



Scripts.com

Happiness

By Todd Solondz

1.EXT. HAPPY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT.1.

The sign is illuminated.

2.INT. HAPPY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT.2.

Pretty, 30ish JOY JORDAN and teary-eyed STUART sit opposite each other. He is trying to resist bursting into tears as they finish dessert.

JOY:

STUART:

Yeah. Sure. I'm fine.

JOY:

Good. Well. I had a really nice time.

STUART:

Yeah. Me too.

JOY:

Of course, you know I've always had a nice time with you.

STUART:

Same here.

JOY:

STUART:

Yeah.

JOY:

You understand.

STUART:

Unh.

JOY:

And you don't hate me?

STUART:

No.

JOY:

'Cause you know I could never
hate you. At the same time, I just

STUART:

Yeah.

JOY:

And deserve to be.

STUART:

Unh hunh.

JOY:

I'm gonna recommend it to my
sisters! How many stars did it get?

STUART:

Three and a half.
And the dam cracks wide open. He bawls. A pause.

JOY:

Do you feel better now?
(STUART nods)
Me too.

STUART:

I'm sorry.

JOY:

It's really good we had this talk.

STUART:

Yeah.

JOY:

You know, got too serious.

STUART:

Yeah. I'm sorry. I'm too serious.

JOY:

No, you're not. It's me.

STUART:

No, it's me.

JOY:

Okay. It's you. I'm sorry.

STUART:

Okay.

Pause.

JOY:

STUART:

I know.

JOY:

The thing is, I want to do what's

And I felt that you deserved
my honesty.

STUART:

Thanks.

Pause.

JOY:

Now I just want to make you
whole again.

STUART:

I'm whole.

JOY:

Really?

STUART:

Really.

JOY:

be able to be friends anymore.

STUART:

(laughing, sort of)

Oh, Joy!

JOY:

Oh, but you know how it is.

STUART:

I'm not most guys.

JOY:

I know. If only most guys were like you.

STUART:

But then I'd be like most guys.

JOY:

(laughs)

Oh, Stuart. If only I felt the way

so unfair. It's all my fault.

STUART:

I know.

(a beat)

JOY:

Yes.

Pause.

STUART:

Is it someone else?

JOY:

No, it's just you.

Pause.

STUART:

I want to show you something
I got for you.

JOY:

For me?

STUART:

(hands her a gift)
Open it up.

JOY:

(discovers a pewter ashtray)

this is beautiful.

STUART:

Thanks. It's a Gainsevoort
reproduction. Boston, late 1800's.
I sent away for it just after

JOY:

collector's item.

STUART:

Yeah, it is pretty special.

JOY:

(laughs)
It almost makes me want to start
smoking again!

STUART:

Look at the bottom.

JOY:

(examines more closely)
Ooh.

STUART:

Forty karat gold-plate inlaid base.

JOY:

Oh, Stuart. Thank you. This really means something to me. I'll always

STUART:

No, you won't.

(retrieves his gift;

a sudden shift in emotion:)

'Cause this is for the girl who loves me. The girl who cares for me, for who I am, not what I look like. I wanted you to know what you'd be missing. You think I don't appreciate art. You think I don't understand fashion. You think I'm not hip. You think I'm pathetic, a nerd, a lard-ass fatso. You think I'm shit. Well, you're wrong. 'Cause I'm champagne. And you're shit. And till the day you die, you, not me, will always be shit.

3.EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.3.

Thunder. Rain. STUART's car drives by.

4.INT. STUART'S CAR - NIGHT.4.

JOY sits beside STUART, who is driving. A plastic "World of Pewter" shopping bag hangs by the glove compartment.

5.EXT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.5.

The car pulls over.

JOY:

Well, good night.

STUART:

Good night.

JOY gets out. STUART drives away.

FADE TO BLACK.

6.INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY.6.

ALLEN talks to his psychiatrist, BILL MAPLEWOOD.

ALLEN:

undress her, I want to tie her up

and pump her pump pump pump till
she screams bloody murder. And then
I want to flip her ass over and
pump her even more and so hard my
dick shoots right through her and
so that my come squirts out of

knew how I felt, how deep down I
really cared for her, respected her,
she would love me back. Maybe.
But she hardly even knows I exist.

neighbors, we smile politely

how I could ever begin to really
talk to her, what can I talk about?
I have nothing to talk about.
I'm boring. I know. I've been told
before, so don't tell me it's not
true. 'Cause it's a fact. I bore
people. People look at me and they
get bored. They listen to me and

though right now, I have to say,
if I were to suddenly jump out of
my window, she wouldn't care. I mean,
she'd care, of course, she'd care,
I mean, she is human, but I mean
she'd care the way you care about a
stranger you read about in the paper
that jumps in front of a running
subway train, a stranger whose name
you're never sure how to pronounce,
if it's even printed. I'd be an

I'm going to do? When I see her
next time, as soon as I see her,

7.EXT. HIGH RISE - EVENING.7.

HELEN parks, gets out of her car, walks towards the apartment building entrance.

8.INT. HIGH RISE LOBBY - EVENING.8.

HELEN walks towards the elevator and waits beside ALLEN. ALLEN mumbles something. HELEN is oblivious.

ALLEN:

How's it going?

HELEN:

Okay.

The elevator arrives.

9.INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING.9.

ALLEN and HELEN step inside. They ride in silence up to their floor.

10.INT. HALLWAY - EVENING.10.

ALLEN and HELEN emerge from the elevator.

ALLEN:

See ya.

HELEN:

Yeah.

And they walk their separate ways.

11.INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - EVENING.11.

ALLEN drops his stuff.

He takes a shower.

He lies down.

He glances at a book of poetry. CLOSE ON the jacket photo of the author and accompanying brief bio (i.e. "Nominated for the PEN/Faulkner Prize for poetry, Helen Jordan has

He leans his head against the wall, listens to HELEN making love to somebody next door: "Oh, Helen! Helen! Helen!" etc. He removes his ear from the wall, sits on the bed, a phone book beside him.

He starts flipping randomly through the phone book. He turns to a page. He dials a number from the book. No answer. He sighs. Tries to next number down. A man picks up. ALLEN hangs up immediately. He dials again. A beautiful-sounding WOMAN picks up.

ALLEN:

Hello, is this Claire?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

ALLEN hangs up. He buries his head in his hands.

12.INT. TRISH'S PLACE - DAY.12.

JOY sits in the kitchen with her sister TRISH, who is doing her nails. Trish's baby CHLOE lies in JOY'S lap. JUANITA the cleaning woman cleans up in the b.g. The family dog KOOKI teethes on a bone.

Cute little TIMMY appears, in a Robocop-style outfit.

TRISH:

Oh, Timmy! Look who's here!

TIMMY:

(aiming a laser at JOY)

Die, Aunt Joy! Die!

TRISH:

Timmy!

She tries to go after him, but he has already run off.

JOY:

Oh, leave him alone, Trish.

He's just going through a phase.

TRISH:

JOY:

(trying to make light)

It's okay. I'm strong enough.

JOY suddenly bursts into tears.

TRISH:

Oh, Joy, Joy. What's the matter?

JOY:

I don't know what it is,
but I feel there's so much
hostility directed at me.

TRISH:

Did another guy dump you?

JOY:

TRISH:

Aww. Timmy didn't mean it.

JOY:

I'm sorry. I-I'm just overworked.

TRISH:

It's okay. Because now maybe you'll listen to me.

JOY:

What?

A weighty pause.

TRISH:

You've got to eat red meat.

JOY:

TRISH:

Oh, I knew that's how you'd react, but it's true. I've been watching you

JOY:

TRISH:

Really. It's the best thing for the skin. It'll clear it all up.

JOY:

What's wrong with my skin?

TRISH:

It's fine now, but in another

I'm speaking for your own good.

JOY:

Oh, I know. Thanks.

A tender moment:

JOY:

I'm so happy.

TRISH:

Are you really?

JOY:

TRISH:

'Cause all this time I've been thinking you were so miserable.

JOY:

Oh, Trish! That's too funny, when I couldn't be happier.

TRISH:

It's just, what with your

JOY:

My career's fine!

TRISH:

Oh, I know, it will be!
I just know it! And then you'll

JOY:

Real soon!

TRISH:

And you'll meet Mr. Right!

JOY:

Oh, I will. Already I feel I'm off to a fresh start!

TRISH:

That's right. Just because
you've hit 30, doesn't mean you
can't be fresh anymore.

JOY:

That's right.
Pause.

TRISH:

You know, Joy, I've never told you
this before, but now that we're
older, and I feel so bonded to you,

sounds horrible, but I feel I have to
be fully open with you, get beyond

well, the truth is I always thought
you would never amount to much. That
you'd end up alone, without a career
or anything. Really, it's what we all

I'd always prayed we'd all be wrong,

to failure. But now I see, it's not true.
There is a glimmer of hope for you
after all. Oh, I know I'm repeating

(tears well up)

13.EXT. PARK - DAY.13.

It is sunny and warm. Couples straight and gay walk hand in
hand, families picnic, beautiful people sunbathe.

BILL observes the pleasant tranquillity from atop a hill.
Suddenly he pulls out a machine gun and starts shooting at
everyone.

Bloodshed everywhere. Then silence.

VOICE:

And how is this different?

14.INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.14.

BILL sits opposed his PSYCHIATRIST, to whom the VOICE
belongs.

BILL:

I don't kill myself at the end.

PSYCHIATRIST:

Do you see this as something positive?

BILL:

Gee, I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST:

How do you feel at the end?

BILL:

Much better. I wake up happy.
Feeling good. But then I get very
depressed because I'm living in reality.

PSYCHIATRIST:

And you wouldn't kill people
in real life.

BILL:

No. I don't think so.

PSYCHIATRIST:

You don't sound so certain.

BILL:

I'm thinking about my patients.

PSYCHIATRIST:

What about them?

BILL:

My patients are ugly. Their problems
are trite. Each one thinks he is
unique. On a professional level they
bore me. On a personal level I have
no sympathy. They deserve what they get.

PSYCHIATRIST:

And what about your family?

BILL:

Trish is good to me.

PSYCHIATRIST:

But still no sex?

BILL:

No. But she's not too interested, either. So really there's no problem there, when you think about it, on a certain level.

15.EXT. CAR - DAY.15.

BILL is driving along.

16.EXT. PARK - DAY.16.

Reminiscent of BILL'S dream: schoolchildren are playing, teachers supervising. A laborer is eating lunch with a co-worker. A little boy is sitting alone in the shade of a tree.

BILL pulls up to the side of the field and observes from his parking space.

He gets back in his car.

17.INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY.17.

BILL is at the wheel again, a little tense.

18.EXT. MINI-MALL - DAY.18.

BILL pulls into the lot. He walks into the 7-11.

19.INT. 7-11 - DAY.19.

BILL picks up a Boy's Life, pays for it.

20.EXT. MINI-MALL - DAY.20.

BILL gets into the back seat of his car and sets to masturbating.

SHOPPERS walk by with shopping carts, little children, oblivious to the activity inside Bill's car.

Finally, BILL gets out of his car, tucks in his shirt, tosses the scrunched-up magazine into a dumpster, returns to his car and pulls out.

21.INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - EVENING.21.

BILL comes home as Trish finishes preparing the dinner table. He gives her a peck on the cheek. Their kids are eating in the adjacent TV Room.

TRISH:

So how was work today, Hon?

BILL:

Oh, fine.

KOOKI sniffs BILL'S pants, excited.

TRISH:

Kooki, no!

BILL:

Down, Kooki!

KOOKI calms down somewhat.

BILLY ENTERS, opens the refrigerator, pours himself a soda.

He looks dejected.

BILL:

Hey, Billy! What's going on?

BILLY:

Nothing.

TRISH:

He's

(making quotation marks
with her fingers)

"depressed."

BILL:

Is something the matter?

BILLY:

I don't wanna talk about it.

And he leaves for the TV room again.

TRISH:

Ignore him. He's just doing it for
attention. He thinks you'll be

Joy came by today.

