no.  
I know why I'm drinking this.  
Why are you?  
- I got an ulcer, in the duodenum.  
- Serious?  
I thought ulcers in women  
went out with the vapours.  
Isn't that a man's disease nowadays?  
- Well, I got it.  
- Which are you, by the way?  
The old-fashioned type or the manly,  
same rules for me as for you?  
Why? What's the difference?  
It might influence whether  
I drink this and go or stay all night.  
You don't exactly lead up to things,  
do you?  
Who's Mr America? Is that your ex?  
Wally wasn't around long enough to snap  
a picture. That's Larry, my partner.  
Somehow there's less of you here.  
Well, ulcers you put on weight.  
Supposed to eat six meals a day.  
The last haemorrhage, I'd put on 18lbs!  
- The last?  
- I hope. I've got just so much blood.  
- How many have you had?

- Two.

When I never looked healthier, they  
operated on me for something different!  
Appendicitis. No kidding,  
I'm a physical wreck, practically.  
Your physique, wrecked though it may be.  
That's what's wrong with me.  
What's wrong with you?

Nothing wrong with me except  
of course our problem.

- Make up our minds.

- About what?

Am I staying over? I appreciate  
the invitation but I don't think I'll insist.  
I don't get it, Jerry.

First, you can't decide whether to eat  
with me, then it's into bed. How come?  
Just testing. How will I know  
what to think till I hear what I say?  
Is that the way you decide everything,  
in your head?

It saves a lot of false moves.

How do you decide things?

Not in my head. A couple of false moves  
might get you further.

Let's not rush. Let's examine  
what we'd be getting into.

Who said yes yet? Is this some new line,  
supposed to be putting me in the mood?

- You mean it's not?

- Oh, boy!

All right, try a more conventional  
approach, a little soft music.

- Something I've missed.

- (soft music)

- You haven't got a radio, even?

- I haven't got a television set either.

But everybody's got a radio.

You can get a radio for 19.95.

- Jerry, are you broke?

- Why do you ask?

You're a long way from home,  
you're not working.

Know anybody you can borrow from?

Only you.

**(radio:**

How much do you need?

You're a very generous girl, Gittel.

Too generous.

You can get bit, feeding stray wolves.

- But you're broke.

- You said that.

Last year I made \$30,000.

I got 18 bucks to last me the month,

I'm helping you!

- I'd say you were a born victim.

- Of what?

- Yourself.

- I feel sorry for you. What's so terrible?

- You feel sorry for me?

- Sure.

- Gittel, how old are you?

- 29.

Stop talking like 28.

Start worrying about your own worries.

Things aren't good. A little here and there,  
the rest unemployment insurance.

- I got several plans!

- Plans?

This Larry and me,

we're working up a dance recital.

I'm looking for a cheap loft

for a studio for classes...

Why so sore?

'Cause I feel sorry for ya?

I don't think I can afford you.

I'm not ready for a whole human,  
complete with weaknesses...

- Who asked ya? Who made an offer?

- I did, but I take it back.

I'm neither ready nor able to be  
responsible for anything these days.

Least of all an ingenuous nitwit.

That's why I'm sore. Disappointment.

- What does ingenuous mean? Smart?

- Dumb. Naive.

Oh, I had my own room

in the Village at sixteen!

What to do? To play potsy?

- Be scared for your own reasons.

- So you're a woman of wide experience?

Well, wide is another story.

Do you sleep with Mr America?

Larry? I told you, he's a dancer.

We're good friends and all that

but do you think I'm peculiar?

- Hey, are you?

- Am I what?

Queer.

(he sighs deeply)

Now you've gone too far.

- How long have you been on the wagon?

- A year.

Where you been, in jail?

Let's not get all worked up.

Have a cookie and calm down,

then you'd better go.

Go? Was that the wrong false move?

No, Jerry.

I've an ironclad rule. I wouldn't sleep with

Christopher Columbus on the first date.

You want me to be promiscuous?

Besides, this routine

you've been giving me,

you couldn't have planned it better

to be turned down.

You're testing, how do you like that?

You know who you're testing? Not me.

You wanna find out how you feel.

That's a make?

Why should I sleep with you?

A health cure?

I don't even know what's eating you.

You've my whole life story -

and you, no news at all.

The news is sparse but here it is.

I'd a job, house, marriage and a life.

They all went sour.

Now for the shining present.

I live in a cell costing \$31 a month,

hall's full of garbage.

I awake gassed if I don't throw myself  
off a bridge the night before.

- I can't afford 19.95 for a radio!

- Sh!

That 30 grand, you said that to show off?

I didn't want to take candy

from a baby. I came east with \$500.

I'm trying to live on 3.50 a day.

You spent 16.80 tonight!

- I splurged. My birthday.

- Birthday?

Also, I bought a dollar cigar.

You bought your own birthday present?

- Why didn't you tell me, Jerry?

- Why?

- You'd have given me one?

- Sure.

Thanks, but I'm not hinting for handouts  
from lovable crackpot waifs.

Don't say "Go" when signalling "Come".

It's not ladylike.

You haven't been hinting for handouts?

- What?

- You've done it all night.

- Those hints, unhappy, bedbugs, broke.

- Unhappy bedbugs?

Unhappy. Bedbugs. Like if I don't sleep  
with you, they'll find you dead.

- Wait, who said that?

- You did.

With the garbage or off a bridge, you're  
so lonely. That's the last thing you said.

That might have been campaign oratory,  
an approach,

but I haven't done that all night.

First thing you said was "Help me",  
on the telephone!

- No. I said I wouldn't say...

- You said "Help me"! I said "Sure"!

I'm not complaining but why

call me names, you want it both ways?

Hey, I say something

to hurt your feelings?

I was griped. I wanted to get back at you.

It's natural.

No, it's just that you're right,  
the point you made.

- What point?

- That I ask for handouts.

I never saw it before but it happened  
tonight, right under my very nose.

- And if I do...

- Where are you going now?

Back to solitary. There I go again.

If you hate that joint so much  
that you don't wanna go back, stay.

I got a couch. You take the bed.

- Stay?

- A good night's sleep, you'll feel better.

OK? Settled.

You mind my sheets?

They're clean and I had a bath.

- No, Gittel, only...

- Only what? You got a lousy bed.

Tomorrow you get some kerosene  
and see where they come out of the wall.

Gittel, you're a very sweet girl.

Well... you're a very sweet girl, too.

The john's right over there.

- Get a good night's sleep, you'll...

- Feel better in the morning.

- Gittel.

- What? Still stewing? I've moved already.

After what we talked about, handouts,  
don't you think it's weak of me?

What, on your birthday?

Pillow. Pardon me.

- Should I stay, really?

- Don't nudja me. You wanna stay?