BILL:

How's she doing?

TRISH:

I'm concerned. I mean, she's not
like me. She doesn't "have it all."

She pretends to be happy, but
I can see right through her:
she's miserable.

BILL:

Why do you think that is?

TRISH:

To be frank, I think she's lazy.
She's not a go-getter, like me or
Helen. And she's so picky. I gave
Damien Ross her phone number, for
what it's worth, and Joy sounded

I'm afraid to have to say it, but
truly it's what I believe: she'll
always be alone.

BILL:

We're all alone.

TRISH:

Oh, Bill. Sometimes I wonder how any
of your patients can talk to you.

BILL:

Sometimes I wonder if they'll ever
stop. I should tape some for you.

TRISH:

Would you? Would you really?
So that I could listen, too?

BILL:

No.

TRISH:

You're such a tease.
You know I wouldn't tell anyone.

BILL:

I know. 'Cause you're so secretive.

TRISH:

Well, maybe not as secretive as you.

BILL:

What secret would you like me to tell you?

IRISH puts her arms around BILL.

TRISH:

(whispers coyly)

Like how come no matter how much you treat me like shit,

I can't help loving you even more?

22.INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - LATER.22.

While TRISH puts CHLOE and TIMMY to bed, BILLY comes and sits beside BILL on his bed.

BILLY:

Dad?

BILL:

Yes, Billy?

BILLY:

What does come mean?

BILL:

Come?

BILLY:

BILL:

Well, you know how sometimes your

it gets so excited that a sticky milky substance shoots out.

BILLY:

BILL:

Yes, only come can be used as a verb as well.

(a beat)

Billy?

BILLY:

Yeah?

BILL:

Have you ever come?

BILLY:

BILL:

Now Billy, it's alright if you haven't.

BILLY:

BILL:

BILLY:

I want to come, too!

BILLY starts crying.

BILL:

Awn, now, it's okay, it's okay.

Have you tried playing with yourself?

BILLY:

BILL:

With your penis.

BILLY:

A little.

BILL:

How did it feel?

BILLY:

I dunno. I don't know what to do.

BILL:

BILLY:

No! No! I'm not normal!

BILLY buries his head in BILL'S lap.

BILL:

Aw, Billy. Don't worry. You're normal.

You'll come. One day. You'll see.

23.INT. JOY'S PLACE - DAY.23.

JOY is preparing to cook a steak. She is wearing rubber globes. HELEN sits with a coffee mug at the kitchen table.

HELEN:

Y'know, people were always putting New Jersey down. None of my friends can believe I live here. But that's because they don't get it: I'm living in a state of irony.

JOY:

Are you sure you don't wanna stay and have dinner with me?

HELEN:

I can't. I'm giving another reading/book-signing over at Barnes & Noble,

The phone rings.

HELEN:

That's it, I'm going.

JOY:

Wait!

JOY picks up the phone.

JOY:

Hello?

VOICE:

Hi! How are you?

JOY:

Is this Damien?

VOICE:

JOY:

Oh, fine. Could you hold a second?

Helen?

HELEN is almost out the door.

HELEN:

See ya!

JOY:

Thanks for stopping by!

HELEN leaves.

JOY:

(into phone)

Sorry. That was my sister leaving.

VOICE:

Pause.

JOY:

So, um, Trish told me you might be calling.

VOICE:

JOY:

Oh, I know how weird these things can be, but I've always had such faith in Trish's judgment that I thought why not. It's not like I've got some huge social life. I mean, I do have a social life. It's just not huge.

VOICE:

Same here.

JOY:

Oh, really? That's so nice to hear.

VOICE:

JOY:

They're just real jerks.

VOICE:

JOY:

Oh, I'm sorry, I'm just trying to

VOICE:

Oh, no. No. Don't stop. Not because of me.

JOY:

Oh, but I feel I'm being so rude.

VOICE:

No, no. Not at all.

JOY:

Thanks.

VOICE:

JOY:

Oh, yeah. Don't worry. Nobody's listening in. God, you're just like me.

VOICE:

What are you wearing?

JOY:

You mean, when we go out?
Well, where do you want to go?
I'm pretty easy to please.
I hate getting all dressed up.

VOICE:

What are you wearing now?

JOY:

Oh, just a pair of jeans. Why?

VOICE:

Are they tight?

JOY:

Not too tight. They fit okay.

VOICE:

I don't mean the jeans.
I mean underneath. What are you
wearing underneath? Check.

JOY:

(starts looking inside her jeans)
Underneath? Well, but Damien,

(pauses, suddenly alarmed)

VOICE:

Are you getting wet?

JOY hangs up.

24.INT. ALLEN'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT.24.

VOICES of neighborhood children can be heard from outside
the window.

ALLEN (the man behind the VOICE that was just on the phone
with JOY) rises to the sitting position and puts a bookmark
in the phonebook.

He notices the mess he made on the wallpaper. The stain
looks permanent. He covers it up with a postcard. (There
are many other postcards already thumbtacked to the wall.)
The doorbell rings.

ALLEN rises.

ALLEN:

Who is it?

VOICES:

Your neighbor Kristina.

ALLEN opens the door, sees KRISTINA. She is very big and very overweight.

ALLEN:

Hey, what's up?

KRISTINA:

Did you hear what happened to Pedro?

ALLEN:

Pedro?

KRISTINA:

You know, the night doorman?

ALLEN:

Oh, yeah. What?

KRISTINA:

He was found bludgeoned to death in his apartment this morning.

ALLEN:

Uch.

KRISTINA:

Yeah. And supposedly his penis is missing.

ALLEN:

Uugh.

KRISTINA:

Yeah, well, Carla in 2B is collecting money for the funeral, if you feel like it. Apparently he had no family,

I mean, I did always say hi, I think.

ALLEN:

Me too, if it's the guy I'm thinking of.

Pause.

KRISTINA:

By the way, um, I've got an extra ticket to the play-offs tonight.

Wanna come with me?

ALLEN:

Nah. Thanks. I got too much work.

KRISTINA:

Oh.

(a beat)

Well, anyway, I just thought I'd tell you about Pedro.

ALLEN:

Thanks.

KRISTINA:

See ya.

ALLEN:

Yeah.

And he closes the door.

25.INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT.25.

KRISTINA stands outside ALLEN'S door and stares at it dejectedly. Finally, tearing up the ticket, she walks back to her apartment, shutting the door behind her.

26.EXT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA 26.

CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY.

It is bright and sunny.

27.INT. CONDO - DAY.27.

LENNY and MONA, in their 60s, sit at the kitchen table.

There are dishes shattered on the floor.

MONA:

Oh, I feel better now.

LENNY:

Good.

(a beat)

I'm gonna clean up.

Pause.

MONA:

I'm gonna lie down.

MONA rises, walks to her bedroom, lies down.

LENNY clears the table.

LENNY:

I'm turning on the dishwasher!

And LENNY starts vacuuming up the debris on the floor.

MONA goes to the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet.

MONA:

(calling, faux calm)

Where's my valium?!

LENNY:

What?!

MONA:

Nevermind!

(to herself)

Fucking asshole.

She has found a good enough valium substitute, but there are only two pills left in the bottle. She swallows them with a glass of water, lies down again.

The phone rings.

MONA:

(to herself)

You answer it, Bastard.

LENNY (O.S.)

It's Trish!

MONA picks up.

MONA:

Hi, Trish!

TRISH (V.O.)

Hi, Mom. How are you?

MONA:

Oh, I'm fine. How are you?

TRISH (V.O.)

MONA:

Good.

TRISH (V.O.)

Pause.

MONA:

(she bursts into tears)

He's leaving me!

Your father's leaving me!

TRISH (V.O.)

Mom, what are you talking about?

MONA:

Can you keep this secret? Top secret?

TRISH (V.O.)

MONA:

TRISH (V.O.)

Mom, I'm sure he doesn't mean it.

MONA:

Well, he does fucking mean it!

He wants a divorce!

TRISH (V.O.)

He said the word divorce?

MONA:

You don't believe me? Talk to him!

(calling)

Lenny!

LENNY:

Yeah?!

MONA:

It's Trish! She wants to talk to you!

LENNY:

(on phone)

Yeah, Trish?

TRISH (V.O.)

Is it true what Mom said?

LENNY:

What?

TRISH (V.O.)

You want a divorce?

LENNY:

I never used that word.

(calling)

Mona! What are you telling the kids?

MONA comes wobbling into the room.

LENNY:

(to TRISH)

She'll call you back.

(hanging up; to MONA)

Did I use the word divorce?

MONA:

You said you didn't want to
live with me anymore!

LENNY:

Answer my question: did I use
the word divorce?

MONA:

You said you didn't love me anymore!

LENNY:

Did I say divorce?!

MONA:

LENNY:

Good. I just want that much clear.

Now sit down now next to me.

Pause. The phone rings.

MONA:

Leave it. The machine'll get it.
It's probably Joy.

LENNY:

What if it's Helen?

JOY:

(on the machine)

Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. It's Joy.
Just called to say hi, but I guess
you're out having a good time.
Oh, well. I guess I'll talk to you
tomorrow then. Okay. Bye.
Pause.

MONA:

Lenny?

LENNY:

Yeah?

MONA:

Why?

LENNY:

I dunno. I just want to be alone.

MONA:

But I can let you be alone more,
if that's what you want.

LENNY:

Whatever. I want out.
Pause.

MONA:

It's Diane.

LENNY:

Diane?

MONA:

You're in love with Diane Freed.

LENNY:

Get outta here.

MONA:

Well, you're in love with someone.
Someone younger, probably.

LENNY:

Wrong.

MONA:

Lenny, it's okay. I'm not dumb.
These things happen. I'll get over it.
I just wish you had done this twenty
years ago. Now I'll have to get
another fucking face-lift.
Pause.

LENNY:

I'm in love with no one else.

MONA:

No one?

LENNY:

No one.

MONA:

Okay, then.
(a beat)
Schmuck.

28.INT. PHONE SALES OFFICE - DAY.28.

The CAMERA DOLLIES across a maze of carrels, finally landing
on JOY, at work as a telephone sales operator.

JOY:

(on phone)

Hi! I'm calling from UniCard
of America because you've been

JOY dials the number of the next name on the list, and the next. Everyone hangs up on her. Until:

29.INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - DAY.29.

ALLEN is lying in bed. The phone rings. He picks it up.

ALLEN:

Hello?

JOY:

Hello, is this Mr. Mellencamp?

ALLEN:

Yes.

JOY:

Hi! I'm calling from UniCard of America because you've been

ALLEN:

Do I know you?

JOY:

I'm sorry, I don't think so.

ALLEN hangs up. But then, for a moment, he ponders the familiarity of her voice.

Ditto JOY. She decides to dial him again. ALLEN answers, but says nothing. They both hang on, listening to each other's silence, then hang up.

30.EXT. JOY'S PLACE - EVENING.30.

JOY can be heard singing and playing her guitar.

31.INT. JOY'S PLACE - EVENING.31.

JOY, sitting on her bed, finishes her melancholy Joni Mitchell-like song. A display of macrame objects d'art adorns the wall.

The phone rings. She answers it.

JOY:

Hello?

BERMAN (V.O.)

Hello. This is Detective Berman from the County Police Department. I'd like to speak with a Ms. Joy Jordan?

JOY:

This is she.

32.INT. STUART'S PLACE - EVENING.32.

POLICEMEN, a CORONER, a SUPER, ETC. AL. Busy themselves while STUART's body is being removed. BERMAN holds Stuart's suicide note ("Dear Joy, I can't live without you. Love, Stuart. P.S. The ashtray is yours.") in a baggie in his hand.

BERMAN:

I'm sorry to disturb you,
Ms. Jordan, but I'm afraid

FADE TO BLACK.

33.EXT. OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY.33.

A bright, cheerful day. The parking lot is full.

34.JOY'S OFFICE - DAY.34.

JOY looks over at a corner desk where a woman is working the phones and starts crying. Her neighbor, NANCY, hearing the sniffing, pauses in the midst of her work.

NANCY:

What's the matter, Joy?

JOY:

Stuart's dead!

NANCY:

JOY:

Yes!

Pause.

NANCY:

Who's Stuart?

JOY:

You know, the guy who used to
sit over at the corner there?

NANCY:

You mean where Pam is sitting?

JOY:

Yes.

NANCY:

Was he kind of tall and
a little hunched?

JOY:

NANCY:

Oh, Joy. I'm not sure.

Did he work here long?

NANCY calls across to another neighbor, KAY.

NANCY:

Kay, do you remember a guy
named Stuart who used to work here
over where Pam is now?

KAY:

No. Why? What happened?

NANCY:

He died.

KAY:

Huh. Now which one was he?

NANCY:

I'm not sure. May be Tom knows. Tom?

Co-worker TOM, who has been listening in, swivels over from
the other side.

TOM:

Sorry, Nancy, I don't. I mean,
I do vaguely remember some guy

but I'm not really sure.

KAY:

How did he die anyway?

NANCY:

Yeah, how did he die, Joy?
JOY's phone rings. She picks up.

JOY:

Sales, can I help you?

VOICE:

Is this Joy Jordan?

JOY:

Yes.

VOICE:

This is Stuart's mother.
(a beat)
I hope you fucking rot in hell.
The VOICE hangs up.

TOM:

Hey, Joy. Was he kind of Latino-
looking and a little acne-scarred?

NANCY:

Yeah, you know, like Edward James Olmos?

JOY:

(a beat)
Yeah. Sure. That's him.

TOM:

I knew it.
NANCY, KAY, and TOM continue discussing and disputing
STUART's identity.
35.INT. HAPPY'S RESTAURANT - DAY.35.
HELEN and TRISH sit together.

HELEN:

(picking at her food)
Uch. I don't know why I suggested

TRISH:

Well, at least we're together.

I never get to see you,
you're so busy.

HELEN:

No, you're so busy.

TRISH:

HELEN:

Well, I guess I am.

TRISH:

Me too.

HELEN:

In fact, if I have to do one more

TRISH:

I guess it's hard, all this success.

HELEN:

I mean, they're all beautiful,
artistic minds, great sex, the whole

I mean? I feel nobody's really honest
with me. Nobody wants me for me.

TRISH:

They're not family.

HELEN:

Oh, Trish. If only I had your
husband, kids, carpool.

TRISH:

Well, I may "have it all," but
sometimes I wonder what my life
would have been like if I'd
actually tried to write a novel.

HELEN:

Oh, I'm sure it would have been good.

TRISH:

Maybe I will write one.

HELEN:

Pause.

TRISH:

No, I don't need that kind of success.

HELEN:

Uch, listen to us. We who have

What does she have?

TRISH:

You're right. And she's just getting older.

HELEN:

and she was in tears. She told me

TRISH:

HELEN:

She said she wanted to "change"
her life. Do "good" work with

TRISH:

I don't get it.

HELEN:

Don't even try. She understand
she already is good.
She doesn't need to do good.

TRISH:

And what about her music career?

HELEN:

I don't know, but don't hold your breath. Anyway, listen. This is all top secret. She doesn't want anyone to know.

TRISH:

Oh.
(a beat)
But she told you.

HELEN:

She felt she could trust me.

TRISH:

'Cause I always thought I was someone she could confide in.
A BUSBOY comes by, refills their water glasses, leaves.

TRISH:

Did you speak to Mom?

HELEN:

You mean about the split-up?

TRISH:

Oh. I-I thought it was top secret.

HELEN:

Just for Joy. Sensitive Joy.
Everyone else knows.

TRISH:

Oh.
A WAITER comes by.

WAITER:

Can I help you with anything else?

HELEN:

Oh, no thanks.
The WAITER leaves the check, clears the plates, goes off.

TRISH picks up the check, looks at it.

HELEN:

Thanks for lunch. I really enjoyed this.

36.EXT. PARK - DAY.36.

A little league game is in progress. 11-year-old JOHNNY is at bat. There is a hush. Bases are loaded. BILLY encourages him from the sidelines

BILLY:

You can do it, Johnny!

JOE, JOHNNY's father and the team's coach, mutters to himself, tense.

JOE:

Don't fuck up, Johnny.

BILL observes JOHNNY's TEAMMATES muttering to themselves.

TEAMMATE #1

I can't believe he's up at bat now.

TEAMMATE #2

I swear I'm not playing Little League next year if he's on the team.

RONALD FARBER, the biggest and perhaps dumbest of the teammates, joins in.

RONALD:

Let's beat him up afterwards.

JOHNNY concentrates. The pitcher throws the ball

BILLY:

C'mon Johnny!

JOE:

My kid is a fucking spaz.

TEAMMATE #2

Do we have to stay and watch this?

Strike two.

BILLY:

Concentrate, Johnny! You can do it!

JOE:

You hit the fucking ball or
I'm gonna smash your fucking face in.

PARENT #1

(to BILL)

You know, this really is unfair
to the other kids.

Strike three.

37.INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY.37.

While BILLY and JOHNNY play video games, BILL and JOE eat at
a table.

JOE:

Bill, I dunno. Maybe I should
talk to you. You're a specialist
in these things, aren't you?

BILL:

JOE:

Look, my son's a fag.
I'm not blind to these things.

BILL:

JOE:

What, are you kidding?

BILL:

can be deceiving. And besides. Even
if you're right. There's not much
you can do, is there?

Pause.

JOE:

What do you think would happen if

BILL:

A professional?

JOE:

Hooker. You know, the kind that

BILL:

But Joe, he's 11.

JOE:

You're right, you're right.

Forget I said anything.

BILL:

Maybe you ought to discuss it with Betty.

JOE:

I can't. I can't talk to her.

BILL:

Hmm. That's a problem.

JOE:

BILL:

Not too good.

JOE:

No.

Pause.

BILL:

JOE:

No.

(a beat)

She's a dyke.

BILLY and JOHNNY approach.

BILLY:

Dad, can Johnny sleep over tonight?

BILL:

Well, that's up to Joe here.

JOE:

(pause)

Sure. Whatever.

JOHNNY AND BILLY

Yeah!!!

JOHNNY and BILLY hold each other as they jump for joy.

JOE:

(to himself)

Like girls.

38.EXT. BILL'S PLACE - NIGHT.38.

The lights are on. The TV is on.

The family can be heard laughing and playing some board game.

39.INT. BILL'S PLACE - NIGHT.39.

BILL is preparing hot fudge sundaes. He mixes some powdered drugs into the fudge before pouring it onto the ice cream. He brings a tray loaded with bowls of sundaes into the TV room.

BILL:

Come and get it!

TRISH:

Oh, Bill. You shouldn't have.

BILL:

Here, take. You only live once.

Everyone grabs a bowl, except JOHNNY.

BILL:

Aren't you having, Johnny?

JOHNNY:

No, thank you, Dr. Maplewood.

BILLY:

Johnny hates chocolate fudge.

BILL:

Well, is there something you'd like instead?

JOHNNY:

No, thank you.

BILL:

What about to drink?

TRISH:

Oh, leave him alone. He's fine.

BILL:

JOHNNY:

Do you have any grape Hi C?

BILL:

Do we, Trish?

TRISH:

I'm afraid not.

BILL:

I could go pick some up.

TRISH:

Bill, don't be silly. He doesn't need anything. It's late.

JOHNNY:

Do you have any tuna salad?

BILL:

Would you like a sandwich?

JOHNNY:

Yes, please.

BILL:

Coming right up!

TRISH:

I'm going to bed, Bill.

BILL:

I'll be there soon.

TRISH:

Look at that Timmy, can hardly
keep his eyes open. Come on, Timmy.

(to BILLY and JOHNNY)

You boys, don't stay up to late!

TRISH shuffles off with little CHLOE and TIMMY.

BILL returns to the kitchen, hastily fixes a tuna sandwich,
spiking it with gobs of his powder.

BILL brings the sandwich in to JOHNNY. He finds BILLY
already fallen asleep.

BILL:

Here we are!

JOHNNY:

Thanks, Dr. Maplewood.

BILL:

What happened to Billy?

JOHNNY:

I don't know. I guess
he just conked out.

JOHNNY is glued to the TV. He doesn't touch the tuna
sandwich.

BILL:

Aren't you going to eat the sandwich?

JOHNNY:

In a minute.

BILL:

Take your time.

BILL waits.

JOHNNY:

Dr. Maplewood, would it be
alright if I ate this tomorrow?

BILL:

(not losing his self-control)

Well, sure, but I don't know if
it's taste any good tomorrow.

JOHNNY examines the sandwich. He turns back to the TV.
Just when all seems lost, however, he takes a bite.

BILL:

How is it?

JOHNNY:

Actually, it's really good.

BILL:

Enjoy it.

BILL then rises, checks in on TRISH, CHLOE, and TIMMY: they
are all sound asleep.

BILL pauses in the hallway to look at a family portrait.
Then he returns to the TV room.

BILL:

(testing)

Johnny? Johnny?

But JOHNNY too is now sound asleep. BILL takes away the
unfinished tuna sandwich and plate and brings them into the
kitchen. He dumps the tuna remains into the garbage, puts
the plate into the dishwasher, turns it on.

BILL lifts BILLY up and carries him off to bed. He tucks
him in.

BILL returns to the TV room, where JOHNNY lies. He places
him on the couch, then stands hovering over him.

The TV is left on.

40.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - MORNING.40.

The gardener is mowing the lawn. A postman drops off the
mail. Little children play ball.

41. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - MORNING.41.

TIMMY, BILLY, and JOHNNY are in the TV room watching TV.
TRISH snuggles in bed next to BILL. They are very
kissy-kissy.

TRISH:

Oh, Honey. I feel so good now.

BILL:

Me too.

TRISH:

I haven't slept so well in so long.

BILL:

Me neither.

TRISH:

BILL:

Yes.

Pause.

TRISH:

BILL:

That's okay. It doesn't matter.

TRISH:

It matters.

BILL:

Forget about it.

TRISH:

Okay.

(a beat)

It's funny, 'cause I remember

BILL:

Oh?

TRISH:

I can't really remember anything more,

Please don't get mad at me. I know

Do you still?

BILL:

Oh.

TRISH:

Oh.

Pause.

BILL:

Yes. Very very much.

TRISH:

Oh, Bill, and I do too!

I'm sorry I need to keep being

BILL:

I know.

TRISH:

BILL:

I know. And it's my fault.

TRISH:

My fault.

BILL:

TRISH:

I know.

BILL:

Just when things get hot and heavy, CHLOE starts screaming

O.S.

Pause.

TRISH:

(kisses him)

Later.

She rises and leaves the room.

42.INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - DAY.42.

JOHNNY sits at the table with the funnies. BILL is sipping coffee, reading the paper.

TIMMY runs around in the b.g.

BILL:

Where's Billy?

JOHNNY:

Watching TV.

BILL:

How come you're not playing together?

JOHNNY:

I don't know. Billy just said he didn't feel like it.

(a beat)

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL:

Yes?

JOHNNY:

Can you drive me home now?

BILL:

having a good time?

JOHNNY:

I'm not feeling so well.

BILL:

What's the matter?

JOHNNY:

He throws up on the funnies.

43.INT. CAR - DAY.43.

BILL is driving JOHNNY home.

JOHNNY:

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL:

Yes, Johnny?

JOHNNY:

I'm sorry I threw up.

BILL:

Don't worry about it.

JOHNNY:

'Cause I really had a good time.

BILL:

Good. Billy did too. We all did.

BILL puts his arm around him affectionately. JOHNNY, very sleepy, leans in close against him.

JOHNNY:

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL:

Yes, Johnny?

JOHNNY:

You're so cool.

And he falls asleep, his head sinking into BILL'S lap.

A string of saliva drips from JOHNNY's lips onto BILL's pants.

44.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.44.

The lights are on. The TV is on.

45.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - TV ROOM - LATER.45.

BILLY joins BILL on the sofa. KOOKI is humping a chair across from them.

BILLY:

Dad?