So stay.

What the hell! Happy birthday!

You should be in bed, a man of your age!

(phone)

That icebox, you shouldn't have  
given it away for nothing.

- Keep on like that and you're gonna...

- Hey, Jerry!

Are you OK?

Fine. Tried a new bridge, the Queensboro.

- Gittel, I walked out on ya.

- Yeah, I noticed.

- Why change your ironclad rule?

- Huh?

Oh, I couldn't resist your dopey hat.

Sure it was just that and not charity?

I was smothered in charity once,  
but not again.

- Is that why you took off?

- Partly.

Yeah. I was worried about ya and I called  
two or three times but no answer.

I walked out on you and you still call?

- Two times.

- Gittel.

Gittel, you need taking care of,  
you don't look after yourself.

- You'd object more.

- To what?

Like now. Why aren't you taking  
my head off about the time?

- Why, what time is it?

- After five.

- It takes practise. Go ahead.

- Go ahead, what?

Object! Holler! Who am I to call  
at this hour! If you resent it, say.

- Why are you hollering?

- For your own good.

I don't like to holler,  
it makes me nervous.

- Besides, I'm glad you phoned.

- Why?

What makes you so dumb?

I was worried about ya!

Better. All you need is practise. Go ahead.

Who's practising? You think I'm nuts?

Look at the time!

You call after 5am to practise hollering?

No. I called to tell you  
that you're a wonderful girl.

- Don't give anything away till I see you.

- Huh?

Seems I am on the market  
for a whole human being after all.  
Your whole human being,  
with ulcers, no appendix and all.  
Ooh, it must be some bridge,  
that Queensboro!  
Yeah, the view was great.  
That birthday candle you lit under me  
cast a light all the way to Omaha.  
- Omaha, Nevada.  
- Where you got smothered with charity?  
Swallowed up till I didn't have a friend  
or an ashtray to call my own.  
No matter how lovingly it's done,  
it still isn't calculated  
to make a man feel...  
well, manly, let's say.  
Jerry, just so I'll understand all this, talk  
down to me a little bit. Like A, B, C, OK?  
OK. I met Tess in my last year in college.  
Her father Lucius,  
the blowhard of all time,  
was so rich that he didn't care  
that I wasn't. Clear?  
- Yeah, yeah, go on.  
- OK.  
Between them, they took me over.  
A law scholarship was wangled for me,  
I was accepted into the family law firm.  
Lucius even built the house  
Tess and I lived in.  
A very grand house. A very plush kennel  
for an unpedigree pup.  
And there you are.  
What'd you see when you looked  
back with the candle?  
That I had asked for it.  
It wasn't done to me. I could have hollered  
stop or walked out, but I didn't.  
Half of my life's been a handout  
I asked for.  
Seeing that, I finally walked out  
on one tonight. From you.  
It just wasn't a good enough



beginning for us.

You know something, Jerry? A person could get pretty confused talking to you.

Have breakfast with me and I'll try and unconfuse you?

Sure. I'm having a tooth pulled at nine so make it after.

I'll probably be spitting a lot of blood, so...

I mean... we won't be able to do anything.

Why don't I come to the dentist with you?

- What for?

- 'Cause I want to.

See you in a while.

What do you do when a tooth bleeds?

- You got one?

- I'm talking about you.

Huh? Oh, let it bleed, it dries up.

- Why?

- Never mind.

- Gittel.

- Yeah.

Is he pretty good, this Dr Kruger?

He's a cotton pusher.

He drills, pushes in cotton, five bucks, back next week.

Next week, more cotton, five bucks, come back next week.

You go on like that till you get mad, then first he fills the tooth.

Why come to the Bronx to see him?

He's Mama's dentist, who else should I go to?

It wouldn't hurt, huh?

- Hiya, Gittel.

- Hi.

Come on in, Mr Molinari.

You wanna go in ahead of me?

I'm in no hurry.

- I'm in no hurry either, thanks.

- Oh.

Jerry, this lousy tooth hasn't been bothering me for two days now.

It's been through a lot.

I'll hold on to it. Let's go.  
Front Street, in the Village.  
2.98 for an icebag, a taxi downtown,  
I'm costing you a fortune.  
Well, I'm about to make a fortune.  
You gonna go back to that bridge  
and hold somebody up?  
Going to see a man about a job.  
Taubman. Big wheel in law circles.  
- When?  
- Soon as I get you bedded down.  
With the icepack... temporarily.  
(knocking)  
Oh, for Pete's sake, you're such a square.  
Why didn't you get me candy  
in a satin heart box?  
They don't have them  
till Valentine's Day.  
- Well, I'll wait.  
- Ah, Gittel...  
You wait. I have to put these into water.  
With what these cost ya,  
I hope you got the job.  
- I go to work for him tomorrow.  
- Gonna be a lawyer again, eh?  
I can't be a lawyer here  
till I pass the exams.  
- I'm gonna do briefs for him.  
- What does that mean?  
Researching a case for precedent.  
When one kook sues another kook and  
the judge can't decide which is kookier,  
they go back to the case  
in another court in 1890.  
Come on inside.  
- I liked it better without sleeves.  
- OK, on yours I'll leave off the sleeves.  
- So is it fun doing briefs?  
- It pays well.  
To be two halves of an apple,  
you and I...  
- Somebody putting the bite on ya?  
- No, but girls are expensive.  
Flowers, icebags... How's your tooth?

- Fine.  
- And renting lofts for them to dance in.  
- You're renting me a loft already?  
- Why not?  
I want you to use me.  
- Will you stop walking up and down?  
- I'm nervous.  
So am I, but this walking around  
isn't helping us any.  
I was just waiting to be stopped.  
Like something died here, the smell!  
From the furs, that's all.  
Open a window, it wouldn't smell.  
- Can I try one now?  
- Help yourself.  
If you want my candid opinion,  
this is an A-1 loft.  
(traffic sounds)  
This is the first that's bigger than a closet,  
smaller than a bowling alley.  
The floor's gotta be sanded down  
to dance but otherwise perfect.  
- Mr Jacoby?  
- Yes.  
How would you  
put the place in condition?  
I wouldn't lift a finger.  
\$60 a month, three months in advance.  
- If you want something done, do.  
- \$60 a month!  
- For a place without a john, even!  
- A who?  
- A bathroom.  
- A toilet!  
One flight down, end of the hall,  
clean, paper towels.  
Say, what do you wanna do, live here?  
You want a terlet? This is not  
an apartment. Nobody lives here.  
- I don't rent to beatniks!  
- Don't get in an uproar!  
I wanna make a dance studio,  
rent it out a few days for classes.  
- Kids?!

- Possibly, yes. Why?  
You gonna have kids, I wanna statement.  
Anything they damage, you pay.  
Huh! What could they damage?  
It's so beautiful here!  
They'll find.  
My dear young people,  
I've got a garment business downstairs.  
Why don't you discuss amongst  
yourselves, come to a decision?  
If you wanna take it, fine.  
If not, go in good health.  
But one way or the other, you'll kindly  
bring down the key. Thank you.  
Darn it! 60 bucks a month!  
Calm down, you'll wake up your ulcers.  
We've seen over a hundred lofts  
in the past five weeks.  
- You know this is it.  
- But \$60!  
I make more than twice that in a week.  
- So I'm supposed to be a leech?  
- Do me a favour, be a leech.  
- Let's look at more.  
- Honey, I can't.  
- Taubman wants to see me at 5.  
- You're gonna get canned?  
Won't you be happy  
till you're supporting me?  
Don't be such a wise guy.  
I'll look at some more,  
you go see what's with Taubman,  
and at dinner, we'll talk  
it over nice and calm.  
OK. All except the nice and calm part.  
My dear young man,  
in this loft, nobody lives!  
- That should do it. Sit down.  
- Thank you.  
It's ridiculous a man  
of your ability clerking.  
Why not take the state Bar exams?  
That'd be a cram job.  
I haven't been to school for ages.

Bypass all that,  
get admitted to the Bar on motion.  
- I'll sponsor you.  
- That's extremely kind of you.  
You need affidavits from prominent  
Nebraska attorneys.  
The head of your old firm  
could manage it.  
If I could ask him. He's about  
to become my ex father-in-law.  
Think it over. We'd like to have you.  
- Just to be sordid, how much?  
- I'm prepared to offer you 10,000 a year.  
Well, I'm prepared not to accept that.  
If I'm useful enough to be around full-time,  
I should be worth 12.5.  
It'd take 14 to nail me  
so we should be talking around 15.  
Let's go to the St Regis and have drinks.  
- Settle down to serious haggling.  
- It's only fair to warn you,  
after a couple of drinks my price goes up.  
Funny, mine goes down.  
- Hiya, baby, just got...  
- Don't move.  
Hey, that smells good, what's inside?  
Ah, chicken.  
And salad on the table and potatoes  
and wine on the ice.  
A bargain, 59 cents a bottle.  
Must be getting kinda old.  
- What's so funny?  
- You are.  
- I wanted to tell you...  
- Hey, curtains!  
You think I come here  
just to see you (?)  
Wait a second. Better with candles.  
Cosy, huh?  
Wonderful. You're turning this  
into the showplace of the nation.  
- What's in the bag?  
- Everything's in the bag.  
- That wire stuff you wanted, Brillo?

- Yes.

Dessert. Soya cake. Salt-free,  
butter-free, taste-free.

- Urgh.

- A present. Me to you.

Oh, Jerry, I can't wait to see what's in it.

What's in it?

She opens the package from her lover,  
thinking it's candy.

It's a diamond, torn from the eye  
of an idol. She shrieks...

- A cake of soap! I need a bath (?)

- Don't you dare.

That's Chanel No. 5. \$5 a copy.

We'll eat that spoonful by spoonful.

I think the nutty one of this twosome  
some of us think I am is you!

- \$5 we're not going to eat.

- Oh, yes, we are.

- Speaking of feasts, how's your stomach?

- I took some Banthine, it went away.

- Not all of it?

- Think I'm too fat?

- Good heavens, no.

- Too skinny?

- You're a sacred vessel of womanhood.

- Sexy as all get-out, huh?

- Well put.

- You think I'm too sexy? Over-sexed?

I think you're kind of a mixed-up vessel.

Calmly considered,

I'd say your bottom was tops.

Some vessel. I sound like a shipwreck!

The chicken'll get burned.

I started to tell you,

you're gonna get a long distance call.

- From whom?

- Your wife.

I talked to her. She asked the operator.

First I felt kinda funny but then I thought,

"She's been married to him for years.

Why shouldn't she call him,

"say, 'Hello, how are you,

what's new"'

I relaxed and looked  
at the chicken, like now.  
- (sighs) When did she call?  
- Two, three times. She'll try again at 8.  
Ye gods, she sure must be loaded.  
I only made one long distance call  
in my life.  
Tallahassee, Florida,  
right after we were married.  
Wally had a job there.  
Said he had a job but it was a redhead.  
- I didn't drop dead, I called him...  
- I don't want to talk to Tess.  
So don't.  
I got the bill, that's when I dropped dead.  
I just won't answer the phone,  
that's the best way.  
- You wanna get the wine?  
- I certainly do.  
- (soothing music)  
- We must celebrate.  
Wait till I tell you about my session  
with Frank Taubman.  
(radio off)  
What's the matter, honey?  
That I won't answer the phone?  
It's all finished. Dead and buried.  
I want it to stay that way.  
Now... let's talk  
about something more pleasant.  
Did you find a loft  
you like better than Jacoby's?  
- That's pleasant? No.  
- Good. We'll clinch the deal tomorrow.  
I'll get a loft when I get a job. Schraffts  
is putting on girls, I'll go tomorrow.  
- Schraffts? Waiting on tables?  
- Whatever they've got.  
I worked the candy counter last year,  
put on seven pounds.  
- Good candy.  
- Gittel, that's nonsense.  
- What's wrong with Schraffts?  
- Their having you. Final. No Schraffts.

The prosecution rests.

Hey, now, this chicken is fabulous.

What makes it taste like gin?

- Gin.

- Fabulous.

I mean you. You can cook, sew, you can...

Why are you eating French fries?

You know they're not good for you.

- How many have you had?

- Three.

That's three too many.

All right, you may have one more.

Here... instead.

I've been reading up on ulcers.

Stick to what you can eat.

Uh-huh.

You know, I've forgotten her voice.

How'd she sound?

What do you mean?

Lovely. She sounded lovely.

You wanna hear? Talk to her.

I don't understand.

You want me to talk to her?

I'm with you, in the Garden of Eden,  
Adam and Eve.

Why let the snake in? We had  
trouble getting rid of the bedbugs.

All right, Jerry, we're on the subject  
of bugs, something's bugging me.

It's all dead and buried, you said. Fine.

With Wally, it's all dead and buried too.

But if he called now, I'd make a face,  
I'd think who needs it and I'd talk to him.

It's another human being,  
maybe they're sick or need something.

- You'd find out why they're calling.

- Tess doesn't need from me, never did.

Wally doesn't mean enough  
not to talk to him.

That's you two. I don't have  
to operate on the same wavelength.

- No.

- Let's talk about the loft.