BILL:

Yes, Billy?

BILLY:

I was kind of wondering.

BILL:

Yeah?

Pause.

BILLY:

Nothing.

Pause.

BILL:

Did you have a good time with Johnny?

BILLY:

It was okay. He's a little girlish though.

BILL:

Oh. Yeah.

Pause.

BILLY:

Dad. Do you know how many inches your penis is?

Pause.

BILL:

I never measured.

BILLY:

Ronald Farber said his penis is twelve inches long. Do you think that's possible?

BILL:

What Ronald Farber doesn't know is that it's not length, but width that matters.

Pause.

BILLY:

Why?

BILL:

Pause.

BILLY:

Pause.

BILL:

BILLY:

BILL:

You have to be patient. Your friend
Ronald Farber, I can assure you,
is full of crap.

BILLY:

Yeah. I bet yours is
a lot wider and longer.
Pause.

BILL:

Do you want me to measure?

BILLY:

Nah, that's okay.
BILLY smiles, leans affectionately against his father.
46.INT. ESL OFFICE - DAY.46.
Through the glass door a group of newly-arrived immigrants
can be seen walking by.
SUPERVISOR looks JOY over.

SUPERVISOR:

You've come at a god time.
The place is in turmoil now.
Everyone's preparing to strike.

JOY:

W-why are they going to strike?

SUPERVISOR:

I can't tell you the half of it:
the deceit, the corruption. The union
wants to close down the school.
They don't care about these poor

immigrants. It's heartbreaking.
Now I believe in unions, I'm sensitive
to their needs, I cried at "The Grapes
of Wrath", I sing to Woody Guthrie.
But that was another time, another
place. Today unions are just a new
kind of corporation. It's tragic, but
believe me, those teachers making
sacrifices for the union, well, the
union's not going to make any
sacrifices for them. Those union
leaders, they go home with pay-checks,
the teachers end up with nothing.
Now we need people who can be dedicated,
who aren't in it just for the money.
Because this job takes courage.
Do you know what some of these
refugees have endured? Concentration
camps. And now their dream of coming
to America is realized, and this
union doesn't care. It's all about
greed. Selfishness. Now Joy, can I
count on you?

JOY:

SUPERVISOR:

Do you know what these strikers are?
Spoiled brats. Trust-funded artistes.
They don't know the meaning of work,

hear the word "benefits," don't listen.
47.EXT. ESL SCHOOL - DAY.47.
PICKETERS march along the sidewalk. JOY approaches and
hesitates.

PICKETERS:

(chanting)
Don't cross the line!
Don't cross the line!

JOY:

You know, there are some people
in real need in there.

PICKETER #1

Fucking management is in there.

JOY:

But what about the refugees?

PICKETER #2

What about my benefits?

JOY:

I'm sorry. I think you're
making a terrible mistake.

As she crosses the picket line they shout epithets at her.
Someone throws an egg at her. It cracks against her head.
She runs inside.

48.INT. ELEVATOR - DAY.48.

Strangers look askance at JOY. When the elevator arrives at
her floor she gets out, relieved.

49.INT. ESL SCHOOL TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY.49.

Administrators welcome JOY, handing out general information.
The air is festive.

JOY finds the other TEACHERS cleaning tomatoes and egg off
their clothes. RHONDA, a teacher, pulls her aside towards
the window from which the strikers can be seen.

RHONDA:

It's so sad. I mean, it really is
pathetic. Such losers. Really,
I feel sorry for them.

There is a slight commotion across the room. TEACHER #1 is
upset, crying a little. TEACHER #2 comforts her.

TEACHER #1

TEACHER #2

It's okay.

TEACHER #1

TEACHER #2

What is it? What happened?

TEACHER #1

TEACHER #2

You're not a scab.

You're a strike-breaker.

The bell rings.

50.INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.50.

JOY enters. The STUDENTS do not have welcoming faces.

JOY:

Good morning. My name is Joy Jordan.

She writes her name on the blackboard.

JOY:

I am your new teacher. Now.

JOY is about to do roll-call when:

STUDENT #1

You are scab.

STUDENT #2

Where Marsha?

JOY:

STUDENT #3

We want Marsha.

The STUDENTS start changing, "We want Marsha!" One student, however, does not join in. He shouts at his classmates:

BORIS:

(in Russian)

Quiet!

They listen to him.

BORIS:

(to JOY)

Please.

JOY:

I'm a strike-breaker.

51.INT. HELEN'S PLACE - DAY.51.

Intensity grips HELEN as she works on a poem at her desk.

She rises, as if in pain, and starts pacing. Strange sounds

emanate from her mouth. She pounds a fist against her head.

Finally she leaps into bed, thrashing about as if possessed.

HELEN:

I'm no good! I'm no good!

The telephone rings.

HELEN:

Hello?

52.INT. ALLEN'S OFFICE - DAY.52.

ALLEN is on the other end of the line. His breathing is heavy, low, constrained. He is sweating.

HELEN (V.O.)

ALLEN:

(voice disguised)

I know who you are and you are nothing.

You think you are fucking something,
but you are fucking nothing. You are
empty. You are zero. You are a black
hole, and I am going to fuck you so bad
you're gonna be coming out of your ears.

Pause.

HELEN (V.O.)

ALLEN hangs up.

53.INT. HELEN'S PLACE - DAY.53.

HELEN presses *69.

CUT BACK AND FORTH between HELEN and ALLEN.

ALLEN picks up.

ALLEN:

Data Resources.

HELEN:

Who are you?

ALLEN hangs up. He is shaking, sweating profusely.

A pretty young SECRETARY walks by outside his glass door and
smiles. He smiles back, weakly.

The phone rings again. ALLEN resists answering it until he
hears his answering service pick up.

ALLEN:

What do you want?

Pause.

HELEN:

I want you to fuck me.

Pause.

ALLEN:

(a beat; a CO-WORKER
is approaching)
I gotta go.

HELEN:

Call me tomorrow.

ALLEN:

ALLEN hangs up. The CO-WORKER appears.
CO-WORKER
Hey, you see the play-offs last night?

ALLEN:

(smiling/joking)

Yeah, pretty good! Pretty good!

54.EXT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING.54.

ALLEN hurries inside.

55.INT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING.55.

ALLEN buys some whiskey.

56.EXT. HELEN AND ALLEN'S APT. COMPLEX -56.

EVENING.

ALLEN bumps slightly over the curb as he pulls into the
parking lot.

57.INT. HELEN AND ALLEN'S APT. COMPLEX -57.

LOBBY - EVENING.

ALLEN goes to the elevator, sees HELEN waiting. As usual,
she pays him no attention. ALLEN smiles.

ALLEN:

How's it going?

HELEN:

Okay.

The elevator arrives and they step inside.

58.INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING.58.

HELEN and ALLEN stand and say nothing during the ride, like

before.

59.INT. HALLWAY - EVENING.59.

The elevator doors open and HELEN and ALLEN come out, walking their separate ways.

ALLEN:

See ya.

HELEN:

Yeah.

KRISTINA'S POV of ALLEN unlocking and entering his apartment. The view is distorted.

CLOSE ON KRISTINA in her apartment, staring through the peephole. She takes her eyes away and covers them with her hand, overcome.

60.EXT. HELEN AND ALLEN'S APT. COMPLEX -60.

HELEN'S PLACE - LATER.

HELEN and her lover JAMAL's silhouettes can be seen going at it next door to ALLEN.

61.INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - THAT MOMENT.61.

ALLEN, surrounded by a couple of empty liquor bottles, is studying a Playboy centerfold. Faint but distinct sounds of HELEN making love with someone.

The door buzzes. He puts down the magazine, rises unsteadily, and walks to the door.

ALLEN:

Who is it?

KRISTINA (O.S.)

It's me. Kristina.

ALLEN opens the door.

KRISTINA:

Hey, how's it going?

ALLEN:

Okay.

KRISTINA:

I got some more info on Pedro.

ALLEN:

Pedro?

KRISTINA:

ALLEN:

Oh, yeah. What?

KRISTINA:

(sees ALLEN tottering)

Say, uh, are you alright?

ALLEN:

No.

KRISTINA:

Here.

KRISTINA helps ALLEN back inside, sets him down on his bed.

ALLEN:

ALLEN passes out.

KRISTINA goes to the door and locks it. She turns out the light. Then she sits down and just stares at ALLEN, pondering his face and body.

Finally, KRISTINA bends down and unbuttons his top a little. She leans her head against ALLEN, half lying down beside him.

Suddenly ALLEN awakens, rises, and rushes off to the bathroom. He throws up o.s. Pause. When he reappears he sees KRISTINA standing by the bed.

ALLEN:

What the fuck are you doing here?

KRISTINA is too petrified to speak.

ALLEN:

Get out!

KRISTINA leaves.

62.EXT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA REAL ESTATE 62.

OFFICE -DAY.

Sunny. Well-tended landscaping. Attractive parking lot.

63.INT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA REAL ESTATE63.

OFFICE - DAY.

MONA is sitting in the waiting room when, ANN, a young and

comely broker, appears.

ANN:

Hi. Ann Chambeau.

MONA:

Mona Jordan.

ANN:

Wonderful.

(shaking hands with MONA.)

Come this way. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long.

ANN escorts MONA to her office. They sit down.

ANN:

Can I get you some tea? coffee?

MONA:

No, thank you.

ANN:

Okay. Now then. How can I help you?

MONA:

You said there might be something available over in Elysian Fields?

ANN:

Actually, there are several places we can see there. But first I need a little information.

(starts typing into her computer.)

Now, you're looking for a one? two? three-bedroom?

MONA:

Three.

ANN:

Wonderful. Is this then for you and your husband?

MONA:

No.

ANN:

Just for yourself then?

MONA:

Yes.

ANN:

No children?

MONA:

My children are grown.

ANN:

No pets?

MONA:

No.

ANN:

So really just you alone then
all by yourself?

MONA:

Yes.

ANN:

Wonderful.

ANN resumes interfacing with the computer.

Suddenly MONA starts crying. Soon ANN looks up from her
terminal.

ANN:

Mrs. Jordan? Is something the matter?

MONA nods yes and no. Finally:

MONA:

My husband is leaving me.

ANN:

Oh, I'm so sorry.

ANN reaches her hand out in a vague display of support and
affection.

ANN:

You know, we have a lot of divorcees
in Phase IV. Would you like to see
something there, perhaps a bit smaller?

MONA:

Who said I was getting divorced?

64.EXT. ELYSIAN FIELDS - DAY.64.

ANN drives MONA through this scenic luxury village. They
pause at a security checkpoint before looking for a spot in
the parking lot.

Easy Listening or Classical Lite is on the car radio.

ANN (V.O.)

You know, I'm a divorcee.

MONA (V.O.)

Oh?

ANN (V.O.)

I live in Phase IV.

65.INT. ANN'S CAR - DAY.65.

MONA turns to ANNE as she pulls into a spot.

MONA:

I am so sorry.

ANN:

Mrs. Jordan?

MONA:

Mona.

ANN:

Mona. That's a beautiful name.

MONA:

ANN:

How long were you married?

MONA:

Forty years.

Pause.

ANN:

You know, Mona, I think we have a lot in common. More than you realize. See, I know what you're going through. I've been there. But I'd like to share a little secret with you: Divorce was the best thing that ever happened to me.

ANNE reaches out and this time touches MONA, gives her a squeeze.

ANN:

Really.

66.INT. CONDO LOBBY - DAY.66.

ANN and MONA walk across the expensively decorated space. It is empty except for an OLD LADY with a walker tottering by.

ANN:

(whispering discreetly)

Don't worry. She's the exception to the rule. Most everyone here is much more youthful.

67.INT. CONDO HALLWAY - DAY.67.

ANN leads MONA towards the door of the place for sale. They passby a vase of flowers resting in an offset little alcove.

While ANN searches for the right set of keys, a MAID approaches with fresh flowers and a plastic garbage bag. She dumps the old flowers in the bag and replaces them with new ones.

ANN:

See how they change the flowers every day. They don't wait for things to go bad and rot here.

68.INT. CONDO - DAY.68.

ANN stands to the side while MONA wanders around. The place

In each room she enters MONA sees her reflection.

ANN:

It was finished just a year and a half ago and they've really hardly spent any time here. Supposedly the third

bathroom's never even been used.
But I've flushed it, so I know it works.
MONA stands by the windows, looking out.

ANN:

The views are spectacular, of course.
But what's great is you can see
the whole world and at the same time
feel entirely alone. It's kind of a

double bonus:

you need for reflection and
soul-searching and the thrill of
being "top of the heap."

MONA looks at a portrait of a couple hanging in the foyer.
The husband has been torn out of it, just as he has been
from all the other photographs lying around.

ANN:

Now they're asking 800. But I know
I can definitely get it down to 650.
I know this couple. They're also in
the middle of The Big D. He needs to
liquidate fast.
Pause.

MONA:

I'll take it.

ANN:

Wonderful!

69.EXT. MONA AND LENNY'S APARTMENT69.
COMPLEX - DAY.

LENNY lies on a chaise lounge, alone by the poolside.
DIANE, perhaps slightly younger than MONA, approaches.

DIANE:

Hi, Lenny. Mind if I join you?

LENNY:

No.

DIANE arranges herself in a chair beside him.

DIANE:

How's Mona?

LENNY:

Fine.

DIANE:

Inside on such a beautiful day?

LENNY:

I dunno.

DIANE:

Whadya mean you dunno?

LENNY:

I dunno.

DIANE:

Eh. Whatever.

(a beat.)

So how are your girls doing?

LENNY:

Fine, I guess.

DIANE:

And the grandchildren?

Coming to visit anytime soon?

LENNY:

I dunno.

Pause.

DIANE:

It's good to have a family together.

how I know. 'Cause you know I know

together. When there is pain and

I understand these things.

(a beat.)

Lenny, I just think you should know;

I heard about you and Mona.

LENNY:

What?

DIANE:

I'm very sorry.

LENNY:

We're not getting divorced.

DIANE:

Divorced, separated, whatever.

It doesn't matter. You're alone now.

Two beautiful young women come to the pool and settle themselves down opposite.

LENNY looks at them. He closes his eyes and turns away.

DIANE:

Anyway, if you ever need someone to talk to, I want you to know.

I'm here. And I care.

JOHNNY'S POV OF JOE: pulling out of the driveway. Off to work.

70.INT. JOHNNY'S HOME - MORNING.70.

Pulling up his pajama pants, JOHNNY rises from the toilet and turns to look at the bowl.

He leaves the bathroom without flushing the toilet.

He walks into his parents' bedroom. BETTY is walking around naked, getting dressed.

JOHNNY:

Mom?

BETTY:

Yeah?

JOHNNY:

There's blood in my BM.

(BETTY freezes.)

Can I stay home from school today?

71.INT. JOHNNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY.71.

A DETECTIVE is gently interrogating JOHNNY. BETTY sits beside him. JOE paces. A NURSE adjusts things. A DOCTOR

examines charts. A POLICEMAN stands by the door.

DETECTIVE:

How are you feeling?

JOHNNY:

Okay.

DETECTIVE:

You sure?

JOHNNY:

Yeah. I feel fine. Maybe a little sore.
But I'm ready to go back to school.

DETECTIVE:

Good! Now, Johnny. I have to
ask you a few questions. Is that okay?

JOHNNY:

Yeah.

DETECTIVE:

Good. Now then. When did you first
start feeling sick?

JOHNNY:

Yesterday.

DETECTIVE:

What happened?

JOHNNY:

I threw up at my friend's house.

BETTY:

Johnny spent the night there.
I thought he just had a little virus.

DETECTIVE:

Did you eat anything unusual?

JOHNNY:

No. Just a tuna sandwich.

BETTY:

He loves tuna salad.

DETECTIVE:

I see. And when did you first notice the blood?

JOHNNY:

When I went to the bathroom this morning.

DETECTIVE:

BETTY:

Don't be afraid, Baby.
I'm right here with you.
Daddy's not going to touch you.

DETECTIVE:

Is there anyone in the last

JOHNNY:

(a beat.)
I don't think so.

DETECTIVE:

JOHNNY:

(looks at JOE, then
back to the DETECTIVE)
No. No one hurt me.

JOE:

Whadya mean no?!
You've been fucking raped!!
A stunned silence. JOE hangs his head.

JOE:

Sorry.
Pause.

BETTY:

Would you like me to fix you
a tuna salad sandwich?

JOHNNY:

Okay.

72.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING. 72.
The family is at the dinner table.

TRISH:

More potatoes, Bill?

BILL:

Oh, no thanks. Mmm, I've got plenty.

TRISH:

The babysitter should be here
any minute now.

BILL:

When does the PTA start?

TRISH:

We've still got half an hour.

BILL:

(to BILLY)

So how was school today?

BILLY:

Okay.

BILL:

Was Johnny there?

BILLY:

No.

TRISH:

I just hope none of you kids
catch what he's got.

TIMMY tries amusing everyone by pretending to throw up his
potatoes.

TRISH:

Very funny, Timmy. And now you are excused and can go right to bed.

TIMMY:

TRISH:

Excuse me, Bill.

But then the phone rings. TRISH lets go of TIMMY, answers it.

TRISH:

sorry, too. You should have thought of that earlier. Good-bye. TRISH hangs up, returns to the table.

TRISH:

Bill, you're going to have to go yourself tonight.

BILL:

Isn't there anyone else you can get?

TRISH:

Not at this late hour.

TRISH sees the mess TIMMY has been making with his potatoes and takes him away.

TRISH:

(to TIMMY)

Now you can come with me and take a bath.

TIMMY:

But I'm not finished!

TRISH and TIMMY continue to argue o.s.

BILLY:

Dad? If you and Mom died in a plane crash, would it be alright if I took over?

BILL:

Well, probably one of your
aunts would want to help out.

BILLY:

So you don't think I'm old enough
to take care of myself and
Timmy and Chloe.

BILL:

Well, no.

BILLY:

Ronald Farber's parents are away in
Europe for a few days, and he's
staying home alone without a babysitter.
Why do I need a babysitter?

BILL:

Well, if you want to change Chloe's

BILLY:

If I didn't have any little brother
or sister, would you let me stay
alone by myself for a few days?

BILL:

Your Mom and I are not Mr. and Mrs.
Farber. We worry. So no.

BILLY:

What if I were 12?

BILL:

No.

BILLY:

13.

BILL:

(a beat.)

At 13, I think you'll be okay.

BILLY:

Can you promise?

BILL:

As long as you don't still
look like you're 11.

BILLY:

I won't.

BILL:

Okay. At 13, then.

73.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.73.

BILL backs out of the garage and comes to the end of the
driveway.

74.INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT.74.

BILL looks tense as he pauses before the intersection. He
picks up his car phone and dials information.

BILL:

Hello, in Roseland, please.

I'm looking for the address of

He hangs up. A sigh. Suddenly the phone rings. He answers
it.

BILL:

Hello?

75.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.75.

TRISH is on the phone in the kitchen, cleaning up. CHLOE in
the b.g.

TRISH:

Hi, hon. It's me. Listen, I forgot to
ask if you could pick up a half-gallon
of skim milk on your way back
from the meeting.

BACK TO BILL:

On his car phone.

BILL:

Sure thing.

TRISH (O.S.)

Thanks! Love ya!

BILL:

Love ya!

He hangs up. Pause. He steps on the gas.

76.EXT. STREET - NIGHT.76.

BILL's car moves on, joining the traffic.

77.EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT.77.

The parking lot is busy. BILL's car approaches, pauses.

BILL'S POV of people parking and walking inside the school.

Chatter is audible. Someone waves hello at him in passing.

78.INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT.78.

BILL is suffering. But finally he decides to move on.

79.EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT.79.

A Street sign reads, ANGEL COURT. Bill's car nears and turns, slowly.

80.EXT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT.80.

A modern expensive house of the sort that, in this neighborhood, makes an architectural "statement." The number 12 is illuminated over the front door, as is a plaque reading, The Farbers.

RONALD's silhouette can be faintly seen watching TV.

Bill's car pauses in front, then parks further down the block.

80.INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT.80.

BILL sits, numb.

He pulls out from his pocket a handkerchief and a dark little unlabeled bottle filled with some liquid.

He looks at the car clock.

Finally, he opens his door.

81.EXT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT.81.

BILL sneaks over to the side of the house and looks through the window.

82.INT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT.82.

RONALD is lounging on the sofa, still watching TV. He snacks on some chips.

BILL slides into the house through a kitchen window.

He tiptoes to a corner round which he can see the back of RONALD's sofa, across the room.

The phone rings. BILL freezes. RONALD answers it.

RONALD:

but Grasshole can't stay absent forever. He'll probably show up

BILL pours the bottled liquid onto the handkerchief. He pounces on the victim. Within moments, RONALD succumbs, unaware of his assailant's identity. BILL looks around: the TV is still on; otherwise, silence. He looks at RONALD, looks away. FADE TO BLACK.

BILL buys a half-gallon of milk. He sees ALLEN riffling through some porn at the magazine rack, but slips out of the store unnoticed.

84.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.84.

Bill's car pulls into the garage.

85.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.85.

BILL takes a half-gallon of milk out of a plastic bag and puts it in the refrigerator.

TRISH (O.S.)

Hon, is that you?

BILL:

Yeah.

TRISH (O.S.)

You remember the milk?

BILL:

Yeah.

BILL walks by the TV room where TRISH is sitting watching TV alone, like Ronald Farber: same position, same channel.

TRISH:

How was the meeting?

BILL:

Okay.

TRISH:

Bill, are you alright?

BILL:

I think I have to lie down.

TRISH:

Oh, shit. I hope you're not coming down with whatever that Johnny boy had.

BILL:

I don't think so.

BILL stops by BILLY's room. Back issues of Boy's Life lie piled on his desk.

BILLY is asleep. A Playboy magazine sticks out from beneath his pillow.

BILL goes over to BILLY and bends down. He kisses him.

BILLY:

Dad?

BILL:

Yeah?

BILLY

I almost came.

BILLY closes his eyes again.

86.INT. BILL AND TRISH'S BEDROOM -86.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

Lights out. BILL lies away, listening to TRISH's rhythmic breathing.

BILL:

TRISH:

Pause.

BILL:

Do you love me?

TRISH:

BILL:

I mean, do you really love me?

No matter what.

TRISH:

BILL:

TRISH:

Bill. You have me. And you always will.
She holds him closer. A long pause.

BILL:

TRISH:

You'll feel better tomorrow.

87.EXT. STREET - DAY.87.

JOY walks along, despondent. Suddenly she hears a Russian-accented voice calling her. she looks around and sees a cab pulled up beside her. BORIS is inside.

BORIS:

Joy! Joy! I am Boris! Your student!

JOY:

Oh, hello, Boris. How are you?

BORIS:

I am fine. How are you?

JOY:

Oh, fine, fine.

Pause.

BORIS:

I not believe you.

JOY:

Really, Boris. I'm fine!

BORIS sees JOY is holding back tears. He gets out of the cab.

BORIS:

Where you are go now?

JOY:

Oh, I'm just on my way home.

BORIS:

Tell me where do you live.

I take you home.

JOY:

No, no, I couldn't.

BORIS:

Joy. Come in my car.

I want give you ride.

JOY:

But I like walking. And the
train is right nearby.

BORIS:

No. No train. I drive you home.

JOY:

But Boris. I live in New Jersey!

BORIS:

Good. I take you New Jersey.

JOY:

Maybe you don't understand.

Boris. New Jersey is far.

BORIS:

Joy. You not understand. I am driver.

My taxi. You come. You understand?

You come.

Pause.

JOY:

Are you sure you know?

BORIS:

Boris knows. Come inside.

BORIS opens the door for JOY. She gets in. BORIS takes off.

88.INT. CAB - DAY.88.