Honey, if you're a dancer,



it's time you did something about it.  
So we'll get you the loft tomorrow, OK?  
I'll get the coffee.  
Honey, I can afford it. Honestly.  
You're getting coffee for Fort Knox  
and you don't know it.  
Taubman wants me full-time.  
Gee, Jerry, that's great! A lawyer again  
in court, like you said you loved?  
I can't unless I accept favours  
from my ex father-in-law,  
which is a return to an old and bad habit.  
Or I take the Bar exam,  
which strikes me as nervous-making.  
- You'd knock 'em dead.  
- What makes you think so?  
My impression.  
I don't know the traffic laws here  
and I'm too old for school.  
You read about grandmas going to NYU.  
Eleven grandchildren...  
I look like somebody's grandma?  
We begin with my lending you a hand and  
end with you putting me through college.  
I don't need a hand, I'll make out.  
You gotta take the exam sometime.  
I'm in no particular hurry.  
Are you on vacation here,  
that you're in no particular hurry?  
Look, all I meant was...  
Now, stop it. You don't even know  
what you're fighting about.  
Look, you see this?  
That's Clevenger. Practice Manual,  
state of New York.  
What I don't know would fill that  
and a whole library.  
Jerry, you know what you've got  
too much of? A lack of confidence.  
If you were such a popular lawyer  
in Nevada, what's the difference?  
- Nebraska, dear. About 1,000 miles.  
- I'm serious.  
- Mm, better than Chanel.

- Why were you so popular?
- I shot in the mid-seventies.
- What?
- Birdies.
- Shooting birds made you popular?

Uh-huh.

Damn you.

(phone)

- I can't stand it.
- Don't answer.
- Hello?
- It's me.
- Put it down.
- It's Larry!
- Why didn't you call me sooner.
- I just got back.
- What did they say at the "Y"?
- \$625.
- How much?

- 625! What are we gonna do?

I don't know, but I can't talk now.

We're in the middle of dinner.

- Can we use the loft?
- Not yet, but I can't go into that now.

What did that dame do to you?

- Loved me. Married me.
  - Walked out on you. She's such a doll.
- I gave her reason. It was the best thing she could have done for us both.

If everything was so fine,  
how come you left Nebraska?

- At least there you could work.
- I stayed around awhile.

Everything seemed OK at first.

I was busy, Tess picked up her old life.

Got a fella. A guy who's been in love with her since kids, probably get married.

- Is that what bugged ya?
- I was for it in my head...
- But it bugged ya, huh?
- Well...

I kept bumping into them.

Gittel, when you've been married to somebody for 12 years,

lived together for 12 years,  
you don't just break up.  
You can't just forget it like it was...  
Well, anyway, I cut out. Ran.  
Stop running,  
it's the Atlantic Ocean already.  
- I'm not running any more.  
- Don't you see?  
If you can't talk to her, you're running.  
Just ask me. Don't try to help me.  
Ask me to and maybe I will,  
- if it's so important to you.  
- To you!  
I don't want to. Do you? Yes or no?  
- No.  
- Take the Bar exam?  
- No!  
- What do you want of me?  
Not a damn thing!  
Stop that. You know smoking's bad  
for your stomach.  
I'll keep track of my stomach. We've been  
together almost 30 years, we get by.  
But you don't get by.  
You just tell lies to yourself.  
Sure, you get by all right.  
Day-to-day, job-to-job, man-to-man,  
but nothing ever sticks.  
They all take off for Tallahassee.  
- Did you pay his train fare?  
- He was broke.  
My God, she did!  
You pay the freight and every bum  
crawls aboard for the free ride.  
You never know why the ride's over,  
do you? I'll tell you why.  
When a man offers you a hand,  
you put a donation in it.  
You might as well spit in it.  
They just use you and walk away.  
It's not a joke any more, you're not  
a kid any more. You're all alone.  
Who cares what happens to you  
except me?

Don't spit in my hand, Gittel.  
Tess didn't need it but you do.  
You make one claim on a man,  
just one real claim. He might surprise you.  
- You get my point?  
- Sure.  
Gee, you're a terrific lawyer, Jerry.  
How come you're so bashful?  
- Didn't you understand one word I said?  
- Sure!  
As a juror I'd give me five years.  
- I'm not kidding. Need someone.  
- Let go!  
- Need someone.  
- Or what? Let me go or I'll yell.  
- No, you won't.  
- (screams) Help!  
- You lunatic. Somebody'll come.  
- Nobody'll come, it's New York.  
Let me go. I'll be black and blue, you ape.  
- I gotta get outta here before you slug me.  
- Slug you?  
That what you expect  
from your romances?  
When it comes to men, I expect the worst.  
- Pick up the phone if you're so strong.  
- Do you want me to?  
Sure I want you to.  
I don't know where I stand.  
I could scream my head off  
and nobody comes.  
- Who can I count on besides me?  
- Me!  
(phone)  
Yeah. Lean on you and I'll fall  
in that big hole, someplace in Nevada!  
- Yes. Hello.  
- Mr Jerry Ryan, please.  
- Speaking, operator.  
- Long distance call from Omaha.  
- Hello, Jerry.  
- Hello, Tess.  
- Do you know how often I've called?  
- Yes, I know.

- Only I don't know why.

- Why?

- To talk about the divorce.

- There's nothing to talk about.

The divorce comes up on the calendar  
and that's that.

- What are you doing? I worry.

- Stop worrying.

I've a girl, a job, I'm just fine.

I'm glad, Jerry. Don't be angry with me,  
we can still be friends.

I don't wanna be friends.

Get out of my life. I want to forget you.

- Well, I can't forget you.

- I'm sorry, Tess.

- (snivels) I try but I can't.

- (sighs)

Don't cry, Tess, please.

Tess, will you please stop crying?

- Gittel... Gittel, I'm...

- It's not what you said.

- I'm not upset about her. It's the dancing.

- No, darling.

Larry says the "Y" wants 625 bucks.

- You're running now. It is her.

- It's the "Y", for the recital.

- Why should I get a lousy loft?

- Stop it. Stop it. Honey...

- Help me.

- What?

Give me something to hang on to. Use me  
for something, even if it's only a lousy loft.

But I'm scared, too.

I don't know what I'm getting myself into.

- Why should I stick my neck out?

- Because I am.

We're both staking out new claims.

It is a beginning. Meet me halfway.

- Like with the loft?

- Like with the loft.

OK. OK, put out the damn light, will ya?

- (bongo drums)

- And bounce and up and bounce. Good.

You're learning. And bounce

and bounce and bounce and up,  
- and we're running a little late.

- OK.

And push and push and push,  
and together and push and push.

And together. Stretch right...

Stretch left...

Good. Good. Now twist, twist, twist...

And twist and twist and twist...

Twist and twist and twist...

And touch, touch, touch, touch...

(phone)

- Back, back, back...

- Hello?

- Gittel, it's me.

- Hiya, Sophie.