They sit in the bumper-to-bumper traffic. JOY turns to BORIS, turns away. MUSIC plays on the radio. Suddenly she starts sobbing.

JOY:

I'm sorry.

BORIS:

Don't worry. Soon will be in New Jersey.

89.EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGHWAY - EVENING.89.

The MUSIC on the radio swells as BORIS's taxi speeds along. They pass a Welcome to New Jersey sign.

90.INT. CAB - EVENING.90.

JOY changes radio stations. They listen. BORIS changes back.

91.EXT. MCDONALD'S - EVENING.91.

BORIS and JOY share a little meal along the highway. The MUSIC FADES.

92.INT. MCDONALD'S - EVENING. 92.

BORIS and JOY sit in a booth. They eat in silence.

Finally:

BORIS:

I love New Jersey.

Pause.

JOY:

Don't you miss Russia?

BORIS:

Fuck the cunt of Russia.

Pause.

JOY:

Well, I guess it's best to feel that way.

93.EXT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.93.

BORIS's cab arrives, parks in front.

94.INT. CAB - NIGHT.94.

JOY turns to BORIS.

JOY:

Well, thank you very much. That really was very nice of you. I'm sorry about

(a beat.)

So do you think you'll need any help finding your way back?

BORIS is silent. He stares off at her place.

BORIS:

Why you not married?

JOY:

Oh, Boris. Life is different in America.

her potential. There are opportunities

improve the world.

Pause.

BORIS:

Do you like men?

JOY:

(a beat.)

BORIS:

Are you lesbian?

JOY:

(a beat.)

No.

BORIS:

It is alright if you are lesbian.

I like lesbians.

JOY:

I'm sorry, Boris. But I think this conversation has become a little strange for me.

JOY extends her hand for a handshake, but BORIS kisses her.

JOY:

But BORIS grabs her for another, longer kiss instead.

Pause.

JOY:

Would you like to come inside
for a cup of tea?

BORIS:

(a beat.)

Okay.

95.INT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.95.

Darkness. The sound of a key jiggling. A lock unbolted.
Finally the door opens and they walk inside. JOY turns on
the lights. An awkward pause.

JOY:

I'll turn on the kettle.

She goes to the stove. Turning back she observes BORIS take
off his shoes.

JOY:

your shoes. Make yourself comfortable.

BORIS wanders around, observing. JOY feels a little
uncomfortable.

JOY:

It's my parents' place.

I plan on moving out soon, though.

BORIS:

How long you live here?

JOY:

Since I was born. But really, there are
a lot of advantages to not moving.

(a beat.)

So what did you do in Russia?

BORIS:

I was thief.

JOY:

BORIS:

No. I am independent. I steal things
on my own. Although I have many offers.
(sees JOY's guitar.)
You are musician?

JOY:

Oh, no, not really. I just
write songs a little.

BORIS:

What kind songs?

JOY:

Oh, I don't know. They're all so terrible.

BORIS:

(a nod of understanding.)

Love songs.

(a beat.)

Play.

(JOY shakes her head,
terrified)

I play.

BORIS begins playing and singing a song, perhaps an Olivia
Newton-John love ballad. He sings with intense emotion. When
he finishes, the kettle whistles.

JOY brings the teapot to the table and pours for herself and
BORIS. BORIS comes to his place and drops a half dozen
teaspoons of sugar into his tea.

They sit and drink tea. Then:

JOY:

Would you like to see my
macrame collection?

(BORIS looks confused)

Come. Follow me.

She leads him into her bedroom to her showcase of macrame dolls, pillows, and assorted knickknacks.

BORIS:

(impressed)

You make?

JOY:

Uh huh.

BORIS:

All by yourself?

JOY:

Uh huh.

Pause.

BORIS:

Beautiful.

JOY:

childish, but sometimes I like to play with them and make up stories.

(lifts a pair of figurines)

I call them Chuckle and Giggle.

BORIS:

You should build store. Start business.

JOY:

BORIS:

(pointing to a doll)

This? Two hundred dollars. Easy.

JOY:

Oh, but that's Punky!

I could never sell Punky.

I could never sell any of this.

BORIS lifts Punky, puts it back, dirty now.

BORIS:

(sorry)

Oh.

JOY:

Don't worry. They're all machine washable.

BORIS:

(smiles)

Ah. Machine washable.

JOY:

(a beat)

You know, your English is really
very good. You should be in a higher level.

BORIS:

(a beat.)

Your face is like love poem.

BORIS is very close to JOY. She lets him embrace her.

DISSOLVE TO:

96.INT. JOY'S PLACE - LATER THAT NIGHT.96.

Out of the darkness we hear heavy breathing, sounds of
nervous excitement from JOY.

JOY and BORIS's figures emerge faintly from the darkness.
They are in bed.

BORIS:

Do not be actress. Relax. Boris here.

JOY quiets down. Then suddenly she cries out. A still
pause.

BORIS:

JOY:

(a beat.)

Okay?

BORIS:

(a beat.)

I go now.

BORIS gets out of bed. JOY listens to him gather his things, dress. Finally, the door opens. BORIS, her guitar, and perhaps some stereo equipment disappear. The door shuts.

97.INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY.97.

JOY sits alone at a table, perhaps wistful, or melancholy, and looks out the window. RHONDA joins her and she perks up.

RHONDA:

How's it going?

JOY:

Oh, hi, Rhonda!

RHONDA:

Your students treating you okay?

JOY:

I'm seeing improvement! But you know,

who's doing the most learning.

RHONDA:

I know just what you mean.

'Cause teaching is really about learning.

JOY:

Yeah.

(pause)

I couldn't be happier.

RHONDA:

I hate to have to say this, but:

I told you so.

JOY:

How about you? How's it going with your class?

RHONDA:

Oh, my students are just a hoot,
always telling me how much they

(lowers her voice)

There's this one Igor I've got

JOY:

Oh?

RHONDA:

JOY:

What?

RHONDA lifts her arm, points to her armpit, mouths "B.O."

JOY:

RHONDA:

Well, then, you are lucky.

JOY:

Yeah. I guess I'm lucky.

JOY'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW of the STRIKERS still marching
on the sidewalk.

BACK TO JOY AND RHONDA gazing outside. Pause. RHONDA turns
away from the window.

RHONDA:

You know, Joy, just between you
and me, I actually think the
quality of teaching has gone up
since the strike began.

JOY:

Oh, well, I don't know.

I just wish it were all over.

RHONDA:

Me too. But you know, once you're
here and you're teaching, it's as if

it doesn't even exist. You forget.

Pause.

JOY:

Rhonda?

RHONDA:

Yes?

JOY:

RHONDA:

JOY:

A Russian woman, ZHENIA, suddenly interrupts, barging into the room. She stands before JOY looking very upset.

ZHENIA:

You teacher Boris?

JOY:

ZHENIA spits into JOY's face.

ZHENIA:

Whore!

And she lunges for her, cursing in Russian. RHONDA, other TEACHERS, and SECURITY GUARDS get her off JOY and out of the room.

RHONDA:

My God! That woman was nuts!

Are you okay?

JOY:

(somewhat shaken)

A bell rings. TEACHERS, ET. AL. Begin to disperse. JOY gathers her stuff, RHONDA helping.

RHONDA:

(whispers)

Some TEACHERS pause to overhear JOY's anticipated reply.
But it doesn't come.

98.INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - EVENING.98.

ALLEN sits on his bed, tense and sweaty, gripping his phone.

99.INT. HELEN'S PLACE - EVENING.99.

HELEN lies on her bed, strewn with poetry books and papers,
concentrating on the phone.

The phone rings. She answers it. She hears only some faint
breathing. For a while she says nothing.

HELEN (V.O.)

Thank you for calling me again.

(no response.)

ALLEN hangs up and unplugs the phone. Pause.
The door buzzes. ALLEN rises.

ALLEN:

Who is it?

KRISTINA (O.S.)

Kristina.

ALLEN hesitates, then opens the door. Pause.

KRISTINA:

I'm sorry about last night.

ALLEN:

KRISTINA:

I understand. See, I can admit it.

ALLEN:

KRISTINA:

Tears are trickling down KRISTINA's face. ALLEN hands her a

crumpled tissue.

KRISTINA:

Thanks.

Pause.

ALLEN:

Say, you wanna go somewhere?

KRISTINA nods, grateful.

100.EXT. BAR - NIGHT.100.

MUSIC flows outside.

101.INT. BAR - NIGHT.101.

ALLEN and KRISTINA foxtrot by the jukebox.

102.INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.102.

ALLEN and KRISTINA sit in a booth. They are eating.

KRISTINA:

I have a confession to make.

ALLEN:

Oh?

KRISTINA:

Remember Pedro's penis?

ALLEN:

KRISTINA:

ALLEN:

What happened to it?

KRISTINA:

(a beat.)

Nothing.

ALLEN:

make something like that up?

(no response.)

Was Pedro even killed?

KRISTINA nods.

ALLEN:

How do you know?

(no response)

What happened?

Pause.

KRISTINA:

Well, I'd always been very friendly to him. I try to be that way with all the doormen, even if they're usually snickering behind my back. But I don't care, I'm still friendly. It's my way. Well, Pedro was different. Pedro never snickered. Of course, who was he to snicker? He wasn't exactly Tom Cruise. Still, he could have, and he didn't.

103.INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT.103.

PEDRO opens the door for KRISTINA.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

PEDRO:

Good evening.

KRISTINA:

Hello, Pedro. Do you think you could help me with these bags?

PEDRO:

No problem.

PEDRO locks up and takes the bags from KRISTINA. They then walk to the elevator.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Normally I don't need any help, but my back hurt and the bags were heavy. There was half-gallon of strawberry ice cream and a couple of boxes of

couldn't wait to snuggle up under the covers and enjoy myself with the TV.

104.INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT.104.

PEDRO and KRISTINA get inside.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

It was in the elevator that I first

thought maybe he was just being

They get off and walk to her apartment.

105.INT. KRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT.105.

PEDRO follows KRISTINA inside, brings the groceries to the kitchen.

KRISTINA:

Well, thank you so much, Pedro.

PEDRO:

No problem.

There is an awkward silence.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

But then he wouldn't move. I almost panicked, but then I realized he probably was just waiting for a tip.

surprised me.

PEDRO:

Forget about it. What I'd like is a scoop of this ice cream before going back down.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Well, isn't that nice and friendly, I thought. Thought I also thought, that's a little strange. I'm a little shy, you know, and also I had only one half-gallon. But he said, "Sure!" Well, then he sat down and started telling me about how he had

Well, I guess I felt I shouldn't feel so superior. But then, all of a sudden,

BACK TO ALLEN AND KRISTINA in the restaurant.

KRISTINA:

horrible! Next thing I knew he tore off

off, but he was too fast for me, and

pounding away. Oh, Allen!

KRISTINA grabs a napkin to cry into. Pause.

The WAITRESS comes by.

WAITRESS:

All finished?

ALLEN:

Yeah.

KRISTINA:

I guess so.

WAITRESS:

Would you like to see a dessert menu?

KRISTINA:

What kind of ice cream do you have?

WAITRESS:

Chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry.

KRISTINA:

I'll just have a plain chocolate fudge
sundae with strawberry ice cream.

WAITRESS:

And you, Sir?

ALLEN:

Just the check, please.

The WAITRESS smiles and leaves.

KRISTINA:

So anyway, everything suddenly got quiet and I thought, well, at least the worst is over.

106.INT. KRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT.106.

PEDRO lies on top of KRISTINA.

PEDRO:

How do you feel now?

KRISTINA:

Kiss me again.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Well, of course, that was just an act.

BACK TO ALLEN AND KRISTINA in the restaurant.

KRISTINA:

The WAITRESS comes by with the dessert.

WAITRESS:

Here you are.

KRISTINA:

Thank you.

(while eating her sandae)

Anyway, so then I had to cut up

I've been throwing it out gradually ever since. There's still a little left in my freezer.

Pause.

ALLEN:

KRISTINA:

No, I left it attached. I didn't want to have to touch it again.

(a beat.)

Oh, I feel so terrible. You must think I'm a monster. But what else

ALLEN:

Pause.

KRISTINA:

It was a crime of passion.

(a beat.)

I'm a passionate woman.

107.INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT.107.

ALLEN and KRISTINA come out of the elevator.

ALLEN:

KRISTINA:

I had a lovely time, Allen.

Thank you. I hope we can do it again.

ALLEN:

Good night.

KRISTINA:

Good night.

ALLEN has entered his apartment and is about to close the door behind him, when KRISTINA suddenly interrupts:

KRISTINA:

Oh, and Allen!

ALLEN:

Yeah?

KRISTINA:

You're a very good dancer.

ALLEN smiles weakly, then shuts his door, locking and double-bolting it. Pause. KRISTINA returns to her apartment.

108.INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - NIGHT.108.

ALLEN stares at his telephone. Finally, he plugs it in. Instantly it rings. He answers it. At first, just breathing. Then:

HELEN (V.O.)

I've had you on auto-redial all night.

ALLEN hangs up and unplugs the phone again. He sits down and stares at it.

109.INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT.109.

ALLEN comes out of his apartment and walks bravely down towards HELEN's apartment. He stops outside her door.

Pause. He buzzes.

A moment passes. ALLEN covers the peephole with his hand.

HELEN (O.S.)

Hello?

HELEN opens the door, sees ALLEN.

HELEN:

Yes?

Pause.

ALLEN:

I'm the one.

HELEN:

I'm the one.

(a beat.)

Oh.

She cannot disguise her disappointment, but tries.

HELEN:

Come in.

ALLEN:

Okay.

110.INT. HELEN'S PLACE - NIGHT.110.

HELEN and ALLEN sit opposite each other. A long silence.

Finally:

HELEN:

Drink?

ALLEN:

Pause.

HELEN:

This isn't working.

ALLEN:

No.

HELEN:

You're not my type.

ALLEN:

No.

HELEN:

I'm sorry.

ALLEN:

It's okay.

HELEN:

I made a mistake.

ALLEN:

Me too.

HELEN escorts him out.

HELEN:

Good night.

ALLEN:

Good night.

111.INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT.111.

ALLEN walks back towards his door, pauses, looks at the other end of the hallway: he decides to go visit KRISTINA instead.

He buzzes KRISTINA's door.

After a few moments, the door opens. ALLEN looks at the ground. KRISTINA's eyes are full, her hands coated with M&M's. he walks inside.

112.INT. KRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT.112.

ALLEN and KRISTINA lie in bed, facing different directions.

113.EXT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA GOLF COURSE - DAY.113.

It is hot and sunny. LENNY is golfing alone, isolated.
Suddenly, from afar, he hears a woman's cries. He looks up.

LENNY'S POV:

An older man lies on the ground. Ambulance men haul him
onto a stretcher and into a waiting ambulance.
After the ambulance has left, a young caddie picks up the
strewn golf equipment and transports it away.
114.INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.114.
LENNY sits across from the DOCTOR.

LENNY:

Are you sure?

DOCTOR:

Look, you see this?
(illuminates an x-ray)
You're the picture of health.

LENNY:

So no tumors.

DOCTOR:

Nope.

LENNY:

DOCTOR:

Like an ox. Lenny.
You're gonna live to a hundred.

LENNY:

Oh. That means I still have
another 35 years.

DOCTOR:

(smiles)
Just stay off the salt!

LENNY:

(musters a return smile)
You bet!
115.EXT. CONDO ROADWAY - DAY.115.

MONA is driving along.

116.INT. MONA'S CAR - DAY.116.

MONA notices someone up ahead.

MONA'S POV of DIANE jogging.

BACK TO MONA contemplating murder. She aims for DIANE. But as she gets closer, a SECURITY GUARD suddenly appears. She waves with a friendly smile at DIANE instead.

ANGLE ON DIANE waving back in a pleasant manner.

117.INT. MONA AND LENNY'S CONDO - NIGHT.117.

LENNY and MONA are preparing for bed, watching TV.

MONA:

I met with Steven Zimmer this morning.

LENNY:

You like him?

MONA:

Yeah. I'm gonna hire him.

LENNY:

Good. I'm gonna use Marty Blau.

MONA:

Good. I feel so much better now.

LENNY:

Yeah. It shouldn't take too long.

Pause.

MONA:

Lenny?

LENNY:

Yeah?

MONA:

Can you sleep on the living room sofa?

LENNY:

Why?

MONA:

Steven Zimmer thought it would be

a good idea.

Pause.

LENNY:

Okay.

LENNY starts off for the living room, gets extra pillow and blanket. Pause. MONA then gets up and follows him into the living room.

MONA:

Lenny?

LENNY:

Yeah?

MONA:

You don't have to sleep there.

You can stay with me if you want.

LENNY:

Nah. It's okay. Good night.

MONA:

Good night.

Pause. MONA turns back towards her bedroom.

LENNY:

Close the door behind you.

MONA closes the door behind her.

118.INT. DIANE'S CONDO - DAY.118.

LENNY rings the doorbell. DIANE opens the door.

DIANE:

Oh, hello.

LENNY:

I thought I'd say hi.

DIANE:

Please come in.

LENNY follows DIANE into her living room. She fixes a couple drinks, turns on a cd.

DIANE:

Gin and tonic?

LENNY:

Okay. Thanks.

She returns with the drinks, sits beside him on the sofa.

DIANE:

Uch, it's so bright outside.

It gives me a headache just
looking out the window.

LENNY:

It's supposed to rain tomorrow.

DIANE:

I don't want to talk about the weather.

Pause.

LENNY:

Well, it was good for playing golf.

DIANE:

I hate that game. It's so slow and tedious.

LENNY:

Still, it passes time.

DIANE:

I like to travel.

LENNY:

I wen to Europe once.

DIANE:

Have you ever been to Tahiti?

LENNY:

No.

DIANE:

What about Tunisia? A night in Tunisia!

LENNY:

No.

DIANE:

Vincent never liked to travel.

LENNY:

I guess I'm like Vincent.

DIANE:

(laughs)

You know, when I was a child I always imagined I'd marry the man I fell in love with, have a son and daughter who loved me as much as I hated my mother, then die tragically and suddenly, young and beautiful. Later, when Vincent left me, I imagined I'd finally be happy.

LENNY:

I guess you've never lost your imagination.

DIANE:

LENNY:

DIANE:

I don't want to die here.

LENNY:

You just don't want to die.

DIANE:

Not alone.

They make love. Afterwards, LENNY turns away.

DIANE:

Don't. Don't feel guilty.

LENNY turns back, looks at her.

LENNY:

I don't. I don't feel anything.
119.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING.119.
The family is at the table, eating dinner.

BILL:

So how was school today?

BILLY:

Okay. Ronald Farber was absent.

BILL:

Oh?

BILLY:

He was afraid of the math test.

TRISH:

So he stayed home?

BILLY:

Yeah. He cut.

TRISH:

BILLY:

They don't know yet.
They're still on vacation.

TRISH:

Oh, are they gonna be upset.

BILLY:

Yeah, well, Ronald's gonna be upset
when he finds out the test was cancelled.

BILL:

What happened?

BILLY:

Mrs. Paley was absent also.

TRISH:

(chuckles.)

Oh, gee!

BILL:

Did you call Ronald and tell him?

BILLY:

Yeah, but there was no answer.

TRISH:

So was Mrs. Paley sick, then?

BILLY:

Well, everyone says she was just too strung out.

TRISH:

Now why do people say things like that?

BILLY:

'Cause she's a drug addict.

TRISH:

And how do you know?

BILLY:

Mom. Everyone knows.

TRISH:

Well, I didn't know. Did you know, Bill?

BILL:

No.

BILLY:

Well, it's what everyone says: she's a junkie. And she's probably gonna be fired. It's really sad.

TRISH:

Well, if Mrs. Paley turns out, in fact, fired. Don't you think, Bill?

BILL:

I don't know. Don't you think that's a little harsh? I mean, if it's not

TRISH:

Well, apparently it is. And no, in fact, I don't think it's a little harsh at all. I'm sorry, but when it comes to drug

they should all be locked up and throw away the key. I'm serious. And Billy, I want you to know, if you ever even think of doing drugs, and

That's how strongly I feel. Now I know, Bill, I may sound harsh, but we're talking about our kids. Not to be too grandiose, but this is the future, the future of our country we're talking about, after all. A pause. The telephone rings.

TRISH:

I'll get it.
(answers the phone.)

(to BILL)
It's Joe Grasso.

BILL:

Oh, great! Thanks!
(rises, picks up the phone)
Hey, Joe! Whay's up? How's Johnny doing?
120.INT. JOE'S PLACE - EVENING.120.
JOE grips the telephone tightly.

JOE:

You're a dead man.
He hangs up.
BACK TO THE MAPLEWOOD HOME where we see BILL's reaction to the telephone CLICK.

BILL:

(fakes continuing
the conversation)

TRISH:

How's Johnny doing?

BILL:

Oh, fine, fine! Much better!
The doorbell rings.

TRISH:

Now who could that be?

BILL:

I'll get it.
BILL goes to the front door.

BILL:

Who is it?

VOICE:

Police officer.
BILL opens the door. There is a DETECTIVE and TWO POLICE
OFFICERS.

BILL:

Can I help you?

DETECTIVE:

Are you William Maplewood?

BILL:

Y-yes.

DETECTIVE:

Sorry to disturb you, but we have some
questions for you and your wife. It has
to do with your son's friend, Johnny Grasso.

BILL:

(a meaningful silence)

Come this way. We're just finishing

BILL escorts them into the living room.

TRISH (O.S.)

Bill, who is it?

BILL goes to the dining room, mouths, "The Police!" to TRISH, so the children won't know.

BILL:

You take care of the kids.

BILL returns to his guests. They all sit down. BILL is noticeably jittery.

BILL:

about Ronald Farber?

The DETECTIVE is nonplussed.

BILL:

121.INT. BILL AND TRISH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.121.

TRISH is asleep, but BILL is wide awake. He is terrified as he lies in bed, listening to the night sounds.

He thinks he hears footsteps.

He looks up and sees JOHNNY

JOHNNY:

You're so cool.

JOHNNY moves to embrace BILL, but then BILL suddenly jumps up in fright, awake again.

TRISH:

(waking up)

Bill? Are you alright?

BILL holds onto TRISH, embracing her, shivering.

BILL:

TRISH comforts him.

122.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY.122.

Holding TIMMY's hand, TRISH comes out the front door in her robe and slippers.

A schoolbus is waiting at the corner.

TRISH:

(calling to the bus)

One second!

(calling inside)

Hurry up, Billy! The bus is here!

BILLY rushes out after them, but is too late: the bus has already taken off. Defeated, TRISH, BILLY, and TIMMY turn back to the house, then suddenly stop and look: the words "Rapist" and "Pervert" have been spray-painted onto their housefront.

123.EXT. PARK - DAY.123.

It is sunny and warm, the same park seen in Bill's dream earlier in the movie. Couples straight and gay walk hand in hand, families picnic, beautiful people sunbathe.

BILL observes the pleasant tranquility from atop a hill.

But this time he gently approaches everyone and starts hugging them. Many smiles and tears.

MUSIC SWELL.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

Beautiful.

124.INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.124.

BILL sits opposite his PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST:

That's a beautiful dream.

BILL:

Thank you. I take it as a sign.

PSYCHIATRIST:

BILL:

Trish and I are thinking of moving.

Out into the country. The real country.

PSYCHIATRIST:

How are things between you and Trish?

BILL:

(a beat.)

Never better.

PSYCHIATRIST:

Oh?

BILL:

I don't know what happened, but
all of a sudden, one night last week

turned me on. The kids went to bed

My life is just one big fuck!

BILL laughs, the PSYCHIATRIST chuckles.

PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm happy to hear that.

BILL:

everything's normalized.

A long pause. Then BILL rises.

BILL:

Well.

PSYCHIATRIST:

There's still ten minutes.

Nothing more you want to discuss?