- How's the world treating you?

- My stomach's a pain in the behind,  
otherwise no complaints.

- Come over to a party on Friday night?

- Friday?

I'll check with Jerry,  
see what he's got in mind first.

- I'd like to know too.

- What kind of remark is that?

- Only talking. Long time for you and him.

- It's not so long.

- Wally, you knew in 15 minutes.

- Wally was different.

- What about Max?

- Which Max?

The Max from Rosendale.

No one's ever bought me a loft,  
and Molly's moving in a new class.

- Seymour always acted nice.

- He used to buy me a Mr Goodbar.

He still owes me 70 bucks I'll never see.

The fact is, till I met Jerry

I was a born victim.

Why can't he...

- Huh?

- Take him home, meet your mother.

Think I'm crazy? Meet Mummy

and he'll leave New York in a balloon.

- [Music]:

- Hold on, Sophie.

[Music]:

Here's your blood money. My blood.

- 12 bucks, right?

- Pays you up till the 10th.

- Yeah.

- You need a loan?

Not if I have to pay it back.

- I'm back.

- So go on about Jerry.

You don't understand about Jerry.

He plays golf. I ever know  
anybody who plays golf?

- Big deal!

- What do you know?

Not a painter, by you, is nothing!

Let's not fight. You working, huh?

Yeah. Working at my recital.

Well, I'm trying to.

It's kinda hard to get going after so long.

- Maybe I'll take up golf instead.

- Honey, you should take up matrimony.

What's the rush?

The divorce isn't through.

Should he be a bigamist?

- Has he ever discussed the subject?

- No, not yet.

- Why not?

- Sophie, you're getting me mad.

- Why?

- You're pestering me.

- I'm your friend.

- Be an enemy, quit pestering me!

(ringing)

- Taubman Associates.

- Hi, Gittel Mosca.

- Mr Ryan?

- He's on a call.

- I've nothing to do, I'll hold on.

- It's Omaha, Nebraska, it may be a while.

Oh, well, maybe I won't wait.

Long distance call to Omaha  
could go on for a long time.

(phone)

- Yeah, hello?

- Hello, darling.

- Hiya. Jerry, I was just leaving.

- I heard a rumour you called.

Yeah. You were on long distance  
to Omaha, the operator said.

It wasn't important.

Sophie and Oscar are having a thing,  
Friday night, you want to go?

Ooh. Taubman's having a thing, too.

How about coming to that with me?

No, you go to yours and I'll go to Sophie  
and Oscar's. We'll both have a good time.

We don't have to be glued.

- What's the matter, honey?

- Nothing. I'm in a hurry, that's all.

- Meeting me for a coffee?

- No, I can't meet you for anything.

- Why not?

- Well, because...

I've to go down three flights,  
cross the square, catch a bus  
and be at Larry's in half an hour.

Talk later.

(music, chatter, laughter)

- Hi, Sophie.

- Thought you were at a fancy shindig.

No, I blew it. Thought I'd surprise my girl.

Gittel isn't here.

- They left about an hour ago.

- They?

Yeah, sure. A fella. A guest.

Nothing wrong, is there?

She's single and has a right to see people.

Of course. Sophie, tell me,  
why are you being so unpleasant?

- You don't mind my asking?

- No, I don't mind.

- I'm a friend of Gittel's.

- So am I.

I don't think so.



Any time I find I'm wrong,  
I'll be glad to apologise.

- Well, thank you. Good night, Sophie.

- Good night.

(clock chimes)

(slurred) Oh, come on, give me a kiss.

(car door slams)

- Hello?

- Dr Kurtzman?

- Who's calling, please?

- I'm calling, who are you?

Are you really there or one  
of those answering nuisances?

- This is the service. Is it important?

- Yes. It's an emergency.

- Who's calling?

- Gittel Mosca. Tell him I'm very sick.

- Your number, please?

- Canal 6-2098.

- I'll have the doctor call you.

- Thanks.

Oh, hiya, Jerry. You have a good time  
at your party?

Not as good as you.

- Are you drunk, at least?

- Yeah, I had a couple.

I'd a terrible thirst all night  
and I didn't stop to think.

- Or think to stop.

- Who were you with?

Mm? Jake.

He's a very modern-type painter.

Is that why you kissed him good night?

A patroness of the arts?

- Where were you?

- As all week, one jump behind you.

I didn't kiss him, he kissed me.

Didn't you go to Frank Taubman's?

Light the gas, will you, honey?

I'm awful cold.

- You've drunk enough.

- It's water.

What's the matter, you don't trust me?

After you left Sophie's with this wrestler,

where did you go?  
You been one jump behind,  
you probably know anyway. His place.  
For over two hours? Doing what?  
Looking at his modern-type paintings?  
- What do you see, a fortune?  
- Yours. I don't like it.  
Ye gods, I had about six drinks.  
Am I ruined for life?  
I'm not talking about getting drunk.  
Did you go to bed with him?  
You feel like crying, Jerry?  
I feel like crying.  
You did, didn't you?  
- Poor Jerry.  
- Did you go to bed with him?  
What if I did, is it the end of the world?  
Why?  
- Why?  
- What's it matter?  
What's it matter?  
Do you really care so little, about me?  
- Jerry.  
- About yourself?  
- I got better things to worry.  
- Why did you want to?  
I don't know why. Besides, who said I did.  
You're gonna drive me to drink.  
Why did you go home with him?  
I used to go with Jake, two or three  
years ago. I had a couple of drinks.  
- A case of Auld Lang Syne.  
- Why drink?  
What am I, getting analysed?  
You were supposed to be at Taubman's.  
- I asked you to go.  
- Don't want to go there. Stuffed shirts.  
- Why did you go home with him?  
- I got plastered, I said so!  
- Want a written confession?  
- Don't walk away, I'm talking to you.  
Go ahead, talk! Lawyers! Boy!  
You don't get plastered and flush us  
down the drain for no reason at all.

- What did I do? What's your complaint?
- Who's complaining? You are!
- Haven't I a right?
- Don't get off the subject.
- I'm on the subject. You and me.
- That's never been the subject, Jerry.

What did I do that pushed you home  
with what's-his-name, Jerk?

- Jake.
- Jerk.

You're pushing me home, is that it?  
Get rid of me and try anything in pants  
that you may have overlooked?

Oh, let me alone, I've got a headache.  
(sighs) OK.

We'll talk it out in the morning, when  
you're on your feet and in your right mind.

- Jerry?
- What?
- You don't like me any more?
- I hate you. Is that passionate enough?

Come on, turn over.

- I can do it.
- Well, don't. As a big favour.

You don't hate me.

You just feel sorry for me.

What makes you think you're so pathetic?  
Come on, pull.

You ever saw me dancing around that loft,  
you'd think me pathetic.

I sit there and wait for ideas,  
like I'm marooned or something.

You know what, Jerry?

- I'm not a dancer at all.
- Is that why you got loaded?

If I fix hot milk will you drink it?

Steady your stomach?

How come we always talk about  
my stomach? I got no other charms?

Get away from me! I'll do it!

No, I don't want your lousy favour.

Is that how you're gonna sleep it off?

Gittel, should I stay or go?

Go.

Shall I leave the gas on?

Yes.

Do you need me for anything?

No. Of course not.

Jerry?

- Jerry?

- What?

What are you still here for?

I can't put it off till morning.

I'm at a dead end. I don't want to be doing  
briefs, I want to be back in the courtroom.

- Why don't ya take the Bar exam?

- I'm scared.

I don't know how good I am  
away from Lucius.

- What else can you do?

- Go back where I'm a member of the Bar.

Where your wife isn't going to marry  
that other fella?

- Where you might have another chance?

- What chance have I here?

(phone)

- Go on.

- Answer it.

I don't want to talk, let it ring.

- Who is it, this late? Your friend?

- Who knows?

(phone)

- You gonna go back or not?

- Why not? What's so great about here?

Beating my head against the Bar exam?

Jake? Kicks in the belly? Quicksand?

What do you think I'm up to my neck in?

Not quicksand?

All right.

Then tell me. You've had something  
sticking in your throat all week.

Can't you spit it out? Or is it easier to hop  
in the hay with the first gorilla you meet?

How can you treat yourself like a rag  
that any bum can wipe his hands on?

- OK. When?

- When what?

When are you going?

Don't rush me to Tallahassee,  
I don't turn loose easy.  
I got my own plans to make.  
I'll probably hook up with Jake again.  
Got a lot to give a girl, if you know  
what I mean? You'd be surprised.  
That's not all I mean to you. Stop lying.  
Tell the truth for once.  
- How many?  
- Two.  
Your stomach bothers you,  
why not go to the doctor?  
- He tells me don't have emotions.  
- Is it bad? Did I hurt you?  
Sure you hurt me.  
You think my head's made of tin?  
- You didn't say sorry.  
- You had it coming, didn't you?  
- Sure.  
- I'm sorry.  
I said you'd slug me, you finally did it.  
If it makes you so happy,  
I'll gladly oblige every hour.  
Who's happy? Yay, what a smack!  
- So, you're not going back?  
- Smack didn't erase anything?  
Gittel, look, I don't know  
which way to turn.  
Where we are, you and I,  
that makes a difference.  
Tell me, what made tonight happen?  
All right, Jerry.  
It's not just one thing, you know.  
Your going to Taubman's is part of it.  
- Why didn't you want to go with me?  
- I wouldn't have fitted in.  
With them or your other friends.  
They're too classy.  
What's the sense kidding?  
Nonsense. There's no place  
that I couldn't take you.  
Like a chip on your shoulder,  
you'd take me.  
Oh, look, I'm sort of a slob.

You think I don't know?  
You're a beautiful, beautiful girl.  
Well, I wouldn't say that.  
My neck is too long.  
Besides, that's not the point.  
The point is I'm not her.  
She would have fitted in.  
That's really the subject, Jerry.  
Not you and me. You and her.  
And that's been the subject  
since the first minute we met.  
- No.  
- Yeah.  
What's Jake? A piece of penny candy.  
If you've got a penny and you're near  
a machine, you put it in.  
If not, not. But her...  
It's like when I was a kid,  
we used to neck in the vestibule.  
She's inside you and I'm always  
outside in the vestibule.  
Everything you did here  
was to prove something to her.  
- To you. To myself.  
- To her.  
With her you couldn't stand on your own  
two feet, so with me you will,  
only I gotta stand on them too.  
You'll show her.  
With her you took handouts,  
with me you'll give handouts.  
Lofts, presents.  
Never mind if I want 'em, you'll show her.  
When you're blue,  
I don't have to worry what I did wrong.  
She called, she didn't call.  
She wrote a letter, she didn't write a letter.  
It's always her.  
OK.  
So then you say, "need you".  
I need you.  
Who says these things  
in black and white?  
You care about somebody,

you don't make 'em ask.

Like a bill that's gotta be paid.

What kind of giving is that?

So when you ask me to hand  
myself over on a platter...

Well, what do you hand over, Jerry?

What'll I get?

Jake, I pay a penny, I get a penny candy.

But you...

You're a big 10-buck box  
and all I'll get is the cellophane.

You short-change people. You make  
it look like you're giving but you don't.

So, that's what I did.

- It's what I did with her too.

- I'm not talking about her.

That's exactly what I mean,  
what you're doing now.

No, it's true. It's true. Half of me  
hasn't even been in this town.

- I tried Jake.

- Of course.

So we're both flops.

No. Not both of us. Not you.

I've tried to make you over so you'd be  
more like me - like everyone, I guess.

Stingy, holding back, guarding what  
we have because we've got so little.

Everything you get, you give back double.

No, you're not a flop. You're a gift, infant.

Underneath that beautiful face  
there's a street brawler.

But underneath that there's someone  
that no one, nothing has ever dirtied.

The way people were meant to be.

That's what you are.

I tried to persuade you by giving you  
a great gift... Myself.

Only half of that was a fraud, too.

Put you in bed with bums like Jake,  
like me.

We'll talk about it tomorrow.

I love your long neck.

(winces) Jerry.

Jerry.

Jerry.

Jerry, don't go.

Jerry, I'm sick.

That's why I was so thirsty.

Help me, Jerry.

My God, why didn't you tell me?

You lunatic girl. Who's your doctor?

It was him calling.

Kurtzman, it's in the book.

That's why I was at Jake's so long.

No other reason.

- I was sick. I didn't want you to know.

- Infant, idiot, nitwit!

- (siren)

- Don't hate me, Jerry.

- I'm so ashamed.

- Shut up, you lunatic.

I didn't want you to know.

I didn't want to trap ya.

- Trap me?

- I'm so scared, don't leave me.

Just take it easy.

I'm right here and nobody's leaving.

Hypo's taking hold.

Such a young fella to be a doctor.

His old lady must feel

like a million dollars.

(he sobs)

I caution you

to carefully study the syllabus

and familiarise yourselves

with the Statute of Frauds.

Be especially aware of each

of the exceptions and rules

which may act to take an agreement

outside the Statute.

All right, that's where we'll stop for today.

We'll review the 1951 exam tomorrow.

Have your questions ready.

(chattering)

(giggling)

- Sorry, Molly, I couldn't help it.

- It's not that you're late, it's who I'm with.