BILL:

No, I guess not. Everything's fine.

BILL walks towards the door, but stops before a photograph
of a young boy hanging on the wall.

BILL:

Was that you?

PSYCHIATRIST:

Yeah.

BILL:

Hmmmp. You've changed.

125.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING.125.

The family eats at the dinner table. No one talks. The
mood is tense.

126.INT. LIVING-ROOM - EVENING.126.

While TRISH puts TIMMY and CHLOE to bed, BILL and BILLY sit on the couch in front of the TV.

BILLY:

Dad?

BILL:

Yes, Billy?

BILLY:

Everyone at school is saying things about you.

BILL:

Who is everyone?

BILLY:

Kids. You know. Everyone.

BILL:

What are they saying?

Pause.

BILLY:

That you're a serial rapist.

BILL:

Oh.

BILLY:

And a pervert.

BILL:

You mean, like what they painted on the house?

BILLY nods. Pause.

BILLY:

Pause.

BILL:

Yes.

Pause.

BILLY:

BILL:

BILLY:

BILL:

Pause.

BILLY:

What for?

BILL:

I couldn't help myself.

Pause.

BILLY:

What else?

BILL:

BILLY:

BILL:

No.

BILLY:

BILL:

Pause.

BILLY:

BILL:

I fucked them.

Pause.

BILLY:

What was it like?

BILL:

Pause.

BILLY:

Would you do it again?

BILL:

Yes.

Pause.

BILLY:

Would you ever fuck me?

BILL:

BILL weeps.

127.INT. BILL AND TRISH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT.127.

BILL swallows half a dozen sleeping pills.

128.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.128.

A car drives up and idles out front. DRUNKEN TEENAGERS laugh and curse as they throw beer bottles at the house. They quickly speed off.

129.INT. BILL AND TRISH'S BEDROOM - 129.

THAT MOMENT.

BILL and TRISH hear the sound of a window being shattered, but remain in bed.

BILL:

It's true:

130.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAYBREAK.130.

TRISH carries CHLOE and a suitcase as she rushes BILLY and TIMMY out to the car. KOOKI follows along. The door slams behind them.

TIMMY:

TRISH:

Shh! Quiet!

They get in the hastily packed car and drive off.

131.INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY.131.

BILL wakes up. He gets out of bed and looks around. He sees drawers have been emptied and left open.

BILL:

Trish?

He goes to CHLOE's room and sees just an empty crib. He checks BILLY and TIMMY's room: no one is there.

BILL:

Billy? Timmy?

He searches the rest of the house, though somewhat perfunctorily, as he knows he will find no one.

BILL:

Hello?

He looks bereft as he stands uncertainly in the middle of the house.

The doorbell rings. He hesitates, then goes to open the front door.

132.EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY.132.

BILL opens the door and finds a brown paper-wrapped package on the welcome mat. It says, "For Bill." He picks it up, takes it inside, shuts the door.

Pause. Then:

FADE TO BLACK.

133.INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY.133.

JOY sits on the train. She is carrying a bouquet of flowers.

134.EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH SUBWAY STATION - DAY.134.

JOY gets off the train, walks down to the street.

135.EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH AVENUE - DAY.135.

JOY walks amongst many Russian immigrants. She pauses to dig a piece of paper out of her pants pocket. There is an address scribbled on it.

136.EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY.136.

JOY comes up to the entrance of a seedy building. She

hesitates, then walks inside.

137.INT. SEEDY BUILDING - DAY.137.

JOY climbs a few flights of stairs, arrives at a door with the number 8D on it. She buzzes, then waits. She hears quarreling, in Russian.

ZHENIA opens the door. She has a black eye and a cut lip.

JOY:

JOY shoves her bouquet of flowers into ZHENIA's hand. She is about to beat a hasty retreat when ZHENIA suddenly calls:

ZHENIA:

Boris!

ZHENIA abandons JOY at the door and goes back inside, muttering obscenities (in Russian).

BORIS appears at the door, surprised to see her. Oddly, JOY seems equally surprised to see him.

BORIS:

Come inside.

138.INT. BORIS AND ZHENIA'S PLACE - DAY.138.

JOY sits opposite BORIS. ZHENIA brings her a cup of tea.

ZHENIA'S MOTHER snuffles and shuffles about in the b.g.

JOY:

(to ZHENIA)

Spaceebo.

BORIS signals ZHENIA to scam.

BORIS:

Joy. Why are you come here?

JOY:

BORIS:

Zhenia is not my wife.

JOY looks confused, perhaps even suspicious. BORIS shouts something in Russian to ZHENIA.

ZHENIA:

(to JOY)

I am not wife Boris.

BORIS corrects Zhenia's grammar.

ZHENIA:

BORIS:

(to ZHENIA)

Thank you.

And he dismisses her once more.

BORIS:

Her English very bad. I try teach,

JOY:

So you mean you're really not married?

BORIS:

(laughs)

I am in America! I am free man!

ZHENIA:

Is Zhenia a free woman?

BORIS rolls his eyes. Pause.

BORIS:

Zhenia loves me. It is problem.

She want be my wife, but she don't

listen. What can I do? What can I do?

(a beat.)

Come. You want me to drive you

New Jersey? We go shopping mall?

JOY:

JOY suddenly notices her guitar lying against the wall opposite. When she turns back to BORIS he is shouting something in Russian at ZHENIA again. ZHENIA shouts something back, and a new quarrel begins. A baby cries somewhere o.s.

When things cool down ZHENIA brings over a tray with pastries and vodka.

BORIS:

Joy. I must ask you question.

JOY:

Yes?

BORIS:

But I very ashamed.

JOY:

I'm sure I'll understand.

BORIS:

Okay. Can I borrow money?

JOY:

BORIS:

It is very important.

Pause.

JOY:

Well, I guess it's better borrowing

BORIS:

Yes. It is better.

JOY:

BORIS:

Yes. It is only money.

JOY glances over at ZHENIA standing at the other end of the room. Her face is anxious, pleading.

JOY:

How much would you like?

BORIS:

One thousand dollars.

JOY:

BORIS:

Alright. Five hundred. I need money now.

JOY:

W-well I guess I could go to

BORIS:

I know where is ATM.

BORIS rises quickly. JOY hesitates.

JOY:

Boris?

BORIS:

Yes?

JOY:

Do you think I could have my guitar back?

139.EXT. STREET - EVENING.139.

BORIS and JOY, guitar in hand, are walking.

BORIS:

Do you think shopping mall in
New Jersey is open tonight?

JOY:

Yeah. Probably.

They stop outside a bank. JOY withdraws her money from the
ATM. BORIS anxiously awaits on the sidewalk until JOY hands
it over.

JOY:

Here.

BORIS:

Joy. I love you.

JOY:

You love New Jersey.

BORIS:

New Jersey is America!
(laughs, embraces JOY.)
I give you back Monday.

JOY:

That's okay. I won't be there, anyway.

BORIS:

Why no?

JOY:

now I have more sympathy for the strikers.
(a beat.)
See ya.
BORIS watches JOY walk away with her guitar.

BORIS:

(mutters to himself)
Stupid American.
BORIS pockets his money and walks off in the opposite
direction.

TITLE CARD:

140.EXT. MONA'S CONDO - DAY.140.
BILLY stands on the terrace and looks down. He sees palm
trees. He sees the ocean. He sees a beautiful woman
sunbathing by the pool. Talk of turkey and weather filters
out to him.
KOOKI stands beside him.
141.INT. BOCA RATON CONDOMINIUM - DAY.141.
LENNY, MONNA, HELEN, TRISH, and JOY sit at a long table
filled with holiday food. TIMMY watches TV in the b.g.
CHLOE sleeps in her crib.

HELEN:

in her freezer and found baggies filled
with the super's genitals.
Pause. LENNY salts his food, a heavy dose.

MONA:

I use baggies.

JOY:

Me too.

HELEN:

Everyone uses baggies. That's why we can all relate to the crime. Don't you see?

TRISH:

I can't relate to it.

Pause.

HELEN:

Joy, that I think you'd like.
He's into computers, I think,

JOY:

How do you know him?

HELEN:

He's another neighbor of mine.
Do you wanna call him, or should I give him your number?

JOY:

I'll call him.

HELEN:

Oh, great. I know he'd really like that.

TRISH:

What about me?

HELEN:

I'm looking, I'm looking.

TRISH:

I like computers.

HELEN:

Trish, trust me on this one:
not for you.

MONA:

And what about me?

HELEN:

Mom, I haven't forgotten. It's just
it's hard. But I am looking for everyone.

LENNY:

Don't look for me.

HELEN:

Have you found someone?

LENNY:

No. There is no one.

Pause.

MONA:

I heard Diane Fred had a stroke.

LENNY:

She'll recover.

MONA:

That's good.

JOY:

Where there's life there's hope.

TRISH:

That's right.

HELEN:

You bet.

MONA:

Absolutely.

LENNY:

Yeah.

Pause.

JOY:

Could you pass over the

sweet potatoes, please?

TRISH:

Sure.

Pause. LENNY resalts his food.

HELEN:

Could you pass down the stuffing, please?

LENNY:

Here.

Pause.

TRISH:

Anyone watch Leno last night?

Everyone shakes his head or mumbles no.

Pause.

MONA:

So what's going to happen now to
that woman who killed your super?

HELEN:

I don't know, Mom. But it's so sad.

She's all alone.

(a beat.)

I wish I'd gotten to know her better.

We might have found we had something
in common.

Pause.

JOY:

Maybe you'll write a poem about her.

HELEN bursts out laughing.

HELEN:

I'm sorry. But don't worry.

I'm not laughing at you.

I'm laughing with you.

JOY:

But I'm not laughing.

HELEN stops laughing.

142.EXT. CONDOMINIUM TERRACE - DAY.142.

CLOSE ON BILLY as his face expresses mounting excitement.
BILLY'S POV of the beautiful woman sunbathing. She unhooks her bikini top.

BACK TO BILLY climaxing. CLOSE ON COOKI licking up BILLY's little puddle of sperm on the floor.

143.INT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY.143.

The meal is painfully silent. Finally:

MONA:

Let's make a toast.

JOY:

To happiness.

EVERYONE ELSE:

To happiness!

Glasses clink. Some hesitation before everyone downs the wine. Laughter. KOOKI races in, jumps into TRISH's lap, licks her face.

TRISH:

Kooki!

BILLY enters. He is ecstatic. Tears well up in his eyes.

BILLY:

I came!

SHOT OF A FULL MOON.

144.INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT.144.

The CAMERA DOLLIES across the living room and bedrooms.

Everyone is in bed, but unable to shut their eyes.

MONA rises to the terrace, her eyes silently welling with tears. JOY follows her.

JOY:

Don't, Mom. 'Cause the thing about

from each other, separated, estranged,

matter:

MONA smiles, weakly.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

The sound of a telephone ringing. Then:

145.SPLIT SCREEN: EXT. ESL SCHOOL/145.

INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - DAY.

JOY stands at a payphone, a placard resting on her shoulder.

Strikers pace in the b.g.

ALLEN sits half undressed on his bed, phonebook at his side.

He answers the phone.

BOUNCY MUSIC.

ALLEN:

Hello?

JOY:

Hello. Could I please speak to
Allen Mellencamp?

ALLEN:

Speaking.

JOY:

Well, my sister Helen told me
I should call you.

ALLEN:

Oh, then you must be Joy. Hi.

JOY:

Hi. Gee, you sound so familiar.

ALLEN:

You do too.

JOY:

But in a good way, a way I like.

ALLEN:

Me too.

JOY:

Huh.

ALLEN:

Say, what are you wearing, I mean
doing tonight?

JOY:

Oh, nothing special. Would you
like to get together?

ALLEN:

Yeah. I know a great place off Exit 146.
Have you heard of Happy's?

JOY:

ALLEN:

Is Happy's no good?

JOY:

No. It's great. Let's meet there at eight.

ALLEN:

Happy's at eight! See ya!
They hang up, happy, perhaps even smitten.

CUT TO:

BLACK.