The Grand Ballroom is all yours.  
I'll be back Wednesday. On time.  
OK. Wait a minute.  
I got a cheque for Gittel.  
- Good.  
- How's she doing?  
Fine. Give her a ring or stop by.  
They broke a window already,  
those little monsters.  
Twice the terlet was stuffed  
with Popsicle sticks!  
I said they'd do damage  
and they done damage.  
That proves one thing,  
you're a man of vision, Mr Jacoby.  
You said it! Hey, come back!  
\$60 a month rent  
and \$6,000 a month aggravation!  
Oi!  
She's much better, thank you.  
Would you like to say hello?  
- Hey, you, Gittel.  
- Hiya, honey.  
- Ah, you big dope.  
- Sure hope you're hungry, honey.  
I'll have to rush you,  
to be back by 1.30.  
- That was two minutes ago.  
- You mean if I hurry, I'll be late?  
Leave a sandwich. You wouldn't break  
your neck to get back for 10 minutes.  
I told you 100 times already.  
I don't feed my girl sandwiches.  
I told you 101 times already.  
- Any other complaints?  
- Who's complaining? I'm being polite.  
- How did your morning go?  
- So-so.  
- Just lying there?  
- I almost got up to the john myself.  
- That'll be the day.  
- Be in all the newsreels!  
I waited till Sophie came over.  
- Jerry?

- Yeah?  
I'll try a solo flight tomorrow.  
I'm still a little wobbly.  
What do you expect,  
to climb Mount Everest?  
Is that what they go there for?  
(Gittel) You know where I'd like to be?  
In bed.  
Central Park. On the grass.  
I don't get too much use  
outta Central Park.  
Especially on a day like this. Spring  
isn't even here yet and spring is here.  
Get up on your beautiful legs  
by Friday and I'll take you to Central Park.  
- Why, what's Friday?  
- Bar exam's over, that's what!  
- Is that a date?  
- Well, I'll be glad when that exam is over.  
Maybe you'll stop running  
long enough to say hello.  
Hello. Maybe you'll stop stalling  
long enough to say it's a date.  
You and that doctor.  
"Miss Mosca, have you dangled yet?"  
Have I dangled yet?  
What kind of language is that?  
Put my feet over.  
I'm weak, like a cracked egg.  
Ooh, that reminds me.  
Maybe this'll give you strength.  
From Molly.  
I better be careful,  
soon you'll be after me for my money!  
What else would I be after you for,  
of late?  
- So when have you got time? Now?  
- After the battle, daughter.  
(clicks fingers) Steak!  
3.30, Friday, and any time thereafter.  
(softly) Any time thereafter for how long?  
You say something?  
I said I love you.  
When you have something

like that to say, don't mumble.  
All right, I'll holler it.  
Don't worry, not too often.  
Maybe two times a week.  
Don't you worry.  
You can't say it too often for me.  
Stop talking for a minute, blabbermouth,  
and I'll get your lunch.  
- You eat already?  
- Haven't got time.  
I'll grab a sandwich and eat it at the office.  
What do you mean?  
Do you want a nervous breakdown?  
You're knocking yourself out, Jerry.  
Working, studying,  
running like Western Union.  
- Waiting on me hand and foot.  
- I'm enjoying it, you know it.  
Stop talking like an idiot,  
eat your steak and get well.  
I'm not just trying to take advantage,  
honest.  
If you ask me what it is, is... I'm scared.  
- Scared of what, honey?  
- Well...  
I'm used to your staying here.  
Your neckties all over the place.  
I get out of bed,  
your neckties go back to your place.  
Maybe that's why I stay here,  
planted like a potato.  
Sure improves your character,  
being in love?  
Well, there's no sense just talking about it.  
- What are you doing?  
- Writing to my landlord.  
Telling him I'm moving, find a tenant.  
Why didn't you say you'd a thing about  
ties? There's more I could move over.  
I should have done this weeks ago.  
Not thinking, I guess.  
Sincerely, Jerry Ryan.  
- Now I'll just mail this. Gittel!  
- Stay there.

- Honey, that was wonderful.  
- Yeah, I'm a living doll, like always.  
But I've never been a lousy blackmailer  
and I'm not going to be one now.  
Not even to get you. So there.  
Sincerely yours, Gittel Mosca.  
I like being here.  
I like my neckties being here.  
This is the way I want it.  
Have you got that? Have you?  
- Yeah.  
- Good.  
Is it safe for me to go to work?  
If I don't I'll get canned.  
I won't be able to afford  
even a non-rusty girl.  
You lie down soon but not too soon.  
Chew your nice cold steak  
thoroughly before swallowing.  
Take your medicine. Button up  
your overcoat, you belong to me.  
Mr Appleton's waiting for you  
in the library, half an hour now.  
I have a message for you to call...  
Jerry, old man Appleton's  
beginning to drum on the desk.  
- Sorry, Frank.  
- Your wife's been trying to get you.  
You've to call Omaha, operator 12.  
Take it now, Jerry. I'll pacify old Appleton.  
Go on, use my office.  
Put the call through, Jessie.  
(phone)  
- Hello?  
- Jerry?  
Hello, Tess. I'm sorry you had  
so much trouble reaching me.  
How does it feel to be free, Jerry?  
- How does it feel to be what?  
- Divorced. Because we are.  
- When did that happen?  
- Yesterday.  
So... we're not related any more?  
What about those pots?

Want them packed separately?

- Separately from what?

- Dishes.

I don't know.

Sure.

Oh! Help!

- What happened?

- Oh, the lousy pole.

Never did fix this thing permanently.

I guess I just hadn't planned...

- Mm?

- Nothing.

You just stay on the ground, small fry.

You want the window curtains too?

You want 'em down, take 'em down.

- What's eating you?

- A banana.

- What?

- A banana. You wanna bite?

- No. I said what's eating you?

- Oh, me?

- What's eating you?

- I asked you first.

- Trying to figure out what's eating you.

- Oh, I see.

What's eating me is trying  
to figure out what's eating you.

I guess that just about exhausts  
this investigation.

What about those brackets?

You want them too?

- Mm?

- I don't want a stinking thing.

- If you want 'em.

- All right, do we want them?

- Sure, they cost money.

- About 10 cents. I'll get the screwdriver.

- So don't.

- Honey, look.

All I meant was

do we really need all this junk?

What do you mean junk? This is good  
stuff. 47 cents a yard, reduced.

- I can make 11 things out of this.

- Name 10.

Let's knock off,  
go someplace for dinner?

- You look tired.

- I'm not tired.

- Why so down in the dumps?

- I'm not down, I'm in sixth heaven.

Stop rushing to the rescue,  
you're killing me with kindness.

We're supposed to be celebrating  
my passing the Bar exam,

- packing, so we can be together.

- As I pack the box, I feel worse.

- Why, honey?

- I dunno.

It's like something's outta whack,  
you know?

Let's just quit horsing around  
and get married, huh?

After the divorce comes through.

I've got lots of plans, Jerry.

I won't just be a ball and chain.

I'm gonna take up shorthand.

That's the one thing this romance  
has lacked from the beginning.

So, when you open your own office,  
there I am, a shorthand secretary.

You'll save a lot of dough on me.

Besides that, I'm gonna fix up  
the flat real nice.

You can't entertain now. A cockroach  
committee appears to see who's there.

- Planning on doing a lot of entertaining?

- Sure, why not?

Customers. Partners, if you get 'em.

The Taubmans.

Criminals maybe, even.

You can't entertain in a dump.

I should say not.

Shocking, a dope addict  
who murdered his mother,  
came and saw a cockroach!

Mabe later we can move  
into a real apartment, a house.

Know what I always wanted  
to live in a house with?

- Me?

- An elevator.

An elevator, you can entertain anybody.

I guess you can.

I never looked at it that way.

The radio in with the toaster.

I think we're beginning to make a dent.

- Jerry?

- Yeah?

Ah...

You talked to what's-her-name lately,  
in Omaha?

Yes. In fact, she's called me  
several times in the last weeks.

- Why?

- Oh, nothing.

I just wondered if she said  
anything about the divorce?

Should be coming through  
pretty soon now, huh?

It came through on the 14th.

Two weeks ago.

Why didn't you tell me, Jerry?

Well, it shook me up a little more  
than I expected, I guess.

I needed the time to get used to the idea.

You didn't want me to know.

No, I guess I didn't.

Not until I got on top of it. I'm sorry.

You talk to her so much,  
you tell her about me?

- That you moved in with me?

- Yes.

You dirty louse!

You didn't tell me about this.

Smash 'em! Who needs 'em.

I'm getting outta here.

- Gittel.

- Jerry, why didn't you tell me?

- I couldn't.

- You can only tell her about me.

Even when you divorce her

it's the secrets you have with her.

You marry me,

she'll know and I won't!

- You're not going.

- You look out!

You sit down.

All my life I never yet been able

to beat up one lousy man.

It's just not fair.

Gittel, look.

I told her about you for a reason.

Because she asked me to come back.

She wanted me to come home.

- I want you here.

- I'm here.

But I want all of you here.

I mean...

I don't want just...

Jerry... listen.

- You're my friend?

- I'm your friend.

Then tell me the truth.

Would you ever... Would you ever

once say, "I love you"?

- I only said it once.

- There can be a second time.

Lots of people, it happens.

The marriage went sour, you said so.

You said you wanted it

to stay dead and buried.

It was buried, alive. Look.

This says, "The bonds of matrimony  
are severed and held for nought."

I knew the day I got it, any two people  
who lived together as long as Tess and I.

As deeply as... You can't tell where one  
person leaves off and the other begins.

It's like, well, look. Once at a party

I was telling a dream I had,

and right in the middle of it

I notice the funny smile on Tess's face

and I realised I was telling her dream.

This... This isn't true.

All the courts in the world



will tell you it's true but it isn't.  
The bonds can't be "held for nought".  
So how come we're having moving day?  
Why'd you tell her no?  
I told you to make a claim on me,  
to depend on me. I practically forced you.  
Gittel, I care for you. I don't want to see  
you hurt or lost or short-changed.  
So what's the future, Jerry?  
You gonna think any less about her?  
A little time'll pass,  
everything'll be hunky-dory?  
How am I gonna give her competition?  
Have a haemorrhage twice a year?  
Trap you that way?  
I got half of you by being a wreck,  
is that how we'll go on?  
Oh, you gotta short-change me, Jerry.  
- I've tried not to.  
- That's what's outta whack.  
How hard you try.  
Who works that hard if everything's OK?  
Things aren't even-Steven with us, Jerry.  
You do all the giving.  
What I have to give, you don't want.  
And what I want, you can't give.  
Doesn't matter if I learn shorthand  
or to play a bugle standing on my head.  
If you don't love me, you don't love me.  
And time isn't gonna make  
one lousy bit of difference.  
Listen, Jerry, I'm the one in a trap.  
You move in with me, I'll... I'll nudja  
you into marrying me, I know I will.  
And then what'll I have?  
I don't wanna have to spend  
the rest of my life begging.  
It's not good enough for me, Jerry.  
Not any more.  
I want somebody who'll feel about me...  
what you said about her before.  
What do you say  
we give each other the gate, huh?  
For my sake? So I can go back?

No. Whether you go or stay.  
To tell you the God's honest truth, Jerry,  
I didn't take one free breath  
since that haemorrhage.  
I wanna get outta here so I can breathe.  
(phone)  
- Yeah, hello?  
- Honey, I'm all set. Packed.  
Hiya, Jerry.  
I left some cartons of odds and ends,  
kitchen stuff mostly,  
- if there's anything you want.  
- I won't want anything.  
Well, if you do, anything important,  
I'll be at the Hotel Commodore in Lincoln.  
That's Lincoln, Nebraska, not Nevada.  
Not Nevada.  
And if you need anything in a hurry,  
call Frank Taubman.  
You don't have to explain.  
It's taken care of. Just call him.  
- Yeah.  
- No. Promise. Be generous, Gittel.  
- OK. I promise.  
- Good.  
I'm OK, Jerry, honest.  
I bounce up like a jack-in-the-box.  
- Just get what you want out there.  
- I'll try.  
We won't make the same old mistakes.  
We'll have what I earn, a desk,  
telephone, pencil and what's in my head.  
- I'm rooting for ya.  
- I'm rooting for you too.  
You're the salt of the earth, honey.  
Don't waste it.  
I won't.  
Listen, it's a a big city. There's a guy  
around some corner. I'll find him.  
I got a better opinion of myself now.  
I'm gonna propose more often.  
I'll send you a birthday card  
now and then, huh?  
- Say, twice a week?

- (sighs) Gittel, what am I doing?  
You're doing right, Jerry. I don't want  
any handouts either, that's no favour.  
No. No, we both know that, I guess.  
And I'm not gonna just  
be passing them out either.  
I want somebody... We'll take care  
of each other. That's all mine.  
Not like Sam or Jake.  
They couldn't take care of a chicklet.  
Things look a lot different to me now.  
- You did me a world of good, Jerry.  
- Did I, Gittel?  
- Really? Because if I could think that...  
- You helped me.  
This is the first time I come out  
with more than I went in.  
Whoever this guy is, he'll owe you.  
Thank you.  
She'll owe you, too.  
More than she'll ever know.  
Well... so long, honey.  
I love you, Jerry.  
As long as you live, remember  
the last thing you heard outta me  
was I love you.  
I love you too, infant.  
(phone)